

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1909.

No. 33

WILL HAVE BIG EXHIBIT.

West Michigan Development Bureau at Chicago.

Charlevoix County's representative, D. S. Payton, was at a meeting of above organization last Saturday and The Herald is indebted to that gentleman for the following report of the meeting.

At a meeting of the West Michigan Developing Bureau, held at Baldwin, Aug. 8th, Eleven counties were represented. Emmet county, was represented by E. A. Lilly, Pres. of the Peteskey Fair, and E. C. Rust, of the Tindle & Jackson Lbr. Co., applied and were admitted. Kent, Kalkaska, Missaukee, Osceola, Mecosta and Otawa Cos. were invited to join the bureau, provided, they do so before Sept. 15th. Space 23 by 43 ft. on the main floor and 500 ft. in the gallery of the Coliseum at Chicago has been secured for the West Michigan Exhibit at a cost of \$2,200.00. Mr. Rowe has visited each county in the district, and reported each one working enthusiastically. Mr. Rowe also gave a very elaborate account of the display that will be made at Chicago by the West Michigan Developing Bureau. This display will consist of Fruit, Vegetables and Cereals, and the literature that will be given away will be a map and history of the county, giving the number of Churches, Schools, Highschools and out Normal, as well as the number of Granges, giving the number of Grangers to the county, and the value of grange property; it will also show the particular advantage of each city and village, with their saw mills and other manufacturing industries, together with a list of the cut-over lands held by the several companies and individuals, the advantages we have to offer to manufacturers, and the facilities we have for shipping, both by rail and water. Our summer resorts will receive full consideration, showing the beautiful summer homes, not only on Lake Michigan but also on our inland lakes. The board adjourned to meet at Ludington, Sept. 15th.

Death Lurked in Flames.

One of the most horrible fatal accidents that ever occurred in our little city took place last Tuesday evening, when the six-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Milan Greenman was burned to death in a fire which consumed their home.

The building burned was the D. C. Loveday tenant house on North Main St., but just how the fire originated will never be known. Mrs. Greenman was working around the kitchen during the afternoon but had no fire in the stove for several hours. She left the babe in the crib for a minute to step over to a neighbors on an errand and was gone only a couple of minutes. Upon returning she was horrified to find their home a mass of flames. The fire department was summoned, and the charred remains of the infant were found and taken to Whittington's Undertaking rooms. The funeral services were held from the home of Mrs. Greenman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bender, on Thursday, Rev. W. W. Lamport conducting the services.

The young couple have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Trout Season Closes Tomorrow.

The open season for brook trout and other kinds of trout found in the inland waters of the State will close this year on August fifteenth. Many people in all parts of the State have the impression that the new law, passed at the recent session of the legislature, making an open season from May first to September first. Others think that the season will close August fifteenth, reopen on September first and remain open until September first. The laws passed at the last session of the legislature will not go into effect until the first day of September; therefore the new law cannot affect the season this year. Which Will Close Finally August Fifteenth. After this year the open season will be from May first until September first.

C. S. Pierce,
State Game, Fish and
Forestry Warden.

"Moses, Prince of Egypt."

Moses, as a meditative sage, as a sacred historian, an inspired prophet, or an heroic liberator of a favored nation, or as a profound and original legislator, stands out as a most wonderful man. He was raised up for a remarkable and exalted mission, not only to deliver a debased and superstitious people but to impress his mind and character on them and upon all other nations and link his name with the progress of the human race.

Moses was descended from a family of the tribe of Levi, and was born in the year 1871 B. C. At the time he was born there was a decree in force among the Egyptians, who held the Hebrews in bondage, that every male child of the Hebrews should be put to death instantly. Amram, his father, and Jochebed, his mother, when they saw that the child was a likely one, and beautiful, decided to disobey the awful decree, and so the babe was hidden away in their poor, bare hut for three months.

At the end of that period, it became impossible to conceal the child any longer, and the mother conceived one of the most dramatic stratagems ever devised for the preservation of the boy. She put the smiling infant in a little basket contrived of papyrus, daubed with pitch and left it near the place where Thurmatus, the daughter of Ramesses II, king of Egypt, was in the habit of bathing daily. Miriam, the daughter, was set to watch the place and see what would happen. In due season, Thurmatus went to the spot and she discovered the child, and having compassion on it on account of its helplessness and beauty, took it out of the water and home to the palace of the king.

Then followed one of the odd freaks of fate. Thurmatus asked for a nurse among the Hebrew women to care for the child, and Miriam, the sister, who had been watching, ran and told her mother, and so Jochebed was introduced into the palace, and was the nurse of her own child who was adopted by the king's daughter and reared as the heir to the throne. It is with the early life of Moses, while he was in Egypt, and the first years of his life in Midian, that the drama "Moses, Prince of Egypt" deals. The romance of his early life has been woven into a story of absorbing interest, and the piece will be presented at Loveday Opera House next Tuesday evening, Aug. 17th.

Final Tax Notice.

Sept. 5th will be the last day on which Village Taxes may be paid. After that all taxes will be returned. I will be at Hudson's Shoe Store each Saturday, other times at my residence, until the 5th, to receive taxes.
J. H. Milford,
Village Treas

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formula, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

Methodist Sacred Concert.

A Sacred Concert, will be given by the Young People's Choir of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday evening, August 15th, 1909.

Program.
Opening Prelude—Piano Solo
Mrs. Louis Otto
Anthem—Selected Choir
Invocation Rev. W. W. Lamport
Quartet—"The Palms," Parks
Messrs Lalonde, Maddock, Dole, Sloan
Vocal Solo—Selected, Miss Hazel Kate Anthen, (with quartette obligato)

Choir
Violin Solo—Selected, Wm. Webster
Quartet—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"

Messrs Lalonde, Maddock, Dole, Sloan
Offerory
Trombone Solo—"Just for To-night"

Chester Thompson
Hymn Congregational Singing
The offertory will go toward the choir's contribution to the pastor's salary. Your attendance as well as assistance will be greatly appreciated.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

The headquarters of this church is at Lamoni, Iowa. Its president is Joseph Smith. It has no affiliation with the Latter Day Saints, whose headquarters is at Salt Lake City, Utah, (commonly called Utah Mormons). Some people suppose the two to be the same, but this is a mistake. The Reorganized Church neither teaches nor practices any doctrine or principle that is not wholly and indisputably within the laws of the land, and harmonious with the code of good morals. It is a well established fact that the Utah Mormons have defied the laws of the land. The president of that church, Joseph F. Smith (not Joseph Smith, the president of the Reorganized Church) confessed before the Senate Committee in the Smoot case that in the matter of himself living with five wives, he was living contrary to the laws of God and of the land. An accepted tenet of the Reorganized Church reads: "Let no man break the laws of the land," also "be subject to the powers that be." This church has never been known to act contrary to law, nor has it ever upheld a member of the church in so doing. It never did sanction polygamy. It does not now do so. It never can in the future, for the reason that its constitution provides against it. It says: "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and none else." The marriage ceremony binds both man and woman to one partner in wedlock. They covenant to keep themselves "wholly for each other and from all others," during their lives. The church articles also say, "We declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death." No church on earth has so distinctly stated itself as being opposed to polygamy. No church on earth has done as much as the Reorganized Church to expose the corruption of Utah Mormonism. No other church is as well prepared to make such exposure. Can the reader, therefore not see the folly of confounding the two churches? Can he not see the injustice of slandering the Reorganized Church by in any way associating it in his own mind, or the mind of the public, with the corruption carried on in the name of religion in the Utah Mormon Church?

The doctrine of the Reorganized Church is identical with that of the New Testament church. The principles of its doctrine are: Faith, Repentance, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, the Laying on of Hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, for ordination, and for blessing of children; the Resurrection of the Dead; and Eternal Judgment.

Its Organization also is identical with that of the New Testament Church, with apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, deacons, etc. —Contributed.

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.

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

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The East Jordan Local F. S. of E. met at the home of Wm. Bennett on Tuesday evening. Much interest was shown by the members in extending organization as speedily as possible, that we may be able to secure a good price for fruit and potatoes. A unanimous vote was given in favor of the State Union calling a meeting of potato and fruit growers this month and begin to organize at once.

Several letters were read from members of the National League of Commission Merchants asking for shipments of apples from the organized farmers, but the farmer must organize to secure his price. A great and brilliant opportunity is now presented to the farmers to grasp, and just as sure as they will get busy and organize they will find that five thousand or more of the best commission houses in the country will open their doors to receive farmers' produce at prices of the farmers' own making.

Thus at one stroke we will have what we may call five thousand "Equity Exchanges" without a dollar of capital stock and without an hour's time building them.

The ladies as well as the men can work for this good cause. This local issues the call to all farmers to come and join us and be a booster and not a kicker and a dumper. Next meeting will be held at Mr. Bennett's on Aug. 24.

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 depress 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.

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.

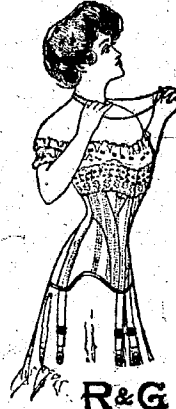
Call and see our

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.,

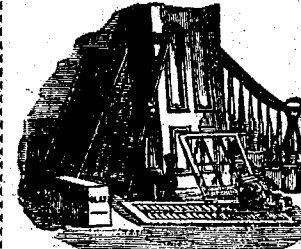
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Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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What Do You Want When You Buy Clothes?

Is it style, clever designing that covers up any defects of figure, artistic workmanship that insures a pleasing appearance and excellent high grade materials that are necessary to produce garments of character.

EASY! You can secure all these essential qualities and be sure of clothes satisfaction by placing your Fall order with us. . . .

Nearly 500 New All Wool Styles

To choose from.

An unqualified pledge to give you exactly what you want and all at a price that proves us worthy of your patronage.

Suits or Overcoats

Finely tailored to order \$16.00 to \$40.00.

Trousers \$5 to \$13.50

Let us show you.



When you order clothes of us you are guaranteed

All Wool

fabrics, while the garments must be stylish and carefully tailored.

QUALITY Tailoring

THE dealer who offers cotton mixed goods as "All Wool" is no better than the man who passes lead dollars.

You know that all wool is far superior to cotton mixed goods, yet you may not be able to distinguish between them when new.

