

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 17

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1913.

No. 6

Fair Needs.

Educational and Fine Arts Building Assured.

Below is copy of a folder sent out by the gentlemen interested in the New Educational and Fine Arts building which is to be constructed by the Charlevoix County Fair Association and which will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday of fair week.

The 1912 Fair was pronounced a success; the attractions were satisfactory, the attendance large and the people happy. The exhibits in some departments were creditable, while in others they were below normal. But the one exhibit in which we are all interested, the one representing the work of our children in public schools, was quite inadequate, so far as indicating the scope, the magnitude, and the progress of our educational system is concerned.

Why this humiliating excuse of an exhibit? Simply because the superintendent of a division, be he ever so efficient, cannot unaided, make a representative exhibit in any line; and an educational exhibit to be representative, demands the work of all the schools and the co-operation of all

interested in schools and school work, which includes you and me, and about every one else worth considering. And this co-operation, however earnest, from the opening of school on labor day until the opening of the fair, ten days later, only will not suffice. The co-operation, the earnest work of preparing the material for a representative school exhibit, must begin with the opening of the second semester of the school year preceding the fair, and must increase in earnestness by geometrical progression until the exhibit is in its place to please and satisfy the lovers of education. In its place! It has no place; it is not even accorded standing room; at our last, possibly our greatest fair, the educational exhibit literally had not "where to lay its head." Apparently it did not receive enough consideration to justify its existence; no space was reserved and valuable specimens of school work entered for exhibition, were placed in obscure corners, some being entirely hidden by more favored exhibits, the entire exhibit being so scattered that it could be seen and studied only in fragments.

The people have decided that our school interests must be fairly represented; that we must do what is necessary to make a representative exhibit possible, not only in 1913, but in all future years.

To encourage the movement, the Fair Management, at its September meeting, appropriated \$100.00 to be divided equally between the city and the country schools of the county, to be paid in premiums as the committee may determine, and this will be supplemented by special premiums for work in agriculture and horticulture by the pupils of our schools.

The committee in charge consists of: Prof. Butler, Boyne City; Prof. De Voe, Charlevoix; Prof. Northon, East Jordan; J. H. Milford, County Commissioner; and W. P. Squier, Fair Secretary, East Jordan.

Already every teacher in Charlevoix County is beginning the work of preparing material under supervision of the committee; all school officers have been asked to cooperate, and encourage the work of the teachers; the supervisors have also been asked for their cordial support, not only by their influence, but by a small appropriation to the Educational Building Fund.

The preparation of a magnificent school exhibit for 1913 is already under way and the Educational and Fine Arts Building will be ready; it is an assured fact. Not only will it be ready but it will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, upon Thursday of fair week.

Governor Ferris, Prof. Taft of the Agricultural college, and other prominent men have already been invited, and the exercises will be one of the features of our 1913 Fair.

The cause is a worthy one, we ask your earnest co-operation.

Very sincerely,

L. A. BUTLER,
Supt. Boyne City Schools
I. M. DE VOE,
Supt. Charlevoix Schools
J. T. NORTON,
Supt. East Jordan Schools.
J. H. MILFORD,
Commissioner
W. P. SQUIER,
Sec'y Charlevoix County Fair.

Teachers' Institute

At Charlevoix—Next Monday and Tuesday.

The Annual Teachers' Institute for Charlevoix County will be held in the High School Building at Charlevoix next Monday and Tuesday, February 10-11.

Supt. E. C. Warriner of Saginaw was unable to accept the appointment as conductor of the institute and Prof. Laird of Ypsilanti has been appointed in his stead.

This change being made at a late hour makes it impossible to arrange a definite program. The following themes will be discussed at the meeting out the order in which the topics will be discussed will be left open until the arrival of the speakers.

Dr. Fess will use the following themes:

A Method in History.
Thos. Jefferson and Liberty in Gov't.

A. Hamilton and Power in Gov't.
Prof. Laird will use such of the following subjects as time will permit and it is possible that the selection of

topics will be left to the teachers at the meeting.

Some Laws of Teaching.
The Child—Considered Mentally.
The Child—Considered Physiologically.

The Child—Considered Morally.
Corrective Discipline.
Educational Waste.
Arrested Development.
Grammar Grade Reading.

The program will be interspersed with music and a banquet will probably be arranged for Monday evening. No teacher in the county can afford to miss this meeting.

It is a state meeting. Close your school and attend.

The meeting will be held in the High School assembly room and will begin at 10:00 a. m.

STUDYING AGRICULTURE

Rural Eighth Graders Now Studying Important Subject.

Beginning with the current month every rural eighth grader in Michigan is studying agriculture. This important study became a part of the prescribed course of study this year and examinations in it will be conducted in May along with the other subjects. Textbooks have been provided and in addition to these the Department of Public Instruction has available for distribution an excellent bulletin concerning the subject prepared by Prof. W. H. French of the M. A. C. The Michigan Agricultural College and the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. stand ready to send to teachers invaluable aids for the teaching of this new subject. Naturally the work finds the teacher unprepared but progressive farmers throughout the state are showing a disposition to make this work efficient so that it may be expected that even the first experimental year will be productive of good.

The introduction of agriculture into the course of study by Superintendent of Public Instruction Luther L. Wright is the first step towards ruralizing the county schools. In order to make the work thoroughly successful certain equipment seems essential. So earnest is Mr. Wright in his feeling that agriculture should be the most live subject in the county school that he makes the statement that if a board from a question of expense really had to make a choice between a dictionary and a Babcock tester, they ought to purchase a milk tester.

As this important piece of farm equipment, however, costs not more than ten dollars there is little reason why every school district should not have one. The corn clubs which have been organized in various parts of the state have been a decided aid already to the study of agriculture and the intense interest of the boys and girls in these clubs and what they have produced show that the added subject to the rural school curriculum is not unwelcome so far as the students are concerned. Co-operation of parents and progressive farmers will do a great deal toward making this work effective.

MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR.

Leadership, not Equipment, in Rural Y. M. C. A. Work.

The growth of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in North America has been phenomenal. When first organized on this continent the city type of work was the only one known. Since that time the following branches have been added—railroad, army, navy, student and rural. With the exception of the latter all have placed strong emphasis on buildings and equipment rather than on personality. So to the Rural Y. M. C. A. belongs the credit for demonstrating that right leadership, more than buildings and equipment, makes for better manhood.

Naturally then, a discussion of the Rural Y. M. C. A. would lead primarily to a discussion of the problem of leadership; the discovery, enlistment and training of which is the important work of the employed officer. This plan for supplying the necessary leadership from amongst the men of the county not only brings the boys in contact with personalities that inspire but it leaves the county wealthier in the ways of leadership than it ever has been before.

It goes without saying that the ideal leader would be a man who placed proper emphasis on spiritual development, was well educated and a splendid athlete. However, no county is over run with the ideal leadership so we take particular interest in securing the services of the average. An average leader should possess some of the following qualifications and the capacity for developing those not possessed at the beginning; Christian character, dependability, tactfulness, straightforwardness, firmness, punctuality and the ability to appreciate humor. The two qualifications which are primary, and necessary at the out start to insure success are Christian character and dependability. The former is indispensable and the latter is more desired than any of the others.

After a leader has been secured for a group of boys and girls and the work properly organized, he, and not the county secretary, is responsible for the success of the work in that group. It is the leaders duty to be present at all meetings of the group and to direct all of the group activities. No work shall be taken up by a group unless it is sanctioned by the leader and the county committee reserves the right to veto any action the may have been approved by both the group and the leader.

Leaders conferences held at stated intervals tend to increase the efficiency of the group leaders. During these meetings the members of the state force lend their assistance in giving information that will be of help in developing the work of the groups and the opportunity these meetings afford for the interchange of ideas on the part of the group leaders is very important.

In the last analysis the amount of work that can be done and the success of the work undertaken is dependent upon the caliber of the volunteer leadership. To the volunteer leader belongs the credit for things accomplished and the joy of being a part of a plan which is having an important effect on the young life of the county.

To the Electors of East Jordan.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination of Mayor of East Jordan, subject to the approval of the voters at the City primary, to be held March 24, 1913, and if nominated and elected will give my best endeavors to perform the duties with care, and in a manner satisfactory to the people.

A. E. CROSS.

Dated, Jan. 28, 1913.

Special Assessment Notice.

The second installment of taxes on Sewer District number one is now due and should be paid at this office at once.

C. C. MACK,
City Treasurer.

We don't blame a woman for wanting to marry a certain man; it is far better than marrying an uncertain one.

If you are unable to plant a few flowers along the path of life, you might at least pause long enough to pull a few weeds.

New Supply of REXALL Remedies

We have just received a new shipment of Rexall Remedies and can now supply your wants.

A FEW OF THE LEADERS:

Rexall Orderlies, 10, 25 and 50 cent sizes.
Rexall Liver Salts, 25c, 50c
Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets
Rexall "93" Hair Tonic
Rexall Catarrh Jelly
Rexall Grippe Pills
Rexall Cold Tablets
Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup

The above are only a few of these valuable remedies.

Remember, we Guarantee every remedy. Ask our customers who have used them.

W. C. SPRING
DRUG CO.

When Burton Holmes recently gave his celebrated travelogue on "Panama" at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, he was seriously interrupted by continuous coughing of the audience. No one annoys willingly and if people with coughs, colds, hoarseness and tickling in throat would use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound, they could quickly cure their coughs and colds and avoid this annoyance. HITES DRUG STORE.

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.

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.
Custom Planing Mill,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Doors, Windows and Glass,
Siding, Ceiling and Flooring
Mouldings, Turned Work,
and Scroll Sawing.
FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



Burpee, Philadelphia,
is sufficient for the front of a post card. If you will write your own address plainly on the other side we shall be pleased to send THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOG, an elegant book of 160 pages, which should be read by all who would have the best garden possible and who are willing to pay a fair price for seeds of the
Burpee-Quality

FRED E. BOOSINGER
SERGES and WORSTEDS
The Latest Word In Fabrics



The one essential in selecting fabrics is to be sure that they are all wool, as only all-wool materials keep their life and beauty through hard wear. That is why the best tailors prefer Arlington Mills Fabrics.

They know that they are all wool and that the suit or pants made of them will look like new each time it is pressed.

The tailoring qualities and splendid service-value of a good serge have made serges the most widely popular fabrics for suits and trousers. Navy Blues lead in color with Brown, Tans and Blacks high in color.

Aside from the remarkable qualities of these fabrics they are unusually adaptable.

Our new samples for Spring are already here. Beautiful models up to the minute in style. Perfect fit absolutely guaranteed.

Suits \$13.50 to \$40.00, Pants \$4.00 to \$10.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."
FRED E. BOOSINGER

The weather man may well be proud of himself.

The German emperor has composed the music for a ballet. He ought to stage it.

Violet is the mourning color of Turkey. Probably their hymn of death is "Sweet Violets."

If this country is too noisy now did the lady ever manage to live through all these years in it?

Consider the ways of the eggs, we are driven to the conclusion that this is a hen-pecked country.

A Duluth man held on a pack of wolves with four cigars. Gift cigars sometimes come in handy.

A Paris banker who "lifted" \$30,000,000 again showed financial dexterity by jumping a \$40,000 ball bond.

Can you brace yourself for a terrible shock? Pharaoh, says an English professor, was only a fat, old man after all.

Mr. Edison plans moving pictures that will talk, somebody having told him that we do not have talk enough already.

A New York artist has discovered a living Mona Lisa. Still, many will fail to see that as a compliment to her beauty.

Nature intended woman to be superior to man, says a Viennese anthropologist, who adds that nature carried out her intention.

Sending bricks through the mails may yet come to have a certain significance—for instance, in answer to the letter of a dun.

A pretty young matron of New Jersey fractured an arm and two ribs trying to kiss a youth of fourteen years. Callow youth!

German robbers are employing a moving-picture machine to assist in their work. Probably they sell the film of the holdup after it is perpetrated.

Man, according to the editor of Harper's Bazar, contributes nothing to the home but money. True! But money is a handy thing to have around a home.

An incubator used by George Washington is said to have just come to light. What a fine thing to hatch some of the cold-storage eggs of the vintage of '76.

An electric current of 100 volts has a food value of a porterhouse steak. At that rate criminals who are electrocuted may die with the sublime knowledge that death is due to high living.

London smart set is cultivating the smile that won't come off, a three cornered, creation with the aid of a harness. Heroic methods to overcome the contention they they can't see a joke.

A Milwaukee judge refused to find a couple guilty of assault and battery for striking a bore who insisted on making an after-dinner speech. Other postprandial experts should profit by his example.

Some Chicago girls have organized a matrimony club with the basic principle that a man must have \$5,000 a year to be even considered. Wonder if they've outlined any plan for rounding up the \$5,000 eligibles yet.

In the fight against mosquitoes Uncle Sam is going to use goats, which will thus become useful as well as ornamental.

An Illinois judge, deciding whether poker was pleasure or work, held it depended on who was winning. The conclusion being that it is pleasure for one player to work another.

Cornell has a perfect woman in one of the co-eds. After her graduation she will take up market gardening, thus continuing her perfection by demonstrating her ability to support a family.

An English author declares that Americans cannot understand the English pronunciation of words. In that case the English actors ought to brush up on pronunciation before they come over.

A case of criminal indigestion has been brought to light in New York where a deaf-mute was arrested for eating a ninety-dollar diamond ring. He is now suffering in consequence from too rich a diet.

