

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1909.

No. 30

Our County Represented

Charlevoix County Now a Member of the West Michigan Development Bureau.

County Clerk D. S. Payton went last week to Frankfort to attend the meeting of above organization. He presented Charlevoix County's application for membership and same was accepted. The object of the meeting was to provide means to have an exhibit at the U. S. Land and Irrigation Exposition at Chicago, N.Y. 20 to Dec. 4th.

As a result, George H. Rowe of Grand Rapids, a member of the executive board of the Michigan State Horticultural Society was appointed to visit the different counties soliciting funds. In company with Mr. Payton he visited Charlevoix, Boyne City and East Jordan—coming here Monday evening, and meeting with our Board of Trade. The Board pledged its share toward the exhibit.

Objects of The Bureau.

The Western Michigan Development Bureau was organized Friday, March 26, 1909. The meeting for preliminary organization included representatives from four counties and an invitation was immediately extended to seven other counties to join in the movement. Accordingly the following counties are now considered as the field of operations for the Bureau: Muskegon, Newago, Oceana, Mason, Lake, Manistee, Benzie, Wexford, Grand Traverse, Leelanau, Antrim, Charlevoix.

The explanation of the origin of the Western Michigan Development Bureau is to be found in the similarity of conditions prevailing throughout the region specified. In climate, soil, crops, industries, and in point of unique opportunity for growth an obvious community of interest impelled a united effort for development.

It is a well known fact that the early tide of immigration was turned from Michigan as a state by stories that the country was largely swamp and that it was diverted into other states beyond and further west. Similarly other stories equally false regarding the soil of northern Michigan, its barrenness and unproductiveness, and the climate, its extremes of cold, have retarded the growth of that part of the state sought to be developed by the Bureau. It largely for the correction of these misapprehensions that the Bureau came into existence.

The work of the Bureau will consist largely in informing the public of the great opportunities to be found in Western Michigan; the great profit in fruit growing; the advantages of diversified farming here over the single crop system of lands farther west; the nearness to market; the industrial opportunities; the equableness of climate; the attractiveness of the summer resorts. In short, the Bureau will state the case and plead the cause of Western Michigan. But it will not confine its efforts to talk. Home-seekers excursions will be run, people will be brought and shown that Western Michigan has fairer prospects and larger opportunities than the much touted regions of the far west and southwest which it totally eclipses.

WILL SHOW AT CHICAGO

Western Michigan Development Bureau Plans Big Advertisement.

The directors of the Western Michigan Development Bureau held a meeting Friday at Frankfort, and discussed the possibilities of taking space at the Land and Irrigation Exposition to be held in Chicago the last week in November. The object of the show is to exhibit the soil products of the country, a sort of big country fair, and also to demonstrate the opportunities for profitable agriculture and horticulture. The Western Michigan Development Bureau wishes to avail itself of this chance to show the superior advantages of this part of Michigan.

In view of the fact that a creditable showing of the products of western Michigan will cost not less than \$7,000 the directors were confronted

with a big question. The various transportation companies of western Michigan agreed to subscribe \$3,500 and Geo. E. Rowe was appointed to canvass the counties represented in the Bureau for the remainder of the sum necessary. Mr. Rowe will report to a meeting of the executive committee at Grand Rapids next Monday and at that time will be decided whether or not the Bureau will be represented at the Exposition.

This was the most important single piece of business transacted at Frankfort but from the tone of the meeting it was easy to see that the Western Michigan Development Bureau is destined to be a tremendous factor in the growth of western Michigan. It will be recalled that the Bureau includes in its field of operation Muskegon, Oceana, Lake, Newago, Mason, Manistee, Benzie, Leelanau, Grand Traverse and Antrim counties, that it was organized only last March, that it plans to colonize, advertise and in every possible way promote the growth and development of the counties named. Charlevoix county at the Frankfort meeting applied for membership and is now included with the counties named in the benefits of the Bureau.

Ball Games Next Week.

The Base Ball Bug struck East Jordan last week when a bunch of our ex-players got together and went over to Elk Rapids for a game. The score was 10 to 7 in favor of Elk Rapids, but considering the fact that our boys have had no practice and the Elk Rapids team is seasoned—being the Old Mission team that tied with Boyne's professional bunch a few weeks ago, the result was satisfactory.

Arrangements have been made with the Mortouk Indian Club for a couple of games here next Wednesday and Thursday. A. B. Nicholas, Jr. is manager of the locals and the lineup of the team is about as follows. Potter, c; Sedgman, p; Bennett, p; Bert Dole, 1st; Williams, 2nd; Hank Bennett, 3rd; Shorty Bennett, s; Billy Taylor, McIntyre and Beckman, fielders.

Go to Madison's Drug Store for bargains in Patent Medicine and Toilet Articles.

"I haven't got a limousine, or any aeroplane, I haven't got a coach and six, not even a special train. I haven't got a bicycle, nor yet a horse and team; I get along all right, by jinks, 'thout gaserline or steam. I travel just by shank's mare and never have no fear but what I'll reach my stoppin' place the same day in the year; no artificial rigs fur me, no busted tires or bones; no landin' all up in a heap upon the highway stones I may be slow a-gittin' round, an' cause the world to stare, but I will git there by an' by, all right side up with care."

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions, which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would it be believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a medicine of known composition, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of a woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended. A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

Bountiful Harvest

Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

The song of the reaper is heard today in Texas and Oklahoma. It will move north gradually until the whole nation will resound with the clatter of knives bowing the bursting heads of grain.

Again the nation is bountifully blessed by the God that rules the elements; crop reports are favorable, and unless some unforeseen disaster comes there will be bread for all. The farmer who has plowed deep, seeded well, nourished his land, rested in the evening stroked by the contenting hand of achievement. It is for such moments as these, that men live and strive. For hard toil, long hours of toil, the "slave of the wheel of labor" is compensated by the realization of splendid accomplishment.

Each year the American farmer adds ciphers to the bewildering totals of bushels of grain. This year, if all continues well, the splendid land that Providence gave into our keeping will produce more than two and a half billion bushels of corn; some 700,000,000 bushels of wheat; 800,000,000 bushels of oats, 170,000,000 bushels of barley. These with all other farm products will have a value of nearly or quite \$8,000,000,000.

We hear much these days about the increased cost of living, and every housewife and salaried father knows what that means. While we listen to the song of the reaper this year let us remember that it is the trust, standing between the farmer and the consumer, which makes life a burden for the wage earner of the cities. God bless our lands—a few greedy men intervene and prevent the acceptance of the full blessing.

That must not be forgotten, but let us be thankful that nature is for the poor again this year—there will be no famine, though prices may remain high.

Bobby Burns' words seem pat: Some has meat, and canna eat, And some had eat that want it; But we hae meat, and we can eat, And see the Lord be thankit.

Trout Season Closes Aug. 15th.

The trout season will close this year just the same as it did last, on August 15. Furthermore, it will stay closed until the first day of next May and anyone fishing in the mean time will get into trouble.

Because it has been published repeatedly that the season would close on August 15 and then through a vagary of the law, open on Sept. 1 for another 15 days, State Deputy Game Warden Stanford of Boyne City got into communication with the game warden's department. He received the assurance from Mr. Pierce that there was a mistake if the sportsmen thought they could fish 15 days after Sept. 1, as they could not, that the season closed on August 15 and stayed closed.

Those who have been planning otherwise, should make a change in their arrangements.

Sprinkling Lawns.

Persons sprinkling lawns are required to use water for that purpose only during the hours of 6:00 to 8:00 a. m. and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. standard time, each day.

By order Village Water Com.

Land for Sale.

We have desirable large VILLAGE LOTS for sale, also Land by the acre. Will sell on time to suit purchasers. Enquire of ALDRICH TOWNSEND, East Jordan, Mich. 27-4

Piano For Sale.

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

Cordwood Choppers Wanted.

Wanted Cordwood Choppers to cut Chemical Wood. \$1.00 per cord. THE I. STEPHENSON CO., Wells, Mich.

Cut Flowers For Sale.

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

New Religious Sect at Boyne.

(From Boyne Journal.)

The "Unknown Tongue" is a new branch of religion as expounded by several worshippers at the home of Mrs. John Fry, of Bailey street. Only a few of them are located in Boyne City. The idea was brought here last fall by one of the sisters named Holmes, from Chicago, where a number of followers who claim to be close students of the Bible and simply follow up its teachings, are located, and they claim that they are among the chosen few of whom the Bible speaks where it says "For many are called and but few are chosen."

The followers here believe that they are the chosen few and also claim that they are frequently filled with the Holy Spirit and during these occasions are able to speak in foreign tongues which are unknown to them, but would be understood by persons who would be present during the trance-like state which they enter almost daily. According to theory, a considerable portion of those people living in the neighborhood are not among those chosen few ones. The neighbors claim that this particular kind of religion is so noisy that it disturbs them and on one occasion the Chief of Police was called in to see about it. The ceremonies consist of shouting in unknown tongues and in the pounding of heads on the floor and other things of a similar noisy nature. The law provides that people may worship in their own way in this country and so long as they do not disturb others too much they will likely be allowed to bump their heads as much as they please.

A book on Rheumatism, by Dr. Sloop, of Racine, Wis. tells some plain truths, and in a plain and practical way. Get this booklet and a free trial treatment of Dr. Sloop's Rheumatic Remedy for some disheartened sufferer in your vicinity. Make a grateful and appreciative friend of some one who is discouraged because of the failures of others to help him. Help me to make this test and I'll certainly help your suffering friend. James Gidley.

Copy of an Order Received from an Old Customer for Shoes

Monsieur: Please put some shoe on my little family like dis, and send by Sam de carrier.

One man, Jean St. Jean, 39 year, Me; one woman, Sophie St. Jean, she; Hermedes and Lenore, 19 year; Honore, 18 year; Celena, 17 Year; Narcisse, Octavia and Phillas, 16; Batisse, 15; Celeste, 14; Phillipa, 13; Emile and George, 12; Babette, 11; Madore, 10; Pierre, 9; Eugene, We lose him; Paul, 7; Alphonso 6; Gaston, 5; Armanda, 4; Maurice, 3; Edward, 2; Muriel, 1 year; Hilare, He go barefoot; How much cost.

This is a rather large family, but we were able to fill the order complete, with our large stock of The Brown Shoe Co. *5* Shoes.

You can get them only of

CHAS. A. HUDSON
"THE LITTLE WHITE SHOE STORE."



East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

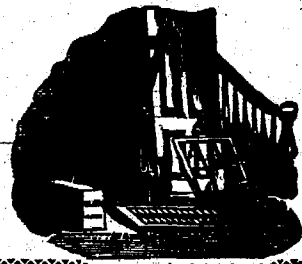
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

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



Specialties at Boosinger's During the Months of July and August.

There are always hundreds of things in a store like ours that are sold way below their real value. The reason why they are sold in this way is because space must be made for new fall goods. That you may not go amiss in this, we call your attention to our splendid assortment of the well known Clarendon Shirts—the great \$1.50 Shirt that we are selling for \$1.00.

The well-known Peninsular Shirts, Overalls, and Workingmen's Goods. No doubt these garments are the very best that are shown in Michigan as every garment is absolutely guaranteed. Hand Made—Union Made—fully guaranteed in every way.

We are sole agents for the well-known PINGREE and RINDGE Shoes. There is no doubt that these are the very best shoes that can be made from leather. Hardly a day passes but that we are told by sincere and reliable people that they have worn one pair of shoes for a full year. These kind of shoes you can buy in men's wear at from \$2.75 to \$4.00 according to the style and material. A full line of oxfords for men, women and boys at the most reasonable prices.



We are selling all of our well-known

E. M. C. Dress Goods at a discount of 25 per cent.

This is certainly an opportunity that should be missed by no one.

Remember, we will give you the very highest prices for Butter and Eggs and all that you have. Bring them in, we will take them all.

For convenience, call earlier in the week to avoid the rush of Saturday, but if you can not come until Saturday, we will do our very best.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

FRED E. BOOSINGER.



MAN AND HIS FOREFATHERS.

Writer in Collier's Weekly Uses Case of Recent Suicide to Draw Interesting Conclusion.

A man dying of suicide, left behind a written statement which began: "First, I am a lineal descendant of Peregrine White, the first white child born in America, just before the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock." He enumerated other of his forefathers who had been important, and ended with the complaint: "Do you not think I should be entitled to work for the government?"

Saved by a Dog.

Attracted by the barking and whining of a dog on the railway track near Eddystone, Pa., William Peet followed the dog, and was led to a quarry a couple of hundred yards away, where he found Harry Morrison stuck in the mud up to his armpits and gradually sinking. Morrison was rescued by Peet and a couple of men who were hailed by the rescuer, dragged to the top of the bank and the mud scraped from his clothing.

Spoiled the Performance.

The play was all about a horse—a famous horse, the autobiography of which is even yet among the "best sellers," and over the sufferings of which thousands of readers have shed tears of sympathy.

With drooping head it stood on the stage, from time to time switching its poor docked tail. One of the two-legged actors was delivering an impassioned and really touching speech, when the audience suddenly burst into a fit of prolonged and uncontrollable laughter.

The oration came to a sudden stop. The actor glanced at the horse, then turned and fled in dismay behind the scenes.

"Black Beauty" was yawning.—Youth's Companion.

Compliments of Musicians. Wagner once said he would prefer to go to Vienna to hear the waltzes of Strauss to hearing Italian opera. On a birthday of Mme. Strauss some years ago she had as guests many celebrated musicians.

Britons Fond of Penguins' Eggs.

