

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1909.

No. 31

Purses Large

Fair Ass'n Increase Purses in Division N.—Speed.

The Speed Committee of the Charlevoix County Fair Ass'n met here this week and arranged the Program of Races. In addition to this the matter of an Automobile Day was talked over favorably and the matter left in the Executive Committee's hands. Below is the schedule of Races:

Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
 3:00 Class, trot or pace, purse \$100
 2:18 Class, trot or pace, purse \$200
 Novelty Race, purse \$25
 Running Race, 1/4 mile, 2 out of 3 heats, purse \$100
 Thursday, Sept. 30th.
 2:40 Class, trot or pace, purse \$100
 Free for All, purse \$250
 Running Race, 1 mile, 2 out of 3 heats, purse \$150

Will Exhibit at Chicago.

After a preliminary investigation extending over nearly six weeks the Western Michigan Development Bureau has definitely determined to be represented at the Land and Irrigation exposition to be held in Chicago at the Coliseum during the two weeks of November 20 to December 1. The final decision was made by the executive committee of the Development Bureau at a meeting held at Grand Rapids Monday night. The result gives western Michigan opportunity to show the choicest products of its orchards, fields and farms to an enormous concourse of people. The exposition in Chicago takes place at the same time as the stock show and these two monster gatherings will undoubtedly draw more than 500,000 people.

The executive committee engaged George E. Rowe, widely known as an expert in work of that character, to collect and arrange the exhibits. Mr. Rowe has had the handling of similar exhibits as far back as the New Orleans exposition and down to the Pan American at Buffalo and the big affair at St. Louis. Mr. Rowe left that night for Chicago to look the ground over in order that he may lay his plans and begin work at once.

Mr. Rowe had done part of the work soliciting funds and canvassing public opinion which led up to the final decision of the executive committee. He found the people of western Michigan, practically to a man, in favor of an exhibit being made. He also received for the Bureau liberal promises of financial support.

The exact cost is yet to be determined but it will be considerably greater than it was first estimated. And so far as can be seen at the present time it will run close to \$12,000. Without questions the result of an exhibition such as the one planned will be a big impetus to the settlement and development of western Michigan.

Turn About.

The president of a western university relates how on one occasion, when a certain well known educator was dean of that institution, grave complaints against the college cook were brought to him by one of the undergraduates. Whereupon the dean summoned the culinarian, duly lectured him upon his shortcomings and, in short, threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed the cook. "You oughtn't to place too much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals. Why, sir, they come to me in just the same way and complain about your lectures!"

Took It Seriously.

A little girl once visited the famous brothers Grimm, the fairy tale writers. The little girl knocked at the modest Grimm door, and William Grimm opened it.

"Are you," she said, "the person who wrote these pretty tales?" And she showed him under her arm a copy of his immortal book.

"Yes," he answered, smiling. "I and my brother. We wrote them together." "And you write this story about the clever little tailor who married the princess?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" said William Grimm. "Well," said the little girl, "it says at the end of the story that whoever doesn't believe it must pay you a mark. Now, I don't believe that a princess ever, ever married a tailor. I haven't as much as a mark, but here is a penny, and I will pay you the rest as soon as I can."

Circuit Court Jurors.

Circuit Court for Charlevoix County will convene August 16th. The following are the list of jurors drawn.

Thomas D. McCooley	Peaine twp.
Clarence Bissell	St. James
Herbert F. R. 13	South Arm
Edward Winstone	Wilson
Ora Allen	1st ward, Boyne City
Frank Van-Buron	2nd ward
Ered Davis	3rd ward
Willis Wilson	4th ward
Joe Howard	1st ward Charlevoix
John Dougherty	2nd ward
Adam Pfister	3rd ward
Henry Waggoner	Norwood twp
Walter Williams	Marion
William Hershey	Hudson
A. G. Tillotson	Hayes
Fred White	Eveline
Elbert Casady	Evangeline
Wm. McLain	Charlevoix
William Clark	Chandler
George Cramer	Boyne Valley
John G. Taylor	Bay
Jas. T. McDonough	Peaine
Jas. C. Gallagher	St. James
D. S. Payton,	County Clerk.

Has Excited Interest.

The "open door" policy of the theatrical managers' association will now bring to many cities some of the plays they have never been able to get before, the first them will be Col. M. J. Warring's production of Eugene Moore's latest play "The Tiger and the Lamb." This play was one of the greatest dramatic hits of last Spring and will be produced here at the Loveday Opera House August 10th, with its full scenic investment. "The Tiger and the Lamb" is an intensely absorbing comedy drama, it has excited great interest and is drawing capacity houses.

Teachers' Examination.

The regular examination will be held in the high school building in the city of Charlevoix on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 12-13-14, beginning at 8:30 a. m. standard time. The examination in Reading will be taken Iyving's Sketch Book, and based on "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Westminster Abbey," and "Rip Van Winkle."

Certificates of all grades will be issued from this examination. Applicants wishing their papers sent to other counties will write with pen, others may write with pencil.

All applicants will be supplied with paper.

J. H. Milford, Com.

Our idea of a meek, low-spirited woman is one that will take kindly the scolding of her husband's kin.

If a man and his wife were absolutely frank and honest with each other how long would they live together?

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, acute, acute, haemorrhagic coughs, bronchitis and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering, hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine: "It dispels it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of prostrated (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity. "Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers. Send Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it."

DIDN'T MATTER MUCH.

He Had Blundered Anyhow Before He Sent the Letter.

The loveliest young man ran up the steps and was met at the door by a very pretty young lady.

"Constance," he said eagerly as he held out his hand to her, "did you get my letter this morning?"

"No," carelessly returned she. "I presume Vivian took it."

"Vivian!" The swain blushed profusely. "Why, that letter was addressed to you!"

"Yes, but Vivian and I are twins and look alike, you know. Indeed, our most intimate friends often mistake each for the other!"

"But your names are nothing alike," stammered the bewildered young man. "I wrote 'Constance Withers' very plainly on the outside of that letter. I don't see how any such mistake could be made."

"Oh, it wasn't a mistake! Anyhow, it doesn't make much difference."

"What? Constance, that letter contained more than you think! In it I made apology for my too ardent actions before you last night, and, furthermore, I sent it to ask you if—if you would be my—"

"That it belonged to Vivian!"

"Are you crazy? I beg pardon! I meant—goodness gracious! How has Vivian anything to do with the letter?"

"Because when you made love last night you mistook Vivian for me!"

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending July 24, 1909.

Letters.

Mrs. F. R. Decker Fred Knapp
 Miss Luis Moore R. H. McLaughlin
 Cards.

Miss Ethel Clark Miss Reeva Kent
 Clayton Nixon
 FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

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.

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

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.

A book on Rheumatism, by Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis. tells some plain truths, and in a plain and practical way. Get this booklet and a free trial treatment of Dr. Shoop'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.

Something Nice



AT THIS OFFICE in the line of Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Bill-heads, Statements, Folders, Hand-bills, Show Bills, Posters, Sale Bills, Pamphlets, Blank Books. Let us print them for you

GRADUATES.

Fit Yourselves for Business—Rich Rewards.

The demands of this business age for skilled help offer rich opportunities to our young men and women who have just left school. Competent assistance is well paid for; the busy world has no use for untrained and inefficient people. The best course for any of our school graduates to pursue is to take up a course in a business college. Here they will acquire a knowledge of business practice which will be worth a fortune to them. The Muskegon Business College, a first-class commercial school, located at the corner of Webster and Jefferson avenues, Muskegon, Michigan, is especially adapted for its work of imparting a thorough knowledge of business accounting and general practice, shorthand, typewriting, banking and English. Mr. E. C. Bissell, the well known business educator, is president and manager, and to his untiring efforts is due the large patronage of the college, which has increased to so large a number that it necessitated the erection of a new building for the accommodation of its pupils. The new building is a large, handsome structure with all the very latest modern improvements, and is exceptionally well lighted. Another commendable feature of the college is the maintenance of a large dining hall, which seats 250 students. Meals are served at a nominal price and at a great saving to out of town students.

A knowledge of business practice is of great help to any man or woman. Good positions await those who acquire the knowledge which the Muskegon Business College will impart. A postal card addressed to Mr. E. C. Bissell will bring valuable information and full details of the excellent work of this business-teaching institution. To those who can spare the time for a visit, a hearty welcome and a most interesting experience are assured.

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

Cut Flowers For Sale.

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

Copy of an Order Received from an Old Customer for Shoes

Monsieur: Please put some shoe on my leetle 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; Batiste, 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

WHITE HOUSE FULL DRESS LOW CUTS FOR WOMEN *5*

MADE BY The Brown Shoe Co.

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.

BANK OFFICERS KEPT ALERT

Crooks Have Many Cunning and Daring Ways of Gaining Entrance to Strong Rooms.

What banks fear is not so much a burglar's gaining access to their premises by forcing doors, but by tunneling and other equally cunning and daring methods, the Strand says.

Guards were immediately posted in and around the building. Soon they observed the masonry of the bank giving away. Meantime the robbers appeared to be hard at work and quite unaware that they were being watched.

Immense Iron Deposits in Mexico. According to an iron trade bulletin, devoted to Mexican development, it appears that the iron industry in that country is capable of wonderful expansion.

The Dog Detective. Speed and accuracy stamped the performance of the police dog which the other night was turned loose on the track of the negro who shot Detectives Gallagher and Steine in Flat bush.

To Combat Cancer. A national organization has been formed in Belgium for the purpose of combating the ravages of cancer.

Sardou Trophies Sold. At the sale of the first portion of the collection of the late Victorien Sardou 342 lots brought a total of nearly \$165,000.

The Child Critic. "The child," says a writer in the Daily Chronicle, "is a natural critic. It was at a Lyceum matinee; scene, 'Red Riding Hood's Nursery; and little Miss Marjorie Carpenter is retiring to bed."

At the end of a year dull business sent her out to look for work again. During a working period of six years she worked scarcely more than four, says L. C. Odencrantz in the Survey.

There is Mollie, who took off ruchings from a machine for a year and a half. She earned \$3.50 a week, but left because nightwork made her ill. She became assistant forewoman, sewing curtains for one year at \$1 a week, but left because there was no chance for advancement.

Clock Shifters

Pushing Time Ahead Not Favored

By G. WELLESLEY BRABBIT



SOME people want to push the clock back and literally drag us out of bed at an unearthly hour in the morning to go to work.

Look around the world and see who are the people that prosper most, have the best homes, and acquire not only the necessities, but nearly every luxury, of life with the least possible expenditure of physical exertion.

I think, therefore, that these clock-shifters are a puerile bunch of bores, and should be suppressed.

I may add, too, that it is a safe prediction to state that if the trade unions give any countenance to this movement they will live long enough to regret it.



Music Most Social of Arts

By M. E. ROBINSON

Music is "common and beautiful as light and air." There is no better exponent of this belief than M. Camille Bellaigue. To his opinion music is the most social and sociological of the arts.

In his refreshing pages we read of many a thinker and reformer, and many a man of action, who has found music both a rest and a call to work; of Luther attributing to it a moral power as great as, and even superior to, that of his Bible.

As women emerge from the position of artificial dependence which they now hold, the desire that beauty shall interpenetrate the lives of both men and women, and be no longer a mere ornament, will gain ground, and music will go through the same phases of development which have made all the other arts in their day nationally educative and universally significant.

Wages of Women in New York

By L. C. ODENCRANTZ

Here are some records of girl workers in New York City, showing the difficulty they have in holding jobs for any length of time. It's come and go, according to the employer's needs.

Rose, trained in millinery in a trade school, began her career at \$4 a week in a position which lasted six weeks, when the season ended.