A Pittsburgh woman says her husband has not given her a cent in thirty-eight years. No wonder Pittsburgh is full of millionaires.

Tea has been used as a beverage in China for more than 2,000 years. England, though reputed a tea-drinking nation, is quite outdistanced.

New York firemen are to have roof gardens on their stations. The development of the movement to use the roofs grows more interesting every day.

College Athletics

Where Line Should Be Drawn in Sports

By E. K. HALL, Boston

A CERTAIN amount of outdoor sport is absolutely essential to wholesome college life. The question arises as to where the line should be drawn. Now, college athletics will never thrive without intercollegiate contests. To get for the greatest number the greatest beneficial results from athletics you must create the maximum interest, and to do this you must have the maximum incentive. Very few men will go out and run around a quarter-mile track purely for exercise.

There must be the incentive of a contest, either present or prospective. If the prospective contest be a trial of speed against some individual college mate the incentive may be sufficient to sustain a couple of weeks' training, but if the incentive be the hope of representing his class in an interclass contest a man will train longer and more faithfully. If, however, the incentive be the certainty that if he demonstrates that he is the best man in the event among all his classmates and college mates as well, he will have the honor of wearing his college colors in an intercollegiate contest, and then the opportunity of testing his speed against the best athletes of neighboring colleges. Then a man will train season after season, and there is an incentive that will attract the maximum number of men into the sport.

Now if it be true, as I contend that it is, that athletics in college are essential to wholesome life, and if it be true, and I contend that it is, that any general sustained interest in athletics is impossible in a college without the stimulus of prospective intercollegiate contests, then it ought to follow that any restrictions as to the number of such contests should be made only for sound reasons and upon the practical certainty that some advantage is assured which will compensate for the loss of athletic interest and activity which is certain to follow any extensive restriction.

If it be true, which I should not be willing to concede, that there is any serious necessity of reducing the number of intercollegiate contests, it is my idea that the only contests which can be eliminated without seriously impairing the internal athletic activities of the colleges are, first, intercollegiate contests in indoor games, such as basket ball, and, second, intercollegiate class contests.

I should regret exceedingly seeing any substantial restriction of the number of games in any of the so-called major sports. Take football as an illustration. If the game is to be played at all it should be played well. The highest standard of play cannot be reached without contests with other colleges distributed through the season. To restrict the number of these contests means the lowering of the standard of and consequently loss of interest in the game. This tends to lessen the number of men who will try for the team, and the whole tendency would be toward a decrease of healthy athletic activity within the college. To my mind this would be unfortunate.

E. K. Hall

Doing Right Makes Success In Life

By ALFRED FAREWELL, Boston

Briefly stated, a successful life is one which is well advanced toward real manhood—the likeness of God—the full stature of manhood in Christ. At some period in the life of each individual there comes an awakening to the necessity of rightness, and hence an awakening to the importance of that ideal manhood which accords with the divine requirement.

We believe that each one must work out the problem of life from the particular position in which the necessity of so doing first appears to him; that he must begin at once to develop Christian graces. The old admonition, "Do with your might what your hands find to do," might probably better read, "Do well what your hands find to do," and it should be noted that doing well does not necessarily mean doing big things. It means doing right in all things, great and small, doing right at every step of the journey, doing right with reference to every experience. Cultivate patience, forbearance, perseverance, courage, love and all other characteristics of the righteous man, no matter what your vocation may be.

Culture and refinement, the ability to meet one's fellow man with the proper address, the quality of being kind and courteous, the habit of cleanliness in mind and body, may be acquired anywhere and under any circumstances, and he who has acquired these to the greatest degree, though he may be in the most humble walk of life, has in the largest measure the most essential qualifications for the highest positions in life.

Furthermore, he who is improving his moral character and is acquiring that immovableness which is tempered with genuine courtesy and sweetness, cannot complain of a lack of advantage. There is no such thing as a want of opportunity to live a successful life, since all the essentials thereto are within the reach of each individual and can be had without money and without price.

Being Power For Good In Some Way

By SARA McLEAN, Cincinnati, O.

Knowledge unaccompanied by other high qualities does not properly shape one's life. Virtue and integrity are not elusive. People who may have left them far behind in their pursuit of other interests can pick them up again, as the weaver does the broken thread in his loom, and they can go on weaving their life web, making it one of beautiful usefulness and worth.

It does not make any difference to what extent one is educated if there is no expansion of soul; the life cannot be well proportioned. Bacon says: "For in proportion as a man is watchfully and prayerfully on his guard against the unseen current of passion and prejudices, which is ever tending to drive him out of the right course, in the same degree he will have reason for cherishing an humble hope that he, the Spirit of Truth, is, and will be with him to enlighten his understanding."

"There is no greater monster in being than a very bad man of great parts," says another writer. Such a one would seem like a man with one side wide awake, alive, and the other side insensate.

Persons who make it the chief aim of their lives to collect and gather mere knowledge of wealth may attain to their highest ambitions and they may live in luxury, but they lost much.

No one should ever allow his intellect to interfere with his being a power for good in some way or other.



MELISSA WOULD HAVE NO PESSIMIST AROUND THE HOUSE.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," said Mrs. Merriwid, addressing her maternal maiden Aunt Jane. "If you have sighs to heave, heave to, my hearties!—just so long as they aren't too heavy and you don't run any risk of straining yourself."

"Why should I?" inquired Aunt Jane, without taking her eyes from the needle that she was threading. "On general principles, dearie," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "It's a world of sadness and sorrow where the four-fusher is exalted, as one might say if one used slang, and where honest merit gets it about half way around between the front and back collar buttons, to adopt a metaphor. We are decadent, degenerate, tainted, auntie. The trail of the serpent is over it all and the canker is at our hearts. It's perfectly scandalous!"

Aunt Jane knotted her thread, and then looked over her spectacles at her niece, who had plumped her comely person upon the lounge and was arranging the cushions to suit her angle of refection.

"That was Mr. Megrim, wasn't it, Melissa?" she asked. "It was Mr. Megrim, auntie, as you surmise," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "Mr. Megrim, all dolled up and looking too sweet for anything. He would be a handsome man if he didn't show so much of his lower teeth, don't you think? But when society is rotten to the core and the spirit of greed dominates the nation, it's hard for a man of any sensibility to keep his lip from drooping. I'm afraid some time he will step on it and have a serious fall. It would naturally be serious, if he had it."

Aunt Jane made a few stitches and remarked that frivolity was not an altogether commendable thing in her

discouraged. Two or three weeks ago I was pretty light-hearted, for a lady in half mourning. The world seemed to be a good little old world, after all, tra la. I thought I heard quite a few little birds warbling merrily, and it seemed to me that the sun shone brightly every once in a while. Then, Mr. Megrim came along, and the band played the Dead March from Saul. The sky became overcast, gloom enveloped everything, ravens croaked dismally and wet blankets fell with a dull, soggy thud all over the shop. I began to realize that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. No, there isn't one single ray of hope athwart the murky horizon, you take it from me, dearie."

"Did Mr. Megrim have anything particular to say, Melissa?" asked Aunt Jane, with apparent carelessness. "He might have had, but he didn't say it," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "He forgot himself for a few brief moments and began to talk of the joys of married life and the charm of congenial companionship. There was an unmistakable gleam in his eye."

"Forget it, Mr. Megrim," I said, firmly, yet sorrowfully. "Consign it to abyses of oblivion. You know as well as I do what the divorce statistics are. You know the brutality, the stupidity, the inconsistency and depravity of man, and the vanity, levity, fickleness, extravagance and emotional folly of woman, and how perfectly absurd it is to expect anything but misery as a result of their union—excepting children, and you know what children are nowadays."

"There are surely exceptions, Mrs. Merriwid," he said. "I said, 'My dear man, you must be crazy to think so. Really, Mr. Megrim, I'm concerned about you. I'll tell you what you do. Trot along home, or better still, go to some restaurant and order a light repast of



Aunt Jane Looked Over Her Spectacles at Her Niece.

opinion. She quoted Longfellow to the effect that life was real and life was earnest.

"And then some, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid. "It's a vale of tears and a hollow mockery, and one—ahem!—thing after another. That's Mr. Megrim's idea of it, and at that, life isn't as bad as the people who are more or less enjoying it. It wasn't so absolutely awful before the fatal epidemic struck Virtue and Honor and Decency and Justice and Truth and carried them off, but now it's something fierce. 'What's business?' says Mr. Megrim. 'I pause for a reply.' 'Give it up? Robbery. That's what it is. Cheating and robbing, extorting all that the traffic will bear. What do we find in politics? Do I hear any reply? I can answer in one word: Graft. Demagoguery, ma'am. Mendacity, ma'am. The politician of the present day, from president to poundmaster, is either a self-seeking rascal or a mischievous, dangerous fanatic. Have we any literature, any art? We don't even understand the meaning of the words. The publishers are turning out tons of rot every year and we read it because we are incapable of properly appreciating anything else. Sentimental rot, blood and thunder rot, erotic rot; not worth the paper it's printed on. What's medicine? Humbug and quackery. What's education? Faddism. What are our preachers? Hypocrites or sensation mongers. What are our judges? Venal vampires, ma'am. Oh, it's a cheerful outlook, dearie, believe me, if you take Mr. Megrim's word for it."

"Well, it seems to me there's a good deal of truth in what he says," remarked Aunt Jane.

"And the worst of it is the hopelessness of conditions," said Mrs. Merriwid. "The rich are getting richer and the poor, poorer, and the cost of living higher, every day, and I wouldn't wonder if the mean temperature of Tophet is steadily rising, too. I declare, auntie, I feel quite

cucumbers and mink and lobster salad and Swiss cheese and pie, and when you've eaten it, you'll feel more like your dear, dyspeptic self." Well, he got mad at that, and went.

"Poor man!" said Aunt Jane, pityingly. "I wonder if he isn't rather injudicious in the matter of diet."

"Well, I think he's careless," Mrs. Merriwid answered. "This is one time, anyway, that he hit into a Dead Sea peach and got a distinct flavor of lemon."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Hard to Imagine.

A sense of the value of money comes to some people sooner than to others, and some people never know its value, but there is one little boy in a suburb of Boston that has a keen sense of it. He was discussing a piece of work that he had done and telling his mother how much he had been paid for it. Now, the boy is not yet ten years old, and so the price paid for his labor was small. To him it looked large, however.

"But a boy I know got four dollars a week for working," he told his mother. He worked for a long time, but he got sick and died. Now, what do you think of a fellow that'll die with that salary?"—Boston Traveler and Evening Herald.

Man Made of Horseshoes.

Some years ago Mr. Douglas, the village smith of Ellensburg, Wash., set to work to construct a giant figure of a man out of old horseshoes which he accumulated in the course of his work. Up to date he has completed the legs, which are composed of no fewer than 35,000 shoes. Mr. Douglas is beginning to wonder if he will ever finish the figure, as the coming of the motor has an appreciable effect upon the shoeing trade and materials for this quaint colossus are not coming in so fast as they used to do. The smith's "horseshoe man," even in its incomplete form, is one of the sights of the town.—Wide World.

THE BAROMETER OF THE POST OFFICE, THE READING OF WHICH SHOWS WESTERN CANADA'S GROWTH.

Several of Western Canada newspapers coming to hand during the last part of the year 1912 contained items of news such as the following, speaking of the Christmas work in the postoffice:

"Other years have been heavy and the employees have had plenty of opportunity of learning what it was to work overtime, but the past has had nothing equal to the present. Forty extra men have been employed (in Winnipeg), and mail trains have been run special. The increase in the mail this year has been due to the enormous influx of people into Western Canada during the season, and also the general prosperity which the prairie provinces have enjoyed. To the latter cause has been due the heavy increase in the number of parcels which have been shipped to the old country and Eastern Canada."

The above extract taken from a Winnipeg paper gives a fair idea of the great work that the Canadian postoffices have had all through the western prairies. During the past year hundreds of new postoffices were established, many of them at remote points from the railway, but all forced upon the country on account of the new settlements that have taken place during the year. It is said of the Canadian government that in its immigration and settlement policy there is nothing left undone to take care of the people and their welfare, whether it be in the new town along a new line of railway or in the remotest hamlet. This solicitude and care are not confined to the postoffice, but with every branch that has to do with organizing new districts. Bridges have been built, roads constructed, the district policed, and a dozen other things have to be done and are done. Is it any wonder that with the splendid land, the high yielding land, the land that is free to the homesteader or open to purchase at reasonable prices from the railway and land companies, that the Canadian immigration records for 1912 will show arrivals of upwards of 400,000, one-half of this being from the United States. The new literature being sent out by the immigration branch at Ottawa, and its agencies throughout the United States deals with many of the new and interesting features that will mark the work of that branch for the year 1913.—Advertisement.

UNKIND INFERENCE.



"My husband and I never quarrel." "Where does he live? In Europe?"

Touching the Cardinal. At the Democratic convention in Baltimore last summer two of the sergeants-at-arms were Ohioans, Col. John Bolan of Toledo and Capt. Joseph Dowling of Dayton. Bolan is the wit who laid down the maxim that "any man who parts his hair in the middle is no Dimmycrat."

When Cardinal Gibbons had finished the opening prayer, he descended from the rostrum and made his way toward the door. As he neared the exit where the two Ohioans were on guard, Bolan whispered: "Joe, touch him when he passes ye."

"All right, colonel," replied Dowling, with an innocent air. "What pocket has he got it in?"—Popular Magazine.

