

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909.

No. 51

"Out of the Northland"

New Book of Verses by Rev. Warren W. Lamport.

"Out of the Northland," a book of verses by Rev. Warren W. Lamport, is out for the holiday season and on sale at F. B. Gannett Co.'s store, price 25 cts. The poems are mostly of a North Michigan setting and some of them are local, making the book a desirable gift for Christmas or other occasions.

Mr. Lamport is steadily growing in reputation as a pleasing writer of verse. Robert Casey, of Denver, Col., author of that charming book "The Parson's Boys," says of Mr. Lamport's "Brown-Haired Boy": "It is an exquisite little poem, very perfect in construction and deeply appealing in its thought. All of us carry the youngster with us."

Hon. H. R. Pattengill, editor of Moderator Topics, writes, "I have just read your little poem 'The School Ma'am' and sit right down to tell you how much I like it. You certainly hit on a fine fancy and your meter and rhythm are well-nigh perfect."

Of "The Winter-Folk of Saginaw" he says, "I believe it is up to high-water mark." Floyd D. Raze, the North Dakota poet whose poems are published widely in this country and across seas, says that in the essentials of fine poetry Mr. Lamport leads the whole coterie of Michigan verse writers. "He has a sincerity and simplicity which even Wordsworth could scarcely excel."



"Nor would I if I could dissolve the melancholy That makes her so adorable—my lady of the holly!"

COEBY'S CHRISTMAS PLAIN.

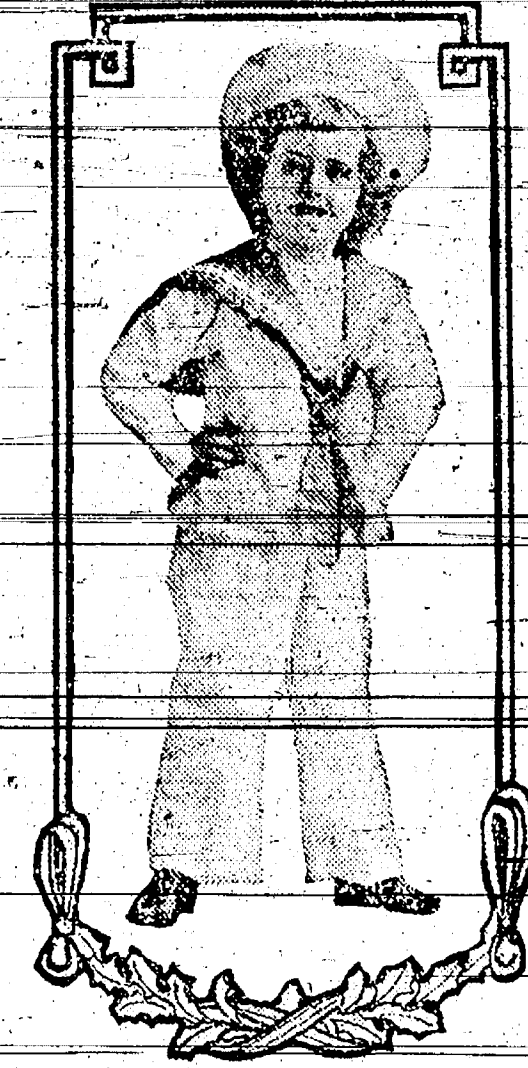
By WILLIS HAWKINS.

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I'M awful tired o' bein' rich. I think it was a pity We come into the money which Enticed us to the city. I wish that we was poor again An' back in Pawpaw Center A-livin' as we ust to when We was so much contented.

Pa didn't have that worried look An' ma was never nervous Before we had a chef to cook An' a butler man to serve us. I'd rather be the way we was, All feelin' fine an' happy, With simple cookin' such as ma's That never made us scrappy.

An' then the lugs the girls put on! I think it's awful silly That Mary Jane is "Marie Zhon" An' Nellie is "Nettie." Eat, gracious, they get mad at me When I say "Nell" or "Mary," Though that was what they ust to be When they was 'tendin' dairy.



"I THINK IT'S AWFUL SILLY."

Them days I knew a lot o' boys That I could play an' fight with An' swap my marbles an' my toys Or go an' stay all night with. But now that I'm a rich man's son There'd be a great sensation If I should play with any one Beneath my lofty station.

An' now that Christmas time is near An' Santy Claus is comin' I don't see how he'll git in here Unless it's through the plumbin'. Instead o' chimneys we have wires Where 'lectric currents sizzle, An' I guess where you don't have fires. Your Chris'mus is a fizzle.

Santa Claus on the Street. In the larger American cities of late years Santa Claus has come to be pretty well known to everybody who frequents the business streets during the two or three weeks preceding Christmas. The Volunteers of America, organized by Ballington Booth, formerly of the Salvation Army, supply Santa Claus in considerable numbers.

The traditional chimney idea is put to practical use. A member of the Volunteers rigs himself up in true Kris Kringle costume, with long coat, flowing white beard and fur cap. He stands beside a miniature chimney set on the sidewalk, on top of which is a large placard requesting passersby to drop in a coin to help send Santa Claus down the chimney with a big Christmas dinner for the poor or to carry shoes, clothing or other supplies to the city unfortunates.

Christmas Family Advice. To Papa—Remember the myth of Santa Claus to keep it hot.

To Mamma—Don't worry about the molasses candy getting on the parlor rug. Christmas comes but once a year, and the stores will sell you a parlor rug any day.

To Miss Belle—It is not necessary to stand under a bunch of mistletoe if you look at him the right way.

To Little Willy—Don't be envious of Jimmy Jones because Santa brought him a cannon. Next year you may get a disappearing gun. (It will disappear mysteriously shortly after you begin to make a noise with it, and maybe mamma can explain.)

To Baby—Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever.

FOUR NIGHTS OF SHOWS.

National Stock Co. to Play Next Week.

The National Stock Co. open an engagement in repertoire at the opera house on Monday next in the beautiful comedy drama "A Noble Outcast" and between the acts up-to-date specialties will be introduced. On Monday night one lady will be admitted free with each paid 30 cent ticket if secured before 6:00 p. m. on Monday and the sale of seats opens at C. C. Mack's Jewelry Store on Saturday morning. At each performance there will be an entire change of play and specialties. This company is now playing at the Grand Opera House, Traverse City and Tuesday's Record said:

"The National Stock Co., in 'A Noble Outcast,' played to a capacity house last evening at Steinberg's Grand. This company carries a line of specialties which would be a complete entertainment alone for any house."

Armand Anthony as Gerald Weston the "Noble Outcast," displayed his genius as an actor and was frequently applauded throughout the evening. Robert LeSueur as Jack Worthington the suitor for the hand of France, the daughter of Col. Lee, was one of the strong points of the cast. James Dempsey was particularly clever as James Blackburn in the role of the villain and was sufficiently hushed by the gods in the gallery who for the time forgot it was a play and thought it was the real thing, so clever was Mr. Dempsey in his part. Edward Moran as Col. Matthew Lee, and Albert Gray as Officer Brown, were both suited to their parts and added to the strength of the cast.

Miss Annie Wynne as Sadie the French maid of the Lee household, caused bursts of merriment by her witty sallies and captivating manner. Miss Eleanor Brandeau as Mrs. Lee, acted the part of the wife of a southern colonel as if she were to the manner born.

Miss Mabel Hawthorne as France, the adopted daughter of Col. and Mrs. Lee, is an actress of considerable ability and was one of the favorites of the evening. The between acts specialties consisted of illustrated songs by James Dempsey who has a pleasing baritone and the illustration of the songs was far ahead of the average songs of that character. Miss Annie Wynne is a master of the violin as was shown by her rendition of "Cavaleria Rusliana" with which she delighted her audience. Miss Wynne drew the full appealing tone which few violinists can acquire and which is one of nature's rare gifts.

Following the third act Miss Evelyn Kincaid, the gifted "Song story girl," won her way into favor with her audience by her sweet voice and pretty ways and was called out several times to respond to epigrams.

Taking the play throughout there have been no better stock productions produced here than the plays which the National Stock Co. are putting on the boards this winter.

New Telephone System.

Dist. Mgr. J. H. Clifford of the Michigan State Telephone Co. was here first of the week, making arrangements with local Manager Benj. Smatts for a new telephone system in our city. A crew of about a dozen men will be here in about a week to commence work. The office will be moved from its present location into a suite of rooms on the second floor of the new Kenyon building.

About 12,000 feet of cable will be installed, which will be about forty blocks. Among the other improvements planned is a new switchboard. The cost of the new system will run up into the thousands of dollars and will be of inestimable benefit to our fast growing city.

Twp. Tax Notice.

I will be at my shop in the Kenny building each Wednesday and Friday from 9:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. during the month of December for the purpose of receiving and receipting for 1909 taxes, due the Township of South Arm.

R. F. STEFFES,
Twp. Treas.

Carpet and Rug Weaving.

First Class Work at reasonable prices. Address East Jordan or call at my home three miles east of town on the Royce Falls State road—MRS. MARY HOLLAND.

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.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE wants a responsible and energetic man or woman in East Jordan and vicinity to attend to its subscription interests. Experience unnecessary. There is liberal guaranteed compensation. A profitable permanent business without capital can be established among friends and acquaintances. Whole or spare time. This is the best time to start. Complete outfit and instructions free. Write now. McClure's Magazine, 46 East 23rd Street, New York City.

Wanting in Crit.

At one of the fashionable seaside resorts on a beautiful evening last summer a handsome couple promenaded the beach until they were tired and then threw themselves on the sand to rest. The young woman watched the waves, while the young man toyed with the moonlit sand, tossing it from hand to hand.

"Reginald, dear, you puckered up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature languorously as she glanced at her companion.

"I intended to," replied Reginald hesitatingly, "but I seem to have got some sand in my mouth."

"For heaven's sake, swallow it," exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system!"

It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face And laugh our troubles down, For all our little trials wait To give the current of our lives Beneath the magic of a smile Our doubts will fade away As melts the frost in early spring Beneath the sunny ray. It pays to make a worthy cause By making it our own, To give the current of our lives A true and noble tone. It pays to comfort heavy hearts Oppressed with dull despair And leave in sorrow darkened lines A gleam of brightness there. —Fannie E. Emmis.

A Bridal Tour.

At a fashionable wedding in a southern city the contracting parties were a wealthy widower and a handsome young lady, and a faithful old servant who had lived with the first wife all her married life was relating the festivities confidently the next morning to a neighbor.

When she finished a fellow servant asked, "Is he going to take a bridal tour?" The old woman looked startled and then, glancing around to see that no one was near, whispered, "Well, I don't know, he will take a bride to her if she gets cantankerous, but he sure did take a strap to the other one."

A Tragedy at the Parsonage. A present of a pair of chickens to a country parsonage where there were a large family and a small income was an event, and the youngest two children (who were usually put to bed with a simple meal) were promised a share in the family treat; but, unfortunately, two neighboring ministers dropped in, and the children's mother had to compromise with the little people. A promise of candy pacified them to wait until the older people were through.

At the table the chicken was fast disappearing, when the door, which had been suspiciously creaking for some time, was flung wide open. Two faces glared at the visitors, while two childish voices shouted in unison: "Go ahead; that's right! Eat it all up, hogs!"

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

You'll Make No Mistake
In calling at F. B. Gannett Co's Store for your
Christmas Presents.
Below we mention a few of them:

Books
Toilet Sets of all descriptions.
POCKET BOOKS
MIRRORS
JEWEL CASES
CIGAR JARS
POST CARD ALBUMS
FOUNTAIN PENS

PERFUMES
BOX STATIONERY
INK STANDS.

Call Early and Get the Best Assortment.
Yours for honest goods and honest prices,
F. B. GANNETT CO.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS.

Ladies' Watches
Gents' Watches
Signet Rings
Set Rings
Cuff Links
Scarf Pins

Gold Crosses
Locketts
Bracelets
Neck Chains
Gold Chains
Brooches

Waterman Pens
Waist Sets
Souvenir Spoons
Thimbles
Sterling Ware
Knives and
Forks, Etc.

Any Article Laid Aside On Small Deposit Until Christmas.

W. E. PALMITER
At Payton's Pharmacy. **JEWELER.**

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.

New Fall and Winter Woolens
Call and examine our beautiful line of Fall and Winter Samples of Men's Overcoats, Suits, Trousers, etc.
FREIBERG, The Tailor.

Charlevoix County Herald

G. A. LISK, Publisher.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

PARADISE FOR THE GRIZZLY

Too Many and Too Hungry for Comfort, Says British Columbia Boundary Surveyor.

"Triangulation work, hooking up mountain peaks over vast distances and photo-topographical labors were carried on under great difficulties and dangers in the snow peaks and glaciers of southeastern Alaska and northern British Columbia this summer. It was not the danger of falling over precipices or into crevasses the party feared as much as the possibility that they would be devoured by hungry grizzlies.

"Why, that country up there has a corner on bears. It is the greatest grizzly paradise on earth. It was an uncommon experience to see as many as six of these huge animals every day. If our records are not perfect we will have to ascribe the blame to the grizzlies."

This was the way J. M. Bates of Ottawa summed up the exciting features of his season's work in connection with the delimitation of the Alaska boundary along the Iskut river, a tributary of the Stikine. He was in charge of a party of eight men. Mr. Bates has had many adventures in the north since he first began the delimitation of the frontier. Two years ago he wounded a grizzly and in a dash for safety rolled down a glacier with the animal at his heels. Mr. Bates escaped, but the bear was dashed to death. Mr. Bates added:

"J. Sullivan Cochrane, a noted Boston naturalist and big game hunter, had a lively experience near our camp this summer. He was seeking to photograph grizzlies in their native wilds. One day he snapped his camera on a huge bear, when the animal charged viciously. One of its paws hurled the kodak into a ravine, while the other cut the intruder. Just then his guide fired, but not a moment too soon. Three shots did the guide pump into the grizzly, which staggered about, made a plunge at the guide, whose last cartridge was exhausted. Mr. Cochrane, although armed with only a revolver, then rushed to the rescue and dispatched the bear. He told me that he had completed his course in nature studies."—Yankee Correspondence Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Rarely Disturbed.

Two spiders who dwell in different parts of a church chanced to meet together in the aisle one day when out for a constitutional.

"How are you getting on?" said spider No. 1 to spider No. 2.

"Oh, moderately," was the reply; "I don't feel very comfortable on Sundays; I live in the pulpit, under the cushion, and on that day the parson comes and bangs the book, and sends his fists on the side, and I have to keep very close or else some day I think he'll hit me. He bangs with such force that I know he'll squash me to a jelly."

"Oh, you come and live with me," said his companion. "I'm never troubled; I'm always comfortable, and never disturbed from one year's end to the other."

"Indeed," said the other spider; "and where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in the poorbox," was the reply.—Judge.

Male Chatterboxes.

Are not men in the mass more inveterate gossips than women? Shakespeare's citizens do the real gossiping in his plays, even though he followed tradition in personifying rumor as a dame—"if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word." You will find as much lively and inane chit-chat in any man's clubhouse as in any woman's. The hotel and theater lobbies seethe with the gossiping of men. No village sewing society or mite society can equal the incessant buzz at the grocery store, and when it comes to downright, earnest, unflinching dissection of reputation and pernicious tittle-tattle there is no body of women in the land that can hold a candle to the foolish adult chatterboxes at any political headquarters.

British Hunting Hounds.

There are in England 12 packs of stag hounds, containing 295 couples; four packs in Ireland, containing 100 couples. The largest pack is the Queen's, 40 couples; master, the earl of Coventry, kennels at Ascot Heath. Of fox haund packs there are 155 in England and Wales, containing 6,239 couples; in Scotland, nine packs, with 328 couples, and in Ireland, 17 packs, with 635 couples. There are also 124 packs of harriers and beagles in England and Wales, with 1,997 couples; 40 packs in Ireland, with 512 couples, and six packs in Scotland, with 116 couples. Thus more than 20,000 hounds are maintained exclusively for hunting in the United Kingdom.

