

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1909.

No. 42

Fruit Farm for East Jordan

Several Hundred Acres to be Devoted to Scientifically Grown Fruits.

After deciding that the West Michigan Fruit Belt offers great inducements for the successful growing of apples, plums, cherries and peaches, it means much to East Jordan to know that a tract of several hundred acres within five miles of town has been purchased for the development and location of an extensive Fruit Farm making a specialty of apples, and that it will be under the direction of a horticulturist of national reputation as well as handled by men of means and capacity to do things right.

This is a result of nearly a year's work of the Real Estate Agency of W. A. Loveday, and East Jordan may in the future be looked upon as one of the great centers to this line.

From the fact that such men as Prof. L. R. Taft, professor of Horticulture in the Agricultural College and Mr. C. D. Woodbury, proprietor of the Peninsular Stock Farm and officer in the Capital Loan and Investment Co. of Lansing, Mich., are at the head of the enterprise it cannot help but prove a great thing for Charlevoix County and East Jordan in particular.

Hunters' Licenses.

The County Clerk will be our store Tuesday, October 26th, for the purpose of granting Hunters' Licenses. While getting a license don't fail to look over my stock of everything to be found in a first class Drug Store.
V. S. Payton's Pharmacy,
State St.

Supervisor Doings.

The Supervisors appropriated \$517.90 to the Agricultural Society and \$100 to defray the expense of the Charlevoix County exhibit at the State Grange, to be held at Traverse City in December next.

The amount of South Arm's State Tax \$2,871.43, County Tax \$8,647.90. Amount apportioned to the City of Charlevoix, State Tax \$4,023.62, County Tax \$12,117.95. Amount apportioned to the city of Boyne, State Tax \$4,542.91, County Tax \$13,679.19. Amount expended by the Soldiers Relief Commission \$181.23.

A. E. Cross of East Jordan was elected Supt. of the Poor for three years, and Frank Pearson of Boyne Falls was elected Supt. of the Poor for two years. I. N. Devoe of Charlevoix, elected School Examiner for one year, and L. A. Butler of Boyne City was elected School Examiner for two years.

The report of the Supts. of Poor show that they have expended \$10,662.32 for support of the poor and improvements on the County Farm and that they have paid the County Treasurer \$968.15.

The total valuation of the county as equalized is \$8,179,072.00. The board voted a county tax of \$61,790.72. Of this amount they estimate \$30,000.00 to pay the running expenses of the county for the ensuing year and the balance of the amount to pay on the indebtedness of the county.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued for the week ending Oct. 16, 1909.

Henry Knop, 26.....Charlevoix Co.
Anna Riedle, 22.....Charlevoix Co.
Edward Field, 26.....Boyne Falls
Ella Middo, 21.....Leetsville, Mich.
Frank Lezott, 22.....Boyne City
Olive Nelson, 21.....Boyne City
Bert Gibson, 26.....St. James
Mary O'Donnell, 22.....St. James
D. S. PAYTON, County Clerk.

The Vanished Fleet.

WARREN W. LAMPSON.

I stand at Mackinaw's deep flood,
And watch the ships
Go sailing by,
The white-winged messengers of trade,
Seeking their marts
Far down the sky.

And intermingling on the tide,
As east and west
They come and go,
Vaguely I see another fleet,
The vanished ships
Of long ago.

The countless relics of the lakes,
Who proudly once
Their commerce bore,
Who plowed the deep and trackless wastes
And leaped to greet
The tempest's roar.

From port to port, from lake to lake,
Thro starless night
And sunlit day,
While seasons came and seasons went
They coursed along
Their wat'ry way.

No longer need have they of sail,
No longer need
Of favoring breeze,
As to and fro they slowly pass,
The specters of
The sailless seas.

No guiding hand rests on the helm
To bring them to
Their port again,
The men who trod their decks of old
Now sail the great
Unshadowed main.

Sail on! sail on! O, spectral fleet!
Wide swings for you
Our northern gate!
We hail you for the glorious past;
Ye helped to make
The nation great.

Free Transportation of Fruits to Chicago Exhibit.

Arrangements have been made by the following named transportation companies for the moving of exhibits consigned to the Western Michigan Development Bureau and intended for exhibition in Chicago at the time of the United States Land and Irrigation Exposition, free of transportation charges.

Northern Michigan Transportation Co.
Manistee & North-Eastern Railway.
Pere Marquette Railway.
Ann Arbor Railway.
Persons on the above named railroads are requested to ship by rail to the nearest port made by the Northern Michigan Transportation Co.'s boats, where the exhibits will be taken up and transported to Chicago.

Western Michigan Peaches the Best.

There appears among other things in the thirty-seventh annual report of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of the State of Michigan the following significant statements: "There are peach trees in this fruit section (western Michigan) that have bore peaches from eighteen to twenty-five years. There are plum orchards as thrifty as those of Oregon or California. They raise pines the best this side of the Rocky mountains. It is the natural home of the cherry. The pear does not do as well. With proper cultivation, adapted to this climate and this soil, the apple is a success. The potatoes from this section rank high on the Chicago market, and are a profitable crop. * * *

"As a rule forty acres are enough for one farmer, for with his fruit and his potatoes and his other crops, he has work all the year around, and his farm pays him better than a larger farm east or west growing one pre-dominant crop. He has water and railroads for transportation."

County Normal Notes.

Miss Grace Meggison, class of '08, who is teaching near Central Lake and Miss Jessie Durance, class of '09, who is teaching near East Jordan, visited the normal room Monday afternoon, Oct. 11. They each gave the class an interesting talk on their work.

W. F. Bashaw of East Jordan visited the normal on Thursday, Oct. 14. He gave a talk on the compulsory school law.

The normal school gave the annual reception to the Board of Supervisors, Thursday evening, Oct. 14. The following program was given by the class after which refreshments were served: Address of Welcome, Georgia Scroggie; Piano and Violin Duet, Bertha McCalmon and Louise Christensen; Recitation, Sheridan's Ride, Margaret Durance; Work of the County Normal School, Mary Berg; Recitation, A Model Woman, Mary Dunlop; Quartet, Emma Rasmussen, Bessie Martindale, Georgia Redfield, Blanche Nowland; Recitation, Caleb's Courtship, Thomas Scroggie; Song, My Own United States, Class.

The supervisors invited the normal students over to the court house Friday afternoon. Much was learned from their work. The students were shown through the court house, after which they were treated to refreshments.

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.

Get your Laundry work done at Cusson Bros.

PRESCRIPTIONS.

Come to us.

Why?

Because our Prescription Department is well equipped and you get what your prescription calls for without the slightest deviation.

We want to be your family Druggist.

F. B. Gannett Company

It will not be necessary for you to send away for your carpet when you can buy the Columbian for 35 cents at Empey Bros.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

The Special Display and Sale of the season's most elaborate showing of BLANKETS

Without doubt the largest selection and best values ever offered on these seasonable goods. Look in our south window. New styles and colorings. Then enquire the prices. Never before have we been able to show such special values for the prices that are marked on these goods. \$1.00, \$1.40, \$2.00, \$4.00, \$6.00, and \$8.00. We absolutely promise you a saving of from 50c to \$1.50 on these goods. Our stock was never so complete as at present.

For Your Own Comfort, Economy and Satisfaction,

come in and let us show you some of the thirty different styles of the famous Pingree and Rindge Shoes we are displaying; and then we want you to compare the styles, qualities and prices with any other line of shoes in or out of the city, because we are confident of the favorable results of such comparison, for in the Pingree and Rindge shoes there is used the best materials, most exacting workmanship and style individuality that stands without a peer in medium priced footwear. For every-day wear the Rindge Shoes at \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$3.50 are absolutely the best shoes that can be made from leather.



For dress-up wear you must see and try on our classy fall shoes to be convinced of their superiority. In every little detail of construction, such as the stitching, eyelets, linings, seams, finishing, heel shaping, and in the general makeup, the Pingree shoe reveals accuracy, neatness and durability. You'll like them we are certain.



WHO IS YOUR TAILOR?

In a very fitting and substantial manner we are prepared to show you men's and young men's Suits and Overcoats of the most substantial assortment in town. Despite the much advertised facts of great advances in Men's clothing, we are prepared to offer better Suits and Overcoats than ever. We made extraordinary advantageous purchases and under "Our New Selling System" give our patrons and friends the advantage. Every newest style and fabric can be had here. New up-to-date Fall Suits at greatly reduced prices:

Men's \$25.00 Suits for \$18.50
Men's \$20.00 Suits for \$15.00
Men's \$15.50 Suits for \$12.50



STANDARD MILLS UNDERWEAR

For women and men. Highest quality linked with lowest cost. Here's perfection in underwear for fall and winter—comfortable, easy, perfect-fitting garments, insuring absolute satisfaction to the wearer—in a combination of sizes, styles, weights, etc. This department is stocked with immense assortments—cotton, merino, wool and fleec-lined garments—separate undervests and drawers and union suits, of the highest quality standard. It will pay you to stock up while the line is complete. Prices range from 25c to \$3.00 a garment.

A Sale of Sweaters.

We sell the best Sweaters in the city and save you from 50c to \$2.00. The lines of colors and combinations are tasty and snappy—a large variety and assortment to choose from. All Wool Sweaters at \$7.50, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$2.50, \$1.50. Boy's Wool Sweaters for \$1.75.

Hats and Caps

As in all other departments we aim to give you better values and save you money. At from 50c to \$3.00.

"Quality First of All"
Our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Popular Summer Drink Evolved by Washington Politician, Aided by Barkeeper.

Ask the average man what earthly use there was for the lime prior to the advent of the rickey and he won't be able to tell you. It belongs to unwritten history. Ask him also who invented the rickey and he will probably say that he has a vague recollection that it is in some way associated with "somebody—a man by the name of Rickey, or something of that sort.

If only Col. Joe Rickey could hear that! It would make him turn over in his grave, for Col. Joe was inordinately proud of the fact that he invented what he proclaimed to be the day of his death the greatest of all drinks—the gin rickey, out of which came all the liquid relatives of the same family name.

The invention was an accident, pure and simple. Col. Rickey had friends galore in Washington—few public men in those days, say 25 or 30 years ago, who were not on such familiar terms with him as to warrant a "Hello, Joe!" Well, one scorching day Col. Joe dropped in at Shoemaker's—everybody who ever went to Washington knows where Shoemaker's is—parched with the thirst of 98 in the shade.

"Say, George," quoth Col. Joe to George Williamson, the old time artist behind the spigots, "I want something to put this fire out."

"How about a little gin, colonel?" suggested George.

"Sounds fair to middlin'," replied Col. Joe, "but don't you think it ought to have something in it to keep it from spontaneous combustion? Wonder how a lime squeezed into a bit of it would go? Sound cool to you, George?"

"It mightn't be so bad, colonel," said George. "At least it's worth trying."

And hence the rickey of which Col. Rickey was inordinately proud to the day of his death.—New York Times.

Organized Thought.

To-day there is no such thing as organized thought. The thought of the world is a jumble, a mass of unsystematized mental effort, with no meaning, no sequence, no end, no deliberate result. It should not be so. It can be changed. We have organized thought and that thought can be moral, healthful, cheerful, beautiful, successful. The world should have the benefit of this truth. It is high time. The United States is in a position to begin and within a generation or two, yes, in ten years, some pretty plain indications will assure us that by organizing thought we have added to the joy, peace and prosperity of our country. Thought is a definite force. It has been asked if there is any way to avail one's self of it for one's advantage. We can. The average thought of the people to-day is what we may call desultory, casual, without any especial aim and utterly out of harmony.—Nautilus.

Really Unkind.

The hearings on the town hall were covered with advertisements of the forthcoming concert, which was to be given by what was described as the cream of local talent. Lower down on the boarding was a small placard, which announced, "No dogs admitted." Evidently a wag must have passed that way after the shades of night had fallen, for next morning the notice referring to the exclusion of the canine species was found to be amended as follows: "By order of the R. S. P. C. A."

It was a nasty dig at the cream of local talent, and it is reported that one or two were quite upset about it.—Punch.

The Wrong Recipe.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Justwed, as he came into the house and found his wife crying as if her heart would break. "What has bothered my little wife?"

"I worked all the afternoon making custards, because I knew you were so fond of them, and—and—" here she began weeping hysterically again.

"And what, darling?"

"And they turned out to be sponge cake."

In the Future.

The woman of the future was about to start downtown, when her husband placed his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Darling, light of my life," he whispered softly, "I love you more than words can tell."

