

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

No. 44

Catholic Bazaar

At Loveday Opera House Next Wednesday and Thursday.

The ladies of St. Joseph Catholic Church will hold their annual Bazaar at the Loveday Opera House, next Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10 and 11. Supper will be served from 5:00 p. m., during which time the orchestra will furnish music.

Among the special features is a contest to determine the most popular young lady in East Jordan; the contestants are the Misses Clink, Cook, Freiberg and Keenbolts—prize, a gold bracelet. There will also be a fancy stand and a fish pond. You are cordially invited to come and enjoy yourselves and help us in this good cause. —Committee.

Silver Medal Contest.

At the Presbyterian church on Friday evening, Nov. 12, beginning at 8:00 o'clock, will be given a Silver Medal Contest under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Admission price ten cents. Below is the program.

- Organ Prelude—Selected.
- Miss Violet Grigsby Prayer..... Rev. W. W. Lampert Music—Selected..... Male Quartet Oratorical Selections
- "Keep Sweet"..... Tracie Reid "An Angel in the Saloon" Florence Maddaugh, Hattie Graff "The Reason Why"..... Sophia Berk "The Goose Tale"..... Emily Nachazel Solo—Selected..... "The Two Visions"..... Grace Light "Simon Grubb's Dream" Beulah Holliday
- "Growth and the Tree" Eva Waterman
- "The Street of Death," Fern Howard Judges will retire.
- Music—Selected..... Male Quartet Presentation of Medal..... Singing—"America"..... Benediction..... Rev. A. D. Grigsby

County Normal Notes.

A musical program was given by the high school, Monday morning, Nov. 1, to which the normal class was invited.

Miss Himes and Miss Reed returned from Saginaw Saturday. They had a profitable and enjoyable trip. While in the city Miss Himes visited the Saginaw county normal and she reports that our normal compares very favorably with that of Saginaw.

Miss Emma Rasmussen spent Sunday at her home in Petoskey.

Miss Georgia Redfield spent Sunday at her home in Boyne Falls.

Alma Francis and Lola Cross, graduates of '08 and Maud Cross, class of '09, were at the State Teachers' Association at Saginaw.

A birch bark post card was received from Bessie Cramer, class of '08. She is teaching near Boyne City and the card is a specimen of the manual training work of her pupils.

High School Notes.

Gladys Kenny has returned to school after an illness of a few weeks.

Velma White has entered making one hundred now enrolled in the high school.

The extempo club met Tuesday night and decided upon a constitution for the year, also elected the following officers: President, Mr. Northon; vice president, Miss Cameron; secretary, Julia Cedersten; treasurer, Mary Gunsolus; and sergeant of arms, Mabel Northon.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Northon accompanied by seven of the zoology students went in search of crayfish for zoology class specimens.

A second high school foot ball team has been organized and good work is being done.

The home "eleyen" will play at Charlevoix on Saturday Nov. 13, which will decide whether or not East Jordan, receives the championship.

Coming Again.

J. Leahy, the Optician, will again visit East Jordan Saturday, Nov. 13th, will remain three days, office at Hotel Erics. Remember he comes prepared to fit any eyes that can be fitted, curing headache and all symptoms of eye-trait a specialty. Glasses guaranteed to fit.

County Finances.

RECEIPTS:	
Cash on hand Oct. 1, '09.....	\$2975 91
Delinquent taxes.....	482 18
General Fund.....	5523 18
Poor fund.....	145 50
Library fund.....	45 00
Teachers' Institute fees.....	31 00
Inheritance tax.....	37 17
Auditor General, under act 317 laws of 1907.....	40 66
Total.....	\$9280 57
DISBURSEMENTS:	
General fund.....	\$5611 14
Interest.....	303 00
Poor fund.....	873 36
Circuit Court orders.....	3 00
Criminal fee orders.....	3 75
Probate court orders.....	78 83
Soldiers' relief fund.....	25 25
State of Mich., inheritance tax.....	37 17
State asylum at Ionia.....	39 95
Detroit house of correction.....	23 20
Cash on hand November 1st.....	2281 92
Total.....	\$9280 57

Of the amount received in the General Fund, \$5500 was loans from the several banks in the county.

Dated at Charlevoix, Mich., Nov. 2nd, 1909.

RICHARD LEWIS,
County Treasurer.

Michigan Ladies' Society of Equity Annual Meeting.

Minutes of M. L. S. of E. convention Oct. 7th. Meeting called to order by President Howey in ladies' room of court house, Bellaire. Prayer by chaplain, Mrs. Schroeder, followed by the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Moved that Elsie Matthews be elected secretary pro tem. Carried.

Singing: "The Flag of the Farmer."

Roll call of officers: State officers one, directors three, delegates-at-large two, delegates from Locals six, local officers six, local members eight.

Visiting ladies present from Bellaire, Mancelona and Torch Lake.

The fine banners from the different locals and mottoes decorated the hall.

Minutes of last convention, held in Traverse City, read and accepted.

Delegates seated in convention. Motion made and seconded that Mrs. Wm. Bennett be elected to fill vacancy in Forget-me-not local; carried.

On motion Mrs. Mary Crawford was elected to fill vacancy in Golden-rod local. Motion to allow all members voting power was lost. Motion to give all local officers voting power carried. Moved and seconded that the chair appoint all committees; carried. Committees of three members each named by the president.

Committee on Resolutions:—Mrs. Alice Shepard, Mrs. Frank Kidder, Mrs. Mary Wolverton. Organization: Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Schroeder, Mrs. Hostler. Literature: Elsie Matthews, Fannie Vance, Lottie Lawway. A standing Ways and Means committee to be composed of members at large over Michigan. Committee on Prices: Nellie Thompson, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Howey; to report at local convention Jan. 13, 1910. Adjourned for dinner.

Meeting called to order at 2:00 p. m., after assisting the men in the opening exercises of their meeting.

Letters received by the president were on the table. Letter read from Mrs. Culbertson of Three Rivers, Mich., containing words of greatest praise to the workers in this movement and promising her loyal support. Letters from C. A. Mastin of Sherwood, J. A. Everett, John P. Stelle, Mrs. Gillman Miner and others, but time was short and all were not read.

Rising vote of thanks were given to all who remembered our convention day. An excellent paper was read by Miss Elsie Matthews on educational work in the society. Vote of thanks and request that the paper be printed. Address by President Howey on progressive work in the society, showing much progress in the past year. Reports of committees called for. Committees reported in order, each giving ideas and recommending work to be done. All reports accepted. Many earnest talks were made by members on the organization work, showing the determined spirit of the members to have our society advance. Talks were made by Mesdames Kidder, Shepard, Howey, and by Mrs. Murphy who spoke at length and with much vigor on working for Equity, saying that should be our first work and be always ready to do our part.

The question of a national union brought out many expressions, all of which conveyed the strong impression that we should keep our society independent from the men's society of

Equity; much enthusiasm was shown. Report on society buttons, stationery and literature, with plans, accepted. Report on memorial day and funeral form in the society accepted. Memorial resolutions were adopted in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Mastin and Eliza M. Stelle—both have passed away during the year.

Business session was not held; our treasurer not being home from the west and our secretary not being present owing to change in trains. Business session to be called later. The much-discussed question of closed or open meetings resulted in a decision for open meetings and giving the locals permit for closed meetings when advisable. Adjourned at 4:30 p. m.

On call, a special meeting was held Oct. 22nd with a large attendance. State officers were elected, organized and other unfinished business completed.

Resolutions, sections 3rd and 6th, read: "Resolved that this society, as co-workers with the Farmer's Society of Equity should assist and aid the work of pledging and maintaining a profitable price on potatoes this fall". Carried.

"Resolved that a vote of sincere thanks be given to all our friends and sisters who have so nobly aided our Society, and to the friends who have sent greetings to our convention. Also that our thanks are extended to the editors of the Charlevoix County Herald and Up-to-date Farming for the use of their columns the past year. Special thanks were given to Mr. Reynolds of Bellaire for his kind attentions to the comforts of the State Convention. Carried by a standing vote.

Officers elected for ensuing year are:

President: Mrs. James Howey.

Vice Pres.: Mrs. John Schroeder.

Secretary: Mrs. DeEtta Balsler.

Treasurer: Mrs. Nellie Thompson.

Directors: Mrs. Frank Kidder, Mrs. Martha Myers, Mrs. Sadie Crowell, Mrs. Rose Bartholomew, Mrs. Alice Shepard.

State Organizers: Mrs. Martha Culbertson, Centerville, Mich.; Mrs. Julia Ball, Hamburg; Mrs. Martha Myers, Ewart; Miss Elsie Matthews, East Jordan.

Carpet Weaving.

D. VanSteenburg will the first of November take up carpet weaving and will do weaving till the first of April. All those wishing carpets or rugs woven will do well to bring them in or call up phone 118, residence one mile north of town.

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. Test 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.

Here's Your Choice



of the very choicest Teas and Coffees. On either hand we can satisfy your tastes and either one will please your family and the visitors you entertain. There is to our Tea a fine, pungent flavor that attracts and pleases, and the aroma and excellent drinking qualities of our matchless Coffees leave nothing to be desired—except another cup.

Sherman & Son.

Watch Our Window Displays!

Come In and See the Latest Books.

- Goose Girl
- Silver Horde
- Truxton King
- Calling of Dan Matthews
- Martin Eden
- Danger Mark
- Mary Jane's Pa
- Inner Shrine
- White Prophet
- Bella Donna
- and many others.

Special Discount on Books ordered early for Christmas.

F. B. Gannett Company

Wells Well Dug.

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

URIAH WYANT,
No. 711 E. Main St.
Boyer City, Mich.

Phone No. 116, 3r.

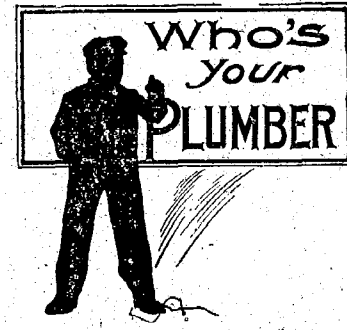
Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.



If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, In Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised, up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



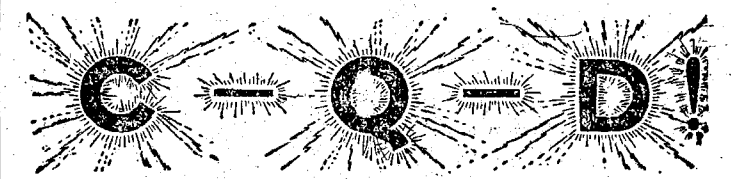
SPENCER OF COURSE.

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

PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

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

MARINE SUPPLIES,
GEORGE H. SPENCER.



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

FRED E. BOOSINGER

A Genuine Specialty Store.

By Specialties we mean goods made especially to our orders. This means much to you and to us. To you it proves that we must be giving the right goods at the right prices. They must be giving satisfaction. To us it means greater efforts to please.

Among the New Things

that have just arrived is another lot of those splendid Schloss Brothers Overcoats made up in the very latest styles and from the very best materials. We have new black ones that are splendid value at \$10.00, others at \$12.50 and some of the very choicest that can be made from \$15.00 to \$18.00. We also have some new overcoats in greys that are very stylish this season for \$12 to \$16.50.

Then we have some more of those splendid shoes in patent and gun metal and box calf, made substantial and practical for the very hardest wear and yet they will keep their shape, \$3.50, \$4.00 to \$5.00. If you want a common every-day shoe just to slip on, we have them from \$2.25 to \$3.00, but we recommend the Pingree shoes every time.

Do you want a good Sweater, something that is bound to wear and keep you warm and dry? Call and see what we are showing at from \$1.50 to \$4.50.

We might go through the whole line, from our splendid stock of ladies' easy shoes down to the splendid garments that make up our stock which are pleasing the most particular buyers.

It is of great importance that you see these goods of quality.

"Quality First of All" our motto.

Fred E. Boosinger.



FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS DETROIT, MICH.

WEDDING CUSTOM IN MEXICO

Religious Half at Cathedral and a Night of Dancing and Carousing at Home Follows.

After dinner one evening in Culiacan I attended the cathedral where the religious half of a marriage ceremony was performed in public.

The general public and myself were lined up on either side of the cathedral interior, leaving a wide aisle from the broad main entrance in front to the altar.

At the altar the bride's father duly asserted that she was his legitimate daughter, and gave her away.

Very Dry Ground.