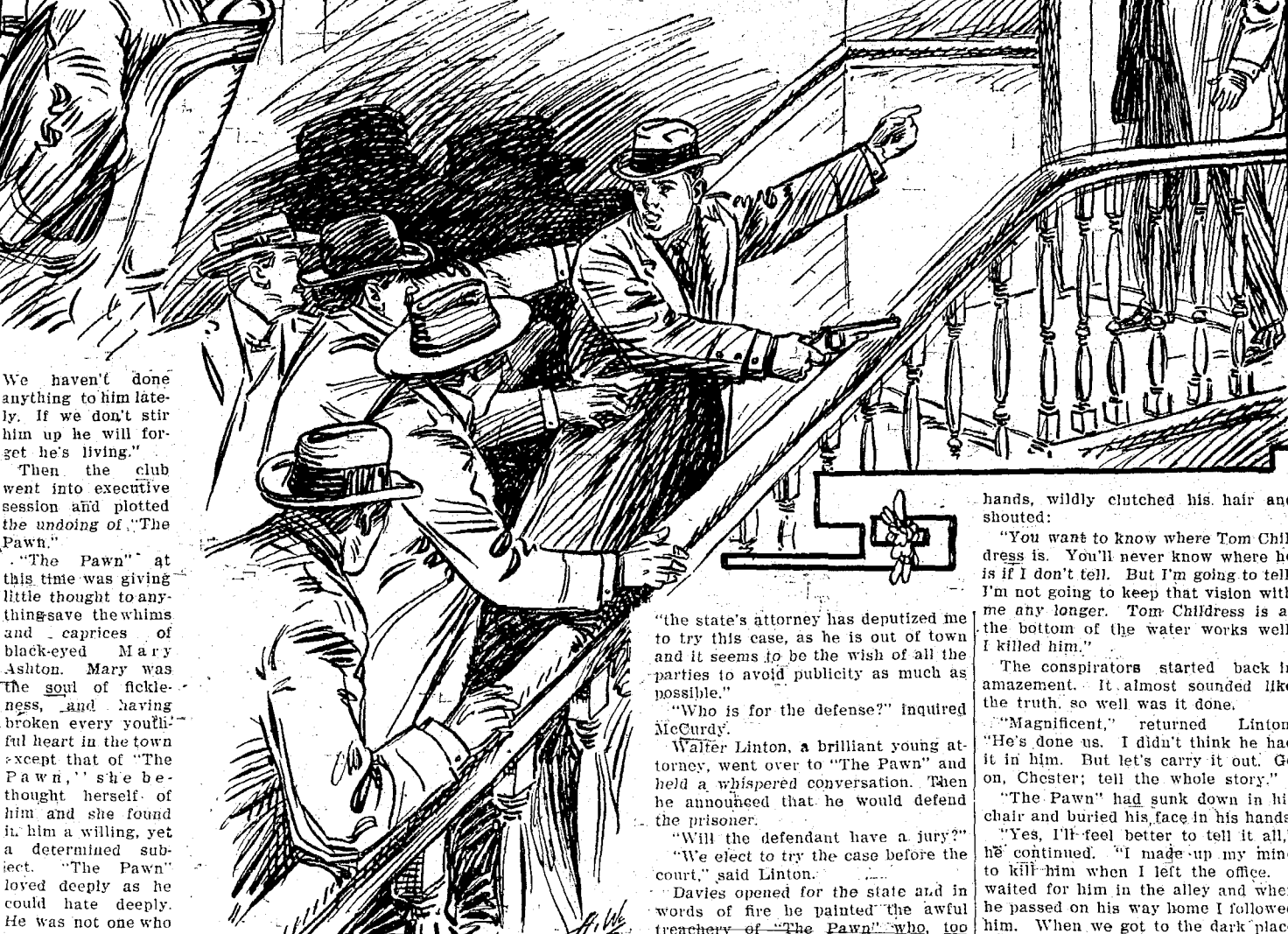
Not a cotton thread in our entire line

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

THE PROVING OF THE PAWN

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE STORY



SHE HAD HIM ON THE HOOK.

Malden Well Knew Lover Could Not Resist Culinary Bait She Had So Cleverly Cast.

Janet had molded the domestic affairs of the family with whom she lived for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. "Have you and David been engaged long?" ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," stated Janet briefly.

"And—had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making and he said to me: 'Janet, have you the recipe firm in your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach?' I knew well the time was drawing short.

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said to him, 'David, lad, the recipe is copied in a little book of my own,' and I saw the glint in his eye I reckoned 'twould be within the month he'd ask me."

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured, But

Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

A NEW "FEAT."



"Mummy! Mummy! look, here's baby walking on his hind legs."

No Need of Interference.

The two neighbors who were passing the little cottage heard sounds as of a terrific conflict inside and stopped to listen.

Presently they heard a loud thump, as if somebody had fallen to the floor.

"Grogan is beating his wife again!" they said.

Bursting the door open, they rushed into the house.

"What's the trouble here?" they demanded.

"Ther' ain't no trouble, gentlemen," calmly answered Mrs. Grogan, who had her husband down and was sitting on his head. "Gwan!"

Laymen Combat White Plague.

According to recent figures published by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, nearly 50 per cent. of those enlisted in the active campaign against consumption are laymen, and the percentage of laymen has tripled in the last four years.

Keenest Delights
of Appetite and Anticipation

are realized in the first taste of delicious

Post Toasties
and Cream

The golden-brown bits are substantial enough to take up the cream; crisp enough to make crushing them in the month an exquisite pleasure; and the flavor—that belongs only to Post Toasties—

"The Taste Lingers"

This dainty, tempting food is made of pearly white corn, cooked rolled and toasted into "Toasties."

Popular pkg; 10c; Large Family size 15c

Made by
POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.
Battle Creek, Mich.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The material facts in this story of circumstantial evidence are drawn from an actual recorded case, only such change of names and local color being made as to remove them from the classification of legal reports to that of fiction. All the essential points of evidence, however, are retained.

THE Calf Skin club expected a good story from Judge Adams, and when his turn came upon the list, every member was in his seat around the long table. It was with further satisfaction that they watched him take from his pocket a manuscript. That meant careful preparation and that full justice would be done to the story.

When the pipes were all going well Judge Adams arose in his place and took up the sheets before him; and here is what they contained:

The tale that I shall tell you this evening is one that occurred in my own experience. For reasons that will appear, it never became a cause celebre, yet I think it offers sufficient of the unusual to be entitled to a place among these records of the club.

As did many of our members I made my first acquaintance with the law in a small town. Almost every member of the company of young men with which I was raised was either a lawyer, the son of a lawyer or a student of the law. Our loafing place in the day time and our meeting place in the evening was always some one or the other of the many law offices. We grew up in fact amid an atmosphere of law calf and briefs.

It was a fantastic crowd, full of quaint conceits and odd fancies. One of these resulted in the formation of an organization the like of which I have not known before or since. They called it "The Gentleman's Club," but had it been named the "Practical Lawyer's Club" the title would have been more fitting. Its members—well, to enumerate them by their bizarre titles will give you the best idea of the vagaries of our idle brains. There was the Governor of the Cigar Islands in the person of Davies, a brilliant student who had already made his mark as a stump speaker. There was Garrity, otherwise the Duke of Vermillion, who could cite by section and chapter a parallel to any case you might mention in the Illinois reports up to the one hundred and thirty-fourth volume; he quit at Vol. 134 and went back to Blackstone. There was little Tom Childress, dignified by the title of Lord Mayor of Colouge, who used to amuse himself by turning Cooley's Constitutional Law into Latin blank verse. And there was Diaz, a ranting Irishman with a Spanish name, who claimed to be the sole surviving member of the Patriotic Order of Sons of Shay's Rebellion, who loved a joke as he did the smoky distillations of his ancestors' native isle and who gloried in the title of Lord High Admiral of the Boyne, which, all history to the contrary, he declared to be the scene of a great Irish victory.

There were lesser lights with lesser titles and lastly there was "The Pawn." "The Pawn" was too handsome to be popular. He was also too quiet. He certainly thought a great deal, but he seldom said anything. He was admitted to the club only on sufrage and only in the capacity of a pawn. His two consuming ambitions were to try a case before a jury and to be a full fledged member of the "Gentleman's Club," with a title. If England's queen had offered him the ribbon of the bath he would have declined it for these. His name, which is unimportant, as he was never known otherwise than as "The Pawn," was Chester Easter.

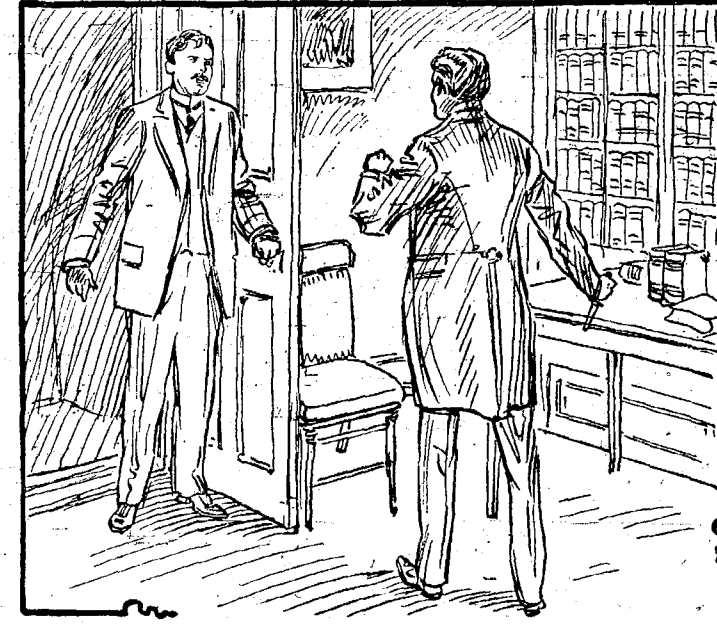
The club was in session in the office of Diaz. "The Pawn" was not present.

"I think," said Diaz, solemnly, "it is about time 'The Pawn' was initiated.

We haven't done anything to him lately. If we don't stir him up he will forget he's living."

Then the club went into executive session and plotted the undoing of "The Pawn."

"The Pawn" at this time was giving little thought to anything save the whims and caprices of black-eyed Mary Ashton. Mary was the girl of fickleness, and having broken every youthful heart in the town except that of "The Pawn," she thought herself of him and she found it him a willing, yet a determined subject. "The Pawn" loved deeply as he could hate deeply. He was not one who



would give up easily an object he had set out to win, especially if that object had flashing black eyes, shingling hair and cheeks and lips that would set the blood coursing through colder veins than his.

To accomplish the plan which the "Gentleman's Club" had fixed upon it was necessary that "The Pawn" should be enticed to one of the nightly meetings. This at last was brought about by Diaz, arch diplomat of the crowd. The club was gathered in the paternal Diaz law office when "The Pawn" slipped in, took his seat and sat in discreet silence.

"I see," said Davies, addressing Tom Childress, "that you and Mary Ashton have made it up."

"The Pawn" shifted uneasily in his chair and his cheeks flamed. His persecutors had no idea of the consuming jealousy of Childress that had long obsessed him.

Before he could decide which course to pursue a diversion occurred. Garrity jumped to his feet, strode over to Childress, and shaking his fist in his face shouted:

"Tom Childress, you're an infernal liar. I'm going to talk dance with Mary Ashton. She promised me this afternoon."

"I'm a liar, am I," said Childress, slowly rising to the full limit of his five feet five and squaring off for battle. "You've got to prove those words, Garrity!"

"I'll prove them on you, you lying pup," shouted Garrity. "You can't come up here and talk lightly of the girl I love. There, take that!"

The blow fell and instantly was returned. Then somebody put out the light. In the fitful light from the windows the room seethed with the confusion of crashing chairs, the thud of rapidly exchanged blows and the labored breathing of the combatants. Then the door opened letting in a flood of cool air. There was a rush of struggling bodies and, "The Pawn," still clasping an open knife, felt himself borne along with the crowd.

Childress was in the fore and under the rays of the electric light on the

corner his face showed red and bloody. He seemed to be dripping with gore. He was. It took a whole bottle of red ink.

He saw "The Pawn" and started up the stairway shouting:

"There he is! He cut me! See, fellows; he's got a knife!"

The conspirators slipped quietly away while Diaz went back to lock up the office and, perchance, manufacture additional evidence.

When he entered "The Pawn" was still standing in the middle of the floor with his knife gripped tightly.

"Come, come, Chess," said Diaz, "you'd better quiet down. You've done enough for to-night. Childress is cut pretty bad, I guess. The boys are taking him home. What possessed you to butt in, anyway?"

"Look here, Diaz," said "The Pawn," "you're a friend of mine. Now I didn't cut Childress, but I wish I had. I'd like to kill him. I'm afraid that's all true that he said about Mary."

"Well, what if it is? She's not worth fighting for," answered Diaz. "Come on, you'd better go home and in the morning it won't bother you a bit."

In the meantime the further details of the plot were worked out over a table in the back end of "The Gold Eagle Exchange," where other conspirators were waiting.

When they reached McCurdy's office the "court" was already in session. Had "The Pawn's" mind been capable of connected thought he would have observed that the court, the attorneys and the spectators, all were members of the "Gentleman's Club."

"The Pawn" was led to a chair in front of the magistrate's desk. McCurdy read several docketed entries and each case was continued at the request of some one of the young attorneys present until he reached the entry:

"The People of the State of Illinois against Chester Easter; Assault with intent to Kill."

"Is the state's attorney present?" inquired the magistrate.

"If the court please," said Davies,

"the state's attorney has deputized me to try this case, as he is out of town and it seems to be the wish of all the parties to avoid publicity as much as possible."

"Who is for the defense?" inquired McCurdy.

Walter Linton, a brilliant young attorney, went over to "The Pawn" and held a whispered conversation. Then he announced that he would defend the prisoner.

