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The Night before Christmas

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

" 'Tis the night before Christmas"—
I whisper the rhyme
And wander in fancy
To "once on a time."
I see the big fireplace,
The girls and the boys,
The long, heaped-up stockings,
The drums and the toys.

" 'Tis the night before Christmas"—
So old, and so new!
With all of its dreamings
So good and so true,
I see all the faces
Forgotten so long,
And out of the twilight
There murmurs a song.

" 'Tis the night before Christmas"—
And here, by my grate,
The past rises, glowing;
The years lose their weight,
The boy-days come trooping
At memory's call,
And gleam in the embers
That flicker and fall.

" 'Tis the night before Christmas"—
Ah, could I but clutch
The gold of my fancies!
'T would go at my touch!
The shouts and the laughter
Now sweet to my ear
Would shrink to a silence
Too deep and too drear.

" 'Tis the night before Christmas"—
Remembrances stir
As sweet as the cherished
Frankincense and myrrh,
And, hark! As the visions
Grow dim to the sight,
There comes "Merry Christmas!
And, boy-days, good night!"



(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman)



If candy makers had to depend on men consumers instead of upon Cupid and the kids, there would be great features in saccharine circles—but there is one time of the year that my masculine sweet-tooth asserts itself and then, instead of yearning for the chocolate-cream confections or the fruit dips, it clamors for a big bag of mixed candy, right out of the barrel!

I admit it is a plebeian taste, that the candy is mostly glue and flour jumbled to suit the taste of the adolescent—but somehow I cannot feel that I have rightly celebrated Christmas without this bag of candy. When I was a boy this is the sort of candy we got and the taste was early acquired. And what a lot of anticipation there was in eating the stuff—anticipation because when you stuck your hand in the sack for a sweet bit, you never knew whether it would come out clutching a lemon-drop, a caramel or a peppermint!

And, too, the candy was cheap. You

could get a big bag full of it for ten cents—and some of it was red and some white and some yellow—and there were sugar hearts with motes on them and nice round marble-balls with nuts in them and funny animal shapes that tickled—and on heaps of interesting things in that Christmas sack of candy.

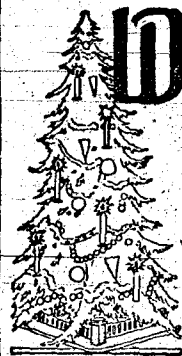
This was the same kind of candy we got sewed up in red mosquito-bar sacks at the Sunday school Christmas tree festivities, along with the nuts and the popcorn balls.

And now, man that I am, I cannot get across the Rubicon of Christmas without sauntering down to the candy store and asking for a sack of candy "out of the barrel." Invariably the candy man will tell me he has much better candy and look at me in a surprised sort of way, but I know what I want when I want it—and Christmas is the time.

How about you? Haven't you a sweet tooth left for the old-fashioned candy?

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS

Holiday Celebrated in America Before Time of Columbus.



WHILE the settlement of the American continent is modern and its history clearly defined, probably there were Christmas celebrations in what is now the United States several centuries before the first voyage of Columbus. The chronicles of Iceland tell the story of the visit made to Greenland by Lief,

son of Eric the Red, of Norway; and describe the southward voyage of his little vessel past the snow-clad mountains of Labrador and the wooded shores of Newfoundland, until Vineland, an indefinite region on the New England coast, was reached.

Here Lief, who was a Christian, and the members of his little band of daring adventurers spent the winter of 1002 and no doubt on the bleak New England shore the beautiful feast, whose God-like spirit has softened and conquered the world, was celebrated. The Norwegian visits to Vineland were continued by Thorvald and Thorstein, brothers of Lief, who had succeeded to the patriarchal office and possessions of his father; and on the deaths in quick succession of both Thorvald and Thorstein, the wife of the latter, Gudrida, married a rich Norwegian named Thorin and accompanied him and a company of his followers to Vineland, where they lived three years. Gudrida was a pious soul. When her second husband died she visited Rome, narrated to Pope Benedict an account of her adventures in this far western world and with the papal blessing returned to Iceland, where she founded a convent, of which she became abbess.

There are no records bearing on the Christmas days spent by these hardy Norwegians in New England, but imagination can well picture the renewal in this strange land of the Christmas customs of Scandinavia. And thus it is entirely legitimate to assume that by them the first celebration of the day was observed in the new world.

History, and tradition as well, are silent after this on new world affairs until the coming of the Spaniards, followed by the Portuguese, French and English. By them the feast of the Nativity was celebrated, and long before Plymouth Rock was discovered, to be made the cornerstone of a new civilization, hardy fishermen from France chanted the hymns of the Catholic church in the waters of Maine. An old French chart gives to certain islands near the Machias River, east of Penobscot, the names of Isles des Rois Mages and Havre Mage—Isles of the Magian Kings, and Magian harbor—in memory of the three wise men, who followed the mysterious star, to lay their offerings of gold, frankincense and of myrrh before the Babe of Bethlehem.

In stern and puritan New England Christmas was placed under ban. The Plymouth colony, indeed, did not pass prohibitive laws, but in 1622 Gov. Bradford placed all Christmas games under interdiction and those who afterward observed the day did so secretly. But

the Massachusetts Bay colony, following the example of Cromwell's parliament, which prohibited all observance of the feast and decreed that "holly and ivy were badges of sedition," enacted a law, in 1659, obliging all men to labor on Christmas day and inflicting a fine upon those who observed the feast. It was not until 1681—more than 20 years after the passing of the Cromwell regime and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the throne—that this law, abolishing personal freedom and liberty of worship, was repealed; and several years after this the spirit of New England was reflected in a letter written by Rev. Joshua Moody to Rev. Increase Mather, in which the observance of Christmas was thus referred to: "And the shutting up of shops on Christmas day and driving the master out of school on Xmas holidays are very grievous."

Elsewhere throughout the colonies the feast of Christmas was observed. Both New Amsterdam and New York maintained the old-world customs associated with the day and in the south the beautiful festival never lost its hold upon the hearts of the English settlers.

Today there is no north, no south, no east, no west, to Christmas celebration in the United States. The story of the Babe of Bethlehem is written on every heart and every tongue on Christmas morning repeats the song the angels sang over the Judean hills: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.



Don't Forget That We Have one of the Largest and Most Varied Lines of Holiday Goods Ever Shown in the City.

We have something for every member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest.

Toilet Sets Manicure Sets Military Sets
Brush and Comb Sets ALL KINDS — ALL PRICES
From 50 cents and up.

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

Everything in Books from 5c juveniles to the finest bindings at \$4. We have the finest line of Books ever shown including a large number of Boys' and Girls' Books of the Finest Quality.

SEE OUR LINE OF Holiday Stationery

One of the Finest Ever Shown. Prices from 15c to \$2.50 per package.

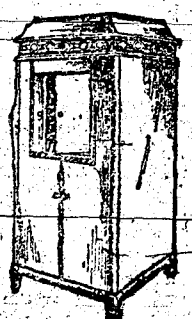
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In Fact Everything You Can Imagine.



Can you imagine anything that will give more pleasure than a Victor Victrola

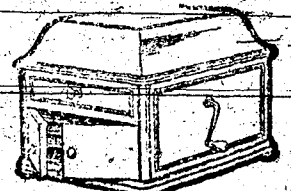
for Xmas. We have them from \$15 up.



Kodaks and Cameras From \$1.00 to \$60.00

"If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak."

DON'T FAIL TO CALL and Look Our Holiday Line Over Before Buying. IT WILL PAY YOU.



W. C. SPRING Drug Co.

Women outnumber men in both New York and Philadelphia.

Concerning that Red Sox victory, why not drop it? Snodgrass did.

That restored Venus of Milo proved to be a southpaw with good curves.

They say the new ten-dollar bill is a work of art, but it can't be at that price.

A baby was born in New York on the elevated. Starting life pretty high.

A London swindler sold dried peas for liver pills. Probably just as effective.

"Women's dresses are to become tighter." Roller skates next and a boy behind to push.

London is shocked over the way the British nation is taking to gum chewing. But they stick to it.

Medical science is constantly discovering hundreds of new reasons why people should call in the doctor.

Before ordering your split pea soup you should patriotically inquire if the pea was split in Germany or America.

A London specialist says that modern dress is killing women. Yet most women desire their gowns to be killing.

According to a scientist, all men will be baldheaded in 500 years. It's a clutch they will if they live until then.

Somebody claims to have discovered black snow in the Alps. But any winter he can find a lot of it in Pittsburgh.

Plants and vegetables are to be raised by electricity. As far as fruits are concerned, we already have electric currents.

A New York man was robbed of his pearl necklace, worth \$30,000, on an ocean liner. Where was his chaperon?

Women certainly are obstinate creatures. One in Boston is contesting the dictum of three courts that declared her dead.

Our pupils are found to be weak in the three R's. The old-fashioned spelling-bee might profitably be revived, it seems.

Kissing is forbidden in public places in Switzerland. Undoubtedly on the ground that there is more than enough danger there without it.

An eastern man wrote a tragedy and the manager turned it into a comedy. It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, after all.

Chinese women are said to have the most beautiful complexions in the world. Still, it depends on whether it is orientally considered.

Now the German scientists have discovered a means of producing artificial milk. Why not invent a way to grow eggs on the egg plant.

"Resolve to live a hundred years and you can do it," says a St. Louis physician. "But the majority of good resolutions are broken in a short time."

There used to be made in this country copper-toed shoes that the small boy could not kick out in one month. Ah, those were happy days for parents!

Infantile paralysis has appeared among the Eskimos in Alaska. The backward races must often sit down and wonder whether civilization really pays.

Physicians are now discussing whether incurables should be killed. Which brings up the question: "How can physicians agree on who are incurables?"

An eighteen-pound lobster has been caught in Long Island Sound. Still, a chorus girl can catch a bigger one than that on Broadway any day in the year.

In Baltimore a police justice has arranged mirrors in his court-room so that drunks and disorderlies will have to see themselves. Justice should have a little pity.

To be simple and to be without guile is to triumph over all. In there is not the case of the young woman who when congratulated upon the quality and strength of her pertumery said that she was glad he had noticed it!

A London gentleman, opposed to tipping, let his whiskers grow rather than bestow a honorarium upon the tonsorial artist. Wonder if the new style whiskers have anything to do with this latter day crusade against tips?

It is doubtful if Andre de Fouquieres will succeed in his announced purpose to persuade us to dress after the French fashion, since American men have a rooted prejudice against wearing corsets and hoopskirts with their frock coats.

Modern Flirt

Now Given Her Own Peculiar Place

By KATHERINE PRESCOTT, Social Secretary, Boston, Mass.

IN OTHER DAYS one of the worst accusations that could be made against a woman was that of flirting. If the charge could be proved, it was sufficient for cold treatment by other women—though the men seldom followed that lead—and if it was not proved, it was slander.

At that age when flirtation most commonly plays its part, there is likely to be a good deal of sentiment of a fatally serious kind. I am convinced that a lack of humor, if not absolute stupidity, is the foundation of much of this ponderous affection, which may or may not terminate happily.

Knowing the existence of the flirt, the young man or young woman will offer a resistance to the usual theft of reason, with a degree of success which could not have come from within their overwed selves. How many men and women there are who fancy themselves in love today who would be better off if they were frankly flirting, we can only conjecture; and how many men and women in the matrimonial condition who wish they had been only flirting we fear even to conjecture.

Of course there is much said of the "heartless flirt," of consequent wasted lives and broken hearts. But seldom we hear of the wasted lives and broken hearts which follow the marriage contracted after the most conventional courtship by two well-meaning and eminently earnest individuals who simply made a mistake when they thought, in this world of 1,500,000,000 souls, it had been arranged by heaven that they should meet and go to housekeeping together.

I think this is the office of the flirt—the real flirt—to prepare the way for advantageous selection; to destroy foolish theories and to prevent premature disillusionment. That the flirt cannot fulfill even this part completely is not the fault of the flirt—the job is too big. But the flirt helps a little.

Katherine Prescott

Tight Skirt Favors Good Health. By C. H. Haviland, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

In the prevailing fashion of knocking at low-cut gowns, peek-a-boos and the hobble skirt, it might be well to sound a caution that the reaction be not too great, when it comes, which it most certainly will.

The low-neck dresses are healthy. Now by low-neck I do not mean a dress with the neck cut six or seven inches deep. I mean the sensible cut, say two or three inches, either diamond shaped or round, which would be just enough to expose the neck to the air.

This tight skirt was not only attractive, hanging, as it did, in one smooth piece, but was far healthier than the loose skirts, as it was usually worn the least bit shorter, and did not dabble in the mud.

I would like to see the fashion pendulum swing again to the low neck, as I have outlined it, and to the tight skirt.

Reason Given For Wrinkles on Face. By C. St. Martin, Bloomington, Minn.

A short time ago an inquirer asked why the face and hands wrinkled while other parts of the person remained smooth in skin surface. Having seen no answer from our physician, I will offer my opinion:

Our physical comfort requires that there be a continuous loss of heat from our body. Normal health also requires that there be an outlet for the heat generated by normal animation, as we consume air, water, food. Those parts of the body that are covered with clothes are insulated from the temperature about us, leaving the face and hands alone exposed to the influence of the lower temperature.

This causes the heat and moisture of the body to escape through these members, the face and hands, drying their surface and causing wrinkles, which multiply as we grow older and are less able to resist the cold, less able to turn food into heat.

In those climates where the temperature remains near that of the natural temperature of the body it would seem that the extreme dryness of the atmosphere absorbs the moisture of the body through the exposed parts of their flesh.

The temperature and moisture in us and the temperature and moisture of the air about us is always seeking a balance.

Germans Take Vacation During Winter. By M. N. Thomas, Baltimore, Md.

Two extra days for every week of vacation is being offered by the German Imperial bank to employees who are willing to postpone their holidays till winter. The reason is that to give everybody a vacation in summer too greatly depletes the office force and puts a long strain on the men who have to carry the work of absentees.

Those who suffer from the heat may need a fortnight or a month of respite in the summer, but those who can get through the heated term in good physical condition could well afford to wait till winter and draw a bonus of golden days.

One day would carry a German across the Alps to the warm sunshine of Italy or the Riviera, a very moderate amount of time will take a New Englander to Bermuda, Florida or the West Indies.

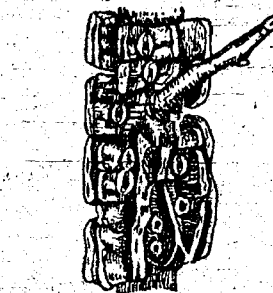
Many a worker who is planning a little excursion would be glad to postpone it till winter for the sake of four extra days.

The plan may be commended to employers who find it difficult to provide for everybody during the recognized vacation season.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE INSECT PEST HAS MADE ITS WAY INTO THIS COUNTRY

Geoffroy, Injurious Insect Little Known Here, but Well Known in Europe, Causing Serious Damage to Elms in Various Parts of the United States.

(By F. B. HILLMAN.) Geoffroy, an insect little known in this country, but well known in Europe, where it is a serious enemy of the elms in France, is causing considerable damage in various parts of the United States. The first locality in our country in which this insect was found was Westchester county, N. Y., in 1884, where it was found on nursery stock in great numbers.



Section of Branch of Cork Elm, Showing Female Insects Between the Plates of Cork.

elms on the grounds of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and soon after on trees in the streets of the same city. Up to this time the insect remained unidentified in the American entomological collections, but in 1889 more complete material was received by the Division of Entomology of the department of agriculture, from which the insect was determined to be identical with the elm pest of Europe (Gossyparia ulmi) Geoffroy.

So far as is known, the insect confines its attacks in this country to the elms, but presents some variability in its preferences for the various species of elms in different localities. In Europe, however, it has been found on the alder.

According to the reports of the observers at the above mentioned localities, the insect attacks the American elms more vigorously than the introduced European species, and thus it is added to the already long list of immigrant animals and plants that have found in this country conditions more congenial than those of their foreign home.

One is most apt to first notice the presence of this insect by seeing great numbers of circular whitish rings surrounding a dark center clustered along the under side of the lower limbs and branches. If the bark is cracked, rows of the insects will be found to cover the cracks and so be arranged longitudinally to the branch. These light margined objects are the bodies of old female lice and may be one, two or three years' standing. A closer examination will reveal the fact that many of the central darker parts, which are the bodies proper of the lice, are absent, these having fallen away with age.

The white marginal ring surrounding the body of the insect, consists of a somewhat fibrous, waxy material, secreted by the developing insect. It becomes firmly attached to the bark and curled inward, where its edge is somewhat fringed. The body becomes with age dark brown, smooth, convex longitudinally, the segmentation usually remaining distinct.