Familiar to "Mike."

A negro clairvoyant who for some time masqueraded as a Hindoo was recently visited by a collector, Mike O'Conner.

"Ah," smiled the clairvoyant, "ze genzelman want ze palm read?"

"No," said Mike, "ze genzelman he ze bill for you."

When the bill was produced the palm reader forgot his Hindoo ancestors and a stream of perfect English swear words poured from his lips.

"Ah," said Mike, smiling, "ze genzelman sounds more like ze Indiana avenue zan ze Hindoo."—Indianapolis News.

Her Advice.

"Reginald," says the beauteous object of his adoration, "I happened to read in the paper that sugar has gone away in price, and for that reason candy is more expensive. I just think you are extravagant to keep bringing me a pound every time you call."

"I am glad to do it, darling," avows Reginald.

"I know you are, but you must learn to be economical. Papa told mamma to buy sugar by the barrel and get it cheaper, so maybe you would better buy candy for me the same way."

Every married man should keep a stock of ready-made excuses on hand.

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTHA BELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Leaving the car she goes into the park to read the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her. James Hambleton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hambleton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hambleton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hambleton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynolds. He proposes to the latter and is refused. Melanie explains that she is of high birth in a German principality, from which she had fled to escape an unwished marriage. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hambleton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. His clothes and money belt have been taken from him. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelard, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the threatened sinking of the vessel.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

There followed hours of superhuman struggle to save the Jeanne D'Arc. Her crew, sufficient in ordinary weather, was too small to cope with the storm and the leaking ship. Ballast had to be shifted or flung overboard. Repairs had to be worked incessantly. It transpired that the yacht had gone far out of her course during the fog the night before, and had tried to turn inshore, even before the leak was discovered. No one knew what waters they were that lashed so furiously about the disabled craft. The storm overhead had abated, but the rage of the sea was unquenched. Before long the engine was stopped by the rising water, and then the hand pumps were used. There was some hope that the leak had been discovered and at least partly repaired. The captain thought that, if carefully managed, the yacht might hold till daylight.

Jimmy joined the gang and worked like a trojan, helping wherever a man was needed, shifting ballast, untying the boats, handling the pump. It was at the pump that he found himself some time during the night, working endlessly, it seemed. Not once had he lost sight of the real purpose of his presence on the yacht. If Agatha Redmond were aboard the unlucky vessel—and he had moments of curious perplexity about it—he was there to watch for her safety. He pictured her sitting somewhere in the endangered vessel. She could not but be terrified at her predicament. Whether shipwreck or abduction threatened her, she must feel that she had indeed fallen into the hands of her enemies. He worked his turn at the pump, then made up his mind to risk no further delay, but to search the ship's cabins. She was in one of them, he believed; frightened she must be possibly ill. He had done all that the furthest stretch of duty could demand in assistance to the ship. He would find Agatha Redmond at any cost, if she were aboard the Jeanne D'Arc. Again he thought to himself that he was glad he was there. Whatever purpose her enemies had, he alone was on her side, he alone could do something to save her.

It was now long past midnight, but not pitch dark either on deck or on the sea. The electric lights had gone out long before, but lanterns had been swung here and there from the deck fixtures. As Jimmy came up, he thought the men were preparing to lower the boats, but when he asked about it in his difficult French, the sailor shook his head. There were more people about than he supposed the yacht carried; several seamen, three or four other men, and a fat woman sitting snuggly on a pile of rope. He went from group to group, and from end to end of the yacht, looking for one woman's face and figure. He saw Monsieur Chatelard, examining one of the boats. He ran down the saloon stairway, determined to search the cabins before he gave up his quest. One moment he prayed that the words of Chatelard might be true, and that she had never been aboard the yacht; the next moment he prayed he might find her behind the next closed door.

As James searched below deck, a house palatial disclosed itself, even in the dim light of the little lanterns. Cabins roomy and comfortable, furnishings of exquisite taste, all the paraphernalia of the cultured and the rich were there. Some of the cabin doors were standing open, and none was locked. Jimmy beat on them, called from room to room, finding nothing. Every human occupant was gone. Sick at heart, he again rushed on deck. Was he mistaken after all? Or had they hidden her in some secret part of the ship where he could not find her?

When Jimmy got back to the deck

he saw that the groups had gathered on the port side. Sharp orders were being given. He crowded to the railing, straining his eyes to see, and found that they were transferring the ship's company to the boats. A rope ladder swung from the deck to a boat beneath, which bobbed like a cork beside the big, plunging yacht. Two people were in the boat, a sailor standing at the bow, and a large muffled figure of a woman sitting in the stern. Jimmy at once knew her to be the apathetic fat woman he had seen a few minutes before on deck. His eye searched the company crowded about the top of the rope ladder, and suddenly his heart leaped. There she was, at the edge of the deck, waiting for the captain to give the word for her to descend to the boat below. As Jimmy's eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw her more and more plainly, a pale face framed in a dark hood, a tall, cloaked figure waiting calmly to obey the word from the superior officer.

It was the third time Jimmy had seen her, but he felt as if he had found one dearer than himself. His eyes dwelt on her. She was not terrified; her nerves were not shaken. "I am ready," she said, turning to the captain. It was the same fine, free voice, suggesting—Oh, what did it not suggest! Never this dark, wild night of danger! Jimmy thrilled to it again as he had thrilled to it once before. He waved jubilant hands. "Agatha Redmond!" he called, across the space and heads that divided them. "Whether she heard his call he did not know. At that moment the word was given, and she turned an almost smiling face to the captain in reply. She knelt to the deck and got footing on the slippery rope. Men above held it and helped as best they could, while the sailor below waited to receive her into the little boat. She was steady and quick as a woman in such a perilous position could be. As she descended, the rowboat, insecurely held to the Jeanne D'Arc, slid sternward a few feet; and while she waited in midair for the boat to be brought up again, the Jeanne D'Arc gave a mighty plunge. The captain shouted from the deck, a sailor yelled, then another; the dipping sea tossed the yacht so that for an instant the boat below and the woman on the ladder were hidden from Jimmy's view. He climbed over the rail and edged along the narrow margin of the deck until he was a few feet nearer the rope, his heart thumping with fear of calamity.

And even as the thought came, the thing happened. The wrenching of the ropes, insecurity of their fastenings, some blunder on the part of the seamen—whatever it was, the rope loosened like a filament of gauze, and with its precious burden, dropped into the angry water. Before a breath could be drawn, the black waves churned over her head. As, for the second time, Jim saw disaster engulf the Vision that had such power over him, he was seized by a cold numbness. "Oh, you brutes!" he groaned aloud; but his groan had scarcely escaped him when he heard loud altercation among the men, and in a moment the usual tones of Monsieur Chatelard commanding: "Never mind! Quick with the boat on the other side!"

The seamen rushed to the opposite side, now impatient to make the boats. In the fear that was growing momentarily upon the men, there was no one to give a thought to the vanished woman. Jimmy clung to the rail for a second, peering over the water. With a cry of gladness he saw her pale face rise to the surface of the water several feet away and toward the bow. "Keep up a second! It's all right!" he shouted. Quick as thought he snatched a life preserver from its place on the rail, and ran forward. He called thrice, "Keep up, I'm coming!" then threw the cork swiftly and accurately to the very spot where she floated. A second longer he watched, to see if she gained it. It seemed that she did, and yet something was wrong. She was not able to right herself immediately in the water, but floundered helplessly. Jimmy knew that her clothes were hampering her, or else that the rope ladder had entangled her feet. He turned and got his balance on the narrow ledge, pointed his hands high above his head, and took a good breath. Then he dove toward the floating face. When he came to the surface she was there, not ten strokes away. He swam to her, placed firm hands under her arms, and steadied her while she cleared her feet from the entangling ropes.

"Thank God!" he breathed. "I'll save you yet!"

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Breast of the Sea.

"Can you keep afloat in this roughness?"

"I think so, now that I have the life preserver. But the rope scared me for a minute. It got wound about my feet."

"I thought so. But we are drifting away from the boats, and should swim back as fast as we can. Can you swim?"

"Yes; better when I get rid of this cloak. Which way is the yacht? I've lost my bearings."

"Behind us over there. Put your hand on my shoulder and I'll take you along until you get your bearings."

The girl obeyed implicitly, "as if she were a good, biddable child," thought Jim. There was none of the terrified clutching at a rescuer which sometimes causes disaster to two instead of one. Miss Redmond was badly shocked, it may be; but she was far from being in a panic.

"Now for the boat. Can you swim a little faster? They'll surely come back to pick us up," said Jim, with an assumption of confidence that he did not feel. They could hear voices from the yacht, and could follow, partially, what was going on. Miss Redmond cast loose her cloak, put a hand on Jim's shoulder, and together they swam nearer. "Ahoy!" shouted Jim. "Give us a hand!" But the boat with the large woman in it had put about to the other side of the yacht.

"Ahoy! This way!" shouted Jim. "Throw us a rope!" he cried; but if any of the seamen of the Jeanne D'Arc heard they paid no heed.

"Come this way," said Jim to his companion. "We'll catch them on the other side of the yacht."

"I can't swim much in all these clothes," said Agatha.

"Never mind, then. Hold on to the life preserver and to me, and we'll make it all right." On the crests of the swelling waves they swam round the dark hulk of the vessel, and heard plainly the clamor of the men as they embarked in the small boats. Two of them seemed to be fastened together, rattling, on the starboard side of the yacht, and were quickly filled with men. Prayers and curses were audible, with the loose, wild inflexion of the man who is in the clutch of an overmastering fear. As long as there had been work for them to do on the ship, they had done it, though sullenly; they had even controlled themselves until the attempt was made to place the two women in safety. But after that their self-restraint vanished. The orders of the officers were unheeded; the men leaped and scrambled and slid into the boats, and in a minute more they had cut loose from the Jeanne D'Arc. James dimly perceived that the boats were moving away from them into the darkness. Then he called, and called again, redoubling his speed in swimming; but only the beat of the oars came back over the water. The heart in him stood still with an unacknowledged fear. Was it possible they were absolutely leaving them behind? Surely there were other boats.

He raised his voice and called again and again. At last one voice, careless and brutal, called back something in reply. Jim turned questioning eyes to the girl beside him, whose pale face was discernible on the dark water. "He says the boats are all full."

"Then we must hurry and make for the yacht. Where is she?"

"Surely they do not mean it; they must return, for you, at least."

The girl beside him knew better, but she was conscious of the paralyzing despair of her companion's heart, and made a show of being cheerful.

"When they find they are safe they may think of us," she said. "But the men were already crazed with fear, even before the leak was discovered. One of their mates on the voyage over was a fortune-teller, and he prophesied danger to them all on their next trip. After they had come into port, the fortune-teller himself died. And who can blame them for their fear? They are all superstitious; and as no one ever regarded their fears, now they have no regard for anybody's feelings but their own."

"But we are in the middle of the Atlantic, no one knows where. We may drift for days—we may starve—the Lord only knows what will happen to us!"

Agatha, who had been floating, swam a little nearer and laid her hand on Jim's shoulder, until he looked into her face. It was full of strength and brightness.

"The sea is His also," she quoted gently. "Besides, we may get picked up," she went on. "I'm very well off, for my part, as you see. Can swim or rest floating, thanks to this blessed cork thing, and not at all hurt by the fall from the rope. But I must get rid of my shoes and some of my clothes, if I have to swim."

"It is awkward to kick off one's shoes and divest oneself of unnecessary clothing in the water, and Agatha laughed at herself as she did it. "Not exactly a bathing suit, but this one black skirt will have to do. The others must go. It was my skirts that caused the mischief with the rope at first. And I was scared!"

"You had a right to be," Jim helped her keep afloat, and presently he saw that, freed from the entanglement of so many clothes, she was as much at home in the water as he. Suddenly she turned to him, caught by some recollection that almost eluded her.

"I don't think we are anywhere near the middle of the Atlantic," she said thoughtfully. James was silent, eating the bitter bread of despair, in spite of the woman's brave wish to comfort him. They were swimming slowly as they talked, still hoping to reach the yacht. They rose on the breast of the waves, paused now and then till a quieter moment came, and always kept near each other in the pale blue darkness.

"Old Sophie said something—that some one had tampered with the wheel, I think. At any rate, she said we'd never get far from shore with this crew."

James considered the case. "But even suppose we are within a mile or two, say, of the shore, could you ever swim two miles in this heavy sea?"

"It is growing calmer every minute. See, I can do very well, even swimming alone. It must be near morning, too, and that's always a good thing." There was the shadow of a laugh in her voice.

"Morning? That depends," growled Jim. He was being soothed in spite of himself, and in spite of the direfulness of their situation. But bad as the situation was, and would be in any case, he could not deny the proposition that morning and daylight would make it better.

"But aren't you tired already? You must be," James turned closer to her, trying to read her face. "It was a long night of anxiety, even before we left the boat. Weren't you frightened?"

"Yes, of course; but I've been getting used to frights of late, if one can get used to them." Again there was the laugh in her voice, under all its seriousness, even when she added: "I'm not sure that this isn't safer than being on board the Jeanne D'Arc, after all!"

It was characteristic of James that he forbore to take advantage of the opening this speech offered. The possible reason of her abduction; her treatment on board the yacht; her relation to Monsieur Chatelard—it was all a mystery, but he could not, at that moment, seek to solve it. Her remark remained unanswered for a little time; at last he said: "Then the Jeanne D'Arc must have been pretty bad."