When the season began again in January she found another place at \$5 a week, but two weeks later was sent for by her previous employer, with whom she stayed until May, when again the season was over.

There is Mollie, who took off ruchings from a machine for a year and a half. She earned \$3.50 a week, but left because nightwork made her ill.

She became assistant forewoman, sewing curtains for one year at \$1 a week, but left because there was no chance for advancement. She was operator on children's coats six months in one place and six weeks in another.

WILD STEER LOOSE IN STREETS OF NEW YORK

HE INVADERS A SHOP, SCATTERS A CROWD, AND IS FINALLY ROPED AND CAUGHT.

New York.—The story of the bull in a china shop was practically retold with variations the other afternoon when a steer escaped from the stock yards at Fortieth street and North river, and in a mad race through the streets in the vicinity dashed into a store, knocked down a policeman and tossed a man into a crockery shop before the frenzied animal was captured.

The wild antics of the steer on regaining its freedom as it galloped along Fortieth street to Tenth avenue, caused a scramble of women and children for safety.

When the steer reached the store of Demarest & Ereckman, it dashed



"Ran Along a Passage Flanked by Show Cases."

into the doorway and ran along a passage flanked by showcases until it reached the elevator in the rear, in which James Meehan, the operator, was seated. The spectacle of a steer seeking to enter the elevator gave Meehan a distinct shock, but he had presence of mind enough to pull his lever and the car shot upward.

The disappearance of the car frightened the animal, which now turned and cavorted out of the store into the street. The place was barren of customers at the time and, except for the fright suffered by the clerks, some of whom sought refuge beneath the counter, the visitation was harmless.

On regaining the sidewalk the animal galloped to Ninth avenue, thence to Forty-fifth street and west toward Tenth avenue. The clamor attracted the attention of Policeman Backus, who blew his whistle for aid. Efforts were made to head off the steer as it dashed into Tenth avenue, and now for the first time the animal showed its mettle when it charged the crowd that was backing up Backus. The policeman was knocked down and the animal ran over his body without doing him any injury.

James Donohue, one of the persons in the crowd, was not so fortunate. The steer caught him before he could escape and tossed him into the show window of a crockery store a distance of more than ten feet. Donohue suffered severe bruises about the face and hands.

Almost surrounded by a crowd, the frightened steer dashed up Tenth avenue toward Forty-seventh street, where it paused to survey the ground. This proved the undoing of the animal, for a dozen men carrying ropes encased the animal in a network of hemp from which it sought in vain to release itself.

Snake Cuts Off a Town.

Tullahoma, Tenn.—A common chicken snake about four feet long cut Tullahoma off from telegraphic communication with the outside world for several hours, but paid the penalty with his life.

The snake climbed a pole after birds that had flocked there and crawled out on the wires. When he had connected several of them with his body the current was strong enough to kill him, but his body lay across all the wires, cutting off service to this place for several hours while the linemen were locating the trouble.

Birds Bear Love; Mail Slow.

Winsted, Conn.—David Cohen, who recently came here from New York to manage a clothing business, will send love letters to his fiancée in New York by carrier pigeon instead of by mail. He has received a dozen pigeons for that purpose, one of which took a prize at a recent show in New York. Mr. Cohen refused to divulge his sweetheart's name or street address.

FIRE IS THE GREATEST FOE OF OUR WOODLANDS

Often Kindled by Sparks from Railroad Locomotive and by Settlers and Farmers in Clearing Land or Burning Brush.

Of all the foes which attack the woodlands of North America no other is so terrible as fire. Forest fires spring from many different causes. They are often kindled along railroads by sparks from the locomotives. Carelessness is responsible for many fires. Settlers and farmers clearing land or burning grass and brush often allow the fire to escape into the woods.

fully watched. A sudden change of wind may check a fire, or may turn it off in a new direction and perhaps threaten the lives of the men at work by driving it suddenly down upon them.

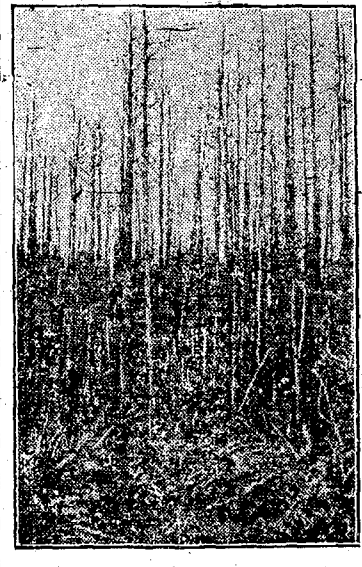
When all the conditions are favorable, forest fires sometimes reach gigantic proportions. A few such fires have attained historic importance. One of these is the Miramichi fire of 1825. It began its greatest destruction about one o'clock in the afternoon of October 7 of that year, at a place about sixty miles above the town of Newcastle, on the Miramichi river, in New Brunswick.



Trunk Damaged by Fire.

There is danger from forest fires in the dry portions of the spring and summer, but those which do most harm usually occur in the fall. At whatever time of the year they appear, their destructive power depends very much on the wind. They cannot

was still more severe than the Miramichi. It covered an area of over 2,000 square miles in Wisconsin, and involved a loss, in timber and other property, of many millions of dollars. Between 1,200 and 1,500 persons perished, including nearly half the population of Peshtigo.



Forest After Being Swept by Fire.

The most destructive fire of more recent years was that which started near Hinckley, Minn., September 1, 1894. While the area burned over was less than in some other great fires, the loss of life and property was very heavy. Hinckley and six other towns were destroyed, about 500 lives were lost, more than 2,000 persons were left destitute, and the estimated loss in property of various kinds was \$25,000,000.

travel against it except when burning up hill, and not even then if the wind is strong. The wind may give them strength and speed by driving them swiftly through unburned, inflammable forests, or it may extinguish the fiercest fire in a time by turning it back over its path, where is nothing left to burn. In fighting forest fires the wind is always the first thing to consider, and its direction must be carefully

The means of fighting forest fires are not everywhere the same, for they burn in many different ways; but in every case the best time to fight a fire is at the beginning, before it has had time to spread. A delay of even a very few minutes may permit a fire that at first could easily have been extinguished to gather headway and get altogether beyond control.

When there is but a thin covering of leaves and other waste on the ground a fire usually cannot burn very hotly or move with much speed. The fires in most hardwood forests are of this kind. They seldom kill large trees, but they destroy seedlings and saplings and kill the bark of older trees in places near the ground. The hollows at the foot of old chest nuts and other large trees are often the results of these fires, which occur again and again, and so enlarge the wounds instead of allowing them to heal.

FARMER REGARDS WORK AS SCIENCE

Now Sends Sons and Daughters to the Best of Colleges.

Never in the history of agriculture has there been such a forward movement on the part of the farmer and for the farmer on the part of state and nation, as is noted at the present time. Prosperity for the last decade has been the constant companion of the man who clothes and feeds the nation.

rural communities for the better. Each year the number of farmers sons and daughters attending our higher institutions of learning is growing larger. Educational statistics, we are told, disclose that the proportion of farm-reared students found in the colleges and universities is larger than that of students coming from other walks of life, either from the wealthy or working classes.

Educationally, the farmers are not so far behind their city cousins as one would naturally think, and if we take proportionate numbers into consideration, the farmers are ahead. The blessings of modern civilization and the advantage of up-to-date methods and labor-saving conveniences are enjoyed almost as generally by the country folk as by those living in the city.

There is a very good reason for the presence of the farmer's son and daughter in the halls of learning. Agricultural education has become the favorite theme with the wide-awake farmer and his family, and as a result those institutions are being patronized almost to overflowing by students eager to make farming their life work. New conditions must be met in our progressive age, such as the remarkable increase of our population and an ever-increasing demand for farm products at high prices; the rust of so many country people to live in the city, impelled by the erroneous thought that farm life is debasing and that urban existence is more attractive than the monotony of the farm.

Feed for Pigs.

It seems almost needless repetition to cite how, through the agency of the telephone, rural free delivery and interurban electric railway the former isolation of the farmer from the city has disappeared. All these modern developments have their influence on

I have been forced to depend upon my farm for my pork and have learned that plenty of rutabaga turnips, clover and one bag of corn will put a hog through the winter; that put to pasture till fall. It makes good pork and at a low price.—There is money in it and no need to depend upon the west for pork.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**
Illustrations by **KAY WALTERS**

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 drunk stupor, Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero and preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weakness. 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 hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie loved a skin for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrop, you might fetch some of those stones—size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But these stones—"

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go for a bunch, after all, in case I need stonze."

With due consideration for Winthrop's ankle—not for Winthrop—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile walk consumed over half an hour. But his smouldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cliff. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. "I guessed right. Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

The others followed him eagerly as he pushed in among the trees. They saw no running water, for the tiny rill that trickled down the ledges was matted over with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and overshadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrop; "see the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake, bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "These ain't sheep tracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to get at our poultry yard!"

"Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrop, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges beneath the overhanging thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrop. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, though—and their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was bare of all vegetation. Blake laid his club on the top of the ledge, and was about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw, outlined in dried mud. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him and crept back down the trail. He stole glances filled his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of the trees—into the open!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club raised in readiness to strike.

Once clear of the trees, Winthrop caught Miss Leslie by the hand and broke into a run. In their terror they paid no heed to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of 100 yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrop roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprint," mumbled Blake, ashamed of his fright.

"A lion's?" cried Winthrop.

"Not so large—about the size of a man's. Must be a leopard's den up



Crept Back Down the Trail.

there, I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"By Jove, we'd better withdraw around the point!"

"Withdraw your aunty! There's no leopard going to tackle us out here in open ground this time of day. The sneaking tomcat! If only I had a match, I'd show him how we smoke rat holes."

"Mr. Winthrop spoke of rubbing sticks to make fire," suggested Miss Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to at all. The sun's hot enough to fry eggs. We'll go back to a shady place and pick up sticks on the way."

Though there was shade under the cliff within some 600 feet, they had to go some distance to the nearest dry wood—a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, penknife in hand. Having selected the driest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was lacking all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrop insisted upon trying in turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd stand more chance cracking stones together."

"But what shall we do now?" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very tired of coconuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along, we should have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart—Quillmane, Mozambique—that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hen's-teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrop.

"Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with fellows down on the Rand."

"But what shall we do?" repeated Miss Leslie, with a little frightened catch in her voice. She was at last beginning to realize what this rude break in her sheltered, pampered life might mean. "What shall we do? It's—It's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks or perhaps months—unless some ship comes for us!"

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "suppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's daughter, you've got brains some-

where down under the boarding-school stuff."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's a question of think, not of putting on airs. Here we are, worse off than the people of the stone age. They had fire and flint axes; we've got nothing but our think tanks, and as to lions and leopards and that sort of thing, it strikes me we've got about as many on hand as they had."

"Then you and Mr. Winthrop should immediately arm yourselves."

"How?—But we'll leave that till later. What else?"

The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must have water. Think how we suffered yesterday! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and—"

"All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand?"

"I understand about the water. You would frighten the leopard away with the fire; and if it would do that, it would also keep away the other animals at night. But as for food, unless we return for coconuts—"

"Don't give it up! Keep your thinker going on the side, while Pat tells us our next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head—"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrop."

"You're off, there," rejoined Blake. "But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next."

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They—or they called me Win at Harrow."

"That so? My English chum went to Harrow—Jimmy Scarbridge."

"Lord James!—your chum?"

"He started in like you, sort of top-lofty. But he chummed all right—after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping."

"Oh, really now, Blake, you can't expect any one with brains to believe that, you know!"

"No; I don't know, you know—and I don't know if you've got any brains, you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move?"

"Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing—don't interrupt, please! It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. If we should return to your tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms."