A young man who lived in Chicago was drinking more than was good for him.

Finally, one of them took him to Peoria, Ill., where there are many great distilleries.

"Now, look here, Jim," said the good Samaritan friend, "all these big buildings you see here are distilleries."

"Maybe I can't consume all they make," the young man replied, "but," he added with much pride, "I'll have you notice I've got them working nights."

Woman's Growsome "Joke."

Man may be a brute, but when it comes to subtle, cunning and fiendish cruelty woman takes the palm.

What a Yacht Is.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner at Bar Harbor, in honor of his sloop Aurora's victory in the squadron run from Portland to Rockland, said aptly: "Yachts like these, then, don't come under the cynical definition I once heard a Camden lobsterman give."

When a Coin Turns Green.

"I suppose you catch many fish that are not good for food," remarked a lawyer to a fisherman.

"What's the quarter for?" "If the coin does not change color the fish is good to eat, but if it turns green the fish is poisonous, and, of course, unfit for food."

Great Engineering Feat.

How a water supply was furnished Ft. Greble, on the Dutch Island, in Narragansett bay, is explained in Popular Mechanics.

Pear's Advantage Over Apple.

The pear is really more hardy than the apple, and needs less cossetting.

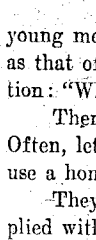
Foolish Love

Reasons Why Men Don't Marry

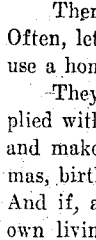
By HELEN OLDFIELD



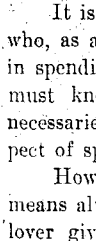
IT IS generally agreed that the great and growing reluctance toward matrimony which is shown by the young men of to-day chiefly is due to the increased cost of living and the much higher degree of style which "everybody who is anybody" is expected to keep up.



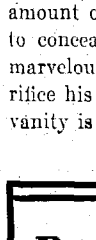
Also it is a fact which is less in evidence that many young men dread the expense of courtship almost, if not quite, as much as that of matrimony, and this is one answer to the oft-propounded question: "Why don't the men propose?"



There are some women who make their lovers veritable purse slaves. Often, let it be hoped, this is done in thoughtlessness, but many girls, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "sponge" upon their lovers.



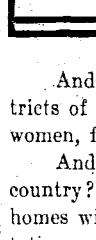
They never are satisfied unless the poor men keep them liberally supplied with candy and flowers, frequently take them to theaters or concerts, and make them handsome presents whenever an occasion such as Christmas, birthday, St. Valentine's, or any other pretext offers a good excuse.



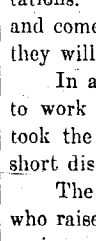
It is a lamentable fact that there are some women, not to say many, who, as a matter of course, accept devotion of their lovers as manifested in spending money on them which, if they reflected for an instant, they must know either is saved by denying themselves necessities, or—what is worse—borrowed without prospect of speedy repayment.



However, it must be admitted that it by no means always is the young woman's fault. Often her lover gives her no chance of acting sensibly. The amount of ingenuity which some men evince in order to conceal the real state of an empty purse truly is marvelous.



A large majority of the girls and young women who are inmates of the evil resorts in Chicago are country born and bred.



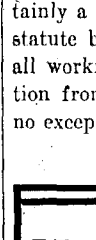
In a recent investigation of conditions in the "red light" district the searcher found that in a majority of cases the girls came from good homes in rural neighborhoods. One was from a little settlement beyond the Canadian border.



And thus it went. From Wisconsin, Michigan and the rural districts of almost every state in the nation had come these girls and young women, from the farms and the country towns.



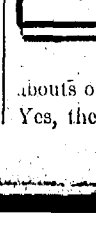
And what is the reason that so many unfortunates come from the country? It is because they are born and brought up in their country homes without any knowledge of the life of the big cities and its temptations.



In a majority of cases the young women found positions and started to work with every intention of making names for themselves. They took the first misstep and from that point to the underworld is but a short distance.



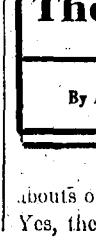
The fault lies partially with the parents back in the rural homes, who raised their children without giving them a proper view of life in its various phases.



The complaint of I. Frances in regard to the 10-hour labor law for women is not so strange. The comparison of girls in shops with those working in department stores is perhaps correct, but the people who interested themselves in and who were active in passing the 10-hour bill in the last legislature worked hard to include department stores, too, but found the opposition too strong to overcome and rather than have the bill defeated compromised on this point.



Do all mothers know where their daughters spend their leisure time? I am speaking of girls from 15 to 18 years. Some mothers do not know that their young daughters blockade the streets with unprincipled young boys.



Yes, the best friend and teacher in the world is the mother.

FREED AT LAST

From the Awful Tortures of Kidney Disease.

Mrs. Rachel Iyle, Henrietta, Texas, says: "I would be ungrateful if I did not tell what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me."



Fifteen years kidney trouble clung to me, my existence was one of misery and for two whole years I was unable to go out of the house. My back ached all the time and I was utterly weak, unable at times to walk without assistance.

EASY



Mrs. Henpeck—Did you ever hear of anything worse than a man who who smokes in the house?

Mr. Henpeck—Yes. A smoking lamp. Ask me another!

Definite Location.

Every visitor at the new capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., who gets as far as the registration room, is expected to write his name in a big book, together with his birthplace and present residence, says the Troy Times.

She paused, pen poised in air, and called out to an elderly lady, comfortably seated in a big chair, "Mon, vere vas I borned at?"

"Vat you want to know dat for?"

"Dis man wants to put it in der big book."

"Ach," answered the mother, "you know vell enough—in der old stone house."

True Representative of Race.

Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg may claim this distinction, that he is the first German chancellor to wear a beard. Bismarck hastened to shave his off when he entered upon diplomacy, and showed his rivals and enemies a massive jaw and clear-cut chin; and he shaved to the end, with an interval enforced by neuralgia in the early '80s.

And There Are Others.

The cook had been called away to sick sister, and so the newly wed mistress of the house undertook, with the aid of the maid, to get the Sunday luncheon. The little maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee mill that would not work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

The American Cat-Tail.

The cat-tail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is no longer used for making paper, as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair-bottoms and the like.

FOOD QUESTION

Settled with Perfect Satisfaction by a Dyspeptic.

It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time as every housewife knows.

And when the husband has dyspepsia and can't eat the simplest ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

An Illinois woman writes: "My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed."

"He was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a few weeks. He suffered severely with stomach trouble."

"Tired of everything I had been able to get for him to eat, one day seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and tried it for breakfast the next morning."

"We all thought it was pretty good although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts."

"It was the same next day and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs."

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?'"

"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts." Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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

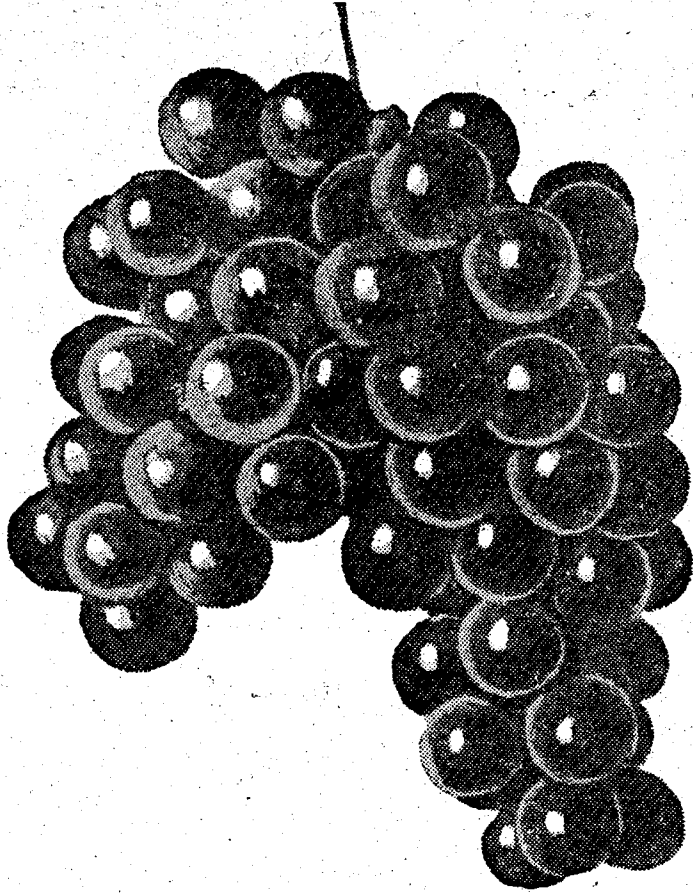
PICKING AND PACKING OF THE GRAPE CROP

How the Work Is Done in a Pennsylvania Vineyard—Women Perform Much of Labor—By L. G. Youngs.

The harvesting of Concord grapes in our section usually begins about September 25. Picking is mostly done by women. The picking price varies from one to one-half cents for the eight-pound baskets; for the 40-pound crate three and four cents is paid.

Most of the packing is now done in the field. A light stand is used, holding three baskets. When the basket is full, the picker, who is known by a number, places the number on the handle of the basket, also the number of baskets she has picked during the day, and places the basket under the vines out of the way of the gathering wagon. The driver, whose duty it is

the growers themselves, who are organized into an association with manager, secretary and board of directors. Each grower pays this organization one-half cent a basket and one dollar a ton on bulk grapes, as the expense fund for loading and marketing. If this is more than sufficient for the purpose, the balance is returned. The sales of grapes are pooled in periods of three days, each grower receiving the same price on shipments made during the period.



A Bunch of Concord.

to keep the pickers supplied with empty baskets, keeps a tally of the baskets he hauls away and also sees that the pickers' account of picked grapes agrees with his figures as he hauls the filled baskets to the storage house. Both the picker's and his own account are given each day to the owner or manager of the vineyard and by him are credited.

The grapes remain in the storage house from 24 to 48 hours, when they are covered, hauled to the station and loaded in refrigerator cars. First, however, they are inspected and pronounced satisfactory, and if the weather is warm the cars are iced with about four tons of ice. The car is loaded with baskets 10 to 12 high, thus making 3,000 to 3,500 baskets to the load. In inspecting a load of grapes, the inspector endeavors to examine some baskets of each picker, and if her work is slighted or improperly done, her number leads to detection and she has to correct the fault in the future or be discharged.

The bulk of the grapes is sold by

jelly, unfermented juice, etc., is an important factor in balancing the markets. We are building a factory at North East. The company is capitalized at \$500,000 and plans to have one of the largest plants in the United States. This will greatly affect the shipment of grapes from our station and give us a home market for much of the grapes of our vineyards.

Women help board themselves in the boarding houses that most of the growers have built. These houses are furnished with stoves, tables, chairs and mattresses. The pickers provide their own sheets, quilts and provisions. Butchers, bakers and grocery wagons visit those houses away from the town and keep them supplied from the stores. We have found it necessary to insist on certain rules among our help. There are always some of the girls who will keep late hours if we allow it, and by disturbing the tired ones, put the whole force on the dry dock for the next day. Therefore, a fixed hour for retiring is one of the most important.

COW PEAS GREAT CROP

An Acre Will Pasture Twenty Hogs Several Weeks, Giving Superior Quality of Meat.

Some varieties of cow peas have upright bushy forms of growth; some trail along on the ground like vines. The pods vary in length from four to 12 inches.

The colors are as various as those of the rainbow—white, red, green, brown, pink, purple, black or mottled. In shape they also differ; some are round, others flat or kidney shaped.

The time for maturing ranges from 60 days to three or four months. Drilling the seed is preferable when hay is wanted.

After corn is laid by cow peas are drilled in between rows and they will yield a fine pasture for stock after the corn is gathered. When drilling for this purpose the later kind are best.

Three pecks to the acre for this work. Peas should be sown not over three inches deep and the soil must be dry and warm.

When drilling for hay any after culture aids very much in the yield. When the peas begin to show signs of ripening, by the pods and foliage beginning to turn yellow, we mow for hay.

Let the vines remain as cut for at least 24 hours, to cause wilting, and throw into small piles or cocks to dry out thoroughly.

They should not be drawn in for several days if the weather will allow. After hay is well cured it may be drawn to the barn or shed.

If the trailing sort are planted care must be taken in stacking that good ventilation is given to prevent mold.

A good stand will yield from one and one-half to two tons per acre. In the north it is a valuable drought-resisting plant and will grow where almost any other plants would perish.

