

Charlevoix County Herald.

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No. 13

Enthusiastic "Option" Rally

Meeting at Opera House, Sunday
Well Attended.

The mass-meeting held at the opera house Sunday afternoon in the interest of local option was a most successful affair, judged not only by the throng that attended but by the good evidently accomplished.

The meeting was called to order by W. E. Malpass, who served as chairman. The curtain arose, revealing a large chorus of boys upon the platform, supported by the young men of the Jordan Glee Club. These led the congregation in singing the new battle hymn of the temperance reformation: "The Whiskey Shops Must Go," sung to the tune of "Old John Brown." Its swelling chorus formed the keynote of the gathering:

"Rally! rally! O ye freemen!
Rally! rally! O ye freemen!
Rally! rally! O ye freemen!
The whiskey shops must go."

This was followed by another campaign song, "Save the Boy," sung by Tom Lalonde, Homer Maddock, Bert Dole and H. Sloan. The platform was then occupied by E. A. Lewis and W. P. Porter of the campaign committee and by the gentlemen who were to take part in the speaking.

W. E. Malpass, who had been slated for the opening speech, talked upon "The Value of a Man." America's greatest asset, he said, is her men. That which destroys our manhood is our greatest curse. The liquor traffic cannot continue to exist without boys to feed it, and girls to supply its adjunct. Mr. Malpass drove his point home forcibly when he told how he had taken his little boy on his knee and asked the question, "Shall it be my boy? Shall it be my girl?" It must be somebody's.

Attorney E. N. Clink was introduced. Mr. Clink thought the problem of the liquor traffic was one of the greatest the American people were ever called upon to solve; yet we are capable of solving it, and will settle it right. The people are awakening as never before. Referring to the rising, nation-wide tide of opposition, he said the saloon keepers have brought it upon themselves. They have not been a law-abiding crowd. When they buy a license, they buy it with the idea of going outside the law to do business. No sooner do they take out a license than they provide a gambling outfit also, and they work a man until his money is gone. During his term as county attorney every saloon keeper arrested for violation of the law said "Why don't you arrest the other fellow also." Nor is the saloon keeper alone to blame. Every man who stays at home from the caucus instead of going to see that the right men are put in office is to blame. The man who stays at home, is no better than the Russian serf and should be disfranchised. Mr. Clink illustrated his remarks by several references to local and county history—criminal and other cases due to drink, that have brought heavy burdens of taxation on the people. In taking up some of the excuses for voting wet he mentioned the subject of boycotting, and said the man who is going to vote wet simply because some over-zealous person is fit to boycott somebody would do well to reconsider the matter, and see if so small an act of retaliation is worthy of consideration, beside the tremendous evils of the saloon business.

Frank Severance drew in contrast the conditions in Jonesboro, Arkansas, and adjoining cities that are wet. The conditions as he had studied them on the ground were greatly in favor of prohibition.

J. H. Milford discussed the saloon as he saw it from the standpoint of the county commissioner of schools. He referred to his experience in dealing with cases of non-attendance, especially cases where he was asked to excuse pupils because they had insufficient clothing. He thought that, in nearly every instance, if the father could be followed on his next trip to town he would be found to visit one or more of the saloons, where he would spend fifty cents or a dollar in drinking and treating. Now he might not go home drunk, but he would soon leave in the saloon a sufficient sum to clothe his children fit to go to school again. That is what the saloon is doing for a lot of our otherwise respectable citizens. It is a standing menace to the welfare of the community and should be banished.

Supt. H. H. Fuller at this point, and by request of Catholic friends, read extracts from a recent sermon by Rev. Fr. Morgan M. Sheedy, delivered at Altoona, Pa. in which he clearly and forcefully defined the attitude of the Catholic church toward the liquor traffic. He began his address by quoting this extract from the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore: "There can be no manner of doubt that the abuse of intoxicating drinks is to be reckoned among the most deplorable evils of this country. This excess is an increasing stimulant to vice and a fruitful source of misery; vast numbers of men and entire families are plunged into hopeless ruin and multitudes of souls are by it dragged headlong into eternal perdition. Now because the ravages of this vice extend not a little among Catholics, non-Catholics are much scandalized, and a great obstacle is set up against the spread of the true religion. Hence it behooves all Christians to be filled with zeal against this vice and for the love of God and of country to endeavor to root out the pestiferous evil."

And to this Fr. Sheedy added the words of solemn warning from the Pastoral letter of the Prelate of the same Council of Baltimore, signed by Cardinal Gibbons and all the Hierarchy: "And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all their flock that may be engaged in the sale of liquor to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

The entire address of Fr. Sheedy which followed, and which was too long to read in the meeting or to be quoted here, was a scathing denunciation of the liquor traffic and a passionate appeal to his fellow-churchmen to arise and help put away the evil from among us.

Attorney Fitch when introduced put himself squarely on record in favor of local option but said that in view of the rapidly passing time he would give way to the next speaker.

Hon. L. F. Knowles, of Boyne City, who came last on the program was seriously handicapped by the lateness of the hour. "It's too bad," said a listener who wanted to hear him. "It's time the meeting was closed now." But what seemed a handicap was turned into a triumph, for nobody got weary in the half hour of his tremendous arraignment of the liquor traffic as it exists in Charlevoix county. As he presented the question in its social and economic aspects and illustrated his points with facts drawn from local and county affairs he was frequently cheered, and closed his fervent speech amid a storm of applause. Mr. Knowles can count on a warm welcome whenever he comes back to East Jordan.

After the singing of America, led by the glee club, and the benediction by Rev. A. D. Grigsby, the meeting adjourned.

The after-comments heard, and the

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions are a class of the writings of leading teachers and practitioners in all the several schools of medical practice. They have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

groups who lingered to discuss the question, showed an intense interest on the part of the audience. The presence of many voters who are supposed to be on the wet side showed that the speakers had at least an opportunity to convince and to persuade men to their way of thinking.

"Booze" and the County Poor

Supt. Meyer Shows What Liquor
Has Done To Impoverish Some
of Our Citizens.

As election is drawing near and voters of Charlevoix County are discussing the proposition of placing Charlevoix County on the dry list, there has come to me, in my official position, many inquiries from taxpayers and voters of the county, asking the conditions existing in the county poor house; and, as superintendent of the poor, I feel it my plain duty to place before the electors of the county a report in answer to their questions.

As superintendents, we deal directly with the poor class, those who have not sufficient food, clothing and fuel to properly maintain themselves. Every few days I am being called upon throughout the county to visit homes, where the wife has not sufficient clothing to be seen on the streets and the children are without shoes, and rags or torn socks covering their feet. In a great many instances of this kind, this poor class of people have been given support at their home instead of being removed to the poor farm; on the other hand, there are many instances where removal to our county poor farm has been demanded, and in the majority of these cases, I am sorry to report, that the cause for placing the individual in the poor house originates in the use of intoxicating liquors. I am sorry to report that 75 per cent of all the paupers in our county, both in and out of the poor house, can trace their conditions directly to the use of intoxicants.

At present the expense of maintaining the paupers, both in and outside of the poor farm, amounts to about \$8,000.00 per year. 75 per cent of this expense is incurred as stated above, by the bad influence of the saloon; so we can say that this \$6,000.00 of the tax payer's money of Charlevoix County goes to maintain those who are unfortunate in being subject to the liquor habit or placed in the county poor house because they were dependent on some one who was an habitual drunkard before they were removed to this county institution.

As I understand it the county receives \$250.00 from each saloon as a compensation for the continuance of their disgraceful business. That being so, 24 saloons are required to be operated in the county in order to pay back in form of license money to the county a sufficient amount of money to overcome this \$6,000.00 loss. It is therefore a fact that the county only receives a small amount of money from the saloon that is not directly consumed by those who are left in destitute circumstances on account of drink.

In looking over the record of the county poor farm, we find, for example, that John Dixon has been there since the year 1900, and if we are to be real conservative and estimate the cost of living \$2.50 per week, then, he at the present time has cost the taxpayers of Charlevoix County, \$1170.00; Henry Gray has cost the county \$1040.00; George Satin, about \$400.00; Mr. McCoy, \$520.00; Mr. Webster, \$650.00; Mrs. Place, about \$520.00. Mrs. Place has never used intoxicating liquors to my knowledge, but the use of intoxicating liquors in the family was the direct cause for her being compelled to be in her present condition. Mrs. Osborn was placed in the poor house, indirectly by the cause of liquor. Mr. Close and Mr. and Mrs. Swanson are also making their home there at this time and the latter were themselves engaged in the liquor traffic, and there is Henry Leiter who became an habitual drunkard and deserted his wife, who therefore became a public charge, and the county assisted her to the amount of \$135.00. Besides these we have about a dozen others who have cost the county various sums, and large amounts of money have been spent in buying food and clothing for the families of those who have used intoxicating liquors but in cases where the husband was not removed to the poor farm. James Ros-

inberger, who broke his leg at the camp of the Beaver Island Lumber Co., on account of his previous habits became a public charge. He was sent to the Mercy Hospital for treatment and cost the county \$270.00. To use the slang phrase, Mr. Rosenberger was known as a booze fighter. It is not necessary for me to call the attention of those of Boyne City to the sad case of John Anderson and the sad plight his family was left in. The story of Oscar Byor, who came to his premature death through drunkenness was told in one of the publications of a Boyne City paper a few weeks ago. This article was written by the cashier of the Boyne Falls Bank, and the story was one of the saddest ones ever related in Northern Michigan.

No more harrowing details and no greater sadness was ever expressed in letters than was that which was manifested in the one sent to your commissioner from the family of this man, Byor. He died at the county poor farm after spending 2 1/2 years of his life as an habitual drunkard.

No one in the county is placed in a better condition to know about the evil influences of the saloon than is the superintendent of the poor; especially at Boyne Falls, which is the headquarters for camp trade, our attention is continually called to the manner in which the poor lumber jack is robbed, and so far as liquor is concerned, but of a month's payment of from \$25 to \$50, it is safe to estimate that he seldom drinks more than \$2.00 or \$3.00 worth of liquor. Where the rest of the money goes the reader may judge for himself.

I have made this report for the reason that I think it is the duty of every county official to express his views on a matter of this great importance, and for the further reason, that I wish to answer the inquiries sent me. Believing therefore, that I am doing my humble duty, I am compelled to say that the above statements are true. I hope that the citizens of Charlevoix County will by voting in favor of local option assist me in bringing about a change in the present condition of affairs, so that the future department of the poor will not be compelled to make such a report as I am compelled to make at this time. I hope that every voter, regardless of politics, will vote in favor of local option and assist us in doing away with the harm that comes either direct or the evil influences that are brought about from the liquor traffic.

GUSTAVE MEYER,
County Poor Commissioner.

NONE BUT THE BEST.

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

Shermans' Market.

Phone No. 49.

Prompt delivery.

Purchase Your 1910 Calendars At The Herald Office.

We have, without exception, the finest line of samples ever exhibited in East Jordan, and as for prices we can make the "agents" look like ten cents.

New Bazaar Goods at Gazlay's

We have just received a fine line of Fancy and Plain Dishes of all kinds, Combs, Playing Cards, Napkins, Gold Shelf Paper, Memorandum Books, Dominoes, Mouth Organs, Etc., which we are selling cheaper than any place in East Jordan. Call and look them over.

We also have a lot of Tin and Wooden Ware, and 1-, 2-, and 3-gallon jars which we are closing out at Less Than Cost.

Gazlay's Bazaar a Millinery Store

Easter Toggery.

This is the acknowledged Easter Store. Our showing of pretty Easter wear now surpasses in extent and beauty anything that we have ever before attempted. Take it for instance, our stock of Young Men's Clothes. Most clothes makers try to straddle the style question—they build the same suits for old men and young men—they try to strike an average—they do justice to neither—they're afraid to put in all the snap that young men want and they get in too much ginger to please the older folk.

The young fellows aren't in the average—but outside of it. Yours are "dressy" years—the time of life when clothes mean more and where you think more of your clothes than you will later on. You're not bothered with responsibilities and duties—you've plenty of time to devote to keeping posted—you want the newest and snappiest, the smartest and properest "capers."

