

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1909.

No. 23

New Gasoline Red Can Law

It Goes Into Effect On September First Next.

Dealers As Well As Consumers Must Have Red Tanks.

State Oil Inspector Neal calls the public's attention to a few changes made by the present legislature in the so called "Red Can" Gasoline act. The new law which goes into effect September 1st next, provides that cans, buckets, barrels, etc. which are to be painted a bright red, may be lettered with the word gasoline instead of being "stenciled" as heretofore. It also provides that retail merchants must have the barrels or tanks in their stores, from which they sell, painted bright red and lettered thereon with the word gasoline.

The delivery to customers, and to dealers as well, must be made in receptacles (cans, buckets, jugs, barrels or whatever the delivery is made in) that are painted bright red and lettered.

The tanks or cans on peddler wagons must be painted and lettered and the tank wagons of wholesalers must be labeled if containing gasoline.

The person who purchases gasoline lays himself liable to a fine if he has it in anything but the proper red can. For cleaning purposes gasoline can only be sold in bottles, properly labeled, and not more than one quart in quantity.

Paroled Local Option Violators.

The case of the Midland violators of the local option law will be of interest to our readers not merely because of the offense but for the disposition made of it by Judge Dodds. Realizing that the prosecutor had them fast, three men pleaded guilty to running a sort of "club" they had fixed up but did not keep within the law. There was proof of shipments received and the whole thing amounted to keeping for sale and selling. They were fined \$250, \$75, and \$20 respectively and placed on parole for one year, the judge assuring them that a second offence would mean something like three years imprisonment and \$500 fine. The terms of the parole are as follows:

You shall pay to the clerk of this court for the use of the county the sum of _____ dollars.

You shall keep the peace toward all persons, and be of good behavior.

You shall not use intoxicating liquor or liquids containing liquor a part of which is intoxicating including wine and cider.

You shall not visit any bar room, saloon, gambling house, or house of ill fame, nor associate with persons of bad character.

You shall apply your earnings to the support of yourself and those dependent upon you.

You shall report to the probation officer in whose charge you are placed, in writing or in person on the last secular day of each month, or whenever said officer shall require you to do so.

You shall appear at court on the third Monday of September, 1909, to which you can stand continued as shown herein, to perform such requirements as shall then and there be imposed by the court.

You shall also comply with the following additional requirements: You shall not violate any law of the United States, or of this State, nor of any other municipality.

You shall be at your home on every night from and after 10:30 o'clock p. m. until the following day and shall not leave the county of Midland except by written consent of such probation officer, and then only for such time as specified by said probation officer.

You shall give a bond with two sureties approved by the Circuit Judge or register of this court, within five days from this date, conditioned that you will keep the above conditions; and in case you shall fail to do so, that you shall be brought before the bar of this court for sentence without cost to the people.

It is further ordered that this cause be continued for one year.

In case you shall violate any of the above requirements your probation may thereupon be terminated and sentence be imposed in pursuance to the statute in such case made and provided.

Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Willis.

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Willis, who died last Monday night, took place on Wednesday, June 2nd, at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon, from the residence of Thomas Morrison in Advance. Rev. John Hackett officiated and the choir from the Presbyterian church of East Jordan participated. The casket was covered with floral tributes from sorrowing relatives and friends and the funeral was one of the largest ever held in the county. Deceased was the widow of David Willis, a civil war veteran, who died eight years ago and was one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of the county.

Mrs. Willis was 78 years old last month. She was a woman of most excellent qualities and was beloved by a large circle of friends. She was noted for many acts of charity and good deeds and was of a kindly and most benevolent disposition. The children and grand-children reside in this county with the exception of a married daughter who lives in St. Ignace and three grand children whose homes are in Minnesota. The children are: Mrs. Thomas Morrison of Advance, Mrs. Thomas Trimble of East Jordan, Mrs. James J. Brown of St. Ignace, Mrs. Eliza Vaughn of Boyne City, and John Willis of Advance.

Deceased was buried in the family lot in the East Jordan cemetery. All of the children and grand-children, with a large circle of friends, followed the remains to the grave.

Will be Here June 7th.

That very charming fellow, "My Boy, Jack," will return to us this season. He came to us unknown last year and we were a little afraid of him, but after passing a most delightful evening with him and his friends, we extended a most cordial invitation for him to come again. He will be here soon, one of the cleanest, brightest and most up-to-date young fellows we have ever met. Mr. Eugene Moore, "My Boy, Jack," will renew his conquest of last season, and no doubt add many more to his list of friends in this city. No matter what other engagements you may have, put them off, for "My Boy, Jack" will be at the Loveday Opera House next Monday evening, June 7.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued during the week ending, May 29, 1909.

Glenn Gabousick, 23..... Boyne City
Bernice McAbee, 18..... Boyne City
Wesley Roushorn, 25..... St. James
Nellie Cunningham, 24..... St. James
Cleveland Iseman, 23..... East Jordan
Bessie Flannery, 20..... East Jordan

D. S. PAYTON,
County Clerk.

"The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies and enriches the blood thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by enclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

Mrs. Jean Crandall and Miss Maggie Mitchell, class '04, visited the normal class Thursday afternoon.

In their last lesson in drawing, the normal class did some work in charcoal pose sketching.

Clare Finucan went to Traverse City Wednesday.

The class have been making some colored crayon maps to illustrate various events in history.

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, of the Presbyterian church at East Jordan, made a short visit to the normal class Thursday.

Miss Lola Cross, class '08, called at the normal room Tuesday morning.

Florence Sheldon began practice teaching in first grade language work recently.

The commencement address this year is to be given by Hon. F. L. Keeler, deputy superintendent, on Friday evening, June 4, at the M. E. church.

THE FLY.

House flies lay their eggs in stable manure. The female fly lays about one hundred and fifty or sixty eggs at a time. If the weather is warm the eggs will hatch in a day. In the larva stage the legs have not yet developed.

The larva or maggot stage of the fly lasts about six or seven days; at the end of this time the maggot becomes a pupa but still remains in its larval skin. In the pupa stage the legs and wings develop and in about a week he emerges a full grown fly. Thus one fly may be the forerunner of many generations in one summer. Only a very small number creep into crevices and cracks or beneath the bark of old logs and live through the winter.

The fly has a number of hair-like projections on his legs. These secrete a sticky liquid which is the means by which the fly is able to crawl on the wall or ceiling.

Such a number of flies about the house in the summer! But they are innocent looking little fellows and nothing much is thought of them unless one tumbles into a cup of tea or a pitcher of cream.

A bulletin has been issued recently by the State Board of Health which says that "the fly is the most dangerous insect known to mankind."

Flies are insects of very filthy habits and thus spread diseases of many different kinds. Some of the best known are typhoid fever, yellow fever, tuberculosis, cholera, diphtheria, and scarlet fever.

In the Philippine islands cholera was very hard to check because of the food being contaminated by the flies carrying the sputum, which contains the bacillus, on their legs and wings and leaving it on food which is afterward eaten. The dejecta of flies has been found to contain millions of bacteria.

The fly eats every kind of nasty filth and dirt then goes to the kitchen or pantry and crawls over food that must be eaten by human beings.

Fruit stands and candy factories as well as restaurants and butcher shops are alive with crawling flies. If one were to see all the places a fly goes before crawling over fruit and candy sold by street vendors very little of it would be sold.

Some ways of protection from the fly are to have screens on windows and doors, kill all flies that enter a sick room, do not let them get the start of you but kill them as fast as they appear. Sticky fly paper or poison may be used. If black flag is dusted about a room it will stun the flies and they may be swept up and burned. Garbage cans should be kept covered and cleaned with chloride of lime.

Jessie Metz.

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.

Piano For Sale.

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

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending May 29, 1909.

Letters.

Campbell, W. M. Carson, Mrs. May Jackson, Mrs. May Olson, Marlin Worden, William Wilson, Mrs. John Richards, Miss Libbie

FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

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 Brown Shoe Co's
WHITE HOUSE LOW CUTS
For Men



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.



MO-KA COFFEE

Valley City Coffee & Spice Mills
Detroit-Saginaw-Bay City

20¢ THE POUND.

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

Graduation Gifts:

Come in and let us help you select your remembrances for the Graduating Class. Beautiful Hand Painted China; All kinds of Leather Goods; Manicure and other fancy Sets; Books, Combs, Barrets, Brush Trays, Post Card Albums, Etc. Etc. Letter-Burning Free on goods bought at this store.

Karper's Bazaar Store.

1910 CALENDAR 1910
SAMPLES
Now On Display At Herald Office

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Magnificent Display of Summer Goods

Both men and women are at their best when clothed in their garments of summer. The acknowledgment of this fact has been particularly responsible for the enthusiastic reception regarding our display of Summer Garments; they are not only dainty, but attractive in appearance, style and most of all, in price.

Did you know that we are sole agents for the celebrated Schloss Brothers and Born Clothing? This well known clothing has for more than twenty years been the leading clothing in this county and still holds the pennant for style, quality, workmanship, and most of all, for prices. You can get a splendid suit of this well-known clothing at from \$12.50 to \$20.00; a clear saving over ordinary clothing of from \$2 to \$5.

Then comes the well-known "Majestic" and "Royal" Hats, \$2.25 to \$3.00. People tell us that they are equal to the regular 3.50 or 5.00 hats; whether they are or not, the years of experience in selling these well-known Hats to our own people has taught us that they are just as good and long as you would wear one anyway. You combine both economy and style when you buy one of these hats.

Then there is the well-known "Clarendon" Shirts—the great \$1.50 Shirt we are selling for \$1.00. We defy any man to show us any other shirt on the market that will equal it for style, quality and fit. They would cost 1.50 to 2.00 elsewhere.

We are also sole agents for the well-known "Pingree" and "Rindge" Shoes. The name alone is a guarantee of quality and reliability. For the every-day shoe you pay \$2.00 to 3.00 and for the fine shoes from \$3.00 to 5.00. We have a new lot of beautiful Oxfords for ladies and gentlemen; the snappy, up-to-date shoe that cannot but help to please you if you once saw them.

There are so many things that we do not know where to stop. Dry Goods, Notions, Corsets—among the latter are the well-known "American Lady" brand, from 50c to \$2.00. Every one absolutely guaranteed in every way. Come and see what we have got in these lines. We promise "Quality First Of All" and economy combined with style.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

The school is no longer, a mere waiting room for people in search of high opportunities; it has its own openings, and they are not all in university laboratories, says the New York Evening Post. We believe that very few college men realize what they might accomplish, were they to train for school management or for high school teaching. President Elliot spoke in the fullness of wisdom the other evening, when he urged Harvard undergraduates to engage in these lines of work, adding that they are "worthy of an accomplished man of letters, or of science, or a gifted administrator." Some there are who still feign to look down upon the high school teacher or principal, but the prejudice counts only against its cherishers. More than 10,000 high schools are now open; many of them are as large as universities, more prosperous than some, and more advanced than our fathers' colleges were. Signs are abundant, too, that they will one day become, in popular esteem as well as in fact, the center of the American educational system. But even if this does not happen, they will certainly be numerous and strong enough to reward fittingly the man who trains himself for their work.