Many farmers save only seed sufficient for their own use, as the labor is tedious. The pods are plucked by hand, or when the bush sort is grown the plant is pulled and stored away until some convenient time when they are threshed out with a flail or by machine.

If the trailing sort are wanted the vines are mowed and treated as above. Some wastage occurs in this method, but this can be utilized in pasturing afterward.

Green cow pea hay is more nutritious than red clover and contains less dry matter for total weight than any of the grasses or clover.

When planted for green manuring it is advisable to turn hogs or any stock in the fields about the time the pods are ripening.

Hogs, especially young pigs, thrive on the succulent growth and the quality of the meat is very superior.

An acre of cow peas will pasture 18 or 20 hogs several weeks. The worst drawback is the first cost of the seed, but when once you have started their growing you can save your seed at half of first cost.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned on the boat because of his rousness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Blake recovered his survivor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern he built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and ysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill a rat. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrop stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time. Winthrop was badly hurt.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! build a fire! It may be, some hot broth—"
"Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrop, there's no use lying about it. You're going out mighty soon. See if you can't die like a man."

"Die! Gawd, but I can't die—I can't die—Ow! it burns!"

He flung up a hand, and sought to tear at his wounds.

"Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching the hand in an iron grip.

Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cover the wretched man into a state of abject submission.

"Selp me, I'll confess—I'll confess all!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I ad to take 'em hout of their settings, and melt up the gold." He paused, and a cunning smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet plays the gent, an' they never 'as a hinkin'! Mr. Cecil Winthrop, hif you please, an' a 'int of a tittle—wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you're a gay 'caxer! Wot a lark! wot a lark!"

His voice shrilled out in quavering appeal: "Don't—don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East End—out of that hell—and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings—out of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet—his grace's valet, and I a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you—"

Blake's deep voice, firm but strangely husky, broke in upon and silenced the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough."

"Enough—and last night—My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!—God ha' mercy—"

Again came the gasping rattle; this time there was no rally.

Blake thrust himself between Miss Leslie and the crumpled figure.

"Get back around the tree," he said harshly.

"What are you going to do?"

"That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning-glass into her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."

"You're not going to— You'll bury him!"

"Yes. Whatever he may have been, he's dead now, poor devil!"

"I can't go," she half whispered, "not until—until I've learned— Do you—can you tell me just what is paranoia?"

Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head.

"Near as I can say, it's softening of the brain—up there."

"Do you think that—" she hesitated—"that he had it?"

"Yes, I do. But if you'll go, please."

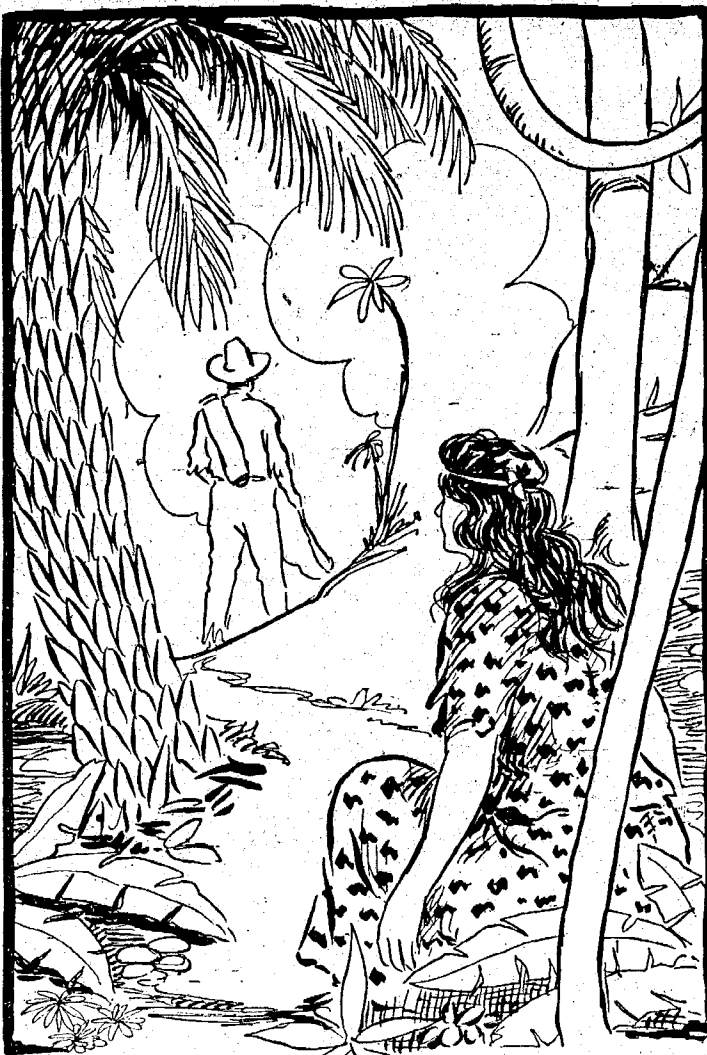
"One thing more—I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal and you—you quarreled with him?"

Blake reddened and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"

"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care to tell me what you meant—what you said then?"

Blake's flush deepened; but he raised his head, and faced her squarely as he answered: "No; I'm not going to repeat any dead man's talk; and as for what I said, this isn't the time or place to say anything in that line—now that we're alone. Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do not, Mr. Blake. Please explain."



"I Wish He Hadn't Rushed Off So Suddenly."

"Don't ask me, Miss Jenny. I can't tell you now. You'll have to wait till we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. 'Tisn't every one of them that goes ashore in these blows."

"Why did you build that door? Did you suspect—" She glanced down at the huddled figure between them.

Blake frowned and hesitated; then burst out almost angrily: "Well, you know now he was a sneak; so it's not blabbing to tell that much—I knew he was before; and it's never safe to trust a sneak."

"Thank you!" she said, and she turned away quickly that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wreckage and Salvage.

ALL the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree-cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-spattered rubbish. But the girl had far too much to think about to feel any concern over the mere damage and destruction of things. It was rather a relief to find something that called for work.

Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it, and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flow or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

Having started her fire and set on a stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the torn flag. While she worked she sat on a shaded ledge, her bare feet toasting in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smearred moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared, the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?—the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. Old staff's carried clean away."

"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please. What have you done with—with it?"

Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You have carried him up on the cliff?"

"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over—but, I say, look here."

He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of

the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his finger and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea.

"O-h-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm.

He drew it back and carefully thrust it again into his pocket.

"That's one," he said. "There's another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag—dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's—or, more like, the duchess's jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and—"

"I cannot—I cannot touch it!" she cried.

"Say, I didn't mean to— It was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?"

"Of course! It was only the—the thought that—"

"No wonder. I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the thing all right."

Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it, and filled it to the brim with sticky mud.

"There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-class sparklers! Will you mind its setting in the cave after things are fixed up?"

"No; not as it is."

He nodded soberly. "All right, then. Now I'll go for the new flag-staff. You might set out breakfast."

She nodded in turn, and when he came back from the bamboos with the largest of the great canes on his shoulder, his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him, and turned to go again to her sewing.

"Hold on," he said. "This won't do. You've got to eat your share."

"I do not—I am not hungry."

"That's no matter. Here!"

He forced upon her a bowl of hot broth, and she drank it because she could not resist his rough kindness.

He bolted the last of his meat, and at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of the signal.

His first concern was for the barricade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches which he had gathered with so much labor were scattered to the four corners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but he did not swear, as he would have done the week before. Presently his face cleared, and he began to whistle in a plaintive minor key. He was thinking of how she had looked when she darted out of the tree at his call—of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrop, she had called him Tom!

After a time he started on, picking his way over the remnant of the barricade, without a falter in his whistling. The deluge of rain had poured down the cleft in a torrent, tearing away the root-matted soil and laying bare the ledges in the channel of the spring rill. But aside from an occa-

sional boggy hole, the water had drained away.

At the foot, about the swollen pool, was a wide stretch of rubbish and mud. He worked his way around the edge, and came out on the plain, where the sandy soil was all the firmer for its drenching. He swung away at a lively clip. The air was fresh and pure after the storm, and a slight breeze tempered the sun-rays.

He kept on along the cliff until he turned the point. It was not altogether advisable to bathe at this time of day; but he had been caught out by the cyclone in a corner of the swamp, across the river, where the soil was of clay. Only his anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled him to fight his way out of the all but impassable morass which the storm deluge had made of the half-dry swamp. At dawn he had reached the river, and swam across, reckless of the crocodiles. The turbid water of the stream had rid him of only part of his accumulated slime and ooze. So now he washed out his tattered garments as well as he could without soap, and while they were drying on the sun-scorched rocks, swam about in the clear, tonic sea-water, quite as reckless of the sharks as he had been of the ugly crocodiles in the river.

For all this, he was back at the baobab before Miss Leslie had stitched up the last slit in the torn flag.

She looked up at him, with a brave attempt at a smile.

"I am afraid I'm not much of a needle-woman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches!"

"Don't fret. They'll hold all right, and that's what we want," he reassured her. "Give it me, now. I've got to get it up, and hurry back for a nap. No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river, in the swamp—and to-night I'll have to go on watch. The barricade is down."

"Oh, that is too bad! Couldn't I take a turn on watch?"

Blake shook his head. "No; I'll sleep to-day, and work rebuilding the barricade to-night. Toward morning I might build up the fire, and take a nap."

He caught up the flag and its new staff, and swung away through the cleft.

He returned much sooner than Miss Leslie expected, and at once began to throw up a small lean-to of bamboos over a ledge at the cliff foot, behind the baobab. The girl thought he was making himself a hut, in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, which, like Winthrop's, had been carried away. But when he stopped work, he laconically informed her that all she had to do to complete her new house was to dry some leaves.

"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the tree."

"Doc Blake says no!" he rejoined—"not till it's dried out."

She glanced at his face, and replied, without a moment's hesitancy: "Very well. I will do what you think best."

"That's good," he said, and went at once to lie down for his much needed sleep.

He awoke just soon enough before dark to see the results of her hard day's labor. All the provisions stored in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel, ready for burning, was piled up against the baobab; while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly gathered together in heaps. Blake looked his admiration for her industry. But then his forehead wrinkled.

"You oughtn't to've done so much," he admonished.

"I'll show you I can tote fair!" she rejoined. During the afternoon, she had recalled to mind that odd expression of a southern girl chum, and had been waiting her opportunity to banter him with it.

He stared at her open-eyed, and laughed.

"Say, Miss Jenny, you'd better look out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!"

Thereupon, they fell to chatting like children out of school, each happy to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure on the cliff top and the haunting fear of what another day might bring to them.

When they had eaten their meal, both with keen appetites, Blake sprang up, with a curt "Good-night!" and swung off down the cleft. The girl looked after him with a lingering smile.

"I wish he hadn't rushed off so suddenly," she murmured. "I was just going to thank him for—for everything!"

The color swept over her face in a deep blush, and she darted around to her tiny hut as though some one might have overheard her whisper.

Yes, after all, she had said nothing; or, at least, she had merely said "everything."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Only Once in Awhile.

Once in awhile you'll run across a woman who'd rather stay home and darn stockings than go to an afternoon card party.

TAKE CARE OF GOOD HEALTH

Mistake Most People Make is in Waiting for Bad to Come and Then Coddling It.

If we would take as good care of our good health as we do of our bad health we would have more of the former and less of the latter. We set our good health down in a draft and let it get its feet wet; we infringe on its sleep time and gorge it with unsuitable food at irregular hours. We load it with nerve-racking cares and duties, and reply to its frantic appeals for rest with, "You haven't time." We squeeze it with clothing; we distract its ears with noise and its lungs with bad air. But we put our bad health in a quiet room, on a soft couch. We robe it in a comfortable gown; we give it pure air at stated intervals; we put ice on its head and hot water at its feet; we feed it with food convenient for it. We take away all care and responsibility; we give it a soothing draught to rest it; and we pay a doctor two dollars to come and leave it a scrap of paper and say that it will better to-morrow. One might think we preferred bad health to good health.—From an article in Good Health.

TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR:

Seemed Imminent—Scalp Was Very Itchy and Hair Came Out by Handfuls—Scalp Now Clear and

New Hair Grown by Cuticura.

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being itchy. Shortly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still itchy. I started to use dandruff cures to no effect whatever. I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. I was afraid to comb it. But after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas I had my mind made up to be bald. W. F. Steese, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, 1908."

