

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

No. 22

## A Beautiful Panorama

Furnished of Northern Michigan from McGool Hill, Near East Jordan.

No finer view can be had in the lower peninsula than is obtained from the McGool hill, one and a half miles northeast of East Jordan. A pleasant walk past the Catholic cemetery, across Brown's Creek, and along the south fork of the road, brings one to the north side of the hill; or he can ride out if he so chooses, and then all he has to do is to climb. But that is easier said than done, if he is a novice, for the steep slope rises over two hundred feet. He will feel amply repaid, however, for he will find himself four hundred feet above Lake Michigan and in the midst of a panorama of from forty to sixty miles radius.

From the northwestern shoulder there is a fine view of East Jordan and vicinity, and the South Arm may be seen its entire length. The western end of Pine Lake is also discernible, with Charlevoix and the north shore sand dunes. Beyond, if the air is clear, the naked eye may distinctly see the Beaver Islands forty miles away, and ships passing to and fro upon Lake Michigan. To the west and southwest lies the intermediate valley; and on the far off horizon, beyond Grand Traverse Bay, are stretches of the hills of Leelanau. A mile's ramble along the ridge to the south and east brings one to the eastern shoulder. On the way several fine glimpses may be had of the Jordan valley, as far up as the Alba hills and the vicinity of Marquette; and also of the valley of Deer Creek. Looking north from this end, a portion of the middle section of Pine Lake is seen, with the little cluster of houses at Horton's Bay, while the smokestacks and some of the buildings of Boyne City are in view. Beyond is the clearly defined valley of Walloon Lake and the big hill south of Petoskey; and still farther north, across Little Traverse Bay, are the hazy hills of Emmet county. Eastward, up the valley of Boyne, are the hills about Boyne Falls and Elmira. Everywhere these hills and valleys are covered with magnificent forests, thickly interspersed with green fields, orchards, farm buildings and school houses; and the lakes give added fascination. The little Steamer Hum, on leaving Charlevoix, is seen all the way up to her dock at East Jordan. Barges, and schooners in tow of tugs, are passing out from Boyne City and East Jordan laden with lumber and produce, or coming in to load. Trains along the Pere Marquette and the Grand Rapids and Indiana railways are traceable for miles by the smoke of the engines. It's a panorama well worth a trip to the north to see. And the deep greens in the immediate vicinity are especially charming to one who loves the quiet seclusions of nature. As he looks down into them he can easily imagine Rip Van Winkle asleep somewhere below him.

To catch this view at its best one needs to go early in the season or late in autumn, for the foliage obstructs some of the finer reaches. It may seem visionary and foolish to the matter-of-fact mind, but if, with the consent of property owners, the trees and underbrush could be cleared away from the more rangy outlooks and a good path made up the slope and along the ridge from shoulder to shoulder, a real boon would be conferred upon the public; for if there is one county more than another deserving to be called Michigan's "state park," it is rugged Charlevoix with beautiful Pine Lake clasped in its bosom; and for resident or tourist it has no more inviting spot than McGool hill.

## Young Man, Get Married.

This may stagger you and possibly you may wonder how can this be brought about. It is wise for every young man to cherish all the beautiful, noble thoughts and discard all that would tend in any way to cast a gloom upon his future. We say do not discard the thought of your early life in consequence of not having the ready money to furnish your home. Deal with your home merchant and see your goods, know what you are buying, and be convinced that the only place to buy is at home.

## Best in Northern Michigan.

That the farming lands in Charlevoix County are superior to those of any other county in Northern Michigan is once more borne out, this time by J. C. McDowell of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Mr. McDowell is making a canvas of the farming lands of Michigan to obtain data for information of immigrants coming to this country.

Mr. McDowell has covered all the eastern and northern counties and on Friday and Saturday of last week, in company with Truant Officer Bashaw, he covered Charlevoix County. He was surprised at the number of excellent farms already developed; the quality of the soil, and the small amount of waste land, stating that in all the counties he has yet visited, Charlevoix County contains the least. The farming lands of Charlevoix County produce any crop that can be successfully raised in Northern Michigan, in vegetables and grains, and all fruits are far superior, apples and plums challenging the world for quality.

## A Tale of Life.

Eugene Moore, intended to play "My Boy, Jack" only one season but the demand from Opera House Managers, that he present the same play and appear in the same part of Jack Paden this year, has forced Mr. Moore to postpone his new production until next season. Despite the panic of last year, Mr. Moore played "My Boy, Jack" thirty-eight weeks and ended his tour one of the substantial money-getters. "My Boy, Jack" is good for several years yet. It is the kind of play that makes people sit up and listen, it interests them from the beginning to the end. It is a tale of life, real life, it is clean and bright, a wealth of expression and detail, met with only in the highest class productions of which "My Boy, Jack" is one. He will be here at the Opera House on June 1th.

## Short Legislative Notes.

Publishers of newspapers and magazines will be greatly interested in a bill passed at the last moment which provides that all actions for libel must be begun within a period of one year from the time of the publication or utterance of the alleged libelous matter.

The trout fishing season was put back to the old dates, from May 1 to September 1. The black bass closed season was made from February 1 to June 15, limiting the number to be caught at 10, and the smallest fish to be kept at ten inches.

The anti-cigarette bill passed both houses and is now up to Gov. Warner for his signature. One section prohibits the sale of "cutting nails" to minors.

Columbus day, October 12, has been made a legal holiday by the legislature.

The Warner-Crampton liquor bill was finally passed. The definition of a wholesaler is changed to allow these dealers to sell in quantities not less than one gallon. Druggists located in wet counties may continue to sell liquor without a physician's certificate.

The measure of Senator Watkins, which makes the state responsible for the expenses of trying all state officers charged with malfeasance in office, has passed. This bill was primarily in the interest of Jackson county, to relieve the taxpayers there from the expense of the Armstrong prison grand jury investigation.

The Stevenson bill to allow breweries in dry counties to continue in operation provided they did not sell their product in the county in which they are situated was killed in the house.

The house killed Senator McKay's bill, prohibiting the sale of fruit and berries in boxes of less than legal measure.

The Sanders anti-stock watering bill has passed both houses and only awaits the signature of Gov. Warner to become a law. Under its provisions all public utilities companies must submit to the state railway commission all bonding propositions, and that board is given authority to ascertain that the receipts of the sales are used for improvements and extensions and not in stock watering schemes.

## The Song of the Robin.

WARREN W. LAMPORT.

Would you hear the robin sing his sweetest lay,  
Waken some May morning at the break of day,  
When the darksome shadows of the gloomy night  
Down the heavens are fleeing as if in affright,  
Then the little redbreast lifts his voice and sings,  
Sings till all the welkin with his music rings:  
"Cheer up! cheer up! cheery, cheer!  
Gloomy shadows disappear!  
Morn is breaking!  
Earth is waking!  
Dreary night its flight is taking!  
All the earth from sleep is waking.  
Cheer up! cheer up! hear, O hear!  
Cheer up! cheer up! cheery, cheer!"

Would you hear the robin sing his sweetest lay,  
Waken then some morning in the merry May,  
When the day is flinging all her banners out,  
And the night's dark shadows flee in utter rout,  
Then the little redbreast lifts his voice and sings,  
Sings till all the heaven with his music rings:  
"Cheer up! cheer up! cheery, cheer!  
Sunny skies again appear!  
Morn is breaking!  
Earth is waking!  
Gloomy night its flight is taking!  
All the earth to toil is waking.  
Wake up! wake up! hear, O hear!  
Cheer up! cheer up! cheery, cheer!"

Ah dear robin, robin! how I love his song!  
How it cheers my spirit thro' the whole day long!  
When the gloomy shadows gather o'er my way,  
I can hear the music of his roundelay,  
I can hear his sweet voice as he wakes and sings,  
Sings till all within me with his music rings:  
"Cheer up! cheer up! cheery, cheer!  
Darkness soon will disappear!  
God is near thee!  
He will hear thee!  
Let the sweet thought ever cheer thee!  
Rest in hope and never fear thee.  
Look up! look up! hear, O hear!  
Cheer up! cheer up! cheery, cheer!"

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending May 22, 1909.

### Letters.

Delmore, Mrs. Lena  
Cards.

Kolka, Mrs.—John Murner, Harold  
FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

The little boy was on his knees in his little night dress saying his prayers, and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles out of his feet. He stood it as long as he could and then said: "Please God, excuse me, while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

## Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting the abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers will find it a priceless means of preparing the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, ante-version or retro-version or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued during the week ending, May 22, 1909.

Fred L. Murphy, 28, Boyne Falls  
Iva Magee, 17, Boyne Falls  
Victor Duthevicz, 22, Charlevoix  
Ellen Russell, 16, Charlevoix  
Jesse Dyer, 28, Charlevoix Co.  
Eva L. Ferlington, 20, Red Oak, Mich.  
D. S. PAYTON,  
County Clerk.

## A Complete Stock of Drugs

It has been our ambition to say this.

## Our Prescription Department

Is Complete and all Prescriptions are filled by Registered Pharmacists.

F. B. Gannett Co.



## Mo-Ka COFFEE

Indorsed by the prudent housewife for its Quality, Purity, Strength, Flavor and Cleanliness

MO-KA is put up in 1-lb. airtight packages. Ask your grocer for MO-KA, the high-grade Coffee at a popular price.

20¢ THE POUND.

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

## GIVE THEM AWAY

BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL PREMIUMS For Your Trade during the month of May. See them in our display window. Come in and learn particulars.

### HARPER'S MILLINERY and BAZAAR STORE

## 1910 CALENDAR 1910 SAMPLES 1910

Now On Display At Herald Office

## FRED E. BOOSINGER

### Sweater Coats

We have just received our Ladies' Sweater Coats and are ready to furnish every lady with a Sweater Coat of the very newest style.

### Neckwear

We have a fine line of the Dutch Collars just now so very popular in the cities. Ruchings of every description, also embroidered and tailored collars.

### Belts

Our Belts are beautiful as well as practical. Brown, green, navy, black, grey, white and fancy.

### Hair Ornaments

Just arrived from New York—the latest thing in Barrettes, Back Combs, Side Combs, fancy large Hairpins, in all that is new and desirable.

### Mercerized Plisse

Our Plisses are really charming and at the same time they are a delightfully serviceable material.

### Linen Finished Suitings

Our Linen Finished Suitings, both in white and in the fashionable stripes in colors, are what you want.

### Organdies

And Tub Dress Materials. Our Flaxons are far above and superior to any of the conventional materials usually classed under this title. Pure white and colors. White Wash Goods in cross bars and fancy checks.

### Ginghams

Everything that anybody could desire in handsome Dress Ginghams.

### Hosiery

We carry the famous Burson Seamless Hose. Lace hose, white sole hose, brown hose, wine and fancy colors.

### WE MAKE BUTTONS.



### Corsets

We handle the J. C. C. and American Lady.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

## FRED E. BOOSINGER.



DREADNOUGHT FEVER.

There are signs that the Dreadnought fever has spread from Great Britain to Canada. One paper is suggesting that parliament should vote \$1,000,000 for promoting experiments with flying machines for war use, says the Montreal Gazette. A number of others, including some which have been making fame for themselves by advocating development away from Great Britain, want Canadian money voted for a Dreadnought to be presented to the navy of Great Britain. The gift of a battleship is a theatrical act, that may only speak of the excitement of the moment. The duty of sharing in the responsibility of the general defense of the empire by the sea should be assumed in cold blood with the intention that what is resolved on shall be carried through year after year, just as is the cost of the militia or any other public service.

The movement in some of the churches to induce the women to remove their hats during the services is reasonable. The things many women wear on their heads nowadays are so grotesque as to divert the attention of others from the religious exercises, says the New York Times. They are so big that they obstruct the congregation's view of the pulpit. They are grossly inappropriate to a house of worship. The spring hats, in fact, are the worst examples of extravagant fancy gone mad. They are hideous in design and monstrous in execution. They compel the male observer to sigh for the very big hats of last fall. Those seemed then evils scarcely endurable, but fashion has brought us others that we knew not of. These pot-like effects and inverted baskets covered with artificial flowers and plants that seem to have been derived from the inferno have no beauty at all, and when Rev. Dr. MacArthur says they make their wearers look like gargoyles, one infers that he does not care for gargoyles.

The announcement that the imports and the duties collected on them at the port of New York during the month of March were the largest on record tells the story of what is going on in the business world. The appraiser of the port makes this explanation, which seems to cover the ground: "The only way I can account for this is that business men have exhausted their stocks and are compelled to buy more goods to meet actual trade conditions." While there was a large increase in imports of precious stones and articles of luxury of different kinds, it is shown also that the gains in materials used in manufacture were very great. This means more industrial activity and more employment for American workers.

Some years ago the Brooklyn street cars killed so many children that public outcry forced a reform of the speed schedules. Now the child-killing has evidently been resumed by the automobiles, as three children have been run down and fatally injured by speeding motor cars within a week. Evidently drastic measures are required if the automobile speeder is not to remain a constant menace to the safety of the public.