Penguins' eggs, which were a greatly prized breakfast delicacy with a large class of Londoners last year, have again been placed on the market. The season for penguins' eggs has just begun. Penguins' eggs are extremely nourishing, and very rich in fatty phosphorized constituents.

Old Town Will Celebrate.

The town of Hadley, Mass., birthplace of Gen. "Joe" Hooker, will celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement from August 1 to August 4, and the Hooker association of Massachusetts will take a prominent part in the four days' program.

Novelty in Barrel Organs.

We are threatened with a fearsome novelty in barrel organs. An ingenious descendant of Mephistopheles has invented a piano-organ, which is built on the lines of an automatic match machine. Its proprietor places it outside a house and goes round the corner. The organ begins to play, and on the top of it appears a notice: "Put a penny in the slot and the music will stop."

Happy People

Americans Are Laugh-Making Race

By WILLIAM COLLIER



THE national character of American people is an individual quantity, entirely apart from any other expectation in comic effect in other countries.

Just what an American will do, under a given situation, is always sure to be something of a surprise—it is his habitual custom to do the unexpected. Did you ever know any one, but George Washington perhaps, to do any serious crisis with what might be called solemn self-importance?

I suppose if I had been born in England the best I could do would be to write jokes for Punch, which, good as they are sometimes, are never quite young enough to dodge the American retorts. I suppose that is the triumph of American humor, that you can't outwit it, and yet there is never a sting or a wound in the sharpest rap of Yankee humor.

Making laughs is part of his daily occupation; it makes trade brisker for him, it discovers the real metal of life and betrays the counterfeit. There is no age in a country that makes a common exchange of laughter the ordinary course of business.

When is Man Really in Love

By BETTY VINCENT

How can I tell if a young man loves me?

This is the burden of many letters which I receive daily from young girls.

Now, there can be but one answer to the question. If a young man loves you he will tell and save the trouble.

Not perhaps in a day or a week, but a genuine love cannot be concealed for any great length of time.

The girls who want to know at the first sign of interest a young man displays in her whether he is going to propose, is like the child who plants flower seeds and digs them up every other day to see how they are getting on.

A girl has every right to make herself attractive and agreeable to a man whom she thinks she would be willing to marry. Which, by the way, does not mean to make herself cheap.

The fact that a man spends his time with her is the best indication of his interest. A big city like Chicago provides many legitimate diversions for young men, and whenever a man calls as often as you will let him, there can be no better evidence of his admiration.

Do not make the mistake of letting one man monopolize you, however, no matter how much you like him. Jealousy is the spur of love, and a man wants the girl that he thinks another fellow is seeking, just as you want the hat you see in a milliner's window, and she thinks would be becoming to her.

Be sweet, be natural; don't copy any woman, no matter how much you may admire her; keep in touch with what is going on by reading the papers, and if a man calls on you and enjoys himself well enough to come back again and again, be sure that he is in a fair way to fall in love with you.

The Migration Into Canada

By AGNES C. LAUT

If half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up roots and migrate in a body to some foreign land, the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century.

In less than six years 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native states and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon, across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian northwest.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing; very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than \$1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from \$3,000 to \$10,000.

Average the American newcomer's capital at \$2,000, and the American's invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada—first by canoe, 1,500 miles among the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion-dollar average is too small by half.

BURGLAR'S "IMPUDENCE" MAKES WOMAN ANGRY

INTRUDER MEETS READY FOR AND LEAVES HANDFUL OF HAIR AS MEMENTO.

Milwaukee.—Angered, she says, at the thought that any one would attempt to burglarize her apartments in broad daylight, Mrs. Max Jahnke of this city forgot to greet the intruder with conventional screams and cries for help, but administered a sound thrashing and then bodily ejected him without ceremony.

The encounter took place in mid-afternoon, when Mrs. Jahnke was summoned from her toilet to answer the telephone. Clad in a flowing bath-



"He Broke Away."

robe, she started down the hall, when she heard some one fumbling at the door, and a moment later heard a sharp click as the lock was thrown back by the use of a burglar's jimmy.

The burglar was more frightened than the woman, when she defiantly confronted him and demanded what he was doing there.

"I represent a—a—a—" he began, when he was cut short by Mrs. Jahnke, who was not to be deceived.

"You are a common burglar," she cried, as she started for him. "Get out of here at once."

When the intruder failed to follow these instructions promptly enough to suit Mrs. Jahnke, she decided to add physical force to moral suasion.

Before he could realize what was happening to him, the burglar was seized by the collar of his coat and the seat of his trousers and rushed to the door.

As she pushed him into the hall Mrs. Jahnke delivered a series of blows about the face and head that took all of the fight out of him.

He broke away, but in doing so left a handful of hair, the only souvenir of his visit. The last seen of him he was doing a Marathon race in record time.

When Mrs. Jahnke had recovered her breath and completed her toilet, she consented to tell of her experience.

"I wasn't frightened a bit," she said. "It just made me mad to think that he would dare come right in here in the daytime, and I thought I would teach him better."

HAS COUGAR FOR PASSENGER

Stage Driver's Queer Experience with Animal in Mountains North of Spokane, Wash.

Spokane, Wash.—Grant Turnbull, a stage driver, operating between Newport and Elk, Wash., north of Spokane, had an experience with a full-grown cougar which he will not forget for some time.

While driving along the narrow mountain road near Rogers pass his horses became frightened and bolted. The driver managed by sheer fortune to keep the wheels of the coach in the ruts, and after the horses had expended their energy he made an investigation. Perched in the rear of the coach was a ferocious cougar.

Before the animal could spring upon him, Turnbull used the butt of his heavy whip, but the big cat leaped over his head and disappeared in the timber before he could inflict the death blow.

Settlers in the northern part of Spokane county report cougar numerous, but this is the first instance of a stage driver having one as a passenger. Turnbull claims a new record for driving a coach from the point where he discovered the cougar to Newport.

There is a bounty on the head of cougar in the state of Washington. Tom B. Hopper, a noted bear slayer, who has killed hundreds of cougar and wild cats in this part of the west during the last twenty-five years, is organizing a party to make a hunt there with trained dogs.

Shame on Him. "Of course, John," said Mrs. Young-husband, "I like my kitchen quite well, but I'd like to have one of those new portable ranges."

ROOT-WORMS UNDOUBTEDLY MOST SERIOUS PEST

Small, Slender White Grubs Infest Stalks of Corn and Cause Young Plants to Wither. —By R. L. Webster.

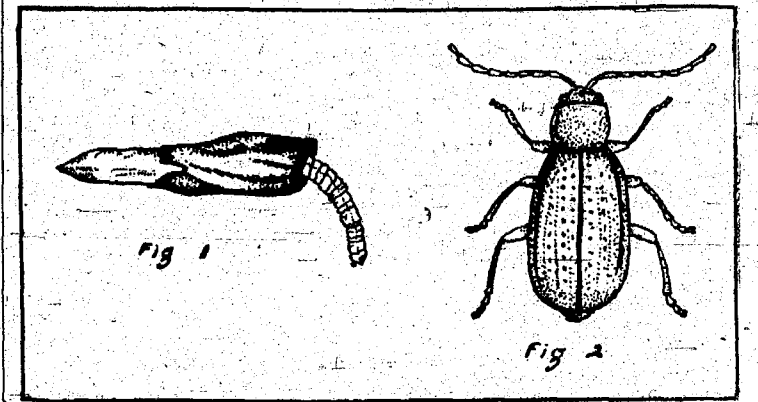


Fig. 1. Root Worm Enlarged. Fig. 2. Beetle.

The corn root-worms are undoubtedly the most serious insect pests with which the Iowa corn grower has to contend. The presence of root-worms in a field is usually indicated by a withering of the young plants, the failure to produce well-developed ears, or a general retarding of the growth without any visible cause.

The root-worms themselves are small, slender white grubs, about half an inch long when they are full grown. Infested stalks of corn may be pulled out easily and will break off at the place where the root-worms are at work, leaving the greater part of the roots in the soil.

The beetle of the southern root-worm is green, with 12 black spots on

its back. On this account it may be easily distinguished from the other form. It is also somewhat larger than the plain green beetle, measuring about a quarter of an inch long. The black spots are in three rows across the back of the beetle, each row with four spots. Usually these beetles are found along with the plain green beetle on the silks of the corn, but they are not so common.

The life history of the southern corn root-worm is similar to that of the northern form, except that it is passed through in a much shorter time. In the corn fields the eggs are deposited in the ground near the stalks.

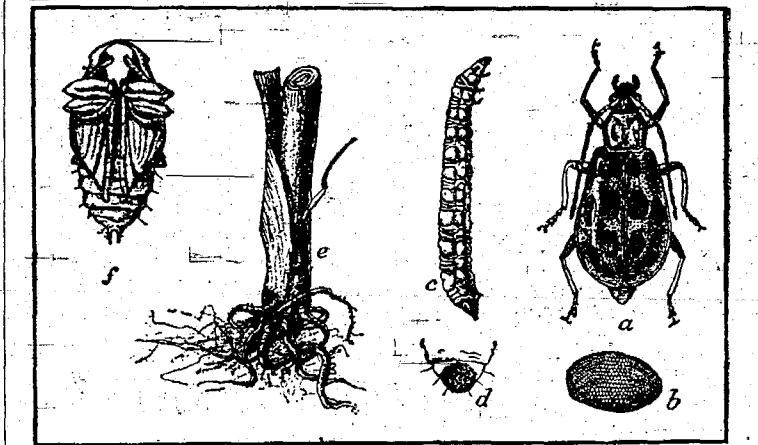


Fig. 3. Southern Corn Root-Worm. a, Beetle; b, Egg; c, Root-Worm; d, Anal Segment of Larva; e, Work of Root-Worm at Base of Corn Stalk; f, Pupa. All Enlarged Except e, Which is Reduced.

Preventive measures. Rotation of crops is the most effectual preventive of root-worms.

The beetles of the root-worms usually deposit their eggs in the old infested fields. By changing the corn from such a field to another which was not in corn the preceding year, these eggs are left behind.

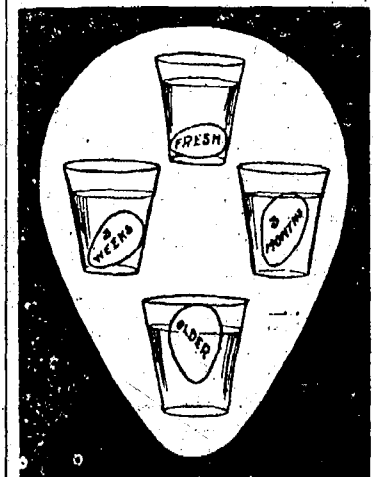
There are two kinds of these worms; the "northern corn worm" and the "southern corn root worm." Since the habits of the two are very different in some essential points, a few further remarks concerning them are given below. The two are easily distinguished in the beetle stage, when they are commonly found on the corn silk in the fall.

The northern form of the root-worm in its adult stage is a plain grass-

WATER TEST FOR FRESH EGGS

Place One in Glass of Liquid and Observe Position.

WATER TEST FOR FRESH EGGS. Placed in the water, an egg if fresh will remain resting at the bottom of



Water Test of Eggs.

the vessel; if not quite fresh it will rest with the big end raised higher than the small end, and the higher

As an egg gets older, says the Spatula, the water contained in the white of an egg evaporates, and this causes the empty space at the thick end of every egg to become enlarged.

The larger that empty space becomes the more the egg rises in the water, till like course of time it floats.

How Men Differ.

The difference in men is often astonishing. The corn growers near Des Moines, Ia., have been satisfied with a crop bringing \$12 an acre and yet the son of a stonemason recently came among them and made as high as \$400 an acre out of tomatoes.

In the last seven years this young man has made \$18,000 worth of improvements on a little farm of only thirty-two acres. He uses very little manure, but a great deal of water. It makes \$2,500 a year on lettuce alone. Other men find farming a slow business while this young man makes a fortune out of it with all ease. The difference is certainly strange!

Pumpkins for Fall Feed.

It will pay to sow plenty of pumpkin seed. Pumpkins are one of the best fall and winter green feeds for almost all kinds of stock, especially dairy animals. They are especially relished by hogs and cows, and they are excellent to mix with dairy feed for the production of milk, the cows relishing them greatly.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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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, stumped on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was sailing 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. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. First attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which rolled the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seaweal.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. But our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seaweal and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Broddingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both found and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew



"You Beasty Cad!"

his club nearer and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VIII. The Club Age.



"I was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up and peered around through the half leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the seaweal."

In marked contrast to this scene the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the stevia is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season—Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship? Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrop lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrop was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point." "Indeed! Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fawndy she won't be for long."

"He would have passed on, but Winthrop stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrop hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes, I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrop's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?—What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand

you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained anger: "You—you boaster—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British lion r-r-r-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrop with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrop's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blab any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrop only drew back a step farther and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking leer. "You'll learn, Pat, me by. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—president, congress and supreme court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrop.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd and runs things to suit themselves. But here we're sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you be lieve, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the coconuts?"

Winthrop picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrop, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh

her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie, now."

Winthrop hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the coconuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrop could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrop?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrop.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fustily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat overcautious in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrop, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should he climb?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with seabirds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACT A3 SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's.

Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself in her eyes in some magnificent way—to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe.

This instinct remains with men until they die, just as girls from the cradle or inspired by love seek beauty to appear lovely in the eyes of their adorer.

And the masculine pride and progress and strength are what the wise girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak.

Nagging drives such men into the depths. Every look of derision, snub, insult, sinks the iron deeper into their souls.—Exchange.

SHIP BACK AFTER PERILOUS VOYAGE

COMET RETURNS TO BROOKLYN WITH TALES OF SHIPWRECK AND WILD JUNGLES.