"It was," she said simply. Jim wondered whether she knew more about the crime of which she was the victim than he knew, or if she had discovered aught concerning it while she was a prisoner on the yacht. Granting that her person was so valuable that a man of Monsieur Chatelard's caliber would commit a crime to get possession of it, why should he have abandoned her when there was plainly some chance of safety in the boats? He could not conceive of Monsieur Chatelard's risking his neck in an affair of gallantry; cupidity alone would account for his part in the drama. James went over and over the situation, as far as he understood it, but he did none of his thinking aloud. It flashed on his mind that Miss Redmond must already have separated him, in her thoughts, from the other people on the yacht; though perhaps her trust was instinctive, arising from her own need of help. How could she know that he had risked his neck twice, now, to follow the Vision?

Swimming slowly, with Agatha's hand at times on his shoulder, James turned his mind sharply to a consideration of their present position. They had been alternately swimming and floating, hoping to come upon the yacht. The darkness of the night was penetrable, so that they could see a fairly large circle of water about them, but there was no shadow of the Jeanne D'Arc. Save for the raw

ning surge of the waters, all was silence. The pale forerunners of dawn had appeared. Their swim after the boats of the Jeanne D'Arc had warmed their blood, so that for a while they were not conscious of the chill of the water. But as the minutes lengthened, one by one, fatigue and cold numbed their bodies. It was a test of endurance for a strong man; as for the girl, Jim wondered at her strength and courage. She swam superbly, with unhurried, steady strokes. If she grew chatteringly cold, she would start into a vigorous swim, shoulder to shoulder with James. If she lost her breath with the hard exercise, she would take his hand, "so as not to lose you," she would say, and rest on the breast of the waves. The wind dropped and the sea grew quiet, so that they were no more cruelly buffeted, but rocked up and down on its heaving bosom.

Once, while they were "resting" on the water, Agatha broke a long silence with, "I wonder—" but did not at once say what she wondered at; Jim said nothing, but she knew he was waiting and listening.

"Suppose this should be the Great Gateway," she said at last, very lowly, but quite cheerfully and naturally. "I am wondering what there is beyond."

"I've often wondered, too," said Jim.

"I've sometimes thought, and I've said it, too, that I was crazy to die just to see what happens," Agatha went on, laughing a little at her own memories. "But I find I'm not at all eager for it, now, when it would be so easy to go under and not come up again. Are you?"

"No, I've never felt eager to die; least of all, now."

Agatha was silent a while. "What do you think death means? Shall we be we tomorrow, say, provided we can't keep afloat?" she asked by and by.

"Why, yes, I think so," said Jim. "I don't know why or how, but I guess we go on somewhere; and I rather think our best moments here—our moments of happiness or heroism, if we ever have any—are going to be the regular thing." Jim laughed a little, partly at his own lame ending, and partly because he felt Agatha's hand closing more tightly over his. He didn't want her to get blue just yet, after her brave fight.

"But Agatha wasn't blue. She answered thoughtfully: "That isn't a bad idea," and then cheerfully turned to a consideration of the possibilities of a rescue at dawn.

James had evolved a plan to wait till enough light came to enable them to reach the Jeanne D'Arc, if she was still afloat; then to climb aboard and hunt for provisions and life preservers or something to use for a raft. If he could do this, then they would be in a somewhat better plight, at least for a time. He prayed that the Jeanne D'Arc might still be afloat.

The two talked little, leaving silences between them full of wonder. The details of life, the ordinary personalities, were blotted out. Without explanation or speech of any kind, they understood each other. They were not, in this hour, members of a complex and artificial society; they were two even man and woman; they were two souls stripped of everything but the need for fortitude and sweetness.

At last came the dawn. Slowly the blue curtain of night lifted, lifted, until it became the blue curtain of sky, endlessly far away and far above. A twinkling star looked down on the cup of ocean, glistened a moment and was gone. The light strengthened. A pearly, iridescent quiver came upon the waters, repeating itself over and over again, and heralding the coming of the Lord Sun over the great murmuring sea. As the light grew, they could see a constantly widening circle of ocean, of which they were the center. As they rose and fell with the waves, the horizon fell and rose to their vision, dim and undefined. Hand in hand they floated in vaporous silver.

"The day has come at last, thank God!" breathed James. "Yes, thank God!" answered the girl.

"Are you very cold?"

"The sun will soon warm us."

"Where did you learn to swim?"

"In England, mostly at the Isle of Wight, but I'm not half such a dolphin as you are."

"Oh, well, boys have to swim, you know, and I was a boy once," Jim answered awkwardly. Presently he asked, and his voice was full of awe: "Have you ever seen the dawn—a dawn like this—before?"

"Never one like this," she whispered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Another Name for Sunlight. Insects are often susceptible to ultra-violet light (which is, of course, a component of sunlight), as experiments by L. Raybaud have recently shown, this fact perhaps explaining the aversion of some species to strong sunlight. In the rays from a mercury vapor lamp, such creatures as snails, houseflies, and tadpoles soon became torpid, and in the course of a few hours were quite dead. Young grasshoppers perished in about two days. Adult grasshoppers showed no apparent injury after a week's exposure, and spiders and beetles were unaffected.

Its Kind. "Do you get all kinds of money from your rich old uncle?"

"No; I get only one kind."

"What kind's that?"

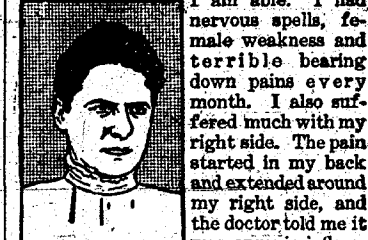
"Acrimony."

Love Literature. Write love letters only in winter when there are roaring fires—then hope for the best.

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST A WRECK

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

Westwood, Md.—"I am a farmer's wife and do most of my own work when I am able. I had nervous spells, female weakness and terrible bearing down pains every month. I also suffered much with my right side. The pain started in my back and extended around my right side, and the doctor told me it was organic inflammation. I was sick every three weeks and had to stay in bed from two to four days."



"It is with great pleasure I tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have followed your directions as near as possible, and feel much better than I have felt for years. When I wrote you before I was almost a wreck. You can publish this letter if you like. It may help to strengthen the faith of some poor suffering woman."—Mrs. JOHN F. RICHARDS, Westwood, Maryland.

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

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

There's nothing better than marriage for bringing out all the temper there is in red hair.

Queer Sex. "Yes," said the man at the end of the bar, as he ordered his second drink, "women sure are queer creatures. I came home tonight and thought my wife looked a little down in the mouth. So I said: 'After supper let's go to the theater.' And she burst into tears and said: 'My busy all day doing up preserves and you come home and ask me to go to the theater.' She was still crying when I came out. It beats all, doesn't it? Bartender, I think I'll take just one more."

Slow Chap. "Yes," laughed the girl with the pink parasol, "he is the slowest young man I ever saw."

"In what way, dear?" asked his chum.

"Why, he asked for a kiss and I told him I wore one of those knotted veils that took so long to loosen."

"And what did he do?"

"Why, the goose took time to untie the knot."—Mack's Monthly.

HIS ONE FAULT.



"Is your husband a good man?"

"Yes; he's a good man. I can't complain. But he always sneaks out whenever the clergyman calls."

A GOOD BREAKFAST.

Some Persons Never Know What It Means.

A good breakfast, a good appetite and good digestion mean everything to the man, woman or child who has anything to do, and wants to get a good start toward doing it. A Mo. man tells of his wife's "good breakfast" and also supper, made out of Grape-Nuts and cream. He says: "I should like to tell you how much good Grape-Nuts has done for my wife. After being in poor health for the last 12 years, during part of the time scarcely anything would stay on her stomach long enough to nourish her, finally at the suggestion of a friend she tried Grape-Nuts."

"Now, after about four weeks on this delicious and nutritious food, she has picked up most wonderfully and seems as well as anyone can be."

"Every morning she makes a good breakfast on Grape-Nuts eaten just as it comes from the package with cream or milk added; and then again the same at supper and the change in her is wonderful."

"We can't speak too highly of Grape-Nuts as a food after our remarkable experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.—Read the little 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.

Briefs of the Week

The East Jordan Planing Mills Co. are snowing some handsome new designs in Library Tables.

Miss Florence Dull, a young lady of Central Lake, was committed to the Traverse City asylum last week.

Mrs. P. A. Reed has opened a bakery and farmer's lunch room in Mrs. Walsh's store building on State St.

The East Jordan Lumber Company are refurbishing and papering their offices. Bert Fuller is doing the work.

At Temple Theatre, February 21st Kelly's Colored Carnival, a minstrel troupe of thirty members will appear.

All taxes are now past due and must be paid at the City Treasurer's office on or before the last day of this month.

Our High School Seniors, with their assistants, went to Alma, Friday, where they present their play—"The Elopement of Eileen."

There were thirty-five births and fifteen deaths in Charlevoix County during the past month. East Jordan contributing ten births and four deaths to the total.

Contractors H. S. Price and John Monroe have been awarded the contract of rebuilding the dam at the outlet of Hamlin lake near Ludington, which went out several weeks ago.

John Martin, employed at the East Jordan Coonrage Co's plant, made a mis-step in the boiler room, Monday, and fell, breaking his shoulder blade. Dr. Dickson reduced the fracture.

John Alyn, the fifteen months old son of Alexander and Della LaPeer died Monday morning of cholera infantum. The funeral was held on Tuesday at nine o'clock from St. Joseph's church.

At the round-up meeting of the Charlevoix County Farmer's Institute held at Charlevoix last week, E. H. Clark of Eveline was elected president of the county organization and Mr. Newville was re-elected secretary.

Since our last issue Mr. L. A. Hoyt has concluded that he would not be a candidate for mayoralty honors at the March primary preferring to throw his support to Mr. A. E. Cross. This leaves Mr. Cross alone in the field at the present writing.

John Palmer died at his home on the west side, Friday afternoon, February 7th. Deceased was son of Mrs. Jerry Palmer and was born at Eastport. He was aged 18 years, 6 months and 6 days. Funeral services will be held next Tuesday from the Lutheran church. Interment at either East Jordan or Charlevoix.

On Wednesday, February 10th, the Knights of Pythias will hold their forty-ninth anniversary, and it is my earnest desire that South Lake Lodge No. 180 celebrate this event in some fitting manner. It is necessary that all members be present at our meeting next Wednesday, Feb. 12th, as arrangements will be made and committees appointed for this event. By order, CHANCELLOR COMMANDER.

The body of a twelve year old son of Herman Dane was brought from Oscoda county to this city Saturday to the home of Mr. Dane's sister, Mrs. Lou Heller, West Cedar Street, to await removal for burial at East Jordan Sunday. The Dane family were residents of this city about ten years ago, moving from here to East Jordan and thence to Southern Michigan. The little lady's mother and sister are buried in the East Jordan cemetery. —Boyer Journal.

Wm. Burden was a Mancelona visitor, Tuesday.

Miss Ruby Taylor is a Detroit visitor this week.

Kelly's Colored Carnival at Temple Theatre, February 21st.

Herman Goodman was a Charlevoix business visitor this week.

Dr. C. H. Pray was a Mancelona business visitor this week.

Henry Clark returned Monday from a business trip to Grayling.

Ben Smatts returned to his work at Williamston on Monday last.

Mrs. J. W. Wright was guest of Boyne City friends, Thursday.

W. M. Taylor left Wednesday for a business trip to Grand Haven.

R. O. Bisbee is confined to his home with a bad cold this week.

Mrs. Frank Bolser returned home from Detroit on Wednesday last.

Miss Ursula Crawford is home from Charlevoix for a couple of months.

Phillip Moore of Boyne City was an East Jordan business visitor recently.

A. Cameron was a Boyne City business visitor a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Frank P. Ramsey was a Central Lake business visitor, Thursday.

Mrs. E. Newson is at Grayling, this week on business and will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Richardson spent Sunday last with Boyne City friends.

John Goodman of Boyne City is guest of Herman Goodman and family this week.

Miss Dolly Baker returned home to Eastport this week for a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. R. L. Lorraine with son Clarence spent Sunday with her husband at Bellaire.

Mrs. Fred Bennett, formerly of East Jordan, now of Grayling, is reported very low.

Miss Flora Simmons returned home from a visit with Boyne City friends first of the week.

W. P. Porter returned home from Lansing on Thursday, where he had been on business.

Mrs. Frank Bender went to the Detroit hospital for an operation on Friday of this week.

Ed Frelberg returned to White Cloud on Saturday last after a short visit with relatives here.

Harris Villison of North Dakota, was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Danto this week.

John Malpass left on Monday for Harrisburg, Oregon, and expects to make that place his home.

Mrs. O. S. Substedt returned home from Manistee last Friday; her mother is much improved in health.

Mrs. F. M. Severance went to South Haven on Thursday morning to visit her daughter, Mrs. F. Barden.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman, who is taking treatment at the St. Louis Sanitarium is reported as improving slowly.

Mrs. R. Jones, Jr., who went to California last December to visit friends, returned home Monday last.

C. H. Schaffer of Marquette, president of the East Jordan Furnace Co. is in our city this week on business.

All taxes are now past due and must be paid at the City Treasurer's office on or before the last day of this month.

The M. E. Missionary Society had a very pleasant meeting last Tuesday at the farm home of Mrs. J. E. Houghton.

Mrs. Harry Sloan was called here from Deward on Thursday, by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. W. G. Fortuna.

