

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1909.

No. 36

To Help Boom

Charlevoix, East Jordan and the Grange Held Confab and Banquet to Discuss Development of Our Resources.

Last Friday evening the board of directors of the Charlevoix Board of Commerce and a few other gentlemen interested in the developing of Charlevoix county, accepted an invitation of the East Jordan Board of Trade to visit them and, at an informal banquet talk over the plans of the West Michigan Development Bureau and plan for systematic work in preparing the exhibit and advertising from this county.

The bunch from Charlevoix were met at the dock by the East Jordan committee and escorted to the Russell house dining room where the Board had a banquet prepared for their visitors. After the eatables had been disposed of the meeting was called to order by President Squiers, of the East Jordan Board of Trade, who explained the purpose of the meeting and called upon D. S. Payton, one of the directors of the Bureau, to explain the plans of the Bureau, what was asked of East Jordan, and what had already been accomplished in collecting statistics, etc.

Mr. Payton said that statistics had been gathered of the schools, churches, secret organizations, telephones, rural routes, lands, etc., and that what the Bureau now wished was the collecting of farm scenes and the products of Charlevoix county. A very interesting and animated discussion took place, questions being fired at Mr. Payton from every direction which he answered himself fully prepared to answer. The question of the co-operation of the granges was brought up and H. L. Olney and Martin Rhulung of the executive committee and Glenn M. DuBois, pomona lecturer, assured the business men present that the grange was the pioneer in the movement and would lead the procession. At the conclusion of the discussion, President Squiers assured Mr. Payton that East Jordan was prepared to pay over the sum asked for and perform her share of the labor involved.

Thus another link was forged in the chain which binds the East Jordan Charlevoix, and Boyne City's business men's associations together with the farmers, all working together for Charlevoix county, all the time.

It is hoped to have a meeting of all four organizations in a short time and to make further plans.

Boswell-Gregory Nuptials.

On Wednesday, Sept. 1st, at twelve o'clock, William T. Boswell and Miss Grace Gregory were united in marriage by Rev. Geo. E. Allan of Gilman, Ill., a special friend of the bride and groom, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Gregory. The service was brief and impressive. The witnesses were Mrs. Fannie Boswell of Traverse City, S. L. Gregory and J. B. Palmiter. Exactly at noon the bride and groom entered the room and were approached by the officiating clergyman, and in the presence of the relatives and a few friends the words were pronounced making them husband and wife.

The bride was gowned most appropriately for the occasion. Miss Gregory has always been popular with the young people of East Jordan who have evinced their esteem by many expressions of kindness and showers given in her honor. The groom is one of our young business men and of sterling character.

After congratulations the company sat down to a sumptuous feast after which the happy couple left for Traverse City, Grand Rapids and other places on their honeymoon, amid showers of rice.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued for week ending Aug. 28, 1909.

J. Rowland Holmes, 22..... Boyne City
Ethel C. McGee, 18..... Boyne City
John Carroll, 29..... Boyne City
Carrie Tomath, 30..... Boyne City
James H. Hartweg, 34..... St. James
Mary McCafferty, 32..... St. James
Albert Staley, 21..... Charlevoix
Sadie E. Murphy, 19..... East Jordan
D. S. PAYTON, County Clerk.

Open Monday

Our Public Schools Commence 1909-1910 Term.

Never before in the history of our public schools have they been opened under more favorable conditions than those which mark the opening of the 1909-1910 course. Ample room has been provided the past year, the different departments have been extended, and a corps of instructors have been secured by our Board of Education that cannot be excelled for ability by any town of like population in Michigan.

Supt. Northon arrived here from Farwell first of the week and has already commenced his year's work.



SUPT. J. T. NORTON

He was among The Herald's callers Friday, and in outlining his policy answered the following two queries which will be of information to the pupils and patrons of our public schools.

"What is your attitude toward athletics?"

"Education is three-fold—moral, intellectual and physical. Athletics so far as they contribute to a proper physical development are to be encouraged, unless they hinder the more important phases of our work. We hope to find that our boys and girls will take a wholesome interest in athletics that promote interest in study and maintain the prestige and credit of our schools."

"Should the High School be chiefly a preparatory school for the university?"

"No. The High School is properly the people's college. The majority of our pupils must complete their school training in the high school. Each year's work should be as practical as may be. The preparatory courses are practical as foundation courses. The commercial course in our high school should be strengthened and extended. A good chemical laboratory should be equipped."

The corps of instructors is practically the same as that published in these columns last June, with one or two exceptions. Below is the list in full:

High School.
Supt. J. T. Northon, Farwell
Principal Miss Margaret Cameron, Clare.
Music and Drawing, Miss Mary E. Sheffield, Adrian.
History and Mathematics, Miss Florence L. Hall, East Lansing.
Languages, Miss Ethel M. Ash, St. Johns.

Grammar Department.
Eighth Grade, Miss Hazel T. Frazer, Alpena.
Seventh Grade, Miss Katherine Winne, Grayling.
Sixth Grade, Miss Lou A. Rice, East Jordan.
Fifth, Mrs. Stanford, East Jordan.
Fourth Grade, Miss Mary Lamport, East Jordan.
Third Grade, Miss Maud Cross.
Second, Miss Edith Bingham, Mt. Pleasant.
First Grade, Miss Jessie Severson, East Lake.

Kindergarten, Miss Martha Freiberg, East Jordan.

West Side.
Principal, H. L. Winters, East Jordan.

Fifth and Sixth Grades, Miss Minnie G. Kell, Midland.
Fourth and Third Grades, Miss Lucy Menzies, Vanderbilt.
First and Second, Miss Grace Kennholts, East Jordan.

Jordan River.
Miss Eva Heller, East Jordan.

Catholic School

New School Opens Next Monday Under Favorable Conditions.

The Catholic school building is now completed and ready for occupancy. East Jordan has a right to be proud of this new addition. The school will commence next Monday, Sept. 6th at 8:00 a. m., with high mass and benediction. After the high mass the enrollment of the pupils will take place. For this reason every child that is to attend this school ought to be present next Monday.

Only the eight grades will be taught this year, including a special course of vocal music for every grade and a special course of needlework for the girls. It needs not to be mentioned that the Sisters of St. Dominic, who devote their whole lives exclusively to the education of youth, will do their best "in the instilling into the minds of the little ones," as Daniel Webster defines education, the principles of art and science, morals and religion. The sisters are also prepared to give special lessons on the piano, organ and the different stringed instruments.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The Farmers' picnic held on Aug. 26, was a grand success. The fine picnic grounds were filled with busy farmers and their families who had taken this day off to hear the Equity plan explained. Rev. L. S. Matthews, chairman for the day, carried out the lengthy program of twenty-three parts, all but four taking their places and our young members giving some fine recitations. W. H. Beeman's address on "Co-operation" was received with applause, and will no doubt set farmers to thinking for themselves. Rev. L. S. Matthews' address, "Fair Play" was excellent. Mr. Matthews is a very pleasant and earnest speaker.

Vice President James Howey explained to the farmers the plan of organization that they may be able to aid each other. Frank Kidder took up the subject, handling it in a pleasant manner and amid much applause held the floor for better markets. Three rousing cheers were given as a vote of thanks to J. H. Lanway, owner of the grounds, who had done so much to promote the picnic, bringing to the grounds and putting in place swings, hammocks, chair swings, and ice water. Four cheers were given the Ladies' Society who had planned and gotten up the picnic.

The Goldenrod local are laying the plan for the building of a hall on ground donated to the local by Mr. and Mrs. James Murray. The location is on Murray's corners.

The Forget-me-not local will meet with Mrs. Mary Bartholomew on Wednesday, Sept. 8. All members are expected to be present. There will be election of delegate to state meeting, and vote to be taken for some state officers.

Don't forget the place to get good School Shoes to wear.—The Fair Store.

We Cut to Suit You



But we have no kind of Meat to cut except the best qualities. That does not imply that we are high priced at all. On the contrary we sell better meat for the price than any of our competitors. The flavor of our Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, Pork and Poultry is the best recommendation our Meats could possibly have. One trial convinces.

Shermans Market

Knowles For State Senator

L. F. Knowles of Boyne City Charlevoix's Candidate.

The name of Leonard F. Knowles and the office of State Senator have been freely spoken of in conjunction by the citizens of this county for the past year or so, but no definite action was taken in the matter until last Monday evening, when a bunch of Charlevoix County's citizens met at Charlevoix to a little banquet in honor of Judge Davis of the 8th circuit who was holding court there this week.

The senatorial district is composed of the counties of Charlevoix, Emmet, Cheboygan and Alpena, and is at present represented by Fred R. Ming of Cheboygan whose term expires next year.

That Mr. Knowles is thoroughly qualified for the position none can gainsay. He represented us in the recent Constitutional Convention and proved himself an able and useful member of that organization. His name will be on the primary ticket next summer and the citizens of this county at least will give him even a better majority than was given him at the Con-Con delegate election.

Fair Excursion Rates.

The E. J. & S. R. R. offer the following round-trip rates to the State Fairs:

State Fair, Detroit, Sept. 2 to 9, return limit 11th; 1 1/2 fare round trip.

West Michigan Fair, Grand Rapids, Sept. 13 to 17, return limit 18th; 1 1/2 fare round trip.

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.

The Boston Store

Sample Shoes



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

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



Call and see our

Summer Goods

which we are closing out at Bargain Prices.

Remember we carry a fine line of high grade corsets—

R. & G. and La Reine

The Boston Store A. DANTO Proprietor...

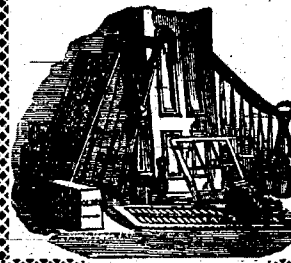
East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill—

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring, Mouldings, Turned Work, and Seroll Sawing.



FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Think Carefully Decide Wisely Act Promptly

Values here have been touched with a live wire. Do not skip a word we have to say or you may skip a dollar.

Here are a few of the things that cannot help but interest the most fastidious dressers:

In Ladies' Wear we are sole agents for the well-known Jackson Corset Co.'s corsets.

A \$1.50 Corset that hasn't an equal at the price

The J. C. C. Perfection

For all-round corset quality, we know of no model that can compete with this at the price.

It is built on the very latest lines: moderately low bust, prettily rounded waist and shaped to give the now fashionable hipless figure.

The several lines of transverse going run toward the center steel and accomplish the desired hip reduction.

All the materials embodied in this number are the best of their class. The supporters are strong and well made with clasps that can't slip or tear the stockings.

Other Models, \$1.00 to \$5.00



Shoes That Lead The Fashion.

The latest news about what's correct in Fall Footwear is here ready for you. And there's a wonderful diversity of styles, but in our stock the word "DEPENDABILITY" we want you to understand, is first.

Shoes that are made right, the uppers shaped to fit nicely over the foot, to give or to hold snug where needed, the soles of the best oak leather to stand good hard wear.

The list of styles is too long to give, but we have all that's new, neat and attractive. Novelty Effects for Evening Wear, Sturdy Footwear for Daily Use.

Some timely values in Women's and Misses' Shoes at \$2.00 to \$4.00.

Then we would call your attention to our novelties in Hair Ornaments. Some of the newest and most up-to-date things at from 15c to 50c.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL"

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

DISLIKED EAGLE AS SYMBOL

Bird's Adoption as the National Emblem Was Decidedly Unpopular at First.

Gaillard Hunt, chief of the division of manuscripts, has just completed a historical sketch of the great seal of the United States, the sketch telling of the various stages of development through which the seal went before the one now in use was first adopted.

When the continental congress made the obverse of the great seal the national arms it intended that the device should pass into common use among the people, as the flag had done, and like the flag, the arms at first met with general approval, which soon gave place to an acceptance of it as an emblem of the power and sovereignty of the United States, which placed it above criticism.

Not all the fathers of the republic, however, were pleased with the selection of the eagle as the national emblem. When the badge of the order of the society of Cincinnati was made in France, in 1874, it was objected to by some because the displayed eagle resembled a turkey.

"For my part," wrote Benjamin Franklin, January 26, 1784, to his daughter, "I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk, and then when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and her young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him.

"With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward. The little king bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district."

Green Old Age.

One of the inmates of an old woman's home near Vienna is Frau Katharina, who is now in her one hundred and eleventh year. She was married at 20, lived happily with her husband for 70 years and reared her ten children, according to her own words, "in the fear of the Lord." Her husband was a tailor, who received 60 kreutzers—about 24 cents—a day. In speaking of a visit to this remarkable woman a writer in a Vienna paper says: "Tears came into the venerable woman's eyes when she spoke of her husband, who died 20 years ago, but the cloud soon passed away and was replaced by smiles. Her cap, the ruche about her neck, her whole toilet was so tidy that one could see that the desire to look her best, was still strong in the old woman. She does not read, but delights in walking in the garden, and selects as associates only women who can play cards, which is her chief delight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Bad Style for Pickpockets.

The difficulty in reaching the Parisian feminine pocket has been recognized judicially. A thief was charged with picking a lady's pocket in the crowd which watched the Chauchard funeral. His attorney pleaded extenuating circumstances, contrasting the vast wealth of the dead merchant and the poverty of the accused, and also the fact that there had been found on the latter only a pair of glasses, a few coppers and three handkerchiefs. If he had been an experienced criminal, asked the lawyer, wouldn't he have had much more spoil in his possession, considering the unusually large crowd of women?

A policeman, more familiar with the fashions of the day, explained that Paris ladies wear pockets in their petticoats, rendering the operation of pickpockets, decidedly difficult. The judge being a married man, recognized the point and immediately found the accused guilty.

Walking.

He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks. A network of sun and shadow, or a maze of muddy pools, lies before his feet. His cheek feels the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The bend in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant comrade at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hazlitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best gained by solitude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hazlitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Anglo-Saxon blood to sing the open road.

Pride in One's House.