HARD AND FAST ON ROCKS

While Part of Crew Sought Help on Land Remainder Stayed Till Rescued Vessel Is Finally Floated.

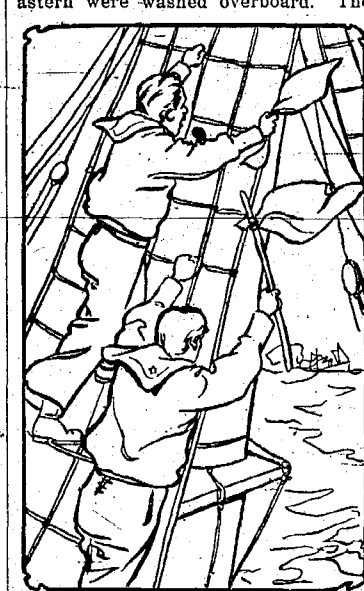
New York.—Closing a three years' voyage, which threatened to end with bleaching on the rocks of Banka Island, Capt. Davis berthed his vessel in South Brooklyn and is discharging the miscellaneous cargo of Chinese goods stowed beneath her hatches. The Comet left Philadelphia in July, 1905, for Kobe, Japan, with a cargo of case oil. After several trips back and forth between Kobe and San Francisco the ship loaded at Singapore for New York and sailed just before Christmas.

Everything went well until Dec. 26, when squally weather was encountered. For two days the ship pounded along through a lumpy sea, and she was finally stranded hard and fast on the rocks.

After an examination of the vessel and ascertaining the ship's situation, Capt. Davis decided to send a lifeboat for help. First Mate Charles Hayward and four men volunteered for the venture. Provided with food, compasses, spare sails and the ship's chart, on which were marked all the data of the voyage, the lifeboat was lowered away and the crew laid a course for Java.

Later events showed that, caught in strong currents, the ship had drifted from her course and had been drawn into a narrow channel between three islands where the swift current had dashed her on the rocks. The lifeboat made good weather of it, and just before daybreak the sound of heavy surf betokened near approach of land. Hayward spread the ship's chart out on the stern thwart, and by the light of a ship's lantern tried to make out his position. Just then a swift current caught the boat, swinging it in shore and head-on to the heavy rolling surf. The boat, tossed about like a chip, was swamped.

The mate and one man who was astern were washed overboard. The



No Attention Was Paid to the Signals.

two men forward leaped out, and all four managed to fight their way to the beach. The lifeboat, battered and ruined, was dashed up on the rocky beach, and the men managed to save some spare sails, the ship's compass and the oars. With the oars and canvas they struck up a shelter tent, under which they huddled until daylight.

Chilled and bruised with their fight in the surf, the men were in despair when the daylight showed a seemingly impenetrable swampy jungle stretching inland in every direction. The mate and one of the crew, a Dutchman, started out to explore, and after forcing their way inland for a mile or two found a native shack inhabited by a Chinaman who could talk a little Dutch. Under his guidance the four men made their way ten miles through the jungle to a small settlement at a Chinese tin mine, from which a narrow gauge railway took them to Blinjo. Here they were able to telegraph to Java and thence to Singapore for help.

Meanwhile those on the stranded ship were in suspense. Frequently the smoke of passing steamships was seen, and efforts made to attract attention of those on board, but no attention was paid to the signals. Rockets sent up at night met no response.

Finally, on the sixth day a tug from Singapore came to their aid. After several hours' pulling and hauling her captain declared he could not drag the ship off. The tug was sent to Blinjo to take off the mate and his crew, with instructions to telegraph to Singapore for more help.

Hayward, the mate, insisted on the tug going back to the ship and making another try to pull her off. This was done, and after twenty-four hours' hard pulling the big vessel was finally floated. She proceeded to Singapore for repairs, finally sailing from there a second time Jan. 12 for New York.

SCOUT'S IDEA OF MARRIAGE.

Crusty Massachusetts Bachelor of Eighty Years Has Most Decided Views on the Matter.

Eighty years of single blessedness is the record of Moses P. Stowe, one of the oldest residents of Grafton, Mass. Not a woman crosses the threshold of his cozy home.

"It makes no difference who or what the woman is; she wouldn't get inside of this house," he says. "Even women peddlers create a different atmosphere when they only knock at the door."

"Marry? Well, I should say not. You don't know what that word means. Why, look at all of the men in this country who have fastened themselves to women whom they professed to love, and now want to get as far away from femininity as they can. I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived. I tell you, they are trouble brewers; they always have been and always will be."

"I had lots of girl friends when I was a young fellow, but when there was any chasing to be done they were the ones who did it. I never allowed myself to become infatuated with a girl, as I knew it would be my end."

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES

It is a Warning That the Kidneys Are Sick and Need Help.

A bad back makes every day a dull round of pain and misery. It's a sign

the kidneys are sick and cannot keep up their never-ending task of filtering the blood.—Lama back, backache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders are warnings that must not be overlooked. A. G. Smith, 405 E. Mills St., Liberty, Mo., says: "I was racked with pain,

stiff and lame, had dizzy spells and a terrible condition of the kidney secretions. I got so miserable I went to bed, but the doctor did not do anything for me and no one expected me to recover. Doan's Kidney Pills first relieved, then cured me, and I have had no kidney trouble for seven years since."

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

GRATIS.

Youth (at a bun-emporium)—I say, you know, this milk is sour. Sweet Thing—Well, there's plenty of sugar on the table, ain't there?

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The ancient watch dog is a member of the old guard.



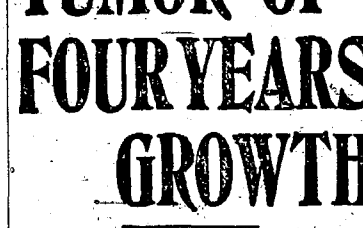
Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindley, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They said that only an operation could help me. I am very glad that I followed a friend's advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it has made me a strong and well woman, and I shall recommend it as long as I live."—Mrs. MAY FRX, Lindley, Ind.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give confidence and hope to every sick woman.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



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WILL HELP HOMESEEEKERS.

Public Domain Commission To Furnish Soil Maps.

In an interview State Land Commissioner Huntley Russell stated that he believed that the new Public Domain Commission will be able to assist and greatly increase the number of emigrants to Michigan. Commissioner Russell will do all that he can in his department to interest and help the seekers for homesteads. Soil maps will be provided for the Lansing office, so that the emigrant can look over all the public lands in the state, should he care to. When the home has been picked out, it will only be necessary to pay 10 cents per acre, and then live on the claim for five years in order to get a deed to it. Furthermore, the homesteader can be given a small bonus for reforestation of a part of his homestead.

The New School Law.

Several important changes were made in the school laws by the late legislature. One provision was altered so that hereafter there will be no school terms in this county shorter than eight months. Heretofore a few of the districts hired teachers for five, six or seven months. The present law provides that all districts having 400 pupils, or less than 400, shall hold school eight months in a year. The law has also changed with reference to school treasurers. Formerly they were required to furnish bonds double the amount of money that was expected to come into their hands. Now they give security for the whole amount expected to come in, thus relieving them of a lot of annoyance in obtaining bonds. A new provision was inserted to the effect that when money is deposited in a bank it shall be done in the name of the treasurer and as the treasurer of the district. The interest shall be accounted for by the treasurer and credited to the general fund. Another important addition was that persons violating the compulsory school law be brought before any justice of the peace in the county.

The Potato Crop.

Potato shippers of Michigan have lost more money the last season than in any like period in the history of the business. This was largely due to the high prices which have prevailed for months and the disposition of so many holders of stock to hang on to their supplies for still higher prices. The acreage this year will be enormous and the outlook now is for an exceptionally large crop in this state. What other states will do cannot be said, but in view of the big prices growers secured it is presumed there has been quite general planting all over the country. On the face of things this would indicate much lower prices when potatoes are ready for marketing.

All the reports from correspondents at different points is of splendid indications for large returns from the present crop. This will be a trifle late owing to the backward growing weather, but the weather we are getting now is just the sort to produce a big yield, and this is what all dealers are anticipating. The new crop will be getting into the market along in August.

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

It is a State's prison offense to dynamite fish, commencing Sept. 1, 1909.

If a woman does not occasionally send her neighbor jelly or soup, she doesn't like her.

A shrewd man without money is a better investment for a girl than a fool with money.

When a woman has nothing else to do, she remembers a lot of sewing she has long neglected.

Men are usually willing to arbitrate when the chances are they would be whipped in a fight.

"I don't amount to much," said a man to-day, "but I pride myself on one thing; I was never tattooed."

When a man manages an amateur show, or has a new baby at his house, he says: "Well, it is the last time."

We keep all varieties of Baked Goods put out by National Biscuit Co. also Muma's Bread; good both in bulk and package.—E. A. Lewis.

Council Proceedings.

Adjourned session, Monday evening July 19th.
On motion, the following bills were allowed:
Lemieux & Lancaster, repairs \$ 2.50
E. J. Hose Co., shingle mill and Larson fire 32.50
H. S. Price, brick 33.00
G. A. B. Post, Memorial Day 20.00
Petition for cement walk, presented by Mrs. Cash, was granted.
On motion, the Fire Chief was instructed to purchase a six-inch gong for alarm at mill.
Proposed ordinance No. 33, being an ordinance providing for the appointment of a superintendent of Water Works and a water collector, defining their powers and duties, establishing rules and regulations for the government of the East Jordan Water Works and establishing water rates, passed its final reading and on motion was approved and adopted.
Moved and supported that when the present warrant for collecting taxes expires that the warrant be extended for thirty days. Carried.

Sprinkling Lawns.

Persons sprinkling lawns are required to use water for that purpose only during the hours of 6:00 to 8:00 a. m. and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. standard time, each day.
By order Village Water Com.

DOVE TO DEATH.

A Peculiar Fatal Accident At Boyne City.

A sad accident occurred at Boyne City Wednesday afternoon, by which Harry Clapper of Grand Rapids lost his life while in bathing. Clapper, and his brother, had been in Boyne City about week canvassing. Wednesday afternoon they went to Glenwood beach for the purpose of going in bathing. After procuring suits they went out on the dock about twenty feet where the water is only three feet deep. Harry dove head foremost into the water, striking his head on the bottom. His brother, seeing he didn't come up, jumped in after him and carried him ashore. Word was sent to Boyne City and a launch sent after him. A physician was summoned and after examination it was decided that he was suffering from a fractured spine, and it was decided to take him to Grand Rapids for further examination, where it was found he was suffering from a dislocation and fracture causing a complete laceration of the spinal cord, and no hope was held out for him. Thursday morning the unfortunate man died.
Mr. Clapper was about thirty years old and leaves a wife at Bellville, Ohio.

The Scrap Book

Boysen's Story of His Boy.
The late Hjalmar Hjorth Boysen once told this story of his little son, Hjalmar E. Boysen 2d: The boy had been taken over Brooklyn bridge for the first time and had pined his father with questions about the big structure all the way over, all the way back and all the way home. Upon their return the professor, worn out with the fusillade to which he had been subjected, retired to his study, but just as he sank into his easy chair his son appeared and, apropos of nothing, queried, "Say, papa, didn't you say that God lived up above the clouds?" The father wearily answered, "Why, yes, I guess so." "Well, papa, if we were up above the clouds we'd come through, wouldn't we?" The man vouchsafed a brief, "I suppose so." "Well, papa, why?" At that point the professor's patience gave out and he said: "There, son, don't ask it. Go to your mother." The child retreated, but just as he lifted his hand to the doorknob he turned and said, "Say, papa, don't you know a great deal more about the Brooklyn bridge than you do about God?"

THE DECAY OF A PEOPLE.
This is the true sign of ruin to a race—It undertakes no march and day by day Drowns in camp or with the laggard's pace
Walks sentry o'er possessions that decay.
Destined with sensible waste to fleet away—
For the first secret of continued power Is the continued conquest—all our sway Hath surety in the uses of the hour.
If that we waste, in vain walked town and lofty tower.
—William Gilmore Simms.

Why the Dogs Gave Out.
Sir Leopold McLintock, the arctic explorer, was once giving an account of his experiences amid the ice fields of the north. "We certainly would have traveled much farther," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical moment."
"But," exclaimed a lady who had been listening very intently, "I thought that the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures?"
Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied, "I—er—speak in a culinary sense, miss."

Realism.
A commission was intrusted to a painter in an Italian town to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of the convent there.
The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work should be finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions and water.
The day for unveiling the fresco arrived. The friars stood around the artist, and the curtain was removed. It was no doubt an excellent piece of work, but the saint had his back turned toward the spectators.
"What does this mean?" indignantly demanded the prior.
"Padre," explained the artist, "I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions!"—Harper's Weekly.

People to Be Pitied.
Pitiful is the case of the blind, who cannot read the face; pitiful the case of the deaf, who cannot follow the changes of the voice. And there are others also to be pitied, for there are some of an inert and laconic nature who have been denied all the symbols of communication, who have neither a lively play of facial expression nor speaking gestures nor a responsive voice nor yet the gift of frank, explanatory speech—people truly made of clay, people tied for life into a bag which no one can undo. They are poorer than the gypsy, for their heart can speak no language under heaven.
—Stevenson.

BUSINESS MEN'S DAY.
Detroit Wholesalers to Entertain Michigan Retail Dealers.