Too Great a Fall.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cook."

Merely a Poss.

"Does Mrs. G. oughtly read the classics?"

"Only when she thinks somebody is apt to come in and catch her at it."

High Prices

Effect Upon Nation Hard to Describe

By WINSTON L. MARVIN



HIGH PRICES in their effect upon the nation cannot be described with exactness as either good or bad in themselves. Rather are they, as a rule, the index of high wages, high standards of living and a large and buoyant prosperity. It would be a grand thing, doubtless, if we could have, side by side with the high salaries and wages of America, the low prices of China, India or Siam, but the idealist must acknowledge that this is utterly impracticable, for after all it is usually and essentially the wage that makes the price.

When wages increase prices almost necessarily rise also, though not always in the same proportion. It sometimes happens—indeed, it has often happened in the development of some of the greatest industries of America—that increasing wages have gone hand in hand with decreasing prices, through the skillful use of labor-saving machinery, strenuously driven at the utmost speed. The happiest economic condition actually attainable is that in which higher prices and higher standards of living are outstripped by a steady, substantial increase in the earnings of the work people themselves. That fortunate condition seems to be exemplified in our own country more signally than in any other nation in the world.

There is one class, however, though a small one, on which the higher cost of living undoubtedly presses without any alleviation. This is the persons dependent on a fixed income from such sources as the stated interest on bonds, or the recipients of allowances or annuities. To such persons as these in this time of universal soaring of prices, not even those ancient refugees, the provincial towns of continental Europe, hold out much hope of escape, nor are their lamentations heard and heeded in legislative halls. For the perverse statesmanship of modern christendom, swayed more and more by a sordid need of the support of popular majorities, everywhere insists on deferring to what it regards as the greatest good of the greatest number.

It is estimated that there are more than 33,333,000 deaths a year in this old world of ours. The figures make one wonder to just what extent nature uses again the particles which go to make up the human form. Estimating the average weight at 150 pounds, nearly 5,000,000,000 pounds of matter is thus returned to earth annually. And this process will go on in increasing ratio just as long as the human race continues to increase. That a portion of the human form evaporates into gas and is blown wherever the wind may go is unquestionable. It follows that it is quite possible that particles of matter which were a part of the earthly body of Alexander the Great may to-day be present in our city of Chicago—may even be incorporated in your body and mine.

In Midst of Life We Are in Death

By F. H. RICHARDSON

Matter is used over and over by nature. To-day it is a cabbage, to-morrow a part of a human body; in a few years perhaps it passes into a flower or is incorporated into a sturdy oak which is hewn down, sawed into boards and made into the finish of a room.

Then, too, in addition to the enormous tribute to mother nature through death, the human body renews itself every seven years, we are told. In other words, the human body actually dies every seven years, which adds another 650,000,000 (nearly) pounds of matter which humanity annually contributes to the uses of nature.

Of course, such a subject as this is to some extent gruesome, but it is nevertheless interesting.

The average death rate is computed to be practically one every second of time.

Every time the clock beats a human soul passes into the great beyond. Truly, in the midst of life we are in death.

Women Who Crowd Labor Market

By P. EVAN JONES

I would favor votes for women if I thought they would succeed in securing legislation which would make it impossible for women to work when they are not in absolute need of the money. It is this which causes, in part, the small wages paid women.

Parents should be forced to keep their girls in school longer instead of sending them out to seek employment so that the children themselves may gratify a taste for clothes and pleasures which the parents are unable to give them.

Husbands who allow their wives to work when they are able to support them and wives who insist on working when there is no necessity for their doing so should be fined and imprisoned.

The same treatment should be given parents who allow their girls to work instead of keeping them in school or at home.

A law which would forbid married women from working unless their husbands were shown to be invalids or dead or earning wages below what would be declared the minimum in such cases would do much toward adjusting the present unsettled economic conditions as regards the workers.

Keep the Meat Properly Covered

By DR. W. RAE

In Washington the health department has lately made a most important ruling in the interest of the public.

The new order is to the effect that the owners of dressed meat products, the carcasses of beef, pork, mutton and the like, shall not allow them to be hauled through the city's streets unless they are protected from the filth and dust that the wind is ever conveying through the atmosphere.

It is a sensible stand to take and ought to be adopted everywhere.

The bodies of animals destined for food will accumulate germs of disease unless they are covered in transit from slaughter houses and railway stations to their destination in the market stalls.

For years no one has thought fit to interfere in this essential matter and the consequence is that the public has been forced to purchase insanitary meats.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, "who is a nurse. My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

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

NO PLACE FOR A PAINTER.



Visitor—Does the painter Maler live here?
Landlady—No; they are all respectable people in this house.

Eating for Strength.

The greatest pleasure to be derived from eating is the pleasure one gets in the knowledge that his food is giving him greater strength and vitality.

Because of this fact there is a constant increase in the consumption of Quaker Oats; every time the strength making qualities of Quaker Oats have been tested by scientific investigation or by experiments in families it has been found to be a food without an equal.

It builds the muscles and brain without taxing the digestive organs; it costs so little anyone can afford it, and it is so carefully prepared and packed that it is absolutely pure and clean. A Quaker Oats eating family is always a healthy family. Quaker Oats is packed in regular size packages and also in large size family packages. The latter very convenient for those not near the store.

Strictly Neutral.

Among the humorous and human stories in Dr. T. L. Pennell's recent book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," is one of a British officer in the Kurram valley who interrogated an Afridi with regard to what was then considered a probable conflict.

"Now tell me," said the officer, "if there were to be war—between God forbid—between Russia and England, what part would you and your people take? Whom would you side with?"

"Do you wish me to tell you what would please you or to tell you the real truth?" was the naive reply.

"I adjure you to tell me what is the white word."

"Then," said the old graybeard, "we would just sit up here on our mountain tops watching you both fight, until we saw one or the other defeated. Then we would come down and loot the vanquished till the last mule! God is great! What a time that would be for us!"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Naught But Abuse.

"They all said I would make a splendid candidate."

"Well?"

"So I became a candidate."

"Again well?"

"And now look what they say about me!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Taking No Chances.

"What did Barker do when he discovered that his wife and chauffeur had planned to elope in his car?"

"He eloped it thoroughly, and put it in first-class shape."

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c.

Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

After acquiring all the knowledge he can from books, many a man takes a postgraduate course by marrying a widow.

The danger from slight cuts or wounds is always blood poisoning. The immediate application of Hemolin Wizard Oil makes blood poisoning impossible.

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will cure not only a cough, but one of those stubborn coughs that usually hang on for months. Give it a trial and prove its worth. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

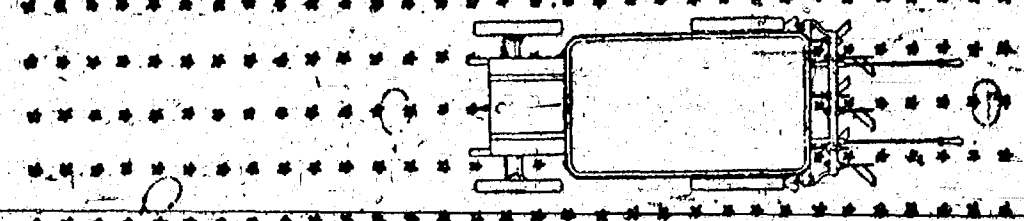
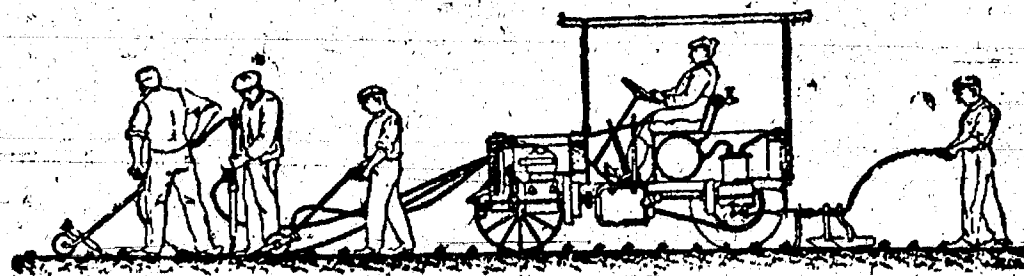
The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, and the last duty well done.

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

The greatest necessity in a woman's life is love.

PNEUMATIC HOEING AND THINNING SUGAR BEETS

Numerous Ideas Have Been Suggested, But None of Them Have Proven Entirely Satisfactory—New Method

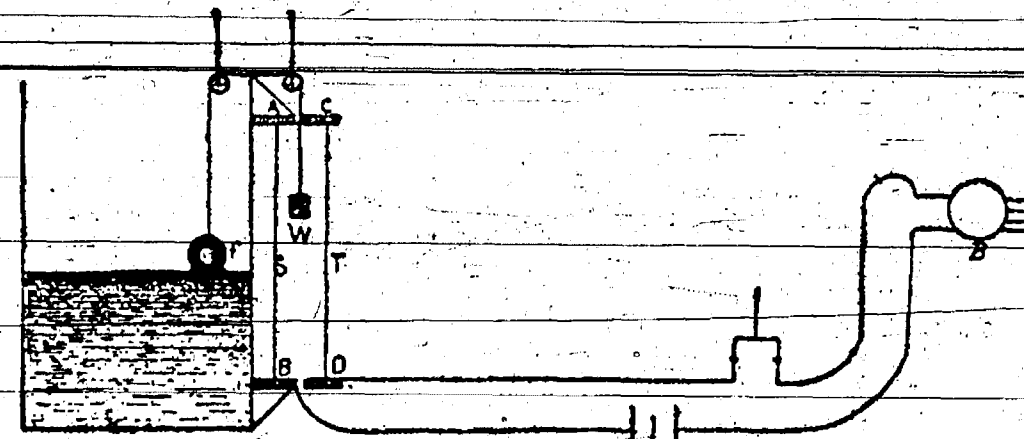


Pneumatic Hoeing and Thinning of Sugar Beets.

One of the principal costs in beet cultivation is the hoeing and thinning of sugar beets. Numerous ideas have been suggested, but none of them, apparently, so satisfactorily accomplishes its purpose as the Bajac pneumatic combination a plan and front view of which is shown in the drawing herewith, says The Sugar Beet.

The first appliance constructed was for hoeing and thinning, but later there were many other combinations for which it was found to be suited. The main idea works very much on the same principle as several types of automatic hammers, a pump compressing the air into a reservoir at a pressure of six kilos per square c. There are flexible pipes connecting the reservoir, and through these the compressed air passes. At the other end of the pipe is a piston, rapid strokes follow in succession as soon as the air circulates. There is, as shown, an automobile of 12-horse power, in which a man is seated, behind which may be a plow or any other implement needed, depending upon the work to be done. The motor of the automobile may be geared with the air compressor placed in the back. There is a safety valve and an automatic regulator, which begin working as soon as the desired pressure is reached. The compressor is kept cool by means of circulating water. It is to be noted, says an expert, that dry air taken at atmospheric pressure and at a temperature of 20 degrees C., when compressed at six kilos, will attain a temperature of 219 C. When the air to be compressed is saturated with watery vapor its temperature at six kilos pressure will not exceed 80 degrees C. The air reservoir is placed under the seat of the conductor.

BELL ATTACHMENT FOR A TANK



An attachment on a tank that furnishes the house with water is of much importance and is easily arranged. Just above the tank, as indicated in the sketch, two pulleys should be suspended, over which the cord runs which carries the float F, and the weight W. The float in the tank may be a hollow copper ball or a block of wood. The ball is perhaps preferable, since the wood tends to become waterlogged and thus will change in specific gravity. At the other end of the cord, hanging down outside the tank, is a weight. The float must be heavier than the weight so as to be able to fall in the tank as the water falls. The float will be pushed upward, and therefore, the weight downward by the buoyancy of the water as it rises in the tank. By means of the pulleys, therefore, and the float the rising and falling of the weight outside is assured.

For the electrical contact, outside the tank wall two wooden brackets, AC and BD, should be fastened at such heights that when the tank is full the weight W rests upon the lower bracket, and when the tank is empty the same weight will rise and touch the under side of the upper bracket. As the brackets require to project past the cord suspending the weight a hole or a slot should be cut in the upper bracket to allow for the movement of the cord. On the under side of the upper bracket two brass or copper plates, A and C, are attached and similar ones, B and D, on the upper side of the lower bracket. These plates are connected in pairs by wires, S and T, S connecting A and C, and T connecting B and D, on the upper side of the lower bracket. These points will touch the plates. The points will give a better assurance of contact than broad surfaces would do, since a little dust adhering either to the plates or to the weight would prevent contact. The wiring is done as shown in the diagram, viz: By running a wire from either one of the pair of plates A and B to the battery Z, and thence to one pole of the bell. Another wire from either one of the pair of plates CD to the other pole of the bell. In any part of the circuit

that is convenient a two-pole switch may be placed for the purpose of opening the circuit and stopping the bell, if necessary, when an alarm has once been given.

It is obvious that when the water reaches lowest ebb, the weight W will touch the plates A and C and complete the circuit, providing the switch is closed. Similarly, when the tank is full, the weight W will touch plates B and D and again the circuit is closed.

BUCKWHEAT AS A CATCHCROP

Takes About Sixty Days to Ripen and Yields 10 to 20 Bushels per Acre—By E. S. KEARNEY

We sometimes lose our seeding in the oats or wheat and rather than reseed we plow the ground as soon after the harvest as possible and sow to buckwheat. Buckwheat is an exhaustive crop, but I occasionally use it to further my grass seeding plans. I have never failed in getting a good catch of grass or clover, though sometimes buckwheat fails in making a good crop. When weeds grow in the wheat stubble after harvest you may be sure that the clover seed is gone. It takes only about 60 days for buckwheat to grow and ripen. It will usually yield 10 to 20 bushels per acre, so it pays well for the labor involved and at the same time makes a fine shade and protection for young grass and clover sown at the same time with buckwheat. I saw about three pecks per acre, with 150 pounds of phosphate. Much nitrogen is leached through the soil if there is not some growing crop to preserve it. Buckwheat consumes but a small amount of nitrogen, while the clover gathers an abundance of this necessary element.

Corn Silage Cheap.

Corn silage is about the cheapest and most efficient to supplement the winter ration for dairy and beef cattle, horses, calves and sheep. It is cheaper to handle the corn crop in the form of silage than any other way. And, should there be another summer of little rain, the well stocked silo furnishes succulent green feed, and comes as a great relief to the husbandman.

The Better Treasure

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

HERE were thick furies at intervals as if the world were filled with a sudden storm of white feathers, but no weight of snow fell; the air had a sweet coldness as one inhaled it, yet was as mild as December twenty-fourth might be and not be pusillanimous—a well-behaved winter's day; there was not the ghost of a reason why the 1-06 local from Rochester should be two hours late.

The handful of passengers at Blenheim Junction wandered aimlessly, afraid to go away lest the belated train should make up time; now and again they drifted together and exchanged pessimistic surmises as to any one's chances of getting anywhere for Christmas. The shifting



"The Man Drew a Sharp Breath."

at the fields with resentful eyes. He came to a stop in front of a bench, and, dropping into it, drew out a letter. The thin envelope fell open as if read often before.

"Dear Carl," the writing ran, "I saw Peterson two days ago and he told me you were playing in bad luck. There's an opening out here in my business for a person who knows several languages, and you came to my mind. Would you care to take it? You would have to put up a thousand or two, and that, beyond traveling expenses, would be all the money necessary. I think you would like it. The business is going to be a big one, and we are making money now. There is plenty of work, but plenty of play also of the kind you're good at—tennis and polo and that sort. And there's the certainty of a fresh start in life with every chance of a solid career."