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

A Steady Thing.

Something had gone amiss with Bobbie and he had sought the comfort of tears. Noticing his wet cheeks, his mother said in a consolatory tone:

"Come here, dear, and let me wipe your eyes."

"'Tain't no use, muvver," returned Bobbie with a little choke; "'s doin' to cry again in a minute!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Demoralization.

"What makes the parrot so profane?"

"Well, mum," answered the sailor man, "I s'pose it's part my fault. Every time I hear him speak a bad word it makes me so mad that he gets a chance to learn a lot of new ones."

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."

—Mrs. Matilda Holmberg, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Appropriate.

First Milliner—You have designed the north pole hat?

Second Milliner—Yes, it will be a matter of dispute between the purchaser and her husband.

Instant Relief for All Eyes.

that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

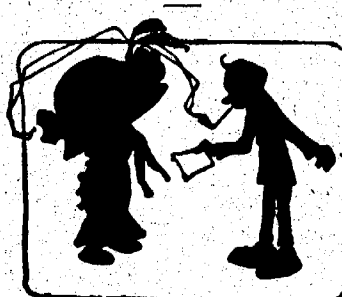
If a man's wife cuts his hair he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

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

Smith—So the will was read?

Jones—Yes; but the air was blue.

LATER REALIZATION



"I don't see why you make such a fuss over every little bill I run up. Before we were married you told me you were well off."

"So I was. But I didn't know it!"

Death from Sting of Poisonous Flies. Three persons died recently at Marseilles after having been stung by poisonous flies. Several streets are infested by the insects, which are said to have been brought to Marseilles in a cargo of South American wool.—Echo de Paris.

Wholesale and Retail.

"What business did you say Miss Gaddie was in?"

"Oh, she's in everybody's business."

"Wholesale, eh?"

"Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal. She retails that."

Quaker Oats

is the perfectly balanced human food

China for your table in the Family Size Packages



Brighten Up

FIX things up around the house. A little time and a little money spent in paints and varnishes will work wonders in the appearance of things. Old furniture can be made to look like new. Worn floors to look bright and clean. Shabby buildings freshened up and protected against the wear and tear of the weather.

There is a Sherwin-Williams Paint and Varnish for every use about the home or farm. Ask your dealer for Sherwin-Williams' and the results will be satisfactory.

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

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WHERE QUALITY COUNTS WE LEAD

Your Grocer Has Them—Insist on Getting Libby's

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FOR PINK EYE

DISTEMPER CATARRH FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for blood horses and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.

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GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1909.

THE GREAT LAND SHOW

The Men Who Are Behind Chicago's Unique Exposition, Nov. 20 to Dec. 4.

The United States Land and Irrigation Exposition, to be held in the famous Coliseum in Chicago during the two weeks of the International Live Stock Exposition, is supported by men who occupy prominent places in the country's large affairs. The advisory committee is composed as follows:

- Edmund T. Perkins, engineer in charge, U. S. reclamation service.
 - George T. Nicholson, third vice president, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System.
 - Darius Miller, first vice president, C. B. & Q. Ry. Co.
 - E. O. McCormick, assistant traffic director, U. P. Ry. Co.
 - J. H. Hilland, third vice president, C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.
 - Jno. Sebastian, passenger traffic manager, C. R. I. & P. Ry. Co.
 - W. B. Kniskern, passenger traffic manager, C. & N. W. Ry. Co.
 - Frank I. Bennett, president, Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co.
 - H. L. Hollister, Twin Falls North Side Land and Water Co., Sacramento Valley Irrigation Co.
 - D. R. Niver, Trowbridge & Niver Co., bankers.
 - John Farson, Farson, Son & Co.
 - Medill McCormick, publisher, Chicago Tribune.
 - James Keeley, managing editor, Chicago Tribune.
 - Harrison M. Parker, business manager, Chicago Tribune.
 - Robert P. Cross, Chicago Tribune.
- The promotion committee has the following membership:
- E. A. Abbott, C. B. & Q. Ry. Co.
 - Max Bass, Gt. N. Ry. Co.
 - Geo. DeHaven, U. P. Ry. Co.
 - Geo. B. Haynes, C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.
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 - C. A. Matthews, N. P. Ry. Co.
 - C. L. Seagraves, A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co.
 - C. B. Schmidt, C. R. I. & P. Ry. Co.
 - F. K. George, Pere Marquette System.
 - J. C. Waite, U. S. reclamation service.
 - Harrison M. Parker, Chicago Tribune.
 - Robert P. Cross, Chicago Tribune.

HOTELS READY FOR THE RUSH

All the hostels, big and little, are prepared for the coming of the Land and Exposition guests.

"Chicago is not going to be caught unprepared for the big crowds that will attend the Land and Irrigation Exposition," is the report given by a leading hotel manager. "We have been keeping our ear to the ground, and we hear reports from every direction that we are going to be surprised by the number of guests on account of the 'novel show' at the Coliseum, Nov. 20 to Dec. 4. Of course, we always expect a big attendance at the Live Stock Show, which occurs on the same dates, but we shall have a crowd that will surpass anything seen in many years when the doors of the Land and Irrigation Exposition are thrown open on Nov. 20. Every hotel in Chicago is looking forward to this event and is prepared to see its capacity packed to the full by a class of visitors who do not often get in Chicago.

"This Land Exposition has a different sort of pull from the other big affairs that are held at the Coliseum from time to time. We appreciate the fact that we are going to have a very substantial class of visitors on this occasion and that they will come from many states.

"According to the plans of the exposition, it will be a great educational event and enable the land seeker to give money by having concentrated under one roof all the leading regions of the country where life is made attractive by irrigation and an agreeable climate and productive soil. You may tell all prospective visitors that we are ready for them and for them to come and enjoy this feast which Chicago has spread."

The theater managers are also making preparations for special attractions during the exposition period. They will also take steps to be rid of the ticket scalpers and speculators who often interfere with patrons of the theater and prevent them from getting seats at the regular prices.

"We shall do our part to entertain the exposition visitors in a fitting manner," said one of the prominent theater managers, speaking for all of the prominent theaters.

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

A pain prescription is printed upon each 25c box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Head pains, womanly pains, pains anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet. James Gidley.

WOMEN'S WOES.

East Jordan Women are Finding Relief at Last.

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity; they must "keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, bearing down pains; they must stoop over, when to stoop means torture. They must walk and hand and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Kidneys cause more suffering than any other organ of the body. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Read of a remedy for kidneys only that helps and cures the kidneys and is endorsed by people you know.

Mrs. Ezra Potter, East Jordan, Mich., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Gannett Co.'s drug store, and I found them to be an excellent remedy for dull, nagging backache and pains in the kidneys. I also had considerable trouble from weak kidneys but after I used Doan's Kidney Pills a short time, I had no further cause for complaint. This remedy is 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.

The wholesome, harmless green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Ticking 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.

Now is the Time

To keep your feet dry and save doctor bills. And the place to buy

Water-proof Shoes

Is Hudson's SHOE STORE



Just Received:

The New Cloth Top, Button Welt Patent Vamp—all the go at present time—nobby and stylish and good fitters.

WARM GOODS FOR COLD FEET AT ---

HUDSON'S SHOE STORE

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney nerves. The kidneys, like the heart, and the stomach, and their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well. If your back aches or is weak, if the urine is cloudy, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative's month-Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
JAMES GIDLEY.

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 hail 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 judicial 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 blandly. '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 mad 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 Cubble.

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 callant, 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 cubble."

"A cubble! What's that, my hinny?"

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

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

"Gie's yer sixpence furst," 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' cubbles."

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!"

FOOD FOR A YEAR

Weight 200 lbs.
Bread 240 lbs.
Butter 100 lbs.
Eggs 27 doz.
Vegetables 500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c, name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

FARM FOR SALE—Finest located 29 acres in South Arm township, just southeast of fair grounds. Anyone desiring a small farm near town cannot find a better location.—George Van-Buskirk.

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

EVERY BOTTLE OF
Payton's Mentholated White Pine Compound
Is guaranteed to give results or your money back. Every bottle is sterilized before filling. Our own bottling.
PAYTON'S PHARMACY.

Winter Millinery Clearance Sale
To make room for our Holiday Line we must dispose of all our Millinery Stock in October. NOW is your time to buy your Hat or Trimmings while you can get them at such CUT PRICES.
FANCY FEATHERS, PLUMES, VELVETS
All Kinds of TRIMMINGS.
Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

JUST RECEIVED!
A carload of Flour made by men of years experience. Bought before the advance in price. It costs no more than ordinary flour. Get your winter's stock now at the
J. J. Votruba Co. Cash Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

HUNTERS' OUTFITS

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS UNTIL THE SEASON OPENS.

Water-proof Shoes Wool Sox and Gloves

Remember your Water-proof Shoes with high tops, Leather Top Rubbers and warm Wool Sox. There will be lots of snappy mornings when the frost will make your fingers and toes ache unless you are protected with good Wool Gloves and warm Sox.

You also need All Wool Water-proof Pants and Jackets.

No matter how wet the snow it cannot wet through those Cravanetted Wool Pants. Then don't forget

The Red Jacket and the Red Cap.

To be safe in the woods you must wear a red coat or a red cap. You may be ever so careful but someone might think you look kind of Deer-like to them and take a shot at you. Put on a Red Coat—it will protect the hide a whole lot.

We Offer You the Complete Outfit

To clothe you from head to foot. Hunters' Red Jackets, all wool, water-proof and warm. Everything just what you need, and at prices that don't cost you much, either. Make yourself comfortable and your trip enjoyable by wearing proper clothing.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Choice Dairy-Butter 80c per lb. at Boostinger's.

"A Daughter's Devotion"—soon at Opera House.

Com'r J. H. Milford was a Beaver and visitor fore part of the week.

The new November Phonograph records now on sale at Mack's Jewelry and Music Store.

The new roof on the Methodist church looks as fine as some of the ladies new hats and is almost as large.

G. A. Bell made a mis-step while working in his display window first of the week and the flesh around several ribs was badly lacerated.

Pros. Atty Nicholas was at Charlevoix and Boyne City this week looking after law-breakers. At Boyne there were five cases of local option violation.

Misses Hazel Cummins, Bessie Light and Bertha Shier will represent East Jordan in the Silver Medal Contest given by the District W. C. T. U. at Petoskey next week.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams was taken very suddenly ill on Friday. For a while there were no hopes of his recovery but he rallied and is much better.

The November apportionment of primary money will amount to one dollar per capita for children of school age. The total for the year will be six dollars per capita.

The ladies are invited to call at B. C. Hubbard & Co's. before purchasing their winter wear. Suits, Coats, Skirts, Furs—in fact everything desired at prices the lowest considering quality and style.

On the first page of this issue will be found a program of the W. C. T. U. Silver Medal Contest. To this should be added, bass solo by Atty D. H. Fitch, and a recitation by Tessie Reed—"The Cost of the License."

During the month of September there were 3,095 deaths in Michigan, of which twenty-three were in Charlevoix county. During the same period there were in the state, 4,764 births, twenty-seven in the county.

A Bay View Reading Circle was organized at the home of Mrs. M. E. Heston last Monday evening. Officers elected are:—President, Frank Porter; Vice Pres., Dr. Winnifred Heston; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss. Eva Lewis.

Now is the season when the hunters get busy. On Tuesday a party composed of Dr. C. A. Sweet, Dr. H. W. Dicken, Atty A. B. Nicholas Jr., J. H. Mollard, N. Muma, Horace Hipp and Tom Laionde left for the U. P. On Saturday Com'r Milford joined a party of friends at Charlevoix.

The new members of the Stevens Relief Corps entertained the rest of the members and their husbands or escorts on Thursday evening, Nov. 4 at their hall on State St., with cards, hunch, and an oyster supper. Forty-five covers were laid. Jack Frost chilled the atmosphere outside but in the hall there was no appearance of him and a merry time was the final adieu.

As regular as Thanksgiving Day comes, just so regular has been the big Annual Mask Ball at Loveday Opera House in the evening for the past ten years. This year will be no exception but bigger and better than ever, if possible. While these parties are always public, they are conducted as private parties and all patrons are ladies and gentlemen, and as such always have an enjoyable time.

The Halloween party given by the Lady Maccabees was a decided success. A small delegation from the Pine Lake Hive met with us and a general good time was enjoyed by all. The Maccabees drill given by sixteen ladies all dressed as ghosts was pleasing while his Satanic Majesty presided at the piano, Games, refreshments and a fine program with dancing filled up the evening.—R. K.

