

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909.

No. 25

## Barrel Factory for East Jordan

East Jordan Cooperage Co. to Install Same.

For some time past A. M. Haight, Manager of the East Jordan Cooperage Co., has been making plans toward the installation of a slack barrel factory in addition to their keg industry. The matter has been finally arranged and on Thursday, J. R. Rable of Cleveland, Ohio, representing Grief Bros. who control this plant, was here and closed up the deal.

One of the present buildings will be remodelled, new machinery will be added, and barrels will be turned out at the rate of 500 per day after July 16th—when they expect to commence operations.

The installation of such a plant is of inestimable benefit to our farming community. Two years ago, when the apple crop was large, over 30,000 barrels of apples were shipped out of East Jordan and this alone meant that East Jordan money went outside to purchase the empty barrels.

## Faculty 1909-10

### List of New Instructors for East Jordan Public Schools.

Our School Board have practically completed the list of instructors for the ensuing school year, and are certainly to be congratulated on the able corps selected. Every one comes highly recommended by school officials and several are backed by years of experience.

Supr. J. T. Northon of Farwell will have charge of the schools and he needs no introduction to our citizens having previously had charge of these schools. Since being here he has taken special work in the Chicago University and has had charge of the Farwell schools the past four years.

For Principal and English, Miss Margaret Cameron of Clare, has been secured. Miss Cameron is a graduate of the Central State Normal, has specialized in History and English, and is recommended by President Grawn of the Normal.

Miss Ethel M. Ash of St. Johns will have charge of the languages (Latin and German). She is also a graduate of the State Normal and has taught languages in the Caro High School for the past five years.

Miss Florence L. Hall of Lansing has been given History and Mathematics. She is a graduate of the M. A. C. and has taken special work in these studies.

For Music and Drawing instructor our Board has been particularly fortunate. Miss Mary Eloise Sheffield of Adrian has been engaged. She has been teacher in the Cleveland (Ohio) Public Schools for several years, is a graduate of the Thomas Normal of Detroit and has taken private instruction from some of the leading New York teachers.

### THE GRADES.

Eighth—Miss Hazel I. Frazier of Alpena.

Seventh—Miss Katherine Winnie of Grayling.

Sixth—Miss Lou A. Rjep.

Fifth—Mrs. Effie Stanford.

Fourth—Miss Myrtle Severance. She graduated from the M. A. C. this year.

Third—Miss Mary E. Lamport. She has taught in the Adrian schools for the past four years.

Second—Miss Edith E. Blingham of Mt. Pleasant.

Primary—Miss Jessie Severson.

Kindergarten—Miss Martha Freiberg.

\*Held same position last year.

The West Side Schools Principal Henry L. Winters will continue another year as will also Miss Ella Barnett and Miss Grace Koehnoltz. There is one vacancy yet to fill, and the Rogers District is yet without an instructor.

Pine Apples have struck bottom. Nice, Juicy, Ripe Fruit at Bell's. 36 size \$1.00 per dozen, 30 size \$1.25 per dozen, 24 size \$1.50 per dozen.

## Class Salutatory

By Clark Haire.

Friends—We extend to you a hearty welcome. Parents—we welcome you—you who have watched and guarded all our school days with anxious and loving care. We welcome the trustees—you gentlemen who have in your hands and hearts the welfare and prosperity of our public schools. Superintendent and teachers—you who have helped to shape the character of our lives, we bid you welcome. This is a day which we have looked forward to as of much importance to us. We have now reached the first step of graduation, and by perseverance and high aim we hope to win for ourselves a place in business and society which will be a cause of pride to our parents, our teachers and our classmates. Life is a struggle—each one has his hill to climb and although it be with great difficulty if we pursue our way diligently, in due time we will reach our goal. The greater the struggle the greater the glory. Work glorified as duty is the source of all that is excellent in the earth. "There is always a hope in a man" says Carlyle, "that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair." The word duty covers a great area. If we look through clear glasses we will plainly see ours; a weary, humiliating study sometimes but a grand stepping stone to kinder thinking and loftier living. Goethe says, "We are not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what we have to do and to confine ourselves within the limit of our comprehension." But hope is ours as well as the consciousness of a battle well fought and a victory well earned. We know the conditions on which depend; diligence and patience, a firm purpose and a lofty aim, self reliance and courage, self denial and self elevation. These are within the reach of all who will submit themselves to the necessary discipline. It is not prosperity so much as poverty that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures, rouses their energies and develops their characters. It is a mistake often made to suppose that men succeed through success. Failures in one direction have often had the effect of forcing the far seeing student to apply himself in another. Soon we shall know the realities and our friends tonight will either continue their applause or pity the failures we make. This class which comes before you for the last time will soon be replaced by another, and our introduction as graduates will soon be forgotten in your appreciation of those to follow. Thousands before us have been just as talented, just as enthusiastic, and just as worthy of honor and success as we. Nor do we think for a moment that the light of intelligence is stronger in us than in others. We will be glad if we can approach the success of other classes. We will feel happy if we can equal it. But if Fortune smiles upon us in such

## The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—Golden Medical Discovery—was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the highest endorsement from the leading medical experts, teachers and writers on *Natural Medicine* who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-over coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

a manner that we may surpass those who have gone before, we will feel proud indeed.

## Class Poem.

By Irma Hurlbert.

The duty was assigned me  
The poem to compose:  
And how the honor pleased me,  
I'm sure nobody knows.  
The first day of this year  
Was opened by a rush  
Of proud and haughty seniors,  
The juniors' pride to crush.

On entering school that day,  
As we looked up at the desk  
And saw the two new teachers  
Who looked somewhat grotesque.  
We wondered how we'd ever  
Adopt the seniors' right  
To roam about the school room,  
For sure 'twas our delight.

We rushed for the back seats  
Which seniors should be granted.  
But some of us were rather slow,  
So in the front were planted.  
We soon got in the habit,  
(But all the students do)  
Of whispering without asking,  
And passing notes 'round too.

There were fourteen of us in all  
When we began this year,  
But two of them have left us,  
And now but twelve are here.  
We once did have a "Shepherd,"  
Gone from his flock has he.  
He loves to study machines  
So, works in the foundery.

And Harold,—his health was failing,  
He grew so pale and thin,  
He was all right at times,  
But the school "Bell" bothered him.  
And now he has become  
Clerk in a grocery store,  
He's grown so used to "Bells,"  
They bother him no more.

May in working Physics problems,  
Very often got confused,  
She always managed to have Dunham  
(done 'em)  
And from tests she was excused,  
Marion as you know is English,  
And her temper is not known,  
But there's one thing that is true,  
—That she has a "Will" of her own.

Little Jessie is our author,  
And can guess things well enough  
When she hasn't read her lesson  
Most any one to bluff.  
Then there's Claud who's tall and stately,  
And his temper is so good  
That in debates he'd argue  
For both sides if he could.

Bertha has much patience,  
And when this year is done  
She probably expects  
To teach;—but only one.  
Now she wears a diamond  
Upon her hand so fair.  
I wonder how she got it!  
We don't know how nor where.

Leto you must understand  
Is as bright as e'er she looks.  
She does not like the boys,  
But loves to study books.  
Winnie gave a toast,  
At the banquet in the hotel,  
She talked about the other sex,  
So knew her subject well.

One of our athletic seniors  
Is Clarke, who's strong and brave:  
Especially in the foot race,  
The honor to him we gave.  
Although he's very young,  
And much he must endure,  
He may better bear his burdens  
When he grows more mature.

Another in our class  
Is brown-haired, mischievous Mae,  
'Tis she that bears the Irish,  
So I've often heard them say.  
Fair Teresa is her sister,  
And as many sisters do,  
They differ in many ways,  
This I've found to be true.

Honest Innocent Isabel,  
Carries on her face  
A smile that cheers us all,  
And darkens the dark space,  
On many a windy night,  
(—And you know she is quite frail)  
In order to keep her promise,  
She's been forced to face the "Gail."

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

I have some bargains in farms, city property and business blocks. I also have some farms to trade for city property.—Joel Johnston. 17-52  
We keep a full line of National Biscuit Co. Baked Goods.—E. A. Lewis.

## Class Oration.

By Bertha Shier.

### The Tragedy of Labor.

Labor in itself is no tragedy. Even the blithesome singing birds work and are happy in the doing. Work in some form is necessary to happiness; for only when one is busy so as to be progressive is he satisfied. The tendency of the worker is always toward the optimistic for he sees things in a brighter light than his fellow men who are idle and who think only of the disadvantages under which they are placed.

Moreover, labor is a divine institution, a law of nature which all must obey, who wish to gain the advantages of accomplishment. You who wish to become musicians must cultivate your taste for the combination of sound. If you wish to appreciate art, then you must seek to acquire for yourself a sense of fine discrimination in the blending of colors and a fine appreciation of the value of outline. Perhaps your ambition is to write, then you must learn to distinguish clearly between the delicate shade of meaning in words. Those people, who constantly endeavor to advance in their accomplishments, are the ones whose ideals reach the highest summits. Those who do not continually practice in some useful occupation decline in their efficiency and may, if their ambition grows lax enough, finally become a nonentity in the civilization surrounding them.

For instance, note the drones in the bee-hive. They lazily buzz and hum during the summer and let the bees around them gather the honey, but when the approach of cold weather heralds the coming of winter, the workers search out all the drones and sting them to death. Thus it is in life. Those who will not work are spurned and kicked about from place to place and their fellow men despise and avoid them. They are left out of their friends' consideration; the hope of improvement or self-help is forever lost to them unless they change their policy and make an effort to gain a livelihood.

But there is a point at which labor (Continued on fourth page.)

## WALLACE WEISS'

# Big Annual Sale!

Closes Saturday, June 19th,  
At 11:00 P. M.

Remember That You Can Get Bargains Here.

We do not have sales every day but when we do we mark the goods down so low that our prices astonish the buyer.

Buy your goods for the Fourth here and save enough money to celebrate.

Remember The Place

# The FAIR Store

W. WEISS, Proprietor.

## Watch Our Window

Saturday of this Week

We will show you the finest display of Plates, Salads, and Novelty Dishes ever offered for the money.

# Harper's Bazaar Store.

## FRED E. BOOSINGER

# Boosingers' for Quality

The Boosinger label for quality—our guarantee of full value—satisfactory service—wear, is on all suits. You will appreciate that we could not afford to do this if there was any doubt of the reliability of the materials and workmanship or the correctness of the styles offered.

## Special Values on Men's and Young Men's Suits

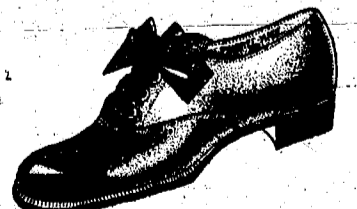
At from \$10 to \$20. Suits for Sunday, Suits for Business, Suits for Pleasure.—Suits that are strictly up to the minute in style, shade and fabric—Suits that have passed our inspection and bear our label as a guarantee of reliable material, workmanship, and of wear. Blue Serges, Fancy Cheviots, Gray Worsteds, Self-striped Serges, etc., made up in both two- and three-button style, are included in this assortment we offer at from \$10 to \$20. They are great values.