The preceding description applies to the female only. The male insect assumes a very different form. As the males do not take food, they may be found at any point on the bark, usually, however, in more or less protecting spots. On nearing maturity, the males secrete a minute pocket-like case, or cocoon, within which they cast their larval skin, and acquire a single pair of wings. They then

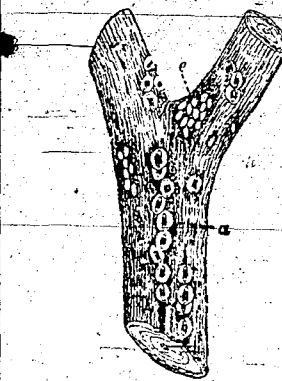
emerge from the cocoon, and mating with the females, disappear. The empty cocoons remain attached to the bark. They occur singly, but usually in clusters, each a minute white object less than a twelfth of an inch long. Where the plates of cork are numerous on the branches of the cork elm, the female lice become fixed to the narrow strips of living bark between the plates of cork, while the male cocoons may be found in the narrow crevices in the cork.

The young lice, as they appear at this season, can be seen with the unaided eye only on close examination. Under a strong lens, a cluster of them presents a dull grayish appearance. Individually they are somewhat oval in shape, and are covered with minute whitish spines. Most of them are quiet in their place of hibernation, but on being disturbed many will leave their positions, moving sluggishly.

The destruction of this insect should not be attended with the difficulty that has characterized efforts in this direction against the San Jose and other scale insects. The latter are protected by a roof-like scale which protects the tender parts of the body and enables the insects to very effectively resist the remedies ordinarily employed. In the case of the elm insect, the body remains exposed and thus is more likely to yield to the action of corrosive washes.

Kerosene emulsion and whale-oil soap seem to be effectual remedies when the insects are reached by them. Spraying will have to be done at different periods and may be found to be most effectual when the insects are most active.

The fumes of hydro-cyanic acid gas effectually destroy the lice, but the use of the remedy necessitates the em-



Section of Branch Showing the Usual Appearance of the Insects; (a) Females Over a Crack in the Bark; (Two Small Groups are Seen in the Upper Part of the Figure.) (c) a Cluster of Small Cocoons.

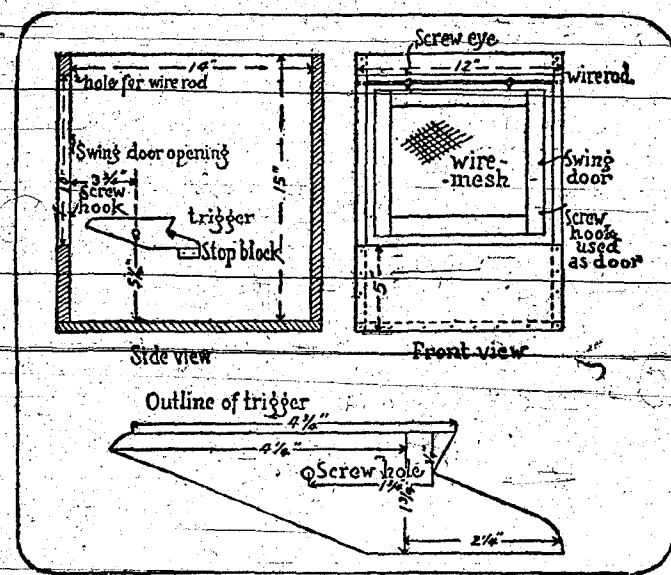
ployment of a tent to cover the tree and confine the gas sufficiently long to kill the insects.

A careful study of the insect's habits, extending through an entire year at least, will be necessary, to determine the most vulnerable period in the insect's life-history.

Grow Tomatoes. If you grow only an acre or two of tomatoes, the fruits saved from one large, vigorous plant will produce more than enough seed for your whole plantation next year.

Geese and Their Feathers. It requires about four geese to make a pound of feathers. Picking live geese for their feathers is a practice that has been discontinued in this country.

DETAILS OF THE CONNECTICUT TRAP NEST



The Connecticut trap nest perfected by Prof. F. H. Stoneburn of the agricultural college is a simple and easily made device, and is said to work every time a hen enters it. Any box of about 15 inches square will answer the purpose, orange boxes being available. The dimensions shown in the cut can be varied, except for the trigger. The advantage of having a wire-covered door is that the hen will stay in front of the box after she has laid. These nests can be built in pairs or tiers, as liberating the hen, gathering the egg, and setting the trigger are all done from the front end.

A Civil Answer. "Do many strangers settle here, landlord?" "They all settle, an' them without no more baggage than you got settled in-advance."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Marriage. The couple were being married by an out-of-town justice of the peace. "Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in the usual form. The man hesitated. "See here, Judge, can't you make it an indeterminate sentence?" quoth he, after thinking a moment.—Puck.

Many Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 25 years. At all drug stores. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

Boomerang. Mrs. Hiram Otten—I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out, you have worked in six or seven places during the last year. Miss Brady—Well, an' how many girls has yerself had in the same toime? No less, I'm thinkin'.—Boston Transcript.

Education and Larger Life. It seems to me that the woman who cannot cut out a garment better because of her geometry, and her drawing lessons, who cannot speak English more distinctly and with fuller vocabulary because of her study of French or German, who cannot find a hundred uses for her chemistry in the little everyday emergencies of her house-keeping, has not succeeded in getting from her studies all that they had to give her.—Home, Progress Magazine.

Turkish Counting of Time. Through the center of the mosque of St. Sophia runs the theoretical meridian which gave the Turks true local time—one hour and fifty-six minutes fifty-two seconds fast on Greenwich—until, two years ago, the new government fell in with the standard system of time zones, and came into the eastern European zone, exactly two hours ahead of Greenwich time. For religious purposes, however, 12 o'clock always happens at sunset, and noon thus wanders with the seasons all round the clock.—Westminster Gazette.

Why He Wept. At a reception one night, says the Woman's Home Companion, a loud voiced young man was invited to sing. Desultory applause followed, and he responded with a vociferous rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess was passing among her guests, beaming at the success of her entertainment and sure that everybody was having a good time, when suddenly, to her surprise, she came upon a middle-aged man but slightly known to her, who was weeping silently but bitterly in a secluded corner. Thinking that his heart had been touched by the old song, she asked sympathetically: "Why do you weep? Are you a Kentuckian?" "No, madam," he replied. "I am a musician."

AND GETS LEFT.



Lady—I hope you go to Sunday school regularly, my little man. Little Man—Dat's what ma hopes, too.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Something Worth Listening To.

A young Nebr. man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story: "Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged.

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by.

"I took many kinds of medicine but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts, as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play Produced by Henry W. Savage

Copyright, 1911, by H. W. P. Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxi-cab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. The ministerial train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The clowns have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maulin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Annie Gattie, a fellow-passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to his friends he has failed to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher. Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar. Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train. Missing hand baggage, the couple try to borrow from passengers. Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first aid. Coach is then resumed. Still no clergyman. More borrowing. Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples. Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mrs. Whitcomb's largon. Marjorie suggests wrecking the train in hopes that accident will produce a preacher. Dr. Temple induces conductor to hold the train so she can shop. Marjorie's dog is missing. She pulls the conductor by the train. Conductor restores dog and lets quarrel. Lathrop wires for a preacher. A marry him and Miss Gattie. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and attempts to borrow the preacher. Kitty Lewellyn, former sweetheart of Mallory's, appears and arrests Marjorie's jealousy. Preacher boards train. Marrying Lathrop and Miss Gattie the preacher escapes. Mallory by leaping from moving train. Marjorie's dejection moves Marjorie to reconciliation. The last day on the train brings Mallory the fear of missing his transport. Marjorie gets a Nevada marriage license. Marjorie refuses to be married by a divorce drummer. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie make a Nevada marriage. Marjorie returns Mallory's bracelet. Robbers hold up the train.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

Marjorie was trying at the same time to compel Mallory to crawl under a seat and to find a place to hide Snoozleums, whom she was warning not to say a word. Snoozleums, understanding only that his mistress was in some distress, refused to stay in his basket and kept offering his services and his attentions. Suddenly Marjorie realized that Kathleen was trying to tempt in Mallory's arms, and forgot everything else in a determined effort to prevent her. After the first blood-sweat of abject fright had begun to cool, the passengers came to realize that the invaders were not after lives, but loot. Then came a panic of miserly effort to conceal treasure.

Kathleen, finding herself banished from Mallory's protection, ran to Mrs. Whitcomb, who had given Ashton up as a hopeless task.

"What shall we do, oh, what, oh what shall we do, dear Mrs. Wellington?" she cried.

"Don't you dare call me Mrs. Wellington!" Mrs. Whitcomb screamed; then she began to flounder. "But we'd better hide what we can. I hope the fah-rah-robbers are gentlemen."

She pushed a diamond locket containing a small portrait of Sammy into her back hair, leaving part of the chain dangling. Then she tried to stuff a large handbag into her stocking.

Mrs. Fosdick found her husband at last, for he made a wild dash to her side, embraced her, called her his wife and defied all the powers of Nevada to tear them apart. He had a brilliant idea. In order to save his fat wallet from capture, he tossed it through an open window. It fell at the feet of one of the robbers as he ran along the side of the car, shooting at such heads as were put out of windows. He picked it up and dropped it into the feed-bag he had swung at his side. Then running on, he clambered over the brass rail of the observation platform and entered the rear of the train, as his confederate, driving the conductor ahead of him, forged his way aft from the front, while a third masquerader aligned the engineer, the fireman, the brakeman and the baggageman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Hands Up!

All this time Lieutenant Mallory had been thinking as hard as an officer in an ambulance. His harrowing experiences and incessant defeat the past days had unnerved him and shattered his self-confidence. He was not afraid, but intensely disgusted. He

sat absent-mindedly patting Marjorie on the back and repeating:

"Don't worry, honey; they're not going to hurt anybody. They don't want anything but our money. Don't worry, I won't let 'em hurt you."

But he could not shake off a sense of nausea. He felt himself a representative of the military prowess of the country, and here he was as helpless as a man on parole.

The fact that Mallory was a soldier occurred to a number of the passengers simultaneously. They had been trained by early studies in those beautiful works of fiction, the school histories of the United States, and by many Fourth of July, to believe that the American soldier is an invincible being, who has never been defeated and never known fear.

They surged up to Mallory in a wave of hope. Dr. Temple, being nearest, spoke first. Having learned by experience that his own prayers were not always answered as he wished, had an impulse to try some weapon he had never used.

"Young man," he pleaded across the back of a seat, "will you kindly lend me a gun?"

Mallory answered sullenly: "Mine is in my trunk on the train ahead, damn it. 'If I had it I'd have a lot of fun."

Mrs. Whitcomb had an inspiration. She ran to her berth, and came back with a tiny silver-plated revolver.

"I'll lend you this. Sammy gave it to me to protect myself in Nevada."

Mallory smiled at the .22-caliber toy, broke it open, and displayed an empty cylinder.

"Where are the pills that go with it?" he said.

"Oh, Sammy wouldn't let me have any bullets. He was afraid I'd hurt myself."

Mallory returned it, with a bow. "It would make an excellent nut-cracker."

"Aren't you going to use it?" Mrs. Whitcomb gasped.

"It's empty," Mallory explained.

"But the robbers don't know that! Couldn't you just overawe them with it?"

"Not with that," said Mallory, "unless they died laughing."

Mrs. Wellington pushed forward: "Then what the devil are you going to do when they come?"

Mallory answered meekly: "If they request it, I shall hold up my hands."

"And you won't resist?" Kathleen gasped.

"Not a resist."

"And he calls himself a soldier!" she sneered.

Mallory writhed, but all he said was: "A soldier doesn't have to be a jackass. I know just enough about guns not to monkey with the wrong end of 'em."

"Coward!" she flung at him. He turned white, but Marjorie red, and made a leap at her, crying: "He's the bravest man in the world. You say a word, and I'll scratch your eyes out."

This rebuked Mallory a little, and he laughed nervously, as he restrained her. Kathleen retreated out of danger, with a parting shot: "Our engagement is off."

"Thanks," Mallory said, and put out his hand: "Will you return the bracelet?"

"I never return such things," said Kathleen.

The scene was so painful and such an anachronism that Dr. Temple tried to renew a more pressing subject:

"It's your opinion then that we'd best surrender?"

"Of course—since we can't run."

Wedgewood, broke in impatiently: "Well, I consider it a dastardly outrage. I'll not submit to it. I'm a subject of His Majesty the—"

"You're a subject of His Majesty the Man Behind the Gun," said Mallory.

"I shall protest, none the less," Wedgewood insisted.

Mallory grinned a little. "Have you any last message to send home to your mother?"

Wedgewood was a trifle chilled at this. "D-don't talk of such things," he said.

And by this time the train-robbers had hastily worked their way through the other passengers, and reached the frantic inhabitants of the sleeper.

"Snowdrop!"

"Hands up! Higher! Hands up!" With a true sense of the dramatic, the robbers sent ahead of them the most half-raising yells. They arrived simultaneously at each end of the aisle, and with a few short sharp commands, straightened the disorderly rabble aloft and all eyes wide and wild.

One robber drove ahead of him the conductor and the other drove in Mr. Manning, whom he had found trying to crawl between the shelves of the linen-closet.

The marauders were apparently cattlemen, from their general get-up. Their hats were pulled low, and just beneath their eyes they had drawn big black silk handkerchiefs, tied behind the ears and hanging to the breast.

Over their shoulders they had slung the feed-bags of their horses, to serve as receptacles for their swag. Their shirts were chalky with alkali dust. Their legs were encased in heavy chaparejos, and they carried each a pair of well-used Colt's revolvers that looked as big as artillery.

When the passengers had shoved and jostled into line, one of the men jabbed the conductor in the back with the muzzle of his gun, and snarled: "Now speak your little piece, like I learned it to you."

The conductor, like an awkward schoolboy, grinned sheepishly, and spoke, his hands in the air while—"Ladies and gents, these here parties in the black tildies says they want everybody to hold his or her hands as high as possible till you git permission to lower 'em; they advise you

not to resist, because they hate the sight of blood, but prefer it to argument."

The impatient robbers, themselves the prey of fearful anxieties, broke in, barking like a pair of coyotes in a jumble of commands: "Now, line up with your backs that way, and no back talk. These guns s'bout awful easy. And remember, as each party is finished with, they are to turn round and keep their hands up; on penalty of gittin' 'em spot off. Line up! Hands up! Give over there!"

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington took her time about moving into position, and her deliberation brought a howl of wrath from the robber: "Get into that line, you!"

Mrs. Wellington whined on him: "How dare you, you brute!" And she turned up her nose at the gun.

The anxious conductor intervened: "Better obey, madame; he's an ugly lad."

"I don't mind being robbed," said Mrs. Jimmie, "but I won't endure rudeness."

The robber shook his head in despair, and he tried to wither her with sarcasm: "Pardong, mamself, would you be so kind and condescendin' as to step into that there car before I blow your husband's gol-blame head off."

This brought her to terms. She hastened to her place, but put out a restraining hand on Jimmie, who needed no restraint. "Certainly, to save my dear husband. Don't strike him, Jimmie!"

Then each man stuck one revolver into its convenient holster, and, covering the passengers with the other, proceeded to frisk away valuables with a speed and agility that would have looked prettier if those impatient-looking muzzles had not pointed here, there and everywhere with such venomous threats.

And so they worked from each end of the car toward the middle. Their hands ran swiftly over bodies with a loathsome familiarity that could only be resented, not revenged. Their hands dived into pockets, and up sleeves, and into women's hair, everywhere that a jewel or a bill might be secreted. And always a rough growl or a swing of the revolver silenced any protest.

Their heinous fingers had hardly begun to ply, when the solemn stillness was broken by a chuckle and low, hoot of laughter, a darkey's unctuous laughter. At such a place it was more shocking than at a funeral.

"What alls you?" was the nearest robber's demand.

The porter tried to wipe his streaming eyes without lowering his hands, as he chuckled on: "I—I—just thought of sump'n funny."

"Funny!" was the universal groan.

"I was just thinking," the porter snickered, "what mighty poor pickings you-all are goin' to git out of me. Whilst if you had 'a' waited till I got to Frisco, I'd jest natchely been oozin' money."

The robber relieved him of a few dimes and quarters and ordered him to turn round, but the black face whirled back as he heard from the other end of the car Wedgewood's indignant complaint: "I say, this is an outrage!"

"Ah, close your trap and turn round, or I'll—"

The porter's smile died away. "Good Lawd," he sighed, "they're goin' to skin that British lion! And I just wore myself out on him."

The far-reaching effect of the whole procedure was just beginning to dawn on the porter. This little run on the bank meant a period of financial stringency for him. He watched the hurrying hands a moment or two, then his wrath rose to terrible proportions:

"Look here, man," he shouted at the robber, "ain't you-all goin' to leave these passengers nothin' a tail?"

"Not on purpose, nigger."

"No small change, or nothin'?"

"Nary a red."

"Then, passengers," the porter proclaimed, while the robber watched him in amazement, "then, passengers—I want to give you-all fair warnin' heah and now: No tips, no whisk, broom!"