The Board of State Park Commissioners met at Detroit last Friday and appointed Postmaster F. A. Kenyon as Superintendent of the State Park at Mackinac Island. The appointment was a surprise to Mr. Kenyon who was not an applicant and who is at present undecided as to whether he wishes to take up the work or not. Ira A. Adams of Bellaire, chairman of the commission, recommended the appointment. The office has a salary of \$1,500 with house rent.

Frank M. Dyer of Benton Harbor, representing the Cutler & Downing Co., nurserymen of above place, arrived here first of the week and will make this place his headquarters in the future. Mr. Dyer has an experience of twenty years in the handling of fruit trees and will be here, not only to sell his goods, but will assist those interested in caring for the trees. His offices are at S. J. Colter's warehouse.

Miss Ethel Fortune is assisting at the postoffice.

Dan Isaman was a Charlevoix visitor, Saturday.

Mrs. Lew York was a Bellaire visitor, Wednesday.

Joe Whiteford spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Leave your Laundry at Mack's Jewelry Store, as usual.

Mrs. Henry Kenny of Alba is visiting friends in town.

Postmaster Kenyon was over to Boyne City, Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Morton a daughter, Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Roy has been ill the past week with tonsillitis.

Mrs. Jay Mudge and son are visiting friends in Torch Lake.

O. E. Sunstedt was a Lake Ann business visitor the past week.

Mrs. Joseph Becker of Bellaire is visiting East Jordan friends.

Mrs. Fannie Finch of Mancelona is guest of East Jordan friends.

N. D. McDonald of Ironton was in town calling on friends Saturday.

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

Chas. A. Hudson left first of the week for Grand Rapids on a business trip.

Another lot of those swell Pithree Shoes—\$3.50 and \$4.00 at Boostinger's.

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

Mrs. Rouch is able to be out again after being sick a week with neuralgia.

H. L. Onay and Martin Ruhling were Charlevoix business visitors, Saturday.

Miss Leila Clink left Tuesday for a visit with Mrs. George Hobler at Pellston.

Hugh Muma has gone to Colorado for a visit with his son who is working there.

Prof. J. B. Allen left Monday for Trenton, Ga., where his winter home is located.

The new November Phonograph records now on sale at Mack's Jewelry and Music Store.

A fine line of fresh groceries just received at Richards & Cummins, the State-st. Market.

Mrs. C. W. Clark was guest of Bellaire friends over Sunday, going from there to Pellston.

Mrs. Lou Sheldon is under the doctor's care this week with a serious case of tonsillitis.

Mrs. Smatts has returned from a week's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Crouter at Charlevoix.

Mrs. Harry Curkendall entertained a party of friends Saturday evening last to a Halloween party.

Jesse Kime returned home Saturday last from Benzonia where he has been working at his trade—carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker of North Branch are guests of their niece, Mrs. Henry Boy and family.

Mrs. Fred Severson of Fredonia, Kansas, was called here the past week by the dangerous illness of her sister, Miss Jennie Glenn.

Miss Bessie Greenwood left Wednesday for Grayling where she takes up the position of travelling representative for Success Magazine.

Miss Lizzie Lenhard returned this week from an extended visit with friends at Gazetown, and expects to remain for the winter with her sister, Mrs. Clyde Hipp.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McClain entertained a party of friends Thursday evening to a farewell party in honor of Roscoe Cusick, who left Friday for his home in Tennessee.

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.

WANTED—By the undersigned, men to saw logs, men and horse or horses to skid railroad ties and saw logs, and men and horses to haul ties to track and logs to mill, providing the God of Nature will furnish us with snow. Apply to E. BOWEN, Sec. 10, Echo township, Antrim county, Mich. 44-17

New Overcoats at Boostinger's \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$18.00.

For that next Grocery order call up phone No. 192—Richards & Cummins. Warm-easy Shoes for tender feet \$1.25 to \$2.00 at Boostinger's.

Empey Bros. have now on display in their window the Columbian Carpet made by the Planet Mills. This carpet is woven the same as every Ingrain 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.

Among The Steeple.

There will be no services at the Methodist church Sunday on account of re-papering and other interior improvements.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. Wm. Howard Wednesday, Nov. 10th. All members urged to be present. Visitors welcome.

Divine worship as usual in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:00. Morning topic "Sorrow and Duty." Everybody, strangers, newcomers, traveling men, Gideonites, all will have a cordial welcome; also to Sunday School at 11:45, Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:15. The Junior C. E. meets every Sunday afternoon at 3:00. Mrs. Grigsby has charge and wise mothers will send their children (not infants) and they will be well looked after.

WILSON

Farmers are still busy digging potatoes.

O. D. Smith made a business trip to Pellston one day last week.

Several of the Wilson Grangers attended Pomona at Peninsula Grange this week Thursday.

Miss Eva Graves of Pellston spent a week recently visiting old friends in Wilson.

Miss Grace Hamlin, the teacher in Atton, spent Saturday in Charlevoix, The Beautiful.

Geo. Burley of Pellston is spending a few weeks with relatives in Wilson. George Htsman has his new house up and enclosed, which he is building on his farm in Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Barnett and three children and Mrs. F. L. Smith of East Jordan were guests at O. D. Smith's last Sunday.

The annual Grange Hunt takes place next week Friday, and supper the next evening which is regular Grange meeting.

John Hanson has sold his farm in Wilson to a gentleman from Boyne City, and is selling off his personal effects preparing to move to Southern Michigan where he has rented a farm.

We are informed that our Boyne Rural Carrier, Van R. Newville, will soon give up his route in Wilson, and run a grocery in Boyne City instead. The patrons of this route will be very sorry to lose our friend Van.

Choosing a Christmas Present.

When you make a present of a periodical to a friend or a family you are really selecting a companion to influence them for good or ill during a whole year. If the acquaintances of your sons and daughters were to talk to them aloud as some periodicals talk to them silently, how quickly you would forbid the companionship! In the one case as in the other, the best course is to supplant the injurious with something equally attractive and at the same time "worth while." A food can be wholesome and utterly distasteful. Reading can be made so too. But the Youth's Companion not only nourishes the mind, but delights it, just like the ideal human associate whom you would choose. The Youth's Companion fills that place now in more than half a million homes. Can you not think of another family in which it is not now known where it would be joyfully welcomed?

If the \$1.75 for the 1910 Volume is sent now, the new subscriber will be entitled to all the remaining issues of 1909. If desired, the publishers will hold these back or send them at Christmas time, together with the Christmas Number and The Companion's new "Venetian" Calendar for 1910, lithographed in thirteen colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Companion Building, Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

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

On the Fly.

Probably the windiest place in North America is the short stretch in Washington from the F street car line to the entrance to the senate wing of the capitol. On a good blustery winter's day it is possible at almost any time to see two or three people chasing their hats across the street. The old timers have learned that it doesn't pay to chase your own hat. Somebody else will be sure to run after it and bring it to you.

One day Representative Murdock of Kansas rebuked a friend for starting to chase his own hat.

"Never do it," he said. "Somebody will bring it to you."

"Well, you ought to know," replied the other man. "Kansas is the windiest place on the map."

"Yes," replied Murdock. "It's so windy out there that when a man's hat blows off he never thinks of following it. He just sticks his hand up in the air and catches another."

Get your Laundry work done at Cuson Bros.

Wanted—25 cords of 3 ft. Dry Wood. A. Loveday.

Leave your Laundry at Mack's Jewelry Store, as usual.

Have you seen those great \$2.50 Work Shoes at Boostinger's.

Just arrived—swell styles in Neck Wear, 50c and 25c at Boostinger's.

If you want a tender, juicy steak call at Richards & Cummins, the State-st. Market.

Palm Olive Soap lathers quickly and freely—lather is rich and creamy—and it is perfectly pure. Sold by E. A. Lewis.

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.

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

Send me six cents in stamps and I will send you post paid, free, 10 beautiful "Remembrance" Post Cards, printed in many colors. This offer good only to farm folks. Address James Slocum, 940 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Stomach troubles would more quickly disappear if the idea of treating the cause, rather than the effect, would come into practice. A tiny, inside, hidden nerve, says Dr. Shoop, governs and gives strength to the stomach. A branch also goes to the Heart, and one to the kidneys. When these "inside nerves" fail, then the organs must falter. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is directed specifically to these falling nerves. Within 48 hours after starting the Restorative treatment patients say they realize a gain. Sold by James Gidley.

For Sale or Trade.

I have a six-room house (bathed and plastered), lot 4x12 rods, wood house, cellar, porch 6x24, located at Boyne City near the Chemical Plant, to trade for city property or small farm near East Jordan. I also have several good houses in all parts of Boyne City; also some good business chances; and farms, in all parts of the county.—JOEL JOHNSTON.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2000
Officers:
W. L. French, President
W. L. French, Vice Pres
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier
E. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier
Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaefer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, Clark Hair, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

To Consumptives.

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

Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it.

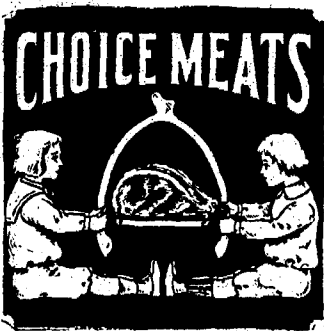
Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.

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

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

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

For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address
C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent,
60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.



Your wish will come true—if it be for a choice joint—no matter whether you look for Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb or Veal. You will get the tenderest and most delicious joint here, and our Steaks, Chops and Cutlets, are things to be remembered by the epicure. Try one of our Mild Cured Hams or a piece of our Breakfast Bacon. It is a revelation in delicious eating.

Shermans Market

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, ecru and white, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.00.

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, ecru 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

We Can Attend to Your Wants In Plumbing

SHEET METAL WORK and TINSMITHING.
Estimates on new and old work at prices that are right.

John J. Mortimer Telephone No. 217.

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

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

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON

Phone No. 136.

Cutler & Downing Co., Nurserymen

BENTON HARBOR, - MICH.

Everything to Plant. Everything to beautify the home.

FRANK M. DYER, Local Representative.
Headquarters at S. J. Colter's Warehouse.

If you do not wish to pay 35c or 40c But do want a good coffee Try Mo-Ka! Mo-Ka is a high grade coffee sold at a popular price! 20 cents the pound. Its constantly growing sales Are due to its "high grade quality" which is kept "always the same" by an expert blender and roaster. Buy a trial pound. You'll want more. Ask your grocer for Mo-ka. If he hasn't got it, He can easily get it.

RAILWAY BUILT for MOSLEM PILGRIMS

THE Damascus to Mecca railroad has many remarkable features which distinguish it from other lines. Its principal object is to provide a means for faithful Moslems to perform their pilgrimage to the holy places of Mecca and Medina with a greater degree of comfort than formerly.

Its inception is due to the initiative of the present sultan, and the enthusiasm created by its first announcement brought in subscriptions from the faithful in all parts of the Islamic world. A special stamp tax forms a solid annual contribution to the expenses, somewhat less evanescent than other contributions may prove to be.

Geographically, the line has provided a means of travel in a country with a fascination of scenery quite peculiar to itself and unlike any other part of the world. Instead of traversing populous countries and great cities, it seems to delight in passing through immense solitudes—through a country peopled mainly by the spirits of the "Arabian Nights," where little surprise would be occasioned in finding a roc's egg in some inhospitable, rocky valley, or in seeing a genie floating in a stream of thin vapor out of a magic bottle.

The line commences at the traditional parting-place of the great pilgrimage, the Babuab Alah, or Gate of Allah, in Damascus. For the first few miles the line traverses the Hauran, running parallel to the French Hauran railroad. From ancient times this district has been an extremely rich one, and the Romans used it as a granary.

The deep, narrow ravines of the Yarmuk, the ancient Hieromax, which the line follows in its descent to the Jordan, present several difficulties of engineering successfully overcome. Large numbers of Italian, Montenegrin, Greek, and other European workmen had to be employed on the difficult rock cuttings, tunnels, and viaducts of this section.

The Jordan valley, where the line crosses it, is 800 feet below Mediterranean level; but the difficulties of construction cease when the Yarmuk valley has been successfully traversed, and the ascent to the sea is made by easy gradients.

South of Deraa the main line soon leaves the richer corn land and enters an upland, undulating country, the land of Bashan, producing abundant grazing in the spring. At that season troops of gazelle roam about the country, and the Bedouin, with vast herds of camels, are found close to the line.