## Cool, Summer Footwear.

The kind that wears well, feels comfortable and adds to the appearance—that's the kind of Summer Footwear we have for you. Just one glance at the splendid showing of Footwear in our large display and you, too, will realize the

excellent qualities we offer at modest prices. Choose your style, then come in and let us fit you. Special values in Men's Shoes—Wines, Tans and Blacks—the very latest styles at from \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Do not forget that we are the sole agents for the popular and well-known Pingree and Rindge Shoes. The names are guarantees of quality. Now don't let the season go by before you fit yourself out. Prepare for the glorious Fourth of July—the day we celebrate. That is the one day in the year when you should not only feel a patriotic pride but your appearance should bear out your patriotic sentiments.



## Get The Habit—

GO TO BOOSINGER'S, Outfitters to the Public.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

# FRED E. BOOSINGER.



ACCOUNTS FOR TWIN SHOCKS

Scientific Explanation of Cause of Tremors Separated by But a Few Seconds.

Among the most interesting earth tremors, from a scientific point of view, are those known as "twin earthquakes," where two distinct series of shocks are felt, separated by an interval of two or three seconds.

Ancestral Neglect. What mathematician can see why everybody on this planet isn't living on the compound interest of two or three dollars invested by his great-grandfather?

Still another century and their demand would be for over a hundred millions, perhaps a fifth of the wealth of Andrew Carnegie.

Ancient History. Two women went into an F street bookstore in Washington, and one of them said to the clerk: "I want Cardinal Gibbons' book on Rome."

Mustang Has Arab Blood. What is known as the California horse or mustang is in his ancestry and essential qualities an Arab.

King Edward's Title. It is not only Edward the Confessor's distinctive title that makes his present majesty Edward VII, whereas he is, in fact, Edward X.

Eagle Seems Out for Exercise. A monster eagle with white head and tail is reported as flying over the lower Kennebec.

English Industry Improving. An improvement is being noted in England's shipbuilding industry.

Modern Stage

Needs More New Ideas

By HENRY MILLER

SEVERAL years ago one of the New York producing managers received the manuscript of a play from an utterly unknown author.

This was done, and the rewritten play, only faintly suggesting the original manuscript, was produced and immediately achieved success.

The search for embryo dramatists, is, in my opinion, the most intelligent and practicable method of unearthing latent talent ever suggested.

Chicago in particular and the middle west in general are more interested in serious drama than any other section of the United States.

It is the hope of every one seriously interested in the American stage that the vogue of frivolous and indecent entertainments flourishing in many New York theaters will be extremely short lived.



Wide Range for Weather Man

By EMERSON HOUGH

and 100 per cent. is allowed the bureau. Stationary temperature gives the forecaster a range of six degrees above and six degrees below the temperature of the previous day at eight a. m.; in other words, a range of 12 degrees.

Moreover, the "total average" of verifications of forecasts is made up for the entire country, which includes easy guesses and hard guesses.

In New England, with a weather bureau, no one can tell approximately what the weather will be. It is between these two extremes of easy and hard guesses that you must figure out the value of the weather bureau's performances in guessing.

Modern Girl Must Have Daring

By A. M. ROWE

too wise in her knowledge of things; add keeping her in continual ignorance, making her a prude, too straight-laced, and frightened of her own shadow.

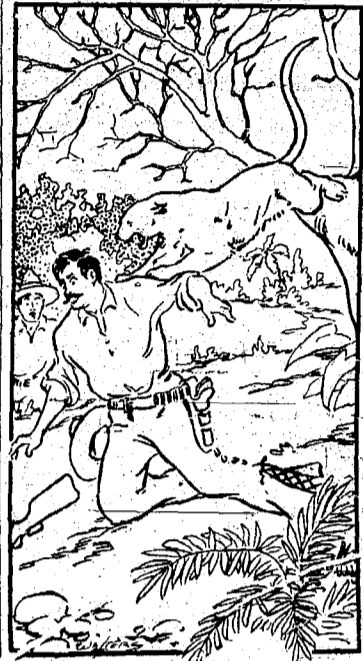
A girl of the present must be strong-willed, able to judge and act for herself in time of necessity; for, if her eyes are not sufficiently open to know the world with its intrigues, its temptations, how is she to avoid the pitfalls?

A girl who has to face the world and make her own living, although not physically the man's equal, needs his self-reliance and daring; she must conquer her own weakness, even in a way sink her individuality as a woman, overcome herself and her inclinations, stifle that portion of herself which entitles a woman to have nerves, and brace herself to the unequal conflict of paving a way for herself, shaping her own destiny.

HUNTER IS EATEN BY A FEROCIOUS TIGER

ONLY SHIRT OF VICTIM IS LEFT—HORRIFIED GUIDE TELLS VERSION OF AFFAIR.

Monterey, Mexico.—One of a party of five hunters returned to this city with one of the saddest tales reported here in years.



A Monstrous Tiger Sprang Upon Him.

ascertaining if possible the haunts of game, after which they intended having a general hunt.

His companions were soon startled by the terrible cries of the guide rushing into camp, but could get no word out of him, except "tigre, tigre," as he showed them several terrible gashes in his side and about his shoulders.

Standing there in silence, no one stirred for awhile, when one of the men started back to camp. He was followed by the others. At camp they heard the guide's version of the affair.

The party broke camp the following morning. The guides lost their way, and after days of wandering about the mountains, came to a small village, when the one reporting these details left the others to come to Monterey, while they went on to Chihuahua to bear the sad tidings of their companion's death to his family.

LIFE SAVED BY WOODEN LEG.

Companions See Floating Pin and, Righting Owner, Make for Shore.

St. Joseph, Mo.—To his wooden leg, which floated on the water and showed the spot where he was, Ed Coffin attributes the fact that he did not meet a watery death when a boat in which he, Art Frye and a negro were boating on Lake Contrary tipped over and spilled its occupants into the water.

Coffin and his companions went out on the lake, and despite the wind, managed to enjoy themselves for some time. Then a puff of wind blew Coffin's hat into the lake. He reached out to grab it, and his wooden leg hooked under the seat and as Coffin lost his balance and fell downward the leg tipped the boat and its two other unsuspecting occupants into the icy water.

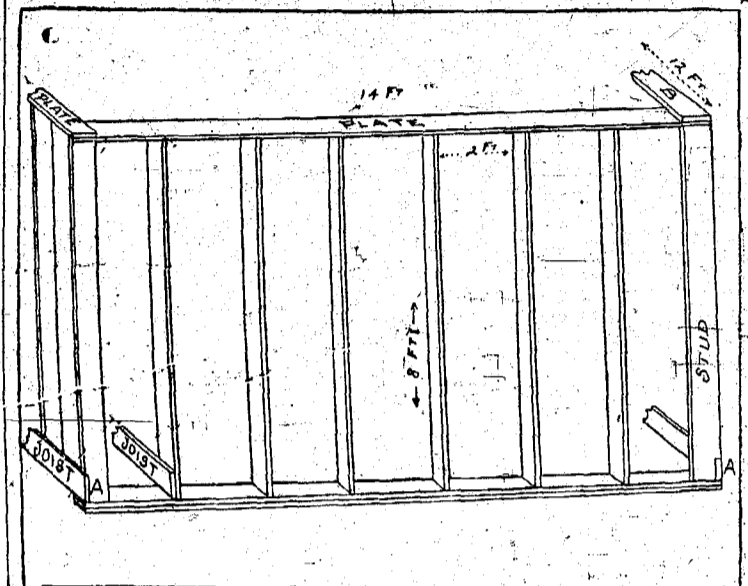
Frye and the negro promptly grabbed the overturned craft and then looked around for Coffin. He had disappeared, but a few feet away an object, which was recognized as his wooden leg, was floating on the water.

Maniac Flees to Morgue. Altoona, Pa.—Clad only in his pajamas and barefooted, Lathero Cornish, temporarily insane, rained a window and made his escape from the hospital. The police searched the town and failed to find him, but he turned up in time for breakfast. He had taken refuge in the hospital morgue, where he went to sleep.

PORTABLE GRANARY IS HANDY ON ANY FARM

Detailed Plans for the Construction of Building to Hold Thousand Bushels of Grain that Can Be Moved.

To contain a thousand bushels a granary should be 12x14 feet with 2-foot studs. The frame should be made of planks 2x6 inches fastened by 1-inch spikes.

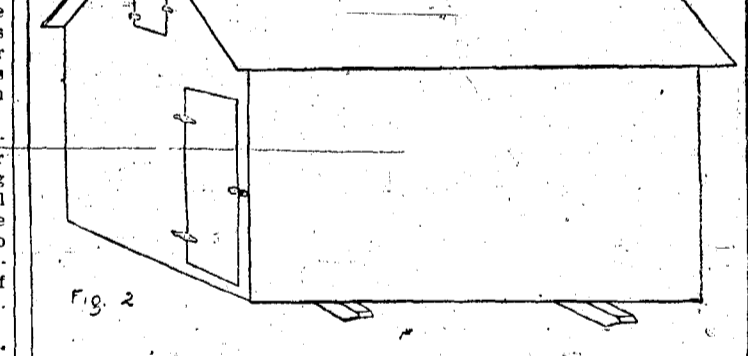


Side Frame of Granary.

when the flooring is nailed to these joists it holds the end wall firm against the pressure of the wheat. After spiking down through the plate into the studs and up through one plank of the sill into the other end of the studs, the lower plank of the sill may be spiked to the upper plank of the sill.

To move these granaries make two skids from timber 4x6 inches, 14 feet long with a block spiked on the back end. Round up the other end like a sleigh runner and bore a hole, into which a large clevis may be fastened.

Two men went into an F street bookstore in Washington, and one of them said to the clerk: "I want Cardinal Gibbons' book on Rome."



Frame of Granary.

two feet apart as before. These end studs are cut similar to the corner ones, except that they must be made two inches (or the thickness of the plank) longer than the corner ones, so as to reach the higher plate and fit on the inside of the end joist as before.

The gables are formed by putting up a pair of rafters at each end and spiking to these, upright pieces of 2x4-inch scantling resting on the end plate and spiked to it. Two of these should

LOOK NOW TO DRY FARMING

Method of Cultivating Lands Hitherto Considered Arid.

"Dry farming, quickly defined, is the art of raising grain, fruit and vegetables on lands hitherto considered arid, and of no value except for sheep grazing," announces John F. Burns, secretary treasurer of the Dry Farming congress.

"In dry farming, a region in which less than eight inches of moisture falls is of little use, but where the rainfall or snowfall amounts to more than eight inches good crops of grain and fruit are being successfully grown at this time.

"For wheat, I would recommend plowing in the fall to a depth of at least 12 inches; then following up with the harrow in the same direction as the plow. In a few weeks another harrowing would be in order, and through the year I would harrow frequently. In order to have the soil retain all the moisture in the atmosphere that could be obtained. In the following fall I would plant red winter wheat, and when this was up a few inches I would run a harrow over it to tear out a certain proportion of the plants. Later on I would repeat the harrowing process. I have known 60 bushels of wheat to be raised in arid regions by such a process, which, of course, allows of only one crop every two years."



# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
Copyright, 1919, by A. S. DUNLAP & CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrop.

"Yes, and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokyo. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's 100 to 1 we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the looks of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrop promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—Say, what's become of that whisky flask? have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrop, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrop held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads, if we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes;—and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky-flask into his hip pocket and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the coryphene.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrop. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another source."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool he slung the coryphene



Stopped, Utterly Spent.

on his back and started off without further words.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A Journey in Desolation.



MORNING was well advanced and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

In a temperate climate ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrop, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit of that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrop did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four-miles. Mush and sassiety girls!"