"That's one side. Here's the other. Bar to wade across—sharks and alligators; then swampy ground—malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still sore enough, by their look."

"If only I had a pot of cold cream!" sighed Miss Leslie.

"If only I had a hunk of jerked beef!" echoed Blake.

"I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night around on the seaward face of the cliff?" asked Winthrop. "I noticed a place where the ledges overhang—almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast would venture so close to the sea?"

"Can't say. Didn't see any tracks; we'll chance it for to-night. Next?"

"By morning I believe my ankle will be in such shape that I could go back for the string of coconuts which we dropped on the beach."

"I'll go myself, to-day, else we'll have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts have not been washed away by the tide, we're fixed for to-night; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea-birds good to eat?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"Some."

"Then, if only we could climb the cliff—might there not be another place?"

"No; I've looked at both sides. What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply. The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just concentrated malaria."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket. You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny! It's too late to start now. But first thing to-morrow I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fishing line out of coconut fiber. By braiding your hair, Miss Jenny, you can spare us your hair-pins for hooks."

"But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid—I'd rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near—"

"Well, I don't know. Let's see your feet?"

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her skirt.

"Um-m—stocking torn; but those slippers are tougher than I thought. Most of the way will be good walking, along the beach. We'll leave the fishing to Pat—beg pardon—Win! With his ankle—"

"By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. I give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrop must go with us!"

"Fraid to go alone, eh?" demanded Blake, frowning.

His tone startled and offended her; yet all he saw was a politely quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why should I be afraid, Mr. Blake?" she asked.

Blake stared at her moodily. But when she met his gaze with a confident smile, he flushed and looked away.

"All right," he muttered; "we'll move camp together. But don't expect me to pack his ludship, if we draw a blank and have to trek back without food or water."

CHAPTER IX.

The Leopards' Den.



WHILE Blake made a successful trip for the abandoned coconuts, his companions leveled the stones beneath the ledges chosen by Winthrop, and gathered enough dried seaweed along the talus to soften the hard beds.

Soothed by the monotonous wash of the sea among the rocks, even Miss Leslie slept well. Blake, who had insisted that she should retain his coat, was awakened by the chilliness preceding the dawn. Five minutes later they started on their journey.

The starlight glimmered on the waves and shed a faint radiance over the rocks. This and their knowledge of the way enabled them to pick a path along the foot of the cliff without difficulty. Once on the beach, they swung along at a smart gait, invigorated by the cool air.

Dawn found them half way to their goal. Blake called a halt when the first red streaks shot up the eastern sky. All stood waiting until the quickly following sun sprang forth from the sea. Blake's first act was to glance from one headland to the other, estimating their relative distances. His grunt of satisfaction was lost in Winthrop's exclamation: "By Jove, look at the cat!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Public Eye.

In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged.

"The Public Eye!" shouted the megaphone man of our party.

There were some curious people within the space, but even more curious were those just outside.

Of these latter we thought certain women especially interesting; they were busily neglecting their families in order to get into the Public Eye. A pathos attached to another group of women who had been in the Public Eye and could never be happy out of it, though they couldn't in the least tell why.

Positively funny were a few men who kept trying, by a variety of droll devices, to break into the Public Eye. "Vice-presidential candidates!" our megaphone man explained.—*Post.*

WHAT WERE THEY THERE FOR

Reporter's "Seemingly Superfluous Question as to Happenings at Cabinet Meetings."

Postmaster General Meyer is of a serious turn of mind, but he has a bit of humor in his makeup, nevertheless. Being looked upon as the shrewdest politician in the president's cabinet, he is the objective point for newspaper correspondents on cabinet days.

Last week as Mr. Meyer emerged from the White House a newspaper man asked:

"Mr. Postmaster General, can't you give us some news about the cabinet meetings?"

"There really is nothing to say," replied the cabinet officer. "We discussed nothing of especial importance."

"Do you mean to say you did not discuss politics?" the newspaper man queried.

The postmaster general burst into laughter. When he recovered his usual serenity he said:

"Do you suppose we were all muzzled?"

HER FRIENDS WONDER

How Mrs. Kessler Was Rescued from Almost Certain Death.

Few have lived through such trials and suffering from kidney disease as were endured by Mrs. Caroline Kessler of W. Main St., Paw Paw, Mich. Well and strong again, her case is thought a miracle by her friends. What Mrs. Kessler went through makes a long story—backache, rheumatism, dizzy and fainting spells, urinary disorders, dreadful bloating of dropsy and finally a complete prostration that defied medical skill and caused her to be given up. Through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills Mrs. Kessler is a well woman and is willing to tell about her case to anyone who cares to inquire.

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



A JOB FOR TWO.



"What you fellows got in that box?" "It's all right, officer. We're takin' home Mamie Casey's hat wot she wore at de lawn party last night!"

Alcohol and Tuberculosis. The most prominent tuberculosis specialists in the country agree that alcohol will not cure consumption. Dr. S. A. Knopf says: "Alcohol has never cured and never will cure tuberculosis. It will either prevent or retard recovery." Dr. Frank Billings of Chicago and Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch, ex-presidents of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; Dr. Lawrence F. Flick of Philadelphia and Dr. Edward L. Trudeau of Saranac Lake, the founder of the anti-tuberculosis movement in this country, are all of the same opinion.

A Youthful Idea. "See, my son," said an enthusiastic parent, anxious to impress the beauties and resources of nature, "what beautiful green dresses of leaves the trees have now, when in winter they are quite bare."

"I guess," said the youngster, thoughtfully, "that when winter comes they pack these pretty green dresses in their trunks, don't they?"

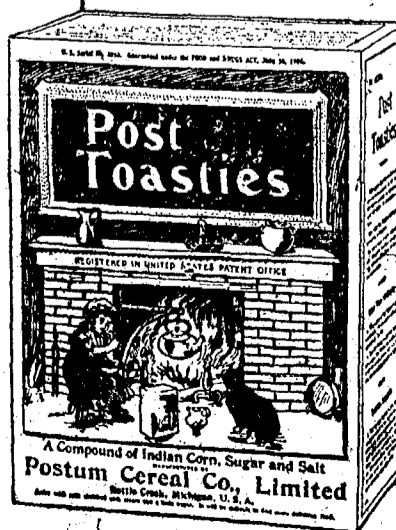
Learned Justice Betts of Kingston, N. Y., says: "Lazy men have a right to live." Our lazy men are our most potent. History shows that as a rule, with a rule's exceptions, our greatest men had either indolent or shiftless fathers, as fathers of Shakespeare, Lincoln, Napoleon, Bismarck and other worthies indicate. On the other hand, great men's children are few and far between. Power in a lazy man is accumulating, as in a coiled spring, but the great man has little or nothing left for offspring.—New York Times.

Leave it to Him. A Wichita man was fussing because of his aching teeth. "Why don't you go to a dentist?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I haven't got the nerve," was the reply.

"Never mind that," replied the friend, "the dentist will find the nerve all right."—Kansas City Journal.

Charms Children
Delights Old Folks
Post Toasties



The crisp delicious, golden-brown food, made of Indian Corn.

A tempting, teasing taste distinctly different—all its own.

"The Taste Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.
Popular pkg., 10c.
Large Family size 15c.

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Libby's Food Products

Libby's Vienna Sausage

Is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a meal-time necessity, to be served at frequent intervals.

Libby's Vienna Sausage just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies at dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in **Libby's Great White Kitchen**—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are—

- Cooked Corned Beef**
- Poorless Dried Beef**
- Veal Loaf**
- Evaporated Milk**
- Baked Beans**
- Chow Chow**
- Mixed Pickles**

Write for free booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat". Insist on **Libby's** at your grocers.

Libby, McKell & Libby
Chicago

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR

Features of Law Relative to Starting Fires in the Woods.

State Game, Fish and Forestry Warden Pierce of Lansing has issued the following notice, and causes the same to be posted about Northern Michigan, relative to the careless setting of fires in the woods:

The careless setting of fires, causing fires to be set, or allowing fires to spread in woods, brush or grass lands, so as to damage or endanger the property of another is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for not more than three months.

The malicious setting of fires, or causing fires to be set, is punishable by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment for not exceeding ten years.

It is a misdemeanor to kindle a fire and leave it unquenched, or be a party thereto, to use other than incombustible wads for firearms, or to carry a torch or other exposed light in or near forests, brush or grass lands—punishable by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment for not more than three months.

All railroad companies are required to use efficient spark arresters on all engines and to keep their rights-of-way clear of all combustible material.

Thrashing and other portable steam engines must have efficient spark arresters.

In addition to the penalties provided every person is liable for all damages caused by a fire set, or allowed to run by him.

Violations should be reported to the state deputy of the district or to C. E. Pierce, State Game, Fish and Forestry Warden, Lansing, Mich.

The Potato Crop From An Equity Standpoint.

Indianapolis, July 24

James Howey, Vice-Pres., East Jordan, Mich.

Dear Sir:—The acreage of the 1909 potato crop is about 6 per cent larger than last year and the condition is high. Early and medium crops where they have been harvested in the southern and middle tier of states have been very large. So abundant have been the fields that the prices have gone very low. The following dispatch shows:

Columbus, Ind., July 21—New Irish potatoes are retailing at 25 cents a bushel at this place and the oldest inhabitant is unable to recall the time before when they were so cheap. He is not able, either, to recall a time when the yield was as abundant as it will be this year.

With a 25 cent price now in the districts where the northern producing sections must send their potatoes, the prospects for good prices is anything but encouraging.

If the potatoes growers ever needed organization and the marketing plan of the Farmers' Society of Equity they will need it next fall and if there ever was one time more opportune for organizing the potato growers than any other time it is the present.

This letter has been sent to each of the officers of the Michigan State Union F. S. of E. I suggest a meeting of the State Union and at the same time have some of the heaviest growers of potatoes attend the meeting. The purpose will be to arrange for a campaign that will organize the Michigan growers in time to secure fair prices for this crop.

This movement should be for potatoes and cover first only the heavy producing counties. It may mean to the potato growers 20 to 25 cents a bushel on all the potatoes grown in the state.

New York and Wisconsin can be swung into line if Michigan will take the lead.

Fraternally,
FARMERS' SOCIETY OF EQUITY
J. A. Everitt, Pres.

Farmers, don't be afraid to organize. The balance of the world is organized against you to the extent that almost every article you buy, from a horse, shoe, pair to threshing machine, is laid down to you at producers' prices and profits, saddled on top of transportation two ways and union labor at from two to five dollars per day, short time. The commercial world has set the pace upward and won't have it any other way. You may as well fall into line; learn a lesson of wisdom, quit trying to beat down others prices but raise your own up to their level; and then block the wheels by co-operation.

All the time you spend in trying to

how other people's prices down will be wasted and bring upon your heads disgraces. The few highly skilled and so-called successful farmers of the present day may be able to stand alone and the larger class or less capable one may be willing to fall alone; yet, however this may be, you owe it to your children and to the stars and stripes of your country, if not to yourselves, to grasp the opportunity that now presents itself to co-operate. Put the divinely ordained business of agriculture on its feet and thus save the next generation from the trials of a system of peasantry which surely awaits them if nothing is done.

The end surely justifies the means. Do not falter because of alleged weakness nor wax vain over work done, but be faithful, be zealous, be just, and fear not. The God of Nature established your business and set it at the head of all industries, and no one questions its divine right to exist. So long as the sun shines and the rain falls, and the earth continues to yield her increase, our advice is to cease complaining, go to work setting things right, organize, and when the time comes mark your prices on an equitable basis all around and keep them there.

JAMES HOWEY.

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.