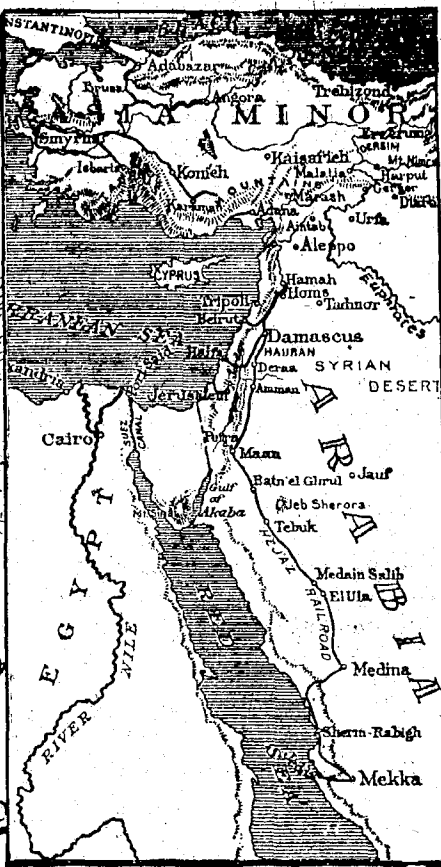
The landscape gets bleaker as the train moves south. The mountains of Moab are passed some distance to the west, and the track is laid far out in the desert, where the valleys are wide and easy to cross, and before they deepen into narrow ravines as they enter the mountains.

The old pilgrim route is followed very closely throughout, and at the stations the stone cisterns and reservoirs, to provide a supply of water to the pilgrims are noticed. Water becomes very scarce; in a few places wells have been dug and water is raised by wind-pumps. For some reason boring for artesian wells does not seem to have been tried. One attempt was made in rocky ground, and when the drills broke no further attempts were made.

As the line approaches Maan an extremely desolate country is traversed. Low ranges appear to the east, apparently of sandstone or limestone formation, although the ground is strewn thickly with black fragments of obsidian along some sections of the line. The ravines now trend eastward, to lose themselves in a wide depression in that direction, as shown in the recent maps of this country by Prof. Alois Musil. Maan is the first point since Amman where water is procurable in any quantity, either from springs in the small town itself or from wells at the railroad station. The place is a large railroad center, with several stone buildings for officials, a small shop for temporary repairs, a hospital, and quite a good hotel—a substantial building, rather small in size. The small town, containing some good stone and mud houses, is not visible from the railroad, but lies beyond a hill nearly a mile off. Two copious springs supply the necessary water.

Date palms are reared; small gardens with various kinds of fruit trees and a few fields of corn are visible, but from a little distance the place is little else than a drab patch on a gray landscape. Its principal distinction is its proximity to the rocky city of Petra, a ride of some eight hours to the west among the Moab hills. The climate of Maan is invigorating, both in winter and summer, as the place stands 3,525 feet above sea-level, surrounded by the dry, invigorating air of the desert.

The principal drawbacks are the severe dust storms. Rain is not uncommon in the spring, and then a tinge of green spreads over



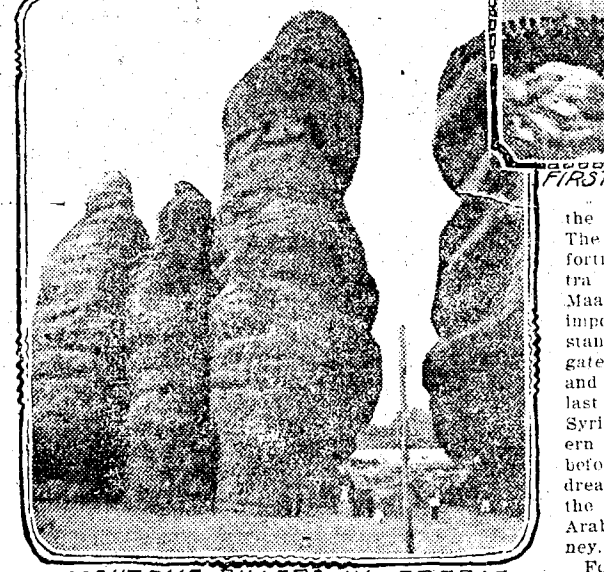
MAP OF DAMASCUS TO MECCA RAILWAY



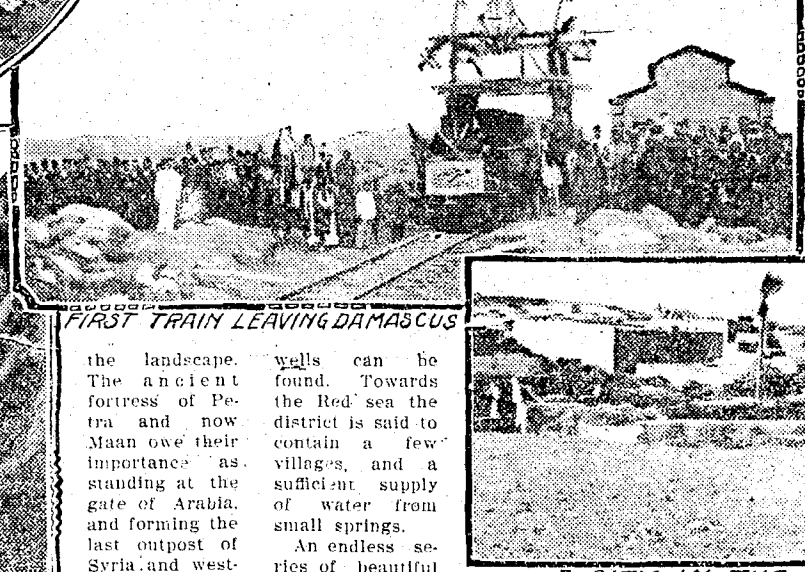
MOSLEM VILLAGE WOMEN



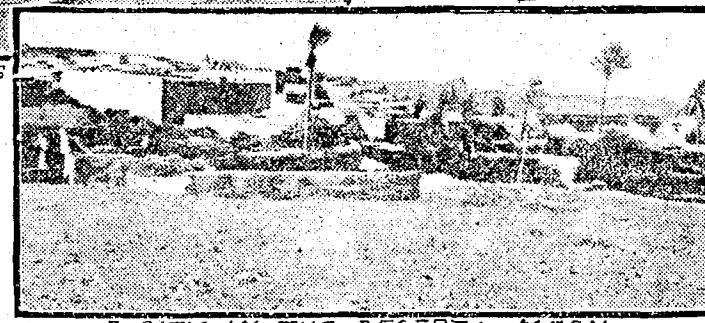
TOMBS AT MEDAIN SALIH



MOUTAKA PILLARS IN ARABIA



FIRST TRAIN LEAVING DAMASCUS



A CITY IN THE DESERT: MAAN

the landscape. The ancient fortress of Petra and now Maan owe their importance as standing at the gate of Arabia, and forming the last outpost of Syria and western civilization before the long, dreary stages of the northern Arabian journey.

For countless ages—long before the present pilgrimages—this was the route by which the gold, frankincense, and Arabian products found their way into Syria; but the Suez canal and steamer transport by the Red sea seem to have abolished all, or almost all, trade prospects, and only the pilgrims remain.

On leaving Maan it may indeed be said that all hope of dividend is left behind and the line enters a spirit world without towns or even inhabitants. The stages south of Maan, the old pilgrim route, were the most desolate of all, and the way was always strewn by dead and dying camels as the caravan toiled along. The line crosses a constant succession of small wadis.

Some 50 miles south of Maan comes the most remarkable change in the landscape and the veritable gate of Arabia and the home of the genie is at last reached. The line arrives quite suddenly at the edge of the curious escarpment known as the Batu-el-Ghrul, or the Hollow of the Genie.

From the station of Batu-el-Ghrul, at the top of the descent, the traveler can walk to the edge of the cliff and take in the immense extent of view which unfolds itself to the south. The escarpment is visible for some 20 miles to the east, and is a sheer cliff without, it is said, a single passage of descent. For some 15 miles to the west, also, the escarpment is fairly well defined, until it merges in the high ranges overlooking the Gulf of Akaba. The pilgrim route follows the descent close alongside the line and is from 3,200 feet at the summit to 3,278 at the foot of the escarpment, or 329 feet altogether.

The view from the summit is extremely striking and comprises a great inland depression, walled in by a continuation of the escarpment on the east, and glowing throughout in the most brilliant and striking colors. The prevailing note is bright red and yellow, changing to violet, purple and black, so that every tint except green seems to be supplied. The escarpment is of sandstone, which seems to have worn away in some places to sand-drift of all colors, but principally red and yellow. The spurs of the Telesh-Shahim, which run out parallel to the line, are covered with glistening black rocks, at first sight volcanic, but, as I was told by an engineer, they were really of sandstone blackened by the intense heat of the sun. The depression extends south for a distance of about 120 miles. In this clear, dry air every feature is visible. Inquiries regarding the country to the east gave it as an almost waterless region, although a route does exist from Maan to Jauf along which some scanty

wells can be found. Towards the Red sea the district is said to contain a few villages, and a sufficient supply of water from small springs.

An endless series of beautiful mirages unfold themselves as the train toils slowly along these two lines of steel leading through an endless expanse of sand and rocks, varied with an occasional volcanic outcrop rising black-topped hills.

At Tebuk, 430 miles from Damascus, is the first oasis of any size, and here a depot has been formed, at which the railroad can re-coil itself before another long stretch of nearly waterless desert is entered and the next depot at El Ula reached. A group of buildings for the employes, a small repairing shop, and a hospital with 60 beds form the principal part of the depot.

Tebuk consists of a group of date palms about a half a mile square, deriving water from a large spring and watched over by another of the masonry forts which mark a pilgrim station. Altogether there were about 60 mud houses, with a few walled gardens belonging to the permanent inhabitants of Tebuk. All that were seen were of a distinctly negroid type, different from the nomad Bedouin of the surrounding country is but sparsely inhabited by Arabs.

Besides date palms, there are in the gardens a few lemon trees and pomegranates, and outside are some few fields of wheat, cultivated principally as green fodder. The Italian engineer in charge of this section had managed to make a garden in the sand, where by means of irrigation he grew most kinds of European vegetables, but none of the inhabitants seemed inclined to copy his example.

It seems certain that Mohammed visited Tebuk in his earlier wanderings, and tradition refers to Jebel Sherora as the Pulpit of the Prophet, probably from its commanding position overlooking all the surrounding country.

The rainfall in this country is extremely capricious, and perhaps two or even three years may elapse before there is any appreciable fall here, although at Maan there appears to be always some rain in the spring.

Of animal life there appears to be very little. An antelope, which the Turks call a wild cow, but which looks to be oryx beatrix, is to be found in this district, but only in small numbers. The large troops of gazelle seen north of Maan do not roam here. It is said that the ostrich is occasionally found, and the skin of one specimen is preserved in Maan station.

The desert air is extremely dry and clear, always invigorating, and even the great heat in summer is not as insupportable as in a damper climate, where the thermometer is probably lower. Climate has without doubt a great effect on the human character and intellect, and the nervous, high-strung temperament of the Arab is to a great extent the creation of his environment of desert, with its splendid mirages to fire the imagination and sparkling air to keep the nerves always alert.

South of Tebuk want of water is again a great difficulty, and the small posts have to be

supplied daily from the train. At Medain-Salih the valley widens a little, and here are found some rock-cut tombs similar to those at Petra, but far fewer and less ornate. Traces of a town exist, but there is nothing now visible except the usual fort of the pilgrim. Here again, as well as at Tebuk, the site would seem a favorable one for trying artesian wells, but no attempts have been made to prove their success or otherwise.

The permanent way has been laid

DELICACY OUT OF SEASON

Farmer Absolutely Unable to Understand the Possibility of Ice in July.

We are so accustomed to having things "out of season," and especially to the cutting and storing of ice for use in the summer, that it is hard to put ourselves in the place of the simple old farmer told of by a writer in the Toledo Blade.

In the summer of 1903 a party of surveyors was working through the state of Arkansas, surveying and locating the Midland Valley road. One day the surveying corps stopped at a farmhouse and shouted for the farmer.

The Arkansan came out, and the surveyors asked him if they could get a drink.

"Certainly, boys," he said. "I'll give you the best I've got, and the best I've got is buttermilk."