House pride is a thing of recent growth; at any rate, it is a thing of recent and widespread revival. The rich burghers of the past who employed great artists to paint the interiors of their rooms, to perpetuate their glowing carpets, their shining glass, their tablecloths, their china and their chairs, were, doubtless, house proud. But the cult of the house was confined to a small number, while nowadays it is becoming universal. We all worship at the same shrine.—London Spectator.

Literal Evolution of the Man of the World

By ADA MAY KRECKER



WHEN Prof. Lester Frank Ward wrote his "Pure Sociology" a few years ago he alluded to a being formed by mankind as a whole. This being comprises all of human society. He is indeed the true and literal society man. He is the true and literal man of the world.

But although in existence, the man of the world is not yet really born. He is in some early pre-natal stage of evolution. He is in reality less perfectly organized than an ordinary seashore polyp which consists mainly of stomach and has no backbone—two distinguishing features, it may be said, of some members of the genus homo, yet, after all, not characteristic of the normal human type.

The embryonic man of the world, albeit rudimentary, is nevertheless a real organism. He acts as a living whole. The cities, as Spencer viewed them, are big organic centers in his body. The arteries of trade are his circulatory system. As he develops, his sundry parts become coordinated. They hang together better. They knit together more intimately. They act more nearly as one. Instead of multitudes of little beings he begins to behave as one being.

Of this, as our society man grows, we have many tokens. Syndicates, trusts, monopolies are only one phase of the unifying life. Many little businesses formerly competed with each other as different entities, each of which must struggle for a separate existence. Now they merge into one gigantic, throbbing life.

Larger than the city ownerships and organizations are the national. Every added department in Uncle Sam's government is a sign of growth on the part of the manikin of the world. It means an organization of the industries falling under the jurisdiction of that department. And the organization of the industries marks their unification. In the new department of commerce and labor, the latest department to be added to our national government, all the interests of trade, capital and labor are gathered together and identified as never before. And they acquire a national solidarity never hitherto appreciated by Uncle Sam.

These, of course, are government concerns and momentous. But the breaking up of the smaller groups and the building of larger units is not limited to trade or to government. It is patent everywhere. Society methods are an illustration. Last New Year's day 18 young Chicago girls met at the house of a common friend to receive callers of the season. They thought it "so much more fun" than entertaining in a smaller way separately. And therewith they testified to the spirit of the times. A lot of club women are doing the same sort of things perpetually. They relinquish the lesser glory of personal hostess-ship in an individual home and give club concerts, club receptions, club luncheons, club parties of every manner and variety.

The mind of the social organism is growing. The brain of the man of the world is developing.

As he in any or all of his parts evolves there inevitably are changes. Growth implies change. And when the growth is rapid there sometimes is pain. Many of the pseudo troubles of the hour properly are no more than the man of the world's growing pains. They are cause for much rejoicing and congratulation rather than reason for lamentation or for concern. They are marks of advancement in social organization. They are proofs of progress toward the realization of human solidarity.

Quake Greater Than Ever Before

By ELMER SCHIMPFKY

It seemed that quite a number of people have some one particular theory to account for earthquakes, which must be pushed to the front, to the exclusion of all other theories, as if there must necessarily be only one cause in every case. Why may not comets at one time, and planets, by their tidal effects on subterranean molten seas, constitute the essential disturbing factor at other times, without excluding other causes at still other times? I do not believe the interior of the earth is either entirely solid or entirely liquid.

It is the belief of a writer on this subject that we have now entered on the period of national shakings and that the first shaken nation was Italy (southern Italy, Dec. 28, and following days, and northern Italy Jan. 13); the second, much greater, was Persia (Jan. 23), with many more soon to follow, ending with "a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." (Rev. 16:18, 19.) Notice that while nothing is said against the greatness of earthquakes, in geologic periods, previous to the advent of man, yet it is said, as clear as language can make it, that there is a further earthquake greater than any "since men were upon the earth."

Little Left of Ancient Graft at Washington

By W. FREDERICK RUSSELL

There is one of the government departments in Washington—the postoffice, I think—that owns and operates its own ice plant and thereby effects a big saving in the course of a year. If one of the big divisions of Uncle Sam can do this, why can't they all adopt the same policy? It is perfectly feasible for every ton of the ice consumed in the various national bureaus to be manufactured by one big central plant or a number of smaller ones and thereby escape the profit of the ice combine. This reminds me that the government is not being bled in Washington as it once was. In the old days a few local firms got every fat contract for supplies, from pens and inks up through every grade of costly furniture. Each bureau and department bought its individual supplies and that opened wide the door for graft. To-day it is very different; there is a board of awards composed of leading officials and under this board a working committee to execute its orders. Nothing is purchased except on competitive bids and the whole country is invited to compete. The small official grafter and the local merchant have awakened to the fact that a new and different era has dawned and that the ancient rakeoff is gone forever.

AN EASY WAY. How to Cure Kidney Troubles Easily and Quickly.

It is needless to suffer the tortures of an aching back, the misery of backaches, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, or risk the danger of diabetes or Bright's disease. The cure is easy. Treat the cause—the kidneys—with Doan's Kidney Pills.



H. Mayne, Market St., Paris, Tenn., says: "Weak kidneys made my back stiff and lame. The urine was cloudy and irregular and I had to get up many times at night. I lost energy, became weak and could not work. Doan's Kidney Pills removed all the trouble and restored my health and strength."

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

THE LAW'S DELAY.



Hix—What's the best way to never settle a question? Dix—Go to law about it.

Almost Any Mother.

The mother of a large family fell ill and died and the attending physician reported that she died of starvation. It was incredible, but he proved it: The woman had to get the dinner and then spend the next two hours in waiting on the family and getting the children to the table. It was never on record that she got all of them there at the same time and they came straggling in all the way from potatoes to pie. By the time she had wiped the last face, her own hunger had left her and she had no desire to eat. Chickens, the doctor said, come running at feed time, but children don't. A hen has a better chance to eat than a mother.—Achtison Globe.

Valuable Knowledge Spreading.

Every day sees hundreds of new recruits in the war against tuberculosis, and every day brings new methods for the fighting of the plague. The National association predicts that if the present degree of interest is maintained, within five years everybody in the United States will have been informed on the way to prevent and cure tuberculosis, and concerning the infectious nature of the disease. Two things in particular are needed, and for these the National association is working in every way. They are, a more complete registration of tuberculosis cases, and the further isolation of dangerous advanced cases of consumption.

A Sunday Sermon.

One must accept life as it is. It gives us great happiness if we are wise enough to see it, and it balances the scales by sending great sorrows, too.

But that is life.

If you would make the world brighter—try to forget your hurts, dry your eyes and turn to help those who need the pressure of a friendly hand, the encouragement of a smiling look.

Sorrows and troubles of all kinds should teach one a great lesson—the lesson of universal kindness.—New York Times.

ON FOOD

The Right Foundation of Health.

Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, then all kinds of trouble follow.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says:

"Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain, my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living.

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to quit my former diet and try Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it, and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach.

"So I kept on using Grape-Nuts and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress.

"Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull, heavy feeling in my head disappeared, and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and although I felt as if I had been rebuilt, strength and weight came back rapidly and I went back to my work with renewed ambition.

"To-day I am a new woman in mind as well as body, and I owe it all to this natural food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Well-Being."

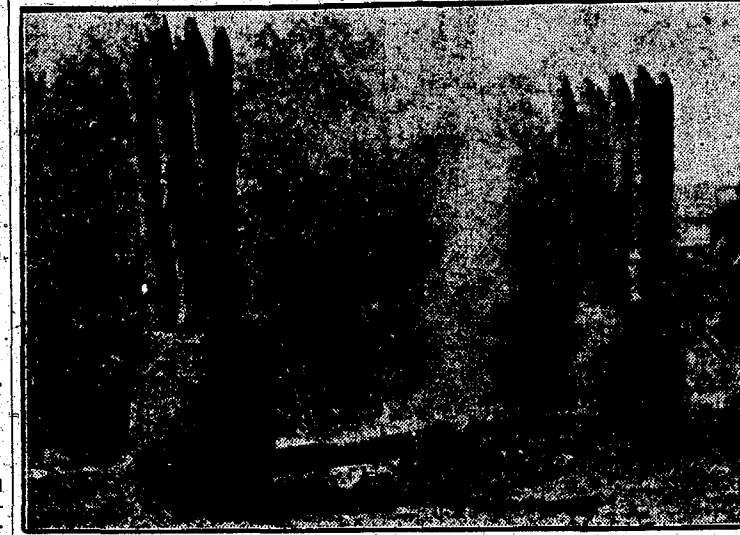
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PRESERVE FARM FENCE POSTS FROM ROTTING

Labor of Replacing Them and How to Secure New and Durable Ones Are Sources of Constant Annoyance and Expense.

Every farmer is familiar with the rotting of his fence posts at the surface of the ground. The labor of replacing them and how to secure new and durable posts are sources of constant annoyance and expense. Even the more durable woods such as chestnut, white oak and cedar, decay in eight or ten years. It is true that there are a few kinds of woods in the United States, such as locust and sape-orange, which give much longer service, but their supply, never very large, is rapidly becoming exhausted.

of merely coating the outside. If the "brush" method, or painting, is used, the creosote should be applied at temperature of about 180 degrees F. Two coats should be given at least 24 hours apart. If the posts are dipped directly into the preservative, the creosote should be heated to about the same temperature. The best results of all can be obtained by first heating the posts in a bath of hot creosote and then either transferring them quickly to a bath of creosote at a lower temperature, or else shutting



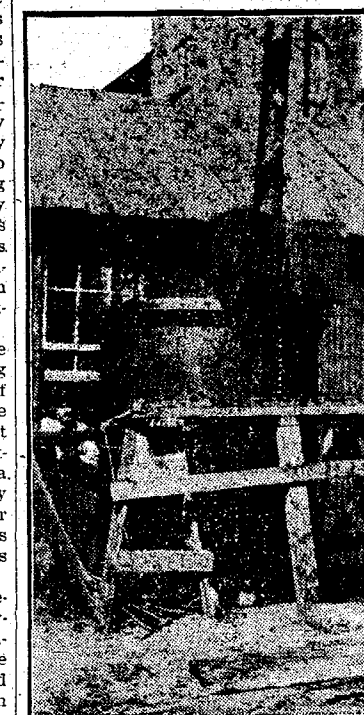
Treating Posts for Preservation.

and the farmer must now look to some other source for his posts. Perhaps directly on his farm there may be a patch of woods which includes such trees as black oak, beech, maple or pine, and cottonwoods and willows may grow along the banks of his streams. These are trees which heretofore have been thought of little or no use for posts, because of the rapidity with which they are attacked by decay. In their natural condition, they will rot in two or three years—too soon to pay for the labor of setting them. The forest service in its study of prolonging the life of fence-posts has found cheap and simple methods of preserving them in a sound condition for an indefinite time, even though they are the poorest and naturally least durable woods.

Decay is not a simple process like the crumbling of stone or the rusting of iron. It is caused by low forms of plant life which thoroughly permeate the wood, discolor it and cause it to become disconnected and "rotten." To preserve the timber in a thoroughly sound condition, it is only necessary to render the wood unfit for the growth of these organisms. This is done by injecting into it substances poisonous to plant life.

One of the most widely used preservatives is creosote, one of the by-products of coal tar. When it is injected into the wood, decay will be retarded indefinitely and an old-field pine or a cottonwood fence post when properly treated, will easily give a life of 20 years or longer. Such a preservative treatment costs about ten cents per post. The creosote can be applied by painting the wood with a brush or dipping it into the liquid, but much better results will be obtained if it is actually injected into the wood instead

off the heat and allowing the posts to remain in the oil as it cools. By such a method, the sapwood will become thoroughly permeated with the creosote.



Dipping the Post.

Full details and specific directions for the treatment of different kinds of posts may be obtained by application to the Forester, Washington, D. C.

CUTTING AND SHOCKING GRAIN

There Are Certain Stages in Maturing to Cure for Storing in Mow.

There are certain stages in the maturing of grains when it is safe to cut and shock in order to cure for the storing in the mow or stack. The old rule of cutting the wheat when the kernel is in the dough is hardly applicable at present. It should stand until the kernel has hardened, but should be cut while the joints of the stem are yet green. Bearded wheats can stand a little longer than the bald varieties, as they do not shell as readily, and the beards are a protection to wheat sprout during moist weather sooner than the bearded varieties.

Barley should be cut at that stage when the most of it has turned white. If allowed to turn yellow there is danger of loss, as the heads, after they turn yellow, break off very easily and are lost. For matting, the barley must be cut while it is white, and if it can be secured without any rain, it is considered in perfect condition. Whether for matting or feed, the white stage, just before it is ripe, is the proper one at which to cut barley in order to get the most grain and best results.

Movable Farm Schools.

The United States department of agriculture recommends the establishment of movable schools of agriculture by the state experiment stations. Where 15 farmers can be secured as students the schools may be conducted for a year or longer. The kind of instruction will depend on the needs of the section.

Feed and Pasturage.

The horses are mostly kept up the year round, fed hay in winter and sowing crops in summer. All the young cattle and dry cows are stable fed on sowing crops during the summer. The cows in milk only are going to the fields, where instead of being turned loose they are secured by tethers.

The tethers are of rope and chain (the chain part has a swivel on it), and are about ten feet in length, and are fastened to a chain about the horns. An iron pin about ten inches long is driven into the ground, with a mallet to keep the animals in place. These pins are pulled up and moved a few inches or a few feet forward two or three times a day, according to the growth of grass in front of them. A herd of milk cows in that way will start at one end of a field ten feet apart, each one eating a swath across the field, when the part first eaten over is ready to be gone over again. In this way a field is gone over a dozen times or more in a season. If the grass in June, as it usually does, gets the start of the cows, it is cut into hay. The winter feed of the cows is a little lock of hay night and morning, possibly four or six pounds, and a bushel or more of cut mangles. It is safe to say that 75 per cent. or more of a Jersey cow's feed in winter is roots.