Christening the Twins.
In an English village a miner's wife presented him with twins. At the usual time the twins had to be christened, and George, his wife and his friends proceeded to the church to fix the names of the children. The minister asked the father the names of the twins, and he quite proudly replied: "Steak and Kidney, sor!" "Come, come!" replied the minister. "These are odd names for your children!" "What d'ye mean, Geordie?" cried his wife. "It's Kate and Sidney." "Aye, it is, sor. As about it was like summit to eat!" shouted George promptly.

Aim High.
To the formation of a good character it is of the highest importance that you have a commanding object in view and that your aim in life be elevated. Set your standard high, and though you may not reach it you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence.—Joel Hawes.

Temperament Doesn't Count.
They hadn't seen each other for several years, the two women. They looked at each other, afraid to ask after their husbands. Finally one spoke. "You know," she said; "that my husband and I are no longer living together. He left me flat on my back in a hospital. He wrote me that he thought all artists should have their freedom, that they should not be bound by family ties. I suppose," with a sigh, "that it was what one would call the artistic temperament." "It is not altogether confined to artists," said the other woman. "My husband was a plumber, and he did the same."

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

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Union Lock Poultry Fence
Keeps your poultry safe from thieves and the market for poultry yards, orchards and gardens, and the fence is not done with. Write for catalog of fence for all purposes.

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The Scrap Book

Its First Letter.
They were playing a game in which some one gives out the initial of some object in the room and the rest of them try to guess the object. So they tried to get the host's gray haired father into it. But he held out. "Sure," said he, "I'm a little bad in me spelling. I'd make no hand at such a game."

"Oh, come on!" they pleaded. "You pick out some object, tell us the letter it begins with and we'll guess it." So the old man, cajoled, finally yielded. "Well," said he, "then I will. The letter is 'F.'"

The Noble Nature.
It is not growing, like a tree, in bulk doth make man better be. Or standing long an oak, three hundred year. To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear. A lily of a day. Is fairer far in May. Although it fall and die that night. It was the plant and flower of light. In small proportions we just beauties see, And in short measures life may perfect be. —Ben Jonson.

A Bitter Dose.
An old negro man was riding on the train and fell asleep with mouth wide open. A mischievous drummer came along, and, having a convenient capsule of quinine in his pocket, he uncorked it and sifted it well on to the old negro's palate and the roof of his tongue. The old darkey, awakening, became much disturbed. He called for the conductor and asked, "Boss, is dere a doctor on dis here train?" "I don't know," said the conductor. "Are you sick?" "Yas, sah; I sho' is sick. I sho' is sick." "What is the matter with you?" "I dunno, sir, but it tastes like I busted my gail."

Dusty.
Alongside the secretary of state's desk is a great globe, standing over six feet high. One day Mr. Knox consulted it to see if it were really true that the sun never sets on our dominions nowadays or to learn something else of equal importance. The Pennsylvania statesman is the pink of neatness and was somewhat irritated to find that the big revolving ball soiled his coat sleeve. "William," he said sharply to the messenger, and laying his finger on the globe, "there is dust there a foot thick."

"It's thicker'n dat, Mr. Secretary," replied the negro, with that familiarity that comes of mingling with greatness. "What do you mean?" demanded the premier. "Why, you've got yuh fingah on de desert of Sahara."

Not an Imitator.
Mrs. Jones, a fussy, fidgety old lady, who was called by some folks a busybody, snapped out to her pastor as he set out for a fortnight's vacation: "Satan never takes a vacation, Mr. Stentchly." "Well, my dear Mrs. Jones," the minister cheerfully answered, "that is just why I am taking a vacation. I never did believe in imitating Satan."

Sufficient Unto the Day.
One summer day a colored man and his family of eight, who depended entirely on the town for their support, started away from home, all arrayed in their best, each carrying a bag of goodies. One of their benefactors met them on the road. "Well, Uncle Sam, where are you going with all your family so dressed up?" was the inquiry. "Why, boss," said Sam, "doan' you know the circus am come to town?" "Yes, but I can't afford to go and take all my family."

Your Task.
Let each one accept his task, a task which should fill his life. It may be very humble; it will not be the less useful. Never mind what it is so long as it exists and keeps you erect. When you have regulated it without excess, just the quantity you are able to accomplish each day, it will cause you to live in health and in joy.

Resourceful.
A butter and egg man was visited by a chap who bought four of his best eggs. This chap took the eggs home, put them on to boil, told his wife to take them off at the end of three minutes and then went upstairs to shave. When he came down again half an hour later the eggs were still boiling away. He removed them from the pot, put them in cold water, dried them and gave them to his little daughter. "Take these eggs back," he said, "to the man and tell him it was ducks' eggs that we wanted. If he hasn't got ducks' eggs bring the money back."

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..... 15c
 - \$1.00 bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla..... 67c
 - 50c box Doan's Kidney Pills..... 37c
 - 25c box Bromo Quinine..... 15c
 - 25c box Talcum Powder..... 15c
 - 50c bottle Kodoli Dyspepsia Cure..... 37c
 - \$1.00 bottle Foley Kidney Cure..... 67c
 - \$1.00 bottle Harter Iron Tonic..... 67c
 - \$1.00 bottle Clinic Kidney Cure..... 67c
 - \$2.00 Fish Reel..... \$1.00
 - 75c pkg Absorbent Cotton No. 1..... 40c
 - Six double sheets Fly Paper..... 10c
- One 6-ft. Show Case.

L. G. Madison & Co

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.

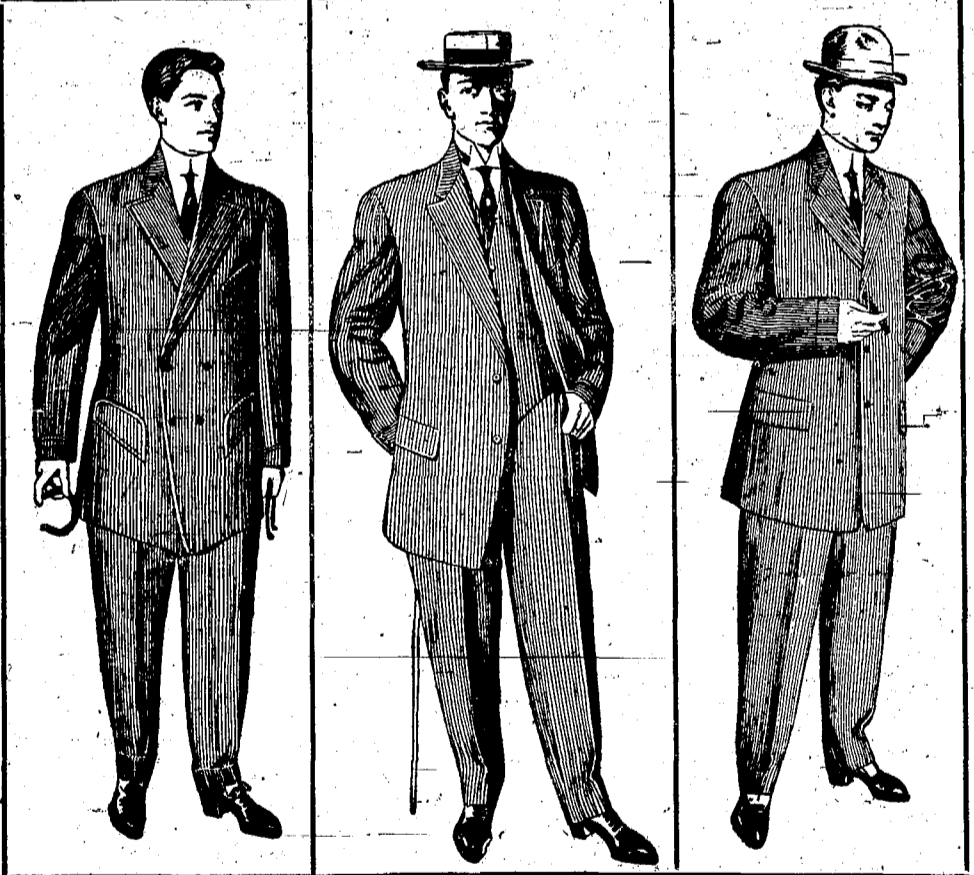
The Crossett Shoe

"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.

Our Semi-Annual Ten-day 1-4 Off Sale Commences Next Monday, Aug. 2, and closes Aug. 10th. See Bills. - - - -

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Moonlight Excursion on Str. Hum Tomorrow.

Col. J. W. Rogers was at the county capitol on business, Monday.

Fred Garrard of East Jordan and Mary Caskell of Central Lake were united in marriage at Charlevoix, Monday.

Charles McCartney of Boyne Falls was adjudged insane by Judge Harris, Monday, and committed to the Traverse Asylum.

"The Tiger and The Lamb" at Love-day Opera House Tuesday, August 10th.—This is one of Conrad's plays—and they are always good.

W. J. Smith is improving nicely from the injuries to his legs received some time ago. He has been confined to the house about six weeks.

The East Jordan Chemical Co. have purchased a large tract of burned-over timber land on the Ward estate and will establish camps for cutting wood.

F. B. Hamilton has moved his ice cream parlor and confectionery store into the building recently vacated by Mrs. Gazlay, and is getting his stock nicely arranged.

Just received an extensive line of fine confectionery—Chocolate peanut wafers, Vileta bitter sweet and Swiss style milk chocolates. Also penny goods for children. E. A. Lewis.

Money Lost. On the streets between the Opera House and Town Hall, a roll containing three tens, two fives and several ones. Finder please return to telephone office and receive reward.

The program at "Boy City" for Sunday is as follows: Afternoon.—Address, "The Symbol" by Dr. A. K. Foster of New York, Boy choir. Evening.—Sacred concert by Boys' Band, Boy choir. Vesper address by Dr. Foster.

The East Jordan Base Ball team plays Mancelona at that place next Tuesday. The Montauk Indians, which were scheduled for two games here this week, cancelled the first game, and then failed to put in an appearance for the second day's contest. Dr. Sweet returns first of the week.

The Str. Hum will run another of their popular Sunday Excursions to Charlevoix and "Boy City" next Sunday, Aug. 1st. A dock has been built at Boy City, and the Hum is able to land there now. Boat leaves here at 10:00 a. m., returning leaves Boy City following the evening entertainment.

The steamer Searchlight has been sold to the Heitz Lumber Co. of Chicago and was taken away from Charlevoix yesterday. The Searchlight was one of the ferry boats which plied on Little Traverse Bay between Petoskey and Harbor Spring for years, but owing to slack business was pulled off the route this spring by the owners, Capt. Wilbur and Campbell of Charlevoix.

Harry Swazey, serving a term in the Petoskey jail on a statutory charge, attempted to escape the first of the week by sawing his way to liberty with a tool made from a case knife. His operations were noticed by another prisoner, who informed the sheriff's wife, Mrs. Jones. At Mrs. Jones' request the other prisoner entered Swazey's cell and by force secured the tools and spoiled Swazey's chances for liberty.

A crowd of boys who have been serving as caddies on the golf-links, following a strike that seems to have been unsuccessful, were foolish enough to demolish one of the field rest-houses. The authorities were appealed to and on Monday County Agent Madison and under-sheriff Weikel rounded up about fifteen of them and secured a good lead on others. It looks as if somebody would have to pay damages. It is a serious matter, and the authorities are compelled to give it stern treatment. Charlevoix cannot permit such things to pass unnoticed.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

A type writing girl, after a careful observation of the patrons of the office, thus expressed her "manly views": "I get sick of men and their ways. They are messy; they sling paper all over the office and loiter about on the desks and chairs in such undignified attitudes. They smoke and chew. We have fourteen drummers who come into our office, and only one has the courtesy to ask me if cigar smoke is offensive to me. Then they are silly; they talk such nonsense as sixteen-year old girls wouldn't be guilty of. It is all about neckties, new hats, ballets, good dinners, and so on. If you think man is the superior animal, you just spend some time in a business office with assorted sizes of him, and you will see. I am beginning to believe that a trashy dime novel is better than the society of the average man, and equally improving."