If statesmanship in Germany and England has not gone sterile, and diplomacy become imbecile, some way of making and keeping the peace between those two countries will speedily be found. The present situation of either, as pictured by its own public men, is growing rapidly to be intolerable; while their relations, as expressed in the alarms and jealousies and re-primations over the desperate competition in naval armaments, are daily becoming more bitter and tense. If ever there was a chance for large statesmanship, it is offered to-day on both sides of the North sea. Unless skill in diplomatic adjustment has perished there, a road to conciliation and to lasting confidence and friendship will be found.

Experiments in Germany go to show that airships are likely to be less dangerous in war than many enthusiasts had anticipated. In fact, from latest reports the danger would seem to be the other way. A Berlin dispatch asserts that it is almost impossible for dirigible balloons to escape the fire of field pieces and rifles. The ships cannot rise high enough or make sufficient speed to get out of range. New and improved artillery makes the chance of escape still less. And the fate of an enemy in an airship hit by shells or balls from hostile weapons may be better imagined than described. Until aviation shall be brought to greater perfection the airship in war promises to be a negligible quantity.

The government has been selling firearms of discarded patterns to anyone who wanted them for a dollar apiece. They are worth many times the price. Some of the people who bought them were relic and trophy hunters. A real gun is an effective ornament for a den. Other purchasers, it is said, belonged to the criminal classes, and wanted the firearms for no good purpose. The adoption of the policy of holding the guns by the government is under discussion. They would come in very handy to arm a citizen soldiery in case of sudden war.

The New York agricultural law specifies the necessary quantity of solids that must exist in milk in order to relieve that fluid of the stigma of adulteration. A dealer was arrested for selling adulterated milk and though he proved in court that the milk was exactly as it came from the cow, the supreme court of the state has just held that this circumstance is no defense. From which it appears that a cow may give adulterated milk and also that the law is exactly what Mr. Bumble said it was.

Some encouragement may be found in the fact that the March fire loss in the United States and Canada, given at \$13,795,400, shows a marked falling off as compared with the two immediately preceding years. The total for the three months of 1909 was \$52,661,400, which also was much below the figures for 1907 and 1908. Having started well, let it be hoped the present year will continue the good work. No one can doubt that there is wide opportunity to reduce the annual ash-heap.

An enterprising Missouri man is arranging for a school to teach poker as it should be played. He claims that his feelings have been hurt to the limit by seeing men sit in the game and just "damn their luck instead of their ignorance."

A Mount Morris man has just discovered in his ankle a cambric needle one and one-fourth inch long, which he thinks he swallowed more than a year ago. All things come to him who waits.

Women's Millinery

Must Come Off in Church

By REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.



FIFTH AVENUE churches will be the very latest ones to adopt that most sensible custom of women removing their hats. Already we're way behind the times because we don't do it. New York is the best market in the world for false-hair and other artificial aids to beauty. And especially during the last year there seems to have been a perfect furor for false puffs and fluffs and all sorts of "base lendings" in the "very best society." Perhaps the women wear the big hats to cover up connections!

At any rate, I notice that the ladies with the most elaborately dressed hair usually appear in the most—er, magnificent millinery, and are shyest about removing it.

Now, I never would command the women in my congregation to "uncover." Oh, yes, a pastor has unquestionably the right to such a procedure if he wishes. But you know it's much better not to force women to do anything—they may do it, but there are—feelings. So—well, I've simply suggested.

And I assure you I found a real response. But women are conservative, extremely so, and I do not expect quick success.

Then there are real difficulties, I will admit. It is not pleasant to hold a large hat in one's lap during service—and, of course, the floor is out of the question.

In my own church I have suggested making use of one of the chapels as a cloak room, where the ladies could leave their hats, as they may when they go to the theater. With mirrors and a dressing table, the hair difficulty might be adjusted.

Why not a union of ministers for a grand crusade against the hat? Nearly all of us are opposed to hat-wearing in church by women. But we should organize and make our cause mighty.

There is a third solution of the problem—but I frankly admit I wasn't clever enough to think of it. A woman suggested it to me. She said that some wise milliner should devise a small, unobtrusive but pretty and becoming hat for church wear exclusively—and universally. It should be as fixed and absolute as the opera hat for men. Variety in trimming might be allowed, but neither style nor season should change the general effect of flatness and smallness. And every woman in every church should wear it.

Success Rewards the Man Who Sticks

By HARRY I. HEIMAN

Just because everything didn't pan out in regal style the first month Henry Jones closed up his new ice cream parlor and confectionery and lost all the hard earned savings he had invested in it. Of course, the business was beginning to show signs of increase, but it didn't do it fast enough to suit Jones. Now he's back in the harness again. Here's where the man that can stick proves his worth and wins out in the long run.

Most of the flourishing fruit stands, successful soda fountains, and alluring candy dens are synonymous with foreign names. The reason for this is that the foreigners have a lot of stick-to-it-iveness. In their determination to get along these men can't be stopped than the sun can from shining. They are ambitious and their nerves vibrate with the force of an indomitable will and the intensity of their desire to get ahead.

That little two by four candy store you pass every morning which doesn't look as if it did more than \$1 worth of business a day, in time grows into one of the most elaborate and attractive stores of its kind in the neighborhood.

It is cause for wonder that the foreigner, unlettered, crude, and blunt of ways, should make great headway in the course of time, while the American who is accustomed to the people's ways, appreciates their needs, and probably is polished in manners and educated, cannot make good.

One is a sticker and does not give up even if he cannot get three square meals a day. The other has got to dress up to a fixed standard and must eat, live, and mix in society as befits his station.

The merchant princes of to-day were not where they are now when they first opened up. It took time. Often failure knocked at their door, but they wouldn't admit her. They simply kept plugging away, took no vacations, and made the most of everything. They had business ability. Coupled with this, they had a whole lot of backbone and were stickers.

Getting started is the hardest part of any business. After you have once got a firm foothold things will begin to look brighter and shape themselves into the word "success." But you must stick and hold out until they do.

How to Fight Fires in Home

By W. S. ROGERS, Ohio State Fire Marshal.

What should be feared more than the burning of the home? But in few houses is there anything at hand with which to put out a starting fire.

In a farm-house kitchen there should be a bucket kept full of water. The bucket used for water for cooking and drinking is full less than half the time, and may be empty at the wrong time. Fire buckets are made with round bottoms, and held up by a shelf with a hole in it; or hung on a nail. One could not put in any other use a bucket that would not stand on its own bottom, so it would not be removed from its place. In winter salt is put in the water in a fire bucket to keep it from freezing. Such a bucket should be kept on each floor of every home. They may be hidden in ornamental boxes.

The most effective piece of apparatus for putting out a starting fire is one of the metal tanks known as "carbonic acid gas extinguishers," which are seen on nearly every fire department wagon. When the tank is inverted, ready for use, sulphuric acid is spilled from a bottle in its top, into a cup full of baking soda. When they get together soda water is formed, which makes a pressure that will throw the water and gas in the tank 40 feet, or into enclosed places which could not be reached with a water bucket.

This gas carried by the water helps greatly in smothering the flame. Hand grenades are bottles full of fluid which are kept for breaking on a starting fire. Many of them contain ammonia to choke a blaze. Grenades are little used except in ships.

GIRL SAVES WORKMAN FROM TERRIBLE DEATH

STABS FELLOW-EMPLOYEE AND DRAGS HIM FROM CLUTCHES OF GRINDING WHEELS.

Chicago.—Friends have started a petition among the 200 girls employed in the Columbus shirt factory on Market street for a Carnegie medal to reward Miss Marguerite Albertia Lacey, a 17-year-old girl, who the other day risked being thrashed and pounded to death in powerful machinery to save the life of William Street, who had been caught in the whirling wheels and was being twisted and torn while a group of stupefied fellow-workmen stood about afraid to attempt his release.

It was nearly noon when Street reached over the giant shaft that fur-



She Dragged Him from the Clutches of the Grinding Wheels.

ishes power for 200 large sewing machines. He had a stick in his hand and was "dressing" the belt. Suddenly his sleeve, which had been unbuttoned and was loose, caught in the lacing of the belt.

Instantly he was jerked to the floor. His arm and hand were crushed between the belt and the rim of the wheel. He screamed in agony. Men rushed to him, but stood about in terror while the victim's body and legs thrashed against the floor. His yells were frantic, and his body was being wound around the shaft when suddenly a girl pushed the men aside and seized Street by the heels.

With the strength of an athlete, she wrapped her arms around the man's legs and dragged him from the clutches of the grinding wheels.

With almost a simultaneous movement she seized a stick and threw the belt from the main shaft.

While the man was groaning and screaming with pain she laid him out as comfortably as she could, and then asked someone to telephone for a doctor and an ambulance. Several men ran to obey her commands.

Then the girl stood up. She looked at the bloody floor, at the white-lipped, unconscious man at her feet, at the group that was crowding around and calling her "heroine," and then she sank back. She tried to be brave, but she couldn't help fainting dead away.

The manager elbowed his way through the crowd to the girl. He delegated two of them to assist Miss Lacey to her home. Street was taken in the police ambulance to St. Luke's hospital.

"You know, I don't think it was I that did it," said Miss Lacey, when seen that night. "I remember seeing the man struggling and screaming there on the floor. The next thing I knew I was fainting, and that's all there was to it. I don't deserve any credit, because I never once thought about there being any danger to me, and I just had to do it."

Music Charms Snakes.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Killing snakes to violin music is the novel method adopted by 12-year-old Hart Smith and his brother John, aged nine, of this city. The plan was successful to a marked degree, and 12 reptiles fell before the clubs of the youthful head hunters.

The lads started out a few days ago with an old violin belonging to their father, Walter Smith. The youngsters had read that snakes could be charmed, and they determined to try it. They took the violin, scraped away at it, and wrung several mournful cadences from the old instrument. They did not have to wait long at the mouths of the holes over which they played. At one hole three garter snakes came slowly out to bask in the sunshine and hear the music.

The boys bagged every one, 12, during the afternoon, and from their skins have made belts for their girl friends and neckties for their intimates among the boys of the neighborhood.

Warning in Sleep Saves Train.

Kankakee, Ill.—Awakened from sound sleep by a peculiar clicking during the passage of an outgoing train which indicated a broken rail, Marshall Pöllenger, living within 200 feet of the Big Four tracks at Waldron, prevented a serious wreck of the Chicago-bound passenger train at 5:20 the other morning by telephoning to the agent at the depot. The agent, investigating, found a broken rail on a dangerous curve just south of the bridge over the Kankakee river barely in time to flag the incoming passenger train, running 50 miles an hour.

GOOD TEAMS ARE AN IMPORTANT FARM ASSET

Animals Should Be of Medium Size, Well Mated, Active, Strong, Intelligent and Trained—By J. H. Hynes.



A Good Farm Team.

The original home of the horse is unknown, but in all times and among all nations he has been a boon companion to man. In the early ages when civilization was confined to the warm climates the horse was a royal animal. Horses were used by princes and warriors in vast numbers. Job gives the finest description of the horse ever written, a part of which we quote: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He mocketh at fear, neither turneth at fear, neither turneth he back from the sword."

A study of the nature and construction of his body shows wisdom on the part of the Creator in designing that the horse should be a most useful servant to man.

