

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1915.

No. 41

"Side Tracked" At East Jordan

Jule Walters and Company at
Temple Theatre, Monday.

East Jordan's Theatrical people number among their members a manager who has produced theatrical attractions throughout the United States and in many other English-speaking countries. That man is Jule Walters. And among the many shows that he put on the road, none was more successful than "Side Tracked." This show has out-lived them all. This fall Mr. Walters organized a company of able talent, who have been rehearsing their parts for weeks. In the near future they will swing to other parts of the United States, but before doing so Mr. Walters decided to play East Jordan and some near-by cities.

Therefore the play to be given at the Temple Theatre next Monday night will be of more than passing interest to our citizens, as the greater part of the cast is made up of well known theatrical people who have made East Jordan their home for several years.

The play itself is one of the funniest musical comedy dramas ever produced. During the action of the play several up-to-date specialties will be introduced.

Don't forget the date—next Monday night—Oct. 11th. Admission 25-35-50 cents. Seat sale at Mack's.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, October 4, 1915.

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

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:

Mrs. Geo. Pine, cleaning jail	2.00
City Treasurer, payment of labor	29.60
Bert Hughes, rip-rap at bridge	323.16
Bert Hughes, changing river	144.50
Bert Hughes, sidewalk	44.94
D. H. Fitch, salary and rental	24.16
A. E. Cross, salary	33.34
Hersey M'F'g Co., water meters	629.00
J. A. Lancaster, salary	25.00
James Gidley, salary	50.00
Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals	6.25
Dumbleday Bros. & Co., docket	5.50
George Spencer, on sewer job	72.00
Irving-Pitt M'F'g Co., water book	9.81
Henry Cook, salary	75.00
E. J. Hose Co., Ray Gee fire	20.00
People's Sav. Bank, surety bonds	8.50
Bert Hughes, order of Geo. Spencer	21.60

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the application of E. N. Clink for permission to construct a cement walk along the north side of Lot 1, Block G, Stone's Addition to the City of East Jordan, be accepted. Carried.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned to meet Friday evening, October 8, 1915, at 8:00 o'clock p. m.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 10, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"The Needful Vision."
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:45 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—"Can a Business Man be a Christian?"

The service Sunday evening is the second under the charge of the Young People's Bible Class. The topic assigned for next Sunday evening is, "Does it make a difference what we believe?"
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I desire to announce to the public, that I am located in Miss Kneals building, up stairs, 2nd door east of the State Bank, and have rooms for both operative work and the care of patients. Thanking the people of East Jordan most sincerely for the past eleven years of private nursing in their homes also assisting I may still have their cooperation, I am

Most Sincerely,
HELEN M. FOSTER.

A stitch in time may close the mouth of a gossip.

It's a poor article that can't get itself imitated.

Small men may acquire large tombstones.

Love is doubly blind if the girl is rich

ALONG THE FIRING LINE

The net balance in the general fund of the United States Treasury at the close of business September 27 was \$41,870,422. On the same date in 1913, when Republican revenue laws and appropriations were still in effect, the balance was \$127,091,178. Since July 1, 1915, the administration has spent \$37,914,719 more than its revenues.

Imports to the value of \$29,826,149 entered the 13 principal customs districts of the United States for the week ending September 18, 1915, on which duties were collected in the sum of \$3,040,868, or an average ad valorem rate of duty of 10.11 per cent. compared with an average annual ad valorem rate of duty of 17.6 in 1913 under the Republican protective tariff law, which was an efficient revenue producer. This is the lowest ad valorem rate yet recorded under the Democratic tariff law. During the month of August 70 per cent. of our imports entered free of duty. The free trade provisions of the present tariff law are a boon to the foreign producers, and retail prices are not declining.

The National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis has been compelled to cut its dividend rate from six to four per cent. The reason assigned is that there is small demand for loans and that the interest rate for these is very low. This is suggestive. It is evident that there can be no large industrial or business activity in this bank's circle of clients. There is an ocean of idle money in this country, but there is no business to use it except among the "war trade" enterprises.

The "sacred ratio" bobs up again. Henry Ford has examined a standard American submarine and declares it is sixteen times too big. The fact is, however, that our submarines are sixteen times too few in number.

A national conference of Progressive leaders recently held in New York decided to go on with the party. This decision was partly nullified on the same day by a higher authority—the Supreme Court of New Jersey, one of its justices signing an order barring the Bull Moose from the ticket in the New Jersey primaries because at the last general election the party failed to poll five per cent. of the total vote cast and thus is not a party within the eyes of the law.

Some Democrat in Kentucky is going to get a letter pretty soon. It will be dated at the White House and it will be signed by Woodrow Wilson. It will tell how much the President desires the election of a Democratic Governor in the blue-grass country, etc., etc.

In Boston they have it that the Colonel is going to vote the Republican ticket next. Stranger things have happened.

The warring Democratic factions in Maryland will soon hear their master's voice from the White House. State issues, personal ambitions are as nothing where Mr. Wilson rules. He is the whole thing in the Democracy, and he does not hesitate to let people know it.

James J. Hill urges that we loan a billion or so to the belligerents of the Triple Entente. They are buying things from us; he argues, and if we do not lend them the money they cannot pay us for our goods, our exports will fall off and our crops will decline in value. Then all this tremendous "war order" export business is not real business at all—eh, Mr. Hill? Anyone can do business if he will lend his customers the money to pay their bills.

Statement of Ownership.

Management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of Charlevoix County Herald published weekly at East Jordan, Mich., for October, 1915.

Editor and Publisher, G. A. Lisk, East Jordan, Mich. Owner: G. A. Lisk East Jordan, Mich.

Known bond holders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: State Bank of East Jordan, East Jordan, Mich.

G. A. LISK

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1915, Dwight H. Fitch, notary public, Charlevoix County, Mich. My commission expires Aug. 13, 1916.

The plotter makes plans, but the plodder carries them out.