Wednesday, September 6, will be "Wholesalers' day" at the Michigan State Fair and the Detroit Wholesalers' association has arranged a program of entertainments that will give the visitors an extremely delightful time. On this occasion merchants from all parts of Michigan and the surrounding states will be guests of the Detroit organization, which will see that nothing is left undone for their enjoyment. The Michigan State Fair and the city of Detroit has a reputation for doing things and the visitors on that day will be treated to surprises at every turn.
The Wholesalers' association will have a tent on the grounds with free telephone service to visitors, who thus will be able to talk with friends back home.
The evening will be known as "Wholesalers' night," for which a special entertainment will be prepared, including a magnificent horseshow and a general vaudeville performance which will take place in front of the grand stand. A grand display of fireworks, including many large pieces, will conclude the evening.
Michigan retail merchants say that Detroit is one of the best places in the country in which to buy goods. About everything under the sun can be found there. The shops, mills and wholesale houses are numerous and the proprietors cater to the very highest class of trade. This fact was demonstrated a year ago when five thousand visiting merchants attended the annual meeting.
It is expected that this year's attendance will exceed that of 1908. The railroads are interested in the event and will furnish cheap rates into Detroit from every part of the state.

The Boston Store

Our Great Mid-Summer Sacrifice Sale

Is now on in full blast.

Such astonishing bargains have never been offered to the public before. Every person within many miles of East Jordan knows what a sale at Danto's means. It is not a catch sale with a few baits for the people, it is

Every article in our store at Sacrificing Prices.

Space will not allow quoting prices, you are invited to call and let us show you the goods.

The Boston Store A. DANTO Proprietor...

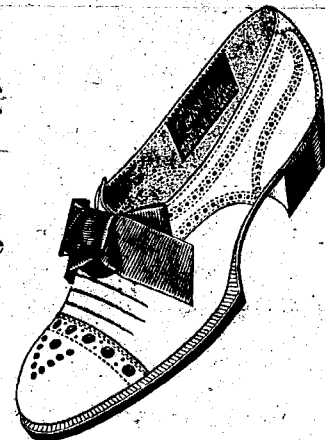
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

The Crossett Shoe

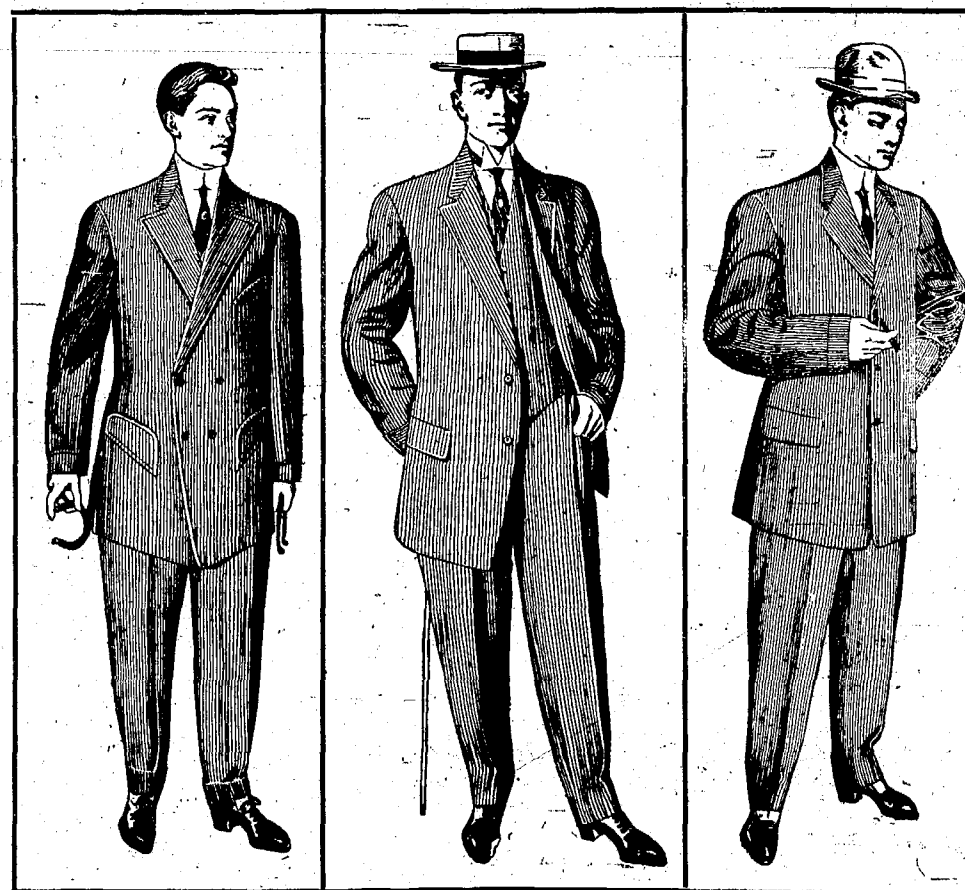
"Makes Life's Walk Easy."

We have just opened a new lot of these in all the New Styles and Shapes. When you need Shoes be sure and see the

Crossett.



Our New Book of Samples for FALL SUITS—



FRED KAUFFMAN SUITS

Is here. Don't fail to see this if you are interested in a new Suits. We guarantee to suit and please you with this line of Tailored Suits.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

DOCTORS
say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.
Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Special Prices On Drugs and Toilet Articles While They Last.

- 25c bottle Aromatic Castor Oil 16c
- 50c bottle Syrup of Figs 37c
- 25c box Little Liver Pills 2 boxes 25c
- 25c Baby Talcum Powder 15c
- 25c Talcum Powder 13c
- 25c "Foot Relief" 13c
- 50c Milkweed Cream 37c
- 15c cake Milkweed Medicated Soap 12c
- 50c bottle Toilet Water 37c
- 25c Greaseless Cold Cream 13c
- 50c bottle Nemo Rheumo Liniment 25c
- \$1.00 bottle Celery Compound 50c
- \$1.00 bottle Beef, Iron and Wine 50c
- 25c pint Witch Hazel 5c
- \$1.00 bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla 67c
- 50c box Doan's Kidney Pills 37c
- 25c box Bromo Quinine 5c
- 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

L. G. Madison & Co

RANGER REVOLVING COSTS BARB WIRE
1/3 LESS PER MILE FOR SAMPLE
WRITE FOR SAMPLE
KLEFS MFG CO
DE KALB, ILL. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Union Lock Poultry Fence
Square, close mesh. The most serviceable fence on the market for poultry yards, orchards and gardens. And all no greater cost than painting. Write for catalog of fence for all countries.
UNION FENCE CO., DEXTER, ILL., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Briefs of the Week

Ball Games next Wednesday and Thursday.

Lavardo & Howard, the Village Cut-ups at the Bijou tonight.

Dance at Votruba Hall next Friday evening, July 30th. Chas. J. Johnson, Mgr.

Alba holds their annual field day meet next Tuesday, July 27th. Ball Games, Balloon ascension, etc.

The Str. Searchlight brought in a cargo of brick from Boyce City this week for the new Chemical Plant.

The Stewards of the Methodist church will hold a Bake Sale at Mr. Bowell's Studio this Saturday afternoon.

Goldenrod Local L. S. of E. will give an ice cream social at their hall near Murray's corners on Friday evening, July 30. Everybody come.

Have you heard the new four-minute Edison Phonograph records at Mack the Jeweler's? Come in, hear a few, and you'll be sure to purchase.

The School Board met first of the week and organized for the coming year. A. M. Murphy is president, W. P. Squier secretary, and L. A. Hoyt treasurer.

The E. J. & S. R. R. will sell low rate excursion tickets to Niagara Falls next Tuesday, July 27th. Round trip fare only \$7.00. Return limit August 7th.

Village Treasurer J. H. Milford will be at Hudson's Shoe Store on Saturdays, July 21 and 24, for the purpose of collecting and receipting for Village Taxes which remain unpaid.

A. H. Frost of San Diego, Cal., and C. L. Ames of Pasadena, Cal., arrived here this week and will spend the summer looking after their interests in the East Jordan Lumber Co.

Mrs. H. D. Gazlay returned Saturday last from Wyoming where she has been with her husband. She likes the country and is closing out her Bazaar Stock preparatory to leaving for that place.

Sheriff Kittle has been around the county this week removing all slot machines from saloons and all public places. It is reported that eight were taken out of Alba on Tuesday.—Mancelona Herald.

A fishing party composed of Vern Payton, Art Gidley, Amber Muma, and Blaine Harrington are spending a fortnight on the upper Jordan. Dr. H. W. Dicken is spending a part of his time with the bunch.

F. B. Hamilton has leased the Walter French building now occupied by Gazlay's Bazaar Store, and as soon as repairs can be made, will occupy same with his Ice Cream Parlor. He has also taken over the news-stand.

The following semi-annual officers were installed by Jordan River Lodge No. 360, I. O. O. F., last Friday night:—N. G., S. J. Lanway; V. G., Robt. Cook; R. S., Ezra Moore; Treas., I. L. Bowen; Warden, Dennis Wright; Chaplain, H. C. Holmes; R. S. N. G., R. L. Lorraine; L. S. N. G., Wm. Scott; I. G., Elmer Viland.

That the fish had shrunk after he had caught them was the plea of Harry Thayer in a justice court at Traverse City. Thayer had been arrested for having four undersized trout in his possession. The plea was original, but it didn't work. The little trout cost Thayer a \$26 fine.—Cadillac News and Express.

It may be of interest to base ball fans to learn that Elk Rapids team met and defeated the East Jordan shinning lights last Friday to the tune of 10 to 7. Mancelona people will remember that the Elk Rapids was defeated here by the score of 5 to 3.—Mancelona News. That's all right, old socks, but wont you please tell us what "shinning lights" are?

The government chemists are reported to have been ordered to secure samples of all "near-beers," "possum brew," and the like in Michigan and to analyze the same to determine what per cent of alcohol is in these drinks in violation, if at all, of the pure food law. Uncle Sam is busy with these investigations in the south and is reported to be preparing to make a raid on Michigan.

The Str. Hum will run an Excursion Sunday to Charlevoix, leaving here at 10:00 a. m. Return will leave Charlevoix at 6:30. This will afford an excellent opportunity to visit "Boy City," and take in the afternoon Chautauqua program which consists of a concert by the Boy Band and an address by Judge Willie Brown on "Manufacturing a Man."

Have you heard the Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records at Hamilton's? Their tone is incomparably purer, clearer and more brilliant than any other cylinder record made. And they won't break no matter how roughly they are used, and they won't wear out no matter how long they are played. Will fit any cylinder machine,

Something good at the Bijou every night.

Wm. Hite and Orville Hurlbert are at Dorr, Mich.

Ira A. Adams was over from Belaire, Wednesday.

George Gray of New York is guest of George Bell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cook were Boyne City visitors, Thursday.

Mrs. J. Jamison left Friday for a visit with friends in Pennsylvania.

Stop at Hamilton's and hear those Indestructible Phonograph Records.

Mrs. Jesse Allen returned this week from a visit with her parents at Mantou.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholls were guests of East Jordan friends this week.

Frank Cook and family are here from Boyne City guest of his mother, Mrs. C. Cook.

Niagara Falls Excursion, via E. J. & S. R. R., next Tuesday, July 27. Round Trip \$7.00.

Mrs. Thomas Morrison and Mrs. James Shay of Boyne City are guest of East Jordan friends.

Mrs. A. B. Nicholas, Jr. returned first of the week from a visit at her old home—Shreveport, La.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman is receiving a visit from Mrs. E. Fansler and two daughters, of Holland, Mich.

Mortauk Indians vs. East Jordan at the ball park next Wednesday and Thursday. Admission, 25c.

Miss Fay Nicholas returned this week from a visit with friends at various points in Southern Michigan.

A. B. Clark of the E. B. Clark Seed Co., was here the past week going over the Company's interests hereabouts.

Edison Phonograph Outfits, complete with records, sold on easy payments of one dollar, by Mack, the Jeweler.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Frazier are entertaining Mrs. Bertha Gross of Buffalo, N. Y., and R. Shomberger and daughters of Traverse City.

Florence Yost of Norwood is guest of friends here. She is daughter of Rev. E. E. Yost, a former East Jordan Methodist pastor.

Tailor A. W. Freiberg returned Monday from his Chicago trip and is now supplied with a full line of fall and winter samples of Suits.

E. L. Smith leaves Monday for the West where he intends to look over the country with a view of locating. His first stop will be Wyoming.

Misses Leila M. Clink, Bessie Greenwood, Dessie McWain, with George Spencer comprised a launch load that was over to Boyne City, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Danto, with children Charles and Rosabelle, left Monday for Minot, North Dakota, where she spends a month guest of relatives.

Mrs. Suieba and daughter Miriam of Grand Rapids arrived on Thursday to spend the summer with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Grigsby.

Miss Frances Malpass and Miss Jessie Lewis left Monday morning for a few days' visit with Mrs. Rounds and other relatives in Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blair this week moved their household goods here from Boyne City and are now occupying their residence on North Main street.

Miss Verschel Lorraine was tendered a surprise party by some twenty-five of her friends, Wednesday, it being her eighteenth birthday anniversary.

Come and get a Watermelon for your Sunday dinner. We have just received a fine lot of them, also all kinds of Fruits and Vegetables.—E. A. Lewis.

Will Malpass, Jr., and Fritz Bergman started last Monday morning for the harvest fields of North Dakota. The expect to be joined by Bert Reed at Reed City.

Miss Beulah Hurlbert returned home from Caro, Mich., last Saturday. She has been teaching music and drawing in the public schools there the past year.

Mrs. James Hovey is the happy possessor of a genuine Japanese tea set of forty-four pieces, direct from Nagasaki, Japan. The set is the gift of her son, Prof. S. P. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Barrie are receiving a visit from the former's sister, Mrs. Squire Park and son Floyd, of Caro, Mich. The brother and sister have not seen each other for 22 years.