"Oh, you do eh?" she responded suspiciously. "Well, what is it now, Henry—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"—Success.

Hat That Can Be Taken to Pieces.

A leading Parisian milliner has just invented a hat which may be adapted for various occasions at will.

It can be taken to pieces. When its removable brim is packed away under the brow it becomes a close-fitting toque suitable for motoring, railway traveling or for walks in rough weather. If its owner finds herself unexpectedly called upon to appear in evening dress she has simply to readjust her crown and she is ready for any function demanding the greatest elegance.

More Daylight

It Affects Every Person in United States

By THURDE RAYLE BRUCE



IN MY TRAVELS I have read with great interest the many articles appearing in the different newspapers and other publications on the use of more daylight, and have been pleased to see that the press has not only been liberal in the space devoted to this subject but that the vast majority of the publications are favorable. However, quite a few fall into the common error of thinking that the same thing could be accomplished without complications by changing the hour of work and that the advocates of securing more daylight by changing the clocks during the summer time fool themselves.

They overlook the fact that suburban trains are run to-day in accordance with the present schedule of hours in the commercial world. Mail trains are regulated to a large extent along the same lines and the office force as a rule time their arrival with the first mail. Therefore if the hours of beginning the day's work were advanced an hour everything would be out of line. If it became an established custom to advance the hands of the clock May 1 one hour, allowing them to remain until October 1, when they would be changed back to the present standard of time, it would not be necessary for the railroads to change their time tables and all schedules would be kept by the clock, the same as to-day, and the change would be forgotten almost immediately. In the summer at least those sections of the country that were robbed of a good portion of an hour by the establishing of standard time would have this time restored and every one given an additional hour during the summer time to devote to rest or recreation, as they may elect.

It must not be overlooked that as this proposed reform contains no politics or religion and is not of profit it is everybody's business and therefore nobody's business. Yet it is unique, inasmuch as it injures no one and does not call for the expenditure of Uncle Sam's money. So every one should do what he can to aid it. It affects every man, woman and child in the United States and it is a subject worthy of strenuous activity on the part of politicians, the press and all who act for the good of humanity.

More-daylight associations should be formed in every section of the country, as it is only concerted action that changes which are not of profit can be brought about.



Modern Public Desires Popular Melodies

By EDWIN L. ARKINS

A writer speaks of the low nature of many vocal solos rendered during bands concerts and asks if we lack composers of more inspiring songs.

It is not so much the lack of composers as it is of the people who appreciate higher class songs. The modern public desires melodies of this nature; in fact, the majority would not understand any other. If the songs that were popular two score or more years ago were produced to-day they would, no doubt, be jeered at and ridiculed. Surely the admirers of most of the modern songs could not comprehend the beauty and uplifting character of such as "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Mary of Argyle." In order to cater to the degraded tastes of the majority of the people of to-day the maudlin songs are composed.

Nevertheless, those who have charge of these concerts should give to the public a series of numbers that have nothing of the debasing character in them, but which will have an elevating influence on the minds of those who appreciate them, regardless of the likes and dislikes of the rabble.

What Is Use of Getting Married

By SIDNEY BELL

What is the use of getting married? asks a correspondent. I'll tell you. It is to have a happy, comfortable home. That statement looks selfish, too, doesn't it? But look farther. To have that kind of a home there must be love, and that takes unselfish regard for each other. To make a home comfortable it must be comfortable for your husband or wife. That takes more unselfishness on your part. Children are the greatest blessings that can come into a home. They take still more unselfishness. You must care for them, love them, watch over them, seek to make them happy, and teach them to love the home. They won't love home unless home is made attractive for them. Neither husband nor wife alone can make home happy and comfortable.

If you will try to make your home as happy and comfortable for the other inmates of it you will do a great deal toward making it happy and comfortable for yourself. Then if the others will do the same—and you must get them to—you will no longer ask "What is the use of getting married?"

Theory That Pain Is Essential

By AGNES CLARKE

Prof. Foster's theory that pain is essential and necessary for the higher development of the human being is not tenable.

There are isolated cases where great works have been accomplished by persons who were suffering mentally and physically, but the best work of the world has been done in the main by persons who were physically and mentally healthy and happy. It is not likely that troubles made the work of Washington or Lincoln more effective, and Poe probably sought the flowing bowl for the express purpose of obtaining that ecstatic mental condition which enabled him to produce what he sought to produce, rather than for the drowning of his sorrows.

A child that knows naught of grief or pain is about the happiest and best product of the planet, and the idea that such a life must be "tried in the crucible" to attain its highest measure is arrant nonsense.

LADIES HAVE STRANGE PETS

English Leaders of Fashion Exhibit Fondness for Peculiar Dumb Companions.

Some pretty rough things have been said about the affections of English aristocracy from time to time, but the recent accounts of their household pets are about as incomprehensible as any of their other foibles. The greyhound and the long silky-eared spaniel are a thing of the past. The Duchess of Marlborough is said to have a special fondness for serpents. She spends days also in the park at Blenheim with the gazelles, which in her society seem to forget their traditional shyness. Her other pets are grotesque looking pelicans, which may be seen about the shores of the ponds. Lady Warwick, the titled Socialist leader, especially loves white animals, and in her grounds at Warwick are white peacocks, all kinds of white birds, even a white elephant. Her special treasure is a white parrot which is said to be more than a century old.

Lady Cadogan has a famous collection of snakes. She is able to drape some of them about her in such a way that they serve as jewelry. Among her pets are two trained lizards. Lady Cottenham nurses with great care her dormice, and Lady Churchill is said to be happiest when her crocodile is near her. Lady Hope's pet is an ape from Senegal, while Mrs. Rose Hubbard, one of the most popular of the women in Mrs. Keppel's set, raises geese. Miss Rosa Bousquet, one of the most liked of the unmarried girls in London society, insists upon taking to all the houses that will allow her a hyena that she brought from Constantinople and has tamed.

What if the World Stopped?

Suppose that some mysterious power, entirely mental or spiritual in its nature, and of a high order of intellect, a mentality or soul absolutely acquainted with the human mind even down to minute details, should desire to make an announcement, a statement to mankind in general, how would it proceed to attract attention? I have thought of a few ways or methods which could attract the attention of man. Thus, suppose that at exact noon in the observatory in Washington or Greenwich, all the telegraphic instruments on earth should instantly refuse to work. Let every wire on land and in cables beneath the sea cease to act. Let every key come to rest and every sounder be silent. Imagine this silence to continue five minutes. The attention of all telegraph people would be attracted and then that of newspaper men. Let ten minutes pass, and business men would hear of the phenomenon. Let the trouble continue during an hour, then everybody living in cities might hear that the telegraphs were lifeless. In one year, perhaps, half of the human race would hear of the disturbance.—Nautilus.

Saved by Father's Breath.

Extricated from beneath a load of hay, to all appearances dead, a 12-year-old boy, Fred Crockett of Potter's Bar, Middlesex, England, owes the preservation of his life to the breath which his father blew into his lungs. The boy was swinging on the end of a cart of hay standing unhorsed by the side of a rick, when it suddenly overturned, completely burying him. Some children gave the alarm, and the boy's father hurried to the rescue. Some time elapsed, however, before the boy was dragged from under the hay, apparently dead. The father adopted a method of revival which he had used on animals in extremis. "I drew his mouth into mine," he explained, "and blew with all my strength, getting my wind into the boy's lungs." A neighbor took turns when the father's breath was exhausted. After ten minutes they noticed a twitching of the muscles of the child's face, and the heart was felt to beat. For two days he remained unconscious at the cottage hospital.

Good Tip for a Rich Man.

A certain member of the Lambs' club in New York is very rich, very much inclined to conversation about his wealth and very economical in the distribution of it—the wealth, not the conversation.

He was sitting at a table in the club a short time ago with a party of members among whom was Henry Dixey, the actor.

Several rounds of refreshments had been bought, but none by the millionaire, although he participated each time.

Presently he said: "You know wealth like mine is a great burden. It is easy enough to make money. The problem comes in finding good investments. It is very hard for me to find investments. Do any of you gentlemen happen to know a good investment?"

"Well," said Dixey, "I suggest that you invest in a round of drinks."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Natural Order of Things.

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors at his college."

"He did," grimly assented the father.

"First, he was a quarterback."

"Yes."

"Then a halfback."

"Yes."

"Then a fullback."

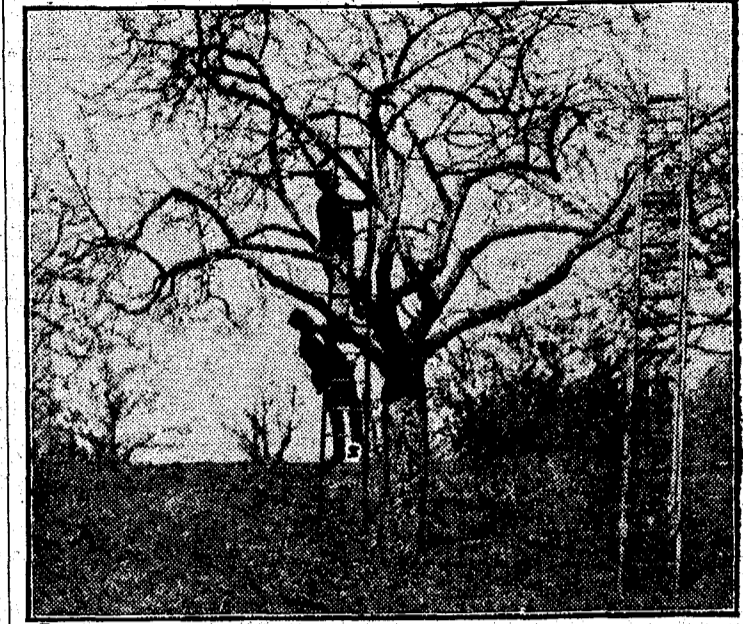
"Yes."

"And now—What is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback."

FRUIT TREES PRUNED JUDICIOUSLY ALL YEAR

Good Working Implements Are the First Essential—Begin Work on the Ground and Continue on Up to the Top.



How to Prune Fruit Trees.

Fruit trees may judiciously be pruned the whole year around, but the time when the work can be most easily done commences with the dropping of the leaves in the fall and ends with the appearance of the new growth in spring, writes Gerhard Kolllig in Garden Magazine. Tools for pruning season—pruning scissors, pruning saw, knife, and, for tall trees, the long-handled pruning hook—must be kept sharp and the scissors and hook also lubricated. Besides these tools it is desirable to have a three-legged stepladder, which is especially constructed for orchard use.

Before starting to prune, consider what you are going to do. Take a good look at the tree about to be pruned and make your plans. The actual work commences on the ground. Water shoots springing from the ground should not be cut off merely on the level with the ground's surface—dig down to the origin of them and cut close to the root or stem, or wherever they may spring from. This done, remove or mend all broken branches. Always aim to close up empty spaces caused by broken limbs. You may do this by bending and tying certain limbs, or by encouraging the growth of neighboring branches.

Walk around the tree and shorten last year's growth on the lower branches about one-third, always aiming toward giving a circular shape to the whole tree. Take the step ladder and again go around the tree, trimming last year's growth higher up but somewhat shorter than on the lower branches. So continue to the top of the tree, going around it several times until, when finished, the tree presents an almost globular shape, the top branches being shortened to less than a quarter of their previous year's growth. Never attempt to save time by pruning the entire height of the tree on one side; if you do this you will certainly give the tree an ugly shape. The higher up you go, the oftener will it be necessary to cut out of two or three branchlets, one or even two. In this case cut out the weaker ones or those growing to the inside of the tree, provided they are not necessary to fill empty spaces.

This is the pruning of an orchard tree, which has been attended to regularly every year. It is more difficult to prune a tree which has been neglected for two or more years, and it is very difficult to bring an unshapely tree to a presentable appearance. Trees allowed to grow ad libitum for two or more years will sometimes need heavy cutting back. The more straggling and irregular the growth and the more slender and numerous the branches, the more heavily the tree has to be pruned.

On stone fruit trees it is not advisable to cut back to the old wood and this should never be done except in the case of a broken limb. If such is the case, be sure the wound is closed with paint, wax or tar. On apples or pears you may, without injury to the tree (provided it is attended to regularly afterward), cut off the growth of several seasons, but always see that you cut above dormant buds. Dormant buds, situated at the base of each year's growth, are often hardly noticeable. Above them fruit buds may have formed very conspicuously. It seems a pity to cut them away, but what good would they do? They will only produce small fruit, or, by the amount of the fruit produced, will break the branches which are too weak to support the weight.