"Will the defendant have a jury?"

"We elect to try the case before the court," said Linton.

Davies opened for the state and in words of fire he painted the awful treachery of "The Pawn" who, too cowardly to battle in his own behalf, had waited until his rival was engaged in a "friendly scuffle" with another and then had slipped in and delivered the poltroon's blow. He trusted that the real cause of the rivalry might not be made apparent. It was no wish of the state to drag in the mire the name of one of its most lovely daughters if the ends of justice could be subserved without it. But the state would be able to show a motive, a powerful, compelling motive. While he was a friend of the accused he had still his duty to perform, and he felt that he must put friendship out of his heart and do that duty with all the power that lay within him.

And where was Tom Childress? Why was he not there to ask the vengeance of the law upon his assailant? The state would seek to show why. If the accused had any special knowledge of the whereabouts of his victim the state would be very likely to discover it. But he had no charges to make; the present charge was serious enough, and he was willing to let what might come out in the evidence.

Linton then outlined the defense and said he would seek to show that not Chester Easter but Tom Garrity had struck the blow.

But this hope for "The Pawn" was dashed when Garrity went on the stand and swore that he had no knife, and was fully corroborated by all the rest. They swore with equal positiveness that "The Pawn" did have a knife. All had seen it as he stood brandishing it at the top of the stairway. Diaz had seen it when he returned to the office. Diaz also heard the threat against the life of Childress. He did not know what had become of Childress. He lived near him, and his family knew nothing of his whereabouts. He believed that Easter could tell where he was if he wanted to. This objected to by defendant's counsel, and objection sustained.

Through it all "The Pawn" sat with bloodless face and with eyes far, far away. He seemed to take no interest in the proceedings until Linton said:

"I will now put the defendant on the stand in his own behalf. Be sworn, Mr. Easter."

McCurdy mumbled the oath: "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning the matters and facts pertaining to this case which shall be asked of you by counsel, so help you, and so forth?"

"The Pawn" took the stand like an automaton. If the object of the conspiracy was to daze him nothing could have succeeded better. The mystery is how they kept their faces straight. Several of the less experienced at the noble art of practical joking had to leave the room to indulge in smothered shouts of laughter.

"Now, Chester, tell your version of this affair," said Linton.

"I will tell it all," began "The Pawn" in a voice choking with emotion. "I will tell everything. I can't keep it back any longer. Tom Childress' face is with me day and night. I wake up and see it in the dead of night. If I sleep it is with me in my dreams. O, great God, if only I could shut that terrible vision from my mind!" He rose and, throwing up his

hands, wildly clutched his hair and shouted:

"You want to know where Tom Childress is. You'll never know where he is if I don't tell. But I'm going to tell. I'm not going to keep that vision with me any longer. Tom Childress is at the bottom of the water works well. I killed him."

The conspirators started back in amazement. It almost sounded like the truth, so well was it done.

"Magnificent," returned Linton. "He's done us. I didn't think he had it in him. But let's carry it out. Go on, Chester; tell the whole story."

"The Pawn" had sunk down in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Yes, I'll feel better to tell it all," he continued. "I made-up my mind to kill him when I left the office. I waited for him in the alley and when he passed on his way home I followed him. When we got to the dark place by the water works well I caught up with him. We had some words. I dared him to throw away the gun I had seen him flash and fight me fair. All the time I had the knife in my sleeve. Then he struck me and I let him have it. He dropped. I bent over him and he was dead. Then I found a heavy rock and a rope and I tied the rock to him and dropped him over into the well. There wasn't much blood and what there was I washed away with the hose they sprinkle the flower beds with. I saw nothing of the watchman and I thought I was safe. I didn't know what a terribly relentless accuser conscience is. I wish the court to bind me over without bail."

Justice McCurdy looked up gravely from the docket.

"The decision of this court," he said, "is that the prisoner at the bar has played his part nobly, and that he be elected to full membership in the 'Gentleman's Club,' and his face broke into a broad smile.

There came a loud knocking at the door and excited voices demanding admission. It was opened and the chief of police rushed in.

"Tom Childress has been murdered!" he shouted. "His body has just been found in the water works well. Do any of you know how he came there?"

The smile died from McCurdy's lips. "There is your man," he said, pointing to "The Pawn." "He has just confessed it all to us."

With eyes that looked neither to the right or the left "The Pawn" placed his arm in that of the chief and walked out and to the fall. Already the news was on the streets, how it had been found necessary to drain the well, how the body of Childress, dead from a knife wound and weighted down with a stone, had been found at the bottom. It was all too horribly true.

A scared and horror-stricken band of conspirators filed out of McCurdy's office and gathered the news from excited groups. While the first shock was still lingering in the nerves of the public a second one ran like electricity through the town. A terrible sequel to the tragedy had been recorded. Chester Easter had committed suicide immediately on being placed in a cell. The provincial search had failed to discover in his shoe the very knife that slew Tom Childress.

The last meeting of the "Gentleman's Club" took place that afternoon in the back end of the "Gold Eagle Exchange," when the members with sad and troubled faces took a solemn oath never to disclose the true facts of the proving of "The Pawn."

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

No Place for the Artist.

It may be regrettable, but the artist to-day lives more apart from the generalities of men than in almost any other age, and the reason is plain—it is because he has no definite place in the present economy. Neither can a place be established for him by confederation of artists and such like nonsense. Solemn humbug of this sort is of use only for the glorification of a set of professional men of taste, from whose tyranny good Lord deliver us.—New York Evening Sun.

LOVE.

Love—I will tell thee what it is to love—
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove—
Where time seems young, and like a thing divine.

Plato Dobbs' Tricky Ways

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Plato Dobbs lay with his head just visible beneath the patchwork quilt, and one arm stretched across the top of the covers. His fist was clenched, and whenever he emitted an unusually loud snore he wrathfully smote the bed clothing. Plato was evidently having unpleasant experiences in the land of dreams.

mare that had afflicted him seemed to have departed. With curiosity and awe on her face, Mrs. Dobbs took up the bowl and gently raised it until Plato's fingers dipped into the water.



"I'll Excite Him," ejaculated Miss Angelina, grimly.
ful story in it—about a female gorilla capturing a man and keeping him a prisoner for two weeks on the limb of a tree. Plato read that twice, it was so exciting.

Dainty Lingerie



GIRLS who are making their trousseaux will be interested in this very dainty underlinen, which, although being very pretty, is quite simple and practical. The drawers at top corner are a French pattern, trimmed with valenciennes lace and embroidery beading.

VALUE OF THE COLORED SLIP GUIRASS STYLE IS POPULAR

With a Number of These a Good White Frock Can Be Worn on Many Occasions.
The girl with little money and a great need for pretty clothes would do well to remember that old but none the less clever device of using colored slips over a white gown.

PRETTY SILK BLOUSE.



Blouse of silk trimmed with wide bands of embroidery simulating a bolero and laced in front with ribbon. The gumpie and understerves are of tulle.
Woven of Linen.
For the stout woman there are beautiful combination garments even thinner than the usual batiste and linen affairs made by the perfect seamstress. They are low necked and of knee length.

SURPRISED AT THE SCHEDULE

Colored Man Felt He Was Being Railroaded Into the Class of "High Financiers."
A colored man was tried the other day before a Charlestown court for stealing some clothes from a young white man. A pretty clear case was made out against the colored man and he confessed.

NOT THE BUTCHER'S FAULT.

New England English.
Complaint was made to a local man by one of his employes that boys who were swimming in a pond were causing quite a nuisance. The owner of the property gave the man the privilege of putting up a sign, as he had asked permission to do it. The notice reads as follows:
"No Lolling or Swimming on Theas Grown—Order by Law. If Caught Law Will be Forced.—Berkshire Courier.

One Cause of Neck Bolls.

Neck bolls come with the sweaty season. Many people have large hair pores on the back of the neck. The sweaty, starched collar rim is good culture soil for boll and carbuncle germs, which get rubbed into the large hair follicles or sacks, producing a painful, sometimes dangerous spreading crop.

The Retort Courteous.

"Is it warm enough for you?"
"Yes, but if you say that again, I will make it much warmer for you."
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Discomfort from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere attracts and kills all flies. Easy to use, convenient, cheap.
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF ASTHMA & HAY FEVER.
Buy a Wash Wagon
PARKER'S HAIR BALM
DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

Libby's Food Products
Libby's Cooked Corned Beef
There's a marked distinction between Libby's Cooked Corned Beef and even the best that's sold in bulk.
Evenly and mildly cured and scientifically cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen, all the natural flavor of the fresh, prime beef is retained. It is pure wholesome, delicious and steady to serve at meal time, saves work and worry in summer.

Famous English Detective Tries to Catch the French Gentleman-Criminal
Arsene Lupin is bold. He announces beforehand in the papers what his next move is going to be. His story begins in the August number of Short Stories.
The first instalment is "No. 514—Series 23." It is a story that will hold your interest. The French Police finally give up in their attempt to trap the wily Lupin and send to England for Herlock Sholmes. Then follows a battle of wits. The clever French rogue against the keen reasoning English detective.

Bad Taste
in your mouth removed while you wait—that's true. A Cascaret taken when the tongue is thick-coated with the nasty squeamish feeling in stomach, brings relief. It's easy, natural way to help nature help you.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF ASTHMA & HAY FEVER.

Buy a Wash Wagon
Direct from our factory 40 styles and sizes for boys and girls of all ages from babyhood up, and larger Handy Wagons for men.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cures itching, dandruff, and keeps the hair soft and glossy.

DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
Preparatory and High School for Boys and Girls.

LAND-IRRIGATED-LAND
Water right, fine water, productive soil, crop failures unknown.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER
Genuine Must Bear Face-Smile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
THE OIL THAT PENETRATES GREAT FOR PAIN.

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

SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1909.

The Scrap Book

Heaving the Lead.

The steamer was loaded with pig lead and was slowly picking her way up the dangerous river. The mate was forward, and as they approached a dangerous spot he turned fiercely to a deck hand.



"Why don't you heave the lead?" he roared. "The mariner had only recently embraced his profession, and technical expressions were as yet some what beyond him. "Heave the lead, is it, your 'WHY DON'T YOU HODOR? Sure! 'HEAVE THE LEAD?' Where should I HE ROARED. heave it?"

The mate turned purple. "Overboard, you fathead!" he cried. And straightway Patrick seized one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard.

The mate felt that mere words were useless at a time like this, and he made an effort to save the pig as it went over. Alas, in doing so he overbalanced and went, with a splash, into the dark river.

Just then the captain took a hand in the discussion from the bridge.

"Now, then, you forward, why don't you heave the lead?" "Please, spr, 'tis already her," said Pat.

"And how much water is there?" "ARRAH!" he said. "DON'T YE BE SO impatient." Pat considered a moment. "Arrah," he said, "don't ye be so impatient. The mate's just this moment gone to find out."

Many a Slip.

There's many a slip in the story hillsides of life as we up to the summit would climb. The pathway is narrow, the pitfalls are wide. And we can go only one step at a time. Then what wonder so many have made a misstep and fallen. Let us pause ere their sin we rehearse. And still the reproaches that come to the lip. For aught that we know we might have done worse. —Hejen Mapville.

The Arm of the Law.

In a certain Canadian city a lady was defending an action for a large sum of money which she felt she was not morally entitled to pay. When it looked as if the case would go against her she sold all her real estate and put the proceeds, some \$15,000 or more, in her pocketbook—which in her case, as is the custom with some women, was her stocking. The judgment was given against her, and because she would not pay nor tell where the money was she was sent to jail for a year. Her counsel tried to get her released. The following conversation formed part of the proceedings: "You admit," said the judge, "that this woman had property to the value of \$15,000?" "Yes, your honor," said the counsel. "And you admit that she sold the property and put the money in her stocking?" "Yes, my lord." "And do you mean to tell me that the arm of the law is not long enough to reach it?"

Proof Positive.

Former Representative Amos J. Cummings of New York was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day. Cummings called his star reporter, Murray. "Tom," he said, "go out tomorrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor." It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at his desk. "They were," he reported.