The farm team should consist of medium-sized animals well mated, active, strong, intelligent, and well trained. About 1,400 pounds is a handy weight for a general-purpose farm team. Any less weight lacks strength and a greater weight results in slow, awkward movements. The team should have a combination of bone and sinew and muscle, developed in a high degree and so nearly alike in each animal that an equal distribution of strength will result. This will allow them to stand severe strain better and longer without damaging either. An unevenly mated team in any of the features is a drawback.

The physical construction of the horse is so similar to that of man that the rules pertaining to the care of one will apply to the other. The food given the horse must be pure, for the stomach of the horse is very small considering his weight and the digestion is rapid to quickly replace lost energy in work. While the digestion

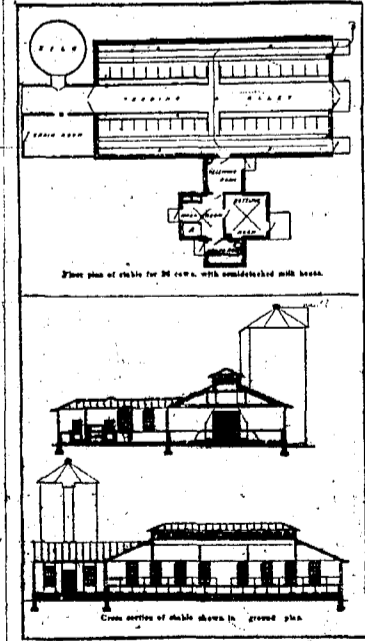
in the cow is slow and complicated, that in the horse is rapid and simple, hence only the best of feeds should be used if you would avoid disease. Another important item is pure water. Cattle and hogs may thrive drinking impure, muddy water, but a horse will not. We do not think it best to water teams just after coming in from work, especially if the morning work was hard. Work horses should have a liberal amount of salt in their feed every day or so as he sweats so much in labor, which results in the carrying off through perspiration much of the saline elements in the body. We believe salt just as essential to the health and nourishment of the horse as it is to man.

When spring work begins care must be taken not to overwork the team in the start. They should be gradually worked up to the point where they can endure a full day's work. Don't think for a moment that your horse is made of steel. Coming out of the winter in a somewhat weakened muscular condition, due to idleness, you must not expect reasonably that you can get a full amount of work from them. If you have heavy work, use the forenoon for this and then in the afternoon do some lighter work for a few days till the team gets hardened somewhat. When spring work begins then commence heavy feeding. Grain rations must be given freely. This in conjunction with plenty of clean hay will enable your team to do its duty. Never feed dusty, molded hay. Better none at all. When pasturage can be had give the team free access to it. On fair nights turn out at pasture rather than keep the horses in stall. When they must be housed from inclement weather see that they have liberal beds of clean, dry straw on which to rest. A horse dislikes to lie down in a bed of filth and will not do so as a general thing.—Farmers' Review.

FARM SUBWAY FOR BAD WEATHER

Tunnel Connecting House and Barn Used in Winter.

Strangers who travel through New England notice the sheds and other outbuildings which connect house and barn. Usually the barn is a safe distance away, but low wood sheds and store rooms connect the two. In case



House to Barn Subway.

of fire there is little hope of saving the buildings. People who go to New England in summer wonder why this connection is made. Could they live on the farms in winter and see the great snowdrifts or view the blizzards they would understand. The object is to reach the barn without going outdoors. A writer in the Rural New Yorker makes a suggestion which he has worked out in the little picture shown herewith. He says: "This represents a tunnel under ground, connecting house and barn, which could be used in winter in northern latitudes where heavy snow storms exist or conditions of heavy winds and gales. At times going outdoors is very disagreeable, especially for a case where women were obliged to travel between house and barn and

in addition anything could be hauled between house cellar and barn cellar without bringing up and down. This (tunnel) could be used in such cases or where a person objects to having buildings connected."

The tendency now is to put public traffic underground. The great subway in New York is a success. Tunnels are now being made under the rivers which flow past Manhattan island. We hope to see the day when all railroad trains will be put underground.

Care in Breeding Chickens.

The poultry raiser in breeding for show room specimens and in compliance with the requirements of the standard of perfection, all specimens possessing disqualifications and blemishes should be culled out. Under this head come such faults as feathered legs on youngsters of clean-legged breeds; scantily-feathered legs on full-feathered typical shape; defective head points, etc. Birds thus defective should be segregated and disposed of because undesirable for stock birds; the pullets may be reserved for commercial eggs, provided the breeder has ample room, otherwise they, too, had better be sold for that purpose to the commercial breeder.

Don't Forget the Salt.

Common sense and many experiments teach that the proper way to salt cattle is to provide it in sufficient quantity and make it accessible to them at all times. Salt should be placed at at least two different points where the cattle run and they should be allowed to get it whenever they want it. An animal will eat no more than is absolutely necessary in this way. While if salt is given at infrequent intervals, cattle and particularly fattening steers are apt to eat much more than is good for them. Salt is an important factor in preparing cattle for market and the same care should be given to its use as to feeding.

The Ground Squirrel Pest.

To rid the farm of the ground squirrel a good way is to dissolve one ounce of strychnia sulphate and two ounces of borax in two quarts of hot water in a closed vessel, stirring occasionally for 20 minutes, or until completely dissolved. Then add six quarts of warm water, and sprinkle this poisoned solution over 30 pounds of rolled or crushed wheat, stirring and mixing thoroughly until it is all absorbed. Place a quarter of a teaspoonful of the poisoned grain near the entrance of each occupied burrow, or in each run-way. For nice one-half ounce of strychnine is sufficient.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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CHAPTER I.

Wave-Tossed and Castaway.

THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrop boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrop had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attentions. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in her.

Notwithstanding this, Winthrop came aboard ship virtually as a member of her ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and paid so much more attention to her than to Miss Leslie, that her ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the American engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrop's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low-browed impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her ladyship as well as in the favor of the American herself.

Such, at least, was what Winthrop intimated to the persistent engineer with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship, behind Winthrop was Lady Bayrose; behind her ladyship, as a matter of course, was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the American drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the east coast, into the Mozambique channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with a number of bottles, and throughout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on the reef, he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whisky, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out through the open doorway. There he reeled headlong against the mate, who had rushed below with three of the crew to bring up Miss Leslie. The mate cursed him virtuously, and in the same breath ordered two of the men to fetch him up on deck.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrop, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose. One of the sailors leaped, but fell short and went down within arm's length of Miss Leslie.

She and Winthrop saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spindrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow.

Half-sobered, Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger. This was too much! He set his jaw,



Sleeping the Sleep of the Just and the Drunkard.

turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrop and Miss Leslie. Though conscious, both were dragged and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his pale blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whisky. "I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha-one on me. Won' cos' you shent—notta re' shent!"

"You fuddled lout!" shouted Winthrop. "Come out of that pool!"

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri'!" The Englishman squinted through the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the American; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthy and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question, the situation demanded that Winthrop justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts, "the lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over there."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrop, however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay rolled, closer than before, in the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrop, invigorated by the liquor, rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spindrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh-flooded with salt water, its

reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet, darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whisky soon passed, and Winthrop huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Though he could hear Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The center of the cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrop's fear-racked nerves relaxed and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Worse Than Wilderness.

A WAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half-dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon, was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrop felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he had straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrop.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrop? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing, I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat—Beastly mud-die!—While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned!—drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd traveled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape? It was only to be with her—And then

for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all—it cannot be possible!"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er—Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned—so far from home!"

"Ah, if that's all you're worrying about—I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a—er—groom."

"Eating! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrop—and all the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! Can you not put up some kind of an awning?"

"Well, how, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Though still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrop. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Huh! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrop, half-dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in hell! Say, this is damn cheerful!"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman present, and your language, you know—"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blather. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we're like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud-flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out into the water; otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a sea-view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't for Tom Blake—that's my name—Tom Blake—and as long as this shindy lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bloody, blomin' English condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake and you're Winthrop."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now, I fancy that, instead of wasting time—"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them, half-defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrop swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the American at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the American, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned. "Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your ladyship. But why in—why in frozen hades an American lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas—well, it beats me."

Winthrop flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I know all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE SAVED BY A TIN TOMATO CAN

WITH IT A CASTAWAY FARMHAND BAILED BOAT FOR 29 HOURS BEFORE REACHING LAND.

BLOWN 62 MILES BY STORM

Unable to Row in Great Gale, Edgar L. Brown Is Driven Across Lake Ontario—None the Worse for Experience.

Rochester, N. Y.—Edgar L. Brown, who was blown across Lake Ontario in a recent big storm in a flat-bottom punt, walked down the gangway of the car ferryboat Ontario at Charlotte at five o'clock a few days later and was cheered by half the population of the village. The famous boat was on the ferry, and was immediately claimed by Michael Burns, a farmer, who owns it. A neighbor offered to give Burns and the boat a lift home in his wagon.

"Not on your life," said Burns; "that boat has a record now and it would be a disgrace to it to put it on a wagon. I'm going to row it around to the pond to-morrow."

Neither Brown nor the punt shows any ill effects of the weird experience. Brown says he entered the boat in Round Pond about seven o'clock Monday morning. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, half an hour later, was nearly out of sight of land. From then until he landed on the Canadian coast, three and one-half miles from Grafton, about noon Tuesday, he was mostly in the bottom of the craft bailing for his life with a tomato can.

His clothing was soaked in the first hour at sea, and was sodden when he landed. He says the waves looked as tall as church steeples.

"What did I think of?" echoed Brown, when asked about his experience. "I simply couldn't think. Every faculty seemed concentrated in that tomato can. It was only Almighty God that brought me through. Man alone could not have survived. I suffered from cold terribly, and the exercise of



"I Alternately Bailed Out and Rowed All Day."

bailing undoubtedly prevented me from succumbing from exposure.

"I tried to use the oars, but saw it was impossible to make headway against the wind. The only course open to me was to go with the wind and keep her afloat until I was blown to the other shore.

"I alternately rowed and bailed all day Monday. At night I stopped rowing and bailed all night. About ten o'clock Tuesday morning I looked up from bailing and saw the blue haze of the Canadian shore. It was blowing a gale then. The wind was southeast when I started, but afterward blew from the south. I got near the land about noon.

"The boat was swamped several rods from shore, and it took my last ounce of strength to get her in and pull her up on the land. I collapsed, but managed to hang onto the painter.

"When I got so I could walk I made my way to a farmhouse, where I got food and dry clothing. I had eaten nothing since supper Sunday evening."

Brown rested a little while and then walked to Cobourg. He was too weak to finish the seven miles to his wife's house in Port Huron on foot and went by train. Mrs. Brown had heard nothing about his being blown out to sea, but his first thought was that she would have heard it, and he wanted to relieve her mind. A letter announcing his supposed drowning reached her brother the night of Brown's arrival in Port Hope. He was a hero in Port Hope, and the Canadian papers of the section were full of the story of the 62-mile voyage across the lake.

"I'll get him and the boat a good engagement at a show house in Rochester," former Village Clerk John Keon proposed to Brown's employer, P. J. Rigney, when the hero was being congratulated in Charlotte.

"There's a plow out on the farm that just fits Edgar," Mr. Rigney said, decisively. "Come on home, Edgar."

Brown laughed and started for the farm. He is a self-possessed but modest chap, 37 years old.

Brown went to the place where he landed, near Grafton, Friday night and rowed the boat ten miles to Cobourg, to get it aboard the ferry.