Here are some of the prices for these kind of clothes: Junior Suits, 3 to 10 years of age, \$2.00 to \$3.50. Manly Suits, ages 6 to 12 years, \$3.50 to \$5.00. Splendid combination suits, bloomer pants from 6 to 16 years, \$3.50 to \$6.00. Elegant Long Pant Suits, the real snappy kind, \$5.00 to \$10.00. We wish we had time to go through all of our different lines, as this boy's department is only one of the many lines of that which a merchant calls strong.



Our stock of Men's Wear in all department never was so full as now. You would think they were made just for you when you see them and try them on, and when it comes to the little accessories as for instance, the "Clarendon" Shirt, the great \$1.50 Shirt that we are selling for \$1.00. New shirts, tan, blue.

We also have another lot of those well-known dress and street Gloves at \$1.00 to \$1.50, perfect in fit, and right up to the latest minute in style. New Belts, new Suspenders, and new everything. There is newness in the air. Come and see the beautiful new things.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

Country Clubs.

Golf would deserve well of the people of America if it had nothing more to its credit than the influence it has exercised toward the establishing of country clubs. No doubt it has much more to its credit, but this is one of its greatest recommendations. The increase in the number of country clubs is a wholesome and pleasing sign of a savor enjoyment of life. There have been plenty of town and village and city clubs before now, many of them serving as centers for an agreeable social life. The objection to them has been that for the most part they were either men's or women's clubs, conducted primarily for the benefit and pleasure of one or the other sex. Moreover, the recreation which they offered was comprised in reading, pool and billiards, cards and bowling, and occasional dances—all indoors. The country club, on the other hand, offers all these diversions to those who wish them, and offers, in addition, the more wholesome sports of golf, tennis, snowshoeing, and sometimes curling, hockey and skating, says the Youths' Companion. Moreover, the sexes stand more on an equality here, and neither need regard itself as the occasional guest of the other. The family life, instead of being interrupted, is broadened and enriched. The part that golf has played in this development is due to the large space which the game requires. Few individuals can secure the necessary land, hence a community of interests which leads eventually to the establishment of a club. Although many country clubs are expensive, there is no need that an association of this kind should be beyond the reach of the family in ordinary circumstances. The scale rests with those who are most concerned. Not least in the merits of the country club is its happy solution of the way in which persons of only moderate means can enjoy the pleasures of a large estate with beautiful grounds.

In these days of gastronomic surprises how about seaweed? The inhabitants of islands in the Pacific ocean, as well as the Chinese and Japanese, have eaten seaweed for many centuries; why, asks the Boston Herald, shouldn't the rest of civilization try to ward off starvation with that excellent food? We are told that the Orientals go out in boats and with long poles, to which stout hooks are attached, tear the seaweed from submerged rocks. On shore the seaweed is spread to dry, boiled in factories and shredded for food, like Iceland moss. A writer says if the gourmet did not regard the cheap food as the least desirable he would insist on his dish of seaweed. But rich and poor scorn the cheap food, however much they growl at the expense of living. As there is nothing new under the sun, some one will undoubtedly rise to say we are even now eating prepared seaweed, only under another name.

The Anti-suffrage association of New York has asked Gov. Hughes to appoint women on state boards, asserting that women of intelligence and judgment can render good public service on educational and reformatory boards. The association asks that the appointments be made as soon as possible, naively adding that such appointments might afford an outlet to the energies of women and their present interest in public matters which would obviate the question of unrestricted suffrage. As this seems to be the milk in the coconut for this sudden demand for the recognition of women in public matters, says the Baltimore American, the suffragists will doubtless repudiate with scorn such a palpable sop to Cerberus.

New York woman suffragists advocate taking babies to the polls in that emancipated age when women vote. There is no reason why a checkroom for babies couldn't be provided the same as in the department stores, where the precious bunches of sweetness could be deposited while the mothers were chewing up pencils in efforts to make up their minds as to how they should vote.

An exchange, commenting on the fresh air fad, says it is not shared by the bird that smother itself under its wing or by the bear that buries itself in a cave for the winter. Nor, it might be added, by the cat which sleeps by the hour with its nose hidden in its fur and the dog curled up into a ball. And none of these creatures, so far as known, ever suffers from tuberculosis.

First class in arithmetic, stand up! The annual report of the Newark free public library shows that 851,009 volumes were drawn from that institution last year. There are 142,493 volumes in the library. Now, asks the Boston Globe, how many volumes were there in the library at the beginning of last year?

A Chicago man wrote the best poem favoring woman's suffrage. This would carry some weight were it not for the fact that he is a bachelor.

Man's Ambition

Intelligent Selfishness the Chief Aim

By PROF. GEO. E. VINCENT, Dean of Faculty of Arts, Literature and Science, University of Chicago.

INTELLIGENT selfishness is the chief motive of mankind. I believe that firmly, but what do we mean by the "self?" If we mean by the "self" just the little nucleus of our personal needs and ambitions, just the concerns that are so intimate a part of us, that would be an unfortunate philosophy; but if we mean by this the interests with which we are associated, if we mean by this to identify self with those things in which society as a whole is interested and concerned, then intelligent selfishness becomes a very inspiring thing. If the sense of self goes out to include even the gentlemen who find themselves in the position of being between the devil and the deep sea, if once in a while we think of the rest of humanity when we have a little leisure for the luxury of personal sympathy and imagination; if we think of the whole country; if we think of the work we have to do with this large vision, then there comes a real and keen thrill of satisfaction. In the long run intelligent selfishness is the chief motive but it takes a large, rich and generous self to make a man live an all around life that is really worth the living.

American Woman as She Is
By GEORG VON SKAL, Author of "Das Amerikanische Volk" (The American People.)

The American woman dresses so well because she can afford to be natural. She does not have to consider each step she takes, because it does not occur to her that she can do anything wrong. Her naturalness is her distinguishing characteristic, for no matter how carefully she conforms to all the rules of etiquette and all the formalities, it is done so naturally that the artificiality of word or movement is absolutely lost.

In the United States the woman is never the servant or slave of her husband. The man has always undertaken the harder manual labor leaving the lighter domestic duties to the woman. Woman plays a very prominent part in American life, but this reverence for woman has done much to elevate the tone of the entire people.

On the other hand, the very common statement that the Americans are the slaves of their wives is absolutely false. He may do some things in the house which the European would deem beneath his dignity, but the American does these things not from any slavish feeling, but because there are some offices which he would not allow his wife to perform, no matter how strong she was. He considers himself bound to save her from every strain, he representing strength, she delicacy. Thus the American husband helps with the children, and when the servant leaves he makes the fire while his wife lies in bed. Moreover, he consults with his wife, seldom taking any important step without talking it over with her first. Husband and wife are good comrades, undertaking everything together and helping each other as much as possible.

It is a mistaken idea that the American husband lives and works for his wife alone. It is true that he takes pride in seeing her well dressed and in giving her all of the servants that he can afford, surrounding her with all possible comforts. There are some women who abuse these privileges, but by far the larger number of women are easily satisfied and try in every way to lighten the burdens of their husbands. It has been stated that the American woman is not a good housekeeper, but this is an unjustified statement. As to cleanliness, her house will bear comparison with any other, and as to tastefulness of adornment it will excel many; but she is not very economical, as a rule. She is especially wasteful in the kitchen, and it has been said that three German families could live on what one American family throws away, although this is an exaggeration. The American housekeeper insists that the food shall not only taste good but present an attractive appearance, and this is the most important consideration. In all the housekeeping the chief emphasis is laid upon appearance, even to the exclusion of considerations of nourishment or usefulness. The American family has not yet learned the secret of looking into the future, and is more or less improvident.



Each Race Has Peculiar Odor
By DR. MAJIGNON, Great Medical Authority of France.

Each nationality has an especial odor which differentiates it from all other members of the white races as well as those of the dark and yellow. The white man objects to the presence of the negro or an Asiatic on account of what he terms a more or less offensive or disagreeable odor. Said white man would, however, be much surprised to learn that the high-caste Asiatics object to his presence on precisely the same odor grounds. According to the Chinese of the upper orders, the white man, be he ever so exalted an official, exudes from his person an odor which they describe as dull and weedy; in their own language, they assert that the white man has a smell of a dead body. The Parsees of India, the aristocratic caste par excellence in the great British dependency, declare that the European has a smell of ashes, and since they themselves are worshippers of active fire, his presence to them is all the more offensive. The negro asserts that if a dozen black men were shut up in a darkened room with one white person the presence of the latter would soon make itself felt.

MASTICATE YOUR FOOD.
By Nalpaspe, Noted French Physician.
Mastication is one of the conditions necessary to a proper exercise of the digestive functions, and consequently to the attainment and preservation of perfect health. Now, the quality and quantity of the gastric juice depend on the proper working of the molars. When one eats soft foods, it is certain that little gastric juice is produced, and if sugar forms a main constituent of these foods, the quality of the juice exuded is vitiated. Not only that, but such foods still cling in particles to the teeth, and the arrival of caries is only a question of time. Vegetarians have rarely good teeth, for the reason that their foods are not of sufficient hardness to produce a sufficient quantity of gastric fluid to lubricate the digestive organs properly.

CHILD TELLS TALE OF STRANGE VISION

GIRL AT PRAYER IN CHURCH IS GIVEN MEDAL BY FIGURE OF MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

HER EXPERIENCE IS REPEATED

Supernatural, Some Think, White Others Say It Was Act of Pious Person Who Wished to Reward Her Devotion.

Baltimore, Md.—Has the beautiful vision that thrilled Paris in 1830 been repeated? This is a question in the minds of nearly every one connected with St. John's church, Eager and Valley streets, the school near by and, in fact, the entire neighborhood.

Little Margaret Daley, a pupil of the second grade of St. John's school, while kneeling at the altar of the church, claims to have seen a mysterious woman in black and white, who beckoned to her. The child approached the figure and was handed a small medal, similar to that shown in the vision of the Virgin Mary in Paris years ago.

When Margaret looked up after inspecting the little medal the figure had disappeared completely. The church was so light that the child was certain she had had a vision and was thoroughly aroused. On going to the front part of the building she was seen by one of the priests, who remarked on her paleness.

She said nothing of the vision then, but on reaching home told her mother and older sister Mary, who is a pupil at the school. She was told to give the medal to Sister Mary Vincent, who is in charge of the girls' department of the school. The mother of the little girl, Mrs. C. J. Lowenstein, stated that the medal had been placed in an envelope and laid away in the church in the hope that something might come of it. "I don't know what to think of the vision," said the mother to a reporter, "blessed mother would appear in black, but yet if it was a human being how could she have gotten out of sight so quickly when it was light?"

"Margaret has been queer since her birth about seeing things, and I don't



The Child Was Handed a Small Medal.

"It does not seem likely that the know what to think about this. She was so young when her father died that she did not know him, but she prays for him every day in church and at home. It may have been his spirit that came down to help her be a good girl."

"She is very religious and attentive to her church duties, and if she had not seen something she never would have said what she has."

Sister Mary Vincent is loath to believe that the child had a vision, but is more under the impression that it was a kindly act of some woman who happened to be in the church and wanted to encourage the child's devotion to her faith.

"If it were not for the material side of the case," said Sister Mary Vincent "I would be inclined to believe that it was a vision, but the fact that a real medal changed hands makes me hold to the theory that some pious woman seeing the beautiful picture of a little girl in church at a time when most children were at play, was struck with the significance and made her a present as a sort of earthly reward. Had not this taken place I might think it was a repetition of the vision the sisters in Paris had years ago, when the Blessed Mother appeared, showing a medal which she wanted struck off and distributed."

"This medal given to little Margaret is a counterpart of that one and would lend strength to the idea of the vision but the fact that it was a material medal causes us to hesitate."

"The little girl is a most devout and faithful child and her teacher tells me that she talks remarkably well of religious subjects, especially so for one of her tender age."

"I have been led to understand that Margaret has twice seen the same figure of a woman, but there was no medal in the second vision."

"It was probable, as I say, a woman of flesh and blood and particularly warm heart, but in any event it was sweet and pretty."

Little Margaret has been questioned repeatedly about the vision, but sticks to the original version of it.

GROWING TOMATOES FOR THE MARKET

Next to the Potato It Stands at Head of Garden Vegetables in Commercial Importance.