Confronted with a tree out of shape or of too thick a growth, remove first the branches growing to the inside and even to the opposite side of the tree, unless by removing them you cause an open space. But such a branch, having been allowed to grow from one side of a tree to the other, and which could not be dispensed with this year, ought to be treated in a way to allow its removal in a succeeding year; that is, the branches must be trimmed in order to allow the growth of the neighboring branches to close in and gradually fill the space now taken up by this perverse one.

Then the tree may still have too many branches. In removing them, avoid cutting entire branches originating directly from the trunk, which would make large wounds. By not healing over quickly, these wounds would eventually make holes in the trunk. Of course such branches ought to have come off while the tree was young, but now it is too late. Be satisfied, therefore, with thinning out the smaller branches, taking care that air and light can sufficiently penetrate to all parts of the tree and that fruit bud development is encouraged on parts which, in the coming summer and fall, will be able to support the weight of the fruit.

All this having been done, it will nevertheless be important to pick over the fruit after it has fairly well formed. Break out all the small and unsightly fruit; it is certainly more profitable, be it from the commercial standpoint or simply for home use, to have one big, juicy, well-formed, well-colored and well-ripened apple than four or five small, unsightly and unsavory ones.

POISON SPRAYS BENEFIT APPLES

Those Who Use Arsenate of Lead Use Too Much at a Time and Usually Spray Too Often.

It is very desirable to grow apples free from worms. The codling moth is the insect that lays the eggs in the blossoms from which the worms are hatched. Arsenical poison sprayed on the blossoms is eaten by the young codling moth worms and they die before doing any damage.

A great many fruit growers do not spray at all for the codling moth. It has been found, however, by experience that those who do spray with arsenate of lead use too strong a solution, apply too much at a time and usually spray too often. Four pounds of arsenate of lead to 100 gallons of water make an amply strong solution. A greater proportion of the poison is an actual detriment and waste.

The apple tree does not have to be soaked with the poison mixture to kill the larvae of the moth. The minutest drops of the liquid on the calyx of each blossom will effectually do the work. The fineness of the spray is no more important than the quantity used. Each blossom should receive a little. Some in spraying apply so much of the liquid that it runs down the branches and trunks to the roots of the trees, where it does injury.

In most cases two or three pounds of arsenate of lead to 100 gallons of water makes a solution strong enough to destroy all of the worms if applied in the right way. Two sprayings at the right time are sufficient, and a saving of material and labor. The general notion that arsenical poison on the trunk and branches of trees is beneficial is a mistake. On the other hand, they do positive injury, and many trees thus treated die from poisoning.

Don't Let Soil Crust.

Do not let the soil form a crust. It is at such times that the evaporation of the moisture is very rapid. Run the cultivator through the corn to prevent this condition, and the oftener it is cultivated the better the crop will do. Such cultivation puts a fine dust mulch upon the surface which effectually prevents evaporation except at a very slow rate. Anyone that has examined a well-cultivated field has been struck by the dryness of the surface, and only a few inches below it was almost wet enough to make mud balls. After every rain it is necessary to break up the crust that forms. In this way moisture enough may be accumulated to tide over the period when it is needed most. A little shower often does considerable damage by destroying the dust mulch, and it should be restored as soon as possible.

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 braggart American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. First attacked them, Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. The next morning on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in the 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 cliffs. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"That's it—do the baby act," jeered Blake. "But say, I don't know just how much eavesdropping you did; so there's one thing I'll repeat for the special benefit of your ludship. It'll be good for your delicate health to pay attention. From now on, the cliff top belongs to Miss Leslie. Gents and book agents not allowed. Understand? You don't go up there without her special invite. If you do, I'll twist your damned neck!"

He turned on his heel and left the Englishman covering.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Ominous Lull.

THE three saw nothing more of each other that day. Miss Leslie had withdrawn into the baobab and Blake had gone off down the cliff for more salt. He did not return until after the others were asleep. Miss Leslie had gone without her supper, or had eaten some of the food stored within the tree.

When, late the next morning, she finally left her seclusion Blake was nowhere in sight. Ignoring Winthrop's attempts to start a conversation, she hurried through her breakfast, and, having gathered a supply of food and water, went to spend the day on the headland.

Evening forced her to return to the cleft. She had emptied the water flask by noon, and was thirsty. Winthrop was dozing beneath his canopy, which Blake had moved some yards down towards the barricade. Blake was cooking supper.

He did not look up, and met her attempt at a pleasant greeting with an inarticulate grunt. When she turned to enter the baobab, she found the opening littered with bamboos and green creepers and pieces of large branches with charred ends. On either side, midway through the entrance, a vertical row of holes had been sunk through the bark of the tree into the soft wood.

"What is this?" she asked. "Are you planning a porch?"

"Maybe," he replied.

"But why should you make the holes so far in? I know so little about these matters, but I should have fancied the holes would come on the front of the tree."

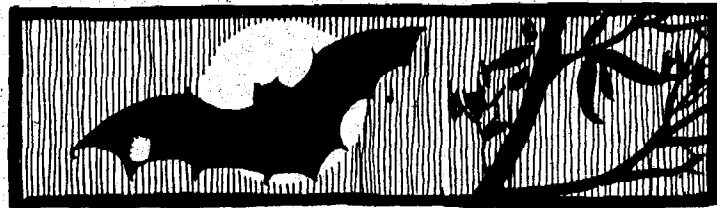
"You'll see in a day or two."

"How did you make the holes? They look black, as though—"

"Burnt 'em, of course—not stones."

"That was so clever of you!"

He made no response.



Satisfied Himself That Miss Leslie Was Well Out Toward the Signal.

Blake was under the baobab, raking together a heap of rubbish. His hands were scratched and bleeding. To the girl's surprise, he met her with a cheerful grin and a clear, direct glance.

"Look here," he called.

She stepped around the baobab and stood staring. The entrance, from the ground to the height of 12 feet, was walled up with a mass of thorny branches, interwoven with yet thornier creepers.

"How's that for a front door?" he demanded.

"Door?"

"Yes."

"But it's so big. I could never move it."

"A child could. Look." He grasped a projecting handle near the bottom of the thorny mass. The lower half of the door swung up and outward, the upper half in and downward. "See, it's balanced on a crossbar in the middle. Come on in."

She walked after him in under the now horizontal door. He gave the inner end a light upward thrust, and the door swung back in its vertical circle until it again stood upright in the opening. From the inside the girl could see the strong framework to which was lashed the facing of the thorns. It was made of bamboo and strong pieces of branches, bound together with tough creepers.

"Pretty good grating, eh?" remarked Blake. "When those green creepers dry, they'll shrink and hold tight as iron clamps. Even now nothing short of a rhinoceros could walk through when the bars are fast. See here."

He stepped up to the novel door and slid several socketed crossbars until their outer ends were deep in the holes in the tree trunk, three on each side.

"How's that for a set of bolts?" he demanded.

"Wonderful! Really, you are very, very clever! But why should you go to all this trouble, when the barricade—"

"Well, you see, it's best to be on the safe side."

"But it's absurd for you to go to all this needless work. Not that I do not appreciate your kind thought for my safety. Yet look at your hands!"

Blake hastened to put his bleeding hands behind him.

"Go and wash them at once, and I'll put on a dressing."

"No, thank you, Miss Jenny. You needn't bother. They'll do all right."

"You must!—It would please me."

"Why, then, of course—But first, I want to make sure you understand fastening the door. Try the bars yourself."

She obeyed, sliding the bars in and out until he nodded his satisfaction.

"Good!" he said. "Now promise me you'll slide 'em fast every night."

"That's right. But whatever happens, you'll believe I've done my best, won't you?—even if I'm not a— Promise me straight, you'll look up tight every night."

"Very well, I promise," responded the girl, not a little troubled by the strangeness of his expression.

That night Miss Leslie, dutifully fastened herself in with all six bars. She wakened at dawn, and hastened out to prepare Blake's breakfast, but she found herself too late. There were evidences that he had eaten and gone off before dawn. The stretching frame of one of the antelope skins, had been moved around by the fire, and on the smooth inner surface of the hide was a laconic note, written with charcoal in a firm, bold hand:

"Exploring inland. Back by night, if can."

She bit her lip in her disappointment, for she had planned to show him how much she appreciated his absurd but well-meant concern for her safety. As it was, he had gone off without a word and left her to the questionable pleasure of a tete-a-tete with Winthrop. Hoping to avoid this, she hurried her preparations for a day on the cliff. But before she could get off, Winthrop sauntered up, hiding his yawns behind a hand which had regained most of its normal plumpness. His eyes were at once caught by the charcoal note.

"Ah!" he drawled; "really now, this is too kind of him to give us the pleasure of his absence all day!"

"Ye-es?" murmured Miss Leslie. "Permit me to add that you will also have the pleasure of my absence. I am going now."

Winthrop looked down, and began to speak very rapidly: "Miss Genevieve, I—I wish to apologize. I've thought it over. I've made a mistake—I—I mean, my conduct the other day was vile, utterly vile! Permit me to appeal to your consideration for a man who has been unfortunate—who, I mean, has been—er—was carried away by his feelings. Your carrying of that bloom—er—that—er—boulder so angered me that I—that I—"

"Mr. Winthrop!" interrupted the girl, "I will have you to understand that you do not advance yourself in my esteem by such references to Mr. Blake."

"Aye! aye, that Blake!" panted Winthrop. "Don't you see? It's 'im, an' that blossom! W'en a man's daffy—w'en 'e's in love!—"

Miss Leslie burst into a nervous laugh; but checked herself on the instant.

"Really, Mr. Winthrop!" she exclaimed, "you must pardon me. I—I never knew that cultured Englishmen ever dropped their h's. As it happens, you know, I never saw one excited before this."

"Ah, yes; to be sure—to be sure!" murmured Winthrop, in an odd tone. The girl threw out her hand in a little gesture of protest.

"Really, I'm sorry to have hurt—to have been so thoughtless!"

Winthrop stood silent. She spoke

again: "I'll do what you ask. I'll make allowances for you—for your feelings towards me and try to forget all you said the other day. Let me begin by asking a favor of you."

"Ah, Miss Genevieve, anything, to be sure, that I may do!"

"It is that I wish your opinion. When Mr. Blake finished that absurd door last evening, he would not tell me why he had built it—only a vague statement about my safety."

"Ah! He did not go into particulars?" drawled Winthrop.

"No, not even a hint; and he looked so—odd."

Winthrop slowly rubbed his soft palms one upon the other.

"Do you—er—really desire to know his—the motive which actuated him?" he murmured.

"I should not have mentioned it to you if I did not," she answered.

"Well—er— He hesitated and paused for a full minute. "You see, it is a rather difficult undertaking to intimate such a matter to a lady—just the right touch of delicacy, you know. But I will begin by explaining that I have known it since the first—"

"Known what?"

"Of—that bound—of—er—Blake's trouble?"

"Ah! Perhaps I should have said affliction; yes, that is the better word. To own the truth, the fellow has some good qualities. It was no doubt because he realized, when in his better moments—"

"Better moments? Mr. Winthrop, I am not a child. In justice both to myself and to Mr. Blake, I must ask you to speak out plainly."

"My dear Miss Leslie, may I first ask if you have not observed how strangely at times the fellow acts—'looks odd,' as you put it—how he falls into melancholia or senseless rages? I may truthfully state that he has three times threatened my life."

"I—I—thought his anger quite natural, after I had so rudely—and so many people are given to brooding— But if he was violent to you—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, I hold nothing against the miserable fellow. At such times he is not—er—responsible, you know. Let us give the fellow full credit—that is why he himself built your door."

"Oh, but I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" cried the girl. "It's not possible! He's so strong, so true and manly, so kind, for all his gruffness!"

"Ah, my dear!" soothed Winthrop, "that is the pity of it. But when a man must needs be his worst enemy, when he must needs lead a certain kind of life, he must take the consequences. To put it as delicately as possible, yet explain all, I need only say one word—paranoia."

Miss Leslie gathered up her day's outfit with trembling fingers and went to mount the cliff.

After waiting a few minutes Winthrop walked hurriedly through the cleft and climbed the tree-ladder with an agility that would have amazed his companions. But he did not draw himself up on the cliff. Having satisfied himself that Miss Leslie was well out toward the signal, he returned to the baobab and proceeded to examine Blake's door with minute scrutiny.