C. P. Chaddock and daughter, Mrs. J. H. Graft, who have been guest of South Haven relatives a short time, are expected home to-day.

E. G. Madison, father of Mrs. A. L. Hilliard who has been guest of his daughter for some time, returned to his home at Cadillac last Saturday.

Mrs. Eliza Bowman, who is living at Bay City, returned here this week and will move her household goods to her home there, after a short visit with relatives here.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor followed the special meeting on Sunday with a sociable time at the parsonage on Tuesday evening, to which many others were invited to spend a good time, and though the evening was stormy, about 45 were present and seemed to enjoy every minute of the time.

Freeman Walton is under a physician's care this week.

Miss Edna Smith is visiting friends in Detroit this week.

Fred Kowalski is quite ill and under a physician's care.

Mrs. E. N. Spence is under a physician's care this week.

J. H. Graft returned home from Bad Axe Saturday last.

F. R. Dodge spent Sunday with his family on the West Side.

G. F. Kimball returned home from Detroit Friday evening.

Mrs. Martin Ruhling is reported among the sick of the week.

Pros. Atty Fitch is attending circuit court at Charlevoix this week.

George Burke of Frederic was an East Jordan visitor first of the week.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith is quite ill this week.

Lewis Maule of Pellston returned to his home for a visit last Saturday.

W. R. Stewart is a Charlevoix visitor this week as juror in circuit court.

Miss Gwendolyn Boyd is among those who are on the sick list this week.

Leon Miller of Petoskey was an East Jordan business visitor first of the week.

Clark Haire, Jr. of Boyne City, is guest of Irving Hilliard a few days this week.

The Electa Club will meet with Mrs. Jesse Allen next Thursday, February 13th.

Mrs. McGlone of Kentucky arrived Thursday evening to join her husband here.

The Whist Club were entertained at the home of Mrs. C. V. Trumble, Wednesday.

The Literary Society recently organized met Monday last with Mrs. Frank Porter.

Fabian Lalonde returned to Pontiac last Saturday after a short visit with his parents here.

James B. Palmiter, who has been indisposed for some time, is improving in health some.

Harry Curkendall, Harace Hipp and Dan E. Goodman were Charlevoix business visitors this week.

Mrs. George Carr of Charlevoix is guest of her son, George, and family for a few days this week.

Mrs. H. F. McHale and son, Harry, were guest of Frank Crowell in Echo township first of the week.

Bert Wilhelm was a Traverse City business visitor, Thursday. He returned home from Hammoud, Ind., last Monday.

A. K. Ostrander returned home from Detroit Thursday last, where his wife is taking treatment at one of the hospitals.

C. S. Howe of Lookout Farm, near here, writes from his winter home at Dayton, Florida, that the weather is like June there.

Mrs. W. J. Call, who has been guest of D. P. McGlirk and family for some time, returned to her home at Mancelona last week.

Misses Ruth Stimpson and Marie Smith, who have been guests of Mrs. C. V. Trumble the past week, returned home to Sault Ste. Marie, Thursday.

Miss Fannie London, who has been guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. Danto and family, returned to her home at Detroit, Thursday, going by way of Petoskey, where she remains for a short visit.

Annual meeting of the Ladies Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will be held next Friday afternoon, February 14th, at the home of Mrs. Howard Porter. A good attendance is desired, as election of officers for ensuing year will be held at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Merchant entertained a number of their friends at their home last Monday evening. After playing five hundred, and other games, and listening to a good program of music, refreshments were served. And all went home at a late hour hoping to be present on all such occasions.

One of the troubles with our modern education is that there is too much predigested thought in it.

Millionaire Henry G. Ward of Pontiac, has planned to bring suit for divorce, following the failure of a jury to agree after twelve hours deliberation on his wife's petition to have the eccentric millionaire declared insane. The hearing has been in progress over a fortnight. Ward declared he might bring action to have the property settlement which places his property under the trusteeship of his son, Franklin Ward of Bay City, annulled. Ward's fortune is estimated at two and a half millions.

Traverse Bay was frozen over last Sunday.

Speaking of breakfast foods—if ham and eggs are not breakfast food what are they?

Kalkaská county has built over 60 miles of state reward road since 1895, when by a majority of three votes it adopted the county road system.

Mrs. Oscar Dassance, aged sixty years, of Cadillac, has been granted a divorce on the grounds that her husband has not taken a bath for 30 years.

JOHN G. CARLSON, Chiropractor; office at the corner of Main and Garfield Streets. Office hours, 10:00 to 12:30 A. M. and 2:30 to 5:30 and 7:00 to 9:00 P. M. Phone 38. Consultation free.

RETAIL MERCHANTS

Hold Annual Business Meeting Thursday Afternoon.

At the annual meeting of the Retail Merchants Association held Thursday afternoon the following officers were elected.

President, W. C. Spring. Vice President, C. H. Whittington. Secretary, W. P. Squier. Treasurer, W. A. Stroebel.

General satisfaction as to the result of the past year was expressed and it is probable that the local association will affiliate with the State Association in order to increase its efficiency.

Held Annual Meeting.

East Jordan Board of Trade held their annual meeting at K. of P. hall Monday evening, and a goodly number of our representative business men were present in spite of the stormy weather.

Several topics of vital interest to our business welfare were discussed by the gentlemen present.

In the election of officers, the following gentlemen were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, W. P. Squier, Vice President, A. E. Cross. Secretary, R. A. Brintnail. Treasurer, J. H. Milford. Directors, Geo. G. Glenn, F. E. Housinger, B. E. Waterman, W. P. Porter, W. J. Ellison, A. Cameron, C. H. Whittington, and John F. Kenny.

Elizabeth Jane Steele.

Elizabeth Jane Jack was born at Bousburg, Center Co., Pa., November 12th 1838 and fell asleep at East Jordan, Mich., January 31st, 1913, being past seventy-four years of age. She was united in marriage to A. Bert B. Steele, Aug. 1st, 1867 at Elmira N. Y. They came to Charlevoix Co. May, 1868, where she has since resided.

To this happy union was born one daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Marian Bedell of Manitowoc, Wis. She has been ill for over six years and was a patient sufferer. The husband and daughter and a large circle of friends are left to mourn the loss of a loving wife, a devoted mother and a true friend. She was a member of the Episcopal church. Also a member of the following orders, Order of the Eastern Star, Woman's Relief Corps of Boyne City, and the Rebeccas of Boyne City.

The funeral took place on Monday from her late residence on Main street conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett pastor of the Methodist church. Interment at East Jordan.

Democratic Co. Convention.

Notice is hereby given; there will be a Democratic County Convention held at the city of Charlevoix, state of Michigan, at the office of John A. Auld, on the tenth day of February, 1913, at 10:00 a. m., for the purpose of electing four delegates to the state convention to be held in the city of Lansing, Michigan, on the 14th day of February at ten o'clock a. m. 1913, also to elect a secretary for County Committee.

Dated this 2nd day of February, 1913.

W. J. LEWIS, Chairman County Committee.

It takes good ground and good farming to raise a mortgage, but it can be done.

GIVE IT A TRIAL
NO DUST
SHINE STAYS
BLACK SILK
LIQUID
GET A CAN TODAY
USED AND SOLD BY
HAPOWARE DEALERS

GREAT BARGAIN SHOE SALE

A SPECIAL COUNTER OF
450 Pairs "Selz" Celebrated Ladies' Shoes

"Best in the World" "Right up to the Minute"
PATENTS, GUN-METAL, VELVET, BLACK and TAN
All shapes, sizes 2 to 6, at these unheard-of prices;
\$2.50 \$2.75 \$1.50 \$1.75
3.00 3.75 **\$1.79** 2.00 2.25 **\$1.29**
values at values at

There are no dates to this sale and at these prices they will be gone soon.

L. WEISMAN

Card of Thanks.

To the kind friends and neighbors who so willingly assisted us during the sickness and death of our beloved husband, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks.

MRS. R. F. STEFFES.

PULPWOOD WANTED.

Spruce and Balsam Bolts, E. F. WILSON, 602 Bearinger Bldg. Saginaw Michigan.

Ever notice that the most glaring faults are those of others?

Bring in all the HIDES, FURS and PELTS to KLING Bros. They pay the highest prices. \$3.00 for No. 1 horse hides. 0-13 (adv.)

W. S. Skelton, a merchant at Stanley, Ind., says he would not take \$100.00 for the relief a single box of Foley Kidney pills gave him. I had a severe attack of kidney trouble with sharp pains through my back and could hardly straighten up. A single box of Foley Kidney pills entirely relieved me." HITES DRUG STORE.

To Our Friends and Neighbors

You know us. You know we would not that we could not afford to go back on our word. Nor can you afford to ignore this money-back-if-not-satisfied offer on this splendid laxative.

We honestly believe we have the best bowel remedy ever made—the most pleasant to take, most permanently beneficial laxative for relief from the miseries and dangers arising from constipation.

We wouldn't say this if we didn't believe it to be true. We wouldn't risk our reputation by making such statements did we not feel sure you would find them true.

Our faith is built both on the knowledge of what Rexall Orderlies are made of and on observation of very many severe cases in which they have proven their merit.

Try them at Our Risk

If they do not abundantly prove their merit with you also—if you are not entirely satisfied with them—we will refund your money—and we will do that on your mere say-so. We don't ask you to risk a penny. Isn't that fair?

Just let the bowels fail in properly doing their work—just let their action be delayed and incomplete and the entire system and every other organ suffers. Wastes time.

CAUTION: Please bear in mind that Rexall Orderlies are not sold by all drug stores. You can buy Rexall Orderlies only at The Rexall Stores. You can buy Rexall Orderlies in this community only at our store:

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.

EAST JORDAN The Rexall Store MICHIGAN

There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Rexall Remedy for nearly every ordinary human ailment—each especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended. The Rexall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores.

Quality Groceries

Is our Motto.

We assure you that if you favor us with an order you will be more than satisfied with the quality, the service and the price.

It is our aim at all times to give you your money's worth, and would ask that you give us an order to-day, so that we can demonstrate that you can make money by trading at this up-to-date store.

JAMES MILFORD

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$5000

4 PER CENT

PAID ON DEPOSITS

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

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

Now Is The Time

those pains and aches resulting from weakness or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine sooner or later leave their mark. Beauty soon fades away. Now is the time to restore health and retain beauty.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

That great, potent, strength-giving restorative will help you. Start today. **Your Druggist will Supply You**

A SECRET

A 24 lb. sack of **Henkel's Bread Flour** will make over 37 lbs. of bread. Everything but flour shrinks when cooked but Henkel's Flour grows. It costs less to begin with than any other food you like, and what other food do you like so well that you must have it at every meal in the year? Buy

HENKEL'S FLOUR

IT IS NEVER DEAR

Live and let live is a poor motto for butchers.

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

The man who stands at the bottom of the ladder and sitsides it is often of more benefit to the country than the one who climbs to the top.

The Process.

"I am a bankrupt in love." "Then it is time for supplementary proceedings."

Extremes.

"Why is Alexander so cut up?" "Because his salary has just been cut down."

Better Way.

"Does your wife raise a rumpus when you stay away from home at night?" "No; but she does, when I get home."

Solved.

"Twelve persons for dinner! Aren't you crazy?" "We might invite a thirteenth; that would perhaps take away their appetite."

Swat Indirect.

Mandy—What for yo ben goin' to de postoffice so reg'lar? Are yo' correspondin' wif some other female? Rastus—"Nope; but since ah ben a readin' in de papers 'bout dese 'conference funds ah kind of thought ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us."—Life.

Excellent Device.

An excellent device against slipping on your front-door steps these icy mornings is to cover them from top to bottom with your last summer's sofa cushions. These suitably placed will prevent your falling and chipping the brownstone or granite steps with the back of your celluloid collar. Judge.

Breath Was "Out of Place."

Papa took Harry to the country to visit his grandparents. They lived a short distance from the village where the train stopped. Harry insisted on running as they approached the home of his grandparents. They had not gone far, however, until Harry's breath was coming in short jerks and he could hardly talk.

"Wait—wait—a—minute—papa," he gasped.

"What's the matter, son?" asked the father.

"My—breath—is all out of place," gasped the little fellow.

Handy Breakfast

Ready to Serve Direct From Package

Post Toasties

and cream

A dainty dish of toasted Indian Corn, brimful of sweet flavour and substantial nourishment.

Post Toasties in the pantry mean many delicious breakfasts.

