

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 14

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1910.

No. 4

## Fruit Growers

### To Meet

#### First County Gathering at East Jordan, Feb'y 1st.

A meeting of all interested in the Charlevoix County Fruit Growers' Association is called for Tuesday, Feb'y 1, 1910 at Votruba Hall, East Jordan, to perfect a permanent organization for cooperative work.

#### PROGRAM.

10:00 a. m. Adoption of by-laws and election of officers for current year.

1:00 p. m. Discussion—(a) What Fruits Can Be Grown With Profit in Charlevoix County?

(b) What Varieties of Each are Best Adapted to our Location and Conditions?

4:00 p. m. Selecting place for next monthly meeting and topics for discussion.

4:30 p. m. Adjournment.

Discussion will be informal, the object being to get individual opinions based upon experience or observation.

The questions for discussion are the first that confront all engaging in or enlarging upon fruit culture, hence they have been selected as appropriate for the initial meeting.

All farmers and others interested are urged to be present and give the meeting the benefit of sound opinions.

The membership fee has been fixed at fifty cents per annum and fees will be accepted and receipts issued by any of the following, pending the election of permanent officers: Boyne City; L. F. Knowles, Jasper Warden, Charlevoix; E. B. Ward, D. S. Payton, Wm. Withers, East Jordan; Martin Kurling, Bert Olney, George Darby, Boyne Falls; Fred Wagner.

For the business meeting of Feb'y 1st, the payment of dues will constitute membership and members only will be entitled to vote in the organization of the Association, but all others interested are cordially invited to attend.

BERT OLNEY,  
Temporary Sec'y.

#### You are Jurors, Gentlemen.

List of Jurors drawn, to serve at the February term of Court, 1910.

John Denburg..... Boyne City  
David Vaughn..... Boyne City  
Reuben Corey..... Boyne City  
John Nulph..... Boyne City  
Nicklaus Stores..... Charlevoix  
William Srigley..... Charlevoix  
Henry Wood..... Charlevoix

Pinney Ginnel..... Norwood Twp.  
Elezar Kershum..... Metrose  
Alfred W. Lynde..... Marion  
H. A. Webster..... Hudson  
D. E. Scroggie..... Hayes  
Peter Kariskin..... Eveline  
Pat Harris..... Evangeline

George Trimble..... Charlevoix  
William Purson..... Chandler  
Columbus Simpson..... Boyne Valley  
Roy Long..... Bay  
Daniel P. Boyle..... Peauce  
Charles Reddy..... St. James  
Samuel McCalmon..... South Arm  
Reuben Liscome..... Wilson  
James M. Townsen..... Boyne City  
James J. Cyr..... Boyne City

#### Death of Viola Cole.

Viola, daughter of James and Mary Cole, was born in East Jordan June 13, 1892 and died Jan. 16, 1910, in her eighteenth year. All her life was spent here either in the village or on the farm in Wilson township. About nine months ago she was taken ill and soon after went to Flint for treatment, but returned without improvement and steadily failed until her death. She was hopeful of recovery when the end came was cheerfully submissive and died very happily. She was converted when about nine years of age and had developed a strong Christian faith and character. Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist church Saturday afternoon by the pastor, and burial took place in Lakeside cemetery.

Do you really want to sell your farm, or other real estate? Never was there so much inquiry for Farm Lands. We are in touch with people who want properties. Write today for the "Sure Plan for Selling." Address Room 6, 558 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## Patronize The Advertisers.

There is more than one advantage in patronizing those who advertise. The advertiser is always the live business man, and it is the live men who build towns and cities. Ever know of a bunch of "dead ones" accomplishing anything in the way of city building? Advertising is necessary to sustain a newspaper. Ever know of a town or city amounting to anything without a newspaper? The live merchants do a larger business than "dead ones"—sell more goods and can therefore sell for a smaller margin of profit and fresher goods. The man who is too close to advertise and invite your patronage would more than likely be too stingy to divide the profits on a bargain with you if he had one. Therefore it is not only economy to patronize the live, public-spirited business men, but it is an aid in the upbuilding of our town and its institutions. And everything that helps every resident of the town—even enhances the value of the holdings of those who are too slow to help themselves. In fact, were it not for the live business men in a town no business would come to the town, and the sluggards would not even get the little that they do.

There is another thing to consider in bestowing patronage. The man who is doing business strictly on his own hook and independently is of far more value to the town than the fellow who is merely peddling the goods of a rival town. The money spent with the latter, goes to build up the rival town to the detriment of your own, and whenever the opportunity offers the rival is prepared to fight you and your town with your own money and at your expense. That is the meaning of the admonitions we frequently run—Patronize the home institutions. Patronize those who advertise. Exchange.

## Soldiers' Tax Exemption Act.

There still seems to be some doubt in regard to the law covering the soldiers' tax exemption act, and to help clear this matter up an opinion has been rendered by Attorney General Bird.

This opinion is to the effect that all property used as a homestead not exceeding in value \$1,200, by any soldier or sailor in the federal government who has served three months in the civil war and all real estate used as a homestead by any widow of a soldier or sailor, is exempt from taxation in the municipality when the real is acquired to conform to the general tax law, relative to listing property for assessment, but does not apply to special assessments.

## Pays to Care for Orchards.

It pays to care for orchards. Nobody is likely to dispute this statement. Just how great the profits are is an open question. Ben Barnes, a Grand Traverse, Western Michigan, fruit grower offers his testimony, which is as follows: Four years ago, 342 trees in his apple orchard produced 30 barrels of fruit. Three years ago these same trees produced 680 barrels and this year the trees gave forth 1,123 barrels and each barrel sold for \$2.50, a total of \$2,807.50. During the four years the trees have been given special attention as regards fertilization, cultivation and spraying. They were sprayed once during the season of 1909. Four pounds of arsenate of lead being used to fifty gallons of water. The trees are 38 years old and are of the following varieties: King, Golden Russet, Rhode Island Greening and Northern Spy.

Cupboards and Kitchen Cabinets at Whittington's.

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

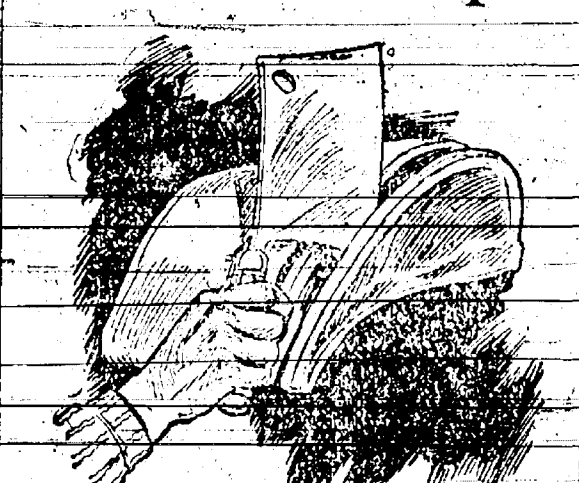
The tender leaves of a harmless lung-healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its marvelous curative properties. Tight, tickling, or distressing coughs, quick-ly to the healing, soothing action of this splendid prescription—Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And is so safe and good for children, as well. Containing no opium, chloroform, or other harmful drugs, mothers should in safety always demand Dr. Shoop's. If other remedies are offered, tell them No! Be your own judge! Sold James Gidley.

## Cold Storage Essential.

"Every horticultural community, and every agricultural community for that matter, should have a cold storage plant" is the statement that J. H. Hale the Connecticut fruit expert made to the Michigan fruit growers at a recent meeting of the State Horticultural Society. "Most of your farms are not large enough so that you can have them individually; but you can get together. Every other class of men but farmers have to pull together or go down. Farming is such a glorious good business that you can live in spite of it. There is no other business that would stand up under the terrible neglect that agriculture has. That proves to me it is a great business. Get together on this cold storage matter and have cold storage warehouses, so that your fruit may go to it every night when you have finished packing, and then you can lie down and sleep with a clear conscience and a good bank account, and if you want to go fishing for a month you can go, because your apples are where you can handle them properly later on."

You don't have to go to war to be patriotic. Improve your own locality uphold your own town, enlarge its interests, and lend a hand to progress, and you are a patriot, a lover of your country—as truly as the soldier who should his musket.

## Take a Chop



For your breakfast, lunch or dinner, and if you get it here, you will find nothing nicer or more nutritious. It yields you pleasant eating while giving great strength to your system. Our Chops and Steaks are really our chief boast, but we also pride ourselves upon the fine flavor and excellent eating qualities of all our joints. Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork, Lamb and Veal every day, with all kinds of Poultry in season.

## Shermans Market

## Dishonest Shoes

Frequently Live All Summer without detection but Winter's snow and slush and rain is a test they cannot withstand.



## Star Brand Shoes

are better. We know from experience that only solid, good leather goes into them, and they will withstand hard usage in wet weather and keep you healthy because they will keep your feet dry. We shall be pleased to have you inspect our stock.

## HUDSON'S SHOE STORE

## Frank Phillips

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

## Don't Cough

## Use Gannett's Cough Cure.

Recommended by everyone who has used it.

## Red Rose Cream

Best Hand Lotion on the market—only 10c.

## F.B. Gannett & Co. DRUGGISTS.

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

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

## PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

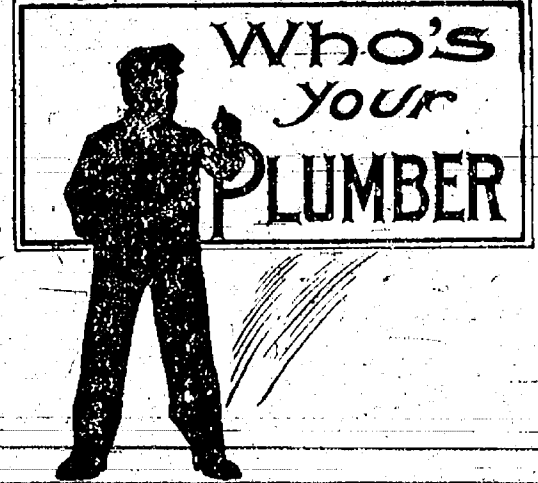
That's the combination you want to look for when you start out to buy Groceries—that is, if you are at all particular to get something which makes a noise like about the best thing on the market—and your appetite.

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

## WILL RICHARDSON

Phone No. 156.



## SPENCER OF COURSE.

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

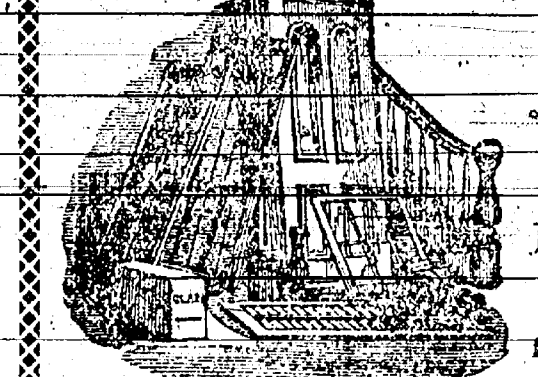
## PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

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

## GEORGE H. SPENCER.

## East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.



## Custom Planing Mill

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, ceiling and Floorin g, Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

## Always First



## New Things Are Always Shown Here First.

They appear on our counters as early as they do in the centers of fashion.

Our connection with the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns helps us to keep in touch with Fashion's latest decrees and to secure the new things for our patrons earlier than we would otherwise be able to do.

Watch our ads and windows for announcement of the latest arrivals

Among the new things is FLAXON, the queen of white goods. These are the original and only fabrics which possess a linen finish that is absolutely perfect and lasting. For spring and summer frocks, lingerie gowns, bridesmaids and commencement dresses, shirt waists, children's and infants clothes, and a thousand other uses, FLAXON is ideal. But you make certain to get the genuine. The remarkable beauty of these fabrics and the permanency of their finish are insured only by seeing "FLAXON" in red on the selvage of each yard.

Embroidery and Insertion sets at 15c, 18c and 25c. Fancy embroidery dimity Corsat Covering 50c. Embroidered Shirt Waist Fronts, 25c and 50c.

New "RED SEAL" Gingham 12c. Beautiful new Suitings in the latest weaves and colorings. Come and see what we are showing.

All of the above goods are of the finest material and workmanship.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns in our monthly style books give you a glimpse of the newest styles and nearly 100 others are shown in the large book at our counter. We cordially invite you to call and look these over and get one of the new style books absolutely free or you can get a 15c pattern free with a quarterly style book which costs you only 20c.

When will you be in?

"Quality First of All" our motto.

## Fred E. Boosinger.



WOULD LET CHILDREN WALK

Boston Newspaper Points Out Good Effects That Have Been Observed in Germany.

American parents take heed. The effect of open-air walking on the health of children has been noted by the Berlin School of Physicians...

Politeness Doesn't Always Pay. Gen. Arthur F. Marsh, after a long debate with himself whether it pays to be polite...

Going over to Windsor the other day," he said, "I walked behind a young fellow up the incline from the ferry-boat landing...

"Now, why couldn't he have said 'Good morning' and let it go at that?" -Cleveland Leader.

Hearing Electricity. Alternating electric currents may be perceived directly by the ear, without using a telephone disk to convert them into mechanical movement...

Wondered if She Was Included. She was only three and it was her first appearance as an invited guest at a church wedding...

Regular Air Waves. Ocular evidence of the existence of waves and currents in the atmosphere is obtained, according to the French astronomer Raymond...

Wanted it Bound. The young man who said he'd never eaten any to somebody who asked him if he liked Trollope was outdone the other day in a Fifth Avenue book store...

Home Makers

Good Career for Any Young Woman

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

THE ordinary misconception of the service rendered in the home has often been the cause of the ambitious search for a "career."

This is essential, not simply that the house may be clean and the children properly clothed and fed, but that the family income may be wisely expended...

"Housework," however, is likely to denote a second type of career. The girl works in the home of another—a career against which many objections have been urged...