The advancement of modern science and invention is making fame a decidedly comparative affair. A woman climber has covered herself with glory by ascending 24,000 feet in a mountain climb, the highest point ever reached. Yet when the Wrights and their fellow inventors have made aerial transit a common affair, anybody at all can fly to the highest mountain tops and think little of it.

Emperor Nicholas has repealed the regulations restricting the marriage of Russian army officers. Hereafter, young officers will not have to demand a dowry with their brides. This makes it easier for them to marry, as they will—but rules concerning matrimony were not the chief thing to criticize in connection with the average Russian army officer.

During the last few days a number of additional evidences of improvement in the industrial and commercial situation have been reported in this part of the country. Every few days bring further indications of better conditions, and the feeling all along the line is much better than it has been for more than a year.

March broke a number of records, among them being that of post-office receipts. Those for the New York office were \$300,000 greater than for the same month a year ago. And postal payments are a pretty good index to business conditions.

The Western Christian Advocate calls the spring hats "outrageous, hideous, unseemly, obstructive, impudent, self-assertive, loud, dominant and abettors of the devil." Outside of that, they're all right.

Public Agents

The Duties of the Prosecuting Attorney

By JOHN F. GEETING, Editor.



SEVERAL years ago I had a very pleasant meeting with that eminent jurist, the late Solon S. Calhoun, of the supreme court of Mississippi.

In the course of our conversation the subject of argument of counsel was touched upon, and Judge Calhoun remarked, that when, in his earlier days, he was a prosecuting attorney, that he always considered himself as much the counsel for the defendant as for the state. This sentiment should find lodgment in the minds of all public prosecutors; for as their duty consists in the attaining of justice, it is as well performed in favoring the acquittal of the innocent man on trial, as in obtaining the conviction of a guilty man; for in either case justice is attained. Too many follow the erroneous, but popular, notion, that their duty is to prosecute all cases coming within their charge with their utmost efforts toward a conviction, and, that all matters and testimony tending toward sustaining the defense, must either be brought out by the defendant's counsel, or be lost to the case. The public prosecutor generally assumes that he is sole representative of the people who has the right to demand a conviction, or a certain kind of a conviction. This assumption is unfounded in law. True, he is the representative of the people in investigating the matter, in instituting and conducting the prosecution and in presenting the testimony to the jury in a proper form at the trial. In argument, he may draw his conclusions as to the testimony; but the jurors themselves are the people, and in that capacity occupy a higher and more important place than the prosecuting attorney. In theory of law, a criminal case is a trial, by and before the people, but as it is impracticable for all of the people of the local jurisdiction to attend and participate in each criminal case, and pass upon it, the law provides for the careful selection of 12 good and impartial men, who when selected and sworn, are in contemplation of the law the people themselves, while the prosecuting attorney is simply the servant of the people, to bring before the jury for its impartial consideration the facts of the case. In so doing he should present all of the relevant facts, whether they indicate guilt or innocence, and in his argument endeavor to draw correct conclusions from the evidence, whether such conclusions favor an acquittal or a conviction. His position may at times be a trying one, especially when he is met by a resourceful and aggressive defender, but he should remember that his is a place of duty, and not one of personal display or partisanship, and, that neither the activity of opposing counsel, nor public applause, should prompt him to depart from duty's plain path.



RESCUED FROM VAULT BY TELEGRAPH CODE

QUICK-WITTED GIRL SAVES HOTEL CLERK FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH.

St. Louis.—Cora Benson, a telegraph operator at the Planters' hotel, with rare presence of mind and resourcefulness, rescued S. E. Bonneville, clerk, from imprisonment in an airtight vault behind the counter at midnight.

Remembering that Bonneville was familiar with the Morse code, she tapped a message on the steel door, asking the combination of the safe. The answer came back in dots and dashes struck by the end of a penknife, and he was saved from a predicament which threatened to be disastrous.

Friends of the two were showering congratulations and praise, which



She Rapped a Message to the Imprisoned Man.

both laughed off, saying they could see nothing especially heroic in the incident.

Bonneville was preparing to leave at the end of his watch, about midnight, and stepped into the large vault behind the counter to place some valuables in it. Jack Shannon, the mail clerk, did not see Bonneville enter the vault and closed it and turned the bolt.

Knowing the vault was airtight and that Bonneville was the only person in the hotel at that time who knew the combination, Shannon became greatly alarmed. He shouted to Bonneville, whom he could hear pounding frantically against the steel doors, asking him the combination, but neither could understand the other.

The situation was becoming desperate when Miss Benson recalled that Bonneville had been a telegraph operator in his youth and was proficient in the Morse code. Taking an iron paper-weight, she rapped a message to him on the steel doors. Almost immediately his reply, rapped back with the handle of his penknife, was heard, and the combination was translated by Miss Benson. It was then but a few seconds until Shannon had opened the doors and released the almost exhausted prisoner.

None of the participants were inclined to discuss the incident, and when questioned, laughed it off as a joke.

"I can't see much to it," said Bonneville. "Anyhow, the experience did not hurt me." Miss Benson laughingly said: "Even if I did tap the message to him, that was not anything wonderful, was it?"

CHILD HOLDS UP TRAIN.

Three-Year-Old, Dragging a Battered Toy, Wanders on Track and Falls to Hear the Engine.

New York.—A three-year-old boy held up a passenger train on the Greenwood Lake branch of the Erie railroad in the Silver Lake section of Belleville, N. J., the other day. The lad, a son of Antonio Steffanelli, a leader in the Italian colony of that place, had wandered away from his home and was walking along the tracks dragging a battered tin horse when the engine approached in the opposite direction.

The engineer saw the boy and blew his whistle, but the child kept on between the rails. Several times again the whistle was blown, but without result. Then the engineer put on the brakes and brought the train to a stop. The trainman got down from his cab and carried the child to one side. The little fellow was belligerent and fought against his removal. The train contained a large number of passengers on their way from New York, and they got out of the coaches when the train was stopped, believing that there was disaster ahead. There was great merriment when the cause of the trouble was seen trying to whip the engineer.

Big Black Bull on a Rampage.

New York.—A big black bull broke away from his keeper the other day at Washington and Bay streets, Jersey City, and went on a rampage through the business section of the town. In the course of his flight he charged a woman, who wore a red waist, knocked her down and trampled her, ran over two school children, drove a couple of hundred children back into a school building, wrecked a fish store and a tailor shop, and was finally killed after a squad of policemen fired 15 revolver shots at him from the safe vantage of a patrol wagon.



The Flood

By Samuel Lincoln

(Copyright, 1900, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Say," said Tommy, "did I ever tell you about the circus we had at our house the other night?"

"No," said I, settling back in my chair, "let her rip."

"Well," continued Tommy, "it was a peacherine, considering that the center of disturbance was nothing but a china bathtub, like a canary bird's or a hotel vegetable dish—same blame thing—only larger."

"Well, as I was saying, it was on a Saturday night, and I came home very early, about 2 a. m. I wasn't particularly anxious for the folks to know what time I got in, as the dad had had a notion to mow down my allowance for a couple of moons-past. He's always preaching about early worms and birds and opportunity and things."

"I could see my fond parents waiting up for me with tracts, but I braced the game and in I went. Nothing doing—no parental greeting—house like a tomb. Then I heard a soft peep from the head of the stairs: 'Tommy, is that you?'"

"Sure," says I, "were you looking for some one else?"

"Come on up," says sis, "there's a lot doing."

"In a minute," says I. I located the ice-water tank and imbibed generously. Then, with some difficulty, I ascended to the upper deck.

"The proud and happy author of my being and the publisher of the same were doing some kind of a splash act."

"O, Tommy," says sis, "I'm so glad you've come—we're all going to be drowned!"

"Sis was skylarking around the main cabin in a mosquito-netting she called a bathgown, and the fond and dutiful parents were likewise attired. 'Thomas,' says the governor, 'it is three o'clock, and you may as well spend the rest of the evening profitably. We are all much wearied with the unaccustomed exertion. With this he hands me a pall.'

"The city's reservoir was backing up into our tub, and the family was dipping it out and pouring it into the



"O, to Sweep the Dust Off the Lake," Says I Sarcasically.

washbowl. I could see what would happen if we didn't bail it out—the ranch would float down the street in about two hours by the clock. The more I bailed the less good it did. I took about 97 pails of water out of that thing, and it was no joke, either, as my roof was full of bats from the evening's merriment.

"Who found it?" asks I.

"Me," says sis. "When I got ready to hit the sheets, I came in here for my evening's swim and found the tub filled up of its own accord. I blew the whistle and piped all hands on deck." Of course, that wasn't her exact language, but it's the idea.

"I bailed for two hours straight, with sis encouraging me and begging me to omit-mutilating the English. The hinge on my back got rusty and my brain cells began to work. 'See here,' says I to sis, 'you bail a while. I'm going after a plumber or something.'

"Plumber," scoffed sis; "what plumber would come out here at half-past four on a Sunday morning?"

"It'll be five by the time that I pipe his nob's," says I, "and plumbers ought to be up early, even if it is Sunday morning. The early bird catches the worm. Money'll bring him, and he can look to the governor for it."

"All right," says sis, "I'll bail."

"While we went on talking the tub filled itself again. The water rose in distinct jerks, or tides, and I couldn't seem to make any headway. Sis said that when I had a good start, she'd yell for help, and get the rest of the family at it again. They'd been sleeping now for two hours, net. Well, I hopped off down the avenue without the slightest notion of the plumber quarter. I woke up a druggist, who cursed me good and plenty and then some when he found that I only wanted to look at his directory, and he banged the door in my map without giving me a look at his sainted book. Then I piped a jay to port, rolling towards me, and as he looked respectable, I flagged him.

"Kind sir," says I, "can you put me wise to a pipe specialist?" Says he: "Young man, I don't understand you; I am a throat doctor myself." "That don't fill the specifications," says I; "I don't want a bacteria sharp, only a lead-pipe doctor."

"I wouldn't object to de man dat keeps talkin' all de time," said Uncle Eben, "if he didn't insist on 'throwin' in a question every ten minutes or so dat you's got to answer to show you's keepin' awake."—Washington Star.

"O," says he, and he located a joint for me where the plumber slept over his office. 'Is there a night bell?' says I. 'Donno,' says he. 'You'll have to rap.' I picked up a brick to rap with and set sail. I made more noise than one of those steam organs.

"I pounded and rapped until I was hoarse; then a drowsy voice asked, from the inside: 'Did some wan rap?'"

"Some wan did," says I. "I want a plumber double-quick." "What for?" asks the voice.

"O, to sweep the dust off the lake," says I sarcastically. "Come out, I need a plumber."

"After a long discussion inside, the plumber himself condescended to speak to me. I can't wurruck on a Sunday," says he. "It's against the rules of me union."

"Union be smothered," says I; "five people are drowning. It's twenty for you if you will come and save our lives."

"I'll come," says he, "for the sake of the errand iv mercy." He wanted to stoke the sugar first, but I told him that my filthy lucre was in my other vest on the piano, so he hooked up his kit, and we started. He went to sleep four or five times on the way, but we finally made the harbor and dropped anchor.

"On deck there was no change in the scenery. Author, publisher and sis were still bailing when I introduced the plumber."

"Thomas," says the governor, "you are a credit to the family." Sis flew the coop on account of not being dressed for company.

"How long have you been doing this?" asks the plumber.

"Since 11 p. m.—last 11 p. m.," says the governor, mopping his marble brow.

"Why didn't ye put in the plug, lay a brick on top iv it, and go to bed?" asks the plumber.

"Nexer thought of it," says I, feeling foolish.

"The plumber got his kit, unscrewed the trap of the washbowl and gave something a push to the right. 'Yer trap was stopped up,' says he, 'and that sent the water to the tub. 'Tis the same water,' says he. 'Ye can see how hotted it is from bailing it so frequent.'

"Wouldn't that get your goat? We'd been transferring the same water all night from the tub to the bowl and back again!"

"Give me the twenty," says the plumber.

"Not on your tin-type," says the governor, getting red.

"The young buck promised it," says the plumber, "otherwise I wouldn't have come. It's aginst the rules iv me."

"All right," says the governor, "you shall annex it. It'll come out of your allowance, Thomas."

"I let the man out, and he says: 'Can I leave me kit out in the entry till I come back?'"

"I suppose so," says I, feeling grouchy. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to early mass," says he "to praise God fer me brains. Top o' th' mornin' to yer honor!"

"Cheap? No name for it; I felt like a bargain-counter shirt that had been marked down to 59 cents."

Food of the Forefathers.

Judging from a passage in Harrison's "Description of Britain," breakfast eating in the sixteenth century was held to denote effeminacy. "Heretofore," he writes, "there hath been more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and thereto rare suppers when it was time to go to rest, now these old repasts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and each one (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper onlie."

The nobility, gentrie, and students ordinarilie go to dinner at 11 before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and six at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon, and six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the teamie, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

Cuba Is to Repay Debt.