In a recent bulletin of the West Virginia station, W. M. Munson says:

Next to the potato, the tomato stands, perhaps, at the head of the list of garden vegetables in commercial importance. In Maryland, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, and to a rapidly increasing extent in West Virginia, the crop is of special importance, while the greenhouses of New York and New England and the newly developed truck fields of Florida endeavor to supply the demand for this fruit in winter.

By far the larger portion of the area devoted to this crop is employed in supplying fruit for the canning factories, and it is the demand of the canneries which more than any other has given the great impetus to tomato culture.

The opinion is expressed that "as a simple business proposition, however,



Single-Stem Plant in Forcing House, Showing Method of Tying Fruit Clusters.

tomato growing offers excellent opportunities at this time."

Prof. Munson summarizes his 20 years' experience in the culture of tomatoes in the field and in the greenhouse substantially as follows:

Field Culture.—One of the most important problems in tomato culture is that of earliness. As a rule, plants purchased of the local dealers are drawn and "leggy," being crowded together in small boxes. When set in the field where too often the soil is hard and dry, the shock is such that several weeks are required for the plants to recover and no fruit sets until late in the season. In general, these weak drawn plants are not worth setting.

Frequent transplanting before setting in the field is the best method of securing strong, stocky, well-developed plants. The practice usually followed by the writer has been to sow the seeds in hotbeds, or in shallow boxes in the greenhouses, about April 1. When the first true leaves have well started, or as soon as the plants begin to crowd, transfer to two-inch pots,

and later to three-inch and four-inch if occasion demand. As a rule, however, in this climate it will be unnecessary to handle the plants more than twice. In the absence of pots the plants may be handled in boxes, or even in the bed; but pot-grown plants are always preferable, as they are checked less by removal to the field. In the field the plants are set about four by five feet. Many would plant closer, but on reasonably rich ground the plants will cover the whole surface if set at this distance.

The plants should be set in the field as soon as danger from frost is past. It has commonly been taught that any chill is nearly fatal to young tomato plants; but, as shown by the writer's work at Cornell university and at the Maine experiment station, "a chill is not as fatal to success as is commonly supposed." At the Maine station it was found that "in every instance, save one, the first ripe fruits were obtained from plants set latest." This fact, however, is not necessarily an indication of earliness, as the late-set plants were older than is usually desirable for setting, and the first fruits were in some cases from blossoms formed while in the house. After these had ripened, there was a long interval before others followed. "Without exception the average number of fruits, and the average weight of the product per plant, was in direct ratio with the earliness of setting."

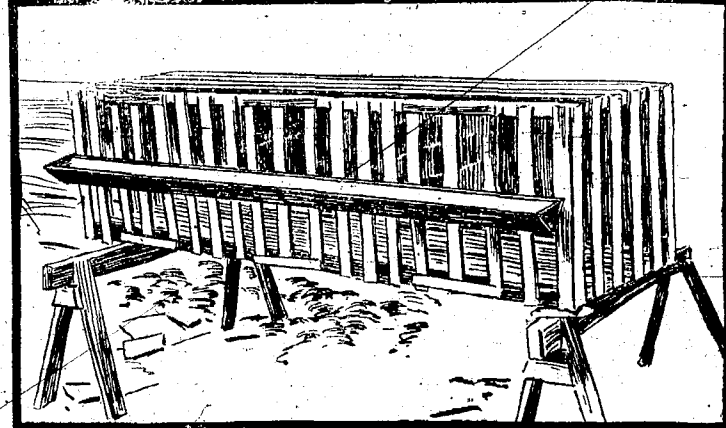
As stated in bulletin 116 of the West Virginia station—

The notion that tomatoes do better upon relatively poor soil is erroneous. While it is doubtful if an excessively heavy application of stable manure would be profitable, a liberal application, such as would be given for a good crop of corn, may nearly always be used with advantage. At the Cornell experiment station it was found that "the results obtained with liberal manuring, under commercial conditions, certainly show that good stable manure in abundance could be used profitably."

Some of the best tomato soils are the newly cleared areas designed for orchard planting. But on these same new soils, an application of about 500 pounds of a good high-grade complete fertilizer will usually be found advantageous.

Trimming the vines in midsummer as a means of hastening maturity and increasing the yield of fruit is frequently recommended, but very seldom practiced, even by amateurs in the writer's experience the results obtained justify greater emphasis of this point. As a result of two successive seasons' work at the Maine experiment station it was found that the total increase in the number of fruits—matured, due to trimming, ranged from 5.5 per cent. to 59 per cent. The percentage gain by weight was very marked, and in one instance reached a total of 53 per cent. In these trials the plants were grown under ordinary field culture. They were started in the greenhouse April 1, planted in the field June 1, and headed back July 24, August 8, and September 5. At each trimming the leading branches were shortened about six inches, and most of the side shoots below the first clusters of fruit were removed, the others being thus shortened. The sunlight was thus freely admitted to the fruit and picking was rendered much easier.

A Good Type of Fattening-Crate



Simple but Good Type of Fattening-Crate.

A very good type of fattening crate, in use at the Pennsylvania state college and experiment station, is recommended in a recent bulletin from that station.

The crates are usually made six feet long, 18 to 20 inches high and 18 inches wide. The crate is divided into three compartments, each holding from four to six birds, according to the size of the chicken. The crate is made of slats usually 1 1/2 inches wide by five-eighths of an inch thick. Those in front are placed two inches apart to allow the birds to put their heads through for feeding. The slats on the bottom are placed three-fourths of an inch apart to allow the droppings to go through. Care should be taken not to have the first bottom slat at the filing of his campaign expenses did not back fit too closely against the back or the droppings will collect and decompose. The slats on the bottom should be one inch by half an inch and run lengthwise of the crate. The slats on the back and top are usually two inches apart. A frame is made of 1 1/2 inch by 1 inch, as shown in illustration.

Very fair coops may be made from old packing boxes by taking off the front and bottom and substituting slats in their places. During warm weather these crates may be placed out of doors. They may be protected from the rain by boards laid on top. In cold weather the crates should be placed in a house or shed where they are protected from the raw cold winds. There is a small V-shaped trough arranged in front of the coop for feeding and watering the chickens. This trough is usually made three inches deep of half-inch lumber. It is hung in front of crate by wire. Before the birds are placed in the crates they should be well dusted with sulphur. After the birds are placed in the crates they should be starved for 20 hours and fed very sparingly for a few days till they get accustomed to the change of feed. Overfeeding on the start often has injurious effect on the digestive system.

DURING THE SHOPPING.



Maude—Men are getting so deceitful, you can't trust your best friend. Percy—And what's worse, you can't get your best friend to trust you.

A man who needs advice is apt to get the kind he doesn't want.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."

—Mrs. E. H. Benson, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.
Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R. F. D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine
(called also Lane's Tea)
the tonic laxative.

This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists. It saves doctor bills. It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases. 25c. at druggists.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE \$25 TO \$100 WEEKLY
Selling the famous new 812 typewriter. First practical, standard two-hand keyboard, visible-writing, portable typewriter ever sold for so low a price. Does work like \$100 machines. Couldn't be better for any price. Everybody wants one. Big profits, easy sale, exclusive territory. Write for full particulars to-day to Carter Typewriter Co., Dept. D, 221 Broadway, N. Y. City.

PISO'S
Stop Coughing!
Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fine for children. At all druggists, 25 cts.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL
BY ROY NORTON

SYNOPSIS.
"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan near war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. Japan declares war and takes the Philippines. Guy Hillier starts for England. Norma Roberts leaves for Washington for the United States. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of missing Japanese fleet and whole world becomes convinced that United States has powerful war agency. England decides to send a fleet to American waters as a Canadian protection against what the British suspect is a terrible submarine flotilla. Hillier is sent with a message. Fleet mysteriously disappears. The Kaiser is missing. King Edward of England is confronted by Admiral Bevins of the United States. The Dreadnaught, biggest of England's warships, is discovered at an impassable point in the Thames. The story now goes back to a time many months before the war breaks out, and inventor Roberts visits the president and cabinet, telling of an exhibiting a model production. This overcomes friction when electrified and is to be applied to vessels to increase speed to over 50 miles an hour. Roberts states a failure. In a second discovery is built on the coast of Florida. Dr. Roberts' first attempt to electrify plates proves a failure. The inventor Norma is knocked unconscious, but the mystery of true levitation is solved, making the most important discovery of centuries. Roberts evinces a great machine, rendering warships useless. The cabinet is taken for a visit and plans for a radioplane war against Japanese are started. The first radioplane is christened "Norma," in honor of the inventor's daughter. The start for the scene of conflict with a large fleet of warships is made with Norma in command.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
And what a difference there was between this fleet and those to which the men aboard were accustomed! On those battleships of the seas were magnificent forces of men trained to fight, which were numbered by thousands; but here each crew consisted of a bare half-dozen. In the hulls of those vessels of the sea strove a small army, watching over and driving huge engines, and supplying them with steam; here were only one man and an assistant standing before levers, switches and buttons, which did their work instantaneously and with no noise. In those destroyers of the waters throbbed mighty engines considered the modern triumph of speed; here was a craft that by a finger's pressure could almost run abreast the sun. Those ships bristled with mighty guns; here were no frowning muzzles or unwieldy turrets. Science was bringing an end to brute force, and the last battle against barbarism was at hand.

For the first time since its birth the great plant was silent and idle and the men who had created it and by its means built this new fleet of the air were at rest. They had done all they could, and now gathered silently round the radioplanes, which stood in orderly array with portlike doors yawning wide to receive their crews. "Fighting" Bevins stood by his flagstaff, the Norma, and looked at the force under his command. Captains who had handled hundreds of men and driven their great floating crafts of steel, and engineers who had learned new callings waited attentively for his last instructions.

The battle-scarred veteran addressed them in a voice that needed no high pitch to be audible to all his hearers. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have nothing more to say to you. You are going out to fight what will probably be the last great battle in history. You are active participants in the final chapter of international war. The time is approaching when our profession will be useless, and I for one shall gladly turn to ways of peace."

Norma, who had left the bedside of the sleeping inventor, joined the officers, and Bevins stopped and saluted her.

"With us," he continued, "is a girl who has laid all her talents on the altar of country, and is now prepared to jeopardize her life for victory. We can do no less. It may be that some of us will not return—the hazards of war can never be foreseen. You have been put in a strange position, and are even robbed of the sailor's right to send a last message to your homes; but that, too, has been for the country's good. To my personal knowledge you have all passed your lives in trying to do what was right, and have given the best that was in you to the flag. You will do no less now."

In the glare of the arc lights he took one last look at his comrades in arms, and then, as if once more at sea, loudly ordered: "Board ship, all!"

He uncovered and stood aside in an attitude of the greatest respect while Norma passed and entered the flagship bearing her name. With steady precision the other officers saluted, took possession of their radioplanes, and as the doors clanged shut behind them a mighty cheer burst from those outside. Before it had subsided the dynamo in the strange collection were humming and droning with unleashed energy, and the unshuttered ports stared out into the gloom like eyes of fire suddenly opened from sleep.

From the Norma there shot up into the sky swiftly alternating streaks of red, white and blue, the night signal asking if all was ready. From the other monsters came flashing answers of acquiescence. There was an instant's pause. The flagship gave a slight upward shock and lifted slowly into the air. Immediately behind it

ing prows. Steaming across its bosom seemed to be watching and waiting for some ray of broader light. The pallid blue of those far-floating bodies rendered them almost indistinguishable, save when now and then they swung broadside to in deploying, resumed their speed, and swept round in circles.

Puzzled and amazed, the officer handed the glasses to his companion and watched his face attentively, as if hoping to read from its expression some solution of this mysterious visitation from the immense unclouded space above. The glasses were lowered, and the two men with the superstition of ages behind them turned to each other with pallid faces, fearing the supernatural or the unknown. Again they looked, and saw that the flying specks traveled with incredible rapidity, and were apparently observing them, after which, as they watched, they saw them come to an abrupt stop. It was enough. Whatever they were, their presence would be made known.