If the work of the housemaid or housekeeper is well done it approaches in value the household service of the wife and mother. It will never be rightly considered nor properly compensated until the task of the wife and mother is properly measured...

its interests.

Farmer Blamed for High Milk Price

By H. STRADER

It is alleged that the price of milk went up because the farmer gets more for it. The facts are that the farmer is getting this winter \$1.37 a can of 32 quarts...

My cousin's doctor told her recently that she should use much milk and buy it from a certain great company which he named...

body else." The man said: "Well, you are a good customer, so I will let you have it for seven cents. But don't tell anybody."

The average farmer is honest and will not resort to the tricks of some dealers in dairy products, wheat and the like. It is the man who pulls the wires and not the man who produces that reaps the profits...

Dancing is Element of Social Education

By EUGENE N. BALLAR

Complaint is made that in our public schools girls and even boys are given instructions in the first elements of dancing...

Dancing is one of the elements of social education, a part of modern civilization. The knowledge of correct dancing, gracious and sylphlike, is as necessary to our young people as the knowledge of algebra...

edge of dancing being a necessity at our home-circle entertainments and at many public celebrations all over the world, I cannot very well see why dancing should not be taught in our public schools.

The smartest and wisest boy, the most beautiful girl, are back numbers at any entertainment if they don't know how to dance. Millions of happy marriages are the result of the ballroom.

Therefore, far from being a blot on the public school, the board of education of the city of Chicago should seriously consider the question of introducing the teaching of correct dancing in all of our public schools.

Mexico Is Safe Country for Traveler

By JAMES H. MULLIGAN of Monterey

There is no country in the world where the stranger can travel in greater safety along the public highways than in Mexico.

Once the country roads of that nation were infested with robbers and a man who traversed them took his life in his hands.

Many of these same bandits who in old days delighted in the stand-and-deliver vocation are now members of the rurales, a band of mounted rural police, which in the way of preserving law and order has hardly an equal in any land.

into model police officers, and, thanks to their vigilance and loyalty, the tourist can go in even the most isolated parts of the republic without fear of molestation.

In the large cities of Mexico the robbery of a "tenderfoot," even in the sections inhabited by the lowest class, is as rare as it is common in the United States.

POLITE EVEN IN EXTREMITY

AND NO DOUBT THIS TIME THERE WAS ABUNDANT TRUTH IN THE CUSTOMARY FORMULA.

William was a little country boy who had been reared to the age of four by a careful grandmother of the old school, who had paid particular attention to the child's table manners.

"Plenty, thank you, plenty. No, thank you, I don't keef for it!" always to the family's great amusement.

But William developed on his own account an independence of conduct that required curbing, and that at length grew so alarming that one day, after a particularly exasperating exhibition of impudence...

Then his father's voice was heard saying: "I'll teach you, sir, not to be saucy to your mother!" and swish-swash went the slender switch, landing with a whack-whack on William's plump anatomy...

"O, O, plenty, plenty, papa, plenty! No-no, thank you, papa, I-I don't keef for it!"

A Literal Interpretation. A traveler riding in a rather wild part of Scotland came to the edge of a morass.

Halling a peasant lad who was not far away, he asked if the bog was hard at the bottom.

"Ay, quite hard," responded the youth.

So the traveler rode on, and presently his horse began to sink with alarming rapidity into the mire.

"You rascal!" he yelled to the grinning urchin. "You told me the bog was hard at the bottom."

"So it is," joyfully shouted the peasant, "but you're not there yet!"

Rough on Rats in Out Buildings. In setting Rough on Rats in out buildings after mixing it well with any food decided upon, separate into small bits, place several pieces of boards, and put these here and there under the floors...

Eve's New Costume.

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best gowns there were to be had, "I'm so unhappy."

"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. "Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."

"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them." -Chicago Record-Herald.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians...

would depend.

She—You've seen Charley's wife. Would you call her pretty?

He—I might if I were talking to Charley.

Once in a while you encounter one of those cheerful individuals who never borrow trouble, in spite of the fact that they borrow everything else.

Take for La Grippe. Add to a half-pint of good whiskey, one ounce compound fluid balmwort and two ounces glycerine, shake well and take in tablespoon doses three to six times daily...

Always at it. Mrs. Benham—Woman's work is never done.

Benham—That's so; even after she is married she is trying to make men faint in love with her.

Salesmen—Best Commission Offer on Earth. Now all retailers—samples, coat pocket. "Boston" Dept. C-1, Iowa City, Iowa.

When a man trades his money for experience, it is difficult to convince him that a fair exchange is no robbery.

Elucidated. Stella—What is the law of heredity? Bella—That all undesirable traits come from the other parent.

Hamlins Wizard Oil will knock the spots off a sore throat. It's use makes tonsillitis, quinsy and diphtheria impossible. It is simply great for the relief of all pain, soreness and inflammation.

Compliments should be thoroughly flattered before they are swallowed.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO QUINTANA is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days if money returned, 50c.

A woman dislikes being jealous as much as she likes making some other woman jealous.

BREAK UP THAT COUGH with ALLERGEN Balm. The popular family remedy. It cures whooping cough, croup, whooping cough, whooping cough. Dealers: 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottles.

The bravest dentist isn't anxious to look into the jaws of death.

A Night of Surprises

By DON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, 1906, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

Jack O'Brien gathered his policeman's raincoat closer about his shoulders and yawned drowsily, as for the fifth time he left Mulberry street and crossed into the shadow of Hampstead avenue...

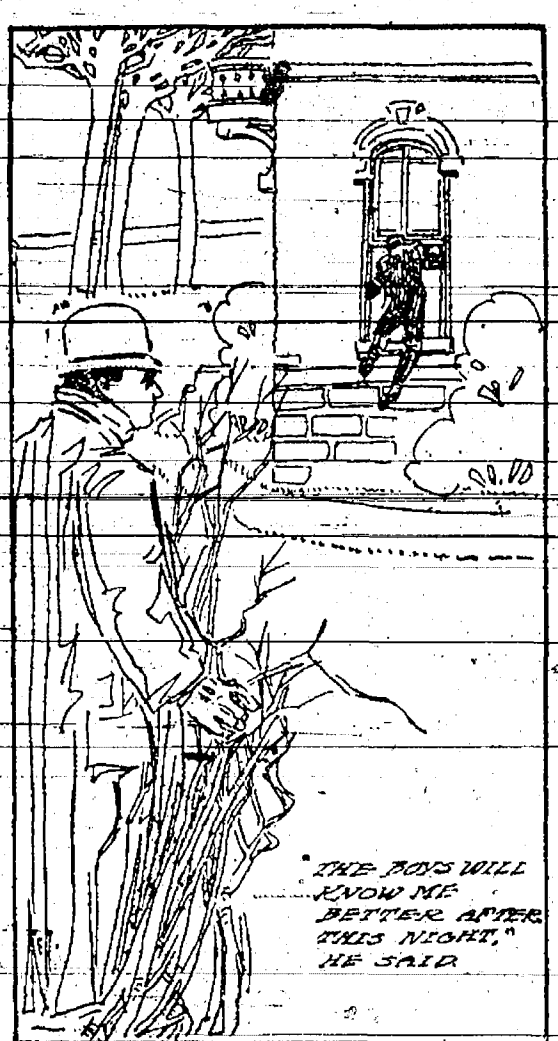
"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!" his boots seemed to pad softly, as he paced the lower half of his beat, and the flapping tails of his raincoat took up the refrain—"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!"—till perhaps he would have fallen asleep as he walked from sheer monotony...

O'Brien was a green hand, having been placed on the force only the week previous, yet he was shrewd enough not to pause in his measured pace, but continued down the avenue as if wholly unconscious of that evil-proportioned shadow crouching beneath the window...

He made his accustomed turn at the next corner, when noting that he was no longer under the observation of the shadow beneath the window, and that save for himself the road before and behind him was deserted...

In another moment he had dropped under the wet shrubbery on the inside of the wall, where he could command a view of the rear and right of the mansion, yet remain wholly concealed from observation.

He was confident that the shadow he had seen was that of a man, and he was not mistaken. As he watched, this shadow suddenly lengthened itself and how noiselessly opening the win-



THE MAN WILL COME UP BETTER AFTER THIS NIGHT, HE SAID.

dow beneath which it had crouched, disappeared into the mansion. O'Brien waited a good two minutes, then thrust his helmet from the hedge with the intention of following, when he was stayed by the appearance of the thief's pal...

O'Brien felt for his pistol, hand cuffs and billy and crouched silently and determinedly, proposing to wait until the two housebreakers were preoccupied with their labors, then it would be but the work of a courageous five minutes and he would have them both handcuffed and on their way to the station house.

Now again he thrust his helmet from the hedge and was about to quit his place of concealment, when a third figure appeared suddenly from the front of the mansion, keeping close to the right wall and stole to the rear, where, opening a second window, this figure also disappeared into the mansion.

"Why the devil didn't he take the other window?" wondered O'Brien. "Sure, they must all belong together."

A low whistle came from this second window, and a fourth shadow detached itself from a shade tree set half between the building and the stone wall on the right, and crossing the lawn disappeared into the window whence the whistle had proceeded.

O'Brien reached for his helmet, which in his astonishment had fallen from his head. "Sure, it looks like business," he meditated. "Shall I pinch 'em myself, or call up Finigan?"

He decided on the former course: Though there would be more danger entailed, there would be more honor gained. He might even succeed in landing all four thieves, single-handed—such a feat as Jim Maloon had once accomplished—and be a marked man from that night.

Again he felt for his pistol, his handcuffs and billy, and was about to step from the hedge, when he was stayed by a fifth and sixth shadow, that stole together from around the left side of the mansion to a rear door, which they now forced and entered the house.

"Sure, I'll call up Finigan!" decided

O'Brien. "And I'll send 'em back for a dozen of the boys and a patrol. It's a gang that's got tipped off the servants are away and have come around to clean out the place."

He backed towards the stone wall with the intention of putting this plan into effect, when again he was stopped this time by two men leaping over the stone wall only a few yards from where he was concealed.

These men, after crouching for a minute in the shadow of a hedge, hugged a low cross-hedge to a position opposite the rear wall of the house, from where they stole across the narrow strip of lawn and disappeared through the door that had been forced only a few minutes before.

"Would you notice it!" murmured O'Brien. "I'll just lay by a bit and wait till they fetch the piano wagon." He now removed his helmet and laughed softly into it. "It's the boys playing a trick on me, that's what it is! But the devil a bit will I notice it! I'll get back on my beat and let 'em fool Finigan with their kiddin'!"

He sprang over the wall to the road. "Mike will be waiting for me at the box. 'Twill be the laugh on him and a warm bed for Jack O'Brien."

Shaking a few leaves and twigs from his cap he started down the road at his accustomed pace. The sound of laughter now came from the Hill mansion, and peering over the stone wall through an opening in the hedge he saw two more shadows steal across the lawn and disappear through the open door at the rear of the house.

O'Brien wiped a broad grin from his face. "The boys will know me better after this night," he said. "But I'm right sorry for Finigan! He'd better pull a drunk goat than nab that bunch of plumbers."

At the patrol box O'Brien was soon joined by Mike Finigan and relieved of duty by the latter.

"Anything doing?" queried Finigan, who was a green hand like the other man, and as eager to make a record and get promoted in town.

"You might pull the moon, if he's full," grinned O'Brien. "Tis a wet night you'll have, Mike, and wetter outside than inside, I'm thinking."

Finigan winked, licked his lips, and with a grin turned to patrol his beat, while O'Brien moved off toward the station. Here he caught the last electric and soon was relieved of all duties by Capt. Steep.

At his ten o'clock breakfast the next day O'Brien opened the morning paper, smiled to think that the joke might be out on Finigan, when he all but fell from his chair as his vision was confronted with the headlines:

MIKE FINIGAN A HERO.

A Surprise Party Very Much Surprised.

Intrepid Officer Arrests Ten Housebreakers.

Single-Handed Holds Thieves at Bay Till Relief Arrives.

The double column that followed was a detailed glorification of Michael Denis Finigan and his great coup.

According to the paper, a few minutes after Finigan had gone on his beat the previous night, having relieved Officer Jack O'Brien, he had made the discovery that the rear door of the Hill mansion was open, and noiselessly entering the building had surprised ten housebreakers, collected in the dining room about a basket of wine.

Covering the men with his revolver and pressing the electric burglar alarm, he had held the entire party at bay till relief arrived, when the ten men were handcuffed and taken to the station. Only one shot had been fired, which Finigan had been forced to expend on the legs of one of the housebreakers, who had objected to his capture.

The paper went on to state that a grimly amusing fact had subsequently come to light. The housebreakers had effected their entrance to the Hill mansion in parties of two, without the slightest suspicion that they had been preceded or were to be followed by others on a like mission.

Imagine their astonishment—wrote the reporter—when each pair found that the same night had been chosen by four other couples bent on a like robbery, and their still greater surprise when Officer Finigan had held them up in a body.

Finigan, the paper went on to state, had already been recommended for promotion, which he so richly merited.

When O'Brien had finished this report, his appetite for breakfast was quite gone. From his place of concealment under the hedge he had witnessed the filchment of the whole business, and had he taken steps to arrest the men his name would now stand bracketed with glory instead of the name of Michael Denis Finigan.

"But who the devil would have thought that ten Jimmies would hit on the same night to break into a house!" growled O'Brien, sore as a mashed thumb.

It is difficult to tell which is more painful: to watch the way in which a man handles a baby or the way in which a woman handles a joke.



# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF "BOB HANCOCK OF PEACOCK, ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.  
COPRIGHT A. C. McCLURG & CO. 1920

## CHAPTER I.

### In Which Begins Adventure.

Some may question the truth of this narrative, yet they will scarcely be found among those who "go down to the sea in ships." To them the unfathomable mystery abiding upon the face of the great deep, the constant marvel of huge, heaving leagues of watery solitude, secret and profound, must ever remain so vast, so inexplicable, as to be beyond any interrogatory of the finite—the strange, the unexpected, lurking everywhere. To others, mere landmen, confidently imagining that all phenomena can be reduced within the contracted limits of human comprehension, I need say no more than that witnesses still survive to corroborate the principal incidents of this story, which I now purpose writing in the full glow of a memory still dominated by the events to be recorded.

It had come to be the 5th day of April, the year 1879. I, John Stephens, aged 24, occupied a rather comfortable seat upon the shaded balcony of this large, ultra-fashionable hotel at Valparaiso, which, as travelers will recall, clings to the steep hillside overlooking both the city and harbor beneath. I was alone, not having as yet ordered the serving of the evening meal.

A gayly attired military band was playing noisily in a near-by plaza, and through the intervening distance I was able to distinguish plainly the patriotic notes of national music. I even believed that a medley of shouting voices, mingled with an echo of cheers, was borne to me on the rising night wind, and I leaned above the low railing to gaze down, slightly interested, as a regiment of Chilean infantry—regulars of the line, from their white trousers and stiff hats—swept swiftly past the hotel corner in rapid time, to disappear suddenly over the steep crest in the direction of the quay. Far away, toward the right, where the long row of gray-stone barracks was still dimly visible against the darker background of surrounding hills, was to be discerned a glimmer of steel, as squadrons of cavalry and artillery engaged in dress parade, their numerous banners flapping against the sky. At the moment these several occurrences served to awaken the merest interest, tending rather to bring home to memory a freshening knowledge of the desperation of my situation.

It can all be told in few words: I was persona non grata to the Chilean authorities, with apparently every possible avenue leading forth from the country fully and effectively barred. While personally unknown to those officials, thus far successful in masking my movements under the guise of a foreign gentleman of leisure temporarily resident at a fashionable hotel, I nevertheless discovered it impossible to break through the cordon of watchful government spies and shake the Chilean dust from off my feet. A rapid explanation will suffice. A native of Massachusetts, of excellent family connections, together with prospects of future wealth, I early developed the unrestrainable propensities of a rover, and after a vain effort to turn my reluctant ambition toward one of the learned professions my parents despairing of ever doing better, finally consented to apprentice me to the sea. Unfortunately for the realization of their more secret hopes, I took to that hard, adventurous life as a duck to water, so that, at the end of five years' service, I had risen, through the various grades, to the honorable position of first officer in the old Leyland line. My steamship before the Vulcan, trading between New York and South American ports.

Soon after I attained this berth my father died suddenly, leaving behind him a fair amount of property, a goodly share of which came to me in cash. It chanced that, during a previous voyage, a passenger on board had succeeded in interesting me deeply in certain mining operations which he was conducting under a Bolivian concession. Finding myself in possession of abundant means, and experiencing that occasional disgust for sea-life common to all sailor-men, I embarked with boyish enthusiasm in this new enterprise, not only investing a considerable amount of money, but likewise giving the company my personal services as assistant superintendent.

Beyond doubt our concession was an extremely valuable one, but, as we were soon destined to discover, it came to us with an unfortunate flaw in the title, there developing a spirited controversy between the constituted authorities of Bolivia and Chile, over which country the territory involved belonged. From harsh words in public, and the private exchange of diplomatic notes, the argument rapidly advanced to blows, and was finally referred to the arbitration of the rifle. As our financial interests were entirely Bolivian, and our invested money



Three Were in the Party, Apparently Father, Mother and Daughter.

at stake, it was no more than natural that we should openly ally ourselves with that struggling faction which the Chilean authorities promptly denounced as insurrectionists, and proceeded to crush.

It was something of a comic opera war, resulting in two or three skirmishes wherein ill-equipped and poorly officered partisans were pitted against regular troops of the line, and, as we received from Bolivia no more substantial aid than vague promises, our resistance, though rather stubborn, was soon overcome. When the final wild stampede for safety came, I discovered myself, as quartermaster general of the late revolutionary forces, still in possession of a considerable sum of money, to which no one else possessed any better claim, the unhealed scar of a Chilean bullet in my shoulder, and an exceedingly flattering chance of being summarily shot by drumhead court-martial if caught. All opportunity for retreat across the Bolivian frontier was already effectively blocked, but, after several weeks of excessive hardship, skulking amid the dark recesses of Indian huts in the mountains, I succeeded in stealing unobserved into Valparaiso, feeling confident that, as a sailor, I should be able to discover in that busy seaport some early opportunity for escape.

This confidence was doomed to bitter disappointment. The Chilean authorities were especially desirous of apprehending me, inspired doubtless by visions of the war-chest, rumored to be of far greater value than truth could justify. They were both alert and suspicious. The American consul was obdurate to pleading, refusing peremptorily to become involved in the matter, while no war vessel floating the flag of the United States, to which I might flee for protection, entered the harbor. Manifestly it was impossible for me to depart on any foreign vessel as a passenger without possessing the necessary papers properly vided, nor could I even ship as seaman before the mast without running the gantlet of numerous suspicious officials especially warned to apprehend me. In brief, though possessing ample means, I was a helpless prisoner, my only safety the keeping out of sight from all in authority within the narrow confines of the hotel.

Sitting there in solitude that evening I thought it out all over again for the hundredth time, bitterly cursing myself for a stupid fool, yet utterly unable to discover any venturesome prospect of ultimate escape. I was trapped as securely as though the hand of actual arrest was about to be placed upon my shoulder. I might, by thus continuing to skulk in the dark, delay the result, yet the final ending was inevitable. Beyond doubt I was cornered, and the time was ripe for the eager acceptance of any reckless opportunity. Yet, desperate as I

was, I could perceive none, everywhere arose the same blank wall of Chilean power, impassable, unassailable, insurmountable. Saint Andrew! mine was a situation to chill the blood.

The stars began to gleam in the black void of sky overhead, those brilliant, scintillating stars of the south in their unfamiliar constellations, forever reminding me that I was an alien and a stranger. The city itself, wrapped within the deepening folds of this early night mantle, appeared unusually noisy and demonstrative. I dimly wondered at it. There was a ceaseless blare of bands, a medley of inarticulate cries, mingled with the continuous disorder of shuffling feet along the roughly paved streets. I could distinguish nothing definite as I hung curiously over the balcony rail, staring fainly down, yet it was plainly evident that the entire population was astir with some increasing excitement. Far out toward the distant mouth of the harbor a fortress battery was firing salvos of artillery, the swift flames of discharge cleaving the black shadows in vicious spurts of yellowish red, the sullen reverberations of sound shaking the hotel casements. Some Holy Saint's day, I imagined, wondering idly what special devotion of the church could be responsible for so much of uproar, so general an outpouring of enthusiasm. Still, the thought held me barely for a moment; my own personal affairs were far too serious and insistent for any wasted attention upon the saints.

I turned back from the rail and glanced carelessly within. The grand dining hall was already brilliantly illuminated, and a number of the tables were surrounded by guests. It formed a cosmopolitan scene, the grouped faces being representative of a wide variety of races; the scraps of conversation which floated to me through the open window revealing half the languages of Europe. Swarthy Spaniards, voluble Frenchmen, silent sons of Albion, talkative Yankess, bewhiskered and bespectacled Germans, blonde, rosy-cheeked Swedes, together with representatives from half a dozen South American countries, were indiscriminately mingled in sudden brotherhood. This motley, interesting company was composed principally of men, exhibiting here and there the glitter of military uniforms, or some peculiarity of attire attesting the presence of the inevitable globe-trotter, although the majority were plainly enough commercial gentlemen, interested in various lines of trade, and drawn into this vortex from the four corners of the globe in the wild scramble after gold. No foreign passenger steamer had entered the harbor within the past 24 hours, and I had already studied those faces before in the vague, shadowy hope of discovering a friend. I lit another cigarro, out of sheer nervousness, and sat silently

watching a Chinese attendant lighting the colored lanterns suspended along the balcony roof. A sudden rocket went swiftly and sizzling up from out the center of the great plaza below, and my eyes followed its swift flight into the black sky until it burst into a thousand miniature stars.

When I turned once again, now half inclined to beckon a waiter and order the serving of dinner, a newly arrived company of guests had taken possession of the small round table just within the open window. Three were in the party, apparently father, mother and daughter, beyond question of high social class. Paterfamilias, sitting in stately dignity at what might be considered the head of the board, a broad napkin spread across his right knee, was typically aristocratic, of spare figure, stern lean face, with iron gray hair, and mustaches trimmed to perfect point, his eyes, cold and emotionless, gleaming like steel points behind gold-rimmed glasses—a man certainly over 60, possessing to the extreme that irritating hauteur possible only to an Englishman of recognized family and position. The lady occupying the seat opposite him, whom I naturally presumed to be his wife, was fleshy enough to own an ample double chin, which drooped to a vaster expanse below; most expensively gowned, her fingers laden with diamonds, and a large emerald at her eye, through which she deliberately surveyed the assembled company. Her evident attempt at duplicating the calm haughtiness of her emotionless companion was nevertheless somewhat of a counterfeit, as it failed to conceal wholly a slight twinkle of amusement curving the corners of her mouth, and a certain slight vulgar uneasiness of manner. His ideal was evidently that of a marble statue, cold, immaculate, his slightest movement revealing the frigidity of one born to the purple, while my lady retained some semblance to flesh and blood, although well venerated by long social artifice. He was nature, while she had evidently been developed by skill; yet the matron, to my thinking, proved far the more interesting specimen of the two.

I must confess, however, wasting precious little attention upon either, for my eyes early rested upon the younger woman seated between the two, and hence directly confronting me. I will not say I never saw a fairer picture of womanhood just when the lovely flower becomes a blossom fully blown, yet assuredly none other ever possessed for me the same indefinable fascination, the same ineffable charm. Twenty-two, possibly, although her age was difficult to guess, with oval face and clear, fresh skin, the rich, red blood of perfect health crimsoning the rounded cheeks; eyes of deepest, darkest gray, the kind of eyes pledging a thoughtful soul behind to yield them such rare power of expression; a face reflecting the joy of living, yet responsive, and, in moments of quietness, saddened beyond its years; an entrancing dimple visible in the rather broad chin; the lips moist and rosy with health, sufficiently parted to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of white, regular teeth behind; the forehead low and broad, the wealth of shadowing hair of darkest brown, yet with an odd gleam of reddish gold leaping the gathered masses to seem an aureole of beauty. But it was not the outward face alone, nor any combination of pleasing features, which yielded such rare and indescribable charm—it was rather a distinct and unusual personality which gave to these both life and attractiveness. Her slightest glance or movement, natural and unaffected, seemed a new revelation of self, the outer expression of a secret inward life which I instinctively longed to penetrate, the guarded mystery of which was invitation.

The three conversed little, speaking English with that lack of restraint common to those who have been accustomed to having discreet servants behind their chairs, the man grumbling icily over the quality of food furnished and the indifferent service, my lady commenting with audible distinctness on the personal appearance of the various people present, the girl contenting herself with an occasional monosyllable when directly addressed. I dispatched my own order, and, while idly waiting the return of the servant, had my attention attracted toward a group gathered about a second table just beyond the one occupied by the English family party.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Send for the S. P. C. C. A "Young Mother" asks our opinion of "the alleged injurious effects of rocking on babies." We must frankly say that we consider it a brutal practice. As the father of a great many babies, of all ages, we never rocked on any of them intentionally, and we would probably be arrested if we expressed our full opinion of any woman who would presume to do so.—Lippincott's Magazine.

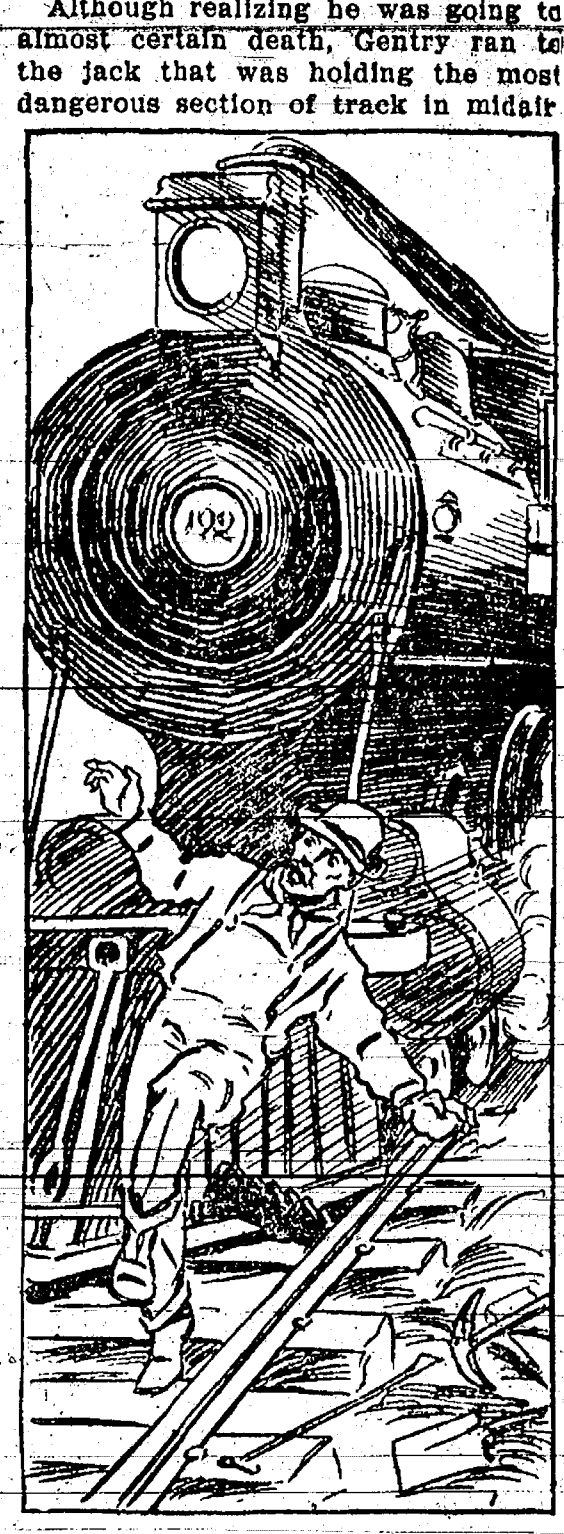
## SECTION HAND GIVES LIFE TO SAVE TRAIN

HEROISM OF MISSOURI LABORER PREVENTS WRECK OF WABASH FLYER WITH 100 PASSENGERS.