Perhaps because their hearts were already overflowing with distress, the passengers endured this appalling threat without comment, and when there was a commotion at the other end of the line, all eyes rolled that way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

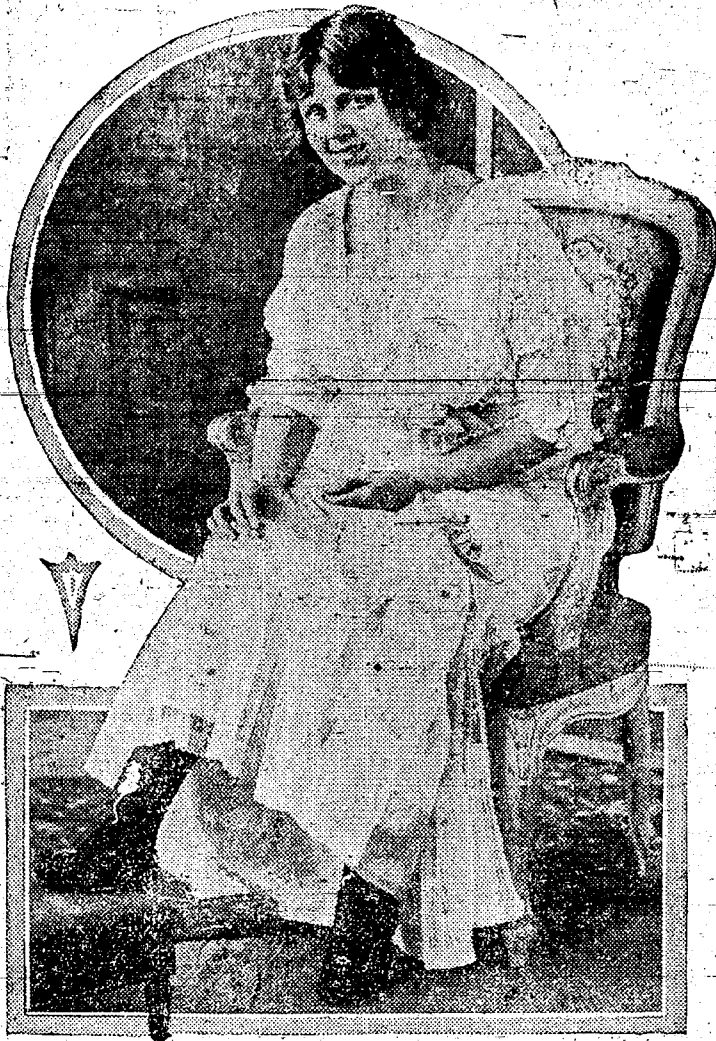
Plan to Make Rome Seaport.

The latest project to make Rome a seaport is to lay out a port, 35 feet deep near Castel Fusaro, formed by running two jetties out into the sea for some distance, as at the ori of Ymuiden, Holland. From the port will lead a ship canal 15 miles long and 200 feet wide and 27 feet deep. A Rome shipping accommodations will be laid out in the river below the city and this will be connected with the navigable part of the Tiber by a system of locks. It will cost about \$15,000,000 to carry out the project. Opponents of the idea claim it will not pay, but the promoters affirm that when once the city is connected with the Mediterranean there will result a great amount of traffic.

Embarrassed Judge.

It would be unkind to give the name of an eminent Massachusetts judge who beckoned an officer in the court to him the other day to inquire the name of a certain man sitting in court. The judge felt that he knew him very intimately—and he ought to extend to him some of his courtesies—but, not recalling the name, could not decide what to do. The officer of the court returned a few moments with the report that the gentleman was a bartender at Young's.—Boston Herald.

NOT AFRAID OF THIS MOUSE



(Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

Nobody thinks of jumping on a chair at the sight of this little mouse—in fact, one can sit in perfect calmness while he gambols on one's instep. For the mouse is really embroidered on the silken stocking. The embroidery is done on the thread silk stocking with mouse-colored silk and the effect is very natural and rather startling at first glimpse.

IN VELVETEEN AND CORDUROY MADE A DAINTY TEA TRAY

Combination That Deserves the Popularity Which It Has Been Unhesitatingly Accorded.

Pretty Thing Evolved by Clever Girl in a Most Economical and Simple Manner.

Not every one can afford frocks of silk velvet, so velveteen was manufactured as a substitute. It is lovely, and gives practically the same effect as silk velvet when made up. Velveteen and corduroy are used to fashion many smart frocks for street wear.

Plain colors are more frequently used for the velveteen models. They are effectively trimmed with fur, metallic laces, Persian or tapestry embroidery.

Velveteen does not adapt itself so successfully to draping as do the softer velvets, so the skirts are usually plain or with pleated insets.

The bodices are jumper-effects, with gimpes of lace or chiffon.

Corduroys in the soft-finished qualities are extensively used.

Frocks and coat suits are developed of this material and seem to find a ready sale.

The two-tone corduroys in brown and tan, blue and black and white are especially favored.

In plain colors, dark blue, brown, black and burgundy are the shades more frequently used.

A novel and most economical way to make a pretty tea-tray was discovered by a girl who is very clever with her wits and her fingers. She first purchased for forty cents a large oval picture frame from a second-hand store, securing a very good bit of natural old woodwork. Then with a bottle of stain, some sand-paper and a little varnish she polished up the wood to look like new, then screwed on two brass handles, one at each end, afterwards cutting a piece of pretty cretonne the same size as the glass, and pasting it smoothly where the picture would ordinarily go. Covering it with the boards that belong to the frame, tacked securely into place, the entire back then being covered with a piece of felt, when she found herself possessed of a most fetching tea-tray, which in the shops would cost from \$7 to \$8.

Care of the Skin.

Before going to bed at night, sponge the face, neck and arms in a solution of cold salt water. You will find yourself awakening in the morning with that desirable slight pink glow, which you so often see in the face of a child at this time. Another skin stimulator is a small piece of ice, placed in a soft piece of linen and rubbed gently over the entire face and neck, care being taken to reach every part of the surface about the eyes and eyelids. This should not be done to excess; and afterward the face should be gently but thoroughly dried, and a little cold cream applied. All cream that the flesh has not absorbed should be removed, especially from the face that has a tendency toward being hirsute.

Evening Dresses.

The Grecian draperies and oriental colorings strongly dominate the very exclusive evening dresses, says the Dry Goods Economist. Embossed velvet patterns on chiffon cloth, on charmeuse, on satin or brought out on cloth of gold and silver are utilized. Metallic brocades, gold and silver tulle, moire and plain cloth of gold and silver, as well as rich embroidered fabrics, are represented in many of the most favored models. Rich laces are also in favor, particularly the finer varieties, such as Chantilly and Bohemian. Venice is used mostly as a finishing touch on velvet models.

Extreme Effects.

Some of the extreme pauper effects introduced this season suggest an ordinary sack combined with Turkish trousers. The pannier is slightly gathered into the waistband and falls between the knee and the ankle, over a plain narrow skirt; so that the fullness lays over it. This style is usually carried out in the flowered silks or chiffon that suggests the modes of Louis XIV.

Fur in Neckwear.

Among the distinctly new ideas in neckwear are the novelties in which tiny bands of fur are utilized on the collar portion and, in some instances on the jabot, is the statement made in a recent issue of the Dry Goods Economist.

BLOUSE



This is a smart little blouse to be worn with a costume skirt. It is in soft chiffon taffetas, with embroidery on the shoulders, center front straps and cuffs. Two deep folds are made from the shoulders to waist each side. Materials required: 1 1/2 yards 42 inches wide.

Vogue of Moire.

Moire is being used extensively for suits this fall, as well as for trimmings. There are several classes of moire, including the moire antique, the moire velours and the regence. The latter denotes the ribbed weaves as applied to the moires. The changeable and chameleon effects are shown in the moires quite as often as the plain. The taffeta moire has a beautiful but not too sharply defined wavy effect which makes it very desirable. This fabric has almost ousted the chargeable taffeta.

That is Unkind.
Tommy—Pop, what is a free thinker?
Pop—A free thinker, my son, is any man who isn't married.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Reason.
"Why do you call the popular game poker?"
"Because it stirs things up."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures windcolic, &c. a bottle 10c.

Their Class.
"How would you describe these letters of a chiropodist?"
"I'd class them as foot notes."

Too Great Expectations.
First Angler—Look, this fish was almost caught before; see the broken hook in its mouth.
Second Angler—It should have had sense enough to steer clear of hooks after that.

First Angler—Oh, come, you can't expect a fish to exhibit more sense than a human being.—Boston Transcript.

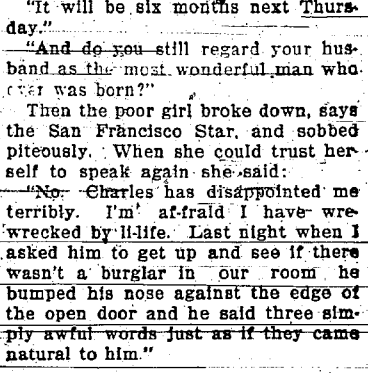
Suiting Himself.
The modern small boy is painfully cautious.
"Would you like to come to our bonfire on the 5th of November?" one was asked.
Back came an answer worthy of a cabinet minister: "Well, if I haven't a bonfire of my own, and if my father doesn't take me to Belle Vue, and if I'm not asked to a better bonfire, I'll be awfully glad to come."—Manchester Guardian.

Worth Three Times a Diamond.
Nearly all the emeralds mined today come from Colombia. And, in spite of the supposed higher value of diamonds, the emerald is the most precious of gems. Carat for carat, a flawless emerald would bring perhaps three times the price of a flawless diamond in the jewelry market. India, the storehouse of precious stones, is credited with producing the first emeralds, but the Oriental emerald is not identical with the modern gem, as it is a variety of the ruby, of green color and extremely rare.

Poor Girl.
"How long have you been married?"
"It will be six months next Thursday."

"And do you still regard your husband as the most wonderful man who ever was born?"
Then the poor girl broke down, says the San Francisco Star, and sobbed piteously. When she could trust herself to speak again she said:
"No, Charles has disappointed me terribly. I'm afraid I have wrecked by ill-fate. Last night when I asked him to get up and see if there wasn't a burglar in our room he bumped his nose against the edge of the open door and he said three simply awful words just as if they came natural to him."

A MOLLYCODDLE.



He—Why, darling, I'd be your slave.
She—I'd want a stronger one.

A Treat Anytime

Crisp, delicately browned

Post Toasties

Ready to serve without further cooking by adding cream or milk.

Often used with fresh or canned fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

The Christmas Shopper

The Christmas shopper makes her list
And holds it tightly in her fist
And starts to get her shopping done—
She thinks she is the only one
Beginning at this early date
And that
her
progress
will
be
straight
She sallies forth with pleasant smiles
But soon is
Jammed up in the aisles,
And when she tries to cleave the fray
She
has
to
wind
around
this
way.
Though earnestly she's on the job,
She
bumps
into
a
rushing
mob
By
speeding
shoppers
borne
Until her skirt and waist are torn;
She leaves a doll and jumping jack
and struggle
to crowd
back.
And has
She gets home, weary, worn and blue—
And finds the cook gone shopping, too!

Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE LAND OF CHRISTMAS TREES

The express wagon is backed to the grocery store entrance and the driver, assisted by the grocer's boy, begins to unload Christmas trees. Soon the walk is cluttered with them and the passersby, catching the spirit of the tree, smile at the children gathering round. A light snow is falling and the green of the spruce is inviting, to say nothing of the reason it has come to town.

What a lot of Christmas trees the grocer has ordered—and yet how few compared to the many thousands that grow in Christmas Tree Land, away up north. Up there the woods are full of Christmas trees and the snows are so deep that snowshoes may be necessary. And in Christmas Tree Land there are vast stretches of nothing but evergreen trees and white snow—and in the snow, if you are versed in woodcraft, you might find the track of a deer and innumerable trails of Brer Rabbit, leading away through the greenery to the quiet, vast places.

Probably you pay \$1 or more for a Christmas tree. Up north they are free, but the hardy men who gather them must wade in the deep snow and draw them many miles to the railroad that they may be shipped to the little boys and girls of the city.

And as you sit beside your tree with your heart glad and your spirits gay, you might ponder on how that tree got to you. You can picture the vast snow field and the forest with the December sun shining on it, shedding

jewels of light. A squirrel is floundering about in the snow trying to locate some buried nuts and a bluejay is scolding saucily from a maple tree hard by. And then, into the quiet comes a man. He is a sturdy man with a woolen cap drawn closely over his ears and nose. There are silts for his eyes. On his feet are great woolen packs with rubber shoes and his trousers are tucked inside the packs. His coat is very odd, to you, consisting of a great, bright, weather sort of garment, buckled closely around him. On his shoulder he carries an ax. He begins to cut Christmas trees and the one you have in your home is a very pretty one that pleases him as he hauls it away to where his team awaits. With many other trees your tree is put on the sled and after a time, is hauled to the depot where it is shipped to your grocer.

The man who cut it was no doubt a lumberjack and if he is like his kind, he lives in a log cabin with his wife and children. In the olden days he worked in the timber exclusively, but now he farms during the summer on a wee farm that he is clearing of stumps, and in the winter time he cuts wood for the lumber companies.

And his little ones always have a Christmas tree, for Christmas trees are free where he lives, but probably it is not as plentifully loaded with gifts as yours, for which you should be very thankful.

County Normal Notes

The class attended the poultry show last Friday afternoon. We saw some very choice breeds of chickens in exhibition, such as the Barred and Buff and White Rocks, Brown and White Leghorns, and Rhode Island Reds. We also saw several peculiar breeds, as the Game fowls, Shikies, and Blue Andalusians.

For a lesson in Agriculture last Monday afternoon the class performed an experiment in spraying. We sprinkled a couple of balsam plants with kerosene emulsion for plant lice. Several of the class have begun work in practice teaching. Hazel Mills and Hazel Gilmarlin are teaching fourth grade geography. Mabel Cline is teaching fifth grade geography, and Dessie Groenluk has

charge of the chart class.

Miss Bessie Fililton, of Bay Shore, called at the normal room last Friday morning.

We have been making Christmas gifts for our work in manual training for the past week.

EAST JORDAN DRUGGIST DESERVES PRAISE

James Gidley deserves praise from East Jordan people for introducing here the simple buckthorn bark and glycerine mixture, known as Adlerika. This simple German remedy first became famous by curing appendicitis and it has now been discovered that A SINGLE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
G. A. Lusk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth,
Sunday Dec. 22,
8:30 a. m. Low Mass, Communion for the Young Ladies Sodality and the Children of Mary.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
2:30 p. m. meeting of the Children of Mary.
7:30 p. m. Devotions and Benediction. Meeting of Young Ladies Sodality.
Christmas Day; 5:00 a. m. high mass 8:00 a. m. low mass.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.
10:30 "The Joy of Christmas" will be the theme for the Christmas service that the pastor will use. Quarterly meeting at the end of the service. All are welcome.
11:45 Sunday School. Do not fail to attend this wide awake school. The Christmas exercises will be held on Christmas eve in the church by the school. You are invited.
6:15 Epworth League
7:00 "The Seventh Saying on the Cross." This will be the last sermon of this series. You are wanted at this church.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.
Regular services Sunday Dec. 22. In the morning the pastor's theme will be Christmas. At this service will take place the baptism of infants, any parents having children to be baptized are requested to notify the pastor before the services.

Church of God

Evangelistic services will begin at the Church of God chapel on the evening of Dec. 25 and to continue indefinitely.
Two evangelists are expected and the gospel will be preached in its fullness. All are respectfully urged to attend both to get good and to do good.
Evening services during the week will begin at 7:30 p. m. and on Sunday at 12 m. and 7 p. m.

Wilson

Mark Collins is working in a mill at Boyce City at present.

Coral Farmer was quite ill with tonsillitis the first of this week, but is now convalescing.

Mrs. Charles Hudkins visited her mother Mrs. Gen. Hayner in East Jordan one day this week.

Leo Wilson of Hamway Grange and Roy Bangroff of South Arm attended Wilson Grange last Saturday evening.

Miss Gladys Hudkins who is teaching near Boyce City spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Afton.

Miss Arvilla Holt came home from East Jordan last Monday to spend the holidays with her parents in Wilson.

Miss Pearl Chandler is preparing for a Christmas entertainment and will be held in Afton school house next Monday evening.

Miss Florence Shepard who is attending school in East Jordan, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Wilson.

At the regular meeting of Wilson Grange held last Saturday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Master, Arthur Brintnall
Overseer, Luther Brintnall
Lecturer, Esther Shepard
Steward, Albert Todd
Ass't Steward, Mark Collins
Chaplain, Lavina Brintnall
Tras., George Jaquas
Secretary, Leon Frost
Gate Keeper, Lynn VanSteenburg
Lady Ass't Steward, Ethel Brintnall
Comes, Florence Shepard
Poetess, Opal Chandler
Flora, Pearl Chandler
Organist, Florine Hudkins
Business Agent, Edward Brintnall.

