

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915.

No. 39

Bound Over to Circuit Court

Prominent Boyne City Man Charged With Obstructing Justice.

B. McLean, the Boyne City real estate man, was arraigned in Justice Cooper's court at Charlevoix, Monday, on the charge of "obstructing the due course of justice" by inducing and aiding the complaining witness in a local option violation case to leave the country.

The details of the charge are as follows: Harvey E. McLean, a brother of the defendant, was under bonds awaiting trial in the August term of the circuit court on a charge of violating the local option law. The complaining witness in this case was Francis LaMart, who failed to appear in court.

It is charged that I. B. McLean financially assisted and induced LaMart to disappear. The result of the examination of McLean Monday was in favor of the people's case. McLean was bound over to the December term of the circuit court in the sum of one thousand dollars, with C. I. Bellamy and Frank Thompson as sureties. Prosecutor Lewis has charge of the case for the people, and J. M. Harris is counsel for defendant.

THE STREET CORNER SAGE

Modern Pleasure Seekers.

"This disregard for human life is gettin' to be something awful," remarked the sage as he shifted his paper under him to soften the box he was sitting on.

"I wuz jest readin' where some of the crowd over to the auto races went home disappointed because none of the racers got hurt. Why, I seen a feller 't' other day what said he saw a man fall out of a flyin' machine, and he said the thrill wuz sure worth seein'. Now when we used to go to circuses we thought it wuz something terrible 't' see a man put his hand in a lion's mouth, but now he's got 't' stick his head in while attendants jabs the lion with pointed sticks 't' make it more interesting fer the crowd."

"I guess you're about right, Uncle, remarked the fellow listening to him, "I suppose you're going over to the carnival at Bayville tonight."

"Yep, reckon I will," answered the sage, "they tell me they got a parachute stunt on over there that's a regular thriller."

The Week in History.

Monday, Sept. 20.—Battle of Chickamauga, 1863.

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—Sir Walter Scott died, 1832.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.—Confederates are victorious over Federal troops, and re-enter Virginia, 1862.

Thursday, Sept. 23.—Oliver P. Morton made ambassador to Great Britain, 1870.

Friday, Sept. 24.—Monterey captured by U. S. troops, (Mexican War) 1846.

Saturday, Sept. 25.—Bread riots begin in Paris, 1853.

Sunday, Sept. 26.—Fast day in Federal states, 1861.

RUTH IS HOME AGAIN

"Oh dear, these pies!" cried Ruth's mother, as she was baking for company, shortly after Ruth returned from her vacation trip, "the juice has run out all over the crust and made them soggy! And I was so anxious to have them look nice as well as taste nice."

"Well, I'm sorry mother, that I cannot help you with these particular pies," sympathized Ruth, who had fallen into her old helpful ways, "but I can tell you how Aunt Mary prevents just this sort of thing. She takes two small pieces of macaroni, and puts them through the top crust, and lets them run down through the filling. This allows the air to escape and keeps the crust dry and flaky."

"Oh Ruth, why didn't you come down here an hour earlier?" almost wailed her mother as she gazed ruefully at her pies.

Some men achieve fame, some have it forced upon them and some are lucky and escape it entirely.

Sometimes a man wakes up and discovers that he has a boss wife—and they live happily ever after.

After a man has acquired a reputation for being lazy, his conscience doesn't trouble him when his wife is doing washing for the neighbors.

ON THE FIRING LINE

The 1912 platform of the Democratic party favored "National aid to state and local authorities in the construction and maintenance of post roads." Instead of endeavoring to fulfill that pledge, the Democratic Congress reduced national revenue and frittered away Federal funds until substantial aid to road improvement was out of the question. The House passed a makeshift, porkbarrel bill, which, if enacted into law, would have scattered small sums in a multitude of communities without providing sufficient funds to build any permanent highway. Republican Senators, aided by some of the Democratic members of that body, saved the country from waste that would have resulted from such legislation and recommended, as a substitute, the Bourne plan for co-operation of the nation and states in extensive construction and maintenance of permanent highways. While failure to pass any good roads legislation was better than to have passed the measure to which the House gave its approval, yet a course of action which involved breach of the pledge made in the platform leaves nothing to be said in defense of the party in power. The Democrats had an opportunity to make good their promise but they failed.

Regarding the Frank case, Georgia wants to be "let alone." But when it comes to sharing in the thirty-million-dollar cotton money which all the rest of us have to contribute to—well, that's different.

MEN'S WEAR, a magazine devoted to the interests of the tailors' guild, criticizes Mr. Bryan for his slovenly manner of dress. Bill has always stood for free wool, and it was largely through his influence that wool went on the free list in the Underwood tariff law. Having achieved that result, the fact that he is in a perennial state of sartorial collapse seems to be inconsistent.

The Chinese government is considering the purchase of 100 submarines at a cost of about \$75,000,000. Secretary Daniels thinks the expenditure of \$20,000,000 for "subs" will be sufficient for both coasts of this country. That will build about 15 of the type of the one now being constructed by this Government. Even China plans to out-distance us.

All who have studied the matter agree that with the signing of the peace treaty, both Germany and England, our two great trade competitors, will engage in a separate war on the United States in an effort not only to re-capture the trade lost during the struggle, but to break down the industrial supremacy of this country. A prominent western business man declared that already foreign manufacturers are planning a "get-together," or syndication movement against America following the cessation of hostilities in Europe.

If this country is still subjected to the baneful influences of a Democratic tariff law when peace is declared, there can be but one outcome—the industrial bankruptcy of the nation. Already Democratic opportunists are seemingly giving ear to the advice of business men, and dropping hints of a restoration of the duty on sugar, a protective duty on dyestuffs, and various other tariff palliatives. That this is contrary to Democratic doctrine, every man knows, as he also knows that it is intended for campaign consumption next year. The confidence of industrial America will be restored only when the Republican party, the party of practical common sense and sound business ideals, is restored to power.

Learn a Little Every Day

Henry VIII of England was betrothed at the age of 12, married at the age of 17 and in the 53 years of his life was married six times.

Government reports for the fiscal year 1914-15 show a decrease of 64,629, 729 cigars smoked in the United States and an increase of 320,809, 776 cigarettes.

An English writer has written a book in which he describes more than seven hundred forms of carriages used in every country of the world. The book takes the history of passenger-carrying vehicles from the time of Joseph until the present. It deals with all forms from the man-drawn jinrikisha of Japan to the American Pullman car.

Fishing for husbands or fish is much the same. The big ones get away.

The girl who wins the love of a truly good man makes a lucky hit and is herself a lucky miss.

There will be fewer pessimists as soon as people learn what is fit to eat and are able to secure it.

Memory Day

Sept. 30th

A Proclamation by Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris.

Once upon a time a Michigan school teacher traveled two hundred forty-seven miles for the sole purpose of hearing Adeline Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home." This dear old song brought to the consciousness of four or five thousand listeners the precious memories of childhood's days. In large measure, human personality is the aggregate of one's memory. At the grave of father, mother, wife, husband, son, daughter, baby, neighbor, friend, the joys and sorrows of the past, through memory, are revived and retouched with the benediction of love. Our cemeteries are cities of the dead, made beautiful through the magic touch of loving hands. It is hoped that on "Memory Day" every cemetery in Michigan will command the special attention of our citizens. If, by chance, a neglected grave is found, put it in order and place upon it a handful of flowers. If there is a corner called the potter's field, clear away the weeds and rubbish. Here strew and plant flowers. The condition of this particular spot is the real test of community love and loyalty. In remembering the dead, we serve the living.

I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan, invite her people to convene in the cemeteries at 2:00 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, September 30, designated by the Legislature as "Memory Day," and there scatter flowers and hold appropriate exercises in memory of the dead.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, this 21st day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-ninth.

County Normal Notes.

Miss Ethel Sanford and Miss Marie Lamiman of the class of 1915 both report that their work has already begun. Miss Sanford is located at Goodhart and has an enrollment of fifteen pupils. Miss Lamiman has about ten in her school at Antrim City.

Our class now numbers eleven, Miss Florence Milner of Charlevoix has taken up the work of the normal.

Miss May Stewart, county school commissioner, gave the normal students a very interesting and instructive talk on the aims of the school teacher on Wednesday of last week.

Ward Genett and Fred Gregory of last year's class were also normal visitors last week. They both gave us an idea of what they intended to do to work their way thru' college this year. They gave us several good plans for organizing clubs and athletic circles in our rural schools.

The normal class are actively engaged in learning to distinguish the different weeds which are common in this state. In the school yard alone the members of the class found about twelve different specimens in about ten minutes.

Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish, is being studied in the reading class. The first attempt at dramatizing took place last Thursday and proved to be very interesting to all the members of the class.

The problem of finding suitable games for both boys and girls to amuse themselves with on rainy days and during recess outdoors when the weather will permit, has been taken up. Several games were tried out by the normal students themselves and found to be practical.

The class has not fully organized as yet. At a meeting to discuss ways and means of purchasing a basket ball for the class to use this winter, Florence Madaugh was chosen temporary chairman and Mary Boice temporary secretary.

Zoological Fakery

The Clothes Horse.
The Welsh Rabbit.
The Fire-Dogs.
The Tailor's Goose.
The End Seat Hog.
The Gambler's Kitty.
The Weather Cock.
The Cat o' Nine Tails.
The Hair Rat.
The Card Shark.
The Base Ball Fly.
The Quilting Bee.

Don't overstep yourself in trying to put your best foot forward.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms Monday evening, Sept. 20, 1915.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor of pre tem Gidley. Present—Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—Cross.

Minutes of the last meeting were not read.

Moved by Lancaster that, owing to the absence of the Mayor, the meeting be adjourned until Wednesday evening Sept. 22, 1915. Carried.

Adjourned regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Wednesday evening, Sept. 22nd, 1915.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.

Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

Enterprise Pub. Co., printing... \$15.40
City Treasurer, payment of labor 58.50
D. S. Payton, making assessment rolls 13.00
Jno. F. Kenny, freight and draying 13.35
East Jordan Hose Co., Kneal fire 16.00
Chris Taylor, auto service 1.50
H. L. Winters, engineering services 4.00
Geo. Speneer, labor and material 8.00

The following bids were received on installing sewer in sewer districts 5 and 6:

Reid-Graff Plumbing Co., \$693.50;
Geo. Speneer, \$665.50.

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that the low bid of George Speneer be accepted. Carried.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

THE SLANDER OF THE SCARECROW.

Two crows set out at the break of day to steal their breakfast from a farmer's cornfield, but as they neared the place where the planting had recently been done, they espied a man standing in the middle of the field. He wore his hat askant and was apparently waving his arms to warn them away.

"He may have a gun within reach," said one of the crows, as they veered off and alighted in the top of a dead tree at the edge of the field.

"Since I come to observe him more closely," said the other crow, "I can see that he is the candidate who was making a speech at the county seat yesterday as I flew over the town. At least, he is making the same gestures."

"In that case," said his companion, "we will proceed at once to feed ourselves. A candidate cannot afford to offend even a crow, for fear of losing a vote."

Running for office fills some men so full of cowardice that it really makes them pot-bellied.—From Judge.

From what a man thinks he knows subtract what his neighbors think he knows, and the remainder will probably be about what he really does know.

A few weeks later, many a young wife wishes she could dispose of her stock in a matrimonial combine and get her old job back in the laundry.

"Keep a thing for seven years and you'll find some use for it," says an old proverb. That is one reason why we are still keeping our appendix.

The man who chews fine cut tobacco considers himself higher up in the social scale than the man who chews plug.

An Ohio hen recently hatched ten chicks from nine eggs. She doesn't belong to the poultry union.

Many a man refuses to do what he wants to do simply because his wife insists on his doing it.