Mexico, Mo.—Curtis Gentry, a Wabash section hand, gave up his life to save the lives of a hundred or more passengers bound for St. Louis on the company's crack flyer.

The track west of Mexico was undergoing repairs, and a section of it was suspended by jacks. The train, three hours late and running at a mile-a-minute speed, suddenly dashed out of the fog. With the track suspended, it seemed impossible to prevent a hot-ocast, and but for Gentry's heroism heavy loss of life was inevitable.

Although realizing he was going to almost certain death, Gentry ran to the jack that was holding the most dangerous section of track in midair.



Gentry Was Struck as He Half Turned to Escape.

With but a few seconds to work, he wrestled desperately with the mechanism. His companions fled when the train's rumble was heard through the fog.

The engineer saw his danger from his cab window and threw on the emergency brakes. Sparks flew from the wheels, but the momentum was so great that the train could not be stopped in time.

With the train but a few feet away, the last cog of the jack slipped off the catch and the track dropped. Gentry was struck as he was half turned to escape from the tracks. His lifeless body was picked up later 50 feet from the right of way. The train was stopped a short distance away, and when the passengers learned the reason for the delay there was a gasp of horror at their narrow escape.

When they learned of Gentry's heroism a purse was immediately started for the bereaved family. He leaves a wife and several children at Centralia, Mo.

His body was carried into a coach and taken to Mexico. Sufficient money was raised among the passengers and the train crew for the funeral and to sustain the family until other relief is obtained.

## INFANT KILLED BY A CAT

Animal Smothers Baby, and Attacks Child's Mother When Disccovered on Body.

New York—Mrs. James Saunders of 176 Scholes street, Williamsburg, awoke to find a large black cat asleep on the breast of her nine-weeks-old son Augustus, beside her.

She pushed the animal out of the bed and then chased it. The cat re-sented the attack and sprang at her. Mrs. Saunders avoided the animal and then obtained a broom, with which she drove it into the rear yard.

Returning to her bedroom Mrs. Saunders picked up her baby. Its hands and face were cold, and as the realization that her child was possibly dead came to her she cried hysterically. Mr. Saunders and several neighbors ran to the side of the mother in answer and attempted to console her. It was thought that possibly there was some spark of life left and a call was sent for Dr. Driscoll of St. Catherine's hospital. When he arrived he said the child had been dead about four hours. The circumstances were explained to him, but he could not give his opinion as to the cause of death and referred the case for an investigation by the coroner's physician.

It is believed that the weight of the cat on the child's breast prevented it from breathing and caused the child to be slowly smothered to death. The animal was merely seeking a warm place to sleep. There is a belief that cats draw the breath from infants, but little credence is given to this.

In Very Bad Shape. "Why don't you go to work?" "I'm so dead tired of doing nothing that I'm too tired to do anything."

## DEVELOPMENT OF CENTRAL CANADA

THE STORY OF BIG YIELDS OF GRAIN COMES FROM EVERY SECTION.

When the man in the States was told that he could get 160 acres of land in Central Canada—comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—that under cultivation would produce from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, or if sowed to oats the yield would be 40 to 60 bushels, he was skeptical. The same story was told the man who wished to get nearer to existing lines of railway, and was only asked to pay \$10 to \$12 an acre. But many tried it, some one plan and some another. The man who accepted the 160 acres as a free gift, as a homestead, and was willing to put in the required residence duties of three years has now a farm worth from fifteen to twenty dollars an acre. The man who chose to purchase, and did so, took up his residence just the same. He has land, that, in many cases, is worth twice the money he paid for it. Both have found that the story of splendid yields was verified. They have had crops exceeding that promised; they have seen oats that yielded 100 bushels to the acre, and have grown wheat that averaged 40 and as high as 50 bushels to the acre. Their wheat was not a 57 lb. to the bushel article but 62 and 63 lbs. They have seen within the past year or two trunk lines of railway constructed through their district, and throwing out branch lines to the gates of their farm. They have seen schools established in their neighborhood and the Government contributing largely to their expense. Churches have been erected, villages have been established, towns have sprung into existence and cities are rapidly springing up, as if the magic hand of some unseen conjurer was at work. But it was not; it was the legitimate offering of the wealth of the field which made all these things come about, naturally, and easy. The prairie that three years ago was merely prairie, a patch of brown, just waiting for the ploughman, is to-day dotted with tilled farms and splendid homes. The line of elevators with their glistening metal fireproof sides and roofs, indicate the location of the town and the railroad. There is the glow of newness about it all, but the elevator, the splendid store buildings and the comfortable hostleries denote wealth, beyond that of the strength of the man who fashioned and built them but the wealth of the soil, which means that the newness will be followed by a steady growth. The writer recently was a passenger over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest factor in this great marvelous field of development. The rapidity with which towns were being built up, the farmsteads occupied, was something even his experienced eye had not looked for. Everywhere along the line of this new transcontinental was the distinguishing mark of progress. There was not a mile of the length of the road from Winnipeg to Edmonton and west that did not bear token of its ability to pay tribute to the revenue of the road. Mention is made of this line, not because it is the last in the field, but because it is one of the best built roads on the Continent and traverses one of the best districts of an excellent country. It is well operated, and already has gone into active service as another means of making it possible to secure more speedily transit from the grain fields to the shipping centres. It had been the intention in this article to have spoken of some of the yields of grain that have made the farmers of Central Canada contented this year, but space will not permit, so that delightful task will be taken up in another issue. In the meantime it would be well for the reader, if he is interested to put himself in touch with some official of the Canadian Government and get information that might be useful in making a selection for a home in Central Canada, and become one of those who will be instrumental in building up a great country to the north. In doing so, you will be assisting the United States. In a few years' time the United States will be a wheat importer. Canada will supply the wheat and you will be one of the producers.

Here, If Ever, Was a Time When Telegraphic Limitations Were to Be Deplored.

Wilbur Wright was discussing in Dayton a very imaginative magazine story about aeroplanes.

"The story," he said, "was full of errors. Aeroplanes can't do what this chap claims. He doesn't understand them."

"In fact, he's like old George Kettle of Trotwood. George rushed into the Trotwood telegraph office the other day with a small package wrapped in a newspaper under his arm."

"Telegraph this to my wife down to Dayton, Harvey," he said to the telegraph clerk, thrusting the package through the little window.

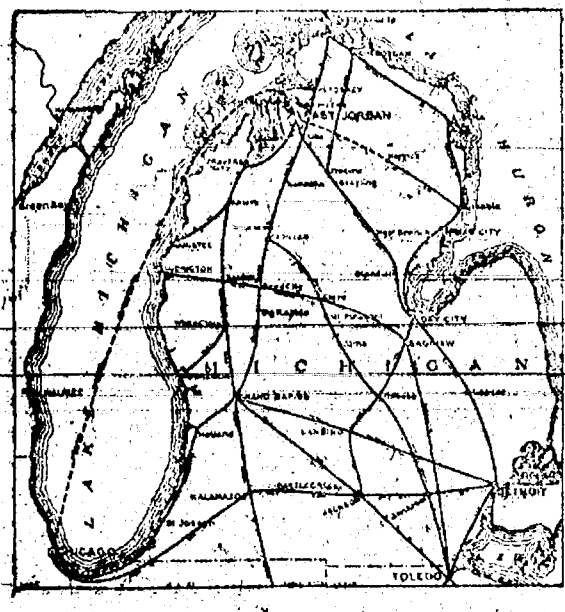
"No, no, George; we can't do anything like that," laughed the clerk.

"Drat ye," said George, angrily, "ye got to do it. It's my wife's teeth."

Cupid's Cynicism. "Is it so, that you used to call regularly on that girl?" "Yes; she always sang a song to me that I loved."

"Why didn't you marry her?" "I found I could buy the song for 60 cents."—The Circle.





### Many New Plans

#### Development Bureau Prepares Amended Articles of Incorporation.

New articles of incorporation were adopted by the directors of the Western Michigan Development Bureau in session at Traverse City last week. The articles make Traverse City the permanent headquarters and provide for a board of ten directors which may be increased if deemed necessary. The following signed the articles:

D. H. Day, Leelanau county; D. S. Buck, Grand Traverse county; E. C. Rust, Emmet county; M. B. Lang, Antrim county; B. R. Hendal, Manistee county; T. M. Sawyer, Mason county; G. A. Brigham, Wexford county; F. O. Wilkinson, Benzie county; E. D. L. Evans, Newago county.

The old officers were re-elected and a committee of three was appointed to draft by-laws, which will be adopted at the next meeting.

The campaign for the coming year was discussed and the work of the bureau will be pushed with vigor. About \$4,000 will have to be raised to square up the outstanding accounts, but this will come, it is believed without difficulty.

#### County Normal Notes.

Miss Margaret Christensen who is staying with her sister Louise Christensen was a visitor at the normal Thursday, Jan. 13.

The class began work in grammar this week, the work on language in the Course of Study having been completed.

The normal class began practice in basket ball this week. The teams will be organized later.

Blanche Nowland and Bessie Martindale have taught a song to the class. Blanche taught a song to the children in the training room.

Emma Rasmussen began to work in music practice in the training room Monday, Jan. 10.

Get your Laundry work done at Cason Bros.

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

Some men belong to every society in the neighborhood but not society of their own home.

A fine line of fresh groceries just received at Richards & Commings, the Statest Market.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of a woman who was drowned in a well, the husband testified: "I saw her when she leaned over the curb and fell in, and I was going to help her out, but just then I saw the cow among the cabbages and I thought I would drive her out first. Mary erter known nuff to hang on till I got there."

This is the time of year for western Michigan fruit growers to study up on the subjects of pruning, cultivating, spraying, packing and marketing. These growers now have time to absorb a little book learning which they can put to practical use next summer. There are but few orchards the gross receipts of which cannot be doubled by the adoption of scientific methods of pruning, cultivating, and spraying.

#### For Sale or Trade.

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

#### 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 Boyne Falls State road—Mrs. MARY HOLLAND.

## The J. J. Votruba Company

Are determined to sell more goods in 1910 than in the years past and have made prices at a closer margin of profit.

TEAS and COFFEE are a Specialty—once tried always used.

New features on our 5c and 10c Tables.

Votruba's Cash Store Baking Powder 10c, and with a dish for 25c.

A New Line of Harness.

### A Continuation

We have decided to continue our clean-up of Winter Goods until Feb'y 1st and are offering



the people of East Jordan unheard of Bargains in Gents' Furnishings and Shoes.

Just give us a call and we'll convince you.

### Wallace Wiess The Fair Store

### Lemieux & Lancaster

GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work HORSE SHOEING a Specialty. All Work Guaranteed. Our Patronage Respectfully Solicited State-st. East Jordan.

### 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.

### J. A. MACGREGOR, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. EYES TESTED. SPECTACLES and EYEGLASSES FITTED. Office over State Bank of East Jordan. Phone 37.

### Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist. Offices Over Postoffice. Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m., And Evenings. Phone No. 223.

### High School Notes.

The Solid Geometry class have finished the book and are now reviewing. The final examinations for the first semester will be given next Thursday and Friday.

Miss Thomas began her work Tuesday morning.

Although the scores in the basket ball games with Mancelona Friday night, Jan. 14th, did not result very favorable to the home teams, both the boys and girls played well. The Mancelona girls have held the championship for four years; while that was the first game with outside girls that East Jordan ever played. The opponents scored 39 points and the home team succeeded in making two field baskets and two free throws, making a score of six. The boys all played well making the score 47 to 12 in favor of the opposing team.

The girls left Friday morning for Traverse City where they played last night.

The boys play Kalkaska here Jan. 28, and a very interesting game is anticipated.

The line-up of the teams with Mancelona were:

Mancelona Girls: E. Jordan R. Fouts 1st centre M. Gunsolus M. Fouts 2nd centre Bell Bradley R. forward Cedersten (Capt.) Sherman L. forward DeWitts Holbrook (Capt.) R. guard, Henning Eckland L. guard H. Gunsolus Edwards and Knight Subs Doerr Boys.

Barnard centre Hart Rider R. forward Hoyt Nowals L. forward Burney (Capt.) B. Beck R. guard Nachazel Woelfell L. guard Isaman Subs Malpass

### Teach the Children to Save Money

It is often and truthfully said that a penny saved is a penny made. The foundation of many of the greatest fortunes was begun by saving a penny. The habit of saving is one of the best that can be formed. Every child should be taught to save something every week. The satisfaction of counting these pennies when the bank is emptied is one of the pleasures that we never forget; perhaps everyone of us can remember the thrill of joy we had when we emptied the contents of the bank on the table and counted and recounted this mountain of wealth; how eager we were to tell our little friends the amount of our great fortune, and raced with them in refilling the bank.

To bring this pleasure within the reach of every child and help the forming of the penny-saving habit, Messrs. Scott & Bowne, 409 Pearl Street, New York, the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion, are offering to send to any address, for 10 cents, a beautiful little Savings Bank; each bank contains a new Good Luck Penny. Send 10 cents and get one.