They Always Help Elderly People:

Foley Kidney Pills give just the help elderly people need to tone and strengthen their kidneys and bladder and regulate their action. John McMaisters, Streator, Ill., says, "I feel better and stronger than I have for many years, and Foley Kidney Pills did it." Hite Drug Store. (adv)

East Jordan, Dec. 4th, 1912
To whom it may concern:
Take notice: I have this day withdrawn my connection in every way with the copartnership of Squier Mack, Morris Co. All accounts due said copartnership to be paid to Mr. Squier and Mr. Morris, my successors.
G. C. MACK

CHRISTMAS FOR TWO

By AGNES HOWARD BUTLER.



M-A-L-L Thomas Moore was born an orphan. So far as he was concerned, his brief history began and ended at the Children's home. His big sister Lily, who was six and therefore should have known better, told vague tales of a real Mother and a little house in the country where they had cocoa every day for breakfast. This last, however, was the whole story. At the Asylum one had cocoa only on Sunday, and this festive event redeemed a day otherwise devoted to religious exercises.

The two children sat on the edge of their chairs in the bleak asylum parlor, where three holly wreaths in the curtainless windows proclaimed that it was Christmas. Both were dressed in the institutional blue and white check, and there was a red shyness about their faces which told of the recent and vigorous application of soap and water. Lily was cream and roses with appealing long-lashed eyes that would have secured her a home many times over if she had been willing to go alone. No one wants to adopt a boy. Even the blonde ones were unclaimed, so what chances had Thomas, brown as to hair and eyes and skin, although anything but somber in effect? The overworked Matron had reluctantly given up the idea of "placing" the two children together. A desirable home had been found for the girl with two prim maiden ladies and little brother had to remain behind. So the tiny folks were to spend their last Christmas together with Lily's new guardians.

"Sister will come every Saturday to see Brother," said the little girl, who accepted the coming separation with a child's strange fatality, although her heart was aching.

"Yes," assented Brother noncommittally. He was less concerned with future happiness than with the pleasing prospect of a day in new surroundings.

A carriage drawn by a fat slug of a horse drew up to the curbing, two ladies got out and cautiously ascended the slippery steps.

"Miss Priscilla-red-headed and Miss Mattie-pull-your-hair-back!" announced Thomas, who had his own way of characterizing people.

"Tommy! Tommy! Don't call them that," wailed Lily, "say Miss Priscilla and Miss Mattie or maybe they won't want me."

At this awful thought even Thomas was abashed, so it was the tiny little Lily alone who slipped from her chair and offered her hand to the two ladies as they entered the room followed by the Matron. Miss Priscilla shook hands in a matter of fact way, but Miss Mattie bent to kiss the children as she helped them on with their wraps and gathered up the meager parcel that contained Lily's personal belongings.

"Shall we go now, Sister?" she ventured. The dominant chord of her existence had always tinkled a soft accompaniment to the leitmotif of the decisive Miss Priscilla.

"Yes," assented the latter positively, "and we will return the boy precisely at five," she added to the Matron, who had been hovering over Lily with good-byes and admonitions.

The coachman carried the children down the icy steps and they bore themselves with becoming modesty, as if accustomed to such care, while the orphans in the front ward watched anxiously, and one of them opened the window wide enough to call down:

"Aw, Tommy's coming back anyhow," as a salve to their slighted condition.

When the big house was reached there was a delightful holiday smell in the air of evergreens, oranges and freshly burning driftwood. Lily was taken upstairs to come down later, her blonde beauty radiant in the white lawn and blue ribbons in which Miss Mattie had dressed her. With a child's adaptability she seemed to fit in perfectly with her surroundings in contrast to Thomas' in his coarse blue gingham and heavy shoes. She would bring the spirit of youth to a house, long accustomed to the decorous ways of sober middle age. A black and white Japanese spaniel, with a nose so short that he seemed always on the point of a sneeze, jumped up beside her and laid his head affectionately on her arm.

"What a picture," sighed Miss Mattie.

"Don't spoil the child," rejoined her sister, with a glance at small Thomas, who seemed rather out of it. "Come, it's time for the tree."

A white-capped maid shoved aside the portieres and revealed a tree, glittering with tinsel and heaped around with various ribbon-tied packages. There was a satisfying smallness, a cozy "portion for two" feeling about this fat little tree, in contrast to the usual spindly, sparsely trimmed evergreen at the Asylum, which was so large that it never seemed to belong to anyone but the Board of Directors. After a moment of rapturous st-



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COATS, DRESSES, FURS,
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IT WILL PAY YOU to see us before buying. You can buy NOW much cheaper than ever before. Do not wait. Come in while the selection is good.

M. E. ASHLEY & Co.

"Everything for Ladies' Wear—Hats to Hosiery."

Lily hugged a real dolly, and Thomas fell upon a toy horse. Being of an investigating turn of mind, it was soon minus saddle and bridle and the tail was about to follow when Miss Priscilla created a diversion by lighting the tree so that he might see it in all its glory before he went back. The early winter twilight began to shadow the room as she rang for tea. Then thoughtfully she hung Tom's coat by the fire to warm in preparation for his cold ride.

The tea-wagon appeared. In honor of the day it bore the Martha Washington set of colonial tradition, a cherished heirloom whose egg-shell fragility had been guarded from destruction through five careful generations. Besides the usual tea-service, there was a pitcher of milk and thin slices of bread, spread with raspberry jam, and a plate heaped with bananas.

It was wheeled into place before Miss Mattie, whose transparent hands had barely tilted the teapot, when with a whoop of joy the vicious Thomas made descent. Heedless of his sister's warning cry and poor Miss Mattie's horrified gasp, he grasped the handle of this novel push-cart, shouting:

"Bananas! Bananas!"

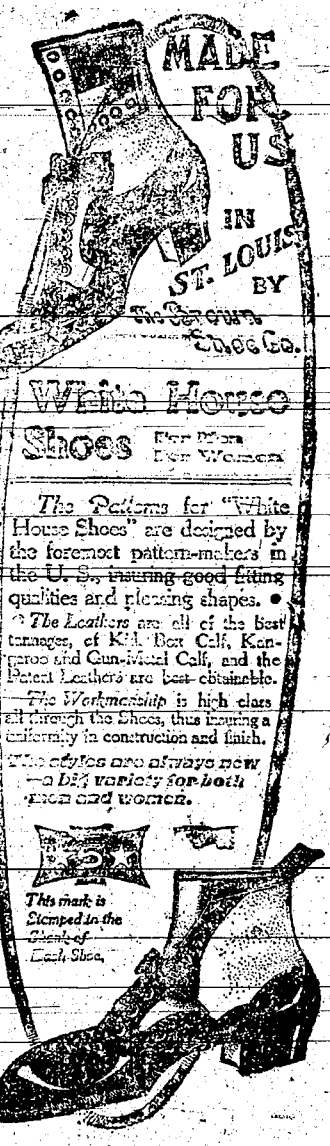
The peculiar fatality which pursues small boys in a drawing-room swooped down upon him. There was a crash and a tinkle of silver as the wheels met the edge of a heavy rug, and Tom, the devastator, sat amid the ruins.

"Oh, Miss Priscilla-red-headed! Miss Mattie-pull-your-hair-back! I didn't mean to break it; don't send Lily back to the 'slum' cause I've had, and he my murrvers, too," he concluded breathlessly.

It was Miss Priscilla who picked him out of the debris, and as his short arms met around her neck and his tear-streaked face went down on her shoulder, she looked across at Miss Mattie and as one who has at length arrived at a happy decision, she announced:

"You take the girl—the boy is mine."

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C. A. HUDSON
Exclusive Shoe Dealer.

Hittites in History.

Students of history are deeply indebted for the great progress which has recently been made in the discovery and interpretation of the art and religion of the ancient, mysterious and well-nigh forgotten Hittites, and their true relation and perspective in history. German excavations at Boghaz-Keniz have shown that this long-unknown town—probably the site of the Cappadocian city of Pteria—was for centuries the capital of a powerful kingdom, which, with its allies, was a dominant force in Asia on equal terms with the rulers of Babylonia and the Pharaohs, and driving them out of Syria.

The names of seven or eight Hittite kings have been preserved, and several of them are now more than names. Other finds give strong testimony to the influence of Babylonian culture as far north as Cappadocia, and show that a long period of development must have preceded the condition of society ruled over by these Hittite kings, some archeologist believe that it extended over more than 3,000 years.

Madam, Read McCall's

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NOTE: Ask for free copy of McCALL'S, if you are unable to pay for it. Single copy 10c. Catalogue also free on request.

Briefs of the Week

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. James Crow-ley, a son, Saturday.

"The Fortune Hunter" is the next big attraction at Temple Theatre—Jan. 7th.

The City Basket Ball Team of East Jordan play the Needham Business College at Traverse City, Friday evening.

Thos. T. Bates, editor of the Record-Eagle at Traverse City, died Wednesday, after a four week's illness, aged 71 years.

Phillip Campau of Bay City, with a force of men, are doing some repair work at the D & C. R. R. round-house on the west side.

Joseph Etoher has traded his property on North Main St. to Albert J. Steele of Advance for his farm at that place. We understand that Mr. Steele and family will make this city their home.

The sympathy of all is with Mr. and Mrs. John Lennardt whose infant daughter Margaret died Wednesday night of croup. Funeral services were held from St. Joseph's church Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ad Beers of Boyne Valley township were arrested Thursday pending an examination, the couple are being held for taking unlawful liberties with Lela Ione Barnes, a step-daughter of Beers, now sixteen years old, and but fourteen at the time of the alleged crime. The crime against Beers will probably be incest, while Mrs. Beers will be charged with being an aider and abettor. Lela is the complaining witness. With her child she is at present living with her uncle, John Clicknor, Evangeline township.

The fire department were called out Sunday evening to extinguish a blaze in the building on North Main street owned by the East Jordan Lumber Co and occupied as a tenant residence. The fire originated in the part occupied by Will Lightie and family and before it could be extinguished considerable damage was done to both the building and contents. Partially insured Mr. and Mrs. Lightie and children were absent at the time of the fire and its origin is unknown. The part of the building occupied by Mr. White and family was uninjured, although their household effects were moved out in hurry.

Dr. C. C. Vardon is a Detroit business visitor this week.

M. A. Lemieux leaves Saturday on a business trip to Flint.

George Hamilton is an Escanaba business visitor this week.

A. M. Haight left Thursday on a business trip to New Jersey.

James Isaman was a Boyne City business visitor, Wednesday.

Atty E. N. Clink was a Grand Rapids business visitor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter and Miss Flora, are Chicago visitors this week.

E. Hottens of Bay City was an East Jordan business visitor recently.

Miss Mary Zess left Thursday for a week's visit with Grand Rapids friends.

Mrs. R. A. Brintnall has been quite ill this week but is now reported on the gain.

Miss Margaret Tows leaves Saturday for Detroit where she spends the holidays.

Miss Ella Barnett will be home this week from the Soo to spend the holidays.

Miss Anna Lalonde spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Sophia, at Charlevoix.

Mrs. E. Myster of Port Arthur, Ont., was guest of Mrs. James Howard last week.

Miss Eva White and aunt, Miss Minnie Roach, left Thursday for their home at Luthier.

Morgan Lewis of near Chicago will spend the holidays with his parents Mr and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.

Invitations are out for the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hubbard at Mofitague.

Mrs. L. A. Kenyon leaves Saturday for Sturgis for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. John Roy.

B. E. Waterman left Tuesday for Chicago where he will join Frank Severance and from there they go to Kansas on a combined business and pleasure trip.

Mrs. C. Walsh leaves next Tuesday to spend the holidays with her brother in Kent county. From there she goes to Detroit for a short visit and will then spend a couple of months among friends in the south-west before returning home.

H. L. Dunson was a Bellaire business visitor, Tuesday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor LaChoi, a son, Saturday.

Mrs. F. Newson and son are Traverse City visitors this week.

Miss Leora Sanford is guest of Charlevoix friends this week.

Miss Theodosia Brewer spends her holiday vacation with Luther friends.

Pros. Atty Fitch has been ill and confined to his home part of the week.

Mrs. James Narrie of Galt, Ont., is guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Porter Bennett.

R. McQuirk, clerk at the Russell House, is guest of Mancelona friends this week.

The Misses Thompson go to Boyne City Friday on their way to Cadillac to spend the holidays.

Mr. Frazer and family and H. Rosenthal and family, were guests of Boyne City friends, Sunday.

Mrs. R. O. Bisbee is substitute teacher in our high school during Miss Flora Porter's absence.

Rev. Fr. Burchard, former pastor of St. Joseph's Church, was over from Boyne City a few hours, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, who have been at Grand Rapids for some months, returned home on Thursday.

Miss Phyllis Weisman entertained twenty-six of her little friends on Tuesday in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Harry Simmons, who has been sailing the great lakes is home for a visit with his mother, Mrs. Wm. Richardson, and other relatives.

The Civic Society will hold its next meeting with Mrs. Wm. Matpass, Friday Dec. 27th at 2:30 o'clock. Every member should be there, visitors welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhling and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clark returned Saturday last from the Soo, where they attended the annual meeting of the State Grange.

Mrs. Elmer Porter received a telegram Tuesday, stating that her mother, Mrs. Gilford Ruggles, was seriously ill at her home in Sidewood, Saskatchewan.

Miss Hazel Cummins has completed her course of study at Ypsilanti State Normal, and returns home this Saturday for the holiday vacation. She has secured a position as teacher in the Highland Park (near Detroit) public schools and will go there after the holiday vacation.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's. (adv.)

Atty J. E. Converse was over from Boyne City on business, Thursday.

Mrs. C. R. Johnson of the west side, who has been dangerously ill, is convalescing.

Jesse Allen and family will occupy their new home on Esterly st., this coming week.

E. B. Waterman of Traverse City is guest at the home of his cousin, B. E. Waterman.

Miss Ethel M. Ash leaves Saturday to spend the holidays at her home near St. Johns.

Mrs. G. C. McArthur is here from Calgary, Alberta, guest of her son, John McArthur.

Bert Wilhelm is home from Loganport, Ind., to spend the holidays with his family.

Miss Florence Maddaugh will spend the holiday vacation with her parents at Walloon Lake.

H. A. Tape of Grand Rapids will spend the holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson.

Earl Ruhling left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Jackson. He was accompanied by his little cousin Harold.

Mrs. R. McBride of Deward, who has been guest of Mrs. R. Supernaw this week, returned home Thursday morning.

Mrs. Gus Muma with two children is here from Ludington guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Muma, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cummins and Mr. and Mrs. John Cummins left this week for Milwaukee where they spend the holidays with relatives.

Special sale of Edison Phonograph Records. Regular 35c records now 21c. Regular 50c records now 31c. Come now while the assortment is complete at C. C. MACK'S JEWELRY STORE. (adv.)

At the last meeting of East Jordan Temple No. 65, Pythian Sisters, the following officers were elected: Excellent Chief, Frances Graf; Sen., Maud Adams; Junior, Estella Sherman; M. of R. and S., Ida Price; M. of F., Pearl McMillan; Manager, Rose McArthur; Pro., Bertha Bowman; Guard, Jessie Fay; Delegate to Grand Temple, Frances Graf; Alternate, Alice Clink

Christmas Gifts at Mack's. (adv.)

Stanley McArthur and wife of Peria, Ill., are guest of the former's brother, John, and family.

Mrs. D. McDonald with two sons, Ray and Aura, of Central Lake, was guest of her son, R. T. McDonald and family this week.

Mrs. G. W. Kitzman with children and Miss Martha Kitzman, leave Saturday to visit their parents at Standish during the holidays.

BOARDERS WANTED—Elmer Porter has opened a Boarding House on the second floor of the Zitka block. A good home with all modern conveniences. (adv.) 51-4

Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Gingsby and daughter, Mrs. James Gidley with little daughter, Fern, leave Monday for Grand Rapids where they will spend Christmas and hold a family reunion with Dr. and Mrs. Suleeba.

Special sale of Edison Phonograph Records. Regular 35c records now 21c. Regular 50c records now 31c. Come now while the assortment is complete at C. C. MACK'S JEWELRY STORE. (adv.)

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$5000

4 PER CENT

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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

Kenny, that the clerk be and hereby is instructed to ask for bids on the printing of the auditor's financial report. Ayes, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny. Nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Kenny, supported by Hudson, that the bond be paid the sum of \$75.00 and that the clerk be instructed to draw an order for same. Ayes, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny. Nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Kenny, supported by Hudson, to adjourn. Carried.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

We are nearing Christmas and we are thinking what shall we buy to please our children, whether it will be a nice Reed Chair or a fine Reed Rocker or a Solid Oak. Then again for the older people, we can safely say we have the most complete line of Solid Oak Upholstered Rockers that ever was displayed in this city. Our line of rugs never was more complete, our display rack is full, it is only too true we are carrying the largest line north of Grand Rapids. You cannot make any mistake in looking over our line for a Christmas present. (adv.) EMPEY BROS.