But the water wagon isn't as popular at this season of the year as the gasoline-joy chariot.

Affinities may be all right in their place, but they seldom make good in the kitchen.

Some men make a specialty of collecting paving material for the downward path.

About the only thing some men are qualified for is posing as innocent bystanders.

The homely girl's face is her chaperon.

No matter how bad a man may be, there is one woman who can find some good in him.

COPPER AS HARD AS STEEL

Maine Blacksmith Claims to Have Discovered Centuries' Lost Art of Tempering Copper.

Milbridge, Me.—James Walter Foss, the village blacksmith, sixty-seven years old, says he has discovered the centuries' lost art of tempering copper. He shows copper knives that will whittle long shavings from a hickory wagon spoke, and a copper draw shave that slices the knots in the toughest ash hoop-pole. He cuts a mortise in an oak heart plank with a copper chisel and he has a copper razor which the village barber says is about the slickest tool he ever handled.

These tools were forged of discarded soldering coppers from the sardine cannery, bits of copper wire and an old copper kettle. They may be ground, whetted or honed like steel. Foss says he can make a copper file, or a copper hand saw, or anything with a cutting edge and of any degree of hardness.

He says that he hopes to get enough out of his discovery to spend his last days without work and then the world is welcome to it. He is sixty-seven years old and thinks he has worked long enough, but until he made his discovery it looked like years more of labor for him.

GLAD TO GET BACK



Old Poems Re-Writ.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
On almost any September morn,
The farmer folk from here and there
Are motoring in to the county fair.

PEACHES! PEACHES!

The undersigned is prepared to fill orders for Peaches of extra quality and flavor of the choicest leading varieties. We are thankful for past patronage and desire a continuance of the same.

Order by Phone 153-F 12—or by mail.
JOHN HACKETT
R. F. D. No. 5, East Jordan, Mich.

STAND ON ANCIENT RIGHTS

Northwestern Indians Insist on Fishing Without Licenses According to Old Treaty.

Bellingham, Wash.—Attorney-General W. V. Tanner came here to confer with County Attorney W. P. Brown relative to issuing information for the arrest of Indians for alleged illegal fishing, County Attorney Brown having declined to issue information recently for the arrest of five Lumis who had been picked up by a deputy State fish commissioner. Mr. Tanner was advised that, until cases now in the courts are settled one way or the other, no more information will be filed.

The Indians are defending their stand under the treaty of Territorial days, giving them the right to fish when and how they please on ancient and accustomed fishing grounds. The fish commissioner is attempting to compel the Indians to take out licenses.

A man naturally feels put out if he loses his job.

A man usually smiles when another man invites him to do so.

An epilogue says that a list of divorces come out of the frying pan.

Cobwebs are useful in advertising a store that doesn't advertise.

ON THE FIRING LINE

Humility is all right for the other fellow to have.

All cats imagine they can sing—and in that respect they are like men.

A girl's castle in the air is sometimes built of bricks of ice cream.

It is easy to fool a woman—if it wasn't, how would the men get married?

If you can't laugh at the story your friend has told, at least don't say, "Well, I heard it this way."

If brain fag was the only way of dying, we know a lot of people who would be classed with the immortals.

A woman may marry a man for his money and then find that she is getting less than the minimum wage.

Probably more than half the people in the world will be more diligently on the other fellow's row than on their own.

No matter how angelic a man may appear before marriage, after the wedding the wife will learn that a man's a man for a' that.

When you attempt to throw dust in the other fellow's eyes, be sure that the wind is in the right direction, lest it blow back and blind you instead.

We are afraid that some of these suffragettes, if woman's suffrage becomes universal, will try to take the right of suffrage away from the men.

The young lad without a ticket to the circus who wouldn't crawl under the tent if he got a chance, is lacking in some of the fundamentals of a normal boy.

The married man knows there is not the slightest truth in the old saying about a woman not having birthday anniversaries after she passes 25. He knows that he has to buy a present for her every year just the same.

A tablet supposed to have been engraved a thousand years before the writing of the book of Genesis, has been unearthed and translated. The translator claims (and few will dispute him) that the book says that it was Noah and not Eve who plucked the forbidden fruit. That's about the way it usually turns out when man tries to blame anything of this sort onto woman.

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FASHIONS FOR HERALD READERS

ALL PATTERNS published in The Charlevoix County Herald are Ten Cents each unless otherwise noted.

Send or leave your orders at The Herald Office.

A SIMPLE, BUT CHIC MODEL.



1424. Ladies' Costume with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This stylish model was developed in white cotton crepe. It is also good for serge, taffeta, madras, linen, gingham, lawn or organdie. The waist has simple lines, and is finished with a deep collar. The sleeve in wrist length has a shaped cuff. In "elbow" style the cuff is turned back. Ruffles of self material or chiffon may trim the sleeve to correspond with the gathered heading on the five gore skirt. The skirt and waist are finished separately, but may be joined in one-piece style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 5/8 yards at lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL SERVICEABLE COMBINATION.



1438. Ladies' Apron with Sleeve Protector and Cap.

As here shown white drill was used for this set of serviceable garments. The models are also suitable for gingham, chambray, sateen, percale, lawn or seersucker. The apron is good on good comfortable lines, and affords ample protection for the dress beneath. The sleeve protectors are a popular accessory, and the cap is good to hold off the dust at the same time imparts a neat trim appearance. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It embraces all styles illustrated, and requires 5 1/8 yards of 38 inch material for the apron, 3/4 yard for the cap and 7/8 yard for one pair of sleeve protectors. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING DESIRABLE MODEL.



1403. Ladies' House or Home Dress, With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This dress is made in the now so popular "robe de taille" style, in one-piece effect. It is good for business or porch wear, will be splendid as a morning dress and lends itself nicely to wash fabrics, to silk or cloth. As here shown striped gingham was employed, in a pretty shade of blue and white, with facings of blue. The yoke is a four gore model with plaited extensions at the side seams. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR AND DESIRABLE MODEL.



1422. Girl's Blouse Dress with Gimp Waist, having Sleeve in Either of Two Styles.

As here shown white linene was used, with black and white dotted percale for the gimp body and linene for collar and cuffs. This style is easy to develop, and easy to launder. The overblouse may be worn without the belt, in smock style. If preferred it may be omitted, and the waist and skirt joined at the skirt band. The waist may have sleeves in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or in short elbow length, with turnback cuffs. The round neck outline and deep armseye edge are "comfortable" features of the over blouse. The skirt is a 3 piece model. The pattern of this design is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the gimp for an 8 year size, with 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the dress.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

RICH IN RESOURCES

Russia Faces Indefinite Future of Warfare Undimmed.

"The Most Powerful Country of the Future" Was Just Finding Itself When War Broke Out—Wealth Untouched.

Washington, D. C.—With the greatest wholesale destruction of treasure in all history taking place, with war-wrought economic losses piling up in such stupendous aggregates as no panic ever caused, the question as to how long each of the belligerents can stand the fearful strain upon its resources is becoming as important and fully as interesting as are any of those more stirring questions growing out of the purely military phase of the world-war. In a bulletin just issued, the National Geographic society sketches the pre-war economic condition of Russia, which, having expended \$3,500,000,000, having lost hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign trade, and cities and provinces worth hundreds of millions more, is facing an indefinite future of warfare undimmed, confident. The bulletin reads:

"Commercial and industrial revolution were stirring in Russia before the war; the work of opening its magnificent domain was being rapidly carried forward; plans for developing its almost unlimited resources were in process of confident organization; modern cities were springing up like mushrooms in rich Siberia; textile, metal, and other industries were laying firm foundations, and foreign trade had been brought up to about \$1,500,000,000. What has been called 'the most powerful country in the future' was finding itself, and was preparing to enter upon the centuries of expansion that it will need to exhaust the possibilities of its boundless natural wealth.

"About two and one-half times larger than the United States, with an area of 8,650,000 square miles and a population of 170,000,000, which is increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 a year. Russia's natural resources resemble those of this country, and are proportionate. It has nearly 900,000,000 acres of forest—compared with the 544,400,000 acres of the United States—much of which, even now, is carefully administered, and which, one day, will be the world's first source of timber. It has 250,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, while this country has a cultivated area of about twice as great, but Russia can expand her farm lands twenty-fold and still leave virgin land to the future. It can become the granary and the stock farm of the world.

"Scarcely two score years have passed since Russia began with serious purpose the task of her internal development. Progress, during the first thirty years of this period was hesitant. In the last decade, however, it has doubled its foreign trade, of which 56 per cent is exports; still this foreign-commerce is less than half that of the United States. But Russia before the war had scarcely begun to gather steam for the prosecution of her tasks. There remain hundreds of millions of acres of fat lands to be brought under the plow; tens of thousands of factory plants to build; rich mines to be opened; great railway and canal systems to be built; millions of home-builders to be moved into Siberia, the silver East of the czar's empire, and many millions of illiterates to be educated to a higher standard of life and efficiency.

"Russia is a vast storehouse of raw materials, and must for many years remain a purchaser of machinery and manufactured goods in increasing quantities. Yet the mills of Russia consume \$130,000,000 worth of raw cotton annually, and Russian iron and steel rails have already found their way into competition in the markets of the world. Germany bought more from Russia than any other three countries, and sold to the Russians about half of all their imports. These

two empires did a tremendous, thriving business with one another before the war, and a great stream of German capital flowed into the northern empire for investment. England, Holland, Austria-Hungary and Italy, in the order named, followed Germany in business with the Russians. German trade promotion was thoroughly organized throughout the land, and in Riga, Petrograd and Moscow names of thousands of German firms could be seen.

"Russia, as are but few other great nations, is self-sustaining in the matter of raw materials; but the Muscovite empire is dependent upon the factories of other lands for every step that it may take in the upward scale; it is even dependent upon foreign manufactures to maintain standards in its wide-sweeping territory as high as they are today. There is fabulous riches awaiting transmutation by Russian industry, but Russian industry has hardly passed the birth."

"Frisked" Muncie Cop.

Muncie, Ind.—The nerviest pick-pocket is the one who recently, in broad daylight, "frisked" the pockets of the superintendent of police, William A. McIlvaine, of his annual pass to the county fair. The "touch" was made while the chief was in central police headquarters, and became known when Dr. Fred L. Bunch asked Chief McIlvaine for the use of the pass during the afternoon.

MOUNTAIN LIONS ARE SCARCE

Huntmen in Northern Counties of California Have Practically Exterminated the Breed.

Sacramento, Cal.—Reports to the state comptroller indicate that the huntmen of the northern counties of the state have practically exterminated the mountain lions. Last month only four mountain lions were killed in California, as against close upon 200 for the same period a decade ago. Three of the four were killed in the southern counties—one each in Los Angeles, Tulare and Kern, the fourth one being killed in Humboldt county. The bounty paid for the pelts by the state was \$80 for June.

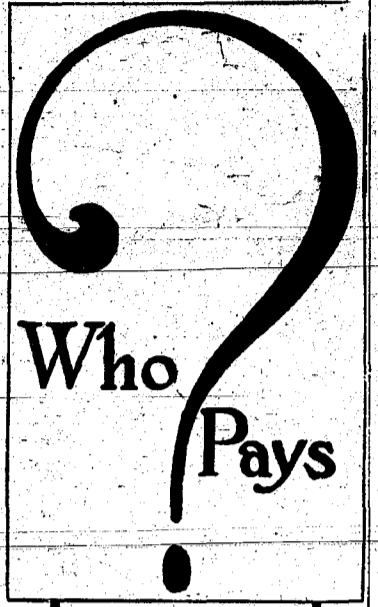
Flirtation is nature's lure toward keeping house.

A man must either make way for himself or get out of the way of others.