NEW LIFE AND STRENGTH

Obtained Through Proper Action of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Josiah Straw, 526 N. Broadway, Canton, So. Dak., says: "I suffered for some time with rheumatic pains in my limbs and was weak and languid. The irregularity of the kidney secretions also caused much annoyance. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I did not have these troubles. They seemed to put new life and strength into my system and helped me in every way. My husband had an experience almost the same, and it is with pleasure that we both recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

The Main Thing. Poeticus—What age do you think most charming in a woman? Cashit—A rich heritage.

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

A Diplomat. Mother—Aren't you ever going to get over fighting, Willie? Willie—Yes'm, when I'm licked.

The Secret Out. "What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest a woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it. This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c."

An Obstacle to Mutual Esteem. Natives who grow fat and muscular on a chunk of pineapple or the fin of a haddock can never enter into perfect brotherhood with us who live to eat, while they merely eat to live.—Singapore Straits Budget.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure it you must take internal medicine. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. Sold by F. C. CHESLEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Counsel Sought from Christian Men. An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates college on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the large interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Tekekian, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused of disloyalty, and Prof. Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American board in eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

ANOTHER TERROR.



Frightened Pup—Gee! I always heard that women were going into everything; but I never knew there were lady dog catchers;

LIGHT BOOZE

Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better."

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days."

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit."

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right."

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steeper nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"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.

"Rip Van Winkle."

The High School will present "Rip Van Winkle" Thursday, June 10th at the Loveday Opera House. This production as played by Joseph Jefferson has had a wide reputation and we are sure it will be produced successfully by the high school.

Although the play is very deep and difficult we believe that those who take part are in every respect capable of handling this play. Great care and pains have been taken to make this entertainment a success. It is not a "blood and thunder" play but an interesting plot with plenty of excitement along with the stream of love which flows freely through it.

The scenery which is very difficult to portray, especially in the third act when Old Rip is in the mountains, will be the best obtainable; also the costumes which come from Detroit will be excellent.

The prices are 35c and 25c.

Card of Thanks.

The relatives of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Willis desire to return their heartfelt thanks to the Rev. John Hackett, the members of the choir of the Presbyterian church at East Jordan, and to all friends and neighbors who attended the funeral of the deceased, and extended so many expressions of kindness and sympathy.

Funeral of Wm. F. Palmiter.

The funeral services of William F. Palmiter, whose remains, as noted in our last issue, were brought here from Detroit by his brother J. B. Palmiter of this place, were held on Sunday afternoon at his brother's residence. The pastor, Rev. W. W. Lamport, was assisted by Rev. L. S. Matthews, and the young men's quartette furnished the music. Mr. Palmiter was a native of Lanesville, Pa., where he was born March 19, 1849. Eleven years later he was brought to Michigan with his parents, and in 1868 he was married to Miss Franc H. Goodwin. Two children were born to them, a son who died in infancy and a daughter, Mrs. Alice Kenyon, of Hawley, Mich, who was in attendance at the funeral. Mr. Palmiter was for many years a resident of East Jordan. The burial took place at Lakeside cemetery.

WILSON.

Fine growing weather. Fruit trees are loaded with buds and blossoms.

Several teams are hauling gravel on the long grade leading to Boyne City.

The route between East Jordan and Afton seems to be a favorite one with the autoists this spring.

Several cases of measles in this vicinity and some of the victims were very ill.

Van R. Newville our Boyne rural carrier is on deck again after his long illness.

Afton school closed this week Friday with a picnic in the woods for the children.

Miss Pearl Shepard is spending a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Wm. Burley at Lakewood, Mich.

A party of young people spent a pleasant evening at the home of Thomas Shepard last Saturday night.

Sidney Burley and family moved up to Pellston the first of this week where they will reside this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilks, Stephen Sloan and family, and the family of Frank Wilks were seen on our streets recently, having just returned from California. Their chief objection to the place they left was expensive fuel and poor water. They were in the extreme southern part of the state.

Petoskey is to have a new postoffice building, to cost between \$80,000 and \$100,000.

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

The solitary saloonist at Ellsworth, Antrim county, is doing a rushing business these days, Charlevoix and East Jordan chipping in generously to swell the business. Two or three loads went over from here last Saturday afternoon, and two or three loads of jags returned. It was awakened public sentiment that put the saloons out of business May 1st, and there will be another awakening one of these days that will surprise some of these people. Certain laws become operative in September.—Charlevoix Sentinel.



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

Among The Steeples.

Children's Day is approaching at the Methodist church.

Miss Ella Barnett will lead the Epworth League service Sunday evening. Subject: "Our Legal Obligations."

The Methodist Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Smatts on the West Side next Wednesday afternoon, June 9th. All members urged to be present. Visitors welcome.

Rev. A. T. Ferguson, district superintendent, will preach at the Methodist church on Tuesday evening, June 8, and conduct the business of the third quarterly conference.

Sunday, June 6, being memorial Sabbath for the I. O. O. F. the local lodge will attend the Methodist church in a body where the pastor, Rev. W. W. Lamport, will deliver a memorial sermon. The order will then visit the cemetery for the decoration of graves. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

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

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

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.

Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes sure with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. The formula is on the 25c box. Ask your Doctor or Druggist about this formula! Stops womanly pains, headache, pains anywhere. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for free trial to prove value. James G. Daley.

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

Rock-Bottom
Prices on
Fresh Drugs.

Below is a partial list of many bargains we are offering:

- 50c bottle Nemo Rheumo Liniment.....25c
- \$1.00 bottle Celery Compound.....50c
- \$1.00 bottle Beef-Iron and Wine.....50c
- 25c pint Witch Hazel.....15c
- \$1.00 bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla.....67c
- 50c box Doan's Kidney Pills.....37c
- 25c box Bromo Quinine.....15c
- 25c box Talcum Powder.....15c
- 50c bottle Kodoll Dyspepsia Cure.....37c
- \$1.00 bottle Foley Kidney Cure.....67c
- \$1.00 bottle Harter Iron Tonic.....67c
- \$1.00 bottle Clinic Kidney Cure.....67c
- \$2.00 Fish Reel.....\$1.00
- 75c pkg. Absorbent Cotton No. 1.....40c
- Six double sheets Fly Paper.....10c

One 6-ft. Show Case.

L. G. Madison & Co

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

"Tater" planting these days. Apple blossoms and figs June days. Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhling are attending Pomona Grange at Marlon Center this week.

A brand new girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Carson's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Loader moved to East Jordan this week, it being more convenient for Mr. Loader at the mill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Willis, mother of Mrs. Thomas Trimble of this place, died at home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Morrison, Monday evening. Rev. John Hackett of Echo preached the funeral sermon. Mrs. Willis was one of the early pioneers of this community, coming here some thirty years ago.

(Received last week too late).

"Wearing of the green"—the trees and fields.

Corn planting finished a week earlier than last year.

S. A. Cliffe on the sick list the past week.

Miss Lavina Anderson is visiting friends in Boyne City.

M. Ruhling, J. E. Chew and S. M. McCalmoun were attending lodge in Boyne City recently.

A brand new organ in Miss Heller's school in the Three Bells district.

May 21st school closed for the year. The following were neither absent or tardy for the past month: Rose Zoulek, Mary Zoulek; Ellen and John Gunsolus, John H. Chew, Karl Heller, and Clare Pierce. John Chew was neither absent or tardy for the whole year.

The last day of school the teacher and pupils gave a very fine program in the afternoon. Mrs. W. J. Smith rendered two selections which were duly appreciated. Miss Stewart remembered the pupils with a souvenir for each one.

Asked and Received.
Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season, and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.

"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick complacently. "Sure, an' it's Mister Jones has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? How did Mr. Jones get it?"

"An' shure, didn't yes tell me to be perlitte to the rigular customers?"

"Of course."

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

A Delicate Reply.

A senator, discussing a certain measure before congress, said:

"That needs delicate handling. It is like the position of the young man on his honeymoon. This young man's honeymoon was peculiar because, while still in mourning, he had married his deceased wife's sister. A friend of his, a chap he had not seen for years, accosted him on the honeymoon in a Niagara restaurant. The friend, after being introduced to the bride, said sympathetically:

"'But who are you in mourning for, old man?"

"'For my sister-in-law,' was the delicate reply."

The Countess of Ayr.

At a country dance in England a gilded youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with.

"Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess.

"She is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr."

Delighted, the young man assented, and after waltzing with the fair scion of a noble house ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr.

"My father, you mean," said the girl.

"No, no, no," said the bewildered youth. "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."

"Yes," was the reply, "but that's my father."

Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad—told me the Countess of Ayr was her father."

"So he is," answered the lady of the house. "Let me introduce you to him. Mr. So-and-so, Mr. Smith, the county surveyor."

The Joke Was on Them.

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

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.

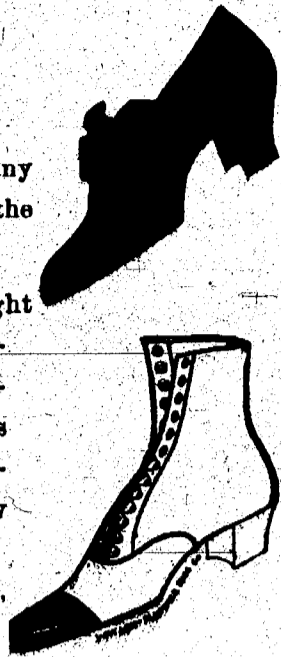
The Boston Store

Women's
Tan 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.

Get under
THE ROSWELLE
HAT

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

Commencement, Friday.
 "My Boy, Jack," Monday.
 Bijou Program, Tuesday.
 Class Day, Monday evening.
 "Rip Van Winkle," Thursday.
 Boyne City Band Concert, Saturday.
 Eighth Grade Commencement, Wednesday.
 Merchants' Week at Grand Rapids June 9-16-11.
 Seats now selling for "My Boy Jack." It's Monday night and a fine one.
 The annual Calendar (1908-1909) of the University of Michigan is being distributed.
 A Shadow Social and Dance will be held at South Arm Grange Hall, Friday evening, June 18th.
 Excursion on the Str. Hum to Boyne City, Sunday, leaving here at 10:00 a. m. Ball Game. Fare 50c.
 Graduation Gifts at Mack's Jewelry Store. The kind of gifts that are appreciated and last a lifetime.
 On June 7-8 the E. J. & S. R. R. will sell round trip tickets to Detroit at 1/2 fare. Return limit June 11th.
 Twenty-one deaths and thirty-four births in Charlevoix county during the past month. No race suicide here.
 Cleveland G. Isaman and Miss Besie Flannery, two of East Jordan's popular young people, were united in marriage at Charlevoix last Saturday.
 The three-masted schooner, Cora E. of Chicago, loaded at the lower Ward's dock with 501,000 feet of pine. The steam barge Lak Forest is expected in today.
 Local ninny, consisting of Dr. C. A. Sweet, Atty A. B. Nicholas Sr., Geo. G. Glenn and John Falls left Saturday for their annual camping trip up on the Manistee. They expect to return next Monday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Barnes of Echo township celebrated their Golden wedding anniversary last Wednesday, and over a hundred of their friends helped them to observe the day right royally. In the evening the younger people held a dancing party.
 The examination of J. G. Blake set for last Tuesday before Justice Gintner was adjourned to June 8, and in default of \$1,000 bail he was taken to Bellair by Sheriff Kittle. Prosecuting Attorney Densmore was here representing the people in the case, and E. N. Clink of East Jordan, appeared for the defendant.—Mancelona Herald.

