

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1909.

No. 32

Charlevoix Co. Pomona Grange.

"Get ready to take the fifth degree to-night and join the 500 at Traverse City in December," is the way Pomona Grange No. 40 announces a meeting with Maple Grove Grange Thursday August 12th. Following is the program:

11:00 a. m.—Business session
Dinner.
Music.

1:30 p. m.—Address of welcome, E. E. Stroud, Master Maple Grove Grange. Response, Henry Black, Treasurer of Pomona.

Music.
Address, Hon. D. E. McClure.
Recitation—Charlevoix County, Its Opportunities," D. S. Payton.

Music.
"The teaching of the Elements of Agriculture in Our Schools," J. H. Milford.
Supper

7:30 p. m.—Business session.
Exemplification of third degree, South Arm Grange degree team.
Conferring fifth degree Marion Center Grange degree team.
Music and recitations will be furnished by Maple Grove Grange.

"The Tiger and The Lamb."

Eugene Moore invites us to take a jaunt with him to the mountains of Eastern Tennessee. It's a pleasant trip through the masses of rhododendrons, the forests of walnut, poplar and majestic oaks, up to the pines, to the "Skyland" where we are all shut off from the world below by thin vaporous clouds in all directions—the distance we see Mt. Lookout lifting its head above a sea of white mists around which was waged one of the most terrific battles of the Rebellion. In another direction we see the little old schoolhouse of Shell Creek, where Gladness has been learning her three "R's," and dotted here and there on the mountain sides are the cabins of the mountaineers, the most pretentious being the home of Gladness. The Lees occupy almost the entire county and are all powerful, they are a strange people, holding very little communication with the world below, content with the bare necessities of life. Gladness had never been even to the foot of those hills, never seen beyond the mists which enveloped her mountain home, and, until the new school master had come to Shell Creek, she lived a life of drudgery and darkness, when Richard Clay, the young schoolmaster, came and told her the wonderful stories of the world below and beyond, she listened in awe, devoured all he told and hungered for more knowledge, and, when it came time for the schoolmaster to go away, she awoke to the fact there never was such a man, there was no one half so good, he had made her see all that was beautiful in the world and was willing to follow him to the end of the world. The love of the schoolmaster for his pupil was no less than hers, and Eugene Moore, in his beautiful play "The Tiger and The Lamb," with a kindly hand, has guided the two lovers down the tortuous mountain sides, threatened by death on every hand, into the smiling valley of life. Take a jaunt with Mr. Moore to the Opera House on next Tuesday evening August 10.

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 Irving's Sketch Book and based on "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Westminster Abbey," and "Eip 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.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending July 31, 1909.

Letters.

Kellar, I. J. Lisk, Lewis
Miller, Mr. & Son Warren, Fred
Wing, W. C.
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

County Finances.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand July 1st, 1909, \$2203 89
Rec. Delinquent Taxes..... 426 19
General Fund..... 2006 87
Poor Fund..... 24 03
Library Fund..... 135 00
Teachers Institute fees..... 36 00

Total..... 4892 58

DISBURSEMENTS.

General Fund..... 275 02
Poor Fund..... 1200 90
Criminal Fee orders..... 24 90
Probate Court orders..... 254 22
Soldiers Relief Fund..... 10 00
Detroit House of Correction..... 33 04
State Asylum at Ionia..... 36 98
Cash on hand August 1st..... 3057 52

Total..... 4892 58

Dated at Charlevoix, August 3rd, 1909.

Richard Lewis,
County Treasurer.

Death of Mrs. H. A. Barker.

The sudden death of Mrs. H. A. Barker was the cause of universal sorrow in our community last Sunday. Only last week The Herald recorded the death of a mother in childbirth and just one week later Mrs. Barker was called upon by the Grim Reaper to pass the same way. The funeral services were held at the L. D. Saint's Hall on the West Side, her pastor, Elder Leonard Dudley conducting the services. Interment was made in the Lakeside cemetery. The I. L. M. & T. A., of which Mr. Barker is a member, turned out in a body to the obsequies.

Mrs. Barker's maiden name was Sarah Ann Walsh and she was aged 36 years. Eighteen years ago last September she was united in marriage to H. A. Barker at Ottawa, Can. They came to East Jordan eleven years ago and have since made this place their home. Four children together with the husband are left to mourn the loss of a wife and mother. The children are:—Edith, aged 17 years; Samuel, 13 yrs.; Guy, 6 yrs.; and Basil H., aged 3 yrs.

Card of Thanks.

To all the friends whose sympathy and services were so kindly tendered in our time of bereavement, we desire to extend our sincere thanks.

H. A. Barker and Daughter.

During the past week the general fund of the state has been augmented to the extent of \$5,117.19, being the amount of salvage from the sale of the Michigan building and other effects used in connection with the Michigan exhibit at the Jamestown exposition. The experience of the state at that exposition was so unsatisfactory that no provision was made for a Michigan exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon exposition now under way at Seattle.

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand the surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional endorsement of each of its several ingredients—more than any number of ordinary non-professional remedies. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of this "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will often prevent them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Advisor (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

Back To Childhood's Home.

WARREN W. LAMPSON.

I can hear them calling, calling, hear them calling night and day,
Sweet as wind-harp's touching music when the zephyrs 'round me play.
I can hear the laughing meadows, kissed by summer sun and rain;
I can hear the silken rustle of the fields of ripened grain;

I can hear the tuneful tinkle of the little brooklet's note,
And the haunting, mocking echoes from the dusky woodland's throat.

Oh, I hear them calling, calling, night and day where'er I roam,
I can hear their voices calling back to childhood's dear old home.

I can hear them calling, calling, hear them calling everywhere,
Like the distant vesper chimings at the hour of evening prayer.

I can hear the low, dull droning of the laden honey bees;
I can hear the swelling music of the birds among the trees;

I can hear the squirrels chattering on the edges of the wood,
And the cattle home returning from the deep solitude.

Oh, I can hear them calling, calling night and day where'er I roam,
I can hear their voices calling back to childhood's dear old home.

I can hear them calling, calling, hear them calling night and noon,
Like a haunting dream of heaven with the angel choirs attune.

I can hear a shout and laughter as of children at their play,
I can hear the sterner voices of the toilers of the way;

And when heart and hand are weary with life's dull, unceasing care,
Like a balm of heavenly healing comes the sound of evening prayer.

Oh, I hear them calling, calling, calling everywhere I roam,
I can hear their voices calling back to childhood's dear old home.

Yes, I hear them calling, calling, hear them calling from afar,
Sounding thro' the soul's still places where its holiest memories are,
And it makes my spirit restless, makes me want to up and go,
Back to join the lads and lassies 'mid the haunts I used to know.

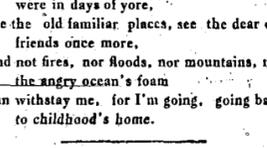
And but grant me I shall see them as they were in days of yore,
See the old familiar places, see the dear old friends once more,
And not fires, nor floods, nor mountains, nor the angry ocean's foam
Can withstay me, for I'm going, going back to childhood's home.

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

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

August time, tells on the nerves. But that spiritless, no ambition feeling can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Within 48 hours after beginning to use the Restorative, improvement will be noticed. Of course, full health will not immediately return. The gain, however, will surely follow. And best of all, you will realize, and feel your strength and ambition as it returning. Outside influences oppress first the "inside nerves" then the stomach, heart, and kidneys will usually fail. Strengthen these failing nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and see how quickly health will be yours again. Sold by James Gidley.

Letters on Poorly Printed Stationery Go Into the



A classy looking letter head wins attention and puts the recipient into a pleasant frame of mind for the letter underneath. We Print That Kind of Stationery. We Are Ready to Print Yours.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mastin died at her home in Sherwood, Branch county, on July 11. Mrs. Mastin was the first vice president of the Ladies' Society of Equity and the society will miss her encouraging words. Local Unions have passed resolutions of sympathy in their meetings.

Resolutions.

Adopted by the Golden Rod and Forget-me-not locals L. S. of E.

Whereas, for the first time death has entered the ranks of the Michigan State Union of the Ladies' Society of Equity, and our former vice president, Mrs. Elizabeth Mastin, a faithful and earnest worker for Equity, has passed to her heavenly home, therefore

Resolved that we, though mindful that we must bow in submission to the Divine Will, are no less conscious of the great loss we have sustained and hereby express our deep sorrow in the death of our beloved sister. And be it further

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her husband, sisters, and children in their loss.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and that they be printed in our official papers, The Charlevoix County Herald and Up-to-Date Farming, also a copy be spread on the minutes of our State Union as an enduring expression of our sorrow.

Mrs. James Howey,
Mrs. Nellie Thompson,
Mrs. Alice Shepard,
Mrs. Isabel Thomas,
Mrs. Rose Bartholomew,
Committee.

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.

Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 for Women." It tells of Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. Tells how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, bring quick and certain help. The book is free. Address Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis. James Gidley.

The Boston Store

Sample Shoes



We have just received a fine line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Sample

Shoes of all grades. The prices will range from 98c up to \$3.00.



Call and see our

Summer Goods

which we are closing out at Bargain Prices.

Remember we carry a fine line of high grade corsets—

R. & G. and La Reine

The Boston Store A. DANTO Proprietor...

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

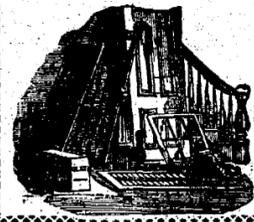
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

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



FRED E. BOOSINGER

A Live Wire is always doing business. The customer who is a live wire should let us furnish the current.

Men have confidence in the goods they know about. This is one reason why

The Schloss Bros.' Clothing

gives such universal satisfaction. Another reason for the great popularity of this clothing is that the Schloss Bros. guarantee is behind every garment. If you haven't used this well-known clothing it would be to your advantage to visit us. Just a little better than any other grade; just a little better made than any other kind and just a little better in price than any other clothing. Here you buy splendid suits at \$12.50, \$15.00, \$16.50, to \$20.00 and get your money's worth. Call in whether you are ready to buy or not.



We are sole agents for the well-known

"Clarendon" Shirts

the great \$1.50 Shirt we are selling for \$1.00

We are Style Leaders in MEN'S HATS.

The Majestic and Royal are excelled by none. The prices are from \$1.50 to \$3.

You certainly save from 50c to 75c on every hat. Best made and best known is a strong point.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

PALACE OF PHARAOH NOPHRA

Prof. Flinders Petrie Has Uncovered Abode of King Who Reigned B. C. 629-588.

The great result of the work of this year carried on at Memphis by Prof. Flinders Petrie under the auspices of the British school of archaeology has been the discovery of the palace of King Apries, the Pharaoh Nophra of the bible, who was contemporary with Jeremiah, B. C. 629-588.

Hitherto no palace has been known in Egypt other than the tower of Medinet Habu and some portions of a rather earlier date. The palace was 400 feet long and 200 feet broad, with a middle court 100 feet square. It was adorned with painted columns 40 feet high and surrounded with stone lined walls 15 feet thick. The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings to a platform at a height of about 60 feet above the plain.

In the ruins scale armor, hitherto rarely found in Egypt, was discovered. Good bronze figures of the gods were also found. What Prof. Petrie describes as a supreme piece, was the fitting of a palanquin of solid silver, a pound in weight, decorated with a bust of Hathor, with a gold face of finest workmanship of the time of Apries.

The great gateway and immense walls descend deep into the mound, indicating that there lie ruins of successive palaces built one over the other. Prof. Petrie prophesies that in six or eight years excavators might dig down to the earliest records of the Egyptian kingdom.—Zion Herald.

Identification by Veins.

A new method of identification of prisoners has been devised by means of photographs taken of the veins on the back of the hand. Prof. Tomassia, an Italian professor, the inventor, bases his method on the observation that no two persons have the veins on the back of the hand so much alike as to allow room for confusion—less, indeed, than with finger prints: The prisoner's hand is held downward for several minutes, or the pulse at the wrist is restrained, and the veins are then photographed. This photograph, Prof. Tomassia says, will always be available for explicit proof, whereas criminals now understand that with an ordinary razor they can operate on their own hands without much pain or inconvenience, and may change the pattern of the finger print beyond chance of identification.

To burn the finger tips is more painful, but perhaps even more effective. On the other hand, as Prof. Tomassia points out, only a serious and dangerous operation can modify the venal system.