The officers sprang to the alarms, and in an instant thunderous volleys belted out across the waters, awakening the other vessels. Shrieking pings, the staccato blare of bugles, and the spind of running feet told the story of excitement and that well-drilled crews were answering the call. The hour was early for the perfect use of flag signals; so from one warship to another flashed the searchlight warnings, and wireless operators in their cabins ticked frantic messages to outlying members of the fleet to close in for action. Admirals and captains, who had fought successfully in other wars and counted their service as valuable adjuncts in any engagement, stood upon the bridges or the flanks of the great turrets and stared spellbound at this apparition which had come upon them in the night. There it was, a silent fleet of the air, sinister and menacing, lowering over them as if waiting opportunity or biding its time to strike.

A sudden evolution brought one of



He Gazed in the Direction Indicated by the Sailor.

those Pacific waters were there enemies capable of staying its progress, and insolently careless in superb strength, went the Japanese fleet. The huge flagship, the Ito, forced her way in advance, the apex of a great and formidable triangle, whose sides were formed by other battle ships of scarcely less tonnage, graceful cruisers, and swift-moving destroyers, while bringing up the rear were the colliers in whose hulls were carried fuel for the great armada.

Here was the Kashima, which could drive her 17,000 tons of steel through the water at 19 knots speed; the Katori, but little smaller and almost as fast; the Asahi, the Mikasa, the Asama, the Tokiwa, and others which were dear to the heart and pride of Nippon—a gallant navy, carefully planned, well constructed, and of invincible size and strength. No squadron that breathed the waves might cause it to hesitate.

In the stillness of the morning there came a sudden, sharp exclamation from the man on the lookout, an excited call to the bridge, and the quick step of an officer in answer to the summons. Almost instantly he was followed by another, who brought with him a pair of powerful binoculars, through which he gazed in the direction indicated by the sailor. There in the immeasurable void of the upper air, so high above that it floated in the broader light, soared a covey of gigantic objects unpictured in the lore of flight. Onward it came until almost above, when it stopped and, majestically hovered over them, and

whether or no he should read in her eyes a sign of regret or weakness, and turned from her with a glow of admiration.

"Who is going to handle her?" he queried, glancing at the hood.

"I am," she replied, as quietly as if answering a query of no moment.

He held out his hand and shook hers warmly.

From away in the outer distance, where the angle was not too sharp to prevent its elevation, came the sudden report of a gun, and a shell flew past at such close range that its screaming came to them through the thickness of their plate and the open upper ports, sounding its challenge and defiance above the droning hum of the dynamos. The girl glanced apprehensively upward, but the admiral continued his calm inspection of the Japanese fleet.

Again from a vessel closer at hand came a series of sharp reports. The radioplane left a shivering impact, and careened slightly in answer to its force. The admiral was hurled against her metal side, and one of the engineers seized a rail to prevent being thrown headlong against the machinery.

"They're trying four-inch shells on us! are they?" shouted Bevins. "Well, we'll put an end to that right now!"

He sprang to the signal box, and Norma, reading his intention, hurried to her post in the hood. He ordered the other craft to increase speed and traverse circles till he should notify them which war vessels of the fleet beneath were to be their individual prey. Now the small shells were fairly rending the air around them. The sharp clang of metal against metal and quick explosion told that hits were being made, and through the ports the radioplanes which suffered could be seen to rock convulsively when struck. The air seemed whining with death which was clamoring for admission to its prey. Shot and shell swept through space; but higher and higher soared the radioplanes, while the old war dog studied the formation of the fleet below.

"My God! Seventeen is hit! Seventeen is hit!" screamed the lookout, and the admiral and Norma stared through a side port.

In long, weird, dizzy circles, like a wounded man striving to recover his balance, a radioplane was dropping slowly down toward the waters, ineffectually fighting to regain its balance. The four-inch shells had done no damage; but the far outlying cruiser had made an accidental hit with a heavy gun. Zigzagging here and there in erratic swoops the radioplane continued to plunge. From the waters below came the sounds of exultant cheering. The enemy were gaining heart. They had found what they believed to be a chance for hope and an invulnerable spot in the American's armor. Norma started back to her levers; but the admiral called excitedly:

"Look, look! Good boy, Nineteen! Good boy!"

Again she looked through the port, and was transfixed with the daring attempt of another radioplane. Nineteen, with its big white letters blazing in the light, had taken a swift downward swoop.

"It's Jenkins! It's Jenkins!" Norma called in excitement, knowing that the little scientist was manning the hood of that craft.

Then before she could say more, Nineteen's object was made plain. The great radioplane, shot to a lower altitude than that of its crippled fellow, dove here and there like a bat, caught a simultaneous speed, and rounding upward in a deft swoop poised itself firmly beneath the lower plate of Seventeen. For an instant the two, locked together and overweighted, slid slowly downward through the air, and then Nineteen seemed to gather itself, came to a stop, hesitated for a moment, and began a steady upward movement.

As if divining its purpose, two other radioplanes swooped down toward the stricken monster till their sides touched, and then, like a group of warriors carrying a wounded comrade from the field, assisted the ascent into the upper void. Focusing their fire on the group, the Japanese made it a target, and the scream of shot and shell broke into a pandemonium until the air around was churned as by a demon's wrath.

Up—up they went till they were mere specks against the dome of the heavens, where they were beyond range and in the profound silence of solitude. The others of the fleet, led by the Norma, hastened to soar to ward them; but before they could get within speaking distance the wireless brought to all radioplanes this message:

"Seventeen was struck by a ten-inch shell directly below her dynamo. The jar caused a temporary break which cut off the current for a short time. This is nearly-repaired. No damage of consequence has been done, and she will report for duty within two minutes."

Bevins and Norma looked at each other with a great relief. "Thank God for that!" the admiral said, and it was echoed by his subordinate.

They turned again to the port, as they did so they saw the speck above disintegrate, and in a few moments Seventeen, repaired, and again capable, was in line of battle. The cheering below ceased; but from the doomed battle ships and cruisers a continuous hail of ineffectual shots was fired, while the admiral of the aerial fleet, his plans formed, was calmly sending orders.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

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

TROUBLES OF JUNGLE DENTIST.



Dentist—I wonder does he really want that tooth pulled, or is he scheming for a breakfast?

Why There Was a Funeral.
"That looks like a newly made grave—that little hummock over there on the desert," said the traveler from the east.

"That's just what it is, neighbor," answered Arizona Al. "The editor of the Weekly Cactus Spine was buried over there last week."

"What was his complaint?"
"He didn't have none. It was Coyote Cal that had the complaint. You see, there was a baby born up to Cal's house a spell ago, and the editor wrote an item about it, sayin' a tow-headed little girl had come to make Cal and his woman happy, but it 'pears that the printer got the letters mixed somehow. Leastways it said in the paper when Cal read it that it was a tow-headed baby, and him bein' an impulsive cuss, there wan't nothin' to do, but hold the funeral the next day but one."

Less Majests.
A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject, "The Kaiser." In the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the Kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the castle 101 salute shots were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the Schloss, and old Wrangel said: 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again, because he is a Hohenzollern."

Truthful Bessie.
"There had been a lovers' quarrel and it was his first visit in two weeks. 'I guess you know there was a difference between your sister and myself,' he ventured, trying to pump the little sister.

"Yes, indeed," responded the latter without hesitation.

"Well—er—do you think Clara will make up when she comes down?"

Little Bessie leaned over nearer and whispered:

"She ought to, Mr. Bilkins. She is upstairs making up now."

CONGENIAL WORK
And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day.

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc.

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous.

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast.

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast.

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live.

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

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

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

Antwerp Ivory Market First.
The Ivory market at Antwerp, organized but a decade ago, has become the largest one in the world—larger than the two other great markets—those of London and Liverpool.

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

Spring is here; so is the caucis. Mr. Thompson of East Jordan is now domiciled on the farm he bought of Chas. Sweet.

At the home of Joseph Carson they have an eight pound girl arrived last Saturday.

Mrs. F. McCalmon was visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Webster, south of town part of last week.

Mrs. F. McCalmon and F. Chas. attended Masonic school of instruction at Boyne City Thursday of last week.

The school is closed up for one week's vacation and the teacher, Miss Stewart, will visit friends in Chandler township.

Miss Lavina Anderson returned home from Boyne City Monday for a short visit.

Mose Lalonde, Jr. is building to his house a new veranda with a cement floor.

The following pupils have been neither absent nor tardy, the past month of school—Eileen Gunsolus, Rhoda Cliffe, Karl Heller and John H. Cliew.

Notice to Taxpayers.

To the voters and taxpayers of South Arm Township:

Gentlemen:—Are you satisfied with what we accomplished with the small amount of money you entrusted to our care a year ago? If so we would respectfully ask that you vote us a little more at the township election on Monday April 5th, and we will try and do as well if not better this year. We have a few things under contemplation which if we can land will be of direct benefit to the farmer, but it requires money, therefore we ask your co-operation in the furthering and bidding up our township. We are one of the leading agricultural townships in the state, why not be THE leading township?

East Jordan and South Arm Board of Trade.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

Echo Local F. S. of E. met at the home of Frank Kidder on March 12, and was called to order by Pees, Frank Kidder. Opening songs were "America" and "Who Would Wed a Farmer." Roll call gave all officers present, nine members, several visitors and a good many ladies. Communications read were a letter and circular letter from State Secretary Emerson. A rising vote of appreciation of the circular letter was given. Much interest is manifested among the locals on the subject of conducting funerals by the members and showing our sympathy for members in trouble. Vote was given to aid members in time of bereavement. The subject of the ladies' society and their work brought out some good ideas. Address by Lenni Button, giving his views that the ladies should organize an auxiliary for the same purpose that other organizations have their ladies' societies. This was decidedly a lively meeting, and Equity is their theme. A motion was made to change the meeting night to Saturday. This carried as more young folks can attend. Next meeting will be with Wm. Hennings. The ladies served a fine supper. Convention coming: Plans are now being made by the ladies' locals for their next local convention which will meet with Mrs. James Howey on April 13. All members are expected to be present as these meetings are for the uplift and aid of the farm women and our society.

LOCAL OPTION

Yes, that is what, we, the ladies of Equity, stand for. And we trust that every signer will stand on his honor and vote as he signed: How small a man would feel afterward if he would vote different, thinking no one would know. But Oh! Voter! Stop! Think! That before the great Judge Eternal your vote will witness against you.

A clever 25 cent, silvered, 'No-Drip' Coffee Strainer Coupon is now put in each 25c package of Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. Look for it! Ninety large cups of the very finest coffee imitation ever made, from one 25c package. Then besides the satisfaction and flavor is perfect. Sold by G. I. Sherman & Son.

Stomach Distress.

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 five minutes afterward. 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 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take one triangle 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, Debilitating 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 noxious 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.

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.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:

- First—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.
- Second—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.
- Third—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.
- Fourth—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it.

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

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

SEEDS
BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!
SPECIAL OFFER:
Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.
Prize Collection Radio, 17 varieties; Letter, 22 kinds; Tobacco, 11 the finest; Parsip, 7 splendid; Union, 8 best varieties; 10 highly flowering Bulbs—all varieties in all.
GUARANTEED TO PLEASE
Write to-day; Mention this Paper.
SEND 10 CENTS
to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of Seeds, postpaid, together with my list of interesting, beautiful Seed and Plant Books, all about the best varieties of Seeds, Plants, etc.
H. W. Buckbee, 225 BUCKBEE STREET, ROCKFORD, ILL.



MARINE SUPPLIES.
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

D'Ennery's Wife
The Empress Eugenie once asked D'Ennery, the French dramatist, after the performance of one of his plays at the Tuileries, "How did your heroine get the poison that was so necessary for the denouement?" "Ah, your majesty," said D'Ennery, "that's just what I've never succeeded in getting her to tell."
Another time the directors of a theater where his drama, "The Two Orphans," was being rehearsed asked him what he was dissatisfied with. "Oh," he replied, "it's only that each of you has got an imbecile for a partner."

Wigwags and Snakes.
An American had been seated at a London dinner table next a rosy checked, gray eyed English girl who affected an absorbing and flattering interest in the United States, about which she seemed to have imbibed the usual extraordinary ideas of some Britons, especially with regard to the perils to be encountered in the more sparsely settled regions of the west. She tried her best not to be incredulous when assured that things were not really so bad as she imagined. "It's reassuring to be told that there are not rattlesnakes in all the gardens," she said, with a dazzling smile, "but my cousin wrote me not long since that he had seen over twenty wigwags in one little village. Perhaps," she added as her companion made no immediate response, "perhaps the wigwags are not as venomous as rattlesnakes."