STATE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS NOW ON

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 4.—To-day marks the official beginning of Michigan's \$100,000 war on tuberculosis. To rid the state of this disease—that and nothing less than that is the object of the State Board of Health. They do not expect that this will be done in two years, or five years, but during the next two years they hope to build up an organization in each county in the state that will be able to carry on the work indefinitely.

The first county to be visited is Wexford. Next in order will be Barry and Ottawa. In each case Dr. DeKleine and his helpers will spend one, two or three weeks in a county trying to interest the people in their immediate health problem.

Every campaign will include an attempt to locate each case of tuberculosis within the county and having nurses visit these patients in their homes to instruct them on how to live and how to get well. It will include moreover a complete sanitary survey of the county which will be invaluable as an index to what the real health conditions are. Moreover, the physicians of each county will be asked to co-operate with the agents of the State Board of Health. It is with the aid of the physicians that Dr. DeKleine and his helpers hope to locate the cases of tuberculosis in a given county not only, but it is they who can carry on the work after the state board workers have passed on to another place. During the campaign in a county a specialist in tuberculosis will hold daily conferences with the physicians in regard to the latest and best methods of treating and preventing the disease.

"Health First" has been chosen as the official slogan of this statewide movement. It will be printed on all the stationery of the Division of Tuberculosis, and it appears likely that it will become as well known as the industrial slogan "Safety First."

County Normal Notes.

Miss Cleo Thorne, a graduate of the class of 1915, is teaching near Advance. She has a school of twenty-five pupils, five of whom are eighth graders.

Word has been received that Miss Bessie Allen of the class of 1915, is teaching the Johnson school. She has sixteen pupils enrolled.

The training room children, under the supervision of the normal students, have been working in the school garden during the past week, so that conditions there show much improvement.

Miss Rose Groenink, a graduate of the class of 1915, is teaching at Phelps, having an enrollment of forty pupils.

Miss Himes received word from Miss Bessie Martindale, a former graduate of the county normal. She has been fortunate in securing a position as Critic teacher of the county normal in Port Huron. Miss Martindale is also a graduate of Ypsilanti State Normal. She taught in the rural schools for some time, so has very good experience with which to begin her new work.

Miss Clare Finucan, a former graduate of the county normal, has a position as Critic teacher in Detroit in the teachers' training school. Miss Finucan has also graduated from Ypsilanti State Normal.

Misses Florence Maddaugh and Catherine LaLonde spent Sunday at their respective homes in East Jordan.

The class are continuing their work in the dramatization of "The Courtship of Myles Standish," which is very interesting to every member.

Miss Mary Boice visited her sister at Petoskey over Sunday.

Miss Ruth Chellis spent Sunday at her home in Ellsworth.

Misses Ethel Barbour and Rena Carroll visited their respective homes at Central Lake during the week-end.

The class is continuing their campaign in the sale of tickets for the lecture course. They have been quite successful but hope to be more so in the future with the help of the townspeople.

Several species of the woolly Bear Caterpillar have been obtained and are being closely watched by the students, who are very much interested in them.

DID THE OLD MAN GOOD.

Geo. W. Clough, of Frenness, 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.—Hite's Drug Store.

STATE INSTITUTE ASSOCIATION

Lansing, Mich., Sept. 18, 1915.
To Superintendents, Commissioners, Teachers and School Officers:

The sixty-third annual meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association will be held at Saginaw, October 28 and 29.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction hereby announces a teachers' institute for the State of Michigan to be held at the same time and place, and in connection with the Association.

School Boards are requested, to close their schools for Thursday and Friday, October 28 and 29, being authorized by law to close for institutes.

Teachers are entitled to the time and compensation if they attend this State institute. Teachers should secure certificates of attendance when they enroll.

The Institute-Association will have general sessions for everybody and special section meetings. These meetings will be addressed by some of the leading speakers in the country: Hon. Wm. Howard Taft; Dr. David Starr Jordan; Associate Supt. Wm. McAndrew New York City; Hon. P. P. Claxton; Mary Anton, writer and lecturer; Emma Church of the Appled Arts School of Chicago; Lou Eleanor Colby, writer and lecturer; Dean Walter Miller of the University of Missouri; Prof. Edward Elliot of the University of Wisconsin; Abbey L. Marlatt of the University of Wisconsin; Osborne McConathy of Evanston, Ill.; and F. D.

Crawshaw of Wisconsin, have been secured.

Every teacher, commissioner, superintendent and school officer in the state should be present. No one connected with educational work can afford to be absent.

Ample accommodations will be provided. For information as to rooms and board, address Supt. E. C. Warriner, Saginaw, E. S. For information in regard to the program, correspond with the secretary, Professor John P. Everett, Kalamazoo. Persons who desire to obtain their badges before reaching Saginaw may do so by sending the enrollment fee of one dollar to Secretary John P. Everett. Do not send stamps.

Very respectfully,
FRED L. KEELER
Supt of Public Instruction.

Don't carry a gun when you are hunting for work.

One man's success often spells failure for another.

Skirts should be high enough to escape the mud and low enough to escape criticism.

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.—Hite's Drug Store.

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.

The fools that rush in where angels fear to tread are lucky if they are able to crawl out.

The wise man puts his best foot forward, but the fool depends on the left hind foot of a rabbit.

A wise married man never praises the gown of another woman unless his wife has one more stylish.

It is difficult to rise above trouble if the trouble is a balky automobile. Usually one has to climb out and crawl under.

If you can keep a good resolution afloat for only one day it has done you at least twenty-four hours' worth of good.

There may be times when it isn't necessary to speak the truth—but at such times it is usually unnecessary to speak at all.

AT TEMPLE THEATRE
ONE NIGHT ONLY

MONDAY, Oct. 11th

JULE WALTERS

IN

SIDE TRACKED



THE FUNNIEST
MUSICAL COMEDY
DRAMA
EVER PRODUCED

Supported by a
METROPOLITAN CAST!

Several Up-to-date Specialties will be
introduced during the action of the play

ALL LAUGHS!

SEE THE TRAMP SIDE TRACKED

ADMISSION: 25c. 35c. 50c.

Seats Now on sale at Mack's.

SUPPOSED PAUPER HAD \$800 IN HAIR.

