

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 16

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1912.

No. 21

## Midsummer Eve

Fairy Musical Play at Temple Theatre, Friday, May 31.

### Public School Music Department.

The pupils of the public schools, under the leadership of Miss Cora Belding, have in preparation a delightful entertainment to be given at Temple Theatre, Friday, May 31. An outline of the program is given herewith, consisting of drills, choruses and solos, and especially of the Fairy Musical Play, "Midsummer Eve," a cantata in two very interesting scenes. Over 100 pupils from all departments will assist in this concert, many of them in special costumes. This entertainment will no doubt make a hit and we hope the patrons of the school will by their presence express their interest in the efforts of the music department in preparing it. Admission 25c and 35c; children 15c.

### PROGRAM

1. "Spring Heart".....FORMAN
- Opening Chorus.....GABRIEL
- Chorus by 2nd, 3rd, 4th Grades.
2. Fairland Waltz.....VEAZIE
- High School Chorus
3. Goodnight Drill.....
- Pupils of the First Grade
4. Pantomime
5. FAIRY MUSICAL PLAY.....
- "Midsummer Eve." Scene I.
6. "Miller's Wooling".....FANING
- "There Was an Old Woman" LYMAN
- High School Chorus
7. Solo....."Across the Dee".....
- Teressa Reid
8. Recitation
9. "Mincnaba".....LORING
- "Kentucky Babe".....GEIBEL
- High School Chorus
10. Solo....."Asphodel's Song".....
- Jeanie Waterman
11. FAIRY MUSICAL PLAY.....
- "Midsummer Eve." Scene II.
12. "When the Sun in Splendor Rises".....VEAZIE
- High School Quartette.

**AUTOMOBILISTS ATTENTION!** We keep on hand Prest-O-Lite tanks for exchange or sale. Also agents for the famous No Rim Cut Tires. EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO., HDWR. DEPT.

## Memorial Day Proclamation.

The Grand Army of the Dead continues to grow. The Grand Army of the Living is in the aftermath. The evening shadows of life are falling about them. They are as brave in confronting the great enemy of mankind that has never been vanquished as they were on the battlefields that saved the nation. Love, reverence and patriotism demand that we obey our more than willing hearts and consecrate to their memory May 30, when flowers by land and sea will be the testimonials of a grateful people.

Therefore, I, Chase S. Osborn, Governor of the Commonwealth of Michigan, do issue this proclamation and earnestly urge the observance of Thursday, May 20, 1912, as Decoration and Memorial Day.

CHASE S. OSBORN, Governor  
FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE, Secretary of State.

### Notice to Electors.

I take this means of announcing my candidacy for the Republican nomination for Register of Deeds at the August primary. If my conduct of the office in the past has been such as to meet your approval your support will be appreciated.

ROMEO A. EMREY.

### Notice To Electors.

I take this means of announcing my candidacy for the Republican nomination, for the office of County Clerk, at the August primaries, and if nominated and elected, I will do my best to serve the public in said office. I also wish to thank the electors of Charlevoix County for the support they have given me in the past, and will appreciate your support at this time.

RICHARD LEWIS.

### Notice.

I hereby announce myself as a republican candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the primary election to be held August 27th.

DANIEL S. PAYTON.

## Official Program

Memorial Day To Be Fittingly Observed In Our City.

### Exercises at the Bridge.

The W. R. C., G. A. R. and the schools will meet at the Town Hall at 9 o'clock a. m. The East Jordan Military Band will lead the procession to the water's edge where the following program takes place:

- Singing—"Nearer My God to Thee."
- Prayer by Rev. T. Porter Bennett.
- Selection by Band.
- Exercise by W. R. C.
- Decoration by W. R. C.
- Selection by Band.
- Benediction

### Exercises at Temple Theatre.

In the afternoon meet at G. A. R. Hall at 1:00 o'clock and march to the Temple Theatre where the following program will be given, commencing at 2:00 o'clock:

- Singing—"America" by all.
- Prayer by Rev. T. Porter Bennett.
- High School Chorus.
- Gettysburg Address by Archie Kowalski.
- Address by Judge Mayne.
- Recitations, offering of flowers and flag exercises by Second grade.
- Singing by Fifth grade.
- Soldier Boy Drill.
- Chorus by Sixth and Seventh grades.
- Recitation by Oscar Bennett.
- Band drill by West Side school.
- Recitation by Marjorie Bowen, "Night in Shilo."
- Recitation by Mrs. H. Cummings, "The Boys Will Be Expecting Me."
- Duet by Marjorie Bowen and Grace Malpass.

### Order of March to Cemetery.

Following the exercises at Temple Theatre the parade will form in the following order and march to the Cemetery:

- Escort by officers of City and School Supt. Sons of Veterans.
- East Jordan Military Band.
- G. A. R.—Post No. 66.
- W. R. C. Schools.
- Fraternal Orders.
- Citizens.

### Exercises at the Cemetery.

- Bugle Call and Band playing.
- Band selection.
- Prayer by Rev. A. D. Grigsby.
- Decorating graves by committee.
- Band playing march.
- Decorating for unknown by W. R. C.
- Bugle Call for assembly.
- Return march to the hall in line of order as we went.
- Break ranks at the hall.

### Officers of the Day.

- Marshal—Wm. Harrington.
- Officer of Parade—L. C. Madison.
- Commander—Alexander Bush.

### Closing Up of Citizen's Mutual.

The affairs of the Citizens Mutual Fire Insurance Co. is coming along fine better than I ever dared to hope for. We have succeeded in collecting more than enough to pay the original debt of \$13,000 and it is all either in bank deposits or in well secured notes and we haven't heard from half of policy holders yet. Now we have got to raise enough more to pay the receivership expenses, interest on borrowed money and we wish to pay back 40 per cent of the money that policy holders have paid Mr. Voorhies, the receiver, so they will get out of the mess just the same as the rest of us. We all consider that 60 per cent of first assessment is better than to have any more expense added. If we all get busy we can pay up this debt in the next thirty days and do it cheaper and better than it can be done under the receivership. I will see that each policy holder has a chance to pay their share and if each one comes to the front we will get out for less than 60 per cent and be out for good, both past, present and future. No more assessments and no more expense which is what we are after. Joseph Courter of Eveline twp., F. H. Wangman, David Staley, Frank Louiskey of Wilson twp., A. W. Carson, Jacob Quick of South Arm twp. or Geo. G. Glenn of the bank will gladly take either your deposit or note for 60 per cent of your assessment and if it takes less than 60 per cent you will get back the surplus. Let us all work together on this and get out as soon as we can. Help one another and we help ourselves. I. L. and Joseph Sherk of Boyne are looking after Melrose twp.

Yours Truly,  
JESSE L. BARBER,  
Rondo, Mich.

## Something New in Talcum

As the season is now here for Talcum Powder we wish to call your attention to one that is indeed a winner. It is called

## Harmony Violet Dulce

Don't forget the name for it is worth remembering.

If you use it once you will again.

It is absolutely free from any irritating ingredient and has a delightful violet odor.

Call and get a sample free. When you need talcum don't fail to try Harmony Violet Dulce.

See our window display.

## W. C. SPRING Drug Co.

It is a well conceded fact that EMERY BROS. are carrying the largest line of RIGS of all sizes from 2 1/2 inches up to 9x12 feet of any concern north of Grand Rapids. You will find it greatly to your advantage to look over our stock before purchasing. They also are carrying a very nice line of DRAPERY for arch spaces in your home.

## Good Morning!

I smell

## Nero Coffee

Even before you reach the breakfast table, that fine, rich aroma of Nero Coffee comes up to you from the kitchen and whets the appetite. Then with your breakfast, the superior flavor of this coffee tastes "Oh! so good." Its mild strength brightens you up for the day.

### Royal Valley Coffee

Nero, at.....28c per lb. Tzar, at.....35c per lb.  
Marigold.....30c per lb.; Royal Valley.....40c per lb.

are the four brands of the famous Royal Valley Coffees.

Coffee connoisseurs declare that they are the best coffee value ever placed on the market. They have a richer flavor and stronger body than the ordinary coffees sold at the above prices. Serve a Royal Valley Coffee for breakfast tomorrow. For sale only at this store.

ROYAL VALLEY  
JAPAN TEAS are dried  
best by all who try.  
them. 80c. 60c. 50c.

G. A. BELL, EAST JORDAN

### Coming May 28th.

Tuesday, May 28th is the date when J. Leahy the Optometrist will be at the Russell House one day only. Headache cured, crossed eyes straightened, glasses guaranteed to fit.

It is my advice if you are in want of a Kitchen Cabinet, Buffet, Side Board, Chiffonier, Library Table, Couch, TRUNKS, GRIPS or Drapery, you will save money by calling on EMERY BROS.

Peter Ehtinger, 155 Sheldon St., Houghton, Mich., says, "For some time I suffered with kidney trouble I had intense pains in my back and the kidney acton was very irregular. I took Foley Kidney Pills and in a very short time my pains left and my kidneys became normal." Hite's Drug Store.

### Liverymen's Notice.

To all people who hire livery rigs there will be fifty cents extra charge on each rig after May 20, 1912.

William Walker  
Thomas Whitley  
Roscoe Mackey

Walt Papers—the new 1912 designs—every roll up-to-date and fresh from the manufacturer are now on display at the Hite Drug Store.

Alex Destinson, 90 Lake St., Muskegon, desires other people to benefit by the curative qualities of Foley Kidney Pills and says: "I wish to state that I have used Foley Kidney Pills and received more benefit from them than anything I have ever used before. I had a bad case of kidney trouble and I wish to thank you for the help Foley Kidney Pills have given me." Hite's Drug Store.