Why They Like Iodoform.

Train robbers, burglars, safe-blowers, holdup men and, in fact, nearly all that class of professional criminals who resort to deeds of violence, are greatly addicted to the use of iodoform," said Superintendent J. P. Munger of Sacramento, a former California sheriff at the Hotel Kernan. "These fellows, after committing some crime, besprinkle their clothing liberally with the loud-smelling fluid. They also pour it on their guns and knives and the tools of their trade. The reason is that they often make hurried flights in which they are not infrequently trailed with bloodhounds. There is nothing a bloodhound hates worse than the scent of iodoform, and it has been repeatedly the cause of the dog abandoning pursuit of a fugitive malefactor. Knowing this, the crooks are liberal buyers of an article that may tend to cause their freedom from capture."—Baltimore American.

Former Sultan's Pictures.

A letter from Venice published in a Vienna paper gives a description of the pictures received in that city to be sold at public auction, "from the palace of former Sultan Abdul Hamid." The collection shows that the sultan had a leaning toward the Danish school. "Or possibly," says the writer, "his fondness may have been only that of the purchasing agent. There are many paintings and sketches by Makart and Munkacz, and nearly every large Vienna studio is represented." The writer of the letter judges by this the sultan's pictures were collected largely by the Ottoman representative in Austria.

Gives Fund for Scholarship.

Mrs. Margaret E. Langdale of Cambridge, Mass., has just given the Phillips Exeter academy \$50,000 to found a scholarship to be known as the Charles E. Langdale scholarship. Mrs. Langdale's husband, the late Prof. Charles E. Langdale, was for many years the dean of the law faculty of Harvard, and this scholarship is to commemorate his work.

Urges Sabbath Observance.

The Woman's Sabbath alliance of New York has addressed a circular letter to women prominent socially asking them to refrain from giving entertainments that deprive their servants of rest on Sundays.

Grows Much Sumatra Tobacco.

On the largest tobacco farm in the world, a 250,000 acre affair, near Amsterdam, Georgia, there is said to be grown about a third of all the Sumatra tobacco used for cigar wrappers in the United States.

Writing Comedies

Gift of Observation Necessary For Success

By RICHARD CARLE.



IF ANYONE would write for the stage I would advise him first of all to learn how to observe. There is no limit to the career of an author gifted with a sense of humor, who knows how to observe people and things. The stage wants types, character, novelty. It is crying for the man with the gift of observation to arrange these elements into an entertaining and consistent story.

Of course what I shall have to say concerns comedy. I leave tragedy to those whose nature doesn't yearn for a laugh.

If you would write for the theater of that great multitude which seeks relaxation from the sterner demands of duty and the humdrum, go out into the highways and the byways and observe.

Study street-car conductors, cabmen, chauffeurs, bricklayers, tramps, clubmen, rounders. And don't forget that every play must have the love element, the eternal feminine. The average citizen who rises at 7, goes to work at 8, lunches at 12, goes home at 6 and to bed at 1, isn't a stage personage—unless he has mannerisms, eccentricities of speech, gesture or attire. Even these peculiarities must be exaggerated, for the stage cannot wait too long for the unfolding of a character. A dozen individuals must be created and fixed for the audience and work out their careers in the space of two hours.

Extreme types, however, must be avoided. All of us have met in real life men and women of such marked eccentricities that if they were portrayed to the life on the stage an audience would swear they never existed.

The element of surprise is essential. When a man is most serious turn the mood into comedy by a deft retort. The sense of humor above all is necessary, because what might appear tragic to the participant in a scene in real life may be made ludicrous on the stage by a touch of humor.

Of course after you have created your types it is often a most difficult task to find the men and women to portray them on the stage. Again referring to my own experience, I once took the scrubwoman of the theater to play the part of a scrubwoman on the stage. And, believe me, she looked the part. I didn't want her to get out of the atmosphere of the part, so we arranged to have her retain her position at the theater where she was employed.

To sum up: If you would write for the stage, observe, acquire a sense of proportion, and, above all, don't forget the necessary sense of humor.

Richard Carle

Wages of Men and Women

By P. A. CONRADI

Several gatherings of workingwomen in France and Germany recently argued the old question of the difference in the wages paid to women and men who do the same kind of work. If the lesser and local issues, of local importance only, are eliminated, these questions of international interest remain:

1. Is the existing difference in wages of male and female workers justified by the difference in the working ability of the two sexes?

2. If a difference in working ability exists, what gives occasion for it?

The questions were debated extensively and with considerable bitterness. The sum total of information proffered during the debates of the meetings was to the effect that the wages of Germany for both sexes are a little better than those of France. The difference in wages paid men and women in both countries is considerable, but varying in the different trades. The poorest paid are the factory girls and the best paid are the stenographers and house servants.

While "good" weekly wages of skilled men in German factories average from \$4.70 to \$5.10, women doing the same work do not reach more than \$2.90 to \$3.50 for a week. As a single room of the class usually rented to factory girls costs about \$17 a year and unskilled girls seldom make more than \$1.50 a week, the annual amount left German working girls for food, clothing, etc., will be from \$58 to \$158. Men of the same ability have from \$180 to \$200 left when their room rent is paid.

The present discrimination against women is upheld not so much by any real difference in working ability, the leading speakers of the meetings insisted, as by the arbitrariness of employers. They take advantage of the social subjugation of women and, further, turn to account the fact that women not using liquors and tobacco and as a rule being unmarried are able to subsist on much less than men. Even when workingwomen are married they seldom have the sole responsibility of supporting the family.

Airships Tend to Promote Peace

By K. LUDWIG RAU

The advent of the airship sounds the death knell of war. Airships constructed on the most advanced and scientific lines and fitted out with the death-dealing explosive of war, soaring over the cities, fortresses and battleships of the enemy, can put all of them out of action within a comparatively short time without exposing themselves to great harm or danger. There is scarcely any protection from airships, and it is for that reason that war must come to an end. Nations will recognize the futility of going to war, knowing that death-dealing invulnerable airships have it in their power to decide the fate of a nation within 24 hours.

The German Airship league is increasing by the thousands and is highly popular in all walks of society, from the highest to the lowest and the richest to the poorest. Germany needs a big navy to protect her ever-increasing transatlantic commercial interests. It is a great mistake on the part of England to claim that Germany's navy is aimed at her. This view is deprecated in Germany, and the hysterical behavior of the English people in connection with this so-called scare is a sorry exhibition of their much-boasted level-headedness and cool-headedness.

QUEER IDEA OF HOSPITALITY

Travelers in Arabia, Guests of Chief, Systematically Fleeced of Everything of Value.

Of the curious ideas of hospitality held by some of the natives of that wild country lying between Bagdad and Damascus two travelers, Capt. Butler and Capt. Aymer, tell in the Geographical Magazine. "We found Feysul Ibn Rashid (a minor ruler of Arabia) sitting in a low room, the roof of which was supported by wooden pillars. All round the sides of the room were spread carpets, on which sat his viziers and members of his court. He is a man of 33 years, with a dark, pointed beard, good, regular features, but eyes that are cold and cruel, and he has a nervous, fidgety manner, and was all the time arranging his abba (cloak) and combing and curling his mustache and beard and admiring himself in a small, cheap looking glass that hung just behind him. Above his head on the wall hung his silver-mounted walking stick and a sword, the sheath of which was also covered in silver. He was very richly dressed.

"On arrival at the house placed at our disposal we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having such a cordial welcome, but we were speedily disillusioned. We had not been there more than five minutes when Feysul's head slave, a richly dressed personage called Dahm, came to tell us that the emir would not take our camels or our money, as he had plenty of both, but that he would like things of European make or of interest that we happened to have. This was only too true, and, during our five days' stay there, there was a continual procession of slaves and hangers-on from the castle demanding things for the emir and his viziers and favorites, and demanding them in such a way that it was impossible for us to refuse. At last we had practically nothing of any value left, having been fleeced of watches, revolvers, compasses, various clothes and other articles of our kit.

"Apart from this system of more or less polite robbery, we were well treated by the emir and had our food sent us from the castle by him. About three or four times a day we had a royal command from him and used to go up to the castle and drink many cups of coffee and excellent sweet tea with him and talk about his country and Europe. He was always very genial on these occasions and I honestly think he considered he was treating us very well in not taking all we had and turning us adrift to die in the desert."

Fish Jumps Into Boy's Lap.

The high water in the Vermilion river all this spring has made fish more numerous than for many years, according to a Centerville (S. D.) dispatch to the St. Paul Dispatch. Nearly every one goes fishing here nowadays. An amusing incident occurred here the other day, while Robert Ege was fishing just below the dam. A six-pound pickerel concluded to break the record for high jumping by trying to get above the dam.

Robert was sitting about four feet above the water on the edge of a nearly perpendicular bank, dreamingly wondering if a fish was ever really big enough to swallow Jonah whole without even a scratch, when suddenly from out of the deep shot a monster pickerel, landing in Robert's lap and giving the lad an uppercut on the chin with a flop of the tail. Rob dropped his pole and landed a right-hander on the pickerel's side, knocking him out on the bank and securing the prize.

This is no "fish story," but a true incident which was witnessed by two of our business men, noted for their truth and veracity.

Heating a Greenhouse.

The heating of a greenhouse by the sun is usually explained by the fact that glass permits the passage of light rays, but is almost impenetrable to heat rays, so that as the light falling upon the enclosed objects is converted into heat and partially reflected, the reflected rays cannot escape through the glass. Thus the heat accumulates. To test this long-established theory, Prof. W. R. Wood blackened two pasteboard boxes and covered one with a plate of salt, which readily conducts both light and heat, and the other with glass. The salt-roofed box became even warmer than the other, this being true also when the heat was first filtered from sunshine through glass. The conclusion is that the ground and other objects are heated by the incident rays, and that this heat is then spread by convection currents, but, as the confined air cannot mix and circulate with the outer air, it concentrates a larger amount of heat.

Rural Conversation.

"I wish I had never been born," sighed the horse as he leaned against the wall and gazed into space. "Why?" asked the cow, stopping her chewing and pitching her ears for ward. "Because the automobile has side tracked me. I have nothing to live for." "Bosh!" said the cow. "Look at the condensed milk they are putting out but you don't hear any kick coming from me."

The Consistent Cynic.

"Fairly stories usually end 'and they lived happily ever after.'" "Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker; "that's one of the reasons why I don't believe in fairies."

RAVAGES OF BLACK BEETLE AMONG SHADE TREES

Watchful Care in Summer When Destructive Insects Are Laying Their Eggs May Save Our Orchards and Timber.

However desirable it may be to have a judicious pruning of our oaks, we can hardly trust to beetles to do the work as we wish it done, and during the summer of 1908 Elaphidion certainly exceeded the limit and caused much anxiety to owners of oak trees in various parts of the country. Further, since it sometimes attacks the apple and other quite valuable trees, it calls for some attention.

During July one may observe beneath oak trees many fallen twigs and in some instances small branches, with leaves still attached and generally withered, though sometimes still green. A glance into the tree will reveal possibly other twigs hanging sus-

elder wood. At this time the "worm" is about half grown.

According to the above writer and others, this larva needs moisture to go through with its transformations to the pupal and later to the imago stage. This evidently it could not obtain if the twig remained on the tree. It therefore proceeds to cut off the twig which has afforded it a home so that this will lie on the moist earth during the autumn and winter. This is a very nice operation, evidencing apparently, as stated above, remarkable instinct.

Fitch claims that the entire larval and pupal stage is passed within the twig. From personal observations,



The Oak Pruner Beetle, Larva and Larva in Burrow.

ended with wilting or wilted leaves, not yet dislodged by the wind. The pieces on the ground, when examined, exhibit a clean cut or break at the large end, and if one cuts into the twig with a knife a whitish worm is disclosed lying in the burrow thus opened. This is the larva of the oak pruner, which when full grown is a little more than one-half inch long, and transforms into a blackish or brownish beetle of about the same length.

The life history of this pest is such, evidencing apparently marvelous instinct, that it commands our admiration. The female beetle, according to Fitch, normally lays her eggs in spring or summer on a green succulent twig in an angle between leaf and leaf stalk. This action affords the young tender food of the right nature, easily obtained. As the larva grows older it works into the

however, we are led to believe that such may not always be the case.

Our attention was called by a correspondent last August to the fact that many fallen twigs examined contained no worms. Later, in September, we noted this also, and were not able to find a single larva in any twigs examined, a large number being cut open for examination.