We have enough unwritten laws; what we need is a few more unbroken ones.

When a man begins to go downhill his neighbors usually get busy and push.

It's easier to make a bad matter worse than it is to make a good matter better.



A Theme Everyone Will Be Discussing Before Long

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; can be used to the last drop; liquid and paste are equally absolute, no waste; no dust or dirt. You get your money's worth.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silky lustre that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off—it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Don't forget—when you want stove polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. If it isn't the best stove polish you ever used—your dealer will refund your money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois.

Use Black Silk Air Drying Iron Enamel on grates, radiators, stove pipes, and automobile tire rims. Prevents rusting. Try it.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, nickel, tinware or brass. It works quickly, easily and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Get a Can TODAY

Roucheffoucauld said that there are no pleasant marriages. But he had not tried them all.

This is a free country, but you should be ashamed to say some of the things you think.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

Best Wishes, Greetings, Lovers, Birthday, etc. Also your NAME in our POST CARD EXCHANGE free on request and free sample copy of the Family Story Paper; also catalogs and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Put Yourself on our list of satisfied customers.

Satisfied? Yes! Every "Palmer Garment" wearer shows their satisfaction by continuing to purchase these garments



THE PALMER GARMENT



The PALMER Garment

contains in its makeup the ripe experience of over half a century. Our list of customers grows larger each year because the "Palmer Garment" grows better. The Palmer Garment represents the best combination of style, fit, quality and value that you can obtain anywhere—and you can choose the exact garment you need because we provide the variety.

An Up-to-date line of New Fall Millinery

AT THE HAT SHOP
Prices Reasonable.
G. E. BOSWELL
Loveday Block.

Herald Advertising Gets Results

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

Theme:

THE DIVINE MAGNANIMITY.

BY REV. G. Q. WRIGHT, CHAPLAIN
UNITED STATES NAVY.

Text: And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me.—Matt., xxv., 40.

Was ever picture so fair, recompense so large or promise so enticing? But this is absolutely true to His whole interpretation of God and in perfect keeping with His own spirit and attitude toward mankind in His dear efforts to reveal the mighty miracle of love. But it is love's reward of love—the Great Heart of hearts answering the cry of hearts aflame, the hall of the Divine over soul to souls ennobled everywhere and always.

Far on this side the judgment, it is for us who pretend His spirit and path to both sincerely follow Him and emulate this magnanimous interpretation of service in our estimate of fellow men and our appreciation of the things they do for us. A Senator's wife was surprised to find three faded roses in an old broken pitcher by the bedside of a rich woman friend who had been stricken with a fatal illness. Tears came to the invalid's eyes as she kissed the withered flowers and said, "Nothing that I ever got in all my life was greater, or finer, nor sweeter than these roses, for they were sent me by a poor little crippled girl whom I came to know in my drives; with her entire savings she bought them and sent them in this old pitcher, but I know her heart came with them, and so I think it is the greatest gift any friend on this earth ever gave me." Now, that woman was not far from the kingdom of heaven, for she had caught some of the enlargement of the spirit and apprehended something of the breadth and length and height and depth of the love of Christ, and she had been filled with the "fulness of God."

This personal interpretation of services rendered by us to even the meanest and weakest in His kingdom serves also to suggest the holy identity of the Lord with His people, as is taught so strikingly in the parable of the vine and the branches—as if He urged "Serve men and you serve Me; harm them and you hurt Me—touch a hair of his head, and take care!—but lift a brave finger in his behalf, and behold, My kingdom is laid at your feet!" This is called the age of material, but with Christ it is the personal that counts most in all ages. And in what other attitude could He be so supremely great and good and so much the Redeemer that He is as in that of brother and champion and friend to "all that labor and are heavy laden?"

An old seafarer who had left his savings in the Seamen's Bank in Wall street for years was greatly overjoyed to find all of it there and as much more besides from accumulated interest. So, says our Lord, "Lay up your treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through or steal," and, "Verily I say unto you ye shall in no wise lose your reward," "for behold your reward is great in heaven."

To Find Strength.

It is by doing our duty that we learn to do it. So long as men dispute whether or not a thing is their duty, they get never the nearer. Let them set, ever so weakly about doing it, and the face of things alters. They find in themselves strength which they knew not of.—E. B. Pusey.

Nothing Small or Great.

Nothing is small or great in God's sight; whatever He wills becomes great to us, however seemingly trifling, and, if once the voice of conscience tells us that He requires anything of us, we have no right to measure its importance.—Jean Nicolas Grou.

Our Bodies.

All of us need constantly to be reminded that our bodies are given us by a wise Providence, who expects us to value them as a divine endowment, and to use them for the highest ends.—Rev. Dr. Bowser, Presbyterian, Atlanta, Ga.

Many favors which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving thanks doth keep the quiet possession of them.—Thomas Fuller.

The ultimate fact is a person, the basic principle personality. The mightiest force is the power of personality.

If the guide-post points the right way, no amount of thinking for yourself will get you there by the other way.—Christian Intelligencer.

Angels know by the way we treat the poor just how we are treating Christ.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR POVERTY?

So long as the belief prevailed that poverty was merely a symptom of inherent viciousness and a thing for which the pauper was directly and solely responsible, the public took thought of Adam's sin, shrugged its shoulders, and resignedly left the individual to face his penalty, tempering the rigor of sin's discipline with the mercy of penitentiaries, reformatories, jails, poor-houses, charity and training-school hospitals. But one scientific investigation after another conclusively showed that children born in poverty are peculiarly subject to early death or to incurable defects of mind and body, that a large proportion of all apprehended criminals are boys and girls whose criminality is directly traceable to their adverse economic environment, that a large majority of the unemployed are idle because there is no work for them to do, then public opinion began to perceive that to penalize the poor for their poverty was to impair the productive power of the nation and thus to transfer the penalty to the nation itself. Poverty came to be regarded not so much as an indictment of the individual, but rather as prima facie evidence that as a people we are not making the most intelligent use of our resources, that there was something wrong with the management of both public and private business.—Harper's Magazine.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

The opal is the only gem not successfully counterfeited.

One dollar to get married, 10 cents to go to college and 50 cents to graduate are some of the items in the new regulation "governing the affixing of stamps on certificates concerning human affairs," which were recently promulgated in China.

The population of French Indo-China is about 20,000,000, of whom 20,000 are Europeans, chiefly French.

The human family is subjected to about 1,200 different kinds of disease and ailment.

Motion pictures of insects in flight show that they regulate their speed by changing the inclination of their wings rather than by altering the rapidity of their motion.

All telephone operators in Egypt are required to be able to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

The American mountain sheep are the greatest leapers in the world.

Auction sales originated in ancient Rome, and were introduced to enable soldiers to dispose of spoils of war.

Military training is compulsory on all male citizens between the ages of 12 and 25 in New Zealand.

Teachers of elocution can't do anything for the voice of conscience in most of us.

Appearances are often deceptive. Luxurious whiskers hide many an ugly mug.

The Newfoundland fishing fleet consists of fourteen boats and 3,047 men.

A foolish woman grows old about as gracefully as she climbs a fence.

Talk is cheap, yet some people have a mania for trying to monopolize it.

If the wolf camps on your doormat, train him to chew up bill collectors.

It's easy for a pretty woman to interest a man—if she isn't his wife.

It's a poor mirror that will not enable a man to see his best friend.

We feel sorry for a deaf mute when he steps on a tack in the dark.

Rich people travel when they will; poor people when they can.

As a tacks collector the pneumatic tire is a howling success.

Never judge a man by his relatives—he didn't select them.

Words of wisdom are few, but there are many echoes.

The more you have the more your fun will cost you.

Let out as much truth in a few words as possible.

It takes a chap with sand to win a girl with rocks.

The average man is always paid average wages.

A man with horse sense is the hardest to drive.

Bright people look upon the bright side of life.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

EFFECTS OF BEER DRINKING.

The political strength of liquor is furnished by the wine and beer drinkers. Whisky interests may be better organized than the brewers and interfere more actively in politics, but the votes which make possible the sale of intoxicants are not furnished by whisky drinkers, who do not always vote as they drink. The beer drinker generally will vote to protect his habit, because he is far from convinced of its malignancy.—From Editorial in Chicago Tribune.

And that is why the W. C. T. U. and other temperance organizations are bringing to the masses the truth about beer and its malignant effects upon the human organism. Concerning those effects the Life Extension Institute says in a published statement:

"One-half of one quart of beer is sufficient to distinctly impair memory, lower intellectual power and retard simple mental processes, such as the addition of simple figures. This narcotic or deadening influence is first exerted on the higher reasoning powers that control conduct, so that the lower activities of the mind and nervous system are for a time released. The everyday, well-poised, self-controlled man goes to sleep, as it were, and the primitive man temporarily wakes up. Eventually, the nervous system is narcotized, and the drinker becomes sleepy. Muscular efficiency is at first increased a little, and then lowered, the total effect being a loss of working power."

A CORRECTION.

Newspapers and magazines are continually publishing erroneous statements with regard to the number of dry states. A leading weekly periodical publishes a prohibition map showing 17. Iowa is omitted. A writer in one of the June magazines gives the number as 16, Iowa and Idaho both being counted among the wets. Up to September 21, 1914, there were nine prohibition states. Since that time nine more have been added. The 18 prohibition states, in the order of their going dry, are:

Maine	1851
Kansas	1880
North Dakota	1889
Georgia	1907
Oklahoma	1907
North Carolina	1908
Mississippi	1908
Tennessee	1909
West Virginia	1912
Virginia	1914
Colorado	1914
Oregon	1914
Washington	1914
Arizona	1914
Arkansas	1915
Alabama	1915
Idaho	1915
Iowa	1915

PROHIBITION PROGRESS.

(By JAMES MIDDLETON, in "World's Work.")

About two years ago Mr. William Jennings Bryan gave a diplomatic dinner in Washington, distinguished particularly by the absence of wine. Immediately the world burst into a roar of laughter; Europeans, especially, hailed the proceeding as an amusing illustration of American provincialism. A few months ago the king of England announced that he would himself abstain from alcoholic drinks for the rest of the war, and that wines would no longer be served in any of the royal households. Nine American states have adopted prohibition in the last eight months. France has legally forbidden the manufacture and sale of absinthe, and the Russian empire is "dryer" at the present moment than Kansas or Maine ever were. Facts like these testify to the progress that the cause of antialcoholism has made in less than a year. When the leader of the most sophisticated society in Europe follows the example of our own somewhat homespun secretary of state, the cause of teetotalism has ceased to be ridiculous.

THE SOCIALIST VIEW.

The special committee appointed by the Socialists a year ago to study the liquor problem says in its report, presented May 13 to the national committee in Chicago, that "total abstinence is the only absolutely safe and wise course to pursue" in view of the disastrous effects of excessive drinking. Many of the authorities quoted in the report in condemnation of beer are German. Among alcohol's recorded opponents are 800 German and Austrian doctors. One statement is that "beer is not the harmless beverage many of the German people think it is."

"The Socialist party," declares the report, "cannot remain indifferent or inactive, but should take a definite position and active part in combating the evils of alcoholism."

ILLINOIS GOING DRY.

Illinois had twenty-eight prohibition counties when the women were asked to assist in destroying the saloon by their votes. They responded by driving them out of twenty-three additional counties at the first election. Four more counties were made dry this year, making a total of fifty-five. Seventy county seats are dry; 1,234 out of 1,430 townships in the state have outlawed the saloon. Not one foot of dry territory has been changed to wet during the two years from May 1, 1913, to May 1, 1915.

The Only Thing Between Success or Wealth, and the Keys to it is

ADVERTISING

This is about the most pointed talk on advertising you ever read.