Probably the greatest coffee substitute yet produced is that now known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. It actually goes a third farther than all others, and besides it is "made in a minute." No tedious boiling is at all necessary. Pure, roasted grains, malt, nuts, etc. have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying, true genuine coffee flavor and taste. And not a grain of real coffee is used, 100 cups, 25c. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

### PROBATE ORDER.

State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. A session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 17th day of January A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Helen Strong, deceased.

Jacob E. Strong having filed in said court his petition praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described, which on the 17th day of February A. D. 1910, at the October in the forenoon, at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof, be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald—a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate. A true copy.

### W. A. Loveday

Notary Public With Seal.

ALSO Real Estate and Insurance Agency.

If you want to buy or sell, call at the Office in Loveday Block.

### A GOOD REASON.

#### East Jordan People Can Tell You Why It Is So.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause of disease, and that is why the cures are always lasting. This remedy strengthens and tones up the kidneys, helping them to drive out of the body the liquid poisons that cause back-ache, headache and distressing kidney and urinary complaints. East Jordan people testify to permanent cures.

Anton Walstead, Garfield, and Fourth St., East Jordan, Mich., says: "I am pleased to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as they have been of greater benefit to me than any other kidney medicine I have ever taken. A few years ago I was laid up for about a month with kidney trouble and a lame back. The kidney secretions were very unnatural and contained a sediment. The contents of four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Gannett Co.'s drug store, completely cured me and I have had no symptoms of kidney trouble since. Other members of my family have used Doan's Kidney Pills for similar difficulties and in each case, the best of results have been received."

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

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

A woman went into a newspaper office and wished to advertise for her husband who had disappeared. When told that they charged two dollars an inch she went out, saying it would break her up at that rate as her husband was over six feet long.

## New Coal and Wood Yard.

We are now prepared to supply your wants in HARD or SOFT COAL and WOOD and solicit your orders.

Telephone No. 206 or leave orders at residence.

GENERAL DRAY LINE in connection.

## E. E. BROWN

### The West Side Market

Respectfully Solicits the Patronage of West Side Residents.

### Choice Meats at Right Prices

FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY.

Prompt Deliveries.

Phone No. 174.

## 1911 Calendars

On sale at this office.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

## Great Reduction Sale

On All Pure Wool CLOTHING

### And All Warm Wear—NOW.

We have just finished inventory and find it necessary to put on sale to reduce stock before Spring Goods Arrive.

### THIS SALE WILL INCLUDE

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Fur Coats, Men's and Boys' Winter Suits, Pants, Mackinaws, Sheep-lined Coats, Plush-lined Coats, Sheep-lined Vests, All Wool Shirts, Jumpers, Wool Underwear, Felt Shoes, Sheep-lined Shoes, and Arctics, German Sox, Heavy, medium and light weight All-Wool Sox, Mittens and Gloves, Leather work-Mittens and Gloves, Sweaters and Sweater-Coats.

It is a fact that wool and woolen goods are high and are worth 25 per cent more than they were at any time in the past, and when the season opens next winter for such woolen goods prices will be away up. This is true and it cannot be otherwise, yet we are compelled to put these goods on the market now at this great reduction to make space for our summer goods, which will arrive very shortly. Now if you are wise and want to take advantage of opportunities you will buy your supplies NOW. Remember what we say you will pay a whole lot more later.

Come in and see that all we say here is true and backed up with \$10,000.00 worth of the Best of Merchandise.

We are giving you these bargains to help us to make space and reduce the stock. See to it that you get your share.

Come early while you can get a complete stock to choose from.

## East Jordan Lumber Co.





## Briefs of the Week

Payton wants to see you.

Make plans to attend the Fruit Growers' meet at East Jordan, Feb'y 1st.

Com'r Milford and Truant Officer Bashaw were Boyne City visitors, Tuesday.

Soronia Hive L. O. T. M. M. will hold a special meeting next Thursday afternoon at their hall. All members urged to be present.

Monday was W. P. Jones' lucky day. He was spearing fish down the lake about three miles, when he landed a 32 1/2 pounder. So far there's a difference of opinion as to what kind of a fish it is.

The High School Girls' Basket Ball Team went to Traverse City Friday for a game with the team there last evening. Miss Cameron accompanied the team as chaperon and Miss Irma Hurlbert as coach.

The production of "Faust" given by the Dougherty Stock Co. at Lovejoy Opera House last Monday evening was, without exception, one of the best scenic-effect plays ever presented to an East Jordan audience.

In the darkness of early Friday morning Sandy Dean had the misfortune to slip on an icy plank and land into the chilly waters of Pine Lake, near the mill where he works. Some of the workmen, with the aid of a plank, made the rescue.

Ford P. Robbins of Boyne Falls, has been chosen director of the Western Michigan Development Bureau from this County to succeed Hon. J. M. Harris. Mr. Robbins is one of the most bustling young men in the county and will make a working director.

An interesting legal case was held before Justice Egginger, Wednesday, in the case of James Minor of West Branch vs. R. E. Walker and Fred White of South Arm to recover part of the purchase price of a valuable horse. The Justice gave Minor a judgment of about \$300.

Atty Arthur L. Fitch was last week appointed postmaster of Charlevoix by Congressman Dodds to succeed Darwin F. Steech. Mr. Fitch is a graduate of the U. of M. and is at present U. S. Commissioner and City Attorney of that city. The Charlevoix office commands a salary of \$2,100 per annum.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Sherman was the scene of a pleasant affair last Friday evening, they being "At Home" to their friends in honor of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman. The house was prettily decorated, the dining room being in white and pink, with liberal bouquets of carnations. Music was furnished by Will Webster, violin, and Miss Madge Nicholas, piano. Refreshments were served the guests by Mrs. Boswell, and Misses Lydia Cook, Reta Carr, Flora Simmons, and Gladys Kenny. About one hundred and fifty friends called to pay their respects to these popular young people.

Mrs. Sarah Cohen died at her home on South Bridge street Tuesday afternoon, aged 49 years. Mrs. Cohen had been in poor health for some time, but the immediate cause of her death was a blood clot on the brain. Deceased has been in the clothing business in Charlevoix for several years. She leaves three sons and four daughters, who were all living with their mother. The remains were taken to Traverse City Wednesday morning, for interment, with Jewish rites, in the cemetery of that faith.—Charlevoix Sentinel. Mrs. Cohen ran a store in East Jordan for a number of years previous to moving to Charlevoix.

Kimball Heads on Postals at Payton's.

J. J. Votruba was a Traverse City visitor recently.

W. P. Porter was a Chicago business visitor this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Mortimer a daughter, Sunday.

Ray I. Clink is spending a few weeks at Grand Rapids.

George Hamblin, Sr., was a Mancelona visitor over Sunday.

Postmaster Kenyon was a Charlevoix visitor over Sunday.

R. E. Beecham was here from DeWard on business over Sunday.

Vernon S. Payton spent Sunday with his parents at Charlevoix.

Cranberries 8 cts per quart. Oranges 25 and 35 cts per doz.—E. A. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Greene were here from Bellaire guest of friends, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lalonde now occupy their new residence on Garfield St.

Atty A. B. Nicholas, Jr. was at Charlevoix this week on legal business.

Atty E. N. Clink was down to Charlevoix on legal business this week.

Ray Fox left Thursday for a business trip to Flint and other points in the state.

A. L. Coulter, internal revenue collector, was an East Jordan business visitor Saturday.

Mrs. W. L. P. Hickox and daughter Louisa of Bellaire were guest of East Jordan friends recently.

Abraham Miller and family of Mancelona are occupying the Old residence on Bowen's addition.

Miss Teresa Phillips left first of the week to take up her duties as teacher in the school at Horton's Bay.

John Lenhardt and sister, Mrs. Clyde Hipp left this week for a fortnight's visit with relatives at Breedsville, Mich.

If you have a small amount of money to invest bring it to a cash store where it will certainly purchase the most.—E. A. Lewis.

Some twenty of President H. I. McMillan's gentlemen friends gave him a pleasant surprise party Wednesday evening, the occasion being Mr. McMillan's forty-second birthday anniversary. A pleasant evening was enjoyed.

A Clothes Pin Social will be held in South Arm Grange Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 28. A number will be given with each clothes pin, the lucky number winning a fine worsted quilt. Ladies are requested to bring boxes with supper for two.

Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Risk are receiving a visit from the latter's sister, Mrs. George Van Orden, and little son. Mrs. Van Orden recently arrived Northern Michigan from the Panama Canal region where her husband, who is a former East Jordanite, is working.

We owe it to the community in which we live to do everything we can in every way possible that will be to its advantage. Our neighbors prosperity means more to us than someone's who lives elsewhere. We should bear this in mind in buying our goods. We can afford to pay our home man a firm price for his wares rather than send our money away, knowing as we do that every dollar our own citizen makes will help in sustaining our schools, churches, and public institutions. It pays richly to patronize home industry.

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

For that next Grocery order call up phone No. 192—Richards & Cummings.

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

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

Send your family washing to the East Jordan Steam Laundry, rough dry 50c per bushel.

If a man thinks a great deal of his wife, he gets lots of nice things for her when she is sick, which he eats himself.

Ladies' French Covert Coat for sale at Frelberg's Tailor Shop. Worn only a short time. Only \$10.00. Paid \$25.00 for it. A bargain for the lady. It will fit.

Samuel Mason was arrested last night for abusing his wife and lodged in the village lockup. He was brought before Justice Glinther the next day and Prosecuting Attorney Deansmore appeared in behalf of the people. Mason was convicted and sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit house of correction and was taken there by an officer Saturday.—Mancelona Herald.

A big victory for local option is shown in the decision of the Kent county supervisors to submit the question to vote the coming spring. The "wets" of Grand Rapids have bitterly fought this proposition. This is the second largest city in United States where the friends of reform have dared to carry the great moral question to a vote and the result will be watched with interest.

Under the heading, "Notes on East Jordan Game," the Mancelona News contains the following:—East Jordan claims three thousand population and appears very prosperous. \* \* \* Lawyer Clink entertained some of the boys and Supr. McCormick in his office after the game. His office is one of the finest appointed and best equipped in Northern Michigan. \* \* \* Amy Doerr greeted the visitors royally. She is substitute on the East Jordan team.

Jordan River lodge No. 360, I. O. O. F. installed the following officers for the ensuing semi annual term at their meeting last Friday evening:

N. G.—R. D. Cook.

V. G.—John Heath.

Rec. Sec'y—Peter Weishuhn.

Permanent Sec'y—R. L. Lorraine.

Treasurer L. L. Bowen.

Encourage every home enterprise. Take an interest in every industry, invest liberally in the stock of faith and good will, and distribute it all over your city, in every factory, every work shop, every business house. It will pay you large dividends and will cost you little. It can never depreciate in value. It will always be above par. Buy home made goods, ask your merchants for them. Wear home made garments, eat home made articles of food, sleep on home made beds, read home made newspapers. In this way the money you spend is only loaned. It will come back to you again with interest. Praise up your own city don't run it down. Stand by your merchant and manufactures. They are the bone and sinew of your municipal structure. Stand by your church and your schools—they are the hope of your future. Stand by your press—it is the wireless sentinel that guards your interests.

### Among The Steeples.

An opportunity will be given at the Sabbath morning service for parties to unite with the Methodist church by letter or otherwise.

Rev. W. W. Lampert entertained his Sunday School class of boys last evening. Oysters and games helped to make the occasion enjoyable.

The song service at the Methodist church on Sunday evening drew a crowded house and seemed to be heartily enjoyed by all who were present.

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 a. m. All are cordially invited.

One hundred and seventy-nine was the registered attendance at the Methodist Sunday School last Sabbath, forty-six of these being boys under fifteen.

Everyone welcome to the services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:00. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00 and Senior C. E. at 6:15. The annual offering will be received for the Board of Ministerial Aid for relief of aged ministers who have spent their lives in the work of the church and are destitute in their old age. You are earnestly invited to help forward this noble object, and also the Board of Missions for Freedmen, one or both. Envelopes for the purpose were distributed last Sunday which should be returned without fail, but offerings may be placed in the basket where no envelopes had been received.

### Chaddock District.

Fine winter weather. The rural carrier is getting around on time.

Moses Lalonde entertained company from town one day last week.

R. A. Gunsolis is keeping the roads open from the grange hall to Kenny's corners.

J. E. Chew visited relatives in Hayes and Bay townships several days fore part of the week.

S. C. Smith of Boyne City has purchased the Chas. Heller farm. Wilbur Sumerville has taken charge for him at present.

Mrs. Will Webster was visiting at her old home here this week.

Mrs. M. Ruhling attended special meeting of the O. E. S. in East Jordan Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ruhling are now domiciled in their new house.

Several farmers from here attended the Farmers' Institute south of town Thursday.

The latest fad in society is the tub cure. In this the patient arises just as the crisp air of morning is mellowed by the first sunbeam. An ordinary wash tub is then filled with hot water and soap suds into which various articles of linen are thrown. After they are thoroughly saturated the patient takes them up one at a time and rubs them briskly up and down on the washboard placed in the tub. This is kept up until the neck, face and hands are a glowing pink. The patient then goes into the open air and hangs all the linen articles on a line stretched for that purpose. The one completing the task first announces the time over the telephone, and is entitled to a prize. It is healthful and also invigorating exercise.

**STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN**  
Capital \$50,000—Surplus \$25,000  
Officers:  
W. P. Porter, President  
W. L. French, Vice Pres.  
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier  
B. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier  
Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, Clark Haire, Geo. G. Glenn.  
**WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.**

**COFFEE**  
There's a magic spell in the fumes of good, pure Coffee, the kind that refreshes and invigorates even by the odor alone. When the fragrance of our pure Coffee reaches the nostrils it creates a desire to taste at once the magnetic nectar from which the aroma comes. It is the same way with our choice Teas, which satisfy the desires of the most particular tea-drinkers.



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### Sherman & Son.