Though he spoke to himself the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed and would have risen had not Winthrop put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order judged me for the winter 'cause I didn't have a job and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only 16 and the other 17. Talk about helpless young girls—Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in

the curse, for when he again spoke there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrop couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long it's the only way don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrop, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrop.

"Well, we've got to get to water or die; and as the lady can't walk she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrop, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrop nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

"Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrop, though burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, tottered along, behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause, though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrop was no longer following them. For

the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the knob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrop?"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wrenched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrop upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrop held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half-unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm and dragged her forward with a rush in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another 100 yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope and dropping upon his knees plunged his head into the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Faith and Hope. Mayne—if you don't love him why are you going to marry him?

Maybelle—Oh, I expect to love him after we are married. He has promised that on the morning of our wedding day he will shave off his dinky little French beard.

## NOT A MATTER OF LOYALTY.

Simple But Insuperable Reason Why Subject Could Not Kneel Before His King.

One fancies that few types of men, can, from time to time, have afforded royalty more amusement of a quiet sort than provincial mayors of England. "From the Foreland to Penzance," by Clive Holland, contains the story of a mayor of Weymouth who, during one of the visits of King George to the town, was destined to afford "comic relief" to a ceremony of some importance.

The occasion was the presentation of an address of welcome to the king, and we are told that the mayor, on approaching to present it, to the astonishment and dismay of all, instead of kneeling, as he had been told to do, seized the queen's hand to shake it as he might that of any other lady.

Col. Gwynne, the master of the ceremonies, hurriedly told him of the faux pas, saying: "You should have kneeled, sir."

"Sir, I cannot," was the reply. "Everybody does, sir," hotly asserted the colonel.

The mayor grew red, and evidently much upset, exclaimed: "Confound it, sir, but I've got a wooden leg!"

History records that "a smile suffused the face of her majesty, and the king laughed outright."—Youth's Companion.

## Logical Reasoning.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way: I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry. And if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

## Household Hint.

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I have some novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?"

"The best way I know of to use a chafing dish is to punch a hole in the bottom of it, paint it green and plant flowers in it."—Washington Star.

## Iron Ore Fields in Finland.

Though Finland has been regarded up to the present time as being extremely poor in iron ores, recent research has proved the existence of ore fields in South Finland (Nyland), and above all in the Ladoga lake district, which seem to be worth the expense of mining. For research purposes a company has been formed.

## Athleticism Extraordinary.

"Why," said the first athletic boaster, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up 80 gallons from the well." "That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."—Universalist Leader.

## The Vegetarian.

Nebuchadnezzar was eating grass. "Yes," he remarked, "I have come down to being a consumer." Herewith he regretted his lost estate.

## Succinct.

Justice O'Halloran—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly? Mrs. Kelly—I hov two living an' wan married!—Judy.

The difference between a cook and a chef is that the latter can fix up things to eat so you can't tell what they are.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.—Lord Palmerston.

# OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured."—LENA V. HENRY, Route No. 8, Adrian, Ga.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

## Women to Fight Tuberculosis.

One million women, representing cities, towns, villages and isolated rural settlements in every section of the country, are to-day enlisted in a campaign against tuberculosis, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In legislatures, in congress at Washington, in society gatherings, in churches and clubs, through speaking and writing—in every possible way, the women of the country are persistently fighting consumption.

With an organization established in every state of the country, under the direction of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and with associated clubs in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and the canal zone, the women of the country have entered a systematic crusade to carry the message of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis into every American home.

## The Captain's Repartee.

The captain of a trans-Atlantic liner, having become irritable as a result of some minor troubles in the ship's management and the unusually large number of ridiculous inquiries made by tourists, was heading for the "bridge" when a dapper young man halted him to inquire the cause of the commotion off the starboard side of the ship. Being on the port side, the captain politely replied, with some sarcasm, he was not certain, but thought it possible that a cat fish had just had kittens.—What-to-Eat.

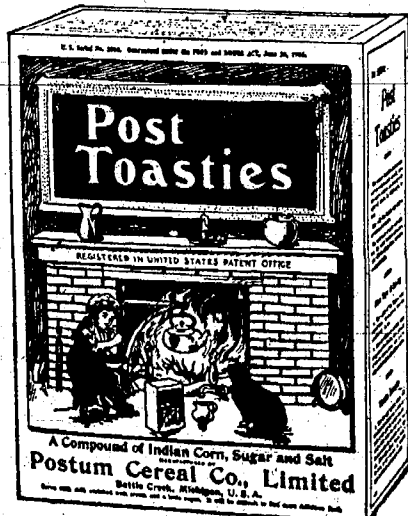
## Exclusive.

"Where do the Hottentots live, Mary?" a public-school teacher asked one of her pupils. "I don't know, 'm," said Mary, primly. "Ma won't let me visit any of the people in this neighborhood."—Youth's Companion.

You can never make a woman believe that she isn't saving money when she spends ten cents in car fare in order to obtain a dollar article for 98 cents.

## Appetite Calls

For food which promotes a prompt flow of the digestive juices—in addition to supplying nourishment.



## Post Toasties

is a most delicious answer to appetite.

It is, at the same time, full of the food-goodness of White Corn, and toasted to a crisp delicious brown.

"The Taste Lingers."

Popular pkg 10c; Large Family size 15c.



SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909.

**Class Oration.**  
By Bertha Shier.

**The Tragedy of Labor.**

(Continued from first page.)

cessor to be beneficial. This happens when the primary object of work is lost sight of; when the health is ruined for a mere sustenance in this great productive world; when the character is demoralized by being thrown continually in the pathway of vice; when the whole life is enslaved to a task which makes that life loathsome and which causes the doer to pray to our Creator for a grave in which to rest; when the spirit becomes so crushed that even the power of prayer no longer remains. Only when such abnormal conditions exist, when work becomes burdensome, is labor such a tragedy as to have an evil influence on society. If any kind of employment is so taxing on the energy or repulsive to the senses as not to be beneficial but rather injurious to the performer and the world at large, then that industry tends toward retrogression instead of progress.

Yet there are just such labor conditions in our own United States. To think that so many men must drag their lives out in tanneries, sweat shops and other places where the most terrible diseases are contracted. To think that women and children must bend under burdens which could only be intended for the strongest men; that they must toil in mills and factories until the last atom of their strength is exhausted. Ladies and Gentlemen, if you could but glance into the great glass factories of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, if you could but pass through the bituminous coal mines and the many cotton factories and there see the shriveled forms and sunken faces of little children who are doomed to spend their youthful years at a work which destroys their future hope of healthy manhood and womanhood, your hearts would indeed be shaken with the deepest pity.

Did you ever stop to realize that 10,000 boys work in coal mines; that 7,500 boys and girls are employed in glass factories; that 60,000 children toil in cotton mills; this means—and we are not taking into consideration the thousands of children working in bag factories, tobacco shops, nor the boot blacks, news boys and flower girls—80,000 children which comprise as many individuals as the total population of Grand Rapids. Many of these workers which we have enumerated are no more than nine years old and many are only six, in fact all of them are under sixteen. To be sure there are some laws forbidding this child labor, but the laws are lax enough so that these mills and factories are filled with children. At a bag company in Atlanta out of a total of one hundred and sixty hands, one hundred are children. All the sweepers and doffers were between seven and nine, and one little tot on being asked about her age, responded apologetically: "I'm five—I'm only he'p'n." Of course the employers are more than willing to hire such cheap help and when questioned as to the legality of child-labor, they answer that the factories could not be run without the assistance of the children; these men influenced by that almighty dollar, seem to think that it is quite right these children (human beings) should be crippled, deteriorated, and starved slowly to death so that a cotton or glass industry may prosper. Do we wish to let that grand old flag, that symbol of freedom for which our forefathers shed their blood, wave over a nation so financially ferocious? Certainly, we want our nation to be one of the most flourishing; but it is evident that this prosperity cannot last if this generation of boys and girls among the poor, of future fathers and mothers is to be sacrificed to our greed for gold. If this generation is to be ruined in health and intellect, pray, what will the next generation come to? Mrs. Browning ably describes these conditions in her poem "The Cry of the Children."

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in high places  
With eyes turned on Deity—  
How long; they say, how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world,  
Or a child's heart,  
Stifle down with matted heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes up, O gold heaper!

And your purple shows your path!  
But the child's woe in the silence  
Cured deeper.

Than the strong man in his wrath.  
The laws of health, by which your children are governed, provide for eight or nine hours of peaceful sleep together with all the benefits that can be derived from fresh air and sunshine. But it is no uncommon thing for boys and girls no more than nine or ten years old to work through a twelve hour night and then snatch a few hours rest during the hustle and bustle of the day in a busy city. Healthy, robust men object to working ten hours a day but it is customary for these waifs to work twelve hours. These children are God's children just as yours are; yes, they are just as human as yours; and yet, there is no one to help them on with a cheery word or raise their thoughts to a higher plane by kindly admonition. They are not guided in their daily duties by a mother's or father's hand. Oh no, far different! Their labor is continually under the critical eyes of overseers who have no regard whatever for the necessities, but rather look to their efficiency as mere machines.

Certainly the conditions in those workshops are not advisable for the healthy development of childhood. The appearance of these places is dingy and unattractive; the ceaseless hum of the machinery produces a peculiar bedlam; the air is an endless cloud of dust which gradually fills the lungs that inhale it at every breath. People are not usually allowed to enter, to watch the monsters, these cruel Minotaurs, feed upon human lives. No persons can dlyest the world of this terrible calamity; no indeed! it will require the bravest diligence and unceasing persistence of the strongest men and women to purge our country of this deep seated evil.

Not only must these children toil from early morning until late at night, not only must their little bodies be twisted from struggling with the great seething, throbbing machines; but with steps utterly weary, with faces haggard and toll-worn, with eyes jaded and listless they must return to, oh! such wretched places which in their ignorance they designate by our cherished name—home. Here all the conditions of the slums exist in plenty; squalor beyond imagination; dingy old shacks that would make their occupants forget that there ever was any beauty in the outside world. The general impressions are appalling; little babies wallowing in the dirt proclaiming innocently the fact of existence; old women sitting idly by, probably smoking a pipe for their worn bodies crave some stimulant, depending for their bread and butter on others whose burdens already are too heavy. When these bread-winners file into their homes at meal times is it any wonder, even after the day's strenuous activity, that they cannot eat ravenously of the food before them? Your children are always hungry and anxious for the wholesome meals that await them after their roisterous and healthful play. But these children are so worn out that they can only nibble at the meal "which sure did seem as if it had no taste." Then after supper what takes place in your home? The little ones climb upon your knees and listen eagerly to the wonderful stories you tell: "Alladin and the wonderful Lamp," "Little Red Riding Hood," the myths about the brownies and fairies. The older ones seated in an easy chair enjoy one of Scott's or Dickens' novels or may be entertain themselves at a game or with some music. Here the force of Longfellow's lines comes back to you:

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation  
Which is known as the children's hour.

But what a different hour is spent in these lowly homes! No tales are told for the parents have no happy remembrances from their own childhood; the children read no stories for they have no books, and probably could not read them if they had them. After their hard day's work they roll into beds actually filthy while your children are tucked under snowy coverlets. I know you shudder at the sad fate of these castaways and think "Thank God, my children don't have to be deprived of the hearty participation of their well cooked meals eaten from a white spread covered with pretty glass and china and fragrant smelling flowers. Thank Heaven, they are healthy, happy, and rosy checked, and have an overflow of spirits that induces them to partake in every romp that their little friends delight in." But that is as far as your thoughts go. You draw your cloaks about you and wash your hands of all responsibility for those unfortunate ones, who from no fault of their own are deprived of these inherent rights and what is worse, who are denied the nourishment and pure surroundings which give to other children their strength to succeed in after life.