The recent intervention in Cuba cost the United States some six millions of dollars. And Cuba is expected to "pay the freight." But the terms are easy. The president is empowered by congress to receive from the Cuban government "from time to time such amounts to reimburse the United States as he may consider the Cuban treasury then able to pay without serious embarrassment." There is a chance here for a difference of opinion between the Cuban secretary of the treasury and the president of the United States in regard to the meaning of the last six words of the condition.

Talkative.

"I wouldn't object to de man dat keeps talkin' all de time," said Uncle Eben, "if he didn't insist on 'throwin' in a question every ten minutes or so dat you's got to answer to show you's keepin' awake."—Washington Star.

Don't Pretend You Know

By Sophie K. Underwood.

"When you don't know don't pretend to know," was the favorite maxim of an elderly friend of mine, and she usually followed it up with "Ignorance is no disgrace, but pretended knowledge is hypocrisy—and hypocrisy is disgraceful." A little over-vigorous, perhaps, but true enough in its essence.

Of course when you are very young you hate to appear ignorant of a subject which seems perfectly familiar to those about you, but if you are wise you will acknowledge your ignorance rather than pretend to be knowing, for it is the easiest thing in the world to be found out in such pretense. The worst of it is, the person who perceives your foolish blunder is usually kind-hearted enough to say nothing to you about it, but lets you go on your way with your conceit unwounded. Meanwhile, however, the observer has his own opinion of your behavior and it is not a flattering one.

Some years ago, when Burne-Jones' celebrated painting was being exhibited in this country, three girls were talking together, when one of them asked the others: "Have you seen 'The Vampire'?" One of the girls, who understood the question replied, simply, "No," but the third, a fluffy little rattle-pate who wanted to appear very up-to-date in everything, said, smartly: "I haven't either—really I haven't been to the theater for weeks—but I mean to see 'The Vampire' the very next matinee I go to."

Well, the other two girls exchanged expressive glances and let it go at that and Miss Fluffy trotted away complacently, never dreaming what a "show" she had succeeded in making of herself.

To pretend to know people whom one does not know and to pretend to go to places where one was never invited seems the very height of silliness—but lots of women do it and most of them are women who ought to be so far above that sort of thing that it would never enter their heads. Genuineness and sincerity are delightful virtues. The old Latin marble cutters had a trick of filling up flaws in their marble with wax, and to protect themselves, the more honest cutters marked their blocks "sincera"—without wax. And from this comes the word sincere.

Pretended knowledge is just that form of insincerity which most hurts the character of the pretender—and what good can it be since the world does not measure you for what you know, nor do you win friends by wisdom only.

Don't pretend—it's right for the children in their play, but it is woefully ridiculous in a grown-up.

Woman's suffrage is for the first time a live issue, and this fact is really due to the enthusiastic movement in England.

The militant suffragette has advanced the cause more in one-half year than the old-time polite methods have done in 50 years.

Abstract principles do not appeal to the average mind. Women have to feel the touch of injustice before becoming acting suffragists.

The ordinary woman is too comfortable to become interested, and the business woman is too busy. But she will soon see that with 6,000,000 women in the field of business the right of the ballot is essential for protection.

Rapidly Advancing Women's Cause

By SARAH TOBIAS BRUKKER.



# The VANISHING FLEETS

By ROY NORTON  
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## SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan 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 Washington for the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of missing Japanese fleet. England's fleet mysteriously disappears. The Kaiser is missing. King Edward of England is confronted by Admiral Bevis of the United States. The Dreadnaught, biggest of England's warships, is discovered at an impassable point in the channel. The story now goes back to a time many months before the war breaks out. Inventor Roberts exhibits a metal production. This overcomes friction when electrified and is to be applied to vessels. Roberts evolves a great flying machine. The cabinet plans a radioplane war against Japan. The start is made for the scene of conflict. After maneuvering the airships descend, and by use of strong magnets lift the warships, one by one, from the sea. The vessels are deposited in the United States. The British fleet accepts American hospitality and is conveyed to the United States. The Kaiser is taken on a trip to his first visit to America—thus accounting for his disappearance. King Edward is brought to America on a radioplane. For conference with the president. They agree to work for world peace. Announcement of the secret of the radioplane is made in Central park, New York, to the wonder of millions. The king meets his men. He departs in an airship for London. Half way across the Atlantic the radioplane bearing the Kaiser is met. The two monarchs pledge themselves to a world-peace. Edward and Kaiser return home and the secret is spread over Europe. The president sends a peace message to all the world.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

The German emperor, true to his promise, was the first to give official ratification to the message, and added thereto his earnest entreaty that all powers might speedily join. He offered an eloquent argument in its behalf, fortified by his own observations, and reviewed the reasons why Germany had previously declined disarmament in conferences at The Hague. His attitude was that of impartiality, and no mention was made of the mooted questions between Great Britain and his own country, which were later adjusted satisfactorily through the commission, and passed into history as the first dispute which that body was called upon to arbitrate.

There followed a brief lapse of days, in which the other nations of the earth studied this communication in temper according to their desires. It came as an amazing document in an epoch which was uprooting existing conditions and establishing new ones. The underlying threat of interference in any international war, however, made it patent that the wisest course would be in graceful acceptance. Hence it was that all the principal governments bound themselves in the compact. The last page had been written in the voluminous history of strife. The hissing of the barb, the retching of the catapult, the clangor of sword and buckler, and the booming of cannon, which in the course of time had succeeded each other, were sounds to be heard no more on land or sea. Peace had at last assumed its tranquil dominion.

When the last acceptance from the most laggardly nation was received, the news was made known to the silent man in the White House. It was on another night in summer when the moon cast its shadows over the city and the shining breast of the river. Still alone, but now beloved and understood by all his countrymen, he knelt by an open window, and, with a face glorified by the radiance of the night and his thoughts, thanked the God who had made him steadfast to accomplish his desire. The president, too, had reached his goal of dreams.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—The Last Cruise.

Summer, dying, was bravely courting to its executioner, fall. Over the immense canyons of the mountainous city of New York the afternoon sun was drawing the curtains of a gala day. Triumphant arches spanned the throbbing streets, and down the fronts of the towering buildings streamed a wealth of smothering color where the flags of all nations were intermingled. Not within its existence had this city by the sea, this maw of the nation, entertained such gallant throngs.

Smart British officers drove here and there in company with friends, fawn-clad mandarins stared through narrow eyes at the somber men of Japan; fez crowned Turks smiled at gorgeously uniformed men from the Balkans; German officers, splendidly erect, traversed the streets in company with soldiers of that other eagle's race; the Russians; colonials from Australia hobnobbed with men of New Zealand; and the folk of Italy bowed gravely to the cavaliers of old Spain, who had been watching a group from that other republic, France. Representatives of the world had assembled, under the pretext of witnessing an international marriage, to pay reverence to the one invincible power



Thousands Had Been Contented with a Stare.

It was in reality more than that; it was the universal ratification of peace, of mutual disbandment and disarmament.

As the day lengthened the city poured its throng to the shores of the bay, where were assembled varied squadrons. The time for the departure of these was at hand, and scurrying launches conveyed aboard the men whom they had brought to this alien wedding. These eminent passengers were among the comparative few who had witnessed the ceremony and had gained more than a casual glance at the bride and groom. Those other thousands had been contented with a stare at Hillier and his wife as they rode in state through the broader thoroughfares in the morning sunlight, and for details had read the newspapers which, glorying in a plethora of news, had told them all.

Nothing had been neglected, not even the fact that this clean-cut Englishman had given the best that was in him for his country, and that the calm-eyed American girl was the one who had played her part in war and was the idol of her countrymen. Already they had published pictures of the king and president, who as guests had stood side by side, and portraits of the most distinguished men of the globe who had deferentially taken places behind them. Only one thing was hidden from the eager public, and that was the manner in which they had been reunited.

Guy, saddened and worn by failure, had been one of the first to enter the United States when the barrier against the world was thrown down, and Norma, still yearning for his love, had gone to his arms as if nothing had ever held them apart. She was a world figure now, and the world was at her feet. Behind him was nothing save the knowledge of earnest endeavor and honest defeat; but to her he had been the same, nor did she anticipate that a king would later take his hand and say, "Well done, even though you failed."

They had passed the brief days prior to the ceremony in dread, courtship neither the display nor the limelight into which they were driven by the parts they had played. The publicity had been against their wishes, and the gifts of the world in which each country vied afforded no pleasure except that of being alone and at rest with each other. They had seized the first opportunity after the marriage to escape, leaving their destination unknown.

They had retreated to the seclusion of Atlantic Highlands, where the great beacon stands facing the broad stretch of open sea, and where they might be removed from the pomp and pageantry of nations. And even as that great embarkation took place along the water front of the city which loomed far behind them, they stood on a cliff by the ocean side. They had avoided the last act in the

drama of deference, a reception given to the president and the inventor, and were content to be left alone.

Suddenly from the far away bay came the slow, sullen undertone of guns in salute. Again came the thunderous monotone, and then, emerging from the distant haze into the clearer air, appeared a flight of aerial things in orderly formation. The girl's hands clasped themselves together as she watched.

There they were, 20 miles away, the ships—her ships—which she had led out to victory and directed through the maze and turmoil of battle. She stood silent and spellbound as they slowly advanced, and then discerned on the waters beneath them the slow moving shapes of ships of the sea. The radioplanes were traversing the air as an escort above those others in final parade. In twin procession the fleets came nearer, embodiments of might.

The guns of Governor's island belched as they advanced; then from opposite sides of the channel the voices of Forts Lafayette and Hamilton gave greeting and farewell. Onward they swept to where the colossal statue of Liberty held her beacon aloft in token of a new enlightenment of the world, and the cannon of the sea fleet spoke for the first time in unison, saluting as they passed in one terrible explosion of sound which reverberated along the shores and was thrown back by the echoes. Here they came, the dying gladiators of all nations, sailing out to doom!

Well in front were the vanquished squadrons of Japan, their funnels repaired for the last cruise they would ever make, but stripped of fighting masts. Back of them came the mighty ships of England, with prows turned outward for their final voyage. German cruisers, graceful and well manned, followed; while in their wakes could be seen others flying the banners of Italy, of France, of Russia, and nearly every maritime nation of the globe. Flanking this assemblage were the vessels of the American navy, which but a short time before had been regarded as the country's bulwarks, and were now participating in the last review.

The science of ages, the experience of all who had gone down to the sea, the refinement of skill and study, and the genius of evolution were embodied in those metal sides. They represented the wealth of nations collected through sweat and blood, all poured out unstintedly for this—consignment to the scrap heaps of a world that had abandoned war. The glories of past deeds of valor would no longer be annulled upon the waves. The sea had been untenanted before man's ingenuity found a means of breasting it. His coming had left it unscarred and unimproved. It alone was unchangeable, changeless and heedless. Through centuries it had scorned him, and now it was bidding his craft farewell and carrying his fleets for

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL

the last time. No more would its wastes echo his passing salute or witness his trivial strainings for a flag. Only the song of the fisherman might henceforth echo along the shores whereon it beat. It had outlasted those sturdy bulwarks of oak and steel that once had dared its force.

High above swept the invaders of that new territory to which man had at last laid claim and was to hold in domination for his use. Blue as the skies above them; the radioplanes hovered over and bade farewell to the vanishing fleets. In the vanguard flew the Norma, her colors fluttering in the breeze of flight as they had done on that day when she swooped down through screaming shells to wrest power from the enemy. Floating after her moved the huge Roberts, its metal sides throwing back the rays of the western sun. Close behind in stately pursuit was Seventeen, whose plates had felt the biting force of the dead Yakumo's guns. And so they came, bidding farewell to the ships of an abandoned sea. Small wonder that the soul of the girl who watched felt one instant's regret that she was never again to know the exhilaration of the fray! A half smile of tenderness parted her lips as she thought that there in the air above her were her friends and companions in arms—grim old fighting Bevis with his prayerful oaths, good-natured Brockton whose kindness she knew, and studious little Jenkins whose imperturbability equaled his steadfast bravery.

Guy, understanding and respecting the storm of feeling which must be hers at sight of this pageantry of which she had been such a vital part, watched her in silence. Almost at their feet squatted Fort Hancock, whose guns were to be blown for the last time. It too, like its fellow forts, was of the dying. Like them its bastions would be abandoned and the men within driven to ways of peace. Fortress and ship, garrison and crew, would be no more. Crumbling, untenanted walls left as records of a nation's defense, and rotting uniforms relegated to garrets, would be all that were left—armies reorganized and reduced for police force only, and sailors become fishermen or passing their lives in other occupations and reminiscing of the sea; swords rusting in scabbards and guns corroding in embrasures, nothing more!

The last salute had boomed out. Lower and lower flew the radioplanes, till they were close above the outgoing ships. The ports of the peacemakers opened, and from them fell rainbows of flowers, which fluttered down through the air indiscriminately upon the doomed craft and the waves themselves—a tribute of peace from the living and wreaths for the dying gladiators of war.