See "My Boy Jack."
 Graduation Gifts at Mack's.
 Special Prices on Groceries at Boosinger's.
 Fred Cook was a Boyne City visitor, Wednesday.
 Everything in Vegetables and Fruit.—E. A. Lewis.
 E. S. Stacks of Charlevoix was in town Tuesday.
 Mrs. George Carr spent Sunday with friends at Charlevoix.
 Richard Barnett is adding a wing to his house on Third st.
 Call and see those guaranteed Springs at WHITTINGTON'S.
 Mrs. M. A. Harper was guest of Bellaire friends over Sunday.
 Mrs. N. Cash was guest of Charlevoix friends first of the week.
 Lawrence Doerr was over from Boyne City a few days this week.
 Albert Lanway returned last week from his trip through N. W. Canada.
 Boyne City Marine Band Concert at Loveday Opera House next Saturday night.
 Com'r and Mrs. J. H. Milford were guest of Supt. Bell at Boyne City over Sunday.
 Miss Bell Roy left Friday for a short visit at Mancelona and other near-by points.
 Mrs. H. D. Gazlay entertained her brother-in-law, Lawrence Gazlay of Alba, over Sunday.
 Miss Agnes Porter is placing an addition to her residence on Williams and Fourth streets.
 For the small payment of \$1.00 a week you can buy an Edison Phonograph of Mack, the Jeweler.
 Harry Simmons and Miss Edith Ramsay were guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Moyer at Boyne City, Sunday.
 The Catholic Ladies will hold a bake sale at Miles' Ice Cream Parlor today, Saturday, commencing at 10:00 a. m.
 Remember Saturday of this week is the date when J. Leahy the optician will again be at the Hotel Erick's one day only.
 Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hubbard returned to St. Louis, Mich., this week after a short visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hubbard.
 A number of friends gave Mr. and Mrs. Chas Daugherty a pleasant surprise party, the occasion being their 29th wedding anniversary. Games, refreshments, and a general good time filled the evening.
 Mrs. Alice Kenyon of Hawley accompanied her father, the late William F. Palmeter, but was compelled to return immediately after the funeral on account of duties in the public school, she being teacher of music there.
 The members of the "Wyoming Girl" company are still in the city the company being left without the leading lady, who was called home to Chicago by a death in her family. They expect to take up their dates this week.—Boyne Citizen.

Choicest Butter, 20c per pound at Boosinger's.
 Q. N. Fox was a Mancelona visitor first of the week.
 The latest styles of Iron and Steel Beds at WHITTINGTON'S.
 Walter Cook is at Houghton, stenographer for Wilhelm & Monroe.
 If you are in need of Crockery or Stone Ware call on us.—E. A. Lewis.
 Miss Ruth Crawford spent Sunday with Miss Alice Bufdick at Boyne City.
 You can buy an Edison Phonograph on \$1.00 a week payments of Mack, the Jeweler.
 Mrs. G. A. Lisk was guest of her uncle, C. A. Bonney, at Charlevoix, Saturday.
 H. L. Bird of Kalkaska was here guest of his sister, Mrs. John Sutton this week.
 The Hum runs an excursion to Boyne City, Sunday, leaving here at 10:00 a. m.
 Dr. Dicken is making some nice improvements on his property just east of the Bank.
 Yes, C. H. Whittington has the finest selection of Wall Paper to be found anywhere.
 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 EMERY BROS.
 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 East Jordan Cemetery Improvement Association meets at the home of Mrs. Jas. Palmeter Thursday, June 10th. Everyone interested in this work is cordially invited to be present.—Secretary.
 Mrs. Fred A. Cook returned to her home at Boyne City this week, and has since been confined to her bed with measles and threatened typhoid fever. Mr. Cook has been with his wife, and during his absence, Dr. Wicks has been in charge of the Bijou Program.
 A Lansing dispatch says prosecuting attorneys in many counties are telephoning to the governor's and the attorney-general's office for information as to whether the two liquor bills of the session—the Warner-Cramton and the Dickinson search and seizure—were given immediate effect by the legislature. The answer is that they were not. Neither goes into effect until ninety days after adjournment, which means September 19.
 Harrison Berdan, of Charlevoix, has been appointed a member of the Soldiers' Relief Commission, for a three years term. Mr. Berdan was one of the members of the commission when it was first organized fourteen years ago. The other members of the commission are J. W. Rogers of East Jordan; and J. I. Handy of Boyne City. Mr. Rogers has been chairman of the commission since its organization. During the past fourteen years the commission has dispensed several thousand dollars for the relief of need-deserving veterans of the civil war, accomplishing a great deal of good, and has about \$1,000 to its credit in the treasury at the present time.
 Mrs. Eli Nimans has been stopping at Bellaire with friends since her husband was arrested and jailed last week on a charge of being implicated in the stealing at Antrim. Sheriff Kittle heard that the woman had purchased a file and told his wife that if she called at the jail to see her husband not to let her in. Kittle had been gone only a few minutes Tuesday when Mrs. Van Niman came to Mrs. Kittle, with the true spirit of a sheriff's better half, took her into the jail office and searched her and found a file and a case knife wrapped in a piece of paper in her stocking. Then she locked the woman in the bath room and telephoned the facts to her husband. The woman is now locked up charged with a serious offense.
 Memorial Day was fittingly observed by our citizens last Monday. The feature of the day was the presentation of the cannon furnished by the Village and mounted in the cemetery. In the forenoon, the regular services at the water's edge were held. In the afternoon the procession was formed and, headed by the martial band, marched to the cemetery where services were held. A class of school children, under music teacher Miss Comstock, rendered several patriotic songs very nicely. Mrs. W. J. Smith gave a reading. Com'r J. H. Milford gave a spirited address, and on behalf of the Village, formally presented the cannon to the Grand Army Post and Women's Relief Corps. The pupils of the fourth grade, under their instructor, Miss Jessie Lewis, gave a pleasing drill.

Graduation Next Week.

East Jordan School Has Class of Twelve.

The annual graduation exercises of our public schools take place next week with Class Day exercises at the Methodist Church, Monday, June 7th; Junior Banquet at the Russell House Tuesday evening, June 8th; and Commencement exercises at the Loveday Opera House, Friday night, June 11th, commencing at 8:00 o'clock. For this latter event, the principal address will be given by Judge Willis Brown, who has for his theme—"The Key To The Closed Door."
 The members of the graduating class are: Teresa Phillips, Mae Phillips, Bertha Shier, Fay Nicholas, Marion Malpass, Isabel Lamport, Irma Hurlbert, Winnifred Maddaugh, Leto Stewart, Jessie McKinnon, Clark Haire, Claude Bowen.
 Class colors: Dark red and white.
 Class flower: Dark red carnation.
 Motto: "Not the end, but the beginning."

Class Day Program

Methodist Church, Monday Evening, Commencing at 8:00 O'clock.

Violin Solo.....Will Webster
 Prayer.....Rev. Lamport
 Vocal Solo.....Hazel Stevens
 Scripture Reading.....Rev. Lamport
 Vocal Duet, Mesdames Bush and Haire
 Address—"What are we seeking?"
 Supt. H. H. Fuller
 Vocal Solo.....Miss Comstock
 Benediction.....Rev. Lamport

Commencement Program.

Loveday Opera House, Friday Evening, Commencing at 8:00 O'clock.
 "Union and Liberty"
 High School Chorus
 Selection.....Orchestra
 Invocation.....Rev. W. W. Lamport
 Salutatory.....Clark Haire
 Vocal Solo.....Miss Walsh
 Class Poem.....Irma Hurlbert
 Instrumental Solo.....Madge Nicholas
 Class Oration.....Bertha Shier
 Selection.....Ladies' Quartette
 Class History and Prophecy
 Fay Nicholas
 Selection.....Orchestra
 Address—"The Key to the Closed Door".....Judge Willis Brown
 Class Song.....Seniors of '09
 Valedictory.....Leto Stewart
 Presentation of Diplomas, L. A. Hoyt

Eight Grade Commencement.

The pupils of the Eight Grade, Miss Kathryn Dulan teacher, will hold their graduating exercises at the Loveday opera house next Wednesday evening, the 9th. A fine program has been arranged and the public is cordially invited to attend.

From Charlevoix Courier:—
 W. S. Stripp of East Jordan was in the city, Thursday.
 Elmer Richards of East Jordan was a business visitor, Saturday.
 Jennie Mackey of East Jordan was in the city on business, Saturday.
 The Beaver commenced making daily trips to St. James, Monday.
 Mrs. Emily S. Blodgett, who has been spending the past ten days in East Jordan, returned home Tuesday.
 Harry Price, R. L. Lorraine, H. I. McMillan and Will Aldrich of East Jordan attended the meeting of the Chapter, Monday night.

We keep a full line of National Biscuit Co. Baked Goods.—E. A. Lewis.
 A fine assortment of hats and gents' furnishings at the Fair Store, Wallace Wells, Prop.
 Go to Spencer's for Marine Supplies. High Grade Dry Cells, Cylinder Oil, Cup Grease, Etc.
 Sample Books of Special Designs in Wall Paper always on exhibition at C. H. Whittington's.
 I have some bargains in farms, city property, and business blocks. I also have some farms to trade for city property.—Joel Johnston. 17-52

Jordan River Fishing

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

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, Galatea—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.

Closing Out of this Season's Millinery Below Cost.

We have a quantity of this season's Pattern and un-trimmed hats still left and to move them quickly we will close them out below cost.

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.

DON'T PAY TAXES ON YOUR ROOF

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

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

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.

ASBESTOSIDE is an Asbestos Siding for buildings and is the most economical, durable and easily applied siding known.

Ask for samples and prices.

STROEBEL BROS.

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	Jewel Cases	Fountain Pens
Fobs	Chains	Pin Trays
Brooches	Rings	Book Marks
Locketts	Crosses	Nail Files
Belt Pins	Chatelaine Pins	Napkin Rings
Collar Pins	Hat Pins	Soap Boxes
Bracelets	Spoons	Thimbles
	Tooth Brush	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

THE BUSINESS OF WEAVING A TOGA

FEW CARESSES IN HER LIFE

Infinite Pathos in Remark Made by Little Philadelphia Child of the Slums.

Dr. Herman L. Daring, superintendent of the Philadelphia City mission, has for many years devoted his life to the poor. Dr. Daring is the inventor of the pretzel test for street beggars. When a street beggar pleads starvation, you buy him a big German pretzel at the nearest stand. If he eats the pretzel, he is honest; if he refuses it, he is a fraud.

Dr. Daring in his work among the poor has learned many odd, quaint things that he relates superfluously for he is a born story-teller. In an address at Bala, apropos of the hard, rough lives of the children of the poor, he related a dialogue between two little girls in Rum alley.

"Maggie, wuz ye ever kissed?" said the first tot.

"'Only wunst in me life wot I kin remember," said the second. "When I wuz in de Honnyman hospital wid a broken arm one o' de lady nusses kissed me, an' I blushed like a child."