Chas. W. Dieckman, the boiler maker, and wife, left Tuesday for East Jordan, where Mr. Dieckman goes to complete a contract for the Chemical company. While he is working there the couple will combine pleasure with business and live in a tent for an outing.—Boyne Journal.

Show Case for sale at Madison's Drug Store.

Johnson's Delicious Ice Cream at Hamilton's.

New and Beautiful line of Ties at the Fair Store, W. Weiss propr.

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

Ask for tickets on the phonograph at Whittington's with every cash purchase.

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

W. Weiss, at the Fair Store, has just received a fine new line of Gent's Ties and Stocks.

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

Killing weeds is more patriotic at present than waving a flag and singing the National Air.

Get your Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles at Madison's Drug Store and save 25 to 50 per cent.

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

Indestructible Phonograph Records 35c each. They are a good investment for they do not break.—F. B. Hamilton.

For today only at Harper's Bazaar a 25c China Cup and Saucer will be given to every purchaser of \$1.00 worth of goods. See adv.

We have made a large addition to our stock of White Crockery and are now prepared to fill any orders in that line. Come in and look it over.—E. A. Lewis.

Percy L. Holliday left this week for Thompsonville where he assumes management of the Thompsonville News. Here's luck to you, Editor Holliday.

A warrant was issued by Justice Boosinger last Wednesday for Warren Hathaway charging him with assault and battery, but up till now the officers have failed to locate him.

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.

Pain can be easily and quickly stopped. Pink Pain Tablets—Dr. Shoop's—stop Headache, womanly pains, any pain, anywhere, in 20 minutes sure. Formula on the 25c box. Ask your druggist or doctor about this formula—It's fine. Sold by James Gidley.

You will be amply rewarded by dropping into Empey Bros and looking over their mammoth stock of old, ancient pictures, it being a late patent process by some great German artist. They are certainly worthy of your consideration. Since the quantity is somewhat limited we will sell them while they last at \$1.35

WILSON.

Harvesting is in progress.

A large crop of cherries in this vicinity this year.

The farmers are rejoicing over the fine rains that visited us this week.

Reuben St. John is finishing up the interior of his new house at present.

Chas. Hudkins and family visited Geo. Hayner in East Jordan last Sunday.

Mrs. Albert Todd made a business trip to Charlevoix on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Scott of Boyne City were guests at A. E. Nowland's the first of the week.

Elmer Hayner and O. D. Smith attended Odd Fellows Lodge at Boyne City Tuesday evening.

Miss Pearl Shepard has gone to Pellston where she has a position as clerk in a store during the summer months.

Mrs. Will Overmire and children of Yorktown, Ind. came north this week to visit relatives in this place and Boyne City.

Roy Nowland went to Petoskey again this week for treatment in the hospital. He is improving in health since his first visit there two weeks ago.

Pictures.

A 16x20 Pearl Picture and Frame, German patent process on glass, beautiful in design and very artistic, old and ancient. Price will please you, only \$1.35.—Empey Bros.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$1500

Officers:

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

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

Among The Steeple.

Rev. L. S. Matthews will preach at the Wolverton school house next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Sunday School in the Presbyterian church at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00 Senior C. E. at 6:30 and Divine worship at 7:30.

Mr. Grigsby will preach at the Mt. Bliss school house next Sunday afternoon at 3:00, Sunday School at 2:00. Everybody invited.

The services at the Methodist church Sunday evening will be largely of a musical character. Special selections by the choir.

Rev. H. J. Keyser, pastor of the Episcopal church at Charlevoix, held services in the Episcopal church here last Tuesday evening.

Irmá Hurlbert and Edna Thompson will lead the Epworth League service Sunday at 6:30, subject "The Healing Touch." Young people especially invited.

Mrs. James Howard entertained the Methodist Ladies' Aid Society Wednesday. A large attendance helped to make the social hour a most enjoyable time.

Misses Jessie Lewis and Frances Malpass sang a beautiful duet during evening service in the Presbyterian church last Sunday, which was much appreciated.

Christian Science services will be held in the Wilhelm block every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Wednesday evening meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

The Presbyterian church is not a close corporation. It is not the exclusive home of a few, it is the people's church, open to every one without conditions. Come then stranger, visitor, transient, and you shall find a hearty welcome. And note the time, morning 10:30, evening 7:30 standard time. Morning topic "Counting the Cost." Next Sunday morning is the annual offering for the boards of Church Erection and Publication and Sunday-School Work. It is hoped that no one will stay away because of this, rather let it be an inducement to come. Please also do not forget the envelopes for your offerings handed to you last Sunday, with a liberal sum enclosed, and hand same in without fail. Both boards represent splendid advance work accomplished for the highest interest of settlers in new and unsettled districts, and for this great work your cooperation is solicited in your gifts.

Black caps in market.

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

The best missionary work a girl can do is to help her mother.

Read the Madison Drug Store ad. elsewhere and profit thereby.

Take your Shoe Repairing to The Fair Store. First Class work at moderate prices.

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

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's interest and patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs, the first step will not be such a long one perhaps; by carving your own way up the mountain each step leads to another, and stand while you chop still another out.

D'Ennery's Wit.

The Empress Eugenie once asked D'Ennery, the French dramatist, after the performance of one of his plays at the Tuilleries, "How did your heroine get the poison that was so necessary for the denouement?" "Ah, your majesty," said D'Ennery, "that's just what I've never succeeded in getting her to tell."

Another time the directors of a theater where his drama, "The Two Orphans," was being rehearsed asked him what he was dissatisfied with. "Oh," he replied, "it's only that each of you has got an imbecile for a partner."

Wigwams and Snakes.

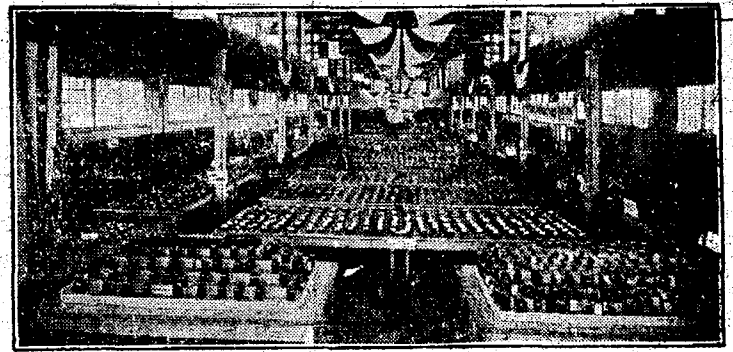
An American had been seated at a London dinner table next a rosy checked, gray eyed English girl who affected an absorbing and flattering interest in the United States, about which she seemed to have imbibed the usual extraordinary ideas of some Britons, especially with regard to the perils to be encountered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

NOTICE

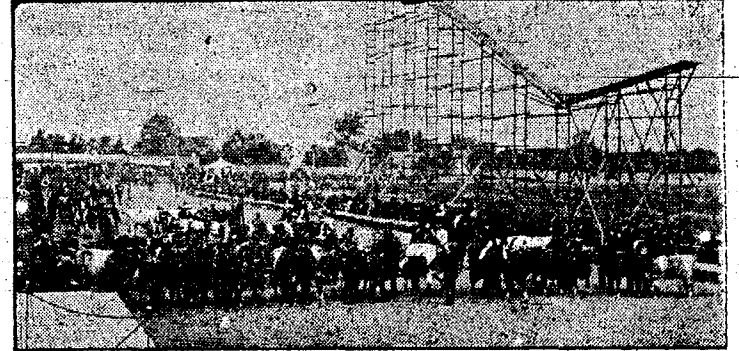
Our Big Annual July Clearance Sale is still on and is attracting large crowds of satisfied buyers by the marvelous bargains offered in every line of our immense stock. While the buying has been brisk and we have been more than pleased with the patronage of our friends, countless money-saving opportunities still remain. Come in and be convinced.

L. WIESMAN

At the State Fair, Detroit.



Interior View of Horticultural Hall.



Judging Cattle At The State Fair.

Saturday Of This Week

Is the day when we give a beautiful 25c CHINA-CUP away to every purchaser of one dollar's worth of goods from our store. This is a special opportunity you do not have every day.

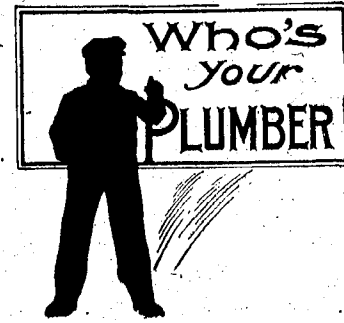
Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

We Invite You To Call and Examine Our

1910 Calendar Samples

There Are None Better.

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD.



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.

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

Uncle William on Dark Horses

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Little ones, there was once an Old Sorrel that had gone through many a Hard Campaign and had always won out handily.

But about the time he had everything set right and was beginning to feel his oats, up bobbed the Reform Element.

The Reform Element, children, is that bunch of meddlers who always want to know why the Old Sorrels have so many Oats in the Manger, and where they get the Oats.

In this instance, with the convention about two months away, the Reform Element certainly put the Hopples on the Old Sorrel for a few moments.

So he ambled off across the fields to the next district, and there he held confab with another Old Sorrel—that hadn't any trouble on his hands this campaign.

"That is politics," said the second Old Sorrel. "First they ask you 'Where did you get it?' Then when you explain matters satisfactorily, they say 'Give it to us, or we won't let you get any more.'"

"But they're going to disqualify me if I don't get busy," complained the first Old Sorrel.

"Not a bit of it. You listen." And then the second Old Sorrel whispered long and earnestly, and after a time the first Old Sorrel cantered back home and told the colts that were doing local on the Barnyard Palladium that he had been away for a few days on business of national importance.

Then he slipped around the corner and sent word to a certain Dark Horse to come and see him.

Now, this Dark Horse, like all Dark Horses, had a bosom that throbbled with Political Ambition.

He had a High Forehead and a Mane that was roached back in the true Henry Clay style, and he walked with



The Dark Horse Snickered with Subdued Joy.

a mysteriously important gait, as though he realized that at any moment the Lightning would strike him.

"Old man," said the wise Old Sorrel, "I've sent for you on a matter of importance. I'm weary of official life, and I'm looking for some one on whom my mantle may fall without hiding his feet and dragging along in the dust behind him."

The Dark Horse snickered with subdued joy, but modestly intimated that he was not the horse to make the race.

"But you are," said the Old Sorrel, and then he went on with a lot of arguments that sounded good, and finally convinced the Dark Horse that all he had to do was to stay in his stall and not champ his bit too much, and the first thing he knew he would be setting new marks for speed down the Road to Greatness. Furthermore, the Dark Horse was induced to give his check for forty tons of hay and a carload of oats to cover expenses of correspondence and gum shoe work prior to the convention.

On the day of the convention there was a great hubbub while all the Dark Horses were being nominated, but all of a sudden there was a hoarse hoot and a cloud of dust.

When the dust had settled it was learned that in order to preserve harmony in the party the Old Sorrel had been induced to get into the harness once more.

Children, when you grow up, if any man comes around and tells you you are a Dark Horse, you go and hire some one to paint white stripes on you and call yourself a Zebra.

For that man has a pair of false ears in his pocket and wants to change you into something else.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

to run some cigar and cigarette machines."

"Judge," said Williams sarcastically, "has the clear, cold light of reason gone out? Cannot it illumine for us the obscurity that surrounds the present situation of your motor?"

"I had not intended to continue," said the judge, sorrowfully, "but your unjust suspicions force me to. It was the one mistake of my life. I invented an automatic Indian who would take a cigar out of his pocket and present it when one administered the necessary nickel. I stood him in front of my store and was promptly blacklisted by the tobacco trust, in sympathy with the wooden-Indian trust. They forced me to sell out and I left town."

"But, judge, I don't see why you did—"

"I moved to Philadelphia," interrupted Judge Crosscut, gently.

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Campion's Punishment

By FRED C. KELLY.

Off in the still hours of the night, broken only by the low click of the poker chips being heaped into red, white and blue smokestacks, there flashed across the mind of Campion the thought that wifey would have divers and sundry remarks to make the next day.

You see, Campion was the host at this all-night session. He and five companions sat about the dining-room table in the Campion home. Jacks or better weren't the only kind of openers that had been in use throughout the night, and empty bottles were scattered all over the sideboard, the rugs and the window sills—to say nothing of cigar stubs and cigar ashes smeared all over pretty much everything within reach. The atmosphere was as thick as Camembert cheese. Campion realized all these things, but the bunch stayed on. In all sincerity, he would be able to tell Mrs. Campion that he wanted them to go sooner, for he had been three stacks of chips ahead two or three hours prior to sunrise. But a host can't drive his guests out of the house just because he's been lucky enough to take away some of their money. It was about seven o'clock that morning when they all decided that it was a good time to quit, inasmuch as things had straightened around so that no one was more than about seven or eight bones in the hole.

They placed their respective fevered brows beneath the faucet in the bathroom, and then went away, leaving their best to fight his own battles.

Campion knew it would make matters all the worse if he should go to bed and sleep all day, thus showing that he was neglecting his business. He made up his mind to get through the day somehow and prepared for his inevitable and altogether non-clearing observations about the looks of things that would be volunteered by the missus when she came down to breakfast. But, surprise of surprises! Mrs. Campion came down smiling and pleasant. She asked Campion if he was tired from being up late and that ended the inquiry. Campion said he was feeling fine, as he had just got up from a nice nap of four hours on the lounge.