Bell has the fresh, crisp Post Toasties.

L. J. Buncher of Manistee is visiting relatives in town.

We have the Schram Jar for Fruit or Vegetables. E. A. Lewis.

Supervisor Craft was a Charlevoix visitor first of the week.

Pros. Att'y Nicholas was over to Boyne City on business, Tuesday.

Dr. Pray was among those from here taking in the Alba Field meet.

Miss Anna Cameron was guest of Petoskey friends a few days this week.

Miss Bell Roy returned last Saturday from her visit with relatives in Illinois.

Mrs. M. H. Robertson has been in attendance at the Bay View assembly this week.

Joseph Silverstein of Boyne City was guest of East Jordan friends Thursday.

C. Welch of Boyne City took up a position as brakeman on the D. & C. this week.

Misses Edith and Bertha Wiesman of Farwell are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wiesman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace of Mancelona were guest of Dr. and Mrs. Pray over Sunday.

Mrs. I. Saperston and daughter of Alba were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wiesman, Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Dicken are entertaining the former's father, W. L. Dicken of Ann Arbor.

F. E. Boosinger and W. A. Loveday, with families, are taking a little outing at Terrace Beach.

Mrs. Robert Clark of Janesville, Wis., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich Townsend.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weikel are receiving a visit from their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Wyckoff of Muskegon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Waterman of Grand Rapids are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smatts.

Drs. C. A. Sweet and F. C. Warner left Thursday for a trip to Chicago. Dr. Sweet returns first of the week.

Miss Marion Malpass has returned from her extended visit with friends at Laings, Cadillac and Traverse City.

Com'r J. H. Milford and brother, James, with their wives, left this week for Pennsylvania, their boyhood home, for a ten-days' visit.

Mrs. Wm. Harrington is receiving a visit from her sisters, Mrs. Wm. McRoberts of Perry Harbor, Ont., and Mrs. H. C. Sagar of Cheboygan.

The power of imagination is told in the papers. A man took his daughter to a doctor for treatment; she had lost her voice. He tried a battery on her and her voice returned in a short time. Her father was in such glee he hugged the doctor. After they had gone, the doctor happened to look at the battery, and found that the current had not been turned on! This should be read out loud to lots of people who are "doctoring," and then pasted in their mirrors.

Kind friends, have you heard of the town of No-Good, on the bank of the river Slow, where the Some-time-or-other scents the air and the soft G-eases grow? It lies in the valley of What's-the-use, in the province of Leter-slide; it's the home of the reckless I-don't-care, where the Give-it-ups abide. The town is as old as the human race, and it grows with the flight of years, it is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams; its streets are paved with discarded schemes and are sprinkled with useless tears.—(Stolen from a paper that did the same.)

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

Wednesday night Claud Poquette, a young man 19 years of age, lying with his widowed mother out Pleasant Avenue, met death from poison in some unknown manner. He was a strong, robust young fellow but died within a very short time from the effects of food poisoning. From Dr. Marshall the Journal learns that it was not possible to determine what caused the young man's death. He had partaken freely of green cucumbers at dinner time and it was further learned that Paris green had been used extensively about the premises for potato bugs and it is possible that some of it got on the food unnoticed. The mother was also made seriously ill for a time but recovered from the effects of the poison. The doctor sounds a warning against partaking of green cucumbers, especially during this extreme hot weather. They are about as dangerous as anything eatable could be but many people continue to use them without stint.—Boyne Evening Journal.

Buy a bottle of Dill Pickles at Bell's.

Show Case for sale at Madison's Drug Store.

Try the new "Automatic Schram Sealer" Can at Bell's.

We are closing out Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords at The Fair Store.

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

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

Big reduction on Shoes and Oxfords for eight days, at The Fair Store.

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

The one who can get used to a full set of false teeth can get used to most anything.

We expect a new line in Men's Shoes.—The Fair Store, Wallace Wells, Prop.

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

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

We know of two good men who want good wives but don't know how to spoon and make love.

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.

The man is a rarity in these days of whom it can be said "There are no flies on him" for they are everywhere; but twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a shovel, says an exchange, will banish them from a room quicker than all the sticky fly-paper in existence.

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.

Among The Steeples.

Regular services at the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath.

Rev. W. W. Lamport will preach at the Vance school house Sunday Aug. 1 at 3:00 o'clock, sun time.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid meet with Mrs. Lamport at the parsonage next Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 4th.

The song service at the Methodist church last Sunday evening drew a good audience as usual and furnished a helpful and pleasing hour of worship.

Elder Charles Woodstock of Grace-land College, Lamoni, Ia., delivered a fine lecture at the Latter Day Saints' church Wednesday evening of this week.

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 Young people's meeting at the Methodist church Sunday evening, led by Miss Thompson and Miss Hurbert, was largely attended and an excellent service. A cordial invitation is extended to all young people for the coming Sabbath night service.

Services at the Methodist church Sunday morning will open with a class-meeting at 10 o'clock, followed by preaching service at 10:30 and Sunday School at noon. Evening services will consist of Epworth League meeting at 6:30 led by Mamie Churchill and Reta Carr, and preaching by the pastor at 7:30.

Fresh Roasted Peanuts 10c per pound at Bell's.

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

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

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 \$2000

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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

Death of Mrs. Roy Raddock.

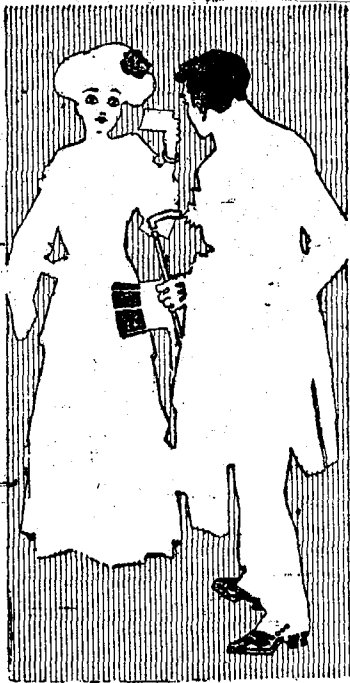
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fortune and family were startled Sunday morning by the news of the sudden death of their daughter, Edith, at Boyne City. She was married four years ago to Roy Raddock of this place, where both had many warm friends among young and old. Mrs. Raddock died in childbirth, and the sight of the little one beside her in the casket was a most touching tribute to motherhood, woman's crown of joy and honor. The funeral services were held at the parent's home in this place on Wednesday forenoon. Rev. W. W. Lamport preached the sermon and Rev. A. D. Grigsby offered prayer. Miss Edna Danforth, Mrs. Mattie Palmeter, Tom LaJonde and Bert A. Dole, personal friends of the deceased, sang "Abide With Me," "Come Unto Me," and "Asleep in Jesus." Beside resident members of the two families, there were present from abroad, Albert Fortune and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fortune of Ludington, Mr. and Mrs. Will Fortune of Onaway, and Mrs. May Raddock Kimball of Kalkaska.

Jennie Anderson Passes Away.

Jennie, the six-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson of State street, whose lingering illness of cerebral meningitis attracted the interest and deepest sympathy of the community, passed away early Tuesday morning. The funeral services were held at the Methodist church at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, in charge of the pastor, Rev. W. W. Lamport, who was assisted by Rev. L. S. Matthews. Jennie was a member of the Sunday School, and the little folks of the primary department were present in a body in charge of their teacher, Mrs. M. H. Robertson. Tessie Ried, Gladys Howard, Grace Howard and Susie Haley served as pall bearers; and Florence Yost, Tessie Ried, Gladys Howard, Fern Howard and Eva Waterman sang "When He Cometh to Make Up His Jewels" and "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." The family then went their way to Eastport where the body was laid to rest in the old home cemetery.

Better Late Than Early.

There is a certain young New York broker whose recent sad experience in endeavoring to pull the wool over his wife's eyes has led him to declare "Never again." Now, it is the broker's custom to take a 5:30 suburban train; thus enabling him to reach his home in Westchester in ample time for the early dinner that both he and his wife like. The other day he fell. Meeting an old college mate, he yielded to the lat-



THE WIFE HANDED HIM THE TELEGRAPH SLIP.

ter's entreaties for an evening in town. The next step was, of course, to telegraph the wife, which he did in these terms:

Unavoidably detained. Missed the 5:30. Home later.

When hubby finally did show up, he observed an expression on the countenance of his spouse that argued the failure of his little fib.

"What's the trouble, dear?" he asked, with an affected nonchalance.

Without a word the wife handed him the telegraph slip, indicating with her forefinger the words:

"Received at 4:45."—Lippincott's.

One of Them.

"There will be a meeting of the board," said the preacher, "at the conclusion of this service." So the official brethren of the church gathered around the pastor after the benediction was pronounced. Among them was a stranger, whom it was necessary as delicately as possible to remind that his presence was not peccad.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger. "I understood this was to be a meeting of the bored, of which I claim to be one."

Closes Tonight!

Our Big July Clearing Sale will end this Saturday night.

MANY BARGAINS

Still remain and you won't get another opportunity like this until next year.

New Fall Goods are Arriving.

L. WIESMAN

Millinery Ribbon Sale.

To Close Out our stock of Millinery Ribbons we have started a Big Clearance Sale which will continue All Next Week. Come in and look them over.

Harper's Novelty Bazaar.



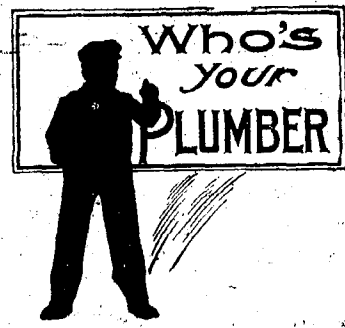
YOUNG MAN, YOUNG WOMAN, educate for business at an established school. The business field is wide and there is a strong and ever-growing demand for capable, energetic and honest young men and women to do the world's work. This great and popular school will train you and place you in a permanent, paying position when your preparation is complete. 90 former students have accepted positions with banks alone. 251 with insurance and lumber firms. Write for our "Heart to Heart Talks;" they will interest you. FALL TERM begins MONDAY, AUG. 30. A postal card will bring our complete catalog. McLACHLAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, 19-27 S. Division-st., Grand Rapids.

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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.

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 Sewell Feed, 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.

SPELLING THE DOOM OF THE HORSE THIEF

CATCHING a fleeing thief on a special train is a new feature just introduced into detective work in Kansas, and has served to attract attention to the Anti-Horse Thief association, which made use of that unusual method recently at Parsons, Kans. A policeman, in collusion with others, had burglarized a store, been arrested, and escaped from jail. His route was learned, and there being no regular train soon, a special was chartered, and with a bunch of Antis, as the members of the A. H. T. A. are called, aboard, started in pursuit. When it returned a few hours later it had aboard the policeman-burglar.

The Anti-Horse Thief association is rather a novel organization now flourishing in the middle west, having members as far east as Ohio, and as far west as New Mexico, and a total membership of 40,000. It is organized on the lodge system, and combines both protection and detection in its plan of operation—protection, in that its members unite in guarding the person, home and property of each member against unlawful interference by others; and detection, in that the members will hunt and capture any persons who transgress on the rights of any member, and hunt for and recover stolen property. The detective features are for the purpose of making the protective features more successful and effective. The order often spends ten times the value of a stolen article in recovering it, but it teaches thieves what to expect if they molest the property of any member. Hiring a train to chase a thief is a heavier expense than any public officer will, or can, afford to incur, but that expense was small when divided among hundreds of members, and they consider it well spent. A big thief is in the penitentiary, and an impressive lesson has been taught to other thieves in that locality.