It may prick you and cause you to flinch a time or two, but when you reach the end you will find it to have been written for your benefit.

The only thing between wealth and the keys to it is ADVERTISING. You perhaps will not readily believe this because you may have placed an advertisement in your local paper, once or many times, and it, or they, did not make you wealthy. But they did not hurt you. And if they did not bring the results you had anticipated, the fault is YOURS, not the advertisements.

You perhaps prepared the copy hurriedly—or, what is worse, had an employe write it for you. In either event you paid high compliment to printers' ink. YOU ASSUMED THAT IT COULD BRING RESULTS FOR YOU WITH LITTLE OR NO ATTENTION GIVEN IT ON YOUR PART.

It cannot do that. Advertising can do nothing more than carry your message to the public. If your message is uninteresting, the fault is none other than your own. And to not advertise at all is letting the public assume you have no message to send it.

WHAT, THEN, SHALL YOU DO?

Here is what you MUST do if you want your business to increase in volume and your bank account to increase with it: YOU MUST advertise. You must advertise persistently—and you MUST give your personal attention to the preparation of your advertising copy.

It is not difficult to prepare business-getting copy. It is easily done. We will help you with your copy. We buy one of the BEST advertising services in the United States, and we will be glad to show you specimens representing YOUR line. They will give you attractive "starters" for your messages, and then it is up to YOU to offer special inducements to attract customers to your place of business.

PRICES COUNT ABOVE ALL THINGS ELSE. They are the one thing the public is interested in.

TELL your community you have the goods; INVITE the people to your place of business; and, most forcefully of all, QUOTE THEM PRICES.

Those who go or send out of town to buy pay as much or more than you would charge for the same articles, but unless you have shown them they could buy as cheaply from you, you cannot blame them.

YOU can prove to yourself that conscientious, persistent advertising pays. And RIGHT NOW—the beginning of the fall season is an ideal time to put it to the test.

Come to our office, or let us call upon you, and arrange for a certain space in every issue of The Charlevoix County Herald for a year and then determine to give GOOD, HONEST EFFORT toward making that space bring results. While the other fellow is spending his time keeping posted on the war GIVE YOURS to studying up new offers for the people in the community. You'll become enthusiastic over the new plan—and within a few months you will find that all you have read of the power of advertising is true.

Charlevoix Co. Herald

Read By The People of This Region.

Does Your Church Need Money?

We have a new plan for raising money for churches, women's clubs, and other organizations. No investment is required. If your church needs money, or if you are interested in raising money for any other purpose, write us direct, or hand this advertisement to the president of your Ladies' Aid Society, or the Chairman of your Guild, or to your Pastor. By merely asking for our "church plan" full particulars will be immediately sent. Address Fund Department, Good Housekeeping Magazine, 119 West 41st St., New York City.

BOLTS WANTED.

We want to buy a few hundred cords of four-foot bolts in hemlock, spruce, pine and balsam, 6" and up in diameter, smooth, straight stock, all cut 49' long. Will buy same delivered on car on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard. EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

SCHOOLS MAY BAR CHILDREN.

Common colds are contagious and boards of health in many cities are considering barring children with colds from school. Foley's Honey and Tar is an old and reliable family medicine and frees children from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Parents may save trouble by giving before school opens.—Hite's Drug Store.

NEWSPAPER MAN RECOMMENDS IT.

R. R. Wentworth of the St. James (Mo.) News, writes: "A severe cold settled in my lungs. I feared pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar straightened me up immediately. I recommend this genuine cough and lung medicine." Right now thousands of hay fever and asthma sufferers are thankful for this wonderful healing and soothing remedy.—Hite's Drug Store.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

DRS. VARDON & PARKS
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 150-4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

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

Dr. G. W. Bechtold
DENTIST
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.
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.
Evenings.
Phone No. 233.

Rexall Ointment
Sick headache, biliousness, piles and bad breath are usually caused by inactive bowels. Get a box of Rexall Ointment. They act gently and effectively. Sold only by us at 10 cents.
W. C. Spring Drug Co.

CHANCERY ORDER
State of Michigan, Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery.
Suit pending in Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix, in Chancery on the thirty-first day of July, A. D. 1915.
Hattie Bailor, Complainant, vs George Bailor, Defendant.

In this cause it appearing that defendant, George Bailor, is not a resident of the State of Michigan, but resides at Ann Arbor, Elyds County, State of Georgia, therefore, on motion of Dwight H. Fitch, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered, that defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before four months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in The Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.
FREDERICK W. WAYNE,
Circuit Judge.

DWIGHT H. FITCH,
Solicitor for Complainant.

There Is No Question but that indigestion and the distressed feeling which always goes with it can be promptly relieved by taking a **Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal. 25c a box.
W. C. Spring Drug Co.

OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS & CO.
Anyone sending sketch and description may quickly secure our opinion. We will advise if invention is novel. If so, we will prepare a specification and claims for you. Our agency for securing patents.
Patents taken: Stevens, Morse & Co. 1870; Woodruff, 1871; Woodruff, 1872; Woodruff, 1873; Woodruff, 1874; Woodruff, 1875; Woodruff, 1876; Woodruff, 1877; Woodruff, 1878; Woodruff, 1879; Woodruff, 1880; Woodruff, 1881; Woodruff, 1882; Woodruff, 1883; Woodruff, 1884; Woodruff, 1885; Woodruff, 1886; Woodruff, 1887; Woodruff, 1888; Woodruff, 1889; Woodruff, 1890; Woodruff, 1891; Woodruff, 1892; Woodruff, 1893; Woodruff, 1894; Woodruff, 1895; Woodruff, 1896; Woodruff, 1897; Woodruff, 1898; Woodruff, 1899; Woodruff, 1900; Woodruff, 1901; Woodruff, 1902; Woodruff, 1903; Woodruff, 1904; Woodruff, 1905; Woodruff, 1906; Woodruff, 1907; Woodruff, 1908; Woodruff, 1909; Woodruff, 1910; Woodruff, 1911; Woodruff, 1912; Woodruff, 1913; Woodruff, 1914; Woodruff, 1915; Woodruff, 1916; Woodruff, 1917; Woodruff, 1918; Woodruff, 1919; Woodruff, 1920; Woodruff, 1921; Woodruff, 1922; Woodruff, 1923; Woodruff, 1924; Woodruff, 1925; Woodruff, 1926; Woodruff, 1927; Woodruff, 1928; Woodruff, 1929; Woodruff, 1930; 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WHO PAYS?

The Pursuit of Pleasure

By EDWIN BLISS

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SECOND STORY

Some specially acute torment must be reserved for the window dresser of a great city's shops. By caravan and boat and rail, by camel, ibex, mule and horse come the treasures of the world into his cunning hands. Lotta and factories stifle human lives without stint that the window dresser may allure the throng.

It was a particularly charming pair of slippers, and the identical shade of ribbon she desired that caught and held Rita Deane's eyes. Of course, purchase was out of the question. Since earliest remembrance her father had drummed into her pretty head, that personal vanity was the deadliest of sins. And besides—Mrs. Sharpe, Reverend Deane's housekeeper, held tightly to her arm.

Surreptitiously, Rita fumbled the money in her purse. Yes, she had enough—just enough.

She lifted her eyes to another window on the seventh floor of the great office building across the street, where James White, her fiancé, transacted the affairs of his huge estate. She could see him dimly, pacing up and down in his office, now and then glancing at a letter in his hand.

She had heard something of the contents of that letter from her father before he had dispatched it. In fact he had read it to her, after an exceedingly painful scene. She had rebelled at being obliged to listen to the harsh dictum: "You, a rich backslider in my church, marry my daughter, Rita? Never! How you met her puzzles me, as I have always carefully guarded her."

Yes, the lines of that letter had seared themselves like letters of fire upon her brain.

Again she turned to the window. Some sudden impulse of insurrection frothed within her soul.

"Look! Look!" she cried, excitedly, pointing toward the end of the line of blocked traffic.

Curiosity won. As Mrs. Sharpe's iron fingers relaxed upon their grip, Rita Deane's feet glided swiftly inside the doors of the shop. It was a full five minutes before she returned, innocently assuming an air of injury at the housekeeper's reproaches for her disappearance. The slippers and the ribbon hidden beneath her little jacket more than made up for any punishment that could ever be hers.

Glady Rita submitted to the clutch of the dragon housekeeper. The more quickly she reached home the sooner would she see the enchanting transformation the finery made in her appearance.

Letter or no letter, dictation or no dictation, she would see James again. Once in her own room she studied her reflection in the mirror, surprised to find that the sins had left no mark upon her pretty face.

Cautiously, a bit fearfully, she loosened the masses of her hair from their tight braids, binding them with the splendid ribbon, reveling in the effect its contrast worked in her appearance.

And then the slippers! Carried away with her delight, with this new sensation, this realization of her charms, her feet—those beautiful shod feet—began to perform strange capers, began to steal away her sense of caution. They moved in gay, spirited steps, faster, ever faster, until the dancing girl seemed more like a festive wood-sprite prisoned in this house of gloom. And then—then a hand fell upon her shoulder.

A firm, iron hand it was; a hand that seemed to grip like five bands of unbreakable steel about the very soul of her.

The hand left her shoulder. She dared not meet the look she knew was upon her father's face.

She felt a little tug at her hair. Then a wild rage seized her as she saw the precious ribbon dangling from her father's hand, held in the finger tips as though the very contact defiled him. She lifted fierce eyes toward his own, hot protest upon her lips, but the habit of a lifelong obedience is not readily downed. His trembling forefinger indicated the slippers while his lips opened and closed without any words coming. He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue, but still the voice was hoarse with suppressed passion as he commanded her to remove the offending slippers.

Slavishly, yet hating herself for her obedience, she placed them in his hand, averting her eyes to hide the sullen rebellion there.

"I have fought against this trait in you, Rita. I have prayed for victory. I should not have blamed you so

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her hair. And your mother gave them to you, placed them in your innocent hands. You were hugging the doll to your baby breast when I entered the room. The seed was being planted by your foolish, dear mother. I should not blame you so much as myself. I did not discover the horrible blunder in time. I was a few minutes late.

"I took the doll away, took it to my study, Rita. I consigned it to the flames, and burned it to ashes. Your poor mother died shortly after that. It was a judgment upon her, a judgment of which I have meant to tell you. Remember, Rita, God frowns upon adornment and pleasure. Remember and repent, my child, and I shall pray for you when I burn these things."

Burn! Impulsively she reached out as though to save the precious articles. Then she nodded her head meekly, averting her eyes to hide the glint that leaped there. For, as her father turned away from her, her sharp ears caught a familiar whistle, the whistle that her sweetheart had used more than once to bring her outside the house.

The door had barely closed behind Reverend Deane than she was at the open window, searching the moon-span night for the blurry mass that represented White.

Swiftly she detached the note from the weight, devouring it at a glance, obedient to it instantly. "Auto at corner. It's the only way out."

Carefully, with a smile upon her lips, a cruel little smile at thought of the hurt she was giving in return for the one just received, five minutes later, with her grip in hand containing all the tawdry, cheap reminders of the life she was leaving, she pinned her sweetheart's note to the little cushion on her dresser, then stole softly down the stairs and out into the night. Nor did she deign to give one glance back at the prison house.

"Where, sir?" queried the driver again.

"Reverend Black's parsonage—opposite end of town, you know, on Carson street."

II.

White smiled happily to himself as, lost in the pictures painted by the flames in the library grate, he visualized the happy hours that had been his since that night in the comfortable, little parsonage when Rita Deane became Mrs. James White.

A man worth while, a young man whose shoulders had not bowed beneath the weight of handling great wealth unloaded upon him immediately he quit college, a man submerged in business, at the age of thirty, he found the happiness which his nature had craved when he soon wearied of the laborious efforts at winning pleasure in the set in which his riches had placed him.