But there is a class of children who have no homes at all. The boot-blacks and newboys occupy the streets of the city during the day and at night are kicked into some by-alley there to find whatever resting place may offer itself. Imagine what indignities to evil are thrown before these little vagabonds! Is it a wonder that they become perpetrators of crime?

Ladies, those beautiful flowers that adorn those hats which cost you so much uneasiness just about Easter time, those hats which when they come floating into church almost make your preacher angry, yes, those very flowers are a source of much anxiety to many little children. Months before hand they begin to think of the time with dread when they shall have to bend over that tedious task and exert every effort to supply your demands. What beauty can they see in flowers when the only ones they know are not the blossoms hailed by all as the most beautiful tokens of God's fruitful summer, but rather the symbols of evil smelling dyes, hot irons, glue and rubber and the gossy din of the factory. Should our vanity be so blind as to demand from these children the sweet meaning of the Resurrection of our Christ and cause them to think of it with disgust? Surely the Lord did not intend to exclude one child from sharing in the bounteous gifts which He sends to bedeck Mother Earth, when He said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the kingdom of heaven."

There are many good people who are doing a great deal to mitigate the hardships of these laborers: James Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie are giving their money freely to aid in this work; Jane Adams, that whole-souled woman, is making a mighty effort to raise these sufferers from the terrible depths; indeed we are honored by having with us tonight one who is almost making it his life work to brighten those clouded lives. But it can be readily seen, that even though there are a large number of true helpers, that they cannot administer to the needs of thousands and also to all posterity.

What we need for the entire abolition of these terrible labor conditions is the removal of their causes. And in order that this national crime may be uprooted, our government must put forth its strong right arm to enact the most stringent laws and then enforce them. Sometime ago under the guidance of our most noble president, armies of warriors volunteered their service to free our country from the bondage of black slavery; but now God calls through the cry of the children on volunteers for a nobler cause; He calls on an army of workers who, for the sake of those slaves to our country's greed, have the souls to dare add to do.

**Ladies' Equity Notes.**

The Forget-me-not Local met on Wednesday at Mrs. Blanche Carney's with a good number present also two visitors from the Rose Local, Mrs. Baiser and Mrs. Frank Kidder. Mrs. Kidder reported a new local of the Farmer's Society of Equity organized near Bellaire, organized by Mr. Kidder. Forget-me-not Local decided to spend the Fourth at Walker's Landing on Intermediate lake. Will have a basket picnic. Report was made by committee to the local on the action taken regarding our exhibit by the Fair Ass'n. The local resolved to make their exhibit at the Bellaire fair. Plans were also completed for memorial June 27th. Program published next week. Next meeting of the local will be held with Mrs. Isabel Thomas in two weeks.  
Michigan Rose Local met with Mrs. John Cramer on Tuesday. Fifteen ladies present and a lively meeting held. Next meeting to be with Mrs. Fannie Vance at Finkton.

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

**No Rest Day or Night**

"I would lay awake for hours without any apparent cause, or dream terrible dreams which would bring on extreme spells of nervousness. After taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and Tonic for awhile I could sleep well, and the nervous spells have left me."  
MISS ALMA HUG,  
R. R. No. 4, Canal Dover, Ohio.

Without sleep the nervous system soon becomes a wreck, and the healthful activity of all the organs obstructed. Restful, body-building sleep accompanies the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine because it soothes the irritable nerves, and restores nervous energy. When taken a few days according to directions, the most restless sufferer will find sleep natural and healthful. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

**The Boston Store**  
We Guarantee a Perfect Fit or Money Refunded.

**Real and Radical Reductions**  
—ON—  
**Men's and Boys' Clothing**  
**Ladies' and Misses' Skirts and Waists.**

Over 1000 stylish garments reduced to less than wholesale cost. It has been an unusual season. Never were such tempting opportunities offered by manufacturers with extensive overstocks.  
In order to raise \$2,000 by July first we are practically compelled to cut the price of every piece in two.


**Dress and Walking Skirts at Half Price.**  
You know what our Skirt department is. We carry the best line of Skirts in the city. We have them in beautiful colors, good cloth and the finest makes.

**The Boston Store** A. DANTO  
Proprietor...

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.**

**Neckwear**  
We are showing some of the Newest, Neatest and Drrrsiest Neckties ever in stock in this town.

You will find the exact Shade or Combination of shades in any make or shape of Ties you wish to wear.



**Notice our Clothing Window**  
For the Correct Things.

We carry a complete stock in styles, heights and sizes of the ARROW COLLARS.  
They are the Best in America.

If you care about the appearance of your Neckwear you will do well to come and let us show you the goods that are correct.

**Prints for 1 week, 5c yard.**

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**



## Briefs of the Week

Get the Bijou habit.

Did you see the Eclipse?

"Curfew shall not blow tonight."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Van-Steenburg a daughter, Monday.

Hamilton has a large assortment of Comic Postals, Name Cards and local views.

The Summer School of the Needham Business College of Traverse City opens Monday, June 28th. See adv. elsewhere.

Mr. Hum runs an Excursion to Boyne City, Sunday leaving here at 10:00 a. m. Ball Game, Cheboygan vs. Boyne. Round trip 50c.

Maccabee Excursion to Traverse City next Wednesday, the 23rd, via E. J. & S. and P. M. Ry's. Through train leaves here at 6:30 a. m. Round trip \$1.30.

Miss Fay Nicholas left Monday for Mt. Pleasant to attend the graduation exercises of friends at the normal. From there she goes to Saginaw, Bay City and Detroit where she visits.

Boyne City is making big preparations to celebrate the Fourth, on Saturday—the day preceding. As neither of the two sister towns on the lake celebrate, we'll all go over. Particulars later.

East Jordan contractors are again this time the Carnegie Library at Charlevoix. At a meeting Tuesday night Harry S. Price was awarded the mason and carpenter work and Malpass Bros. Iron Works the heating and plumbing.

An inspection car with the officials of the M. C. R. R., accompanied by Gen. Mgr. Clark Haire, made a trip over the D. & C. last Saturday. While at Alba the party took carriages and drove to the landslide near there with a view of making it a summer resort.

A wedding party, consisting of Frank Trojanek and Miss Minnie Mayhew, Clifford Mayhew and Miss Aura Keller, called at the Methodist parsonage Monday noon, where the former couple were united in marriage by Rev. W. W. Lampert. Mr. and Mrs. Trojanek will be at home near the Mt. Bliss school house.

Mrs. F. E. Boosinger returns first of the week from Chicago with her daughter, Lucille, who underwent an operation in the West Side hospital there for a most peculiar trouble—a floating particle under the knee-cap, called by the Germans "mouse-in-the-joint." Five surgeons performed the operation, and only one had ever met with such a case.

Children's Day was observed at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning and the service was a success in every way. W. Sloan, superintendent of the Sunday School took charge of the exercises which consisted of songs and recitations. All the children did remarkably well and credit is due to all who took part. Mrs. Grigsby gave a very interesting talk to the children which was enjoyed by all present. Miss Emily Malpass, Sunday school organist, presided at the organ.

W. E. Hall, of Ann Arbor, Mich., state field secretary of the Society of Christian Endeavor, visited East Jordan Tuesday in the interests of that society. Dinner was served by the local society on the lawn at the Presbyterian parsonage and in the afternoon Mr. Hall gave an address to officers and other workers on the duties of each department. It was also decided to elect a county vice president and Misses Agnes Porter, Eva Lewis and Violet Grigsby were appointed to take up the matter with other societies of the county and secure such election. In the evening Mr. Hall gave a public address to a large audience in the church, on the subject of "Wayside Service." His visit was of great service to the young people of the church and congregation.

On Monday, June 14th, the W. R. C. celebrated Flag Day at Mrs. E. C. Swafford's by a delightful afternoon in the way of a reception to the new members who have recently joined. Old Glory was much in evidence on the lawn, swinging from the trees, and over the doorway. Inside the rooms were prettily decorated with flowers, bunting, flags, etc. Each guest was decked with a tiny flag and a flower as they were greeted by the hostess and president, also secretary of the Corps. A short program was rendered. Mrs. Swafford, in a few appropriate and pleasing words, welcomed the new members. In her remarks she surprised them by stating she was celebrating her twenty-first anniversary as a member of the W. R. C. A humorous sketch by Mrs. M. P. Honey, recitations by Mesdames E. Hammond and W. J. Smith. The Misses Eva Waterman and Lena Crawford sang "The Star Spangled Banner" while Miss Ruth Crawford gave it in pantomime. A guessing contest, and then ice cream and cake were served.

W. F. Worth of Tower is guest of Josiah St. John.

Walter Roberts was a Mancelona visitor, Monday.

F. B. Gahett was a Traverse City visitor, Thursday.

James Howey has been improving some the past few days.

Mrs. Thomas Joynt was guest of Bellaire friends, Tuesday.

Jamps Knight of Mancelona was an East Jordan visitor, Monday.

Pictures of 1st, 2nd and 6th grade pupils for sale at Hamilton's.

Miss Maud Burdick is visiting with Mrs. James Howey this week.

Misses Maud and Lola Cross are guests of Central Lake friends.

M. H. Robertson is on a business trip through the eastern states.

Miss Lou A. Rice left Saturday last for Kalamazoo where she spends the summer.

E. J. & S. Excursion to Traverse City next Wednesday. Round trip fare \$1.30.

Mrs. C. H. Pray is receiving a visit from her mother, Mrs. Boulard, of Mancelona.

Mrs. W. E. Malpass is receiving a visit from her mother, Mrs. Rounds of Traverse City.

Supervisor Graff was at the County Capitol latter part of last week on official business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mack are entertaining Miss Agnes Thornby of Beaverton this week.

Mrs. E. J. Crossman entertained Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. George Frost of San Diego, Cal.

When you want Ice Cream for parties, socials, receptions, lodge etc., leave your order at Hamilton's.

Mrs. W. J. Smith is receiving a visit from her sister, Mrs. D. C. Brooks, of San Jose, California.

Mrs. J. B. Tindale of Cass City; and Mesdames May Kimball and J. B. Marsh of St. Ignace were East Jordan visitors this week.

We have Bread and National Biscuit Co.'s Baked Goods, both in bulk and package, convenient for picnics and lunches. E. A. Lewis.

Miss Isabel Lampert and Miss M. J. Malpass left Tuesday for Leslie Mich., where the former will visit for three weeks. At the close of this week Miss Malpass will visit friends in Lansing.

The pupils of the sixth grade, Miss Rice teacher, have established an enviable record for promptness. During the past 31 months none were tardy. Erzsela McMillan, Bernice Bush and Leden Stewart were neither absent or tardy during the entire year, Lynn VanSteenburg was absent only one day and Leslie Miles 14 days.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their next regular meeting on the West Side at the home of Mrs. David Ruch. Topic: "The Mission of the Flowers." There will be fine music and select readings. Everyone is invited to be with us. Bring flowers that they may be distributed among the "shut-ins" given to the sick, disconsolate and discouraged. It will do you good to be there and learn why we have a Flower Mission Day and department. Leaders, Mrs. Lida Hoyt and Mrs. Mercy Ruch.