Apparently it went. The missus continued pleasant and smiling until Campion started to the office. It was a hard pull getting through that day. Fully 1,000 times Campion had to

grit his teeth, rub his eyes and keep awake only by sheer force of will power, at the same time vowing "never again." At last the day ended, and he hustled home. "Me for the quilts just as soon as I get through dinner this evening," thought he, wearily.

Mrs. Campion met him at the door. "Better put on your other clothes," she suggested smilingly. "You know the Van Smythes are coming over tonight to play bridge. W-what! Hadn't

you better put on your other clothes?" she suggested smilingly. "You know the Van Smythes are coming over tonight to play bridge. W-what! Hadn't

you better put on your other clothes?" she suggested smilingly. "You know the Van Smythes are coming over tonight to play bridge. W-what! Hadn't

you better put on your other clothes?" she suggested smilingly. "You know the Van Smythes are coming over tonight to play bridge. W-what! Hadn't

I told you? I wonder now if I forgot to speak of it! Well, anyhow, they're to be here shortly after eight o'clock and we'll have a nice evening of bridge. You know I thought of telling them not to come for fear you might be tired after playing cards last night. I was so glad when you said you got your sleep."

Campion got into his evening clothes and sat at a bridge game all evening with the Van Smythes, who were the worst looking pair of high-browed neighbors any man ever had. Can you dope out anything that would have been worse torture? And the next morning Mrs. Campion woke hubby up for breakfast a half an hour earlier than usual.

But she never dropped a single unkind remark about that all-night session.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Strike in the Clarion Office

BY CAROLINE A. HULING

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Helen Leland looked sweet and charming in her fluffy white gown as she left the ballroom with Harold Manning.

"Shall we have an ice before we go home?" he queried. As they passed under an electric light on the grand piazza he glanced appreciatively at the delicately flushed face.

"No, indeed! Not just now. I must go to the office first and arrange my copy, then, while the men are putting it into type, if you please, we will have our ice. After that we will go back while I read the proof. Business before pleasure," she quoted gayly as they turned into the street toward the Clarion office.

"No one would dream of associating business with you, especially in that stunning gown," rejoined Manning with cheerful gallantry.

Helen smiled wisely. "And yet it is serious business," she said, "this being society editor on a morning daily—even if we do go to balls in full dress and have a good time dancing."

Manning offered no contradiction, but really he could not associate anything serious with the petite, graceful figure at his side. To him she

seemed a gay little butterfly, and even the question of her good looks scarcely presented itself to him definitely.

Indeed, she was not beautiful, though possessing a charm that often serves in good stead. She was bright, vivacious, quick witted and tactful, always saying just those pleasant things that put her companions at ease. Barely 22, and in the morning flush of glorious youth, Helen was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the ball quite as though she was attending it only for pleasure, with no idea of its being material for "copy."

The daughter of a country editor in a fashionable watering place, Helen was glad to earn a trifle during the gay season by writing for other papers, but was careful not to let it appear how much of this work she really did, feeling that her pen was freer if unembarrassed by the clamor of notoriety seekers. That she was society editor of the daily Social Review she did not care to conceal since it gave her opportunity to get material for her department and, incidentally, current gossip for her letter to metropolitan papers.

Harold Manning had no idea of the work she really did. Truth to tell he thought her rather frivolous, though sufficiently amusing. He had met her casually and, attracted by her airy persiflage, because her cavalier, pour passer le temps. This evening he had accompanied her to a ball at one of the largest summer hotels, her father, her usual escort, having a "publication day headache," as she termed it, after bringing out the Weekly Clarion.

They reached the office soon after midnight, and giving him a novel from a pile of review copies on her desk, she turned to her work.

"Miss Leland, the copy sent up this afternoon is still on the hook and Smithers and Morgan haven't shown up yet. There are not enough men up there to get up the stuff in time to go to press at five o'clock." It was Mr. Hurst, the publisher of the Society Review, who spoke and it was evident that he had been drinking.

Helen, absorbed in her work, silently looked up with a puzzled expression.

"Can't we call your father? I can send one of the men for him," the publisher suggested.

"Oh, no, indeed!" she replied. "Father was too ill when he went home, and I know that if he is disturbed he will suffer all day to-morrow. I'll call up the Union office and see if they can spare a couple of compositors to help out."

"There is one 'sub' down there who will come at once," she said a moment later, laying down the receiver of her desk phone, "but I need two."

A tiny frown wrinkled the high forehead which Manning was beginning to admire.

"Cannot I help out?" he hastened to ask, unwilling to witness her distress. "I used to 'stick type' when I was in college—you know I worked my way through. If you have got to stay here I might as well make myself useful."

"I will be awfully glad if you will," she eagerly replied. "I can't bear to arouse father."

Smiling, Manning removed his dress coat and vest and, protecting his linen with the gingham "jumper" that Helen proffered—kept by her father for such emergencies—he mounted the stairs to the composing room and, stick in hand, was soon busy.

It was an hour later, about two o'clock, when Helen had finished her copy and sent it up. While waiting to read the proof she turned to the novels she was to review for the Clarion. Just then Mr. Hurst reappeared, and this time his condition was very apparent.

"Miss Leland, the men have struck. They say your father didn't pay off in full Saturday and they won't work nights without their money. If this paper isn't out I'll take my work to another office."

"I will see about that myself," Helen replied instantly, her eyes blazing with wrath.

She fairly flew up the stairs. The men, sullen and defiant, had gathered in a group around the imposing stone.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Get back to your cases at once! The Review must be on time or we lose the job."

"We want our money. We can't work for nothing," responded one of them doggedly.

"How much does father owe you?"

"Three dollars."

"And you?" she turned to another.

"Five dollars," but Hurst said that he gave your father three hundred last week and that he paid out most of it for a ball dress for you."

"For shame!" she cried. "I buy my own dresses, and—why—Hurst borrowed \$200 of father last week to pay for some paper. I am ashamed of you, to allow that man to influence you. Can't you see that he is intoxicated and not responsible? We must get this paper out and then he can take his work elsewhere. My father has been as kind to you as to his own sons and this is the way you act when he is sick and I cannot tell him! Frank, you learned your trade with us, I am deeply grieved by your conduct. I will pay you myself to-morrow. I have no money with me now. Back to your cases, every man," and the strike was over—quelled by a girl in an evening gown.

Manning had been a silent, but by no means uninterested spectator of the scene, which had passed too rapidly for him to take part in it. Now he turned in astonishment back to his case, his eye taking in the copy before him and his fingers mechanically putting the little slips of metal in the stick in his hand.

His mind was not upon the work that he was doing. Dancing before his mental vision was the picture of this girl—woman in very truth—garbed in a fluffy white gown, with throat and shoulders modestly bared, but with an expression of firmness and determination upon her face, and eyes alight with indignation, at variance with her costume, which of itself was so out of place in the dingy printing office. He had seen the effect upon the rough workmen, a vision of femininity novel to their eyes, but so all-compelling that they had been thoroughly subdued. As they returned to work and the girl left them he heard them mutter:

"We can't stand Miss Helen. We'd do anything for her. But if that Hurst comes up here again to-night we'll throw him out, good and plenty."

Manning noticed that Helen had checked Hurst, as he was about to re-enter the office, but he did not hear her say:

"You would better rest awhile, Mr. Hurst. The men are angry with you just now. They will work better with you," and the fellow returned to a near-by saloon.

The dawn was breaking when Manning took Helen home, for she had stayed to see the forms made up and the paper on press. A long cloak covered her white gown and there was no one on the streets to remark their appearance at an unusual hour.

A thrill of pride in her stirred the cold man of the world who had been only amusing himself with this light-hearted child. He had been a fool; but his eyes were opened at last. This was the girl he had assumed to be a trifler, a frivolous butterfly. He had not thought her even pretty. Now, to him she was loveliness incarnate, and in his heart hope planted a germ for whose future lusty growth the mutual glances of young eyes augured well indeed.

Too Big a Price.

Does the pursuit of wealth cut the American man of business off from the old-fashioned relish of books and society? In other words, is he paying too big or disproportionate a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence? My answer would be: Yes, beyond question.—From A. Barton Hepburn's "The American Business Man" in the Century.

STILL LOOKING FOR LIGHT.

Strangely Enough, English Firm Failed to Understand Letter from Its Japanese Agent.

An English firm, whose shipment of goods was delayed in reaching Japan, received the following communication from their newly-appointed Japanese agent: "With regard to the matter of escaping the penalty for non-delivery of this—there is only one way. We must make a stir or strike occurring in our factory. Of course big untrue. I place my presence on inclosed form of letter and believe this will avoid the trouble of penalty of same. As Mr. — is most religious and competent man, also heavy upright and godly, it fears me that—useless to apply for his signature. Please therefore attach same at Yokohama office, making-forge. But no cause for fear of prison happenings, as this often happens by merchants of high integrity. But if this involves that your honor look mean and excessive awkward for business purpose, I think more better a little serpentine wisdom of polite manhood and thus found good business edifice." The firm knows as much now about the delay as it did before.

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.

A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, '08. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.



Saphed—I'm rather dull this evening. I feel a little down in the mouth, don't you know?

Miss Cutting—O, impossible! Why, it is not a sixteenth of an inch long!

Beginning Right.

"Your folks must be mighty exceptionally fond of eggplant," remarked the grocer's clerk to the deacon's son when the two met after the church services one Sunday. "Your father ordered two dozen of 'em yesterday."

"Oh, that's easily explained. You see dad's been reading about the latest methods of chicken-raising, and he decided to try the business. Although the books advised beginners to purchase adult fowls, dad decided it was better to start with the eggplant."—Harper's Weekly.

His Stomach Rebelled.

A dyspeptic Aitchison man went into a restaurant the other day and ordered fried catfish. "Fried cat!" bawled the waiter to the cook. Instantly the weak stomach rebelled. "Cancel that order," the customer said, "and give me an order of country sausage."

"Sidetrack the cat, and make it dog!" yelled the waiter, and he is wondering yet why the man grabbed his hat and left.—Exchange.

What Did He Mean?

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion's cage. "John," said Mrs. Brown, "if these animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

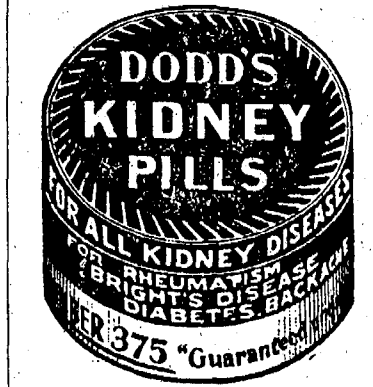
"Me," answered John, without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

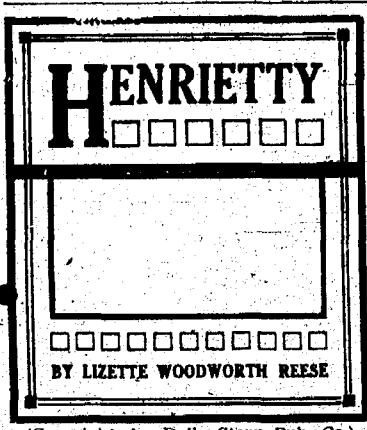
Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all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

That Wheezy Sound.

"Say," inquired the boy next door of the little girl whose father suffered from asthma, "what makes your father wheeze so?"

"I guess it's one of his inside organs playing!"—Puck.





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"John! John Shafer!"

The boy had clanged shut the gate and was turning into the narrow highway when he heard the woman calling him. He waited. Presently she reached the fence opposite, breathing heavily.

"She's gone," he said, briefly. His voice was blunt and hoarse. "He did not look at her."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Martin. A sudden solemnity fastened upon her little figure. Her eyes sought the house behind him. It was a square house, cut out black and sharp against the flare of orange in the west. The few apple trees straggling around it crooked forward keenly, bough by bough, in the clear evening light.

"I'm going down to see about things."

The woman opened her gate and pushed across to where he stood. "Did they—did they make up?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"Yes."

"Well, well, your mother's gone," she said. "I'm sorry; I'm sorry, John." The words sounded high and broken in the wind that was pouring down the highway.

"I—" quavered the boy. His face worked. For a moment he looked like a little, thin, distressed child. The next he had pushed past her and with hard strides was going down the gray road.

Mrs. Martin reached her gate. "Adam! Adam!" she called. The kitchen window went up with a creaking noise.

"What you want, Clarissy?"

She looked up breathlessly at the elderly face bent towards her.

"She's gone, Adam. Poor Henrietta Shafer's gone at last."

"I thought it likely." His slow glance settled upon her where she stood on the edge of the yard in the wind and the dusk. "You better come out of the cold."

"I ain't coming in. I'm going over and see if they want me. When it comes time to eat, you eat."

"You got anything else to tell me?"

She drew nearer the window, a small, quick, vivid figure, with gray hair and wide, bright eyes. "Adam, her and Andy made up before she died."

The man leaned farther out into the paling light. "That so, Clarissy?"

She was already half way down the path before she answered him. "Yes, John told me," she called back across the wind.

Adam drew his head in and pulled down the sash.

An hour passed. It was dark in the kitchen except for a small half circle of delicate, waving light that the fire cast upon the walls and ceiling. In this circle sat Adam smoking his pipe. All at once the door flew open.

"Mr. Martin."

Adam stumbled to his feet. "Why, John, John Shafer!"

The latch went shut with a click. There was a sudden silence in the room.

"Wait—wait. I'll get the lamp."

"No—no." The boy pushed groping forward with quick, labored pantings for breath, his face showing white in the pale gloom. Mr. Martin.

"What is it, John?"

"What made my father treat my mother the way he did?"

The very suddenness of the question gave it at the moment the simplicity of a primal one. Adam responded at once:

"I don't know, John."