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—in One Case—Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

Cuticura Met with Great Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sisters arms were also affected. I began using Cuticura Remedies, and by this time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, '08."

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

Work Ahead for Josh.

"I'll be kind o' glad when Josh gets home from school," said Farmer Corn-tassel. "I have an idea he can be right useful." "Are you going to put him to work?" "Maybe. I've exhausted all the language I know on that team of mules. But I haven't given up hope. I want to see whether Josh can startle 'em some with his college yell."—Washington Star.

The Grip of Spring.

During the last twenty years many of our citizens have been attacked in the spring months by grip. Some have had serious or slight attacks every year or two. All know it to be a dangerous disease. If Lane's Pleasant Tablets (which are sold at 25 cents a box by druggists and dealers) are taken when the first symptoms are felt, there is hardly a chance of the malady getting a foothold. If you cannot get them near home, send 25 cents to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

Swinburne and the Cabman.

In his youthful days Swinburne had a quarrel with a cabman over his fare. The cabman abused the poet mercilessly. Addressing him Swinburne said: "And may I invite you to descend from your perch and hear how a poet can swear?"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hypocritey.

Dr. Cook—Briggs, what is a hypocrite?

Briggs, '12—A hypocrite is a stude who comes to freshman English class with a smile on his face.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

The Appropriate Place.

"That ship carries a big cargo of eggs."

"Do they carry eggs in a ship or in the hatches?"

Free! A 10c package of Garfield Tea to anyone mailing us this notice, with name and address, and names and addresses of 10 friends not now using the Ideal Laxative. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. For the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—John Foster.

Those who keep Hamlin's Wizard Oil in the house do not have to buy any other remedy for sore throat. No other remedy will cure this trouble so quickly or so surely. Remember this.

Nearly all of the world's supply of asbestos comes from Canada.



WASHINGTON—The senate of the United States stands for dignity. Sometimes the dignity is overdone, but on one occasion the senate was undignified to the point of striking several of the older senators with horror.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina was making nothing less than an impassioned speech. He was reaching toward the skies of oratory, when Senator Warren left his seat, unseen by Tillman, and took station behind the South Carolinian. The speaker had both hands high over his head directing the soaring of his thoughts and words. Warren took a step forward. His hand stole to Tillman's side, slipped into his pocket and came out again holding in its clutch a big black bottle.

All unconscious, Tillman went on with his words of fire. Warren held his fist aloft in full view of the presiding officer, of his colleagues and of the crowded galleries. There was a gasp, then a smothered and simultaneous gurgle of horror from a hundred throats, and then—roaring laughter.

Tillman turned and knowledge of the awfulness of the situation came to him. For once, possibly for the first time in his life, he was staggered to speechlessness. He strove for words, but they would not come. His face was black with something much like anger. Then the cloud cleared and a smile broke through. Speech returned, and two words came: "Boric acid."

It was boric acid, but unfortunately for Senator Tillman, it had been put into a black and suspicious bottle. A sore throat was the reason for its carrying, and while the South Carolinian is a man of truth, he would not let the matter pass until he had passed the bottle and had forced his comrades to smell the stuff and make plain his temperance record.

Senator Burrows of Michigan, by a graphic presentation of the case of Maj. Seymour Howell, an army paymaster, secured an order on the treasury of the United States for \$2,000 to reimburse the officer for that amount which disappeared in the Philippine islands. The story as told by Senator Burrows to his colleagues had all the interest of a Sherlock Holmes tale, save that for the mystery involved there was no solution. To this day there has been no solution. It is known definitely, however, that the paymaster was in no wise to blame for the disappearance of the money.

Maj. Howell, paymaster, was traveling through the Philippines with an armed guard. He had with him a chest containing a large sum of money with which to pay the troops at the different camps. The chest was double locked at all times, and night and day a sentinel stood by it with a loaded rifle in his hands. No one had keys to the chest save Maj. Howell and he kept them fastened to his person.

If one of the sentinels had been dishonestly inclined he could not have opened the chest without duplicate keys, and the originals were of a kind difficult in the extreme to counterfeit. The guard was composed of men picked for the pay journey at the last moment. The trip was a rapid one and no possible chance was offered for the making of keys.

Money to the amount of \$2,000 disappeared from the chest at some time while it was under the watch and ward of a sentinel standing so close to it that he could reach it with his rifle. Search failed to reveal a cent of the money. Maj. Howell at once made the loss good by a personal check drawn on his own bank account. The case is one of the army mysteries to this day, and the recital of the story gave congress an interesting quarter of an hour.

Neither senate nor house makes light of pension pleas in the presence of the galleries. But some of the would-be pensioners play comic roles in the committee rooms and corridors. Claimants who can prove things are treated as old soldiers and old soldiers' widows ought to be treated—decently and reverently.

Congress in its weakness has voted pensions on many an occasion, though doubtless knowing that pensions were unearned and undeserved, but the day of that sort of thing is passing, if it has not altogether gone. One member was asked to use his influence to secure an increase of pension for the widow of a soldier. There were papers forwarded to him which bore on the case, and these he turned over to the committee on pensions after his bill had been introduced.

The widow did not get her money, and it was not long before the whole house knew it. The member who had espoused the widow's cause had been in congress for years, and the price at his expense was too good to keep, and he after another of his colleagues walked up to his desk and congratulated him on the wisdom shown in the plea which in written form he had turned in to the committee to win the widow's case.

It is perhaps needless to say that the member had never read the plea. It set forth the fact that while the amount of pension increase that the widow of the soldier here asked for was large, it must be understood that she came of good family, moved in the best social circles and was in need of a large sum of money to keep up appearances.

Upon occasions senators and representatives permit their constituents to do their talking for them in congress. Petitions come in floods at times, with the object of securing legislation by external pressure. In the Smoot case and in the pure food and canteen matters the pleas of the people came in by the tens of thousands. The members of both houses present these letters, call attention to their import and then allow the petitions to do the



SENATOR BEN TILLMAN

SAMUEL GOMPERS



rest if they are potent enough.

Senator Lattimer of South Carolina once introduced a good roads bill calling for the expenditure of government millions for the improvement of the highways. The automobilists, all over the country began sending letters of approval. They pressed their friends into the writing service, but that they did not always pass upon the persuasive merits of the friends' productions is shown fairly well by one letter on the good roads' subject received by Senator Cullom. It read like this: "Dear Mr. Cullom—Please vote for this d—d bill, and you will oblige a fool friend of mine who runs an automobile. Yours more or less sincerely."

It was a Chicago man who wrote this appeal. There were others like unto it. The good roads bill still sleeps.



There are two things which the house of representatives infinitely would prefer should never come before the members for consideration—religious matters and immigration matters. Immigration the house must, of course, deal with directly; religious matters it is forced to touch indirectly, much to the inward discomfiture of many of the legislators. We are living supposedly in an enlightened age, and yet religious bodies have not forgotten how to use the instruments of coercion. It makes no difference at all how utterly without foundation the charge of bigotry may be it always finds its believer, and the charged one suffers personally and at the polls.

An immigration bill which was before the house of representatives had no bigotry in any of its provisions, unless it be bigotry to wish to deny admission to America of a class of people who can work little but injury to the land which they wish to enter. The real reason that the charge of bigotry was entered was because the men making use of the accusation knew well that when everything else failed the insinuation of narrowness was bound to have its effect.

The bill contained a clause which forbade entrance to America to illiterates. Unquestionably it was not the desire of the framers of the measure so much to keep out people who could not read and write as it was to keep out certain disorder-breeding elements and certain pauperized elements.

Most of the illiterate and those who are likely to become public charges come to America from certain well-defined sections of Europe. It would be utterly impossible for congress to pass a law saying in plain words that immigrants from these sections were not to be admitted. If such geographical discrimination were made mortal offense would be given to some nations of Europe, and likewise mortal offense would be given to the people already in America who owed former allegiance to those nations. The illiteracy prohibition was put into the bill as the best way to accomplish an end without giving offense.

As it was, the members of congress whose duty it was to press the measure to a passage were made bright and shining marks for those who chose to hurl the "bigot—missile." It was a hard duty which the friends of the exclusion measure had to perform. They knew that nine-tenths of the Democrats and the Republicans in the house were in favor of the retention of the illiteracy clause, but they knew also that these men feared personal criticism and campaign antagonism if they voted for the bill as it stood. The measure did not pass in its original form, but perhaps it will pass at another session.

Representative A. B. Gardner of Massachusetts, a member of the house committee on immigration, and a representative who favored the passage of the immigration bill as it stood, made a speech in favor of the measure, and stated openly on the floor of the house that he had been accused of bigotry because of his advocacy of the educational test. He defended himself so successfully against

the charge that he brought confusion to those who made it. The insinuation had been made that the movement to exclude illiterate immigrants was a revived "Know-Nothing" scheme. It was said that Americans who, so to speak, had been long enough in this country to have had a grandfather born here were desirous of shutting out the foreigners for purely selfish reasons.

Mr. Gardner had his answer ready to these charges in the form of a letter from Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. He also had petitions from 4,000 local labor unions asking that the illiteracy clause be kept in the immigration bill. Thousands upon thousands of these laboring men who urged the passage of the measure as it stood were foreign born. The fathers of thousands upon thousands more of them were foreign born. The petitions effectually disposed of the charge that the desire to keep out illiterates was born of native American bigotry.

As for Samuel Gompers, he was born in England, but his letter, which Mr. Gardner read, a letter written to Representative James E. Watson, showed conclusively how the laboring people represented by Mr. Gompers felt upon the matter of the admission of illiterates. The letter was as follows:

"The organized workers of this country feel that the existing immigration laws, while not without their value, are of trifling effect compared with the needs and the just demands of American labor."

The Nashville convention of the American Federation of Labor, by a vote of 1,858 to 252, pronounced in favor of an educational test for immigrants. Such a measure would check immigration in a moderate degree, and those who would be kept out by it are those whose competition in the labor market is most injurious to American workers. No other measure which would have any important effect of this kind is seriously proposed. I earnestly hope that you will be able to procure the embodiment of an illiteracy test for immigrants in the bill which the house now has under consideration."

A New York representative had his sneer ready when this letter was read in the house. "I would like to ask the gentleman," he said, "if Mr. Gompers represents the Mayflower or those who landed at Jamestown?"

The truth of the matter is that the insinuation of the New York man that the old-time native American element was back of the movement to bar out illiterates was baseless, and the house knew it. Curiously enough, perhaps, the strongest opponents of the illiteracy clause in the whole land were men, who traced their descent back through the centuries to those first immigrants who founded the nation in America. These men, while holding that it was the part of wisdom to keep out the criminals and the paupers of Europe, held also that it was un-American to bar a man because he could neither read nor write.

The bigotry charge was used solely because it is an ugly charge and because it hurts. No man, even though he is as broad as the sea in his views, ever can clear himself of suspicion when the accusation once is made. It is not hard, therefore, to understand why the men who are opposed to the immigration bill used the weapon that they had in hand. It may, however, prove useless to them on another occasion.

WHERE THE WOMEN DO THE WORK.

Americans are greatly impressed in visiting foreign countries to find out how hard foreign women toil, often shouldering more than their just responsibilities. This is certainly true in southern countries, where women are sometimes degraded by hard and menial labor. Nowhere is this more noticeably true than in Italy, where the women do their own work, care for the children, and help support the

family. In the north wages are better and taxes are lower, so the burdens of women are not so heavy. But in Venice, Rome and Naples life means hard toil.