Don't fail to read in this issue the advertisement of The Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich., announcing the reduction in price of that great weekly farm paper from \$1.00 a year to 50 cents a year, \$1.00 for 2 years, \$1.25 for 3 years and \$2.00 for 5 years. Send in your order or write them for a free sample copy.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



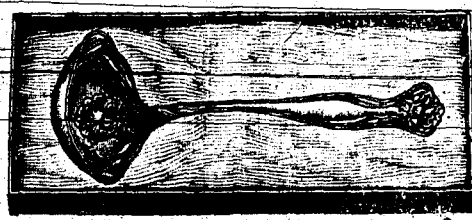
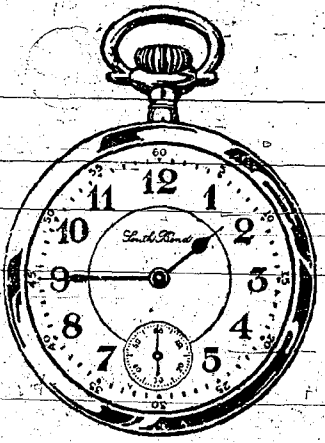
CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT MACK'S

I am showing one of the largest Holiday Stocks ever shown in Charlevoix County, and a large portion of it is bought direct from the factories, which enables us to sell at a much lower price.

One-Quarter Off On All Goods UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

TIMELY GIFT SUGGESTIONS

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|---------------------------|----------------------|--------------|---------------|------------------|
| Diamond Rings, | Hand Bags, | Locketts, | Fobs, | Waist Sets, |
| Veil Pins, | Jewel Cases, | Brooches, | Cuff Buttons, | |
| Belt Pins, | Hat Pins, | Gold Rings, | Bracelets | Bed Room Clocks, |
| Brush, Comb and Mirror, | Signet Rings, | Stone Rings | | |
| | Beads, | Rosaries | | |
| Ash Trays, | Clothes Brushes, | Vest Chains, | Fobs, | Desk Sets |
| Military Sets, | Locketts and Charms, | Scarf Pins, | Smoking Sets | |
| Shaving Cups and Brushes, | Fountain Pens. | | | |



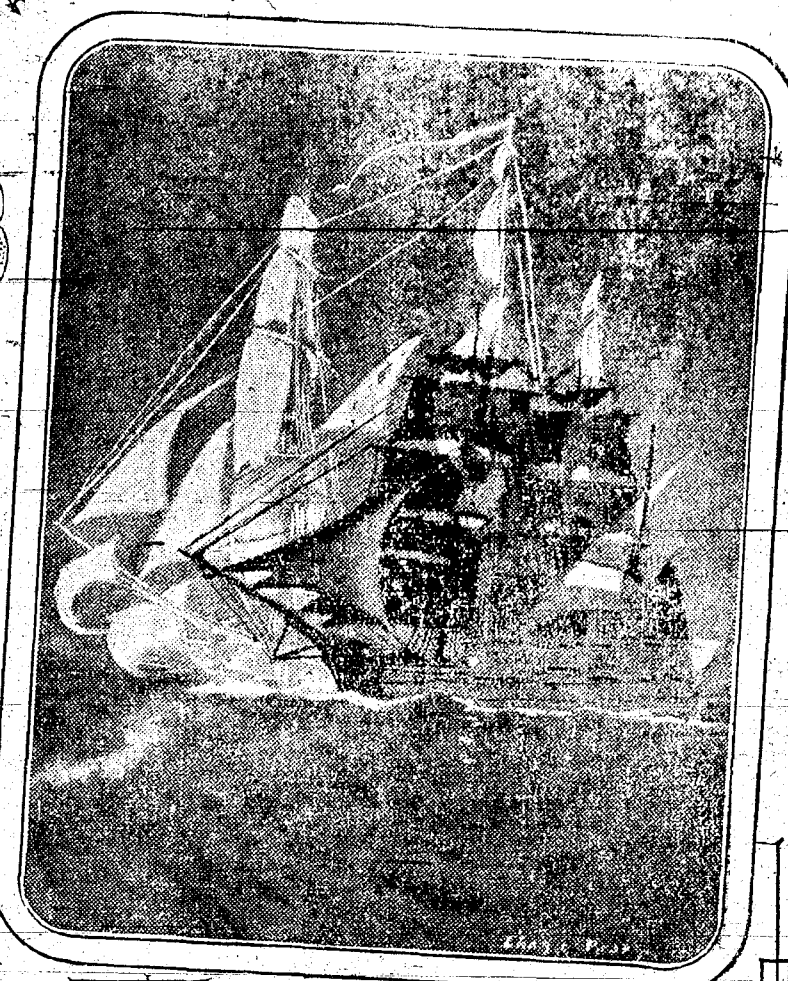
Make your selections now before the Holiday rush—pay a small deposit and we will hold the goods until Christmas. Every article bought here is fully guaranteed. We are glad to show our goods and prices and then you decide where to buy. Consider quality and price and you will buy at

MACK'S JEWELRY STORE

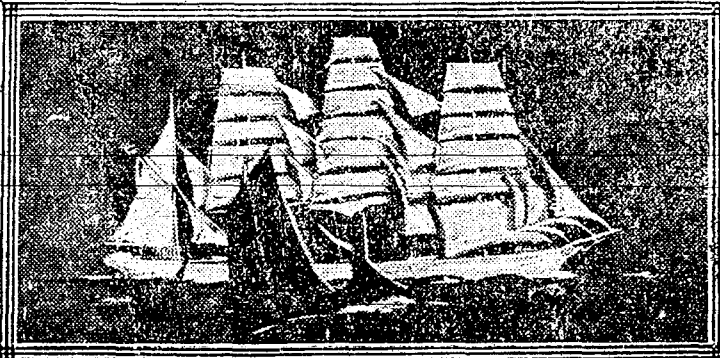
GHOSTS of the SEA

Has the reader ever heard the voice of the night-shrouded sea? Has he heard the wild wail of the raging hurricane and the weird whispers of the ambrosial calm? Has he seen ships creep out of the night when they blot out the stars with their darkling silhouettes, or when the sea and sky are one save for the gray patches of froth left trailing in the wake of breaking seas; has he seen great gray sails ooze out of the fog, or ships stealing across the "moon glade" athwart the glitter of silver cast upon the waters by the imperial votress, when the rays pierce the sails so that they become gauzy films?

If he knows these things, who shall blame him for not scoffing at the superstitions of those who go



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN



THE GHOSTLY SHIP OF EDWARD FORBES

down to the sea in ships? Will he not rather give an ear to the tales of strange things seen and believed by sailor-folk?

It is the writer's pleasure to waste time sailing the sea in a small craft, usually alone. Upon one of these voyages, having anchored upon the edge of the Nore Sands, he awoke in the middle of the night to find himself enshrouded by a thick fog—dense enough, the uninitiated reader will doubtless think. Upon looking out at the black woolly wall of fog that surrounded him, he distinctly heard his own name hailed across the water. No other craft was near. This struck him as being so peculiar that he mentioned it to a friend when he arrived at one of the little anchorages, and the skipper of a barge, chancing to overhear, said: "That's the old gentleman of the Nore! Often of foggy nights ye may 'ear 'im yellin' an' in a kind of 'elpless way, but sometimes 'is language is something horful. They say as 'e was a first mate wot 'dropped overboard an' swam to the sands, where 'e walked about until the tide rose an' drowned 'im."

Upon another occasion I was sailing along the coast of France, under the cliffs upon which stands Gris Nez lighthouse, which is about the most powerful light in the world. It was a very dark night, and the revolving rays of the lighthouse kept flashing upon the sails of my boat, lighting them like a powerful searchlight, until proceeding along the coast I got out of their range. The strange effect had been forgotten, only to be remembered in time to prevent me from becoming a firm believer in ghosts. There put at sea a ghostly ship was sailing; she was rather too modern, perhaps, to be a real ghost. For every sail set like a glove—ghost ships were never particular in this respect—indeed, she was one of those fine ships out of Glasgow which are the last words in sailing craft.

From apparently nowhere a ship had come—a ship uncannily glowing with an unnatural light. Her sails were surely cobwebs and her ropes were spider strings!

Strange sights and sounds frequently come the way of seafarers. The growling hissing sea, breaking through the night, its appearance is ghastly gray; it comes from nowhere, it fades away soon after. What could not the imagination weave it into? Shape or sound of spirits chased by the Evil One, the diving wife with arms outstretched, or sound of mother's voice. Moreover, such messages as sea sounds give, have frequently come from the dead—the howl of the raging gale, or the murmur of the gentle breeze through the masts, have borne the departing message in words that were exactly those the lost one whispered last.

To the mind of one who knows the sea, it would seem strange that sailors are not more superstitious than they are, and there are certainly many reasonable excuses for their belief. In such stories as that of the Flying Dutchman, a patch of swirling vapor through the rigging of his ship upon a dark night. Imagination does the rest; he has seen the Flying Dutchman.

Cornelius Vanderdecken, a Dutch navigator of long ago, was making a passage from Batavia. For days and days he encountered heavy gales and baffling headwinds while trying to round the Cape of Good Hope. Struggle against the winds as he would, he lost as much on one tack as he gained upon the other. Struggling vainly for nine hopeless weeks, he ultimately found himself in the same position as he was in at first, the ship having made no progress. Vanderdecken, in a fit of wrath, threw himself on his knees

upon the deck and cursed the Delty, swearing that he would round the cape if it took him till the day of judgment. Thereupon came a fair wind, he squared his yards and set off, but although his ship plowed through the seas, he made no headway, for the Delty had taken him at his word and doomed him to sail the seas for ever.

Superstition has it that the appearance of the phantom ship leads to certain and swift misfortune. Old sailors will tell of the ship of the Flying Dutchman bowling along in the very teeth of the wind, and of her overtaking their own ship which was beating to windward. Some of them say they have seen her sail clean through their ship, the swirling films of her sails and rigging leaving a cold clammy feeling like the touch of death.

Cornwall in the old days was remarkable for its wreckers, and its rock-bound coast was the scene of many evil deeds. The Priest's Cove wrecker during his evil life lured many vessels to their doom upon the cruel shore by means of a false light hung round the neck of a loblipped horse. To this day the good Cornish folk will tell you of the phantom of the wrecker sea when the winds howl and the seas rage high, carried clinging to a log of wood upon the crests of the breaking seas, and how it is sent crashing upon the rocks, where in the seething foam it disappears from sight.

The wide stretching sand-choked estuary of the Solway has many a ghost story and more than one phantom ship.

The "Spectral Shallop" is the ghost of a ferry-boat which was wrecked by a rival ferryman who carrying a bridal party across the bay. The ghostly boat is rowed by the skeleton of the cruel ferryman, and such ships as are so unlucky as to encounter this ghostly pilot are usually doomed to be wrecked upon the sands.

No money would tempt the Solway fishermen to go out to meet the two Danish sea-rovers whose ships, upon clear nights, are seen gliding up one of the narrow channels which thread the dried-out sands, the high-curved prows and rows of shields along the gunwales glittering in the moonlight. These two piratical ships, it seems, ran into the Solway, and dropped anchor there, when a sudden furious storm came up and the ships, which were heavily laden with plunder, sank at their moorings with all the villains which composed their crews.

Among the rocks upon the rugged coast of Kerry was found one winter morning, early in the eighteenth century, a large galleon, mastless and deserted. The Kerry wreckers crowded aboard, and wild was their joy. For the ship was laden with ingots of silver from the Spanish Main. They gradually fired their boats until the gunwales were almost down to the water's edge, and hastily they pulled to the shore in order that they might return for further ingots before the tide rose and floated the ship away. Nearing the shore a huge tidal wave broke over boats and ship, and when the wave had passed, the horrified women watching on shore saw no sign remaining of boats, men or ship.

Wild horses would not get a Kerry fisherman to visit the scene of this disaster upon the anniversary of the day the grim tragedy took place, for only bad luck has come to those who have seen the re-enactment of the affair, which Kerry folk believe takes place upon that day.

The Newhaven ghost ship signified her own doom. A ship built at Newhaven in January, 1647, having sailed away upon her maiden voyage, was thought to have been lost at sea, when one evening in June, during a furious thunder-storm, the well-known ship was sighted sailing into the river mouth—but straight into the eye of the wind—until she neared the town, when slowly she faded from the sight of the people who crowded on shore to watch her. The ap-

partition was significant—the ship was never heard of again.

The rocky coasts of New England are haunted by many ghost ships. The Palatine is the best-known specter. The coasters and fishermen of Long Island Sound will tell you that when a sight of her is gotten, disastrous and long-lasting storms will follow. The Palatine, a Dutch trader, misled by false lights shown by wreckers, ran ashore upon Block Island in the year 1752. The wreckers, when they had stripped the vessel, set her on fire in order to conceal their crime. As the tide lifted her and carried her flaming out to sea, agonizing shrieks came from the blaze, and the figure of a woman who had hidden herself in the hold in fear of the wreckers stood out black amid the roaring blaze. Then the deck fell in and ship and woman vanished.

The whaling in Nantucket, as you will remember, was in its palmy days carried on almost entirely by Quakers. One Sunday evening a meeting was in progress; the simple service seemed as though it might pass, and the spirit moved none of the company. The elder Friend was just about to offer his hand to his neighbor in the closing of the meeting, when a stranger rose and declared that the Lord's wrath was upon a certain whaling ship, and that he had seen her in a vision descending a huge wave from the hollow of which she never rose. The meeting closed hurriedly, but the speaker could not be found, and the ship was never heard of.

Some of the best ghost stories are those which the writer has heard from the simple folk of the salt marshes. It is hardly possible to describe these dreary districts, for when one has said they are flat, stretching for miles, and rather subject to mists, one has said pretty well all that is to be said—the rest must be felt. However, just as there is a call of the sea, so there is a call of the marshland. You shall go into the salt marsh and feel its moist breath upon your cheek and the breath of its salty-whiffs and the ozone of its calms. You shall be lost in its vastness, and, threading its innumerable twisted narrow waterways, which lead to nowhere, ye shall tread its carpet of scentless flowers. You shall go to its very edge where the sea comes oftenest, and where the flowers decaying leave their rust-colored remains. There you shall meet mud, and the cry of the curlew shall mock as you founder in its filth. The moon shall come up refracted by the mist into unrecognizable shape, which shall be blood color. You shall be a gray shape, differing little from the common things that are there, for you shall be enshrouded by fog; nay, it shall sink into your very soul, until you are not flesh and bones, but a particle of fog yourself. You shall listen to its silences; you shall be told things by them, and, strong man that you are, you shall be afraid.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that these simple Essex marsh-dwellers remember such tales as that of the young skipper, home from a long voyage, whose haste to embrace his wife, and the babe he had not yet seen, led him to go the nearer way of the marshes? The tale has it that in crossing a narrow gutway, near Pitsea, he sank in the mud. So deeply did he sink that he could not extricate himself; the more he struggled the deeper he sank, and with the horror of knowing that the tide was rising and would come stealing up the creek, he shouted. As the tide rose higher the louder were his screams. The salters near Pitsea are lonely; the cries were heard only by a half-witted peat-cutter, who often in his less-same moments heard such screams and thought no more of the matter. So the shrieks became gurgles, and by the time the tide had lifted the peat-cutter's punt they had ceased.

The older folk at this stage of the story assume a mysterious air, and, with large-eyed glances athwart their shoulders, will tell you that the skipper's shrieks are heard on starlit nights as the tide glides up that creek.

So here are my ghost stories, and if I sometimes believe in them when I sail all alone on the midnight deep, you will not laugh at me.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral
NOT NARCOTIC
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER
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Flavor
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Every Woman's Complexion

is bound to show whether or not she is in good physical condition. If the complexion is muddy, the skin sallow; if pimples or skin blemishes appear it is then attention must be given to improve the bodily condition. There is one safe and simple way. Clear the system and purify the blood with a few doses of

Beecham's Pills

This well known vegetable family remedy is famous for its power to improve the action of the organs of digestion and elimination. They will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver, tone the stomach and you will know what it is to be free from troubles, from headaches, backaches, lassitude, and extreme nervousness. They will make you feel healthier and stronger in every way. By clearing your system of poisonous waste Beecham's Pills will have good effect upon your looks—these they

Will Beautify and Improve

The directions with every box are of special value and importance to women. Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c., 25c.

Suicide Among German Children.

Why do so many German children commit suicide? No one seems to know, but there is no dispute about the fact. Indeed, it has been said that the majority of suicides are those of children, and experts seem inclined to connect the grisly epidemic with the educational system. That "the weak must go to the wall" has become an axiom that has been extended to the schools, and the undeveloped mind of the child seeks relief in suicide from the discouragement of failure. It would be interesting to know if any of the so-called heathen countries of the world have ever experienced such a horrid social phenomena as that of child suicide.