# The Hill We Held for HOOKER

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

WE'D formed our guns for action, for they'd started on the right  
Where Sykes had bumped on Jackson and their lines had clinched at night.  
While we waited there for Longstreet, who never missed a fight.  
An aid-de-camp in shirt sleeves came lopin' up the hill,  
"You hold this line for Hooker!" he yells at Captain Bill,  
"And mind you hold it longer than you did at Gaines's Mill!"  
Old Captain Bill made answer: "You boys must have your fun,  
But we didn't break at Gaines's till all you chaps had run,  
And we'll hold this hill for Hooker while we've men to work a gun."  
Across the field below us ripped out the rebel yell  
As Longstreet's line of battle came streakin' up the swell,  
And we whipped the limbers closer and opened out with shell.  
But shell was meat for Longstreet; he ate it with his bread,  
And so we changed the meat to canister instead,  
And when that didn't stop 'em we let the shrapnel spread.  
We pounded 'em to jelly, but the jelly wouldn't jell—  
The powder scorched their faces but they took it like the shell.  
And then they reached our muzzles and tumbled through pell-mell.  
It seemed we'd best be goin', with bayonets so near,  
When through the woods behind us, there rolled a roarin' cheer,  
And Captain Bill yelled, "Hold 'em! That's Hooker almost here!"  
We fought between the sections just like a game of tag;  
A Johnny jumped my field gun and waved a battle flag,  
But I lammed him with the gun awab and dropped him like a rag.  
They had forced us to the limbers, where the teams were tangled thick,  
And were pivoting our pieces to teach us our own trick,  
When Hooker's boys came through us, deploying double-quick.  
The Johnnies hung like bulldogs and faced us breast to breast,  
But Longstreet's men were winded, while Hooker'd had a rest,  
And when the smoke had lifted we Yankees held the crest.  
And Hooker stopped to thank us, and then said Captain Bill:  
"They thought we couldn't hold 'em, but, General, here's your bill—  
And I'd like to ask Jim Longstreet if we're quits for Gaines's Mill!"  
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## FRED E. BOOSINGER

## That Shoe Problem

The New Ones Are Now Featured Here



It would not pay to wear a sloppy pair of shoes with new attire. That kind of a combination would not be up to date. It would strike a false note. We are safeguarding you in this respect by showing many decided novelties.

The live young man or woman of today is right-up-to-the-minute. They realize that they have a bigger chance than their grandparents or even their father or mother. Snappy is the word for them in action and in dress. They wear Pingree Shoes if they can get them. They will find the whole line here.

The newest things in Oxfords, buttoned, lace or ties, in the new toes and heels, \$2.00 to \$3.50. In the High Shoes from \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Best come and see them. You will be as enthusiastic as we are over these beautiful new shoes. Style, Fit, Quality—these are ever our motto.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL"

## FRED E. BOOSINGER



PIE A UNIVERSAL PANACEA

Young Woman Recommends It as a Never-Failing Dispeller of Domestic Discord.

They were discussing problems. "Life at our house," said the young woman who lives at home, "is very simple, and there seems to be one solution of every problem that never fails, no matter how diverse the questions to which it is applied. When discussions run rife and threaten the dissolution of the entire household; when difficulties seem too great to be borne; when visions of creditors obscure the mental horizon; when an expensive hat proves to be unbecoming, but must be worn nevertheless; when the bread is sour or the cream has lost its integrity, we invariably look around for mother and find her out in the kitchen making a pie.

"Instant peace follows this discovery. Sister's scowl melts, little sister's melancholy tone revives, brother's wrath subsides, father's nervousness abates, the dove of peace gently flaps its wings above our dwelling place. Mother just simply smiles and goes on making her pie or pudding. It is so simple, but nobody else ever seems to think of it. Besides, its efficiency Charlotte's masterly cutting of bread and butter was an inefficient process. We are of New England descent, and are, of course, addicted to pie. Besides, mother's pies and puddings are of a nature and quality to appease the wrath of Jove. A southern family might require hot muffins or chicken and ice cream on Sunday or some other local application. The details might differ, but the method I heartily recommend for all soul problems. The only objection to it is that it might put the problem novellists out of commission and abate their incomes, but even that sacrifice they ought to be willing to make for the good of the nation."

Human Attics.

Most people think their head is mainly filled with that gray matter known as "brain." But they are quite mistaken. Inside the head of the average human being there is a large space for storing away even heavy articles.

As a remarkable instance of this, one burglar was in the habit of keeping a skeleton key in his head, which was inserted through his nose.

Even more remarkable was the case of another burglar, who kept a circular saw, called around like a watch chain, in his human attic.

Some months ago a young farmer went to the hospital, complaining of nasal catarrh. An operation was deemed necessary, and while in the act of operating the doctor found a loose mass of metal situated above the roof of the man's mouth. This mass of metal had been in his head for five years without his knowing it, for five years previous to the operation a gun had exploded in his face, and, although the wound healed, it evidently left some of the shot behind.

Oldest Methodist Church.

St. George's church, Fourth street below Vine, where the 125th session of the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal conference will be held, is the oldest Methodist church edifice, used continuously for worship, in existence. It was dedicated 142 years ago. When the British occupied Philadelphia after the battle of Brandywine in 1777 the church was used for a time as a hospital, and later as a "riding school" for the cavalry. Long after peace was restored weapons of war were lay around the building—Philadelphia Press.

Tunnel to Be 16 Miles Long.

Swiss engineers have convinced the Russian government that it is perfectly feasible to bore a tunnel through the Caucasian mountains near Tiflis in order to join the Black and Caspian seas. This will be a tremendous undertaking, as the tunnel will be about sixteen miles in length and the Russian government had practically decided that it was beyond the limit of possibility. However, the Swiss experts have reported that the tunnel could be built within seven years without much difficulty, but at a great expense. A Paris firm of bankers, it is understood, is supporting the enterprise, which will be put into execution about the early part of 1913, and with Swiss engineers in control.

Not Satisfied.

"Well," said the Billville neighbor, "I reckon your John is satisfied, now that he's safe in congress."

"No," said the old lady. "Just as soon as he gets his shoes polished, puts on a billed shirt an' takes a ride in a ortemobile he'll wonder why it didn't occur to him to run for president."

He Wished to Know.

"Uncle Bill," asked little Lester Livermore, who possessed an inquiring mind, "when were you born?"

"In 1860."

"That wasn't what the war was about, was it, Uncle Bill?"—Judge.

And That One Here.

Mrs. Sappleigh (with magazine)—Here's a writer who says we have two brains. I wonder if it is so?

Miss Keen—Well, between you and me, Mr. Sappleigh, I think we have only one.

Good Job

Private Secretary Enjoys Many Benefits

By ARTHUR J. O'NEILL



A WEEK or so ago a young man asked what the opportunities are for man stenographers in the business world. I am a stenographer of ten years' experience, and while I would not choose that profession if I had money enough to go to college, still it affords many opportunities not to be had in any other field of endeavor. A stenographer, especially a private secretary, learns some of the most valuable secrets in whatever kind of business he happens to be engaged. He comes into contact with men of large mental caliber and learns their methods. There are not a few men of national fame who began their careers as stenographers, among whom come to my mind, as I am writing this letter George B. Cortelyou, ex-secretary of the treasury; Senator William E. Mason, Congressman Hitt and others, and there are many men in the business world who are now managers of large concerns who received their training as stenographers.

Of course, it sometimes depends upon the kind of business you happen to affiliate yourself with, the man you are working for, and, mainly, upon yourself. The experience that some stenographers have is equivalent to a liberal education.

The writer has served as stenographer through three sessions of the state legislature and has been private secretary to one of the best business men in Chicago. While I have only a grammar school education, I would not trade places with some college graduates that I know of.

If the young man takes up shorthand, I would advise him to learn a good system. Do not try to learn shorthand in two weeks during your spare time. Shorthand is a life study, if you want to make it so.



I would advise the young gentleman that if he does not like hard work he should let shorthand alone. There are three rules for the successful study of shorthand. They are: Practice, practice, practice. I would also advise him that he must be good at taking lots of abuse, for there is no trade where a man must take more abuse than in that of stenography.

In regard to the best system, he can find that out by writing a few letters to some good stenographers asking them that question.

Man's four duties, according to Sterne, are to build a house, to plant a tree, to write a book and to have a son.

Being a son of God, according to Scripture, a man is never so happy as when he is at some God-like business.

God's peculiar business is that of making. He not only made things of nothing, but he is continually at the making of one thing out of another.

If we inquire into God's present activities, as far as our poor brains can guess, we perceive him to be, first, a farmer or gardener. Hence I reckon farming to be not only the noblest of occupations, but also I think there is no diviner satisfaction than tending a plant and seeing it grow.

Then he is a carpenter, though he makes world's and not cottages, and makes round and not square things. He is pre-eminently a house-maker, and the humblest spider spins his web in imitation of him who spins a universe for his habitation.

He is also an author. I have seen his manuscript in the layered rock, read his poetry in men and women and looked in awe at his pictures in the setting sun.

And, fourthly, he is a father. There is no more God-like joy than to hold in your arms a baby of your own body, and to look into little eyes that reflect your soul.

The most medieval notion of God is that he is an idle king, doing nothing.

Some domestic animals have human intelligence and sometimes more than human, as for instance, a dog when his master has lost his. Here is a true story:

Last summer I took my boy down to the lake shore, where any amount of sand beetles were crawling about. They are very powerful and are about three-fourths of an inch in length.