This can hardly be accounted for by the work of insectivorous birds, since they would be unable to reach them in their burrows. In any event the larva is in its burrow when the twig first falls and can then be easily cared for. We therefore suggest the following remedy:

Collect and burn all twigs cut off by this insect as soon as they are found on the ground in July or August. Do not leave this work until the following spring.

PROTECTING WELL FROM INFECTION

Plan for Fixing Curb to Serve as Covering.

A sketch of a plan for fixing an ordinary well curb so as to afford good covering for the well is given by Neil McLean in Prairie Farmer. The ordinary well curb can be made into one of the very best of well coverings if only a little time and money is expended on it. It is just as important that the curb be built so as to prevent a roosting place for sparrows,



A Well Curb Cover.

and to ward off leaves and trash blown about by the wind, as it is to give attention to location and surface conditions when choosing a place for the house well. Make a screen door for the old well curb and cover the remaining sides with ordinary screen wire.

Timothy Hay

Well settled timothy hay measures about 250 cubic feet to the ton, while new hay occupies nearly twice that space. In sale of new hay it is customary to take off about 15 per cent for shrinkage in weight, as compared with barn cured hay.

Remove Useless Stalks.

Flower stalks on rhubarb plants should be removed whenever seen, so that the plants' strength will not be wasted in the useless formation of seeds.

USING CEMENT TO SAVE TREES

Former Method Was Never Successful for Several Reasons.

The former method of working in falling trees with cement was never successful for several reasons. One was that the cement seldom if ever adhered to the wood, so the swaying by wind of the tree very generally made larger the treated crack between it and the wood.

Water penetrated beyond the filling, so the decay increased rather more rapidly than before attempting a remedy.

The improved idea is in removing from the interior all of the rotting mass. There remains only a living shell of sapwood and bark, and into this cavity a steel brace is nicely inserted and bolted in place.

The next important step is to cut watersheds—preventing any moisture from entering. There are deep grooves cut about one inch inside the edge and opening out to the ground below. Cement is packed tightly into grooves, forming a channel down which the water flows.

The cavity is afterward wired throughout thoroughly.

The cement is worked moist, and built out in the tree shape. Any bark that is cut away for an inch or two in order to prevent bruising as the filling is in progress will soon cover the filled spot so a passerby can scarcely detect the wound at all.

In very large cavities the opening is covered by utilizing large strips of zinc. Nature helps in this kind of new work in trees, for the place soon heals over.

To Get Rid of Vermin.

My hogs got lousy last year before I knew it. I could not afford to build a dipping tank, so I put into three quarts of hot soap suds one-half pint of kerosene oil, boiled and stirred vigorously for ten minutes. When the emulsion has cooled sufficiently I poured it through a sprinkling can along the backs and over the heads of the pigs. The ticks and lice quickly disappeared, but I repeated the dose twice more during the summer.—J. G. Barnes, Indiana.

INTO

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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THE PRIMITIVE



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten-mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake and Miss Leslie turned to stare at the droves of animals moving about between them and the border of the tall grass. Miss Leslie was the first to speak. "They can't be cattle, Mr. Winthrop. There are some with stripes. I do believe they're zebras."

"Get down!" commanded Blake. "They're all wild game. Those big ox-like fellows to the left of the zebras are eland. Wheel! wouldn't we be in it if we owned that water hole? I'll bet I'd have one of those fat beavers inside three days."

"How I should enjoy a juicy steak!" murmured Miss Leslie. "Raw or jerked?" questioned Blake. "What is 'jerked'?" "Dried."

"Oh, no; I mean broiled—just red inside." "I prefer mine quite rare," added Winthrop. "That's the way you'll get it, damned rare—Beg your pardon, Miss Jenny! Without fire, we'll have the choice of raw or jerked."

"Horror!" "Jerked meat is all right. You cut your game in strips—"

"With a penknife!" laughed Miss Leslie. Blake stared at her glumly. "That's so. You've got it back on me—Butcher a beef with a penknife! We'll have to take it raw, and dog-fashion at that."

"Haven't I heard of bamboo knives?" said Winthrop. "Bamboo?" "I'm sure I can't say, but as I remember, it seems to me that the varnish-like glaze—"

"Shh! Say, that would cut meat. But where in—where in hades are the bamboos?" "I'm sure I can't say. Only I remember that I have seen them in other tropical places, you know."

"Meantime I prefer coconuts, until we have a fire to broil our steaks," remarked Miss Leslie. "Ditto, Miss Jenny, long's we have the nuts and no meat. I'm a vegetarian now—but maybe my mouth ain't watering for something else. Look at all those chops and roasts and stews running around out there!"

"They are making for the grass," observed Winthrop. "Hahn't we better start?" "Nuts won't weigh so much without the shells. We'll eat right here."

There were only a few nuts left. They were drained and cracked and scooped out, one after another. The last chance to break evenly across the middle.

"Hello," said Blake, "the lower part of this will do for a bowl, Miss Jenny. When you've eaten the cream, put it in your pocket. Say, Win, have you got the bottle and keys and—"

"All safe—everything." "Are you sure, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Miss Leslie. "Men's pockets seem so open. Twice I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's pocket."

"Locket?" echoed Blake. "The ivory locket. Women may be curious, Mr. Blake, but I assure you, I did not look inside, though—"

"Let me—give it here—quick!" gasped Blake. Startled by his tone and look, Miss Leslie caught an oval shaped object from the side pocket of the coat, and thrust it into Blake's outstretched hand. For a moment he stared at it, unable to believe his eyes; then he leaped up, with a yell that sent the droves of zebras and antelope flying into the tall grass.

"Oh! oh!" screamed Miss Leslie. "Is it a snake? Are you bitten?" "Bitten?—Yes, by John Barleycorn! Must have been fuzzy-drunk to put it in my coat. Always carry it in my pocket. What a blasted infernal idiot I've been! Kick me, Win,—kick me hard!"

"I say, Blake, what is it? I don't quite take you. If you would only—"



"Bitten? Yes, by John Barleycorn!"

The Englishman jerked the hand away—

"Ow! That burns!"

Blake shook the glass in their bewildered faces.

"Look there!" he shouted, "there's fire; there's water; there's birds' eggs and beefsteaks! Here's where we trek on the back trail. We'll smoke out that leopard in short order!"

"You don't mean to say, Blake—"

"No; I mean to do! Don't worry. You can hide with Miss Jenny on the point, while I engineer the deal. Fall in."

The day was still fresh when they found themselves back at the foot of the cliff. Here arose a heated debate between the men. Winthrop, stung by Blake's jeering words, insisted upon sharing the attack, though with no great enthusiasm. Much to Blake's surprise, Miss Leslie came to the support of the Englishman.

"But, Mr. Blake," she argued, "you say it will be perfectly safe for us here. If so, it will be safe for myself alone."

"I can play this game without him." "No doubt. Yet if, as you say, you expect to keep off the leopard with a torch, would it not be well to have Mr. Winthrop at hand with other torches, should yours burn out?"

"Yes; if I thought he'd be at hand after the first scare."

Winthrop started off almost on a run. At that moment he might have faced the leopard single-handed. Blake chuckled as he swung away after his victim. Within ten paces, however, he paused to call back over his shoulder: "Get around the point, Miss Jenny, and if you want something to do, try braiding the cocconut fiber."

Miss Leslie made no response; but she stood for some time gazing after the two men. There was so much that was characteristic even in this rear view. For all his anger and his haste, the Englishman bore himself with an air of well-bred nicety. His trim, erect figure needed only a fresh suit to be irreproachable. On the other hand, a careless observer, at first glance, might have mistaken Blake, with his fannel shirt and shouldered chin, for a hulking navvy. But there was nothing of the navvy in his swinging stride or in the ready poise of his head as he came up with Winthrop.

Though the girl was not given to reflection, the contrast between the two could not but impress her. How well her countryman—coarse, uncultured, but full of brute strength and courage—fitted in with these primitive surroundings. Whereas Winthrop—and herself—

She fell into a kind of disquieted brown study. Her eyes had an odd look, both startled and meditative—such a look as might be expected of one who for the first time is peering beneath the surface of things, and sees the naked Realities of Life, the real values, bare of masking conventions. It may have been that she was seeking to ponder the meaning of her own existence—that she had caught a glimpse of the vanity and wastefulness, the utter futility of her life. At

the best, it could only have been a glimpse. But was not that enough?

"Of what use are such people as I?" she cried. "That man may be rough and coarse—even a brute; but he at least does things—I'll show him that I can do things, too!"

She hastened out around the corner of the cliff to the spot where they had spent the night. Here she gathered together the cocconut husks, and seating herself in the shade of the overhanging ledges began to pick at the coarse fiber. It was cruel work for her soft fingers, not yet fully healed from the thorn wounds. At times the pain and an overpowering sense of injury brought tears to her eyes; still more often she dropped the work in despair of her awkwardness. Yet always she returned to the task with renewed energy.

After no little perseverance, she found how to twist the fiber and plait it into cord. At best it was slow work, and she did not see how she should ever make enough cord for a fish-line. Yet, as she caught the knack of the work and her fingers became more nimble she began to enjoy the novel pleasure of producing something.

She had quite forgotten to feel injured, and was learning to endure with patience the rasping of the fiber between her fingers, when Winthrop came clambering around the corner of the cliff.

"What is it?" she exclaimed, springing up and hurrying to meet him. He was white and quivering, and the look in his eyes filled her with dread.

Her voice shrilled to a scream: "He's dead!"

Winthrop shook his head. "Then he's hurt!—he's hurt by that savage creature, and you've run off and left him—"

"No, no, Miss Genevieve, I must insist! The fellow is not even scratched."

"Then why?" "It was the horror of it all. It actually made me ill."

"You frightened me almost to death. Did the beast chase you?" "That would have been better, in a way. Really, it was horrible! I'm still sick over it, Miss Genevieve."

"But tell me about it. Did you set fire to the bushes in the cleft, as Mr. Blake—"

"Yes; after we had fetched what we could carry of that long grass—two big trusses. It grows 10 or 12 feet tall, and is now quite dry. Part of it Blake made into torches, and we fired the bush all across the foot of the cleft. Really, one would not have thought there was that much dry wood in so green a dell. On either side of the hill the grass and brush flared like tinder, and the flames swept up the cleft far quicker than we had expected. We could hear them crackling and roaring louder than ever after the smoke shut out our view."

"Surely, there is nothing so very horrible in that."

came leaping and tumbling down the path, all singed and blinded. Blake fired the big truss of grass, and the brute rolled right into the flames. It was shocking—dreadfully shocking! The wretched creature writhed and leaped about till it plunged into the pool. When it sought to crawl out, all black and hideous, Blake went up and killed it with his club—crushed in its skull—Ugh!"

Miss Leslie gazed at the unnerved Englishman with calm scrutiny.

"But why should you feel so about it?" she asked. "Was it not the beast's life against ours?" "But so horrible a death!"

"I'm sure Mr. Blake would have preferred to shoot the creature had he a gun. Having nothing else than fire, I think it was all very brave of him. Now we are sure of water and food. Had we not best be going?"

"It was to fetch you that Blake sent me."

Winthrop spoke with perceptible stiffness. He was chagrined, not only by her commendation of Blake, but by the indifference with which she had met his agitation.

"They started at once, Miss Leslie in the lead. As they rounded the point she caught sight of the smoke still rising from the cleft. A little later she noticed the vultures which were streaming down out of the sky from all quarters other than seaward. Their focal point seemed to be the trees at the foot of the cleft. A nearer view showed that they were alighting in the thorn bushes on the south border of the wood."

Of Blake there was nothing to be seen until Miss Leslie, still in the lead, pushed in among the trees. There they found him crouched beside a small fire, near the edge of the pool. He did not look up. His eyes were riveted in a hungry stare upon several pieces of flesh, suspended over the flames on splits of green twigs.

"Hello!" he sang out, as he heard their footsteps. "Just in time, Miss Jenny. Your broiled steak'll be ready in short order."

"Oh, build up the fire! I'm simply ravenous!" she exclaimed, between impatience and delight.

Winthrop was hardly less keen; yet his hunger did not altogether blunt his curiosity.

"I say, Blake," he inquired, "where did you get the meat?" "Stew it, Win, my boy. This ain't a packing house. The stuff may be tough, but it's not—or—the other thing. Here you are, Miss Jenny. Chew it off the stick."