Woman Had Aided of Humane Society Just Before Her Death.
Tulsa, Ok.—Sadie Knight, who dropped dead on E. First St. on a recent afternoon, after having telephoned to Humane Agent A. M. Welch for financial assistance, and was later found to have almost \$800 concealed in her hair, is the owner of valuable property, according to her brother from Nesho, Mo., a farmer, who arrived here in response to a death message.

The dead woman held a mortgage for \$2200 upon Tulsa property, and is owner of farms in Missouri, the deeds of which she had left in the possession of her brother, with whom she has lived much of the time in recent years.

Her husband, from whom she was divorced fifteen years ago, is cashier of a bank in a well-known Missouri town, and one of the respected citizens of the community. Neither had married again after the separation.

A gold watch valued at \$125, which was presented to her by her husband before the divorce was issued, is missing. Friends of the woman declared that an hour before her death she had remarked that she was going to pawn the watch for \$5, with which to go to Humansville, Mo., and visit her mother.

Investigation, however, developed the fact that the watch is not in any of the local pawnshops, and the dead woman's brother declared positively that she would have parted with the keepsake under no consideration. The police will try to locate the timepiece.

She is survived by her mother, two brothers and two sisters. She had worked for numerous families and rooming houses in Tulsa, but none of her acquaintances ever suspected that she was hoarding any money or owned any property.

The greasy bills, in \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations, which the undertakers found wrapped up in "rats" and a tobacco sack in the woman's hair, were deposited in a local bank, subject to orders of the court, after an administrator of the estate is appointed. The bank counted the money and found it totalled the sum of \$797.

The bills, some of them so dirty and greasy that the amount could hardly be discerned, were quickly bundled up by the bank and sent to Washington, where treasury department officials will put them through the patent "laundering" process.

The brother from Nesho, who left his wheat harvest, attired in rough working clothes, to come to Tulsa, stated that his sister had suffered a serious spell with her heart while visiting him in Missouri about eleven months ago.

WALKS 2 MILES WHILE ASLEEP.

Picks Flowers and Strews Them on Husband's Grave.
Connellsville, Pa.—After a somnambulant feat which is believed to be without parallel, Mrs. Frank Fornwalt is under the care of a physician in the home of a friend.

Mrs. Fornwalt walked in her sleep from her home to Hill Grove cemetery, where she picked some pansies. Then, still asleep, she went to the grave of her husband in an adjoining cemetery, which she decorated.

Despite the heavy rain Mrs. Fornwalt failed to awaken, and leaving her husband's grave, she walked to her friend's home. In order to get to the cemetery Mrs. Fornwalt had to walk two miles from her home through the business section of the town.

Editor Didn't Eat Paper.

Oklmulgee, Ok.—Andrew Carmical, managing editor of a local newspaper, was alone in his office the other morning when a man entered the door, which he quietly closed and locked.

"Are you the editor?" Carmical was asked.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

THE ONLOOKER.

I am a fan for honest toil; my work-worn hands have bunions. I like to till the fertile soil and hoe the fragrant onion. I like to push the gleaming-plow athwart the tufted hummock; I like to milk the lop-eared cow, which kicks me in the stomach.

Such work appeals to every sense; with pleasure I pursue it, till some one sits upon the fence and tells me how to do it. I like to have my couch at dawn, all filled with vim and ardor, and mow my large and portly lawn, to labor hard and harder; and just when I enjoy it most, there comes a fat-headed neighbor, who leans against the hitchingpost, to criticize my labor.

"Your mower shouldn't touch the ground," exclaims that gitted liar; "just turn that doodad screw around and raise the rinktum higher. Unless those bearings you adjust and make the blades go slower, you'll spoil your lawn and likely bust your dabburned ten-cent mower. Just let me take your mower home, if you'd avoid disasters; I studied mowing grass in Rome, beneath the grand old masters."

"Is thus with every man tries; he cannot shear a gander, but what he gets some counsel wise from innocent bystander.

I like to weave into a song some chestnuts old and older, until the Aleck comes along and gazes o'er my shoulder.

"Your every stanza has a fault," I hear the Aleck sighing; "your rhythm's lame and blind and halt, your rhymes are law defying. You try to follow after Pope, by futile folk-blinded; a kid could turn out better dope, though he were feeble-minded."

I throw that Aleck down the stairs, who would with kicks assail me, and pelt him with the rugs and chairs, but naught does it avail me. Another Aleck comes along, the former's fate forgotten; he reads the verses of my song and says the same are rotten. We all are prone to overlook the work another's doer, and whisper in his ear, "Gadzooks! Your mind must be a ruin! If I should do such work as that, forever I should rue it. Just stand aside, poor, worthless flat—I'll show you how to do it!"

Now when we see the toiler sweat, why not come up a smiling and say, "You are the one best bet! Your style is sure beguiling!"—By Wait Mason, from Judge.

Who Foots the Bills for Sin?

Does any good citizen who fights for temperance and morality stop to think that he pays the enormous bills these involve, that he pays for the care of the vicious, the insane, the idle, the pauper and the outcast; that he foots the bill for every penitentiary, jail and prison and every inebriate asylum? Taxpayers are not among the vicious and the pauper class as a rule. The thrifty must pay for the unthrifty, the good for the bad. Is it not, therefore, all the greater reason why the good citizen should have his part, and a prominent one, in the selection of public officials and the supervision of the expenditure of public funds? Is it not better that the money of the taxpayers should be spent for educational purposes, for good roads, for abundant and satisfactory water supplies, for health and sanitation and all the other purposes which make for the welfare of the common people? If the good citizen steps away from the primaries and polls and leaves politics to ward workers, who marshal their forces in the taprooms and evil resorts, whose fault is it? Who is to blame but the good citizen? What have the churches to say in this matter? Is there any higher form of religion the clergy can preach than the first duty of the good citizen to the city, state and nation of which he is an integral part?—From Leslies.

Unless a man who claims to have religion uses it in his business he has the wrong brand.

"TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony.

TEMPERANCE NOTICES

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

NO MODEL LICENSE LAW.