He could not exactly analyze the sensations of delight it had given him to please her. And she was so easily pleased.

And never an emergency but Mrs. James White met it firmly and controlled it. The Rita Deane of Mary-James and shabby attire had assumed leadership of the youngest and gayest set of the city.

Arm in arm they moved down the long, winding gravel path to the garage. Rita was prattling over the details of a novel entertainment she purposed giving the following week.

His eyes wandered dreamily over the level lawn, the beautiful gardening, the gorgeous flowers, then halted, and a tender, almost longing expression deepened them, as he watched his chauffeur playing with his baby. He glanced furtively at Rita, almost fiercely trying to find some reflection in her eyes of the light dwelling in that of Mary, the chauffeur's wife, as she took the child from her husband, who stood at attention, listening to his mistress' instructions.

And then Billie crowded. That is, it might be called a crow.

For just a moment the whole world seemed spinning about before Jim White's bewildered eyes. He rather suspected that the fat, tiny finger clamped about the one he had timorously thrust appealingly toward the arbitrary infant might have had something to do with this astonishing state of affairs. As from a long ways off, he heard the gurglings rise into a penetrating wail. And then the laugh of Mary.

"He wants to go to you, Mr. White. I never knew him to make up with strangers—with anyone before. He wants you."

Jim laughed, laughed to conceal the choking that constricted his throat.

"I'm afraid I'll drop him," he said, even as his arms awkwardly to receive the child.

him! You hold him just as your own!"

His heart almost stopped as his arms clung to one who had come to satisfy, Billie was study of this man-

creature he had decided to adopt. Unwinkingly his eyes studied the face that looked down at him with such fierce hunger. And then, slowly, ever so slowly, his arms moved up along the great chest and a pair of rather sticky hands crept along the cheeks and finally the arms clasped about the neck, while the eyes closed gently and Billie slept.

"Well, I never saw the beat—Sam, I wish you'd look at—"

Mary caught the annoyed expression on Rita's face as she turned and spoke to her husband. He did not hear her, wrapt in his eager study of the slumbering baby's face. She felt a sudden fierce jealousy consuming her, as she caught the expression of this man she seemed unacquainted with, this man who held a child to his breast so perfectly, with such an expression of unalloyed happiness upon his face. Something dawned upon her, with that intuition which seems given women to amend for a certain lack of logic, which her husband would never have found out—that the perfect happiness that had been hers through this man—was due to the paternal instinct in him that made him delight in treating her as a child, to be humored and pampered and spoiled.

"Come, Jim," she said softly, striving beautifully to make her voice sympathetic, "we must hurry now."

Reluctantly he returned Billie to the mother. Rita noticed that for a few steps he moved on tip-toe, as though fearful of waking the child. Diffidently, yet with a certain curious firmness, he led her to the library, seating her in his favorite chair and perching himself boyishly upon the arm of it, his arms about her.

"No wonder Sam's got a good disposition," he said finally.

She braced herself instinctively.

"I sometimes wonder if home can be home at all without a baby," he murmured, more to the sympathetic flames than to her. "I remember how my mother always thought of me as her baby, even after I was in college."

Rita leaned forward, drawing his hand about her neck and fondling it soothingly.

"Don't you ever think—Rita, don't you ever wish there was a baby in our house?" His voice was low, his words a bit stumbling now, as though he found difficulty expressing himself.

"Wouldn't it sort of make things happier and—"

She forced a laugh to her lips, a gay, tender laugh even as her fingers twined fiercely about his own.

"But, Jim, I don't want any children just now. I want to enjoy myself, to see something of happiness. Sometimes," she tempered the blow, "sometimes I think, Jim, that I'm little more than a child myself. I've been caged and starved so long that I hardly seem grown up yet. Don't you understand, Jim?"

She fought against showing her hurt as he sharply drew away his cheek from her own, then pressed it close once more.

"Wait till Billie puts those sticky arms about your neck, Rita. Then—then you'll know," he called back.

III.

There was a look of triumph upon Mrs. Sharpe's vinegary face as, announcing herself into the Reverend Deane's study with a triumphant rustle of the newspaper in her hand, she stepped beside him. Slowly he lifted his leader eyes from the ser-

mon upon which he had been working, shrinking away a bit before that expression he had come to know so well.

He was frightened of this woman, this woman who seemed to read his thoughts, his heartaches; who took such delight in probing at his wounds.

"Yes, Mrs. Sharpe," he queried wearily, as she thrust the newspaper into his hands with a waspish sweep, waiting beside him while his eyes readily found the leader that signaled another escapade of Mrs. James White, the daughter that had been his.

Had been? As his eyes caught the headline again, he suddenly found himself unable to read further for the mist of tears that sprang to his eyes. She was his daughter still.

Try though he might he had failed to shut her out of his life.

His eyes sought the headline again, sought and read it through, though it was hours before the meaning of the words fully penetrated to his brain.

Hours he sat in his chair, motionless as one dead, leaden of soul, broken of heart.

YOUNG HOSTESS PLANS BIG DINNER SURPRISE.

Rumored Mrs. James White Will Appear Tonight as "Dancing Girl" to Entertain Guests.

The rustle of the newspaper falling to the floor brought him to his feet, his eyes blazing with sudden resolution. He darted from the room, snatching his hat automatically from the rack, and rushed out upon the street.

A fierce fanaticism tugged at him, driving him faster, ever faster. His daughter must be saved, must be taken away from the depths into which she had been dragged. He rushed up the driveway, the gravel crunching under his feet fiercely. The butler at the door would have halted him but he brushed the startled servant aside.

Sweet, intoxicating strains of music from the orchestra in the balcony served but to inflame him more. The laughter of the guests, clatter of cutlery and china, applause, dazzle of color in the women's evening gowns, set off by the somber black and white of the men, held him silent for a moment. Then—then the sides of the great vase upon the long table in the center of the room burst open and Rita's bewitching face appeared, her neck and shoulders bare, revealing the dazzling whiteness of her flesh. Again the vase cracked and she stepped lightly upon the table, dancing intoxicatingly there to the hushed admiration of her guests. A little sob of pain from the clergyman.

"Repent this wickedness," he thundered. "Repent, for the Kingdom of God is at hand."

James White sprang to his feet. But Cyrus Deane did not notice him. His eyes held those of the startled, frightened girl. Slowly she moved away from those burning eyes. Her hands moved down in the old impulse as though she would conceal her attire from this man. James White tapped the clergyman upon the shoulder and the preacher whirled upon him, his face twitching convulsively.

"You—you are the one who has done this shameful thing," he choked. "It is you who have dragged my child into the gutter. You who—"

He caught the laugh of Rita, that familiar laugh. It sounded in his ears, thundered there, maddened him. He leaped at the throat of the sneering man before him. His fingers clasped there and the impulse of the wild beasts to tear and utterly destroy was upon him. But with that impulse came also cunning. Through the drawing-room he dragged the man, heedless of the frightened cries of his daughter, her tug at his arms. Into the library he dragged his prey, shaking him viciously the while, turning the key in the lock. The voice of Rita brought him to himself and he flung White into the big leather chair as though he were a bit of unclean carrion. He turned to his daughter and reached out his arms to her, but a bitter laugh came from her lips as she shrank away from him. The action maddened him anew. He whirled upon White, who had risen, his face white with rage.

"You—you have dragged my child down—"

"Dragged down—down!" White's laugh was so bitter that even Rita drew closer, searching her husband's face curiously, anxiously. "Dragged her down from—what? From what, I ask you? From a den where all life and light was excluded; from a home that had bars upon the windows. Who starved and caged her joyous nature till she thinks of nothing but pleasure? Who taught her anything of a woman's mission in life? Who taught her aught of the duties of a wife or the privileges of a woman? I ask you—Reverend Cyrus Deane—how that can be dragged down which has never been uplifted; I ask you that, you who guarded the gates of heaven so zealously for others that you made a prison of your home, for fear some harm might happen to those you had no time to teach and love!"

Cyrus Deane could recollect nothing of leaving the place save the sight of his daughter being disdainfully thrust aside by a bitterly smiling husband, when she would have clung to him.

"I have sinned—I have sinned—I have sinned," Rev. Cyrus Deane had cried all through that long, long night.

IV.

Rita frowned and toyed nervously with her glass, as, looking up, her eyes met those of her husband, who at a remote, obscure table, was entertaining two rather flashily dressed, noisy young women.

She left the cafe immediately she decently could excuse herself from her friend, chafing at the insult he had placed upon her. Rumors of his gay life had come to her but she had paid no attention to them.

In the library she halted him late that afternoon, just as he was on the point of leaving the house.

"You wish an explanation for the unfortunate coincidence of this afternoon?" he murmured.

"No-o," she shook her head thoughtfully, surprised to find herself cool outwardly while she boiled and seethed within, "not exactly that, James. I merely wished to tell you that it must not occur again. If you must choose such associates, kindly have some respect for me and do not intrude them upon me."

"I beg your pardon, Rita," he answered coldly. "This place that I thought might be made a home has become a public place. Every place is public for me. If I have no home I must go in public."

"A public place—her breath came with a little hiss at the insult.

"I mean you have made no home for me here and your life belongs to society and is wasted in the pursuit of pleasure."

Cold, passionless, haughty externally, she allowed the maid to coil her hair, then dismissed her.

Swiftly she was transported down the years, and found herself once more a bride, standing before a garage. It was her own garage. And it was her husband beside her who held a baby awkwardly in his arms. It was her husband who perched upon the arm of her chair, a great human emptiness in his voice, a mighty yearning on the face of him as he pleaded with her for the rounded complete home she refused to give



Rita Sneers at Her Husband's Love For Children.

him. A rustle sounded beside her and she started, afraid to look about, for fear lest she disturb the vision that had risen so clearly before her. Slowly she turned, looking into a child's inquiring eyes, the eyes of the baby her husband had held that day.

"Don't be afraid, lady," Billie said encouragingly. "I won't hurt you."

A little laugh, half hysterical, sprang from her lips at the infantile assurance. Then, in the relief of the moment, impulsively she reached out and grasped the friendly arms of the child that were extended toward her.

"No, I won't hurt you. I'm not a burglar. I'm Billie, the youngster asserted when he had been sufficiently welcomed.

"I know," she nodded brightly. "You just came to pay me a call, didn't you?"

Billie frowned, cogitating deeply.

"No-o, not exactly that. Mamma went to sleep and I just came here. I come to play with the boy. Where is the boy?" she started suddenly erect in her arms, looking about eagerly.

"What boy, Billie?" She knew in advance what the answer would be, yet could not refrain from baring her soul to the hurt.

"Why, the boy—your boy—the boy what belongs here."

"But there is no boy here." She wondered at herself, purposely letting the lash of this innocent child's tongue scourge her.

"No boy! Why, I thought there was a boy in every house—just like home. I'm the boy in our home." Some quick instinct caused him to reach out and clasp his arms about her neck, the neck of this beautiful creature whose eyes were so sad and longing. "Did he get lost?" he whispered sympathetically.

"No-o, Billie. Yes," she suddenly smiled through the tears that sprang to her eyes. "Yes he got lost a little bit. He just wandered on the way. Don't you understand, Billie?"

"Like mamma will think I got lost when I ain't lost at all. I knows where I am."

Together they laughed delightedly at the merry joke they played, this grownup and this child.

"Why, lady, you're crying! What you crying for?" Billie tugged a bit tighter at her neck, roughing her perfectly coiffured hair in his gusty sympathy. "Ain't you happy, lady?"

"That's why I'm crying, Billie—I'm so happy," she murmured.