Though Winthrop had his suspicions, he took the piece of half-burned flesh which Blake handed him in turn and fell to eating without further question. As Blake had surmised, the roast proved far other than tender. Hunger, however, lent it a most appetizing flavor. The repast ended when there was nothing left to devour. Blake threw away his empty spit and rose to stretch. He waited for Miss Leslie to swallow her last mouthful and then began to chuckle.

"What's the joke?" asked Winthrop. "Blake looked at him solemnly. "Well now, that was downright mean of me," he drawled; "after robbing them, to laugh at it!"

"Robbing who?" "The buzzards." "You've fed us on leopard meat! It's—it's disgusting!"

"I found it filling. How about you, Miss Jenny?"

Miss Leslie did not know whether to laugh or to give way to a feeling of nausea. She did neither.

"Can we not find the spring of which you spoke?" she asked. "I am thirsty."

"Well, I guess the fire is about burnt out," assented Blake. "Come on; we'll see."

The cleft now had a far different aspect from what it had presented on their first visit. The largest of the trees, though scorched about the base, still stood with unwithered foliage, little harmed by the fire. But many of their small companions had been killed, and partly destroyed by the heat and flames from the burning brush. In places the fire was yet smouldering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARMER WILKS' BEARD MAKES MEAL FOR GOAT

HUNGRY ANIMAL ON ROOF GARDEN ATTACKS FREAK WHISKERS OF FELLOW PERFORMER.

New York.—List to the sad tale of the lost whiskers of Farmer Wilks. Those who have wandered upon the roof of the Hammerstein theater know Wilks, the man who draws a comfortable salary simply because he has the longest beard under cultivation in the world. At least, that's the advertised merit.

At night when the vaudeville performance is given up in the air Farmer Wilks is quite the most prideful thing on the little Hammerstein farm. Until the accident his whiskers measured 11 feet 9 1/2 inches from face to tip. Now they are much shorter, and he will be

forced to spend many weary months on his Iowa farm repairing the ravages of the Hammerstein goat.

The goat has always been jealous of the whiskers of the Iowa farmer. The goat has whiskers only ten inches long and time after time his goateeth has been seen gazing enviously at the farmer and then look down despairingly upon his own short and foolish looking beard.

Farmer Wilks droppled into a sound slumber after the intermission.

The jokes on the stage did not arouse him and the songs did not have the slightest effect upon his sleep. He dreamed of whiskers 40 feet long, as he lay on the rug on which he exhibits his whiskers.

The few who sat at the tables back in the farmyard paid no attention to the farmer or the whiskers, and they did not heed the goat.

But the goat was busy. Softly he crept out of his stall and approached Farmer Wilks. Then he began to browse upon the beard.

Farmer Wilks awoke with a cry of pain. The goat had swallowed a part of the beard and was nibbling away at the rest.

Farmer Wilks beat at the goat with his bare hands; crying piteously in a way that attracted the attention of Harry Mock. Harry Mock drove the goat away and rescued what was left of the whiskers.

It was impossible to determine the extent of the loss, but it is believed that the goat ate off at least two feet of beard. Farmer Wilks was inconsolable and his grief was all the greater when he learned that his contract provides that he shall be paid in proportion to the length of his beard and that any accident to the beard may cancel his contract at the option of the management.

A small but earnest band was organized, sworn to give all its effort to enticing Gov. Hughes up on the roof.

CAT MATCH FOR AN EAGLE.

Big Angora—Feline Carried Off by Giant Bird, Returns, Though Worse for Wear.

Valdez, Cal.—Another instance showing how the cat comes back has been demonstrated here. A few days ago Mme. Grimalkin, a big Angora, mascot and pet of the Standard Cooper Company at Landlock, lay quietly snoring herself on a rocky pinnacle 2,220 feet above the sea level and near the mine works, when a bald eagle swooped down and carried her away.

The mine foreman was a witness to the abduction and intently watched the eagle and its prey as they soared over the mountain tops. The sad tale of the cat was discussed in the bankhouse for three nights, when the sudden jangling of the telephone bell announced from a distance a little more than two miles that the cat had come back.

Mme. Grimalkin was a sorry-looking sight. Her long hair was disheveled and in spots her mutilated skin was bare. How far she was carried and how she escaped her captor she can not tell. It may be she killed the bird. When the eagle swooped down and carried the cat away the mine foreman asserts both cat and eagle must have gone 20 miles, for both were lost to view only on account of the failure of vision to follow.

Work Horse Parades Popular.

The success of New York's and Boston's work horse parades has inspired a demand for them in Baltimore and Chicago.

NEW SENSATION FOR DOBBIN

Come to Think of It, He Would Have Felt Funny Sitting in the Position Indicated.

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choo-choo cars, mamma?" "Yes, dear," answered her mother.

A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the plush-cushions.—Woman's Home Companion."

STOPPED HER SONG OF JOY.

Slight Forgetfulness That Marred the Full Appreciation of the Welcome Rain.

"Isn't that a lovely shower?" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly." "Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldenglows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not." "Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?" "I've left the baby out in the yard!" —The Circle.

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Missionary's Wife Made

Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing." Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908.

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

WELL DEFINED.



De Quiz—What's your idea of the difference between optimism and pessimism?

De Whiz—O! the optimist says it is spring when it isn't and the pessimist says it isn't when it is.

Sex in Cromwells.

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but the rebuked him in words that became historic! "Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.—Puck.

Mother Bird Drove Boy Away.

People on Main street, Dallastown, Pa., witnessed an amusing sight the other morning, when a curious small boy who climbed into a maple tree for a closer inspection of a nest of young robins was put to flight by an angry mother bird. Discovered by the old bird after he had clambered into the tree the youngster was savagely attacked. The bird pecked viciously at his bare hands and face, causing him to retreat to the ground, and then driving him home.

The Facts.

"Do poets ever really starve?" "Well, maybe not. But we seldom ever get a chance to overeat."

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

It is right to look our life accounts bravely in the face now and then, and settle them honestly.—Bronte.

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

The good times we long for will not come in the guise of 48-cent watches.

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE!

AUG. 2 TO AUG. 12

Ten Days' Sale of Our Entire Stock at 1-4 Off.

During Ten Days, Aug. 2 to Aug. 12, We Are Offering Our Large Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes at 25 per cent Less Than the Regular Price. Here is a splendid opportunity to get Good, First-Class Dependable Merchandise at a great saving. You need the goods and we need the room. You who have taken advantage of our 1-4 Off Sales know what this is worth. Those who haven't, we ask you to call and see for yourself. Our goods are all marked in plain figures and you can easily see where to save 25 per cent which on any purchase will amount to a good saving after buying the very best quality of goods.

In Our Dry Goods Department

Our entire line of up-to-date Summer Goods will be offered at clearing prices.

DRESS GOODS:

\$2.00 Dress Goods	\$1.50
1.75 "	1.32
1.50 "	1.13
1.00 "	75c
.75 "	57c
.65 "	49c
.50 "	38c

SILKS:

\$1.50 Taffeta	\$1.13
1.25 "	94c
1.00 "	75c
.75 "	57c

1.50 Messalane Foulards \$1.13

1.25 "	94c
1.00 "	75c
.85 "	64c



SKIRTS:

\$10.00 Silk Skirts	\$7.50
8.50 "	6.38
6.50 "	4.88
5.50 "	4.13

8.50 Heatherbloom Skirts 2.63

2.50 "	1.88
1.50 "	1.13
1.25 "	.94

8.00 Muslin Skirts 2.25

2.75 "	2.07
1.50 "	1.13
1.25 "	.94
1.25 Gingham Skirts	.94
1.00 "	.75
.50 "	.38

LADIES' Underwear

\$1.00 Corset Covers	75c
.75 "	57c
.50 "	38c
.45 "	34c
.35 "	27c

2.00 Chemise \$1.50

1.50 "	1.13
1.25 "	.94
1.00 "	.75

1.75 Night Dresses 1.32

1.25 "	.94
.75 "	.57
.50 "	.38

.75 Drawers .57

.65 "	.49
.50 "	.38
.35 "	.27



Lace Curtains

SHIRT WAISTS:

6.00 Shirt Waists	\$4.50
5.50 "	4.13
3.00 "	2.25
1.50 "	1.13
1.25 "	.94
1.00 "	.75
.75 "	.57
.50 "	.38

\$1.25 Lace Curt'ns	\$.94
1.75 "	1.32
1.50 "	1.13
2.00 "	1.50
2.50 "	1.88
3.00 "	2.25
4.50 "	3.38
5.50 "	4.13
6.50 "	4.88

Clothing and Furnishings

Ready-Made Suits All our Ready-made suits are included in this sale. The Friend Bros. Suits are all warranted to give entire satisfaction or you get a new suit.

When you buy one of Friend Bros. Suits at 25 per cent off you get a bargain. Better see if you can't use a new suit to advantage.

\$20.00 Suits for ten days	\$15.00
18.00 "	13.50
16.00 "	12.00
12.00 "	9.00
10.00 Suits for ten days	7.50
8.00 "	6.00
6.50 "	4.88
4.00 "	3.00



Pants Our Dress Pants are all the new styles in cut and goods. The Senator Pants are sold on their worth. In work pants, the Potsdam Good Pants are authority for quality. At 1-4 off these are bargains you can't afford to miss.

\$8.00 Pants now	\$6.00
7.00 "	5.25
6.00 "	4.50
5.00 "	3.75

\$3.50 Pants now \$2.73

2.00 "	1.50
1.00 "	.75
.50 "	.38



Hats When you buy Roswell Hats at 1-4 off well, it means you get the best quality for 25 per cent less than they are worth. These are bargains that are worth making use of. You are the loser if you neglect this chance.

\$2.25 buys our best	\$3.00 Hat	\$.75 buys our best	\$1.00 Hat
1.88 "	2.50 "	.57 "	.75 "
1.50 "	2.00 "	.38 "	.50 "
1.13 "	1.50 "	.18 "	.25 "

Shirts Our Dress Shirts are known to be by far the finest money can buy. We have an excellent lot of fine Summer Collar Shirts—they are cool and comfortable. Our Work Shirts are full sizes and made of material to stand the grief. These are offered for 10 days, only, at a 1-4 off.

\$2.50 Shirts	\$1.88	\$1.00 Shirts	\$.75
2.00 "	1.50	.75 "	.57
1.50 "	1.13	.50 "	.38
1.25 "	.94	.25 "	.18

Underwear We are headquarters for Underwear and have now a full stock of the Most Desirable Kinds for these hot days. No need to roam when you can buy the very coolest underwear at 75c on the dollar. Try the "B. V. D." If you once wear this kind you'd like to wear nothing else. ALL our underwear is included in this sale.

\$2.50 Union Suits at	\$1.88	\$1.00 Shirts or Drawers at	\$.75
2.00 "	1.50	.75 "	.57
1.50 "	1.13	.50 "	.38
1.00 "	.75	.25 "	.18
.50 "	.38		

SHOES and OXFORDS

Everything in our Mammoth Shoe Stock.

This will include all Men's High Cuts, Cruisers, Hard Pans, Elk Skins, Canvas Shoes, Tennis Slippers, Oxfords, Boys' Shoes and Oxfords, Ladies' Dress Shoes, Oxfords, Slippers and everything in the line of Shoes.



\$5.00 Shoes on sale at	\$3.75	\$2.00 Shoes on sale at	1.50
4.00 "	3.00	1.75 "	1.32
3.75 "	2.82	1.50 "	1.13
3.50 "	2.63	1.00 "	.75
3.00 "	2.25	.75 "	.57
2.50 "	1.88	.50 "	.38
2.25 "	1.69		

FURNISHINGS

- Arrow Collars
- Neckties
- Boston, Sun, and Paris Garters
- Arm Bands
- Suspenders
- Watch Fobs
- Cuff Buttons
- Collar Buttons
- Tie Pins
- Handkerchiefs



All our stock of "Furnishings" at 25 per cent off.

\$.15 Arrow Collars	\$.12	\$.50 Sox for 10 days	\$.38
.50 Neckwear	.38	.25 "	.18
.25 "	.18	.15 "	.12
.50 Suspenders	.38	.10 "	.08
.25 "	.18		

Carpets, Rugs, Squares, LINOLEUMS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, RUG BORDERS, MATTING, and ALL FLOOR COVERINGS

at the 1/4 off making

\$1.00 Carpet goes for	\$.75 yd.	\$25.00 Rugs go for	\$18.75
.60 "	.45 "	20.00 "	15.00
.50 "	.38 "	12.00 "	9.00
.30 "	.23 "	1.25 Linoleum	.94
		1.00 "	.75

Trunks, Suit Cases, Valises, HAND BAGS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS.