Alfalfa on Sheep Farms.

I have been much interested in the use of alfalfa on sheep farms, both as a pasture crop and as hay. Last summer, while in France, I saw many flocks hurried on rape and sainfoin fields, this being their only food during the season. The Frenchman is a very light feeder of grain at best to any kind of stock. In fact, sheep get very little as concentrates in France. Yet, over there, alfalfa is a universal and popular crop.—Exchange.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was swung 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. Blake attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. 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 recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

One after another, the keys were welded together, end to end, in a narrow ribbon of steel. The thinnest one, however, was not fastened to the tip until it had been used to burn a groove in the edge of a rib, selected from among the bones, which Miss Leslie had thrown out of the baobab. The last key was then fastened to the others; the blade ground sharp, tempered, and inserted in the groove. Finally, pieces of the keying were fitted in bands around the bone, through notches cut in the ends of the steel blade. The result was a bone-handled, bone-backed knife, with a narrow cutting edge of fine steel.

Long before it was finished Miss Leslie had been forced away by the requirements of her own work. In fact, Blake did not complete his task until late in the afternoon. At the end, he spent more than an hour grinding the handle into shape. When he came to show the completed knife to Miss Leslie, he was fairly aglow with justifiable pride.

"How's that for an Eskimo job?" he demanded. "Bunch of keys and a bone, eh?"

"You are certainly very ingenious, Mr. Blake!"

"Nixy! There's little of the inventor in my top piece—only some hustle and a good memory. I was up in Alaska, you know. Saw a sight of Eskimo work."

"Still, it is very skillfully done." "That may be— Look out for the edge! It'd do to shave. No more bamboo splinters for me—dull when you hit a piece of bone. I'm ready now to skin a rhinoceros."

"If you can catch one!" "Guess we could find enough of them around here, all right. But we'll start in on some of Win's sheep and cattle."

"Oh, do! One grows tired of eggs, and all these sea-birds are so tough and fishy, no matter how I cook them."

"We'll sneak down to the pool, and make a try with the bows this evening. I'll give odds, though, that we draw a blank. Win's got the aim, but no driver. I've got the driver, but no aim. Even if I hit an antelope, I don't think a bamboo-pointed arrow would bother him much."

"Don't the savages kill game without iron weapons?"

"Sure; but a lot have flint points, and a lot of others use poison. I know that the Apaches and some of those other southern Indians used to fix their arrows with rattlesnake poison."

"How horrible!"

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. I guess they thought guns more horrible when they tackled the whites and got the daylight let through 'em. At any rate, they swapped arrows for rifles mighty quick, and anyone who knows Apaches will tell you it wasn't because they thought bullets would do less damage."

"Yet the thought of poison—"

"Yes; but the thought of self-preservation! Sooner than starve, I'd poison every animal in Africa—and so would you."

"I—I— You put it in such a horrible way. One must consider others, animals as well as people; and yet—"

"Survival of the fittest. I've read some things, and I'm no fool, if I do say it myself. For instance, I'm the best here, because I'm the fittest of our crowd in this environment; but back in what's called civilized parts, where the law lets a few shrewd fellows monopolize the means of production, a man like your father—"

"Mr. Blake, it is not my fault if papa's position in the business world—"

"Nor his, either—it's the cursed system! No; that's all right, Miss Jenny. I was only illustrating. Now, I take it, both you and Win would like to get rid of a boss like me, if you could get rid of Africa at the same time. As it is, though, I guess you'd rather have



"I'm Unprepared to Climb Precipices, Even Though My Costume Is That of a Savage."

me for boss, and live, than be left all by your lonesomes, to starve."

"I'm sure there is no question of your leadership, Mr. Blake. We have both tried our best to do what you have asked of us."

"You have, at least. But I know. If a ship should come to-morrow, it'd be Blake to the back seat. —Papa, give this—er—person a check for his services, while I chase off with Winnie, to get my look-in on 'Is Rival' Igniss."

Miss Leslie flushed crimson. "I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Oh, don't let that worry you, Miss Jenny. It don't me. I couldn't be so sure with you if I tried. Just the same, I know what it'll be like. I've rubbed elbows enough with snobs and big bugs to know what kind of consideration they give one of the mahasses—unless one of the mahasses has the drop on them. Hello, Win! What's kept you so late?"

"None of your business!" snapped Winthrop.

Miss Leslie glanced at him, even more puzzled and startled by this outbreak than she had been by Blake's strange talk. But Blake was angered, he did not show it.

"Say, Win," he remarked gravely, "I was going to take you down to the pool after supper, on a try with the bows. But I guess you'd better stay close by the fire."

"Yes; it is time you gave a little consideration to those who deserve it," rejoined Winthrop, with a peevishness of tone and manner which surprised Miss Leslie. "I tell you, I'm tired of being treated like a dog."

"All right, all right, old man. Just draw up your chair, and get all the hot broth aboard you can now," answered Blake, soothingly.

Winthrop sat down; but throughout the meal, he continued to complain over trifles with the peevishness of a spoiled child, until Miss Leslie blushed for him. Greatly to her astonishment, Blake endured the nagging without a sign of irritation, and in the end took his bow and arrows and went off down the cleft, with no more than a quiet reminder to Winthrop that he should keep near the fire.

When, shortly after dark, the engineer came groping his way back up the gorge, he was by no means so calm. Out of six shots, he had hit one antelope in the neck and another in the haunch; yet both animals had made off all the swifter for their wounds.

The noise of his approach awakened Winthrop, who turned over, and began to complain in a whining falsetto. Miss Leslie, who was peering out through the bars of her screen, looked to see Blake kick the prostrate man. His frown showed only too clearly that he was in a savage temper. To her astonishment, he spoke in a soothing tone until Winthrop again fell asleep. Then he quietly set about erecting a canopy of bamboos over the sleeper.

Just why he should build this was a puzzle to the girl. But when she caught a glimpse of Blake's altered expression, she drew a deep breath of

relief, and plucked her way around the edge of her bamboo stakes, to lie down without a trace of the fear which had been haunting her.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mark of the Beast.

MORNING found Winthrop more irritable and peevish than ever. Though he had not been called on watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out. Shortly before dawn, Blake was roused by a pack of jackals, snarling and quarreling over the half-dried seafowl. To charge upon the thieves and put them to flight with a few blows of his club took but a moment. Yet daylight showed more than half the drying frames empty.

Blake was staring glumly at them, with his broad back to Winthrop, when Miss Leslie appeared. The sudden cessation of Winthrop's complaints brought his companion around on the instant. "The girl stood before him, clad from neck to foot in her leopard-skin dress."

"Well, I'll be—dashed!" he exclaimed, and he stood staring at her open-mouthed.

"I fear it will be warm. Do you think it becoming?" she asked, flushing, and turning as though to show the fit of the costume.

"Do I?" he echoed. "Miss Jenny, you're a peach!"

"Thank you," she said. "And here is the skirt. I have ripped it open. You see, it will make a fine flag."

"If it's put up. Seems a pity, though, to do that, when we're getting on so fine. What do you say to leaving it down, and starting a little colony of our own?"

Miss Leslie raised the skirt in her outstretched hands. Behind it her face became white as the cloth.

"Well?" demanded Blake, soberly, though his eyes were twinkling.

"You forget the fever," she retorted mockingly, and Blake failed to catch the quaver beneath the light remark.

"Say, you've got me there!" he admitted. "Just pass over your flag, and scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. We'll have the signal up before noon."

Miss Leslie murmured her thanks, and immediately set about the preparation of breakfast.

When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would bear, he called upon Winthrop to accompany him.

"You can go, too, Miss Jenny," he added. "You haven't been on the cliff yet, and you ought to celebrate the occasion."

"No, thank you," replied the girl. "I'm still unprepared to climb precipices, even though my costume is that of a savage."

pieces, even though my costume is that of a savage."

"Savage? Great Scott! that leopard dress would win against any set of Russian furs a-going, and I've heard they're considered all kinds of dog. Come on. I can swing you into the branches, and it's easy from there up."

"You will excuse me, please." "Yes, you can go alone," interposed Winthrop. "I am indisposed this morning, and, what is more, I have had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled Blake, his patience suddenly come to an end. "Well, let me tell you, Miss Leslie is a lady, and if she don't want to go, that settles it. But as for you, you'll go, if I have to kick you every step."

Winthrop cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake— Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness. A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered, "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and's no more to blame for doing the baby act than he'll be when he gets the delirium, and gabbles."

"I will thank you to attend to your own affairs," said Winthrop. "You're entirely welcome. It's what I'm doing— Do you understand, Miss Jenny?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank you. I have noticed how patient you have been—"

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrop. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of impertinence? In England, now, such insufferable impudence—"

"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill—"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wiggling your legs instead."

Winthrop turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake praised only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't stay in this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think—"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make 'sokes of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone. But as he swung away after Winthrop, she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began singeing the hair from the odds and ends of leopard skin, she discovered a new sensation to add to her list of unpleasant experiences. But she did not pause until the last patch of hair crisped close to the half-cured surface of the hide. Fetching the penknife and her thorn and catgut from the baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along the cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrop to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree, and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crushed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, had so cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent far from difficult even for a young lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Harder Job.

The tributes to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way.

"He's a real good boy, that boy o' yours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and Capt. Lothrop James added his word of approval.

"I like the cut of his jib," he announced, with decision, "and I like his ways; he ain't too forth-putting, nor yet he ain't too stand-offish."

"Thing of it is you and his ma haven't tried to have him brought up, same as most of the summer folks do with their children; he's just been raised like we were, and that's why he gets on with everybody in this town, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

OFFICER CATCHES CHILD FALLING FROM WINDOW

HORRIFIED MOTHER RUSHES WILDLY FROM BUILDING TO FIND HER CHILD SAFE.

Philadelphia.—Caught by Policeman Jackson of the Third and Fairmount avenue police station as he fell from the second-story window of his home in Phillip street, three-year-old Walter Smith is back again in his mother's living room as sound as a dollar and as happy as a three-year-old boy can be.

Walter was in a fine good humor and his mother had her hands full trying to restrain young hopeful.

For a single moment the mother's



The Astonished Policeman Put Out His Arms and Caught It.

back was turned. She heard a pleased gurgle and turned to see what mischief he was into.

He had reached the open window and was leaning far out over the sill. The mother screamed and the baby, leaning farther out, lost his balance and fell. The horrified woman rushed downstairs, sick with fright, sure she would pick up her son crushed and dying.

But she had not reckoned with fate and Policeman Jackson.

Jackson was plodding along his beat at the lucky moment. He did not see the baby. He heard, from somewhere up in the air, a lusty crow.

He looked up and a white, fat bundle shot past his nose and struck him squarely on the shoulder. It bounced half a foot, glanced off and was continuing on its way toward the pavement when the astonished policeman put out his arms and caught it.

BABE HID IN ICE CREAM CAN.

Two-Year-Old, Missing Several Hours, Is Found to Have Been Busy in Store.

Galesburg, Mich.—Mrs. Jonas Wilder, living two miles from here, visited Galesburg, bringing with her a bright little son, a trifle more than two years old. The woman had considerable trading to do, and while her attention was diverted the little fellow disappeared.

A thorough search of the surroundings was made by the anxious parent and villagers, but without avail until accident revealed the child's location.

The disappearance occurred near an ice-cream store, whose proprietor, having an order for three gallons of cream, but being short of receptacles, had utilized a six-gallon freezer in which to deliver the goods. This had been standing outside, and when the time came for its delivery a slight rustling inside attracted attention, and upon lifting the cover, there, comfortably seated in the interior, was the lost child, his face giving evidence that he had been having a "busy time."

How the little one came to be there is conjectural, but the fact of his being seated upright, precluding the theory of his having fallen in, the idea prevails that some older child was back of the joke. That the child felt no fear is proved by the fact that, although provided with no spoon or other utensil, he had used his chubby hands to such good purpose that the freezer was empty of nearly all the cream.

Twists Mouth Awry by Chewing Gum. Mason City.—A young lady of Greene, whose parents demand that her name be withheld, is seriously ill from the effects of chewing gum. She is a student in the high school and one of the most advanced pupils.

A number of years ago she contracted the habit of chewing gum, and she is a slave to it, as much as is the old smoker to his pipe. A few days ago she noticed a peculiar twitching on the left side of her mouth. It grew worse as the day advanced and finally the mouth was drawn out of shape and a physician was summoned. He pronounced the trouble paralysis of the mouth due to mastication.

Physicians fear the mouth will never assume former shape, and that an operation will be necessary in order to prevent deformity.



INVALUABLE for Summer Complaints

Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic and Cramps. Also relieves Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, and Hysterics and Nervousness due to bowel affections.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Carminative Balsam

stops pain immediately and almost invariably brings about speedy recovery. This medicine is just as safe as it is effective. Get a bottle at your druggist's, and keep it always in the house. For the children's sake, don't go away for the Summer without taking a supply along.

Per Bottle, 25c

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant is a reliable remedy for croup and whooping cough, coughs and colds.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Dizziness, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

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OUT OF ORDER.

The Man Who Laughed at Sothorn as Lord Dundreary.

Sothorn was once playing Lord Dundreary in a small town whose regular playgoers plumed themselves on their imperturbable demeanor at the theater. A joker who lived in that town had just returned from New York and gravely put in circulation a hint that it was extremely unfashionable to laugh at comedians.

The hint "took." Sothorn played the first act in a frigid atmosphere. He could not understand it, but he called the company together before the second act and implored them to "pitch in and wake 'em up." They did their utmost, but without perceptible result. Utterly heated, the great laughter maker dived into the dressing room.

Presently the manager of the house joined him.

"Shake, Ned, old boy!" he exclaimed. "You're doing great. Got 'em sure. Never seen a more delighted audience."

"What?" was the dazed response. "Delighted be hanged! They haven't cracked a smile."

"Laughed, sir?" replied the manager. "I should hope not. There was one man that snickered, but we bounced him out afore he knowed what ailed him."