Man's Ideal of Character.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete or it may be quite low and insufficient, yet in all men that really seek to improve it is better than the actual character. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself.—Theodore Parker.

HELP FOR THE Sick and Afflicted

DR. DONALD McDONALD

the well-known specialist of DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Will be in EAST JORDAN At The Russell House On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, AUGUST 19 and 20 Two Days Only

DR. McDONALD

Has by years of practice and special study become an expert in the treatment of all chronic and long standing diseases of men, women and children. His years of experience and the use of the latest and most improved methods of treatment enable him to cure all curable chronic diseases of the eye, ear, brain, spine, liver, neaves, blood, skin, heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys and bowels. A searching and thorough examination is free to anyone in need of proper medical attention.

CATARRH

Every person suffering from deafness, ear discharges, head noises, sore throat, bronchitis, hoarseness, hawking and spitting, and all catarrhal affections of the head, nose, throat and lungs; also catarrh of the liver, stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder should not fail to consult the doctor. Consultation free.

NERVOUS DISEASES

Such as loss of memory, numbness, dizzy spells, loss of sleep, headache, smothering spells, twitching of the muscles and many other similar symptoms, indicating nervous diseases that require prompt attention. Consultation and examination free.

DISEASES OF WOMEN

Dr. McDonald's treatment for female weakness and diseases of women gives quick relief, which is lasting and permanent. Dr. McDonald seldom finds it necessary to resort to the knife as he has successfully treated and cured hundreds of suffering women without such harsh methods.

DISEASES OF MEN

Satisfaction guaranteed to every young, middle aged or old man who takes Dr. McDonald's treatment for blood poisoning, nervous debility, weakened vitality, bladder, kidney and associate diseases. Consultation and examination strictly private and confidential. If you or your friends are not enjoying good health consult the doctor. If your case is an incurable one he will promptly tell you so. If unable to call write for symptom blank. Address all letters to

Dr. Donald McDonald,
The Specialist, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.
The Charlevoix, cor. Park and Elizabeth streets.

Family Secrets.

There is a most amiable woman in Louisville who is noted among her friends for her habit of "saying things without thinking." Her daughter was entertaining 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," advised 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 awfully bow-legged. The young man began to talk energetically about the weather.

GOING THE LIMIT.

The Souvenir She Carried Off From a Week End Party.

Among the habits which have grown apace among Americans of recent years has been that of souvenir hunting. Souvenir spoons, knives, forks, plates, photographs, postal cards and what not have been a perfect passion with the multitude. The thing seemed to have been carried a little too far when somebody at a reception to the Chinese ambassador some years ago tried to snip off a piece of that eminent humorist's pigtail with a pair of pocket-scissors, but even that was surpassed by a certain Chicago woman of great personal attractiveness, who seems to have reached the ultimate. A stranger, speaking of her to another woman and not being familiar with certain facts in the family history of the lady to whom she was talking, observed that she had heard that the Chicago woman was a confirmed souvenir hunter. "Not really a kleptomaniac, you know," she said. "Oh, no; not at all!" was the reply. "She is just the ultra of souvenir hunting. I happen to know you. You see, some years ago she paid a week-end visit at our country place, and when it was over— "You missed your silverware?" "No, indeed," was the answer; "my husband!"—John Kendrick Bangs in Lippincott's.

With Rare Tact.

Mrs. A. was calling on Mrs. B., whose husband had recently committed suicide by hanging himself in the attic. Remembering her daughter's parting injunction to avoid the unpleasant subject, she steered the conversation into household channels. "Are you doing your own washing now?" she inquired. "No," replied Mrs. B., "not now. It is such cold work getting it on the line." "Yes, it is," said Mrs. A., "but you have such a nice large attic to hang things in."

Missing the Sovereign.

"You know," said the innkeeper, "how innocently your wife will look at you across the breakfast table when you have searched your pockets and discovered a sovereign missing." "You may have your suspicions, but you must keep them to yourself. I stood it for two or three years before a bright thought came along. Then I got hold of a counterfeit sovereign, a hopelessly bad one, placed it in my purse, and when I got up one morning and missed it I felt happy."

"Two hours after breakfast my wife went out, and at noon I was sent for to identify her at the police station. She had handed that bad sovereign out in payment for an umbrella and been caught, and she had been a prisoner for two hours when I got there." "And what did you say?" he was asked. "Not a word." "And what did she say?" "She laid it on the milkman, of course."—London Tit-Bits.

The Whole Law.

When one mockingly asked Hittid if he would teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot the rabbi replied: "What you would not like done to yourself do not to thy neighbor. This is the whole law. All the rest is a commentary on it. Go learn this."

Not What He Wanted.

A Scotsman walked into a Montreal bookshop and, as the assistant thought, asked for Robert Burns. On being told this the proprietor of the shop himself got down three or four editions of the poet and took them to the waiting Scotsman. The customer, however, shook his head hopelessly and said: "It's not Robert Burns I askit for, but rubber bands!"

ALL OXFORDS AT COST PRICE

The Brown Shoe Co's WHITE HOUSE LOW CUTS For Men

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."

DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

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

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself, a true disease. We think of dyspepsia, heartburn, and indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Restorative—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

JAMES GMDLEY.

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.

We Invite You To Call and Examine Our 1910 Calendar Samples

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

We are just opening up a new shipment of FRIEND BROS.' SUITS.

This is one of the best lines of Ready-to-Wear Clothing. It will be interesting, educating and profitable to you to see the new colorings and patterns. You will agree they are the finest ever produced.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE. Come and pick a Suit that will be a comfort long as you wear it. You will be well paid for the time it takes.

For late Summer and Fall see the new ROSWELL HATS

A New Stock will be opened up in just a day or two. We want you to see these whether or not you need one. Don't fail to come and look them over.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Seats now on sale for "Moses, Prince of Egypt."

Apple packing commences at Brown's Warehouse, Monday.

The Woman's Civic Society meets Friday, Aug. 20th, with Mrs. W. E. Malpass.

Colgate's New Tooth Paste, "comes out a ribbon, lays flat on the brush," at Payton's Pharmacy.

Jack Olson has employed a first-class laundryman and expects to have his laundry going by next Monday.

The D. & C. and M. C. R. R. ran an excursion from Bay City to East Jordan, Sunday, which was well patronized.

Chas. Phillips received a fractured shoulder one day last week, while playing with a bunch of boys on the ball grounds.

Only one lone marriage license was issued by the County Clerk last week—Wm. Danby, aged 22, of Boyne City, to Sarah Casey, 22, Caro, Ill.

Judge F. W. Mayne was up from Charlevoix, Monday. He is having his launch fitted out with one of the East Jordan Gas Co's engines.

Cheap Excursion to Milwaukee, Aug. 16th. The E. J. & S. R. R. will sell round trip tickets to Milwaukee and return for \$5.00. Return limit, leaving Milwaukee, Aug. 26.

The annual picnic of the Emmet County Pioneer Association will be held at Pellston on Wednesday, August 18th. Hon. Charles S. Hampton of Detroit will be the principal speaker.

The Southland Nightingales, one of the finest of the up-to-date jubilee troupes, will sing at the Methodist church on Monday evening, Aug. 23. They are booked by the Young People's Choir.

At Boy City Sunday, a fellow who insisted on smoking cigarettes soon found out that the kids enforced the rules of the city and only by a speech of apology saved himself from a ducking in the lake.

At the County Fair last week the wheat crop was harvested and it proved one of the best wheat crops ever garnered in this locality. Nine acres were cut and it averaged 32 bushels to the acre in the threshing.

Miss Minnie Harper received a badly fractured ankle, Wednesday, which will confine her to her home for about a month. She was going down a back stairway at home when she tripped and fell headlong the balance of the way.

The Str. Hum will run an Excursion to Boyne City, Sunday, Aug. 16th, leaving here at 10:00 a. m. Ball Game, Empire vs. Boyne City. One of the P. M. ferries will be in with an excursion from Lake Michigan. Hum returns after ball game.

A business change which The Herald overlooked last week was that of George Bulow selling his State St. market and grocery to Messrs J. M. Cummins and F. H. Alcott. Mr. Cummins has had considerable experience in meat markets.

The annual picnic and convention of the Green River Sunday School Association at Green River on Wednesday was a success notwithstanding the unfavorable day. Between two and three hundred were present by noon, when, after the singing of a hymn or two and prayer the party sat down to dinner. The attendance would doubtless have been much larger but for threatened rain in the early morning. Speeches, singing, recitations made up a pleasant program but the increasing downpour cut it short, though all were glad of the rain.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lee & son, Monday.

F. E. Boosfinger and wife were Petoskey visitors, Tuesday.

Mrs. Eugene Hubbard was guest of Bellaire friends this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bayer a daughter, Wednesday.

County Clerk Payton was up from Charlevoix, Tuesday night.

Chester Thompson is here from Elk Rapids spending his vacation.

Mrs. M. A. Harper was a Bellaire visitor latter part of last week.

Ashland Bowen is assisting at Whittington's Furniture Store.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Bush of Charlevoix, a 9 1/2 pound boy, Aug. 5th.

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

John Monroe and family are entertaining friends at Terrace Beach this week.

"Moses, Prince of Egypt" next Tuesday evening at Loveday Opera House.

LeRoy C. Carpenter of Dundee, N. Y., is guest at the home of B. E. Waterman.

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

Mrs. W. Malpass and two children went to Traverse City on Tuesday to visit her mother.

E. B. Brown returned first of the week from a short business trip to Cincinnati, Ohio.

Oscar Hitchcock is here from the Soo guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson.

Miss Stella Matthews returned this week from a visit with relatives at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miss Florence Yost returned to her home at Norwood, Tuesday, after a visit with friends here.

Arthur Farmer and family now occupy the Eber Burdick residence, corner Second and Garfield Sts.

John MacArthur and wife leave today for Benzonia to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Allen.

Mrs. A. F. Church returned home from Chicago, Thursday, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Bell.

Wilbur, Matthews, who has been taking a course at the Summer Normal at Mt. Pleasant, returned home this week.

Mrs. C. H. Whittington with son Frank left Monday for Denver, Col., where she visits her brother, Wm. Farnsworth, and son Fred G.

Col. and Mrs. J. W. Rogers, accompanied by their guest, Miss Retta Burnett of Eaton Rapids, were Petoskey visitors one day last week.

Miss Mabel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass was united in marriage to Joseph Hodge at Colorado Springs, Col., Wednesday, Aug. 4th.

W. L. Dicken, who has been here guest of his son, Dr. H. W. Dicken and family, left Tuesday for his home at Ann Arbor, accompanied by Dickie Dicken.

Frank Kent of the U. S. S. Virginia, is here guest of his sister, Mrs. Marshall Barnett. Mr. Kent has been in the navy four years and was in the round-the-world trip.

George Frost arrived here from San Diego, Cal., Sunday last and joined his wife who has been visiting friends here the past month. Mr. Frost returns homeward next Tuesday.

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

Call and see these guaranteed Springs at Whittington's.

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

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

Dr. and Mrs. Dustin of Pellston have been visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Nellie Grovenger of Kalkaska is guest in the home of Rev. L. S. Matthews.

Mrs. D. H. Fitch is entertaining several friends from Harbor Springs over Sunday.

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

Mrs. Carrie Powers of New Orleans, La., arrived Friday evening for a visit with her brother, Rev. L. S. Matthews.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacArthur were guest of Bellaire friends over Sunday, and took dinner with the Pittsburg Hunting and Fishing Club at Clam Lake.

Arthur Spencer was up before Justice Fitch, Thursday, on a disorderly charge and was assessed \$14.10, which he paid. Spencer was accused of passing booze around to his associates, but owing to a technicality of the law he was arraigned under the old disorderly charge, rather than the new local option law.

Among The Steeplecs,

The primary class of the Presbyterian Sunday School enjoyed a very pleasant picnic in the park on Tuesday.

No preaching services in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening on account of other services elsewhere.