That evening, shortly before dark, Blake came in almost exhausted by his journey. Few men could have covered the same ground in twice the time. It had been one continuous round of grass jungle, thorn scrub, rocks and swamp. And for all his pains he brought back with him nothing more than the discouraging information that the back-country was worse than the shore. Yet he betrayed no trace of depression over the bad news, and for all his fatigue maintained a tone of hearty cheerfulness until, having eaten his fill, he suddenly observed Miss Leslie's frigid politeness.

"What's up now?" he demanded.

"You're not mad 'cause I hiked off this morning without notice?"

"No, of course, not, Mr. Blake. Nothing of the kind. But I—"

"Well, what?" he broke in, as she hesitated. "I can't, for the world, think of anything else I've done—"

"You've done! Perhaps I might suggest that it is a question of what you haven't done." The girl was trembling on the verge of hysterics. "Yes, what you've not done! All these weeks, and not a single attempt to get us away from here, except that miserable signal; and I as good as put that up! You call yourself a man! But I—"

"I— She stopped short, white with a sudden overpowering fear.

Winthrop looked from her to Blake with a sidelong glance, his lips drawn up in an odd twist.

There followed several moments of tense silence; then Blake mumbled apologetically: "Well, I suppose might have done more. I was so dazed anxious to make sure of food and shelter. But this trip to-day—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is asserted by a traveler that "the best cigar tobacco in the world comes from Macedonia; that the best tobacco (when it is tobacco at all) in European cigarettes comes from Macedonia; and that when it does not come from Macedonia it is said to come from there."

BRAVE FEAT OF A POSTAL CLERK

SAVES MAIL FROM BURNING CAR, THEN TAKES CHANCE FOR LIFE WITH LEAP.

STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCE

Gathers Letters and Registered Matter into Pouch, Tosses Them Out of Car and Jumps into Flames of Wreckage.

Washington.—Railway mail clerks frequently experience danger in the line of their duties, but few more thrilling accounts of escapes from death ever have been chronicled than that given in an official report to the postoffice department by John M. McCroskey, a railway mail clerk on the Washington, Orrville & Spokane railroad.

On the morning of August 21 the train of which his car was a part ran into a burning bridge about two miles south of Dart Siding, Wash. Much of the train was destroyed by fire, but through McCroskey's heroism some of the mail was saved. Following is his own story of his experience, as given to Gen. Supt. Alexander Grant, of the railway mail service:

"I had no warning of the approaching accident until the engineer applied the emergency brakes, just before the engine plunged through the burning bridge. The mail car followed the engine, striking on the engine tank, sliding up over the tank, crushing the cab and stopping on top of its back. The jar threw me backward over the paper rack, wrenching my back. I regained my feet in a few seconds and went to the door to find that the mail car was some 40 feet above the creek and on fire.

"Just then some part of the engine exploded, blowing fire, gas and steam in every direction, and making escape for me impossible at that time. I returned to the letter car and gathered up what letters and registers I could find, placed the letters in a pouch and threw them out of the car. The registers and dater, pad and type I put in my handbag and threw that into the creek.

"I saw it was up to me to make my escape as best I could without aid, for the car was a mass of flames, and

"My dear Miss Genevieve, I hold nothing against the miserable fellow. At such times he is not—er—responsible, you know. Let us give the fellow full credit—that is why he himself built your door."

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A GREAT ANNOYANCE.

Kidney Disease Shows Many Pains and Unpleasant Symptoms.

George S. Crowell, 1109 Broadway, Helena, Mont., says: "I was troubled with a disordered condition of the kidneys, some backache and irregular passages of secretions. At times I was obliged to get up out of bed at night, and the urine was unnatural in appearance. On the advice of a friend I procured Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. This remedy helped me at once, strengthened my kidneys and corrected the disordered condition."

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

SWEETLY PUT.



Myrtle—And you never tire of pushing my board walk chair?

Jerome—No, indeed. On the contrary, I feel like I am carrying everything before me.

Myrtle—Why, I am not everything.

Jerome—But you are everything to me.

HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—It Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhardt, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Prop., Boston.

Changed Farm Life.

The dull silence that hung over that New England dinner table has been lifted of late. It is gone like the dew in the sunlight of the new social influences. The isolation of the farm was the chilling cause that drove men into the cities. Now, by telephone and free mail delivery, all the warm world currents are being carried to the country and are vitalizing the rural community into a life that is rich and abundant in the variety of its interests. A real heart hunger has been answered. Over hill and down dale flashes the impulse that electrifies existence with the thrill of human life touching other human life.—De-lin-eator.

They Didn't Have to Change.

During the years in which our pure food laws have been put into effect there has been a great hurrying and scurrying on the part of the food manufacturers to change their methods to make them conform to the law.

The Quaker Oats Company is a conspicuous exception. It was admitted that Quaker Oats was as pure and clean as possible and that it was an ideal food.

It is so cheap that any one can afford it and so nourishing that everyone needs it. The result of last year's experiments at Yale and other points where food values were tested is that Quaker Oats has been adopted by many persons as their food on which they rely for adding vigor and endurance of muscle and brain.

The Quaker Oats Company meets all demands in the way it packs Quaker Oats; regular size packages and the large size family package; the latter, both with and without china.

"Filthy Lucre."

The expression "filthy lucre" is of Biblical origin, and is to be found in the third chapter of the first book of Timothy, where the qualifications necessary for the office of a bishop are thus set forth: "This is a true saying. If a man desireth the office of bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop must then be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous."

A New Dress for 10 Cents.

The cost of a package of Dyola Dyes, you don't have to know whether it is cotton, wool, silk or mixed goods. Dyola gives the same fast brilliant colors on all goods. Comes in 16 colors. At your dealer's or if not in stock we will send you any color for 10 cents with direction book and color card. Dyola, Burlington, Vt.

Kind of Wife He Wanted.

Binks—"If you ever intend to marry, pick out a woman who can swim."

Jinks—"Why?" Binks—"She can keep her mouth closed."



"I at Last Took a Chance for My Life and Jumped."

the heat was so intense no one could get near enough to the burning wreckage to be of any assistance to me. I then tried to climb out on the left side of the car, but the flames drove me back into the car. I then went to the door on the right side of the car, and on looking down, when I could see through the smoke, flames and steam, could see nothing but wreckage and a mass of flames on the rocks 40 feet below, into which I at last took a chance and jumped. I tried to leap clear of the wreck, but that was impossible and I alighted among the burning timbers of the bridge that had been knocked down as the engine crashed through the bridge. I was rescued from further danger by a special agent of the Great Northern Railroad Company. My back, neck and shoulders were severely wrenched and my right knee was bruised and sprained by the jump from the car to the burning wreckage in the creek."

Wife Protects an Umpire.

Cushing, Okla.—Umpire Ed Hale was chased from Cushing park by an infuriated mob of baseball fans, but after following him to the Merchants' hotel, a mile away, the mob abandoned the effort to assault him, but not until Hale had cried for protection from behind his wife's skirts in the hotel and three policemen with revolvers drawn had pushed the mob back. Hale escaped from the hotel and left town.

Hale was charged by the Cushing fans with giving unfair decisions in a game between Cushing and Cleveland. The crowd became angered and 100 of them plunged into the field, breaking up the game and chasing Hale.

Briefs of the Week

Lost—A Souvenir book of New York. Will finder kindly leave at this office.

Football Excursion today to Boyne City via Sur. Hum. Boat leaves here at 12:00 m.

Vacation in the Ranney school district. The teacher, Miss Maud Crowell, is home this week.

W. J. Downey of Detroit, State Factory Inspector, was an East Jordan visitor this week.

Work on the various new residences about town is progressing steadily in spite of unfavorable weather.

Ralph Davis was over from Ellsworth, Sunday. He has commenced building his new produce warehouse there.

Ira Bradshaw of Central Lake has purchased a 120-acre farm near East Jordan and will go into the dairy business.

A recently-wedded couple on the West Side were treated to a charivari by a crowd of friends, Wednesday evening.

Orrin Bartlett left Thursday for a trip through the West, his first point being Alberta. He will be absent most of the winter.

Over forty couples took in the Theatre Orchestra Dancing Party last Tuesday evening. A most enjoyable evening is reported.

Charles Knop has bought 40 acres of land of his brother William and Henry has purchased another forty. The land is in Wilcox township.

Lloyd Bennett of Chicago, a former East Jordan boy, was united in marriage at that place last Thursday to Miss Marie Esperch of Mt. Vernon, Wis.

"The Vanished Fleet," a poem from the pen of Rev. W. W. Lamport, which appears on the first page of this issue, was featured in the Grand Rapids Herald recently.

A large stock-room has been added to the East Jordan Planing Mills. This, with the one recently constructed, gives them ample room to handle their finished products.

Wilhelm & Munroe have completed their contract at Houghton—building a large warehouse for the Chicago Produce Company—and are once more making East Jordan their headquarters.

The Christian Science reading room will be open to the public every Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 2:00 to 5:00 o'clock. There Christian Science literature can be read or purchased if desired.

Henry Harness and Ed Harris were arrested here Tuesday by Deputy Sheriff Curkendall and taken to Boyne City, where they were wanted on suspicion of taking money from a companion's pocket. They were arraigned before Justice Hammond of that place and told conflicting stories. The Judge bound them over to the circuit court.

Congressman Dodds is now called upon to decide his first postoffice contest. Postmaster D. B. Meech's term at Charlevoix expires soon and there are others who would seriously like the place. Among them are Sam Rose, the deep water diver and politician, Arthur Fitch, a county seat attorney, Henry Cooper, well known in Charlevoix county politics as ex-sheriff, and a Wm. Collins. They are all hustling for the place.

"It Pays to Advertise" was the lesson brought out in Justice Fitch's court, Wednesday. Early last month Will Hite lost a roll of bills amounting to \$7.00 and at once advertised his loss in The Herald. A lady saw the adv. and immediately went to Mr. Hite with the information that Mrs. Cora Matthews had found the money. Mr. Hite called upon the lady but she claimed to have given it to another claimant. The case finally wound up in Justice Fitch's court and a jury found her guilty of withholding the money, the Justice assessing a fine of \$50 or 90 days. The prisoner was remanded to jail but on Thursday morning paid the fine.

The county board of supervisors in session at Bellaire last week Wednesday received the petitions asking for the submission of the local option question to the voters of this (Antrim) county. The vote on the submission of the same was unanimous, every supervisor voting in favor of it. The election was ordered to take place at the time of the regular spring election next year. It is also said that every supervisor in the county is in favor of local option and will work and vote for it. This speaks well for the intelligence and the spirit of interest in the moral welfare of the people on the part of the county board of legislators, and we believe the voters of the county will ratify and sustain them and give a good majority in favor of this great moral question at next spring's election.—Manitoulin Herald.

Mrs. Corrie Lanway is guest of Bellaire friends.

Mrs. A. K. Hill was a Charlevoix visitor Monday.

Contractor John Munroe is at Traverse City this week.

Homer E. Maddock is employed in Boyne City this week.

Miss Hazel Pollitt is assisting at Harper's Bazaar Store.

Ira Adams of Bellaire was guest of P. A. Kenyon first of the week.

E. J. Wing and family are visiting relatives in Indiana and Ohio.

Peter Lalonde and wife are guests of the latter's sister at Bellaire.

Miss Ada Matthews visited her sister Stella at Petoskey this week.

Telephone Cuson Bros. and they will call for your Laundry. Phone 203.

A good wood and coal Heating Store for sale cheap. Inquire this office.

Floyd Fry and Miss Maud Miller of Boyne City were East Jordan visitors Sunday.

Misses Grace Keenholz and Mildred Gilbert were guest of Charlevoix friends over Sunday.

L. A. Hoyt was confined to his home with illness the past week, but is able to be out again.

Mrs. W. A. Loveday, with youngest son, Frederic, left Friday for a ten-days' outing with relatives at Lansing.

Harold B. Lamport was recently elected to the board of school examiners by the supervisors of Ontonagon county.

Mrs. M. E. Heston has been in Petoskey this week helping to arrange for the coming W. C. T. U. district meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass left first of the week for Oklahoma City, Okla., where they visit their daughter, Mrs. Jos. Hedge.

M. Muina and wife and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Muma returned from Rose City, Saturday last, and will make East Jordan their home.

Rev. J. H. Cater and family are home from their extended visit to Ohio. While there Mr. Cater attended the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Mrs. James Thompson and Mrs. John Hackett have returned from their western trip and report a very enjoyable visit although both ladies are glad to be home again.