## Wanted Logs & Bolts

We will pay best market prices for all Kinds of Hardwood Logs and Bolts delivered to our mill or on the line of the E. J. & S. R. R. or D. & C. R. R. We want your Logs and Bolts. Write us, phone us or call at the office for prices and specification.

**East Jordan Cooperage Co.**  
East Jordan, Mich.

## The Big Event of the Winter

OUR JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE is proving the big event of the winter. Here Genuine Bargains reign and there is an absolute bonafide reduction on every article in our immense stock. This Sale will continue during the balance of the month, positively closing Monday, January 31st. There is no juggling in prices, no marking up in order to make a big cut, but every article bears the same regular low price our customers have been paying, and now you get these big discounts deducted from these low prices. Every article in our store shows a reduction in prices. Nothing reserved.

## L. WIESMAN

### Big Bargains On The 10c Counter

CLEARING THE SHELVES after Holidays we are able to offer some splendid bargains on our 5c and 10c counters, which are worth your consideration. Come and look them over before the best are gone.

### Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

## 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.

## 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.

## SICK PEOPLE SHOULD INVESTIGATE

I Know the Diseases of Both Sexes Like an Open Book. I have Been Curing Them for 49 Years. In fact, My Entire Life Has Been Devoted to Curing Where Others Have Failed.

I Have Changed Hundreds Upon Hundreds of Nervous Wrecks Into Fine, Strong Men and Women. I Accept No Case I Cannot Cure.

ESPECIALLY invite all discouraged and dissatisfied ones who have been treated without a cure to write me fully and frankly about their case. It will cost you nothing to write me, and I will gladly tell you your condition, truthfully, honestly—accepting no case that I cannot cure—holding out no false promises. I have spent my whole life in the study and cure of chronic diseases, and my study and investigation have been crowned by the discovery of many new and marvelous methods of treating disease. Forty-nine years ago I graduated from the Western Homeopathic Medical College of Cleveland, O. for two years I read Physiotherapy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich. I have spent many long years as a specialist treating chronic diseases of all kinds with wonderful success, and am now owner of one of the largest sanitariums in the country, giving my entire time to the treatment of Nervous Diseases of both sexes. I cure the worst forms of Syphilis, St. Vitus Dance, Paralysis, etc.

My long experience in diagnosing cases and my understanding of the different diseases that I treat enable me in almost every case to prescribe by mail a perfect, thorough cure. All correspondence in plain envelopes and strictly confidential.

**I CURE NERVOUS TROUBLES**—Wasting Away, Loss of Vitality in Both Sexes. Whether from excesses or overwork, I promptly and positively cure, no matter of how long standing.

**I CURE BLOOD POISON**—I cure Blood Poison in the first, second and third stages—driving the poison from the system, the taint from the blood, cured pimples, copper spots, sores in the mouth, tumors and ulcers.

**I CURE FITS**—Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Paralysis, etc., by striking direct at the cause, restoring the diseased nerves to perfect health.

**I CURE PILES**—in 30 days to stay cured and to never return.

**I CURE CONSUMPTION**, the Great White Plague, in the first and second stages. Have made a special study of this disease for fifty years. Have cured hundreds given up by home Doctors. Those I cannot treat at home by seeing or by mail, I will take to my Sanitarium, where best of medical skill, nursing and private rooms are given, for Ten Dollars a week.

**QUARANTINE TO CURE**, to stay cured, liquor, morphine, cocaine, nicotine or cigarette habit cured at home.

Call and see me or write to either Sanitarium as below.

No matter what disease you are suffering from, write me fully today. I will answer at once, and my advice, which costs you nothing, may be worth hundreds of dollars—*live* itself—to you. If I cannot cure you I will tell you so. **WRITE TODAY.**

Faithfully yours,  
**ANDREW B. SPINNEY, M. D.**

Belding Sanitarium and Retreat, Belding, Mich., or Smyrna Sanitarium, Smyrna, Mich.

**At Hotel Ericks Thursday, Feb. 3rd**

From 11:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. Consultation Free

## Bring Your Prescriptions to

# Payton's Pharmacy

Where They Will Be Filled With Care and PURE, FRESH DRUGS.

## Valentine Postals.



# A FIELD AFTER FEATHERED SONGSTERS

By EDWARD B. CLARK  
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. A. PATTERSON

IT WAS Dr. Theodore S. Palmer, of the government biological survey, the man who stands between the birds of the country and extermination, who invited a sojourning stranger in Washington to leave the city behind him for a few hours to catch a glimpse of the wild, feathered friends which brave the Washington winter. The thought of an intended interview in the north wing of the capitol kept the invited one from an instant acceptance, but the delay ended when the doctor said: "Come! Is not one songbird worth many senators?"

The displeasure of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution must be braved for the next few lines. The host of this day's tramp asked his guest if he preferred to go to the south, there to follow a favorite Virginia hunting trail of George Washington, or go to the north, to follow the bird-searching tracks of Elliot Coues and John Burroughs. The answer was quick enough: "Let's strike the trail of Coues and Burroughs," for while the sojourner knew that the father of his country was first in nearly everything, he never heard that he was first in ornithology.

The tramp lay through the valley of Rock creek. The stream flows through a cleft in the wooded hills and forms one of the chief natural attractions of the zoological park and of the national park which lies beyond. Standing at the edge of a street in a thickly settled part of the city, one looks down through a rocky chasm through which tumbles the stream, washing in its course the roots of noble trees. It is as wild as a bit of the Adirondacks' heart and has all the beauty which attaches to the wilderness.

The two hunters of birds—hunters, though neither carried a weapon more deadly than a field glass—went down the winding, snow-covered path close to the edge of the bank of the singing stream. Rock creek sings aloud, but it can't drown the noise of the cawing crows. Corvus claims the capital

man the size." The zoological garden of the Smithsonian Institution is situated in Rock Creek park. There is nearly everything there that a "zoo" should contain and little need is there of description. One curious bird event, however, marked the visit of the winter morning to the headquarters of the animals. In an outdoor cage were six turkey buzzards, asleep and as contented, apparently, as though they were fed upon their favorite "long-since-dead" dog, instead of fresh meat. Circling just above the buzzards' cage and eyeing them with apparent pity were several of their free brethren. The keepers at the park say

that the wild buzzards pay daily visits of curiosity and condolence to their caged kinsmen.

Down again to the creek, and there was a sight for city eyes. A cardinal had come out from the woods and had alighted on a snow bank, his blazing body backed by the drift of white. No sight like that in other seasons, save when a scarlet tanager stops for a moment in springtime to rest in a blossom-burdened hawthorn. In the bushes near the cardinal were white-throats and slate-colored snowbirds, and farther up the creek were nuthatches, Carolina chickadees and tufted titmice.

They branch tumbles into Rock creek near the dividing line between Smithsonian park and the greater national pleasure ground. An old mill with its neighboring dam and waterfall stands not far away. The place is as beautiful to-day as it was 40 years ago, when John Burroughs haunted it and transmitted its beauties to the written page. Here it was that he had his inspiration for "Spring Notes at the Capital," an inspiration that dwelt in him and showed force and effect when he wrote of other and faraway fields. Burroughs has written of this spot, and it is a darling pen which would seek the ink for further words.

The change from woodland path to paved street is abrupt. A tufted titmouse with a voice as full-throated as in springtime called from an oak, but the note was lost in the rattle of a street car. Two woodland travelers had reached civilization, a fact that was still more impressed upon them when they boarded the street car and found that it was unheated.

Richard Kearton, an English ornithologist and photographer, although famed badly as a result of an accident when climbing, is engaged to-day in the work of making pictures of birds that make their nests in places inaccessible to any save the most daring men. Mr. Kearton came to Washington before President Roosevelt went out of office and he was entertaining at the White House and was led through the woods, the ravines and fields near the capital city by the president of the United States in order that he might get knowledge of American bird life. Since his return to England the English people have paid marked attention to their fellow countryman. They had recognized him as a scientist worthy of consideration prior to the time of his visit to this country, but the attention that the strenuous president of the United States paid to the English bird lover brought to him additional attention and the marked consideration of some people who had been given to ignoring him on the ground that he was a photographer rather than scientist. Mr. Kearton is both a photographer and a scientist and his contribution of his knowledge of English bird life is of immense value to bird students.

In Washington members of the Geographic society, the biological survey, the Audubon society and some thousands of others of Washington residents viewed the Englishman's pictures with an interest that had in it a large percentage of a amazement. This Briton has succeeded in going farther with his bird friends than have any other field photographers of whom one man at least knows anything.

President Roosevelt took Mr. Kearton through Rock Creek park and gave him practically his first glimpse of American wild bird life. The migrants had not yet come in full force to the northern woodlands when the president and his guest made through the valley and up and down the cliffs of the valley. They found the kingfisher looking for chubs or whatever the fish is that likes the Rock creek waters, and they found the cardinals and the Carolina chickadees, some white-throats, some slate-colored snowbirds and a few tuneful song sparrows.

Mr. Kearton's first introduction to the Potomac country birds gave him an appetite for further knowledge of their personalities. A few days after his Rock creek trip Mr. Kearton went up the Potomac valley with Dr. A. K. Fisher and E. W. Nelson of the biological survey, and it was allowed to bear them field company.

Dr. Fisher, of hawk and owl and much other bird fame, came into the tramping when the noon hour was near. Prior to that time Mr. Nelson acted as bird leader, if the bird can take the place of the bear in the term ordinarily used.

We had in Kearton an Englishman who knew American birds only from the books. Almost instantly the thought came of John Burroughs tramping all over southern England trying to find a nightingale, and to find him when he was in a tuneful mood. Richard Kearton was willing to tramp all over the Columbia district to see a mocking bird. He wanted also to hear him sing, but that at best was a matter of chance, for the singing season was yet young. The mocker, to the European, unquestionably is our best-known bird. He fills in the interest place on the other side that is filled in on this side by the nightingale, or perhaps equally by the nightingale, the skylark, "whose trust is in the clouds."

We crossed Cabin John bridge over the beautiful gorge, wavy with the greening tree-tops of early spring. Out of the depth of the valley came the song sparrow's music, almost if not quite the purest bird music that the American fields can call their own. The Englishman went into a melting mood at the song sparrow's note. He kept it with him in cadence all day long, whistling it occasionally to make sure he was retaining it, and stopping every time that one of the birds sang from the roadside, to listen and to make sure that memory was holding the melody intact.

At the end of the Long bridge eight or ten birds were seen feeding in a tree-top. The foliage was not yet far enough advanced to obscure the vision. The birds were pinefinches, akin to our goldfinches. They did not know that they had a distinguished visitor from abroad, interested not only in their plumage, in their notes, in their habit of life, but in the humbler thing of what they were having for breakfast.

The pinefinches held us only a little while, and on we went along the early morning road, hoping for a mocking bird, and yet more than half content with chirping sparrows, blue birds, robins, purple grackles and the rest of the early spring comers.

Down at the left of the road was a scrub growth of trees and beyond that were the canal and the broad river. We went into the trees, leaving the highway with its sparrows and bluebirds and other commoner folk, hoping that there some rarely would show itself to give our guest full payment for a 3,000-mile trip across the water to get acquainted with American bird life at its best, and American bird life is always at its best, and this we loyally told the British subject.

In the thicket we did not find the mocking bird, but we found something that in beauty at least more than compensated for the absence of the sober-clad southern songster. A male cardinal, fire red, crested and proud and tuneful, was there.

We caught a glimpse of the disappearing tail feathers of a bird that flashed into an evergreen tree, heavy-boughed and thick-leaved. I went over to the tree and knocked gently on the trunk. The bird came out and perched on a dead branch not 10 feet above our heads. It was a mocking bird. The fact was whispered to Mr. Kearton—who had found what he wanted.

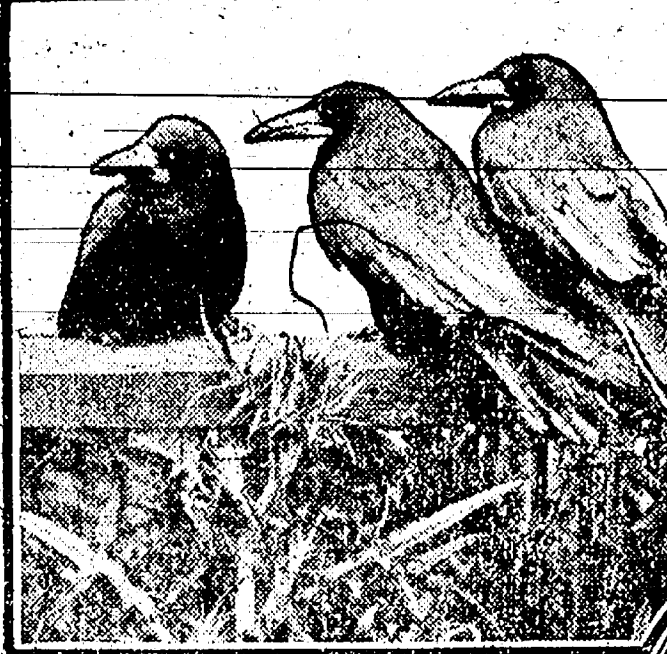
The mocker paid absolutely no attention to us, save to turn his head once and to look down, probably curiously wondering what three hulking fellows found in him to arouse in them such an abundance of impertinent curiosity. He simply would not sing, but we stayed there, hoping against hope, until finally tiring of our company long before we tired of his, he left his perch and made for the Virginia shore.