With a sigh of contentment at this somewhat hazy explanation, Billie curled up in her lap like the healthy little animal he was and proceeded to go to sleep.

Tenderly, an hour later, with a light in her eyes which no one had ever seen there before, she relinquished her precious burden to the mother, smilingly pleading forgiveness for the sleeping infant. And then she turned to meet her husband, just stepping from the car.

Linking her arm in his, she led him to the library, designedly selecting the same chair to seat him in which he, on another day, had seated her; designedly perching upon the arm, toying with his hair while she struggled for words, words that were the harder to utter because of the cold, puzzled look he gave her.

"I'm sorry, Jim," she whispered, finally. "It hasn't been home, has it?"

He did not answer, staring moodily into the leaping flames.

Rita followed the direction of his eyes. It had all seemed so easy when Billie was in her lap, the breaking down of her barriers, the complete surrender that she might reconquer this man's love and cling to it tighter,

"Oh, I wish Billie were here now," she cried, a little catch in her voice. "Then I could make you understand, Jim."

"Billie!" He turned toward her inquiringly and something in her eyes confused him, set his pulses dancing, made everything blurry before him.

"Don't you remember, Jim? Billie—Sam and Mary's baby. Oh, I've had such an adventure. Billie's been visiting me—Billie came over to play with the little boy in our house. He went to sleep in my arms, Jim, went to sleep with his arms about my neck, and they weren't sticky a bit—well, only a little bit. He wanted to play, Jim, with that boy that belongs here and I told him the boy was lost, just a little bit lost. Oh, Jim, don't you—can't you understand—won't you help me—hunt for him?"

He leaped to his feet, his arms flung wide as though to clasp her to him. Blushing rosily, but with the gayest of frizzling laughter upon her lips, she caught the expression in his eyes, and retreated from him, all eager to be caught that she might lay her face against that shoulder, she had regained, yet with the maiden instinct for flight. Back—back and Jim laughingly advancing toward her, laughing with a curious sobbing sound intermingled with it. And then he halted, the shadow of impending catastrophe gripping its icy hand upon him, freezing his blood. His lips uttered a cry of warning, even as Rita's shrieked forth one of terror and appeal. The ripping of lace sounded as her heel caught in a ruffle of her boudoir gown, tripping her. The heavier sound of falling portieres as she dragged them down in clutching for support against the fall.

Thud—thud—James White knew that horrid sound; the thudding of his wife's beautiful body upon the stairs down which she was hurled, would never quit his ears. Thud—thud—a crash, as she brought up against the plasterers on the main floor, and lay there, very still, her white face upturned toward his own.

VI

Doctor Judd gently withdrew himself from the clutching fingers of the Reverend Deane.

"The operation was a complete success and she is almost able to be about," he said, then, as the old man turned away with a sign of relief: "But I think you had better come with me today. She may need you now."

He did not mind the coldness of his son-in-law's reception, did not mind the hesitancy of his daughter's kiss. He deserved all this. He only wished to be with her, to help her in her hour of misery, the misery he could feel running as an undercurrent beneath Doctor Judd's cheery words.

"Yes, little girl, you came through the operation nobly. It was a complete success. I didn't think you had the strength for such a battle as you put up—"

Rita blushed, looking meaningfully up at her husband.

"I had just gained untold strength—before the fall."

"Well, it worked wonders. It saved your life, Mrs. White. And now in a

few days everything will be as it was before except the happiness of motherhood can never—"

Like tiny threads of steel her fingers gripped his wrist. He nodded, avoiding the horrified expression in those eyes. She did not weep, she only prayed that she would. She merely stared stonily into space. Her husband tenderly placed his hand upon her hair. She did not look at him. The Reverend Deane was upon his knees, fondling her toy fingers, but she seemed not to be aware of his presence. Doctor Judd motioned them from the room.

"She must be alone until she recovers from the shock," he explained.

Alone?

Always alone she would be. Always alone with the ghosts. Always alone, listening to the pattering of baby feet through the place. Always alone, searching for the "lost" ones she never was to find, though she knew her life would be consecrated to the search.

Stonily she stared; eagerly she listened. And no tears would come, would ever come to soothe and balm the soul of her.

WHO PAYS?
(End of Story Number Two.)

The next story, "When Justice Sleeps."

Rita Lay Still as Death After Her Fall Downstairs.

few days everything will be as it was before except the happiness of motherhood can never—"

Like tiny threads of steel her fingers gripped his wrist. He nodded, avoiding the horrified expression in those eyes. She did not weep, she only prayed that she would. She merely stared stonily into space. Her husband tenderly placed his hand upon her hair. She did not look at him. The Reverend Deane was upon his knees, fondling her toy fingers, but she seemed not to be aware of his presence. Doctor Judd motioned them from the room.

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Briefs of the Week

Antrim County Fair next week.

Supt. A. E. Cross states that the E. B. Clark Seed Co. will commence their seed sorting a little later this year than heretofore—probably the latter part of October.

Anyone who has a place for a boy or girl to work for board and attend high school should notify Supt. Holliday. There are also several pupils who would like work of any kind before or after school hours.

Robert, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Plagg, received a badly injured left eye, Friday morning. He was playing with a sharp stick when the point struck him in the eye. His eyesight will probably be impaired.

For the Antrim County Fair to be held at Bellaire the last four days of next week, the E. J. & S. R. R. will offer round trip tickets at 75c from East Jordan. On Thursday and Friday the afternoon train will be held at Bellaire until 5:00 o'clock.

The East Jordan Garage, changed management the past week, Hammond & Getty retiring in favor of E. E. Hall. Mr. Hall has conducted a like enterprise in a building near his residence for some time past, and will undoubtedly make his new venture a success.

Mrs. J. L. Heller was thrown from a buggy in which she was riding Tuesday afternoon and received a badly sprained hip. She was driving to her farm home north of the city, when a dog ran out from some underbrush, scaring the horse who jumped sideways, overturning the vehicle and throwing Mrs. Heller out.

The Methodist Episcopal church of this city will have as pastor for the coming year Rev. John Clement. A telegram received by R. E. Webster from Dist. Supt. Kendrick at Albion, says: "The Bishop wires that man from New York will not come. Have secured John Clement for you. He will be there Sunday. He is a fine man for you."

The funeral services of Andrew R. Struthers, one of the pioneers of this region, was held at Charlevoix Tuesday. Deceased was born in Scotland in 1841, and settled in South Arm in 1864, on what is now known as the West Side of East Jordan. Besides Mr. Struthers and his wife there was located here at that time Elijah Holben, a Mr. Clark and Mr. Roe and their families.

A large Peerless touring car is being held at the East Jordan garage for the want of an owner and the necessary license tags. The car was first brought to the garage some six weeks ago. About fair time we understand an effort was made to sell same. Chief of Police Cook investigated the no license feature and was told by the driver that he had a "permit" from Grand Rapids. The tags accompanying the car belong to a Ford machine. The ownership of the auto is claimed by a Mrs. Williams at Grand Rapids.

The first meeting for the school year of the Mothers' and Teachers' Club will be held at the Central School building next Thursday afternoon, September 30, at 3:15 o'clock. These meetings were a great help to both teachers and mothers last year and there should be a large attendance at every meeting. A profitable program of work for the entire year is being arranged and a copy of this program will be sent to all who might be interested. An exhibit of the work of the schools will be a feature of each meeting.

We have a class for you. Will you come? Presbyterian Sunday School. Rally Day tomorrow.

That Earliest Slight Break

In home ties—the morning when the boy or the girl first trudges off to school! From that day, the changes are rapid. Every year you note them. And almost before you realize it, there comes the severer sundering of those ties, when John or Mary with a cherry "Will be home for Christmas, sure," waves a stout farewell.

Both of you are choking back sentiment. And afterward, how pictures, showing all the rapid transitions, do help.

KIRKPATRICK
PHOTOGRAPHER

Mrs. Thos. Passenger is visiting relatives in Shelby.

Mrs. McKinnon was guest of Mancelona friends this week.

C. A. Brabant and wife drove to Petoskey on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Baldwin returned home to Alba, Tuesday.

Mr. Gallager moved his family over near the Furnace on Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Wilks went to Alger on Saturday to visit her parents.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman went to Boyne City on Friday to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Glenn were Petoskey visitors, Wednesday.

County "Y" Secretary A. B. Ball was in the city on business, Friday.

M. H. Robertson left on an extended business trip first of the week.

Miss Blanche Zoulek is assisting at the office of the E. B. Clark Seed Co.

Wm. Baker left for Flint, Friday, where he expects to find employment.

Dan Goodman and C. A. Brabant attended the fair at Traverse City, Thursday.

Robert Barnette and an auto load of friends are attending the Traverse City fair.

Harry Kader and family occupy rooms in the Bisnett building on the West Side.

Mrs. Wm. Boudrie and daughter, Anna, went to Pinconning on Saturday to visit relatives.

Lawrence Isaman and family visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Giles over Sunday.

Mrs. Effie Tooley returned to her home in Ewelline, Friday, after visiting friends in our city.

Mrs. Earl Holliday is visiting relatives and attending the Fair at Traverse City this week.

Miss Minnie Freiberg entertained with a thimble party, at her home, Wednesday afternoon.

Carroll Hoyt left Tuesday for Houghton, where he will finish his course of studies at the Mining College.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Longton are receiving a visit from the former's mother and sister of Bay City.

Miss Erzella McMillan goes to Traverse City next Wednesday where she will take up the study of nurse.

James Gidley, A. W. Clark, Charles Coykendall and Jos. Cummins attended the Traverse City fair, Thursday.

Wallace Merchant, who is attending school at Grand Rapids, is expected home this Saturday. He has been ill for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Adams, Mrs. Harry Price, Mrs. Frank Brotherton and Miss Gwendolen Boyd were auto visitors to Petoskey, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter left Wednesday for Battle Creek where they entered the Sanitarium there for a week's rest and treatment.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bechtold returned home from Bellaire first of the week, where they were called by the death of the former's father.

A party of our young ladies, chaperoned by Misses Ruth Durfee and Mnyne Kelly are spending the week end at the Whittington cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman drove to Bellaire Monday for a visit at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Clyde Dewey, and inspect the new grandson.

Miss Alice Green plans to return to work at Gary, Ind., this Saturday. Her brother, Felix, will go with her to Whiting, Ind., where he plans to attend school.

Mrs. A. E. Fay is still confined at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Webster, with illness. Her sister, Miss Carrie Johnson of Traverse City, is helping care for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Alexander, R. P. Maddock and Mrs. Josiah St. John attended the funeral services of their uncle, A. R. Struthers, at Charlevoix, Tuesday.

R. N. Spence and family, C. G. Isaman and family, the Misses Florence Flannery and Lella Hott, and Neil Flannery and Clifton Heller spent Saturday and Sunday at Walker's Landing.

Eugene Austin and family returned to East Jordan, Friday, after absence of nearly two years in Idaho. They will again make their home here, Mr. Austin resuming his work with the E. B. Clark Seed Co.

If you are not a member of any other school the Presbyterian Sunday School will gladly welcome you. Rally Day tomorrow.

Wm. Wilson returned home from Flint, Monday.

Peter Stephan returned home from Lansing, Wednesday.

H. L. Dunston left Tuesday on a business trip to Detroit.

Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Risk were Boyne City visitors last Sunday.

Thos. R. Joynt was a Traverse City business visitor first of the week.

Miss Alice Green returned Thursday from a visit with relatives at Mancelona.

J. H. Graff and son, Guy, were guest of Traverse City friends over Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Zoulek of Wilson township, a daughter, Saturday last.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Quinn a son—Vincent James—Tuesday, Sept. 14th.