Major Dan Morgan Smith was for four years general counsel for the liquor organization known as the Model License league. The following paragraphs from an address of his shows why he threw up that position and is now speaking and working for prohibition.

"For four years I advocated the passage of a model license law as a means of lessening the evils of drink. As the head of the law department of one of the three-largest liquor associations in America, I maintained that its passage would take the liquor dealers out of politics and the law-breakers out of the liquor business.

"Was I wrong? I shall never know, for the liquor crowd were paying me to talk reform and paying others to defeat reform!

"The model license law was effective as a vote-getter, but it never cleaned out one dive, never effected one reform, for, although advocated in every fight against prohibition in the last six years, it has never been enacted in any place. Its advocacy has fooled more decent people into voting with the liquor crowd than all the specious nonsense about taxes and personal liberty put together. Can we expect laws from the liquor camp that will eliminate the dive, or lessen drunkenness or stop the sale of liquor to minors? Can we expect brewery agents to pass laws that will take away the license of brewery-owned saloons? Can we expect legislators, nominated and elected by the brewery interests, to pass laws that will take the liquor business out of politics? No, the only thing we can expect from the liquor people is just what we have received in the past—lying promises.

PLEA FOR THE CHILD.

(From Address by FATHER PATRICK MURPHY of Texas.)
I contend tonight that there are helpless children whose little bodies are crying out for nourishment—the food they need—and yet the mother cannot cook it for them because that bunch get all the money first! The little child is crying. I'll tell you, and I am sure any doctors in the audience will bear me out, when a child in the poorer homes is not properly nourished, its pain is not in the stomach alone; there is not a blood cell in its little body that is not suffering.

I maintain that you men who are going to vote wet, should think of this: There is not a blood cell in the child's body that is not crying out to your God against you.

In your city there are little wasted hands raised up in pleading. You will find them in the homes of your drunkards. You will see the faces of the little ones, thin, emaciated and telling pathetically of their hungry bodies. These little children are praying that you will decide a great question regardless of what you seem to lose by it.

HERE TO STAY.

The following is quoted from a letter written by Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota to George W. Perkins, chairman of the Progressive national committee: "The prohibition movement today differs from that movement in other times. When you and I were boys, every spring there was seen a temperance agitation and everybody took the pledge. Some kept it and some did not. The present movement is entirely different. There is no hysteria or excitement about it. It is simply a calm, deliberate judgment on the part of the American people, from the man who employs to the man who is employed, that the saloon is a menace. Having come in this quiet way, free from hysteria and excitement, and as a result of deliberate judgment, I am inclined to think it is here to stay, and if times are good, is liable to be more of a factor than we sometimes suppose."

IN RUSSIA.

From July to December there were recorded in Petrograd in 1913 ninety-seven suicides, but in 1914 only fourteen. The same phenomenon was observed in Warsaw, where during the first half of 1914 there were recorded 419 suicides, and during the second half only 205. The reduction of the number of small loans made by the pawnshops, and the increase of the deposits in the savings banks, were among the further gratifying results of temperance. For the first two months of 1915 the savings banks of Petrograd received deposits exceeding the figures for the corresponding months of 1914 by one and a half million rubles (\$250,000), while throughout Russia the quantity of deposits increased by a hundred billion rubles (\$10,000,000).

HOW TO IMPROVE SALOONS.

A liquor paper wants to know how to improve the saloon. We make the following suggestions, and guarantee that if followed they will improve any saloon in America:
Take down the sign.
Move out the bars and fixtures.
Empty the stock in trade down the sewer.
Get the bartenders some other work.
Pull down the curtains.
Lock the doors.
Put a "To Rent" sign on the outside.—Exchange.



1395. A Unique and Comfortable House Apron.

"The body and sleeve in one" idea has been carried out in garments of every sort hence the busy sewer and home dressmaker, will welcome this mode in an apron that is not only simple but practical in that it covers most all of the dress worn underneath and is easy to make because of few seams. The design is suitable for percale, alpaca, lawn, gingham, seersucker or chambray. The free edges could be scalloped and embroidered. Blue and white checked gingham, with bandings of white would be neat and would launder well. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

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

A CHIC COAT FOR COLD DAYS.



1347. A Child's Coat, with Yoke and Sleeve with Shirring or with Cuff Finish.

This style was attractively developed in white gabardine with pipings of black satin. It would also develop well in sand colored gabardine, and is smart for taffeta, black satin, broad cloth, pique, serge, or poplin. The yoke is shaped, and laps in front at low neck opening. The sleeve is finished with a rolling collar. The sleeve may have a straight band cuff, or the cuff with points arranged over the band finish, or it may be shirred in quaint and becoming style, especially good for soft fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size.

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

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.—Hites Drug Store.

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.

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.

Yes—Many People have told us the same story—distress after eating, gases, heartburn. A **Roxall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal will relieve you. Sold only by us—25c.
W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:
CONSCIOUSNESS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. ROBERT RODGERS.

Text: "Ye have not so learned Christ."—Ephesians 4:20.

The thought with which I am impressed, and with which I would impress you—is that Christ—the God-man—stands facing the world of men and women as the greatest and most important factor in human life. Everything we do should be done in a consciousness of His presence; everything we do will be judged by Him, and His judgment will be visited upon us and be felt by us. This we have learned of Christ, if we have heard Him and been taught by Him. When I speak of Christ, I mean to express the thought that comes into our hearts and minds when we speak of God.

This, is the most important message that can be delivered to a man—if he can be assured of its truth and made to live under its inspirations. When I open my Bible, its first words tell the great story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and as man has learned the knowledge of the heavens and earth, of the mighty force, the beauty, the bounty in supplying all that is needful for the millions of mankind, the laws, which are so wonderful, man comes more and more to enter into this knowledge of nature, he speaks of God with adoration and reverence. The infinite God of infinite wisdom, infinite goodness is our only explanation.