The entire line goes on sale for ten days only at 1/4 off.

\$18.00 Trunk	\$13.50	\$8.00 Suit Case now	\$6.00
12.00 "	9.00	5.00 "	3.75
8.00 "	6.00	2.50 "	1.88
6.00 "	4.50	1.00 "	.75
4.50 "	3.38		

We have extra help but will be very busy and will not accept for exchange goods bought during this Sale. Get what you want—don't expect to exchange it.

REMEMBER THE PLACE AND THE DATE. DON'T FAIL TO COME.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Briefs of the Week

"The Tiger and The Lamb"—see it, it's great.

Wanted—a going Mercantile business, involving from \$2,500 to \$5,000. Inquire of W. A. Loveday.

Seats now selling for "The Tiger and The Lamb," which appears at Loveday Opera House next Tuesday night.

There were 21 deaths and 31 births in Charlevoix County during the past month. Of the deaths, two were by violence.

Pine Lake claimed another victim last Friday when Bertram Koof of Boyne City, a lad of twelve years, was drowned while in swimming.

The steam barge S. K. Martin is in port loading with hardwood lumber and will clear for Tonawanda, N. Y. About 200,000 ft. of the cargo is being shipped from Bellaire here, using the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s transfer docks.

"A Scream from Light Opera" the headline at the Bijou Program last night and tonight is well worth seeing. See the beautiful-colored film to-night, and the great educational film "Killing Wild Animals in Africa."

Over one hundred boys from the Boy City came up on The Hum, Thursday and had a picnic dinner at Lanway's Grove which was furnished by our citizens. They brought along their Zouave Band which entertained with several selections on our streets.

The verses which Rev. W. W. Lamport is contributing to the South Bend, Ind., Tribune are attracting attention and have been copied by some of the leading dailies of the middle west. The poem we publish elsewhere was called out by a home-coming to the city and county now being planned on an extensive scale by the South Bend Chamber of Commerce.

The East Jordan Coopers Co. have commenced the manufacture of apple barrels. M'gr Haight secured the services of Wm. Palmer of Boyne City as boss cooper, and the plant will have a capacity of one thousand barrels per day. This will afford an excellent opportunity for apple growers in this region to secure their packing barrels without paying freight on same. Get your orders in early.

The East Jordan Base Ball Team went over to Mancelona Tuesday and were defeated by a score of 4 to 3. The Mancelona News in commenting on the game says: "On the mound for East Jordan was a young southpaw with a Duluth uniform. Although he had nothing in particular he seemed to puzzle the home batters." And Sedgman borrowed the suit of Harry Potter for the occasion. A return game will be played—probably at Alba.

A business deal of more than passing importance occurred last Saturday when Verbon S. Payton purchased the drug stock and good will of the L. C. Madison Co. Mr. Madison is the oldest druggist in Charlevoix county, having been in business here for the past quarter century, and his pharmacy is thoroughly known by residents throughout this region. "Verne" is son of County Clerk and Mrs. D. S. Payton of Charlevoix, and is a young man of habits that go to make a success of the venture. He has been affiliated with the drug store business in East Jordan for some seven years and is a registered pharmacist. At present he is overhauling the store, repapering and painting, and is receiving a fine new line of drugs and druggists' sundries, together with stationery etc.

Wm. Harrington was a Charlevoix business visitor, Monday.

Miss Belle Heuning was guest of her sister at Bellaire recently.

Miss Marjorie Hoyt was guest of Boyne City friends the past week.

Misses Flora Simmons and Bets Carr are guest of Boyne City friends.

Charles Sheidon of Boyne City was guest of East Jordan friends over Sunday.

A fresh supply of Oranges, Lemons and Watermelons just received—E. A. Lewis.

Misses Mae and Regina Follett of Batavia, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. John Munroe.

Miss Edna Burnett and Lottie Strong of Boyne are guests of East Jordan friends.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Zavitz returned Thursday from their visit with friends in Ontario.

John Cason has leased the Zitka Bros. Store building on State-st and is installing a laundry.

Dentist and Mrs. H. B. Lehner are here from Grand Rapids, guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

Henry Roy has purchased the residence, recently burned, of Mrs. Larson and is having same rebuilt.

Mrs. John Munroe and daughter, Miss Esther, returned Thursday evening from a visit with Traverse City and Northport friends.

Allan Grigsby returned home Friday from Ypsilanti to remain until fall when he goes to Cheboygan where he has a position as principal in the public schools.

Six Cottages for Sale on Easy-Payment plan—after first payment is made. Prices ranging from \$400 to \$900. It is cheaper to buy than to rent. Call at W. A. Loveday's Agency.

Among those who took in the Niagara Falls excursion which started Tuesday were, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhlmg, C. L. Lorraine, Mrs. John Mombberger, Mrs. Lewis-Sandall and Miss A. M. Kneale.

Supt. J. T. Northon was here from Farwell this week on business. He has leased Eber Burdick's residence, corner Garfield and Second-sts, and expects to arrive here with his family in about three weeks.

Agent Gosner, of the Pere Marquette, tells us that the ticket sales for July 1909 exceeded those of July 1908 by \$2,441.89. How like sixty local option did hurt Charlevoix!—Charlevoix Sentinel.

Wm. A. Stroebel and sister-in-law, Mrs. Carl Stroebel, the latter accompanied by her daughter Helen, left Thursday for Saginaw where Mr. Stroebel attends the Hardware Dealers Meet and Mrs. Stroebel visits friends.

Be sure to attend the tenth anniversary of the Loveday Opera House next Tuesday night. In August 1899 Fred Conrad opened the playhouse with "The Wise Woman." This August the same booking manager opens the season—that's next Tuesday, Aug. 10th, with "The Tiger and the Lamb."

F. B. Gannett Co. have secured the services of Mr. Charles McNamara for his pharmacy. Mr. McNamara is at present located in Cadillac where he has been employed as registered pharmacist for a number of years and is a first-class reliable man in every particular. In addition he is an old acquaintance of Druggist Gannett, they having worked together in the same store at Cadillac for some time.

C. C. Mack was a Tawas business visitor this week.

Our Candles are fresh and of the best.—E. A. Lewis.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams a son, Monday.

A fine program at the Bijou Program at Opera House to-night.

Mrs. Ed Fullford of Battle Creek is guest at the home of C. G. Worden.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey broke ground for his new home on North Main-st. this week.

Mrs. John Thomas left first of the week for an extended visit with relatives at Harbor Springs.

Miss Edith Beardsley of Chattanooga, Tenn., is spending a few days at the home of L. S. Matthews and family.

The ladies of the Catholic church hold an ice cream social in the La-Londe building this Saturday afternoon.

Percy Holliday left this week for Lansing where he finishes out his summer's vacation with the Robt. Smith Printing Co.

Wm. H. Supernaw has nearly completed his residence on Garfield St. and, with his family, will occupy same next week.

\$35.00 down and \$8.00 per month buys a comfortable \$400 home. Others ranging in price up to \$900, on easy payments. See W. A. Loveday for particulars.

Married, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sutton of Jordan township, parents of the bride, Claude Greenman and Miss Minnie Sutton, Rev. L. S. Matthews officiating.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McEacheron of this place, Gillman Hanson and Miss Flora McEacheron, Rev. W. W. Lamport officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson are from Elk Rapids and returned to that place to take up housekeeping.

George LaValley and Mrs. Elizabeth Moore were united in marriage by Rev. A. D. Grigsby on Tuesday afternoon at the bride's home in the presence of relatives of both parties. Mrs. Sarah Dechain and R. W. Dechain stood up with the bride and groom. A sumptuous dinner followed. Mr. and Mrs. LaValley have the best wishes of their many friends.

The first of the cheap North Bound Summer Excursions of this season is slated for August 17th, when the Pere Marquette will run one from Toledo for \$5.00 for the round trip to all points on their line north of Newago. Two trains are run, one leaving Toledo at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Petoskey at 9:10 p. m., and one leaving Toledo at 7:15 p. m. arriving at Petoskey at 8:40 a. m.

Notice: The East Jordan local union of the Farmer's Society of Equity will hold a meeting at the home of Wm. Bennett next Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. All farmers growing fruit or potatoes for market are invited to attend this meeting. They will find it to their interest to do so, as buyers are already hammering down the price and we will show you how to get the price. Don't forget the date, August 10th. Echo local please attend.—James Howey.

Last Friday four sisters of St. Dominic arrived here from Grand Rapids to take charge of the Catholic school, which will be opened here next September. The Sisters need no recommendation as being good and able teachers, since all over the state they are known to be such. Besides the regular course of studies they will also give lessons in fancy work. Two of the sisters are very able musicians and will give lessons on the different instruments.

The committee on the Equity farmers picnic met on Tuesday evening at Eph. Kidder's, and made all necessary arrangements to hold their third annual picnic. It will be held on the same grounds as last year, the J. H. Lanway grove at Nettleton's corners, on Thursday, Aug. 26. The farmers' picnics have been good and well attended each year and it is the aim of the management this year to make this one still better. W. H. Beeman of Empire, also other good speakers will give interesting talks. A program will be given. Farmers come with your families. Take a day's rest after the hard season's work and enjoy yourselves in the beautiful grove, Aug. 26.

The annual motor boat regatta at Aiden has been postponed from the first of the week in August to the 13th and 14th, as a compliment to the United Commercial Traveler's annual picnic and session at Aiden on Saturday, August 14. The \$100 gold silver Alder-cup and additional prizes will be competed for. A Traverse City motorist has entered three boats. In addition to the water sports a lawn tennis tournament will be held each day. Teams from East Jordan, Traverse City, Bellaire, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis will entertain enthusiasts. Horse races, base ball games and athletic contests will keep every minute of both days full.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1909.

Among The Steeple.

The choir of the Methodist church will give another evening of songs on Sunday, Aug. 16.

The Methodist W. F. M. S. for August will be held next Tuesday afternoon at Brown's Creek. The program will be by the children. Come and enjoy the day.

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 Methodist Ladies' Aid Society met at the parsonage on Wednesday afternoon. One feature of the program was the reading of an account of the Battle of Charlevoix, which occurred July 14, 1853.

Usual services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30. Strangers, visitors, and travelling men are heartily invited. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior O. E. at 3:00. Senior O. E. at 6:40. Allan Grigsby is expected to lead the meeting. The pastor will preach at Mt. Bliss next Sunday afternoon at 3:00. Everybody invited. Sunday School one hour earlier.

Don't forget the annual meeting and picnic of the Green River Sunday School Association at Green River next Wednesday the 11th, in the delightful grove adjoining the depot. Be sure and bring your appetite with your lunch and as many of the family as you can persuade to come. Good singing and speeches. Mr. Weaver, the genial superintendent, has done all in his power to make this the most successful meeting yet held. Everybody come and have a good time. All Sunday Schools should send delegates.

Next Sunday, August 8th, at St. Joseph Catholic church, a large number of children will receive their First Holy Communion. At 7:30 a. m., according to standard time, the First Communicants will be in solemn procession by pastor accompanied by altar boys from school house into the church. Immediately after, at 8:00 a. m. there will be solemn high mass with a sermon. During this high mass the children will receive their first Holy Communion. One of the sisters will preside at the organ during the time. At 10:00 a. m. there will be a low mass after which will be a sermon and reception of the first communicants into the Confraternity of the Scapular. The school building is progressing rapidly, and will be completed in a very short time.

Dr. Donald McDonald, the Specialist of Detroit, will be here soon. See adv.

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

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.

Notice to Directors of District Schools.

We are ordering school books for next term of school and would be pleased to include orders for books for any Districts needing them. We will have a good supply of all school books and will be glad to supply all special orders.

F. B. Gannett Co.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank all the friends who so kindly assisted us in our bereavement.

R. F. Ruddock and family,
W. G. Fortune and family.

STATE BANK
of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2000

Officers:
W. P. Porter, President
W. L. French, Vice Pres.
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier
B. A. Dole, Asst. Cashier

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

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

SELZ SAMPLE Shoes



We have just received another lot of several hundred pairs of SELZ SAMPLE SHOES the regular retail price of which is \$2.00 to \$4.00 per pair. We have placed them in four different lots which we offer at

98c, \$1.19, \$1.49, \$1.98
Per Pair.