SEARCHING FOR A WIFE—Am mining man, 34 years old, never married, good health, character, and some accomplishments. Have accumulated over \$25,000 in Nevada mining and will settle down in beautiful California with the woman of my choice. Desire to know lady 18 to 30 years old, fair looking, possessing good common sense and who would appreciate good home. No objection to widow. All correspondence confidentially received.—John W. Grant, Truckee, California.

Those wanting school pictures can get them at Hamilton's.

Services as usual at the Methodist church Sabbath, June 20. All are invited.

Children's Day will be celebrated at the Methodist church on Sunday, June 27.

The Methodist Ladies Aid meet with Mrs. George Bowen next Wednesday afternoon, June 23rd. Mrs. H. C. Swafford assists in the entertainment. Full attendance desired and visitors always welcome.

Rev. A. D. Grigsby is still on his outing so there will be no preaching services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday. Sunday School as usual at 12:00 o'clock. The Y. P. S. C. E. will meet in the church parlors at 6:30 p. m. All young people are cordially invited to attend and strangers will be given a hearty welcome. Subject for next Sunday, Pilgrim's Progress "The Hill Difficulty." Junior C. E. at three o'clock. Mothers, send your children.

The service at the Methodist church Sabbath evening consisted largely of music furnished by the choir. Among the several special selections was a solo by Miss Susan Walsh, at the close of which the pastor called attention to the fact of its being the termination of her service in the choir. During the two years in which she has taught in our public schools Miss Walsh has been a faithful and efficient helper in this department of church work, and the pastor spoke in grateful recognition of the fact. He also recognized the services of Miss Lula Babcock at the organ and as a teacher in the Sunday School and also spoke of other teacher-helpers who are to remain for another year.

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

Green, Oxblood and Tan colored Oxfords going at cost at the Fair Store, Wallace Weiss, Prop.

We are constantly receiving Fruit and Vegetables of all kinds. This variety is excellent at present.

E. A. Lewis.

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

### Eighth Grade Examination.

One hundred sixty students wrote the eighth grade examination in Charlevoix county on May 5 & 6.

The list of questions this year, while it was a very comprehensive, was considered to be a very fair one.

The results were very gratifying to the teachers of the county in general. The average standing of the pupils this year is somewhat higher than that of previous years, yet a close examination of the records discloses the fact that the work is not so well balanced as that of former years, numerous cases being noted in which the student has earned very high marks in half or more of the subjects while their marks in the others would be so low that we could not issue diplomas.

We do not know whether this is caused by the tendency of the times to specialize or by a weakness on the part of the teacher or pupils in handling certain subjects but we are at a loss to know why a student who can write a paper that is worth 85 per cent in arithmetic and grammar should earn but 12 per cent in geography or why another who earns 97 per cent in arithmetic and 81 per cent in geography should get but 12 per cent in grammar.

Such examples as these kept the number of diplomas granted away below what the general work of the applicants would seem to warrant.

In Boyne twenty-three diplomas were issued. In Charlevoix while but three diplomas were issued, yet twelve of the students passed in everything excepting Civil Govt. which is a twelfth grade subject in the school there and the students were not expected to write good papers in that subject.

In East Jordan but part of the class wrote. Seven diplomas were issued and several other students will be allowed to take ninth grade work and make up a subject or two in which they were low.

We will not take the space to print the names of the students from the villages as they will probably be given by the Superintendents' reports. The following students from the rural schools were given diplomas:—

Ethel Britnall, Eunice Lishm, Fred Sherman, Mary I. Clark, Clarence Meggison, Paul Bathke, Bernice May Stephens, Chas. J. Allers, Bau ah Howe, Don Schleins, Roy Winkler, Thomas

Scroggie, Hazel Myers, Hazel Lanway, Verna Fineout, Louis Flanders, Ray M. Karcher, Maggie Spura, Julia May Gibson, Lawrence J. Malloy, Nina Harper, Ula C. Wakeman, Willie Danton, Roy Flora, Ida Milton, Hazel Gilmartin, Edith Stafford, Willard Howe, Fred Erfourth, Forest Pratt, Amy L. Smith, Bertha Ecker, Artie Ecker, Lawrence Weaver.

In issuing diplomas, the board has been very conservative. A good many others were very near the mark and we hope that we have not discouraged anyone. We feel, however, that to give a diploma that is not earned is a more serious mistake than to withhold one that has come very near the passing mark.

Respectfully,  
J. H. Milford, Commissioner.

All the latest styles in Gent's Hats at cost.—Wallace Weiss.

Call and see those guaranteed Springs at WHITTINGTON'S.

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

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

Jackson Stewart, the Horse-shoer has returned from Manistique to accept his old position back from Chas. Shedina where he will be at home to horse owners ten hours a day from now on. Yours for good horse shoeing.—J. Stewart.

Cut Flowers For Sale.

Parties desiring to purchase Cut Flowers can procure same by applying to Mrs. James Howard, Fifth-st.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$1500

Officers: W. P. Porter, President; W. L. French, Vice Pres.; Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier; B. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier

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

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending June 12, 1909.

Letters:—

Gennett, Mr. Frank Howard Gerald, Robinson Miss Blanch Cards.

Cook Mrs. Jennie Jones Mr. George Smith Miss Nettie.

FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

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.

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

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.

LOSING FLESH

in summer can be prevented by taking

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It's as beneficial in summer as in winter. If you are weak and run down it will give you strength and build you up.

Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

SECRETS OF RUG MAKING.

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

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

Potoskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co. Ltd., Potoskey, Mich.

## GREAT DOINGS

There is going to be great doings all over very shortly.

Are you ready for it in

Dry Goods Shoes Clothing

We are showing some right good ones in Worsteds

Cheviots and Cassimeres.

A Snap in Fine Tailored Clothing at \$10, \$12, \$15, \$16.

50 and \$18.

We cannot duplicate on these because the weaver has no more cloth. So be sure you get in.

This Snap for Children—58 Suits, Sizes 6 to 14.

worth \$2.50 to \$3.50, choice \$1.98

# L. WIESMAN

## Closing Out of this Season's Millinery Below Cost.

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

Gazlay's Bazaar Millinery Store

## SUMMER SCHOOL

AT THE

### Needham Business College

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

Opens Monday, June 28.

The best place to prepare for teachers' examination. Superintendents C. M. Novak and A. H. Clark, two leading educators, will have charge of the Normal work. Prof. C. H. Horn of Grinnell College, Iowa, will deliver ten lectures on "American Men of Letters," and Prof. Lee Hornsby will give ten American History lectures.

SPECIAL SUMMER RATES WILL BE OFFERED IN Commercial branches. Now is the time to begin a business or shorthand course. For Further Information write

W. P. NEEDHAM, Pres.



### SPENCER OF COURSE.

Any one in East Jordan will tell you that good Plumbing is assured, if we do the work. We employ only skilled workmen and guarantee satisfaction. The best of

### PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

can always be found here in large quantities at attractive prices. Get our estimate.

### MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

# 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.

# 1910 CALENDAR 1910 SAMPLES 1910

Now On Display At Herald Office



# The Katydid Mine Swindle

By an Ex-Operative of the Secret Service

## Captain Dickson's Own Story of Unearthing a Colossal Fraud



**A**S A RULE, the inspectors of the post-office department look after matters of fraudulent uses of the mails, said Capt. Dickson on a certain occasion when I had dropped in for a quiet smoke and a glass of sherry, but when a case develops unusual difficulties the secret-service department is called upon. This does not often happen, however, for there is a lot of rivalry between these departments and not a little jealousy. It is only as a last resort that our branch of the machinery of government is brought into requisition, and not until the post-office inspectors have failed utterly.

A case of this character occurred a few years ago in one of the larger western cities.

It was a mining case—a company backed by \$50,000,000 capital stock—and, to all appearances, it was a legitimate scheme. Among its directors were four or five well-known western mining men, one I remember being an ex-senator. It advertised extensively in the newspapers and by circulars. Orders for stock were pouring into the company in such large quantities that it required two and three mail-wagons, sometimes, to haul a single day's mail.

The advertising matter of the company, which operated under the name of the Amalgamated Gold Syndicate, was cleverly written. It stated that the discoverers of the mine were two poor prospectors without kin or kith but with hearts overflowing with generosity, who, from the two millions of stock that each owned, derived a revenue greater than either could spend and, appreciating the afflictions of the poor and the scant opportunities for a man of small means to find a safe and profitable investment for his savings, they had decided to share their wealth and prosperity with their fellow men.

The company placed \$2,000,000 of stock upon the market each year, \$1,000,000 in January and \$1,000,000 in July. It advertised that no one person would be allowed to subscribe for more than \$100 of each semi-annual issue and that the subscription-books would be closed as soon as the requisite million was subscribed.

The post-office department became suspicious as soon as the advertisements began to appear, and the inspectors were immediately put upon the case. They worked for six months and found nothing that supported this suspicion in the slightest. On the other hand, they established beyond doubt that the mine had been discovered by two poor miners who had no relatives living, so far as could be determined, that they had induced capitalists to invest \$1,000,000 in cash in the venture, and had then organized and incorporated the Amalgamated Gold Syndicate with a paid up capital of \$5,000,000, selling the mine to the corporation for \$1,000,000 of stock. The mine was called "The Katydid," and it had been worked for a time by the corporation at a big profit. The two miners, poor no longer, had, after a time conceived their charitable scheme, and had put it through much against the wishes of the minority stockholders, who were powerless to prevent it.

Accordingly, the capital stock had been increased from \$5,000,000 to \$50,000,000 and the charter authorized \$2,000,000 of the increased stock to be sold each year.

The company apparently did everything that it advertised. It regularly paid its stockholders an annual dividend of 20 per cent.

Hudson, one of the miners, was president of the company, and in charge of the offices it maintained in the western city, which I have already mentioned, while Mason, the other of the discoverers, was general manager and in control at the mine. Back Hudson and Mason bore out the characters that the advertising matter of the syndicate gave to them. They dressed in rough, cheap clothing, chewed tobacco, and showed a disregard for money that is characteristic of men who have worked hard all their lives against an adverse fortune and who have suddenly come into great wealth. In everything they noted the parts of uncouth, uneducated sons of the soil.

At the Katydid mine, visitors were always welcome. They were shown over the properties with the greatest freedom, only one place, the small building where the metal was separated from the amalgam, was denied to them. Mason explained this by saying that the company possessed a secret process for refining which he had discovered and which was known only to himself, to Hudson, and to Belden, the company's chemist.

This, in brief, was the status of the case when I was put on it. It was given to me because I had been a miner and prospector and had studied geology and assaying.

After working a week on the case I was satisfied that the company was

a fraud, but I readily saw that I had no common crooks to deal with.

My figures showed that the mine was producing less than \$300 of ore a day, little more than enough to pay the expenses of operating, and certainly not enough to sustain the expensive offices in the city and pay the fabulous dividends on the stock.

I didn't take a bit of stock in Mason's claim of a secret process of refining. I knew that was a fake outright, but I wanted confirmation of it, and the only way to obtain this was to get inside the little building at the mine where Mason and Belden slept and where the separation of the gold from the amalgam was effected.