The greatest power of the mightiest human intellect sinks into insignificance before the ultimate analysis of a drop of water or a grain of sand when the scientist intimates to us what is involved in its creation. I think we can understand the cry of Browning, "O World as God made it." All is beauty! or Wordsworth's words in the "Excursion" when the wanderer, full of spirit of worship, says, "The clouds were touched, and in their silent faces did He read utterable love!"—In the same spirit Ruskin speaks, "It is quite certain it is all done for us and for our perpetual pleasure." How near into the presence of the Infinite God these men have come who have been able to enter into the wonders and beauties of nature. From Job to David, and from David to the last thoughtful student in the earth's book, has come this feeling of nearness to God, and happiness and comfort in being nestled in the everlasting arms.

The thought that I am trying to convey is not so much that our minds shall rest on the wonders of nature, but that the mind shall advance, through these things, into the consciousness of God—the supremacy of the Infinite, the Fatherhood of God. There is one test, and one alone, which will satisfy men of the character of any object. "By their fruits ye shall know them." When Robert Fulton, a century ago, speaks of steam navigation, men say, let me see what you can do. The Clermont steams on the Hudson, and men were satisfied of his sanity and wisdom. For a century men have been speaking of flying in the air, a few have believed it possible, but with millions of doubters have said, we will wait and see. And now we know it can be done because we have seen it.

Let us see! What are the effects of this new thing? In law, medicine, science, the same test is required. It is also God's way of judging. Christ said of trees what He meant to say of men: A good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Therefore, "by their fruits ye shall know them." It is this universal standard of judgment—God's judgment and man's judgment—that St. Paul is using for his appeal in our epistle for today. He is appealing to men who were Gentiles or heathen, but who have recently learned of Christ the Son of God, and given to Him their allegiance. New things are expected from their new discovery, their new faith. Let us see what your new faith or religion produces. The whole believing world, with St. Paul, looks on anxiously. How much it meant to that early band of persecuted followers, who were condemned and charged with hideous crimes, with being pestilential fellows, corrupters of people. How shall these few new converts act? And the unbelieving world was also looking on, ready to find and magnify the slightest wrong, amazed to see the slightest improvement. It is one of the mighty things of the past to which we can turn our minds and from which we can draw comfort and encouragement.

To see and to know that these men to whom the apostles are appealing, formerly heathen in their customs, won the world to the religion of Jesus Christ, won it away from barbarism, from idolatry and immoral corruption, what brave and good men and women they must have been. What mighty works can be done when people are brave enough to do them. Listen to St. Paul as he appeals plainly and practically: "You must put off the old things in which ye walked when ye were Gentiles, when your minds were darkened.

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Get less meat if kidneys feel like lead or bladder bothers you—Meat forms uric acid.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any food-drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications. A well-known local druggist says he has lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

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 SHERMAN BLOCK
East 7th Jan. 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.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 23.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS GIVEN QUIK RELIEF

Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any druggist can supply you. If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson, Rheumatic Cure Co., Newark, Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be sent prepaid.

OVER 25 YEARS EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly receive our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HARRISON on Patents sent free. Office 307 Broadway, New York. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special solicitor without charge, in the U. S. and foreign.
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any engineering journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MANN & CO. 307 Broadway, New York
Success Office, 405 F St., Washington, D. C.

WHO PAYS? THE LOVE LIARS BY EDWIN BLISS

(Copyright, 1915, by Fatho Exchange, Inc. All Moving Picture Rights and all Foreign Rights Reserved.)

FOURTH STORY

The door of No. 492 trembled violently, then lunged from its hinges and the two policemen leaped into the office. The clod that had been Charles Leed, investment broker, sprawled in a swivel chair, his head and the right hand, still gripping the revolver, reaching nervelessly out upon the littered desk.

The desk blotter was still a bit damp. A newspaper scare head there had been heavily marked by a 6B lead pencil:

"TITAN SHIP COMPANY FORCED TO WALL"
"War smashes Gigantic Enterprise—Mysterious Unknown Financier Behind T. S. Co. Loses Entire Investment."

A tiny memorandum slip, torn hurriedly from a book, with the names of the city's twelve principal banks and trust companies lay upon the floor. And that was all.

The Mirror's police reporter slipped into their puzzled conference.

"Sergeant told me a man phoned in he was going to kill himself here," he explained. "What do you boys make of it?"

"Well, you've got to hand it to the guy—he made good," Officer Carney answered. "Ought to make a big story, Harvey. Leed was dirty with money—wasn't he?"

The reporter smiled at the inference that a suicide never takes the biggest jump until his money is gone. Inwardly, he was laughing at their bewilderment. A good story? Why, it was a whale, a triple-decker of a story! And a story plainly written!

Charles Leed, the eminently wealthy investment broker, had been the mysterious unknown who shovelled millions so carelessly into the smashed ship company. With the last glimmering of hope he had written the wealthy heiress, Miss Selma Ashton, that her millions had been a part of those swept away. But why Selma Ashton, unless she had made a recent demand for money that hastened the climax? The blotter, turned upside down against the mirror, had spelled out the substance of the broker's last note. He consulted again the memorandum slip. Undoubtedly, he had it correctly.

Leed was the mysterious backer of the Titan company. The Titan company smashed. Selma Ashton inconveniently required money. Leed tackled the banks and trust companies mentioned on the slip for aid but without success. Then—a subject for the coroner.

Mrs. Pressley's lips compressed as she read David Dwight's note. The thought of his marriage to the beautiful creature just across the tea things was repugnant to her.

Selma Ashton checked the laugh upon her lips, a roguish gleam lighting her eyes. Under lowered lashes she mused aloud.

"He's a dear, old man," she murmured as though to herself, studying the shades of disgust upon Mrs. Pressley's countenance with infinite relish. "He's got simply millions and his wife would get it all, and they say a private physician devotes all his time to keeping him alive from hour to hour."

Mrs. Pressley's nose upturned. "He's so sweet and kindly," Selma sighed. "And even though he is old and feeble you can see for yourself the flame of love burns strong in his heart. Right on the heels of his note he announces he will come to put his important question. A perfect Loch-in-var, my dear!"