My boy amused himself by covering them with sand, and it was astonishing to see how fast they dug themselves out. I dug a hole with my hand about eight inches deep and put a beetle in it.

He tried to crawl up the sides, with no success, then the beetle began to dig sideways, spiraling his way upward. Half way up he encountered a protruding pebble, which he tried to straddle.

He tumbled back into the hole. Using his old spiral way, he met this pebble the second time. He hesitated, then he merely turned around and spiraled his way up in the opposite direction to the top. I set him at liberty, which he truly deserved.

We often pride ourselves on our good qualities as citizens and justly so. But if we look into our everyday lives sincerely we can see lots of weaknesses and bad habits.

One of these is the unspeakably corrupt habit of profane language.

Take any group of men, either in the workshop, office, saloon, factory, or at the baseball grounds, and the prevailing discourse is almost invariably something rotten, scurrilous, smutty, corrupt and impure and punctuated by that Holy Name which should be used only in prayer.

This is unquestionably a lamentable state of affairs. If a woman passes she is criticized by these people and not always in the "language of flowers." American manhood should try to eradicate such mean, low conduct.

What is the use of speaking of, or aspiring to, high ideals if we don't weave them into the web of our daily lives?

Madame Pompadour Hat Is One of the Very Latest Creations



Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

This white Neapolitan hat is one of fashion's very latest creations. The crown is covered with rare silk figured in the delicate shades of pink and green, the pompon being of pink roses with green leaves, being the ruling style for these hats.

SOMETHING OF A NOVELTY CHARACTER SHOWN BY DRESS

Inexpensive Lamp Shades May Be Designed From the Ordinary Japanese Lanterns.

An inexpensive, novel and pretty way of making lamp shades, especially for the summer cottages, is to utilize Japanese lanterns. The kind used are the rather large, oval-shaped ones in either a solid color or half one and half another. The upper part to the desired depth is cut off, guided by the small bamboo bands which stiffen and fold it, and is neatly trimmed off. At the top, which is finished by a black wooden band, the wire hanger is removed and in place of it one of two or three supports substituted. One consists of three wires, equidistant around the top, and bent so as to hang over the top of the lamp chimney. Another method is a regular support fitting the top and attached to the lamp at the base of the chimney; or else the lower edge of the shade may be wired and the usual tripod support be used.

I made two like this, using the first mentioned style of hanging just for fun this summer, and the cheerful, red-figured Japanese fly shades made such a hit that all my neighbors made, or had me make, the same things for them.—Harper's Bazar.

PRETTY SILK WAIST



This pretty waist is of light silk piped with black and ornamented with little straps and buttons.

The yoke is of lace finished at the neck with a frill of embroidered muslin, and similar frills finish the sleeves.

Many Shades of Red.

The new combination in smart afternoon and evening gowns is tomato red, with the purple of Hamburg grapes. This red is one of the new shades of the fashionable color and is a lovely one, indeed.

Among its rivals are raspberry, water melon, flame and geranium. Among the purples are grape, night, royal, Vatican or cardinal purple and amethyst purple.

It is not a new fashion to mingle purple and red, but for a while it went out; now it seems to have returned through the insistent influence of Paul Poiret, who has never ceased to love and use it, so that it has become more credited to his name than to any other great designer.

Value, as a Setting for the Personality, Varies With the Moods of the Wearer.

No woman can afford to be indifferent in the matter of costume, and all women are more or less influenced by what they wear.

One damsel swaggers about in masculine effects, heavy boots, stiff collar, tailored coat, etc., another is sweetly feminine in fluffy ruffles, picture hat, chiffons, laces and parasol, and the indifference to appearances is almost invariably exactly what she looks—straight-laced, prim, severe, cold, incapable of any flight of fancy, lacking the power of sympathy, and with no intricate uncertainties to soften the hardness of her character.

Equally true is the fact that a gown which is extremely becoming today is very mediocre tomorrow. Its value as a setting for the personality varies with the moods of the wearer. When discouragement, depression and a general feeling of dullness envelops one in a gray cloud the tendency is to don black, a gray or a dull brown gown. Such a choice is a great mistake, tending to accentuate the gloom about the wearer. Crush such a choice under foot and choose instead the liveliest dress in your wardrobe. Something with red, brilliant green, bright blue or any vivid tone.

WORN AT RECENT WEDDING

Costumes of Bride and Attendants That Were the Last Word for Such Occasions.

At a recent wedding of importance some of the costumes were noteworthy.

The bride's gown was of silver and white brocaded satin, elaborately embroidered and trimmed with alencon lace. The square court train was three yards in length.

It was almost completely covered with a veil of rare old lace, a family heirloom.

The honor maid wore a dainty frock of palest pink mousseline de soie over a faint tint of blue liberty silk.

The bodice had a dropped fichu of finest Chantilly lace caught slightly to the left side with a cluster of small silk roses, in the pastel shades of violet, pink and yellow.

A deep flounce of six scalloped pleatings of the mousseline trimmed the skirt. Small clusters of the roses were placed at intervals around the flounce.

With this gown was worn a fascinating bonnet of shirred mousseline de soie of palest blue. A narrow pleating finished the edge and a wreath of small silk roses, matching those used upon the frock, encircled the crown and adorned the bonnet strings.

Colors in Hats.

This is a season of most brilliant colors in millinery; cerise, king's blue combined with green and a touch of pink; the tan shades, sage green, gray and pink ostrich plumes and smart combinations of black and white, all are used with a lavish hand. One of the smart new touches is to match the taffeta dress with a hat faced with the same material, trimming the top of the hat with a contrasting color. Contrasting facings are the rule, but there are exceptions.—Harper's Bazar.

DEVIL PUTS A BOY ON HOT GRIDIRON

Naughty Lad Disobeys His Mother and Gets Into Many Kinds of Trouble.

STEPS ON THIRD RAIL

Said Afterward That He Thought He "Blow Up," and That His Back and Legs Felt Like Something Was Going Through Them.

New York.—A very persistent devil whispered into the ear of nine-year-old Charles Mofft as he left his home at No. 85 Catherine street to play in the street the other afternoon.

"Remember," his mother had said, "the devil gets boys who are bad. You mustn't go out of the neighborhood and you mustn't get papers for the newsman."

For Charles's principal income and candy fund came from the money the newsdealer on the corner gave him for trips to a news company.

Though Charles had promised neither to leave the street nor go for papers, the devil suggested that the day was Saturday and that the boy wouldn't be paid for his week's work unless he finished it, and that it would be too bad to lose a whole week's pay just because of failure to work one day.

Charles, tempted, fell. He trotted quickly to a news depot in Chambers street and started to go home. But that devil whispered again. It would be nice to go out on Brooklyn bridge and see how the motormen ran their trains to Coney Island. Again Charles fell. He got by the policemen on the northern vehicle roadway of the bridge, and with his package of "50 cents' worth of papers" stood close to the Manhattan bound track of the "L" trains.

A train went by. The devil joggled Charles's arm and the package fell to the tracks a few feet below. The small transgressor decided he would have to rescue the papers or he wouldn't get his pay.

"I hung on wid me hands," said Charles afterward, "and then I put



His Foot Came in Contact with the Third Rail.

down me foot, I touched a thing down there. When I let go I blew up."

If Charles didn't blow up, he certainly did go up. His foot came in contact with the third rail and sparks flew from his school shoes, of which his mother had told him to be careful.

"Me back and me legs felt like something was going t'rough 'em," says Charles. He went into the air, shrieking with pain. But he only rose two feet; then he came down sitting between the rails. A moment afterward he was standing up in the center of the track, rubbing himself, while a crowd of homeward bound Brooklynites was standing on the promenade shouting advice. Two practical men shoved forward and stretched their hands down to Charles. First he passed up his package of papers, then he consented to be lifted out.

Patrolman Schnitzler of the bridge squad came up and took the mean devil's victim to the police room at the Manhattan tower. Dr. Orr arrived in an ambulance from the Hudson street hospital and the boy was stripped. Not one burn was on him. Dr. Orr and the police thought it was amazing that Charles had not been killed outright. They told the boy he would go home.

Charles delivered the papers intact to the newsman at Catherine and South streets and asked for his 15 cents. He had resolved to end forthwith all connection with the devil. He was told he would be paid later. Then he slipped into his home.

He said nothing, but eventually the news penetrated the circle of his brothers, thence reached eleven-year-old Mary, his sister, and then, of course, got to his mother.



# SERIAL STORY

## THE GIRL FROM HIS TOWN

By MARIE VAN VORST  
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER

(Copyright, 1916, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

### SYNOPSIS.

Dan Blair, the 22-year-old son of the fifty-million-dollar copper king of Blairtown, Mont., is a guest at the English home of Lady Galorey. Dan's father had been courteous to Lord Galorey during his visit to the United States and the courtesy is now being returned to the young man. The youth has an ideal girl in his mind. He meets Lily, Duchess of Breakwater, a beautiful widow, who is attracted by his immense fortune and takes a liking to her. When Dan was a boy, a girl came to a church, and he had never forgotten her. The Galoreys, Lily and Dan attend a London dinner where one Letty Lane is the star. Dan recognizes her as the girl from his town, and going behind the scenes introduces himself and she remembers him. He learns that Prince Poniotosky is suitor and effort to Letty. Lord Galorey and a friend named Ruggles determine to protect the westerner from Lily and other fortune hunters. Young Blair goes to see Lily; he can talk of nothing but Letty and the Duchess. The westerner finds Letty ill from hard work, but she recovers and Ruggles and Dan invite her to supper. She wishes Dan to build a home for disappointed theatrical people. Dan visits Lily, for the time forgetting Letty, and later announces his engagement to the Duchess. Letty refuses to sing for an entertainment given by Lily. Galorey tells Dan that all Lily cares for is his money, and it is disclosed that he and the Duchess have been mutually in love for years. Letty sings at an aristocratic function, Dan escorting her home. Dan confronts Galorey and Lily together. Later he informs Letty that his engagement with Lily is broken, asks the singer to marry him, and they become engaged. Ruggles thinks the westerner should not marry a public singer, and endeavors to induce Letty to give him up. She runs away, fearing she is not good enough for Dan.

### CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"You say she's gone?" he questioned.

"I say," said the boy, "that you've been meddling in my affairs with the woman I love. I don't know what you have said to her, but it's only your age that keeps me from striking you. Don't you know," he cried, "that you are spoiling my life? Don't you know that?" A torrent of feeling coming from his lips, his eyes suffused, the tears rolled down his face. He walked away into his own room, remained there a few moments, and when he came out again he carried in his hand his valise, which he put down with a bang on the table. More calmly, but still in great anger, he said to his father's friend:

"Now, can you tell me what you've done or not?"

"Dan," said Ruggles with difficulty, "if you will sit down a moment we can—"

The boy laughed in his face. "Sit down!" he cried. "Why, I think you must have lost your reason. I have chartered a motor car out there and he's damned thing has burst a tire and they are fixing it up for me. It will be ready in about two minutes and then I am going to follow wherever she has gone. She crossed to Paris, but I can get there before she can even with this damned accident. But, before I go, I want you to tell me what you said."

"Why," said Ruggles quietly, "I told her you were poor, and she turned you down."

His words were faint.

"God!" said the boy under his breath. "That's the way you think about truth. Lie to a woman to save my precious soul! But I expect," he said, "you think she is so immoral and so bad that she will hurt me. Well," he said, with great emphasis, "she has never done anything in her life that comes up to what you've done. Never! And nothing has ever hurt me so."

His lips trembled. "I have lost my respect for you, for my father's friend, and as far as she's concerned, I don't care what she marries me for. She has got to marry me, and if she doesn't"—he had no idea, in his passion, what he was saying or how—"why, I think I'll kill you first and then blow my own brains out!" And with these mad words he grabbed up his valise and bolted from the room, and Ruggles could hear his running feet tearing down the corridor.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### White and Coral.

Spring in Paris, which comes in a fashion so divine that even the most calloused and indifferent are impressed by its beauty, awakened an answering response in the heart of the young man who, from his hotel window, looked out on the desecrated gardens of the Tuilleries—on the distant spires of churches whose names he did not know—on the square block of old palaces. He had missed the boat across the channel taken by Letty Lane, and the delay had made him lose what little trace of her he had. In the early hours of the morning he had flung himself in at the St. James, taken the indifferent room they could give him in the crowded season, and excited as he was he slept

and did not waken until noon. Blair thought it would be a matter of a few hours only to find the whereabouts of the celebrated actress, but it was not such an easy job. He had not guessed that she might be traveling incognito, and at none of the hotels could he hear news of her, nor did he pass her in the crowded, noisy, rustling, crying streets, though he searched motors for her with eager eyes, and haunted restaurants and cafes, and went everywhere that he thought she might be likely to be.

At the end of the third day, unsuccessful and in despair, having hardly slept and scarcely eaten, the unhappy young lover found himself taking a slight luncheon in the little restaurant known as the Perouse down on the Quais. His head on his hand, for the present moment the joy of life gone from him, he looked out through the windows at the Seine, at the bridge and the lines of flowering trees. He was the only occupant of the upper room where, of late, he had ordered his luncheon.

The tide of life rolled slowly in this quieter part of the city, and as Blair sat there under the window there passed a piper playing a shrill, sweet tune. It was so different from any of the loud metropolitan clamors, with which his ears were full, that he got up, walked to the window and leaned out. It was a pastoral that met his eyes. A man piping, followed by little pattering goats; the primitive, unlooked-for picture caught his tired attention, and, just then, opposite the Quais, two women passed—flower sellers, their baskets bright with crocuses and gillyflowers. The bright picture touched him and something of the spring-like beauty that the day wore and that dwelt in the May light, soothed him as nothing had for many hours.

He paid his bill, took courage, picked up his hat and gloves and stick and walked out briskly, crossing the bridge to the Rue de Rivoli, determined that night should not fall until he found the woman he sought. Nor did it, though the afternoon wore on and Dan, pursuing his old trails, wan-

ted. He's a lunatic and ought to be shut up."

"It may have been a lie, all right," she said with forced indifference; "I've had time to think it over. You are too young. You don't know what you want." She stopped his protestations: "Well, then, I am too old and I don't want to be tied down."

When he pressed her to tell him whether or not she had ceased to care for him, she shook her head slowly, marking on the ground fine tracery with the end of her coral parasol. He had been obliged to take her back to the red motor, but before they were in earshot of her servants, he said:

"Now, you know just what you have done to me, you and Ruggles between you. For my father's sake and the thing I believed in I've kept pretty straight as things go." He nodded at her with boyish egotism, throwing all the blame on her. "I want you to understand that from now, right now, I'm going to the dogs just as fast as I can get there, and it won't be a very gratifying result to anybody that ever cared."

She saw the determination on his fine young face, worn by his sleepless nights, already matured and changed, and she believed him.

"Paris," he nodded toward the gate of the woods which opened upon Paris, "is the place to begin in—right here. A man, he went on, and his lips trembled, "can only feel like this once in his life. You know all the talk there is about young love and first love. Well, that's what I've got for you, and I'm going to turn it now—right now—into what older people warn men from, and do their best to prevent. I—have seen enough of Paris," he went on, "these days I have been looking for you, to know where to go and what to do, and I am setting off for it now."

She touched his arm.

"No," she murmured. "No, boy, you are not going to do any such thing!"

This much from her was enough for him. He caught her hand and cried: "Then you marry me. What do we care for anybody else in the world?"



"Why," said Ruggles quietly, "I told Her You Were Poor, and She Turned You Down."

dered from worldly meeting place to worldly meeting place. Finally, toward six o'clock, he saw the lengthening shadows steal into the woods of the Bois de Boulogne, and in one of the smaller alleys, where the green-trunked trees of the forests were full of purple shadows and yellow sun discs, flickering down, he picked up a small iron chair and sat himself down, with a long sigh, to rest.

While he sat there watching the end of the alley as it gave out into the broader road, a beautiful red motor rolled up to the conjunction of the two ways and Letty Lane, in a summer frock, got out alone. She had a flowing white veil around her head and a flowing white scarf around her shoulders. As the day on the Thames, she was all in white—like a dove! But this time her costume was made vivid and picturesque by the coral parasol she carried, a pair of coral-colored kid shoes, around her neck and falling on their long chain, she wore his coral beads. He saw that he observed her face before she did him. All this Dan saw before he dashed into the road, came up to her with something like a cry on his lips, bareheaded, for his hat and his stick and his gloves were by his chair in the woods.

Letty Lane's hands went to her heart and her face took on a deadly pallor. She did not seem glad to see him. Out of his passionate description of the hours that he had been through, of how he had looked for her, of what he thought and wanted and felt, the actress made what she could, listening to him as they both stood there under the shadows of the green trees. Scanning her face for some sign that she loved him, for it was all he cared for, Dan saw no such indication there. He finished with:

"You know what Ruggles told you was a lie. Of course, I've got money enough to give you everything you

"Go back and get your hat and stick and gloves," she commanded, keeping down the tears.

"No, no, you come with me, Letty; I'm not going to let you run to your motor and escape me again."

"I go; I'll wait here," she promised. "I give you my word."

As he snatched up the inanimate objects from the leaf-strewn ground where he had thrown them in despair, he thought how things can change in a quarter of an hour.

Jubilant to have overcome the fate which had tried to keep her hidden from him in Paris, he could hardly believe his eyes that she was before them again, and as the motor rolled into the Avenue des Acacias, he asked her the question uppermost in his mind:

"Are you alone in Paris, Letty?"

"Don't you count?"

"No—no—honestly, you know what I mean."

"You haven't any right to ask me that."

"I have—I have. You gave me a right. You're engaged to me, aren't you? Gosh, you haven't forgotten, have you?"

"Don't make me conspicuous in the Bois, Dan," she said; "I only let you come with me because you were so terribly desperate, so ridiculous."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**White Heron in New Jersey.**  
Local naturalists and bird lovers are interested in a number of white heron which are making their headquarters at Avis' Pond, Woodstown, N. J., about a mile from town. The birds were first noticed about a week ago. These are the birds from which egrettes are obtained. Extinction of the species is feared because the egrettes can be obtained only when the bird is raising its young, and its death at the hands of the hunter also means starvation of the young heron.

## TOP-WORKING OF OLD FRUIT TREES IS CONSIDERED BEST

Method Gives Very Desirable Crops and Brings Quicker Returns Than by Replanting of Young Trees—Practice of Grafting Is Not Mysterious Art—Few Important Points.

(By PROF. O. B. WHITE, Colorado.)

It has been proven by long experience that if properly done, the grafting over of old trees by top-working brings quicker returns than the replanting of young trees. In fact, it is not uncommon to see a fairly good crop on the three-year-old top of a top-worked tree.