WHITE THROAT ON HER NEST

SONG SPARROW AND YOUNG

CHICKADEE FEEDING YOUNG



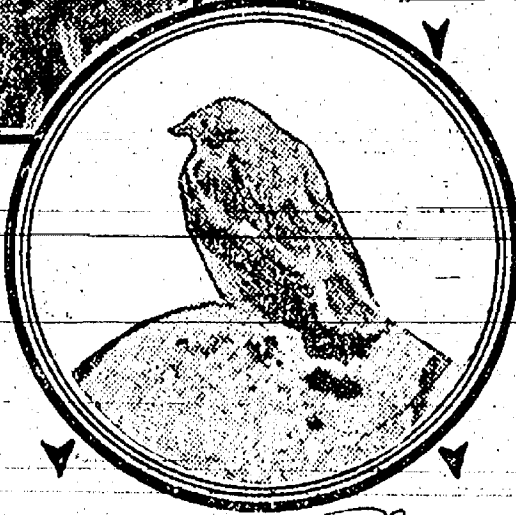
A GRAVE CONSULTATION

and the district for his own. Until a few years ago there was a crow roost numbering fully 15,000 birds, at Arlington, just over the river. The crows are roosting elsewhere now, but there are just as many of them as ever in the woods and fields along the Potomac. Corvus will not leave the capital. He feels that it is essentially his city, for is not his surname Americanus? The air was full of crows, and higher up, ever soaring, were the great buzzards—the birds to which above all other distance lends enchantment.

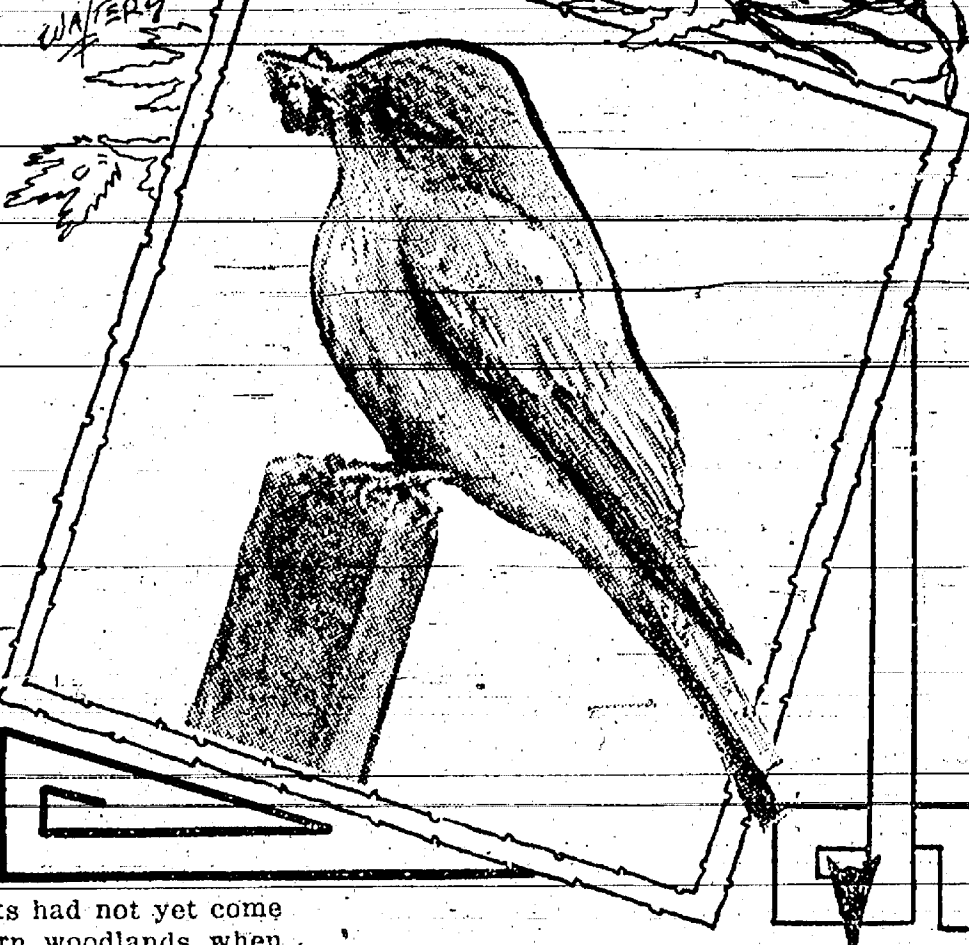
The path leads upward from the creek into a bit of wild, rough woodland tangled with smilax, laurel and honeysuckle, all giving a glad greenness to the waste of winter. It was here, where the rocks, the roots and the entangling underbrush make heavy the way, that General Funston took a walk that has as yet been unsung. General Funston came to Washington for a day. He called on President Roosevelt. The president said, "General, will you take a walk with me?" The general borrowed the president's favorite word and said, "Delighted." A carriage drove up to the White House door.

"I thought we were to take a walk, Mr. President," said General Funston. "The walk will come later, general," answered Mr. Roosevelt. They drove to the spot on Rock creek where begins the "rough path of riotous nature." They left the carriage and began to walk. The president set the pace. He went over rocks and windfalls, through thicket and through brush, at the gait he took when he led the secret service followers a race through the broad streets of Washington, and the pace was rapid and rough for miles.

If General Funston had been a sailor instead of a soldier, he would have described his condition on coming to Washington for that visit as "flying light." He had brought only one pair of trousers with him. After the walk with the president was ended the carriage was again pressed into service and General Funston was dropped near his hotel. The next day he was asked if he had enjoyed his walk with the president. "Yes, I enjoyed it," he said, "after a fashion; but the next time I go walking with Theodore Roosevelt I'll ride all the way. I had to go into my hotel by the back door and get to my room by means of a freight elevator. I sent a bell boy out to buy me another pair of trousers and there wasn't enough left of the pair, I had on to give the ready-made clothing



SNOWBIRD



SENSITIVE.

"I found a pimple this morning."  
"Did you return it?"  
"No. The owner might have offered me a reward, and it would have wounded my pride."

SKIN HUMOR 25 YEARS

"Cuticura did wonders for me. twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, so even to my wife, I became an object of dread. At large expense I consulted the most able doctors far and near. Their treatment was of no avail, nor was that of the Hospital, during six months' efforts. I suffered on and concluded there was no help for me this side of the grave. Then I heard of some one who had been cured by Cuticura Remedies and thought that a trial could do no harm. In a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. S. P. Keyes, 147 Congress St., Boston, Mass., Oct. 12, '09."

Face Covered with Pimples

"I congratulate Cuticura upon my speedy recovery from pimples which covered my face. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent for ten days and my face cleared and I am perfectly well. I had tried doctors for several months but got no results. J. J. Sadlier, 1614 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, May 1, 1909."

Hubby Was Too Willing.

In the midst of her tears over a late disagreement she announced that she would take a trip of three weeks in the country for a rest from his abuse. Hooray! Hooray!

He hurried to the station, bought tickets, hurried back home, pulled off his coat, plunged into the cellar, lugged out her trunks and commenced to pack.

Lying on a couch, she watched him through her tears with great curiosity. From time to time, in reply to many questions, she advised him what articles would be useful in the country, and they were eagerly included.

Perspiring and exhausted after some hours of preparatory detail for her departure, he sank into a chair and said:

"Everything is ready now. You have abundant time to catch your train."

"I have decided," she said softly, "not to go."

Then They Came to Blow  
"What started the fight between Lobster and Shrimp?"  
"Why, Shrimp called Lobster a 'mealy little shrimp' and he called Shrimp a 'lobster'."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS  
SPECIAL KIDNEY PILLS  
TREATS ALL RIGHTS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE  
1875 "Guaranteed"

WESTERN CANADA

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, says:  
"The stream of emigrants from the United States to Canada is increasing rapidly, and says: 'There is a large number in the hearts of Senators and people; this will account for the fact that so many Iowa farmers go to Canada. Our people are pleased with the government and the excellent administration of the law, and they are coming to you in tens of thousands, and they are staying here.'"

can farmers who made Canada their home during 1908. during year added to the wealth of the country by an amount of \$170,000,000.00.

Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are the principal occupations. 150 acre pre-emption at \$3.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement, climate unexcelled, soil the richest, wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive literature, write to: Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McInnes, 170 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Laurier, South St. Marie, Mich. (Use address nearest you.)

QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

## PISO'S CURE

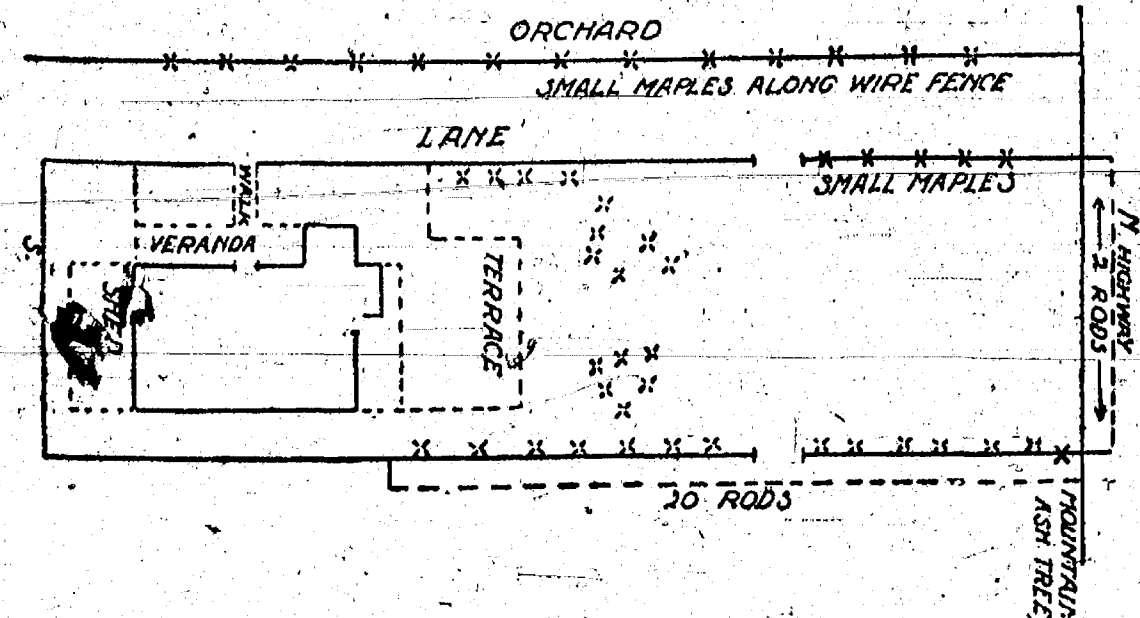
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

For the baby often means rest for both mother and child. Little ones like it too—it's so palatable to take. Free from opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.



# GOOD PLAN FOR LAYING OUT SMALL GROUNDS

Evergreens Should Be Planted as Near Fence as Possible and Should Be Twenty Feet Apart  
—By W. T. Mason.



Laying Out Small Grounds.

Evergreens as trees should be kept from 15 to 40 feet away from places it is desired to keep as free as possible from snow. It is well to keep the mass as close to the fence as practicable. They could either be put in a straight or irregular line, but should be kept well back from the walk. It should be planned to have the evergreens, if they are spruce, at least 20 feet apart eventually, as they lose their beauty if crowded. Ten feet apart would do now, but they should be planted with the idea of thinning them later on. If desired, part of the evergreens might be used to form a hedge, as marked in the diagram. If the trees are spruce they could be planted about three feet apart for hedge purposes, and if cedar about 18

inches. A space from 13 to 15 feet might be left in front of the terrace between the ends of the hedges for the path and a little grass on each side of it and to hide the uncut grass further down the ornamental shrubs might be planted on each side and would eventually form a screen. Flower beds would look well across the angles formed by the junction of the proposed hedges. If desired, shrubs might be planted west of the rows of evergreens down to the highway. The trees could be transplanted successfully this spring. The earlier they are planted after the ground is freed enough the better the results will be. In the diagram the places where the evergreens are now have been rubbed out and the suggested changes made.

## DAMAGE TO TREES BY GIRDLING

Often Necessary to Resort to Grafting to Repair Injury Done by Rabbits, Mice and Other Rodents.