A Mean Revenge.

A mean revenge was that taken by a man whose wife had just eloped. He discovered where the missing couple were living and sent this polite note to the man who had robbed him of his partner:

"Dear Sir—Please find under separate cover one full double set of false teeth, which kindly hand to my late wife, requesting her to return my father's, she having taken same by mistake in the hurry of departure."

Respectability of the Stage.

Miss Amelia Bingham used to have a habit of going to the theater early and sitting in the box office for half an hour before the performance began. One evening while she was there two women came up to the window and asked for two seats. The man was just about to hand them over when one of them said:

"Wait a bit, young man. Tell me, is this a funny show? We are pretty particular. I read in the paper that it was or wasn't frisky—I can't remember which—and I'd like to know for certain."

The man was so taken back that he was nonplused for a moment, when the other woman chimed in with:

"Oh, I guess it's all right, Clara. I saw her act in the 'New Magdalen,' and she was quite respectable then."

Kinship.

The source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So, too, in intercourse with others, every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him, and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together.—Schopenhauer.

A Costly Cheese.

A Scottish farmer was one day selling some wool to a carrier, and after weighing it in the yard he went into the house to make out an invoice. Coming back, he missed a cheese which had been standing on a shelf behind the outer door, and, glancing at the bag of wool, he observed that it had suddenly increased in size.

"Man," he said to the carrier, "I have clean forgotten the weight of that bag. Let's pit it on the scales again."

The carrier could not refuse. Being duly weighed, the bag was found to be heavier by the weight of the cheese inside. A new invoice was made out, and the crestfallen carrier went away.

The farmer's wife at once missed the cheese, and, rushing to the yard, told her husband that some thief had stolen the cheese.

"Na, na, Meg," replied the farmer quietly. "I have just sold the cheese for two shillings the pound."

Startling Motto.

A travelling salesman died very suddenly in Pittsburg. His relatives telegraphed to the undertaker to make a wreath. The ribbon should be extra wide, with the inscription "Rest in peace" on both sides and if there is room, "We shall meet in heaven."

The undertaker was out of town, and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral.

The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription, "Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

No one familiar with the facts can question that such work as is outlined by the Western Michigan Development Bureau will tremendously stimulate the growth of Western Michigan.

The Story of a Medicine.

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

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

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

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

The Shoe that Stands Rough Play

That won't quickly wear through the soles or kick out at the toes—MAYER'S SPECIAL MERIT SEAMLESS SCHOOL SHOES—have seamless uppers, all one solid piece of selected leather. They are made with double-leather toes.

You won't get more substantial and longer wearing shoes, no matter where you go.



If you want to get out from under the burden of shoe expense, buy Mayer's Special Merit School Shoes.

C. A. HUDSON
Exclusive Agent.

We Carry Both Tea and Coffee



Of the very best and highest grade—the kind the critical people use and praise. Our Tea has a delightful flavor and pleases the palate from the first taste. We draw our supplies from the finest plantations and they are just pure Tea and Coffee without the slightest suspicion of adulteration. If you will favor us by trying these you'll always buy them after.

Sherman & Son.

INTEREST GROWS

People of Western Michigan Are Coming to Realize Opportunities About Them.

WESTERN MICHIGAN DEVELOPMENT BUREAU LAYS OUT EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN.

As evidence of the growing interest felt concerning land and farming, there will be held a national Land and Irrigation Exposition at the Coliseum in Chicago, for two weeks following November 29 next.

The original intention was to devote this exposition to a demonstration of the capabilities of costly western irrigated land, but the demand for space by other sections obliged the originators to make it truly national in scope.

The Western Michigan Development Bureau was fortunate in securing 1,500 feet of floor space. It is the intention of the bureau, which embraces the Western Michigan counties of Charlevoix, Antrim, Grand Traverse, Leelanau, Benzie, Manistee, Wexford, Mason, Lake, Oceana, Newaygo, Emmet and Muskegon, to display at the Coliseum the varied products of the farms and orchards of this section.

The exhibit will cost \$12,000, but there is no doubt that it will prove wonderfully advantageous in informing the country of the remarkable characteristics of Western Michigan, "the land of opportunity."

Agriculture is the most important of all industries. No land adapted to raising such grand crops as Western Michigan can ever fail to be prosperous. The extent of land now available for settlement is but a drop in the bucket compared with what existed in this country only a few years ago. A few years more and there will be no more cheap land.

Not only is the land of Western Michigan still comparatively cheap, but this section offers opportunities for profitable agriculture not equalled elsewhere in the world.

Its central locality, close to the great central consuming market of the nation puts it in a class above the western irrigated land. In Michigan irrigation is unnecessary. Our land is beautifully watered by lakes and never failing streams. The rainfall is abundant and certain through the growing season. Our soil is such that an excess of rain is never harmful. It is perfectly adapted in chemical constituents to the climate, and the present fine crops of potatoes, corn, rye, peas, root crops, clover and so forth were clearly foretold in the grand forests which once covered this section.

The protection afforded by Lake Michigan is the clue to Western Michigan's climate, which is the most equable between the Rocky and Allegheny mountains. All winter long the lake tempers the blasts of west and northwest winds so that Michigan averages 25 degrees warmer than Wisconsin and the northwest.

In the spring the lake holds back fruit buds and vegetation until danger from early frosts is past. Through the summer the great lake tempers the breezes so that the air is moderate in temperature and heavily laden with moisture to refresh vegetation. It prevents tornadoes as well, they being unknown in the twelve counties named.

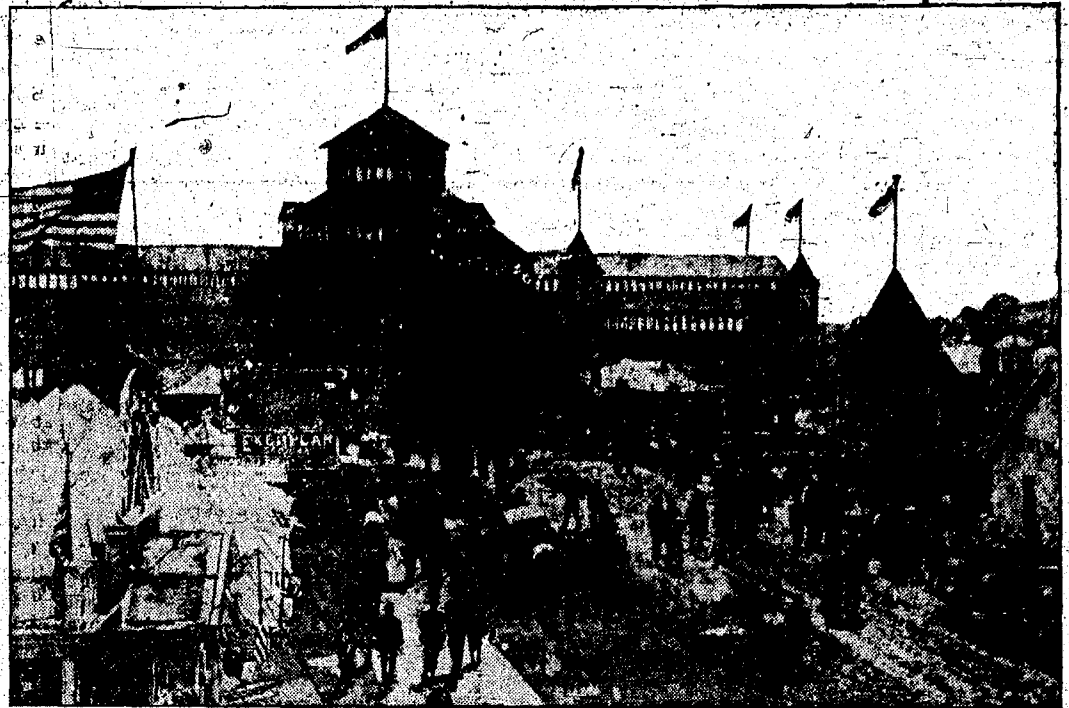
The light soil of Western Michigan responds quickly to the sun's genial rays so that by midsummer crops are as far advanced as those elsewhere ways fit to be worked, and is cultivated at small part of the expense of working heavy land.

This light land is underlaid with water everywhere, and it holds moisture so that when rains are infrequent, a rare occurrence, it still encourages growth and fruition when clay lands are baked.

This section is in no remote, uncivilized land. Here are railroads and villages and schools and markets. It is veritably "the land of opportunity" for the man who wants a chance to earn a competence and more, to rear a family and make a place for himself in a thriving community.

At the rate our land is being taken up now by settlers it is easy to foresee the time in a few years when our land will be worth from three to five times what it now sells for. These facts need only to be presented to homeseekers to be appreciated, and will stimulate the flood of immigration, so that thousands of productive farms will be started in this favored section and prosperity will result as the reward for the efforts now being put forth.

More farms mean more villages and interurban railroads and a lower rate of taxation. More farms mean more customers for our stores and shops and factories. More farms mean more money released in our communities at harvest time. More farms mean more money banked in our savings banks, a higher value for present farms, more canning factories, more work for factory people, an enhanced prosperity in every direction and a higher plane of living. To give Western Michigan the advantages which nature intended her people to enjoy is in short the object of the Western Michigan Development Bureau. The Bureau is composed of representative business men and farmers in the thirteen counties. It extends to all the people of all the thirteen counties an invitation to join hands in a great democratic membership for mutual advantage and to help build here a great and prosperous commonwealth that will make Western Michigan known the world over.



ART HALL AT WEST MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.

The Art Hall is the main building of the West Michigan State Fair, which will this year be held in Grand Rapids, Sept. 13 to 17, inclusive. The rotunda center of Art Hall is 106 feet in diameter and 110 feet in height to the base of the flagstaff surmounting it. In the eight wings extending from this rotunda, with their spacious galleries, are housed some of the fair's most interesting exhibits, such as furniture, stoves, pianos and other manufactured goods, photography, painting, sculpture, art needle and fancy work, children's handiwork and the attractive educational exhibits of the city and country schools. Art Hall is always thronged with those interested in the finer attractions of the fair. The West Michigan State Fair will be held Sept. 13 to 17, and low rates will prevail on all railroads.

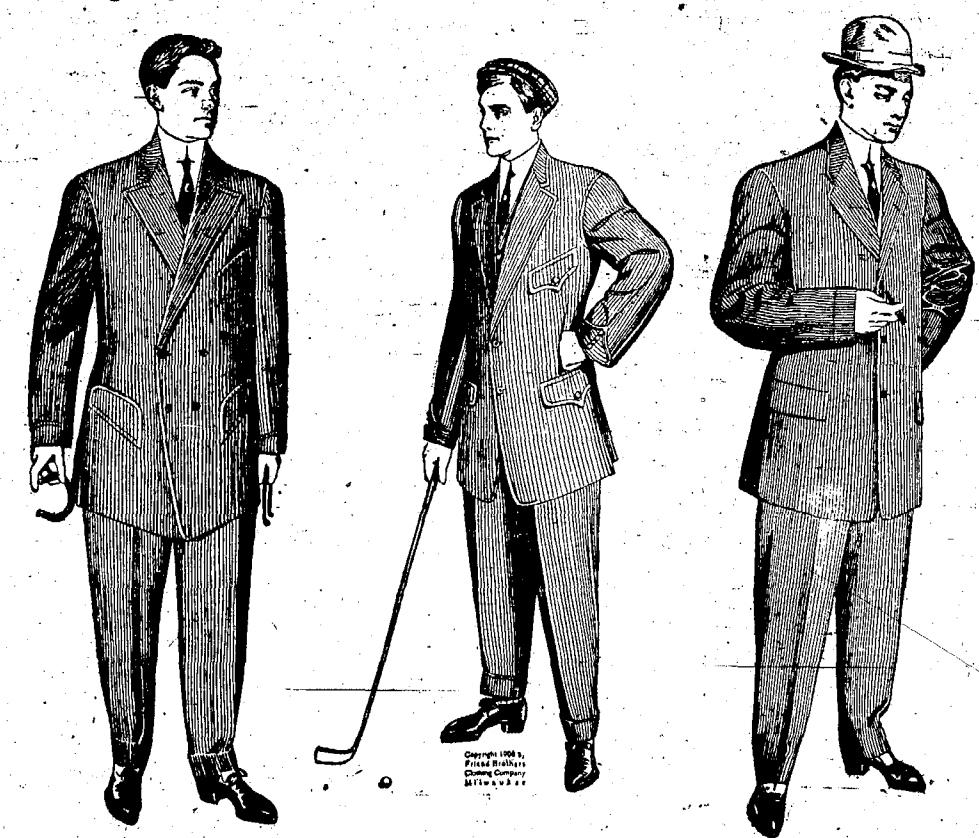
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

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

"A Royal Slave" to-night at Opera House.

The Str. Hum is now running on her two-trip-a-day schedule.

Charlevoix County had 16 deaths and 28 births during the past month. The new Edison Records for September are now on sale at Mack's Jewelry Store.

The Everett B. Clark Seed Co. will commence their annual sowing of Peas and Beans next Monday. A force of 30 will be employed.

A Labor Day Dance will be held at Votraba Hall next Monday night, under management of Chas. J. Johnson.

Pros. Atty A. B. Nicholas has been suffering the past couple of days from ptomaine poisoning. He is able to be around again, however.

If you want an excellent dessert, stop at Hamilton's and take home a quart of Johnson's delicious Ice Cream. There is none better.

At Charlevoix, Monday, Albert Staley of Charlevoix and Miss Sadie Murphy of East Jordan were united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage.

Rev. Geo. Allan, who has been here out of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Palmiter, returned to his home at Gilman, Ill., Thursday, accompanied by his little son, Dewitt.

The Str. Hum will run an Excursion to Boyne City next Sunday. Ball game, Mancelona vs. Boyne. Boat leaves East Jordan at 10:00 a. m. Round trip 50c.

Dr. Davis and Dave Vaughn are at East Jordan trying out their fast stepping horses on the race course preparatory to entering them in the races at the county fair.—Boyne Journal.