Our successful July Clearance Sale just closed leaves us with a vast quantity of REMNANTS in all lines which we are offering at wonderful bargains.

L. WIESMAN



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 furniture 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.



Who's Your PLUMBER

SPENCER OF COURSE.

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

PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

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

MARINE SUPPLIES,
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

ALL OXFORDS AT COST PRICE



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

Everything in plain white Crockery and Stoneware.—E. A. Lewis.

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

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

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

The sweet innocent children were playing house. Mamma and Papa scarcely less innocent, were watching them. "I'll be papa," said little Bob. "I'll be the new nurse," broke in Effie, "and when you try to kiss me Bobbie, I'll catch your face and say 'I'll tell Mamma.'" Tableau.

Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes sure with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. The formula is on the 25-cent box. Ask your Doctor or Druggist about the formula! Stops womanly pains, headache, pains anywhere. —Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for free trial, to prove value of his Headache, or Pink Pain Tablets. Sold by James Gidley.

A Civil Word.

A French king once said, "If a civil word or two will make a man happy he must be a churl indeed who would not give them to him." If this feeling were acted on, how much happier the world would be! We may say of this kindly temper that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

A Heroic Accomplishment.

A prominent politician was appointed to the position of naval officer at an eastern city during the Cleveland administration. While in the city he made a host of friends, and all of his waking hours when he was not engaged in official duties were spent with these gentlemen attending various interesting and costly entertainments. At the expiration of his term of office he returned home, and his good mother, who was an old fashioned German woman, said to him curiously: "John, what did you save during the four years you were in office?" "Mother," he said, with a smile lighting up his countenance, "I accomplished wonders—I saved my life."

Commencing next Monday, Aug. 9th, and continuing for TEN DAYS, we offer our entire line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's High Grade Oxfords at just what they cost us.

Call in and look over our stock—you will be surprised at the bargains offered.

C. A. HUDSON

"Little White Shoe Store."

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

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

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Pure healthy, toasted grains, malt, nuts, etc. have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too! No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. G. L. Sherman & Son.

PAYTON'S PHARMACY

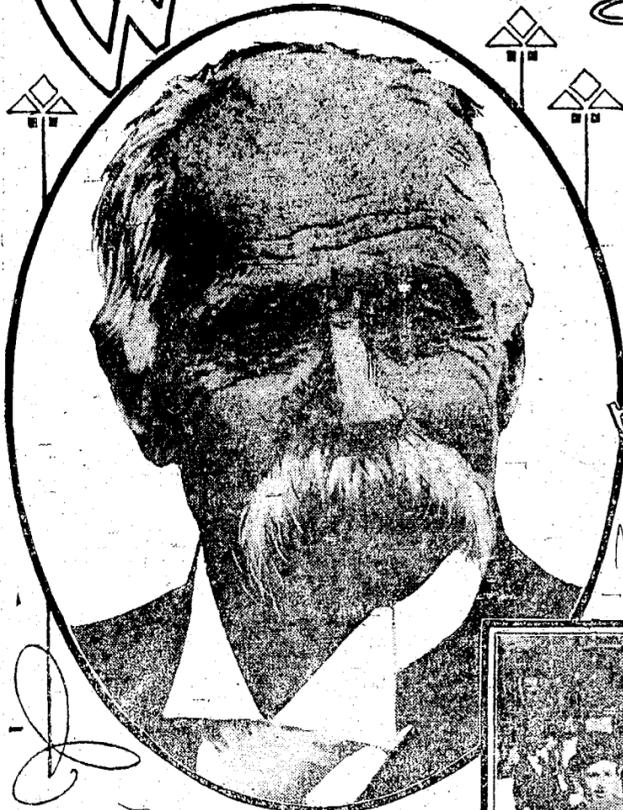
Having purchased the Drug Store and good will of H. C. Madison & Co. we respectfully solicit a share of your valued patronage. We have been affiliated with the drug-store business in East Jordan for the past seven years and feel sure we understand the wants of the people of this vicinity.

A new line of drug stock has been purchased, the building is being remodelled, and we will be ready to greet both old and new customers in a very few days.

Yours for Trade,
VERNON S. PAYTON.

WESTON'S Coast to Coast TRAMP

By Willard W. Garrison



reach Denver from New York, leaving him 27 days for the trip from the Colorado metropolis to the Golden Gate.

Even when Weston had so nearly completed his journey as to safely traverse the Great Salt Lake desert there were some people in the great cities who were skeptical as to the walker's ability to reach his destination.

"Can't reach Frisco, eh?" queried Weston with an arching of the eyebrows which seemed to echo itself all over his wrinkled visage. "Why, I'll reach the coast with time to spare." And the square Weston jaw seemed to augur well for the success of his resolve.

In every big city through which the New Englander passed en route to the Pacific ocean, police protection from the over-enthusiastic public was necessary, and he declared that of all the friends he made the city minions were heartier in their wishes for his ultimate success than the thousands and thousands who were interested in his long tramp.

house. It was 40 years later, yet Weston recalled the meal, and the old man's eyes sparkled as if in memory of the good things the young wife had put before him.

Weston inquired after the man's wife and was told that she had been dead 20 years. Tears came into the eyes of the aged Illinois farmer.

Then the pair, like two old cronies, set out down the road together; Weston abandoning his long, sweeping stride

TIRED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness, dullness of spirits are often due to kidney disorders. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention. Delay is dangerous.

Alonzo Adams, Osceola, Iowa, says: "My kidneys failed me. I suffered awful pain and was so weak I could not work, and often had to take to bed. I was dull and exhausted nearly all the time. I consulted doctors and used medicines, but only Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Soon I was permanently cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



"I think she's double-faced!" "Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

Hospitals a Benefit to Property.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation which shows that 67.5 per cent of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 62 per cent of the sanatoria the presence of the institutions has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

Burning String in the Sick-Room.

Months spent in a sick room have taught me many things for the comfort of an invalid, one of the simplest and most effective of which is burning a string to purify the atmosphere. Take a soft string and stick it with a pin to the back of a chair; after lighting, blow it out gently, leaving the tiny spark, which will create smoke enough to make a decided difference in the atmosphere.—Harper's Bazar.

Neat and Appropriate.

"How shall we print this essay on liberty?" "I think it ought to be in Roman caps."

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, aged 74 years, is the youngest old man in the world. Not satisfied with a mere statement of this fact, Weston has proven it by walking from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 4,600 miles, in 100 days, Sundays excluded.

His arrival in Frisco just the other day is proof enough that there is only one Weston. It was one of the greatest walks ever undertaken by any pedestrian.

With the chilly March winds making walking a difficulty along Broadway, New York, Weston on the fifteenth of the month started his long, tedious, coast-to-coast lode and the biggest pleasure of his

life came when the cool afternoon breeze, as if in greeting, seemed to rise out of Golden Gate-San Francisco and make the home stretch to the Frisco city hall more pleasant.

Greeted by the people of San Francisco with even more hospitality than he had experienced along the route, if such a condition were possible, this interesting old man was indeed at the height of his glory.

Think of it—you who brag about a ten-mile feat of pedestrianism—this 74-year-old New Englander during his years of walking, has traversed more than 25,000 miles, which is the distance around the world, land and water included.

His latest achievement was accomplished at a rate of 46 miles each day, a hard proposition in consideration of the fact that Weston returned to the city's little courtesies by addressing his admirers along the route.

Some days over level country where as time was possible, he would not walk 50 and 60 miles. The record was set when on his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago a year ago, he accomplished a stretch of 90 miles in a day. Then, however, he walked almost the entire 24 hours.

Always carrying a regulation breakfast food in this quaint old character, who, by the way, can address an audience as well as he can walk long distances, never lost sight of the optimistic side of his venture. Happy, hale, hearty and a picture of color, he laughed gaily at mention of the vicissitudes which he was compelled to undergo in making good in his determination to span the continent afoot.

Facing the sun-baked western deserts, he wore the same typical Yankee smile. Only once did the relentless heat of the sands cause him to falter. That was, when in crossing the Great Salt Lake desert on the twenty-second of June he was forced to stop and rest almost two hours at Lemay, Utah. He rested almost against his will, but he realized that the little snatch of sleep at Lemay was for the best.

Leaving Hogup, Utah, at 6:30 that morning, he started his desert tramp. That night he was at Lucin, 41 miles away. At four o'clock the next morning he saw dawn break over the town of Lucin, and he was several miles to the west, walking with the same steady stride which marked his progress along better roads in the east.

He suffered a slight injury from a fall in the west, and this hurt augmented by the effects of the heat, promised to make his daily walks shorter. Sheer persistence kept him at his task, and his will power overcame his ailments. Consequently, when he crossed the west state line of Utah, he was in splendid physical condition.

All was not milk and honey for the pedestrian. At Laramie, Wyoming, his manager forced him to stay indoors for an entire half day in order to conserve his energy.

Perhaps the states east of Illinois which greeted Weston a year ago when he made his memorable trip from Portland, Me., to Chicago, were not quite as enthusiastic over the aged pedestrian as they were in 1908, but if such was the case young Mr. Weston failed to see the lack of hospitality.

One of the speediest "laps" which the walker accomplished before entering California, was that from Ogden to Hogup, Utah. Leaving Ogden one hour after midnight he reached the smaller city late in the afternoon of the same day. It was a tramp of 61 miles, and he



MAKING A SPEECH

for shorter, slower steps, more in keeping with the physical condition of his friend of four decades ago.

Their good-by at the crossroads, a quarter of a mile from the farmer's abode was touching, and for the first and last time during the entire trip, tears appeared in the pedestrian's eyes. It was the recollection of the old days when Weston was comparatively a youngster, and was befriended by the big-hearted inhabitants of the



NEAR THE END OF HIS JOURNEY

The loss of time which amounted to five days as he started to ascend the western slope of the mighty Rockies, was occasioned chiefly by his desire to please the admir-

country through which he had journeyed. Weston and Dan O'Leary were youngsters as well as pioneers in the business of pedestrianism years ago. Then the O'Leary "walk" was a distinct rival of the Weston "walk."

Their feats on the thoroughfares of the country attracted far more attention than they do in these busy days, and people were getting up early in the morning to tear off a journey of from 15 to 20 miles before breakfast, using the stride of their favorite walker.

The O'Leary stride then, consisted of executing motions with the hips, shoulders, as well as limbs, along with a good deal of arm swinging, while the New Englander's style consisted of a straight, swinging step, with the head, shoulders and hips moving in harmony with the lower limbs.

"What does he get out of it? What good does it do him?" the practical matter-of-fact twentieth century man will ask.

In answer, Weston's friends declare that in the first place every man has some hobby or other. Weston's hobby is long distance walking. In the second place it may turn itself into a financial venture some day. Weston is a good orator, and on his tours is always in demand as a lecturer.

But at the same time the pedestrian is said to be comparatively a poor man. On his walk in 1908 from Portland to Chicago, he entered the Windy City with the expectation of lecturing. He did a little speaking, but not to any great extent.

To show his absolute integrity is an offer which was made to him, and rejected by him almost immediately, of a firm manufacturing a shoe device. He could have turned his signature to the company's testimonial into several thousand dollars on the spot, had he chosen to sign a paper, stating that he had worn the shoe contrivance on his journey and found it satisfactory. He had not worn it, and refused the offer without a second's hesitation.

For his pedestrianism is one great round of pleasure. He likes to walk and the agreement he made to traverse the continent in 100 days simply furnished more than three months of enjoyment.

That was Weston's idea. The agreement was in a sense, a secondary matter. His vigor, vitality and recuperative powers are declared wonderful by physicians who have studied him. He is probably the greatest athlete of the age, everything considered.

By post roads the distance from New York to San Francisco is 4,300 miles, but according to the estimate furnished by Mr. Weston and his manager the distance is 4,600 miles, which being accomplished in 100 days, excluding Sundays, necessitates a tramp averaging 46 miles each day.

Considering the many setbacks which are bound to occur on such a journey as this the progress which Weston made was considered remarkable.

It was declared that the automobile which was following Weston deserted him in the west because that particular make of car failed to get the amount of publicity desired. This was something of a setback for the old man, because the machine carried provisions, refreshments and other necessities.