"My God!" The boy's slim form shook like a candle flame in a high wind. "His words came in hard, vehement gasps. 'I think I'll die if I don't know why!'"

Adam put out a horny hand. "Come and sit down and rest awhile—you'll feel better."

"I'll make him tell me! I'll make him!" gasped the boy.

Adam stood dumb.

"He never gave her a good word, Mr. Martin."

"I guess I wouldn't rake up them old times, John."

The lad stared at Adam with eyes that were like those of a stricken animal. All at once his strange passion seemed to desert him. He turned and groped with tense hands towards the door. There he stopped. The throb of silence cut into the air like a knife. "You're—you're all coming, ain't you?" he asked, blindly.

"Yes, John," answered Adam.

The latch clicked again. A bit of the wild, dark country, without showing the doorway for a moment and was gone.

"My Lord!" said Adam Martin. He stood in the middle of the floor. The large, loose figure of Andrew Shafer, heavy of brow but thin and sensitive of lip, shaped itself out of the dimness before him. The eyes were the deep, remote, smoldering expression common to them, the look of a passionate man grown careful and patient. The years went by like smoke through the grass. A girl's face, of a dark and buoyant beauty, the face of the dead

Henrietta, gleamed over the edge of them like a star. "My Lord!" He felt his way across to the little table and lit the lamp.

Not long after Mrs. Martin came home. She looked solemn and tired. "I ain't needed," she said; "I'm to go over there to-morrow. Had your supper?"

"Yes."

"It's cold out."

"It's breeding rain," said her husband.

She drew a chair close to the stove and sat down. "It's cold," she said, again, clasping and unclasping her hands to the warmth. Suddenly she held herself erect and spoke with a certain slow rigidity. "She died at three o'clock this evening."

"I guess that was when I saw Pastor Myers come out."

"It was him made them make up. He said he wouldn't give her the sacrament unless she did. You know them Lutherans are awful strict. Then she said: 'Pastor Myers, it was all my fault,' and he said: 'Tell him that yourself.' So she did, and Andy Shafer he said: 'No, Henrietta, I was to blame, too.'"

Adam Martin knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the side of the stove.

"How long 've we been living here, Adam?"

"It'll be 17 years next April."

"Yes, so it will," said Clarissa Martin. "The lilacs were blooming. And I was at the gate when Henrietta came down the road with John in her arms. He had just had the croup, and she stopped and told me about it. I guess he was three years old then. She was a pretty thing. I can remember the very dress she had on. It was one of them purple calicoes with a curly white figure in it, and it was made with two ruffles as wide as my hand." She spoke musingly. "It doesn't seem more'n yesterday."

Adam broke out from behind a cloud of tobacco smoke: "Yes, Henrietta was certainly good-looking."

"They were on the outs then," said Mrs. Martin. "It was curious the way they'd act. It seemed as if they both wanted to keep away from each other. And when they were apart, Henrietta'd never mention Andy, and Andy'd never mention her. I've beat my brain out many a time wondering what it was about."

Adam leaned heavily towards her. "John was here to-night."

Then he told her.

Mrs. Martin sat up straight in her chair. "It must have been worse than people ever knew, Adam."

The Lombardy poplar rocked past the barred door. The house shook. Little, lean, crying noises went dimly up and down the room.

"Adam, what was it, anyway?"

"I don't know, Clarissy." A confused look came into his heavy face. He took the pipe out of his mouth and held it stiffly before him.

"Don't you tell me something, once about Henrietta having a beau, and her jilting him, and his calling back after she was married, and Andy being jealous?"

"I guess I did."

Mrs. Martin's eager profile projected itself into the clouds of tobacco smoke that hovered about the stove. "Then that was it—that was it, as sure as you're alive. Men don't forget such things in a hurry." She turned on him suddenly: "What'd he look like, Adam?"

"He was tall and young—more like a boy than a man. I only saw him once, when I come over to see Andy about some chickens."

A long moment. The man put the pipe back into his mouth and smoked on in a fumbling fashion. The woman's eyes grew tragic. Youth, love, death, tugged and tore at her. She felt as if she must rise up and cry out.

"Where's he now, Adam?"

"Who?"

"You know—Henrietta's beau."

"Dead," he said, simply.

"And she's dead, too." She sighed a little.

"Yes, poor Henrietta Shafer'll never go to market and stand behind that stall any more."

Mrs. Martin stood up and sat down again. A quiver ran through her fine little body. She flung out a passionate hand: "If I were John Shafer, I'd get to the bottom of that business. I'd do it if it killed me!"

The room was so deep in dusk that the two men sitting there seemed like two figures set in a paler cloud of gloom. Each piece of the simple kitchen furniture, seen through the gray dimness, which was but a continuation of the grayer one gathering outside, suggested possibilities of rich old carving. The dint of the pans along the wall was like that of rippling water.

John Shafer turned uneasily towards his father. That still figure opposite looked almost noble. He began to speak, blurring out the words as though it were hard to say them.

"I want to know why you treated her that way."

For a moment there was no answer. Then it came almost gently across the dimness: "She wouldn't let me do anything different."

"You didn't treat her right. You hardly ever talked to her or looked at her. You let her alone. She just worked like a dog and didn't get any credit for it. I think you ought to tell me why."

"She didn't want it any other way. I couldn't be any different."

"But why—but why?" cried the boy. His voice bent back to him as though from an iron wall. It was more than

he could bear. "But why?" he cried once more.

"I can't answer you any different, John."

It seemed a long time before either of them spoke again. A foot overhead, moving back and forth in the vacant chamber, brought them both a consciousness of that outside, inexorable life which goes on whether we be quick or dead. The clock ticked sharply on the mantel. Andrew Shafer sat so motionless that his large figure looked as though cut out of the dark.

"You ought to believe me, boy."

An odd, hushed sense of the end of things came to the younger man. There grew on him a feeling as of a still presence in the room, of a shape with pale, pushing hands held up between him and that secret of a score of years. Yet he burst out into a struggling last word. "She was a good woman," he faltered.

"I ain't saying anything against your mother, John. She kept the house clean, and she cooked the meals regular, and she worked hard in the garden, and stood twice a week in the market. And now—" Some remnant of passion burned up in the man's voice. It trembled. "And now—she's laying out in the cemetery."

The clock ticked sharply on.

"There can't be anything to be done about it now. Don't you go worrying about it, boy."

John sat dumb. It began to grow dimmer in the room.

"I'm going out awhile," said Andrew Shafer. He rose up from his chair and strode heavily towards the door, and opening it stood for a moment in the stream of thick dusk from the west. His speech rang out with the force of an oath. "Me and you'll begin all over again, boy."

The sky was sharp with stars. There was no wind. On the opposite side of the yard, a clear dark-mass against the clearer dark, rose the line of gabled farm sheds. He pushed across and undid the latch of the stable door. The warm scent of hay, the crunching sound of the cows at their cud, the hushed, impalpable stir of the housed air, came to him as, slouched and lonely, he waited there. His foot struck against the shaft of the market wagon lifting its larger bulk in the corner, and in a moment a tall, familiar figure seemed to lean silently out of the gloom. It was young, radiant, untouched of wind or weather. His youth gripped him hard. He slipped the latch back and gently moved away.

The garden next. A place of ghosts. The long procession of the years, the splendor and the pathos, the memories, and the homeliness, of the seasons went marching by. Flowers bloomed; bees hummed; little violet-colored butterflies wavered between him and the sun. And among them all moved Henrietta, pulling here, clipping there; if it were June, the plinks; if it were October, the chrysanthemums—especially those that looked like disks of white ivory, for these the town folks bought to carry out to the cemeteries.

He wandered out to the orchard, striking into the narrow path that zigzagged downward under the bare trees to the highway beyond. And of a sudden, pink and white and heaven sweet, blossomed the apple boughs to left and to right of him. For an instant it was his wedding day, and he and Henrietta were strolling hand in hand across that rosy acre of fairyland. An instant! In another, the long, melancholy years of his life passed before him. He felt himself beaten, defrauded, betrayed. Then there came to him another vision of Henrietta, Henrietta grown dumb and silent-eyed, with the remnant of her dark beauty clinging to her like the petals of a rain-drenched rose. Out of those long and melancholy years had she not brought even less than he? With a sort of dim added sense he began to realize her struggle with the stifling weather of her existence; he saw its vacant ways, her bitterness at him, her rigid yet shamed acceptance of the lot she had made and chosen for herself. And out of her gray life what was left but a strip of earth in a quiet country churchyard? For now she was cold, cold and dead!

A man's footstep, heavy and halting, sounded without in the road.

"That you, Andy?" said Adam Martin.

"Yes, Adam."

A whiff of tobacco smoke came pungently through the dark. Adam strode forward and stretched a slow hand across the palings.

"I've been down to the store for Clarissy. As soon as I see you I said: 'Maybe Andy has some stuff he'd like me to take to market for him day after to-morrow.'"

"I'm going myself, Adam."

Adam's pipe made a tiny scarlet eye in the gloom. The homeliness of a familiar odor was in the air. Something wistful stirred in the men's hearts.

"What's John doing?"

"Sitting back there in the kitchen."

"He's a good son," said Adam, in a half-hesitating way. He waited as though expecting an answer. None came. He moved clumsily away.

"Good night, Andy."

"Good night, Adam."

The gate opposite changed shut. Presently footsteps came dimly from between the rows of lilac bushes. A good son! Andrew Shafer's lips trembled with the secrets of years. He spoke out plainly. "He ain't my son!"

"Not a sound was in the road up or down. It lay lonely, forgotten. The instinct to hide, the habit of half a lifetime, grew uppermost in the man's mind. 'My God!' he said out there in the dark. He stopped and hushed his voice to a whisper. 'I didn't want to tell that!'"

HIS KINDLY HEART

CHAMPION SENSITIVE MAN WAS THIS VERMONT CITIZEN.

His Mantle of Kindness Even Spread Over That Pestilential Enemy of the Human Race, the Blood-thirsty Mosquito.

"I think the most sensitive man I ever knew," said Col. Calliper, "was an old friend of mine named Jonathan Saglow, who lived at one time in Storkville Center, Vt. He couldn't bear to see pain inflicted on man or beast, and any sort of cruelty filled him with great indignation."

"On Mr. Saglow's place there was a little bit of swamp land which he had never drained and which furnished a breeding place for what I suppose were the greatest and fiercest mosquitoes that ever grew, but Saglow had no screens on his porch or windows. He did have some once on his porch but he took them down the next day after he put them up."

"People hesitated to call on the Saglows in summer on account of those mosquitoes. There were mosquitoes, sure enough, elsewhere in Storkville Center—around where they lived, but none quite so big and ferocious as those that grew in Saglow's swamp."

"Then one day, to Storkville Center's great astonishment, Mr. Saglow was seen putting up screens around his front porch; the next day, to its still greater astonishment, he was seen taking them down, and Mr. Saglow wasn't a man that everybody could run up to to ask the whys and wherefores of anything he'd done, but one day in a friendly mood he told me why he had taken down the screens the very day after he had put them up."

"He admitted freely that that one night they had had on the porch with the screens up had been most comfortable for them all; that to sit there and not be bored into by those giant mosquitoes had been an experience that they had all greatly enjoyed; but what he saw in the morning when he came to look the screens over by daylight prompted him to take them down immediately."

"Sticking through these screens, all over, all around, everywhere, he saw mosquitoes' broken off beaks—you can judge what sized beaks they were when I tell you that, those screens were not very fine meshed—big beaks which mosquitoes had thrust through the netting in their efforts to get at the people inside, and which had become wedged there and been broken off when the mosquitoes had beaten up against those screens and how many had stuck their beaks through and still been able to get them out again nobody could, know, but here were 94 broken off beaks still sticking through the meshes of the netting."

"Now most people, you know, would have found a sort of savage joy in the contemplation of those broken off spears and in the thought that so many giant pests had thus been made innocuous; but not so with Jonathan Saglow."

"When he saw those 94 broken off beaks the first thought that came to him was of the poor wounded and maimed mosquitoes, wandering beakless around the world deprived of their only means of sustenance; and straightway he tore down the screens so that others might not by them be made likewise to suffer; for not even upon the sufferings of mosquitoes could he dwell with serenity, this most sensitive man I ever knew."

Malaria.

Malaria ever has been, and is yet, the great barrier against the invasion of the tropics by the white races, nor has its injurious influences been confined to the deaths that it causes.

It has been held by careful students of tropical diseases and conditions, that no small part of that singular apathy and indifference which steal over the mind and body of the white colonist in the tropics, numbing even his moral sense and alternating with furious outbursts of what the French have termed "tropical wrath," characterized by unnatural cruelty and abnormal disregard for the rights of others, is the ready work of malaria.—Outing.

Reducing the Range of Wit.

Mark Twain once said there were but seven original jokes. Now there are but six. The management of a long chain of vaudeville houses has decreed that no actor in playing in its circuit shall spring the mother-in-law joke upon the helpless audience; and while this action does not quite eliminate the joke from common usage it so cripples it that it may be regarded as a hopeless invalid doomed to early oblivion or dissolution.

Matching His Feelings.

"Raggy is very cheery since he started to buy a new house."

"Yes, so much so that he insisted on getting one with a swell front."—Yonkers Statesman.

Color Blind.

Servant—A pound of tea for the missus.

Grocer—Green or black?

Servant—Shure, aither will do. She's as blind as a bat!—Judge.

When Women Vote.

He—Aren't you ready to go down to the polls yet, dear?

She—Not yet.

What are you doing—trying to make up your mind or your face?—Yonkers Statesman.

WANTED TO MEET HIM AGAIN

Patriarch Had Something to Say to Man Driving a Big Red Automobile.