There is a marked difference between the A. H. T. A. and the old-time organizations of that nature. The vigilantes, about whom our fathers sometimes speak, often set themselves up as judge, jury and executioners. They sometimes held "necktie" parties in some secluded spot in the woods on a dark night, and perhaps there would be a light-fingered gentleman missing from that community the next morning. The regulators, about which we have read, sometimes forced people to leave the neighborhood or "take the consequences." Their motives for such action were often questionable. Not so with the A. H. T. A. It does not violate one law to uphold another. It imposes a strict obligation upon its members to obey the law themselves. It then commands others to do likewise or suffer the penalty the law provides. It catches criminals, but turns them at once over to the officers of the law. Some have styled the A. H. T. A. an officers-aid society, and in fact its record entitles it to that appellation. It opposes mob violence with all of its influence, and has prevented more than one lynching. It has recently been making its plans to prevent if possible the introduction of "night-riding" in Arkansas and Oklahoma. "Protect the innocent; bring the guilty to justice," is its motto.

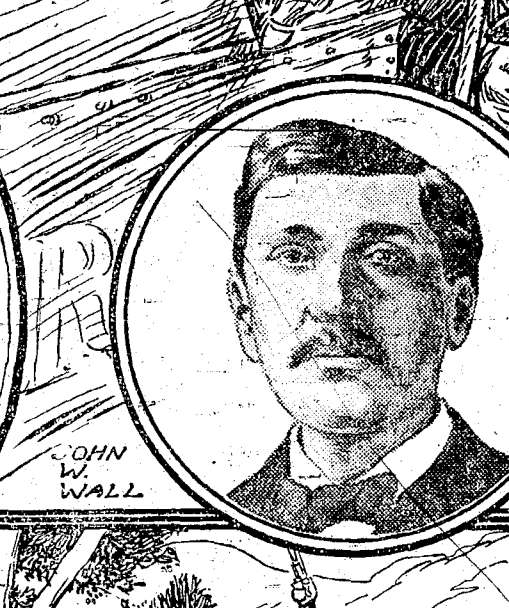
A mistaken idea some people have of the A. H. T. A. is that it looks after horse thieves only. Every kind of stealing, as well as other violations of the law, comes within the scope of its work. Cases are on record where the A. H. T. A. spent ten dollars to recover a dollar whip. One such case usually puts an end to whiping in that community. Its object in doing so is not the value of the whip, but the lesson taught. It convinces thieves it is not profitable, and is extremely hazardous, to



W. W. GRAVES



MAJOR MCKEE



JOHN W. WALL



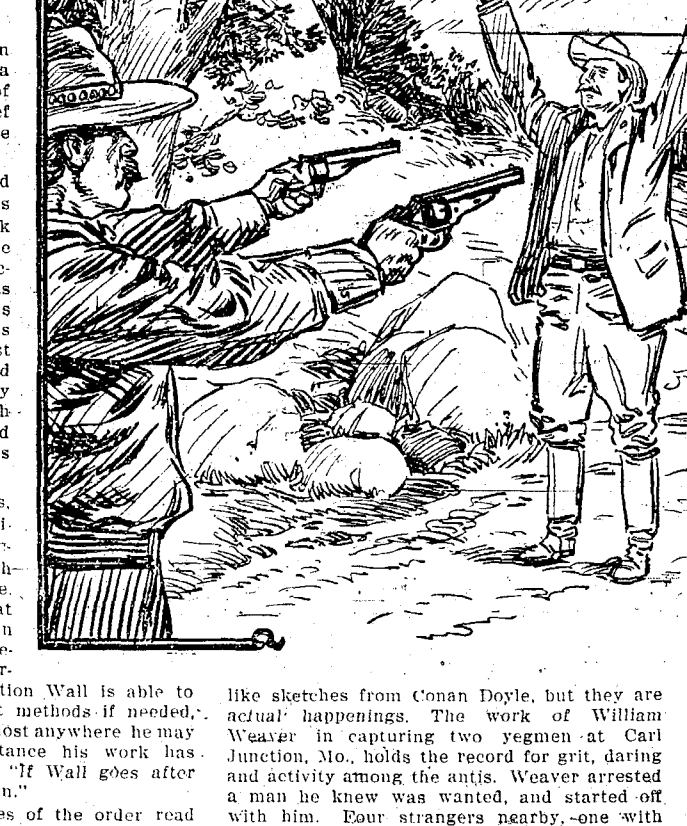
J. M. PENCE

steal from a member. Thieves have been known to pass by the horse of a member and take that of his neighbor. The thief knew it was easier to elude one man than many.

This unique, practical and useful organization was first organized in Clark county, Missouri, during the civil war. Maj. David McKee, a brave soldier, was its first president, and his first efforts were to suppress bushwhacking in northeast Missouri. The disorganized condition of the country gave the order men much to do, and it grew and spread until it now extends over seven states.

John W. Wall of Parsons, Kans., is the supreme president. Wall is a born detective and a crack shot with a Winchester at long range. He leads the crowd that chartered the special train to seek the fleeing policeman. Through the thoroughness of the organization Wall is able to call to his aid, by secret methods if needed, members of the order almost anywhere he may go, and with this assistance his work has given rise to the saying "If Wall goes after them he will bring them in."

Some of the experiences of the order read



two guns and each of the others with a gun, came to the rescue of their comrade, and before Weaver was aware, they had five ugly guns pointed at his head and his own hands and guns were extending upward toward high heaven. The leader of the gang told the others to get away while he took care of Weaver with his two guns. "Drop that gun or you die," came the command to Weaver in no uncertain tones. A pause, and again the command was repeated. The two men stood staring into each other's eyes, every nerve at high tension. It was a trying moment, one in which most men would have dropped the gun. Weaver is small and lithe. He knows no such thing as showing the white feather. As president of the grand lodge of the A. H. T. A. in Missouri he had been drilling others for just such work. He, their leader, must do his duty. He dropped to the ground like a flash, and as he dropped he sent two bullets through the body of the stranger, while two others went whizzing over his own head. "I'm all in," said the stranger. Weaver kicked the dying man's guns beyond his reach and started after his first man, and in a few minutes had him on the way to jail. An hour later it became known that yeggmen had blown a safe in a nearby town during the night, and that Weaver had put an end to the career of two of the men who did the work.

Bill Rudolph, the Ironton, Mo., bank robber, who had eluded the Pinkertons for months and had killed one of the best detectives in the country, was captured by the Antis near Paola, Kans., not long after he made his daring escape from the St. Louis jail by dashing through the jailer's house in broad daylight. The newspapers said he was captured by a bunch of farmers, but they were men who had been preparing for months for just such cases, and were acting under direction of their chosen leader.

Bob Worthman, a noted criminal, who was sent to the penitentiary from the Indian Territory a couple of years ago, got gay, and he and two of his pals caught an active anti while on his way home from church one Sunday night. They started to hang this anti, but after compelling him to take an oath of their own making, they released him. This particular anti dropped out of the hunt, but the other members kept it up until the fiscal was put in safekeeping, where he still remains.

These are only a few of many cases, but they serve to show the work of the order.

The A. H. T. A. is organized on the lodge system the same as the many other fraternal orders, except that it has a different object in view. Its workings are secret only in so far as is necessary to its success and to protect it from impostors. The cost of maintenance is a trifle. It seldom costs a member more than a dollar a year, and often less than that.

The activity of the A. H. T. A. has a far-reaching influence. It is a potent factor in the line of moral uplifting. It leads aright those who will be led, but lays a heavy hand on those who persist in their efforts to live from the fruits of other men's toil. It prevents crime. It is a public benefactor, for a thief in jail can steal from no man. An active A. H. T. A. lodge is a blessing to any community.

A Strange Hoosier Waterpower

By A. E. MARSH.

WATERPOWER was the foundation of our industries. But this humble agent of producing energy was abandoned in favor of the more flexible and available steam when the coal fields were opened. Steam was hailed as the giant of civilization, but had scarcely established itself when it, too, was found too clumsy, and the electric current, which could be carried many miles over a slender wire, while steam could be carried only as many feet through a cumbersome pipe, became the monarch of our mills. In the last decade gasoline, which does not need even the slender wire, but can be carried in the most convenient tin can, has assumed a large share of the burden of relieving man of physical exertion. And now, after the others have had their inning, millions are being spent to develop waterpower again.

Niagara, which for years was useful only as an artist's model and a spooning ground for Mr. and Mrs. New York, has been "harnessed" to light the streets of Buffalo. The Great Falls of Montana, the International Falls on the Canadian-Minnesota border, the mountain torrents of Switzerland, the Victoria Falls in central Africa, which, 15 years ago were almost regarded as a myth of the explorer; even the humble St. Anthony "falls" at Minneapolis are earning their living.

The turning of water into horsepower has given employment to the wits of our greatest engineers, and the most complicated projects have been put through to adapt the power plants to the varying conditions found in the

different streams, and some of these stand today as our greatest triumphs of engineering. But for native ingenuity—doing something with nothing, getting results with neither tools nor materials, nothing but pure Yankee ingenuity, the mill which stood for many years on the brink of a little waterfall in Jefferson county, Indiana, between the little Presbyterian college town of Hanover and the Ohio river, and only recently has fallen into disuse, deserves a Carnegie medal.

The stream, which has less than three miles of length from its source in the hillside springs to its mouth in the Ohio, was so insignificant that it was never graced with a name. But in the old days, before some unexplained geologic changes occurred, it carried a flow of water 20 feet wide and three deep, with the speed of a mountain torrent. About half a mile from the Ohio it spread out suddenly over a flat rock 40 or 50 feet wide, and plunged over its brink a sheer 90 feet. The rock was of hardest limestone, but underneath was a stratum of schist and rotting slate, so that a cave, like the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, was hollowed out. It made a quite roomy, and, strange to say, dry apartment, and was approachable in but one point, which was hard to find.

During the War of 1812 a hermit lived in a hut built in this cave and spent his time compounding salt petre, which he sold to the powder-makers. He disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and for a year or two the falls were left to roar out their own destinies.

In 1815, among the settlers who rushed west after leaving the army was a shrewd miller, William Gordon, in whom the hard sense of his Scotch heredity was well mixed with a shrewdness acquired of Yankee environment. He came down the Ohio in a flatboat and stopped at every settlement seeking a location for a mill. He stopped at Hanover, and while rambling through the hills on a hunting expedition, stumbled on the falls. He was struck with the vast waterpower going to waste, and when he made inquiries about it he was

swered that the people had neither the means or the materials to make use of it.

But Gordon was not that kind of man. He pitched his tent near the falls and lived with them day and night for several weeks studying how to overcome the handicap which the lack of the proper facilities made to developing the power. He finally discovered the entrance to the hermit's cave, and explored the falls from the rear.

He finally announced to the farmers of the settlement that he would have a mill running, ready to grind their corn by the time of the fall harvest. He announced at the same time that he would buy all the cow's horns that could be found in the community.

The idea of mixing cow's horns and a grist mill was rather confusing to the country folk, but they were willing to be shown, and came from miles around, and even from Kentucky, across the river, bringing all the horns they could find, which they gladly donated, when the plan was explained to them.

Gordon and his two sons had rigged up a stout oak shaft across the brink of the falls, on which was mounted a wooden wheel three feet in diameter, with wide flanges. Over this ran a pair of log chains, joined at intervals by cross chains, much in the form of the chains used on automobile wheels. To these cross chains, which were about six inches apart, they riveted the cow's horns, tips downward. The chain carried over a thousand horns, and they served as an excellent substitute for the buckets which Gordon had neither the materials nor the tools to make.