She threw back her head, bursting into peal after peal of ringing laughter. Mrs. Pressley drew herself erect, uncertain whether to assume an air of injured dignity or to join in the mirth.

"You dear old thing!" Selma gasped. "Of course, I haven't any idea of marrying him. In the first place he's old, and in the second place he's not the man I want, and in the third place he isn't the man I want to marry and never could be. But you were so funny when you thought me in earnest. Just for that I'll forgive your scolding about my asking Mr. Leed to send me a hundred thousand dollars. Now, we must be ready to receive the eager wooer."

Her companion ordered the butler to clear the tea table, then slowly followed the beautiful girl up the stairs. She could hear Selma dismissing her maid and moved into the hall, accompanying her to the drawing room. She hurriedly started to withdraw at a flutter of the door-bell but halted inquiringly as the butler entered with a note for his mistress.

The companion gazed with increasing wonderment at the young heiress. A few moments before she had walked down the stairs with the radiant creature, the happy, care-free girl. And now, in the space of time it took for her eyes to travel across the lines

of a briefly scrawled note, all the girl's hard speculative expression there of a cold, calculating, scheming woman.

Mrs. Pressley took the note from the outstretched hand. It was brief, cruelly brief and arrogant, the note of the suicide broker who seemed to think his atonement made by the mere snuffing out of his own existence. Everything the girl possessed wiped out by the smash of the Titan Ship company!

The door bell pealed and she started violently. Her eyes fastened appealingly, half afraid, upon the girl. But Selma Ashton did not see her, immersed in her own thoughts. At the sound of the bell, her shoulders had straightened.

She turned slowly toward the door, half rising as the butler announced David Dwight. Her eyes met those of her companion, and there was a defiant expression in them, defiant yet triumphant. A nod of the head, sharp, decisive, dismissed the woman who started to protest against the sacrifice she could see the girl had determined to make.

David Dwight had not gained his millions through procrastination. He had come decisively to the point. And yet there was something splendid about him that made the older woman's heart go out to him. She repressed a little cry of pain as she caught the tremor that all unconsciously crept into his voice.

"I do not want you to marry me, Selma, unless you love me. I want you more than anything in the world—but not that much. Not without love, Selma, for I—I know what love means—now."

Came a scuffle at the door, following the bell. She could hear the butler's voice raised in protest against some intrusion, then the awkward scraping of feet immediately preceding an intruder's rush toward the room where the pair were. Mrs. Pressley peered through the portieres curiously. The newcomer was very young and very breathless and very dishevelled from his encounter with the butler, who was hurriedly pursuing his hand outstretched as though to grasp the intruder by the arm. Dwight rose angrily.

"Mirror reporter, Miss Ashton! Charles Leed is a suicide after misappropriating your fortune to prop up the Titan Ship company. Anything to say—"

With superb art, the girl half rose from the divan. She reached out her



It Was a Whale of a Story the Reporter Found.

hands as though to support herself, then sank gently back, staring incredulously at the reporter. The butler had his hand upon the fellow's shoulder and David Wright seized the other, hustling him toward the door.

Mrs. Pressley could not forego a final glance. Selma Ashton was smiling, but the smile died away as, patting his waistcoat which had become disarranged in the struggle, Dwight re-entered the room and stood looking down at her.

"You did not know, Selma?" He put the question softly, as though fearful of asking but eager for the answer. "You did not know before—"

"I understood—what you mean—" she said, quietly, but with a cutting incisiveness that showed the depth of her hurt. "You mean—that—" Her voice trembled, broke completely, as she found herself unable to voice the remainder of her sentence.

There is no poison more subtle nor effective than self-indulgence. Like a narcotic it grips the moral sense and submerges completely every feeling of obligation. But, as with all drugs, there are moments when the effect is bound to wear off and then

all the spectral horrors that gaze and grin at the addit have their hour.

Times there were when this hour visited Selma, driving her into deceptions for which she hated herself but which caused an intense, unreasoning loathing to rise within her against the price she had paid whereby to drug herself.

There was that terrible time when David Dwight asked her to drink to their future happiness. Clear as a deep-toned bell, two words only of the marriage ritual dinned at her ears, throbbled at her stupefied brain. Until death—Until death—Until death—

At her new home she bore herself regally as she met the servants, and was introduced to Doctor Holland, the young man who was in constant attendance on her husband. As his hand touched hers she felt an instant, unexplained sympathy for him.

Week trod upon the heels of week until Selma became conscious that she was keeping track of time, was counting days. She knew in her heart, yet would not admit to herself that time could never begin for her until she was freed from David Dwight.

Came the fear that something of this thought might be apparent to the man. And so by look, word and act she strove the more zealously to deceive him.

It was the third month that she came upon him in the library, came upon him and paused swiftly to retreat if her entrance had not been observed. She caught the rustle of skirts and, looking up, saw Mrs. Pressley and Doctor Holland in a corner of the room. The expression upon the companion's face was peculiarly accusing and yet triumphant, while that upon the countenance of Doctor Holland, as their eyes met, was half pity, half—she trembled violently as she tried to analyze exactly what the remainder of that expression told.

Though she had fought bitterly against it, there was something so virile, so young, so intrepid about the man's fight that she had admired him, even though she knew the thing he fought for made him the bitterest enemy she could have owned. This admiration she knew was more than reciprocated.

Dwight turned in his chair and she moved toward him. There was the light of a great happiness in his eyes, an expression which seemed to glorify the man. There was something so tremendously splendid about her husband and something so delicately fine and sensitive that seemed continually asserting itself in his face, causing such hot self-recrimination to arise within herself that she hated him for the torture he innocently caused.

There was something electrical in the very air of the room, something that caused her to be afraid. Dwight took her hand, resting it upon his chest, fondling it tenderly. The physician and Mrs. Pressley moved softly from the room. She looked at the millionaire's face more intently, her heart fluttering as she saw some great change there. And now, with a great wave of self-hatred at the criminality of the thought, she read it for what it was.

David Dwight, her husband, this man to whom she was bound for life, was a well man. David Dwight had regained his health. That life which for so long a time had been aflutter was now fixed and rigidly in place.