A Sartorial Reflection.
A young clergyman on his first appearance in the pulpit made a faux pas in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity. "Many a good woman comes into God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't quite realize it, but the fact is unchanged)—to show off her best clothes." Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added, "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you has come here for so unworthy a reason."

When God Lets Loose a Thinker.
Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned tomorrow. There is not any literary reputation; not the so called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind; hence the thrill that attends it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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

On the Safe Side.
The "colored lady" who entered service as cook gave her name as Julietta Price, but constantly referred to her husband as George Ledbetter. "How does it happen, Julietta," she was asked one day, "that you go by the name of Price, while your husband's name is Ledbetter?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Lawrence," she replied cheerfully, "it's this a-way. I hadn't been acquainted with George but for days when I married him, and I didn't know how I was gonter lak him nor how he was gonter lak me. Now, these divorcements betwix married folks is a heppier trouble an' a heap er expense, too, an' I 'lowed the safest way fer us to do was fer George to keep his maiden name an' to keep mine, tell we see how our new experiment was gonter turn out."

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

Rheumatic Pains

"My mother is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills is the only remedy that relieves her."
MRS. G. DAVENPORT,
Roycefield, N. J.

The pains of rheumatism are almost invariably relieved with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They also overcome that nervous irritation which prevents sleep because they soothe the nerves. To chronic sufferers they are invaluable. When taken as directed, they relieve the distress and save the weakening influence of pain, which so frequently prostrates. Many sufferers use them whenever occasion requires with the greatest satisfaction, why not you? They do not derange the stomach nor create a habit. Why not try them? Get a package from your druggist. Take it according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

The Boston Store
The Ladies of East Jordan

Are Cordially Invited To Call and Examine
Our Beautiful New Line of
Spring and Summer

Suits Skirts
Waists

The Styles Are Up-to-Date In Every Particular and the
Prices Lowest Consistent With Quality.

The Boston Store A. DANTO
Proprietor...

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Look In the Window

And See Some of the Latest
Styles and Colors In Spring

Dress and Neglige SHIRTS

Come in and get the proper shade. We have now one of the largest and best assorted stocks in Northern Michigan.

SURE YOU CAN FIND WHAT YOU WANT.



Fit as though made for you, nobody else is the great thing about
Model Shirts
Cut and finished like the fine custom-made shirts—popular prices. We have all styles in the new shirtings. See them.

Our Spring Suits

Are just being opened up and will be ready in a few days. See them early. Buy your Spring Suit while you can get your size in your particular style and color.



Fibre Matting
40 cts.

A new Floor Covering—Sanitary,
Odorless, Reversible, Durable.

New Dress Goods

MESSALINE in black and the new colors, Taupe, Mulberry, etc \$1.50
A part of our new SUESINE SILKS are in and more coming; at 47c
A nice line of RAJAH SILKS in black, white and colors, Resedu, tan, blue.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Vote YES.

Schildkret, next Thursday.

Local Option Rally, Monday.

The largest stock and newest styles in Iron Beds at WHITTINGTON'S.

Edison Phonograph sold on easy monthly payments by Mack the Jeweler.

The Str. Knobloch has been sold to Traverse City parties and will be put on a run there.

Hear Hon. J. S. Crandall discuss local option at Loveday Opera House next Monday night.

The Woman's Relief Corps will have their annual sugar social at their hall on Saturday, April 3rd.

Silver Watch and Chain Exposed—On the streets on Saturday, March 13th. For particulars inquire of Freeman Walton.

Basket Ball Game at Loveday Opera House next Wednesday night; Grand Rapids Central High School vs. East Jordan High School.

A two-story saloon building at Boyne Falls, owned by a man named Elwood, was burned Tuesday. Loss covered by insurance.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. John Williams on the West Side, next Wednesday, the 31st. Mrs. Lon Sheldon will assist in entertaining.

Prof. J. T. Northon, was here from the southern part of the state this week on business. He was superintendent of the East Jordan schools a number of years ago.

The teacher and scholars of Thompson school house in Echo, will give a Night Cap Social, Friday evening, April 3rd. The ladies are requested to bring a night cap and lunch box. Phyllis Hurlburt, teacher.

A full line of Fruits and Vegetables just received. Oranges in all sizes, Bananas, Western Apples, Grape Fruit, Celery, Lettuce and all Vegetables as they come into the market. —E. A. LEWIS.

Editor Ramsey of Boyne has launched the Boyne City Evening Journal upon the public. Its a healthy looking sheet and if he is able to keep up the present clip, there is no reason why it shouldn't pay.

Every number on the lecture course so far this season has been a star attraction and those who know say that Schildkret Hungarian Orchestra, which closes the course next Thursday, will equal if not excel any of the previous numbers.

Since Indiana's local option law was passed last fall some thirty counties have voted on the question and all but one have gone dry. These counties include many cities of from 5,000 to 20,000 inhabitants and in most instances the cities themselves have voted for the measure.

MILLINERY OPENING: Mrs. H. D. Gazlay wishes to announce to the ladies of East Jordan and vicinity that she will hold her Annual Spring Opening of Millinery next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 1-2-3. A competent trimmer has been engaged and the goods are of a high class.

This coming week will be a banner week for Local Option in the county. Meetings have been arranged throughout the county and the question will be fairly put to the voters. The meetings in and around East Jordan are as follows:—Monday: East Jordan, Hon. J. S. Crandall, at opera house; Eveline Grange, Com'r Milford and Rev. A. D. Grigsby. Tuesday: Wilson Grange Hall, Hon. L. F. Knowles and Rev. W. W. Lamport. Wednesday: Mountain School House, Com'r Milford and Rev. Lamport.

The last issue of the East Jordan Enterprise contains an advertisement for the Detroit Brewers, a part of which is devoted to Midland, which is now under local option. Evidently one of the Brewer's representatives had called upon the business men there and succeeded in getting just fifteen business men to say that local option was a failure. If any more could have been secured it goes without saying that their testimony would be published. Now Midland has a population of some 2,600 and the last issue of the Michigan Gazetteer shows there are 261 business men in the town; in other words the fifteen "wets" represent LESS THAN SIX PER CENT of the business men of that place, leaving a majority of over Ninety-Four per cent on the "Dry" side. Again, two of these letters are by hotel people who formerly conducted saloons in connection and are naturally "put out" by the matter. The whole tenor of the articles, which seem operated by one mind, is that farmers refuse to trade because they couldn't get " booze." This is an insult to any farmer, and is untrue from the fact that in all local option fights the farmers have voted easily ten to one in favor of "dry."

Miss Anna Burney, home from Pe-toskey.

W. A. Stope is a Grand Rapids business visitor.

Mrs. F. P. Ramsey is guest of Traverse City friends.

Call and get some of our Maple Sugar.—E. A. LEWIS.

W. A. Loveday was a Grand Rapids business visitor this week.

Call and see those guaranteed Springs at WHITTINGTON'S.

Shall the liquor traffic in Charlevoix County be prohibited? YES.

Don't forget the warm sugar social April 3rd, at the G. A. R. Hall on State St.

Fred Whittington left this week for Denver, Col., where he takes a position as draftsman.

C. H. Whittington is closing his entire line of last year's Wall Paper at 25 per cent discount.

Miss A. M. Kueale has engaged the services of Mrs. Edna Wood of Big Rapids, a millinery trimmer.

Come to the opera house next Monday night and hear Hon. J. S. Crandall of Detroit discuss local option.

RAGS WANTED:—This office desires a quantity of clean cotton rags and will pay five cents per pound for same.

Dr. W. E. Neston is billed for "A Popular Lecture on India," the second week in April. Date given next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Russell of Galésburg, Mich., was guest of the former's daughter, Mrs. E. E. Waterman the past week.

Charles Malpass, home from Big Rapids where he has been for some time taking a business course in the Ferris Institute.

Mrs. D. W. Gazlay of Alba was guest of her son, H. D. and family this week. From here she went to Bellaire to visit a sister.

Schildkret Hungarian Orchestra at the opera house next Thursday evening. This is the closing number of the High School Course.

Presbyterian Sunday School Teacher's meeting at the home of Mrs. Dunham on Tuesday evening next promptly at 8:00. Mr. Sloan is leader for next month.

Mesdames Haire, Bush, Fuller and Miss Comstock sang a very beautiful quartet in perfect voice and harmony at the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening.

About thirty of Miss Erma Hurlburt's friends helped her celebrate her 17th anniversary last Saturday evening. "500" and light refreshments were indulged in and Miss Hurlburt was presented with a gold bracelet by her friends.

The next meeting of the East Jordan Women's Local Option Society on Saturday afternoon this week at the home of Mrs. W. P. Porter at 2:30. It is of the utmost importance that now in the very height of the conflict the women should work side by side with the men to get rid of the lawless and wicked saloon.

"Oh! Lord don't let the birdies get into Robbie's trap out there in the garden. Oh! I know they won't though. Amen." "Harry," said his mother, "what makes you so certain?" "Cause I swashed the trap." Mr. Voter! If you want the boys saved from whiskey and beer, smash the traps.

A gift from Heaven who brightened the world for a beautiful spell, and then faded like a flower and is gone. Thus it was with little George Edward Otto, aged one year, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Otto, whose little body was laid away Friday morning, March 26th. Short services at the home and grave side were conducted by Rev. W. W. Lamport. Many beautiful floral pieces expressed the love and sympathy of friends.

Divine worship as usual in the Presbyterian church on Sunday, in the morning at 10:30, evening at 7:00. Attractive music and singing and preaching of an up-to-date and practical nature. A hearty welcome to all who come. Sunday school at 11:45; Junior C. E. at 3:00; Mrs. Grigsby invites parents to send their children. Senior C. E. at 6:00, leader Mr. Boosinger, subject "Our Liquor Laws." It is hoped that all members will make a special effort to be present.

O. W. Rowland of Paw Paw, Mich., ex-editor and for many years a leader in the social and political affairs of Van Buren County says: "Van Buren county, at the present time, has the unique distinction of not having a single criminal case of any character on the records of her circuit. Van Buren is the original local option county, has been local option for almost nineteen years, and intends to remain so until we shall have statewide prohibition. What saloon county in Michigan can show an absolutely blank criminal calendar?"

Howard Watches at Mack's.

The latest styles of Iron and Steel Beds at WHITTINGTON'S.

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

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

The annual sugar social at the G. A. R. Hall on State St., Saturday April 3rd.

Yes, C. H. Whittington has the finest selection of Wall Paper to be found anywhere.

The ladies of the Catholic church will hold a Bake Sale at Frelberg's Tailor Shop, next Saturday, April 3rd.

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.

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WILSON.

The first robin was heard Wednesday morning, and he probably went south again on Thursday.

Not a very large crowd at the dance in Wilson Saturday evening. 22 numbers were sold.

We understand Mrs. Rosa Batterbee has sold her farm in Wilson but did not learn the purchaser's name.

Orval Bills is selling his stock and other personal property and will start for a trip to the north west in the near future.

Little Elmer Hayner had a slight attack of appendicitis last Sunday but prompt attention soon brought him relief.

Rural Carrier Newville of Boyne City was taken ill last Saturday and is unable to go on his route.

Miss Emma Todd who has been absent from school for some time on account of ill health, started again this week.

Max Ostenberg and family have been spending a few days with friends in Traverse City, prior to their departure for the west.

O. D. Smith is making some improvements on his house; making the wing higher, with a new roof, and a porch on in front. Willard Warden is doing the carpenter work.

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Soul of the Blue Bokhara

By FRANK LOVELL NELSON

One of Carlton Clarke's Telepatho-Deductive Solutions

CARLTON CLARKE and I were in New York—I knew not why—at the time Col. James Watson Drexlau, an immensely wealthy New Yorker, was found stabbed to death in his home. His daughter and Raleigh Harcamp were the first upon the scene of the murder. We became connected with the case through my acquaintance with Collins, friend of my youth and one of the best reporters in Manhattan. Clarke and I were discussing the strange mystery which had grown out of the case.

A knock on the door put an end to our conversation. It was Collins, to whom I had given a quiet tip to stay with us through the case.

Another knock followed almost immediately, and I admitted Raleigh Harcamp, whose face showed the first smile I had seen him give when he related the case with which he had eluded Clancy's shadows.