The Methodist Ladies Aid meet with Mrs. Richard Barnett, next Wednesday, Aug. 18th. All members requested to be present—visitors welcome.

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.

Usual services in Presbyterian church next Sunday. The pastor will preach only in the morning and every reader of this notice is invited to come. Also to Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00 and Senior C. E. at 6:30.

"In Heavenly Love Abiding," one of the numbers at the song service at the Methodist church Sunday night, is an anthem of unusual sweetness and power. The quartette obligato will add much to its effectiveness. Don't fail to hear it.

The meeting of the W. F. M. S. of the Methodist church in the grove at the residence of James Howard on Tuesday was largely attended. The exercises by the little folks was the pleasing feature of the day, and a band of Light Bearers was organized, the ages of the little folks ranging from one to five years.

Evening service will be held in the Episcopal Church next Sunday at 7:30 p. m., conducted by Rev. Keyser of Charlevoix and Bishop McCormick of Grand Rapids. The opportunity of seeing and hearing the newly appointed Bishop will not be missed by many who read the Grand Rapids papers and know that he is usually one of the speakers at the great public gatherings of that city.

A Stickler For Rules.

Billy Grimes was a sailor, and he knew a sailor's duty and how to obey orders. Off a foreign port one night Billy Grimes leaned over the side in answer to a hail.
"Ahoy!" he said.
"Ahoy!" was the reply. "Lower down your ship's ladder, shipmate."
"You can't come aboard here tonight," said Billy.
"Lower away, you lubber," said the voice below impatiently. "I must come aboard. I'm the river pilot."
"I don't care," said Billy. "If you're Punchus Pilot, I'll stick to the ship's rules."

Too Eager For Work.

Dr. John S. Balist, the southern surgeon, said in one of his surgical lectures at a state college:
"It is always in rather bad taste for a physician to boast of being busy. Physicians, undertakers and gravediggers only cause discomfort when they allude to good times and prosperity. There was an old man applied to the minister of the little village of Paint Rock for the post of gravedigger. His references were good, and the minister agreed to assign him to the churchyard. He was to be paid so much a grave. The gravedigger haggled over the price, finally accepting it.
"But will I get steady work?" he demanded.
"Steady work?" said the minister. "Land's sake, man, with steady work you'd bury all Paint Rock in a week!"

Picture Moulding and Wall Paper at Payton's Pharmacy.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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

WE WANT YOUR APPLES.

We will commence packing and shipping apples this coming week and respectfully solicit the patronage of the farmers in this locality, assuring them of the highest market price. Call us up by phone—No. 238—for prices or call at our Warehouse.

E. E. Brown.

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.

Wells Well Dug.

If you wish anything in the Well digging or Windmill line, get my prices. All work guaranteed for one year and prices the lowest.

URIAH WYANT,

No. 711 E. Main St.

Boyerne City, Mich.

Phone No. 110, 3r.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2900

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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan, Thirtieth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery. Suit pending in Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery, at the City of Charlevoix, on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1900. Alta Mitchell, complainant, vs. Harvey Mitchell, defendant. In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Harvey Mitchell, is a resident of this state, but his whereabouts are unknown, therefore on motion of Ed-lisha N. Glynne, solicitor for the complainant, Alta Mitchell, it is ordered, that the defendant, Harvey Mitchell, be and he is hereby summoned to appear in this cause on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Record, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession. FRIEDBERG, W. MAINE, ELISHA N. G. Glynne, Plaintiff, Solicitor for Complainant.

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

Hair Supplies

We have a brand new line of Hair Rats, Hair Puffs, Hair Rolls and Human Hair Switches; we also take your order for Switches. Barretts, Bands, Back and Side Combs, Hair Pins and Ornaments. Come in and look over our line.

Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

To the People of East Jordan AND VICINITY:

Having purchased the GROCERY and MEAT MARKET of C. H. Bulow & Son, we respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. We carry a full line of Groceries, Fresh and Smoked Meats. Call and get acquainted. Cash Paid for Hides.

Cummins & Alcott, State Street



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,

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.

PAYTON'S PHARMACY

We can interest you in anything in the Drug and Wall Paper line.

Our stock is new, the prices right, and you cannot make a mistake by giving us a call.

SPECIAL

A New California Olive Oil, 50c Pint.

PAYTON'S PHARMACY

WANTS WATERPROOF MATCH

Sportsman Asserts There is Much Money Waiting for Anyone Who Can Invent It.

The man who hunts and fishes was talking. "There is some money," he said, "for anybody who will invent a match that can be ignited after it has been thoroughly water soaked. It ought not to be impossible for some chemist to discover a process by which such matches can be made and there would be a good sale for them, which would increase steadily. They would require some advertising, of course, to place them on the market and to convince the public that they were all they claimed to be, but if they would meet the demand of explorers, sportsmen and campers they would sell. Every hunter knows that the one imperative law of the woods and fields is 'keep your matches dry,' and the violation of that law may mean disaster or even death.

"Dozens of waterproof match boxes have been invented and every explorer and angler and sportsman who goes into the woods or on the waters must carry one or more of these boxes; but waterproof matches would be much more convenient and soon would become a necessary part of every camper's and yachtsman's outfit. There is a field for any inventor who may care to enter it."

Illustrating a Word.

Myra Kelly, whose stories of child life on the New York east side are well known to magazine readers, tells many amusing stories of her experiences in teaching the young idea of foreign extraction how to shoot in English. On one occasion she was attempting to demonstrate to a class of youthful pupils the exact meaning of various words, using the plan of taking a word, carefully explaining its meaning and then asking one of the class to construct a sentence containing that word. Among other words she selected was "disarrange," and after having attempted to make its meaning absolutely clear, called upon a little Italian boy for an oral demonstration. After an interval of deep thought he gave utterance to this: "My papa he get-a up early in de morning for a light-a de fire in-a de kitchen. De fire he go out and my papa he say: 'Damma dis-a range!'"

Needless Wear of Roads by Autos. A county surveyor protests against the habit which many motorists have of doing the majority of their driving on the crown or center of the road. This method of driving means that one portion of the road takes all the wear and naturally of course gets worn into ruts and ridges.

If the traffic would spread itself and make all that portion of the road from gutter to the top of the crown take a share of the wear, road surfaces would last much longer and would require less frequent repair. In these days when roads are made almost flat there is no excuse for this habit of clinging to the crown, but where roads are made with a great deal of camber it is perhaps excusable, as driving on a continuous slope is the reverse of pleasant.—The Gentlewoman.

Thank You.

Yesterday we had a little reprint concerning the expression "Thank you." It is about the first English the people of another country learn. Down in Porto Rico it is quite common for the natives to get it mixed up with "good morning." Many a time has the writer been greeted with "Thank you" as a morning or evening salutation. It is a pleasant fact, for it indicates that the first and most common intercourse between strangers is a kindness. It is this from which the greeting "Thank you" comes. The natives get to saying it so much that they remember it and it slips from the lips as a greeting. They know that something pleasant is to be said, and that is the first thing that occurs to them. It is the flower of kindness whose fragrance is gratitude.—Columbus Journal.

Imitation Jewels in Churches.

For some time past there have been frequent robberies of the jewels with which some of the statues in the churches in Rome are decorated. The pope has given instructions to the various church authorities that in future the jewels with which the images are adorned are to be removed and replaced by imitation stones, the actual gems being lodged either at the Vatican or at some recognized bank. It is well known, of course, that many of the statues and images used in the churches are decorated with jewels worth thousands of pounds. The statue of Christ at Ara-Coele, at Rome, contains gems worth about £80,000 (\$400,000), while that of the blessed virgin at Loreto is set with precious stones worth nearly £240,000.

Comet Wins.

Being within measurable distance of the reappearance of Halley's comet reminds that wine of superior quality is known as "comet wine." A notion prevails that grapes in comet years are better in flavor than in other years. This may be because the weather is warmer and ripens them better. Or it may be that the comets themselves exercise some chemical properties over them. Thus the wines of the years 1811, 1826, 1839, 1845, 1852, 1858, 1861, etc., have a repute.

Painting's Most Tempting Appeal Art for the Dilettant

By MARCEL PREVOST.



PAINTING, I believe, is getting to be the most tempting art for the dilettant, more tempting even than music. There are more painters than there are musicians, writers, than everything else, almost. There are infinite numbers of them. The most modest banquet of painters reunites hundreds of guests. At every exposition modern paintings cover a large area of space. And what does honor to these volunteers of art is the fact that no financial bait induces the greater part of these painters to follow this vocation.

The majority of people who do not paint themselves value a picture, unless it bears the name of some noted master, only by the worth of its frame. Indeed, one's imagination is too weak to conceive what dark abyss engulfs those numerous rolls of painted canvas which represent human beings, flowers, landscapes. Where did they come from? Whence are they going? It is possible that these pictures hide themselves to die? However, this uncertain destiny of their works does not discourage the thousands of this vocation. Ever increasing numbers of indefatigable human hands are mixing paints and putting them on canvas. It would seem that painting had an irresistible attraction for them.

Where, then, does this tempting quality which painting has for these neophytes come in? Is it possible that they all take up this vocation in obedience to our inner voice, to a call from God? No amateur who is reasonable will admit this except perhaps to himself. If he think of all the others he must admit that so many people cannot be "necessary" artists. A work of art is by the definition of it an exception. One has proof of this in the fact that one ceases to consider the present and one begins to value the legacies of the past.

Without even seeing them one can confidently state that out of the 5,000 paintings which the Paris Salon exhibits annually the number of really great works of art is decidedly small. The rest are more or less successful. Less presumptuous than poets, less chimerical than musicians, many men of talent who hang up their pictures in salons from time to time admit that they paint for the pleasure of painting only.

The pleasure of painting is complex. While giving an occupation for the painter's fingers painting is not exactly a thing to stir the soul of the amateur. The amateur is not required to undertake a number of compositions and to pick out the most difficult. A faithful reproduction of a house at the edge of a stream and the amateur has gained the name of an artist. Painting within the limits in which the dilettant exercises it is one of those arts where invention and originality have been greatly reduced. A successful copy of a picture of a great master with them passes for a work of art.

It is for these reasons that canvas and brush stand in no danger of remaining idle.



Personal Feeling Should Be Guide

By Dr. THOMAS DARLINGTON Health Commissioner of New York City

What I eat myself is not what I would recommend as the diet for anybody else. Perhaps this is because I follow no theory in my eating and take what is set before me. My only care is that the food shall be fresh, a condition which I am glad to say is usually evident. Therefore the only question I ask as to my menu is: "Does it agree with me?"

Naturally I do not set up my own fare as a model, since in that case I find buckwheat cakes and sausage, for example, an excellent breakfast food. That I am not a vegetarian is not because Nebuchadnezzar, the first vegetarian in history, was afterward found to be crazy. I eat simply what appetite and experience have told me agrees with me. The reason for this course of diet is that it enables me to work 15 hours a day. Perhaps I might say that others should be glad I do not follow what is judged to be a scientifically balanced dietary, for as matters are I am able to make a speech lasting two hours and a-half. What would happen to my hearers if I really were kept in form by proper eating? It reminds me that once I spoke for two hours and 25 minutes on the evils of alcoholism and when I finished half my hearers rushed for nearby cafes, while the other half said that they were so tired they never wanted to hear the word alcohol again.

But, seriously, I should say that whatever I may find expedient in my own case anybody who wishes to feed himself properly should consult his family physician, whether or not he is yet a sufferer from indigestion.

Reading Maketh a Full Man

By REV. THOMAS R. SLICER

No hard and fast rule as to ethics can be based upon commercial success in literature. The "best seller" is not necessarily a bad book, but, unfortunately, a bad book is apt to be one of the "best sellers." There are four reasons for reading a book: Information, inspiration, entertainment and excitement. As Lord Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man," but it is common observation that it makes a difference what a man is "full" of. If a man be fagged, and need entertainment he has a right to any entertainment that restores his working power without lowering his moral ideals. If the world seem flat to him, and his outlook narrow, many an author may be to him just the inspiration that he needs.