Top working, as a means of establishing a weak-growing variety on a



Teaching Tree How to Grow.

stronger root system than its own, is coming into high favor.

The practice of grafting is not a mysterious art, as many suppose, but is so simple that any careful orchardist can and should do it himself. All common fruit trees can easily be budded or grafted.

The apple and pear may be inter-grafted upon each other, and this is true of the peach, plum, apricot and almond. However, such wholesale mixing is not good practice, and the pear and apple never take a good union.

Peach grafts start vigorously upon apricots, and plums upon the peach trees.

Growth in diameter of the tree only takes place in a very small region between the bark and the sap-wood. This part of the stem is called the cambium, and in this thin layer of tissue the cells are still active while the activity of each succeeding layer on each side grows less and less.

The important point in grafting is to see that the cambium layers of the stock and the scion are matched at some point. When the growth is active we say the bark "peels." Budding is done during this period, not only because the ease with which the

bark separates from the wood simplifies the work of inserting the bud, but as the growth is more active the tissues of the bud and the stock are more likely to unite.

It does not pay to graft trees which show poor growth, and it seldom pays to top-work any crab. It is also questionable as to whether it pays to top-work stone-fruit trees. While good tops may be grown on either peach, apricot or almond, it is doubtful whether these crops will bear much quicker returns than young trees set in the place of the old ones.

There are various methods of grafting, the most common in the West being cleft and kerf grafting. These operations are simple and are known to most orchardists.

In cleft grafting, the limb is sawed off squarely, the stub split down about two inches with the grafting chisel, and the clefts wedged open with the scion inserted as a wedge.

The first bud should be left a little below the top of the wedge, cutting the edge of the wedge opposite the bud a little thinner than the other. The scion is then driven firmly into place with the lower bud to the outside, and a little below the top of the cleft.

It is important that the inner bark on the outer edge of the wedge should be brought in contact with the inner bark on the stub. It is between these parts that the union takes place.

Kerf grafting is almost the same as cleft grafting, only the stub is prepared by saw cuts instead of splitting. These are made on opposite sides of the stub and trimmed to thin V-shaped grooves with a saddler's knife; the scion is then trimmed to fit, driven firmly into place and waxed as in cleft grafting.

It is not good practice to remove the whole top of the tree the first year and graft all the stubs. Often this proves too much for the tree and it falls even after the grafts have made a good start. They may linger two or three years and then die.

A better plan is to cut away only enough limbs to set scion for a good

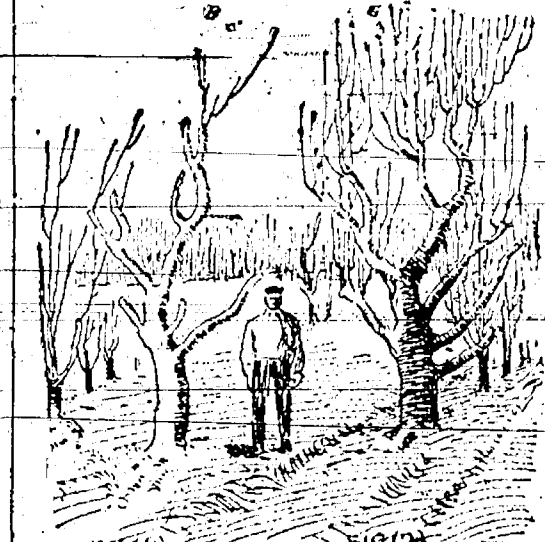


Fig. 1. Attempt at Working Over Old Transcendent Crab Tree, Showing About as Good a Selection of Stubs as is Possible With Such a Subject.

Fig. 2. Same Tree One Year Later With Quite a Promising Top, but Enlargement at Base of Scions Shows That the Union Is Not Perfect.

top, generally about half of the tree. Working of more stubs results in too dense a top, or necessitates their removal later.

The remaining limbs may be shortened, but some foliage is needed to protect the stubs and trunk from sunscald, as well as to supply nourishment.

## KEEPING LITTLE CHICKS HEALTHY

Mixture of Lard and Coal Oil Applied to Head of Youngsters Will Be Found Excellent.

(By HELEN JACKSON.)

I want to tell how I got rid of the white diarrhoea in chicks. When they are old enough to take off the nests, say about 20 hours after they are hatched, take lard and coal oil in equal quantities, mix thoroughly and rub one drop on top of the head and on the vent.

Put them in a box and give them some sand and a little ground oats and no other feed until they are one week old. The second week they may show signs of the white diarrhoea, but repeat the treatment described.

I raised 300 chicks last year and never lost one with the white diarrhoea. This is the way I always treat my chicks.

Do not give the chicks any more feed than they will eat up clean every time. I always feed German millet to the chicks when I can get it as I think it better than chick feed.

When the chicks are first taken off the nests I feed them about every two hours—just a little mother's oats. For the first week you can give the mother hen some corn or oats but always have some sand in the box so the chicks can get it.

Never let the chicks get wet or chilled as that stunts them.

**Chicken Wire.**  
Buy chicken wire to use in the garden instead of stakes wherever possible.

## FARM ANIMALS CRAVE FOR SALT

If Placed Within Easy Reach They Will Consume Just What They Need and No More.

All farm animals have an instinctive craving for salt. But if it is so placed as to be always within their reach, they will consume just as much as they need, and no more. It is only when it has been kept from them for a long period that there is danger of their eating too much. It is therefore an excellent practice to keep it in a box or boxes where they can have access to it whenever they desire. When they are salted, as is the practice with many farmers, only once a week, while some may get enough, others may suffer from a deficient supply. Salt promotes an active circulation of the blood, which never becomes thick and sluggish so long as the supply is plentiful; it assists digestion, and is often a preventive of disease. It is so cheap that no stock-raiser can really afford to deny his animals all they want of it.

**Value of Stover.**  
When it is known that three tons of corn stover is practically equal to one ton of mixed clover and timothy hay, any farmer can easily figure out whether it will pay him to save his clover or not.

**Coarse Feed for Colts.**  
Stuffing the colt with hay or straw, or any very coarse weed, will spoil its looks. Keep this ration down by the use of some grains and less coarse feed.



## BAD BACKS DO MAKE WORK HARD

Backache makes the daily toil, for thousands, an agony hard to endure. Many of these poor sufferers have kidney trouble and don't know it. Swollen, aching kidneys usually go hand in hand with irregular kidney action, headache, dizziness, nervousness and despondency.

Just try a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, the best-recommended special kidney remedy. This good medicine has cured thousands.

**HERE'S A TYPICAL CASE—**  
J. L. Richardson, Red Key, Ind., says: "My back ached as if it would break. I could not move without intense pain. The kidneys were in such shape it was necessary to draw the secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely after doctors gave up hope and I have not had the slightest trouble since."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box  
**DOAN'S Kidney Pills**

**MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN**  
Relieve Nervousness, Constipation, Colic and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for Generations. At all Druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE. TRADE MARK. Address: A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**FIRST CLASS OPENING** for day, home, night, mail, soap, sash and box factory, laundry, bakery, confectionery, also retail, wholesalers and builders with some capital. Cheap electric power, water, fuel. BOARD OF TRADE, Wyburn, Saskatchewan.

**THOMPSON'S EYE WATER** Quickly relieves weak, inflamed eyes. Sold every where. 25c. per bottle. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., Troy, N. Y.

**GREATEST LESSON OF LIFE**  
The One Thing Above All That a Woman Should Be Quick to Learn and Remember.

The woman who makes good must be blessed with strength and health, and an ambition to learn and take advantage of every opportunity that comes her way. She must work with all her heart and play with all her heart, above all things avoiding indifference.

Here is the temperament that recognizes that encouragement is all price and pretty, but if one is going to do the thing that counts one doesn't need it; that refuses to be dismayed by repeated failures and that has a certain faith that what has been done by many may be done by another; that nobody goes through life without disappointments, heartaches and the breaking of pet illusions; that there is nothing more common than trouble, but that it is the wise ones of earth that keep it in the background. That's the great lesson of life.—Exchange.

**Reduced.**  
Potash—Cohen can never make a good golf blazer.  
Perlmutter—For, by not?  
Potash—He never hollers fore—always he yells three ninety-eight.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

**What Happened?**  
"Yes, I am going to kiss you when I go."  
"Leave the house at once, sir!"

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never flares, and a touch that never hurts.—Dickens.

## Every Crisp, Little Flake OF Post Toasties has a flavour all its own.

"Toasties" are made of selected white Indian corn; first cooked, then rolled into wafer-like bits and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

A favorite food for breakfast, lunch or supper in thousands upon thousands of homes where people are particular.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers  
Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Mich.



**Present Generation Also Has Its Duties**

MUCH will be written and said of the march to the rhythmic beat of the muffled drum of the delectating phalanx of war veterans in honor of whom, and more especially in honor of those comrades who have passed to glory, the day has been set aside as a memorial.

All honor to the soldier dead. Sacred is their memory.

Great honor to the veterans who have been spared to us and whose presence should be an inspiration to better citizenship.

Tremendous was the cost of the war in human lives. Awful was the carnage, yet the result was a unified nation and a greater nation.

The patriotism which inspired the great outpouring of troops in that wonderful war should be a central idea about which everything should cluster because it burns with patriotism.

It was the most wonderful demonstration of self-sacrifice for a nation's solidarity and honor the world has known.

It was a glorious achievement for principle, and every participant in that magnificent victory deserves more than a floral wreath upon his grave, or, if he be yet with us, more than a laurel wreath upon his brow.

Certainly we do not honor the veterans as we should!