Hand in hand Norma and Guy stood upon the headland beneath the gray beacon lights that would welcome strange travelers from foreign ports no more. Into the darkening skies of the east the fleets of the nations were speeding to dissolution and death. The long, steady swell of the free and unburdened sea came monotonously hammering at their feet. In silence they watched the relics of cruel war sail out, saw their hulls disappear, saw the trails of smoke diverge as each squadron sought its own course, and then looked into each other's eyes, reading therein nothing but a promise of love and serenity. Their troubles had vanished as had those fleets of the sea, and life with all its possibilities of accomplishment and contentment was before them. They turned from the great silent ocean and walked into the golden radiance of the sunset toward their home.

## THE END.

By His "Piers." Much feeling has been introduced into a by-election for a councilor at a Lancashire seaside resort, says London Tit-Bits. The gentleman who engenders much of this controversy was formerly on the council, and was mainly instrumental in inducing his colleagues to spend huge sums of money in the erection of two large but badly constructed piers. At a meeting the other night one of his opponents had permission to propose an amendment, and after virulently abusing the candidate exclaimed: "I have tried him in the balance, and I have found him wanting." Whereupon a member of the audience shouted out: "Try him again, then. Try him by his piers."

## Early Training.

"How do you account for Casey's wonderful success as a politician?" "The fact that he used to work in the ditch." "How does that account for it?" "It made him proficient in the art of throwing mud.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

## WOMAN, 68, BRIDE FOR TENTH TIME

MRS. POLLY WEED BAKER ADDS SHIPPETT TO LONG STRING OF NAMES.

## STILL AGILE, DESPITE YEARS

Marrying Game Has Had Many Turns and Seven Husbands Are Under God—Can't Recall Names of Mates.

Evansville, Ind.—Mrs. Polly Weed Baker of Newburg, aged 68 years, is happy with her ninth husband. Her tenth marriage ceremony was performed the other day when she wedded Simon Shippett, aged 60 years, a real estate and insurance man of Burlington, Ia. The reason for the disparity between husbands and marriages is that she married one may twice.

Mrs. Shippett, despite her years, is agile as a girl and she does not look like a woman who has seven husbands in the grave, one divorced and one yet alive. She owns considerable property in Newburg. She has refused to have help in her house to assist in the work and her work preceding the ceremony was to milk her cow, feed her chickens and then adorn herself in a plain white dress she had made with her own needle. Asked why she did not use one of her previous wedding gowns she said she feared bad luck.

The ninth husband is a man of good appearance and is the owner of real estate in Burlington. He has no children, but has been married before and lost his wife by death. The bride has no children, either, to show for her eight previous husbands. A reporter who searched the rooms for pictures could find none. Mrs. Shippett said she had never had a picture taken and that she destroyed all of the photos of her past husbands.

Mrs. Shippett has had an interesting career. Five times she has been divorced, one husband died in a mysterious manner and another killed himself by poison. Mrs. Shippett can not remember.



The Justice Married Her for the Seventh Time.

call all the names of her husbands and dates of marriage and divorce without referring to a scrap book. Her last husband, William Baker, aged 40 years, deserted her after two weeks of married life in the fall of 1908. She secured a divorce from him. She accused him of marrying her for her money. To a friend Baker admitted that he thought she would soon pass away and leave him her property. After living with her for two weeks he said he was convinced she would live to be 100 years old.

Her first marriage was to a farmer boy, Henry Fuquay. After seven years he left her and secured a divorce. She went back to her father's farm and vowed to shun men thereafter and never marry again.

In a few months James Fuquay, cousin to the first husband, came marching home from the civil war and won her heart. Nine months later he came home drunk, shot at her three times and left.

She divorced him. Again she went back to her father's. There she met James Henry Robinson, a dashing young widower. She married him because her father liked him. Three days later the sheriff of Warrick county put him under arrest on a warrant sworn out by a neighboring girl. She divorced him.

George S. Boyden, a traveling salesman for an Evansville firm, was husband No. 4. He had a morbid disposition and after ten years she divorced him because he adopted a child from the orphan's home.

Four years later she married S. R. Weed of Newburg. This union, the happiest of her life, terminated in his sudden death after four years of bliss. She then hunted up Boyden, her former husband, in Evansville and married him again. They lived together eight years. He ended his life by drinking poison and jumping into a cistern.

Three years later she married R. E. Edwards of Newburg. They were divorced four years ago. When she went to marry Baker three years ago the ministers of this state refused to perform the ceremony, but she got a justice of the peace.

## AN INTERESTING PAINT TEST

There is a very simple and interesting chemical test by which to detect impurity in paint materials. Thousands and thousands of people, all over the country, are making this test. It is a sure way to safeguard against the many adulterated paints which are on the market. Any one can make the test—all that is needed is a simple little instrument which may be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Homeowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit includes also a set of color schemes for exterior or interior painting, or both, if you wish, and a book of specifications. No houseowner should make any arrangements for painting till he gets this outfit.

One can't expect a satisfactory painting job without pure white lead. There is a way to make sure you're getting a pure white lead—without testing it. See that the keg bears National Lead Company's famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is a positive guarantee of purity. Your dealer probably has this white lead. If not let National Lead Company know.

## VARIETY.



Hewitt—I've been pinched for money lately.  
Jewitt—Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any.

## ECZEMA COVERED HIM.

Itching Torture Was Beyond Words—Slept Only from Sheer Exhaustion—Relieved in 24 Hours and Cured by Cuticura in a Month.

"I am seventy-seven years old, and some years ago I was taken with eczema from head to foot. I was sick for six months and what I suffered tongue could not tell. I could not sleep day or night because of that dreadful itching; when I did sleep it was from sheer exhaustion. I was one mass of irritation; it was even in my scalp. The doctor's medicine seemed to make me worse and I was almost out of my mind. I got a set of the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. I used them persistently for twenty-four hours. That night I slept like an infant, the first solid night's sleep I had had for six months. In a month I was cured. W. Harrison Smith, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1908." Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

## Work of Fish-Hatcheries.

As the result of special efforts in the hatchery work during the year the output of fish and eggs in 1908 was greater than ever before in the history of the national bureau, reaching a total of 2,871,456,280. Of this number 2,413,809,225 were young fish distributed for the stocking and restocking of public and private waters, and the remaining 457,647,055 were eggs delivered to state and foreign hatcheries. The output of young fish exceeds the greatest previous record for any one year by 376,000,000.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1925. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Grievance of Suffragists.

The suffrage papers are still grieving over their mistake as to Sweden having granted the ballot to women. The dispatch which caused the mistake read "to all inhabitants of 24 years and over." The suffragists in other countries are asking if Sweden does not enumerate its women among its inhabitants when taking its census.

## 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 your send to the proprietor, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

## Last Chance.

"Why should I be married in a dress suit?" "For two reasons. It's fashionable, and then you'll have a dress suit."

The way Hamlin's Wizard Oil soothes and allays all aches, pains, soreness, swelling and inflammation is a surprise and delight to the afflicted. It is simply great to relieve all kinds of pain.

## A Mutual Convenience.

"Sir, I want your daughter's hand." "All right, my boy. That takes her off mine."

Send postcard request to-day for sample package of Garfield Tea, Nature's herb remedy for constipation, liver and kidney diseases. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Women Brick Workers.

Prussia's brick yards employ nearly 20,000 women.

SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

It's better to fight and run away than it is to stick it out and pay a fine.



County Sunday School Convention.

The tenth annual session of the Charlevoix County Sunday School Association was held in the Methodist church in Charlevoix Wednesday and Thursday. Those in attendance from East Jordan were M. H. Robertson and Mrs. M. E. Heston, president and secretary respectively, Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Lamport, Rev. A. D. Grigsby, F. E. Boosinger, Wm. Sloan, W. E. Malpass, and Jennie Waterman.

The convention was called to order at 3 o'clock Wednesday by Mr. Robertson, who presided throughout the sessions. Rev. R. A. Wright, pastor of the church, conducted the devotional services and called upon Rev. G. J. Rea to offer prayer. Mrs. Heston read the minutes of the session held in East Jordan one year ago.

Mrs. P. D. Campbell of Charlevoix was first on the program, with a paper on "The Sunday School and Temperance," after which the remainder of the afternoon was occupied by the children of the public schools, in charge of two of their teachers. These exercises were especially interesting and pleasing, and a vote of thanks was given the little folks and their instructors.

Wednesday evening's devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. W. Lamport of East Jordan, and included a solo by Mrs. J. W. Rachow, of Charlevoix. Addresses of welcome were then given. In behalf of the mayor, who was absent from home, acting-mayor Glassford welcomed the delegates to the city. Rev. F. D. Ehle of the Baptist church, spoke for the churches, A. F. Bridge for the Sunday Schools, Mrs. H. A. Putnam for the Missionary societies, and Mrs. H. P. Parmelee for the W. C. T. U. The response was given by Rev. F. M. Taylor of Boyde City.

The address of the evening was given by Rev. A. D. Grigsby of East Jordan, who chose for his subject "Shirkers, Jerkers and Workers." The address was well received and drew forth at least one hearty amen from a "mother in Israel," which seemed to take the speaker somewhat by surprise, for he said he was not used to that at home. However we are sure that Mr. Grigsby's audiences are usually in accord with what he says, even if they do not "speak out in meeting."

Rev. G. J. Rea of Boyde conducted the devotional of Thursday morning. During the forenoon papers and addresses were given by Miss Agnes Rodgers on "The Home Department," E. S. Stacks of Charlevoix on "Duties of Parents to the Sunday School," and Rev. F. M. Taylor on "The Relation of the Sunday School to Missions." Mrs. John Burns of Charlevoix led in a discussion of "Methods of Work in the Primary Department," during which several other primary teachers were called out and catechised as to their plans and successes.

The Thursday afternoon devotionals were conducted by Rev. F. M. Taylor. The session was devoted quite largely to business although a model Adult Bible Class was conducted by Rev. H. A. Putnam of Charlevoix and Rev. G. A. Weaver of Petoskey gave an address on "Needs of the Hour in Sunday School Work."

Boyde City was chosen as the place of the next session. The election of officers resulted in the choice of M. H. Robertson of East Jordan for president; E. S. Stacks, Ernest Peasley, A. F. Bridge of Charlevoix, F. E. Boosinger of East Jordan and E. A. Ruegsegger and S. C. Smith of Boyde City vice presidents; Mrs. M. E. Heston of East Jordan secretary-treasurer. Four delegates were elected to the state convention to be held in Saginaw Nov. 17-19, namely, M. H. Robertson, Wm. Sloan, S. C. Smith and E. S. Stacks. The convention also voted to pay \$15 into the state work for the year.

The re-election of Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Heston is especially pleasing to East Jordan friends as they have held their offices for a number of years and the confidence and esteem shown them is in accord with the esteem in which they are held at home. Steps have already been taken for a more complete organization of the county during the year and it is probable that most if not all of the townships will organize before another convention.

Thursday evening's devotionals were in charge of Rev. H. A. Putnam. The special musical features were a solo by Mr. H. Kirby of Charlevoix and a trio by Mr. Kirby and Messrs. Wilkinson. Two addresses of more than ordinary interest were given by J. E. Henderson of Cadillac on "Teachers' Meetings," and by Judge F. W. Mayne of Charlevoix on "The

Law and The Lawbreaker." We regret that time does not permit a full report of the same, as each was full of fine sayings and helpful suggestions.

Memorial Day

To Be Fittingly Observed In Our City, Monday.

Below is the Program arranged for the proper observance of the day set apart to honor our soldier dead:

The G. A. R. and W. R. C. will meet at their hall at 9:00 a. m., standard time. The Martial Band will lead the procession to the water's edge where the following program takes place on the bridge:

Singing, "Nearer My God To Thee."  
Exercise by W. R. C.  
Selection by Martial Band.  
Prayer by Rev. Grigsby.  
Decorating by W. R. C. for the sailors and marines who sleep beneath the waves of the winding rivers.

Exercises by Commander of Post.  
Singing, "America."

The Afternoon exercises will be at the Cemetery. The procession will form at the G. A. R. Hall at 1:30 standard time and march to the Cemetery.

ORDER OF MARCH:

Escort Officers of the Village.  
G. A. R. Post No. 66.  
W. R. C. in carriages.  
Fraternal Order of I. O. O. F. Schools.  
Citizens.  
Return march to hall in same order.

EXERCISES AT CEMETERY:

Singing by School.  
Prayer by Rev. Lamport.  
Reading, "Memorial Day" Mrs. W. J. Smith.  
Address, Com'r Milford.  
Singing by School.  
Decorating Graves.  
Presenting memorial to G. A. R. and W. R. C. by Village President H. I. McMillan.  
Ritual work by G. A. R.  
Drill by Third Grade directed by Miss Lewis  
Decoration to the Unknown.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY:

Marshal of the Day—Wm. Harrington.  
Officer of Parade—P. K. Winters.  
Officer of the Day—Elias Hammond,  
Post Commander—George Hayner.

A man who was afraid of thunder crawled into a hollow log as a place of safety during a thunder storm. The thunder rolled and the rain poured down in torrents, and the old log began to swell up till the poor fellow was wedged in so tight that he could not get out. All his past sins began passing before him. Suddenly he remembered he hadn't paid his newspaper subscription, and he felt so small that he was able to back right out.