Dr. Suleba came on Friday evening with his daughter Miriam and spent Sunday, Miriam remaining till Tuesday when she met her father at Bellaire enroute to Grand Rapids.

F. B. Gannett and Dr. H. W. Dickson took in the ball game at Detroit last Saturday. Hugh sent Frank home to explain how it all happened, while he took a rest-up at Ann Arbor for a day.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church gave a musicale of a very interesting character on Friday evening in the church. In addition to excellent singing by Mesdames Haire, Bash, Nicholas, and Harry Sloane, a chorus of about forty girls under the direction of Miss Sheffield sang "Goodnight" very sweetly. Miss Grigsby gave a very telling selection on the pipe organ, and the pastor recited "The Bells" and "The Chameleon." Mr. Loveday also gave at intervals fine selections on his Victor Phonograph. As a financial result the ladies netted about \$25.

The latest thing that has been sprung on the unsuspecting public is the ruling of the passenger departments of all the Michigan railroads that taking effect Nov. 8th, all dogs carried on passenger trains must be in the baggage car and that the cost of transportation for each dog will be at the rate charged for one hundred pounds of excess baggage with a minimum of 25 cents. It further provides for a collar and suitable chain. Two dogs if crated in same crate will be carried for same minimum charge. This means quite an additional expense especially to hunters taking two or three dogs after rabbits or birds.

A most enjoyable evening was spent Saturday at the home of Mr. Robert Nell at Advance with a round of games, dainty refreshments being served, when Miss Lou A. Rice the sixth grade teacher from East Jordan, visiting there, was pleasantly surprised by a large party of friends. * * * A grand party was given last Saturday at the home of W. B. Petrie, near East Jordan, by their daughter Ruth and other high school girls, to a number of young people of this city. The party was a grand affair and a jolly time was the feature of the evening. A supper was served at a late hour which was well planned and enjoyed.—Boyne Citizen.

Among The Steeple.

Rev. W. W. Lamport will preach at the Vance school house Sunday at three o'clock.

The audience at the Methodist church Sunday evening were much pleased with the solo sung by Mrs. H. Taylor, recently come to East Jordan. The Methodist Ladies' Aid will hold their annual election of officers next Wednesday, Oct. 27th. They meet with Mrs. Barrie and request all members to be present.

Mrs. L. A. Hoyt entertained the W. C. T. U. Friday afternoon. Refreshments were served and delegates were chosen to the district meeting to be held at Petoskey Nov. 9-11.

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.

Dr. T. S. Suleba of Grand Rapids gave a very powerful and illuminating address last Sunday evening to a full house. The doctor filled the first number on the local lecture course at Bellaire on Monday evening to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The subject of his lecture was "The Turk and the Devil."

Come and we will do you good. Where? At the Presbyterian church on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. There is always a welcome to all strangers and visitors. The pastor will conduct services and expects to preach on both occasions. Also remain to Sunday School should you feel so inclined. Junior C. E. Society meets at 3:00. Mrs. Grigsby looks after the young people. Senior C. E. at 6:15.

High School Notes.

Mr. Northon has organized an extra-curricular class for the benefit of the juniors and seniors.

Harry Gregory and Bert Hart were up looking over subjects for a preparatory course.

The foot-ball boys will run an excursion on the Steamer Hum, to Boyne City this Saturday afternoon for the benefit of those who wish to attend the game between our team and the fast eleven there. The last game between the teams was a tie, and this one will be an exceedingly interesting affair. The boat leaves here 12:00 and Boyne at 5:00, 50c round trip.

Pearl Zoulek has returned to school again.

Mr. Butler and Mr. DeFoe of Boyne City visited the high school Thursday.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us during the sickness and death of our mother, Mrs. C. E. Keat.

JAMES H. KEAT.
MRS. DAN GOODMAN

Telephone 203 and our wagon will call for your Laundry—Cuson Bros.

Empoy Bros. have now on display in their window the Columbian Carpet made by the Planet Mills. This carpet is woven the same as every J-n-grain carpet. The yarn is dyed before weaving therefore securing fast colors. We ask you to come in. It will bear a very close inspection, and the price will do you good.

The customers are beginning to find out that this is the right place to buy their new goods. Keep your feet dry and buy your new shoes for fall which we guarantee to wear. Bring in your old shoes to be repaired by Mr. Emery who is a first class shoe maker and will do the work at reasonable prices.—Wallace Weiss, Proprietor of The Fair Store.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2000

Officers:

W. P. Porter, President

W. L. French, Vice Pres.

Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier

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

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

The wholesome, harmless green leaves and tender stems of a living healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Tickling or dry bronchial coughs quickly and safely yield to this highly effective Cough medicine. Dr. Shoop assures mothers that they can with safety give it even to very young babes. No opium, no chloroform—absolutely nothing harsh or harmful. It calms the distressing cough, and heals the sensitive membranes. Accept no other. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Sold by James Gidley.

Leave your Laundry at Mack's Jewelry Store.

J. Leahy, the optician, will soon be here again. Will give date later.

STOVE FOR SALE.—A Wood Heater in good condition.—Mrs. C. L. Otto.

Fleck's Fly Chaser for protection of the Dumb Beak. Sold under a guarantee by J. J. Votruba Co.

Home Grown Peaches For Sale. Fine Fruit—Albertas, Crawfords, etc. Prices reasonable. Phone 153-1-2 or address John Hackett, East Jordan, Mich.

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Pure healthful toasted grains, malt, nuts, etc. have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too! No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. Tuck it and see. Dr. Shoop created Health Coffee that the people might have a genuine coffee substitute, and one that would be thoroughly satisfying in every possible respect. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

The Cause of War.

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers.

"What was the cause, bell?" asked the fair debutante.

"Maud," exclaimed mamma in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

Not What She Expected.

A popular and clever English actress, who is also considered well above the average in good looks, got a setback a short time ago. Arriving, as was her habit, at the theater a considerable time before the rise of the curtain, she chanced to meet the call boy.

"Good evening, miss,"

"Good evening, Harry," she replied.

"I'm early, am I not?"

"Yes, miss," said the boy.

"You see, Harry, it takes a long time for me to make myself beautiful."

The boy looked at her for a moment, then answered gravely:

"Yes, miss, I suppose it does."

The Delirious Kind.

An old woman went to the undertaker's to order a coffin for her deceased husband.

"He was very, very, very good to me," she said, "and I'll have a coffin of the best yellow pine."

"Yes, madam. That'll be \$14," said the undertaker. "And what kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?"

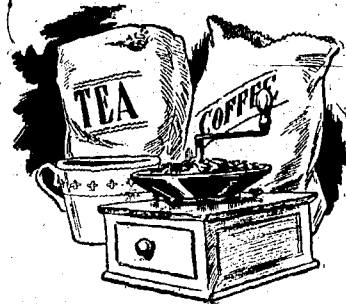
"Trimmin's!" cried the old woman. "And might well ye know, ye spalpeen, that I'll have no trimmin's at all, when it was the trimmin's that the poor lad died of, bad luck to 'em!"

Sandy's Sausages.

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

"There was a poor young man who lived in Glasgow, and his landlady liked to mither him, and every morn and every night she wad gi' him fritt eggs. He got tired of eggs, and so he ast a fren' wher he warkted what else he might ha' to eat. 'I always eat sausages,' said the fren'. When the poor young man passed a meat shop on his way home that night he bought him a poon of sausages and gied them to his landlady. 'Cook them for me in the morn,' said he. 'An' how wull I cook the things?' asked the landlady. 'Like ye wad fesh,' said he. But the next morn there was his fritt eggs and more. 'Wher arro ma' sausages?' said he to his landlady. 'Weel,' said she, 'ye tauld me to cook 'em like I wad fesh, an' when I had finisht cleanin' the things there was naught left.'"

The Daily Grind



of our Coffee is one of the most pleasant tasks, because it is the sure forerunner of much satisfaction to the family. This fragrant Coffee is a blessing in every home. It is pure, strong and invigorating, and cannot be equaled for quality. Our fine new-season Teas also have grown to be extremely popular among connoisseurs, and the prices are satisfactory to all purchasers.

Sherman & Son.

The Season's Most Elaborate Showing of Newest Fashions In Ladies' Suits, Coats, Skirts and Waists.

Our stocks were never so complete as at the present time—showing every new model which is correct and fashionable in most ample variety and in such diversity of style and fabric as will assure every woman that her particular taste may be gratified.



Special Values in Waists.

Choice of many styles fancy Lace and Net Waists, square and pointed yoke trimmed with medallions and lace insertions, coral and white, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Choice of several new styles of Lace and Net Waists, elaborately trimmed front and sleeves with heavy embroidered medallions, some with yoke back and front, coral and white \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00.

New Silk Waists, made of fine quality durable taffeta, colors brown, blue and black, yoke effects, silk embroidered and silk lace insertion, others plain tailored. \$2.50 to \$3.00.

L. WIESMAN

It's a Wise Economy

when buying wire fence to get the very best. When you buy cheap fence, you get cheap material and shoddy workmanship.

PEERLESS WOVEN WIRE FENCE is built with just one idea in view—quality—hard galvanized steel wire—one piece cross bars—the famous Peerless circular tie.

Possibly your dealer makes more money selling a cheap fence, but he can't get Peerless for you if you insist on having it, and it always pays to insist on the best.

Peerless Wire Fence Co., Ltd. ADRIAN MICHIGAN



WHY BUY Mo-Ka?

Because it is High-Grade Coffee, pure, wholesome. Because it is protected from Dirt and loss of strength by the air-tight package. Because it costs less than other coffees which are no better.

TRY MO-KA Sold everywhere at 20c the pound.

Put Up Only in 1-lb. Air-Tight Packages.

GROCERIES and MEATS.

The kind that please and satisfy when delivered. That's just the kind we sell.

ELMER RICHARDS STATE ST. Phone 192.



Who's Your PLUMBER

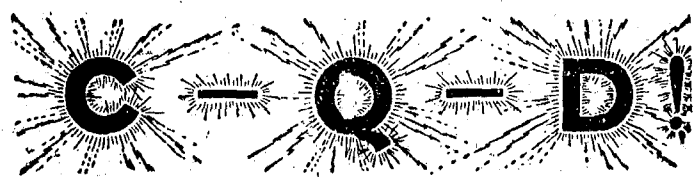
SPENCER OF COURSE.

Any one in East Jordan will tell you that good Plumbing is assured, if you 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.

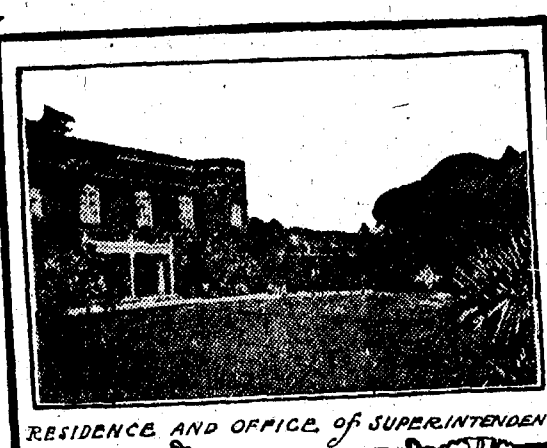


When we get your wireless call for HELP, we will come to the rescue with good old PRINTER'S INK

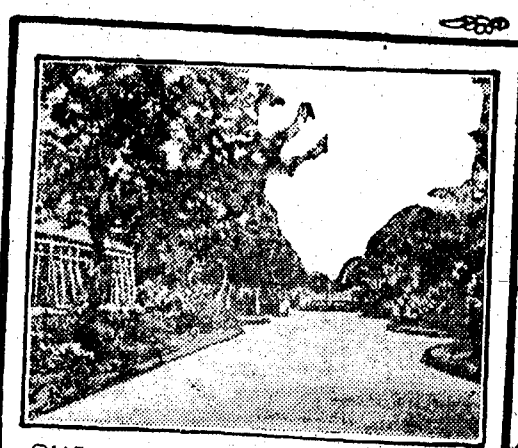
GOOD ADVERTISING HAS SAVED MANY BUSINESS MEN FROM FINANCIAL SHIPWRECK

BOTANICAL GARDENS in BUENOS AIRES

E. B. COMBS



RESIDENCE AND OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL AVENUES

DRIVING out the beautiful avenue of Santa Fe, that practically begins at the Plaza San Martín, and after a due western extension of some 500 yards, bends to the north-west and follows roughly the course of the La Plata for a distance of three miles (40 squares), the entrance to the Botanical garden of Buenos Aires is reached. Beyond this lies the Zoological garden, and still farther on the far-famed Park of Palermo. From both of these the Botanical garden is distinct in spirit and style. It is the embodiment of a refined and artistic taste, a really marvelous blending of the beautiful and the useful.