Even as he drew her soft cheek to his own, kissing her softly, tenderly, she felt herself go cold. She knew he was about to speak, about to tell her of the miracle and felt that she could stand no more now. She was stifling. She must get away before she betrayed herself.

Muttering an excuse she lunged blindly up the stairs to her own room. Snatching a scarf she groped her way to the garden, fighting down the bitterness within her heart. She seated herself on a bench in the little summer house, staring sightlessly before her, fighting desperately.

She looked up quickly at slow footsteps, her eyes lighting as Doctor Holland strolled down the walk, a book in his hand. For just a second she thought him about to pass on, after bowing to her, then, with a little shrug he seated himself beside her. She did not wish him there and still she was glad of his presence. She could not understand the conflict of absolutely antithetical emotions the man stirred up within her. Looking furtively at his troubled face she could see he was in no mood for chatter on trivialities.

In the flurry of the moment she reached out to take the book from his hands. It rested beside her, but her nerves seemed stunned, anesthetized. Something had seemed to break within the very soul of her at the contact of his fingers. She could not move from that magnetic touch.

Slowly, gently, so slightly as to be almost imperceptible, his fingers closed upon her own—just enough so she was aware the man knew what he was doing. She lifted her eyes, desperately, pleadingly.

Some power from outside herself caught and held her, breathless and afraid. Doctor Holland rose swiftly, his face wearing the expression of one who has looked upon deadly danger and wishes, yet is afraid, to embrace it. Without a word he turned upon his heel and strode toward the house.

With lips parted, Selma stared before her. She knew now that the great doctor had come to her with his demand for payment in full. And she knew that evasion of the debt was—

The rustle of a petticoat caused her to look up in quick anger. Mrs. Pressley stood before her, an accusing, righteous expression on her face that

told the young wife instantly the scene that had just transpired was no secret to the companion. In a fit of anger, Selma dismissed her from her service and she went straight to the husband, with her story.

Dwight looked up from the note Mrs. Pressley had just thrust into his hands, a little puzzled. He had not known before that the suicide broker had notified Selma of the embezzlement of her fortune. Still, what of it now? And why was the unusually good-natured lady in such a towering rage?

"But, my dear Mrs. Pressley, why do you give this to me?" he queried. "It merely states what you and I and all the world know—that Mrs. Dwight's fortune was embezzled. Oh, I see," he cried, a great glow of understanding coming upon him, "the



Caressing the Husband She Does Not Love.

note reached your hands and you kept it from Selma, fearing the shock—"

"The note, Mr. Dwight, came before you asked Mrs. Dwight to marry you," the companion interrupted sharply. "You had written a trifle earlier that you intended proposing that evening. Miss Ashton told me that she intended refusing you. Then came this word from Leed—and she married you."

Dwight smiled incredulously, though grim lines had formed about the corners of his mouth.

"You—had—better—go—immediately—" He clipped off the words like steel particles. Mrs. Pressley turned in her hurried retreat but there was something in those eyes that checked her.

For a long time the millionaire stood there, his arm rigidly outstretched as though he would drive from the room the evil thoughts the desperate woman had left behind. Then he laughed, laughed with an attempt at lightness. The crumpled ball of paper fell to the floor from his hand.

Slowly, slowly he reached down and picked it up, tucking it in his pocket carefully. Then he sank back in the big chair, thinking, thinking.

It was a month after the discharge of Mrs. Pressley that he stealthily moved from his chair in the library as Selma slipped out into the night air, followed shortly by Doctor Holland. He had tried to convince himself that the change in manner toward him on his wife's part was due to some intuitional reading of his thoughts. Even now he fought against the impulse which caused him to spy on the pair.

Clearly silhouetted against the night he made out her figure. Her face was covered with her hands and he could see she was sobbing silently to herself. Doctor Holland was strolling toward her, yet Dwight was aware that the physician had not seen her. He slipped quickly behind a stone pillar.

He caught the uncertainty, the surprise of the doctor as he caught sight of the woman. He caught the impulse of the man to comfort her, saw the fighting down of that impulse. Then Doctor Holland placed his hand upon her shoulder, his voice but the gentlest whisper of a sound as he called her name. She turned and looked up at him, then swiftly, some iron band of self-restraint within her snapped, and she flung her arms about his neck.

With her head resting upon his chest he murmured words which thundered back to the millionaire behind the pillar, killing something inside the very soul of the man, even as it quickened the life in his body.

Suddenly Selma drew away, crouching, fearful, as she regarded the man toward whom she had gone in her hour of weakness. Dwight leaned forward the better to listen. Her voice was broken, wild with a passionate despair as it rang in his ears.

"No—No—You must not. You must go. I will—I must be true to him while he lives. You must, go—you must—"

David Dwight turned quickly and groped his way back to the house. In the hall he paused uncertainly, his hand upon the knob of the library door as though he had just come from there. Selma entered and he called softly, tenderly to her, putting his arm about her, kissing her tenderly, even as he reached out and clasped the hand of Dr. Holland, who came in immediately after her.

Slowly the pair moved up the stairs

and David Dwight watched them from beside the library door. He was cold now. Something had died within him. He frowned, a bit puzzled at the effort at identification. He had it—it was his soul that had been killed. That was why he had laughed inwardly as he placed his arms where those of Holland had been but a scant few moments before, as he felt the instinctive shrinking away of the woman he had married. That was why he had been so gleeful as Holland's hand returned no pressure to his own.

With a murdered soul, David Dwight found hatred had become joy.

As Dwight looked about the laboratory and in the bedroom for Doctor Holland he was a bit disappointed to find the young man out.

Lately his jealous hatred had grown to such an abnormal extent that he dreaded losing sight of either of the guilty pair for one moment, lest they had fled the agony they were enduring. And today he proposed finally showing his hand, on this first anniversary of his marriage.

He had not quite decided what humiliation he would heap upon Holland, Selma's was already arranged, a humiliation that lacked nothing of refinement and dignified, courteous cruelty. He smiled as he tapped his coat pocket where a jeweler's little box lodged which was to be his present to her.