Miss June Hoyt left Tuesday for Ypsilanti to take up studies at the State Normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gunn attended the Emmett Co. Fair at Petoskey last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hott returned to East Jordan from Walloon Lake first of the week.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett and family left Wednesday for their new home at Hartford, Mich.

Mrs. Oscar Walstad of Engadine is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Auton Walstad.

Lee Gilbert, formerly of this city, died at Charlevoix, Tuesday of leakage of the heart.

Mrs. M. H. Robertson left this week for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. B. A. Dole, at Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mather with children attended the Grand Traverse fair Wednesday, going by auto.

Hugh Weatherup left Tuesday morning for Grand Rapids where he attended the West Michigan State Fair.

A line from Mrs. C. L. Tuttle, formerly Miss Reva Supernaw, states that she is now located at Mesick, Route 2.

East Jordan Temple No. 65 will hold their regular business session on Tuesday evening, Sept. 28th, at Pythian hall.

Mrs. Ed. Price returns this Saturday evening from a month's visit with relatives at Jackson and other places in the state.

There will be a dance and supper given at Rock Elm Grange Hall next Saturday evening, Oct. 2nd. Everyone invited.

The steam barge N. J. Nesson cleared this port latter part of last week for Chicago with a cargo of 363 M feet beech lumber.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dewey of Bellaire, a son—William Herman—Sunday last. Mrs. Dewey was formerly Miss Hazel Goodman of this city.

Att'y E. N. Clink is making some extensive improvements to his residence on Second-st. A new foundation and cement porch are among them.

Miss Blanche Stohman underwent a serious operation for spinal trouble last Sunday, at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Williams, on the West Side.

Mrs. Ed. Henry with children returned to her home at Bellmont near Grand Rapids, after a visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gibson.

A telegram received from Dist. Supt. Kendrick, states that Rev. John Clement will be here to conduct the services at the Methodist Episcopal church, Sunday.

County Engineer H. L. Winters is busy on survey work and preparing data to be presented the Board of Supervisors at their October meeting, for the coming years road work.

An auto owned and driven by W. L. Foote of Central Lake turned turtle while enroute from Bellaire to Central Lake, Tuesday night. George Slocum, one of the occupants, was injured internally, and all the others considerably bruised up.

J. A. Ketoskey, a resident of North Bay, was the first man in Charlevoix county to get five cents per head bounty on rats in Charlevoix county. Monday he presented an order to County Treasurer for 25 heads, which under the new law entitled him to \$1.25.

From the Sheridan (Wyoming) Daily Enterprise of Sept. 14th, we glean the following relative to some of East Jordan's Theatrical Colony:—"The Scots, with their customary loyalty, will no doubt turn out in full force to the Orpheum tonight and tomorrow to do honor to Gruber and Kew the Scotch comedians who head the bill at the big house the first half of the week. Gruber is drolly clever and gets plenty of laughs; his music, too, is of an appealing sweetness. His partner, Miss Kew, is a charming bit of femininity and wins her way into the hearts of the audience by her daintiness. Her appearance in Highland costume never fails to win applause from the spectators."

PYTHIAN CLUB—5c Cigar—none better.

Charles Valleau was at Bellaire over Sunday.

Lou Gass attended the Traverse City fair, Wednesday.

Baby Carriage for Sale Cheap. Inquire at Herald office.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hott were guest of Charlevoix friends latter part of this week.

Tomorrow 11:45 a.m. Rally Day! Presbyterian Sunday School.

FOR RENT—A modern eight-room residence, fully equipped with furnace, bath and electric lights. Enquire of H. L. Winters.

WANTED—Horseshoer's Helper. A husky young man, who means business will find this a good opening. One with some experience preferred. J. A. LANCASTER, East Jordan, Mich.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Inquire of E. A. Lewis.

Money to Loan on good real estate Security.—Enquire of Atty D. H. Fitch For Rent—FURNISHED COTTAGE on Lake Shore.—Enquire of C. A. Hudson.

Smoke improved MICHIGANDER—5c Cigar.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. E. C. HADLEY

Mrs. E. C. Hadley of Holly, Mich., died suddenly at the home of her mother, Mrs. H. W. Prior, at the Russell House, Monday morning.

Mrs. Hadley was here with her infant child for a visit with relatives, and on Sunday evening had a touch of heart trouble. At an early hour Monday morning she suddenly passed away.

Deceased was born at Hillsdale, Ont., in April, 1879, her maiden name being Mae Shier. She leaves, besides the infant child, three children by a former marriage—Misses Leon and Maude, and Edward Mites. Besides the bereaved husband, deceased leaves her mother, Mrs. H. W. Prior of this city, her father F. O. Shier of Watersmeet, two brothers, Richard of Watersmeet and John of this city, and three sisters, Mrs. Maude Hoffile of Montana, Mrs. R. F. Steffes and Miss Bertha Shier of this city.

Funeral services were held from the Russell House Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Interment was made at the East Jordan cemetery.

A SUCCESSFUL BOOK AGENT.

Book agents, like poets and artists, must be born—they can not be made. A good address, tact, brilliant conversational powers, and both veracity and unvarnished are the inborn elements necessary for the successful book canvasser. That the fascinating and suave manner of the average professional book agent is irresistible is proved by the fact that there is hardly a person in the United States who, at some time or other, has not subscribed for a book that he did not want.

Some years ago a book agent visited a small town in Wisconsin, with "The Royal Path of Life," nine copies and no more.

The first man he approached said, good-naturedly: "You would better call up at the house and see my wife, for she buys all the books."

But with the customary pertinacity of the guild, the agent made a sale. His success continued until, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he had sold seven copies of his book.

He was anxious to get away, and determined to sell the remaining two copies; so he called on the wife of his first customer, and, first being careful to ascertain that her husband had not been home since morning, he sold her one of his books.

When the husband came home, he gave his wife a parcel, saying: "There! One of those confounded book agents talked me into buying that book."

"What!" exclaimed his wife, "a book? Why, I bought one, too!"

When they compared notes, they found that they were well supplied with "The Royal Path of Life."

The man was furious, and while he was putting on his boots to go down town to the station to get square with that "villainous agent" a neighbor rode by and the frate man shouted to him to detain that book agent at the station, as he wished particularly to see him.

When the neighbor reached the station, the train was in sight.

"My friend, Mr. —, wishes very much to see you before you leave town," he shouted.

"Oh, yes," said the agent blandly, "he wants one of my books, and I have just one left."

"How much is it?" said the man, hurriedly, for the train was at hand.

"Two dollars."

"I'll buy it for him. Here's your money."

The train moved off, carrying the agent, just as the excited subscriber, in hot haste, came in sight. His anger at the latest imposition may be imagined.

OUR FALL STOCK IS COMMENCING TO ARRIVE

And our new building is not yet ready for occupancy. We are anxious to reduce our stocks still more before removing and in order to do this will offer Exceptional Bargains on this New Fall Merchandise which includes

Ladies Coats, Suits and Skirts and Gents Clothing.

L. WEISMAN

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"Purpose of the Sabbath School."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:45 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:30 p. m.—"Christ's demands on men."

Sunday is the Sunday School Rally Day. We look for each pupil of the School to be present.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth

Sunday, Sept. 26th.

8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for Sodality and Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m. High mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

We are now in the market for and will pay the highest-market price for Wool and Hides. Phone 159 or call at my place of business on Second-st.—HARRY KLING.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

MANY COMPLAINTS HEARD.

This summer many persons are complaining of headaches, lame backs, rheumatism, biliousness and of being "always tired." Aches, pains and ills caused by kidneys not doing their work yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills. They help elimination, give sound sleep and make you feel better.—Hites Drug Store.

DID THE OLD MAN GOOD.

Geo. W. Clough, of Prentiss, Miss., is seventy-seven years old and had trouble with his kidneys for many years. He writes that Foley Kidney Pills did him much good. He used many remedies, but this is the only one that ever helped him. No man, young or old, can afford to neglect symptoms of kidney trouble.—Hites Drug Store.

Fresh Pastuerized Milk and Cream

McCOOL & MATHER

Phone No. 29.

A Kiss Won't Always Heal a Bruise

Wise mothers keep in their medicine closets proper lotions to apply in case children hurt themselves falling downstairs or in a hundred other ways. You can save a lot of pain by having these medicines handy. We sell such first aid things.

Ask for Universal Mileage Coupons

Given Free with every purchase. TRAVEL FREE!

The HITE DRUG CO.

GOOD PLACES TO STORE SEED.

1. Dry, well-ventilated cellar.
2. Dry attic or storeroom.
3. Dry, ventilated shed.
4. Any dry, ventilated building.

I. H. C. LECTURE CHARTS.

Your Chamber of Commerce Should Put on a Series of Lectures With I. H. C. Charts and Slides—Get Your Farm Demonstrator or Superintendent of Schools to Give You a Practical Talk on Agriculture.

You will be surprised to see how intensely interested your bankers and merchants will be. If you want to put your organization on the map, plan an agricultural campaign of education. Arrange a program. Give one lecture a week on any of these subjects: Soils, Corn, Alfalfa, Poultry, Weeds, Live Stock, Flies, etc. Follow each lecture with a discussion of the subject. Make your chamber of commerce an educational center, not just a "club." Your town is built on the surplus earnings of the farm. Business men in town should take a keen interest in the industrial welfare of the town's "trade territory."

There is nothing constructive in grabbing business from other communities—create new business in your own community. Have a chamber of agriculture and commerce.

If you want to make your organization a place of interest, plan a three months' lecture course. Use I. H. C. lecture charts and slides. You can, no doubt, find among the members of your chamber of commerce men who can give interesting and instructive talks on any of the subjects treated in these charts.

WHY CROPS RUN OUT.

The question is often raised as to whether crops "run out" or not. To say that crops do not "run out" would be to deny that any variations are produced by changed conditions or environment. When plants are brought into new conditions of soil, climate, or methods of farming less favorable, they will tend to deteriorate or "run out."

Desirable Qualities Suffer First Under Unfavorable Conditions. If corn is planted too thick (seven or eight stalks per hill) a large yield of foliage will be obtained, but the yield of grain will be small. Under unfavorable conditions the plant tends to revert to its original condition, and the particular thing for which the plant is grown and which gives it value suffers first and most.

Best Methods Necessary. It is only by the best methods of seed selection and of cultivation that the farmer can hope to maintain the valuable qualities of his crops, otherwise they will deteriorate or "run out" and it will be necessary for him to secure seed from someone who has paid more attention to the improvement of his crops.

"SEED CORN WEEK."

The Last Week in September or the First Week in October Should Be Set Aside as Seed Corn Week in the Corn Belt.

We have "Arbor Day." Would it not also be well to have a "Seed Corn Day?" A day when everyone should begin the harvesting and storing of his seed for the following spring. We laugh at our grandfathers for planting their potatoes and sowing their grain "in the moon," that is, in certain phases of the moon. The value of this practice lay, not in the fact as supposed by many that the moon exercised any influence on the crop, but in the having of a definite time and plan for the doing of various things on the farm.

If the harvesting of seed corn, like the feeding of stock, came every day, it would be attended to on time, but it is nothing more nor less than human that the work which comes only occasionally or once a year, as in the case of the harvesting of seed corn should be put off or neglected altogether, unless there is a definite time and plan for the work.

1915 A BAD YEAR.

Indications point to trouble in the corn belt this year. 1915 is an abnormal year. Excessive moisture and cool weather has retarded the growth of corn, especially in the northern states. Corn will be late in maturing and there will be a tendency to gather seed corn late. Watch this. Don't wait too long. Don't wait till frost beats you to it. Frost bitten corn will not grow. Gather your seed corn before frost comes. Store it where it will dry out and not freeze or mold. Don't forget that next year's corn crop will depend on the seed you gather this fall.

Pick Your Seed Corn Early.