The best seller in the world is the Bible, and, happily, it is cheap, not in the popular sense. So that after all it is the kind of reader upon whom the inquiry must eventually rest. Even the excitement that comes from reading books is as various in kind as the books themselves. The spirit of adventure is excited in the boy by so good a book as Stevenson's "Treasurer Island," which is not to be compared with the penny dreadfuls commonly represented by "The Pink Robbers of the Blue Mountains," "The Bully Boy of the Calico Eye," or "The Poisoned Gumdrop; or, The Candy Woman's Revenge." And I suppose St. Paul got far more excitement out of being "a day and a night in the deep" than any vulgar-minded person has secured from the perusal of "Three Weeks."

WHY PEOPLE SUFFER.

Too often the kidneys are the cause and the sufferer is not aware of it. Sick kidneys bring backache and side pains, lameness and stiffness, dizziness, headaches, tired feeling, urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause. Mrs. N. E. Graves, Villisca, Iowa, says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for years. The secretions were disordered, there were pains in my back and swellings of the ankles. Often I had smothering spells. I had to be helped about Doan's Kidney Pills cured me five years ago and I have been well since. They saved my life."

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

KNEW SOMETHING OF IT.



Williams (shaking his fountain pen)—You have no idea how easily these pens run!

His Neighbor (applying a blotter to his trousers)—Oh, I have an inkling.

A Case for Sympathy.

Two matrons of a certain western city, whose respective matrimonial ventures did not in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked:

"Hattie, I met your 'ex,' dear old Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you."

"Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?"

"Indeed, he did; and said so most frankly!"

"Honest?" "Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though he added, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Exchanging Solemn Thoughts.

"Ah, says the man with the parted whiskers, 'when one stands alone in the night and contemplates the wonders of creation, how futile, how puny man seems! How vain, how futile his hopes and longings, when he is surrounded by the eternal silence of the universe! Has this ever occurred to you?"

"You bet!" answers the man with the big scarf pin. "He feels just as punk as he does when he misses the owl car and has to stand on the corner an hour for another one."—Chicago Post.

Spoken from Experience.

It was the grammar class and the teacher had asked for words ending with "ous." "Can any one," she said, "give me a word like 'dangerous,' meaning full of danger, 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

There was silence for a moment. Then a boy in the back row put up his hand.

"Well, Bobby, what is your word?" "Please, Miss," came the reply, "pious, full of pie!"

Flowers.

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals; some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others, again, are plain, honest and upright like the broad-faced tulip.—Henry Ward Beecher.

HOME TESTING

A Sure and Easy Test on Coffee.

To decide the all important question of coffee, whether or not it is really the hidden cause of physical ails and approaching fixed diseases, one should make a test of ten days by leaving off coffee entirely and using well-made Postum.

If relief follows you may know to a certainty that coffee has been your vicious enemy. Of course you can take it back to your heart again, if you like to keep sick.

A lady says: "I had suffered with stomach trouble, nervousness and terrible sick headaches ever since I was a little child, for my people were always great coffee drinkers and let us children have all we wanted. I got so I thought I could not live without coffee, but I would not acknowledge that it caused my suffering."

"Then I read so many articles about Postum that I decided to give it a fair trial. I had not used it two weeks in place of coffee until I began to feel like a different person. The headache and nervousness disappeared and whereas I used to be sick two or three days out of a week while drinking coffee I am now well and strong and sturdy seven days a week, thanks to Postum."

"I had been using Postum three months and had never been sick a day when I thought I would experiment and see if it really was coffee that caused the trouble, so I began to drink coffee again and inside of a week I had a sick spell. I was so ill I was soon convinced that coffee was the cause of all my misery and I went back to Postum with the result that I was soon well and strong again and determined to stick to Postum and leave coffee alone in the future."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

IMMENSE AMOUNT DAMAGE DONE BY PEAR SLUG

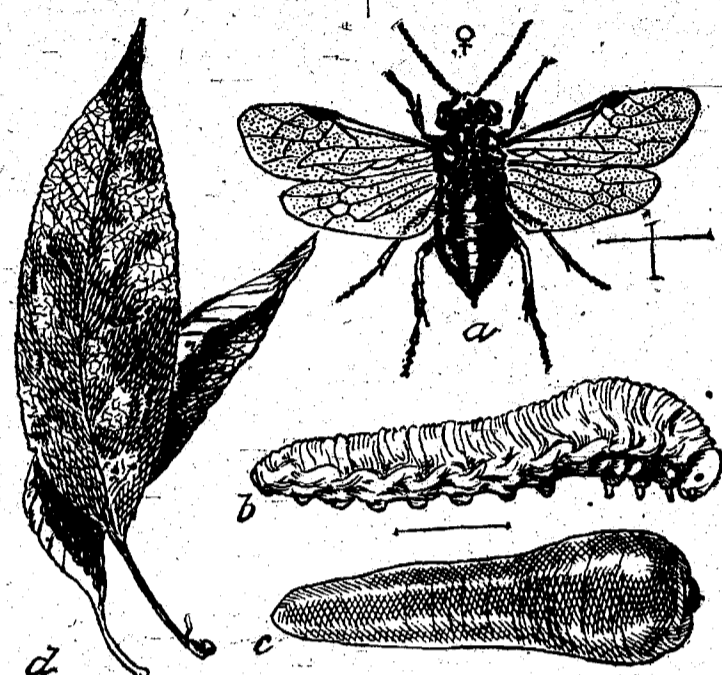
Leaves of Cherry and Pear Trees Attacked by this Insect in Iowa and Plant Is Often Left Entirely Bare.

Last summer many cherry trees in various parts of Iowa were stripped of their leaves by a dull slimy slug. Pear trees also are attacked by this pest, perhaps even more than cherry trees, hence the common name of the insect. This slug feeds on the upper surface of the leaves, not eating holes through them, but taking only the upper portion and leaving the veins bare. Leaves thus eaten by the slugs dry and fall from the tree and frequently leave the trees entirely bare of foliage.

In Iowa these slugs appear twice during the season. The first brood appears in June and the slugs become full grown early in July, while

senate of lead, 2 or 3 pounds to 50 gallons of water, will do the work even better than paris green, and is preferable where it can be obtained easily. Hellebore, applied dry, or in a small quantity of water, is also very effective in killing the slugs.

The first brood of the slugs is rather short lived. It requires only about a month from the egg stage to the time the slug matures. During most of the time while it is feeding the slug is covered with a slimy substance, but at the last change of skin the slime is thrown off, and the slug becomes a light orange color, clean and dry. After this molt the slug



A Pear Slug Enlarged. a, adult saw-fly, female; b, slug with slime removed; c, slug in normal state; d, leaves with slugs, natural size; a, b, c, much enlarged.

the second brood comes on during the month of August. It would be best, then, to kill off the slugs when they first appear in June, and so prevent the defoliation of the trees by the second brood in August.

When the slugs first appear on the leaves the trees should be given a thorough treatment with paris green or some other arsenical poison. Since the slugs feed openly on the upper sides of the leaves there need be little difficulty in combatting them. For only a few trees the paris green may be applied dry, mixed with air slaked lime, or even flour; 1 part of the paris green to 20 or more parts of the other material. For a liquid spray, paris green at the rate of 1-3 or 1-4 pound to 50 gallons of water will do the work, adding about a pound of quicklime to each barrel of water to prevent any burning of the leaves. Ar-

goes into the ground. Here it forms a cell in the earth, within which it changes to the pupa, or resting stage, and the adult fly emerges in about 12 to 15 days after the slug has entered the soil.

The flies which lay the eggs for the next brood of slugs are rather small black insects, about a fifth of an inch long and with four wings. The eggs are laid in tiny pockets made by the flies in the under sides of the leaves. These eggs hatch and the second brood of the slugs work on the trees during August and when they become full grown go to the ground. During the winter the slugs of this second brood may be found in their cells beneath the trees which were infested by them in the summer time. The pear, cherry, plum and quince are the trees which are most attacked by these slugs.

SILAGE PROPERLY HANDLED HELPFUL

Incorrectly Put Up and Fed It May Be Expensive.

Silos have been abandoned in many cases because the milk became so badly tainted as to become unsalable. If the creameries and cheese factories were as particular as they should be they would condemn a great deal of milk that is now accepted from silage-fed herds.

This is not the fault of the silage; it is the fault of the man who handles it. Silage has a very penetrative odor, which is taken up very quickly by milk. If silage is fed before milking the milk is quite certain to become tainted. If the milk is allowed to stand a few minutes in the barn after milking and silage is fed while the cans are standing around, the milk will be tainted.

If the stable is not ventilated or is poorly ventilated the silage odors will linger in the stable and taint the milk. In an unventilated stable the stable itself will in time become saturated or permeated with the silage odor and will taint the milk, no matter how the silage is handled.

The corn is frequently cut into the six-to-ten green, which makes very sour silage, with a strong odor. The silage is frequently carelessly handled in the stable; it is scattered through the alleys and allowed to remain on the floors. In such instances the stable will be scented with the silage and the milk will be tainted.

If good results are expected from silage it must be properly handled in the stable. First, silage must be fed only after milking. Second, the floors must be kept clean and no silage allowed to accumulate in the alleys.

Third, there should not be more silage fed than the stock will clear up at once. Fourth, the stable must be well ventilated. Fifth, corn should not be cut in too green. Sixth, don't feed moldy silage.

From the foregoing it will be seen that silage must be more carefully handled than ordinary roughage. One cannot throw silage around as he might straw or hay and get satisfactory results.

Silage properly put up and properly fed is a very cheap and most excellent feed.—Prof. G. V. Knapp.

SOIL BENEFITED BY ALFALFA CROP

Three or Four Cuttings During Season Enriches It.

When a plant furnishes an abundant crop, such as alfalfa, with three or four cuttings during a single season, it is but natural to think that it will greatly exhaust the soil. "Nothing is more erroneous. Instead of taking strength away from the soil it puts more into it; instead of exhausting it, the fertility is increased. The penetrating powers of alfalfa roots are well known. The roots are constantly growing and decaying, thus adding to the "humus" of the soil. The strongest point in favor of alfalfa as a soil improver is its remarkable nitrogen gathering ability. The roots of alfalfa are full of the small nitrogen tubercles which represent bottled up vitality to plant life and it has been proven by frequent experiments that increased yields were the rule when plantings of any kind of crops had been made on ground infected with nitrogen bacteria.

Under these circumstances the "spread of alfalfa fever" is no wonder. With splendid crops of highest priced hay on top of the ground, with the roots working as perfectly natural fertilizers under the ground, farmers can do nothing better than to plant alfalfa. The truth of this statement may be realized and verified if one but takes time to look up statistics and reads about the marvelous increase in the acreage of alfalfa. In Kansas alone the acres sown to alfalfa increased from approximately 35,000 acres in 1891 to more than 743,000 acres in 1907. It is safe to say that since then the acreage has increased in proportion, and other states are falling in line.—A. Kruhnn.

There Is Profit in Sage.

Twenty-five cents' worth of sage seed will furnish about 1,000 plants. Enough sage can be picked the first year to pay for all the labor of sowing and picking the sage. Early in the spring the plants should be removed, set in rows three feet apart one way and half that distance the other. If the plants are planted in good soil and properly cultivated they can be picked three times each year for several years.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a braque, 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. Their first attack, Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weakness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie 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. Blake discovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake picked a path along the edge of the hill, where the moist vegetation, though scorched, had refused to burn. After the first abrupt ledge, up which Blake had to drag his companions, the ascent was easy. But as they climbed around an outjutting corner of the steep right wall of the cleft Blake muttered a curse of disappointment. He could now see that the cleft did not run to the top of the cliff, but through it, like a tiny box canyon. The sides rose sheer and smooth as walls. Midway, at the highest point of the cleft, the baobab towered high above the ridge crest, its gigantic trunk filling a third of the breadth of the little gorge. Unfortunately it stood close to the left wall.

"Here's luck for you!" growled Blake. "Why couldn't the blamed old tree have grown on the other side? We might have found a way to climb. Guess we'll have to smoke out another leopard. We're no nearer those birds' nests than we were yesterday."