Direct to your table in sealed, air-tight packages.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

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

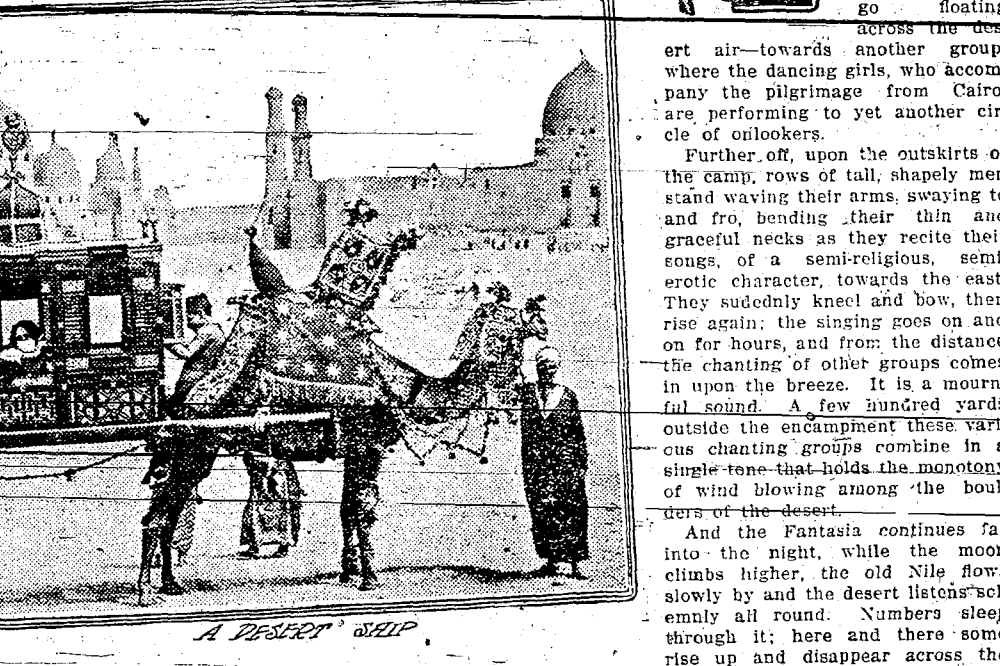
An Arab Pilgrimage by **Algernon Blackwood**

ALL day long in the blazing heat the camels have come shuffling and slouching through the sand past Helouan, for the March full moon is here and five thousand Bedouins are making their annual pilgrimage to the tomb in the Desert, where the Sheikh Abu Seria ("Father of Speed") fulfils the function of an Arab Lourdes. From far and near, with their families, their wives and children, their tents and goats, their plaintive piping reeds and their incessant tapping of drums, the procession has been struggling in since sunrise. Hundreds of donkeys trip beside the stately camels, and the separate lines of dust radiate like the spokes of an invisible wheel towards the great encampment just below Helouan, to merge later in the single stream that journeys forty miles southeast to the Tomb itself. To the music of this soft, gay piping the camels come swaying in beneath their enormous loads. Tents spring up over acres of yellow sand; camps are pitched, all separate yet all touching; the donkeys roll in the hot soil; the children laugh and play; the men, grave as the camels, sit round against the walls of berrim and water-jars and baggage that lie in heaps; and the women whisper to one another behind their veils how their little ones shall all be healed presently, and more—that the childless wives among them shall at last become mothers. At the Tomb of Abu Seria these things come to pass at the March full moon. It is a time of great rejoicing.

Shortly after dawn the first stragglers came in—fellaheen on tired donkeys; many, too, on foot. They came from villages on the other side of Cairo. For the poor travel slowly, and start first. The wealthy Bedouin sheikhs, swathed in white, with circlets of gold about their turbaned heads, come later on their grand white camels, wives and retain-

ers close behind them. And from dawn, all through the burning heat of noonday and afternoon, the horde of fellaheen troop straggling in till the crimson sunset, dying behind the Lybian Desert, falls on an encampment grown wide and deep. The palm groves along the delta cast long shadows. The lizards sing among the dunes. The women start their wild and curious ululating, shrill as an animal cry and hardly human. And suddenly the moon shows her huge yellow disk above the Mokattam Hills and draws a marvelous sweetness out of the desert, sheeting the spread encampment with a silvery veil. It is a wonderful sight. The camels seem twice their natural size among the piled-up fodder. Little fires spring up, built over stones. Voices are low; noises lie down one by one—braying of donkeys, gurgling grunts of camels, bleating of goats and kids soon to be sacrificed. Groups gather closely round the fires, for the night air nips. Coffee is made in tiny china cups, and the gaunt heads of the camels thrust forward over the very shoulders of their owners. They chew and chew and chew. Those dark bundles in the sand lying apart by themselves, are men already asleep, wrapped from head to feet in sheets of black and blue and white and yellow. No one treads on them. The bare feet go silently to and fro, picking their way so carefully. And everywhere dark faces gleam in the moonlight, eyes flash like stars and white teeth shine.

Little visits are paid from group to group. A bearded fellow with a face of night enters a circle where all are seated round the fire and coffee-pot. "Are you happy?" "I am happy because of your existence." "Coffee?" handing him a cup. "Coffee for ever," as he sips it slowly. The outsiders watch and stare and question, yet get no nearer to them. Centuries lie between. Their courtesy is perfect. They accept a cigarette, lighting it with flint and steel, offering the latter as a present that may not be refused. The young man, playing his reeds so softly to a group of listeners, hands them over to an admirer who has praised them, with "Please accept them from me." Behind, in the sand, men are praying on their knees towards Mecca—"Sling to us, kindly," asks an Englishman, who knows Arabic, of another man. The singer is shy, but only requires coaxing, and when the Englishman suggests a certain song, the other hesitates. "It is not pleasing that I should sing such a song before gentlemen and ladies." "They don't understand a word." "But I cannot do it. Whether they understand or no, I find it not pleasing." And after this lesson in sweet delicacy, between the verses of a song he finally chants, always this question: "Does my voice please you, O gentleman?" Yet these are merely fellaheen, the peasant toilers of the delta, who accompany the great Bedouin pilgrimage to the Desert-Tomb of Abu Seria, Father of Speed, one of Mahomet's generals. . . . And after midnight one or two of them rise quietly and resume their journey. "Our camels travel better in the night-time." Off they go, with their donkeys, goats and children, carrying all they possess in this world with them. The unmeasured desert swallows them. No sound comes back. They vanish in the moonlight as softly as they came. One thinks of that Bedouin who loved an Englishman, and paid him the great honor of taking him home. "I will show you my home," he said, and they traveled three days and nights across the desert. Beneath a limestone boulder he pointed to the ground. "Now you are in my home," he said, proudly, and with the stately dignity of a great prince of the desert. And the Englishman saw a little pile of ashes at his feet. It was summer, a tent unnecessary; the wife and flocks were away. This square foot of sand in the enormous wilderness was home.



In the morning, with the rising sun, the Bedouin arrive. Before Helouan is awake their white head-dress was visible far down the sandy waste that meets the fringe of Delta towards Cairo. But Helouan soon comes down to see. Few of them tarry here; they go straight through; the Bedouin do not like the people, hangers, tourists. They resent the cameras, flourish their whips of buffalo-hide and trot past almost fiercely. There is scorn in their eyes, as they circle about their wives. High on their splendid camels, they have a regal air, making the great brutes turn and double as easily as horses; and shouting angrily if anyone goes near the water-sellers. This is their last watering-place before the tomb is reached, and to drink with a Bedouin's water is like trifling with his wives. And no wonder they wear this princely mien, for the whole Imperial desert is their home. Upon the slower camels in their lordly train, sometimes four abreast, their women, all carefully veiled, sit with the little children. Some are hidden from sight in tent-like canvas, gorgeously striped and colored. It sways to and fro with the enormous knee-stroke of the camels like a boat at sea. Solemnly the Moslem world files past across the sands. And we outsiders get no nearer, ask, stare, and follow as we may. The gulf is not bridged that lies between our minds and theirs. In vain, we try, wondering what they think and feel, and what emotions hide behind those fine bronze faces. Their politeness veils it all, their own deep world; their courtesy screens revelation. They move, like the camels, at the pace of a thousand years, unchanging. We watch them across barriers, that is all. Note that old man praying alone there, behind the munching camel. He has washed his hands and feet; his carpet is spread on the sand, and his shoes are off. Mind, heart and soul are concentrated. He is oblivious to the world about him, as he bows towards the east and his forehead taps the ground.

As the moon rises higher and night becomes all white, the fun begins in earnest—Fantasia, as they call it, borrowing a foreign word. A couple of mounted police from Helouan come down to keep order and see that the few inquisitive tourists from the hotels are not molested. But their services are not once required. Only the little children trot around with their incessant demand for bakshesh. The Arabs take no notice of us outsiders, beyond making way when we approach, offering here and there a word of explanation or inviting us to drink coffee with them when we draw near to their fire-circles. The Fantasia grows fast and furious, while the crouching camels munch and the cries of goats and donkeys mingle with the women's weird ululating. In one corner a ring is formed and the band begins to play—two pipes and a tomtom. To the endless repetition of a single phrase, half melody, half chant, enters a Sheikh upon his Arab horse. His head-dress shines; the horse's metal neck-lace chinks and rattles. Holding the reins in one hand, the other grips a staff with its point in the sand; round this he circles in and out, making a figure of eight, the animal taking its small steps proudly, neck arched, tail flying, head held gracefully erect. Suddenly the rider swings a gun

round from his back, and fires it off into the sand with one hand; the people watch in silence; the horse prances out; another Sheikh enters the ring and goes through a similar performance. In another direction a circle several hundred strong, packed close as herrings, sit round upon the sand, and a story-teller stands in the center, reciting wonderful adventures with many wild gesticulations. He carries a waving stick, and his voice falls and rises with a wailing note. All these faces in the moonlight watch and listen with rapt attention. A burst of laughter comes, then exclamations of delight, then long-drawn "ohs!" Tales of Arabian Nights go floating across the desert air—towards another group, where the dancing girls, who accompany the pilgrimage from Cairo, are performing to yet another circle of onlookers. Further off, upon the outskirts of the camp, rows of tall, shapely men stand waving their arms, swaying to and fro, bending their thin and graceful necks as they recite their songs, of a semi-religious, semi-erotic character, towards the east. They suddenly kneel and bow, then rise again; the singing goes on and on for hours, and from the distance the chanting of other groups comes in upon the breeze. It is a mournful sound. A few hundred yards outside the encampment these various chanting groups combine in a single tone that holds the monotony of wind blowing among the boulders of the desert. And the Fantasia continues far into the night, while the moon climbs higher, the old Nile flows slowly by and the desert listens solemnly all round. Numbers sleep through it; here and there some rise up and disappear across the sand; everywhere are the outlines of the humped and pointed little tents, the grotesque heads and necks of camels and swathed human figures passing softly to and fro through the moonlight. All know that strangers stand and watch them, but, while aware of it, they are utterly indifferent. The rejoicing is among themselves, no question of display or showing off for others. They simply do what they have done for centuries, and will do for centuries to come. A sense of something eternal, and infinite as the desert itself, rises from the camp. It stirs the blood. Somewhere in it there is a touch of awe. At sunrise the tents are struck, and the entire mass moves on across the sand in single file, a procession stretching for miles. At the tomb itself, two days later, to the light of a thousand camp fires, the Fantasia is renewed in full earnest. The animals are sacrificed. There is endless praying, dancing, singing, acting and the rest. Then all return the way they went. The Bedouin scatter again to their various resting-places in the desert home. The camels come slouching and shuffling through the sands past Helouan.

What remains with me, however, is not so much the memory of their Fantasia and wild rejoicing, as the moonlit picture of the little families who left the camp to continue their journey beneath the stars. For the sight stirred old deep yearnings that every Nature-lover knows too well. So quietly they stole away into the immeasurable desert! All their possessions in this world they carried easily with them, and in their hearts this ancient faith the ages cannot change. The camels padded off, veiled women in the swaying tents upon their backs. The silhouettes were strange and mysterious against the brilliant stars. Like dreams of a forgotten world they melted into the distance swiftly. Moonlight, sand and desert took them home.

LET GOOD CHANCE GO BY

Bluffers Had Perfect Right to Be Mad, Considering the Extremely Unfortunate Circumstances.

Bluffers bounced into the club, jammed his hat down on a table with a fierce, resounding bang, and flung himself into an easy chair. "What's wrong today, Bluffers? You look bad." "I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a man out of my house last night!" "Humph! I've kicked out many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?" "No; past middle age." "Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming round courting young girls. I would have kicked him out myself." "Yes, but I have found out since that this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."

ECZEMA CAME ON SCALP

Lebanon, O.—"My eczema started on my thigh with a small pimple. It also came on my scalp. It began to itch and I began to scratch. For eighteen or twenty years I could not tell what I passed through with that awful itching. I would scratch until the blood would soak through my underwear, and I couldn't talk to my friends on the street but I would be digging and punching that spot, until I was very much ashamed. The itching was so intense I could not sleep after once in bed and warm—I certainly suffered torment with that eczema for many years.

"I chased after everything I ever heard of, but all to no avail. I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. Imagine my delight when I applied the first dose to that awful itching fire on my leg and scalp, in less than a minute the itching on both places ceased. I got some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the second day I never had another itching spell, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me. I was troubled with awful dandruff all over my scalp. The Cuticura Soap has cured that trouble." (Signed) L. R. Fink, Jan. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. J, Boston." Adv.

PROPER WORD.



"Is aviation expensive?" "Yes, the upkeep is quite considerable."

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wighton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move. After using 5 boxes of Dods's Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dods's Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: "I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy."

Dods's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dods's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and Recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Taste. "Which has the best taste, you or your wife?" "I am sure my wife has." "That is very generous of you." "I could not well deny it, in view of the person each of us married."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Shocks. "Why do you refer to that orator as the human high explosive?" "Because he is always getting the split confused with the outburst."

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

Too Much. "I tell you, money talks." "Yes, and Wall Street is trying to shut it up."

Our Drayma. She (after the proposal)—What! Marry you—a drunkard, gambler, and impostor? He! hal Begone, sir, before I ring and have you ejected! He—Isabelle, am I to take this as a refusal?—London Opinion.

Quite Commonplace. "I know a man whom every one respected, and it was found out he had married no fewer than six women in one month, yet he wasn't even arrested, and no one thought the less of him for it." "Great Scott! Who was he?" "Our minister."