In 1892 this land was granted to the director general of the public parks, M. Thays, for the establishment of the Botanical garden and the garden was opened to the public in September, 1893. One must know something of the soil and the seasons here to understand how even with a masterly hand at the helm, such marvels have been accomplished in so short a time.

Certain students of medicine and pharmacy from the National college, and other schools of the city, frequent the garden and spend hours in interesting study. Indeed, they have a rich field from which to glean, as there are, in what is called the School of Botany, over 6,000 species, all perfectly classified according to the system of De Candolle.

The garden contains about 20 acres of ground, half of which is level, the other half very uneven and ending on the northern side in steep banks that overlook the street, Las Heras. This street is named in honor of the hero whose ashes were recently brought home from Chile, and received with such pomp and ceremony by his appreciative countrymen.

The entire area is triangular in form and is divided into 14 different sections, each plainly marked and devoted to the flora of a distinct region.

The three pronounced styles of gardening, which, in a comparatively small area might have produced an inharmonious effect, or at least a lack of unity, are so charmingly blended as to give, instead, the line of variety.

The Garden Louis XIV. is, of course, the most pretentious bit, the "finished coquette," some one calls it, with its statues and fountains and its well-trimmed borders of box. It must not be inferred that the French garden is superficial (except as this is the usual characteristic of gardens), for there is, both in this and in the Roman garden, a whole history written for those who know how to read it.

To one not bent on special study and whose knowledge of the art of gardening, past and present, is limited, and who prefers a quiet walk to dress parade, the English garden, as it is called, appeals most strongly.

Not only are the two Americas royally represented, but Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia as well. These sections are separated by beautiful walks with exquisite curves and turns; here a magnificent tree, there a flowering shrub, everything in accordance with an artistic taste.

In the South American section, particularly of the Argentine Republic, the collection is wonderfully complete, and exceedingly varied and interesting, from the Anthurium of the north to the Paganus Amaranthus of the south. The tipa, a species of acacia, is chief of the ornamental trees: when properly cared for, it grows into a beautiful, shapely tree. The leaf is much like that of the locust, and the blossoms, though of the same form as the locust, are a brilliant yellow instead of white. The fame of this tree has gone abroad. One of Rio Janeiro's most beautiful avenues is, in part, adorned by tipas. France, too, now boasts some fine specimens. It grows in any soil, and its bark contains an insect poison that renders it invulnerable to these enemies.

The quebracho (ax-breaker) is a leguminous tree also, and is the most valuable and costly of the Argentine woods. Its color is a dark, rich red, and it is so hard and heavy that it seems like iron. It is much used for all kinds of posts, also in tanning, and is highly prized by shipbuilders, as the water does not injure it.

Several varieties of the algarrobo grow here. In one province—San Luis—not only are the cattle fed on the long pods, but the poorer people find them a nourishing food.

The jacaranda is another ornamental tree much admired for its fern-like foliage and beautiful purple-blue flowers.

The mahogany tree is a native of the province of Buenos Aires, and there are several fine specimens in the garden, with the characteristic bifurcated leaf. The blossoms appear in December; they are white, and in form something like a small magnolia bloom.

The narancaña, from one of the northern provinces, attains great size and is of unusual service to the people. The pith is edible and



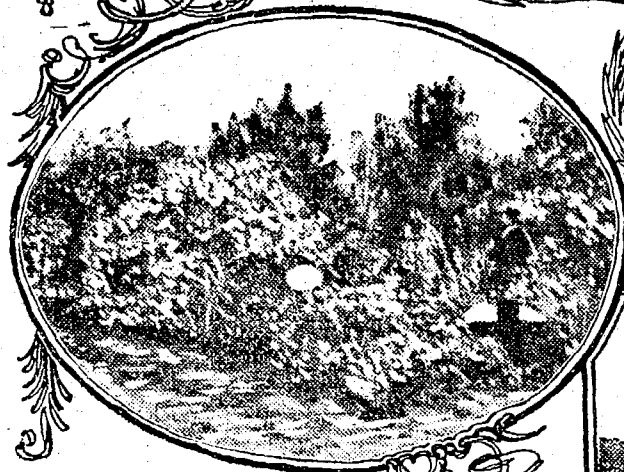
LILIES ON THE UPPER PARAGUAY



MEXICAN SECTION OF THE GARDEN



BOTANICAL SECTION



YERBA MATE PARAGUAYAN TEA PLANTS

is cooked and served in many ways. The bark is made into casks and barrels. As the tree sometimes has a diameter of more than a meter, one length of bark serves for a cask.

The paradise tree and the ceiba are great favorites; the former, on account of its rich purple flowers, the latter on account of its brilliant red ones. This is said to have been the favorite tree of Rosas.

There is a beautiful large tree from Misiones, the celastrola, whose delicate leaves are very like smilax, just a shade darker and thicker. The really ugly tree of the garden is the palo borracho (drunken stick), with a shapeless swelled trunk, covered with thorns, and having small, irregular branches. It is, however, very useful, as it furnishes a species of vegetable silk.

In the Tierra del Fuego section, or subsection, there is a most lovely araucaria, a fine dark green, except the tips of the branches, which are of a softer, lighter color. The leaves really seem a sort of developed thorn.

Of all the Argentine trees, the ombu is the most remarkable, with its thick, soft bark, its spongy wood, its dense foliage, and long clusters of white blossoms. It is of rapid growth and attains an enormous size. The soil here is too rich for it; so, in self-defense, its immense roots, after a few years, seek the surface. The older trees have numerous little tender branches that spring directly from this surface root and grow straight up through the thick branches, trying to reach the light. There is one in the garden, eight years old, with a height of 50 feet and a diameter of three. At about two feet above the ground the trunk divides into two smaller trunks, each sending off long, straight branches. Its roots are just beginning to appear. It is an ideal tree for a children's playground, with possibilities for climbing about and even for keeping house among its hospitable branches.

The section of acclimatization is very interesting. Here may be seen the result of assiduous efforts to cultivate various exotic as well as indigenous plants. One very notable success has been that of the cultivation of the yerba mate of Paraguay. After a number of fruitless efforts M. Thays succeeded by the following method: The seeds were placed in water almost boiling hot; every six hours the hot water was renewed. This was kept up for four days; then the seeds, three in number, were pressed out of their little sheath and planted in a special soil, covered to a certain depth and kept constantly moist. Six months' time, and even a year in some instances, was needed for the sprouting. When the plants grew to be 2 1/2 inches high they were placed in separate pots; when 12 inches, they were planted in the garden, where some of them have now reached a height of 12 feet. What is particularly promising is that the seed from these plants will grow without any special preparation. There has been some discussion as to whether

this manner of germination is a modern idea or a rediscovery of the process used by the Jesuits, the secret of which they carried away with them when expelled from their possessions in Paraguay. The mate consumed in the country costs \$4,000,000 annually, so it is well worth while to develop its cultivation. As, however, the Argentine Republic becomes Anglicized, it demands tea instead of mate, regardless of the advice of physicians, who claim that mate is the more wholesome beverage.

The collection of ferns is very large, from the innumerable varieties of the dainty maiden-hair to the tree fern.

The cactus in number and variety almost equals the fern. One very rare variety from the region of the Andes is always shown to visitors. It is particularly ugly, with its long, stiff stalks in spiny ridges.

Among the water lilies, the Victoria regia, with its enormous pads, is a great curiosity to foreigners, though it abounds in the northern provinces of the republic, and is called trupe by the Guarani Indians. It is also said to have a leaf so thick and strong that it will bear the weight of a baby several months old. There is only one large plant growing "al aire libre" in this garden, and it is the pride of the pond.

Of orchids there are some lovely specimens.

The representative flora of the Old World deserves extended space, Europe almost suggesting a World's fair, with here a bit of Spain or Italy, there of Norway, and still farther on a glimpse of Germany. Asia is not more interesting, but more unusual than Europe. There is, of course, the bamboo, with its suggestion of marvelous tales, and from the north a bush covered with lovely white flowers, a sort of spirea. Among the Japanese trees is the ginkgo, with its small and graceful fan-shaped leaves.

Africa is chiefly conspicuous for palms of

many kinds, with an occasional royal cedar towering above. Where a bit of the great Sahara is pointed out, it requires a stretch of the imagination to see more than the oases.

Australia is extensively represented. There are 60 different varieties of eucalyptus in this section and the saltbushes are no longer allowed in the main part of the garden; though the gardeners still seem proud of the ugly, scraggy bushes. They grow prodigiously in this soil, and thrive in any. The Australian variety has a thicker, more succulent leaf than the others.

Besides the sections mentioned, there is one for industrial and medicinal plants, the section of fruit trees, and still another section devoted to the various methods of reproduction, whether by seed, grafting, or budding.

There are also two conservatories. One of them is beautiful and almost new. The older one was awarded a premium in the Paris exposition of 1889, both for its artistic construction and for the excellent arrangement for heating and ventilating its three divisions, which are kept at a temperature of 25 deg., 18 deg., and 12 deg., respectively. The substantial building is an inheritance from the department of agriculture, which formerly occupied this plot of ground. It contains the residence of the director, various offices, and a small museum.

Agricultural explorers who have visited the most famous botanical gardens of both the Old and the New Worlds have written of this one in words of highest praise and appreciation.

Buenos Aires has reason to be proud of its botanical garden, not only because it is one of the richest and most varied in the world, but because of the persistent effort made here to cultivate to the utmost the plants and trees indigenous to the country.

The Last Man Ashore.

It was now nearly half a minute past this big steamboat's sailing time and she hadn't started yet. Usually she got away on the stroke of the minute. The cause of the trouble was clear.

Up the gangplank which had been held that half minute for him came a man, a tolerably big and stalwart sort of man, who had not heard or had not heeded the warning given



LOUIS XIV GARDEN

five minutes before in every part of the boat for all to go ashore that were going. But at last up the gangplank he came, a solitary figure in the plank's wide, long space, and with all the passengers lining that side of the boat looking down upon him with interest, while forward, with his hand on a bell pull at the side of the deck, stood the captain, ready to give the signal in the engine room the instant that man stepped off the gangplank and the plank was hauled ashore.

And so that last man to go ashore passed up the gangplank, not looking up, but not hurrying, walking calmly, while everybody on the boat looked down, and while at the same time there stood at either side of the plank and with their hands resting upon the top rails, six stalwart and able-bodied longshoremen, ready to lift the plank and surge it shoreward about as soon as this gentleman stepped off it, which they did. They let him get about a foot clear of it and then they lifted it, and with the first surge they gave it brought up against his heels.

Whereupon the last man ashore turned with fire in his eye and with an evident desire to lick somebody, and he was an able-looking man. Undoubtedly he could have licked somebody, perhaps two, but the briefest reflection told him that he could not get away with the 12 longshoremen that he now saw smiling at him, whereupon again he turned, now smiling himself, and started on, while in the meantime the instant the gangplank was cleared the captain on the boat had yanked that bell pull and the last lines had been cast off, and now the boat too, though fully 40 seconds late, was at last on her way.

HER QUESTION.

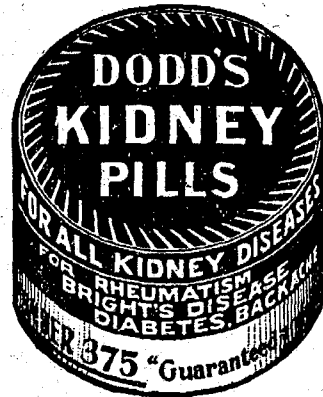


"Well, Miranda, they've found the north pole at last!"
"Sakes alive, Hiram! You don't say! Where did they find it?"

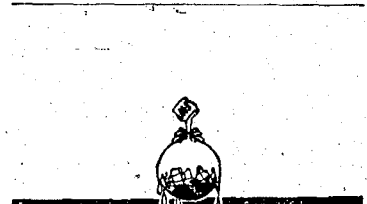
Hard Work for the Daughter.
In a New England weekly newspaper there appeared not long ago the following advertisement:

"A stone mason or his daughter may receive one quarter's music lessons in exchange for work on a cellar."—Youth's Companion.

Country husbands are better trained than town husbands. Ever see a town husband carry a baby on the street?