One thing we should do to honor them, among others. We should seek to mold our lives into good citizenship inspired by those very principles for which they fought. Thus may we become the heroes in time of peace that they were in the dark years of war.

Today, as the old bugle blows its solemn and impressive taps over the graves of the soldier dead, let us honor their memory in action by making that inspiring taps a reveille—yes, a call to arms in the war against greed and oppression.

Memorial day!

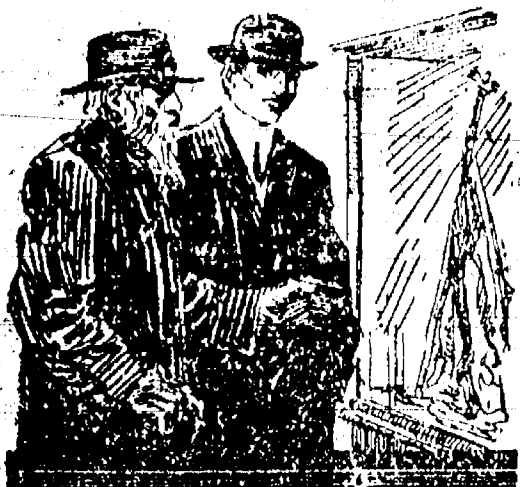
Citizens, contemplate its true meaning. Honor the soldiers! Pay tribute to the heroes! Bow in honor before them, and be not unmindful of the duty which devolves upon you as one among many to whom those heroes of war have handed down this magnificent commonwealth as a heritage with its great duties and tremendous responsibilities.



**LANGUID**  
people are sick people. They lack vitality and resistive power.  
**Scott's Emulsion**  
brings new life to such people—it gives vigor and vitality to mind and body. All Druggists.  
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

James Thorne, from River, finds Foley's Honey and Tar Compound a family medicine that helped all the family, so he always keeps it on hand. "Both my children and I were troubled with bad coughs and we used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It certainly cured us and I recommend it as a good cough and cold cure." Hite's Drug Store.

**Its Time To Plant a Tree**  
We are prepared to furnish you Shade Trees of any description, Lawns Graded and put in first class condition. Sodding a specialty.  
**Wm. Tate**  
East Jordan, R. F. D. 4.



**The Two Flags**

OCCASIONALLY there comes to the writing man a story ready made from actual happenings before his eyes. Or there is told to him some tale that does not require the slightest movement of literary machinery to weave it into shape. The wool and warp are as straight and true and compact as if it had required hours of concentration to produce the fabric. Actual events follow in such dramatic sequence that it almost seems as if art had been brought to bear upon their presentation.

The other day a magazine writer visited the new state house in Boston in order to see the decorations that had been recently placed on the walls. He was standing looking at the picture painted by Mr. Robert Reid, the picture of Otis delivering his fiery speech before the judges, when suddenly a voice spoke at his elbow. Looking round, he saw standing beside him a short, slight man in a blue uniform. It did not take the little bronze button in the lapel of his coat to label him as an old soldier. He was stamped with it from the erect carriage of his head and shoulders to the glance of his keen gray eye.

"You have been through the building?" he asked suddenly. And upon being told that it was the writer's first visit, he politely offered his services as guide. They were accepted promptly. The little man in blue pointed out the old Hessian drum and sword, the first musket captured from the British, and the one that fired the shot at Lexington. He knew stories of the famous portraits on the walls, and after having examined the old senate and council chamber, he led the visitor down to the great octagon-shaped rotunda, where, behind their plates of glass, artfully grouped and festooned, were the battle flags of the Massachusetts regiments—nothing but the bare flagstaves of some, others mere shreds of bunting hanging in pathetic festoons; only a few with the colors intact, pierced here and there with bullet holes. Stopping before the first corner he began in his low, well-modulated voice to explain about them. There were two shafts, shattered and roughly spliced a few inches below the gilded spear-heads.

"Those two flags," he began, "were given to the regiment by two sisters, who were engaged to be married to two officers; one a captain, the other a lieutenant. As you see, the flags were both hit in almost identically the same spot, and under them both officers were killed." Pointing to another flag he said, "Beneath this flag seven men were killed and four were wounded. It was decorated with a medal of honor." So it went on. There was a story to almost every one of the timeworn relics of the battlefields. At last the guide came to the case in the northwest corner of the hall. Immediately in front was a silken banner across whose faded red and white strips was a big blotch of brown. It needed no second glance to tell what the blotch meant.

"There is a story here," remarked the visitor, and the little man in blue looked at him keenly.

"Yes, sir, there is," he replied. "Three men were killed carrying that flag at the battle of Appomattox; as one would fall another would snatch it up, and still they carried it forward. As they went on, in the charge, a shell exploded over the head of the last man who had caught it, and a fragment struck him in the arm, between shoulder and elbow, cutting it off as by a surgeon's knife. He clasped the flag to his breast with the bloody stump and staggered on. At last, as he felt himself weakening, he turned about, and, seeing near him a man in his company who came from the same town, he cried, 'For God's sake, take it, Frank, I can't carry it any longer.'"

The visitor was breathless. "Well," he said, "and then—"

"There is a strange ending to that," returned the guide. "I was telling this to some visitor only the other day, and had got as far as what I am telling you when a tall man with gray hair, who was standing about where you are now, spoke up. 'Comrade,' he said, 'you're right! I was Frank.'"

A few minutes later, as they went down the corridor, the visitor asked another question.

"And what was the name of the sergeant whose blood we see there?" he asked.

"His name was Plunkett," was the answer. "There he is!"

A soldierly looking man in the blue uniform of a messenger of the senate came walking down the corridor. The magazine writer and his guide turned toward him. Across his breast was pinned an empty sleeve.—J. B. in Har-

**Who Drank the Toddy?**  
By Fitzhugh Lee

IN August, 1862, the armies of General Lee and General Pope confronted each other on the Rappahannock river, in Virginia. General Lee had determined to attack Pope, and conceived a plan as brilliant as it was daring. He purposed to leave one-half of his army under Longstreet in front of Pope, and throw the other half, under Jackson, by a circuitous march to a point twenty-one miles exactly between him and Washington.

In pursuance of his plan and to facilitate its execution, a day or two before Jackson started Lee determined to throw his cavalry, under Stuart, twelve miles in Pope's rear, at Catlett's Station, a point on the railroad connecting Pope with his capital.

At that place were encamped the reserve, baggage and ammunition trains of Pope's army. There, too, were his personal effects. Stuart captured a number of officers and men, a large sum of money in a safe in one of the tents and dispatches and other papers; but the rain fell in such torrents and the night was so dark that



"It Was Vacant."

It was not possible for Stuart to damage the railroad to any extent or to burn the railroad bridges or the acres of camp wagons that were there.

My command was in advance on that terrible rainy night. I was riding with the lieutenant commanding the platoon which formed the advance guard, when I suddenly saw, between the flashes of lightning, a man run across the road.

Under the influence of the spur my horse in a single bound reached the man, and under the influence of a pistol held to his head he told me that he was a servant of General Pope who was there with his headquarters tents, which, he said, were pitched in a clump of pines close by.

I made him get up in front of one of the troopers and guide a squadron, which I detached from the leading regiment, to the tents in the pines. On reaching the spot I quickly surrounded the federal headquarters, and, seeing a light in one of the tents, I dismounted and with one of my men entered it.

It was vacant, but filled with a large number of papers, showing where some one had been recently writing. There were also two glasses of toddy on the table.

A few days thereafter I captured a squadron of the Federal dragoons, under Major Thomas Hite of the regular army, whom I had formerly known when a cadet at West Point.

The major said that he and Lewis Marshall, the latter being an aide de camp of Pope and a nephew of General Lee, were in one of the tents that night and that he had been working all day over his quartermaster papers, and in view of the fact, as well as the tempestuous character of the night, he proposed to Marshall that they should take a drink.

"The whisky was brought out," continued the major, "sugar was put in glasses with the proper amount of water, to which a liberal allowance of whisky was added. I was just pouring the toddy from one glass to the other, thinking how soon the situation would be improved by swallowing it, when I heard the noise of horses' hoofs, and the report of one or two pistol shots. I quickly put the glasses down, saying, 'I believe that is some of that d— Confederate cavalry.'"

At this point of the narrative the major paused, and after looking around, added, "Gentlemen, if you believe me, I do not know whether I drank that toddy or not. The 'Rebs' were on us so quick that Marshall and I lifted the side of the tent and rolled down into a friendly ravine, and remained there shivering in the drenching rain until they rode off."

It only remains to say that Hite and Marshall did not drink the toddies they mixed, but that they rapidly disappeared down the throats of the two best Confederates who found them

**BELIEVES OLD SYSTEM BEST**

Writer Deplores the Modern Method of Teaching Children Science of Spelling.

In the memory of some of us who are not grandmothers, spelling was taught by a graduated system beginning with the phonetic value of the letters. The spelling books—we recognize it now—were designed to make learning easy. Long lists of words of similar sound but with different initial letters were given, and possibly with one or two exceptions or variations sandwiched in. The ear and the mind, from frequent repetition, grew accustomed to a certain combination, and, once learned, it was never forgotten.