Wilt thou take her for thy "pard," for better or for worse; to have, to hold, to fondly guard, till hauled off in the hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes, make the fires up every day, and help her with the dishes? Wilt thou give her all the "stuff" her little purse will pack buy her a monkey boa and muff, a little sealskin sacque? Wilt thou comfort and support her father, mother, Aunt Jemima, Uncle John, thirteen sisters and a brother? And his face grew pale and blank, it was too late to jilt: as through the chapel floor he sank he sadly said "I wilt."

FARM FOR SALE.—80-acre Farm in Wilson township; frame house and barn, good orchard; best clay loam mostly level with abundance of wood and water. Four miles south-east of East Jordan. Best land and best view in Northern Michigan. For particulars apply to MRS. ROSA BATTERBEE, R. F. D. No. 4, East Jordan. 18-4



Behind Our Shoe service stand the the guarantees of both the makers and ourselves. We demand and obtain from the makers only shoes that will

'Wear As Well As They Look.'

Inspection of our stock will prove their attractiveness in every detail of appearance. Time will prove their wearability as a glance shows their beauty. The more you have been around, the more you must decide that our shoes are the better worth purchasing.

The FAIR STORE  
W. Weiss, Prop'r

RESOLUTIONS

On the Death of Alice M. Palmer by Meguzee Association.

Whereas, Our dear Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from our association our beloved president, Alice M. Palmer. Her genial smile, kindly word and cordial handshake will be sadly missed by the members of this association.

Death came not to her as a grim destroyer but as a heavenly guide to lead her through those mysterious gates that lead to the glorious beyond.

And Further; That the chain that binds us in fraternal love is more closely cemented by the genial spirit and loving kindness which was shown in her beautiful character.

Our sister has finished her allotted task in the conflict of life. The chapter of her earthly sojourn is closed, but her many virtues shall not go unrecorded.

Be it resolved, That we as an association extend to the husband and family our heartfelt sympathy.

And be it Further Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on our records and a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved husband.

"I cannot say, and I will not say that she is dead. She is just away; with a cheery smile and a wave of the hand, she has wandered into an unknown land and left us dreaming how very fair it needs must be since she lingers there."

Hattie J. Cooper,  
Lou L. Hinman,  
Mary B. Babcock,  
Committee.

COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

In connection with the work in elementary agriculture some work has been done in testing seeds. Some good results were secured with seeds of corn, peas, beans and pumpkins.

The commencement exercises of the normal class will be held at the Methodist church, Friday afternoon and evening, June 14.

The class have been studying the habits, haunts and usefulness of the American toad. Some specimens were secured for study.

Pearl Hurst resumed her work with the class Wednesday.

The following class day program will be given at the M. E. church Friday afternoon, June 4.

Piano solo, Valse Impromptu—Kern  
Clare Finucan  
President's Message, Mildred Drescher  
Literature in connection with Nature Study—Ruth Bowdish  
Selection from "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—Jessie Metz  
The story of Persephone—Cecil Barkley

A Class in First Grade Work—Maud Cross

School Life and Its Relation to Things Outside—Florence Sheldon  
Brief discussion of the Payne Tariff Bill—Edith Brodie  
Duet—"The Slumber Boat"—Jessie Durand, Alma Brodie

Sense Training—Kathryn La Peer  
A Class in Fourth Grade Music—Hazel Holliday

The Battle of Bunker Hill, with Sketch—Margaret Ryan  
Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill—Pearl Hurst

Chorus, "Twilight Star," Normal Class

ONLY 50 CENTS

to make your baby strong and well. A fifty-cent bottle of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will change a sickly baby to a plump, romping child in summer as well as in winter. Only one cent a day—think of it—and it's as nice as cream.

Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Piano For Sale.

Story & Clark. Price is low. I am selling all my goods. Going away.  
MITCHELL LALONDE,  
Boyde Falls, Mich.

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

"No-Drip" is the most clever little silvered Coffee Strainer ever invented. Get one free from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. by the Coupon Plan. The Coupon and Dr. Shoop's new book on Health Coffee sent to any lady requesting them. You can trick anyone by serving Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee at meal time. Your visitor or your husband will declare he is drinking real coffee—and yet there is not a grain of real coffee in Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. Pure grains, malt and nuts give Health Coffee its exquisite taste and flavor. No 20 to 30 minutes tedious boiling. "Made in a minute." Try it from your grocer and get a pleasant surprise. 1 1/2 lb. package 25c. G. L. Sherman & Son.

Headache For Years

"I keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills on hand all the time, and would not think of taking a journey without them, no matter how short a distance I am going. I have a sister that has had terrible headaches for years, and I coaxed her to try them and they helped her so much, she now keeps them by her all the time. From my own experience I cannot praise them enough."

MRS. LOU M. CHURCHILL,  
63 High st., Penacook, N. H.

Many persons have headache after any little excitement or exertion. They cannot attend church, lectures, entertainments, or ride on trains without suffering. Those who suffer in this way should try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They give almost instant relief without leaving any disagreeable after-effects, as they do not derange the stomach or bowels; just a pleasurable sense of relief follows their use. Get a package from your druggist. Take it according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

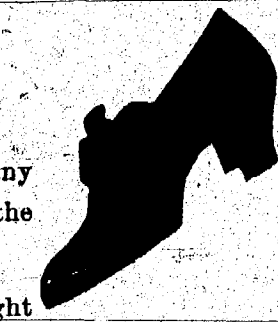
The Boston Store

Women's Jan Shoes

Tan Shoes will be on many women's feet during all the summer season.

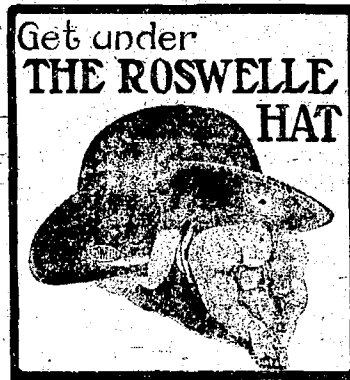
Tan Shoes of the right sort give the wearer an aristocratic appearance. In Oxfords, Ribbonties and Pumps we have some regular beauties, new shapes and new styles.

Prices \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.



The Boston Store A. DANTO Proprietor...

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.



Hats

When you need a hat you want a good one. Get the

Roswelle

They are at the head. The world's brightest men are under Roswelle Hats.

Notice our window for first class assortment of the Roswelles.

Come in and get a good one while the sizes are complete and you can get the kind you like.

OXFORDS

We have a complete line of the newest and dressiest Oxfords in Russett, Tan, Oxblood, Green, Gun Metal and Patent Leathers.

Silk Sox To Match.

House Cleaning time

During the Spring Cleaning we discern the needs of the house. We can truly say that we can supply these wants.

Window Draperies from 7c to \$1.00 the yard.

Carpets and Matting from 25c to 75c.

Rugs from \$1.98 to \$28.00.

Bed Spreads from \$1.00 to \$4.50.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

## Briefs of the Week

### "Into The Primitive."

Memorial Day, Monday.  
"My Boy, Jack," June 7th.  
"Rip Van Winkle," next Friday.

Read, "The Business of Wearing a Toga" by Edward B. Clark in next week's issue of The Herald.

Graduation Gifts at Mack's Jewelry Store. The kind of gifts that are appreciated and last a lifetime.

Bert Kuch of Boyne Falls is serving a 30 day sentence in the county jail for spearing black bass in Deer Lake.

Druggist Gannett has sold over 105 pounds of arsenic of lead and blue vitrol on the strength of the small adv. in last week's Herald.

"Have opened a Jewelry Store of my own this week" is part of a line received by The Herald from Frank Martinek over at Central Lake.

The annual Old Settlers Meeting for Grand Traverse region will be held at Traverse City, Wednesday, June 9th. Further particulars next week.

The Str. Hum will run an excursion to Boyne City tomorrow, Sunday, leaving here at 10:00 a. m. A ball game is scheduled there for that day. Fare 50c.

Harry, seven months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reinhart, died Thursday, May 20th of measles. Funeral services were held last Saturday with interment in Lakeview cemetery.

Imitation Quarter-Sawed Oak is the latest thing in Iron Bedsteads. They're the "niftiest" thing out and you'll say so if you call at Whittington's Furniture Store and examine them.

The Juniors of our High School will present the four-act play "Rip Van Winkle" at Loveday Opera House next Friday evening, June 4th. They have been practicing for some time, under Supt. Fuller's instruction, and the rendition will be good.

One of the best serial stories The Herald has ever had the opportunity of presenting to its readers is the one which will commence in our next issue, viz: "INTO THE PRIMITIVE," by Robert Ames Bennett. Illustrations by Ray Walters. If you are fond of a good serial story, don't miss this one.

The Charlevoix H. S. track team came up last Friday and held a dual meet with the local team. It wasn't a "duel" however but murder in the first degree, and our boys were the victims. However two of our boys made firsts—Clark Hatre in the two-mile run and also the high jump, and Will Taylor the twelve-pound shot put.

Wm. F. Palmeter of Detroit died at his home in that city, Thursday and the body was brought to East Jordan last evening for interment. Funeral services will be held probably Sunday. Deceased was a brother of James B. Palmeter of this village—that gentleman being with him at the time of death—and was a well-known resident of East Jordan from 1881 to 1890. He was at that time and has since been affiliated with the saw-mill industry.

### "Into The Primitive."

Graduation Gifts at Mack's.  
Mort Tyner, home from Grand Rapids.

Highest Cash Price paid for Wool.—F. E. Boostinger.

Mrs. Roy Vansteenberg is guest of a sister at Clarion.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry McHale a son, Tuesday.

Attorney E. N. Clink was a Mancelona visitor Wednesday.

A six-foot Show Case for Sale Cheap at L. C. Madison & Co's.

Mrs. Bessie Greenwood is able to be out again after her severe illness.

Dick Steffes has been seriously ill this week and confined to his bed.

Mrs. Jesse Allen left Monday for a visit with her parents at Mauston.

Supt. Woodley was up from Charlevoix, Wednesday, guest of Com'r Millford.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Flye of Bellaire were guest of East Jordan friends, Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Kendall is receiving a visit from her aunt, Mrs. Scott, of Manistee.

W. J. Palmer is attending the Masonic Grand Lodge meet at Detroit this week.

Chas. Maddaugh has his tailor shop now located in the LaLonde building on State street.

For the small payment of \$1.00 a week you can buy an Edison Phonograph of Mack, the Jeweler.

Mrs. Lizzie Sommerville of Bellaire was guest of her sister, Miss Anna Derenzy of this city for a few days.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley a daughter, Saturday, May 22nd. The little one has been named Florence Irene.

Ray I. Clink returned home Monday from Phoenix, Arizona, where he has been some time on account of his health.

Florence, little daughter of Mrs. Geo. Jepson, has been having a seige the past few weeks with two cases of measles.

Decoration Day exercises will be next Monday, May 31st,—on the bridge in forenoon, at the cemetery in afternoon.

The Hum will run an excursion, Sunday to Boyne City, leaving here at 10:00 a. m. Ball game, Boyne City vs. Pellston, at Glenwood Park.

The "Blues" of the P. L. A. S. will hold a lawn social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman next Wednesday evening. Everybody invited.

Mr. and Mrs. George Miller of East Jordan are in the city, having been called here by the recent illness and death of Mr. Miller's father, Leopold Miller.—Charlevoix Courier.

A line to the Herald from Geo. D. Wright, a former blacksmith of this place, indicates his continued prosperity at Oakville, Wash. Mr. Wright recently bought-out his rival smith and is now "lord of all he surveys."

### "Into The Primitive."

Matt Swafford was over from Boyne, Sunday.

Highest Cash Price paid for Wool.—F. E. Boostinger.

The latest styles of Iron and Steel Beds at Whittington's.

A. E. Cross entertained his father, George W. Cross of Central Lake, over Sunday.

You can buy an Edison Phonograph on \$1.00 a week payments of Mack, the Jeweler.

Ladies Oxfords that are durable and stylish are the kind you want. We have them at the Fair Store.—W. Weiss.

It is a conceded fact that the old fashioned basket Go-cart is a thing of the past. The up-to-date Steel Constructed Go-Carts are found at EMPEY BROS.

The Grand Clearing Sales of Ladies' Summer Wash Goods is now on at B. C. Hubbard & Co's. Every piece of this summer's goods will be sold at lowest possible price. Call and examine the goods, then ask the price, and a sale will be made.

On Monday afternoon the W. B. C. celebrated the birthday of the corps' twins—Mrs. Ruddock and Mrs. Harrington, the meeting of friends being at Mrs. Fuller's, Mrs. Ruddock's home. It was a gala day to be remembered by all present.

The Russell House has recently been remodeled and made more convenient and pleasant, and on last Friday evening the landlady, Mrs. Newson, gave an opening party which was delightful in detail. About one hundred and fifty guests enjoyed the evening in dancing and with cards. A luncheon served to close the very merry occasion.

A couple of Mancelona high school boys—Emery and Middleton—were given a decayed fruit and vegetable spread in Kalkaska on the 15th. They gave a ballet dance in the vaudeville there, being billed as the "DeLeon Sisters." These boys trying to be sisters to each other aroused the ire of the Kalkaskans, who wanted the real.