"I'm sure you know what a pleasure it would be to me, because it's always been a pleasure to be with you since



"The Man Avoided the Clergyman and His Friend."

human atoms might be classified as four bunches: the small-boy bunch, three women circling about a stolid and annoyed boy; the tobacco bunch, four unshaven men; the parson—black of clothes, pallid, yet strong of face—and his friend, a prosperous business man by the look of him; and, the fourth division, a solitary individual. This last was young, and so strongly built that muscle was the first impression on looking at him. His listless movements were powerful, his face was cast in a virile mold, but it was strength and beauty gone wrong. The face was lined with

the first days of Grotto. Think it over and send me a line by New Year's so I may know during January. I repeat, that I want you and that I hope you may care to come!"

The letter was dated from Hong Kong.

"Care to come!" The man flapped the paper with a gesture of despair, and at the second a door creaked mournfully behind him, opened half-way, and the clergyman's clear-cut speech sounded through it.

"You don't mind the draft?" the voice asked. "It's close in here."

The man outside, the letter clasped against his knee, did not stir; he listened intently. The two within sat down without seeing him, back to back with him, the wall between. Every word they spoke came out to him distinctly.

"Why don't you put that bag on the floor? You hold on to it as if it were treasure, the pleasant, easy tones of the parson continued.

The big man's answer came after a second's pause. "It is treasure," he said briefly.

"Do you mean—Sidney, you're not driving home alone to-night with the men's wages?"

"No, not alone. Tomlinson meets me."

"Tomlinson! He's nothing. That is—he's a good coachman, of course, but the mildest ruffian could do up Tomlinson with one hand. A great protection!"

"I don't want protection," the slow voice half-laughed. "I can protect myself—and Tomlinson."

The man outside could all but see the clergyman's head shake disapprovingly.

"I don't like it. It's six miles and you'll have to go through the River Mills—the other road's impassable. There's a bad lot of roughs there just now. Pat O'Hara—who used to be my man-of-all-work—told me about it last week. He's working now on the Falls bridge, and lives two miles this side. He says they're genuine desperadoes. It will be known that you're coming—it's always known. What possessed you to go back at night?"

"Delayed," the laconic tones answered. "A meeting of the board of directors."

"Well, delay a bit longer, and you may say time," the clergyman threw back. "Don't go home to-night, Sidney—it's really unsafe."

"Must get home for Christmas

morning—couldn't disappoint the baby," said the steady voice.

"I know," the clergyman agreed. "I'm in the same box. Yet," he harked back, "it's taking too much risk. You have no right to run such a risk. How much are you carrying?"

"Three thousand dollars."

The man outside drew a sharp breath as if the distinct words had bit him. Three thousand dollars!

The clergyman inside repeated them. "Three thousand dollars! It's too much to carry after dark through a nest of banditti!"

"Banditti!" The other's tone protested.

But Dr. Harding persisted. "At least leave the money in town."

"Where?" Maxwell asked. "The banks are closed. The men's wages must be paid the twenty-sixth. I'll carry it safe enough—the Maxwells have carried their employes' wages to Maxwell Field for five generations."

The clergyman's reply was serious. "With two Maxwells killed to discourage the practice," he said. There was silence for a moment. Then, "I see what can be done," the older man spoke. "Give me the money. I'll take it to the rectory to-night, and tomorrow you'll all be over to service and you can fetch it back. How is that?"

"You've a lonely drive, too."

"Only two miles," said Harding. "And there's no danger for me. No body suspects a parson of money."

Maxwell considered, hesitated. "I think I'll accept your offer, doctor," he said at last.

Quarles, the manager, objects to my landing with a bag which I carry carefully myself, as I must when it's loaded this way."

The man outside, strained forward, could imagine the manufacturer's hand laid on the stout bag on his knee. "My dress-suit case I throw at somebody to be put into the trap, and I think no more of it, but this I keep by me, and I'm so well known about the country that they are familiar with my ways."

The confident voice, the voice of a personage, went on, but the shabby figure outside relaxed, shivering a bit, against the wall of the station. He was thinking fast, but his listening now was less careful; he knew the rest; his data were collected.

There was a whistle down the track, and a wave of humanity drew together; the train pulled in, the man hovering in the background waited to see Mr. Maxwell of Maxwell Field, in a fur-lined ulster with its collar and cuffs of sable, and the thin clergyman in his overcoat a little gray at the seams, enter a car together, before he sprang unnoticed into the car behind them.

mas Eve. Have you, mother?"

"My knee, Benny—you weigh a ton, dear," remonstrated the mother, pushing a heavy foot. "We'll do this, Alice. Benny knows 'White Shepherds Watched' as well as I, and if he'll say it, then I'll do 'The Night Before Christmas,' and the story, and just anything you want."

"I like your saying of it, mother, better than I do Benny's. He always makes the angels talk like people," Alice demurred.

But the boy, undisturbed by criticism, began at once. His large brown eyes fixed on the fire, he recited, slowly and conscientiously, the two-hundred-year-old Christmas carol: "White Shepherds watched their flocks by night—All seated on the ground. The angel of the Lord came down—And glory shone around, (the peedy voice repeated, and a listener might have understood what Alice meant. It was much as if John Jones had met William Smith and mentioned to him a matter of news about a mutual friend, an angel. But to the woman who listened with the boy's head against her shoulder, the incongruous infections were sweet; the audacity of it seemed to bring so near that it thrilled her, a night when, for another Child's sake, the skies had rung with a song that has echoed always. Benny's fresh tones disclosed, with careful conversational emphasis, more and more facts about angels, to him a shade less real, a shade more holy than his mother.

To you in David's town this day—The born of David's line—A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign—Was elucidated in a realistic manner, and the child proceeded to explain.

"Thus spoke the seraph and forthwith appeared a shining throng of angels—praising God who thus addressed their joyful song."

An atheist would have got an impression hearing him tell it, that the boy had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears what he related. There was a silence as the sturdy tones ended and Benny's eyes gazed on into the heart of the fire, as if they saw in a vision the still eastern night, the shepherds on the hills, the white flight of angels.

"You repeated it very nicely," Mrs. Harding said softly, and put her mouth against his head again. "Now you shall have yours."

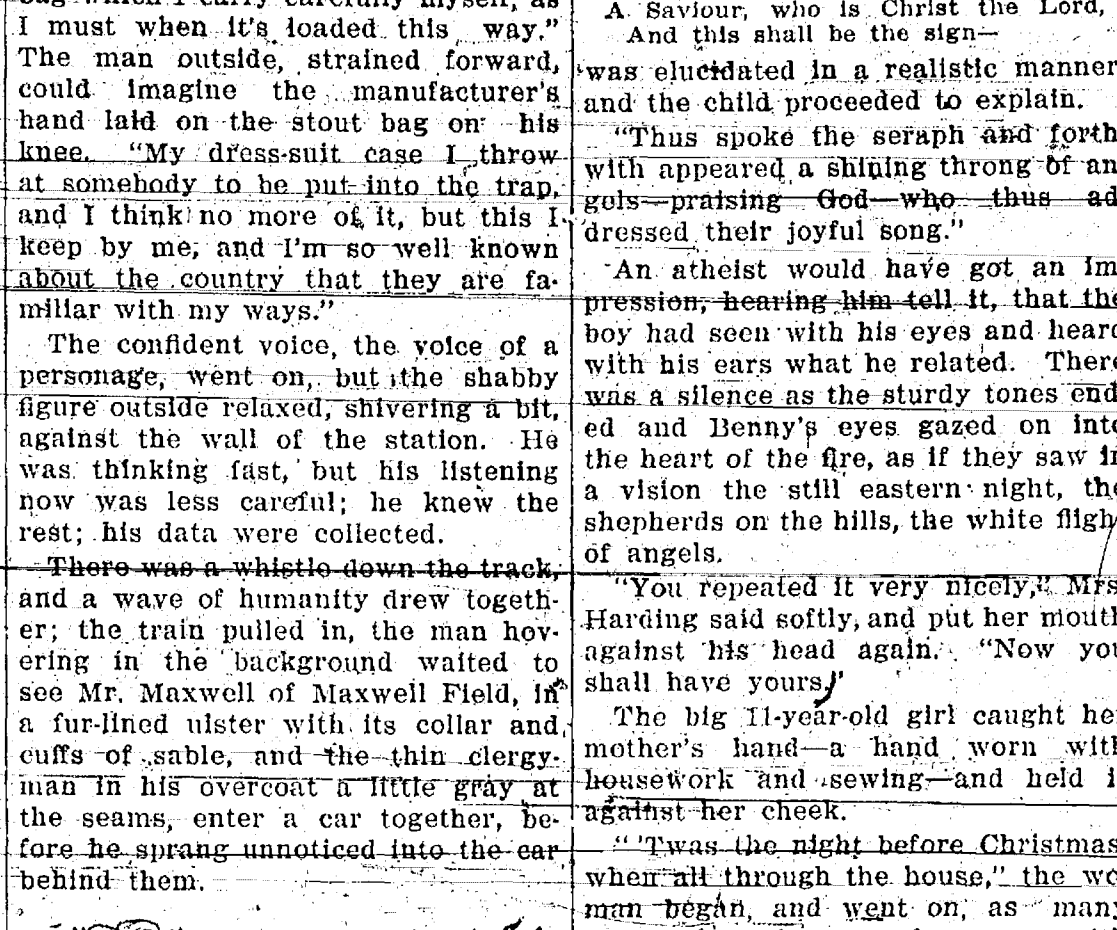
The big 11-year-old girl caught her mother's hand—a hand worn with housework and sewing—and held it against her cheek.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house," the woman began, and went on, as many women have begun and gone on with the charming old poem, to children on Christmas Eve. The fire crackled in the pauses, and the logs fell apart, with gentle heaviness, an accompaniment to the swinging sentences.

"Now just one more, children dear, and you really must go to bed. It's very late—look! It's almost nine," and the girl and the boy cried out together.

"Oh, the Beasts! The Beasts!"

They pressed against her, a head on either shoulder, and held her hands in theirs, while she told them a tale of a boy in a German forest whose father and mother were so poor that there was not enough to eat in the house. She told them how he lay in



"The two big children and their small mother sat on the rug before the fire, the fire being an especial luxury for Christmas Eve."

The two big children and their small mother sat on the rug before the fire, the fire being an especial luxury for Christmas Eve. The nursery was a pleasant room; the spendthrift fire-light washed brightness over gay colors of coarse stuffs, over cheap prints of fine pictures, over the whitewashed walls and the peace of the two white beds folded back for the night. There was a homelike atmosphere, full of



"Say 'The Night Before Christmas,' Mother, He Begged."

the alert leisure of a house where much is done. The children leaned close against the woman between them; the girl's hair was spread on her mother's shoulders, and the boy's arm was around her and his head pressed her arm.

"Say 'The Night Before Christmas' again mother," he begged. "You promised you'd say it next."

"No, she didn't, Benny," objected the girl. "She only promised she'd say it again; she hasn't said 'White Shepherds Watched' at all yet, or told us the story of the beasts on Christ-

his cot on Christmas Eve and heard them plan; how he listened as they divided what food was left into three portions for to-morrow's breakfast, the largest for the boy; how he sobbed to himself in the dark as he heard them arrange to kill his two friends, the old horse Friedel and the old cow Minna, rather than let them starve to death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

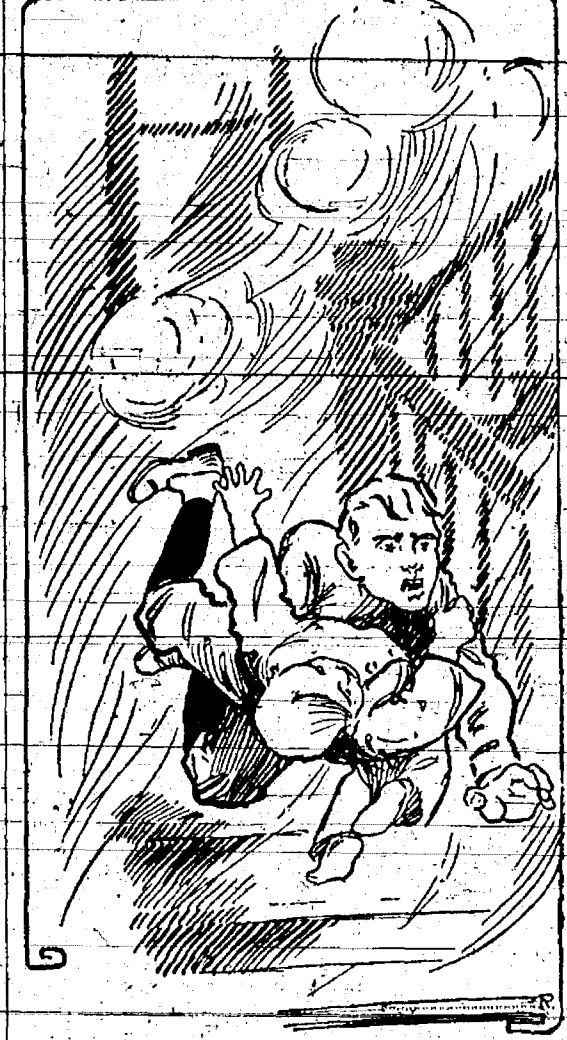
It's just like a woman to forgive a man who doesn't deserve it.—Chicago News.

MOTHER GIVES UP LIFE. BUT CHILDREN PERISH

Grave Woman and Little Son Fight—Flames in Vain—Five Cremated Alive.

Pittsburg, Pa.—While vainly battling to save the lives of her children who were sleeping in upstairs rooms, Mrs. Frances A. Marlow, aged 37, and four children were burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed their home near Sandy Creek, Penn township. The children who lost their lives are: Clyde Marlow, aged 12; Isa Marlow, aged five; William Marlow, Jr., aged three, and Glenn Marlow, aged six months. Lisle Marlow, aged 11, the only other member of the family at home at the time of the fire, had a narrow escape from death.

The husband and father, William Marlow, is in Butler county on a



Was Overcome by Smoke and Fell.

hunting trip, and has not learned of the tragedy. The two oldest boys, Frank and Clifford, went to work early in the morning, and shortly after they had left the house a lamp exploded in the kitchen, where Mrs. Marlow and Clyde were eating breakfast. Seeing she could not extinguish the flames, Mrs. Marlow told Clyde to go to the room where Lisle and William were sleeping and get them out of the house.

The boy succeeded in arousing Lisle, who made his escape. Clyde then took little William in his arms and was trying to get down the stairs when he was overcome by the smoke and fell. Mrs. Marlow went to the room occupied by Isa and the baby, Glenn, but she was also overcome by the smoke and was unable to rescue the children. The charred bodies of the mother and four children were found in the cellar after the house was burned to the ground.

Lisle, scarcely clad and dazed by fright, ran to the house of a neighbor, William Stoner, who gave the alarm. William Marlow, Sr., grandfather of the children, who lives about a mile away on the Frankstown road, was also notified, and hurried to the home of his son. When neighbors arrived the flames had gained such headway that nothing could be done to save the house or its contents.

BURGLAR LIKES THE BULLDOG

Robs Woman's Home, Left Guarded by Animal, and Writes Note to His Victim.

Rockford, Ill.—"Your bulldog is a sociable fellow; treat him nice; he and I struck up quite a friendship and I hated to leave him."

"BURGLAR."

That note written on perfumed stationery taken from her writing desk, the desk from which the burglar had stolen her gold watch, was found by Mrs. William Johnson of 1224 South West street, on her return home from a shopping expedition. The dog had been left to guard the house and was sleeping on a rug.