The Stranger—That's a singular looking old fellow sitting out there on the fence. He seems quite a patriarch.

The Native—Yep. He's been sittin' thar for three years.

"Three years! Good gracious! There must be an interesting story involved in this. Is he waiting for something?"

"Yep. He's waiting for a tall feller drivin' a big red automobile. He came by 'bout three years ago an' runned over th' old man's calf. The feller stopped an' said: 'What's the damage?' an' the old man said, 'Bout 'leven dollars,' and the feller gave him a twenty an' drove on. An' th' old man's sittin' over there waitin' for him to come back."

"Eh! Poor old chap. Forgot to thank the man, I suppose. But what's he got that shotgun for?"

"The twenty th' feller gave him was bad."

REVENGE.

The Professor—I've been a vegetarian all my life; from now on I'll eat nothing but beef!

Consumption Permanently Cured.

That consumption can be permanently cured is demonstrated by some figures published by Dr. A. Van Breden of Belgium, who says that 75 per cent. of the patients treated in the Bourgoumont sanatorium in 1903-4 have continued, four years after treatment, to improve, and are in a condition to return to their regular occupations.

The Reason.

"What's the reason we shouldn't have a little outing this Saturday?" asked Mrs. Grampus.

"I am," snarled Grampus.—Buffalo Express.

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamling Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

He is a man of power who, when all his fellows are swayed by some ambition or passion, remains calm and unmoved.—Creston.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

You cannot build a frame house unless you have the rocks.

A Friend In Need

There is absolutely nothing that gives such speedy relief in Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera-Morbis, Cholera-Infantum, Colic and Cramps as

DR. D. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

It is a friend in need, and you should always keep it in your house. Its valuable curative properties have made it a necessity for both adults and children.

Sold by all druggists at 25c per bottle

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 27-1909.

750,000 Acres Indian Land Open to Settlers

Under homestead laws. Land lies in the Flathead Reservation, Montana; Coeur d'Alene Reservation, Idaho, and Spokane Reservation, Washington. Some of the choicest land in the Northwest is contained in these tracts. Some is agricultural land, some grazing land, and there is some very valuable fruit and timber land. Prices will range from \$1.25 to \$7.00 per acre.

Register July 15 to August 5

at Kalispell, Montana; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and Spokane, Wash., all reached by fast trains of the Great Northern Railway. Low round trip fares every day this summer. Stop over and register en route to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Send for illustrated book describing the country, and giving details about When, Where, and How to register. Enclose four cents for postage

E. B. CLARK
General Agent

710 Marquette Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

EXPERIENCED ADVICE.

The Customer—You don't appear to have a hat in the place to suit me.

The Hatter—Try a soft green one, sir.

Never Buy a Watch by Mail

No one can sell a watch by mail that will give satisfaction for the watch that keeps accurate time in your pocket, loses or gains in another man's pocket. Even the finest watch will fall as a perfect time-keeper unless it is adjusted to meet the individual requirements of the person who is to carry it.

A South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

All the skill and facilities that money can buy go toward the construction of each South Bend Watch, and grade for grade it is superior to any other watch made. Yet even a South Bend must be adjusted to the one who is to carry it. South Bend Watches are sold only by reliable jewelers who properly adjust them to the individual. You cannot buy one from any mail-order house. Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch.

South Bend Watch Co.
South Bend, Ind.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. PURELY VEGETABLE.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 927

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Buy a Wabash Wagon

Get your dealer or direct from our factory. 40 styles and sizes for boys and girls of all ages from babyhood up, and larger Handy Wagons for men.

Illustrated price list FREE. WRITE FOR IT!

WABASH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
14 MILL ST., Wabash, Indiana

Ten Doctors Said He Would Die

"In 1903 we wrote you regarding my husband, who was suffering from heart trouble. He was superannuated by the North Georgian Conference. Ten doctors at different times said he would die. You advised Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Restorative Nervine; we did as advised, and improvement was apparent from the very first. He recovered and the Conference in 1904 gave him a charge. He never felt better, although he has very heavy work and does a great deal of camp meeting work. I am so glad we took your advice and gave him the medicine, and feel that I ought to let you know of the wonderful good results from its use."

MRS. T. S. EDWARDS,
Milner, Ga.

This proves what Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy will do. Get a bottle from your druggist and take it according to directions. It does not matter whether your heart is merely weak, or you have organic trouble, if it does not benefit you take the empty bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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. 27 we mail it?
Potosky Rug Mfg. Carpet Co.
Std., Potosky, Mich.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The question has been asked, "Why did the ladies society not buy eggs this summer?" The answer is because eggs did not fall below the minimum price set. Had they done so the locals were prepared to buy from their members. It is never the plan of the followers of Equity to demand exorbitant prices, but to have a steady paying price for both producer and consumer.

The Produce News say that the egg stored in Chicago warehouses up to June 1, 1909, were 1,427,090 cases. These figures make the shortage this year over last about 250,000 cases. This means very high prices next winter if the same condition exists in other centers. Right here we see that it will not be the farmers that will make or get this very high price. They have passed from the farmers' hands. Were the farmers organized like the commission men, with cold storage plants, they could have a share in higher prices.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending July 17, 1909.

- Letters.
Bryant, Mrs. Fannie Brown, Harry Brown, Lewis Rosebrook, Mrs. Corbas Cards.
Brown, Harry; Bowen, Mrs. Josephine Brown, Harrison Hall, Mrs. Bewlah Freeman, Mrs. Myrtle
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

This may be a just world, but we claim too much attention is showered on the girl graduate, and too little on the woman who has to cook in hot weather.

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

Call and see those guaranteed Springs at WHITTINGTON'S.

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

We have received a consignment of over one hundred designs of up-to-date Picture Mouldings and are prepared to frame your pictures in the latest styles.—Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

The larger a city, the smaller the biscuits. In the country, biscuits are frequently met that are as big as feather beds, but in a large city they are too small to chew, and are swallowed like pills.

Any lady can get a silvered "No-Drip" Coffee Strainer by writing Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Send no money. Simply ask for the "No-Drip" Coupon privilege, giving your name and address. Dr. Shoop will also send free his new and very interesting little book describing Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. Health Coffee is such a close imitation of real coffee, that it requires an expert to tell the difference. And neither is there a grain of real coffee in it. Made from pure toasted brains, malt and nuts, its flavor and taste is exceedingly gratifying. No tedious boiling either. "Made in a minute" says Dr. Shoop. Write today for the book and "No-Drip" Coupon. G. L. Sherman & Son.

An old standing fight involving the government, the G. R. & I. railroad and some settlers in Springvale township, was settled this week, when 12 of them proved up on their claims: William C. Stewart, William L. Dunshie, Frank A. Blanchard, John P. Hassel, L. B. Frye, Ell Smith Clark, Charles W. Miller, L. A. Purchis, H. A. Purchis, William Purchis, Fred Bush and Elias Lyons. The government won out in the long years of litigation with the railroad, who claimed ownership to the land occupied by the settlers, which final decision made the settlers eligible to homestead rights on the land, which they have improved to the extent of thousands of dollars. The length of their residence there ranges from seven to thirty years, and the settling of the fight in their favor is a great relief to them, as under the alternate decision they would have had to vacate their farms.

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

Comfort's Words

Many an East Jordan Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and the aches of a bad back removed, to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words, to hundreds of East Jordan readers.

Mrs. I. A. Slack, 925 Grove St., Potosky, Mich., says: "There was a constant, dull pain across the small of my back and when stooping or exerting myself, it became worse. If I took cold it always settled in my back and made me feel miserable. I had so often read and heard about Doan's Kidney Pills that I finally got a box. The result of their use could not have been better. I began to improve from the first and in a short time the pains and aches disappeared. I have no hesitation in endorsing Doan's Kidney Pills in return for the good they have done me." (Statement made in 1901.)

CONFIRMED IN 1906.

On August 24, 1906, Mrs. Slack said: "Since using Doan's Kidney Pills over four years ago I have given them my strong recommendation. I am glad to confirm all I have previously said in favor of this valuable remedy."

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.

PROBATE NOTICE.—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In the matter of the Estate of Helen Strong, deceased. Notice is hereby given that six months from the 15th day of July, A. D. 1909, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on or before the 15th day of January, A. D. 1910, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Dated, July 15th, A. D. 1909. JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1909. Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Oliver Hart, deceased. Moses Hart having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate. It is ordered, that the 9th day of August, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county. JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate. A true copy.

To Consumptives.

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

Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it. Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.

It has cured many after they were given up as incurable by their physicians. The undersigned as a consumptive can testify from his own experience as to its value. Write at once—delays are dangerous, and may prove fatal. For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent, 60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet is Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. These cool blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasantly delightful. Gently though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation. If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure. Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain always. It's simply Common Sense. We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets
JAMES GIDLEY.

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

WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

The State Fair Grounds and Buildings Worth Nearly a Half Million Dollars.

The Michigan State Fair was organized sixty years ago and during most of the time until it was established in Detroit its fight for existence has been strenuous. Many times the clouds of failure hovered dangerously near, but owing to the determined efforts of friends it has finally been established on a firm financial basis. Five years ago the fair was permanently located in Detroit, because it was believed that with so large a population to draw attendance from, the chances of success would be much brighter.

There were only \$17,000 in the treasury when the fair was first located in Detroit. The 147 acres owned by the society cost \$85,000. Detroit business men at once came to the aid of the society and donated heavily. As a result large, commodious and beautiful buildings were erected, as were also a grand stand with a seating capacity of 7,000, live stock barns, a race track, band stand and many other buildings. The grounds were graded into streets with cinder drives, shrubbery and trees planted, fences erected and various other improvements made until now the property represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars.

Against this half a million dollar plant, there is only an indebtedness of \$160,000. The great portion of which is covered by the original bond issue.

Most other State Fairs are owned by the commonwealths in which they are located, but every effort to turn this over to the state has failed. Michigan should support the State Fair and help to upbuild it. The Minnesota and Iowa state legislatures have appropriated large sums for new equipment and the state of Michigan should do the same. This fair is purely a state institution and should have the support of every person in both the upper and lower peninsulas.

GREAT RACING AT THE FAIR.

Fastest Animals in the World Will Meet September 2-10.

No single feature of a State Fair attracts more people on its own accord than the racing, if it is of sufficient merit. That this fact is well known by the powers that have been and those that are in the Michigan Agricultural Society is shown in the completeness of the department. The steel grand stand, the magnificent mile track, the spacious and healthful stables, representing in all an outlay of over \$100,000, show what is thought of the harness horses at the Michigan State Fair.

There is no more complete plant down the line of the grand circuit than that just outside of Detroit, where the big fair is held each year. The track was rebuilt last year at a cost of \$10,000 and now presents the composite surface, so successful at Memphis, the pattern after which other tracks are cut.

The fact that at the State Fair of 1908 no less than nine horses beat 2:10 in winning heats on the track and at the blue ribbon meeting that year a number of world's records were demolished shows what a fast track Michigan has. It is the talk of the country among racing men, and is one of the only cases where the same track is used for the State Fair and the grand circuit, affording the fairgoers an opportunity of seeing horses race on the fastest piece of dirt out of doors.

The equipments are perfect. Such is the growth of the popularity of the sport of the sulky that each year sees additional demand for stabling, and this summer a new barn with a capacity of fifty has been completed. In all 300 horses can be housed in roomy box-stalls in the speed barns, and because of the general desire to stroll down and take a look at them the directors of the society have had laid a continuation of the concrete walks, which now run past the cattle, sheep, swine and speed barns—an excellent idea.

In the past the fair has been fortunate in attracting a good class of horses, and there are reasons why there will be an improvement this year. A new fair at Kalamazoo opens on August 30, and in connection with it there will be a big race meeting. The Kalamazoo stakes have attracted an unusual number of horses, and from that city the horses will come to Detroit, where the State Fair race program opens September 6 and continues for five afternoons. The State Fair is a member of the Michigan circuit; other states will contribute, so from all sources it promises to assemble a lot of fast and clever race horses.

In addition to the fifteen races scheduled for the five afternoons there will be a great attraction on September 9. Dan Patch, 1:55, the unbeaten champion of the world, will race against Minor Heir, 1:59½, his most formidable rival. They will go one heat, the idea being to lower the world's record below two minutes, which the trainer of the horses says he will be able to do if the weather and track are right. It will be the most spectacular event ever known to the light harness turf, solitary exhibitions against time fading to a shadow in comparison with this struggle from wire to wire.

The program, with the added attraction, is one of the greatest ever offered by a state fair and will serve to keep Michigan's yearly outing in the forefront. The regular race card for the fair is as follows:

- Monday, September 6—2:10 pace; purse \$500; 2:18 trot, \$500; 2:16 pace, \$500.
- Tuesday, September 7—2:30 pace, \$500; 2:12 trot, 500; 2:22 pace, \$500.
- Wednesday, September 8—2:21 trot, \$500; free-for-all pace, \$500; 2:30 trot, \$500.
- Thursday, September 9—2:24 pace, \$500; 2:16 trot, \$500; 2:13 pace, \$500.
- Friday, September 10—Free-for-all trot, \$500; 2:19 pace, \$500; 2:25 trot, \$500.

At the State Fair, Detroit.



Finishing A Close Race.



D. U. R. Electric Depot and Yards at the Fair Grounds.

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.

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.

Who's Your Tailor?

The woollens which go into our custom clothes have been through the most severe tests possible. They stand the most wear in all seasons. A Blue Serge Suit is a most desirable garment and we show these fabrics in a big range. Leave your measure today.

FREIBERG, The Tailor.

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 Sew Foot, Golden Oak Workwork, 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.