Supt. J. T. Northon has rented a dwelling and his family will be here probably in a week or so. His household consists of his wife, four daughters and one son. His eldest daughter is a student at Alma College.

M. L. Gillespie, station agent for the Pere Marquette at this place the past year, has accepted a position as train dispatcher for the Michigan Central on the D. & C. line and will remove to East Jordan.—Bellare Independent.

A social dance was held at the opera house Wednesday evening given by our younger set as a sort of farewell to the different teachers who leave here for their respective schools. Over forty couples attended and a fine time enjoyed.

"A Royal Slave" is too well known to East Jordan people to need any special introduction. The production this season is said to be fully as good, and even better than ever, and is equipped with a new scenic outfit. See it to-night at Loveday Opera House.

Leave your laundry at Mack's Jewelry Store.

J. J. Votraba was down to Charlevoix, Saturday.

Frank B. Gannett was a Detroit visitor this week.

Mrs. Geo. Rubling is at Detroit visiting for a month.

You can get Johnson's delicious Ice Cream at Hamilton's.

Mrs. H. A. Carr was guest of Charlevoix friends recently.

Mrs. A. B. Cross is guest of her parents at Central Lake.

Fred Falls is here from Ontario, Cal., renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs. H. A. Gifford of Bancroft is guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Miles.

Mrs. Lou Cregan of Chicago is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l Ramsey.

The South Bend Watch is low in price, but high in quality. Mack, the Jeweler sells them.

Mrs. Louis Bashaw left Monday for a visit with friends at Lexington, Neb., and other places.

Mrs. Kathryn Walsh is receiving a visit from her niece, Mrs. Wm. Dooley of Ware, New Mexico.

Rev. Maurice Grigsby returned to his home in Paw Paw after a brief visit with his parents and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Hudson are receiving a visit from the latter's uncle, Curry Miller of Caro, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Supernaw of Wellsburg are here visiting friends. We understand they intend to remain here for the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grigsby, Mrs. Suleeba and Miriam and Mrs. C. S. Grigsby of Kalamazoo left for Grand Rapids on Thursday morning.

Mrs. James Thompson and Mrs. Hackett left on Monday for a trip west to Tacoma, and Seattle, Wash., where each will visit their sons.

Harold B. Lamport left on Friday for Ewen, in the upper peninsula, where he is re-engaged to superintend the public schools for the coming year.

B. C. Hubbard & Co. invite the ladies of East Jordan and vicinity to call and examine their beautiful line of Suits and Jackets for Fall and Winter wear.

Mrs. Fanny Boswell, Miss Ida Boswell and John Boswell were East Jordan visitors this week attending the marriage of W. T. Boswell and Miss Grace Gregory. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmiter.

Floyd, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Murphy of Echo died on the 26th after a short illness, aged 20 months. Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. Murphy's parents, Rev. A. D. Grigsby officiating, and the body was laid in the Morehouse Cemetery.

Buy Muma's Bread: Three loaves for 10c.

Leave your laundry at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Go to Hudson for School Shoes. None better.

The Parker "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pens are the best.

Three Loaves of Bread for 10c at Muma's. All kinds of Pie, 10c.

Artists' Supplies—Oils, Paints, Brushes, etc.—At Payton's Pharmacy.

Mrs. King and sons from Homer, Mich., is visiting at the home of Ira Miles.

Mrs. A. Tindale returned first of the week from a visit with friends at Manton.

The new Edison Records for September are now on sale at Mack's Jewelry Store.

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

Our Fall and Winter line of Suits and Jackets are now on display.—B. C. Hubbard & Co.

Try other Ice Cream and then try Johnson's—it's the cream that will please you. For sale at Hamilton's.

Will Supernaw is visiting friends in town this week. He is at present buying for a produce firm at Grand Rapids.

For the first three days of school we offer a 5c lead pencil to each pupil purchasing a tablet.—Payton's Pharmacy.

Big reduction on School Shoes from Friday, Aug. 27th to Sept. 5th, at The Fair Store, Wallace Weiss, Prop'r.

Mrs. Floyd VanSteenburg accompanied her mother, Mrs. James Hudson, to her home at Lake City, Minn., for a visit.

Allan D. Grigsby left for Cheboygan yesterday to take up his duties as principal of the Gerow and Galbraith schools.

School Shoes at Hudson's. Purchase either a pair of our "Hoosier," or "Mayer's Special Merit Seamless" and you'll get every cent of your money's worth.

A complete line of Ladies Fall and Winter Suits and Skirts will be on display next week and we invite the ladies to call and examine them.—Miss Genevieve Senecal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Leach of Leslie, Mich., are spending a few days with Rev. W. W. Lamport and family. They were formerly parishioners of Mr. Lamport.

Imitation Quarter-Sawed 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.

Mrs. E. P. Hubbard and Miss Lydia Cook left Monday for Cincinnati where they select winter goods for B. C. Hubbard & Co. During their absence the store is in charge of Mr. Hubbard and Misses Margaret Bowman and Gladys Kenney.

For Sale, or Exchange for good property in East Jordan, Boyne City, or Charlevoix—very desirable Residence Properties in Frankfort, Mich. Will consider either city or farm property if it is right.—Address or call on W. A. Loveday, East Jordan.

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

Among The Steeple.

Rev. A. D. Grigsby will preach in the school house at Mount Bliss on Sunday afternoon.

The Young People's Choir will give another song service at the Methodist church Sunday evening, Sept. 12.

The Methodist Women's Foreign Missionary Society will meet on the West Side with Mrs. R. J. Wing Tuesday, Sept. 7th. A good program and a hearty welcome.

The pastor of the Presbyterian church will conduct both services at 10:30 and 7:30. A hearty welcome to all strangers. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00, Senior C. E. at 6:45.

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.

Services at the Methodist church each sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The Sunday School session at noon, and Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Strangers and citizens alike welcome.

Our stock of Plain White Crockery is complete.—E. A. Lewis.

Phonographs and Records sold on easy payments by Mack, the Jeweler.

The latest styles of Iron and Steel Beds at Whittington's.

Try our Teas and Coffees.—E. A. Lewis.

Leave your laundry at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Call and see these guaranteed Springs at Whittington's.

Closing out Oxforde and All Summer Goods at The Fair Store.

Three Loaves of Bread for 10c at Muma's. All kinds of Pie, 10c.

Artists' Supplies—Oils, Paints, Brushes, etc.—At Payton's Pharmacy.

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

Fruit of all kinds just received. Peaches 25c per basket—E. A. Lewis.

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

Try Johnson's delicious Ice Cream—it's the best in town. For sale at Hamilton's.

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

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

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

The largest stock and newest styles in Iron Beds at Whittington's.

You have missed a treat if you have not tried Johnson's delicious Ice Cream.

Death of John Crawford.

John Crawford, a well-known resident of this section, died Tuesday last at his home near here, after an illness of some length. The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church, Rev. A. D. Grigsby officiating, and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends and by the Macabees who acted as pallbearers. Interment was made in the Lakeview Cemetery. Mr. Crawford was a Charter member of North Star Tent No. 130, K. O. T. M. M.

John Crawford was born in Lawrence County, New York, 55 years ago and he came to this state and neighborhood when quite a young man and has resided here ever since.

He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, two sons and one daughter.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Aug. 14, 1909.

Letters.
Austin, Forest Brown, Mrs. Edith Firman, John H. Huston, John Bucher, L. J. (Card)

FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

WE WANT YOUR APPLES.

We have commenced packing and shipping apples and respectfully solicit the patronage of the farmers in this locality, assuring them of the highest market price. Call us up by phone—No. 206—for prices or call at our Warehouse.

E. E. Brown.

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.
Boyne City, Mich.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2600
Officers:
W. P. Porter, President
W. L. French, Vice Pres.
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier
B. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier

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

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

It's a pity when sick one drug the stomach or stimulate the heart and kidneys. That is all wrong! A Weak Stomach means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Sloop's Restorative is promptly helping Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for the actual cause of these ailments—the falling "inside nerves." Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by James Gidley.

School Shortly Opening.

We take it that what the progressive up-to-date customer is after today is primarily values. Nevertheless he must have the drawing qualities which means style, durability, finish. That's what we are showing. What we want is the customer who appreciates those advantages. Our lines are complete, carried in sizes and widths and comprise everything needed to equip a first-class shoe department.

New goods arriving daily in all departments. Please call and examine them.



L. WIESMAN

Big 5c and 10c Sale Now On

To make room for our Holiday line, we must clear the shelves, and in order to do this we are obliged to put many articles that are worth 25c on the 10c counter and many worth 15 and 10 cents on the 5c counter. Now is your time to investigate our counters and not wait until your neighbors come and tell you what beautiful things they got for 10 cents.

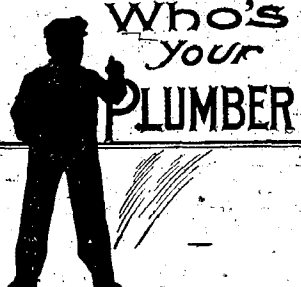
Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

5c LEAD PENCIL FREE 5c

We will give a 5c Lead Pencil Free to every purchaser of a Tablet at our store during the first three days of school.

PAYTON'S PHARMACY

Who's Your PLUMBER



SPENCER OF COURSE.

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

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

MARINE SUPPLIES.
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

New Fall and Winter Woolens

Call and examine our beautiful line of Fall and Winter Samples of Men's Overcoats, Suits, Trousers, etc.

FREIBERG, The Tailor.

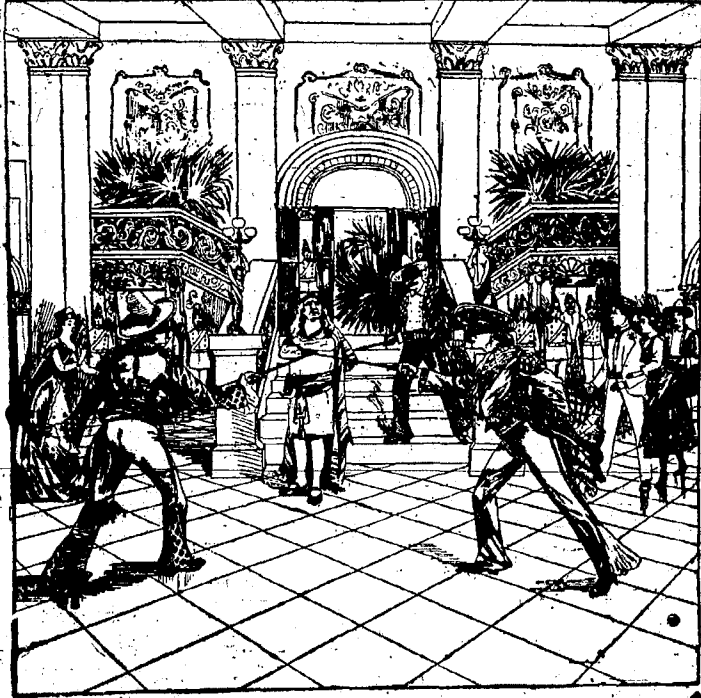
Special Price On Meats:

Sirloin 14c Porterhouse 14c
Round 12c All Roasts 10c
Stews 6c to 8c

All Cold Meats At Prices That Are Right.

Cummins & Alcott, State Street

TONIGHT!



Scene from "A Royal Slave."

See the great scenic production
A ROYAL SLAVE
SATURDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 4th
LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE

THE CASE of JIM DISMUKES

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE STORY



I HAVE attempted to vary these stories of circumstantial evidence," said Judge Sturgis at the weekly meeting of the Calf Skin club, "by putting in my little contribution to this symposium in the style of fiction. The facts, however, are drawn from my own experience. As it is my first attempt at anything outside the paths of legal literature I crave the indulgence of you all. With your permission I will read my story." The judge then read the following narrative in a manner that showed he had not, during his years on the bench, forgotten his early skill before a jury.

Jim Dismukes sat in mute resignation and stared into the face of the judge; that stern yet sometimes kindly old face that meant so much to Jim. He wondered in his simple way why there should be so much of trouble and so much of solemnity about so unimportant a member of the community as himself. He wondered more than all why that terrible, unknown thing called the law had seen fit to drag him from his little log home and keep him through those long months shut up behind the barred windows of the modest county jail while, except for the doubtful attention of "Bill," his half-grown boy, the little ten-acre patch might be growing up in ragweed and cocklebur.

Of course Jim knew that one dark and forbidding night a traveler tramping homeward along the little frequented highway that ran into the timber just beyond his place had stumbled over the body of young Arthur Ballard. Jim knew—people said Ballard had been murdered. He knew when he went with the crowd to look at the body by the dim, early morning light, he had seen that reeking, horrible gunshot wound in his breast, and he had trembled and grown pale. He knew he was charged with firing the shot that made that wound. And Jim also knew, deep down in his own heart, whether or not this charge was true. Jim knew, and this knowledge it was now the duty of a judge, twelve men and a state's attorney to drag forth.

As Jim sat before those terrible inquisitors and watched the changing play upon the countenance of the judge—a tow-headed, stubby-nosed baby slid from his mother's lap, negotiated the distance to Jim upon all fours, and began his perilous ascent of his long and awkward legs. Jim bent over and patted the little head, but Sally Ann grabbed the child to her lap again with the whispered injunction:

"There now, Buddy mustn't bother pappy. Pappy's busy."

"Pappy" was indeed busy.

The last man of the panel had just been accepted by both sides.

"I wish I had 11 more—just like him," thought Clay Sheppard, the young and ambitious state's attorney, as he passed the veniremen over to the defense.

"I can trust him at least to give Jim a square deal," thought old Tom Robinson who had volunteered to save Jim, if possible, simply because he couldn't help doing kind deeds any more than he could help living.