Investigation revealed the loss of \$200 worth of jewelry and silverware. The thief entered through a rear window, fed the dog and ransacked the house.

Gov. Good Place for Camels.

Gov. Glasscock of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?" he asked one of the natives.

"Rain?" the native spat. "Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's millfrogs in this yere town over five years old that hain't learned to swim yet."—Everybody's Magazine.

Shake Into Your Shoes

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

Afterward.

Bachelor—Are wives as expensive as they are said to be?

Alimony Victim—Not while they are wives.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Canada's Day of Thanks a Month Earlier Than in the United States.

For some reason better known to the Canadians themselves than to the people on this side of the line, our Canadian cousins celebrated their Thanksgiving a month or more earlier than we do. It may be that the Canadian turkey had become impatient, and sounded a note of warning, or it may be that the "frost on the pumpkin" declared itself. But whatever the reason, their Thanksgiving day is past. It may have been that the reasons for giving thanks so much earlier than we do were pushing themselves so hard and so fast that the Canadians were ashamed to postpone the event. They have had reasons, and good ones, too, for giving thanks. Their great broad areas of prairie land have yielded in abundance, and here, by the way, it is not uninteresting to the friends of the millions of Americans who have made their home in Canada during the past few years to know that they have participated most generously in the "cutting of the melon." Probably the western portion of Canada, comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, has been the greatest reason of any of the provinces to express in the most enthusiastic manner their gratitude. The results in the line of production give ample reason for devout thanksgiving to Providence. This year has surpassed all others in so far as the total increase in the country's wealth is concerned. There is no question that Providence was especially generous. The weather conditions were perfect, and during the ripening and harvesting period, there was nothing to interfere. And now it was well it was so, for with a demand for labor that could not be supplied, there was the greatest danger, but with suitable weather the garnering of the grain has been successfully accomplished. There have been low general averages, but these are accounted for by the fact that farmers were indifferent, relying altogether upon what a good soil would do. There will be no more low averages though, for this year has shown what good, careful farming will do. It will produce 130 million bushels of wheat from seven million acres, and it will produce a splendid lot of oats, yielding anywhere from 50 to 100 bushels per acre. This on land that has cost but from \$10 to \$15 per acre—many farmers have realized sufficient from this year's crop to pay the entire cost of their farms. The Toronto Globe says: "The whole population of the West rejoices in the bounty of Providence, and sends out a message of gratitude and appreciation of the favors which have been bestowed on this country. The cheerfulness which has abounded with industry during the past six months has not dulled the conception of the source from which the blessings have flown, and the good feeling is combined with a spirit of thankfulness for the privilege of living in so fruitful a land. The misfortunes of the past are practically forgotten, because there is great cause to contemplate with satisfaction the comforts of the present. Thanksgiving should be a season of unusual enthusiasm."

Misery.

The neighbor's dog sits out on the front lawn and howls dismally. The man in the window looks out and yells: "Sh-h-h, you beast!" The dog continues to howl. The man utters a cry and comes to the window and this time hurls a shoe at the dog. Still the animal howls. Another shoe follows. The next day the man's wife goes around in her stocking feet because she can't find her shoes. The man hasn't the price of another pair of shoes for her, and the next night the dog howls louder than ever.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

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

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Painless Death.

A teacher in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children earnest lectures upon the poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmie's committin' suicide! He's suckin' his thumb."—Success Magazine.

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

SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1909.

County Normal Notes.

The normal class accompanied by Miss Himes, returned to the program given in the high school by the sophomores Monday morning, Dec. 8. Margaret Ryan, class of '09, visited the normal room Tuesday, December 7. Miss Ryan has completed her term of school and is having vacation. E. B. Ward, Master of Pomona grange in this county, and Glenn M. DuBols visited the normal room Thursday afternoon, December 8. Each gave a talk on the importance of teaching agriculture in the rural schools. Blanche Nowland and Arbutus Nordrum visited Petoskey Friday, Dec. 10, and observed the work of the schools in that city. Emma Rasmussen and Georgia Redfield sang a duet at a meeting of the W. C. T. U. Friday afternoon, Dec. 10. They were accompanied on the piano by Bessie Martindale.

His Wife Gave Him What?
Not long ago Satan was hurrying over his rounds in the regions below, and his eye caught a new arrival. It was a man with a proud and haughty air that would have put to shame any king on earth. He strolled about, with his nose high and his chin out and a sort of supercilious style. Satan stopped and watched him, and finally curiously won, and he tapped the fellow on the shoulder.
"See here, who are you, anyway? Any one would think from your style you owned the place."
"I do," said the shade. "My wife gave it to me just before I left home."

At Set of Sun.
If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done
And, counting, find
One self denying act, one word
That caused the heart of one who heard
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

Knew the Beds.
In the gray light of early morning a traveler in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before tonight, I shall look up other lodgings."
"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied respectfully.
"The traveler smiled ironically.
"If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."
"It is occupied, sir."
"I know it is—by a man who snored all night and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."
"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

Abbreviating a Name.
One member of congress employs in writing a perplexing system of abbreviation, which might be termed a combination of short and long-hand. Some of his colleagues were one day speaking of his craze for brevity, when one said: "Blank has certainly brought his system to a fine point, but there was a chap in my state, Kentucky, who distanced all competitors in this respect. His name was WILL Knott, and so keen was his mania for abbreviation that in writing to friends he invariably subscribed himself 'Wn't.'"

Waked Him Up.
John Kendrick Baugs, the author, once attended a political meeting at which he was the third speaker, following two local spellbinders to whom the crowd listened patiently in anticipation of the "big gun" of the occasion.
The evening was warm, and while the second speaker was holding forth a fat man, occupying a seat directly in front of the stage, yielded to the somniferous influences and snored loudly.
"That's one on you," chuckled Mr. Baugs to his fellow orator as the latter closed his peroration and retired to his seat at the rear of the stage.
"Now watch me wake him up!"
Sure enough, scarcely was Mr. Baugs well under way before the fat man opened his eyes, stared wildly for an instant and bolted for the door!—Lippincott's.

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

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.
Get your Laundry work done at Cason Bros.
For that next Grocery order call up phone No. 192—Richards & Cummins.
After you see those Go-Cart Runners at Whitlington's you will have none others.
Dwelling for Rent—Five-room house; water-works in kitchen; wood shed. E. A. LEWIS.
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

PROBATE NOTICE.—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
In the matter of the Estate of Hannah LeRoy deceased.
Notice is hereby given that six months from the 4th day of Nov. A. D. 1909, are allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court, for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on or before the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
Dated, Nov. 4th, A. D. 1909.
JOHN M. HARRIN
Judge of Probate.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey
Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Offices Over Postoffice.
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.,
And Evenings.
Phone No. 228.

Lemieux & Lancaster
GENERAL
Blacksmithing
and Carriage Work.
HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
our Patrons are Respectfully Solicited
State-st. East Jordan.



IMPORTANT!
Do you realize that Christmas is only Five days away!
If you want to shop in comfort, to be sure of a chance for deliberate selection, to have large assortments from which to choose, better do your buying right now.
Wiesman's is ready with the finest Holiday presentation of merchandise that the store ever made. Every department is overflowing with the newest and best Christmas offering. Things beautiful and things useful in immense variety. Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises.

L. WIESMAN
Remedies are Needed
Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened—impaired—broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.
The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature
You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

TRAIN FOR SUCCESS. Conditions Demand It.
Never before in the history of commercialism was a thorough BUSINESS TRAINING so essential as it is today. The opportunities for wide-awake, capable, ambitious young men and women are unlimited. Permanent positions await those who graduate, and the chances for promotion are excellent.
Our teachers are the ablest educators we can find, and our course of instruction along commercial and stenographic lines is unequalled for thoroughness anywhere. If you are interested in a Business Education write or call for handsome catalog and "Heart-to-Heart Talks on Furniture, Lumber and Banking." We pay your railway fare here.
19-27 S. Division Street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SOMETHING NEW FOR CHRISTMAS.
By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.
Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

We lash our brains to chase up something new to give our friends at Christmas. In like manner they lash their brains to think of something to give us. We say to ourselves, "Rich old Aunt Rachel ought to put up something handsome this year, the old curmudgeon!" Rich old Aunt Rachel in her turn says to us: "I suppose those beggarly pieces of mine will send me some foot trash they themselves can make and expect me to give them gifts worth forty times as much. They're a nuisance. Every way I turn there's somebody expecting me to put up a Christmas present. I wish these hungry hangers on were at the north pole."
The whole scheme of Christmas giving has been perverted till it now means only one of three things—either barter, unwilling almsgiving or tipping. Servants, deserving or otherwise; poor relatives, charity societies, people too lazy and shiftless to earn comfort for themselves, all expect something. The effort to fill these expectations causes a drain that makes most people look forward with dread from one Christmas to the next. Seven out of ten Christmas presents are nowadays forced from the grudging donor just because the receivers "expect" something. Mortal mind can sink to no meaner level than to "expect" a Christmas present.
Yet with all earth's giving there is one thing nobody ever thinks to bestow unless it is some man or woman, usually a woman, who has been tried in all ways by sorrow, hardship and affliction, who has looked on this world's treasures and seen them melt away and has learned there is nothing in them. To such a true, sweet, tested soul has come the full knowledge that the only Christmas present worth while is the one the Christ Child came to earth to bring. Still the Christ Child's gift is on the earth, 1,600 years after the holy Nativity. It is to be had by every human being, it is the most precious offspring human being can either give or receive, yet in our so-called Christian world today naught is so scarce as this one thing.
What was it the Christ Child came to bring? "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Down the centuries the tidings of this priceless offering have sounded, and they sound still, but now faint and afar-off to the worldling sense. For weeks the atmosphere has been confused and lashed with the vibrations of Christmas buying and selling, Christmas scramble and expectancy; it is overborne and heavy with the awful weariness of the Christmas makers. Who has time to send forth the glorious gift which is the very foundation stone of Christmas itself—peace and good will?
How would it do alike for those overtaxed with giving and those too poor to give anything at all simply and quietly to bestow the Christ Child's gift on all mankind? After presenting the few material gifts one really offers for the pleasure of it, how would it do to make everybody around us happy as we can all day long, being cheerful, merry, loving and helpful to every member of our household, thinking not at all of our own deserts or disappointments, but giving forth joyfully the best that is in us—if, widening and softening our souls, we would weed from our consciousness all our pitiful little grudges against others and in fold even those we dislike most in the loving thought of Christmastide?

Old Folk at Home Remembered.
A good many hundred thousand dollars have been shipped home to Europe for Christmas, through the banks, by foreigners employed in America. This year, probably because of the high rates of wages, the banks have been busier with this class of exchange than usual. The bulk of the drafts go to England and Ireland. Servants send most of this money, and none is apparently so poor or ragged that he or she has not at least the equivalent of a pound sterling to send home to the old folks.

Ten Doctors Said He Would Die
"In 1903 we wrote you regarding my husband, who was suffering from heart trouble. He was superannated by the North Georgian Conference. Ten doctors at different times said he would die. You advised Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Restorative Nervine; we did as advised, and improvement was apparent from the very first. He recovered and the Conference in 1904 gave him a charge. He never felt better, although, he has very heavy work, and does a great deal of camp meeting work. I am so glad we took your advice and gave him the medicine, and feel that I ought to let you know of the wonderful good results from its use."
MRS. T. S. EDWARDS,
Milner, Ga.

This proves what Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy will do. Get a bottle from your druggist and take it according to directions. It does not matter whether your heart is merely weak, or you have organic trouble, if it does not benefit you take the empty bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

NEW LOT OF WAISTS JUST RECEIVED.
"Hard To Know What To Give"
Not at all, Madam; It's as easy as a trip from your home to The Boston Store.
A short time spent in the Boston Store and viewing the many beautiful and useful articles on display will bring more ideas to your mind for Christmas than whole days sitting at home and puzzling your brain trying to think of what to give. Don't try to think it out—it is a waste of time. Come down to Dantos.
Come early and your Christmas perplexities will disappear one by one as you see among the hundreds of Christmas Articles: "Just what I wanted."
But don't put off coming for there are only Five Days More. Slip on coat and rubbers and
Come Now to the Boston Store.
THE BOSTON STORE, A. DANTO Proprietor

Briefs of the Week

Christmas Gifts at Mack's.
The National Stock Company pleased their patrons at Traverse City week.

County Agent Madison was at Charlevoix fore part of the week on official business.

Chas. Johnson will hold another of his popular dances at Votruba Hall on Christmas eve.

Sunday Papers, Books, Saturday Blade and Ledger, and Saturday Evening Post at Hamilton's.

W. O. McLarty returned first of the week from a month's visit with old-time friends in New York State.

The Chaddock School will give an entertainment and box social Thursday evening Dec. 23. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

Bert Wilhelm returned first of the week from Escanaba where he has a big cement building contract. John Monroe is at the same place with his pile driver.

Notice—There will be a special meeting of the Pythian Sisters Tuesday evening Dec. 21st. All members are requested to be present.—Jessie B. Fay, M. of R. and C.

C. L. Otto, employed at the Argo Milling Company in this city, is moving his household goods from East Jordan, and will live in the Captain Small residence on Dixon avenue. Mrs. Otto will arrive Wednesday—Charlevoix Courier.

The Loveday Opera House Management has secured "The National Stock Company" for four nights, commencing next Monday and opening with "A Noble Outcast." For Monday nights only—One Lady's Free Ticket will be given with each 30c paid admission, if tickets are purchased before six o'clock p. m. on Monday.

Peter Muirhead formerly of this place has sold his ranch in southern Alberta to the Vancouver Prince Rupert meat company. It consists of some 20,000 acres of land, and includes 2,000 head of cattle and 400 horses. There are 50 miles of four strand wire fence on it. The consideration was in the neighborhood of \$250,000. Mr. Muirhead has been on the place for about seven years, previous to this he was engaged in the lumber business in Michigan, and thinks he will retire and take a rest.

The Weekly Almanac, a paper published in the interests of Alma College, has the following to say relative to one of our East Jordan boys who is attending that college: Oral Misenar is another freshman who is new to the game. He had played as full-back on the East Jordan high school team and started the season in Alma at the same position, where he showed remarkable ability as a line plunger. He was later placed at right tackle, where he developed into one of the best tackles in the state. As a defensive tackle Misenar is hard to beat.

Joe Moran, of Portland, Ore., was in the city Monday calling on old friends.—Mrs. Moran is in East Jordan, where she is visiting her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Moran left Boyne City about a year ago, for the west, and while they like that country, Joe says Boyne City looks good to him yet. He says a man getting \$3 a day here is as good as \$4 out in Oregon, and he says the West is pictured with more colors than there really is to it. They have been living in Portland where they have purchased a home, paying \$2,550 for it, that could be purchased here for half that amount.—Boyne Citizen.

Get your Xmas Candy at Hamilton's. The prices are right and the assortment large.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's.
Toys! Toys! Toys! at Hamilton's. Com'r Milford was a Traverse City visitor this week.

The finest selections of China and Fancy Dishes at Votruba's Cash Store. Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Ramsey have moved into their new home on Main St.

W. L. French is receiving a visit from his nephew, Robert Allen of Kenosha.

C. B. Crowell was called to Grand Haven, Wednesday, by the serious illness of a sister.

Silas Lanway and family left first of the week for Colorado, where they intend to make their home.

Miss Swanson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Bloss, returned to her home in Traverse City this week.

If you want to select your Christmas gifts from the largest assortment and newest designs, go to Mack's Jewelry Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Foote of Central Lake are visiting his mother for a few days and will probably stay over Sunday.

Do you want something to read these long winter evenings? Look over our stock of books, papers, weeklies and Dailies.—F. B. Hamilton.

Spend the Holiday evenings right and attend the pleasing entertainments given by the National Stock Company at Loveday Opera House commencing Monday night.