A sack with the mouth held open by a kog hoop and strung over the shoulders by a rope or strap is very convenient in gathering seed in the fall. The corn may be piled on the ground at the end of the rows or in the middle of the field and gathered up in a wagon or sled made for that purpose. Corn should not be left on the ground overnight or piled up in bins or cribs. In this condition it may mold or freeze.

THE DOUBLE DEALER

By VARICK VANARDY.
Author of "Missing—\$81,500."
Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

The Oriental's expression was murderous when Crewe confronted him again; but it changed to fear once more as he murmured:

"You are a devil—yes, a devil—another Sival! How could you know about that?"

"I knew. That is enough. Were both of your pupils there?"

"Yes."

"Did they get busy? Did they pinch anything?"

"I think not. If so, I did not detect them."

"Was anything stolen besides the cameo?"

"I do not think so. I came away immediately after the supper. If there were things missing I did not hear of it. I was—"

The front door opened, and Crewe interrupted him sharply:

"Here comes a man who may question you. Be careful what you say."

Lieutenant Muchmore strode swiftly to the bar. Another plain-clothes man was with him.

"Hello, Crewe!" he said. Then: "Who's your friend?"

"Good evening, Muchmore. How are you, Bunting?" Crewe replied easily. "My friend is the celebrated and justly renowned Professor Sindahr, known to the public as the 'Worker of Miracles.'"

"And known to the police as the slickest 'dip' that ever happened," Muchmore snapped out, whirling up on the Oriental savagely.

Sindahr, however, remained apparently unmoved by the statement or the attitude of the officer. Indeed, his teeth gleamed and his soft eyes shone in a smile that might have been appreciation of the compliment.

"That is, unfortunately, a reputation that fell upon me because I have given exhibitions of pocketpicking on the stage," he said in his velvet voice. "But I have done that merely to teach my audiences how to avoid the dips, as you call them. You have no charge against me, I know."

"No; I wish to Heaven I had one! But, all the same, you are the man I want to see. I had a description of you tonight, and I remembered then that I knew you. He turned sharply to the man behind the bar. "Crewe," he demanded, "you have some acquaintance with Moreaux, the artist, haven't you?"

"A slight one."

"He has visited your place—this place?"

"Possibly. I have a wretched memory, Lieutenant."

"Well, I am going to speak to you presently about something that you will remember, because it happened so recently—not much more than an hour ago. Just now I want to know who the new pupil was that you introduced to this miracle worker the night, or one of the nights not very long ago, when Moreaux, the artist, visited this place."

"Really, Lieutenant—" Crewe began, but Muchmore wheeled again upon Sindahr.

"You know the occasion to which I refer," he snapped out. "Tell me the name of that man. You met him in the street on the Bowery less than a week ago and talked with him. It was near Houston street, who was he?"

"My dear Lieutenant, I meet so very many people. How should I remember? And I have so very many pupils from time to time. How should I recall them?" Sindahr shrugged his shoulders with a gesture so insolent that it angered both the officers.

As if with one impulse, they acted. Bunting seized his arms from behind. Muchmore snapped handcuffs on his wrists before he suspected their intention.

Crewe looked on without moving, having reassumed his favorite position with arms extended; but he managed to catch Sindahr's eye in a meaning look. The other occupants of the room paid no attention whatever.

It was none of their affair, whatever else it might be.

"I'll take you anyhow as a suspicious character, and hold you forty-eight hours for investigation," the lieutenant said shortly. "I can question you better over at headquarters. Take him aside, Bunting. Put him in that chair; over there and come back here."

"I am going to ask Crewe a few questions about something that happened tonight, and I want you to hear them and his answers to them. Christy, you beat it to the other end of the room and stay there till you're wanted. I'll take charge of this place for the next few minutes."

Crewe did not move. The expression of his face did not change. But he asked his assistant a question that sounded odd, under the circumstances.

"Christy," he said in a tone that was entirely calm and half-amused, "did you feed the pigeons tonight?"

"Yes, sir," Christy replied.

"Guying me, are you?" Muchmore demanded.

"Dear me, no, lieutenant." Crewe returned smilingly. "But I am very fond of my pigeons."

"Well, I—" The electric lights in the place "winked." That is, they went out and flashed on again instantly. "What the blazes was that?" the lieutenant exclaimed. "Did you do that, Crewe?"

"If how could I do it? They've been winking like that a good deal lately. Just about this time, too," Crewe glanced about the room.

What he saw seemed to satisfy him. Christy was at the far end of it. Two or three of the patrons were unostentatiously taking their departure.

Sindahr was seated at a table not far away with the irons still on his wrists. Bunting had returned to the bar beside Muchmore. The lights winked again.

"You were going to ask me some questions, lieutenant," Crewe remarked. "What were they?"

"This is one of them, Crewe. I saw you tonight when you left the building where the artist Moreaux has his studio. You had a key that fitted the lock on the door, too. What were you doing there?"

"I had been passing the evening with some friends."

"You lie! You had been waiting for Moreaux. Now I—"

"Stop." Crewe's voice was sharp, incisive, but was not raised; and he added coldly: "It isn't safe to use that expression in addressing me, Lieutenant Muchmore. Don't do it again."

"You dare to threaten me?" Muchmore demanded angrily. "I have more than half a mind to serve you the same way I have served the miracle worker."

"I don't think I would attempt that if I were you," Crewe said mildly, and yet there was something in the very mildness of it that compelled the lieutenant to hesitate.

"You've got something in common with the artist, Crewe," he said crossly. "You are hand in glove with him. I want to know what it is all about."

Crewe made no reply.

"Things happened tonight at a house where I was present and where that artist was present also. Articles of value were stolen. I am pretty certain that you know something about it, too."

"Anyhow, I'm going to invite you to walk down to headquarters with me where you can tell the inspector all about it. You're not under arrest, understand," he added with a grim smile. "This is merely a courteous invitation."

"Thanks," said Crewe; and at that instant the lights went out—and stayed out.

For a moment there was silence while all present seemed to wait for them to flash on again. Then the front door was heard to close with a bang, and something metallic fell to the floor beside the two officers.

Another moment passed and the lights flashed on again—and the two officers found themselves looking wildly about them, and then staring blankly into each other's faces.

The place was deserted save for themselves and Christy, who was placidly wiping glasses behind the bar. The chair that Sindahr had occupied was vacant. He was gone, and on the floor at their feet was the pair of handcuffs which had bound him, still locked.

Even Crewe himself had disappeared.

"Well, I'll be—" Muchmore began and stopped. "Christy, come here!"

CHAPTER IV. The Many-Sided Crewe.

"Where is Crewe, Christy?" Muchmore asked with extreme but dangerous mildness. He was quite conscious that he had gone a step too far with the man of the blemished face that night.

Christy ceased wiping the glass, raised his chin and his eyes gazed thoughtfully toward the ceiling before he replied. Then he said:

"Seems to me that I heard him say something about a date that he had at ten minutes to one. It's about that now, ain't it, lute?"

Bunting had picked up the handcuffs and was examining them. He held them out toward his side-partner with the remark:

"That miracle worker slipped them all right. They were a snug fit, too."

"Never mind that now," Muchmore replied. "Now, Christy, where is that switch, and how do you work it?"

"What switch, lute?"

"I want to know how those lights were turned on and off so neatly," the lieutenant insisted, still in the same dangerously mild tone of voice.

"Lord love you, lute, that thing happens every now and then, and always long between twelve and one o'clock. I guess there must be something wrong with the wiring—or something."

"Very likely. All the same I'll go around behind the bar and have a look for myself."

"Sure. Come ahead. Say, what'll youse have to drink?"

Neither man paid the slightest attention to the invitation. Muchmore passed around the end of the bar and spent five fruitless minutes searching for an electric switch—and gave it up; but he remained behind the bar, facing Christy.

"I want to know how Crewe left this place," he said shortly.

"Well, lute, I guess you'll have to ask him about that. I'm blowed if I know. Why, I've known him before now to disappear while my back was

turned—in broad daylight, too. That miracle worker ain't got nothin' on him if anybody should ask you."

"You will show me the way he went out if you know what is good for you, Christy," the lieutenant said sharply. His quick temper was asserting itself again.

"Gee, I wish I knew it. I wouldn't have waited here, either—with you that mad that you wanted to fight. Say, lute, don't you know that you can catch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar? That ain't no way to stack up against Crewe, the way you done it."

"Well, Christy, one thing is quite certain. You and Crewe both aided a prisoner to escape, and so I'm going to take you down to headquarters with me, just to find out if your knowledge and memory of things won't improve on the way."

"Now, wouldn't that jar you?" Christy exclaimed without excitement.

He was midway of the length of the bar, facing Muchmore, who stood in the opening at the end of it. "I wasn't anywhere near the miracle worker, and I heard Bunting say just now that the guy slipped the irons off'n him. Anyhow, he wasn't any prisoner. You didn't have any warrant for him. He was only a suspicious character, as you call it—and I ain't one of them. I guess, maybe, if you take me in for what happened here tonight I'll go an' see my lawyer tomorrow. How about that, lute?"

Christy was too "wise" to the game to be frightened.

Muchmore realized that with a grim smile. The only way to take him in would be to plant something on him, or frame him up, and Muchmore and Bunting were above that sort of thing.

"Do you think you could find a way to ask Crewe to return here, Christy?" Muchmore asked him—and as he finished the question the electric light winked again.

"There they go again," the bartender chuckled. "Why, lemme see. I don't think he meant to be gone but a few minutes when he went out. You see, he was in his shirt sleeves, and he hadn't no hat, and—"

Christy stopped, gazing directly ahead of him, past the lieutenant, toward the hear of the room. Both officers had their eyes upon him and had not heard nor seen a door as it opened suddenly at that end of the place.

But they turned their heads quickly to follow Christy's gaze and discovered Crewe advancing toward them with the swift motion that was his chief characteristic. And he seemed not in the least disturbed.

"I can't find it, Christy—Hello! Where is the professor? Oh, I see, Muchmore; you decided to let him go—I think you did right, too. It is closing time, boys. What will you have before I lock up?" and he stepped behind the bar and stretched out his arms in the customary gesture, thus drawing the two officers around in front of him again.

"We didn't let him go; he let himself go, Crewe," said Bunting.

He had said very little since he entered the place; now, for some reason—perhaps Muchmore had signaled to him—he took up the conversation; and, had he but known it, Crewe liked him, and respected him above the average.

"He slipped out of the cuffs and chuckled them on the floor at our feet while the lights were out. Oh, he's a miracle worker all right; take it from me."

"Well, well!" said Crewe, and put out bottle and glasses, and a siphon of vichy. He had never been known to drink anything stronger than vichy in his own place.

"But we don't care anything about that, now, Crewe," Bunting went on quietly. "The thing that we are curious about is, how and when you got out?"

"I? Why, I just walked out—to see if I could find out what was the matter with the lights."

"Aw, say, Crewe, do we look as easy as that?"

Crewe shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, I won't try to convince you. Have another? No? Well, it's after closing time, now, and I don't want to get into trouble with the inspector of this district. And say, Muchmore, if you still insist, and will wait, I'll take a walk down with you for that talk with your chief. How about it?"

"Go ahead and close up," Muchmore replied, still a bit unsettled as to temper. "Then come into the back room where Bunting and I can have a talk with you. That will be quite as well."

"Come on, then, Christy can do the closing," and he led the way to the back room.

"Crewe," Bunting began when the three were seated together at the one big round table that it contained, "do you happen to know anything about a wedding in high life that was pulled off tonight?"

"Every crook in town has known about it for a week, so why shouldn't I—since that is the way you bulls usually refer to me? The papers have been filled with lists of the presents and their priceless value."

(Continued Next Week)

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