"By Jove, look here!" exclaimed Winthrop. "This is our chance for antelope! Here by the spring are bamboos—real bamboos—and only half the thicket burned."

"What of them?" demanded Blake. "Bows—arrows—and did you not agree that they would make knives?"

"Umh—we'll see. What is it, Miss Jenny?"

"Isn't that a hole in the big tree?"

"Looks like it. These baobabs are often hollow."

"Perhaps that is where the leopard had his den," added Winthrop. "Shouldn't wonder. We'll go and see."

"But, Mr. Blake," protested the girl, "may there not be other leopards?"

"Might have been; but I'll bet they're out with the other. Look how the tree is scorched. Must have been stacks of dry brush around the hole, enough to smoke out a fireman. We'll look and see if they left any soup bones lying around. First, though, here's your drink, Miss Jenny."

As he spoke, Blake kicked aside some smouldering branches and led the way to the crevice whence the spring trickled from the rock into a shallow stone basin. When all had drunk their fill of the clear cool water Blake took up his club and walked straight across to the baobab. Less than 30 steps brought him to the narrow opening in the trunk of the huge tree. At first he could make out nothing in the dimly lit interior; but the feld, catty odor was enough to convince him that he had found the leopards' den.

He caught the vague outlines of a long body, crouched five or six yards away, on the far side of the hollow. He sprang back, his club brandished to strike. But the expected attack did not follow. Blake glanced about as though considering the advisability of a retreat. Winthrop and Miss Leslie were staring at him, white-faced. The sight of their terror seemed to spur him to dare-devil bravado; though his actions may rather have been due to the fact that he realized the futility of fight, and so rose to the requirements of the situation—the grim need to stand and face the danger.

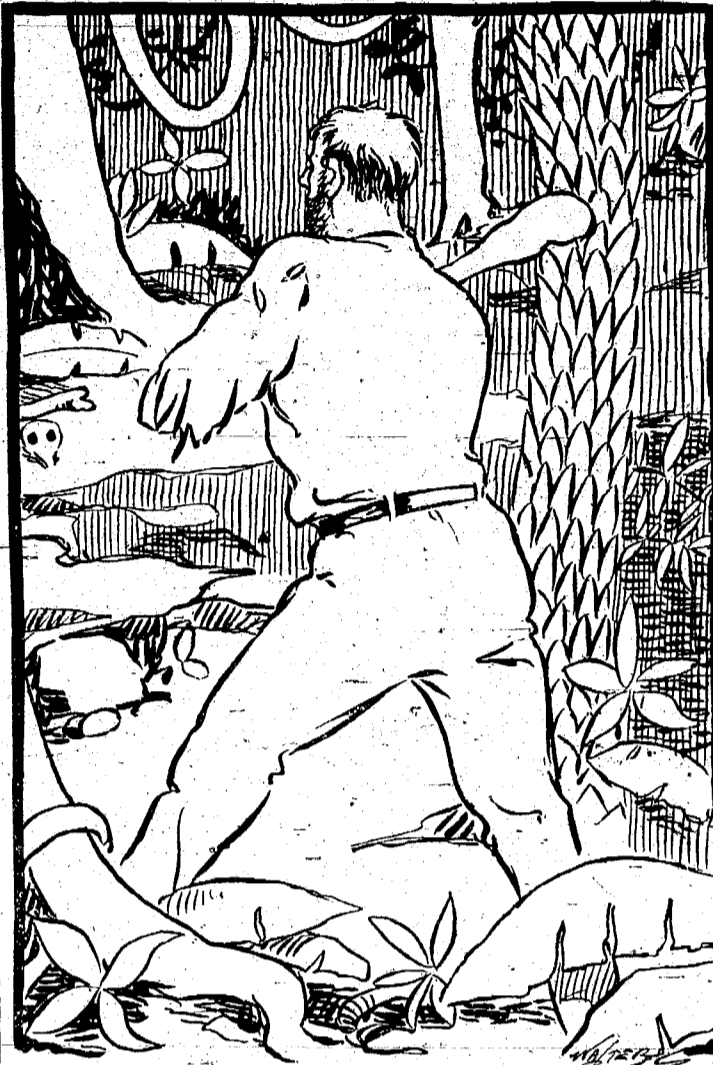
"Get behind the bamboos!" he called, and as they hurriedly obeyed, he caught up a stone and flung it in at the crouching beast.

He heard the missile strike with a soft thud that told him he had not missed his mark, and he swung up his club in both hands. Given half a chance he would smash the skull of the female as he had crushed her blinded mate. One moment after another passed, and he stood poised for the shock, tense and scowling. Not so much as a snarl came from within. The truth flashed upon him.

"Smothered!" he yelled.

The other saw him dart in through the hole. A moment later two limp grayish bodies were flung out into the open. Immediately after Blake reappeared, dragging the body of the mother leopard.

"It's all right; they're dead!" cried Winthrop, and he ran forward to look at the bodies.



One Moment After Another Passed, and He Stood Poised for the Shock.

Miss Leslie followed, hardly less curious.

"Are they all dead, Mr. Blake?" she inquired.

"Wiped out—whole family. The old cat stayed by her kittens, and all smothered together—lucky for us! Get busy with those bamboos, Win. I'm going to have these skins, and the sooner we get the cub meat hung up and curing, the better for us."

"Leopard meat again!" rejoined Winthrop.

"Spring leopard, young and tender! What more could you ask? Get a move on you."

"Can I do anything, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Hunt a shady spot."

"But I really mean it."

"Well, if that's straight, you might go on along the gully, and see if there's any place to get to the top. You could pick up sticks on the way back, if any are left. We'll have to fumigate this tree hole before we adopt it for a residence."

"Will it be long before you finish with your—with the bodies?"

"Well, now, look here, Miss Jenny; it's going to be a mess, and I wouldn't mind hauling the carcasses clear down the gully, out of sight, if it was to be the only time. But it's not, and you have got to get used to it, sooner or later. So we'll start now."

"I suppose, if I must, Mr. Blake—Really, I wish to help."

"Good. That's something like! Think you can learn to cook?"

"See what I did this morning."

Blake took the cord of cocoon fiber which she held out to him, and tested its strength.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he said. "This is something like. If you don't look out, you'll make quite a campmate, Miss Jenny. But now, trot along—This is hardly arctic weather, and our abattoir don't include a cold-storage plant. The sooner these lambs are dressed, the better."

CHAPTER X.

Problems in Woodcraft.

IT WAS no pleasant sight that met Miss Leslie's gaze upon her return. The neatest of butchering can hardly be termed aesthetic; and Blake and Winthrop lacked both skill and tools. Between the penknife and an improvised blade of bamboo, they had flayed the two cubs and haggled off the flesh. The ragged strips, spitted on bamboo rods, were already searing in the fierce sun-rays.

Miss Leslie would have slipped into the hollow of the baobab with her armful of fagots and brush; but Blake waved a bloody knife above the body of the mother leopard, and beckoned the girl to come nearer.

"Hold on a minute, please," he said. "What did you find out?"

Miss Leslie drew a few steps near-

er, and forced herself to look at the revolting sight. She found it still more difficult to withstand the odor of the fresh blood. Winthrop was pale and nauseated. The sight of his distress caused the girl to forget her own loathing. She drew a deep breath, and succeeded in countering Blake's expectant look with a half-smile.

"How well are you getting along!" she exclaimed.

"Didn't think you could stand it. But you've got grit all right, if you are a lady," Blake said admiringly. "Say, you'll make it yet! Now, how about the gully?"

"There is no place to climb up. It runs along like this, and then slopes down. But there is a cliff at the end, as high as these walls."

"Twenty feet," muttered Blake. "Confound the luck. It isn't that jump-off; but how in—how are we going to get up on the cliff? There's an everlasting lot of omelettes in those birds' nests. If only that bloomin'—how's that, Win, me 'y?—that bloomin', blasted baobab was on 't'other side. The wood's almost soft as punk. We could drive in pegs, and climb up the trunk."

"There are other trees beyond it," remarked Miss Leslie.

"Then maybe we can shin up—"

"I fear the branches that overhang the cliff are too slender to bear any weight."

"And it's too infernally high to climb up to this overhanging baobab limb."

"I say," ventured Winthrop, "if we had an ax, now, we might cut up one of the trees, and make a ladder."

"Oh, yes; and if we had a ladder, we might climb up the cliff!"

"But, Mr. Blake, is there not some way to cut down one of the trees? The tree itself would be a ladder if it fell in such a way as to lean against the cliff."

"There's only the penknife," answered Blake. "So I guess we'll have to scratch eggs off our menu card Spring leopard for ours! Now, if you really want to help, you might scrape the soup bones out of your boudoir, and fetch a lot more brush. It'll take a big fire to rid the hole of that cat smell."

"Will not the tree burn?"

"No; these hollow baobabs have green bark on the inside as well as out. Funny thing, that! We'd have to keep a fire going a long time to burn through."

"Yet it would burn in time?"

"Yes; but we're not going to—"

"Then why not burn through the trunk of one of those small trees, instead of chopping it down?"

"By—heck, Miss Jenny, you've got an American headpiece! Come on. Sooner we get the thing started, the better."

Neither Winthrop nor Miss Leslie was reluctant to leave the vicinity of the carcasses. They followed close after Blake, around the monstrous bole of the baobab. A little beyond it stood a group of slender trees, whose trunks averaged eight inches at the base. Blake stopped at the second

one, which grew nearest to the seaward side of the cleft.

"Here's our ladder," he said. "Get some firewood. Pound the bushes, though, before you go poking into them. May be snakes 'ere."

"Snakes?—oh!" cried Miss Leslie, and she stood shuddering at the danger she had already incurred.

The fire had burnt itself out on a bare ledge of rock between them and the baobab, and the clumps of dry brush left standing in this end of the cleft were very suggestive of snakes, now that Blake had called attention to the possibility of their presence.

He laughed at his hesitating companions. "Go on, go on! Don't squeal till you're bit. Most snakes hike out, if you give them half a chance. Take a stick each of you, and pound the bushes."

Thus urged, both started to work. But neither ventured into the thicker clumps. When they returned, with large armfuls of sticks and twigs, they found that Blake had used his glass to light a handful of dry bark, out in the sun, and was nursing it into a small fire at the base of the tree, on the side next the cliff.

"Now, Miss Jenny," he directed, "you're to keep this going—not too big a fire—understand? Same time you can keep on fetching brush to fumigate your cat hole. It needs it, all right."

"Will not that be rather too much for Miss Leslie?" asked Winthrop.

"Well, if she'd rather come and rub brains on the skins,—Indian tan, you know,—or—"

"How can you mention such things before a lady?" protested Winthrop.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Leslie! you see, I'm not much used to ladies' company. Anyway, you've got to see and hear about these things. And now I'll have to get the strings for Win's bamboo bows. Come on, Win. We've got that old tabby to peel, and a lot more besides."

Miss Leslie's first impulse was to protest against being left alone, when at any moment some awful venomous serpent might come darting at her out of the brush or the crevices in the rocks. But her half-parted lips drew firmly together, and after a moment's hesitancy, she forced herself to the task which had been assigned her. The fire, once started, required little attention. She could give most of her time to gathering brush for the fumigation of the leopard den.

She had collected quite a heap of fuel at the entrance of the hollow when she remembered that the place would first have to be cleared of its accumulation of bones. A glance at her companions showed that they were in the midst of tasks even more revolting. It was certainly disagreeable to do such things; yet, as Mr. Blake had said, others had to do them. It was now her time to learn. She could see him smile at her hesitation.

Stung by the thought of his half contemptuous pity, she caught up a forked stick, and forced herself to enter the tree-cave. The stench met her like a blow. It nauseated and all but overpowered her. She stood for several moments in the center of the cavity, sick and faint. Had it been even the previous day, she would have run out into the open air.

Presently she grew a little more accustomed to the stench, and began to rake over the soft, dry mold of the den floor with her forked stick. Bones—who had ever dreamed of such a mess of bones?—big bones and little bones and skulls; old bones dry and almost buried; moldy bones; bones still half-covered with bits of flesh and gristle—the remnants of the leopard family's last meal.