The twelfth man truly was an ideal jurymen. In a small community the questioning of a venireman is largely a matter of form. Either the state or the defense can tell long before the trial by looking over the list of veniremen what men they would like to have on the jury. Amos Watson was one of those who would have been picked in advance by both sides. A farmer of expansive acres, which lay in the high priced prairie beyond the timber of which Jim's place was a clearing, he was identified with all that was progressive in the community. He was a deacon in the church, a director in the bank, an officer in the county fair association, and, in fact, held most of those honors which, beyond the city, are the capstones of success. He was indeed an ideal jurymen. In the city he would have been challenged for cause, for, with all the rest of his good qualities, he was intelligent.

The attorney for the state then arose for his opening. As he described with the minutest detail Jim's movements upon the fatal night, Jim writhed and would have given all the world, yes, even his precious ten acres, to have escaped the stares that seemed to burn into the back of his wrinkled neck. At the same time he vaguely wondered how the state's attorney knew things about him that he didn't know himself.

Then old Tom Robinson brought tears to Jim's eyes as he referred casually to Jim's "devoted wife, his honest faced boy, soon to grow into manhood and the little innocent babe that prattled at its father's knee." Older and sterner eyes than Jim's would be

bathed in tears when Old Tom Robinson returned to this motif in his closing appeal.

And the evidence began to pile up that sent Jim farther and farther away from the little log home and the ten acre patch. Circumstantial all of it, but each link forged and polished into a perfect chain that it would take a stronger hand than Jim's to break. There was the quarrel over the sucking pig that young Ballard killed while driving over the big prairie farm in his light top buggy to hit it up with the boys in town. There was the story of Jim's way-laying him, as with a companion, he dashed back again late in the night, and much the worse for his evening's



fun," of Jim's catching his horse's

bridle and demanding payment for the worthless runt; and then of the cruel, stinging back-handed cut across the face with Ballard's buggy whip and Jim's sullen threat "to get even with the damned stuck-up of he had to fill him full of buckshot."

And there was the evidence of Ballard's often walking home past Jim's house and through the timber, when, with the open-heartedness that was one of his many weaknesses, he had loaned the mare and buggy to some one of his cherished town companions; of the finding of the body just beyond the Dismukes fence corner; yes, even the marks of feet that Jim's boots fitted so exactly.

Then the state's attorney sprung the star witness, a mute one but with a story so plain that duller jurymen than these 12 could have read it from afar. It was but a circular bit of newspaper probed by the doctor from the wound in Arthur Ballard's breast. Alone it meant nothing. Fitted into the newspaper found under the Dismukes family bed, with every indenture interlacing with a nicety that could never have been accidental, it was as damning as the warrant of death itself. Then there was the muzzle loading shotgun behind the door, freshly fired, according to the firm opinion of well qualified experts in the person of local sportsmen and the village gunsmith.

What had Jim Dismukes to offer to all this crushing weight of evidence? What mattered it though he declared in an aggrieved tone to the judge, whom he persisted in addressing instead of the jury:

"Judge, I found that paper the mornin' I went to look at the corpse. I fetched it home fer Bill's jest learnin'." read an I thought as how he might spell out some o' the news 't me an' his ma. I jest shoved it under the bed an' forgot all about it. As fer shootin' the gun, I reckon that part's correct. I shot her en-most every day, an' we hed rabbit that evenin' by reason of me shootin' it. But I ain't never kill nothin' but critters 'an' varmints 'th that gun. Honest, I ain't judge."

Of what avail was the evidence of young Bill that on the night in question his father had not left the house but had sat up nearly all the night blowing tobacco smoke into young

Bill's ear for the ear ache. But then what match was young Bill for an astute and ambitious state's attorney. It might have been some other night that young Bill had the ear ache. He had it many times, and young Bill wasn't very strong on the calendar, anyway. The evidence of Sally Ann might have corroborated that of her first born, but a wise and beneficent law holds such evidence prejudicial to the minds of jurymen, and a wife cannot come to her husband's aid in such a dire extremity.

The usual character witnesses, the last ditch of a to-be-trying cause, put in the usual evidence that Jim Dismukes had always borne a good reputation in his neighborhood for peaceableness and quiet, and this evidence was duly torn to pieces under the cross fire of the prosecution.

When the arguments came at last Jim again sank down as far as possible in his cane-bottomed chair and stared in wonder and admiration at the ambitious young state's attorney as he writhed and perspired in a burst of oratory that painted Jim Dismukes a terrible, blood-sucking monster going up and down the earth seeking whom he might devour—as he threw back his long black hair and raised his trembling hands to the cracked ceiling and called down the vengeance of high heaven upon the foul murderer of Arthur Ballard.

Jim wondered if God could see the state's attorney through the cracks in the plaster. Sally Ann hugged Buddy to her breast and wept softly. Old Tom Robinson hoped the jury saw her.

And then everybody wept when old Tom rose and got his foot on the soft pedal. Even the judge buried his head in the record before him and blew his nose usefully. The state's attorney began to wonder if being the stern avenger of an outraged law was such an honor, after all.

Jim listened intently to the judge's instructions, but could make neither head nor tail of them. Something about mallets, he thought, but he couldn't remember anything about mallets, and he had understood all along it was a shotgun. But the judge knew better than he did, perhaps.

When the jury fled off into the little room back of the judge's rostrum, the tension broke and the court

room hummed like a hive of bees. Above the hum could be heard the scratch, scratch, scratch of the judge's pen as he wrote up the chancery record.

Jim felt like a shipwrecked sailor who had a breathing spell in his fight for life during a lull in the storm. He played with the crowing and strenuous Buddy and when he thought nobody was looking seized and pressed Sally Ann's work-worn hand.

"It's all right, Sally," he whispered. "Mr. Robinson, he fetched 'em, I reckon."

The minutes dragged into hours, and the jury had not returned. The judge fidgeted and finally sent a bailiff to inquire if the jury wished any further explanation of the law. As the shadows through the small paned windows lengthened into evening the word came that the 12 were in hopeless disagreement. Something at the judge's waistband reminded him that his supper was getting cold and he ordered the jury in. The whisper went round that they stood 11 for conviction and one for acquittal. Only mental telepathy can explain how news like this flies through a crowded court room.

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spotted and sodden supper and the double cost to the county in another trial. He mentioned only one of these, however, in his scathing rebuke to the 12 men that stood before him. He reminded them that they had fallen in their sworn duty and were unworthy to bear the name of citizen.

Then stood forth Amos Watson, the ideal jurymen.

"May I have the permission of the court to say a few words," he began. "Eleven men on this jury are not deserving of this rebuke. One man deserves it all and more. I am that man. I have held out in this case for acquittal and as my fellow jurymen labored with me to bring me to their way of thinking I have fought out a battle with myself and my maker. It has been a fight that has extended beyond this court room back six months to the time of the death of young Arthur Ballard. It has been with me waking and sleeping. But now, thank God, I have won the victory and I am ready to tell this court why I could not consent to the conviction of Jim Dismukes for murder. It is only because he is innocent. I killed Arthur Ballard!"

There was a hush, and then a murmur and then a roar which it took the combined rappings of the sheriff and all his deputies to quell.

"Go on, Mr. Watson, tell what you have to tell," sternly commanded the judge, as the "ideal jurymen" stood and mopped his brow.

out. I knew that another jury would hang Jim. And then, thank God, the victory was given to me and if you knew the load of remorse and agony that the telling has lifted from my shoulders you would not wonder at my coolness."

"But, Mr. Watson, you had a motive, a strong motive?" queried the judge.

"Yes, judge, I had a motive, a strong motive. You have a daughter, judge. So have I. You would not want to see your daughter's name dragged in the mire of a case like this. Neither do I. But I had a strong motive."

"James Dismukes is discharged from the bar of this court, and the court regrets the injustice that has been put upon him. The sheriff will take Amos Watson into custody. I'm sorry for you Amos. I'm glad for you, Jim," said the Judge, hastily.

"I knew Mr. Robinson would fetch 'em," cried Jim Dismukes, loyal to the last as he lifted Buddy in his big strong hands and kissed the dirty, chubby face.

It would not be becoming in the author of these narratives to mention the reception accorded by the Calf Skin club to Judge Sturgis' story.

"And were you the judge?" queried half a dozen members in unison. "No, gentlemen," answered Judge Sturgis. "I was the ambitious young state's attorney."

HEARTFELT SYMPATHY.



Wife—If my first husband were alive we should be celebrating our silver wedding to-day.
Husband—What a pity he died so soon.

Sore throat is no trifling ailment. It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food that is eaten. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a sure, quick cure.

When you hear a girl speak of a young man as being a bear—well, you can draw your own conclusions.

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

An easy beginning doesn't always justify the finish.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

—Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." —Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

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

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 ready to serve at meal time. Saves work and worry in summer.

Other Libby "Healthful" Meal-Time-Hints, all ready to serve, are:

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- Vienna Sausage
- Veal Loaf
- Evaporated Milk
- Baked Beans
- Ohow Ohow
- Mixed Pickles

"Purity goes hand in hand with Products of the Libby brand."

Write for free Booklet, "How to make Good Things to Eat."

Insist on Libby's at your grocers. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago



(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

Designs of Merit



LAWN DRESS.—Of course, this dress is made up without lining in either bodice or skirt. Our model is in white lawn, but colored lawn or white spotted or printed muslin would be equally suitable.

The skirt, which is slightly full at the waist, has a deep-gathered flounce that is trimmed with insertion; it is gathered at the top, then set to insertion, which is joined to the edge of skirt below the three tucks; the top is gathered to a waist-band fastened at the back.

The bodice is cut to the waist, and is joined to top of skirt-band; it has a yoke of open-work embroidery outlined with insertion; the lawn is tucked three times between band and yoke. The lawn sleeves are also tucked, the tight-fitting lower parts being of embroidery to match the yoke. The waist-band fastens at the side under a rosette, from which hangs a knotted end finished with tassels.

Materials required: 10 yards lawn 36 inches wide, 1 1/4 yards embroidery 18 inches wide, about 3 1/4 yards insertion.

Design for Linen.—Here is a semi-princess dress of linen in a soft shade of pink. The front panel, that extends the whole length of skirt and bodice, is edged outside with embroidery edging about two inches wide; this is set under a beading of embroidery, through which narrow ribbon is threaded; the skirt is tucked twice above the hem at sides and back; and the fulness at waist is set in tiny tucks extending over the hips; tucks are also made over the shoulders, and in sets of three round the sleeve. The fastening is in center back.

Hat of fancy crinoline, trimmed with ribbon and ostrich feather tips. Materials required: for the dress, 7 yards 42 inches wide, 4 yards embroidery, 4 yards insertion.

WAYS OF CLEANING CHIFFON. CHIFFON FOR THE SLEEVES.

Material Requires Care in Cleansing, and Some Time Must Be Devoted to the Work.

Chiffon should be washed in soap lather by carefully rolling and pressing between the hands, then rinsed in clean water and stiffened in gum water, one tablespoonful to a quart of a pint of water.

Roll in a cloth to absorb some of the moisture, but it must not be too dry when it is ironed.

To iron chiffon, it must be placed on the table wrong side up and ironed along the selvedge, as ironing across would displace the fibers and destroy the appearance of the delicate fabric.

When the chiffon is being ironed it ought to be held tightly up in front of the iron to remove wrinkles that are produced by washing and to make it quite even and smooth.

Chiffon ties with a natural crepon crinkle should not be ironed, but instead the ends should be pinned out on a table, the tie just stretched enough to permit of the crinkles falling into their natural shape.

When dry fold it without pressing the folds in, air and put carefully away.

LINGERIE WAIST.



Delicate waist of linen batiste made with groups of tucks and elaborately trimmed with embroidery and cluny lace.

Hat Brims Turned Up.

Hats are turned up at all angles around the brim, and the small hats are made by turning up the brim of an ordinary size hat very sharply at each side, while the brim in front and at the back is quite narrow; sometimes the brim is turned up at the right side (while the trimming is exclusively on the left), and sometimes at the back.

Gives Right Touch to the Transparent Materials So Popular in Hot Weather.

The fashion of wearing transparent sleeves is certainly a comfortable one during warm weather; hence its great popularity, for these sleeves cover every type of arm imaginable—arms so fat they resemble small bolsters, thin arms, white arms and hollow ones. Indeed, until one has spent half an hour in the shopping district it is hard to believe there could be such a variety of arms. The fashion may be a pretty one as well as a comfortable one if the wearers would only back the sleeves with a thin white chiffon or mousseline de soie. This tone may be used whether the sleeves are white, black or a color.

A novelty in parasols is being shown by a Broadway house that will appeal to patriotic young women. The covering is of the regulation tan khaki, embroidered with emblems of the different regiments in scarlet mercerized thread.

Another novelty displayed at the same shop is a line of very pretty raffia belts at \$1 each. For wear with a tan linen or a pongee frock these raffia accessories are considered very smart.—Washington Star.

To Stretch Curtains.

Use a quilting frame or a curtain stretcher converted into a quilting frame by tacking strips of ticking or any heavy material doubled to inch width on the inner edges of the frame where pins have been. Temporarily pin the curtains on four corners and at intervals on side, then sew them on, instead of pinning them, with a basting stitch. Scalloped edged curtains can be sewed on two at a time and three or more plain edged ones. It is surprising to see no peaks in scalloped or straight edged and with less labor and time spent and with no sore fingers.

The Scarf.

There is no end to the variety of the scarf. A remarkably pretty one was in a soft tone of pale blue, the ends embroidered in graduated gold spots. Another was in a curiously patterned green gauze, with blue in it. This was bordered with dull silver gauze laid on in a flat band all round, and hemstitched. Even more curious is a gray gauze with the ends embroidered in overlapping scales like those of a fish, but in mother-of-pearl, not in the least like the ordinary sequin, but resembling some of the wonderful Japanese embroideries of the same kind.

Buttons.

Buttons covered with the material of the gown on which they are employed are the latest development. A foulard frock just home from the dressmaker is trimmed solely with cords covered with the silk and with buttons of the same order.

"MAKES BETTER RAILROADS."