Among The Steeple.

Don't forget the free musical event at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening.

Rev. H. J. Kelsner will hold services at the Episcopal church next Tuesday evening, Dec. 31st and Wednesday morning.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid netted \$50 from the supper in the Miles Hall on Tuesday evening apart from the proceeds of the annual sale.

Christian Science services will be held in the Wilhelm block every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Wednesday evening meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. C. G. Warden entertained the Methodist Ladies Aid Society on Wednesday with a good attendance. Mrs. E. Barrie presented an interesting program, and refreshments were served.

A Christmas sermon will be preached at the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning. For the evening a special service will be given. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00 and Senior C. E. at 6:15.

Christmas will be celebrated by the Methodist Sunday School on Friday evening. Santa Claus will have two trees on which to hang his goods and the little folks will take part in songs and recitations. Miss Ethel Fortune's class will have an especially attractive part in the nature of a cantata.

The revival meetings which have been in progress at the Methodist church closed last Sabbath night, with twenty or more conversions to all. On Sabbath morning a class of probationers were received into the church and others are expecting to join next Sabbath. Mrs. Jennie Wilcox, the evangelist, rendered much help, especially among the young people who enjoyed her addresses and were drawn by her pleasing personality. She returned to her home in Jackson, Monday.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's.
"You'll do better at Mack's."
Hand painted China at Mack's.
Horse for sale.—E. A. Lewis.
Christmas Candy—plenty of it at Hamilton's.

34 lbs. Candies and Nuts for 25c at Votruba's Cash Store.

Fine line of Rugs, both large and small, at Whittington's.

Sideboards, China Cabinets, and Extension Tables at Whittington's.

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

See our assortment of Candy, Toys, Xmas Cards and Smokers' Supplies.—F. B. Hamilton.

"A Noble Outcast" Monday night—see this well-known play, and the fine specialties presented between acts. Seats now on sale at Mack's.

Cupboards and Kitchen Cabinets at Whittington's.

Musical Program Sunday Eve'g
Below is the musical program to be given at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening, Dec. 19th.

Organ Voluntary—Miss Grigsby
Anthem—"Hail! Thou Long Expected Jesus"—Chorus Choir

Instrumental Duet cornet and violin
Messrs Frank Kenyon and Webster Solo—Christmas Song—Adams

Trio—"Angels of the Night"
Messrs Fraser, Hurlbert, Malpass Quartette—Selected

Mr. and Mrs. Fitch
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan

Choroner Solo—Elli Malpass
Duet—"The Peace of God"—Gounod

Mesdames Haire and Bush
Anthem—"Let us go to Bethlehem"—Chorus Choir

Instrumental Duet
Messrs Kenyon and Webster

Solo—Selected—Miss Gordon
Chorus under the direction of Miss Sheffield. Program interspersed with short talks by Supt. Northon, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Grigsby and others.

High School Notes.

Irwin Hillard and Alfred Bergman are absent on account of illness. Herbert Hart has entered high school.

J. H. Milford visited the high school last week.

Mr. Grigsby called on the high school Wednesday forenoon and gave the history class a pleasant talk on England.

Among our visitors this week were Miss Lottie Strong, Harry Moore and George Jepson.

The basket ball teams have secured the Town Hall for practicing in, and good work is being done by both the girls and boys. They are also making out their schedule for the season.

The Freshmen class have organized a basket ball team and with the assistance of Irma Hurlbert as coach, they are learning fast.

Chaddock District.

Plentiful of the beautiful snow. School Commissioner Milford visited our school Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Runking, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Heller are taking in the state grange this week at Traverse City.

Ralph and Louis Potchman of Petoskey were visiting at the home of their uncle John Zoulek last week.

Earl Stong of the Ranney district is stopping with his sister Mrs. Bert Scott and attending school here.

Miss Eileen Gunsolus is quite ill and unable to attend school.

The teacher and pupils of this district are preparing an entertainment and box social to be given at the school Thursday evening, Dec. 23rd.

A. J. Blougett of Bay City was transacting business with the "ruralites" of this vicinity Tuesday last.

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 coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too. No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. G. L. Sherman & Son.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2000

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

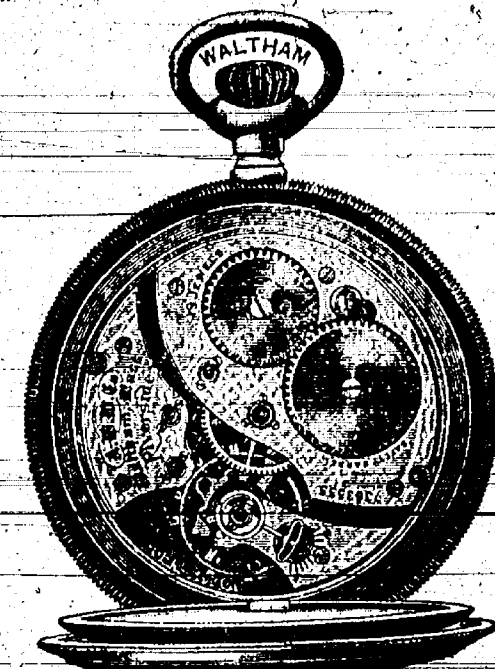
Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, E. M. Severson, M. H. Robertson, Carl Strochli, Fred Smith, Clark Haire, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

Buy Useful, Lasting Gifts

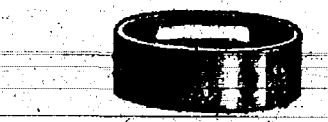
Gifts that will not be laid on the shelf a few days after CHRISTMAS.

EVERY year styles seem to improve and every time the Christmas season rolls around we can say, with all honesty, that our stock is more attractive than the year before. This year with the return of prosperity manufacturers have made an extra effort to improve their lines and have certainly succeeded, not alone in more attractive patterns, but in the addition of many entirely new ideas of the practical kind and you won't have half as much trouble selecting a gift this year for the ones who seem to have everything. Our Christmas stock is now complete and the following list gives just a suggestion of a few of the many attractive gifts to be selected at our store. Come and look around before the rush commences. We can suggest lots of suitable gifts and will assist you greatly in making out your Christmas list.



Watches

Are useful and lasting and we have about 150 Watches in different designs—all standard makes, at prices \$1.00 to \$55.00. Every one fully guaranteed, and prices the lowest.

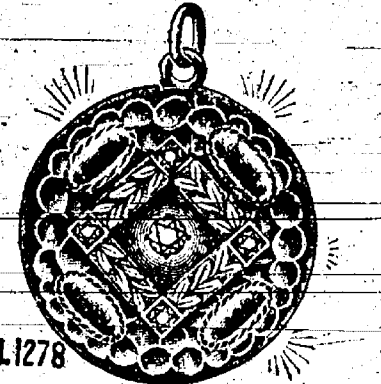


Rings Dozens of most beautiful styles; every one solid gold and guaranteed. The prices 75c to \$20.00 and up.



Bracelets and Locket

and Chains are being worn more than ever, and we have them in many new designs.



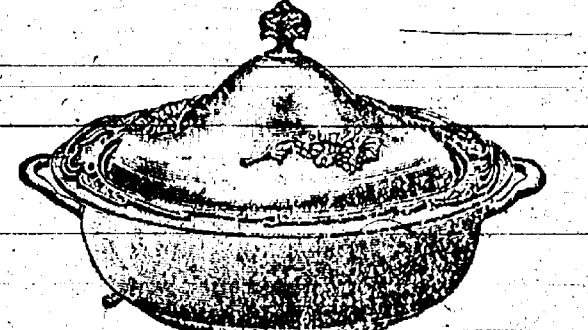
Hat Pins, Scarf Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, Sterling Silver Novelties, Etc. Etc.

Souvenir Spoons Toilet Sets Brush Sets, Jewel Boxes, Gold Clocks.



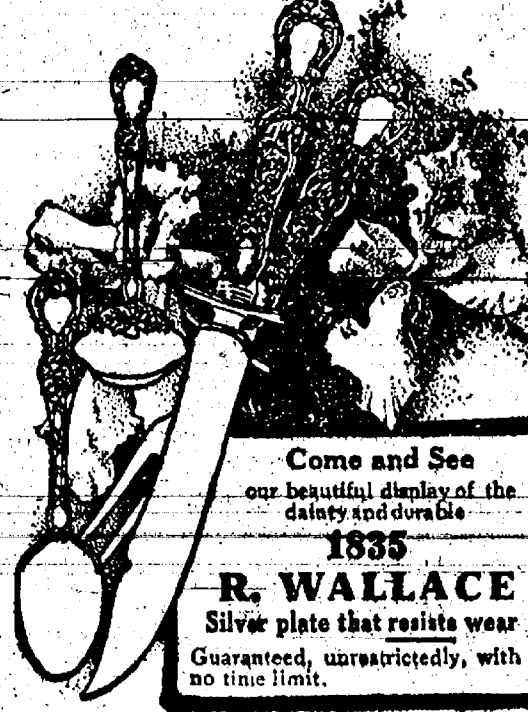
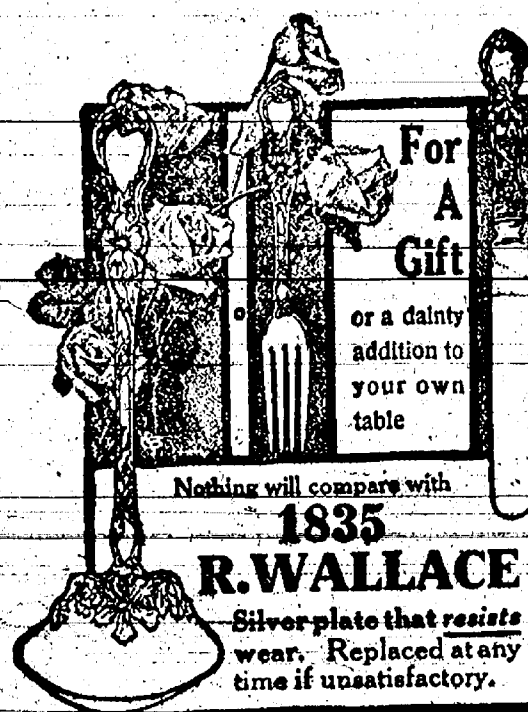
Fobs & Chains

are always useful and last for years. I have them in great variety.



Cut Glass, Nickel-Plated Ware And HAND-PAINTED CHINA.

A piece of our Cut Glass or Hand-Painted China will please any lady. We have the largest stock to select from. In Nickel-Plated Ware we have Chafing Dishes, Serving-Dishes, Etc., at prices that will sell themselves.



Sterling and Plated SILVERWARE.

We have a large stock in all the useful articles. Any piece will make a useful and acceptable Christmas Gift. Our prices are right—such as

Oneida Community best quality Knives and Forks, \$3.25 per set.
Roger Bros. 1847, best quality Knives and Forks, \$3.50 per set.

Look Over Our Stock and Get Our Prices Before You Buy. It will be THE BEST, and also please the best if it comes from

C. C. MACK'S JEWELRY STORE.

ENGRAVING FREE.

Five More Shopping Days

And Then—Are You Ready?

Some of the Many—Gold and Pearl Mounted Fountain Pens, Stationery all sizes, styles and shapes,

Genuine Briar and

Meerchaum Pipes,

Chocolates and Bon

Bons in pounds and

halves, Box Perfumes

in all the popular odors,

Cigars in Xmas Boxes.

And Then Some.



PAYTON'S PHARMACY.

WHEN A COMET FELL ON EARTH

WHAT MIGHT TAKE PLACE IF HALLEY'S COMET WERE SHIPWRECKED AS BIELA'S WAS



THE astronomers announce that Halley's comet is approaching the earth at the rate of a million miles a day. As Halley's is the most splendidly attractive (otherwise the most alarming) of all our regular comets, they add that we need not fear that it will strike the earth, because it will not come closer to us than 13,000,000 miles.

This is the scientific schedule, but that does not keep any one who wishes to be inspired with proper awe on the approach of our most remarkable comet, from asking what might take place if, for any reason it leaves the scientific schedule, as Biela's comet did when it did the most remarkable thing thus far known in the history of the solar system since men have begun to watch the sky. That is, after coming back over and over on schedule time, until it was supposed to be as regular as the earth itself, it split in two, underwent final shipwreck somewhere in the heavens, and according to the last supposed to be known of it, fell on earth several hundred miles southeast of El Paso, Tex.

The probability that this was the last of that comet is conceded by such cautious astronomers as Prof. Young of Princeton. It is an authentic record, valued because it is about as near the history of Biela's comet as we will ever get. It is certainly lost, and it is thought that we have the last trace of it on earth now in a lump of nickel-iron which fell in Mexico, when supposed fragments of the lost comet (called "Biellids" after the astronomer, Biela, who discovered it) were being watched for and expected to fall in a shower somewhere on earth, if they were not burned to vapor by heat from friction as they were being whirled through the earth's atmosphere in falling. Although Halley's comet has been coming back regularly every 76 or 77 years since it is supposed to have appeared with its tail filling the

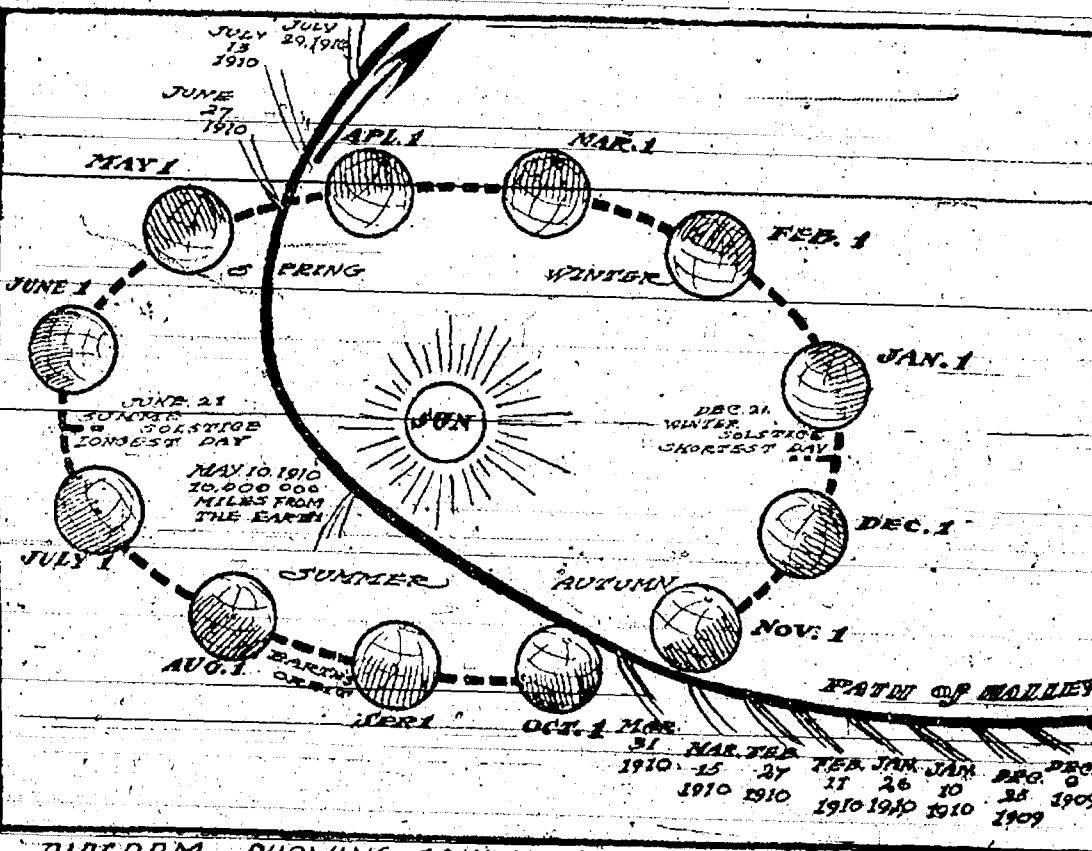


DIAGRAM SHOWING COURSE OF HALLEY'S COMET DURING 1909 AND 1910

sky before the fall of Jerusalem, it may end finally as Biela's comet did, falling in a star shower on earth, or on some other planet, or into the sun, or scattering through space around the sun in masses perhaps of nickel-iron, unseen on earth, unless the earth captures them out of space and sets them blazing through the sky as they fall.