I had almost worked myself into a fever over it when, one night, I went up to my room at the little hotel of the mining camp after supper and sat down to read myself to sleep. I had bought a couple of paper-back novels at the drug store, from its rather limited stock, and among them there was a copy of Victor Hugo's masterpiece. I had read the book before, but it was a favorite of mine and I hadn't much choice in the matter of selection. I was so wrought up over the question of getting into the refining-plant that connected reading was out of the question, so I skipped about through the book, reading a chapter here and

it was something after ten o'clock when I completed my investigation, and I decided to explore the pipe without further delay. I removed my shoes and hid them beneath a bowlder, looked to the cartridges in my revolver, a precaution I have always taken since a certain adventure down on the Rio Grande. Then I crept into the pipe. It was cool and clammy and as dark as a dungeon. I had a little pocket electric flash-light, but was afraid to use it, as the distance to the refining-plant was less than 100 yards from the ravine.

My progress was slow and tiresome. Nevertheless, in good time, I came to a point where the pipe made an abrupt turn straight down, which convinced me that I was about at the end of my journey. I reached down the hole as far as my arm would go, but couldn't touch bottom so, after listening for a time and hearing nothing more than a distant drip, drip of water which was most lonesome, mysterious, and melancholy, I tore my pocket-handkerchief into strips and weighted it with a cartridge so that I might sound the inky depths below. I was sensible enough not to drop down into the pipe without making a reckoning, as I had learned this precaution by sad experience. To my great relief the plummet struck bot-

tom about four feet down and I cautiously lowered myself, feet first, into the well.

It was rather close quarters, but I managed to feel about me in every direction, and to my dismay found that at this point the pipe divided into half a dozen smaller ones, none of them over six inches in diameter. This was a sad blow to my hopes and I felt almost defeated, so great was my chagrin. There was nothing to do but clamber back to the straight stretch of the pipe, where I paused a moment to think.

It was so dark that I couldn't see my hand before me, so I thought it safe to take out my pocket-lamp and examine my surroundings. Flashing overhead, I was overjoyed to see that the bend in the pipe was arranged with a circular door which was held down by a spring catch which fastened beneath a flange. I released this, and was rejoiced to feel the door move upward when I pushed against it.

It was an opening large enough to permit a man's body to pass through it, and I suppose it must have been arranged so that the pipe could be cleaned out if it should become clogged with leaves or trash. At any rate it offered the much sought entrance to the building, for when I pushed the top upwards a few inches and peered out beneath it I could see the faint rays of the perfect moon re-

flected upon the bare brick walls of the building. With great caution I raised the lid upright and crawled out of the opening.

I was indeed within the mysterious building. In my excitement at this discovery I released my hold of the upright lid and it fell to with a metallic report that sounded, to my senses, like the boom of a coast-defense gun.

The next instant I heard a voice, which I recognized as Mason's, excitedly below:

"Who's that," he demanded. "Hey, Belden," he continued, "something's broke loose."

I didn't know what to do, so great was my surprise at my own rash act and its consequences.

I could hear Belden sleepily call back something that I could not make out and Mason reply. Then there was a creaking of springs and two dull thuds, as the men sprang from their beds. It was a ticklish situation, and I certainly thought the jig was up. Luckily, neither of the men had a match and I could hear them swearing luridly over this fact, the rattle of a tin lantern punctuating their profanity. This gave me an opportunity to take a hasty survey of my surroundings. I sprang from my perch astride the big-pipe to the concrete floor six feet below and scrambled beneath a long table that stood at one side of the room. There was just enough moonlight filtering through the dirty, iron barred windows to give me a bare idea of my situation.

The building was 30 or 40 feet in length and I was near the farther end from the room where I could hear the men stumbling about in the darkness and swearing like troopers. On every hand were tables and boxes and machinery and washing-troughs. Not a second too soon had I concealed myself, for scarcely had I reached the

cause I know every door is locked. I seen to 'em myself before we turned in just as I does every night."

"That don't matter," retorted Mason with warmth, "we can't take chances, and we must find what made the noise if we have to look all night. Nothing could have fell if it hadn't been pushed over and it takes something live to push things over. I haint liked the way that stranger has been poking around here lately. I've had my suspicions of him all the time, and I came near as anything taking a pot shot at him that day I found him hid out behind a bowlder watching the mouth of the mine through his spy-glass."

"Why didn't you," queried Belden in a snoring tone. "I'd a done it, if I had been the one to find him. What's the matter with you is you don't want to do a thing but copper your share of the swag and play safe all the time. Wish I'd 'a found him. He'd been wolf feed in less'n no time."

"Well, taint no use fussing about it now," replied Mason. "I'm glad I didn't shoot him, for it would have brought a lot of detectives and government men about here and would have spotted our game right off."

"Well, let's go back to bed," yawned Belden, ignoring the taunt.

"Not until we've found what made that noise," answered Mason. "You wait here until I get the headlight from the office. This blamed lantern ain't worth shucks."

"All right," grumbled Belden, and Mason went towards the door, swinging the lantern as he walked.

I had heard enough to justify me in arresting the men and in going to any length to accomplish it. Mason would not be gone long, I well knew, so I decided to capture Belden before his partner returned.

I stealthily crawled from under the table, my stocking feet making no noise upon the concrete floor, and warily approached the unconscious Belden. I could just make out his bulk, where he stood in a dark portion of the building, and I could hear the rustling of his clothing. He scratched a match and I held my breath. Fortune favored me. He was lighting a corn-cob pipe, his back fairly to me. Like a shadow I glided to ward him and with a quick, sure stroke brought my heavy revolver down upon the back of his neck with a sickening, crunching impact.

He fell without a groan and lay like one dead. Nevertheless, I took the precaution to slip a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists, and then I sprang towards the door through which I could see the light of Mason's lantern advancing. I was not a second too soon. As Mason crossed the threshold I struck him a heavy blow upon the head and he went down like an ox in the shambles. I handcuffed him and picked up his lantern.

Next, I packed the unconscious men into the room where they slept and deposited them upon the bed, after which I set about restoring them to consciousness. This room opened into the office where was situated the vault. After some little time Mason groaned and sat upright.

"Well, pardner," was his crestfallen greeting when he had looked me over carefully, "I guess you hold the trump cards. What do you mean to do next?"

He showed no resentment and seemed, at first, to think that I was a handit. I showed him my badge which had an electrical effect upon him.

In my brief acquaintance with him I marked him as a man who would confess everything and endeavor to escape punishment by inducing his confederates, so I explained to him as much of my suspicions as seemed expedient and made several guesses. This quite overpowered him, and after it he was as pliant as wax in my hands. He confessed everything and opened the big vault for me and showed me the books of the company. I had expected to have some difficulty with him and to have to do more bluffing than proved necessary, but he did everything in his power to help me.

He said that he, Belden, and Hudson had turned the trick without assistance. They had conceived the gigantic fraud when the mine began to fail, and had experienced little difficulty in putting it into effect. On the fine showing the mine had made at first, they succeeded in getting \$1,000,000 invested in it, after which they had incorporated and begun to sell stock. They took the money they received for stock and converted it into gold coin, which they shipped to the mine, where it was melted down, run into bars, shipped back to the city, and sold as bullion, a part of it going to pay dividends.

I had suspected this when I had the quantitative analysis of one of their bars of gold made, for it had showed the percentage of amalgam that is used in gold coins. The last shipment of gold coin was in the time-lock safe, which wouldn't open until eight o'clock next morning, so I made a hasty examination of the books and then trussed my two-prisoners up like turkeys while I went to rouse the marshal. He was an intelligent Irishman, who had knocked about the world a good deal, and it didn't take long to explain the situation to him. He accompanied me back to the mine, after I had wired instructions for Hudson's arrest, and relieved me of my charges.

I spent the night going over the books and examining the records in the vault, and by morning I had everything I wanted to lay bare one of the most colossal swindles ever attempted. (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.) (Copyright in Great Britain.)



WITH A QUICK SURE STROKE I BROUGHT MY REVOLVER DOWN ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

a bit there until I came to the adventure of Jean Valjean in the Paris sewers. In an instant I was tingling in every nerve, for I had found the solution of my problem, although it was both foolhardy and beset with the gravest dangers.

The refining plant was in a low-set building, adjoining the stamp-mill, and the water supply was conveyed to it from a dam some distance up the canyon through an iron pipe two feet in diameter. The water supply was limited, and at night the flow was shut off, leaving the pipe quite empty. I had observed the pipe in my ramblings about the neighborhood of the mine but had never thought of it as a possible entrance to the building until I read of the hunted Jean Valjean talking to the sewers like a rat to escape his implacable foe. Possibly I never should have thought of it if I had not chanced to buy the ten-cent book at the drug-store. This is but an instance of the influence on our lives of seemingly trivial things.

Tossing the book upon the floor I hastened out into the night and made with all speed for the big pipe. The water left the reservoir in a sluiceway of concrete and ran for some 200 yards in a trough of the same material until its course crossed a deep, narrow gulch, which made the pipe necessary. This was to be my point of entrance, as from here on to the mill the pipe was continuous.

tom about four feet down and I cautiously lowered myself, feet first, into the well.

It was rather close quarters, but I managed to feel about me in every direction, and to my dismay found that at this point the pipe divided into half a dozen smaller ones, none of them over six inches in diameter. This was a sad blow to my hopes and I felt almost defeated, so great was my chagrin. There was nothing to do but clamber back to the straight stretch of the pipe, where I paused a moment to think.

It was so dark that I couldn't see my hand before me, so I thought it safe to take out my pocket-lamp and examine my surroundings. Flashing overhead, I was overjoyed to see that the bend in the pipe was arranged with a circular door which was held down by a spring catch which fastened beneath a flange. I released this, and was rejoiced to feel the door move upward when I pushed against it.

It was an opening large enough to permit a man's body to pass through it, and I suppose it must have been arranged so that the pipe could be cleaned out if it should become clogged with leaves or trash. At any rate it offered the much sought entrance to the building, for when I pushed the top upwards a few inches and peered out beneath it I could see the faint rays of the perfect moon re-

flected upon the bare brick walls of the building. With great caution I raised the lid upright and crawled out of the opening.

I was indeed within the mysterious building. In my excitement at this discovery I released my hold of the upright lid and it fell to with a metallic report that sounded, to my senses, like the boom of a coast-defense gun.

The next instant I heard a voice, which I recognized as Mason's, excitedly below:

"Who's that," he demanded. "Hey, Belden," he continued, "something's broke loose."

I didn't know what to do, so great was my surprise at my own rash act and its consequences.

I could hear Belden sleepily call back something that I could not make out and Mason reply. Then there was a creaking of springs and two dull thuds, as the men sprang from their beds. It was a ticklish situation, and I certainly thought the jig was up. Luckily, neither of the men had a match and I could hear them swearing luridly over this fact, the rattle of a tin lantern punctuating their profanity. This gave me an opportunity to take a hasty survey of my surroundings. I sprang from my perch astride the big-pipe to the concrete floor six feet below and scrambled beneath a long table that stood at one side of the room. There was just enough moonlight filtering through the dirty, iron barred windows to give me a bare idea of my situation.

## AN INDIGESTION REMEDY FREE

Many people who are otherwise healthy suffer from indigestion, or dyspepsia. When you consider that the stomach and allied digestive organs are the most important organs of the body, it would seem that a disorder there is to be taken very seriously.

Dyspeptics cannot eat the things they like; food sours in the stomach, then chronic constipation begins, or, as is often the case, you have been constipated all along, and the stools are forced and irregular.

But there is no use letting indigestion go until it becomes chronic and undermines your health. It is good advice to suggest to you that you go for your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the wonderful cure for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. That is what C. Fowler, of Carson City, Mich., did and he is well to-day. Others who did the same and are cured are Ida A. Fortune, of Grand Junction, Tenn.; B. F. Thompson, of Shenandoah, Ia., who actually considers that it saved his life. You can obtain a 50-cent or \$1 bottle of the druggist, and, taken according to directions, it will probably be all you need. It is a liquid, acts gently, never gripes, and besides the laxative effect, contains exceptional tonic properties which tone the stomach, and that is what is especially needed in indigestion.