Uncle Jed Again. A huge touring car had just whizzed by, leaving a terrific wave of gasoline behind it. "That goes another one o' them odormobiles," said Uncle Jed.—Judge.

BREAKS A COLD IN A DAY.
And Cures Any Cough That Is Curable. Noted Doctor's Formula.

"From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Globe Fine Compound (Concentrated Fine). Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Take one to two teaspoonsful after each meal and at bedtime. Smaller doses to children according to age. This is the best formula known to science. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity, but it don't pay to experiment with a bad cold. Be sure to get only the genuine Globe Fine Compound (Concentrated Fine). Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed, tin screw-top case. If your druggist does not have it in stock he will get it quickly from his wholesaler. This has been published here every winter for six years and thousands of families know its value. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

DIDN'T NEED TO READ LINES

Amateur Palmist Had Other Lines of Information Which Aided Her in Revelations.

The fair amateur palmist looked at the left hand of the sweet girl long and earnestly. Breathlessly she waited for the palmist's next words. "Ah! I see by your hand that you are engaged to be married," said the palmist. "And," continued the reader of the future and the past, in a more cutting tone, "I see that you are engaged to Mr. Mooney." "Oh! It's perfectly extraordinary," burst out the blushing girl. "How can you know that?" "By my long study of the science," was the reply. "But surely the lines on my hand—cannot tell you the name?" "Who said anything about lines?" replied the prophetic one, with withering scorn. "You are wearing the engagement ring I returned to him three weeks ago."

Nice Distinction.
"Pa, what is a patriot?"
"That depends, my son. In the time of George Washington, he was a man who walked barefoot on snow and ice to serve his country. Now he is one who does it by getting a job."

THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in a damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals. Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used. If such attacks are marked with headache, backache, dizziness and disturbance of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

A Michigan Case.
Joseph Hoover, 298 1/2 Catharine St., Bay City, Mich., says: "My back got so bad I couldn't bend over. Often because so dizzy I had to sit down and rest. Doctors had failed to help me and I was growing thin and weak. Doan's Kidney Pills were the only thing that cured me completely. I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Seldom See

ABSORBINE
will clean them off without laying the skin after horse up. No blistering or hair gone. 50c per bottle. Send for literature and case for special instructions and Book 8 E free.

ALBERTA
THE PRICE OF BEEF
IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF CATTLE.

Free Homestead
of 100 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the new districts and provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, the schools and churches are convenient, the markets are splendid. In either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to M. N. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

It is easier to write history than it is to manufacture it.
Partial Success.
"Do you believe in those faith cures?"
"Oh, I have known some that cured faith in them."

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
Are Richest in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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

The Kitchen Cabinet

TODAY we may feel that life's sorrows. Outweigh all the joys that we crave; But tomorrow will teach us the lesson That life is worth while to be brave.

WHAT maintains one vice would bring up two children. "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." —Poor Richard.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Here is one way of preparing hamburger steak: Take a pound of round steak finely chopped, not ground; add two tablespoonfuls of suet, a finely chopped onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a quarter of a cup of bread crumbs and salt and pepper to taste. Shape in balls, roll in crumbs and broil before a clear fire or pan broil until brown. Serve with the sauce from the pan and garnish with parsley.

Curried Mutton.—Cut up a pound of mutton and fry in butter until brown; add the onions, stir and cook until they are colored yellow; add a dessert spoonful of curry powder, salt and pepper to taste, two cupfuls of stock and simmer for an hour. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

A delicious small cake which is relished by young or old is a simple cup cake mixture baked in gem pans and frosted with a white boiled frosting. When cold, a circular piece is cut from the top and a portion of the inside of the cake is removed and the cavity filled with preserved fruit of any kind desired.

Deviled Sardines.—Done and skin a dozen sardines, dust with paprika and mustard, and dip in beaten eggs and fine bread crumbs and brown in a hot buttered pan. Drain and serve on strips of buttered toast. Garnish with lemon slices and water cress.

Vanilles.—Beat three eggs, add a tablespoonful of sugar, one of cold water and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour to make a rather stiff dough. Knead well and roll out after dividing the dough into four portions. Roll a portion until very thin, the thinner the better, then tear a piece half the size of the hand (the more irregular the prettier they are), and drop in deep fat. When brown sift powdered sugar over them. They will be filled with bubbles and are very dainty little cakes.

TOMORROW the sun will be brighter; Tomorrow the skies will be fair; Tomorrow our hearts will be lighter; We'll cast aside sorrow and care. Remember, when heartsick and weary, The sunshine comes after the rain; Tomorrow is time to be cheery—Tomorrow we take home again.

NEVER saw an oft-removed tree. Nor yet an oft-removed family. That thrive so well as them that settled.

A FEW RUSSIAN DISHES.

If these recipes are tried they will prove altogether acceptable:
Russian Hash.—Chop two pounds of uncooked beef from which the fat is removed, with a fourth of a pound of suet, one large onion, and a half a cup of bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and parsley; add a pint of good soup stock or beef tea; mix well, season with salt and lemon juice and sprinkle well with bread crumbs. Bake until well browned, turn out on a platter and garnish with mashed potatoes.

Russian Soup.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter or suet in a soup kettle, and when hot add two large onions chopped fine, and a pint of tender cabbage chopped fine. Fry brown and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Season with salt and pepper and minced parsley; add a quart of stock and simmer for an hour. Fry a few small balls of sausage until brown; add the sausage to the soup with a cup of tarragon vinegar, and serve.

Coulibac.—Have ready a rich pastry dough and roll it very thin. Spread this with a savory meat of mushrooms cooked and chopped, hard cooked eggs, and cold veal; moisten with butter and broth, and roll it like a roly-poly. Place in a baking dish, sprinkle with crumbs and bake one hour. Slice and serve with a sauce, seasoned with vinegar.

Rocks.—Cream a cup of butter, add one and a half cups of sugar, two eggs, two and a half cups of flour, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water; add spices, dates and walnuts, a cup. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheets.

Sounds Like Football.
"She threw herself at him."
"She must have heard that he is a good catch."
"So she had. But he dropped her, it seems."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Helps to Give Exercise.
"If more men would carry walking sticks there would be fewer round shoulders," was the statement made by a South Eleventh street shopkeeper. "The philosophy of the matter is this: Those who carry canes find there is a tendency to swing the arms which pulls them backward, and instead of having your chest in your back you have it where it belongs. The walking stick should be long enough to reach well up the hip and carried alternately in either hand."

The Innocent Bystander.
"Doesn't the story of the prodigal son bring tears to your eyes?"
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Every time I hear that story I can't help sympathizin' with the fatted calf."

Coward.
"I'm afraid I'm smoking too much."
"Well, why don't you quit, then?"
"I would, only I'm afraid if I did so I might find out that something else was the matter with me."

The Best Message

By REV. PARLEY E. ZARTMANN, D.D., Secretary of Extension Department of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2:10-11.

The best message for this Christmas time, the best message the world ever heard, is the message which came to the Judean shepherds on the first Christmas night nearly two thousand years ago; the message of One who had come to redeem mankind. But who can say anything new about this wonderful blessing which follows the coming of Christ? The message has come through the medium of angels from Heaven; prophets had foretold the Saviour, the apostles and martyrs, the saints of all ages have spoken of the glory which followed. Nineteen centuries of eloquence, from poets, painters and sculptors, oratory and literature and song have united in telling the story of the glory of the first Christmas and the transforming power of the Christ-child. And yet the story never grows old, it is still the sweetest story ever told; nor is it strange that this should be so, for the coming of Christ was the supreme event in human history, the turning point in the calendar of the world, and the greatest gift to man. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The message was one of good tidings; of salvation, of forgiveness from sin, of deliverance from bondage, of refuge from the storms of life, of peace amid the restlessness of the world, of power over the evil in human nature, of cleansing from the stain of sin, of comfort in the midst of the world's sadness, and of a crown at the end of the race.

The message was of good tidings of great joy, and this is the keynote of the Gospel, for he who really has Christ in the heart can hear the Saviour say and realize the truth of it "That your joy might be full." The message is all inclusive—to all people. In the Psalms we read that Christ shall have dominion from sea to sea. There is no narrowness in God's plan. "There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea." This babe born in Bethlehem is he who shall rule in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. "All kings shall bow down before him." There is no better day than Christmas, and no higher theme and no greater motive for an angel for our interest in foreign missions, for this same Saviour said: "Go ye into all the world."

This is the best message because it announced the Saviour. Redemption is the greatest factor in human history; although it reminds us of the awful fact of sin; for these two explain all mystery and unravel all history. Sin is the ground, redemption the process of all salvation. Sin makes redemption necessary; redemption shows us God, and we shout: "What a wonderful Saviour!" In a very true sense God was a Redeemer before he was a Creator. This Saviour is announced as Christ and Lord, and every word is emphatic. Christ is the Messiah who was to come, and as Lord he takes his place as ruler in the hearts and lives of those who accept him.

The emphasis of the message is upon the fact that Jesus is the Saviour. There is one line that runs through all the Bible; it is the scarlet thread of the blood of Christ. There is one fact that shines out on every page of the book, the face of One who became man for us men and for our salvation. This is the message of prophets and angels, of types and symbols, of persons and sacrifices; the multitudes have found it true. It reminds one of the first words of a song used in the south:

"How do I know my Lord is divine? He saves me from my sin."
The message is personal—"Unto you." Blessed be the night that song was born; blessed be the Saviour who came and who now lives in his saints; blessed be the God who sent such a wonderful redemption and said: "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish." So the blessing reaches me and that means Christmas for my soul and redemption for me, and peace, and joy, and Christ, and Heaven—if I will. How is it with you? Has Christ been born unto you as a Saviour? Have you accepted the greatest gift God could make? Have you made the Babe of Bethlehem your Saviour and Christ and Lord?

"O holy child of Bethlehem, Descend to us we pray; Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!"

Nellie Maxwell.
That's So.
"Temper is like love."
"You're crazy in the head!"
"Well, it is; the more you expend on those about you the more you have."

THE BEST MESSAGE
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Have You Seen the Coupon Now in

Duke's Mixture

Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture makes a great pipe smoke—and rolled into a cigarette nothing can beat it. It is the favorite smoke of thousands of men who want selected, pure, Virginia and North Carolina bright-leaf tobacco. If you have not smoked Duke's Mixture, made by Liggett & Myers at Durham, N. C.—try it at once. Each sack contains one and a half ounces of tobacco that is equal to any 5c granulated tobacco made—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE and

A Coupon That is a Dandy.



These coupons are good for many valuable presents—such as watches, cameras, jewelry, furniture, razors, china, etc.

As a special offer, during February and March only, we will send you our illustrated catalog of presents FREE. Just send us your name and address on a postal.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be asserted with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGES TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES (25c tin double coupon), PICK PLUG CUT, PIED, MONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

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

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes. The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E. E. in F. E. E.

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.

PATENTS Watson H. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Book free. High-class references. Best results. **DEFIANCE STARCH** easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 4-1913.

In Wages or Profit

health, sooner or later, shows its value. No man can expect to go very far or very fast toward success—no woman either—who suffers from the headaches, the sour stomach and poor digestion, the unpleasant breath and the good-for-nothing feelings which result from constipation and biliousness. But just learn for yourself what a difference will be made by a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Tested through three generations—favorably known the world over this perfect vegetable and always efficient family remedy is universally accepted as the best preventive or corrective of disorders of the organs of digestion. Beecham's Pills regulate the bowels, stir the liver to natural activity—enable you to get all the nourishment and blood-making qualities from your food. As sure as you try them you will know that—in your looks and in your increased vigor—Beecham's Pills

Pay Big Dividends

The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women. Sold everywhere. In boxes 75c, 25c.

A Nervous Woman Finds Relief After Many Years

Women who suffer from extreme nervousness, often endure much suffering before finding any relief. Mrs. Daniel Kintner, of Defiance, O., had such an experience, regarding which she says:



"I had stomach trouble when I was eighteen years old that broke down my health, and for years I suffered with nervousness, headache, indigestion and nervous spasms. The spasms got so bad I would have them three or four times a week. After trying nearly every remedy recommended, I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I must say it helped me wonderfully. I have had no severe nervousness for several years."

MRS. DAN KINTNER,
1002 Pleasant St., Defiance, O.

Many remedies are recommended for diseases of the nervous system that fail to produce results because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven its value in such cases so many times that it is unnecessary to make claims for it. You can prove its merits for yourself by getting a bottle of your druggist, who will return the price if you receive no benefit.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold

DENTIST

Over Lovelady's Real Estate Office.
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12 a. m., 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 234

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.

Its Time To Plant a Tree

We are prepared to furnish you Shade Trees of any description. Lawns Grade and put in first class condition. Sodding a specialty

Wm. Tate

East Jordan, R. F. D. 4

SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure Guaranteed to Please Every Gardener and Planter. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 50 CENTS

FAMOUS COLLECTION

- 1 lb. 50 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 60 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 70 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 80 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 90 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 100 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 110 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 120 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 130 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 140 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 150 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 160 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 170 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 180 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 190 Day Tomato 25c
- 1 lb. 200 Day Tomato 25c

Write today! Send 50 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection" of seeds with our new and improved "Famous" Catalogue. **GREAT WORKING SEED CO.,** 208 Rose St., Rockford, Illinois.

County Finances.