"Now, Mr. Harcamp," began Clarke, "I want you to tell us exactly what happened last night."

"I cannot," said Harcamp, between set teeth.

"Then I will have to tell you. Sit down, Mr. Harcamp."

"When you and Miss Drexlau returned from the theater," continued Clarke, "Mr. Drexlau met you and a violent scene occurred. Is that right?"

"Yes; I suppose Fogarty has told you."

"Miss Drexlau, at her father's orders, finally went to her room in tears."

"I see by the papers Fogarty was eavesdropping," commented Harcamp.

"Then you and Mr. Drexlau cooled down. He suggested that you go into the billiard room and amuse yourself while he smoked a cigar, and maybe you would both see things in a different light. You became interested in practicing some difficult wassle shot and stayed for some time."

"How in the name of heaven do you know all that?"

"Very simple. Balls carefully placed in line along the side rail, tip of cue badly damaged, your fingers covered with chalk. You were just about to attempt the shot after repeated failures when you heard Mr. Drexlau fall. You rushed into the hall and saw me on the stairs—"

Harcamp rose with clenched fists and white face. "Stop; you lie! No man on God's earth knows whom I saw."

"Ha, I thought I was right. You saw Miss Drexlau."

Harcamp groaned and buried his face in his hands. "She didn't do it. She didn't do it. O! why didn't I confess to it and save her?"

Clarke went over and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Now, brace up, Harcamp," he said. "It may not be as bad as you think. There is one thing that may save her."

"Tell me, for God's sake!" moaned Harcamp.

"The blue Bokhara," answered Clarke.

Just then a messenger arrived with a telegram. It was for Clarke and he tore it open feverishly. As he read his face broke into a smile of triumph.

"At last I can act," he cried. "Quick, Mr. Collins, call a cab. You know the nearest stands. Mr. Harcamp, we will save her."

Collins was soon at the door with a carriage. Clarke gave the driver his directions, and we all got in.

"Where are we bound for?" I asked.

"We are in pursuit of the blue Bokhara," was all that Clarke would vouchsafe.

We drew up before a large store in Broadway devoted exclusively to oriental rugs, and hurried in.

"Did you ever see a Blue Bokhara?" asked Clarke of the proprietor.

"Yes," he replied, "but we haven't one—in fact I never saw but one I believed was genuine, and that didn't bring very good luck to the man that bought it, for I hear he's just been murdered."

"Yes, yes, that's the one!" said Clarke, excitedly.

"Did he get it here?"

"No, he didn't. He picked it up from a small dealer, but there was considerable talk about it among rug men, and I went around to see it. I've seen many so-called blue Bokharas, but never one like this. It was the softest shade of blue and of the finest wool mixed with silk. The sheen was perfect."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Clarke; "but can you tell me the name of the shop that sold it?"

"Certainly; it was Agnos's, on lower Washington street; but he hasn't anything like it. Let me show you some particularly fine Bokharas I have just imported."

But we were gone on our way to Agnos's before he recovered from his surprise, I suspect.

Agnos was a dark-eyed Armenian who kept a small stock. He was proud of having sold the most wonderful rug in New York, proud of having known the murdered man and anxious to tell all about both.

"But while it was in your hands did

you repair it?" asked Clarke, interrupting his flow of description.

"Oh, no, gentlemen, it was perfect. I have been dealing in rugs all my life and—"

"But haven't you even a thread of it; even a strand of wool?"

"Why, no. You ask funny questions. More funny than young man who come here every day I got the rug and ask the price and cry when I tell him I sold it to Mr. Drexlau. And to think of Mr. Drexlau so soon killed! I like to have the pick of his rugs. It make me rich."

"From whom did you get the rug?" broke in Clarke.

The Armenian's eyes kindled with suspicion. "What for you want to know that?" he said.

"Now," said Clarke, "tell me where you got the rug or I'll put the spell on you and leave you that way."

"Oh, I'll tell, I'll tell," said the frightened Oriental. "I had it of Israel Fangbone in Pell street."

"A well-known fence," said Collins.

"If we find you've been lying I'll come back and look into your head and see everything you've ever done," warned Clarke.

"Oh, gentlemen, I tell the truth; and listen, I did repair it," Fangbone, he cut a little piece out of it, such a little piece. I weave it in and Mr. Drexlau never see it at all. I think Fangbone try to match the wool and get some fake ones made."

"A scheme that you doubtless suggested," said Clarke. "Now, haven't you that piece?"

"Oh, no, gentlemen. I give you my word of honor. Fangbone he have it."

"Then to Pell street," commanded Clarke.

"I'm afraid you'll find Fangbone a tougher proposition than the Armenian," said Collins when we were once more in the cab.

"If he is a strong character his weak point is the more vulnerable," replied Clarke. "When I see him I will know where to attack."

Fangbone in truth was a veritable Fagin. He treated us with twisting, treacherous hands, which seemed to itch, and his inky-black beard to bristle at the gain that might be derived from such a presentable set of roustabouts as he took us to be.

"Somedings I can show you, shentlemen. Some moneys you want, maybe? I haf it."

Clarke made a careful survey of his antagonist. "Yes, Fangbone, it's money. Twenty dollars on this," and Clarke took a diamond ring from his finger and laid it in the moist, outstretched palm.

Fangbone examined it critically, but with greedy eyes. "You haf come by it honestly?" he asked.

"Of course. You'll be safe enough anyway. It's easily worth two hundred and I may never redeem it."

"Not redeem it?" said Fangbone in surprise.

"No, I wouldn't wear it again. It's kishoff. I had it of this man Drexlau who was killed last night, and I just heard he had a blue Bokhara rug that was kishoff, and then they closed in what appeared to be the sleep of nature. Clarke took the square of blue Bokhara from his pocket and pressed it against her forehead.

"Do you see, Thaidia?"

"I see," came the rich, subdued voice.

"What see you?"

"I see a richly appointed drawing room. Oriental rugs cover the floor. Over the fireplace is a picture of Washington. A white plastered archway leads into a library and that opens into a conservatory. Three persons are there. One is an old man, one a young man and one a woman, young, slender and black of hair. They seem to be disputing and the old man is greatly excited. At last he points to the door and his daughter—yes it is his daughter—goes out in tears, with one last supplicating look at the men. There they part, not all in anger, as the father seems to weaken at the sight of his daughter's tears. The young man goes out through the library and the aged man lights a cigar and walks the drawing room with bowed head, his hands behind his back."

"He halts in his walk and listens. He slips across the room on tiptoe, tears open the portiere at the hall door and drags out a little old man. He is a servant. The master of the house upbraids the cringing menial and then points to the door. The little old man goes out. The tall man resumes his restless walk, blowing rings of smoke and now and then glancing at his watch and from that to the door. He expects some one. At last he stops. He listens. He hears a step. He goes out into the hall to the front door and flings it open. A dark-matted form enters."

"Mark well this man, Thaidia. What is he like?"

"He is dark, very dark. He is emaciated. His face is drawn with suffering. His clothes are in rags, yet his bearing is proud and noble. They pass into the drawing room. The dark man is pleading with clasped hands. The old man laughs scornfully. The dark figure offers him something. It



placed and there, day by day, a maiden weaves upon a rug. She is beautiful as the night, and as she weaves a youth watches her and strokes the inky braids of her hair while their eyes speak the tale of love that is old as this old world, yet ever new.

"Day by day the maiden weaves, and as she weaves her fair body wastes by degrees so small that her lover sees not the change. At last the final knot is tied and the web thrown through the warp for the last time, and with a sigh and a look of love the weaver falls into his outstretched arms.

"She has woven her soul into the blue Bokhara.

"The youth wanders, the rug always with him, for it is his bride. He comes to this city. He is in want; he is starving. When near to death he pawns the rug that he may live. Then the change comes. He finds work, he makes money. He tries to redeem the rug; but the man to whom he pawned it is a villain. He has learned the value of the rug and will not give it up but for a great price. The youth struggles and saves and denies himself everything until at last he has the sum. At last he is able to buy the rug, only to find that it is sold to—yes, it is to the man who was slain. The youth seeks him out and, by the ruse that he has smuggled rugs for sale, gains entrance at midnight.

"Where is he now? Look well, Thaidia."

"He is near."

"The street; can you read it?"

"It is Washington street, in the Armenian quarter."

"The number?"

"Two hundred and sixty-eight."

"The name?"

"I cannot tell. Wait, he writes. He signs, 'Kareton Boyajian.' He faints. You must hasten if you see him."

"The floor?"

"It is the garret. I am weary, Carlton; make haste."

"Enough, Thaidia. Wake."

The eyes opened and smiled.

"Have I helped?" she asked.

"You have made all clear. But we must act now. To-morrow I will return and tell you all. And, oh, Thaidia, that I may then persuade you to give up this sordid life, this prying upon the ignorance and fear of the Ghetto."

is money. The old man again repulses him and points toward the door. The dark man still pleads with many passionate gestures toward a blue rug of surpassing beauty on the floor. At last the old man advances and raises his hand as if to strike. There is a quick blow and a flash of steel. The old man reels and falls, clutching at his breast. The dark man seizes the rug and is gone into the night.

"Now the rug, Thaidia, the rug. Follow it. Trace it back to the making. What see you?"

"I see a little hut in Bokhara beside the Samarkand gate. I know the spot well. Within the door a loom is

"You see the results—luxury, wealth, all that we longed for in the old days. But come to-morrow."

The final act of the drama was brief. We communicated with the inspector and he met us on the way to the Washington street number in Clarke's possession. This proved to be a rickety tenement. Under the guidance of the inspector, we entered boldly and mounted five dingy flights to the garret. A knock at the one door brought no response and we pushed in as it was unlocked.

There, on a miserable bed of straw, his wasted body wrapped in the blue Bokhara, lay a young Turkoman. By

\$33.00 PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS.

Colonists' one-way tickets Chicago to the Pacific coast, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Lines, are on sale daily during March and April at the rate of \$33.00. Correspondingly low rates from all points. Double berth in tourist sleeping car only \$7.00, through without change to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. No extra charge on our personally conducted tours. Write for itineraries and full particulars to S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



Miss Charity—If I were to give you a quarter; what would you say?
Wandering Jim—I should tell every gent that you were the prettiest lady in all this town.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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

Address: F. J. GIBNEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A New Standard.

"I knew they were putting on airs. They let on that their silverware was all solid and now the whole world knows it isn't."

"How did it come out?"

"Burglars broke into their house the other night and didn't take a thing."—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking Up Colds.

A cold may be stopped at the start by a couple of Lane's Pleasant Tablets. Even in cases where a cold has seemed to gain so strong a hold that nothing could break it, these tablets have done it in an hour or two. All druggists and dealers sell them at 25 cents a box. If you cannot get them send to the proprietor, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

A Question of Value.

"Politeness costs nothing," said the proverbialist.

"Which may explain," answered Miss Cayenne, "why some people of ostentatious wealth have so little of it."

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. See Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Gimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A lazy man makes as much fuss when he has a little job of work on hand as an old hen does who is trying to raise one chick.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

A sacred burden is the life we bear. Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly. Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.—Kemble.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drug Law. Murine Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a great deal of lying constitute life.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address the Garfield Tea Co. as above when writing for free samples of Garfield Tea, the true remedy for constipation.

Opportunities fall in the way of every man who is resolved to take advantage of them.—Samuel Smiles.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

CAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, burning, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

And sometimes a poet fools people by wearing his hair short.

Mrs. Winslow's Scouring Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Suspect the meaning and regard not speeches.—Socrates.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispers 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.

The Odd Happening of Mr. David Cobb

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The city had had an attack of morality and all gaming houses and bookmaking offices were closed up as closes the clam. Cities have these spasms as a man has the colic. The one stops gambling and the other eschews cucumbers—for a while.

A certain firm of bookmakers did not resign themselves to the fiat of the law. They procured a copy of the edict and scrutinized it as they were wont to examine the program for the day's races. They discovered in the statute an aperture through which they could drive the metaphorical horse and wagon. The law forbade bookmaking save on race courses where races were being run. Straightway they leased for a song a disused half-mile track near the city, ran two plugs over it every day for a purse of five dollars and made books on every race from Sheephead Bay to the Pacific coast. If the law frowned that's all it could do.