All sufferers from indigestion who have never used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can obtain a free test bottle by writing the doctor. It will be sent direct to your home without any charge. In this way thousands have proven to their own satisfaction Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the very remedy they needed to cure indigestion. When once you use this grand remedy you will throw violent catarrhs, flatulency, biliousness, etc., away.

If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand, or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

## A JUSTIFIABLE EXPRESSION.



Inexperienced Caddie (after Mr. Toole's fifteenth miss)—Shall I make the 'ole a big bigger, sir?

## TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Kruskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 25, 1907."

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

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little inter-change of the small coin of benevolence—Ruffini.

There is no need to suffer with soreness and stiffness of joints and muscles. A little Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed in will limber them up immediately.

A girl always likes to say "no" the first time a man proposes, just to find out what he will do next.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Get a bottle.

The way of the can't-guess-her is hard.



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Bowel Trouble. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, Torpid Liver, etc.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Brewer's* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



# To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package.

The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

## HOW CARELESS!



He—There was nearly a bad fire at the theater.  
She—How was that?  
He—The villain lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the snow!

## CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA

Caused by Disordered Action of the Kidneys.

Samuel D. Ingraham, 2402 E. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "For two years I was crippled with sciatic rheumatism in my thighs and could not get about without crutches. The kidney secretions became irregular, painful, and showed a heavy sediment. Doctors were not helping me so I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved soon, and after a while was entirely free from my suffering. I am in the best of health now and am in debt to Doan's Kidney Pills for saving my life."

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

## Is Tired of Praying.

A little girl in St. Louis the other evening was going through the usual form of prayer: "God bless mamma, and papa and make me a good girl," and so on, when all at once she seemed to come to a decision. "Now that is the last time I am going to say that prayer," she said, very gravely, looking at her mother. "You are older than I am and it is your place to ask for all those things and I don't see any use in two people's asking the same thing." Since then she has firmly refused to pray, insisting that it is her mother's place to ask God for blessings.

## Continual Doubt.

"How many children have you?" said the tourist, affably.  
"I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman.  
"You don't know?"  
"Not for certain. Willie's gone ashin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, Georgie's borrowed his father's shotgun to go huntin' an' Emeraldita Ann is thinkin' of elopin'." I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."

## A Poor Memory.

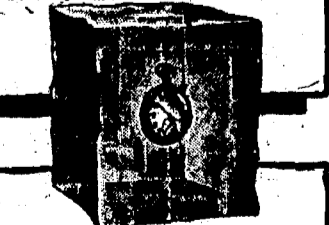
"Have you forgotten that you owe me seven dollars?"  
"Dear, dear, I had forgotten. My memory is miserable—but wasn't it only \$6.39?"—Flegende Blaetter.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine in Your Eyes. At Druggists.

Spend less time in envying the success of your neighbor and a little more in trying to get there yourself.

## Your Jeweler Knows a Good Watch

He knows how to properly adjust one to your individual requirements—so it will be accurate under all conditions. That's the only way to buy a watch—never by mail.



## A South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time. A watch, no matter how good, cannot be accurate unless adjusted to the person who is to carry it. A South Bend Watch—acknowledged superior in every grade—couldn't keep perfect time unless individually adjusted. Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch. Write us for our free book—showing how a South Bend Watch keeps accurate time in any temperature. South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

# The Gold Brick

By DON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, 1909, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The two men stepped from the curbstone to cross the street, when the heavier man's right boot toe came in contact with an object lying in the gutter. He swore softly, as he noted that he had scuffed a bit of patented surface from the toe of his shoe.

His companion stooped and picked up the offending object. It was about the size and shape of a fire brick, and quite heavy.

"Better get it in the toe than in the neck," he laughed, tossing the object to the other man. "It's a gold brick, Jim."

The man whose shoe had been scuffed miscalculated the weight of the brick, and it slipped from his hold and fell on his left foot. He did not swear softly this time, for the brick weighed about 30 pounds.

"You'll pay a thousand for your kiddy!" he growled, caressing his injured foot. "Got the money—on you?"

His companion laughed. "Keep the brick, Jim, and sell it for two thousand. That's your lay, ain't it?"

"What?" demanded the other.

"Sellin' gold bricks." The heavier man put down his foot. He could no longer support himself on one leg, without hopping about the street to maintain his equilibrium, and he was too full-blooded for such gymnastics.

"I'll sell it all right, all right," he growled. "And not a red cent for you." He picked up the offending brick and struck it with his knuckles. "Copper! sure as Fifth avenue hits Broadway. Fell off some team. Ought to bring a couple o' dollars."

He glanced along the street to locate a pawn shop, when suddenly he turned to his companion and commanded hoarsely: "Side step! Hiram and Cynthia!"

The shorter man immediately crossed to the opposite side of the street, where he placed himself in a doorway and watched his partner accost a man and woman passing along the sidewalk—displaying the copper brick to them and gesticulating as if laboring under no little excitement.

By their dress the pair evidently were country folks, and the green goods man standing in the doorway



He Received the Copper Brick in Exchange for the Bills.

across the street was soon assured that their apparel did not belie their simple character, for at the woman's solicitation her companion brought a purse from an inner pocket and counting out several bills, handed them to the party who had accosted him, receiving the copper brick in exchange for the bills.

The moment the trade was closed, the woman thrust the brick into a capacious bag which she carried on her arm, then, seizing her companion by the sleeve, she hurried him along in the direction of Grand Central.

The man in the doorway hastily recrossed the street and rejoined his companion. The latter had turned into an entry and seated himself on the lowest step, his face mottled with suppressed laughter.

"Well, what's the deal?"

The man on the step displayed a small roll of bills. "A four-hundred for the gold brick, Bill," he hiccupped. "Hiram was suspicious, but Cynthia pulled out a hatpin and scratched the bloomin' copper. It looked good to the old girl, so Hiram dinks up the price. Easy as easy!"

The man standing clicked his jaws. "What was the trick? Come, put us on."

The other explained between hiccoughs and guffaws of laughter. "Told 'em 'twas a gold brick. Uncle Sam's own make; worth seven thousand. Thirty pounds at 20 an ounce. See? Dropped off Uncle Sam's goat. Had to leave New York on the next boat—going to China—and hadn't time to collect reward for findin' the brick. Let 'em take it for a hundred; they get the reward. Maybe a thousand; maybe more. Sure of five hundred spot anyway. Hiram hangs back; Cynthia pulls out a hairpin and scratches the copper. Rip-

pin' old business girl, Cynthia! Says to Hiram: 'Hi, don't make the gentleman lose his boat. Land to goodness! Uncle Sam's got so many gold bricks, I do hear tell, he won't mind us keepin' in this one for Luke, when he grows up.' Hiram forks over the price and they're off to the farm with the jack-ass egg." The speaker thrust the bills—that he clutched towards his companion. "Here, it was as easy as dreamin' it. Peel off your commission."

The shorter man took the bills and split the hundred dollars evenly. Suddenly his face grew dark. "Hell! you're a thief," he panted, and threw the bills to his feet.

"What's the matter with you?" The other man came upright, glaring stupidly.

"These ain't the bills you got. Them's some of our own bat. You've stowed the old girl's goods in your vest and passed me the queer. Come, split, or I'll split you!"

The heavier man stooped with unexpected alacrity and gathered up the counterfeit bills.

"Damn!" he cried, hoarsely. Then he threw up his hands. "Search me! I've been picked! Some of the boys must have done the rubes, and they have handed it back to the firm. Search me! Gawd, I ain't no thief!"

A pair of deft hands went rapidly through the pockets of the man with the purple-checked vest, but all of value that they brought to light was a nickel watch, some dice and a trifle in silver change.

"Quick!" commanded the man called Bill, pulling his companion from the entry and explaining his plan as he hurried him down the street in the direction that the country couple had taken. "We're detectives! See? They may be wise that these were green goods, what they passed up to you. We'll scare 'em to dig up the price of their farm."

But the countryman and his wife were no longer on the street, and the partners turned into Grand Central station, confident that they would find them there. Their search and inquiries, however, were in vain.

While they were searching, several trains drew out of the station, one of them, no doubt, bearing Hiram and Cynthia safely back to the farm.

Finally they gave over looking and returned to the street in disgust.

"The lemon's on our Christmas tree this time, Bill," surlily growled the heavier of the pair.

"It ain't no easy-mark joke to lose a hundred, when you're dead broke," rejoined the man called Bill. "Hell! they must have just sold their farm and had the price on 'em. We've missed the big bus for Easy street. See!"

His partner drew him into a saloon. "Hallo, Jack," he nodded to the bartender. "Two forgets and sodas."

They drank their whisky and soda in silence, then seating themselves at a card table, fell to studying the frequenters of the saloon, on the look-out for a possible dupe.

About 15 minutes later a young fellow of 20 came through the swinging doors and two-stepped up to the bar.

"Hallo, Jack!" he noisily greeted the bartender. "Haven't seen any of the boys with a gold brick in his vest have you?"

"What's up, sport?" The bartender filled a glass and pushed it towards the young fellow.

The latter drank the liquor and smacked his lips.

"One of the big manufacturing jewelers just lost a \$7,000 gold brick somewhere along this busy end of the old burg. Come out and join the merry throng, hunting for the stuff that nobody but everybody needs."

In less than ten seconds there were only three men remaining in the saloon—the bartender and the two partners seated at the card table.

The bartender dared not leave the cash register unguarded, while the green goods men were too weak in their knees to rise and take part in the search for the lost \$7,000 gold brick, that had slipped through their hands only half an hour before.

More Than an Officer Could Stand. There is a man who served as a special police officer in a suburban town for several years but never made an arrest.

A few days ago the keeper of the lockup was much surprised to have this officer bring in a man in a helpless state of inebriety.

"Why, Bill," said the keeper, "how is this? You have been an officer nine years and this is your first arrest."

"That is true, Dan," said the officer, "I have taken many persons home when intoxicated rather than bring them here, but when a man gets drunk and lies down on the lawn in front of my house and goes to sleep, that's more than I can or will stand."

Jail Soup. A man was sitting on a Park row bench when his companion was overheard to say: "Do you know how they make soup in a Jersey jail?"

"No," said his companion. "Well, they put the water over a stove and let it get hot. Then they hang a leg of meat in the sun. The reflection of the sun on the meat strikes the water and makes soup."—New York Press.

## ONE THING THAT WAS CERTAIN

No Doubt in the Baggageman's Mind as to Contents of What Looked Like Coffin.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggage room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggageman was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer, "it is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man, philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## TENDER, BUT NOT LOVING.



Waiter (to customer, who had complained that his steak is not tender enough)—Not tender enough! D'you expect it to kiss you!

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker, said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your bad thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit. It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 30,000 testimonials. Order a 25c package to-day of any Druggist and be ready to forget you have feet. A trial package of ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER sent FREE. Address Allen—S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y."

## As the Boy Saw the Lesson.

Prof. Charles Zeublin of the University of Chicago was discussing at a dinner the greatest paintings of the world.

"The legends that are beautiful and immortal," he said, "have in them truths that we all, according to our kind, take home. This is true in likeness of immortal works of art—pictures, poems, songs. For different people they have different messages. For instance, in my native Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair. They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant."