A little mill was set up on the bank, and soon Churn-Mill Falls was the busiest spot in the county. For 15 years the cow horns sang their little song as they ground their grist, until finally the mill could not take care of the business, and Gordon had to turn engineer again.

He explored behind the falls, and found that a portion of the rock had peeled away, leaving the shelf over which the water flowed a bare 20 feet thick. This gave him the idea, and

he proceeded to put it into execution at once. The stream was dammed to one side, exposing the rocky bed half way across, above the falls. Gordon procured dynamite and sunk a shaft 5 by 15 feet to the cave below, about ten feet back from the brink of the falls. A dam was built at the brink, so the entire flow was diverted through this hole. A new two-story mill was built and a bigger chain hung in the shaft, to which huge wooden buckets were fastened, and Gordon found to his joy that he had more power than he had any use for, and actually had to remove every third bucket to lessen the speed.

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

A South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

A watch, no matter how good, cannot be accurate unless adjusted to the person who is to carry it. A South Bend Watch—acknowledged superior in every grade—couldn't keep perfect time unless individually adjusted.

Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch. Write us for our free book—showing how a South Bend Watch keeps accurate time in any temperature.

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

For Any Face or Any Beard
NO STROPPING NO HONING

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere who is to carry it. A South Bend Watch—acknowledged superior in every grade—couldn't keep perfect time unless individually adjusted.

Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch. Write us for our free book—showing how a South Bend Watch keeps accurate time in any temperature.

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

NATURE STUDIES.

The Phunniebird Bird—Hello, who are you?
The Other Bird—Don't you know me? Why, I'm "The harp that once through Tara's Halls."
The Phunniebird Bird (shortly)—Oh, tut, tut! You're a lyre! That's what you are.

Unexpected Prize.

With a deftness acquired by long and patient practice the pickpocket extracted an old but well-filled wallet from the hip pocket of the unsuspecting old gentleman with the beaming countenance against whom he had carelessly brushed when leaving the street car, and on reaching a secluded place he opened it.

The contents had been wrapped with great care in numerous thicknesses of blank paper. Removing the wrappings one by one, he found in the center of the package a card with this inscription upon it: "Young Man, Give Up Your Career of Crime! Nothing in It!"

An Anatomical Wonder.

Senator Beveridge was criticising the ludicrous speeches of a certain upright but hot-headed congressman.

"He does make queer blunders, doesn't he?" said Senator Beveridge.

"Have you heard about his latest?"

"Well, it seems that a constituent, visiting him recently, complained of the shabbiness of a pair of ink-stained crash trousers that he had on."

"A man of your position," said the constituent, reproachfully, "ought to wear handsome trousers than those."

"The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully:

"My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart."

AN OLD TIMER Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum since it came upon the market knows from experience the wisdom of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a clear brain. She says:

"At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia, and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum. I got a package and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia."

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life until it had affected his nerves terribly, and I persuaded him to shift to Postum. It was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is so delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him."

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate nor depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach."

"To make a long story short, our entire family continued to use Postum with satisfying results, as shown in our fine condition of health and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power."

Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

A FREAK OF FRIENDSHIP

BY LINDA M. STEVENS

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

With unconcealed admiration, Trescott watched a smartly gowned woman move leisurely through the tearoom throng. He was tremendously pleased when he saw her nod and smile to his friend, Florence Catherwood, and accept a seat at her table. The woman might have been on the shady side of 40, but she looked scarcely 30 in her pale gray costume with chinchilla trappings. Her face was rarely beautiful under the soft dark waves of hair, and the only tell-tale was the sad, drooped mouth with every pathetic line accentuated. She opened her coat, displaying fascinating glimpses of a lace-trimmed blouse, and from her neck dangled a baroque jeweled chain. There was something singularly attractive in this woman, with her fragrant dark eyes and sorrowful mouth, and Trescott's languid interest in the surrounding bustle was awakened, so he rose and crossed swiftly to Mrs. Catherwood's table.

She introduced him to her friend, Mrs. Fox of New Orleans, and Trescott sat down without invitation, only conscious of meeting a pair of beautiful gray eyes. Then he began to wonder if he had been asleep the last few months, for Mrs. Fox, to his eager, earnest question, replied that she had been in New York since early fall.

Florence Catherwood smiled indulgently at Trescott's undisguised admiration and attention. Trescott was always on the lookout for fascinating women, yet in his whole life he had never seen seriously in love. He was, however, young, Mrs. Catherwood reflected, and she sipped her tea and idly listened to their genial prattle.

The next night they met in Mrs. Catherwood's box at the opera. Mrs. Fox was radiantly beautiful in mauve satin with amethysts about her splendid neck and in her dark hair. The brilliant light was indulgent; she looked young and fresh, and her eyes smiled a happy welcome as Trescott took a seat directly behind her. The opera was "Faust," but they heard scarcely any, so engrossed were they in each other. It seemed to Trescott that something he had lost had come back to him again. And as he listened to her low, sweet voice, telling him of herself, her southern home, surrounded with the fragrance of magnolia trees, he felt instinctively that she had already entered the radius of his life.

When Marguerite was singing the jewel song, he leaned impulsively forward; a world of ardent sincerity in his tone: "I am going to see you so much; I want to know you so well."

"And you shall," she answered softly. After that they met everywhere. It annoyed him when he learned she was divorced. He had an intense aversion to divorced women and always avoided them. Nevertheless, his interest in Mrs. Fox did not waver. She was a constant surprise to him, and he frankly liked her more than any woman he had ever known. He visited places he had never gone before in the hopes of meeting her, and gradually began to hold her in a closer relationship than he had ever drifted with a woman. At length it became a necessity to be with her and ask her advice upon matters that heretofore he would have scoffed at the mere idea of consulting with a woman. He could not account for it, but the experience was at least novel, and he persuaded himself to believe it was a rare, beautiful friendship between two congenial souls.

One late afternoon in February he met her descending Mrs. Catherwood's steps. She looked unusually lovely in velvet and soft dark furs, and there was glad recognition in her eyes as she extended her hand from a huge muff.

"I thought you were going to pass me by," she said reproachfully. "No, no," he told her quickly; "I wasn't sure it was you for the fraction of a second. Where are you going?" "Home," she answered; "will you come?"

It was the first invitation she had given him, and Trescott, with boyish impetuosity, bounded to the small blue brougham to assist her in. "I thank you," he said, as they whirled over the smooth asphalt.

Her apartments were as beautiful and luxurious as he had supposed, everything denoting her exquisite taste and personality. She removed her wraps, and they sat before the fire until only the coals lighted the room. Trescott, with the witchery of the twilight hour upon him and her soothing presence, talked incessantly, unburdening the most sacred of his thoughts, feelings, and dreams. She exerted a most curious charm over him, this singularly sweet, yet worldly wise, little woman, and being extremely young, the novelty of their close intimacy appealed more deeply to him.

After that he called regularly twice a week. Now and then he sent her exquisite white roses, because she had mentioned her preference for them, and he likened her to the purity of such flowers. There seemed nothing

too good or beautiful for her, and he began to wonder how he had ever done without her, since she had become the best and sweetest part of his life. She helped him, encouraged him, and awakened ambitions he had thrown aside. In gaily she was the most desirable companion, responding to his merriment with gay little laughs, and wistful sallies. In silent moods she played and sang sweet old songs that he fancied he had heard in some dim long ago, possibly his childhood. And gradually, gradually they drifted, drifted.

One day they were discussing a recent, notorious divorce case. Mrs. Fox listened with smiling gravity as he expressed his pronounced views. When he had finished she looked up; the tragic light in her beautiful gray eyes deepened perceptibly.

"Why are you so bitter? One would naturally infer you had had experience."

"Not exactly of my own. You have heard, have you not, that my father divorced my mother? It was all equally scandalous as that one the papers were so full of the other day. I have heard my father lost interest in everything. He lived abroad for years, and his marriage several months ago was a great surprise. I am glad, however, that some woman was capable of making him renew faith in things. But I—" he paused and gazed reflectively in the fitful log blaze, "I shall positively never marry."

"Why?" she asked in scarcely an audible tone, and as he glanced up he saw her face had paled and a momentary sense of annoyance seized him.

"Well," he said, after a few seconds, "I have been brought up on a rather disagreeable idea of marriage. The very memory of my mother is unpleasant; in fact, I dislike to remember such a woman was my mother. I do not doubt that my father was a cold-hearted, exacting sort of a chap, but there is no excuse for a wife—a mother—to forget. And I believe all women are either bad or good."

"Oh, please," she said, making a protesting gesture with her small, jeweled hand.

"I am really sincere in making such a statement. There can be no medium. If a woman takes one step from her pedestal, there is a smirch that can never be effaced."

"I wish you could believe differently," she murmured. "Surely you've known few women well, and there must be some justifiable divorces."

A slow smile crossed his face. Then, suddenly he rose and moved to her chair, catching her frail, white hand and pressing it with warmth.

"Yours was justifiable. I believe in you."

After he had gone she sat down in the chair he had occupied and cried softly.

That evening Trescott dined at Mrs. Catherwood's. As usual, the conversation drifted to Mrs. Fox. Trescott did not object; on the contrary, it pleased him.

"But, Ned," Mrs. Catherwood observed, turning a significant smile upon him, "surely the difference in your ages will be a serious drawback."

"Now, what on earth do you mean, my dear foolish Florence?" Trescott lighted a cigarette, and Mrs. Catherwood, with the habit of many years abroad still upon her, followed his example.

"Mean?" she tossed with a merry laugh. "Why, it's plain as day, Ned, that she is hopelessly, violently, in love with you."

"Bosh!" Trescott exclaimed, smoking vigorously.

"It's true, nevertheless, you dear innocent! Come, Neddy, no one blames you for loving the charming Mrs. Fox, but marrying her—why that's a horse of a different color. And it's really rumored. Such things happen, too, and are not considered extraordinary."

"Of all rot!" At first Trescott laughed, then he frowned and tossed the half-smoked cigarette in the fire. "There is absolutely nothing between us but a beautiful friendship of the sweetest and purest nature. Yet, if it is possible that I have made a mistake and she really cares, as you say, I can never go to her again."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Catherwood with a low, light laugh. "Would that honestly stop you, Neddy? What a conscience!"

"It might not stop me with another woman," declared Trescott, "but with her it is different. But can I do without her?—She is everything, everything to me." He spoke as though he were talking to himself, scarcely aware of Mrs. Catherwood's presence.

"Then, my dear," she said slowly, while twisting her rings and watching their brilliancy, "if that is the case, your only cure is marriage."

He said nothing and she went on swiftly: "It will be a tremendous shock to your friends. You know your tragic-eyed lady is divorced, and you have exploited your ideas on divorce so frequently that it's become rather a joke."

A momentary sensation of sickness at the heart stifled him, and in a few minutes he rose and said good-night.

For a week Trescott avoided Mrs. Fox. Finally, she sent a note beseeching him to come. With a half reluctance he went. She looked as lovely in her soft clinging gown of white crepe as the beautiful Bermuda lilies flossed on the piano. He made some foolish excuses and sank into the comfortable chair that she had pushed forward, realizing at each minute the pitiful truth of Mrs. Catherwood's pitiless confidence.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked, a shade of anxiety sweeping over her delicate features.