David Frost died on Tuesday at the residence of son Loren Frost of Wilson, and on Wednesday was taken to his former home at Clare for burial. Brief services were conducted at the home at six o'clock by Rev. W. W. Lamport and farther services at Clare where he was a member of the Free Methodist church. Mr. Frost was also a member of the G. A. R. He leaves a wife and children.

On Saturday, May 22nd, occurred Mr. and Mrs. A. Danto's tenth wedding anniversary. Miss Anna Cameron, assisted by Mrs. Ida Price, entertained about twenty-five ladies in honor of the occasion as a surprise to the bride. The rooms were prettily decorated in flowers. Five-hundred and fifty were played and prizes given to Mesdames E. Gibson, F. Jepson, F. Falls and H. C. Swafford. Delicious ice cream and cake were served, and a useful present presented the honored lady.

Paragaphers having a lot of fun at the expense of the towns in Michigan that went dry at the recent local option election. Some of the titles applied are Jagless Jackson, Beerless Battle Creek, Cheerless Charlotte, Pigless Portland, Innocent Ionia, Chilly Coldwater, Applejack Allegan, Cocoa-cola Charlevoix, Arid Ahlion and Mintless Marshall. Wonder if it will some day be Guileless Grand Rapids, Solemncholy Saginaw and Delirium-tremensless Detroit—Grand Rapids Press. Will Thirstless Traverse, Bumless Bellaire, Liquorless Leland and Martinless Manistee be added to this list?—Evening Record. This little old county evidently stumped them; but what's the matter with Kegless Kalkaska? Water—Wagon Wexford might also be added to the list while they're at it.—Kalkaska Leader.

Beaver & Blake have been doing a loan business here and at Bellaire for a year or more past, the senior member furnishing the funds and the latter transacting the routine work. Last Thursday night Dr. Beaver discovered that Blake had been issuing forged papers on which supposed loans he had been securing money from him. The doctor says he accused his partner or his wrong doing and Blake admitted it and promised to settle. Friday Blake went to East Jordan and Beaver sent Dep'y Sheriff Sherman after him and brought him back here on Saturday when he secured the doctor for his losses. That night Sherman took Blake to Bellaire to see the prosecuting attorney with a view of having the case dropped, but he was brought back here and placed under \$500 bonds by Justice Gunther, Beaver and Blake's father-in-law going his bail. Tuesday Dr. Beaver became a little frightened that Blake might skip out, the latter having gone to East Jordan, and going to Bellaire signified his wish to withdraw, so officers were sent to East Jordan and he was brought back to this village the next day where he secured two new bondsmen, E. L. J. Mills and P. Modale.—Mancelona Herald.

The largest stock and newest styles in Iron Beds at Whittington's.

Go to Spencer's for Marine Supplies. High Grade Dry Cells, Cylinder Oil, Cup Grease, Etc.

Do you need a new hat? We have the assortment and the prices are right.—Wallace Weiss.

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

Wheat has gone down, and Furniture has dropped more accordingly. We have bought a large quantity and at very low prices, and are prepared to give you Fine Goods at Very Low Prices.—EMPEY BROS.

The town board have received numerous applications from citizens of Charlevoix, Emmett and Kalkaska counties, but have turned all applications down from outside and Alon will have two saloons only, same as last year.—Alba, cor. in Mancelona Herald.

Sample Books of Special Designs in Wall Paper always on exhibition at C. H. Whittington's.

## STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$1500

Officers:

W. P. Porter, President

W. L. French, Vice Pres.

Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier

B. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier

Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, Clark Haire, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

### Among The Steeples.

The Methodist W. F. M. S. will meet in monthly session with Mrs. M. H. Robertson on Tuesday, June 2.

The union meeting of the two C. E. societies of the Presbyterian church under leadership of Miss Porter and Lucille Boostinger was very interesting.

Services as usual at the Methodist church, Sunday. The Epworth League meeting at 6:30 will be led by Mrs. B. A. Dole; subject, "Profitable Hospitality."

A sacred memorial song service will be held at the Methodist church on Sunday evening preceding the Decoration exercises of the morrow. There will be solos, quartettes and anthems, and other features of an appropriate and pleasing nature. All are invited.

Next Sunday morning being Decoration Day, Rev. A. D. Grigsby will deliver a patriotic address in the Presbyterian church at 10:30. He will also preach in the evening, service to begin at 7:30. Sunday school at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00 under management of Mrs. Grigsby, Sealar C. E. at 6:30.

Jordan River Fishing

If you want a guide or boat call on or write Orrin Bartlett, Imperial Meat Market, State street, East Jordan, Mich.

## WHITE HOUSE FULL DRESS

LOW CUTS FOR WOMEN

MADE BY THE BROWN SHOE CO.

### Shoe Satisfaction

Can't always be purchased with money. The best of leather worked into shoes and sold at biggest price isn't always satisfactory.

SHOES OF COMFORT

are the ones that satisfy. All feet fitted in both high or low cuts at the

LITTLE WHITE SHOE STORE

C. A. Hudson, Prop'r.

## Warm Weather Goods

Now that warm weather has at last favored us, the popularity of White Flaxon, Linen, Persian Lawn, Batiste and India Linon for summer wear will soon be easily evident. That's why thousands of women will be interested in this great presenting of the choicest Gingham, Percales, Galatas—yard wide—at unusual prices. Come in and look our line over and try to recall when and where you have seen values like this.

### Clothing Too

Also do not forget that we carry in stock all the latest styles and colors, and designs in Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits at prices to please everybody.

### Selz Shoes

Note our window display of Selz Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Oxfords and Slippers in which you can easily be fitted. Come in and try on a pair.

## L. WIESMAN

# NONE BUT THE BEST.

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

## Sherman's Market.

Phone No. 49. Prompt delivery.

## New Millinery Stock

We have just received an additional supply of handsome Trimmed and Pattern Hats and invite the ladies of East Jordan and vicinity to call and examine same.

## Gazlay's Bazaar Millinery Store

### EXPERT PLUMBING

It is just as essential that Plumbing Repairs should be done right as it is that new work should be well done. If you wish anything done in Plumbing, new or repairing, and let us do the work, you can rely on its being well done by expert, qualified workmen. Charges reasonable.



### MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

## East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

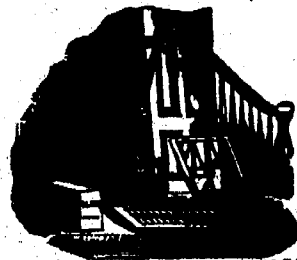
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

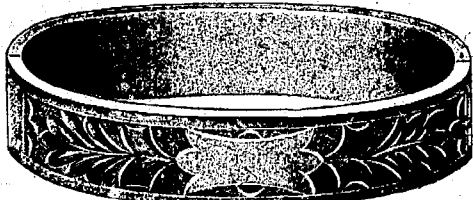


## 1910 CALENDAR 1910 SAMPLES 1910

Now On Display At Herald Office

## SELECT YOUR Gifts for Graduation

At this store and your selection will reflect the most excellent judgment and artistic taste.



A Few of the Many New Articles:

Watches  
Fobs  
Brooches  
Locketts  
Belt Pins  
Collar Pins  
Bracelets

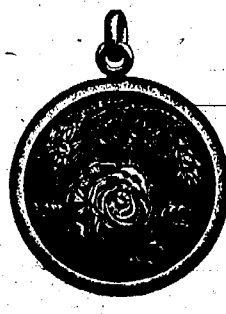
Jewel Cases  
Chains  
Rings  
Crosses  
Chatelain Pins  
Hat Pins  
Spoons  
Tooth Brush

Fountain Pens  
Pin Trays  
Book Marks  
Nail Files  
Napkin Rings  
Soap Boxes  
Thimbles  
Toilet Sets

Prices to Suit All—  
From 25 cents, up.

I am always glad to have you come in and look over my stock.

Engraving FREE to order.



C. C. MACK, The Jeweler



# Tragedy of the Brook

By Dr. George F. Butler and Herbert Hsley

## Dr. Furnivall Solves the Perplexing Case of Sadie Patrick

At a few minutes after six o'clock men at the Metropolitan Print works were crossing Winchester's field, making a short cut for home and breakfast, when one of their number uttered a cry of horror and broke into a run. His companions stared after him, at first in wonder, but the next moment they, too, were running in the same direction, and in a few bounds came upon their fellow laborer, who, in a frenzy of haste and excitement, was dragging the body of a woman from the waters of the small brook which flowed there.

"Is she drowned?" whispered one. "Drowned!" exclaimed another, significantly, and pointing at the red stains on the face and clothing. "Don't touch it, Barney," cried another. "Wait for the police. Leave it exactly as you found it—man, don't you know enough?"

"This Sadie Patrick!" breathed the first who had spoken, gazing with frightened eyes from the pretty features to the gaping wound in the throat. "Put her down, Barney," he whispered, shrilly. "You are dabbled in blood."

"But I can't let her stay in the water," Barney remonstrated. He laid his burden on the shore and stood looking at it awkwardly, while one of the men ran swiftly to the police station and the others crowded around and in awed tones discussed the probabilities of the case. The girl had been known to them all, in a general way, for she had formerly worked in the factory and lived among them in the boarding house quarter, though for the past year or two she had served as a domestic in various rich families in the city. Her reputation was that of a quiet, well-behaved and thoroughly respectable girl, a steady church-goer, without either enemies or men followers—a girl's girl, fond of innocent amusements among her own sex, bright, good-humored and inoffensive. Vaguely these workmen felt that such a tragedy as this was incongruous with her character. They could not imagine any motive for such a crime against her, and in their low-toned conversation long periods of gruesome silence were more frequent than words.

The medical examiner with the ambulance and police soon arrived and immediately pronounced the girl dead. The body was taken to the nearest undertaking establishment, and then the police began their search for the murderer.

That evening a refined appearing woman, dressed in the fashion and heavily veiled, called on Dr. Furnivall. "I have come to you, Dr. Furnivall," she began, "in the interest of justice. You have read in the papers, doubtless, of the finding of the body of the domestic, Sadie Patrick, this morning?"

"Yes," answered the doctor. If his speech was brief, one who knew him well would have seen that he was immediately alive with interest. This stranger saw only an impassive face beneath a professional beard, the eyes concealed by colored spectacles.

"Well," the lady continued, "I do not wish to give you my name, for reasons which you will appreciate, I am sure. I cannot be openly connected with such an awful matter. But if you have read the evening as well as morning papers—"

She paused inquiringly. He said "Yes," and she continued: "You have seen, then, that they have arrested a man for the crime. That man is innocent. I know it. I swear it now, here, to you. He must not be convicted. I know that all the appearances are against him, that he is the person who was last to be seen in her company, that they say she had fitted him, that he loved her, and that he swore falsely, as they afterwards found, when he said that he went to bed at seven o'clock that evening. I say I know all this. But I know something more, too, and that is that—"

Her voice trembled, broke, and she felt that she was exerting all her will to refrain from weeping aloud. She made a movement as if to use her handkerchief, but the thought of the veil evidently stayed her hand on its way to her eyes, and she sat in silence a moment with heaving breast. Then she continued:

"I can give you only a woman's reason—I realize that it would not be valid in law—but that man is innocent. The doctors who performed the autopsy declare that the process of digestion had continued for two or perhaps three hours, and as she ate at six o'clock the crime must have been perpetrated between eight and ten. To my certain knowledge this young man was vitally occupied during those hours some miles away from that field!"

"His mistake was, then, that he didn't say so when he was examined, and prove it, instead of swearing he was at home and in bed all the evening. Unfortunately for him he was seen alighting from a car at some distance from his street at 11 o'clock, surreptitiously, too, as if to escape observation."

"Yes, that was his mistake. But taken suddenly and questioned on a matter for which he was totally unprepared it seemed necessary to him,

in his confusion, to tell this story in order to shield another person in an affair wholly unconnected with this terrible tragedy. Even now that he knows why they asked him to account for his movements last night and that if he does not tell the truth he will be charged with killing the girl he loved, he remains loyal to that other. He will not speak, though to do so would free him at once. For to relate truthfully his movements between seven o'clock and ten last evening would be to betray one who is already miserable enough and add to her weak shoulders a burden too great to be borne. Oh, he is kind, noble, that young man! He shall not suffer if I can help it. Doctor, I have money. I have a great deal more than I ever can make use of. Accept this case, accept it blindly, do not ask me questions for I cannot answer them; trust me, trust me as a gentleman trusts a gentleman, prove this youth innocent, as you with your brilliant intellect and your wonderful science of psychology can do so easily, just prove him innocent, that is all I ask, whether or not the real criminal is found, and all I have will be too small a price to put upon the service to me." She arose in excitement as she finished and held her clasped hands appealingly toward him.

"But," the doctor objected, "how can I prove him innocent without finding the real criminal?"

"Oh, find them, then; find him, doctor; you must! If that young man should tell where he was last night it would ruin me, spoil my life; there would be nothing left for me but the grave. And he will speak, it is not in nature for him to make so great a sacrifice, he will speak unless you can clear him."