Today I take up the spelling book of a child just out of the kindergarten and attempt to hear him his lesson. What do I see? A list of "Things to Use on the Table." He spells "bread," "salt" and "plates" correctly, and sticks at "knives." He goes back, studies it again and again sticks to "knives." Why should knives be spelled as it is? He cannot understand the fact that it is something to use on the table does not help him. I turn to the preface of the book to see if I can find what Rossetti would call "the fundamental brain work" underlying the system, and learn that spelling, forsooth should be taught "by an association of ideas!" Now, spelling is not an association of ideas. It is an association of sounds. If you teach it by association of the idea of sound, well and good. Why should the child be robbed of the help which association of sounds would give him? Why should each work be made an exception and have to be learned by a distinct mental process? Why are the theories of Pestalozzi and Froebel thus clumsily misapplied?

The framers of the old-fashioned memory systems depended on the association of ideas, and justly so, for they taught lists of unrelated words. They would have been the last to depend on it for the teaching of English spelling. They would have been the first to claim the help of the linked chain of similar sounds.

Let us thank our lucky stars that we were educated before there was an effort to make learning picturesque. Those of us who wept over "Reading without Tears," have reaped one advantage; we can at least write a letter without looking in the dictionary.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar  
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

**What Do Students Know?**

Another professor joins the ranks of the critics of college students with the statement that he has found many students who do not know that France is a republic or think that Portugal is a city, who have no knowledge of the chief industries of a great country or are ignorant of the difference between latitude and longitude. Recently a Harvard professor complained that not a student in a class of 100 knew anything about Aristotle; other instructors have lamented the ignorance of the Bible and English literature. Poor college student—what does he know? Yet somehow he is admitted to the college and eventually is graduated from it. The number of college students has greatly increased, in the last few years—has the quality deteriorated with numbers? There are still scholars, doubtless, but what is the average student? If such criticisms continue, indignant graduates of mature years may demand an investigation to determine what has happened to the colleges and preparatory schools. "The public already may well ask: What is education, anyway?" Chicago Record-Herald.

**Art of Listening.**

There is some ground for the complaint that in the matter of listening our modern manners are bad. The children who were brought up to believe that they must listen to wisdom of mamma and papa without interruption or criticism, were in a fair way to become pleasant company than a generation of people who want always to hear themselves talk. The art of listening is not now understood. It

does not consist in suffering bores gladly; in sitting like a cistern for the dull drip of desultory declamation. It involves some capacity for directing and managing the stream of talk. Almost everyone has some subject or other on which they can say things worth hearing. No doubt it is generally "shop." But if you have no capacity for being interested in other people's shop, you had better retire to a hermitage.

Introducing Senator Gore, United States Senator Gore, the blind statesman from Oklahoma, told a story the other day of the first political campaign he ever made.

"It was down in Oklahoma," said Mr. Gore, "and the country was rather wild. We had a hard campaign, stopping at all the small towns and many of the big camps. The chairmen of the meetings were not always educated, and some of the mistakes they made were really laughable. One of them gave me an introduction that turned the laugh on me with those who understood him, however.

"Rising to his full height and making a terrible effort to prevent his voice from trembling, he said:

"Gentlemen, I won't bore you with a long speech, but I introduce to you a man who will. Then he retired in my favor."

On the Green, Marks—That new member seems pretty green for a man who claims to be a college graduate. Parks—Probably it was an agricultural college.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.**

**CROSSETT SHOE** We Have Our **New Spring Oxfords**

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

And they are surely some of the snappiest styles we have ever had in stock.

The quality is o. k. you will not question this when you know we carry the

**Crossett Shoe** "Makes Life's Walk Easy"

Walkover Florsheim Crossett

Look in our clothing window and see some of these new styles.

Then come in and buy a pair—the color, the size you like.

Don't fail to look at these before you decide what you want. It will mean a summer's comfort to you.

**YOU'LL take a "shine" to the latest Crossetts.** Brand new styles, but the same old comfort. Try on this model. It's a leader this Summer. High heel and toe. Four buttons—and buttons are all the "go". Plenty of other styles.

\$4 to \$6 everywhere  
Lewis A. Crossett, Inc., Maker  
North Abington, Mass.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**



## Briefs of the Week

Prest-O-Lite exchanges at Co.'s Store.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lile Keller a son, Saturday, May 18.

Born to Mrs. Roy E. Webster a daughter, Monday, May 20th.

FOR SALE at a bargain, my house and lot on Bowen's Addition.—Jesse Klimes, Harbor Springs, Mich.

Miss Blanche B. Boswell is the young lady who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boswell May 14th.

Frank Phillips is putting in a new front in his barber shop, and otherwise making substantial improvements.

Services are held at the Christian Science Rooms over Post Office Sunday morning at 10:30. Subject of the sermon, "Soul and Body." Sunday School immediately after service.

Alex Mickowick struck Mike Tazik over the head with a hammer at Boyne Falls first of the week and Sheriff Robbins placed the owner of the first unpronounceable name in the Charlevoix bastille to await the laws decree.

Peace Day was observed by Stevens Corps W. R. C. at their hall last Saturday afternoon. The entertainment consisted of music, readings and recitations, and at the close a fine lunch was served. A short business session was held by the Corps the same afternoon and Mrs. T. Porter Bennett was elected patriotic instructor.

Edward Graves, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Graves, and Miss Theresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wood, were united in marriage by Rev. Taylor at the Methodist parsonage in Charlevoix, Wednesday. They will make their home in this city. Both are well-known East Jordan young people and have a host of friends who are extending congratulations.

East Jordan is now assured of some excellent vaudeville attractions this coming season. Manager Adams of the Temple Theatre has made arrangements with theatre managers at Charlevoix and Petoskey whereby a vaudeville circuit is formed. By this consolidation a change of artists can be given every two nights and the circuit is better assured of securing good talent than by each theatre booking separate.

The Alvarado Players, who have given such universal satisfaction at the Temple Theatre this week will close their engagement in East Jordan tonight, presenting the famous Southern drama, "A Kentucky Romance." The Alvarado Company is one of the very best that has been at the Temple since its opening and is more than deserving the success it has met here. A matinee will be given this afternoon at 2:30 when the price will be only 10 cents.

The East Jordan Auto club with a membership of over thirty is our city's latest organization. A. Cameron is president, Geo. G. Glenn treasurer and Harry E. Potter secretary. The object of the club is to assist each member and secure funds to repair bad spots in roads leading into our city. Among the roads to be repaired is the Charlevoix road to Wetzel's corner; the Boyne Falls road to where it meets Pleasant Valley road; the Elmira road near John Severance's in Echo; and a place in the Ellsworth road four miles out.

Why not have those switches put in now and save the wear on your tungsten lights? It is house cleaning time and just the time to do the work while your carpets are up. We have tungsten adapters that will fit any chandelier and can put them on at a small cost. MILES & MURRAY.

**STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN**

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$4500

**4 PER CENT.**

PAID ON DEPOSITS.

Officers  
W. P. Porter, President  
W. L. French, Vice Pres  
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier  
Directors W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, B. E. Waterman, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Blain are guest of Mancelona friends.

Att'y A. B. Nicholas was a Bellaire business visitor, Wednesday.

Mrs. A. E. Cross was guest of Central Lake friends over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nachazel now occupy a residence on Third street.

Miss Mary Berg left Monday for Big Rapids where she entered Ferris Institute.

Remember that Rugs are much cheaper than last spring. See Whittington's stock.

Miss Pearl Lewis was home from Charlevoix over Sunday, accompanied by Miss Lower.

Miss Carrie Johnson of Traverse City is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Webster.

Mrs. Charles Gunn left Friday for Escanaba where she joins her husband who is superintending some work there.

Mrs. J. A. Caulder is here from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington.

The Methodist Ladies Aid will meet at the church parlors, Wednesday afternoon, May 29th. Visitors Welcome.

Felix Green is making some substantial improvements around his residence on Main St. A new foundation and veranda are among them.

For refined room decorations call at the Hite Drug Store and see their beautiful new line of Wall Papers and cut out decorations with Cretonnes to match.

Gus Kitman returned Tuesday from a short business trip to Standish. Mrs. Kitman, who has been guest of Detroit friends, is expected home today.

The Victors of the Knights of Methodism will go to Boyne City to play base ball with the Knights of King Arthur. Rev. Bennett will accompany the boys.

W. L. Peck, train dispatcher on the D. & C. R. R., with family now occupy the Mrs. Walsh residence on Nicholas st. Mr. Peck left Thursday for a short business trip to Bay City.

Shopping is always a very tedious business but it won't be next Saturday, June 1st, for the young ladies of St. Joseph's church will serve ice cream and cake in the afternoon and evening in Mrs. Richardson's building on Main street. Come and sample their hospitality.

A very interesting event took place in Petoskey on Thursday when Rev. Bruno Torke O. F. M. celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination. Father Bruno is well known in East Jordan having been for many years pastor of St. Joseph's church, having served the Bohemian Settlement for upwards of twenty years. Father Jewel who formerly attended the Episcopalian church in East Jordan, and later became a priest and is now pastor of the Catholic church in Omer, preached the festive oration.

Last Monday the entire Bohemian Settlement took a holiday in order to witness the marriage of two of its most popular young people, Miss Mary Davis and Ferdinand Hajne. The ceremony was performed by Fr. Bruno of Petoskey, their former pastor who came especially for the occasion. The many relatives, friends and guests of the young couple crowded the little church to its capacity and later all partook of an elegant banquet, served at the bride's home. Followed by wishes for a long and happy life, the young people have taken up their residence on the groom's fine farm in the Settlement.

Another pretty wedding occurred in the Bohemian Settlement on Thursday morning, when Miss Mary Dvorak a very charming young lady, became the wife of John Hajek one of the Settlement's most prosperous farmers. The pastor, Fr. Kroboth, performed the ceremony. The church was tastefully ornamented for the occasion and the bride's beautiful gown was the attraction of many eyes. The young couple will reside on the groom's farm. All wish them many years of joy and happiness.