"In Sunday school a Pendleton teacher once told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy:

"What do you learn, Joe," she said, "from the Samson story?"

"It don't never pay, piped Joe; 'U have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Mutual Surprise.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity. "Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?" "Yassum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet potatoes." The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!" "Yassum," said Jim. "So was I or I wouldn't be here!"

## OVER THE FENCE Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.

He says: "Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk."

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum."

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum."

"My bowels became regular in two weeks, all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly."

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again."

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "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.

**God Drops**  
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

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

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEY  
Pumpkin Seed,  
Aloes,  
Rhubarb,  
Senna,  
Cinnamon,  
Licorice,  
Ginger,  
Mint,  
Peppermint,  
Aniseed,  
Cloves,  
Nutmeg,  
Wormwood,  
Flavor

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

Fac Simile Signature of  
*Dr. H. H. Pitchey*  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.  
At 6 months old  
35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.  
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children,  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

*Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

# A \$5000 farm that didn't cost a cent

W. B. Northrup, went to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, last December, to contract for a lot of cabbages. One cabbage crop of 20 acres, on a 41-acre farm, near Brownsville, looked so good to him that he bought the entire farm, including the crop. He paid \$125 an acre, the man who sold it agreeing to bring the crop to maturity, gather and deliver it on the cars.

The crop has been shipped; the yield averaged 24,000 pounds to the acre, and brought from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per hundred—over \$8,000 for the crop.

As Mr. Northrup only paid \$5,125 for the farm, he now has the farm, his original capital, and a handsome bonus besides.

Mr. Northrup was fortunate. It isn't often one finds a man who is willing to sell his farm, after he has it under cultivation, for the crop usually brings more than the land.

But there is plenty of similar land in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, not under cultivation, that you can buy for a trifle, compared with its earning capacity. Why don't you go there and make an investigation while the land is within your reach? Next year it will cost more.

A trip of investigation will be inexpensive. It is your opportunity. Don't wait.

Very low excursion fares via the Rock Island-Frisco Lines twice each month.

Write today for full information about the big profits growers are making in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, and a set of colored post cards of Texas Gulf Coast Scenes. Free on request.

John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines, 2027 LaSalle Station, Chicago, or 2077 Frisco Building, St. Louis

## You Need a Tonic

if you feel languid and depressed all the time. The best thing to help nature build up the system is

## DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

This great tonic is not a false stimulant as many of the so-called "spring tonics." It is a natural strength-giver. For all run-down conditions of the health it is an invaluable remedy; imparts new life and vigor and builds up the entire system.

Sold by All Leading Druggists in two size bottles, 50c and 35c

## PACKING STOCK AND EGGS

We buy outright at top prices. No commission or cartage charged. Mail bill of lading and mark packages plainly. Weekly quotation on packing stock sent for the asking.

## MORRIS & COMPANY U. S. YARDS, CHICAGO



LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES  
In great variety, for sale at the lowest prices by Western Newspaper Union, 52 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him; Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

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

LAND—IRRIGATED—LAND. For rent water right, fine water, productive soil; crop raising unknown to you, what better area? No home affairs; beautiful climate; free timber; easy terms; write now. LINCOLN LAND CO., Box Springs, Wyoming.



# Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism. Not a remedy that will strengthen the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible, but I can now surely kill the pains and purge of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, I uniformly cure all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual cause to suffer longer with-out help. We sell, and in confidence recommend.

**Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy**  
JAMES GIDLEY.

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

ALSO  
**Real Estate Insurance Agency.**

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

**Dr. W. E. Zavitz**  
DENTIST

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

**Dr. F. P. Ramsey**  
Physician and Surgeon.

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

**A. E. Carlisle**  
General Dray and Baggage.

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

**Lemieux & Lancaster**  
GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.

HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.  
All Work Guaranteed.  
our Patrons Respectfully Solicited  
State St. East Jordan.

**Dr. C. H. Pray**  
Dentist

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

**Frank Phillips**  
Tonsorial Artist.

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

Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes sure with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pills. 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 Gidley.

## CURFEW NOW.

Council so Decrees at Session Monday Night.

Regular meeting, Monday evening, June 14.

Present, President McMillan, Trustees Curkendall, Lemieux, Goodman, Price, Cross.

On motion, the following bills were allowed:

R. Bingham, dray ..... 8 00  
E. E. Hall, dray ..... 50'  
A. E. Carlisle, dray ..... 25  
A. Bush, 2 days Bd. Rev. .... 4 00  
A. Walstad, same ..... 4 00  
E. J. Planing Mills Co., pump-ing, etc. .... 228 75  
Mat Quinn, rebate ..... 14 22  
E. J. E. L. Co., Light for May. 94 32  
Lynchburg Foundry Co., water pipes, less fgt. .... 3900 24  
D. Goodman, hardware ..... 8 01  
Geo. Spencer, tapping ..... 104 69  
Wm. Johnson, salary ..... 68 00  
Williams Bros, 13 loads gravel 13 00  
St. Com's report, street labor. 2 00  
A claim for personal injuries was presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, alleging falling on defective sidewalks in the village. No action was taken.

Applications for cement walks were granted to H. Price, Mrs. P. Bowman, R. F. Steffen, Mat Quinn, Mrs. I. F. Barrett, W. A. Pickard, W. G. Fortune, Mrs. L. Atkinson.

Moved and carried that all sidewalk builders in the village shall be required to give a bond of \$1,000 with two sureties and to run five years.

The application of Frank A. Kenyon for permit to build a two-story brick building on Lot 2, Blk. 3 was granted.

The following curfew resolution was presented by Harry Curkendall, and, on motion, adopted:

Be it resolved, That no children under the age of 16 years shall be allowed on the streets of the Village of East Jordan after the hour of 9:00 p. m. from May 1st, until October 1st. And after the hour of 8:30 p. m. from Oct. 1st to May 1st.

The fire whistle will blow one long blast at the hour so stated and it shall be the duty of the Village Marshal to see that the provisions of this resolution shall be enforced.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued during the week ending, June 12, 1909.  
Marshall J. Barnett, 31. .... East Jordan  
Elizabeth J. Kent, 19. .... East Jordan  
Earl H. Johnston, 24. .... Charlevoix  
Grace E. Fox, 20. .... Manistique  
D. S. PAYTON,  
County Clerk.

## Teachers' Examination.

The regular examination will be held in the high school building in the city of Charlevoix on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 17-18-19, beginning at 8:30 a. m. standard time. The examination in Reading will be based on "The Lady of the Lake." Certificates of all grades will be issued from this examination. Applicants wishing their papers sent to other counties will write with pen. Others may write with pencil.  
\* All applicants will be supplied with paper.

J. H. Milford, Com.

## 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.

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

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.

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.

**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.

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

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—1½ 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.

**Rock-Bottom Prices on Fresh Drugs.**

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

50c. bottle Nemo Rheum 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. C. Madison & Co**

# Dr. Pierce's Health Talks

The miracle of motherhood is often overshadowed by the misery of motherhood. The great functional changes which are incident to child bearing leave their mark for life on many a mother. Some women offer up their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of motherhood. A far greater number live on in ceaseless misery. Their strength fails, their beauty fades, they have no ambition and no enjoyment in life. To every woman

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Offers escape from the pains and perils of motherhood. Taken during the period of waiting and anticipation this medicine strengthens the body, nourishes the nerves, and prepares the whole womanly system for the coming of baby. It also insures an abundant supply of nourishment for the child.

The mind feels bright and buoyant. There is no anxiety, no dread, but in its place a happy anticipation of the baby's coming, which counts for the future happiness of the child unborn. The use of "Favorite Prescription" makes the baby's advent easy, and gives abundant vitality to nursing mothers.

There is no alcohol or habit-forming drugs in "Favorite Prescription." It is a purely vegetable medicine.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for weak and sickly women. All its ingredients printed on its bottle-wrapper.

The larger success of doctor or druggist is never won by putting love for the dollar above duty to the sick. Protecting the sick, giving them what they ask for when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is called for, will enrich him in respect, if it does not swell to the utmost his profits.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**  
**MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.**



**INVALIDS' HOTEL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

A model Sanitarium with every equipment and appliance and a complete staff of experienced and skilled Specialists for the treatment of the most difficult cases of Chronic ailments whether requiring Medical or Surgical treatment for their cure. Send two stamps to above address for THE INVALIDS' GUIDE BOOK.

## Village Taxes.

The Village tax roll for the year 1909 is now in my hands for collection.

I will be at C. A. Hudson's Shoe Store on June 12-19-20 and July 5, for the purpose of receiving and receipting for taxes, and at my home on the West Side at other times. A fee of one per cent will be charged on all taxes paid before July 5th, after which the usual fees will attach.

J. H. MILFORD,  
Village Treasurer.  
East Jordan, Mich.

## Jordan River Fishing

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

## Piano For Sale.

Story & Clark. Price is low. I am selling all my goods. Going away.  
MICHELL LA LONDE,  
Boyer Falls, Mich.

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

Imitation Quarter-Sawn 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.

Wallace Weils' great sale continues ten days longer. You need a pair of Oxfords for the 4th, get them at the Fair Store where they are the cheapest.

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 Remedy—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.

## Burdens Lifted

From Fast Jordan Backs—Relief Proved by Lapse of Time.

Backache is a heavy burden; Nervousness wears one out; Rheumatic pain; urinary ills; All are kidney burdens—Daily effects of kidney weakness. No use to cure the symptoms. Relief is but temporary. If the cause remains—

Cure the kidneys and you cure the cause. Relief comes quickly—comes to stay. Doan's Kidney Pills cure kidney ills.

Cure sick kidneys permanently. Here's proof that you can verify. T. Kluge, tailor, 123 Granite St., Cadillac, Mich., says: "I first used Doan's Kidney Pills about two years ago on the recommendation of my friends and they proved to be the best remedy I had ever taken during the last years I had suffered from kidney trouble. The severe backache I had seemed to affect my whole system and I could get no relief from the medicine I tried. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I finally used proved to be just what I needed and cured me. I can honestly recommend them to other persons having trouble from their back or kidneys." (Statement made in 1901.)

A LASTING CURE. On Sept. 11, 1908, Mr. Kluge, said: "Since endorsing Doan's Kidney Pills five years ago I have had no reason to change my good opinion of them. My general health is now excellent and I have no backache or other symptoms of kidney trouble."

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.

# PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

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

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

**WILL RICHARDSON**

Phone No. 156.

## New Spring Samples

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

**A. W. FREIBERG,**  
The Tailor.

## Staple and Fancy Groceries Fresh and Cured Meats

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

**Bulow & Son,** STATE STREET  
EAST JORDAN

## CHOOSE WISELY...

When you buy a SEWING MACHINE, You'll find all sorts and kinds at corresponding prices. But if you want a reputable serviceable Machine, then take

the **WHITE**.  
27 years experience has enabled us to bring out a HANDSOME, SYMMETRICAL and WELL-BUILT PRODUCT, combining in its make-up all the good points found on high grade machines and others that are exclusively WHITE—for instance, our TENSION INDICATOR, a device that shows the tension at a glance, and we have others that appeal to careful buyers. All Drop Heads have Automatic Lift and beautiful Swell Front, Golden Oak Workwood. Vibrator and Rotary Shuttle Styles. OUR ELEGANT H. T. CATALOGUES GIVE FULL PARTICULARS, FREE.

**WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.**

The East Jordan Lumber Co.

**East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,**  
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring, Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.  
FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