AN OFFICIAL ESCORT



STOP FOR LIQUID REFRESHMENT

declared it was the best time he had had during the trip.

To every one along his route of travel, who saw him appear on the horizon to the east and then vanish again toward the setting sun he was the same cheery, hale, hearty, happy old gentleman. His feet might be clogged with mud, if the weather happened to be inclement, his clothes rain, or dew soaked. It made no difference with the Weston smile, however. It shone no matter what the conditions.

Smiling upon everyone in general, bowing to the matrons, throwing kisses to the misses, his whole being reflected the power of the good nature which his manager declared assisted him in his difficult task.

Treading the slope of the Rockies several days behind time, he only saw the silver lining in the clouds that threatened to blast his hopes of reaching the Pacific coast at 4 p. m., on the 8th of July.

At his journey's end the whole city of San Francisco abandoned his last hour of the business day in the hope of making the pedestrian's welcome a warm one. Just as other western cities had turned out to wave a cheery hello and good-by to Weston, his rejuvenated Frisco was proportionately hospitable to this remarkable character.

With the eastern slope of the Rockies traversed there were some who questioned the possibility of the pedestrian's safe arrival at the Golden Gate on the day set for his welcome.

"I am still a young old man," he said laughingly, "and I have shown the pedestrian youngsters of 55 and 60 years that my heyday is not on the wane."

"There have been plenty of obstacles to overcome, but with a path to tread and a will behind me, nothing is insurmountable."

Fairly swimming through a sea of mud was one of the everyday happenings with the walker.

"I agreed to walk from ocean to ocean, but I had no idea I would be compelled to swim part of the way," he said. "But that is just what I had to do in Colorado. My walk into Denver was over roads which were terrible. I carried tons of mud on my feet. It seemed to me, and it was a supreme effort to lift the dirt itself with taking a step which carried my own body besides."

It took Pedestrian Weston just 73 days to

ing common people. It was one of the pleasant "obstacles" to which he called attention when accounting for the delay. Many courtesies of various character were extended to him and it was necessary to acknowledge them. In so doing, a little speech and perhaps a stopover for some local festivity necessitated lots of fast walking when the trail was again taken up.

Cow paths, big paved city streets, country roads, ditches, rights of way belonging to railroads, and often mere trails through the woods furnished the line of travel for the great journey of this aged athlete.

Intense enthusiasm was manifested all through the west, and true hospitality of the plains was accorded him after he departed from Chicago. Only a year previous, he had passed along the same New York-Chicago route, and he seemed an old friend to the countrymen. Consequently, like every old friend, his feat did not cause nearly so much consternation there as in the west.

"More, how do you take care of your corns, walking as much as you do?" a white-haired grandma in Indiana asked Weston, as he quenched his thirst at her well.

"O, they're just ordinary feet. I have a few corns, but cold water is the best medicine they know. It keeps them in great trim."

Weston wore out dozens of pairs of shoes during the journey. He had to have an especially pliable shoe, one which neither pinched his feet nor was too loose, and one of the difficulties of the trip was procuring just the correct footwear.

It was 40 years ago and more that Weston started the country by one of his especially long walks. When passing through Illinois on his last venture, he encountered an aged farmer who was sunning himself in front of his farm home.

Hard work had told on the Illinoisan's physique. He looked little like the young man who had stopped his plowing one spring morning back in the nineteenth century to offer the then 30-year-old Weston a meal at the farm

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."

—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 602 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."

—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 30, Gardiner, Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaint. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. **Small Liver Pills.** REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



Quick Relief
is necessary in cases of
Cramps, Colic, Dysentery,
Cholera Morbus, Cholera
Infantum and Diarrhea.

**Dr. D. Jayne's
Carminative
Balsam**

is the quickest acting and
most reliable remedy
known for these affec-
tions. It stops pain im-
mediately, and in almost
every case brings about
a speedy recovery. Keep
it handy for the children's
sake.
Sold by all druggists—
per bottle, 25c.
Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Ver-
mifuge is an excellent tonic
to overcome the exhaustion
consequent upon a severe
attack of Dysentery.

TRUE RESIGNATION.



Old Maid—Is it really true that mar-
riages are made in heaven?
Doctor—Yes, I believe so.
Old Maid (resignedly)—O, then,
doctor, you needn't call again.

Time to Change Subject.
The Courier-Journal tells of this
embarrassing statement made by a
well-known Louisville woman who is
known as "saying things without
thinking." Her daughter was enter-
taining a young man on the front
porch and the mother was standing
at the fence talking to the neighbors
next door. In the yard of the latter
was a baby a little over a year old,
and it was trying to walk. "You
shouldn't let it walk so young," ad-
vised the thoughtless matron. "Wait
until it's a little older. I let my
daughter walk when she was about
that age, and it made her bow-legged."
The young man began to talk ener-
getically about the weather.

Next Best.
A certain young minister in Phila-
delphia, recently ordained, is still very
nervous and sometimes his remarks
do not convey exactly the meaning he
intended. A few Sundays ago he rose,
fumbled with the papers on his desk,
blushed, and then said:
"My Friends: I—I am sorry to say
that I have lost the notes for my ser-
mon, and I therefore cannot deliver
it. I will have to do the next best
thing, therefore, and read a few chap-
ters from the Bible!"—Illustrated Sun-
day Magazine.

**ORIGIN
Of a Famous Human Food.**

The story of the great discoveries
or inventions is always of interest.
An active brain worker who found
himself hampered by lack of bodily
strength and vigor and could not carry
out the plans and enterprises he knew
how to conduct, was led to study var-
ious foods and their effects upon the
human system. In other words, be-
fore he could carry out his plans he
had to find a food that would carry
him along and renew his physical and
mental strength.
He knew that a food which was a
brain and nerve builder (rather than
a mere fat maker) was universally
needed. He knew that meat with the
average man does not accomplish the
desired results. He knew that the
soft gray substance in brain and
nerve centers is made from Albumen
and Phosphate of Potash obtained
from food. Then he started to solve
the problem.
Careful and extensive experiments
evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous
food. It contains the brain and nerve
building food elements in condition
for easy digestion.
The result of eating Grape-Nuts
daily is easily seen in a marked strain-
ness and marked activity of the brain
and nervous system, making it a
pleasure for one to carry on the daily
duties without fatigue or exhaustion.
Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a
stimulant but is simply food which
renews and replaces the daily waste
of brain and nerves.
Its flavour is charming and being
fully and thoroughly cooked at the
factory it is served instantly with
cream.
The signature of the brain worker
spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on
each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.
Look in pkgs. for the famous little
book, "The Road to Wellville."
"There's a reason."

THE MEDIATOR

By Clinton Dangerfield

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

William Wallace was worthy of his
name. Worthy too of the astoundingly
hard skull granted by Fate, which en-
abled him to wipe up the ground with
every other goat he met. He spent
his time wandering around the X—
locomotive plant, in which his owner
was a superintendent.
Aside from his master, William Wal-
lace liked Finnegan and McDougal
best. It was a grief to him that his
two friends hated each other. Mc-
Dougal was a direct importation from
the Scottish Highlands, and, far from
possessing the cautiousness attributed
to the canny Scot, he was belligerent
as any Irishman, though he concealed
this under a brow of contemptuous
scorn.
Finnegan had a red head and plenty
of ready wit, which last he exercised
so freely on McDougal that it was a
matter of conjecture among the men
as to how long it would be before the
two came to blows.
Finnegan's last gibe was the pro-
verbial straw, for when asked by an
injudicious youth as to why he had
not "pounded" the scornful Scot, Fin-
negan, remarking McDougal within
ear-shot, observed pityingly:
"Sure, an' it's not meself would be
fightin' wid a poor crathure, jist a
wake or so out of pettitions!"
McDougal approached.
"Herself will be findin' out," he
said, significantly, "that the Highland



Closed in a Deadly Duel.

kilt covers a prettier man than ever
was smoked in an Irish cabin."
"Pretty, is it?" returned Finnegan
with a broad grin. "Sure it's the
beauty ye are wild yoo!"
What personalities might have en-
sued were interrupted by the fortunate
approach of the superintendent.
"Boys," he said—it was the meal
hour—"I'd take it as a favor if as
many of ye as can would turn out
at the chapel to-night. Mr. Chesney,
Chesney was president of the plant—
"will be there, and he's brought a
bishop along to address us."
The chapel was a hobby with the
president, and the men good-humored-
ly turned out en masse. The sermon
was half over, the men struggling
with the weariness left by a heavy
day's work, when suddenly the whole
congregation assumed such a pose
of breathless interest that the bishop
was delighted. The superintendent, in-
deed, showed more uneasiness than
interest, but this anxiety did not trou-
ble William Wallace, who had discov-
ered that the side entrance was open,
and who was now established within
ten feet of the unconscious bishop.
McDougal, meantime, was brooding
on the dire insult offered his kilt.
He heard nothing of the sermon till
the bishop's last words roused him.
"And now I repeat, brethren, be mis-
sionaries yourselves! Use your own
force of character in breaking up
every quarrel."
McDougal nodded acquiescence, con-
struing the advice in a way of which
the good bishop little dreamed.
Two days later the Highlander in-
volved Finnegan into a discarded out-
house, and, locking the door, gave the
Irishman a knife, keeping one him-
self, and briefly informed the latter
that one of them at least should not
leave the room alive.
The horrified Finnegan, who had
little dreamed of such a sequel to his
constant jeers, glanced desperately
round, but seeing no way of escape,
he closed in a deadly duel.

Now, this unused building was a
favorite abiding-place of William Wal-
lace. Behind the boxes and barrels
with which it was piled lay some old
sacks, on which he was sleeping when
this intrusion occurred. Like an in-
spiration, he recalled the bishop's
words: "Be missionaries! Use your
force of character in breaking up quar-
rels!" Of course! Force of charac-
ter—just the thing!
With a horrible bleat, which fright-
ened Finnegan into dropping his knife,
William Wallace sprang on the com-
batants. Finnegan was sent headlong
on the ground, and the tall Highlander
was doubled over a barrel. There fol-
lowed a scene which only Homer

could depict, while a song of exulta-
tion thrilled through William Wallace.
"Force of character! Yes—yes, the
bishop knew! Bur-r-r! But!"
"Open the doors!" screamed Finne-
gan, "while I do be after houldin' the
devil! Oh, for a shlick, a shlick, to
give him wan crack on th' scence!"
"Bur-r-r!" snorted William Wal-
lace escaping from Finnegan and
bounding over the fallen boxes and
barrels. "Character-r-r-r! But!"
Down went McDougal for the tenth
time, and Scotland and Ireland shout-
ed for help in tones that brought the
superintendent himself and a dozen
men, who burst open the door.
Discreet William Wallace! Like a
shadow he sped forth, leaving the
combatants to the mirth of the men!
"Her nainself will nesar get her jaw
in place from the butt of that tam
goat!" moaned McDougal, holding his
face and limped out, while Finnegan
crawled after him.
"Och, murther!" lamented Finne-
gan, "it's meself as aches in more
places than the hivens, has stars, and
each place hurts worse than the
other!"
An irrepressible howl of laughter
from the crowd was all the consol-
ation afforded them.
"But what the deuce," demanded the
bewildered superintendent, "were you
two, of all people, doing in there to-
gether? It is very strange," he added,
suspiciously.
"Sure," said Finnegan, composedly,
"that's soon tould! We went there to
find a wee, tiny box to put the Widow
Murphy's pig in."
The superintendent, turned to the
Highlander:
"Is that straight?"
"Would herself be lying for noth-
ing?" returned the Scot, simply, and
taking Finnegan by the arm the two
limped off together, their enemy for-
ever lost in a mutual desire to plan
the downfall of the mediator.

WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE LONG

More or Less Painful Incident Re-
corded from the Arctic
Circle.

The long Arctic night was drawing
to a close. After six months of dark-
ness the rubicund face of Old Sol
peeped shyly over the edge of the
glacier and wished the frozen north a
cheery good morning.

It was a glorious sight, but Mr. Ojib-
wosky heeded it not. He was just re-
turning from a night at the Eskimo
club, and his mind was troubled. He
had forgotten his latchkey. Alas for
Mr. Ojibwosky!

He knew she was a light sleeper.
Frequently she had awakened after
having slept only three weeks merely
at the sound of the icebergs crushing
some intrepid explorer's ship in the
floods. He remembered this as his
nose too steady footfalls crunched
through the snow. She heard him as
he was trying to get in through the
servants' entrance in the areaway, and
stuck her head out of the upper win-
dow. "Is that you Ojib," she de-
manded.