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE
No. 1375 "Guaranteed"
One Million
Rats
were killed
to clean
up San Francisco.
Two
rats alone
1 year produced
800,000,000.
Kill
your rats
the quick way
with
Rat Bis-Kit
needs no mixing; dry
clean; throw away where
killed—15c a box
THE RAY BROS. CO.
42 N. Limestone St.
Springfield, O.



Something That Needs Paint.

ISN'T there something about the home or farm that needs paint or varnish—that would look better and wear longer and postpone the necessity of buying something new to take its place? Look around you today, see what needs refinishing—the floors, the woodwork, chairs, a shabby piece of furniture. Spend a dollar now and save ten. There is a Sherwin-Williams Paint and Varnish for every purpose.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES
Write for Booklet. 601 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF ASTHMA & HAY FEVER
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Grows and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Reverses Falls to Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 per bottle.

HORSE OWNERS—ATTENTION! Security blanket fasteners will hold blanket on horse in any storm. Agents wanted. Good seller. Sample sent free. **SMITH & PEELING SCHUYLER, PA.**
If afflicted with sore eyes use **Thompson's Eye Water**

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 40-1909.

A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLIC IN COLDS
is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too—children like it.
All Druggists, 25 Cents

The New Broom

By Caroline Lockhart

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

Mrs. Davis, with hair uncombed and sleeves of her mother-hubbard rolled up to the elbow, opened the front door and sniffed the morning air of the tenement district. She looked up and down the block to see who were out ahead of her. Mrs. Kate Farrell was sitting on her front stoop with her tongue wagging and her arms akimbo, while Mrs. Dora O'Reilly and Mrs. Sarah MacAvoy leaned on the brooms, with which they made a pretense of sweeping the pavement, and listened eagerly to what Mrs. Farrell was saying. They were discussing the rumor that Mrs. Davis was two months back with her rent.

"And her old man drawin' pay regular from the shipyards," said Mrs. MacAvoy.

"Good mornin', Mis' Davis. We was just sayin' how nice 'twas that yer husband has a stiddy job," she added, as Mrs. Davis approached.

"I knew yees was gabblin' about somebody," remarked Mrs. Davis, looking from one to the other suspiciously. But she could not long harbor dark thoughts, as she had news to tell.

"The sign 'trent is took off me house," she announced.

"Why, so 'tis! Who's movin' in?" came in a chorus.

Mrs. Skinner, who was coming towards the group from the rear of No. 911, pricked up her ears and broke into a trot.

"I ain't heard. But if it ain't nobody I take a likin' to—" and Mrs. Davis paused ominously.

It was not necessary to complete the sentence, as the neighborhood knew that no family had ever been



Made Her See Stars.

able to stay more than their allotted three months in the little house at the rear of the one occupied by Mrs. Davis. She was fat, pugnacious and had a flow of vituperative language that had made her the bully of the block. She was hated and feared, but no one ever opposed her more than once. It was reported that she thrashed Davis when the evenings were dull and time hung heavy on her hands.

"There's a movin'-wagon comin' up the street," said Mrs. Skinner, whose eyes were as good as her ears. The group rushed to the curbstone.

"It's comin' on this block, and there she is, settin' on the seat with the driver. Too stingy to pay car-fare, I suppose," said Mrs. MacAvoy.

"She ain't much to look at. No bigger'n a pint," sniffed Mrs. Skinner. "One of them putty-faced women with no heart in 'em. Give me a woman with spunk, says I."

"I'll take no back talk from the likes o' her," announced Mrs. Davis, gripping her broom as if she already saw herself routing this new entry.

"Yees all come in me back yard," said Mrs. Dora O'Reilly cordially, "and be lookin' over me fence. Yees kin see what kind o' furniture goes in."

By the time the wagon backed up to the curbstone they were stationed at excellent points of observation, while Mrs. Davis stood in her woodshed door. The newcomer's lips came together in a thin, straight line when she saw the heads on the other side of the fence.

"Will yees look at that old scratched burrer and them plie chairs?" whispered Mrs. Kate Farrell, who owned no bureau.

"And them waxed flowers, is way out o' date," giggled Mrs. Skinner. The newcomer looked out with blazing eyes and slammed her door.

"Ain't she the spiteful thing?" called Mrs. Davis. "Katie, love," as Katie came into the yard, "just take a look into the winder and see what she's doin'."

As Katie stood on tiptoe the door flew open and a bucket of water caught her full in the face.

"I'll thank yees to keep yer tykes 't' home, an' not be spyin' on yer betters," cried a shrill voice from the doorway.

"An' little enough there is to see

in that house, with never a stick of plush furniture passin' the door! The poorness of yees' makes me blush for the name of the neighborhood," screamed Mrs. Davis tauntingly.

"The little there is was come by honest, which, from the looks of yees, couldn't be said o' yer own. If I'd seen ye first, I wouldn't 'a' took the house," was the quick retort.

"An' better 'twould be for the landlord to let his house stand vacant than to fill it with fly-be-nights," cried Mrs. Davis, accepting the gage of battle.

"Yer a garrottin' harpy," screamed the newcomer, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, she called me out o' me name," yelled Mrs. Davis. She grabbed her broom in rage.

"She called her out o' her name," came in tones of horror from the row along the fence.

As Mrs. Davis dashed into the yard she was met half-way by the newcomer. Both her hands also gripped a broom-handle. She was full of fight and there was no sign of fear in the glittering little eyes that watched every move of her opponent. Mrs. Davis brought her broom well back of her head in a full-arm swing, as if she were teeing off on the golf links, but the newcomer dodged. Mrs. Davis spun like a top with the impetus of her own blow. Before she could recover herself she got a crack on the back of her head that made her see stars. A second blow landed on her broad back and knocked her breathless. The wiry little woman whom she had scorned as an antagonist dashed around her like a hummingbird, jabbing here and there, varying the attack occasionally by a smash on Mrs. Davis' head that would have caved in an ordinary skull.

As she prodded and thumped she let out triumphant shrieks. "Oh, you would, would ye?—No plush furniture, have I? I'm a fly-be-night, am I? Take that and that and that!"

Mrs. Davis was routed. She turned her broad back to the enemy and ran for her woodshed door.

"Give it to her! Give her another!" came from the spectators over the fence, who saw their own insults avenged and, like all man and woman-kind, were eager to join forces with the victor. The newcomer's broom sailed through the woodshed door after Mrs. Davis' retreating figure.

"Git up a pertition, sayin' she's a common scold an' a nuisance. We'll sign it," urged the row by the fence. "I kin take care o' myself without a pertition," said the newcomer with dignity as she smoothed her ruffled hair. "And I'll thank yees ter turn yer faces the other way, for they hurt me eyes."

After which she fell to washing windows and her house was the only tenement in the block in which a stroke of work was done that day.

How His Constituents Feel.

Representative William S. Bennet of New York, is rapidly learning just where he stands with his constituents. For the purpose of acquiring that knowledge Mr. Bennet recently had printed a letter which he sent to the 60,000 citizens in his district. The letter says:

"The Sixty-first congress, to which I have been elected, as your representative from the Seventeenth congressional district, has begun its first session. You doubtless will be interested in measures which come before congress, and I shall always be glad to hear from you concerning them. If there is any way in which, as your representative, I can be of service to you please consider me at your command at any time."

The letter brought forth hundreds of responses, asking the representative to do all sorts of impossible things in the way of national legislation. There was one letter, however, which was safe and sane. The writer used the same sheet of paper as that on which Mr. Bennet communicated with him, and down in the corner he wrote:

"Come home. Bring all the other M. C.'s with you."

Aisle of the Car in a Wreck.

A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice not long ago.

"If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."

New Etiquette in Japan.

Japan is advancing by leaps and bounds. The latest thing is a class in "courtship" for girls. This has been made a part of the curriculum in all of the secondary schools for girls. The almond-eyed maidens are taught that should they be "so unfortunate as to fall in love before becoming engaged," they must conceal the fact, and above all remember that women must not propose. Also they are warned that well-bred girls do not change photographs with their admirers.

Mark Children's Clothes.

Buy a five-cent bolt of white linen tape; cut in small pieces and write a child's name on each piece. Paste their names written in black ink on white places, inside each overshoe, gloves, mitten and cap, and as a result the children's garments never get mixed up or lost at school or church.

Autumn Costumes



The costume at the left is of soft cloth in a "dregs of wine" shade, trimmed with a heavy raised embroidery in the same shade. This embroidery simulates a bolero and trims the underskirt.

The princess tunic is ornamented at the bottom with buttons and forms a sort of tabler attached on each side to a girde of the material, the rounded ends of which are fastened with buttons.

The yoke is of white lace bordered on each side with a band of taffeta or liberty.

The other costume is of plum-colored taffeta or cloth. It forms a princess tunic with little sleeves and is turned up at the bottom. It is ornamented in front with straps of cord and passementerie buttons, and is finished around the neck and sleeves with a cord embroidery.

The undersleeves are of Irish lace colored to match the gown, and the little chemisette is of white tucked tulle. The lower part of the skirt is gathered at the top and set on underneath the tunic, forming a deep flounce.

YOUNG GIRL'S PARTY



Cream serge costumes are always so nice, and this would be a smart style in which to make one. The skirt is made with a seam up the left side of front, it is wrapped and stitched twice, and has silk-covered buttons sewn on the inside. The semi-fitting coat fastens on the bust with buttons and cords, braid to match is put twice round the entire coat, and also edges the sleeves.

Hat of white straw, trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

Materials required: Six and one-half yards serge 48 inches wide, seven yards braid, two dozen buttons, 3½ yards coat lining.

Girls' Preparedness.

There is something very pitiable about a girl. She wears calico, but talks knowingly about the latest styles in silks. Her home is furnished plain; she knows how the silverware should be arranged at dinners, the latest stitch for the marking of monograms on the finest table damask, the etiquette to be observed at a dinner, a reception or a ball, although she never attended anything more than a neighborhood party in her life. Her father's monthly income is not as large as the pin money a rich girl would spend in a day, but she knows what the rich girl should wear and buy to be in touch with the times. She is, in short, prepared at any time to marry a rich man and become a society leader.—*Atchison Globe.*

Mark Children's Clothes.

Buy a five-cent bolt of white linen tape; cut in small pieces and write a child's name on each piece. Paste their names written in black ink on white places, inside each overshoe, gloves, mitten and cap, and as a result the children's garments never get mixed up or lost at school or church.

CHARACTER REVEALED BY HAT

The Observant Can Tell at a Glance What Manner of Person Is Wearing It.

That there is any character to be displayed in the choice and manner of wearing a hat will doubtless be a revelation to many girls. But a girl who is at all observing can tell from the hat another woman wears what manner of person it is with whom she is dealing.

There is a little round black hat, with scarcely any attempt at trimming, except a flat, black bow. This hat is sure to be worn by a little old maid, one who is sweetened rather than soured by her single lot. She is one who is absorbed in other people's children.

A simple little toque worn with a veil indicates the girl of great common sense. Nothing especially startling or original about her. Just a good sort.

The girl who chooses a hat with abrupt angles, who always has wings or stiff, conventional trimming on her hats, and who never wears flowers, is another kind altogether. You may always know her to be determined, independent, and if given half a chance, she will be domineering.

There is a sort of soft, elusive, feathery kind of creation that is worn by some women. A man would say she was distinctly feminine, womanly in all she did. But she is more than this—she is subtle, elusive and charming. She is the girl all men think they would like to marry, but there are not enough of this sort to go round.

Bed Coverings.

As fall advances and the country wife is preparing her house for the cooler days, she will find an excellent substitute for flimsy swiss and net coverings upon her bed in cotton taffeta. It can be purchased in pretty colors and finished with a flounce of the same material. One can apply immense flower motifs to the cover should a color be desired. There are flower patterns in cretonne that greatly resemble Biedermeier and they look artistic on cotton taffeta. The latest cover is perfectly square and sections are cut out at each corner so that the straight valance can fall perfectly flat around the bed and will not be tucked up at corners. But the feature is this: A strip of lace insertion, cotton oriental braid or some fancy trimming is stitched to outline the top of the bed or box portion, and the edges of the straight valance are trimmed with short ruffles of flowered lawn. These are wonderfully pretty, especially when lawn is used to strip the cover.

Blue Tweed Suit.

A tweed suit for the autumn is of dark blue with a suggestion of purple and sepia in the pattern. It has a long coat, not fastened with the ubiquitous three buttons above the knee, but with a loose drooping belt resting on the hips and falling lower in front like a small boy's "French" suit. This belt, and the facings of the coat are of purple kid or fine leather.