"That will be fine," the surveyors said, and the old farmer gave each of the gang a glass of buttermilk.

"It's mighty good," said one of the surveyors to McCloud.

"Yes, indeed," McCloud replied, "but it would be better if we had some ice to put in it."

Turning to the farmer, McCloud said, "Have you any ice?"

"Ice!" shouted the farmer, tugging at his whiskers. "Ice! Who ever heard of ice in July?"—Youth's Companion.

HAD ONE GOOD POINT

Young Guest—It seems to me that you don't object to the mosquitoes singing in your room.

Old Guest—You bet I don't. Why, when the mosquitoes are singing I can't bear the glee club practicing on the piazza.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Poverty and Consumption.

That poverty is a friend to consumption is demonstrated by some recent German statistics, which show that of 10,000 well-to-do persons 40 annually die of consumption; of the same number only moderately well-to-do, 66; of the same number of really poor, 77; and of paupers, 97. According to John Burns, the famous English labor leader, 90 per cent. of the consumptives in London receive charitable relief in their homes.

When Coloring Rags for Carpets or rugs, always use Dyoala Dyes because the one package will color any material. Satisfaction guaranteed. Once try Dyoala and you will never go back to the old fashioned dyes. 10c per package at your dealer's. Write Dyoala, Burlington, Vt., for free book of directions and color card.

Conclusive.

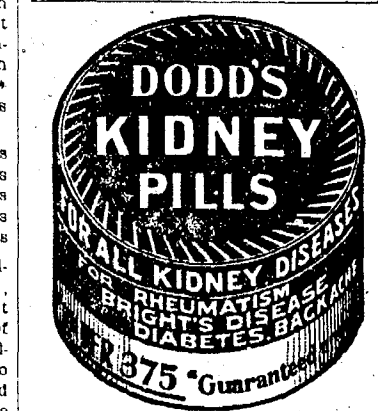
Mother—Tommy, why don't you play with Frank any more? I thought you were such good chums.

Tommy—We was, but he's a molly-coddle! He paid to get inter their ball grounds.

Dining.

Stella—Did the doctor say you shouldn't eat between meals?

Rella—Yes; so I just have more meals.



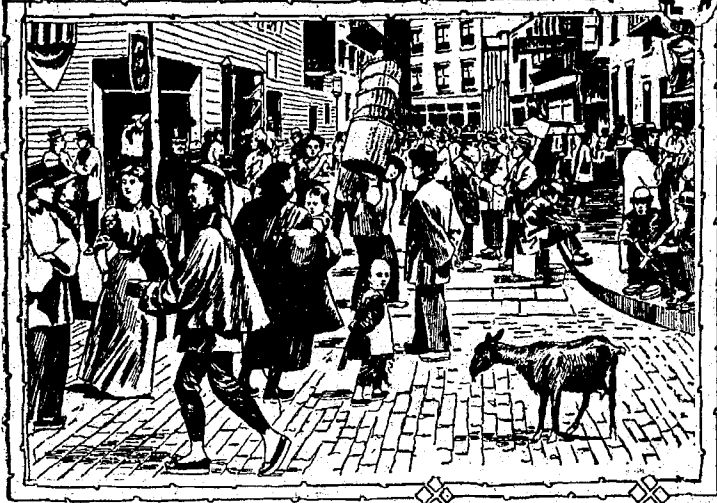
SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, and all the Stomach, Constipated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

AGENTS—IF I KNEW YOUR NAME, I would send you our \$10 sample outfit free this very minute. Let me start you in a profitable business. You do not need one cent of capital. Experience unnecessary. 60% profit. Credit given. Promptness. Freight-paid. Change to \$1000 gold extra. Every man and woman should write me for free outfit. JAY BLACK, President, 810 West Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN



IN BUSY MOTT STREET

ANOTHER civilization, gauged by other moral standards, restrained, or unrestrained, of other laws and codes, has for many years existed in New York under the eyes and noses of that city's people and their officials. In this sphere men and women have moved like the fotsam in an eddy, against the stream of the world without. The secret rules of the order provided the only known escape from the arm of the nation's law; they made men secure in the commission of atrocities and veiled the existence of a set of moral conditions almost beyond comprehension; certainly past momentary tolerance.

Over the whole was a hectic filament of romance and morbid interest which appeared to the chance passer or the sightseer to make the place a curiously fascinating corner transplanted from another world—far too original and alluring to be removed. They called it Chinatown. It is no place; it is no street in particular, though it has its center and its boundaries. It is rather a degenerate state of the senses.

New Yorkers know of it, of course, in a dim sort of way. Now and then there was a brawl, a killing of some Oriental or an opium den raid. These were matters of course. No one gave them more than passing attention.

To-day, however, New York knows Chinatown in its true perspective. The Elsie Sigel murder was the first rift in the cloud that obscured the fact. Now the mist itself is dissipated. New York knows that Chinatown—the spirit, not the place—is one of its cruel, almost unthinkable problems.

The latest outrage in Chinatown—a place that brews outrages faster than a quagmire hatches mosquitoes—is the abduction of a pretty mill girl of Weehawken and her imprisonment in a Chinese den, where she was subjected to horrifying cruelties.

This most recent unfortunate is Christina Braun, 15 years old, blue-eyed and inclined to be just a little "wild." Christina's case differs from that of hundreds of other girls who have fallen victim to the lures of Chinatown only in the fact that she had the good fortune to escape before she became a slave to opium—the supreme evil of this most vicious hole in all the vast metropolis.

The girl went to Coney Island with some friends on a Sunday. She lost her companions in the crowd and, finally, after wandering about for a time, went into a chop suey "joint" to get a bite to eat. There she was drugged, and the next thing she remembers she was being carried through the labyrinthine hallway to a Chinatown den.

The girl fought desperately to get away from two Chinese who were dragging her along the floor of the dark hall, but she was beaten into insensibility. When she next recovered consciousness she was in a dimly lighted room and a hideous Chinaman was leaning over her, leering into her face.

Again the girl screamed and fought to get out of the place, but was knocked senseless. Between beatings she was made to understand that she was the slave of her captor and that the best thing she could do would be to remain quiet. But devious, dark and dirty as Chinatown is, news will travel there, and the girl had not been in the den more than 24 hours before a "lobbygow"—a Chinaman who acts as stool pigeon and informer for the police—told two Mulberry street detectives that there was a white girl prisoner somewhere in the colony.

The men set watch and, after a time, succeeded in starving out and capturing Joe Wong, an Americanized Chinese gambler. The girl was found in Wong's room, her face so bruised that her friends had difficulty in recognizing her when they visited her at the headquarters of the Gerry society. Wong was locked up in the Tombs, but he probably will get out of the scrape on the ground that the girl willingly accompanied him to his lair. A regularly organized traffic in white and Chinese girl slaves exists in Chinatown and every detective who has worked in that section knows it now.

It is true that scores of women fall prey to the Chinese every year by first visiting Chinatown on slumming and sight-seeing trips. Others are attracted there by the gaudy tales about how kind and gentle the Chinese are to women; how well they clothe them



CROOKED LITTLE DOYERS STREET

and how liberal they are with money. These tales also are nearly all fakes. Anyone who has ever seen a real "hop joint" in Chinatown will never forget the dirt and degradation of it. Some of the wealthier Chinese have apartments that are fitted up in flashy original style, and a few of the gambling houses are well furnished. Three or four of the restaurants—mainly patronized by sight-seers—are gaudy in the extreme, but back behind all this, back beyond the tunnels, in the kitchens, the living quarters and up under the roofs of the tottering old buildings, exist squalor and misery such as can scarce be found elsewhere on this continent.

The pitiful story of Moy You and Ngeu Fung, two little Chinese girls, is enough to set the hand of all the world against the slave traders of Chinatown.

These girls were sold—it is believed by the police—to Chinese slave traders in China and smuggled into this country. They fell into the clutches of a Chinese merchant of some means in Chinatown and their tale of the cruelties to which they were subjected was brought to the attention of the Chinese charge d'affaires in Washington. The girls are in the hands of the Gerry society. They declare that they were compelled to work 20 hours a day at cooking, cleaning, scrubbing and covering button molds and that they were beaten almost every day.

Reading of these outrages the average American wonders why the perpetrators are not sent to prison, but it must be remembered that there are no men more wily and skillful in concocting false evidence than dishonest Americanized Chinese. It is next to impossible to obtain evidence against the slave traders of Chinatown that will stand in a court of justice. To begin with any Chinese witness who dares testify against one of his countrymen in New York takes his life in his hand. The boldness of the Chinatown slave trader is almost beyond belief. When the police of the entire country were searching for the murderer of Elsie Sigel no fewer than three Chinese who were supposed to know something of the crime were murdered. When the police tried to obtain evidence against men they strongly suspected of the murders they were baffled at every turn.

Capt. Galvin of the police department, who is in charge of the precinct embracing Chinatown, has worked hard to "clean up" the place and drive the white women out of it, but his efforts have been of little avail. He has come to the conclusion that the "town" needs "cleaning up." Instead of "cleaning up," and has recommended this action to Commissioner Baker. If Galvin had his way he would keep slumming and sight-seeing parties out of Chinatown. The "rubber-neck" wagon often is the net that drags the innocents to the dens.

Taught How to Prepare Lunch. Simmons college, Boston, is said to be the only place in this country where women can be trained to plan and manage lunchrooms. The demand for such training is reported to have more than trebled during the last two years, as more and more cities and school boards are realizing the necessity of providing working girls and boys and school children with healthful midday meals.

In Boston the Women's Educational and Industrial union co-operates with the school board in conducting lunchrooms for pupils. The school board agrees to provide the room, equipment and a certain amount of care, while the union prepares and serves the meals at cost. The union pays the women who manage these lunchrooms \$3 a week and their helpers \$2. They work on an average three hours a day.

The Last Lesson

(TOLD BY AN ALSATIAN CHILD)
(From the French of Alphonse Daudet)

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

I had been very late in going to school on this particular morning, the morning of the last class, and I was much afraid of being scolded, the more so as M. Hamel had told us he would question us concerning the participle, about which I did not know the first thing. For a moment I even thought of playing truant and running off across the fields.

I heard the blackbirds whistle in the border of the wood, and the Prussians drilling in the meadow down behind the sawmill; the weather was so warm, so clear, and all this was much more attractive than the rule for participles! But I resisted the temptation and ran quickly to school.

As I passed the office of the mayor, I saw everybody collected before the little bulletin-board; for two years this bulletin-board had given us nothing but bad news—battles lost, requisitions, orders of the administration. "Well, what is it this time?" I asked myself without pausing to find out. But as I ran across the public square, Wachter, the blacksmith, who with his apprentice was reading the placard, called to me: "Don't hurry so, youngster! You will get to school soon enough!" But I thought he was merely making game of me, and panting I entered M. Hamel's little courtyard.

I counted upon gaining my seat undisturbed in the din that usually accompanied the opening of school—the din of desks opening and shutting, of the lessons, which we repeated loudly together with our ears stopped, the better to comprehend them, and the rapping of the master's great ruler on the tables as he called: "Silence!"

On this morning, however, all was quiet as though it were Sunday. Through the open window I saw my mates seated in their places, and M.



I Saw My Mates Seated in Their Places.

Hamel walking up and down, carrying his terrible iron-tipped ruler under his arm. I was obliged to open the door and enter in the midst of this dreadful calm. You may judge if I was not mortified and afraid!

But M. Hamel regarded me without anger, and said very gently: "Take your seat quickly, Frantz; we were about to commence without you."

I clambered over the bench and sat down at my desk immediately. And only then, somewhat relieved of my embarrassment, I observed that our master was wearing his handsome green redingote, his fine plaited frill, and the skull-cap of embroidered black silk which he usually wore only on inspection-days or at the distribution of prizes. Furthermore, the whole class was extraordinarily grave.

But what surprised me most was to see at the end of the room, seated upon the benches which usually stood empty, the chief men of the village—old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the venerable mayor, the aged postman, besides a number of others. They were all as silent as ourselves, and seemed depressed. Hauser held wide open upon his knees, his huge spectacles lying across the pages, an old dog-eared primer which he had brought with him.

M. Hamel had taken his seat during my astonished observation of all this, and now said to us, in the same gentle and grave voice with which he had received me:

"Children, this is the last time I shall teach this class. The order has come from Berlin that nothing but German is to be taught hereafter in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. . . . The new master will arrive to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I beg you will be very attentive."