Mr. Ojibwosky was forced to admit
that it was.
"This is a fine time to be getting
home," she exclaimed. "What time is
it?"

"My dear, it's only quarter pash
Febry," replied Mr. Ojibwosky, some-
what thickly, however.

But Mrs. Ojib, by consulting her cal-
endar, was already wise to the fact
that it was half-past May, and, hav-
ing no desire to pry into family af-
fairs, we will draw a veil over the
scene that followed, after the manner
of the good old story writers.

He Went Back to Bed.

Count Bertrand, who recently died in
Paris, was a very eccentric man, and
to one of his eccentricities he ascribed
his long life. Once a year he would
betake himself to bed and stay there
for three months. On these occasions
he would see no one but his servant,
who brought him his meals, and even
him the count forbade to speak.

Just before the Germans began the
siege of Paris the nobleman went to
bed, and the servant, true to his in-
junctions, said nothing of the events
going on around him. One day the
bread proved so bad the count de-
manded an explanation, whereby, of
course, he learned that Paris was en-
compassed by the enemy.

Springing out of bed, the count
paced the floor, repeating, "What
should a Bertrand do under such cir-
cumstances?" Suddenly he stopped,
exclaiming, "He should go to bed!"
And to bed he went, staying there un-
til the siege was over.

An Extravagant Wife.

A young marine officer at the Mare
Island navy yard spent part of the
days driving about with the daughter
of the officer commanding the marine
barracks in her pony cart. The young
officer's Chinese boy announced one
morning: "I like talk to you in your
loom." (The Chinese say "I" for "I,"
while the Japanese say "I" for "I.")
"You mally that gal at ballacks?"
The officer burst out indignantly:
"What the d—l do you mean, Ah
Sam?" The Chinaman went on:
"Evly day you go lide with that gal.
I think perhaps you mally that gal.
I talk to cook at ballacks. You no
mally that gal." Then, with great
feeling: "That gal that gal, eat
seven eggs for breakfast evly morning,
all same lloh woman—she no lloh—
no! More better you no mally that
gal."

Possible Explanation.

Little Willie—Say, pa, why is it
the umpire of a baseball game never
makes a home run?
Pa—I don't know, my son, unless
it's because the crowd is too lazy
to chase him.

**TRAINER TORN IN
FIGHT WITH LION**

THREE ASSISTANTS BATTLE DE-
PERATELY TO RESCUE ONE
ARMED VICTIM.

PISTOL BROUGHT INTO USE

Men Armed with Iron Prongs Finally
Force Animal Back Into Cage.
After Long Contest in
Narrow Passage.

New York.—Pinned in a dark, nar-
row passageway of an animal show
arena, at Coney Island, three men
fought desperately for more than half
an hour the other morning with a
full-grown African lion to save the
life of Capt. "Jack" Bonavita, a one-
armed lion trainer. The remains of
Capt. Bonavita's one arm was badly
torn, and the rescuers themselves
were injured.

The lion, which was shipped to
Coney Island from Mombasa several
weeks before Col. Roosevelt started
for that port, has been known as
"Roosevelt" since he was taken into
the arena.

The animals are generally fed at the
close of the show, but owing to the
hard work of "breaking" the lion
Roosevelt, Bonavita has been taking
the animal in the arena late at night
and orders have been given not to
feed unless he has finished rehear-
ing.

As Bonavita stepped into the cage
and snapped a whip the big beast
sprang upon him. Missing the trainer,
the lion crashed into a pedestal and
then turned his attention to the de-
struction of a chair. Then the whip
was brought on the animal's eyes and
it turned to retreat.

Bonavita quietly called to Tallon,
another trainer, that the animal was
"bad." At the same time he took
refuge behind a second pedestal, in-
tending to meet the attack which the
lion had already begun.

When the beast, with a flying leap,
came in contact with the barrier Bon-
avita quickly stepped behind the



He Took Refuge Behind a Second Ped-
estal.

arena door, which had by this time
sprung open. Although the maneuvers
did not take more than a second, the
trainer was given a gashing wound as
the lion struck the chair and pedestal.

The big lion grew more infuriated
and followed into the passageway in
which Bonavita had taken refuge. The
door swung automatically and the
trainer barely missed the beast as it
started down the narrow corridor to-
wards the dens which on that side were
all occupied.

It was in this passageway that Tal-
lon, McField and Rey, trainers, were
hurrying to Bonavita's rescue. As the
men turned a corner and started down
a runway under the steps leading into
the arena they came face to face with
the infuriated animal.

The passageway was dark and here
only the green eyes served as marks
at which the trainers struck repeated-
ly with their prongs. The width of
the passageway had been planned for
just such an emergency and the lion,
unable to turn, was forced back while
the prongs were thrust at him.

At a moment when the rescuers
were getting decidedly the best of the
encounter the lion made an upward
spring. Like two fire balls the eyes
showed his adversary the direction
he was taking and, not alone relying
on the prongs, the revolvers were
brought into use.

As the battle progressed Bonavita,
held from escape by the closed doors,
waited. He had brought his revolver
to position and as the weapon is
loaded with four blank and two bullet
cartridges, he was compelled to rely
on these for a final stand.

As the lion seemed to gain in the
fight, Bonavita fired three shots and
then the beast appeared to turn a com-
plete somersault. The fourth shot was
followed by a warning from Bonavita
that he was now using bullets and that
the men should keep clear of line of
fire. The effect of the somersault was
to break in one of the cage doors and
the trainers, quick to take advantage
of the position, closed in with their
prongs.

When the lion had been safely
held in the cage Dr. Nash of Coney
Island cauterized the wounds on Bon-
avita's arm and body.

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ting the Stomach and Bowels of
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NOT NARCOTIC
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ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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Signature
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Chas. H. Hastings
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For Over
Thirty Years
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to Buy
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South Bend Watch Company
South Bend, Ind.

The Same Old John L.
Old John L. Sullivan always had a fine Irish wit, and it remains with him in his advanced age. Not long ago he was appearing in a Baltimore theater and the manager, for business reasons, introduced him to a wealthy youth of the town. The youth was a typical chollyboy, the sort of a specimen that old John abhors. Sullivan was washing his face in the theater dressing room when the two arrived, and they waited patiently until he had finished his ablutions. When John had dried his countenance he gave the duke one look, and then said to the manager: "Well, I congratulate you, Jack, is it a boy or a girl?"
Royal Great-Grandmother.
The birth of a son to the youthful duke and duchess of Sudermania gives to royal Europe what it has not had for more than ten years, namely, a great-grandmother. The lady to whom this honor has come is the Grand Duchess Constantine Nicolaevitch, who was, before her marriage, Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg.

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General Dray
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Wood Delivered. Household Goods
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Blacksmithing
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Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line
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Portraits, Frames, Photo Pillow
Tops, Beautiful Pictures, Bromides
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facturer direct. Catalogue Free.
National Portrait Co., Chicago.

The
Scrap Book

The Cause of the Delay.
English is full of pitfalls for the foreigner who wrestles with it, and the language gets some severe jolts at times, as this anecdote from India shows: The story is to the effect that when a battalion of the Middlesex regiment was ordered to take part in a recent ceremonial parade at Delhi the commanding officer determined to refit it with new boots. He accordingly telegraphed to a Calcutta firm: "Send 1,000 pairs of boots for Middlesex by next train."
Days passed, and no boots arrived. The colonel's anxiety increased hourly. Just when he had become almost frantic the Babu manager in Calcutta sent him this telegram: "Order received, but not comprehended. Male sex I know; ditto female sex; middle sex, however, not known. Please send specimen."

Pride.
Could one ascend with an unheard of flight
And skyward, skyward without limit soar.
As if the pinion of a god he wore,
Till earth were left a dwindling star,
Whose light
Flew faint upon his track—at last his height
All height would vanquish. There in
depths of space
Were neither upper nor inferior place,
Distinction's little zone below him quite.
Oh, happy dreams of such a soul have I,
And softly to my heart of him I sing,
Whose seraph pride all pride doth over-
—wing.
Soars into meekness, reaches low by high
And, as in grand equalities of the sky,
Stands level with the beggar and the king!
—David A. Wasson.

Had Tried All Kinds.
A noted heavyweight pugilist, who for a time in the heyday of his fame occupied the chair of sporting editor of a certain journal, gloomily remarked to a friend one day:
"Sey, Jim, I don't mind standin' up in the ring an' givin' an' takin' a few hot punches in the ribs or wherever they happen to land, but this here pickin' up a pen an' slingin' off a column or so of literature every day or two is what makes me tired. I believe I'll haffer resign."

"No use resignin', John, old boy," advised the friend. "A job like yours isn't picked up every day. To make it easier for you I would suggest your getting an amanuensis."
"Oh, thunder! What's the use?" exclaimed the great editor wearily. "I've tried a common steel pen, a stylus, a pen, a newfangled fountain pen, a patent ink pencil an' half a dozen other writin' contraptions, an' it ain't at all likely that an amanuensis 'll work any better'n the rest of 'em. No—I reckon I'll haffer quit."

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

"Dead," he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."
"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.
"Well, this way: I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry and if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

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

Comfort's Words

Many an East Jordan Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and the aches of the 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, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Call and see these guaranteed Springs at Whittington's.

I have some bargains in farms, city property and business blocks. I also have some farms to trade for city property.—Joel Johnston. 17-52

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.

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 12th day of July, A. D. 1909, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on or before the 10th day of January, A. D. 1910, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
Dated, July 12th, A. D. 1909.
JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1909. Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Oliver Hart, deceased.
Oliver Hart having died in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.
It is ordered, that the 6th day of August, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at 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.

They Were Changed.
While serving as commandant of a district in India General Creagh had on one occasion presented the prizes at the garrison sports and was rather surprised when one of the prize winners—a private in an infantry regiment—approached him a few days later and begged to know if he would be allowed to change his prize for something more useful.
"What was your prize?" asked the general. In reply the man produced a long case from under his arm and showed a handsome carving set.
"Very nice. I am sure," said General Creagh. "What do you want to change them for?"
"Well, you see, sir," replied the man, "I find them rather difficult to use at mealtime, and if it is all the same to the committee, sir, I would rather have a knife and fork of the size to eat meat with."

Nature.
He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground; the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the world have called in nature to their aid can they reach the height of magnificence.—Emerson.

How to Make a Noise.

Harry, the highlander, was bent on being a successful Scot. He was bent on making a splash. Och, aye! But he was going to make those duff gowls (Scottish for "silly idiots") in England sit up.

But how was Harry to achieve his aim?

He sought advice of a great friend—a Scotsman who had already made his mark in shipbuilding circles.

"Tell me," pressed Highland Harry, "how can I mak a noise in the world?"
The famous Scotsman gazed at him steadily for a few moments and then, laying a hand on the inquirer's shoulder, bellowed:
"Hoot, wop!"

Sandy's Sausages.

At a Scotch banquet in New York one of the guests told the following story:

"There was a poor young man who lived in Glasgow, an' his landlady liked to mither him, and every mornin and every night she wad gi' him frett eggs. He got tired of eggs, and so he ast a fren' wheer he warked what else he might ha' to eat. 'I aays eat sausages,' said the fren'. 'When the poor young man passed a meat shop on his way home that night he bought him a poon of sausages an' gied them to his landlady. 'Cook them for me in the mornin,' said he. 'An' how will I cook the things?' asked the landlady. 'Like ye wad feesh,' said he. But the next mornn there was his friet eggs ast more. 'Wheer are ma' sausages?' said he to his landlady. 'Weel,' said she, 'ye tauld me to cook 'em like I wad feesh, an' when I had 'quish cleanin' the things theree' was naught left.'"

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.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach—nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Sold by James Gidley.

NONE BUT THE BEST.

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

Sherman's Market.
Phone No. 49. Prompt delivery.

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST.

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

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON
Phone No. 156.

Who's Your Tailor?

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

FREIBERG, The Tailor.

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.

COL. M. J. WARRING OFFERS
THE SPLENDID DRAMA BY
EUGENE MOORE
—THE—
TIGER
—AND THE—
LAMB

It is told with many a fine touch of sentiment, and with the softening effect of much good comedy.

The acting in this play rings true

LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE, TUESDAY, AUG. 10TH.