A Bit Candid.

First Tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto)—You 'as got a huffy face, 'asn't you, mate?
Second Tripper—Corn't do nuffin' abaat it.
First Tripper—You might 'ave stopped at 'ome—Punch (London).

Exceptional Child.

First School Teacher—Does Edith's little girl ever make any bright answer?
Second School Teacher—No; she always knows her lessons.—Judge.

Heredity.

She—Sometimes you appear really manly and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?
He—I suppose it is hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half woman!—Tit-Bits.

A man sometimes sees things from a different point of view after his wife makes up her mind.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOLE OF BURSITIS FOR ABSORBINE

It removes them and cures no Bursitis. Cures any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair. Hours of a worked, 50c per bottle delivered. Book of Facts.
ABSORBINE, JR. Treatment for manhood. For Boils, Bruises, Ulcers, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, Venous Varicosities, Ailays Pain, Sprains and fits a bottle at druggists or delivered. Will kill more if you wish. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. They are
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, stimulate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Acids and Indigestion, as millions know.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine—must bear Signature
Asa Wood

READERS

o. this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing a substitute or imitation.

The Cheerful Life

It is the right of everyone to live and enjoy the cheerful life. We owe it to ourselves and those who live with us to live the cheerful life. We cannot do so if ill health takes hold of us.

The wife, mother and daughter suffering from hot flashes, nervousness, headache, backache, dragging-down feeling, or any other weakness due to disorders or irregularities of the delicate female organs—is not only a burden to herself, but to her loved ones.

There is a remedy. Forty years experience has proven unmistakably that

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

will restore health to weakened womanhood. For 40 years it has survived prejudice, envy and malice. Sold by dealers in medicine in liquid or tablet form. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Pills can be had of druggist or mailed on receipt of one-cent stamps—10c. for 50c. size. Address: R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

Rheumatism Neuralgia Sprains

Miss C. MAMONEY, of 2708 R St. W. Washington, D.C., writes: "I suffered with rheumatism for five years and I have just got hold of your Liniment, and it has done me so much good. My knees do not pain and the swelling has gone."

Quiets the Nerves

Mrs. A. WENZEL, of 403 Thompson St., Maryville, Mo., writes: "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and left me with a jerking at night so that I could not sleep. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I could not do without it. I find it is the use I can sleep."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

"It's a good Liniment. I keep it on hand all the time. My daughter sprained her wrist and used your Liniment, and it has not hurt her since."

JOSEPH HATCHER, of Selma, N. C. R.F.D., No. 4. At All Dealers Price 25c, 50c, \$1.00 Sloan's book on horses, cattle, dogs and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.



GOOD DESCRIPTION.



Teacher: "Willie, what is a volcano?" Willie: "Why-er, it's like a furnace full of Roman candles wid de door open."

HANDS BURNING, ITCHING

905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill.—"The trouble began by my hands burning and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not sleep. They were cracked and when the small sores broke a white matter would come out. I could not do any hard work; if I did the sores would come out worse. For two years nobody could cure my eczema, until one day I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used warm water with the Cuticura Soap and after that I put the Cuticura Ointment on my hands twice a day for about five or six months when I was cured. (Signed) Sam Marcus, Nov. 28, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Frontier Medical List. In good old frontier days castor oil was the principal medical beverage—good full measure, too. Only the biggest person could hold a whole dose—one-half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help slick it down and make it taste good, only it didn't taste good. In those historic days every old woman was a doctor and gathered her own "yarbs" in the woods and knew how to mix up medical messes that would stir the vitals of a brass monkey or a cast iron dog. All backwoodsmen believed in "yarb" doctors. Something in "yarbs," at that.

Society.

Mrs. Wayupp—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out, and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position. Mrs. Blase—Goodness! Where is he? Mrs. Wayupp—He has gone out in cog, to pay a bill.—Puck.

It always costs more to acquire a crouch than it is worth.

CURES BURNS AND CUTS. Cole's Carbollinase stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

If you make a remark don't you enjoy having some one say, "Is that so?"

FOR EYES **Petit's Eye Salve**

PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

JAN'S PRESENTIMENT

It Was of Disaster, but Everything Eventually Came Out All Right.

By MARGARET MANNING.

From the first moment of his opening the door Jan Olesen felt a presentiment of disaster. There was something in the atmosphere of the boarding house, with its stuffy hall, its gilt mirrors, its glaring plush ornamentation, that sickened him, so that when the little maid came forward and asked whom he wished to see he could hardly utter Mina's name. Jan Olesen, fresh from the west, where he had established himself as a prosperous farmer within three years after his arrival from Sweden, a penniless youth, looked in surprise at the little servant's troubled face.

"You are from my country," he asked in his native tongue, and at the sound of the words the little fair-haired maid-of-all-work broke down and cried.

"I-I haven't heard the old speech for so long," she said, and then began smiling through her tears as the sun smiles out of a blue sky. And the twinkling eyes that she turned upon him were very blue, and her smile as sunny as a Swedish girl's smile can be.

Jan Olesen looked at her in grave compassion. "Do they treat you well here, child?" he asked. She shrugged her shoulders. "Some of the boarders do," she answered. "Theatrical folks are mostly kind. But Miss Dalrymple—she's a terror. She's leading lady in the 'Red Slipper' chorus, you know—and, say," she added, breaking into the easily acquired slang of America, "what do you think? She's Swedish, too, for all her American airs and English name."

Olesen clutched at the wall to save himself from falling. Before his eyes a mist was swimming. His mind went back to the day when he had rented a cheap hall bedroom almost in the next city block, had met Mina Jensen. She was just such a little maid as this, newly arrived from the old country. He remembered her shy smile, her engaging frankness. And they had become engaged, and he had gone west to make his fortune. Now after three years he had returned—to what?

Through the mist broke a scent of patchouli. Out of it he saw a woman approach, with fashionably done hair



"I'm to be sent away," she said, and gaudy dress, and through the floating clouds he saw a slim hand, much bejeweled, stretched forth to his.

"Why, if it isn't Jan!" exclaimed Mina. "I guess you didn't know me. Jan. Well, what are you staring at?" she continued to the girl. "Get busy with your work, whatever it is! Ain't she the impudent thing! Just a greenhorn, you know! Come right in, Jan, and tell me about your self and if you've brought back a wad to blow in in New York. And say, Jan, can that stuff you wrote me about getting married and showing me a good time in this burg instead, Nix on a Minnesota farm for mine!"

He escaped afterward—it might have been hours or minutes, but the last thing of which he was aware was Mina standing at the door of her apartment and gazing after him with a puzzled, quizzical air.

"Poor Jan! You haven't learned much in Minnesota, Jan!" she had said at parting. And her designs on his pocket-book had been transparent enough to bring a blush of shame to his tanned face, so that he could only raise his hat mechanically in response to her farewell.

She had refused to discuss their marriage; instead, he was to take her to dinner on the next evening. His love had changed to horror. For three years her memory, her letters—changed though they were—had been the spur which goaded him to success. Now the fabric of ambitions which he had built up was shattered.

But in the loneliness of his room that night his thoughts gradually began to flow in their accustomed groove again. He must have been mistaken. Surely Mina Jensen, the little country girl whom he had met in the steerage, animated by the same hopes as himself, cradled in the same land,

could not have changed so. Perhaps it was he who had changed. Perhaps he was too slow, had remained a "greenhorn," for all his success, while she had progressed beyond him.

He resolved to tell her everything on the following night; all his aims and aspirations; to beg her to come back with him to Minnesota. There, on their lonely farm, they would settle, as the old folks had done in Sweden, they would be happy.

He fell asleep at last, happy in his dreams. But on the next night the old feeling came over him again at the sight of the hall, the scent of perfume, the faded tawdriness of it. He hesitated upon the threshold; he could not enter.

And the little maid's eyes were red from tears.

"You have been crying, my dear," said Olesen, using the Swedish word of endearment. "What is the matter? You won't tell me? Yes, you'll tell a fellow-countryman. Come, tell me!"

"I'm to be sent away," she said, her voice quavering.

"Away? Well, but there are better places. O, yes. I'm not afraid. But she said—"

"She? Who?"

"Miss Dalrymple. She said—I can't tell you—well, that I didn't behave—that I talked to the men here—that I talked to you yesterday. And she pays twenty a week, so Mrs. Simmons is afraid to affront her. And she said that if I didn't go she would. She hates me because I'm from the same country, and—and she doesn't want people to know that she was once a working girl like me."

Olesen heard a door open softly above. Down the stairs, horrible in their glaring carpeting, floated the faint odor of patchouli. For an instant he pondered; then, taking the girl by the arm, he led her to the door.

"My dear," he said, "in the state I come from there are broad acres of land—land like we have at home, with forests and lakes. And there are no Miss Dalrymples there, and women are treated differently. Would you like to come with me to see the place I'm speaking of?" He spoke in Swedish now. "There, don't let those tears come. No, never mind your hat; there's a department store round the corner where you can get all you need. But hurry, for it closes at five, and we've got to get to the city hall first and take out our marriage license." (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

LET WOMEN WOO THE MEN

Old Custom, Declares English Writer, Is the Cause of Much Marital Unhappiness.

Surely the most foolish of all the many foolish conventions that ruin human joy is the decree that women must wait passively to be wooed, declares a writer in the London Chronicle. Now, why should they? Why can't they be natural and honest and show their feelings? Why must they be compelled to act an indifference quite foreign to them? Perhaps some of you hold with Shaw and Shakespeare that they don't wait to be wooed. Some of them certainly don't. Generally speaking, however, few women even nowadays have the pluck to go dead against a convention of this sort, which has such a tremendously strong hold on the masculine sense of fitness.

If woman's charm is to depend on this idiotic convention that men have created around her—namely, that she is a perfectly cold, passive, negative creature who waits in a state of suspended animation, as it were, until the man condescends to make her come alive—the sooner the modern feminists invent some more reasonable tradition of charm the better for us all.

Now, let us suppose a couple that has overcome all the initial obstacles. They have managed the difficult task of finding each other, have got their declaration over, and are safely engaged. What happens next? Every possible thing that can be done to create an illusion around them is done. They are encouraged to meet often, but the conditions under which they meet are as different as can be from the conditions of their future married life. Does that man every see that girl in any kind of negligee, or does she see him unshaved, say? Does he have any experience of how she will run a house or manage affairs? Does she have any chance of finding out that he's faddy about food, or mean about money?

These are material things, it is true, and therefore not of the first importance; but, on the other hand, what chance do they have either to discover each other's spiritual state? Don't they, as a rule, act and sham all through, and dress up for each other, and spend their time under the most artificial conditions, pleasure-seeking? Are they ever encouraged to have earnest conversations with each other to discuss the more serious aspects of their future life together? No, the entire business is conducted in the most absurdly irresponsible, once-married-we'll-shake-down-all-right spirit, which would be comical but for the fact that the results are often so deeply tragical.

Porous Metals.

Using an alloy of lead and antimony, containing 90 per cent lead, and one of tin and lead, containing 80 per cent of tin, Hannover has obtained both porous lead and tin. The porous lead thus obtained may be used for many purposes, and would be especially valuable in making accumulator plates of very great capacity.

DAINTIES FOR COOKY BOX

Cakes and Similar Confections That Will Gladden the Hearts of the Small People.

H O Cakes.—One cup of sugar, one cup of oats, one egg beaten with the yolk, vanilla to taste, handful of raisins. Drop on greased pan about a teaspoon of the mixture. Bake in a slow oven.

Berkshire Cookies.—One cup of molasses, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in half a cup of cold water, a dessert-spoon of salt, one teaspoon of melted butter, one teaspoon of ginger, four enough to roll the thickness of an inch. Bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

Chocolate Wafers.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, two cups of grated chocolate, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, a little salt. Roll quite thin and bake in a hot oven.

Crystal Cakes.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three cups of cornstarch, one cup of flour, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, two eggs, white of one egg, one teaspoon of grated nutmeg. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, well beaten, then sift in the flour, cornstarch, baking powder and nutmeg. Mix into a nice dough. If too dry add a very little milk. Divide into small pieces, pat them flat, brush them over with the beaten white of an egg and sprinkle over with granulated sugar. Place apart on buttered pans and bake in a moderately warm oven until done.

BLEACHING LINEN IN HOUSE

Good Substitute for Sun and Grass, Which Is, of Course, the Best Way of Doing It.

The very best and safest plan for bleaching unbleached linen and cotton is the good old method used in our grandmothers' days of wetting the material thoroughly and spreading it on the clean grass in the full sun that it may do the work. The material is made wet again each time it becomes dry, and after a few days it will have become soft and fine in texture and of a beautiful snowy white, simply through nature's agents. But if time, space and a propitious season are lacking, the best way is to soak the material for over night in a rinsing water containing javelle water, an ordinary washing fluid, which, judiciously used, does not materially weaken the fibers of clothing while bleaching it very nicely. About a cupful with the rinse water for each tub is ordinarily used and the clothing is left in the rinse water for a longer or shorter time, according to its state.

For your unbleached linens and cottons you might use two cupfuls of javelle to the tub and let them soak several hours or even over night. Then rinse thoroughly, blue, and expose while quite wet to the sun and air. It will probably not be necessary to repeat the treatment, and each repeated washing will whiten them more and more.

To Dry-Clean Curtains.

To dry-clean lace curtains at home, shake curtains thoroughly to remove dirt—fold a clean sheet once across, spread it upon the floor and place the curtain upon it. Mix together corn meal and powdered borax, one teaspoonful of borax to one pint of corn meal. Sprinkle generously over first curtain, lay another curtain upon it, proceed as before and continue until you have sprinkled the mixture on all the curtains to be cleaned.

When all are done and there is a last layer of the mixture on top, begin at the end of the sheet and roll up tightly. Lay away the bundle for ten days, at the end of which time, if removed and carefully shaken, the curtains will be found beautifully cleansed. If there are wrinkles they may be pressed out with a hot iron.

Recipe for Cottage Cheese.

Place sour milk in vessel on back of stove and let it warm gradually. Take care that the milk does not become hot, as this will make the curd tough and hard to digest. When the curd is separated from the whey—a process hastened by the application of heat—pour into a bag and let drip until the whey is removed. Turn curd into a dish, season to suit taste with salt and pepper, mold into little balls or patties, or stir with a fork, then pile lightly on dish. A little cream may be added to the curd along with the seasoning.

Recipe Book.

For the housekeeper there is a cloth-bound blank book with indexed edges, planned for recipes. It is priced at 75 cents, and just at this season, when one is newly opening up one's home and gathering all odds and ends together, it will undoubtedly prove of much use, for old recipes may be copied into it and clippings pasted in, and many odds and ends of paper so cleared out.

Almond Cookies.

One egg, one tablespoon powdered sugar, one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of butter. Mix at once. Stripe on pan with knife very thin. Cut fine stripes of almond; sprinkle on top of cookies. Cut out with form cutter. Bake in moderate oven.

Prune Salad.

Soak prunes over night and cook until tender. Drain the juice from them and cut the fruit into shreds. Arrange on a lettuce leaf, sprinkle with pecan meats and cover with cream dressing.



"Thank Duke's Mixture for Them"

Every member of your family will appreciate the many handsome, useful presents you can get free with the coupons now packed in

Duke's Mixture

Duke's Mixture is one of the big favorite brands for both pipe and cigarettes. Men everywhere prefer it because of its true natural tobacco taste. Duke's Mixture is simply the choice leaves of fine Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf—thoroughly aged, stemmed and crumbled. It's impossible to get a purer smoke or a more likeable one than this mild, rich, fragrant Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture.

One and a half ounces of this choice granulated tobacco cost only 5c—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

The Presents are FREE

They do not cost you one penny. In each 5c sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a free present coupon. With these coupons you can get any article described in our new illustrated catalogue of presents.

As a special offer, good during December and January only, we will give you this catalogue absolutely FREE. Simply send us your name and address.



Coupons from DUKE'S MIXTURE may be assorted with THE NEW YORKER'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST and coupons from FOUR ROSES' 10c-10c double cut, PICK BLICK CUT, FIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags and coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ST. LOUIS, MO.

HENKEL'S The Commercial Milling Co.

Selects Good Grain for Henkel's Flour and Meal. Henkel's Bread Flour is Not Bleached. It comes to you rich and Creamy as Nature makes it. It leaves our mill in neat white packages, a symbol of the purity within. Good as it always has been, we expect to make it better in a mill that will delight the extremest FLOUR ideas of those who make or use good

Usual Kind of Office Seekers.

"Well, how's every little thing, now that election is over?" asked the recently arrived washing machine agent.

"Bout as they are every place else, I reckon," a bit pessimistically replied the landlord of the Turgidown tavern. "The banker, the storekeepers, the lumber yard man, the doctor, the stock buyer, the blacksmith and all the rest of the business men who have always appeared to be capable of managing their various sized affairs successfully, are going on calmly and carefully attending to 'em, while all the triffin', one-galled incompetents that have never had any affairs of their own to attend to and wouldn't be capable of conducting 'em properly if they had any, are out hotfoot and hell-bent to get and manage the postoffice for the rest of us!"