Suppose we were to capture Halley's comet and it were really to fall, what would become of the earth or of the comet?

That is a fair question for all who wish to keep a proper scientific awe of our finest regular comet. It may offer something to take the place of the unscientific awe which used to send thousands to their knees, remembering their sins and praying for pardon as soon as Halley's comet began to spread its magnificent tail across the sky. In other words, it made them try to think, which was, no doubt, the best thing a comet could do for them.

Another important question is whether Halley's comet will bring its magnificent tail back with it, restored to its ancient and awful splendor. If it does not, the world, learned and unlearned, will be disappointed, for a comet without a tail is not awful or sublime enough to be worth growing either enthusiastic or repentant over. We cannot tell about the tail. It may come back with the comet, reduced 30 per cent., or it may finally be lost altogether or increased back to awful magnificence, streaming across the sky in such a spectacle as can be hoped for on earth only once in a lifetime.

If it recovers its tail in its full historic splendor, Halley's will be too magnificent a comet to be lost, according to our ways of looking at comets. It is not a third-rate as-

HALLEY'S COMET AS IT APPEARED IN 1835



The BIELID of 1885 SUPPOSED FRAGMENT OF BIELA'S COMET

within range of the earth and be captured and pulled down to the surface? If so, would it jar the earth in its orbit or set the planet on fire?

All we will ever have in the way of a final answer to these questions as they belong to the complete and final loss of Biela's comet is given officially now in the records of Mexico in the statement recorded by Senor Jose A. y Bonilla, director of the astronomical observatory in the state of Zacatecas. In November, 1885, it was supposed that between the twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth of the month the earth would pass in space through or near the fragments left by Biela's comet. As they were then called "Biellids," it had been concluded that they were a swarm of hundreds of thousands or perhaps of millions of small masses of meteoric matter, perhaps weighing from an ounce up to a ton or more. It was feared that if the earth passed through them and drew them to the surface in daylight they would not be seen at all, but would either burn up in gas or else fall in a few scattering stones on distant parts of the earth. This may have occurred in other places, but on a ranch near Mazapil, in the state of Zacatecas, one of them (or a mass of nickel-iron belonging to some group of the same kind) was seen to fall and recovered at once by the owner of the ranch, who made the deposition taken down in Spanish by Senor Bonilla and translated by William Earl Hidden, to close the last chapter in the story of Biela's lost comet.

"It was about 7 o'clock on the night of November 27 (1885)," said the ranchman in his deposition, "when I went out to the corral to feed the horses. Suddenly I heard a loud, sizzling noise, exactly as though something red hot was being plunged into cold water and almost instantly there followed a somewhat loud thud." At once the corral was covered with a phosphorescent light, while suspended in the air were small, luminous sparks, as though from a rocket. I had not recovered from my surprise before I saw this luminous air disappear and there remained on the ground only such a light as is made when a match is rubbed. A number of people came

running towards me from the neighboring houses and they helped me to quiet the horses, which had become much excited. We were afraid of being burned. We all asked what could be the matter. In a few moments, when we had recovered from our fear, we saw the light disappear. Bringing lanterns, we found a hole in the ground and in it a ball of light. We retired to a little distance, fearing it would explode and harm us. Looking up to the sky, we saw exhalations or stars which went out without noise. We returned after a little and found in the hole a hot stone we could barely handle. This, on the next day, we saw looked like a piece of iron. All night it rained stars. We saw none fall to the ground, as they all seemed to be extinguished while yet high up.

If this stone, the only one known to have reached the earth out of the "rain of stars," is all that is left of Biela's comet, there is 10½ pounds left of it in the shape of a mass of iron ore, showing such "pits" from contraction after great



EDMUND HALLEY

heat as the telescope shows in a much larger way on the face of the moon.

As this was considered the most distinguished visitor that had ever reached the earth from infinite space, it was presented as a mark of his distinguished consideration by Prof. Bonilla to William Earl Hidden, as one of the most distinguished American mineralogists, who was also an authority on meteors and meteoric minerals. Analysis showed that it was 91.26 per cent. iron, 7.84 per cent. nickel, 65-100 per cent. cobalt, 30-100 per cent. phosphorus, with traces of sulphur, carbon and chlorine. Mr. Hidden wrote its history in the American Journal of Science. In the century Magazine of August, 1885, he answered the question, "Is it a piece of a comet?" by summing up the evidence in connection with the known history of Biela's lost comet, since it split in 1846 and returned as two comets in 1852, to disappear finally in what were supposed to be a swarm of "biellids."

"At the time of the fall of this meteorite" (in Mexico), Hidden writes, "it was 10 hours after the maximum number of meteors was observed. The earth was meeting with only the stragglers of the train. It cannot be doubted that the cosmical dust proceeding from the disintegration of Biela's comet wholly enveloped the earth and was seen as meteors from every part of it. Such was the magnificence of the celestial phenomena in some parts of the eastern continent that some people believed there would be no more stars left in the sky."

Biela's comet had returned regularly in a period of a little less than seven years until it underwent complete shipwreck in the heavens. No one ever expects to see it again. The end, as far as known, is this star shower in the night the Bonilla-biellid was picked up in Mazapil, to give us the best knowledge we have of what may be expected when a comet falls.

Biela's lost comet does not compare with Halley's, which must have billions of stones or small and large masses of matter, probably nickel-iron, in its magnificent head. If it were shipwrecked by Jupiter, by the earth or by any other planet, these, if they were drawn close enough by the planet to break the hold the sun has on them, may do a number of interesting things.

They might revolve around the earth at a distance, collecting in such a ring as that of Saturn, which is supposed to be composed of an infinite number of such stones, or they might whirl closer and closer in revolving around it until finally the largest of them, which do not burn up in the atmosphere by friction, must fall as this biellid fell in Mexico. The hope of getting a beautiful earth ring, such as that of Saturn's, by capturing comets, is very small, if only because comets have not matter enough in them to make it.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

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. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOEDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

For Pain in Chest



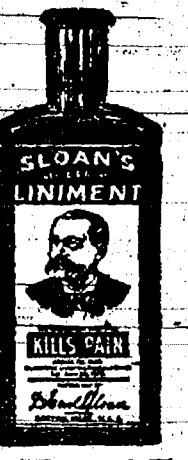
For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, lave the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof. Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kans., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pains, colds, and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin. It is an excellent antiseptic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pains.

All druggists keep Sloan's Liniment. Price 25c, 50c, & \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, BOSTON, MASS.



SICK HEADACHE.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Best for Children PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Gives instant relief when little throats are irritated and sore. Contains no opiates and is as pleasant to take as it is effective. All Druggists, 25 cents.

HAPPINESS IN ONE'S WORK
Only in Proper Employment Can There Be Found the Real Joy of Life.

The joy of life is the joy of work well done. Husbands love their wives, but, oh, their work! Wives, notable for housekeeping, for wise motherhood, or the particular kind of social helpfulness in which women so shine, burn incense of affection to their lords, yet have constant delight in their duties.

Many fortunate men fall into work from the start which gets the warmth of their heart as much as their strength and muscle and activity of brain. But there are far too many who snatch at any employment and find themselves condemned to it. They sweat and groan and so add to their unhappiness. They butt their heads against stone walls and then wonder at the bruises.

Let's preach a bit. If the work is not to one's first liking try to make it so. Complaining will do no good; sulking embitters. Put the best that's in you in the job, and it's dollars to doughnuts that the job will pay you back. It will grow easier and more agreeable. In time a genuine liking for it may be developed. And then will come the best of happiness.

RECIPE FOR CATARRH.

Furnished by High Medical Authority. Gives Prompt Results. The only logical treatment for catarrh is through the blood. A prescription which has recently proved wonderfully effective in hospital work is the following. It is easily mixed. "One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint first-class whiskey." These to be mixed by shaking well in a bottle, and used in tablespoon doses before each meal and at bedtime. The ingredients can be gotten from any well stocked druggist, or he will get them from his wholesale house.

THE "NEW" NOVEL.



"Have you read my last book, Mr. Goodchild?"

"Well, no—er—to tell the truth, my mother won't allow me to."

Prove It at Our Expense. Housewives who have used the old fashioned dyes only have the idea that each fabric requires a separate dye. Thousands of women who have used Dyola Dyes know that Dyola will give a fast brilliant color to either cotton, wool, silk or mixed goods. To prove it, we will send a 10c package, any color, with color card and book of directions, absolutely free, to any woman who will send her name and dealer's name to Dyola, Burlington, Vt.

Ready for the End.

The rector and a farmer were discussing the subject of pork one day and the rector displayed considerable interest in a pen of good-sized Berkshire. "Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Tomkinson," he remarked. "Yes, sur; they be," replied the matter-of-fact farmer. "Ah, sur, if we was all of us only as fit to die as they be, sur, we'd do."—London News.

On to the Pole!

When word of the discovery of the north pole came to Chattanooga, a slightly deaf old lady remarked unctuously: "Well, now I always said them Cook tourists got about most every where. I ain't a bit surprised to hear that one of 'em's reached the top notch in the traveling line."—Lippincott's.

Well Posted.

"Is he well posted?"
"Yes, at every club he belongs to."—Harvard Lampoon.

DOCTOR YOURSELF

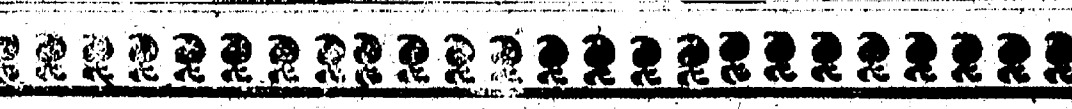
When you feel cold coming on by taking a few doses of Perry Davis' Painkiller, it is better than Quinine and safer. The large 50c bottles are the cheapest.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
OR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE.
"375" Guaranteed

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A sample will relieve and demonstrate to you that Cheney's Medicated Cream will cure all forms of Piles. Send your name and address and we will mail you a FREE SAMPLE.
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Manufacturers of Hall's Catarrh Cure

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S
"ASTHMA REMEDY"
FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF ASTHMA & HAY FEVER
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT
Thompson's Eye Water



He Who Is Not

By MARJORIE L. PICKTHALL

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There were three men, five ponies, and a nondescript dog with a bushy tail. For days they had been observed of the hawk and the eagle trailing patiently over the shoulders of the hills, as little spiders might crawl up a man's conscience. Twice or thrice the winds had been minded to brush the tolling insects away, but had thought better of it; they were so very insignificant, these little black specks, upon the edges of the snows.

At last the three men and the ponies and the taciturn dog climbed up above the clouds, and came out upon a bare flank of mountain, upon a long slope of soft, crumbled rock ending in a thirty-foot wide ledge and a clear drop of nearly eight hundred feet.

"Well, sirs," said Macavoy, the tall, brown man with the black beard, owner of Taya the dog. "Well, sirs, I've brought you here safe. Now you have but to scratch the ground, for the whole face of the hills is riddled with veins and pockets of gold. I've done my part. So to-morrow, by your leave, Taya and I'll be going our ways."

"Stay with us," cordially entreated Dalsworth, artist, journalist, and wanderer to the ends of the earth, "stay with us, and work on shares. When you led us to this place you fairly laid fortune in our hands."

"And was paid for so doing," answered Macavoy with his slow smile. "I paid liberally, according to our agreement. I'm but the guide. Twice or thrice I feared I was astray, for it's three years since I was here. No, I'll not stay, thank you none the less. We'll be going our ways, me and Taya. Eh, old lass?"

The dog laid her head on the man's knee, and curled her lips back expectantly.

"If you don't mind," said young Urquhart abruptly, "I'll call that dog Monna Lisa. She has the same bony forehead and superior smirk. Oh, I know it's heresy, Dal, but don't you see the likeness? You could esteem Monna Lisa, but you could never love her. Give me a dog, likewise a woman, that you can chuck under the chin."

Macavoy looked from one to the other, a puzzled crease on his weather-beaten forehead. "Taya has wolf blood in her," he ventured; "maybe that's why she's different from others."

"To go back to what we were speaking of when Urquhart cut in," said Dalsworth, "why won't you stay? Oh, our agreement doesn't matter. Chip in with us. When you came away from this place before, you threw aside a fortune. Don't let it go a second time."

"I thank you very kindly," said Macavoy with no hesitation, "but I'll be going in a day or so. I mean no offense to you who think different, but to me, a shadow and a sorrow would go with this gold. Yes, I've been here before. That's why I'll not stay here now."

"You hinted of spooks before," said Dalsworth with a friendly impatience, "but surely you weren't in earnest? Go on with the story."

Macavoy bent his head, and absently fingered Taya's upstanding ears. "I know no story," he said in a low voice; "the story lies in what I do not know, and can but guess at—in all that I shall never know for sure. If Taya here could speak, she'd tell you more than I can. Dogs at times can hear and see more than men, and she's a wolf's eyes and ears. I'd a friend once, a Frenchman, who said that a wolf could hear the very foot-falls of the Angel of Death. You'll mind that, when I told you of this place, I said there was a shadow over it? I can but tell you what that shadow may be."

"I've thought much on the matter, fitting in fact with fancy, till at length and at last, I've got a story that'll serve. It may be far from the truth. But there's naught left to verify it; save the rusty pick you saw, Mister Urquhart, lying in that little hole in the hillside."

"Yes, I've thought so long on it, that at last it's come to seem as if I'd seen it all—seen the hill when there was no little hole there, seen him who owns the pick."

"Him?" said Dalsworth, "him? Who? A hermit in the wilderness?"

"The Siwash has a name for him," said Macavoy in a very low voice, "which we can best translate as He-Who-Is-Not."

"He-Who-Is-Not?" asked Dalsworth again with a rising infection on the words.

"Yes," said Macavoy simply, "for you see, sirs, he's been dead now a matter of three years, I take it." Macavoy dropped his hands heavily on his knees. "God rest his soul," he said softly, "God rest his soul, as the Irish say, whoever he was. For, O sirs, when he left Tsalekulye like a bright cloud behind him, and lifted his face to the stars, he was a doomed man! He thought that fortune stood waiting him on the top of the mountains, but when fortune took her wings from before her face, she looked at him with the eyes of Death."

Dalsworth drew in his breath sharply, and glanced at the wonderful world of peak and slope, of cloud and infinity sky, which encircled their tiny camp. Night seemed to have settled, a visible brooding presence, upon the everlasting hills.

100 CATS NEAR DEAD MAN'S BODY

HERMIT WHO KEPT MANY FELINE PETS FOUND DEAD IN HUT.

BARRED KIN FROM HOUSE

Old Rhyer Man Who Once Used Revolver to Keep Surgeons from Amputating Legs Expires Amid Strange Surroundings.

St. Louis, Mo.—Surrounded by a hundred purring cats, which he had loved, petted and fed when he had not strength to care for himself, Capt. John Tollerton Massey, one of the oldest steamboat men in the country, was found dead in his hut, No. 1707 Papin street.

Capt. Massey had lived alone since the death of his wife two years ago and refused to be taken to a hospital or to allow relatives or friends to visit him. He had been able to get around with difficulty previous to his last illness, owing to injuries sustained when he was thrown from a carriage at Bismarck, S. D., in 1885, while he was steaming in that part of the country. He was also thrown from a street car about two years ago and never entirely recovered.