Western Writer Pays Tribute to Railroad Magnate as Builder-Up of the Country.

Mr. Edward H. Harriman is on a trip to Europe. Ordinarily there would need be nothing added to this announcement beyond an exhortation to Emperor William to chain down his railroads and to other monarchs to put their crowns and other valuables in the safe at night. But Mr. Harriman is going off on a pleasure trip, and so many mean things have been said about him that it will not hurt any to change the tune a moment while he is out of the country and not able to take any advantage of the lapse from the cold attitude of severity that is usually used in mentioning the name of Harriman.

Of all the great railroad men developed in this generation, E. H. Harriman is easily the biggest and the best, says a writer in the Hutchinson (Kan.) Daily News. The head of a railroad company, under the rules of the game, must work for his stockholders, whether it is for the advantage of politicians, shippers or consumers. It is his job to do the best he can for the interests entrusted to his care. Harriman is not only a financier, but he is a builder and an operator. Lucky is the town, city or community that has a Harriman road. He insists on a good roadbed, level track, safe track and the convenience and comfort of the traveler and the shipper. The Harriman roads are noted as the best in the country. When Harriman gets hold of a one-horse or played-out track and right of way he proceeds to put it in first class condition. He does not raise the rates of fares, although he doubtless charges "a plenty," but he insists that enough of the funds go into real improvements to make a railroad. And that is where he stands ahead of a good many others, and why Harrimanism is not such a bad thing as some people have been led to think. He makes better railroads, and there is more need for improvement that way than there is in some others which are being discussed. So far as we can see, he believes in giving every interest along his road a fair deal.

He is a public benefactor from that standpoint. He uses his power fairly. He is a great man, and as good or better than the ordinary citizen who looks upon him as the personification of the money power, seeking whom it may devour. He is a strong man in the financial world, but that should not be against him, when the financial world is the object which most of us want to reach. He is a good American and he spends his money on American railroads, not on foreign titles, race horses, old editions or other bad habits. If he is not perfect—and we don't think he is—he is no exception to the rule and is worthy of the praise of his fellow citizens for the good he does and has done.

Laughter a Series of Barks.—Laughter is barking, say the scientists. The neck and head are thrown back while a series of short barks are emitted from the throat. However musical the barks may be, they are barks. The laugh begins with a sudden and violent contraction of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. But instead of opening to let the air pass out of the lungs, the vocal cords approach each other and hold it back. But they are not strong enough to exercise such opposition for more than an instant, and the air, which is under pressure, promptly escapes. As it does so it makes the vocal cords vibrate producing the bark.

This obstruction and liberation of the air expelled from the lungs repeats itself again and again at intervals of a quarter of a second. There are thus in a hearty laugh four barks a second, and if continued, they go on at that rate as long as the air reserve in the lungs holds out. The empty lungs must then fill themselves, and this interval is marked by a quick gasp for breath, after which the barks are renewed. The barks occur in series with gasps for breath at intervals.

When laughter is violent, the entire body participates. The upper part of the trunk bends and straightens itself alternately or sways to right and left. The feet stamp on the floor, while the hands are pressed upon the loins to moderate the painful spasm.

Interviewing the Professor.—"So you don't think Mars would reply, even if we did send signals?" "I am almost convinced that there would be no response," answered Prof. Thinkum, adjusting his glasses. "Then you don't believe that Mars is inhabited?" "On the contrary, I think it extremely probable that life similar to our own exists on the sister planet."

"But you don't give those people credit for intelligence equal to ours?" "Yes, I am inclined to credit them with even greater intelligence than we display. There are many indications that they have a civilization older than ours, in which case they should have too much sense to fool away their time on any such impractical proposition."

The Way He Did It.—Jenkins—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his racially conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary, and a lot of others as well.

Studds—And didn't he try to hit you, Jenkins?

Jenkins—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone receiver and walked away.

His Cutest Trick

By EDGAR WHITE

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"Pretty Jim" was the nightingale at the "Fatima" moving-picture show. He was a tall, slender youth, with a cigarette pallor and curly hair that gave him a stand-in with the girls, who gushed over his warbling and imagined they were kneeling at the shrine of art.

But a sly dart of Cupid soon put Jim out of the running with the "Flossie" crowd. The shot came from close range, and didn't give him a show to dodge. Little Birdie Atherton was the sweetest thing that ever wore her golden curls, and she pounded the piano to help out Jimmie's soul melodies. When these two kids found they were in love with each other they traoped around town like a pair of children, hand in hand, always in sweet-scented clover fields. "Pretty Jim" only sung for one pair of pearl-like ears, and two soft blue eyes loaned him inspiration. His songs of love were real, from the bottom of a heart undergoing its first impalement. Birdie declared her "Jim" was the only person on earth who really understood music right, and said if he was to get run over by a street car or kidnaped or anything like that she would take cold poison the very next minute after the news came.

By and by the keen-eyed management observed that the "Cleopatra," a rival show, was eating into their trade by the employment of a negro who could stand on his woolly head and drink soda pop simultaneously. Following this distressing innovation there blew into town a Dutchman named Karl Wusurwester—"Winerwurst," they called him—who gave an impromptu clog dance and impersonation at Sandy McPhearson's "Crack-in-the-Wall."

The boss of the "Fatima" chartered the Dutchman, and he went on the job next night. The new performer danced in a funny-looking pair of wooden shoes, with heavy leather soles extending several inches beyond the bows. When he would come down on the grand finale those wonderful shoes would hit the stage like the concussion of a naval gun. Then he had a comical Dutch talk that made everybody laugh.

Inside a week the "Fatima" was gathering all the loose nickels in town, and the negro over at the "Cleopatra" jumped into the river. There was no



The Dutchman Seemed in Fine Trim.

use bucking against a Dutchman with as homely a mug as "Winerwurst" carried about with him. The boss of the "Fatima" patted himself on the back, and had a sign painted on the front window illustrating "Winerwurst's" grin. The artist said he could have made the job more life-like if the window had been wider.

The only person about the place who wasn't happy was "Pretty Jim." His songs no longer brought cheers. The frizzy-headed girls went over to his rival with the green cheese face, and, worse than all, Birdie—the dear, innocent, blue-eyed Birdie—went with 'em. And "Winerwurst," noticing her smiles, elongated his cavernous mouth until she might have walked in had she been curious to explore.

"Jimmie" became sullen. He pouted so that Birdie refused to accept his company home one night, and the Dutchman, who was always round when he wasn't wanted, took her under his wing, and Jim saw them go down the avenue chatting and laughing as if he wasn't on earth.

There was only one thing to do, and it must be done quickly and effectively. That was to humiliate that fool Dutchman so badly that he'd never show his ugly face around Birdie again. After due deliberation, Jim went down to the switch shanty and took into his confidence Mike Flanagan, boss of the steel gang. Mike had the same respect for a Dutchman that he had for a man who would choose a domino game instead of a nice, healthy scrap with the dagoes over on the ball lot. He produced a couple of dynamite signal caps, took off the tins and showed Jim how he could slip 'em in between the boiler decks of Dutchy's wooden men-o-war. In addition he promised to bring around a lot of his "babies" the night the Dutchman was blown up, so as to properly hiss him.

The plan looked good to Jimmie. In the afternoon he slipped in behind the stage, found Karl's big shoes and placed his caps near the toes, sticking them tight with quick-drying paste. Then he pulled his hat down over his eyes and went out on the street. As he passed the ice cream saloon he saw "Winerwurst" and Birdie regaling themselves, and apparently having a good time. He stepped in, bought a package of cigarettes and, as though he hadn't seen 'em before, said:

"Hello, Karl; wonder you ain't eating limburger and sausage?"

"Yah! Yah!" laughed Karl, good humoredly. "I laks dot better, but Birdie here—she laks ice cream. We must please der ladies, you know."

And Birdie smiled as though he had said something smart.

"You'll please 'em to-night, my fine fellow," muttered "Pretty Jim" to himself.

The "Fatima" was jammed tight as wax when Karl, in his Dutch costume, came out and bowed. Jimmie had sung his love song to unresponsive ears, and now he sat gloomily in the shadow beside the large upright piano. When the Dutchman appeared Birdie's eyes brightened and she handled the keys with sudden energy. Up in the balcony sat Mike Flanagan and about 20 of his grim-visaged steel handlers, ready to hoot and groan when the Dutchman went up in the air. The way Mike had figured it, the crowd would jeer him so bad that he would quit the job, leaving "Pretty Jim" alone in the field.

The Dutchman aged in fine trim. He had just enough beer aboard to make him funny. The crowd laughed at everything he said, and cheered each new wrinkle he shot across the wide expanse of moon-map that served him as a face. When he had said all he could think of he began on his clog dance. He pounded the boards so hard without anything happening that Jim began to think there must be some defect in the torpedoes. Dutchy turned hand-springs, yanked until you could see clear down to his feet, and put his blue jeans legs in motion for the grand round-up. He seemed to be going under a tremendous head of steam and the big crowd cheered and yelled. Then Dutchy drew in his wind, closed the big slit in his face and came down on those two bifurcated flatboats like a stone house. There was a crash like the splintering of heavy timbers, fire seemed to shoot out in all directions and the performer was shot clear up to the ceiling. The thing had the effect of a grand transformation scene.

When Dutchy got back to earth he was in a sitting posture, entirely shoeless, and a broad grin on his comical mug. He was the most surprised man in the house, but he was quickly alive to the roaring ovation that was being handed him, and he rose slowly and bowed. Then the spectators thundered again; some rose in their seats, waving their hats and howling like crazy people. Dutchy bobbed his big head, and grinned like a jack-o-lantern, and then limped off the stage.

Jim, who was standing near Birdie, asked her what she thought of her Dutchman by this time. She wheeled as if just aware of Jim's proximity, and turned a beaming face upon him. "Ain't he a dear," she said, "to think up such cute tricks?"

New Kind of Fish Story.

"Just as charity covers a multitude of sins," said Dr. Dudley S. Reynolds, "so the term 'cold' includes about 600 different forms of irritation of the mucous membrane. I really think that 'catching cold,' as ordinarily considered, is a superstition which can be fitly compared to the belief that tacking a horseshoe over the door will keep witches out."

And then Dr. Reynolds told about a fishing trip he took to Harrod's Creek several years ago in the winter time. Snow was on the ground and frost in the air. The fish were biting good, and so when the doctor fell into the creek and fished himself out in a thoroughly moist condition, he proceeded calmly with his angling, as though water weren't wet and wintry air not cold. He finally missed his train to town and had to walk back home, arriving with clothes frozen to him, but with a string of bass that did credit to himself as a disciple of Sir Isaac.

Asinine.

"James A. Patton," said the London correspondent of a Chicago paper, "has stopped talking. He is as silent now as a clam."

"I tempted him the other day with delicious bait, but it was all useless. Mr. Patton just shook his head and smiled."

"Not a word about wheat," said he. "I'm determined not to talk and put my foot in it—like the country editor who wound up an editorial on the corn crop with the words:

"We have on exhibition in our sanctuary a pair of magnificent ears."

AS STRAIGHT MEN SEE HIM.

The Dead-Beat is Probably the Most Despised Creature That Walks the Earth.

No man is wholly free from sin, but so many lesser evils are tolerated that a man should hesitate long before becoming a dead-beat. Criminals are despised and abhorred, but to the dead-beat all that is coming, as well as the contempt of his fellow men. There is something at once so mean and so little in taking advantage of the confidence which comes with friendship, that the hand of every man is turned against a dead-beat as soon as his reputation is well established. The dead-beat may fondly imagine he is living easy and making money without work, and, of course, he takes no account of the confidence he violates, and the hardships he inflicts on others. But, that aside, he really has a harder time than the man who is honest and fair. He is compelled to move a good deal, and peace of mind he knows not. Like other types of crooks, he doesn't prosper, and his finish is more unpleasant than the beginning.—Atchison Globe.

CHILD HAD SIXTY BOILS.

And Suffered Annually with a Red Scald-Like Humor on Her Head.

Troubles Cured by Cuticura.

"When my little Vivian was about six months old her head broke out in boils. She had about sixty in all and I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her entirely. Some time later a humor broke out behind her ears and spread up on to her head until it was nearly half covered. The humor looked like a scald, very red with a sticky, clear fluid coming from it. This occurred every spring. I always used Cuticura-Soap and Ointment which never failed to heal it up. The last time it broke out it became so bad that I was discouraged. But I continued the use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent until she was well and has never been troubled in the last two years. Mrs. M. A. Schwerin, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908." Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

LUCKY MAN.



She—Two men whom I refused to marry, sir, have become millionaires! He—Is that the reason why?

Died in Good Company.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are?" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it—they all had the minister with them when they were dying."—Tid-Bits.

The Doctor Explained.

The doctor had brought a patient to the hospital. The operation was not to be a complicated one. "Was it really necessary for the patient to go to the hospital?" somebody asked.

The doctor nodded. "Yes," he replied. "It means a roof for the new house I am building."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Important to Mothers.

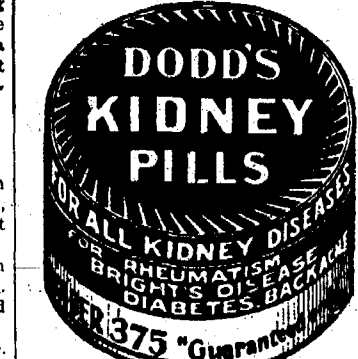
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Charles H. Tutcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Trying Time.

Judge—Why did you strike this man? Prisoner—What would you do, judge, if you kept a grocery store and a man came in and asked if he could take a moving picture of your cheese?—Harper's Weekly.

Among Women.

"Why worry about the children?" "I can't help it." "But, my dear, you are hurting your game of bridge."



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Neuralgia

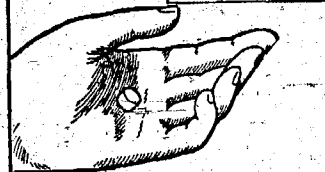


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When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.
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Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 for Women." It tells of Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—Tells how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, bring quick and certain help. The book is free. Address Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis. James H. Bidley.