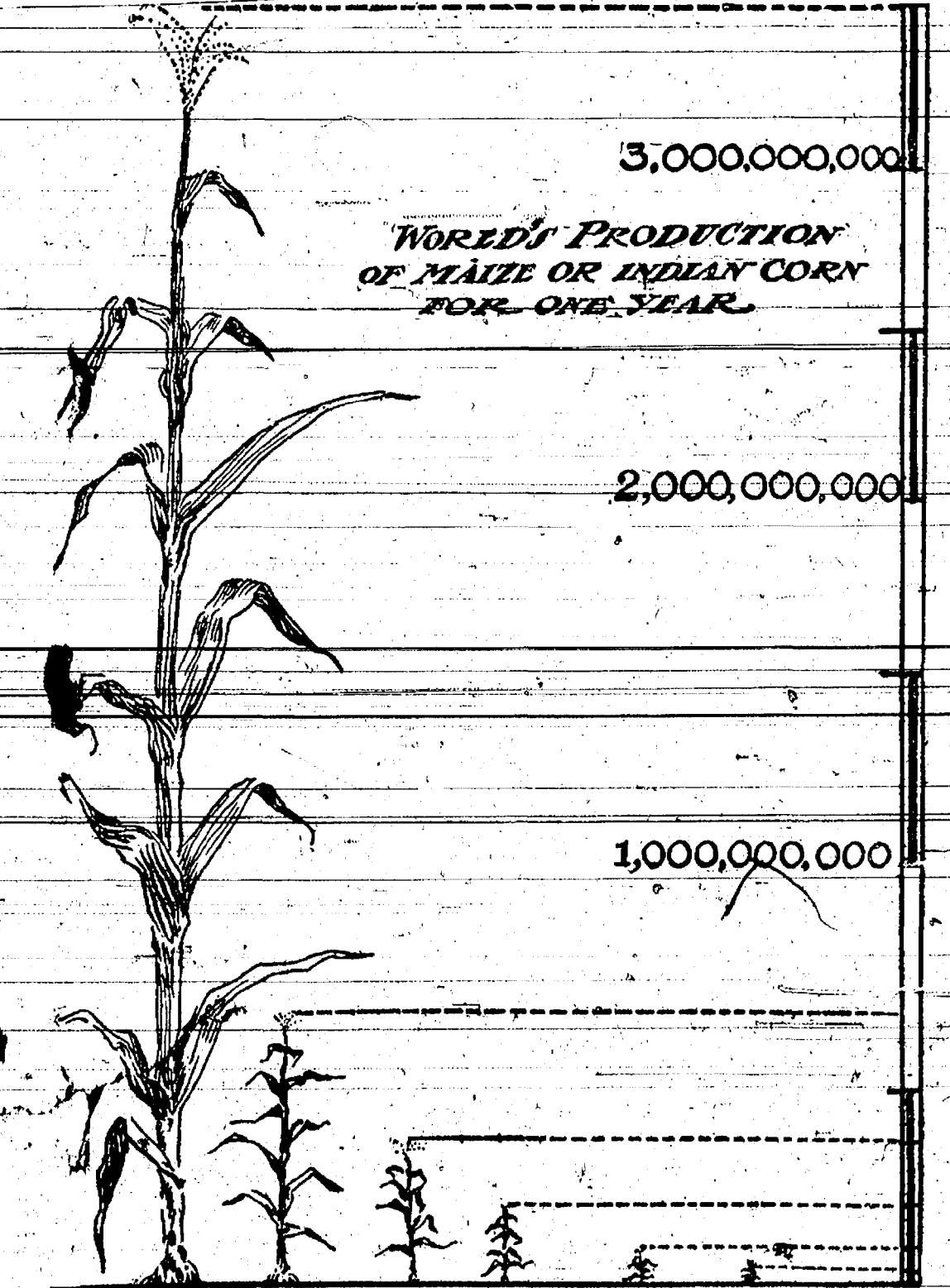
It is often necessary to resort to grafting to save a tree that has been girdled by mice or rabbits. This is done by forming what is called a bridge graft. The wound should first be dressed by cutting away the ragged edges and painting the exposed surface with lead paint. Slender scions are used and are cut thinly, wedge-shaped at both ends and from 1 1/2 to two inches longer than the width of the wound. Slip the knife blade between the bark and wood on one side of the wound. Start one end of the scion under the bark and push down firmly, then spring out the scion and start the other end under the bark on the other side in the same way. The scion should now extend three-fourths to one inch under the bark on each side. The bark is tied tightly over the scions and the whole, scions and all, covered with

wax. These scions are to serve as a bridge through which plant food may pass and if growth starts on them it should be rubbed off. They should be set as close together as possible around the stem.

**Keeping Farm Accounts.**  
Farmers who visited the Ohio State university were interested in the system of accounts used on the farm. While the land is not tilled for the same experimental purposes as the fields at the agricultural experiment station at Wooster, a certain amount of experimentation has to be done in order to determine the most profitable methods of handling the land. These experiments are the same in kind as should be conducted by farmers generally. The accounts are kept in such form as to show the results of the different methods employed on the different fields.

**Dirt in Potatoes.**  
The pure food inspector at Kansas City recently found a sack supposed to contain 112 pounds of potatoes actually to have 98 pounds of real potatoes and 14 pounds of dirt. Hereafter the state board of health will prosecute the man who sells dirt for tubers.

## STUDY IN INCREASE OF CORN



NOTES.—North America includes: Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and Canada. Quantities are given in bushels.

The annual yield of Indian corn may be taken to have reached the above amount since the days of Columbus. This is given somewhat higher than the customary crop reports, because it takes into consideration the harvests of parts of Mexico, Central America, large areas of South America, and of India, where maize is grown to-day, but consumed by the native inhabitants in domestic use, so that it does not enter into commercial calculations. Diced variations, however, occur from year to year.—Farm Press

## For Little Curly Locks



Bobbing curls, dancing on the head of childhood, arranged or disarranged, appeal with an unending charm. It is only lately that the most gifted hair dressers have revealed to us all the fascination of Curly Locks, as quaintly arranged for the little festival occasions of children.

As in many late coiffures for grown-ups, the hair is cut in a light, graceful fringe across the forehead, writes Julia Bottomley in The Illustrated Milliner. For the little girl the remainder of the hair is "frized" in the quaint old-fashioned way, half its length. This is accomplished with curling irons or by dampening the hair and braiding it in several tight braids half its length, and allowing it to dry. The crimping necessary may be very satisfactorily done on crimping pins; but they are not always comfortable.

This pretty coiffure is lovely even without the addition of pretty turbanes. But the placing of the ribbon band and buoyant bow as shown in the picture is an immensely attractive finish and takes the coiffure out of the simply childish class into the high art rank. The folded ribbon holds two short curls to the front and in every way adds brilliance to the design.

For an older girl, and for grown-

ups (on the dressiest of occasions), the second coiffure is presented.

This coiffure is an arrangement of curls pinned down to the head, in fact a mass of puffs with one end free. The hair is cut in a light fringe across the forehead and slightly curled. A portion is parted off and tied at the crown of the head, where it is twisted into a knot and pinned down to support the curls. The remainder of the hair is parted off in sections and apparently tied near the head. Each separate mass is then again parted into strands and curled. The mass of big, short curls only needs then to be arranged becomingly. They are placed with careful attention to apparent carelessness irregularly all over the back of the head. Little clusters of "cork-screw" curls are grouped at each side, where they appear to be held in place by a little jeweled ornament set with pearls. Two strands of pearls strung on wire extend across the head to the other ornament at the right side of the head. Narrow bands of velvet or satin ribbon might be used. An ornament of some description is essential to this coiffure.

The little cork-screw curls at the side are made by separating fuller curls into strands, parting them off with the fingers. Coiffures by courtesy of E. Burnham, Chicago.

## OF LIE-DE-VIN FACE CLOTH.

Complete Costume with Some New and Attractive Points of Ornamentation.

Lie-de-vin face-cloth is chosen here, the plaited skirt has Russia braid arranged in a wavy pattern as trimming at the foot, buttons are also put on. The coat has the braid put on to



match from the shoulder downward, but round the lower edge the pattern is much deeper. The right-hand side of front is cut in tabs and fastens over a waistcoat of black velvet; the collar and cuffs are partly made of same, while the other part is cloth braided at the edges.

Hat of black beaver, trimmed with feathers and silk.

Materials required: Seven yards cloth 48 inches wide, one yard velvet, three dozen yards Russia braid, two dozen buttons, 4 1/2 yards silk for coat lining.

**Everything Beaded.**  
Large pieces of beading are used on gowns and wraps, gloves and opera bags and even stockings. The woman who has leisure can amuse herself by making designs in beads. She can buy the latter in large boxes of all colors at small prices.

## HAIR MUST BE DRESSED FLAT.

That is Really the Most Important Point of the Coiffure a la Circassienne.

The flat hairdressing now worn in America is called the coiffure a la Circassienne. This particular kind of arrangement has as many names attached to it as the modern turban. There seems no end to these. Mop, Sans Gene, Brittany, Moyen-Age, turban, are among some of the first that greeted the coiffure. This much may be said of it; there are more ways of doing it than there are names for it.

The requisite thing is to have it flat. How one manages this is one's own secret.

No three hairdressers do it alike. The hair may be loosely braided and wound around the head, or it may be twisted into a rope and placed from nape of neck to forehead—in as near a circle as the head will permit.

Again, it is arranged in a long puff cap in the middle of the head and luxurious ropes or braids of hair are wound around this.

No hairpin must show except the four huge shell ones that are to hold the coils in place. There is no perceptible pompadour and the extremists are endeavoring to make the ears imperceptible.

**For Your Party Bouquet.**  
The stems of party flowers will not injure the delicate party frock if they be incased in a little tube-like cover made for the purpose, of oil silk. These covers have been made of chambray, but that is not impervious to water and the tinfoil in which stems usually are wrapped will itself make a discoloration on the gown.

The pinning on, too, will often tear and pull the soft fabric and this may be partially obviated by tying the stems with a ribbon—green, like the leaves, if you do not want it to show—and pinning several of the loops under the folds of the trimming.

**Shadow Lace.**  
This is new and, because of its unobtrusive patterns, can be used in great quantities without fear of over-decoration.

The pattern is woven in such a way that an uncertain shadow effect is produced. It is especially lovely in black and cream. The black shadow lace is used over the black net and a white satin underslip. The cream is effective over pale tints in evening gowns.

**Suede Gloves in Fashion.**  
Smart women seem to have laid aside the white glace glove in camp-phor. Suede is the thing. It is worn for street in its heavy texture, with wide stitching on the back, and is worn in the evening in the pale gold tones that are very becoming to the arm and hands.

## FAMILY COUGH SYRUP

Cures Any Cough in Five Hours. NEW PRESCRIPTION HERE.

Here is given the most effective cough prescription known to the medical world. It is a mild laxative, too, and this is what a body needs when suffering with cough and cold on the lungs. A cough or cold indicates poisons in the system, causing inflammation and congestion. Nearly all cough syrups relieve, but make the trouble worse by their constipating effects. This prescription not only relieves quickly, but it cures any cough that is curable. Get one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Mix in a bottle. Take for acute cough of bronchitis twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less according to age. A few hours' treatment will cure and heal the throat and lungs of all but consumptives. Cut this out and give it to some friend who may need it to be saved from an early death by consumption.

## HER HEAVY WORK.



Applicant—Will I be expected to do all the heavy work, sir?  
Mr. Jiggs—Oh, no. My wife always makes the biscuit!

## A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

For Piles, Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Etc. CHENEY'S MEDICATED CREAM, a remedy for the treatment of all diseases of the skin. This cream does not contain Cocaine, Morphine, nor any other poisonous narcotic or zinc; nor does it hermetically seal the diseased parts like ointments or salves, but goes to the seat of the diseased portion and throws the poisonous matter off, thus curing the disease. A sample will relieve, and in order to prove to you that Cheney's Medicated Cream will cure Piles, Eczema, etc., we will gladly mail you a FREE SAMPLE, upon receipt of your name and address. P. J. Cheney & Co., 1229 Adams St., Toledo, O.

## Ready with Explanation.

A rector of Ellham once gave out the words: "Who art thou?" and, as he paused for a moment, an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."

## A Whisper of Hope.

Knicker—Several thousand shirt waist makers are on strike.  
Henpeck—Do you suppose it would do any good for the shirt waist buttoners to strike?

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. DROGGERIES refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Some people's morals are like their best clothes—only worn on extraordinary occasions.

## PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

has an eminent reputation of over seventy years as a reliable remedy for lumbago, sciatica, pleurisy, stitches, etc., 25c, 50c and 75c. At all druggists.

The more talk it takes to run things the slower they move.

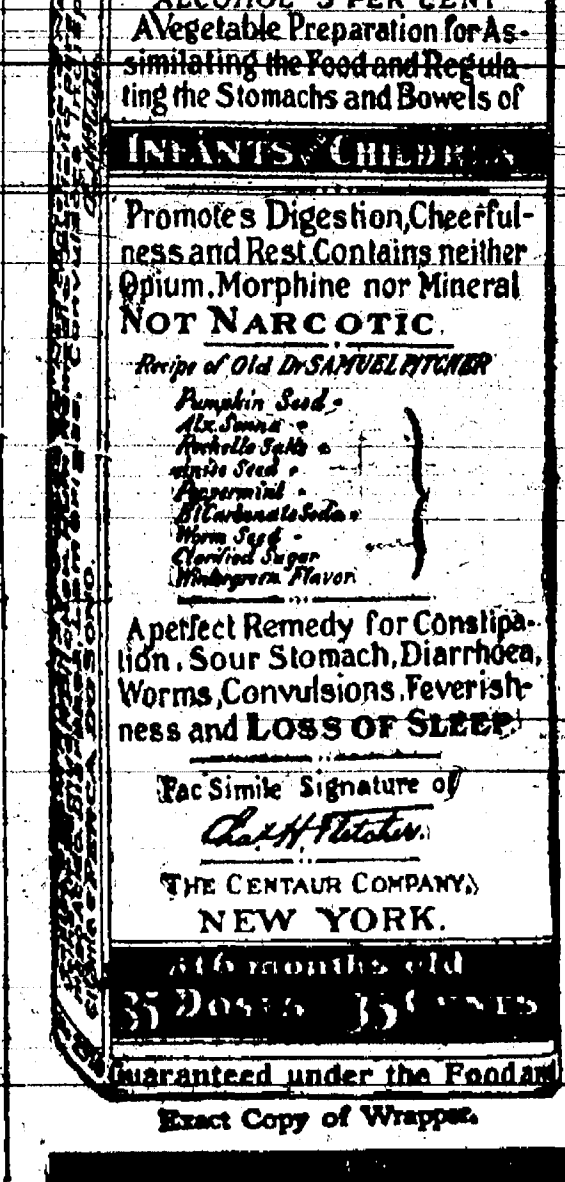
One man's hobby may be another man's nightmare.

They dver lives to dye, but not to help the undertaker.

## Wm. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When some people talk it is a waste of time to yawn.



## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Then, Mamma, don't buy them for the children. Buy them for the mother, the father, the sick, the nervous, the indigent, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature: *Buntford*

## Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got blue and in three days he passed a tape worm 4 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Des Moines Co., Iowa. I am quite a believer in Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." Chas. E. Condon, Lewiston, Pa. (Mifflin Co.) CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Illinois, and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

## ABSORBINE

Will reduce inflamed, strained, swollen tendons, ligaments, muscles or bruises. Cures the lameness of horses, sprains of the human foot, sore shins, splint, side bone or bone spavin. No blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. 25c a bottle.

## DYOLA DYES

18 fast, beautiful colors, 10c per package at dealers if not in stock, send us 10c mailing color card.

## ONE DYE FOR ALL GOODS

Color card and book of directions free by writing Dyola, Burlington, Vermont.

## DYOLA DYES

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., DETROIT, MO. 1-1910.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

## CASTORIA