"No," he replied with a forced laugh. "I am tired and somewhat despondent. Won't you sing?"

as she passed the breath of a rare perfume she affected floated to his nostrils. He did not watch her, as had been his custom, but looked steadily in the blue light of the fire. Once before he had passed through a similar experience. At least, he had found himself in an unpleasant position. The girl was desperately in love, declaring he had encouraged her, while he had never given her anything but a frank comradeship. He remembered distinctly it had not affected him in the slightest. Now it was different, and why? Involuntarily, he sighed. The woman heard it and instantly arose. He was not aware that she had finished until he felt her hand, caressing in its tenderness, on his shoulder, and her warm lips against his forehead.

"Tell me," she pleaded, piteously; "tell me what is wrong."

He almost shook her away. Her beauty, the perfume of lilies, the whole truth of her love vitally plain, angered him more at each moment.

"Wait!" he cried sharply. "We have made a horrible mistake. Perhaps I am more to blame, but I never dreamed you thought of me in such a light. I do not love you." He was fully aware that his tone and attitude were brutal; but he knew he must finish. "I did not intend it. I craved your friendship so that I was utterly blind to consequences. Forgive me, and if I go with your forgiveness, I won't feel the coward that I am."

The woman was leaning wearily against the chair. She looked every year of her true age, but there was a pitiful sadness about her mouth and in her wide, startled eyes.

"It was a mistake," she said calmly, yet her breath came fast and hard, and, as though to master herself, she placed her frail hand to her breast. "I did not intend to let it go on, but I could not prevent it. I love you," she raised burning, hungering eyes.

He buried his face in his hands and stammered some inarticulate words, which were drowned in his throat.

"Ah, but listen, dear one," she bent forward, a wild ring in her voice. "I love you as a mother loves a child, for you are my child!"

He sprang to his feet, his face white and drawn, the perspiration standing out boldly on his forehead.

"It is not worth while to go over the miserable story. He told you when you were old enough to ask for me that he divorced me because he thought me an unworthy wife and mother, and he compelled me, to relinquish all rights to you, my own boy. He poisoned your mind against me until you finally forgot in some part of the world I existed—that is the word; life isn't much when all the sweetness is taken away. I waited all these years until I heard of his marriage and residence abroad, then I came, for my poor heart was hungry, starving for a sight of you. So I slipped quietly into your life to learn the nature of your feelings towards a mother you had never known. You could not help believing what you did; I can forgive you, dear, all that, and go away with the sweet satisfaction of having experienced the only breath of happiness I've known since I gave you birth."

For the brevity of a second a weird sensation of creepiness stole through him. Then he looked at her standing before him; wondrously lovely with a moistness in her gray eyes and an injured sadness quivering at her mouth.

"Mother!" he said, with a great hungering joy, and he clasped her to his heart and kissed her trembling lips.

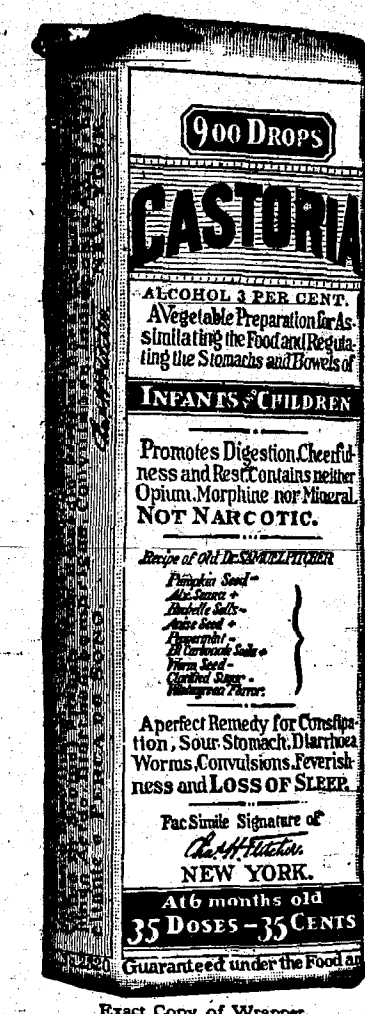
Smoke Problem of London. The smoke problem of London is one chiefly due to the domestic fire-grate, and for that reason the conference and exhibition held there in the winter of 1905 were productive of little visible result. To an Englishman, the open fire-grate, with its smoky flame, is one of the most essential features of his domestic happiness and comfort. Unfortunately, no modified form of open fire-grate which will burn bituminous fuel without smoke has ever yet been devised, although many experiments have been made in this direction. Since the American method of heating rooms by hot air or by steam pipes is unpopular in England, and the coke or anthracite stove is equally unacceptable, the only hope that London may in time possess an atmosphere equal in clearness to that of New York, Paris or Berlin, lies in the use of partially coked fuels like "coalite," or in the extended application of a cheap gas for heating purposes. Progress is no doubt occurring in both these directions, and this will grow more rapidly as the supplies of these two forms of fuel are increased and cheapened. The domestic smoke problem, in fact, not only in London, but in other large towns and cities of the United Kingdom, is likely to be solved along these lines.—Cassier's Magazine.

An Old Maine Fort. One who has occasion to cross the Kennebec river by ferryboat from Dresden to Richmond may see at low tide, where the ferry lands on the Richmond side, a few timbers which still mark the site of the wharf built for a landing for old Fort Richmond. The fort itself, built in 1718, stood in a northwesterly direction from the wharf. Both the fort and its landing are clearly shown in the Plymouth company map of 1750. The structure was not only a house of defense, with its blockhouses, barracks and storehouses, but it was also a truckhouse for traffic with the Indians of the Kennebec and its accounts are still preserved. The building of Fort Shirley, in Dresden, in 1762, and of Forts Weston and Halifax in 1764, rendered Fort Richmond useless, and it soon went to decay.—Kennebec Journal.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

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"But, Minna, you shouldn't flirt with all the men as you are doing! Remember—you're not married!"

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night, I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

No Romance About It.

The stricken man constantly moaned the name of the young woman who had jilted him.

"Tell her," he said to the medical man, "that her cruelty killed me. Tell her I am dying from a broken heart." The medical man shook his head.

"Aw, go on," he said. "That would be shamelessly unprofessional. Your heart's all right. It's your liver that's the trouble."

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen B. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Here's a Good One.

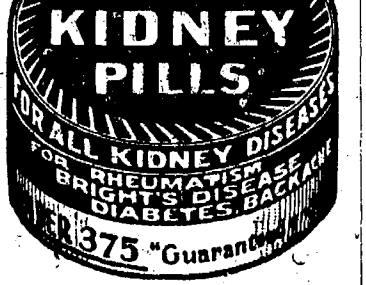
A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got his wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and, being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the fast retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some 80 pounds of ivory, valued at about \$250.—Circle Magazine.

A household once supplied with Hamlin's Wizard Oil is seldom allowed to be without it. In case of sudden mishap or accident, Wizard Oil takes the place of the family doctor. Are you supplied?

Criticism should never exasperate us; on the contrary, it should benefit us.—Max O'Rell.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The real martyr never has time to enjoy the honor.



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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. Purely Vegetable.

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

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

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

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

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—from over-eating, drinking—bad liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out—Cascarets relieve and cure quickly. Take one to-night and feel ever so much better in the morning.

Cascarets—50c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

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SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES, BRUISES, SORES OR ACHING RECEPTACLES. H. PLANTEN & SON, 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores color to faded Gray Hair. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

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

MRS. G. DAVENPORT,
Roycefield, N. J.

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

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

A BELATED APOLOGY.

It Came After the Positive Man Discovered His Mistake.

An Irish officer who had served in Malta was one day at a public dinner. Expatriating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade.

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted.

On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously.

"I faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting."

"Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start. "Oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so: "My dear friend, I hope you're not killed. And if I've harmed you seriously I'll ask your pardon forever, for I made a murderin' mistake! It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta and not anchovies at all!"

Why, Indeed?

Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded eloquently, "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?"

This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike, he said: "Faith, Mike, the captain is right! Whol?"

A Soft Answer.

During one of the national political conventions an orchestra was playing in a popular restaurant. The place was crowded with delegates, and the diners were talking loudly so they might hear and be heard. At one table sat a beautiful woman and her escort and at the next table a number of New York men.

Suddenly the orchestra stopped—bling—and a New York man's voice rang out: "By George, that's a good looking woman! I'd like to meet her."

The man at the next table, who was with the lady, came over, tapped the New Yorker on the shoulder and said frigidly, "Sir, that lady is my wife!"

"Shake!" said the New York man. "I'm glad to meet you. You certainly are a good picker."

Happiness.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure if thou should be bound to give it back immediately—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—Marcus Aurelius.

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.

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 roasted grains, 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.

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

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., Petoskey, 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 22nd day of July, A. D. 1906, 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 10th day of January, A. D. 1907, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, July 12th, A. D. 1906. 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. 1906. 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 settlement and distribution of the residue of said estate. It is ordered, that the 9th day of August, A. D. 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, said probate office, he 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.

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.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a suffocating poison. It's strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label. If poisons are in your Cough Mixture, 'Good Very Good!' Hereafter for this very reason mothers and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, also it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance, then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

JAMES GIDLEY.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

Third door north of Postoffice.

HE FELL ASLEEP.

A Cure For Insomnia and the Weird Effect It Produced.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windless for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station 400 years ago," he said calmly, folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people fast up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—Good Health Clinic.

Made the Duke Feel Cheap.

The second Duke of Wellington, though far from being stingy, was in many odd ways economical. He discovered one day some champagne which he considered and which doubtless was quite good enough for a ball supper and which had the advantage of being extraordinarily low in price. He ordered the quantity required and was rejoicing in his excellent bargain when on opening one of the papers he encountered the following advertisement: "Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by his grace the Duke of Wellington for his forthcoming ball at Apsley House."

A Genial Greeting.

A young New York broker of convivial habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road.

"Whenever you're in town, come up and bunk with me," he urged his friend as they separated. "No matter what old time it is. If I'm not there just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak."

Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered.

"He does," snapped the landlady. "You can bring him right in!—Everybody's."

Man Is a Free Agent.

Man is either free or he is not free. If he is not free he cannot in cases of conflicting motives choose, but must blindly follow one of the impulses. But we know from consciousness that he can decide between conflicting motives. Therefore it is false that he is not free. He must therefore be free.—Hepburn.

The Witty Warden.

"You'd hardly expect to find a sense of humor in prison officials," says an American representative on the international prison commission, "but during an inspection made by some Americans interested in penal matters of a penitentiary in England one of us was thus surprised.

"I presume," observed the American, "that here, as elsewhere, you prison officials find existence painful enough."

"I think you may fairly say so, sir," responded the Warden, with a grin, "seeing the number of felons we have on our hands."—Lippincott's.

One on the Man of Method.

"Don't wait for me," he said to his better half. "I may be rather late, but 'business is business,' you know and can't be helped."

The next morning the man of method was far from either looking well or feeling well. At breakfast he sat listlessly toying with his toast and coffee, while his spouse sat stolidly silent behind the coffeepot. The breakfast room clock was equally silent.

"Matia, my dear, there must be something wrong with that clock. I am sure I wound it up last night," remarked the husband.

"No," answered his wife, "you wound up Freddy's music box instead, and had it playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' at 3 o'clock in the morning! The ball clock has also stopped, and you have screwed your corkscrew right into the telephone."—Judge's Library.

The Auto Strop.

When the train stopped at the little southern station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native.

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister, jest stropping himself."—Success Magazine.

COL. M. J. WARRING

—OFFERS—

A SPLENDID DRAMA BY EUGENE MOORE

THE TIGER AND THE LAMB.



THERE IS YOUR WAY, GO!

It has the air of the big out of doors about it. The acting in this play rings true, it has feeling and it goes to you.

Loveday Opera House, TUESDAY 10th AUGUST

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.

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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.

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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.