Ominous.

"I like affectionate animals. Does this dog attach himself to people easily?"

"Not if they can run faster than he can."

Chance.

"I always embrace an opportunity."

"But, then, you must be careful you are not hugging a delusion."

A CURE FOR FILLS.

Cole's Carbollinase stops the itching and pains and cures piles. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

The Tender Spot.

"What have you done toward punishing lawbreakers?"

"Well," replied the shady police officer, "I have done a great deal toward hurting their feelings by taking their money away from them."

Red Cross Ball-Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.—Adv.

A girl of ten hates to be kissed almost as much as a girl of twenty doesn't.

A girl's idea of a tiresome man is one who has good sense.

Smelled a Grafter.

A Boston clubman recently returned from a visit to New York city. In discussing his trip one of his friends asked him whether he had a policeman in his pocket. The clubman hesitated for a moment, seriously questioning his friend's sanity, when the latter added:

"I didn't know whether you could be there a week without some grafter or other getting into your pocket."

Some of us must save money in order that others may inherit it.

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF

100 ACRES WESTERN CANADA FREE. IN HIGH AND SO HIGH PRICES OF BATTLE. For years the Province of Alberta (western Canada) was the Big Game Country. Many of these ranch boys are immense grain fields and the cattle have given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and that the change has made many thousands of Americans, settled on these plains, wealthy. But it has increased the price of live stock. There is splendid opportunity now to get a

Free Homestead

of 100 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the new western districts of the Province of Alberta. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, the soil fertile, the opportunities are countless, markets plentiful in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Send for literature, the latest information, railway time table, etc. M. V. McInnes, 178 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agency, or address: Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Solicitor, 214 K St. N.W. Stationers. See notice.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starck

makes laundry work a pleasure. 15c. per lb. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 42-1912.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER BECAUSE THEY ARE RICHEST IN OURATIVE QUALITIES CONTAIN NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS AGE SAFE, SURE, AND SAVE YOU MONEY

Finds Cure for Epilepsy After Years of Suffering

My daughter was afflicted with epileptic fits for three years, the attacks coming every few weeks. We employed several doctors but they did her no good. About a year ago we heard of Dr. Miles' Nervine, and it certainly has proved a blessing to our little girl. She is now apparently cured and is enjoying the best of health. It is over a year since she has had a fit. We cannot speak too highly of Dr. Miles' Nervine.

MRS. FRANK ANDERSON, Conroy, Minn.
Thousands of children in the United States who are suffering from attacks of epilepsy are a burden and sorrow to their parents, who would give anything to restore health to the sufferers.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is one of the best remedies known for this affliction. It has proven beneficial in thousands of cases and those who have used it have the greatest faith in it. It is not a "cure-all" but a reliable remedy for nervous diseases. You need not hesitate to give it a trial. Sold by all Druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

REAL LAND OF THE AUTOMAT

Germany, Probably More Than Any Other Country, Makes Use of These Simple Devices.

Germany might almost be called "the land of the automat." Automatic devices of all kinds are popular and are used for a thousand purposes. At all postoffices, stamps and post cards are sold by automatic machines; at the railway stations, platform tickets and suburban tickets are sold by automats; automat restaurants, where one can secure a glass of beer, wine, or liquor, a sandwich, square meal, cup of coffee, chocolate, etc., by dropping a coin in the slot, abound everywhere. Every city of 15,000 or 20,000 population and over has from one to several hundred such restaurants. At railway stations automats sell chocolate, candy, picture post cards, and even a little kit of "first aid to the injured," containing a few drops of pain-killer, bandages, needle, thread, etc. Ten pfennigs in a slot opens the doors of toilet compartments, delivering a towel or piece of soap. A coin in a slot obtains a cigar, a tune from a mechanical music box, a pair of shoe strings, a collar button, or a visiting card.

Editorial Confessions.

The following confessions have been made by Thomas E. Thompson:
"I once had a round key check with my name on it—about the size of a silver quarter. Occasionally when at church I found myself dead broke. I would drop that key check into the hat for a bluff and the next day the brother treasurer would bring it around and I would redeem it. But one time it went out and never came back, and now I have to put in the coin or give the sign of distress."
"Once when I was on earth the first time I tried to make love to a giggly girl. She laughed me out of court and I was firmly convinced that she was not capable of a sensible, serious thought. I saw her not long ago and she looked as if she hadn't giggled or even smiled for a score of years and I was glad she treated me as a joke in the other days."—Kansas City Star.

Doctor of Agriculture.

The time is coming when every rural community of sufficient size will have one or more agricultural experts—men professionally trained to serve in an advisory way all the farmers of the community for a fee. These men will understand the chemistry of the soil and plant growth; their laboratories will be busy with soil analysis and the study of local plant diseases; they will be entomologists and bacteriologists, and their value will be obvious to the enlightened farmers of a new age. These farmers, no longer content to depend on the free clinic of the state experiment station, will seek the advice and prescription of the local doctor of agriculture. The dignity and the rewards of this profession are bound to increase, for it is founded upon the basis of our greatest industry. —World's Work.

Women Run French Town.

Folsay, a small town halfway between Paris and Amiens, in Franco, is said to be the only civilized community in which the municipal affairs are entirely in the hands of women. The mayor is a woman, and so is the superintendent of the railway station, the switchman, the mail carrier and the town barber. Mme. Lesebore is the telegraph messenger and Mme. Bruhon-Marchardin is the drummer whose duty it is to announce each proclamation of the mayor. Mme. Bruhon-Marchardin is described as an octogenarian who has held her post through wind and rain for upward of twenty years. The letter carrier, Mme. Doubour, has held her office for more than ten years and goes about with her letters regardless of the weather.

Married in Mourning.

Six couples dressed in mourning came to the garrison church at Potsdam recently to be married. They are known as the "Louise bridal pairs," for every year these funeral weddings are celebrated at 9 o'clock on the anniversary of the day and the hour the good Queen Louise died. In the year of her death a Lutheran bishop left a sum of money, the interest of which was to be divided between couples married on its anniversary, and the directions he left for the ceremony are still observed. This year each couple received the acceptable sum of \$110 in return for their sacrifice of the bridal finery.

Don't fail to read in this issue the advertisement of The Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich., announcing the reduction in price of that great weekly farm paper from \$1.00 a year to 50 cents a year, \$1.00 for 2 years, \$1.25 for 3 years and \$2.00 for 5 years. Send in your order or write them for a free sample copy.

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

RALEIGH, N. C. CHILD

Made Strong and Well by Vinol.
—When we tell you that Vinol is the best remedy in our whole stock for making weak, puny, ailing children strong, robust and rosy, we are only telling you what has been proved by hundreds of mothers.

Mrs. W. O. Strother, Raleigh, N. C., says: "My little girl, Hazel, has been taking Vinol to build her up after a severe spell of sickness. It has done so much good by restoring her appetite and building up her strength that I think Vinol is the finest tonic ever prepared, and I am telling everyone about it."

What Vinol did for this little girl it will do for very weak and ailing child, because sickly children need the strengthening cod liver elements and the tonic iron that Vinol contains—that is why Vinol builds them up quickly and gives them a fine, healthy color. It is pleasant to take, and we guarantee that the results will satisfy you—money back if they do not. P. S. Our Sazo Salve is truly wonderful for Eczema. We guarantee it.

TRY SOLACE At Our Expense

Money Back for Any Cases Of Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Headache that Solace Fails to Remove

SOLACE REMEDY is a recent medical discovery of three eminent scientists that dissolves Uric Acid Crystals and Purifies the blood. It is easy to take, and will not affect the stomach. It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Law to be absolutely free from opiates or harmful drugs of any description. SOLACE is a specific in every way, and has been proven beyond question to be the most rapid and quickest remedy for Uric Acid troubles known to medical science. It matters how long-standing it reaches and removes the root of the trouble (Uric Acid) and purifies the blood. THE SOLACE CO. of Battle Creek are the Sole U. S. Agents and have thousands of you, large testimonials and have been awarded many prizes and medals for their discovery. Testimonial letters, literature and FREE BOOK sent upon request. R. Lee Morris, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, Texas, wrote to the Solace Company as follows: "I want you to send a box of Solace to my father in Memphis, Tenn., for which I enclose \$1. This remedy has been used by some friends of mine here and I must say it is a wonderful medicine." (Signed) R. L. Morris. Put up in 2 c. tin and \$1.00 boxes. SOLACE REMEDY TO BE HAD AT ALL DRUG STORES. CAN BE SOON RECEIVED BY TRYING SOLACE. No Special Treatment or Regimen. JUST SOLACE ALONE does the work. Write for FREE BOOK. THE SOLACE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

Bring in all the HIDES, FURS and SKINS to KLING BROS. They pay the highest prices. \$3.00 for No. 1 horse hides. 43-13 (adv.)

Pimple Face.

BLACKHEADS SKIN BLOTCHES Coarse Features Are Ugly Looks—Refined Folks Avoid Your Acquaintance.

FRECKLE FACE

And Coarse Pores Always Repulsive. "Yaak" (Special) Quickly Removes these Homely Spots—The Greatest Remedy in the Wide World for Quick Results. GET "YAAK" (SPECIAL). Have you ever seen so many careless people with sallow rough faces, scraggy hollow cheeks, pimply blotchy skin, walking the streets in street cars, in the stores, and at social gatherings? They ought to know that their own friends turn from them with disgust. Freckles and coarse pores are an ugly sight in society and business life. Refused folks usually avoid meeting those with such repulsive looks.

The very worst cases of pimples, blotches and blotchy faces, freckles and coarse pores, can be positively got rid of by "Yaak" (Special). It is a wonderful product, and makes the face smoothly plump, fresh, and extremely young looking; the greatest preparation in the world for quick results. "Yaak" is delicate, harmless, and fascinating to the skin, absolutely free from all erosive drugs. "Yaak" (Special) is purely Vegetable Herbs, Oils of Nuts, Lily-bulb Juice, cerasine, Olive Oils and Coconut Oils, which give the face a healthy glowing appearance. Apply a little at night, and every morning, you will quickly see a surprising change. Just try it and be convinced. "Yaak" gives a nearly white velvety skin, and contains special ingredients for what it claims. Just ask anybody who has used "Yaak" (Special) for the best and quickest results. Even the best application will amaze you. Get "Yaak" today. Don't delay it for tomorrow, and permit those ugly features on your face. You will only be disliked by your neighbors, and they gossip about you. "Yaak" (Special) sells everywhere in America for \$1 per box, and also for 50 cents per box, two sizes. If your facial blemishes are of long standing, it is best that you get the larger size box. You will surely need it for necessary results. Beware of substitutes, don't buy it to fit but demand the "Yaak" (Special). Ask the druggists in town for it, they get it from the wholesalers. Or we will ship direct to you, either size box, postpaid, by next mail by any of the following Chicago firms. Send your money order to any firm you choose: Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., The Big Fair Store, Birney's Drug Store, The Public Drug Store, Rithschild & Company, Big department store; The Economical Drug Co., opposite Marshall Field Co., all big Chicago firms. Put "Yaak" (Special) on your shopping list to day. There is, nothing on the market can equal it. "Yaak" does not give samples, the ingredients are special products and expensive.

It is positively the greatest preparation in the world for beautifying the skin of all ugly facial blemishes toward a velvety, plump, youthful complexion. Just try it. "Yaak" (Special) is worth its weight in gold and when you have used it, you will regard it as one of your most treasured possessions. Get it today without delay in your own town, or else any of the above Chicago firms will ship at once.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

All persons liable for taxes in the City of East Jordan are hereby notified that the tax bill for the State, County, City and School District taxes for 1912 is now in my hands for collection, and the tax can be paid at my store in said city on or after December 10, 1912. If paid before January 10, 1913 there is no added penalty, but on January 10, 1913 four percent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes.
Dated December 3, 1912.
C. C. MACK,
City Treasurer.

New Yorker in the Provinces.

"Don't tell them out in the provinces that you are a New Yorker," remarked an old-time drummer to a younger commercial traveler, "or they will stick you half the time. Here's an instance: I was just starting home from a city in the far west, and a few minutes before train time broke the glass in my watch. There was a watchmaker's shop opposite the station, and I rushed in with a request for hasty repairs, as I was just starting for New York. The watch mechanic looked me over, and apparently sized me up as a New Yorker. He went to his bench, fiddled around for a minute or two, snapped the case shut, handed me the timepiece and demanded 50 cents. I poked the watch in my pocket and caught the rear platform as the train rolled out. When I looked at the watch an hour later there was no sign of a crystal in it."—New York Tribune.

The Secret Terror.

The haunting fear of sickness and helplessness is the secret terror of the working-man. Health is his capital. Kidney diseases sap a man's strength and vitality. They lessen his earning capacity. Foley Kidney Pills bring back health and strength by healing the disease. They are the best medicine made for kidney and bladder trouble. The yellow package. Refuse any substitute. Hite Drug Co. (adv.)

Early Pneumatic Tires.

It has been discovered recently that as early as 1847 efforts were made to construct a pneumatic tire. At that time a patent was granted by the patent office of the United States to an Englishman, whose invention covered several forms of tire, one of which was maintained in a distended position by means of air under pressure. Other forms kept distended by means of springs, were also contemplated and described by him at that time. In relating the advantages of his invention he called particular attention to the fact that a vehicle thus equipped was propelled with greatly decreased power.

Dr. Win. Sadler, author of "The Cause and Cure of Colds," says that common colds should be taken seriously, especially when they hang on.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable household medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective for children and for grown persons. Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger of serious results and cure quickly. No harmful drugs. Hite Drug Store. (adv.)

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan.

The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 13th day of December A. D. 1912. Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Samuel M. Richardson, deceased. It is ordered that the 13th day of January A. D. 1913, at two o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition. It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county. JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

THE FINEST IN THE STATE

As the big modern plant recently purchased from the Booth Fisheries Co. by A. T. Washburne and located at foot of "Midway" on the bay shore, as a permanent home for the constantly increasing business in the manufacture of Sanitary Rugs from Carpets (trade mark established 1888) in which a trade has been successfully established all over the United States on the excellence of products. This also gives much needed room to the Carpet Cleaning and refitting department, which includes a large storing abattoir for purifying rugs and carpets. The cleaning department is fully equipped with all modern and time saving machinery devices run by electricity. Two of the largest rotary renovating machines for general cleaning and a powerful Vacuum machine 100 per cent times more powerful and efficient than the portable ones this latter is for fine rugs and orientals. The plant is also equipped with three machines for the sewing of carpets of all kinds in the most approved manner with flat elastic seams. Thus with largest facilities, most up-to-date equipment, highest grade of workmanship, lowest possible prices, and prompt service, bespeaks a busy future for the Petoskey Rug Co. of which A. T. Washburne is proprietor and to which address all orders and correspondence should be addressed—NO AGENTS.—Petoskey Evening News, April 12, 1911.—Make your shipments as early as possible.

Christmas CANDIES



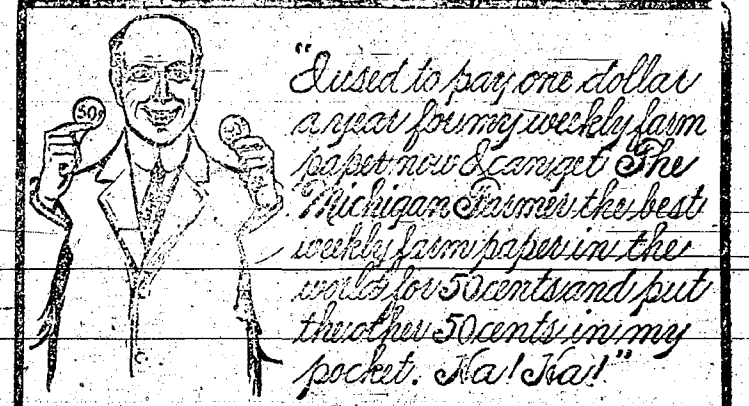
For the Holiday Trade we have the finest and largest line of both HOME MADE AND BOX CONFECTIONERY. ever offered the citizens of East Jordan. Come to this store and let us supply your candy wants.

THE SUGAR BOWL

JOHN BATSAKIS, Prop'r.

THE SEASON FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES

IS HERE AGAIN. This year's crop is of fine quality and we are making the same old-fashioned Stone Ground Absolutely Pure Flour. It's Got the Flavor. Don't let your dealer substitute any of the mixed compounds that the Pure Food Law still allows; insist on the PURE STONE GROUND—it is cheaper in the end. Made by The ARGO MILLING CO. At Mill B, East Jordan.