The women are forced to earn a living, and so they do whatever they can put their hands on. They clerk in small shops and stand in the squares selling flowers, jewelry and plaster casts. But competition is so great and the wares so cheap that many are forced to earn a living by harder methods. The narrow streets are thronged with women carrying infants on their arms, hawking their fruits and flowers. Others trudge along carrying heavy sacks and great loads on their backs. Many walk for miles along the country roads selling their garden product and the fleece just shorn from the sheep.

In Rome and Naples more especially the women do most of their work out of doors. They are usually seated before their doorways spinning, carding and washing the wool. Others are hard at work making straw baskets and cording them of rope. Most of the poorer homes are without water, and these women are often compelled to trudge miles with heavy copper jars in which they get their water. They cannot wash their clothes at home, so they are compelled to use a stream or fountain.

When work is scarce they rent a stand near one of the old walls and sell fish, fruit and baskets. A mother often has a baby in her arms and three or four other children playing about her. The long rows of tenements simply teem with human life. It is not unusual to find families of ten or more crowded into one room. Some of them are so crowded that the clothes after they are washed have to be hung out of the windows.

But this poverty and struggle for livelihood does not mar the sunny disposition of the Neapolitan. Tired looking women are heard singing popular airs as they trudge home from work. When a pretty Italian girl finishes setting her flowers she often starts out at nightfall carrying a guitar and serenading strangers, who increase her small living. But to make the best of life is the motto of the Nea-



politian. Though many of their farms are well cared for, they are chiefly cultivated by the women and children. Many tiny tots are to be seen digging potatoes and working with the fruit trees. It is not unusual to see mothers carrying loads of grain on their heads and infants in their arms.

The women make nearly all the clothes for the family. Their fare is limited to bread, macaroni, cheese and port wine. There is such a heavy tax on salt that to these poor peasants salt and meat are a luxury reserved for Sundays and holidays.

The German peasants are the hardest working women in the world. They toil out in the fields all day long; they do not question their strength, but do whatever their husbands command. It is not an unusual sight to see women thinly clad, hard at work in the blinding rain. No less hard is it for them to work all day under the burning sun. In southern Germany the women cultivate the land way up the mountains, but their hearts know no fear.

Though these women work uncomplainingly, they enjoy few comforts. Their little houses are almost bare of furnishing, and they are compelled to wash their clothes in the stream. Their children are not idle and they help on the farms before they are half grown. A German of the middle class takes it for granted that his wife does their housework, looks after the home, and helps him in his shop. In a bakery a German woman, replying to the queries of an American woman as to the work she did, said: "You have no idea how glad you ought to be that you are an American woman—you have such good times. Look at me. I do all my housework, take care of my three children, and am scarcely finished with my work when my husband says: 'Catherina, come down and wait on the customers.' Some of these men think that we are as strong as horses."

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

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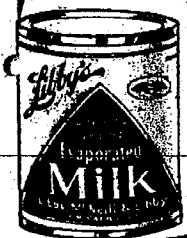
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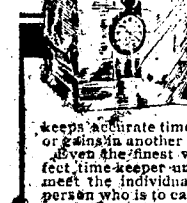
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POETIC JUSTICE

By NELLIE SLAYTON AURNER

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Mrs. Bascom was a poetess. For ten years the Nodaway County News had published her contributions in the poets' corner (Mr. Bascom was a leading grocer and always advertised in the News), and frequently the editor referred to "our gifted sister," even going so far at one time as to style her "our Missouri Sappho." All this was very gratifying to Mrs. Bascom, but she longed for a wider recognition of her genius.

One autumn—after an unusually successful season in the grocery business—Mrs. Bascom's poems were published. They were bound in white and bore in gold letters the title, "Poems of the Heart," by Mrs. Alonzo Bascom." Gift copies were presented to all her friends, and as these were numerous, the edition was soon exhausted.

For a time Mrs. Bascom's poet soul basked in the light of the gold letters that glowed upon her from the center tables of her friends at "societies," "teas" or afternoon calls; but at last even gold letters began to pall, and she cast about for some means of gaining a fresh tribute to her genius.

"If I could only use my talent," she thought, "to brighten the lives of those who have no poetry in their souls; if I could cast some beam of beauty over the life of some poor drudge—Ah, I have it! Jane Moore! I will write a poem about her and her family and have it printed in the News. How pleased she will be to find that her humble lot has been chosen by a poetess to be cele-



"I Can Prove It's a Lie."

brated in verse!" And Mrs. Bascom's heart glowed with the consciousness of virtuous genius.

An afternoon's labor produced the following:

THE BEAUTY OF PIETY.
In a lowly moss-grown cottage,
By a rippling rivulet's shore,
Dwelt a family, poor but pious,
And the family name was Moore.

Father, mother, son and daughter
Worked from early morn till night;
Toiled and labored in that cottage,
To improve their woeful plight.

For the dread gray wolf of hunger
Howled about that cabin door,
Till at last the father and mother
Both lay down to rise no more.

But the brave son and the daughter
Struggled still, left in the lurch;
She began to take in washings,
He became janitor in the church.

Day by day she rubs and rinses,
While he sweeps and dusts with care;
Then within those pews he fingers,
Thinking of his parents' dear.

Mrs. Bascom was in tears as she finished. "It's the most beautiful and touching poem I ever wrote," she sobbed; "how moved Jane Moore will be! It will be an inspiration to her all her life." And she carefully gathered up her manuscript and carried it to the News office with her own hands.

Thursday the News was published, and Thursday afternoon Jane Moore was accustomed to bring home Mrs. Bascom's "week's wash." Mrs. Bascom arranged a delightful plan for observing that worthy spinster's surprise and delight when she should first read "The Beauty of Piety." As a result, when Jane knocked at the kitchen door on this eventful Thursday it was opened by one of Mrs. Bascom's admiring friends, (Mrs. Bascom was in the adjoining partry, with the door half open.)

"Ah! Mrs. Bascom to hum?" inquired Jane, somewhat surprised.

"She'll be here pretty soon. Won't you sit down?" said the neighbor, hospitably. "You must be tired carrying that heavy basket."

"Wal, yes," admitted Jane, "I am plum beat out. If I could only git that good-for-nothin' Jim to—"

It has just come, and there's a poem in it by Mrs. Bascom that I think is better than anything she ever wrote. "Huh!" ejaculated Jane, "I sh'd hope so! I'm sure that's not sayin' much!" But she sat down and, taking the proffered paper, began to read.

"What's this?" she exclaimed, jumping up excitedly—"name was Moore! I'd like to know what right she's got to drag me into her po'try. 'Worked from early morn till night. Stuff an' nonsense! That lazybones of a Jim never done a lick in his life that he didn't jest haffo. 'Both lay down to rise no more.' Soumis fer all the world like they starved to death. The idee!—starved to death, pa an' ma! An she began to walk about the room in angry excitement. 'It's a lie! I can prove it's a lie! Everybody 'round here knows ma died o' consumption and pa o' lung fever.' The paper shook in her hands as she read the remaining lines aloud in an angry tone.

"Where is Mrs. Bascom?" she demanded of the frightened neighbor. "I'll have the law on her fer this! I'll learn her better than to slander respectable folks. I'll—I'll—" She stumbled on the threshold and fell back against the pantry door. Mrs. Bascom, confused and trembling at the unexpected turn events had taken, stood before her.

At the sight of the poetess Jane's indignation reached its climax. She fairly choked in a vain attempt to give adequate expression to her feelings. With shaking hand she flourished the obnoxious verses before the pale face of the authoress.

"I'd sue you fer libel," she cried in irate tones; "I'd do it in a minute if I wan't fer Alonzo Bascom's havin' it all to pay. Poor man, I pity him! Fourteen holes in his socks this blessed week, an' one so big I run my fist clean through it! His shirts with not a button on 'em an' all tore out with safety-pins! The Beauty of Piety! Humph—with a snort of contempt—"the beauty of laziness" I call it. If you'd do some rubbin' an' rinsin' yourself once in a while mebbe you wouldn't see so much po'try in it!"

"Come Jane, come!" interceded the neighbor, laying an entreating hand upon the arm of the wrathful spinster, "don't say any more, you know how nervous Mrs. Bascom is."

"Fer the sake o' that poor, abused man Alonzo Bascom I'll go home an' say nothin'. But if you write any more po'try 'bout me"—and her anger flamed up again as she reached the kitchen door—"I'll count the holes in the socks an' the missin' buttons, an'—an' I'll have 'em put in the paper 'longside the pome. I will!"

"P-pearls before swine!" gasped Mrs. Bascom faintly as she sank into a chair.

Wine-Colored Evening Costume.

A young man who prides himself on being in the front rank among the fashionable people appeared at one of the uptown restaurants recently when the theater parties assembled, and attracted much attention because of his costume. It was the "regulation evening suit" as to cut, but conspicuous because of its color. The coat and trousers were what women described as "wine color." The coat collar and cuffs were of blue velvet, and a V-shaped-waistcoat of white cloth with four buttons, a high collar and broad necktie the color of the coat, finished the costume. The man made a bold attempt to look unconscious, but under the gaze of many eyes he was unsuccessful and disappeared long before the usual hour.—New-York Tribune.

Wickedness of Clothes.

There is a great truth underlying the fact which the governor of Uganda has just proclaimed, namely, that the more clothes the Baked women wear the less moral they are. Among all the unclothed Nilotic tribes, he says, a notable degree of morality exists; whereas those who have always been greatly addicted to wearing apparel are of notoriously lax habits. It is the same everywhere. Clothes, of course, have their uses in such weather as we are enduring here and now, but who has not envied and admired the wisdom of Walt Whitman, who in summer days was wont to assume the sartorial economy of Nebuchadnezzar when he ran at grass and march along in his neighboring wood in unity with nature?

The French Postoffice.

The French postal system was inaugurated in the reign of Louis XI, but the first director general was appointed by Louis XIV. He farmed the office, paying 1,000,000 francs a year for the privilege. This method continued until the revolution, when the farmer was abolished and the control was given to ten managers elected by universal suffrage. That plan did not work very satisfactorily, and the office of director-general was revived under the consulate. The office of under secretary for posts and telegraphs, held by M. Simyan, was first created in 1877, abolished in 1878, and revived again ten years later.

FOR STUDENTS OF HEREDITY

Facts Carefully Gathered and Authenticated Will Be Enjoyed by Those Interested.

Forty-four per cent. of the sons of mathematically minded men, including scientists, inherited the love of and aptitude for science from their fathers, and only 14 per cent. of the daughters of such men. In the case of mothers who were devoted to scientific pursuits, 100 per cent. of the sons inherited the gift, and not one among the girls. Girls showed a distinct tendency to copy any roving disposition which existed in the mother, the boys following in the father's footsteps in respect to either roving or stationary dispositions. The gift of clever talk and assurance-in company, as well as the quality of self-study or self-criticism, was shown to come in every case in both boy and girl from the father, and in no case from the mother. All traits which gave evidence of good nature or sensitiveness were to be referred to the influence of the father, very rarely of the mother.