A very pretty wedding took place Tuesday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Pringle when their daughter, Miss Minnie, was united in marriage to Addison Stewart also of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Porter Bennett in the presence of a few invited guests. The ring service was used. The bride was dressed in navy blue silk and wore light grey for her travelling suit. After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served. Both of the contracting parties are well and favorably known in our city and all join in wishing them a happy and peaceful voyage through life. They left on the morning train for the southern part of the state.

Leave your laundry at Mack's.

Prest-O-Lite exchanges at Co.'s Store.

Dandy line of Go-Carts at Whittington's.

Buy Your Musical Instruments at Mack's.

Over 5000 rolls of Wall Paper at Whittington's.

A few bargains in Curtains left—M. E. Ashley & Co.

Call and see the two wheel Sulkies at Whittington's.

One lot of up-to-date skirts, \$6.00 values \$3.95 while they last. M. E. Ashley & Co.

The new season's Wall Paper with special Cretonnes to match are now on display at the Hite Drug Store.

New Waggon For Sale; also New Range Stove, Single Buggy and Harness, and Seed Potatoes.—Mrs. M. MISENAR, E. F. D. 4.

EMPEY BROS. are the only people in East Jordan that carry a regular line of TRUNKS and GRIPS of all kinds. Their line is complete and not surpassed.

**Roundabout; But, Definite.**

"Go to father," she said, when I asked her to wed.

And she knew that I knew that her father was dead.

And she knew that I knew what a life he had led.

And she knew that I knew what she meant when she said:

"Go to father!"

**St. Joseph's Church.**  
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, May 26th, Pentecost Sunday.

8:00 a. m. High mass and sermon. At this mass the little ones will receive their first holy communion. The procession of the children will start from the school at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

10:30 a. m. Low mass.

7:30 p. m. Meeting of the Sodality, admission of new members into the Sodality, investing with the scapular, and then crowning of "Our Lady" with a floral wreath, together with a floral offering by the children and the Sodality. Services close with Benediction.

**Presbyterian Church—Notes**  
Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

Instead of the usual morning service at the Presbyterian church, there will be a union Memorial service in Methodist church at 10:30 when the Rev. A. D. Grigsby will preach—the annual sermon on behalf of the local post.

Sunday School as usual at 11:45. Y. P. S. C. E. in the evening at 6:45, when all members are urged to be present.

Public worship at 7:30, when the pastor will give a talk on "The Two Sons." Everybody made welcome.

**First Methodist Episcopal Church**  
Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30. The Memorial address will be delivered by Rev. A. D. Grigsby to the G. A. R. and W. R. C. All are cordially invited. This will be a union service. Let us do our part and forget not the assembling of ourselves together on this Memorial day.

11:45. Sunday School. 147 were out last Sunday. Try and attend next Sunday.

3:00. Junior Epworth League.

6:40. Senior Epworth League; Mrs. Janet Howard, leader.

7:30. "Profit and Loss" will be the subject that the pastor will take for his evening address. Do not fail to attend this wide-awake, up-to-date, home-like church. You are wanted to join with the large number that has already come with us. We believe in progression. Do you?

**Evangelical Lutheran**  
On Sunday May 26, 1912, Rev. O. H. Trinkle of Boyne City will deliver an English sermon in the Norwegian Lutheran church at 10:00 a. m. Everybody is cordially invited especially all Lutherans.

## Rejected Bids

Commission To Re-advertise for Street Paving Bids.

Special meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Friday evening, May 17, 1912. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Steffes. Present, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson (3); absent, none. Minutes of last meeting were not read.

The following paving bids were received and read by the clerk:

Concrete Paving  
Price Bros. Co., East Jordan, \$15,707.67  
W. R. Caldwell, Traverse City 15,545.36  
Meredith & Murray, Bad Axe 14,080.76  
Carpenter & Anderson, Grand Rapids 13,000.54

Lee Howard, Charlevoix 16,716.32  
Asphalt Macadam—Penetration Method  
W. R. Caldwell, Traverse City 16,839.44  
Asphaltic Concrete—6 Inch Base  
Carpenter & Anderson, Grand Rapids 16,884.70

Moved by Hudson supported by Kenny, that the Commission accept the invitation of the G. A. R. to participate in their Decoration Day exercises. Ayes, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny (3); nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, that the Commission allow the G. A. R. the sum of \$25.00 for Decoration Day exercises. Ayes, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson (3); nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, to adjourn until Tuesday evening, May 21. Carried.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Monday evening, May 20, 1912. No quorum being present, meeting was adjourned.

Adjourned special meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Tuesday evening May 21, 1912. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Steffes. Present, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson; absent none.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny that the application of Geo. G. Glenn for permission to tap the sewer be accepted and permission granted. Ayes, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson (3); nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, that Joseph Zoulek be granted permission to move a barn from the Jos. G. Glenn property through Nichols and Third streets to a lot opposite the Hugh Weatherup residence. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, that the bond of the W. C. Spring Drug Co. as principal and Herman I. McNittan and William A. Stroebel as sureties be accepted. Ayes, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny (3); nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, that the bond of the Hite Drug Co. as principal and George Spencer and Alfred Tindale as sureties be accepted. Ayes, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson (3); nays, none. Carried.

On motion by Hudson, supported by Kenny the following bills were allowed and the clerk instructed to draw orders for same:

City Treasurer, payment of street labor ..... \$137.70  
East Jordan Hose Co., Sherman Fire ..... 21.00  
Stroebel Bros., mds. .... 2.64  
E. A. Robinson, services as engineer ..... 10.00  
Enterprise Pub. Co., printing, 20.05  
A. Kenny, wood for horse house. 2.20

Total ..... \$192.99  
A number of Tax payers were present and the paving bids thoroughly discussed, but no bids were accepted.

Moved by Kenny, supported by Hudson, to adjourn until Thursday evening, May 23, 1912. Carried.

Adjourned special meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Thursday evening, May 23, 1912. Meeting called to order by Mayor Steffes. Present, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson; absent, none.

Minutes of last meeting were not read.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, that all bids on paving be rejected and that a new set of specifications be prepared and bids be received on same.

Carried by aye and nay vote as follows: Ayes, Steffes, Kenny and Hudson (3); nays, none.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny to adjourn until Tuesday evening, May 28, 1912. Carried.

Oris J. Smith, City Clerk.

## Clothes You're Glad To Wear

Clothes that look equally good after you've worn them. Clothes that are smart in style, cut from worthy fabrics—Tailored as only masters know how.

That's what we offer you in—

**Michaels-Stern Clothes**  
for Spring and Summer, No matter what you need, whether it be a Sunday suit or a business suit or an outing suit, don't fail to see our splendid assortment made especially for us.

**L. WIESMAN**

## The season for Graham Pudding, Muffins and Gems

is here again. There is no food so well adapted for use in the warm and hot months as that prepared from Graham Flour, if the Graham is the real true-to-name kind as it contains the natural phosphates of the grain. Our Graham is made from native wheat, cleaned, re-cleaned, and ground by one reduction on a French Burr, so that it contains all the natural elements of the grain. It is far better than all the so-called health foods and cuts down the high cost of living. Ask your dealer for it and get the

**"Argo Coarse Graham."**

### County Normal Notes

Lillian Flanders had charge of Miss Sweeney's room a short time last Thursday morning.

As Wednesday, May 15, was cleaning up day for Michigan the normal class and training room children cleaned up the school garden and part of the grounds.

The class has started several more tests of the vitality of seeds. Some of the seeds being tested are pop corn, alfalfa, beets, buckwheat, squash, rye, onions, wheat, and tomatoes.

The class has completed its course in sewing and will now start its raffia work.

The following spent Saturday and Sunday at their respective homes: Lita Gray, Marguerite Munger, Compress Mason, and Winnie Cunningham.

**Dumas and His Dogs.**

Fondness for dogs has been a marked characteristic of many famous men. Of the great romancer Dumas it is told that he once had a dog as hospitable as was his master, and that the dog once invited 12 other dogs to Monté Cristo, Dumas' palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' factum-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack.

"Michel," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have 13 dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number."

"Monsieur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away," said the servant.

"Never, Michel, never," replied the great writer. "Go at once and find me a fourteenth dog."

**Milk Pitcher of Six Millions.**

"The sight of one of his good cows standing under a tree down the lane at milking time would throw the modern dairyman into a fever," writes Charles White in the current issue of Harper's Weekly. "The harmless, necessary cow of these enlightened times stands in her highly hygienic stall, which is floored with concrete and frequently scrubbed. The cow herself is curried and brushed every day. Where is the haymow? Gone; gone with the milkmaid, the dodo, and the auk into the obsolete past. One listens in vain around the barn for the old slogan, 'git over thar, gel ding ye!' with the accompanying bump of the knee against old bossy's ribs. All that has gone out, too. Cruelty is costly. Kindness pays. In these days of conservation the man who mistreats animals is picking his boss' pocket."

## Land Lots for Sale.

I am now offering good garden and fruit lands in large or small quantities to suit the purchaser. Terms made easy.

Also Village Lots and two 30-acre Farms. One practically all improved with nice spring brook crossing it. The other entirely improved with house and barn.

All of the above within five or ten minutes walk of postoffice.

**W. F. EMPEY**

## Miles & Murray ELECTRICIANS

Are prepared to wire your house and repair your lights.

See them for prices.