The peaceful little village wherein was the race course became transformed. Farmers studied dove sheeps as they guided the plow and talked knowingly of mud-larks and cinches. Everybody became a sporting man, and among them David Cobb, the village carpenter.

Cobb was sore smitten with the betting disease. It would have puzzled him to try to name the boundaries of his state, but he knew the pedigree of pretty much all the horses running and once and a while he won a bet.

A felicitous run of luck which Mr. Cobb had been enjoying suddenly changed and fortune—ever a capricious jade, turned her back on him. He couldn't win a bet and one August day found himself penniless. He sat gloomily on a trestle in front of the blacksmith's shop listlessly reading the entries for the day. Mr. Quinn, a disqualified jockey from one of the big



He Was Dressed or Rather Undressed.

tracks and now a betting room tout, came languidly across the road and accosted him.

"Dave," said he, "I have it."

So great was Mr. Cobb's depression that he made no inquiry as to what Mr. Quinn possessed.

"Here's a letter from a man who gives me only two or three tips a year and they never fall down. Here it is: 'Lucky Dog will win the second handicap race at the Bay Wednesday. Get on it.' Now, Dave, here's our chance to make a good stake for the season."

"What's the use of talking?" asked Mr. Cobb, disgustedly. "What's a tip to a man who's got nary a cent to bet on it?"

"Can't you raise ten dollars?" inquired Mr. Quinn, interestedly.

"I can't beg, borrow nor steal a dollar let alone ten. And there's no job o' work I can get."

"Busted, eh?" and Mr. Quinn walked off seeking another capitalist.

For some reason the name "Lucky Dog" kept dining itself into Mr. Cobb's ears all day and all the next day. He felt a prescience that the horse would win albeit that his researches disclosed that he had only run once in the far west.

Two o'clock on the eventful Wednesday on which the tip was expected, to materialize found Mr. Cobb abed. He had not arisen for he reasoned with logic that a man who could not raise the insignificant sum of a dollar may as well lie in bed as stand on his feet. Another point was that Mrs. Cobb had proclaimed with acerbity in the morning that, as the breakfast and dinner would result from her individual earnings he would not be expected to participate in the repasts.

Mr. Cobb lay prone and gnashed his teeth when he thought of the busy scene in the betting room nearly opposite to his house. Already the odds were up against Lucky Dog. If he should win Mr. Cobb felt sure he would foam at the mouth like a mad man. No one could stand such a buffet from fortune as that.

A man with a truculent face came down the dusty highway and Mrs. Cobb glimpsing him ran upstairs. She opened the Bible lying on the bureau and taking something from between its leaves turned to her husband.

"The collector is coming for the rent," she said. "If I had not taken ten dollars from your winnings one night and made ten more myself by

sewing we would all be turned out in the road for we owe two months," and she held up two ten-dollar notes.

"This was an unwise move. An old saw sayeth, 'let sleeping dogs lie' and it might be applied to recumbent husbands. The sight of those two ten-dollar notes acted on the raw nervous system of Mr. Cobb as might a galvanic battery. He sprang from the bed and snatching the notes closed them up in his hand.

Then Mrs. Cobb executed a diplomatic movement worthy of Talleyrand. She caught her husband's clothes that were on a chair and clasped them against her body. The two glared at each other.

In the meantime the truculent man was knocking at the front door. "Open the door and come upstairs," called Mrs. Cobb to the truculent man from the window.

Mr. Cobb's eyes roved around the room. He heard the front door open and then he stooped and passed through the window onto the porch roof. He let himself down from the spouting and dropped to the ground. He speeded for the betting room clad in his night shirt.

"Stop him," screamed Mrs. Cobb to the truculent man. "He's got your money."

The truculent man dashed after the fleeing Cobb with Mrs. Cobb close at his heels. Urchins along the road delighted at the sight of a man in a night shirt sprinting in front of a stout man and a bony woman acclaimed the trio vociferously.

However, Mr. Cobb had too good a lead, besides he was dressed or rather undressed for running and he entered the betting room door fully three lengths ahead of the truculent man. Reaching the desk Mr. Cobb saw that the race in which Lucky Dog was all ready marked "at the post" and he had but little time.

"Lucky Dog to win," he said, handing the two notes to the bookmaker.

"They're off," called the man at the telegraph instrument.

"One hundred and sixty to twenty," Lucky Dog," drawled the bookmaker handing Mr. Cobb the ticket.

The truculent man leaned over the desk and said, gaspingly: "That money's mine."

"That money's now on Lucky Dog. He's running at the rate of a mile in one minute and forty seconds," remarked the bookmaker, "if you can catch him and take it off you're welcome to it."

Oppressed by this problem the truculent man wiped his brow and the man at the wire called, "Lucky Dog at the quarter."

"Lucky Dog at the half by two lengths," called the operator.

Mr. Cobb was standing on one bare foot.

"Lucky Dog in the stretch, all whipping," called the man at the wire.

Then Mr. Cobb, the sweat dripping from his face, lifted up his voice.

"Come on Lucky Dog. Come on old horse. You're running for Dave Cobb."

"Lucky Dog wins easy by a length," called the operator.

Then Mr. Cobb changed into a dancing dervish and spun around uttering odd ejaculations.

"Pay off Lucky Dog tickets," called the bookmaker.

Mr. Cobb received \$180. He handed \$20 to the truculent man with the mien of a Roman conqueror dividing up a captured kingdom. He tossed \$20 into his wife's apron and sought to put the balance in his own pocket but found no such convenience. He looked down and saw how he was attired. Then he blushed and darted homewards.

American Spending Less in Paris. American travelers abroad, upon returning home, are reporting with greater frequency that they have been advised by American consular representatives to save their money and buy at home. A few years ago a consul who took any interest in American affairs except politics and his salary was a rarity. In Paris alone American importations during the past year were \$21,000,000 less than in 1907. At that they amounted to more than \$12,000,000. There were two other contributing causes to the fall in Paris sales to Americans, the financial depression and the fact that London is rapidly taking the place of Paris as the great European market for Americans.

The Trunk of the Elephant. The long trunk of the elephant is very, very wonderful. The neck of four-footed animals is usually long, to enable them to reach their food with out difficulty, but the elephant has a short neck to enable him more easily to support the weight of his huge head and heavy tusks. The long trunk helps him to get his food, and the trunk is to an elephant what a long neck is to other animals.

American Burial Caskets in Demand. American burial caskets in considerable numbers are now exported to various foreign countries, including the West Indies and South America and England, South Africa, and Australia.

WALKED SEVERAL MILES WITH HIS MOUTH AGAPE

WOODSMAN WITH YAWNING HABIT DISLOCATED JAWS WHEN FAR FROM AID.

Molunkus, Me.—A lumberman by the name of Bob Aiken has taken an oath never to gape again, at least when far from home and friends, for a few days ago a fit of gape brought him more rear trouble than he had known for a year.

Ever since he was a child Aiken has held to the opinion that stretching one's mouth afforded as much relaxation as stretching one's arms and legs, and now and then when he felt particularly tired he adopted this method of resting himself. He always declared that a long gape would drive away a headache quicker than any medicine he knew of, and furthermore



He Started for Civilization as Fast as His Legs Would Carry Him.

it would increase his appetite until he could eat a boiled owl with relish.

Some days ago the lumberman was hired to mark out some trees on the shore of Mud pond, to be used for telephone poles, and he went over prepared to build a hut and spend several days at the work. Everything progressed favorably at first, but on the evening of the third day a feeling of intense fatigue overcame the man, and his head began to ache. Following the old custom of curing himself and stimulating his appetite, Aiken sat down by the camp fire and began to gape. At the same moment he stretched his arms and legs. The effect was magical. The ache began to depart, a sense of relaxation pervaded his anatomy and he yearned for something to eat.

Still, a bit of the ache lingered, so the woodsman decided to try one more tremendous yawn. Opening his mouth to its fullest extent he heaved a great sigh and heard a crack. The noise, which was accompanied by a stinging pain, startled him, and he tried to shut his mouth, but he could not, and in his fright he clapped his hand to his face. It required no knowledge of anatomy to show Aiken that he had dislocated his jaw, and that the case was beyond his skill. Pain, worse than any headache he had ever suffered, racked him, and when he realized that he was 15 miles from the nearest doctor he was well scared.

There was only one thing to be done, and that was to start for civilization as fast as his legs would carry him. So, without loss of time, Aiken began the journey through the forests, lighting his way with a lantern and easing his jaws occasionally by bathing them in snow water. Not only did his jaws swell, but his entire face as well, and the longer he traveled the more ardently he swore that he would never again take the rest cure by means of gaping.

The pain was so intense that Aiken was frequently forced to sit down on rocks, but before daylight he reached a physician. It was no easy job for the doctor to snap the jaws back in place, but he accomplished the task. Eating is now difficult for Aiken.

SEA SERPENT PURSUES LAUNCH.

Fishermen's Boat Finally Eludes Creature Forty Feet Long.

Long Beach, Cal.—Five men who went fishing the other day in a launch say they had an encounter with a sea serpent at the Grouper banks, 18 miles off shore. Guy Griffith and James Harvey were in the party.

"The monster was about forty feet long," said Griffith, "and about fifteen feet back from the head it had a big dorsal fin. The head was as big as a barrel and brown in color with eyes as big as my fist and it moved from side to side. The tail was like that of a porpoise. We first sighted the thing 100 feet away.

"The head was then out of the water and I started to shoot at it, but feared it might become angry and wreck us, so I told one of the boys to start the engine and we glided away but the monster came after us. We gave the engine all she could stand and got away from the creature."

His Own Voice in Burial Sermon. Boone Gap, Ill.—His own voice preached the funeral service and recited the prayers for the dead at the funeral the other day of Rev. Darby Bassett Leach of this city. During the last illness of Mr. Leach, who died recently, he talked into a phonograph an address and the prayers he wanted at his grave, and his wish that the machine pay the last tribute was carried out.

RATHER PAY THAN SERVE.

Citizen Soldier's Unique Idea of the Duties of a Sentry.

Australians still tell stories of the C. L. Y.'s, although the war is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagonload of goods.

He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours pondering many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection.

"Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Much or little, we can't afford to lose it."

"Well, but colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough idea of the value."

"About £200," said the Colonel testily.

"Very well," was the answer, "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the amount. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much."

What the colonel said is not recorded.—Melbourne Times.

BABY HORRIBLY BURNED

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Face and Head—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

Used Cuticura: No Scar Left.

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Some one wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

MADE HIM SIT UP.



Wife—I'll make you sorry you ever quarreled with me!
Hubby—What will you do? Go home to your mother, I suppose?
Wife—No; I'll bring mother here!

If you are acquainted with happiness, introduce him to your neighbor.—Bishop Brooks.

Throat Trouble may follow a Cough, or Hoarseness. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give relief. 25 cents a box. Samples free. John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

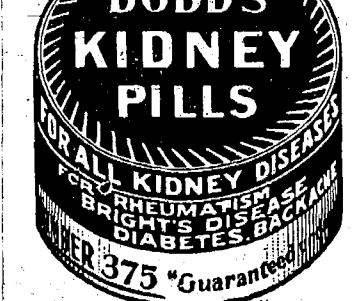
Fortunate is the woman who remembers that frowns beget more wrinkles than smiles.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Use the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.—Montaigne.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, scalded feet. See all druggists.

Things past may be repeated but not recalled.—Livy.



"A Little Cold is a Dangerous Thing"

and often leads to hasty disease and death when neglected. There are many ways to treat a cold, but there is only one right way—use the right remedy.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is the surest and safest remedy known, for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy. It cures when other remedies fail.

Do something for your cold in time, you know what delay means, you know the remedy, too—Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

Bottles in three sizes. \$1, 50c, 25c

GALL STONES

or any LIVER DISEASE. Write me at once. Will tell you cure free. Address C. COVEY, R. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.

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 garments without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MORRIS DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WATSON

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Cinnamon -
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Water -

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Watson

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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. If not send 3c for box, book and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., St. Louis.

Western Canada

MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres of land to each settler. —150 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

"A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, whose visit to Western Canada, in August, 1908, was an inspiration.

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre as a result of one crop.

Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McINNIS, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cures' rets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cures' for their wonderful composition."

I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail; and I find that 'Cures' relieves more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

James McGune,
108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed cure or your money back.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 11, 1909.