"Do not agitate yourself," the doctor said, gently. "Calm your mind and consider the matter on two or three of its collateral sides. For example, you wish your identity to remain unknown, yet it will be necessary for me, in order to do what you wish, to hypnotize this young man, Fickett, who is now in jail, and get his story. Then your name will be divulged—"

"Oh, no—no—no!" she cried, again starting up. "You must not ask him that! I implore you—"

"Second," he went on, evenly, "it is almost an assured fact that you are exaggerating the importance of your trouble. A woman, or any person, unaccustomed to the peculiarities and amenities of the law, is very likely to find cause for fear when there is none—"

"But, doctor," she burst forth, "this is not a mere fear, it is a fact. Why will you not trust me? I am aware that the circumstances are peculiar and that I am asking almost an impossibility when I come to you, a perfect stranger, in this way, and request both your trust and assistance, especially in a matter so grave and perilous. But, God help me! I have my reasons! There is nobody else to whom I can appeal. You alone have the power to save me, to save that young man. Doctor, you will do it; oh, say you will, say it! If only you knew, if only you knew!"

"She wrung her hands and burst into a passion of weeping.

"Did you ever hear of this Miss Patrick before?" he asked. She raised her head quickly and looked at him through tears.

"Oh, I knew her well," she sobbed. "She was coming to me to-morrow to accompany me abroad as maid. It was through her that I became acquainted with Henry Fickett, who called at my house several times with her when she came to talk over her engagement with me. It was she who told me that he would do what I wanted done. I understood that they were to be married some time. Now, the papers say that she fitted him. It may be so, but it must have been within a very few days."

"This is the first time I have heard of her intention of leaving the Bryants', where she has been six months, according to the press," said Dr. Furnivall. "Indeed, Mrs. Bryant tells the police that the girl was perfectly satisfied there, and that in turn they liked her. It is strange that she did not know of the girl's proposed change, to take place so soon, too."

"Sadie was afraid of somebody. I don't know whom, but she had a great dread of some person, and wished to keep her whereabouts a secret. She intimated this to me, and promised to tell me all about it. I had every confidence in her, for I had known her for two or three years, had seen her at the homes of my friends where she was employed, and they all gave her a splendid character. I thought myself fortunate to be able to procure so faithful and competent a girl. But I do not understand why she should not notify Mrs. Bryant of her coming change. That was not honorable, and was wholly unlike her."

Dr. Furnivall sat a moment in thought. The case had been interesting to him from the beginning for two reasons. First, he knew young Fickett, who was an assistant in the provision store which supplied the doctor's own table, and in his estimate of his character he could not find any traces of

homicidal possibilities. He felt that the police had got the wrong man, an event which alone was calculated to enlist his sympathies. Second, the crime was one which, lacking all apparent motive, once Fickett and his superstitious jealousy were eliminated, promised to tax his detective ability to the utmost, and this also was a condition full of attraction for him. And now this woman with her mysterious trouble which she would not name! It certainly was a beautiful combination of possibilities. Yes, he would straighten the affair out if only for the joy of the hunt. But he must start right with his present visitor.

"Madam," he said, "I will not ask you are—it does not concern me. But I am obliged to inform you that in all probability you will become known, unavoidably, through the very efforts you wish me to put forth for young Fickett. And I warn you now that if there is any step which, taken by you beforehand, would save you, you would better take it at once."

He arose with a business-like air as if to close the interview. She stood silent, her eyes on the floor. As he passed to open the door for her she grasped his arm.

"One moment," she said in a strained voice. "Is there any need of others beside yourself being present when you question Fickett?"

"It is impossible to say. That is why I warn you. It will depend on whether his evidence is of importance in the murder case. I may see him first alone, and need not call in others unless it should prove necessary. But at least I, if no other, shall hear your name and learn your secret."

She gazed at him earnestly. He could not see her face with any distinctness through the heavy veil, but he knew she was sorely frightened. Finally she gave him her hand, saying almost inaudibly:

"Very well, sir. You are a gentleman, and in that case will know how to act." Then she went out hurriedly.

The next morning the doctor proceeded to the jail and was shown to Fickett's cell. The prisoner was a youth of 24, with fresh cheeks, light honest eyes and a naturally mild expression of countenance, though now he appeared thoroughly scared and distressed. He brightened somewhat as Dr. Furnivall came in, and advanced a step to meet him; but as the doctor removed his spectacles and looked him in the eye he grew deathly pale and retreated.

"Why do you act like that, Fickett?" the doctor inquired. "You know I wouldn't hurt you, don't you?"

"But you took off your glasses, and I know what that means," he answered. "I never saw you without them before, and I never expected to. I don't want to be pumped—I can't be!"

The doctor hesitated a moment over the young fellow's evident distress. Then he replaced his spectacles over his eyes.

"I won't do it," he soliloquized, "unless there is absolute need of it. Let the mysterious lady keep her secret, whatever it is." Then he regarded Fickett, who saw the glasses go on again with a lively show of relief.

"Have you any suspicion of anybody in connection with the Patrick girl's death?" he asked. The young fellow gulped down the sob which suddenly rose in his throat. "No," he answered, huskily. "I haven't the least idea who could do it."

"Were you engaged to marry the girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the engagement ever broken?"

"No, sir, but she asked me to say that it was the other night, just for the fun of it. But we were going to get married just the same, some time."

"Was there any other lover in the case?"

"No."

"Did you know that she was about to change her place?"

"Yes, but she told me not to tell anyone."

"Did she give you any reasons for wishing the change kept secret?"

"She said she wanted to surprise her friends; that's all."

"How long have you known her?"

"About a year."

"Where was she employed when you first became acquainted with her?"

"At Mrs. Bufield's, on Hite street."

"Did you know that she feared somebody, and wished to go away in order to escape this somebody?"

"No."

"Well, that is sufficient," Dr. Furnivall said. Two things he had learned: That this lover was not in the girl's confidence, and that therefore it was some former lover that she was afraid of. Anything else she would confide in him. The next step was to find out who this lover was. He hurried to Mrs. Bufield's, but that lady was sure the girl never had any men callers or intimate friends. Whenever she went anywhere she always told her whom she was going with, and it was always some girl chum.

"Did you see these girl chums on those occasions?" the doctor asked.

"Why, no," she answered. "But, oh, Sadie would not fib about it."

Two other women who had em-

ployed the girl gave the same testimony, that she never went anywhere with men, but frequently attended the theater or parties with other girls. But they never had seen these girls, though they were positive that Sadie, who was the most truthful of human beings, would not deceive them in such a matter. At the end Dr. Furnivall was convinced by the testimony of these innocent employers that the girl had a lover, one who for some reason she wished to keep under the rose, and with whom she had passed these frequent evenings which were supposed to have been spent with girl friends. That was the man he must find, for the news of her engagement to Fickett would furnish the motive for the crime which, hitherto had been lacking, as well as explain why the girl wished it believed that the match was off. But the strictest search failed to disclose any such person, or indicate in the remotest degree whom he could be.

"Well," he must begin at the beginning," he soliloquized, as he turned his automobile away from the home of the last of these witnesses. "The story must be worked from the ground up. Our mysterious lady has complicated matters by her desire for secrecy in her affairs, for I am sure I could find some sort of a lead in Fickett if I should keep at him long enough, though he is unconscious himself that he knows anything. But I won't pry into the lady's secret unnecessarily, and I should have to do that in order to find out what I wish to know. Fortunately there's another way open."

He drove to the undertaker's and examined the body, interviewed the medical examiner and policemen who had brought the remains from the field, then hurried to the field itself and looked the ground all over. The soil around the edge of the brook was a mixture of clay and gravel in which footprints were easily discernible, and he saw at once where a heavy weight had been dragged from the water across this soft material and deposited in the grass a few feet away. He knew that the police theory was that the dead had been done on the little bridge near by, the girl having been thrown into the water, afterwards drifting to the spot where the workmen coming along the path towards the bridge had spied it. Following up the stream he could see no traces of blood, either along the bank or on the bridge, or, in fact, anywhere but at the point where the body had lain and from there in a straight line to the grass over which the workman had dragged and carried it.

"It looks as if the thing was done right here, and not on the bridge," he said to himself, gazing down to where the waves rippled on the clayey shore. Suddenly he bent eagerly forward. There in the mud of the river bottom, three feet out, where the water was knee deep, were the tracks of brogans pointing in towards the bank. Removing his shoes and stockings he waded in and followed the tracks which, sunken deep in the mud, as if made by a person of weight, or carrying a heavy burden, were plainly to be seen by one in the brook over them, though they would be invisible from the shore, and found that they led back under the bridge and to a point on the opposite bank some rods above it. Here they turned in to a flat stone surrounded by bushes, which formed an ideal lover's seat, and this stone and the ground and foliage near it were drenched with blood.

"Aha! Here is where it was done, then, and he carried her to that other place. What for? Here she might remain undiscovered for days, while there—"

He paused, standing a moment in thought. Then he crossed the bridge, resumed his foot-wear, and following the trail made by the workmen through the grass as they ran to where the body lay, soon reached the well-worn path along which the men had been walking when the cry of their companion attracted their attention. In the path he turned and regarded the shore.

"This morning the sun rose at exactly a quarter to six," he said to himself. "At a few minutes past six, when these men came by here, the body would be lying in the shadow of that bush, and—by the great Jove! Yes, it could not have been visible from here at all, even in full sunlight! That perspicacious Barney must have eyes that bore through the solid earth!"

He took a small magnifying glass from his pocket, and after scrutinizing the various footprints on the shore, again waded into the stream and searched the tracks there with the greatest care, following them for some distance. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction mingled with astonishment.

"My boy," he soliloquized, "I've got you! But what in the name of heaven could be your object?"

Within ten minutes he was at the police station, and a few moments later in company with two officers he entered the room of Barney Maloney at his boarding-house. Barney was sitting on the side of his bed, preparing for his day's sleep. He was a somewhat stupid appearing young fellow, of 25 or so, not too cleanly, with a sandy complexion, stocky of build, and it was plain that he had been drinking some.

"Barney," said Dr. Furnivall without ceremony, "tell these gentlemen what you know about the death of Sadie Patrick?"

He removed his spectacles as he spoke and looked fixedly into the man's faded blue eyes.

For a moment it seemed as if the fellow had been suddenly turned to stone, he became so rigid and gray of skin. Then he shrieked out:

"Why, I was the man that found her! Would I do that if I had done it? I found her there in the water, yes, and the boys all saw me when I done it, and the blood that's on me, I got it when I picked her up in my arms and put her on the shore, and the boys will swear to it, every one of them, for they was there—"

He paused in his headlong rush of words, his eyes in the doctor's, his expression changing rapidly from fright to peace, to earnestness, and finally to wrapt abstraction. Then almost instantly he resumed in a voice more resembling a machine's than a man's:

"I killed her myself!"

"Why?"

"She was my wife, and she was trying to run away from me with another man, and I wouldn't have it. She was my girl, that I married when she was out of work and supported, unbeknownst to anybody because she was ashamed of me—she thought I was not as good as she might have, I found that out all right. And when she got work she was for going some place else where I wouldn't be bothering her—me that took her when she was poor and in trouble! And then I heard she was on with this other one. So that night I slipped out of the mill and had her take a walk for a word about that, and she maddened me, and the first thing I knew I had done it, for I had the knife with me. I ran away back again to the work, but I seen the blood on me, and I knew 'twas no good trying to hide the clothes, for somebody always finds them, so I would make the play that I found her in the morning and got it on me then. Back I goes to the bridge and took her in the water to the place where I thought I could see her when we was coming by in the night-shift off. I put her too far down on the bank, and I couldn't see her in the morning, but I knew she was there, so I cries out and runs—"

At this point one of the officers took him by the arm.

"I have a warrant for you, Maloney," he said, "for the murder of Sadie Patrick."

That evening Dr. Furnivall, reading a daily paper, saw, in a story headed, "Mystery in High Life, Child Abducted," this paragraph:

"Wednesday evening between seven and eight o'clock the three-year-old son of Mr. Chase Harlow, of the ultra smart set, was kidnaped from that gentleman's home, and all attempts to recover the child or learn the identity of the abductor have failed. That the crime must have been committed by a person thoroughly posted upon the habits of the inmates is assured by the manner in which the daring deed was conceived and carried out. It will be recalled that it was only last week that Mr. Harlow succeeded in securing a divorce from his beautiful wife, who was prostrated on finding that the custody of the child, whom she worshiped, was given to the father."

Dr. Furnivall gave a low whistle.

"Jove, my lady of the veil!" he exclaimed. "You said you had your reasons, and you certainly did have—with a vengeance!"

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.) (Copyright in Great Britain.)

## HE WAS A WONDERFUL JOCKEY

Charles Taylor Rode His Last Race at Age of 96 and Was Model Man.

Charley Taylor, veteran horseman, died this winter at the age of 103. He had made White River Junction, Vt., his home about fifty years. He loved horses as a boy in Canada, sold and handled them there and in the states and finally became a well-known driver on the racetracks of both countries.