His Second Thought.
Goose Egg came in on the New Jersey side of Delaware bay. The farmers from miles around take their families to the cove in the summer for a picnic.

Last summer among the crowd was one Camden county man who had drunk too much Salem county apple-jack. He made himself obnoxious by going to the men as they were with their women folk and shaking his fist under their noses, saying: "I can lick you. Come out and fight." No one would fight, because he was evidently drunk.

Convinced that he had scared them all, he walked up and down the beach, saying: "I can lick any one on the beach." He repeated this to every one he met.

Finally an inoffensive little family man standing with a group jumped into him and beat him into submission. When he was finally allowed to get up the Camden man struggled to his feet and, looking around at the crowd which had gathered, said defiantly: "Me and this little feller can lick any man on the beach."

Perseverance.
But little is accomplished because but little is vigorously attempted, and but little is attempted because difficulties are magnified. A timorously cautious spirit, so far from acting with resolution, will never think itself in possession of the preliminaries for acting at all. Perhaps perseverance has been the radical principle of every truly great character.—John Foster.

His Age.
There was once a man who was asked his age.

"I am two years old," he replied.
"Two years old?" his interrogator returned. "Why, that is preposterous! You look old enough to have voted for several presidents."

"You didn't ask me how old I looked," the man retorted.

"But you are more than two years old," the other asserted.

"Oh, perhaps I am," said the man, "but you are counting from the date of my birth. Now, I am not. Two years ago I took a new lease of life, and I reckon from that time."

Didn't Like Waste.
Saunders Carlyle was an old Scot who was very thrifty, abhorred waste and loved his drop of whisky. In drinking he had one peculiarity. He always drank off his whisky to the last drop the very instant it was poured out for him.

"Why do you drink down your liquor in that quick, greedy way?" a stranger said to Saunders in a reproachful tone.

"I once had one knocked over," the old man explained.

What the Hammer Was For.
A gunner of the British Garrison artillery who had successfully passed the blacksmith's course, was at home on furlough, wearing the hammer and plinchers on his arm, when he was accosted by a civilian who asked what the decoration was for.

"Oh," replied Tommy facetiously, "I'm an army dentist."

"I see," said the civilian. "Of course the plinchers are for extracting the teeth, but what is the idea of the hammer?"

"Well, you see, some of the chaps are a bit nervous, so we use the hammer to chloroform them with," was the reply.

NEEDFUL KNOWLEDGE.

East Jordan People Should Learn to Detect the Approach of Kidney Disease.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are so unmistakable that they leave no ground for doubt. Sick kidneys excrete a thick, cloudy, offensive urine, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding. The back aches constantly, headaches and dizzy spells may occur and the victim is often weighed down by a feeling of languor and fatigue. Neglect these warnings and there is danger of dropsy, Bright's disease, or diabetes. Any one of these symptoms is warning enough to begin treating the kidneys at once. Delay often proves fatal.

You can use no better remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's East Jordan proof:

Chas. A. Hudson, East Jordan, Mich., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Gannett Co.'s drug store, and they brought the best of results. I had dull heavy pains in the small of my back and often the trouble was in evidence between my shoulders. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me promptly and also regulated the passages of the kidney secretions. I can recommend this remedy highly, in view of the benefit it has brought."

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.

CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan. Thirteenth 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. 1903. Alts Mitchell, complainant, vs. Harry Mitchell, defendant.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Harry Mitchell, is a resident of this state, but his whereabouts are unknown, therefore on motion of Elsie N. Olin, solicitor for the complainant, Alts Mitchell, it is ordered, that the defendant enter his appearance in said 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. FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Circuit Judge. ELISHA N. OLIN, Solicitor for Complainant.

BACK TO THE FARM

Big Opportunities in Fruit Fund in Western Michigan.

STATISTICS SHOW IT ONE OF THE MOST FAVORED REGIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Western Michigan affords as fine opportunities for farmers and fruit growers as any place in the world. Abundant evidence is at hand to back up this strong statement. The advertised regions of Yakima, Hood River, Pecos and Arizona fail to produce anything like the same percentage of profit that intelligent growers get in Western Michigan.

We are led to make this statement, says the Ludington Record-Appeal, by some bulletins accompanying a letter from Mrs. R. C. Witte now in Arizona. Mrs. Witte herself, while endorsing the Phoenix climate, is not so enthusiastic in regard to horticultural or agricultural opportunities, but the Phoenix and Maricopa County Board of Trade send out some advertising which is certainly bold and brassy enough.

Here is a specimen of Phoenix advertising for a 40-acre ranch. This tract, the bulletin says, will cost \$6,000 and will produce a net profit of \$1,250 above the cost of the land all in one year, the first year. The bulletin draws its conclusions as follows:

5 acres cantaloupes at \$200 per acre	\$1,000
10 acres alfalfa, 80 tons, at \$10 per ton	800
5 acres sugar beets, 20 tons per acre, at \$5 per ton	500
2 1/2 acres strawberries and 5 acres watermelons	3,200
5 acres pasture, providing for a home site and truck garden for family use; and will keep six head of livestock, together with 100 chickens, the proceeds from which will provide groceries and clothing for family, and will sell all	1,750
	\$6,000
	\$7,250
	\$6,000

First year, land paid for, and net profit \$1,250

Now let us apply some of this same reasoning to Western Michigan. A fruit grower living within five miles of Ludington owns 60 acres. He actually has 60 Montmorency real cherry trees, occupying less than one-half acre. From these trees in 1903 he actually picked an average of five cases per tree and sold them at an average price, real money, of a little better than \$1 per case. In other words his receipts from less than one-half acre amounted to \$500.

The Phoenix bulletin does not state that anybody actually did pay \$6,000 for a 40-acre tract and actually did clear \$1,250 the first year above the cost of the land. It simply says this might be done. On the same kind of figuring it may be said that a Mason county forty will produce \$40,000 because one grower cleared \$500 from a half acre.

All this brings us back to our original statement that Western Michigan affords as fine opportunity to farmers and fruit growers as any place in the world. In 1907 a local grower got more than \$2,000 from two acres of plums; from 12 peach trees another grower picked 60 bushels and sold them for \$60, which is equivalent to \$540 per acre; from one and one-fourth acres of tomatoes another grower reaped \$512; another grower from a 40-acre farm not in the market, but worth say \$6,000, actually cleaned up from small fruit between \$2,800 and \$2,900 or 48 per cent on his total investment, which includes a slightly farm home and other good buildings. These are typical instances of what actually has been done. They are taken almost at random from a few incidents that have attracted our personal attention. Everybody knows they are hardly fair to local growers in as much as they incompletely set forth local possibilities.

The Traverse City Board of Trade has compiled some statistics in regard to Grand Traverse county. Being selected with some care they make a fairer, a better showing for this region. Here is an instance of what one man did, not what "anyone might do," but of what was actually done. It is a sworn statement and reads as follows:

Guy Tompkins, of Peninsula township, Grand Traverse county, Michigan, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

My cherry crop for 1907 from 227 trees, covering about two acres, was 1,942 cases of Morency cherries, which I sold at \$1.40 a case or \$2,718.80. (This was from my cherry orchard on the home place.)

My cherry crop for the season of 1908 from what is known as the "Johnson farm," was 3,700 cases, which I sold at \$1.25 a case, or \$4,625. (This farm contains 40 acres. The orchard from which the above crop was harvested covered 7 acres. This farm I purchased for \$3,800.)

Signed, Guy Tompkins. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of January, 1909. Chas. M. Beers, Notary Public.

Compare this with the Phoenix incident. The Phoenix Board of Trade says you pay \$150 per acre. The Traverse City man swears he paid \$95 per acre, only two-thirds as much, and the latter price probably included buildings, which would have to be erected on the Phoenix piece. The Traverse City man made 122 per cent, real money, from seven acres, less than one-fifth of his total purchase; the Phoenix man made 30

per cent prospective money, only by working his entire forty. The Traverse City man in the same kind of money, the maybe, perhaps, guess possible kind made 730 per cent.

Let no man be misled by the glittering glamour of western advertising. More money in proportion to the actual investment can be made in Western Michigan today than in the west or southwest. The most brilliant opportunities are at our door. Acres of diamonds are scattered around us.

And yet there is nothing new in these opportunities. They have been here for years, and like the acres of diamonds in the story, they have passed unheralded and unknown for the want of some one to exploit them. The Western Michigan Development Bureau has made it its care to spread abroad the story of the opportunities in Western Michigan, and it deserves the support of every good citizen in the work of its doing.

ADVERTISING WESTERN MICHIGAN.

Significance attaches to the recent presence of the Stanislaus county cars in Western Michigan. The cars are sent out by the county of Stanislaus, California, for advertising purpose pure and simple and their presence here was full of suggestion to our people because just now they are so much interested in works of similar sort.

A representative from the cars stated that the first cost of the two cars was \$35,000, that it cost \$50 a day to operate them, that they had been out a little more than two years and that the time of their return was uncertain. Eight men accompany the cars to distribute advertising matter and to herald the virtues and glories of Stanislaus county.

Here is the situation in a nutshell. Stanislaus county is spending \$37,000 a year, more than \$75,000 in all. For what? Advertising. Nor is the case of Stanislaus county exceptional. Other counties have done the same. Under such circumstances is it any wonder that California has achieved a great reputation. And other west-ern states than California owe their name and fame largely to the same kind of effort. Tens of thousands of dollars are spent annually to tell the advantages of Hood River, the Yakima, the Pecos and other western "paradises."

The tendency in Western Michigan is to emulate these progressive regions of the west. There is a growing appreciation that we have as many, even more, advantages, "talking points," than these much lauded and so widely heralded "Edens." In soil productiveness we stand well, in nearness of market we are pre-eminent, even in climate we compare not unfavorably. And it is unquestioned that in percentage of profit upon investment no western region is our superior.

The vital question is when shall we begin our campaign? The Western Michigan Development Bureau stands ready to push the good work, but it lacks the funds. The boards of supervisors in this and the twelve other counties covered by the Bureau could hardly do a better thing than appropriate money at their approaching sessions.

Today there is an interurban electric railroad in just one of the thirteen counties comprising the Western Michigan Development Bureau. With the increase in population that will attend the efforts of that organization it may be expected that each county will soon be crossed by such lines, thereby greatly improving transportation facilities.

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

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble, and Kindred Diseases.
Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.
DR. C. L. GATES
Hancock, Minn., writes:
"A little girl here had such a weak back caused by rheumatism and kidney trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment she put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with '5-DROPS' and she is now around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe '5-DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."
Large Size Bottle 50 DROPS (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.
SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80 174 Lake Street, Chicago

SWANSON PILLS
Act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, carrying off the disturbing elements and establishing a healthy condition of the liver, stomach and bowels.
THE BEST REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION
SwanSON'S Bile Beans, Stomach, Heartburn, Belching, Liver Troubles, etc.
25 Cents Per Box AT DRUGGISTS

WEST MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

GRAND RAPIDS SEPT. 13-17

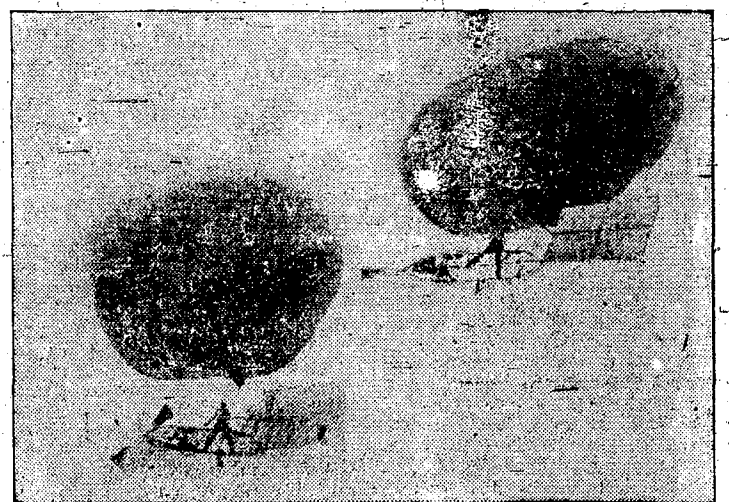
HORSE RACES AIRSHIP RACES AUTOMOBILE RACES

A GREAT FAIR

ARNALDO'S PERFORMING JAGUARS-PANTHERS LEOPARDS
CAPTAIN TREAT'S TRAINED SEALS & SEA-LIONS
SPECIAL RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

AERIAL CONTESTS FOR GOLD AND GLORY.

Series of Races For Championship to Be Flown at West Michigan State Fair Between Knabenshue and Beechey.



Such an event will be the startling feature at the West Michigan State Fair, in Grand Rapids, Sept. 13 to 17. The fair management has succeeded in securing the entries of Roy Knabenshue, a famed aeronaut of Toledo O., and Lincoln Beechey, equally well known, of Buffalo, N. Y., for a series of daily races for the aerial championship and a purse of \$3,000, \$2,000 to the winner and \$1,000 to the loser.

The rivalry between Knabenshue and Beechey is intense. These airships are of the same general type as that constructed for Walter Wellman for use in his flight to the pole. These will be raced every day, weather conditions permitting, over a prescribed course above the fair grounds, the contests to be best three in five, for a purse of \$2,000 in gold to the winner, \$1,000 in gold to the loser.

Both Mr. Knabenshue and Mr. Beechey have made hundreds of successful flights, and each one claims superiority over the other. The meeting at the West Michigan Fair will, however, be the first opportunity that has been afforded them to settle the matter in actual races, and their meeting on this occasion is looked forward to with interest, not only by the fair management and visitors, but by those interested in the latest and most fascinating problem of the present day—the navigation of the air. The results of these daily races will be chronicled the world over, and every visitor to the West Michigan Fair will have an opportunity to witness an epoch-making feature of world-wide import.

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

That's the combination you want to look for when you get 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 limit 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. 150.