While he was in the hospital the physicians attempted to amputate his legs, both of which had been broken, but he refused to allow them to administer an anesthetic and slept with a pistol under his pillow, which he drew on the surgeons every time they approached him.

To add to his troubles, about this time the Col. Macleod, which had been put in charge of another man, was damaged so badly as to be no longer fit for service. The boat had been drawn onto the ways for repairs when the boat of a rival company which had been docked shortly before broke anchor and stove the Col. Macleod.

A suit was filed and won by Baker & Massey and the money paid to the estate of Baker, who had died meantime. This caused another suit against the heirs of Baker, which is still in the St. Louis circuit court.

When his wife died Massey rented his house, reserving two rooms on the premises for himself and his cats.



Reserving Two Rooms on the Premises for Himself and Cats.

He had cut a hole in the back door of his apartment through which his pets might pass in and out.

Dozens of these pets were sitting around the yard mewing plaintively the day after Capt. Massey's death, while they looked wistfully at the hole in the door, which had been closed when their master was taken away.

Capt. Massey was born in Franklin county, Mo., July 3, 1827. He came from an old Virginia family, which furnished many distinguished men during the revolutionary and war of 1812. His father, Peter Massey, was a lieutenant in the war of 1812, and one of the staunchest fighters of the Blackhawk war.

DOG SAVES FOUR IN FIRE

Aroused Woman and Three Children and They Flee from Smoke-Filled Rooms.

Chicago.—A black and tan dog saved the family of Carl Pierson, a milk dealer, 1541 Larrabee street, from a fire in their home. The blaze started in a clothes closet and the barking of the dog aroused Mrs. Pierson and her three children. The room was being rapidly filled with smoke and the occupants were forced to flee to the street.

"I was awakened by the dog barking, and when I appeared in the dining room I found the room filled with smoke," said Mrs. Pierson. "The dog was jumping up against the door of the clothes closet, but as soon as I appeared he became quiet."

Daily Flights. Budd—I put it all over the Wright brothers these days.

Mudd—How is that? Budd—Well, I make four flights every time I go up to my room.—Yale Record.

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Feed is cheaper and returns better for the purpose. Your market will improve. In addition to which the cattle farmers will produce the surplus. What is the surplus? It is the surplus of the land. Your vacant land will be taken at a rate beyond present conception. We have enough people in the United States alone who want to come to this land. Nearly 70,000 Americans will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1899 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley. Its addition to which the entire exports was an immense item. Cattle raisers, dairymen, sheep farmers and grain growers in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will provide homes for millions of Americans. The climate, splendid schools and churches, etc., are all here. For settlement rates, descriptive literature and full details, how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, M. V. McInnes, 178 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Laurier, 5ault Ste. Marie, Mich. (Use address nearest you.)"

60 ACRES WESTERN CANADA FREE

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FROM WINTER TO SUMMER Three Ideal Winter Cruises to the WEST INDIES etc., 16 and 28 days duration, by the S. S. MOLTEN (12 days), sailing during January, February, and March. Also cruises to the Orient and South America.

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One shipment will convince you that we pay the highest prices for furs. We do not pad our scales. We do not cheat the trapper, but grade each skin honestly and pay the highest price possible on the spot. We furnish traps, bait and other necessities for the trapper. We will give you absolutely free our new 100 pages of valuable tips and secrets on the fur trade. Write for free literature to: Funsten Bros. & Co., 143 Elm St., St. Louis, Mo.

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for my manufacturing and exporting trade. Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and others. Top prices. Write for literature to: A. S. BURKHARDT International Fur Merchant, CINCINNATI, O.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Removes dandruff. Keeps the hair from falling out. Gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp itching. Hair grows thick and glossy. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

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Cuticura SOAP MEDICINAL TOILET
PRICE 25 CENTS

OF WOMEN

Regard Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment as unrivaled for Preserving, Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands, for Sanative, Antiseptic Cleansing and for the Nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, W. G. Carter & Co.; Paris, G. Rue de la Paix, A. J. L. R. Towns & Co.; Sydney, India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong, Drug Co.; Japan, Matsuyama, Ltd.; Tokyo, Russia, Ferraris, Moscow; So. Africa, Lendon, Ltd.; Cape Town, etc. U.S.A., Foster, Prigg & Cham, Corp., Sole U.S. Agents.

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by Bad Bowels—No difference. Constipation and dead lives make the whole system sick—Every body knows it—CASCARETS regulate—Cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use CASCARETS, Life Saver!

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

You Can Shave Yourself With NO STROPPING NO HONING



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

W. L. DOUGLAS

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Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy walking, common sense shoes. A trial will convince any one that W. L. Douglas shoes hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions, shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life. CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas stamped and stamped on bottom, which guarantees full value and protects the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

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From Arctic to Tropics in Ten Minutes

No oil heater has a higher efficiency or greater heating power than the PERFECTION Oil Heater

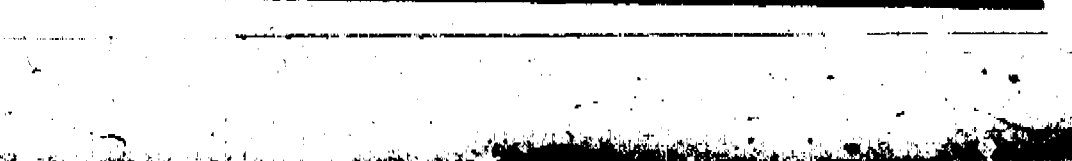
(Equipped with Smokeless Devices)

With it you can go from the cold of the Arctic to the warmth of the Tropics in 10 minutes. The new Automatic Smokeless Device prevents smoking. Removed in an instant for cleaning.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles. Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Incorporated)



Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

W.A. Loveday
Notary Public
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Real Estate
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If you want to buy or sell, call at the Office in Loveday Block.

J. A. MACGREGOR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
EYES TESTED.
SPECTACLES and EYEGLASSES FITTED.
Office over State Bank of East Jordan.
Phone 37.

Caught Both Ways.

Sir Edward Thornton, once English ambassador to the United States, and Judge Poland of Vermont bore a remarkable resemblance to each other, and this fact sometimes led to amusing results.

At a wedding in Washington a young man went up to Judge Poland, greeted him and held out his hand.

"I fear," said the Judge, "that you have the advantage of me."

"Is it possible," asked the young man, "that you don't remember seeing me with my father in Mexico?"

"I don't recollect ever being in Mexico."

"Why, surely, you are Sir Edward Thornton?"

"By no means, I am Judge Poland of Vermont."

A week or so later the baffled young man caught sight of Judge Poland, as he thought, and determined to smooth over his recent blunder.

"That was an awkward mistake of mine the other night," he said, "my taking you for old Thornton."

"And, pray, for whom do you take me now?" was the query.

"Why, Judge Poland of Vermont, of course."

"My name is Thornton!" thundered the ambassador, turning on his heel.

Make Earth Its Best.

Do not make heaven attractive merely by depositing earth—a cheap expedient. Make earth its richest and best and then be able to make heaven still higher.—Phillips Brooks.

An Oversight.

The Judge Blanks of Alameda are an old-fashioned family, and there never has been any lack of childish prattle in their home these twenty years and more.

"How many of your children," asked the rector on a recent pastoral visit, "have not yet been baptized?"

"Why, let me see," replied Mrs. Blank—"there's Blanche and Robert and Seth and Rebecca and the baby. Bear me, I had no idea there were so many since our last christening. We'll be on hand next Sunday in full force, and I shall never let so many accumulate again."—Argonaut.

FREE, to Boys and Girls, Pleasible Flyer, "The sled that steers." The best sled in the world. You can easily secure one within a few days by doing a little pleasant work. Some have in a few hours. Be the first in your town. Write today, stating your age. A postal card will do. W. I. Davis, 155 East 14th St., New York City.

TIME TO ACT.

Don't Wait for the Fatal Stages of Kidney Illness. Profit By East Jordan People's Experiences.

Occasional attacks of backache, irregular urination, headaches and dizzy spells are common early symptoms of kidney disorders. It's an error to neglect these ills. The attacks may pass off for a time but return with greater intensity. If there are symptoms of dropsy—puffy swellings below the eyes, bloating of limbs and ankles, or any part of the body, don't delay a minute. Begin taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and keep up the treatment until the kidneys are well, when your old-time health and vigor will return. Cures in East Jordan prove the effectiveness of this kidney remedy.

Mrs. F. W. Winters, Exeter Ave., East Jordan, Mich., says: "I suffered a great deal from backache and severe pains across the small of my back. I was also subject to headaches and dizzy spells and dark spots often appeared before my eyes. My kidneys were weak and caused me no end of annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills which I procured from Gannett Co.'s drug store, soon relieved my aches and pains and it was not long after beginning their use that other symptoms of my complaint disappeared. I am feeling so much better in every way since taking Doan's Kidney Pills that I do not hesitate to recommend them."

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

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

For Sale or Trade.

I have a six-room house lathed 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.

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

He Was Right on the Job.

Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, millionaire philanthropist, was not an entertainer, but on one occasion he made the cloakrooms of the senate ring with laughter. He told a story of a circus that came to his long time home at Oshkosh.

It was a regulation circus of the 'olden time, with only one ring. Everything was satisfactory to the blain people until the trick donkey came into the ring and the clown vainly tried to ride him. Finally, when the audience offered \$10 to any one in the audience that could ride him, there staggered into the ring one of the regular circus performers disguised as a tramp. He pulled the donkey's tail, rolled on and on and began to victoriously kick at the donkey. Then the ringmaster shouted for help, exclaiming:

"There's never a policeman around when he is wanted!"

"Vell, druk off dot!" shouted a big fat policeman of the Oshkosh squad as he scrambled over the rope, grabbed the pretended tramp, knocked him over the head with his club and began to drag him out.

The ringmaster protested and tried to explain that it was all a part of the play.

DRAGGED HIM OUT.

but the policeman was mad clean through. He held on to his prisoner and dragged him out, shouting angrily:

"Ven you asks where is not Oshkosh policemen, dey vos here!"

A Commonplace Life.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh.

But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace place sky.

Makes up the commonplace day. The moon and the stars are commonplace things.

The flower that blooms and the bird that sings, But sad were the world and dark our lot if the flowers failed and the sun shone not.

And God, who sees each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

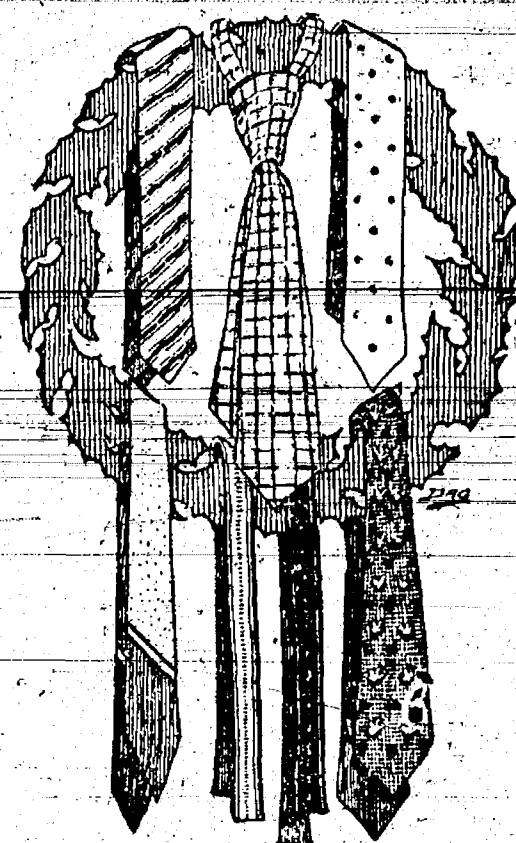
—Susan Coolidge.

Rocking Chairs—Yes, Rocking Chairs galore at Whittington's.

WALLACE WEISS—"THE FAIR STORE."

Free Gifts to Holiday Patrons

To induce people to trade at our store during Holiday week, we will make a present to each one who purchases from three to five dollars' worth of goods from us. The present will be worth from 25c to \$1.00. Come in and look over my stock.



See our fine display of new-style

Neckwear And MUFFLERS,

Just received for the Holiday trade.

In Slippers

We have a fine line for both ladies and gentlemen.

Dress Shoes

A complete line at prices that are right.

Wallace Weiss—The Fair Store

Plumbing and Tinsmithing

If building give me a chance to figure on your work. A few dollars saved means quite a lot when you are building a home. All goods first class and work done in a satisfactory manner. Twelve years experience. Reasonable prices.

John J. Mortimer Telephone No. 217.

PRE-INVENTORY 1-4 OFF SALE

Commencing Monday, Dec. 27th and Continuing for Ten Days

We will offer our Mammoth Stock of LADIES' Furnishings at 25 per cent off the regular price, which in numerous cases makes the goods below actual cost.

Suits and Cloaks

A Beautiful Line of the well-known Bishof Cloaks in all sizes and prices? Every one is a 1909 model and many we will sell at half price.

ANNIS FURS

This well-know brand of Furs are noted far and wide for superior quality. Come in and look over the fine line we are offering.

Dress Skirts Shirt Waists Kimonas Dressing Sacques

In Kimonas our stock includes all grades from silks to flannellets, priced from one dollar to ten. Dressing Sacques from 50c to \$3.00.

Complete Line of Ladies' Dress Goods

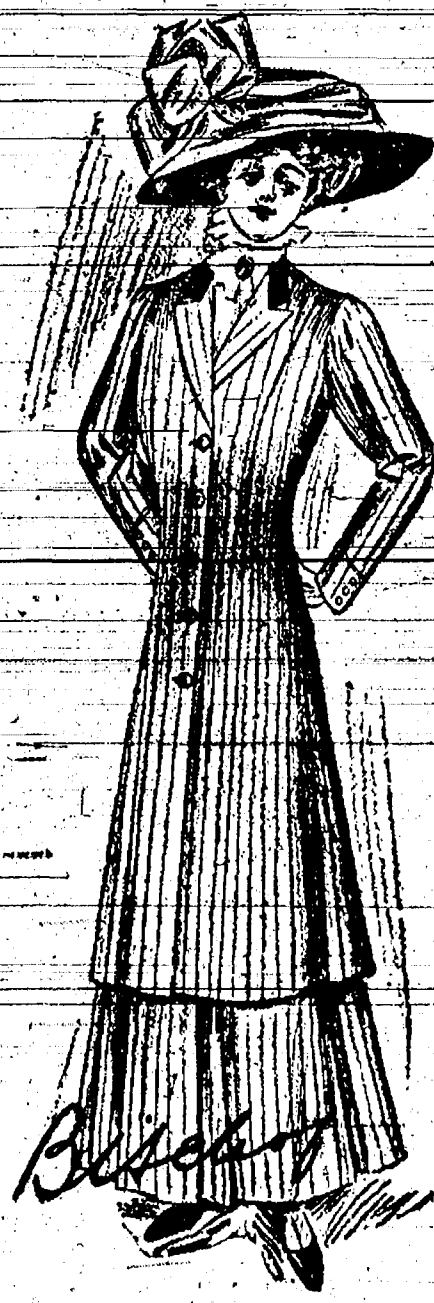
Including Messaline in colors, Taffetas, Prunellas, Serges, Etc.

Underwear and Hosiery

Our stock in these lines is complete in every detail and the prices which we offer them at will move them quickly.

Table Linens, Center Pieces, Towels, Drawn Work, Embroidered Pieces, Cushion Tops, Laundry Bags

In fact Everything that can be found in an up-to-date Ladies' Furnishing Store.



Remember the Opening date, Dec. 27th, and come early while the assortment is complete.

B. C. HUBBARD & CO.

CHRISTMAS ON THE POLLY.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was the good ship Polly, and she sailed the wintry sea, For ships must sail though fierce the gale, and a precious freight had she.