Toilet Powder.

For chafing or prickly heat, brown flour in the skillet and sift twice until fine. For ordinary use a preparation of one-third boric acid to two-thirds cornstarch is sufficient.

FAVORED DOGS IN GERMANY

Dachshund is the Most Popular Variety, the English Bulldog Being Second Choice.

The dachshund is the favorite dog in Germany, and a very useful and pleasant companion he seems to be. The English bulldog is a good second in popularity, and the nearer he is to our standard points the better he is liked. The fox terrier varies a good deal in size and marking and is evidently not so well known in Germany as he deserves to be.

The ladies there are as fond of their little Poms and their King Charleses as are their English sisters of their pet dogs at home.

Some few dogs in the streets are harnessed to four wheeled trucks. Usually a man and a dog pull. The work seemed too heavy and exhausting for the dogs, which are generally mongrels of the mastiff type. They look in fair condition and are not ill treated.—*Farm and Home.*

PAINT FAULTS.

It is a common occurrence nowadays to hear a man remark with disgust: "It is impossible to have good painting done these days; either the paint is not good or there are no good painters." This, however, is not true. There is good paint, and there are good painters. But the question is, bringing them together.

One cannot expect a satisfactory painting job without pure white lead. There is a way to make sure you are getting pure white-lead without testing it. See that the keg bears National Lead Company's famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is a positive guarantee of purity. However, anyone can test white lead. National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York City, will send you a lead tester and painter's outfit, consisting of book of color schemes, specifications, etc., upon request.

Muehn's Work Like Roebottom.

F. W. Ayer, the advertising agent, at the dinner in Philadelphia in honor of the firm's fortieth anniversary, said that to succeed in advertising required hard work.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said, "but some folks think that working as Roebottom of Camden worked, a man can build up a great advertising fortune."

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle street house. One day, as he was lunching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.

"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.

"Well, why don't you pull it out?" said the carpenter.

"What! In my dinner hour?" yelled Roebottom, reproachfully.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Snake Story.

"Before he went fishing," said the town story-teller, he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snakebite remedy, an' of course you know what that is? Well, after the snake bit him, the reptile cut all sorts o' capers, kaze the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wuz to swallow its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FRANK J. CHENEY'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

There is a sort of soft, elusive, feathery kind of creation that is worn by some women. A man would say she was distinctly feminine, womanly in all she did. But she is more than this—she is subtle, elusive and charming. She is the girl all men think they would like to marry, but there are not enough of this sort to go round.

Sworn to before me and subscribed to by presence, this 5th day of December, A. D., 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists. Be careful and get the genuine.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Style.

"My! but the old lady from Holland is mad! Somebody ought to tell her it is not considered the thing to show such emotion in public."

"Why, she is just in the style."

"In the style?"

"Certainly. She is merely showing off her Dutch cholera."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. Etc. Trial package mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Sure Sign of Love.

"So you think he's really in love, eh?"

"No doubt about it. Why, he thinks she's attractive in auto goggles."

If Your Eyes Bother You

Get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

It may get so some time that a man who attends to his own business will be called eccentric.—*Dallas News.*

Hemlin Wizard Oil is over fifty years old

and, like an old friend, it can be depended upon just as surely as the family doctor who may be miles away.

The people who don't want to stay little must read big books.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, soothes the bowels. See and get a bottle. 25c and 50c a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Palm tree property does not depend upon weather or climate.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Apothecaries, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Paw Paw, Mich.—"I suffered terribly from female ill, including inflammation and congestion, for several years. My doctor said there was no hope for me but an operation. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I can now say I am a well woman."

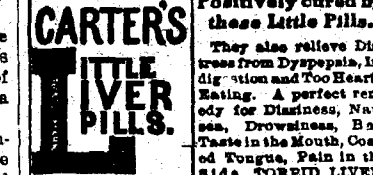
EMMA DRAFER.

Another Operation Avoided.

Chicago, Ill.—"I want women to know what that wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has done for me. Two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation, and I never thought of seeing a well day again. I had a small tumor and female troubles so that I suffered day and night. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it made me a well woman."—Mrs. ALYENA SPERLING, 11 Langdon St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ill, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

SICK HEADACHE



They regulate the bowels. Paralytic Vegetables.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important!

It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—they

they act right—means health to your whole body.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

Are Your Bank Deposits 8, 10 or 12%?

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If not, let me send you particulars about the safest and most profitable investments offered

United States Gold Coin Bonds

"Safest and most profitable."

Let me convince you

C. E. BRYAN, P. O. Box 728, Dept. E, Chicago

This Trade-mark Eliminates All Uncertainty

in the purchase of paint materials. It is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. For your own protection, see that it is on the side of every keg of white lead you buy.

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PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY. URINARY DISCHARGES. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL IN RECEIPT OF 50c. PLANTEN & SON, 93 HUNTERY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Just Lather and Shave

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DEFIANCE Gold Water Starch

makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 ct. pkgs. 10c.

For DISTEMPER

Flank Eye, Erysipelas, Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

These are positive preventives, no matter how severe they are, if used at once. They act on the blood and cleanse the system. Cure Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Exporting live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among humans. Cleans the bowels, soothes the throat, and is a domestic and a foreign remedy. See and get a bottle. 25c and 50c a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

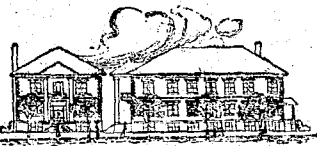
SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Apothecaries, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

No Rest Day or Night

"I would lay awake for hours without any apparent cause, or dream terrible dreams which would bring on extreme spells of nervousness. After taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and Tonic for awhile I could sleep well, and the nervous spells have left me." MISS ALMA HUG, R. R. No. 4, Canal Dover, Ohio.

Without sleep the nervous system soon becomes a wreck, and the healthful activity of all the organs obstructed. Restful, body-building sleep accompanies the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine because it soothes the irritable nerves, and restores nervous energy. When taken a few days according to directions, the most restless sufferer will find sleep natural and healthful. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

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Cor. Webster & Jefferson Aves., Muskegon, Mich.
A course in this great School of Business will qualify you to command a good salary. Business Accounting and General Practice, shorthand, typewriting and English taught by a staff of Trained and Experienced Teachers.
We place students in paying positions. Our new building has all modern appliances and is exceptionally well lighted. Dining hall seats 250; meals are served at low prices, affording a great saving to out-of-town students. Write for catalogue and terms to E. C. BISSON, President and Manager.

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GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.
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Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist. When in need of anything in my line call in and see me. Third floor north of Postoffice.

NICELY TRIMMED.

The Way Keene Got Square With the Railroad Officials.

James R. Keene was nicely trimmed once. He told the story himself: "I used to live out in the country and rode to and from New York every day on a little jerkwater road. One day, when I forgot my ticket, the conductor, whom I knew well enough to call by his first name, refused to accept my money when I tried to pay my fare. He dropped me off the train into six inches of the thickest, stickiest mud in the world. By the time I got to a road where I could halt a wagon I was mud to my knees.

"I was roaring, raving, frantic mad. When I got to New York my first call was on the officials of the road. I wanted that conductor fired. I had to interview every cussed little petty official of the road before I got to the president. Every one of them insulted me in the most judicious way. When I got to the president I was a howling, ripping maniac. He listened to me for a moment and told his secretary to 'throw that ruffian downstairs.'

"And the secretary would have done it, too, if I hadn't beat him to the door. As soon as I could get to my broker I told him to buy the controlling interest in that road. It took me a week to get it, and I had to climb high for some of the stock. Then I threw out every official that had scorned me. I was just beginning to get back into my usual placid state of mind when one day I saw a familiar face at the track. It was the conductor who had thrown me off. He waved to me blantly. 'Just bought a little place out this way,' he said. 'You know that stock you bought belonged to us. The X, M and Z was a close corporation, and we got you mud on purpose. We stung you good.'

Setting Spurgeon Right.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great English preacher, used to tell this story upon himself with glee: On one occasion he found himself in a railway carriage with a rather sour looking spinster, with whom he entered into conversation. She did not appear to recognize him, and as the train passed Kelvedon he pointed out the village, remarking, "A very great man was born there—Mr. Spurgeon, the preacher."

The spinster looked hard at him for some moments and then replied with awful solemnity, "If St. Paul had been passing his birthplace he would have said, 'A very great sinner was born there,' Mr. Spurgeon!"

His Mistake.

A congressman was asked by a newspaper man to affirm or deny a story of current interest relating to a bit of legislation. "Did you ever hear the advice of the old politician?" replied the congressman.

The newspaper man admitted he had not.

"Well, this particular individual was running for office. His opponents charged him with being a grafter. It made him mad, but he did not deny it. Next somebody said he was a liar. That made him madder, but he did not deny it. Then some virtuous citizen said he was a profane man. He greatly feared this charge would cost him the church vote, but he did not deny it.

"When they finally said he had made a deal with the corporations in order to be elected he got so blamed mad he could not hold in any longer, and he denied that, and, by George, they proved it on him! Deny nothing."

The Newspaper.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "In the United States every worthy citizen reads a newspaper and owns it. A newspaper is a window through which men look out on all that is going on in the world. Without a newspaper a man is shut up in a small room and knows little or nothing of what is happening outside of himself. A good newspaper will keep a man in sympathy with the world's current history. It is an ever unfolding encyclopedia, an unbound book, forever issuing and never finished."

Making a Cubbie.

A gentleman went into a pipemaker's shop at Edinburgh with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes. When he got in he found only a boy in the shop, so without more ado he thus addressed him:

"Weel, my caunt, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' yer pipes."

"I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad; "I can only mak' a cubbie."

"A cubbie! What's that, my hinney?"

"It's a short peep," replied the boy, "sic as men an' women smoke out on."

"Why, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' that."

"Gie's yer sixpence furs!" was the reply.

The gentleman gave the boy sixpence, when he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying:

"There, now, sir; that is the way I mak' cubbies."

Blucher's Oversight.

The Emperor Napoleon received General Blucher at the castle of Flukenstein, while he was preparing for the siege of Danzig. Napoleon drew Blucher to a window in an upper story and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, going away delighted, described the interview to his aid-de-camp.

"What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the latter. "You might have changed the whole course of history."

"How?"

"Why, you might have thrown him out of the window!"

"Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might—if only I had thought of it!"

ANSWERS EVERY CALL.

East Jordan People Have Found That This Is True.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench, a little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of backache often follow, or some irregularity of the urine.

A certain remedy for such attacks, a medicine that answers every call, is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific.

Many East Jordan People rely on it. Here is East Jordan proof.

Mortimer Tyner, Main St., East Jordan, Mich., says: "I know from personal experience that Doan's Kidney Pills are a remedy of merit. My back troubled me for some time, and there was a dull, heavy pain across my loins. I believe that the constant standing on my feet was the cause of my trouble. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my notice, I procured a box from Gannett Co.'s drug store and I found them to be just as represented. They removed my aches and pains and did away with the kidney difficulty. I consider this remedy worthy of my endorsement."

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.

To Consumptives.

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

Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it.

Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.

It has cured many after they were given up as incurable by their physicians.

The undersigned as a consumptive can testify from his own experience as to its value.

Write at once—delays are dangerous, and may prove fatal.

For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address

C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent, 60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.

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

To quickly check a cold, druggists are dispensing everywhere, a clever Oandy Cold Cure Tablet called Preventics. Preventics are also fine for feverish children. Take Preventics at the sneeze stage, to head off all colds. Box of 48—25c. James Gilder.



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The Sinner's Progress.

In narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his book, "Old and Odd Memories," the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anti-climax, the rebuke of a head master to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel. "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

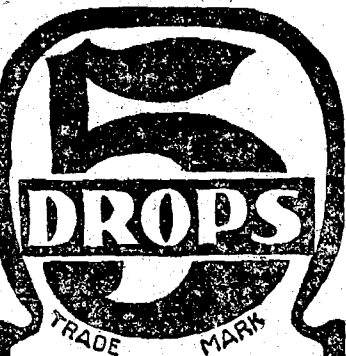
The young girl mentioned was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

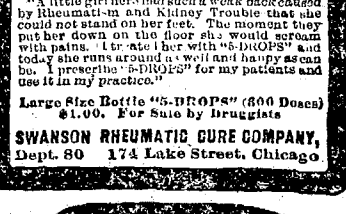
"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."

Sympathy.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Lluburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available, and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box and taken to the railroad baggage room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggageman was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer; "it is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."



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