THE MICHIGAN FARMER REDUCED FROM \$1.00 A YEAR TO 50 CENTS A YEAR 3 YEARS \$1.25 — 5 YEARS \$2.00 An even \$1.00 will buy 2 years for one person or 1 year for two persons. This reduction was made possible by abolishing the practice of giving a premium with each subscription and charging the subscriber for it in the subscription price. Also abolishing other unbusinesslike methods. The high standard of excellence will be maintained and The Michigan Farmer will continue to be "The Leading Farm Paper of America."

A few features are:—Latest and most Reliable Market Reports—Free Veterinary Advice—Helpful Hints to the Housewife—Fiction and Valuable Feature Articles for the Entire Family—and most important of all—everything that appears in The Michigan Farmer is wholesome, clean and worth reading. 29 to 40 Pages Weekly. Sample copy free on request. Address: THE MICHIGAN FARMER: Detroit, Mich.

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C. A. Sweet
Physician and Surgeon
Office Over East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.
Office Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m., 2:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Telephone: Office, 73-2; Res., 73-3.

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.

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Office Hours: 8:00 to 12 a. m., 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings by Appointment.

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Dentist.
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It's 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 CHRISTMAS TREE at WIDE PLAIN

By W. D. Nesbit

WIDE PLAIN is in Saskatchewan. It was so named because it is so. It is wide. The town does not cover the entire plain. Far be it from me to convey such an impression, inasmuch as the plain extends east, west, north and south ostensibly as far as there is anything. No doubt somewhere in the distance there are trees, and hills, or something to stop the plain from spreading any further. And some day it is the intention of the Greater Wide Plain association to have real trees growing in their thriving little city. But just at present they are so busy getting the town established that the trees must wait.

George Freeman was one of the most energetic young men in Wide Plain. He was one of the pioneers. He was almost the oldest inhabitant, although he was but twenty-five years of age. You see, George, located in Wide Plain when it was practically nothing but a wide and plain. He foresaw a future for the town, and became its leading dealer in agricultural implements and groceries—and hardware and so on. He became the leading dealer, because he was the only one.

In a few months Wide Plain had a population of 2,500. And so social life became a feature of existence there. Social life requires two factors. One of them is women. The other is men. You may have thought that one feature would be sociability and the other would be life, but that would be drawing it a bit fine.

Lucy Cleveland was the belle of Wide Plain. She was not the belle because she was the only young woman there, for there were others. Others—young and beautiful, but while some of the others were as young none of them were as beautiful as Lucy.

Consequently Lucy had suitors a plenty. In fact, she had eight suitors, that being the available unmarried portion of the population that she would consider. And she managed to give the eight the impression that she was not considering them very much. George Freeman endeavored to induce her to consider him. George's policy in life was to get what he wanted by one of two methods. One was to go where it was and take possession, the other was to ask for it. Inasmuch as Lucy was not a building site nor a quarter section, he could not claim her by right of discovery. So he had asked her. And she had assured him that while she esteemed him highly she did not see her way to be his. George had not asked her if there was some one else to whom she had pledged her affection or plighted her troth. He did not care. He went on selling agricultural implements and striped overalls and brooms and nails and putty and canned goods and other groceries, whistling little melodies to himself and wondering how Lucy would want their house painted when they got married.

Every now and then he would propose again to Lucy. By every now and then I mean that he would propose, say, once a week. Some weeks he proposed twice. He saw that it pleased Lucy to be proposed to and George was a gentleman who believed in making himself agreeable to a young lady when he was fond of her. So it came along toward Christmas.

"We must have a Christmas tree for the children," Lucy said. Lucy was teacher in the Wide Plain Sunday School. Her pupils idolized her. George and the other seven suitors had tried to join her class, but she had insisted that they must attend the Bible class for older students, which was presided over by Mrs. Henry Gillup, a most capable married lady, who had brought one husband and six children to help build Wide Plain.

The fact that Lucy had demanded a Christmas tree occasioned many smiles, especially from George's rivals. "A Christmas tree!" laughed William Skidmore. "There isn't a tree for a hundred miles in any direction."

"Let's get one shipped in by freight, then," suggested Luke Morton.

"No time now," Wesley Perkins pointed out. "It's only two days to Christmas."

The seven rivals were not so particular about the tree. Each of them knew that Lucy would be disappointed a bit, but each of them felt that the gift he had selected for her would help to overcome her disappointment. For, in any event, there was to be a Christmas Eve party at the church. On the evening of December 23 George called on Lucy. She was still

unhappy because the dear children could not have a tree. "Now, Lucy," he said, "I've arranged it all for you. There'll be a Christmas tree."

"Oh, have you got it? Where is it? I didn't know you could get one."

"It isn't here yet, but there'll be one Christmas eve. Now, don't ask questions. Mrs. Gillup and I will fix it up all right."

"But I must trim it up."

"No. Mrs. Gillup and I have arranged for it all. You are not to worry yourself about anything. Just you gather your class together and be at the church at 8 o'clock that evening, and the tree will be there."

So Lucy, scenting mystery, and too diplomatic to ask anything more, was compelled to content herself with that much information.

Towards dusk of the day before Christmas George was seen carrying several bulky bundles into the church. Mrs. Gillup had spent some time in conference with him that day. The seven rivals had attempted to quiz her, but she would not gratify their curiosity further than to say that there would be a tree. They had asked her—separately—if she would hang their presents for Lucy on the tree, and she had agreed to do so.

She and George, behind the drawn curtains of the church, labored long with curtain poles and string and a profusion of green paper, to say nothing of several bundles of artificial palms and the like, which George had unearthed among his stock.

When the audience was assembled for the Christmas eve exercises Mrs. Gillup slowly drew back a curtain which concealed one corner of the room, and there, with candles glowing and green paper and green palm branches rustling, stood a Christmas tree. It was not an evergreen tree.



"We Must Have a Christmas Tree."

It was not a genuine fir or cedar, but it looked like a tree. And the candles and the strings of popcorn and glittering ornaments hid many of its faults. To the surprise of Lucy, George was not in sight. She looked all about for him, in her delight, wishing to thank him for his ingenious way of providing this make-believe tree for the little ones.

Mrs. Gillup went blithely on, taking presents from the tree and distributing them. After passing out the gifts for the children she picked off packages and bundles for the older folk. It was noted that the tree sort of shook every time she took off one of the gifts which had been provided by the seven rivals for Lucy. But at last the final package had been disposed of. Mrs. Gillup drew the curtain in front of the tree again and the audience filed out, laughing and chatting over the success of the entertainment. Lucy did not hurry away with the rest. She stepped back of the curtain with Mrs. Gillup.

"It was just lovely, Mrs. Gillup!" she exclaimed. "But why wasn't Mr. Freeman here? After his hard work and cleverness in helping you, I should have thought he would have wanted to see how the tree looked."

"I expect he was pretty busy."

"And—of course, I haven't any right to expect such a thing—but he was such a good friend of mine, Mrs. Gillup—I really thought it a little odd that he didn't make me some kind of a present—just a remembrance, or—"

"I didn't forget you, Lucy," said the tree. "You can have me."

And Mrs. Gillup says that Lucy knew all about it all the time, because she had sharp eyes, and her tree that wore shoes could fool her.



A Costly Gift.
"Those Billynunnaires have been awfully proud since Christmas," said the Envious Neighbor.

"What makes them so?" inquired the Cautious Friend.

"Oh, their parents filled their stockings with eggs."

A Hanging Matter.
Folk—Hang up your stocking this Christmas?
Dolk—Nope—huns up overcoat.

Is there a Santa Claus?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"Is there a Santa Claus?"
You with the truth in your eyes,
Bidding me ponder and pause,
You that sit truth from the lies,
You that with faith in your heart
Lumber at night on my knee—
I have no casuist's art,
Truly, the Saint used to be!

"Is there a Santa Claus?"
You ask again and again.
Now must I answer, because
You have the trust I had then.
You have the trusting belief
That once my spirit possessed
Ere there came worry and grief
Biding their while in my breast.

Listen! Is there an arm
Holding you close to my heart,
Fending you ever from harm
Holding the darkness apart?
Is there a spirit of love
Waiting with wings ever spread
Beside you, about you, above,
And warding wherever you're led?

If you believe there is—
Aye, and you know it is true!
Truly, that spirit is his
Throbbing with kindness to you.
Truly, that influence deep
Echoes the warmth of your smile,
Blesses your dreams when you sleep,
Stays with you all of the while.

"Is there a Santa Claus?"
Yes! Little one with your eyes
Bidding me ponder and pause
Ere I tell you that are wise.
Shatter the faith that you hold?
Give you a pang of distress?
Yes, for the young and the old
There is a Santa Claus. A Yes!

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES

The polid he is often solidified into a Christmas gift.

Henry Tarbuck says that as soon as people begin giving him socks and handkerchiefs exclusively for Christmas he is going to apply for a berth in the old folks' home.

Bill Timmons says he doesn't see the sense of tying up a 25-cent present in 18 cents' worth of ribbon and tissue paper and paying 50 cents to send it to some one.

While you are sorry for the tired salesman, like as not the salesman is thinking sympathetic thoughts of you.

Little Joseph Gillett has been pulled through the Fourth of July, the mumps, a birthday party, the chicken-pox and the measles so far this year, and his parents hope he is rugged enough to survive Christmas.

When a man volunteers to play Santa Claus at a Sunday school Christmas tree set it down that in his heart he considers himself a natural-born comedian.

TAUGHT A MORAL LESSON

Two Christmas Presents, Neither of Which Brought Satisfactory Results.

There once was a rich old uncle who had two poor nephews.

And when Christmas came the two poor nephews were anxious to show the rich old uncle how much they thought of him.

Now the first poor nephew reasoned that he should impress his rich old uncle with the great affection he bore him by some tangible means. So he drew out his savings and purchased for his rich old uncle a magnificent gold watch, and had it neatly engraved. To it he attached a gorgeous chain, put the whole affair in a lavishly decorated box and sent it to his rich old uncle with his best wishes.

The second poor nephew figured that any extreme financial outlay would convince his rich old uncle that he was trying to jolly him a bit too much, so he invested a nickel in a neat but tasty Christmas card, which he mailed to the rich old uncle.

So the rich old uncle received the two remembrances, and said of the first nephew:

"Humph! A man who will spend all he has for a gold watch to give a man who already has all the watches he ever will need hasn't got enough judgment to be trusted with money. I will leave him my blessing and a few words of good advice."

When he looked at the card he nodded his head approvingly and said:

"There's a man after my own heart. He knew I would not care for an expensive gift, and he knew that I would value his good wishes, so he very wisely sent them to me in this inexpensive manner. He shows a marked economical trait and I am sure he will get along in the world without any aid from me."

So he made a new will and left all his money to found an institution for the study of prehistoric manifestations of microbic diseases in fossilized animals.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Letter and the Spirit.
Askum—Do you approve of abbreviating "Christmas" to "X-mas"?

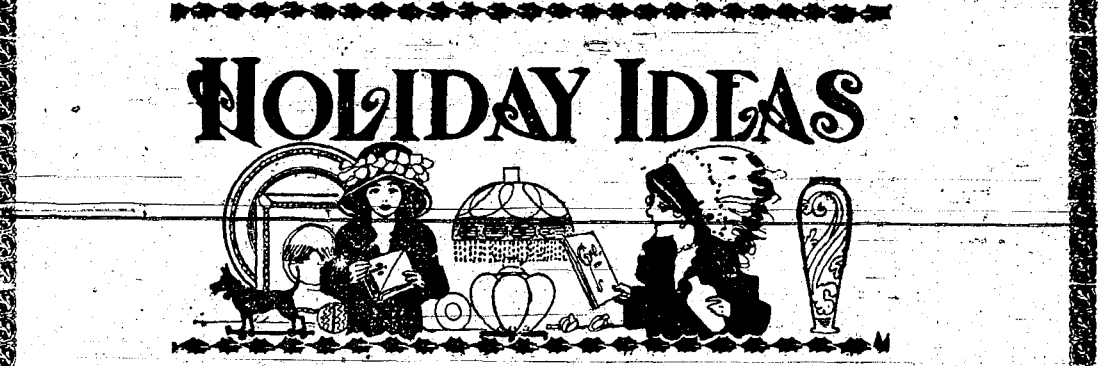
Tellum—I wish I could. It usually costs me a "C" or an "L." I'd be willing to abbreviate it to "V"mas if my wife would agree.



AT THE BAZAAR

PRESENTS FOR ALL

Call NOW



HAND PAINTED CHINA



CUT GLASS

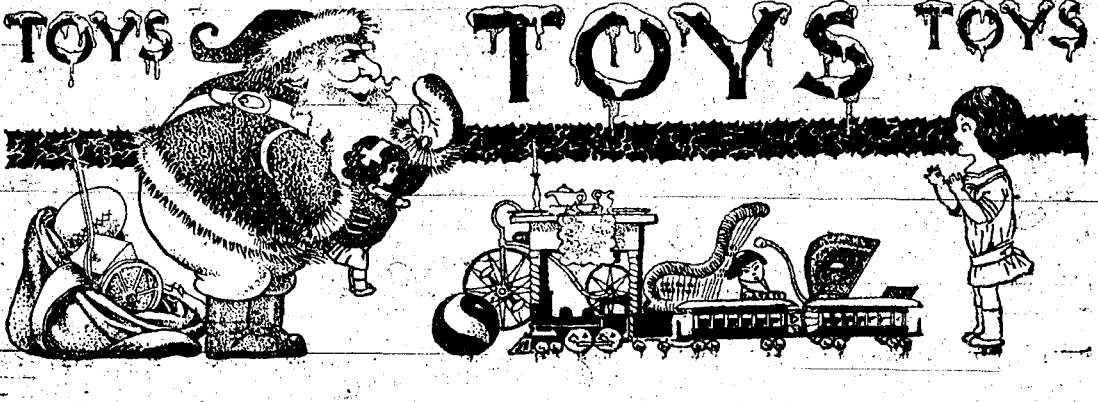
GAMES TOYS

DISHES SMOKING SETS

AIR GUNS BASKETS

COMBS BARRETTES
PINS and RINGS

THE BAZAAR

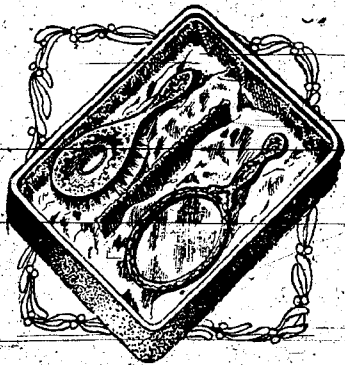


THE HITE DRUG COMPANY

What We Have for Gift Seekers

Our ample stock of holiday goods is now on display awaiting your inspection. It is a line we can well be proud of. Well made, substantial, and at the same time rich and showy. All new goods of latest material and pattern. The brief outline given below is but a meager idea of what we have. Come, see for yourself and let us help you settle the gift problem.

Books of all kinds
 Calendars ^{10 cents} to ^{25 cents}
 Pillow Tops
 Music Rolls
 Triple Mirrors
 Cuff, Collar Bags
 Candlesticks
 Smokers' Sets
 Book Racks
 Vases Trays
 Shaving Sets
 Toilet Sets



Salt, Pepper Sets
 25 cents per set

Tie Racks
 Necktie Boxes
 Handk'f Boxes
 Work Boxes
 Stationary ^{10 cents} to ^{\$2.00}



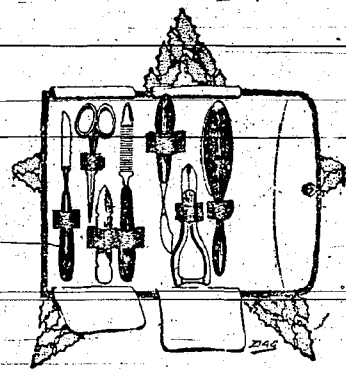
Fountain Pens ^{Guaranteed}
 Safety Razors
 Pocket-Books
 25c Novelties
 New Games ^{Koodles, Bingo, Panic, Lotto, Pit.}

Choice Candies
 Perfumes
 Postcard Albums
 Pipe Racks
 Boxed Cigars
 Framed Pictures
 Spun Brass ^{Jardineres, Ash Trays, Umbrella Holders, Ink Wells, Smoking Sets, Writing Sets, Cigar Jars.}
 Xmas Booklets
 Cards, Boxes, and Paper



Cameras ^{and Supplies}
 Icy-Hot Bottles
 Stay hot for 24 hours, cold 72 hours.

Mirrors ^{25 cents} to ^{\$3.00}
 Manicure Sets
 Military Brushes
 \$1.25 to \$6.00
 Photo Albums
 Tourist Sets ^{50 cents} to ^{\$3.00}



Closing Out
 HIGH GRADE
 JEWELRY

WARRANTED
 Rings, Chains, Fobs, Tie Holders, Locketts, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons. We are closing out this line and will sell at cost.

HAND BAGS
 A nice line to be sold at cost.

Don't hesitate to come and see our stock.

You can't afford to miss it . . . No trouble to show goods

The HITE DRUG COMPANY

NEXT TO THE POSTOFFICE