At last all were scraped out and flung in a heap, three or four yards away from the entrance. Miss Leslie looked at the result of her labor with a satisfied glance, followed by a sigh of relief. Between the heat and her unwonted exercise, she was greatly fatigued. She stepped around to a shadier spot to rest.

With a start she remembered the fire.

When she reached it there were only a few dying embers left. She gathered dead leaves and shreds of fibrous inner bark, and knelt beside the dull coals to blow them into life. She could not bear the thought of having to confess her carelessness to Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drudgery in the Kitchen.

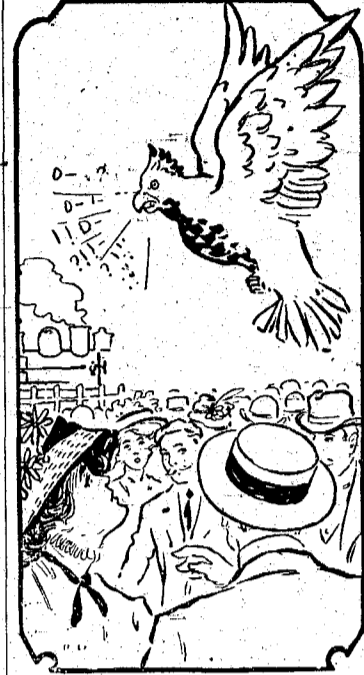
The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should scrub and cook and darn and dust than there is why these things should be done by men. The development of improved machinery and the growth of labor-saving devices of all kinds will finally obviate the necessity of doing these things each day in each home through the land. Co-operation, which we are slowly learning to greet as a friend, will overcome the drudgery and make the life of a woman as enjoyable and eventful as that of the man.—Nearing and Watson in "Economics."

Help us to remember that greater than any church or creed is kindness.

MEPHISTO, PARROT, FLIES INTO LOCOMOTIVE STACK

CHAMPION SWEARING BIRD FRIGHTENED AT IRON HORSE DIVES DOWN SMOKE FLUE.

Montclair, N. J.—If the hostler in the Delaware & Lackawanna railroad roundhouse who wipes up the locomotive that drew the 4:30 o'clock train from New York to this city Thursday bears curs words coming from the inside of the big machine he need not be surprised. Somewhere in the interior of the iron horse is Mephisto, the prize swearing parrot of Paul Sorrenson. He flew down the smoke-



He Flew from the Arm of His Owner.

stack in a moment of panic at the station here. The last heard of him he was coughing and sneezing and cursing the smoke, cinders and heat. It may be by this time he is breathing a profane benediction on the crown sheet of the firebox or telling the steam-charred boiler tubes what he thinks of them. On the other hand, he may be dead.

From the strictly profane point of view, Mephisto was the best educated parrot in this section of New Jersey. He could swear with fluency in five languages and also in several dialects. Every noun, verb, adjective, conjunction, preposition and article in the vocabulary was either tainted or tinged with profanity. Not one of his many friends expressed any hope for his future. He was beyond reformation and redemption.

Sorrenson, who lives in New street, took Mephisto to the station Thursday evening. The parrot was drawing with energy upon his vocabulary and delighting one part of a big crowd and shocking others when the New York train rolled in. Mephisto became panic stricken at once. He flew from the arm of his owner, circled twice above the locomotive and then dived down the smoke stack.

The astounded spectators heard a volley of oaths coming out with the smoke, and then there was silence. There is a division of opinion as to what produced it.

Those who were shocked by the language the parrot had used say the silence was caused by suffocation. The bird's friends assert, however, that Mephisto simply was racking his brains to find words to fit the new situation in which he found himself.

BOY 17 WEEKS WITHOUT FOOD.

Nine-Year-Old Lad Suffering from "Bound Brain" is Starving to Death.

Cleveland, O.—Mrs. Nellie Lee, 3837 East Seventy-first street, mother of nine-year-old Arthur Lee, who has been fasting for 17 weeks, is willing to let some brain specialist operate upon him. She has come to the conclusion with the primary hope of relieving his long suffering, secondarily in the interest of science.

"I've spent with doctors every cent that I possessed, endeavoring to find out what is the matter with Arthur," said Mrs. Lee. "If science is interested, science must aid me. I haven't a dollar except to buy food."

The boy is entering his eighteenth week of fasting. He takes only milk and brandy in sips. Doctors thus far have been baffled in diagnosing his case. He has wasted 18 pounds.

The four years Mrs. Lee has devoted herself to the sick boy have cost her dear. She used to weigh 168 pounds. She weighs 122 now. Her hair is streaked with gray, her eyes sunken and marked by dark circles and her condition one of extreme nervousness.

Doctors have told Mrs. Lee that the boy's condition results from a "bound brain." Since he was 18 months old he has been absolutely helpless. He never talked.

"Since a year ago Arthur hasn't tasted a drop of water and last year he fasted for 12 weeks."

"If death would relieve his sufferings, I would be resigned to the will of God," said Mrs. Lee, chokingly.

But the mother love that has led a forlorn hope for nine years keeps alive the belief that somewhere there is a man who can operate and save her boy. And Mrs. Lee is praying for that man.

MARK TWAIN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Possibly Chief Justice Fuller Will Not Be Pleased at Sentiment Expressed in His Name.

Mark Twain was waiting for a street car in Boston, when a young girl approached him, smiling. She was a lovely girl, fresh, blooming, ingenious, bubbling with enthusiasm, and evidently on her way home from school.

"Pardon me," she said, "I know it's very unconventional, but I may never have another chance. Would you mind giving me your autograph?"

"Glad to do it, my dear child," said Mr. Clemens, drawing out his fountain pen.

"Oh, it's so good of you," gurgled the girl. "You know, I've never seen you but once, Chief-Justice Fuller, and that was at a distance; but I've seen your portrait so often that I recognized you the moment I saw you here."

"Um—m—m—mm!" said Mr. Clemens, non-committally. "I am cordially yours."

MELVILLE W. FULLER.
Mr. Clemens has not heard from Chief Justice Fuller yet.—Harper's Weekly.

Important to Mothers.

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

In Spain. "I wonder if raising bull for fights is profitable?" "I guess it is a toss-up."

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularity, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has freed thousands to health, free of charge.

Save Food

Save Food

Save Food

Save Food

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Save Food

Nervous Prostration

"I suffered so with Nervous Prostration that I thought there was no use trying to get well. A friend recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine, and although skeptical at first, I soon found myself recovering, and am to-day well."

MRS. D. I. JONES,
800 Broadway, Cleveland, O.

Much sickness is of nervous origin. It's the nerves that make the heart force the blood through the veins, the lungs take in oxygen, the stomach digest food, the liver secrete bile and the kidneys filter the blood. If any of these organs are weak, it is the fault of the nerves through which they get their strength. Dr. Miles' Nervine is a specific for the nerves. It soothes the irritation and assists in the generation of nerve force. Therefore you can hardly miss it if you take Dr. Miles' Nervine when sick. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

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Tonsorial Artist.

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

Third door north of Postoffice.

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 G. Idey.

The Scrap Book

The Condemned.

The family had heard that bachelor Uncle Joe was going to get married, and there had been much caustic comment over the coming event, mingled with many expressions of sympathy for his fate at the hands of the designing woman who had captured him, all of which were overheard by the keen and open eared six-year-old boy of the family.

"Pa," said the youngster one day, "I hear Uncle Joe is going to be married next week."

"Yes," said the father. "Uncle Joe has only three days more."

The little boy sighed. "The last three days," he said, "they give them everything to eat that they ask for, don't they, pa?"

Striving.

If all the end of this continuous striving were simply to attain, how poor would seem the planning and contriving.

The endless urging, and the hurried driving.

Of body, heart and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving there shines this glowing trait—

Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving

New strength and hope, in its own power believing.

Because thou didst not fall.

Not think alone the glory nor the sorrow if thou dost miss the goal.

Undreamed of lives in many a far tomorrow

From their weakness or their force shall borrow.

Oh, on, ambitious soul!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Good Definition.

In one of the New York schools several of the children in one class failed on the definition of the word bachelor. The teacher, to impress the meaning of the word on the minds of the pupils, told the class to look up the word that night and come prepared with a good definition the next day.

When the question was taken up at the next session the first little girl who was asked to define the word answered with a confident and smiling air. "A bachelor is a very happy man."

The teacher grew interested. "Are you sure that is correct?" she asked the little one.

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply.

"Father told me so."

Knew Who Used It.

Charles H. Hoyt, New England's great playwright, once visited a small town in Pennsylvania where there is a hotel they say George Washington, the father of His Country, used to stop at when he passed through. In it they have a room he is said to have occupied at times.

Hoyt came through there once with one of his attractions. He arrived at the hotel after all the members of the company had been assigned rooms.

One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was.

When he came downstairs later the gentleman who had got the good room said, "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington when he came here."

"Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

Comfort's Words

Many an East Jordan Household Will Find Them So.

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

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

CONFIRMED IN 1906.

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

For Sale by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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.

USED AGAINST HER.

Congratulations the Actress Received on Her Engagement.

A London music hall belle who had just successfully "lauded" an old and wealthy nobleman sued an unpopular manager, alleging that he had not paid her sufficiently well for her engagement at his hall. She won the case and was immediately inundated with flowery congratulations from her friends, all of whom were glad to see the manager go down.

Not content with her victory, however, the belle must needs crow over her beaten manager by packing up the choicest of these telegrams and dispatching them to his house, with the intimation that he might make what use of them he thought proper.

She regretted this last concession the next morning. Taking her at her word, the manager pasted the telegrams on a board outside the music hall, headed them "What Miss Flightie's friends think of her engagement" and left the public to assume which engagement, the professional or the matrimonial, was meant.

Then followed such messages as "Good for you, old girl!" "Pinned the old horror at last!" "Don't let him wriggle off the hook!" "Stick to him till you get the dibs!" "Congratulations on your splendid haul!"

Another action for damages against the manager is now pending.

Sammy Told.

Mrs. Smith was showing a visitor a new hatteree she had recently purchased when little Samuel came in and neglected to remove his hat. Thinking to teach him a lesson she said, "Samuel, what did I buy that hatteree for?" "For \$1.98," answered Samuel promptly, "but you said I wasn't to tell anybody."

He Could Go.

At the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's. The French ambassador on receiving his invitation was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed.

"The queen," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?"

Baron Brunnow listened gravely to his colleague's exposition and then replied. "As the duke is dead," he said, "I think you can safely go to the funeral. If you were asked to attend his resurrection I should say refuse the invitation."

Life.

Life is a good deal of a puzzle, but if we were more resolute in our determination to enrich it by worthy service than we are in our desire to solve its mysteries we should be happier. If we put more into it we should get more out of it.—Epworth Herald.

Not in His Lifetime.

A well known scientist was lecturing on the sun's heat and in the course of his remarks said: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually but surely losing its heat and in the course of some 70,000,000 years it will be exhausted. Consequently this world



"HOW MANY YEARS DID YOU SAY IT WOULD BE?"

of ours will be dead and, like the moon, unable to support any form of life."

At this juncture a member of his audience rose in an excited manner and said:

"Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

The Professor—Seventy millions, sir. "Thank God!" was the reply. "I thought you said 7,000,000."—Success Magazine.

Time to Rebel.

For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of housecleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way.

"And you," sobbed his wife—"you used to tell me I was your queen."

"Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes, "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobacco jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack hammer he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."

COL. M. J. WARRING, OFFERS

THE BEAUTIFUL BIBLICAL DRAMA
BY HENRY THORN HUM

MOSES, PRINCE OF EGYPT



CHILD MOSES ON THE NILE.

LOVE, HATE, AMBITION AND INTRIGUE ARE BEAUTIFULLY BLENDED IN THIS PLAY.



MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF LAW.

A semi-sacred romance woven around the young man Moses, afterward the great Hebrew law giver and builder of a great nation. In all the world's history, no man has left such an impress upon the human race as did Moses.

At Loveday Opera House
TUESDAY, AUG. 17