SALZER'S OATS

GERMANY, a country smaller than Texas, grows more oats than nearly the whole of Europe put together. Why? She has no better soil than anybody else, but she sows only pedigreed, high yielding varieties.

SOME YEARS ago when in Germany, we picked up this remarkable oat in a rich side valley of the Rhine. Hundreds of American farmers tried it last year and are now and here in 10c packages.

REJUVENATED WHITE BONAZA OATS. Salzer's White Bonanza Oats. A year ago, took the world's prize of \$100.00 in gold for the heaviest yielding oat variety. (Our catalog tells the interesting story.) We have rejuvinated this oat and offer it again as something quite above the ordinary.

HEADQUARTERS FOR AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SEED. Such as Minnesota No. 6 and No. 20 Oats, Wisconsin Swedish Oats, Oberlin Oats (Wm. No. 3), Minnesota No. 6 and No. 100 Barley, Minnesota No. 66 and North Dakota No. 106 Flax, Corn, Wheat, etc., etc.

We have by all odds the largest SEED POTATO trade in the world; one of our cellars alone holds 60,000 bushels!

BIG SEED, PLANT AND TOOL BOOK FREE. On the most original seed catalog in America. It bristles with good thoughts. On it you will find a list of the most valuable list of farm seed samples, including Billion Dollar Grass, 100 lb. Hay Wonder, Blue, the 80 lb. corn, and many more. Silver King Barley, yielding 172 bu. per acre, together with clover, timothy, grass, etc., etc., worth \$10.00 of any man's money to get a star on their shirt.

Or remit \$1.00 and we will add a package of a New Farm Seed Novelty never before seen by you.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.

Box 77 LA CROSSE, WIS.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in some degree are protected. It is made from the best of the most reliable ingredients. It is made from the best of the most reliable ingredients. It is made from the best of the most reliable ingredients.

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 garments without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MORRIS DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Cure Your Kidneys.

No Need to Take Any Further Risks.

Why will people continue to suffer the agonies of kidney complaint, backache, urinary disorders, lameness, headaches, languor, why allow themselves to become chronic invalids, when a certain cure is offered them? Doan's Kidney Pills is the remedy to use, because it gives to the kidneys the help they need to perform their work.

If you have any, even one, of the symptoms of kidney diseases, cure yourself now, before diabetes, dropsy or Bright's disease sets in. Can East Jordan residents demand more convincing proof than the following:

Mrs. L. Ward, 124 Marble St., Cadillac, Mich., says: "I was at times sick in bed from kidney complaint and on several occasions doctored without finding relief. My kidneys were disordered, the secretions being scanty and containing sediment and I was also subject to dizzy spells and dull grinding backaches. I was in a bad condition when I began to use Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me of the aches and pains, built up my system and did away with the kidney weakness. You are at liberty to publish my statement for the benefit of other persons suffering in a similar way."

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.

W.A. Loveday

Notary Public
With Seal.

Real Estate Insurance Agency.

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

Dr. W. E. Zavitz

DENTIST

Office in E. J. L. Co.'s Block
Office Hours: 8:00 a. m. to 12 noon, 1:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.
After hours by appointment only.
Phone No. 216

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

A. E. Carlisle

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

Lemieux & Lancaster

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

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

Offices Over Postoffice.
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.,
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending March 20th, 1909.

Wm. W. Bailey et al to Layna I. Thompson, lots 8 and 9 Bailey & Wilson add Boyne. \$305.51.

Margaret S. Payne to Wm. Harrington, lot 1 of blk E S. G. Isaman's add South Arm. \$900.00.

Minerva Papineau to Reuben Geer, part lot 9 of blk J4 Charlevoix. \$250.

Percy Crumb to Ferdinand Lorser, 21 acres in sec 18 t 32 n r 4 w. \$1.00.

A. V. Shad to Ferdinand Loeser, part sec 18 t 32 n r 4 w. \$1.00.

Enos W. Lane to F. Cuites, part lot 1 and part n w 1/4 of sec 14 t 33 n r 7 w. \$207.68.

Jesse F. Cuites to Joseph S. Holly, same as No. 6 above.

Mary A. Weter to Henry J. Beuret, lot 12 blk B. Watsons add Talcott. \$330.00.

Anna J. Winsor to Neyada Gulnon, part lots 11, 12, 13 and 14 Village of Talcott. \$1.00 & o v c.

Neyada Gulnon to Frank J. and Anna J. Winsor, same as No. 9 above. \$1.06 & o v c.

Roy B. Brown to Sextus L. Wright, lots 50, 68, 69 and 79 Lee & Montague's add Talcott. \$800.00.

Hugh R. Miller to Duane Livingstone, lot 5 blk 5 Millers plat Spg Harbor. \$50.00.

E. C. Rust to J. B. Rust, lot 199 Nichols & Morgans 2nd add Boyne. \$1.00 & o v c.

George A. Johnson to John G. Davis, part sec 35 t 33 n r 6 w. \$350.00.

Byron Lyke to Joseph Austett, lot 153 Beardsleys add Boyne. \$1,000.00.

At Van Aillsburg to John, Walter, and Agnes Rodger, part s e 1/4 of sec 34 t 34 n r 8 w. \$25.00.

E. B. Ward to John Miller, lot 198 Upright & Hurlburts add Charlevoix. \$850.00.

Louis and Phoebe Guard to E. J. Miller, lot 15 Upright & Hurlburts add Charlevoix. \$850.00.

F. J. Meech to Edward C. Waller, lot 2 blk 3 Mt. McSawba. \$25.00.

ROMEO A. EMREY,
Register of Deeds.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued during the week ending, Mar. 20, 1909.

Frank Cespiva, 26.....Charlevoix
Jessie Dvorak, 20.....Charlevoix

Herbert Schneider, 21.....Boyne City
Mattie Davis, 21.....Boyne City

Geo. E. Tinsley, 28.....Charlevoix
Lulu Heller, 18.....Charlevoix

A. I. Glassford, 40. Lapeer Co., Mich.
Maude Churchill, 25.....Charlevoix

Wesley Parliament, 25.....East Jordan
Dora Hughes, 32, Grand Rapids, Mich.

D. S. PAYTON,
County Clerk.

Nothing in the way of a cough is quite so annoying as a tickling, teasing, wheezing, bronchial cough. The quickest relief comes perhaps from a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And besides, it is so thoroughly harmless that mothers give it with perfect safety even the youngest babes. The tender leaves of a simple mountain shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough remedy its remarkable curative effect. A few days' test will tell. Sold by James Gidley.

Election Notice.

To the Electors of the County of Charlevoix:

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of said County held on the 13th day of OCTOBER 1908, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, that the question of adopting the county road system be submitted to a vote of the electors of the County of Charlevoix at the next general election to be held on the first Monday in April A. D. 1909.

Notice is further given that said question will be stated on the ballots to be used at said election as follows: Shall the county road system be adopted in the County of Charlevoix. [] Yes.

Shall the county road system be adopted in the County of Charlevoix. [] No.

Dated March 13th, 1909.
DANIEL S. PAYTON,
Clerk of Charlevoix County.

A falling tiny nerve—no larger than the finest silken thread—takes from the Heart its impulse, its power, its regularity. The Stomach also has its hidden, or inside nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or falling Stomach, Heart or Kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed straight for the cause of these ailments—these weak and faltering inside nerves. This, no doubt clearly explains why the Restorative has of late grown so rapidly in popularity. Druggists say that those who test the Restorative even for a few days soon become fully convinced of its wonderful merit. Anyway, don't drug the organ. Treating the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way. Sold by James Gidley.

Home Made Mixture Cures Rheumatism.

There is so much Rheumatism here in our neighborhood now that the following advice will be highly appreciated by those who suffer:

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargin, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, of who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good and may save you from much misery and suffering after awhile.

Our home druggists say they will either supply the ingredients or mix the prescription ready to take if our readers ask them.

The Brown Shoe Co's
WHITE HOUSE LOW CUTS
For Men



Right Now

Is the time to buy your Spring Oxfords for Easter use and the place to buy them is—

At Hudson's

We have them in all leathers and prices.

See our Window Display of the Brown Shoe Co.—Shoes and Oxfords.

LITTLE WHITE SHOE STORE

C. A. Hudson, Prop'r.

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.

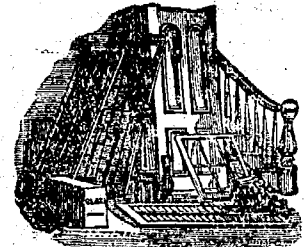
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

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



So many people scattered all over the American Continent have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines that there's scarcely a hamlet where some of these grateful people are not to be easily found—ever ready to say a good word for the medicines which cured them and which very likely may cure you, if similarly afflicted. Look them up. They are walking advertisements for Dr. Pierce's medicines—ever ready to pass the good news along that these medicines cure when many others fail. Little advertised NOW, because their record of 40 years of cures makes great displays of their merits unnecessary. The great American people, pretty generally know of their unequalled record.

As a Stomach and Liver invigorator, and Blood cleanser

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY"

IS PAR EXCELLENCE THE REMEDY NEEDED.

For Woman's Peculiar Weaknesses and Derangements,

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Still Stands at the Head of the Line.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

Get the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D.,—the People's Schoolmaster in Medicine—revised and up-to-date book of 1000 pages—which treats of diseased conditions and the practical and successful treatment thereof. Cloth-bound sent post-paid on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only, in strong paper covers for 21 stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.



Going Too Far.

When Mr. Volney Streamer was visiting Mark Twain at his Redding home he remarked on the picturesque appearance of a windmill in the distant landscape. It was not a windmill, however, but the tower of the Congregational church at Redding Center. When the clergyman of that church came to see Mr. Clemens the latter told him that one of his guests had called his church a windmill, adding, "I think that was going a little too far."—Putnam's Magazine.

A Lunatic's Sense.

There is a place near Glasgow, Scotland, where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers and from his position on the inner side of the inclosure began a somewhat personal conversation. Inmate—Hard work that! Laborer—Troth an' it is. Inmate—Whit pay dae ye get? Laborer—Sixteen bob a week. Inmate—Are ye mairrit? Laborer—I am, worse luck, and have six children. Inmate—I'm thinking, ma man, ye're on the wrang side o' the fence.

Heart Strength

Heart strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. For a weak heart is a hundred times, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fall, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

JAMES GIDLEY.

To Consumptives.

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

Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it.

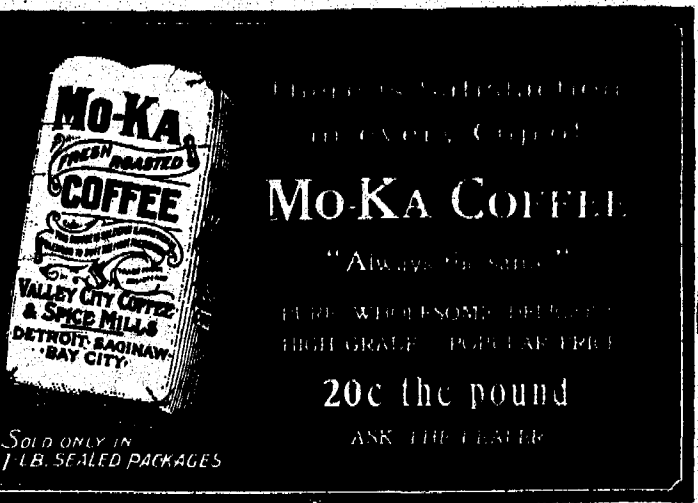
Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.

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

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

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

For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address
C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent,
60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.



Mo-Ka Coffee
"Always the Best"
PURE WHOLESOME DELICIOUS
HIGH GRADE—PAID FOR UP
20c the pound
ASK THE DEALER
SOLD ONLY IN
1 LB. SEALED PACKAGES

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

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.

New Spring Samples

We have now on display a fine line of Samples for Spring and Summer Suits and Top Coats, and we invite you to call and examine same.

A. W. FREIBERG, The Tailor.

Staple and Fancy Groceries Fresh and Cured Meats

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

Bulow & Son, STATE STREET EAST JORDAN

You will be satisfied with the products of
Burpee's "Seeds that Grow"
Shall we mail you our New Complete Catalog?
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Building, Philadelphia.