It is estimated he won 70 per cent. of about 1,700 races, says the Vermonter. He knew what his horses could do in any event, was always with them, even slept with them. He rarely carried a whip, but urged them by a word. He never abused an animal to have that come up against him."

He was thorough in trifles. His habits were regular and exemplary. He was always in condition. It was his quiet boast that he never lost a meal, never had a cold or a doctor, never took a glass of liquor or used tobacco, never used an oath or swore.

He never married. His last race was at the age of 96.

As a contentarian he drove exhibi-

tion half miles at fairs, and even last October at the state fair resented proffered assistance when alighting from the sulky. His mental and physical activities were surprising to the last. He did the chores, cared for the garden and hens.

He would rarely sit down, and always kept busy, saying: "This is what saves a man. Work to eat, work to sleep. If a man can't sleep he'll wear out." A few weeks' siege of pneumonia carried Mr. Taylor off at last, though the attending physician says he was out doors every day during the time and seemed recovering until a relapse the day before his death.

Every Town in County "Dry."

Little Yates has the distinction of being the only county in the state that is absolutely "dry." Every town in the county has voted no license. The village of Penn Yan, the county capital, will use "cold tea" as a regular beverage for the first time in 30 years. Yates is the smallest county in the state, and the tourist can cross it in either direction before he gets very thirsty without exceeding the speed limit.—Ulrica (N. Y.) Press.

## BEST STOMACH REMEDY FREE

It is an old saying that if the stomach is sound the whole body is safe, because so much depends upon the proper working of the stomach. Many persons find themselves with a disorder of the stomach which produces dyspepsia or a peculiar state of biliousness.

If you suffer from both stomach trouble and constipation you are on the way to a very serious disease. From just such conditions come appendicitis, rheumatism, skin diseases and similar disorders, because the waste matter that should have been expelled from the system through the bowels has found its way into the blood and vitiated it. What is needed is a tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which people have been using for these ailments for nearly a quarter of a century. It cured J. C. Latham, of Warrensburg, Mo., of stomach trouble of long standing, also William Voll, of 903 Ellison St., Louisville, Ky., who had the trouble for fifteen years.

However, if you have stomach trouble you want to know from personal experience what Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will do for you. If so, send your name to the doctor and a free trial bottle will be sent you. You are urged to send for the free bottle, as the results from it, whether you are a man or a woman, will be a tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Then you will do as over two million people did last year—go to your druggist and ask for it. Write to the doctor or to Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand, or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

Tactless or Tactful?  
"Waiters who hire out for parties ought to be trained for that," said one who has suffered. "Last night at a little party I was giving a waiter I thought knew his business walked up to a distinguished singer, who was in the midst of a song, and insisted upon her taking a plate of salad and a glass of punch. She had to stop the song to get rid of him."

Eyes Are Relieved by Murine  
When irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,923 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. It's Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Not His Business.  
"Pow'ful fertile country down them in Texas," said the colonel. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots down them where the trees grow so close together that you-all couldn't shove your hand between their trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Pehgnyuh dead in those same forests with antlers eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

At this point some meddlesome idiot asked the colonel how such deer ever managed to get their antlers between such tree trunks.

"That, seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squelching dignity, "is theh business!"—Everybody's Magazine.

NEVER SAY DIE.



She—But if you have completely cured Mrs. Tooter, you have done away with one of your most lucrative sources of income.

The Doctor—Ah, but I'll present her with my bill, and then I'll have to treat her for nervous prostration.

NOT DRUGS  
Food Did It.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food, Grape-Nuts, in a few days.

"From early childhood I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were partially paralyzed and could not perform their work without help of some kind, so I have tried at different times about every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given my case up as hopeless when I began to use the pre-digested food, Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help my trouble, to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited."—There's a Reason.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.







# Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of this now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, flatulences, bad breath and salivary complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

JAMES GIDLEY.

**W.A. Loveday**  
Notary Public  
With Seal.

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BUCKBEE'S SEEDS OFFER!  
SPECIAL OFFER!

Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

Price Collection

100 lbs. 12 varieties of Beans, 12 kinds of Tomatoes, 100 lbs. 7 varieties of Onions, 5 best varieties of 10 varieties of Potatoes, 14 varieties of 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 postage paid, together with my 100 lbs. of beautiful Seed and Plant Book, with all about the best varieties of seeds, plants, etc.

H. W. Buckbee, 223 BUCKBEE STREET, ROCKFORD, ILL.

### Reforestation Bill Passed.

Among the more important bills passed before the final adjournment of the state legislature was the reforestation bill. Under the terms of the bill that was passed, the public domain commission will consist of the auditor-general, the state land commissioner, the secretary of state, one regent of the university, one member of the board of agriculture, and one member of the board of control of the College of Mines. This board has authority to hire a secretary at a salary not to exceed \$100 per year, and a supervisor of trespass at a salary of \$1,200.

All state tax lands are to be deeded to this commission and not less than 200,000 acres must be devoted to reforestation purposes, with an individual forest reserve in each 40 acres homesteaded. The state game and fish warden's department is placed under control of the commission so far as protecting forests from fires is concerned. The bill, which carried an appropriation of \$7,500, was given immediate effect.

### Good Advice for Brides.

Pay More Attention to Cooking Lessons and Less to the Preparation of Trousseau.

What secret relation there is between matrimony and needlework is one of the seven wonders of the world. As soon as the engagement ring is safely on, the girl flies to a sewing-machine or embroidery frame and there she stays up to the last moment, says Helen Corinne Hambridge in the Delimitator for June.

There is no prettier sight than a woman engaged on a dainty bit of needlework for her trousseau—artists have made it a study for painting from time immemorial—but in the name of all that is reasonable, where is the necessity for providing dozens and dozens of undergarments, dresses enough to last years, and hats ditto? I know a young bride whose boast is that she tied seven hundred baby ribbon bows for her lingerie and worked one thousand eyelets in the same. Before marriage she was perfectly capable of existing without all this prodigious stock of undergarments and was content to be simply well supplied. She was not going to the far north or darkest Africa where white goods are practically unobtainable, but intended to stay in her home city where she could buy what she wanted right along, and get things at bargain sales occasionally.

Instead of the girl's effort to provide so much in the way of clothing for her marriage being commendable, it is actually the reverse—a vanity of vanities. A sufficient supply for a year's wear is all that should ever be made for the lingerie part of the trousseau; and as to hats and gowns, only enough for the season in which one is being married. There is something distinctly vulgar in this mad rush for clothes during the engagement period. It is not the best way by any means to fit one's self for the new duties of life. Half of the sewing hours devoted to cooking lessons and the study of domestic economy would prove a far better investment.

### Coming to East Jordan.

J. Leahy, the optician, will be here again at the Hotel Ericks, Saturday, June 5, one day only. Remember he comes prepared to fit any eyes that can be fitted. Curing headache and all symptoms of eyestrain a specialty. Office open evenings.

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

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

PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan, Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 3rd day of May A. D. 1913.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Helen Strong, deceased.

Jacob E. Strong having filed in said Court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to him or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 31st day of May A. D. 1913 at ten o'clock in forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate, a true copy.

### Handicapped

#### This Is Case With Many East Jordan People.

Too many East Jordan citizens are handicapped with a bad back. The unceasing pain causes constant misery making work a burden and stooping or lifting an impossibility. The back aches at night, preventing refreshing rest and in the morning is stiff and lame. Plasters and liniments may give relief, but cannot reach the cause. To eliminate the pains and aches you must cure the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

The following statement should convince every East Jordan reader of their efficiency.

Mrs. Delia Charbonneau, R. F. D., Alvord postoffice, Charlevoix, Mich., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills with great success, for kidney complaint that has bothered me for several years. The aches and pains extended all through my body and limbs and the kidney secretions were unnatural and filled with sediment. Doan's Kidney Pills give me prompt relief and out of gratitude, I am glad to endorse them."

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.

Portraits, Frames, Photo Pillow Tops, Beautiful Pictures, Brochures and Solar Prints. Deal with Manufacturer direct. Catalogue Free. National Portrait Co., Chicago.

A pain prescription is painted upon each 25c box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your doctor or druggist if this formula is not complete. Pain means congestion, blood pressure, head pains, womanly pains, pain anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet. James Gidley.

### Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

Third door north of Postoffice.

### SECRETS OF RUG MAKING.

You can get Rugs made from Old Carpets in the "ordinary" way most anywhere.

We make them out of the "ordinary" SANITARY—STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, SKILLED workmen; GOOD WARP. Clean surroundings is what's making our factory famous. It will pay you to make shipments to us. Our booklet tells why. Buy we mail it?

Petoskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co.  
Std. Petoskey, Mich.

### A Wonderful News Service.

Have you ever paused to think what a marvelous organization must be necessary to lay before you each day an accurate account of the happening of yesterday in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, the islands of the south sea and the whole expanse of our own continent, all in a single newspaper? The intricate network of cables and telegraph lines, the complicated chain of news-gathering agencies stretching across continents and oceans, the innumerable reporters working daily for you under tropic suns and over arctic snows—have you ever felt the romantic thrill of it all in reading a great modern newspaper such as The Chicago Record-Herald? We mention this paper especially because of the completeness of its domestic and foreign news service. It has a correspondent in every town or city of importance in the United States, a veritable army of them in all. In addition it has the benefit of the foreign news service of the New York Herald, famous for its world-wide cable system and for the reliability of its foreign news; also that of the New York World and the New York Journal of Commerce, besides that of the great co-operative news-gathering organization, the Associated Press. With such a vast and complete news service, it is not strange that the Record-Herald so easily holds its own as one of the great newspapers of the world.

You'd scarce expect one of my age in merchandising to engage and hope to get a paying trade without the local paper's aid. And yet I did that very thing: I opened up a store last spring—this month the sheriff took my stock and sold it at the auction block. Don't view me with a scornful eye, but simply say as I pass by, "there goes a fool who seemed to think he had no use for printers' ink." There is a truth as broad as earth and business men should know its worth; 'tis simply this, the public buys its goods from those who advertise.

A book on Rheumatism, and a trial treatment of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—Liquid or Tablets—is being sent free to sufferers by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. You that are well, get this book for some discouraged, disheartened sufferer! Do a simple act of humanity! Point out this way to quick and certain relief! Surprise some sufferer, by first getting from me the booklet and the test. He will appreciate your aid. James Gidley.

EMPEY BROS. report as having a very nice trade regardless of the hard times. Possibly it is owing to the large stock they are carrying to select from.

I have some bargains in farms, city property and business blocks. I also have some farms to trade for city property.—Joel Johnston, 17-22

A fine assortment of hats and gents' furnishings at the Fair Store, Wallace Weiss, Prop.

## THEATRE TALK NO. 5.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FIRST CLASS PRODUCTIONS OF THE SEASON, "MY BOY, JACK," WILL BE SEEN HERE IN A FEW DAYS. The play was written by Edwin Milton Royce, author of "The Squaw Man," the most famous Broadway success of recent seasons, "Mollie Moonshine," which Marie Cahill found one of her most popular productions, "Capt. Impudence" and other noted plays. The company will have for its head and star EUGENE MOORE, who will be remembered for his brilliant performance of "Monte Cristo" and his high position among leading men and the cleverest light comedians. MR. MOORE SHINES BRIGHTLY IN THE PART OF JACK, and nothing could be better suited to the taste of American theatregoers than the character of this independent, worthy young son of a typical American business man. THE OPPORTUNITIES IN THE PART TO SHOW THE ACTOR'S ART in delineating a vivacious personal-

### CARE WILL KILL A CAT

STOP YOU LOAFER—OR I'LL THROW YOU DOWN FIVE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.



ity with a keen play of wit and humor, through which is seen true strength and nobility of character, are seldom excelled in any play. MR. MOORE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTORS IN THE COUNTRY WHOSE WIDE AND COMPLETE EXPERIENCE and high ideals equip them to convey the full excellence of such a role. The other parts in the play are all of unusual interest, including the musician Karje, Margeret the prima donna, her dissipated father, and the landlady of the poet and composer in their poverty. The whole play is full of the best kind of entertainment the stage offers, and presented thoroughly well. There are four acts which carry the story from the poor lodgings of the poet and musician through the handsome apartments of the prima donna and the mansion of her rich admirer to the green room of the opera house. You won't see any thing better is town this season than this production. STAN, PLAY AND COMPANY IS ALL THAT COULD BE DESIRED. Don't wait until the last minute to buy your tickets and then growl if you don't get good seats. WE'RE EXPECTING YOU and will give you the greatest value you have ever had for your money. NO CHEATING WITH THIS COMPANY. Usual prices will prevail.

### THEREFORE LET'S BE MERRY

LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE, MONDAY, JUNE 7th.

### 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.

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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.

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Every bill for painting, covering, repairing and replacing your roof is a tax you can avoid if you use

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It is the only "Fully-paid Non-assessable" Roofing on the market. Made of Asbestos, an indestructible, fire-resisting mineral and not affected by rust or rot or the action of acids, chemical fumes, gases or heat and cold. Requires no coating or painting to preserve it and is, therefore, the "Cheapest-per-Year" roofing.

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