Tendencies toward foibles or crime were to be ascribed almost wholly to the father. In the case of melancholia, dementia, epilepsy and imbecility, the father's influence prevailed in at least 90 per cent. of cases. Strangely enough to record, interest in sports, such as cycling, skating, hunting, fishing and parlor games, came almost invariably from the mother, likewise the tendency to be very neat in dress. On the other hand, punctilio in affairs of business and honor were ascribed entirely to the father's side—in no case to the mother's.

In the matter of literary ability, evidence was conclusively in favor of the father, though artistic talent was, in the greater percentage of cases, traced to the mother. Only a fraction over two per cent. of all the mental characteristics traced were shown to be outside the sphere of heredity. The final conclusion is, therefore, that we must ascribe our particular talents and personal foibles, in the great main, to our ancestors, either mediate or immediate.—New York World.

A Just Rebuke.

"My children, is it not as easy to speak a good word as a bad one?" asks an old-time minister of the Gospel. Capt. George Prescott of Concord, Mass., not only answered this question in the affirmative as far as he himself was concerned, but enforced its principle where he had command. An instance of his frankness and refinement is given by Frank Preston Sterns in "Sketches from Concord and Appledore." The incident occurred in the civil war, during the first few days of the camp at the Potomac.

A cadet, freshly graduated from West Point, was directed by Gen. McDowell to drill the different companies in succession. Having but slight respect for volunteers, the young man gave his orders emphasis by a plentiful use of profane language.

When he came to the Concord company, Capt. Prescott, who was standing by, walked across to him and said:

"I must request you, sir, to give the orders in the plain terms of the military code, for my men do not like profanity. If you do otherwise, I shall order them to march off the ground, and they will obey me, and not you." The drill continued without an oath.—Youth's Companion.

Study Mysteries of the Air.

Man has been born of woman for centuries upon centuries, yet he is as little wise to the control of weather conditions as he is to the truth of what comes after death. Must it be ever so? Is prophecy, even as it may some time be perfected, to remain the ineffective substitute for the power to regulate?

The air throbs with wonders. It affords the medium of wireless telegraphy, perhaps of telepathy. The mystery of how it absorbs and restrains or lets loose the elements that make for storm or sunshine is infinitely better worth attention than are the short-comings of a forecaster. Let some earnest seeker find a key to the riddle and see how the farmers and sailors and baseball players and Easter belles and all the sons and daughters of time sit up and take notice.

Ever-Busy Woman.

A newspaper writer, sympathizing with women because there is no longer any cradle to rock, or hardly a baby to care for, no home schooling necessary in the presence of the modern kindergarten, no sewing to do in this ready-made age, little housework; in this day of flats and suites and restaurants and prepared foods, asks with concern: "What are we going to do with the woman out of a job? Let him put that question face to face to his woman acquaintances and dollars to doughnuts he will find them all so busy trying to keep up with their engagements that they won't have time to answer his foolish questions.

The Way of the Lion.

The Masai, who still spear many lions, and in the old days killed many more than they do now, told me positively that when their warriors were charged by a lion they always stood stock still. To move meant death, to stand quite immovable meant that, before closing, the lion, if unwounded, would stand, too. Then came the spearman's one chance. The stories you hear of lions charging when unwounded, and from a distance, are generally liked the same sort of story told about rhino or elephant.—Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford in World's Work.

Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—for thirty years these reports have been published all over America.

Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills—never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

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Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I am a firm believer in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from organic female troubles for years, and almost despaired of ever being well again. I had bearing-down pains, backache, headache and pains in my abdomen, and tried Mrs. Pinkham's Compound as a last resort. The result was astonishing, and I have used it and advocated it ever since. It is a great boon to expectant mothers. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light so that women would read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings. "My husband joins me in its praise. He has used it for kidney trouble and been entirely cured."—Mrs. E. A. Bishop, 1915 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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



W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 21-1909.

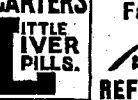
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For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agents.

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THE MOUTH wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, ETC. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL. LARGE SAMPLE FREE! THE FAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented." Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Waken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

DEFIANCE STARCH starch for work with and catches to clothes nice

Stop That Cold

To check early colds or Gripes with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—the mouse stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics.

Preventics are Little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you catch all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child, if there is feverishness, night or day. Herein probably lies Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 2c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggist giving you

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A Saloonkeeper for Temperance.

After his debate with Mayor Rose of Milwaukee on the liquor question President Samuel Dickie received a remarkable letter from a saloonkeeper of Toledo—C. Bartholomew, doing business at 624 Monroe street. Dr. Dickie was suspicious of the letter at first, but on investigation found it entirely genuine, and written in good faith. Mr. Bartholomew has kept a saloon for many years, but is so disgusted at length with the business that he is getting out. His letter expresses confidence that the prohibition champion will easily get the better of his antagonist in the saloon debates and offers him a number of suggestions for his arguments. The writer says:

"There is nothing in the whole universe that equals the waste produced by liquor. Every drink you take represents nothing—simply nothing. Liquor is the promoter of nearly every evil. I have watched the new beginner year after year. I have watched him develop from a shy, timid drinker to a rough and ready drinker, willing to get full at any and all times. It is the coming generation that we must protect. While prohibition may not exist exclusively in time to come, it will be the means of exterminating tens of thousands of grogshops, which will lessen the inducements of our boys to drink. The saloon is soon to become a thing of the past. The brewers, the saloonkeepers and the distillers realize the fact, and they are making the fight of their lives, but it has availed them nothing up to the present time. They are falling not one by one but forty to eighty and a hundred at a lick. The liquor element are holding up their time-worn statistics to show that if it were not for the brewery and saloonkeepers to pay the tax and use up the products of the country, the great and glorious United States of America must fall. Now, Mr. Dickie, you just tell Mr. Rose for me that the laboring community can well afford to pay the tax direct from their own pockets, and they would be saving 100 per cent on the amount they were formerly spending for booze."

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

A husband on being told that his wife had lost her temper, replied that he was glad of it, for it was a very bad one.

The day will come when the dealer shall say, "I am sick of this." At the rising of the sun he goeth forth to his place of business and none interferes with his slumber. He sitteth all day like a bottle of castor oil, but people of shekels come not near him. He advertiseth not his wares and his place is forgotten on the face of the earth. Who hath dried apples? Who hath baking powder without end? Whose groceries are old and stale? He that sitteth like a bump on a log! He that knoweth not the ways of the printers! And the latter end of that man shall be worse than the first.

In sickness, if a certain hidden nerve goes wrong, then the organ that this nerve controls will also surely fail. It may be a stomach nerve, or it may have given strength and support to the heart or kidneys. It was Dr. Shoop that first pointed to this vital truth. Dr. Shoop's Restorative was not made to dose the stomach nor to temporarily stimulate the heart or kidneys. That old-fashioned method is all wrong. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to these falling inside nerves. The remarkable success of this prescription demonstrates the wisdom of treating the actual cause of these falling organs. And it is indeed easy to prove. A simple five or ten days test will surely tell. Try it once, and see! Sold by James Gidley.

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. Della Charbonneau, R. F. D., Alverno postoffice, Clieboygan, 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.

Highest Cash Price paid for Wool. F. E. Booslipper.

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

Tell some deserving Rheumatic sufferer, that there is yet one simple way to certain relief. Get Dr. Shoop's book on Rheumatism and a free trial test. This book will make it entirely clear how Rheumatic Pains are quickly killed by Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Kennedy—liquid or tablets. Send no money. The test is free. Surprise some disheartened sufferer by first getting for him the book from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. James Gidley.

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Shorty McCabe.

Have you made the acquaintance of the latest hit in American humor—Sewell Ford's "Shorty McCabe" stories? If not you are missing a heap of fun. Shorty is a character in every sense of the word. As an artist in humorous slang he can match George Ade's fables, and as a creator of original phrases he can match Mr. Dooley, but Shorty can beat all his predecessors in the art of telling a good story. It is a genuine story every every time, too, with a hilariously funny plot and with characters that are alive and kicking, full of the quirks and absurdities of human nature.

"Shorty McCabe, his better half, Sadie, and their laughable adventures in New York society can be found and enjoyed only in the Sunday Magazine of the Record-Herald, whose editor has the honor of having discovered Sewell Ford's powers as a humorist. This unique magazine is filled with good fiction and timely articles every week, written by many of the most noted authors of our day, but nothing seems able to overshadow the perennial interest in the Shorty McCabe stories, which appear every second week throughout the year. Wherever you go you will hear people talking and laughing over them. Thousands of people take the Sunday Record-Herald simply for its Sunday Magazine and the inimitable Shorty McCabe. It begins to be a question whether Shorty is not a more popular personage than Mr. Dooley.

Any lady reader of this paper will receive on request, a clever "No Drip" Coffee Strainer Coupon privilege, from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. It is silver-plated, very pretty, and positively prevents all dripping of tea or coffee. The Doctor sends it, with his new free book on "Health Coffee" simply to introduce this clever substitute for real coffee. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee is gaining its great popularity because of first, its exquisite taste and flavor; second, its absolute healthfulness; third, its economy—12 lbs. 25c; fourth, its convenience. No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. "Made in a minute" says Dr. Shoop. Try it at your grocer's, for a pleasant surprise. G. L. Sherman & Son.

Field's Head For Business.

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

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

Field's Fortune.

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

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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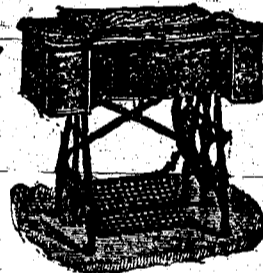
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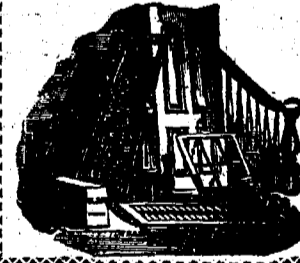
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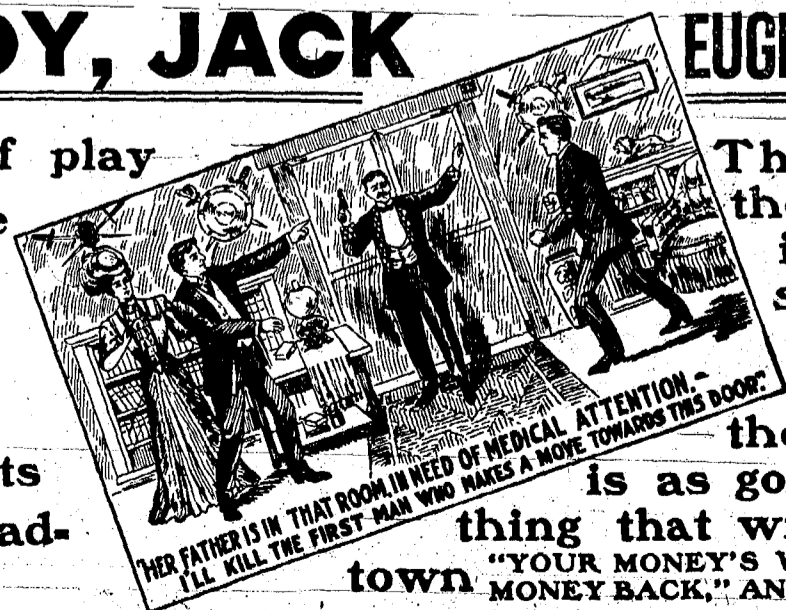
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