'Twas the captain's little daughter stood beside her father's chair And illumined the dingy cabin with the sunshine of her hair.

With a yo heave ho and a yo heave ho!

For ships must sail Though fierce the gale And loud the tempests blow.

The captain's fingers rested on the pretty, curly head.

"Tomorrow will be Christmas day," the little maiden said.

"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find us on the sea And make believe the stovepipe is a chimney just for me?"

Loud laughed the jovial captain and "By my faith," he cried,

"If he should come we'll let him know he has a friend inside!"

And many a rugged sailor cast a loving look that night

At the stovepipe where a lonely little stocking fluttered white.

With a yo heave ho and a yo heave ho!

For ships must sail Though fierce the gale And loud the tempests blow.



"DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT SANTA CLAUSE WILL FIND US ON THE SEA?"

On the good ship Polly the Christmas sun shone down And on a smiling little face beneath a golden crown.

No happier child he saw that day on sea or on the land Than the captain's little daughter with her treasures in her hand.

For never was a stocking so filled with curious things.

There were bracelets made of pretty shells and rosy coral strings, An elephant carved deftly from a bit of ivory tusk,

A fan, an alligator tooth and a little bag of musk.

Not a tar aboard the Polly but felt the Christmas cheer.

For the captain's little daughter was to every sailor dear.

They heard a Christmas carol in the shrieking wintry gust, For a child had touched them by her simple, loving trust.

With a yo heave ho and a yo heave ho!

For ships must sail Though fierce the gale And loud the tempests blow.

The Truth About Santa Claus.

I write myself down as one who still believes in Santa Claus. Don't you? Are you one of those very literal folk who have their doubts whether they ought to let their children cling to the beautiful old myth?

Without imagination, without dreams, without poetry, this old world of ours would be a very wearisome place. Its road would be steeper than it is—much like sleighing over bare ground would our progress be as compared with sleighing over deep, hard-packed snow.

The poetic myth of the old saint, with his reindeer and his jingling bells and his bulging pack of toys and bonuses, has charmed a thousand generations. The stocking hung by the chimney on Christmas eve, the children staying awake until sleep pounced on them like a strong man armed, the presents falling them from top to toe in the morning, the rush of the bare feet hurrying fast across the floor, the merry uproar, the bubbling laughter, the shouts of joy—the whole of this family pageant belongs to dear Santa Claus. We owe it to him. Gradually, as the golden mists of childhood clear before the sun and the "trailing clouds of glory" fade, our small men and women discover that Santa Claus is not one, but ten thousand; that he is better than they knew, being just the spirit of love, good will and beautiful unselfishness that makes the world a beautiful place to live in now and makes it a good starting point for heaven by and by. For you and me to believe that we may do our duty

and be happy in Santa.

WAYNE HOLT.

TOO LATE.

Papa's Offer Came After George Had Settled Matters Himself.

A Philadelphia spirit boy had something to say to his father at the dinner table the other night.

"Papa," he said, "I'm sure you're going to have a party next week, aren't you?"

"A present! What's that for?"

"It's for Johnny's birthday. All the kids take presents."

"Things hadn't gone just right during the day with the boy's father. He was not in an agreeable humor.

"That's all nonsense!" he declared. "Every day or two it's a present here or a present there. If you can't go to a party without taking a present you might as well stay home."

"The boy's lip trembled, but he made no reply.

The next day the father regretted his hasty words and that night turned to the boy.

"George," he said, "there are a couple of new books in my overcoat pocket. You can take them to your friend Johnny's party."

"It's too late," said George gloomily. "I looked him today so he wouldn't invite me."

Not Yet.

A Missouri clergyman had in his pastoral flock a member who was reluctant about meeting the contribution basket. The pastor had thrown out many broad hints, but all to no avail. One day the member fell ill and was taken to the Emsworth hospital. When the clergyman arrived the man was delirious. While the pastor was sitting beside his bed a wild yell of "Fire, fire!" came from across the street.

The sick man drew himself up on his elbows. "Where where am I?" he asked excitedly.

"Calm yourself, brother," soothed the pastor, with just the faintest twinkle in his eye. "You are still at the Emsworth hospital!"—Lippincott's.

Sacrifice and Devotion to Country.

Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds. They constitute our common patrimony, the nation's inheritance.—Henry Clay.

The Woman, of Course.

An English lady who made a tour of Scotland delivering addresses in the interest of woman suffrage said that she had had troubles of her own. At one meeting at Grantown, in the highlands, an argument was advanced

to which she was unable to find an answer. Speeches had previously been made to a large crowd. Questions had been replied to amid applause. In-betweens young men making remarks about winding babies and mending socks had been silenced. Then, just as there was a temporary lull before the putting of the resolution, a great bucolic Scotch voice from the back of the crowd rasped slowly in with the inquiry, obviously the result of prolonged rumination, "What made a mess of Adam?"

Thought It Was Time.

The minister of a rural church gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," etc. The regular old preacher being absent, his function devolved upon a good old deacon, who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Halting his voice a little higher, he then sang, "I love to steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration and roared out, "I love to steal!"

The effort was too much. Every one but the parson was laughing. He rose and with the utmost coolness said: "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

Her Little Bluff.

Mrs. Finletter and her husband had just moved into a fifteen dollar seventh room house. The first Sunday morning there, as Mr. Finletter sat with his newspaper on his little porch and all the neighbors on both sides of the street sat with their newspapers on their little porches, Mrs. Finletter suddenly came to the front door and shouted at her husband in a loud, vexed tone:

"Hillary Finletter, will you or will you not come in to luncheon? The champagne is nearly flat, and you know how soon a dish of terrapin gets cold!"

Finletter tossed down the paper and hurried indoors with a dazed smile.

"What are you kidding me for?" he asked as he looked at the rump steak and potatoes on the dining table.

"It's not you, Hillary, I'm kidding," said his wife. "It's the neighbors."

An Injustice.

An order prohibiting gambling among the enlisted men detailed at the West Point Military academy caused, it would appear, much trouble for certain of the soldiers there. An old sergeant of a negro regiment who was sent to the post suggested a game of craps soon after his arrival. Other soldiers told him of the rule against gambling and refused to join in the game. "Dis yer ain't right," said the new arrival, "an' Ah'll see de cap'n 'bout it." Upon being admitted to the commanding officer's room the sergeant said, with some show of heat:

"Cap'n, Ah understand dat gambler ain't lowed here no mo'."

"That's correct," said the officer.

"Well, dat's a injustice to enlisted men, sah, 'cause I's got a large family to support."

True Religion.

True religion grows more and more anxious to declare that religion is not something foreign to humanity; that it is simply the fullest utterance of human life, that all human life which is not religious falls below itself.—Phillips Brooks.

First Aid to Illiterates.

Uncle Joe Cannon had an amusing experience with a waiter in a Kansas City hotel during his last visit to that city. Being in no mood to select his dinner, he had tossed aside, after a glance, the menu presented to him by his waiter, saying:

"Bring me a good dinner."

Incidentally Uncle Joe slipped the man a big tip in advance.

This repeat proving satisfactory, the speaker pursued the same plan during the remainder of his stay in Kansas City. As he was leaving the waiter remarked earnestly as he helped him on with his overcoat:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but when you or any of your friends that can't read come to Kansas City just ask for Tom."

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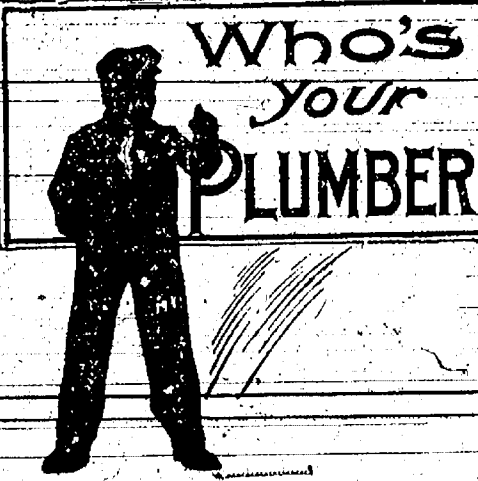
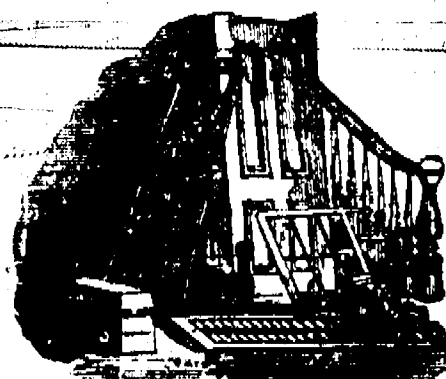
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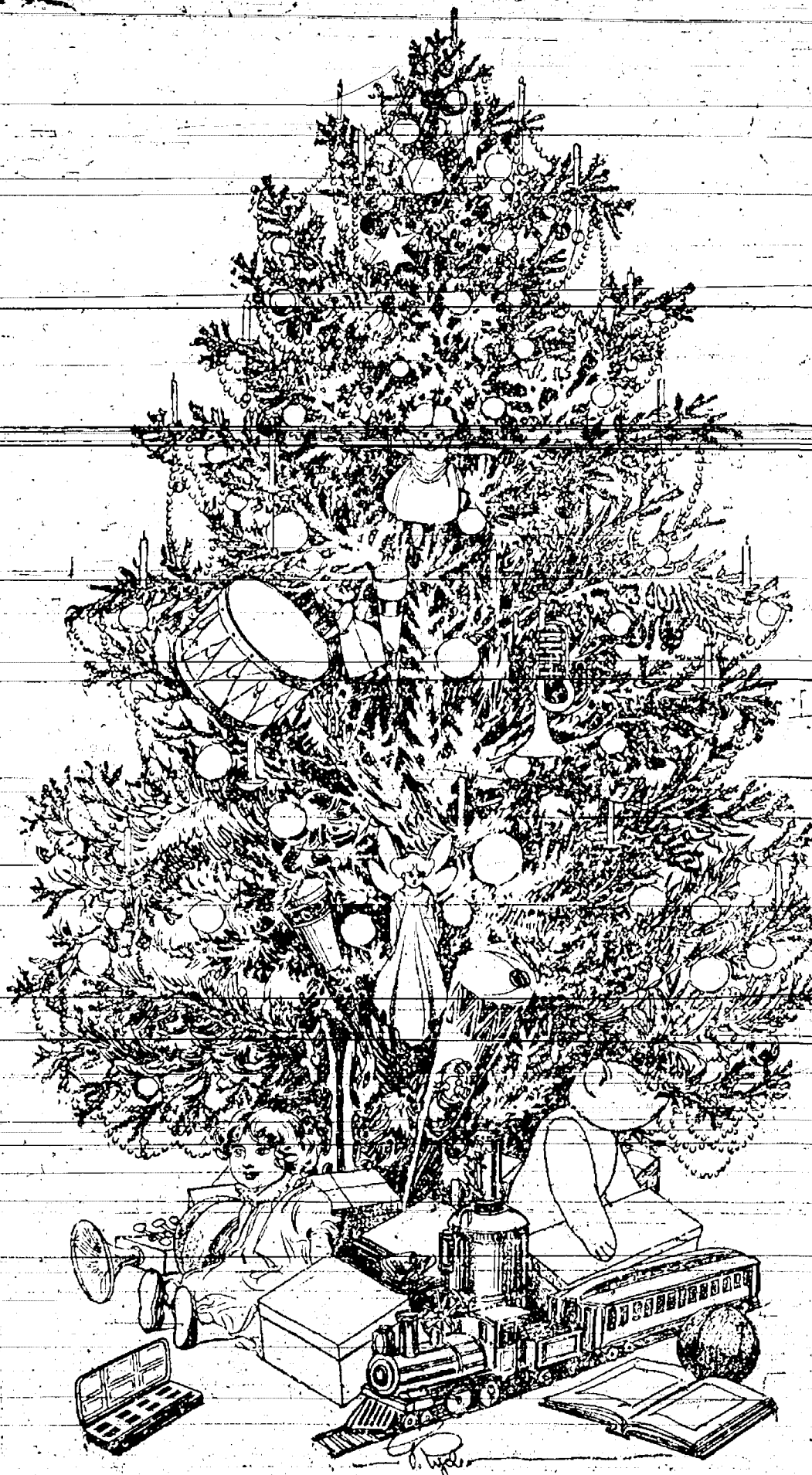
The Store of the Christmas Spirit

Christmas, that season of good will and remembrance, is always more happy when gifts are thoughtfully chosen, intrinsically worthy and indicative of the wish as well as the deed that Christmas implies. Christmas Gifts express the Christmas spirit in proportion to their appropriateness. It's a matter of putting one's self in his friends' place. And there is no better place in Northern Michigan to make such selections than at this store. Every department is overflowing with the newest Christmas offerings.

Our Gents' Furnishings Department

Is loaded to the ceiling with goods very suitable for Christmas Gifts. And we are here to show you that this is the place where you will have no trouble, no matter how much or how little you want to spend, in finding presents that are sensible, suitable and useful gifts for men—old men, middle-aged men, young men and boys.

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Can be found a complete stock of Holiday Novelties in Fancy Goods, Fancy Needle Work, and Art Linens—pleasing gifts that cost a mere trifle.

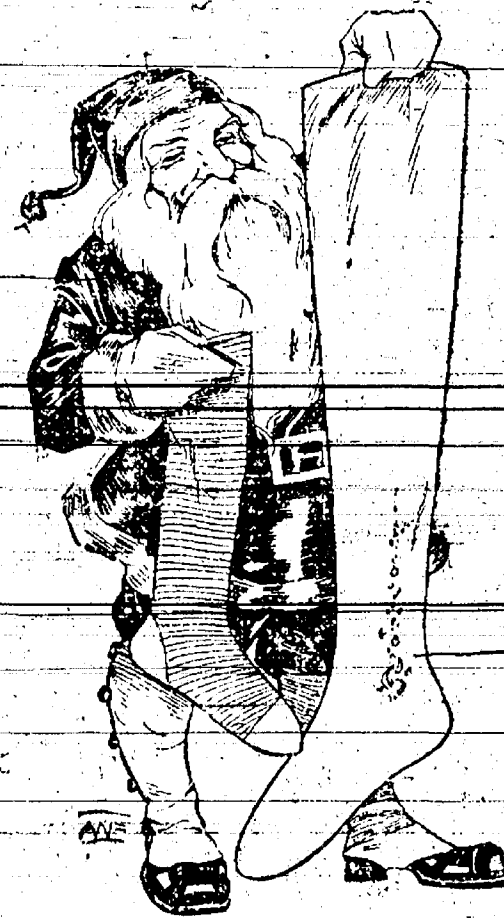
Thousands of Christmas Handkerchiefs.

We are enthusiastic over our splendid collection of fine Linen Handkerchiefs. We brought them out for the holidays. Surely there is no more suitable gift for anyone than a box of our especially attractive Handkerchiefs.

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A Beautiful Assortment of Novelties in Seal Goat, Alligator, Vachette, Crush Marble, Dull Seal, Morocco, etc.

Fancy Linens, Battenburg Scarfs, Mexican Drawnwork, Laces, Neckwear, Automobile Veils, Etc., Etc.



Good Things to Eat for Christmas

Oranges Bananas Grape Fruit Cranberries
Sweet Potatoes Celery Malaga Grapes All kinds of nice Apples

The Sunday Schools and Teachers wishing to buy Candy for Xmas would do well to get our prices before they buy. We will have a full line of home-made Candy, besides broken, mixed and cream candies all the way from 5c to 25c per pound, Chocolate 25c to 60c per pound. We have English Walnuts, Brazils, Pecans, Filberts, Black Walnuts, and all kinds of Nut Meats. Holly and Holly Wreaths.

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