These words upset me completely. So that was what the wretches had posted at the mayor's office. My last lesson in French! and I scarcely knew how to write! I would never have a chance to leave now! How I longed to recall the time I had wasted, missing school to go birds'-nesting or to make slides on the Saar! My books, which I had always found so tiresome, so clumsy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history, now seemed to me old

friends from whom it would grieve me to part. And as for M. Hamel—as I realized that he must depart, that I should never see him again, the punishments, the cuts I had received from his ruler, were forgotten. Poor man! It is to the honor of the class on this last day that they were on their best behavior.

Soon I comprehended why the elders of the village had come to sit at the end of the room; it was as if to express regret at not having visited the school more often; it was, too, a way of rewarding our master for his 40 years of good service, and of paying their respects to the fatherland to which he was going.

In the midst of my meditations I heard my name called; it was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to repeat, loud and without a mistake, the whole of that famous rule for the participles! But I bungled the first words, and stood wriggling in my place, heavy-hearted, not daring to raise my head. Then I heard M. Hamel speak to me:

"I will not reproach you, my boy; you are sufficiently punished as it is. You see now how it is; you have said to yourself day by day: 'Oh, I have plenty of time; I will learn it to-morrow,' and then you see what to-morrow brings when it comes. Ah, that has been the great misfortune of our Alsace, putting off its instruction until to-morrow. And soon it will be just for them to say to us: 'What! you pretend to be French, when you can neither speak nor write your own language!'"

"But with it all, you are no worse than the rest of us; we all deserve a full share of the blame." Your parents have not been sufficiently anxious to have you educated. They have preferred the souse you could make by working in the fields or the factories. And for my part I reproach myself; I reproach myself for making you so often water my garden when you should have been studying, and for not hesitating to give you a holiday when I wanted to go fishing."

And then M. Hamel spoke to us of the French language, point by point, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the most expressive, the most virile; that it behooved us to preserve it among us and never to forget it.

The lesson finished, we took up writing. For this day, M. Hamel had prepared entirely new copies, on which was written in beautiful round-hand, "France, Alsace, France, Alsace;" these were made in the shape of little flags, which were hung from the rods of our desks, and so floated on all sides of the class. You should have seen how everyone applied himself. And such silence! one could hear nothing but the scratching of pens upon paper. Even when cock-chafers buzzed into the room no one paid any attention to them, not even the smallest children, who applied themselves as industriously as though their pot-hooks were also French.

Upon the roof of the school the pigeons cooed softly. "Will not they too have to use German?" I asked myself as I listened.

When I raised my eyes from the page in front of me from time to time, I saw M. Hamel sitting motionless in his seat, gazing long at the objects about him, as though he would take away in his memory all the little schoolhouse. . . . Think of it! for 40 years he had been there in the same place opposite his courtyard, facing a class-room which had changed in appearance only in that the benches and desks had become shiny, polished by use. The walnut trees in the courtyard had grown, and the hop-vine he had planted himself had by this time festooned the windows up to the roof. What a heart-breaking thing it must have been for the poor man to turn his back on all these things, and to hear his sister walking to and fro in the room beyond, packing their baggage, for they must go away to-morrow forever.

Nevertheless, he had the courage to keep the class up to the last moment. After the writing exercise, we had our history lesson; and then the little children sang their "ba, be, bi, bo, bu" in concert. And old Hauser, who sat at the end of the room, putting on his spectacles and holding his primer with both hands, repeated the letters with them. One could see that he was in deadly earnest; but his voice quivered so with emotion, and it was so droll to hear him, that we hardly knew whether to laugh or to weep. Ah, I shall never forget that last class.

Suddenly the church clock struck mid-day, then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpet-call of the Prussians, who were returning from their drill, burst through our windows. M. Hamel raised himself, deathly pale, in his seat. Never had he seemed so grand.

"My friends," said he; "my friends, —"

But something choked him; he could not finish the sentence. He turned to the blackboard, and, taking a piece of chalk, he wrote with all his strength, as large as he could— "Vive la France!"

He stood there, his head bowed to the wall, and, without speaking, signed to us with his hand: "This is the end. You may go."

Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Minneapolis, Minn.:—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

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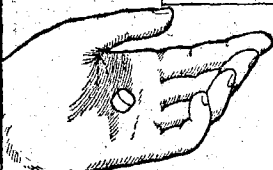


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AND THE PAINS OF RHEUMATISM and SCIATICA



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Your Druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and he is authorized to return the price of the first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.

The Scrap Book

Perfectly Logical.
A Philadelphia lady one spring determined to turn her lawn into a flower garden and decided to do the planting herself. One evening the lady's husband came home and found her poring over a seed catalogue. She had a long list of seeds written on a sheet of paper.

"This is a list, my dear," she said, "that I want you to buy for me tomorrow at the seedman's."
Her husband looked at the list. Then he laughed loud and long.
"You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" said he.
"Yes, of course."
"Well, those you have put down here don't bloom till the second summer."
"Oh, that's all right," the lady said easily.
"All right? How is it all right?"
"I am making up my list," she explained, "from a last year's catalogue."

Morality.
We cannot kindly when we will
The fire which in the heart resides.
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of night settled
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone.
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.
—Matthew Arnold.

One Button Was In Use.
A school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing life, of the second one as representing liberty and the third one as representing the pursuit of happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."
The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member, "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."
"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's life, an' here's liberty, but mother sewed the pursuit of happiness on my pants!"

Letting Him Down Easy.
The manager of the music hall was testing the abilities of a few candidates for stage honors one day last week, and this is how he let down one of the would be funny men.
"Your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theater," said he.
"But I don't use profanity," was the reply.
"No," said the manager, "but the audience would."—Stray Stories.

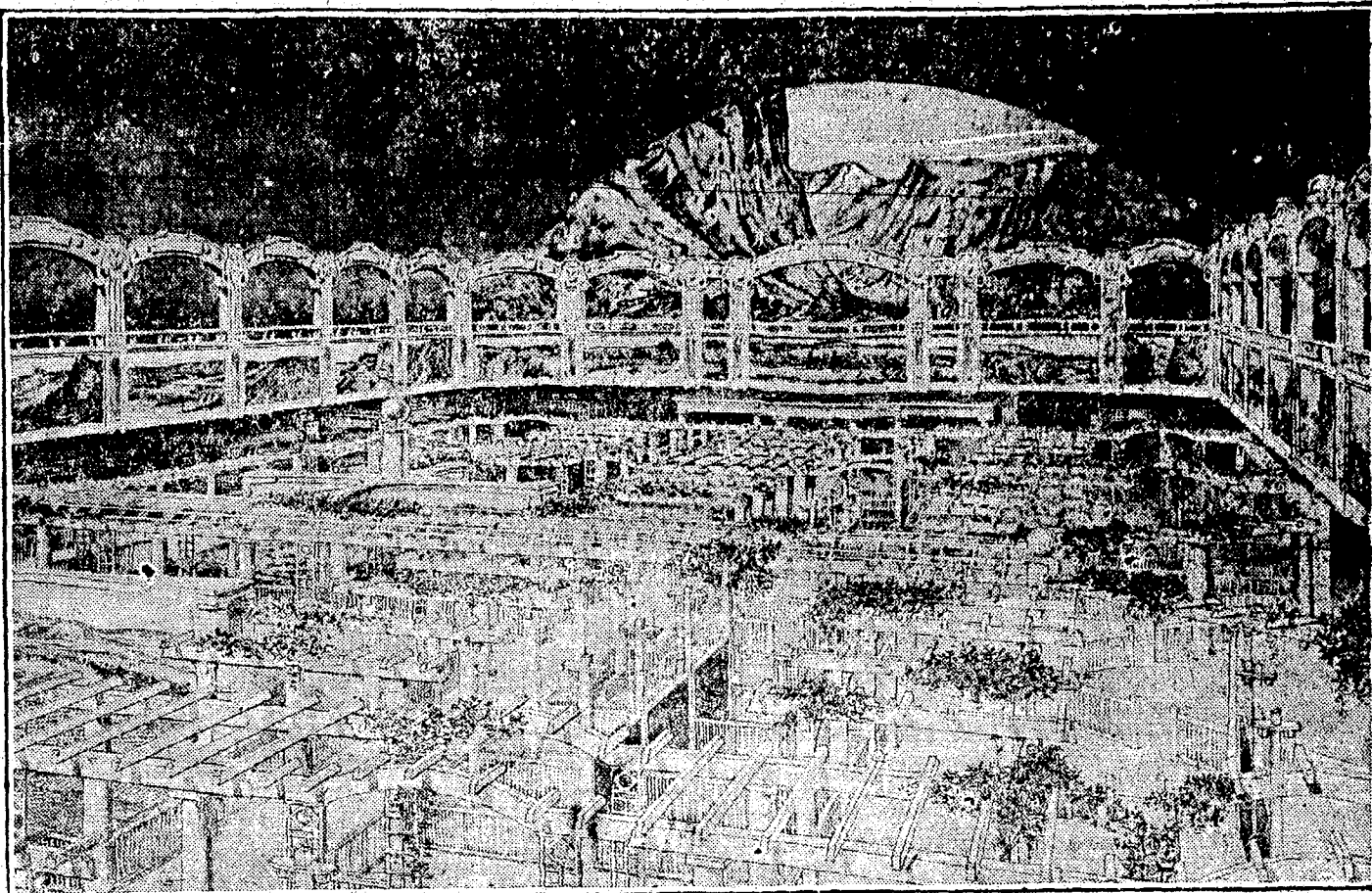
Witty and Caustic.
Lord Cranworth when lord chancellor used to sit continually with the lords justices, for the purpose, it was said, of enlightening himself on points of which he was ignorant. "I wonder why old Cranmy always sits with the lords justices," said some one to Sir Richard Bethell. As usual, he was humorous and at the same time caustic. "I, take it to arise," said he, "from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark."

When attorney general, Bethell once finished an elaborate address just as the court adjourned at noon. His junior, who expected to follow on the same side after lunch, said to him, "Mr. Attorney general, you have evidently made a strong impression on the court." "I think so, too," replied Bethell. "Don't disturb it."

She Wasn't Selfish.
A little girl of three was having a naughty time of it one evening. The mother undressed her and put her to bed and decided to leave her for a time to the gentle ministrations of her father. He succeeded in quieting her. The mother came to bid her little girl good night and upon asking, "Well, dearie, have you asked God to forgive you?" received the reply:
"Yes, and I asked him, to forgive you too!"

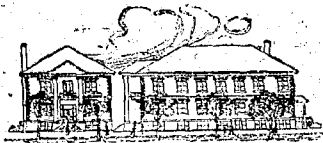
Sincerity.
The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be, and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—Socrates.

The Judge's Advice.
Some years ago many farmers along the line of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad brought suit against it and engaged a young lawyer named Brown. Judge Gantt, who was presiding, was compelled to throw many of the cases out of court because they were improperly brought.
Brown was mad all over. Swelling with indignation, he arose and said, "Your honor, will you please tell me how it is possible in this court to get justice against a railroad company?"
Judge Gantt quietly ignored the contempt of court shown by the lawyer and asked, "Do you wish an answer to that question, Mr. Brown?"
"Yes, sir," defiantly replied the indignant lawyer—"yes, sir, and I want to know how a farmer can get his case into this court so that it will be heard."
Judge Gantt smiled and said, "Well, first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer to hire a lawyer."
Brown wilted.



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Hancock, Minn. writes: "A little girl here has such a weak back caused by rheumatism and kidney trouble that she could not stand on her feet. She momentary put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I gave her with 'DROPS' and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe 'DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."
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25 Cents Per Box AT DRUGGISTS

CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan. Third-estate Judicial Copy. In Chancery. Suit pending in Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery, at the City of Charlevoix, on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1909. Alta Mitchell, complainant, vs. Harry Mitchell, defendant.
In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Harry Mitchell, is a resident of this state, but his whereabouts are unknown, therefore on motion of E. L. H. N. C. R. S. L. for the complainant, Alta Mitchell, it is ordered, that the defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.
FREDERICK W. MANNE, ELSHA N. CHALK, Clerk of Circuit Judge Solicitor for Complainant.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1909.
Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Aurelia May Cash, deceased.
Emma A. Holden having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Maha Hill, or to some other suitable person.
It is ordered, that the 22nd day of November, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1909.
Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Peter Bowen, deceased.
Harvey B. von administrator, having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.
It is ordered, that the 22nd day of Nov. A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

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