RECEIPTS	
Bal. on hand Jan. 1st.	\$ 4056.68
Rec'd from Delinquent Taxes	473.00
Rec'd from Redemption Cert.	39.88
Rec'd from Poor Funds.	17.00
Rec'd from State and County Taxes	3708.41
Rec'd from fines.	5.00
Rec'd from Teachers' Ind.	31.00
Rec'd from mortgages	168.50
Rec'd from Circuit Court	10.00
Rec'd from miscellaneous	.66
Total Receipts Inc. Bal. on hand Jan. 1st.	\$41826.17
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid Contingent Orders.	\$ 3719.26
Paid Poor Orders.	338.30
Paid Circuit Orders.	33.00
Paid Criminal Orders.	10.32
Paid Probate Court Orders.	74.24
Paid Soldiers Relief Orders.	26.00
Paid City, town and villages	1328.89
Paid State of Mich. mortgage Tax	46.00
Paid State of Mich. state tax	9,000.00
Paid Curtis & Wylie judgment	112.00
Cash on hand at close of business Jan. 31st.	27153.44
	\$41826.17

Feb. 1, 1913
D. S. PAVTON
County Treasurer

Making Seed Contracts.

The Everett B. Clark Seed Co. are contracting for growing of beans for the coming season. Full contract price paid for every bushel of merchantable beans, nothing deducted from price for handpicking. Your seed is charged up at the contract price, not at the market price. Call at their office or address,
A. E. CROSS, SUP'T
East Jordan, Mich.

County Normal Notes

The program which the class gave at the Woman's Congress of the farmers' Institute was very successful. The Debate Resolved that Congress should pass laws protecting all birds that are beneficial to agriculture was decided in favor of the affirmative although it was very close. The arguments on both sides were very strong. Topics such as poultry raising, the needs of rural schools, and the study of agriculture in the schools were discussed well and fluently by various members of the class. The little class in bird study was very effective. Perhaps that which interested the ladies the most was the demonstration of the Babcock tester by one member of the class. The class attended the Farmers Institute at the court house last Wednesday and Thursday morning. The topics discussed were ones which we had been studying in school so we were greatly interested. We especially enjoyed the discussions of Mr. Moore and Mr. Beutal on the care of dairy cows and the cultivation of small fruits. They both gave a short address to the normal class. Each member of the class had the opportunity of testing milk in the Babcock tester last Monday. The milk averaged about 3 percent in butter fat.

In answer to the appeal made by the nation to teachers and pupils for the protection of migratory birds, a letter was signed by every member of the class, to our representative, Mr. F. H. Dodds, requesting him to do all that is in his power to pass the bill which is now in the House. Miss Jessie Barkley was absent Monday on account of the grippe. Mr. George Hamlin and Miss Mable Dunlop started their practice teaching in the fourth grade reading Monday. Miss Agnes Worth has the chart class and Miss Dessie Groentuk, the fifth grade reading. Miss Whiting returned to school last Wednesday after a three days' absence on account of an attack of the grippe.

APPENDICITIS BOOK FREE.
The Adler-ika book, telling how you can EASILY guard against appendicitis, and how you can relieve constipation or gas on the stomach INSTANTLY, is offered free this week by J. Quidley.
But a really clever woman is too clever to show it.
Give a man the little he wants here below, and he'll kick himself because he didn't ask for more.
Those who insist upon having the biggest half do not seem to realize that there is no such thing.
Mrs. S. S. Van Buren-St., Kingston, N. Y., had such decided benefit from using Foley's Honey & Tar Compound that she shares her good fortune with others. She writes: "Foley's Honey & Tar Compound brought my voice back to me during a severe case of bronchitis and laryngitis. Oh, how many people I have recommended it to." HITES DRUG STORE.

MRS. WM. ARCHER

Tells Mothers What To Do For Delicate Children.

"My fourteen-year-old daughter was very thin and delicate. She had a bad cough so that I became very much alarmed about her health. She was nervous and did not sleep well, had very little appetite and doctors did not help her. Having heard so much about Vinol, I decided to give it a trial. It has helped her wonderfully. She can sleep all night now without coughing once; in fact, her cough is gone. Her appetite is greatly improved and she has gained weight. Vinol is a wonderful medicine, and I will always keep it in the house. I wish every mother knew what Vinol will do for delicate children." Mrs. Wm. Archer, 223 Broadway, Long Branch, N. J.
This delicious cod liver and iron preparation without oil is a wonderful body-builder and strength-creator for both young and old. We promise to give back your money in every such case where Vinol does not benefit. This shows our faith in Vinol. P. S. If you have Eczema try our Saxo Salve. We guarantee it.
W. A. SPRING DRUG CO.

To the victor belongs the spoils—if he can find them.
It's useless to plan to work unless you work the plan.
A little learning is seldom as dangerous as a little ignorance.
Every woman's tongue has a steady job as an express agent.
It is sometimes difficult to convince a man that two heads are better than one—the father of twins for instance.
A girl may not mind being kissed against her will the first time, but it makes her fussy if a man doesn't pretend to use force.
It sometimes happens that women worship a long haired man, but did you ever hear of a bunch of men going daffy over a short-haired woman?

Health Warning.

Chilled and wet feet result in congesting the internal organs, and inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, with rheumatic twinges and pain in back, generally follow. Use Foley Kidney Pills. They are the best medicine made for all disorders of the kidneys, for bladder irregularities, and for backache and rheumatism. They do not contain habit forming drugs. Tonic in action, quick in results.
HITES DRUG STORE.

CHICHESTER PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.
LADIES! Ask your druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. TAKE NO OTHERS. Buy at your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE TESTED

TRADE MARK
DROPS
THE BEST REMEDY For all forms of RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Catarrh and Asthma
"5-DROPS" STOP THE PAIN Gives Quick Relief
It stops the aches and pains, relieves swollen joints and muscles, and almost immediately destroys the excess uric acid and is quick, safe and sure in its results. No other remedy like it. Sample free on request.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not obtainable in your locality.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.
168 Lake Street Chicago

Best Remedy for Constipation, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Belching and Liver Troubles. 25c Per Box at Druggists.
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE
SKIN SORES
ECZEMA, ACNE, PILES, FURUNCLES, SORES, BURNS, WOUNDS, SALT RHEUM, RING WORMS, Etc., quickly healed by using the "5-DROPS" SALVE
QUICKLY HEALED

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QUICKLY HEALED

USE OF MOURNING BORDERS

There Are a Few Set Rules, But Individual Taste Practically Determines the Question.

The average person chooses her mourning borders by individual taste rather than by rule and rarely changes the width until second mourning.

Good taste avoids the flaunting of grief and rarely countenances a border wider than a quarter of an inch, even for a widow. Even this is a trifle wide; three-sixteenths of an inch is a better width for widows, parents or children, and an eighth of an inch for a sister or brother.

The paper used is dead white linen of plain weave and lusterless. It is bad form to have a mourning border on striped or fancy paper, even though the color is kept white. Where a transparent paper is liked, as for foreign correspondence or to save postage, besides the border there is a separate lining of black tissue paper for each envelope.

Addresses and monograms are often stamped in unrelieved black. Some persons prefer them embossed in relief without color, especially if there be telephone and telegram numbers in addition to the address. When these are all in black they look less overpowering if a miniature receiver and telegraph pole and lines are used instead of the word telephone or telegram.

As mourning borders are expensive, the stationery of grief is costly. It can rarely be had by the pound as other papers, but sometimes is cheaper by the box, containing several quires. As there is usually a reduction for getting a large quantity, it pays to lay in a supply.

Correspondence cards carry the same borders as writing paper. When there are no engraved acknowledgments these cards are quite large enough for a few words of appreciation. Sometimes a sentence is written across the top of the visiting card.

Black bordered envelopes to fit the visiting card should be bought by the hundred, as the card will do social duty during the entire period of mourning.

HAS A LARGE VOCABULARY

Number of Words Used by Small Child Will Surprise One Who Is Not a Close Observer.

How many words does the ordinary child know? Fifty? Wrong. A hundred? Wrong again. Five hundred for a wild guess? A little nearer, but not much. The truth is that people underestimate the number of words their children can speak.

Take a paper and pencil, follow the child for several days, several weeks putting down every new word that is uttered. You'll find out some things that will surprise you. And when the word "child" is used, it does not refer to a boy or girl of seven or eight, but one of three.

An investigation recently made by following a child at that age and noting every word that was used, showed that it had memorized 1,771 different words. They covered practically everything with which the child came in contact, and were words the child had never heard before.

Another investigation of words used by children between 1 year and 18 months old showed that the lowest vocabulary that was reported included the use of 60 words. The highest was 232 words. From two years on, the vocabulary of a child increases rapidly, until at three years the average child has a vocabulary of at least 1,000 words.

"The Brave Old Oak."

Whether its branches show green against a dark-blue sky—gold where the sunlight touches them—whether its leaves show magenta in the light of the setting sun, or black and silver in the moonlight, there is no tree of them all to compare with the oak. All a summer's day you may lie stretched beneath it, so strong and so friendly, not to you only, but to all the little lives that swarm about its roots. All kinds of busy creatures, ants, spiders, daddy-long-legs, beloved of your childhood, go scurrying over you on this errand and that, as unafraid, almost, as if you were dead. A feeling of kinship comes to you: a knowledge that all this life about you in oak and grass and insect, and the good dog lying at your feet, is but a little part of the ageless flux and reflux, soothingly as a cool hand on an aching head, there comes to you the realization that soon, fears, hates, and loves forgotten, your tired body shall rest under the trees all the days and all the nights.—Atlantic.

Nature's Sun Dial.

There is no need for clocks on the Aegean sea any day when the sun is shining. There nature does not vary, though the centuries pass. This natural time-maker is the largest sun dial in the world. Projecting into the blue waters of the sea is a large promontory which lifts its head 3,000 feet above the waves. As the sun swings round the pointed shadow of the mountain just touches one after the other of a number of small islands, which are at exact distances apart and act as hour marks on the great dial.

It might be well to remember that knockers are always busy.

Trees Trees Trees

Special Prices for a Short Time on Apple, Cherry and Peach

Trees and our usual Low Prices on other stock. Send a list of your wants. Our Catalogue is Free to Planters.

Grand Rapids Nursery Co.
Retail Dep't., Ashton Building
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Feed Economy

Five step toward greater profits. It isn't the amount eaten that counts, but what is digested and turned into marketable products.

Pratt's Animal Regulator
puts horses, cows and hogs in prime condition and insures perfect digestion. That pays! Ask the men who use it, or test it at our risk.
25c. Box, \$1. 25-lb. Pail, \$2.50
"Your money back if it fails."

Pratt's Healing Ointment (or Powder)
cures sores and wounds, 25c. Sample free. Get Pratt's Profit-sharing Booklet.

E. J. Lumber Co. Spring Drug Co.

Dishonest gains are equal to losses. It's a poor rule that won't work your way.

And the Lord also helps those who help others. When a man meets trouble halfway, he has a poor companion for the rest of his journey.

PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1913. Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of De Witt K. Jephson, deceased. Marie Kephson, widow, having filed in said court a petition praying that the said administration of said estate be granted to J. H. Jephson, or to some other suitable person. It is ordered that the said day of February 10, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition; and it is further ordered, that public notice hereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix county newspaper of general circulation and circulated in said county. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate. A true copy.

PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1913. Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Florence C. Jephson, deceased. George E. Jephson having filed in said court his petition praying that said court, adjudicate and determine who were at the time of her death the legal heirs of said deceased, a d'entree and legal sale of the real estate of which said deceased died seized. It is ordered that the sixth day of March, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition. It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate. A true copy.

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

"AM I TICKLED?"
"Well, I guess I am. Did you see the fruit hanging from the trees in my Orchard? After buying such trees for years, someone told me to buy McCormick at Monroe, Mich. I did so and the trees and fruit speak for themselves.
Don't be pessimistic, plant McCormick's trees and have a good income in your old age."
McCormick's Trees are the result of years of experience, high-grade soil and modern methods. Get their Free Catalogue and "Free Talk" on Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Vines, Hoses, etc.
McCORMICK NURSERY CO.
29 Elm Street, Monroe, Mich.
Selections Made.

MADE FOR US IN ST. LOUIS BY Shoe Co.

White House Shoes

The Patterns for "White House Shoes" are designed by the foremost pattern-makers in the U. S., insuring good fitting, quality and pleasing shapes. The Leathers are all of the best tanned, of Kid, Box Calf, Kangaroo and Gun-Metal Calf, and the Patent Leathers are best obtainable. The Workmanship is high class all through the shoe, thus insuring a uniformity in construction and finish. The styles are always new—a big variety for both men and women.



C. A. HUDSON

Exclusive Shoe Dealer.

THE FINEST IN THE STATE

Is the big modern plant recently established by the Booth Fisheries Co., Washburne and located at foot of Main St. on the big shore, as a permanent home for the constantly increasing business in the manufacture of "Sanitary Rugs from Old Carpets" (trade mark established 1898) in which line a trade has been successfully established all over the United States on the excellence of products. This also gives much needed room for the Carpet Cleaning and restyling department, which includes a large sterilizing abator for purifying rugs and carpets. The cleaning department is fully equipped with all modern and time saving machinery devices run by electric lights. 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, deepseeks a busy future for the Petokey Rug Co. of which A. T. Washburne is proprietor and which address all orders and correspondence should be addressed—NO AGENTS.—Petokey Evening News, April 13, 1911.—Make your agents as early as possible.