As he started to leave the room, the title, Toxicology, seemed fairly to leap from the cover of the opened book lying amid the table litter and strike him between the eyes. He plucked it up curiously, turning it over in his hands, reading fragments here and there at the place where it had been opened. Then he examined the little vial with the red skull and cross-bones on its label that had rested beside the book.

A grayish shadow turned his healthy color to a dull leaden compromise of hue, as he slowly replaced the little bottle. For a moment he stood there undecided, then, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned and closed the door softly behind him.

"While he lives—I shall be true to him," that was what Selma had said that night in the garden when he had seen her abjure the love she admittedly desired. "While he lives."

Dwight resumed his library chair, pondering this new phase of the situation in his household. Yes, were he in Holland's place he would probably see to it that his rival did not live long. What had ailed the doctor that he had postponed the act this length of time?

Impatiently he looked at his watch. The time had dragged terribly, the hour before the guests arrived for the banquet, the hour immediately before which he intended unnerving his wife so the feast would be torment to her.

Slowly he rose, pausing a moment to compose his expression into the one of tender solicitude he had used as a mask for a long time now. He moved up the stairs, light as a boy, tapping softly at his wife's door and dismissing the maid with a nod. She submitted to his caresses wearily, the fresh beauty of her a trifle drooping.

He had intended speaking a few commonplace first, but as his eyes took in the drooping corners to her mouth, the haggard lines about the eyes and realized what had put them there, he could not trust his self-control. She opened the box wearily, trying to simulate a delight at the present which she knew she could not feel. Once she looked up and caught his eyes upon her eager, cruel, gloating.

Her fingers trembled as, instead of a bit of jewelry, she found a crumpled note, opening it slowly. She did not tremble, did not cry out as again she lifted her eyes to Dwight's, after reading the letter from Charles Leed, telling her that her fortune had been wiped away. Her dulled brain refused to work, her aching heart refused to regard the question of where he obtained possession of that note as of any importance.

He motioned her to pick up the card that remained in the box and she turned it over and over in her hand. "A reminder from your husband that you lied to him and that you have only served the first year of a long sentence." She read it aloud the second time. Then her lips parroted the words slowly, as would a child learning his lesson. And gradually the threat dawned upon her and she looked hurriedly about her as though seeking some means of escape.

That note from Leed—He knew that she had married him for his money. But what else did he know, this man of superlative cruelty? Did he know of Holland?

Dwight peered over the balustrade into the dining room, then drew back, ever though his eyes looked the more keenly into the place. He saw his wife touch the physician on the arm, saw her lips move, caught the nervous start of the man, then the light laugh with which he answered as he replaced a vial in his pocket.

But David Dwight laughed also. For he had seen the sinister red of the skull and cross bones—the same vial he had seen in the doctor's laboratory earlier in the day. Charming courtesy was his manner as he received the guests already arriving.

"—and the man to whom I intrust my health and happiness will propose the first toast."

Even as their friends applauded rapturously at this tribute from the millionaire, Selma turned sharply toward him. In a flash she divined that Dwight knew everything, knew of her

love for Holland quite as well as he did the reason for her marrying him: it was in his voice.

The maternal instinct within her told her the man proposed another revenge. Her eyes met his and she shrank away before the cruel glint there. He bowed gracefully for silence then extended his glass slightly as he continued:

"And as a further token of my esteem, Doctor Holland shall drink from my glass."

And then she understood, understood even as the man she loved received the wine glass from the man to whom she was bound. The instinct to cry out aloud a warning was upon her but she repressed it. She turned away with a shudder, conscious that Holland was speaking. She could not catch the words.

And suddenly she realized that she loathed this man too. Revenge—revenge—was that all man thought of, lived for, died for? The man she loved had been caught in his own trap and was merely showing himself a thoroughbred. And when he fell dead, who did they think was to pay for the scandal—who was to pay?

She half rose from her chair, even as the doctor's elbow crooked to sip at the wine. A second she remained there, then slumped heavily against the arm holding the glass, her eyes closing in feigned swoon. David Dwight's arms were about her, lifting her, carrying her to the library and placing her upon the couch. When he left the room, after turning her over to the maid, she listened to the excited chatter, the murmur of suppressed anxiety from the departing guests, lulled by her husband's soothing tones. Out of the corners of her eyes she had seen Holland heavily ascending the stairs, could feel herself listening for some sound that would tell her what he was doing.

David Dwight stood in the hallway, shaking hands with the last of the guests when she saw the doctor coming down the stairs, a suit case in his hand. She half rose upon the couch, then moved out into the room, her breath coming in a little hissing sound. She could hear the voices of the men, then, for the first time in their married life, was aware from the shrill note in the millionaire's voice that he was losing his temper. A second later came the scuffle of feet and Dwight and Holland burst into the room. At sight of her the husband regained control of himself, dropping his hold upon the younger man and laughing.

"And so you thought you would leave my house, doctor? You thought you would dodge the collector, eh? You thought you would take what you wished and then evade the payment, my young friend?"

Selma drew closer. It seemed to her she had heard the words before.

"Well, leave the house, doctor, if you wish. Leave the house and I shall brand you everywhere as the man who tried to kill his patient so he could steal his wife—or rather take the wife he already had stolen. You



Fearing His Love for the Bride, Doctor Holland Decides to Leave.

are at liberty to leave the house, Doctor Holland."

Suddenly the laughter died out of his voice and his face grew grim and terrible, deadly, implacable.

"Of course, you cannot leave the house. Neither of you can leave the house. I am a millionaire and I did not get those millions by leaving things undone, by permitting bills to go uncollected. I gained my money—by buying it; I gained my wife—by purchase; I bought my health."

"Health—that I bought; Life—that I bought from you, Holland. Woman—of purchase—when I bought you, Selma. And in my vaults you shall stay—both of you. Here in this house you shall remain with me until death, by natural means, compa to release you. Here in this house you shall live, both of you, and you shall look upon each other, you shall long for one another—but the jailer will be here in this debtor's prison also."

"A nun and a monk—and a jailer. An unwilling nun, an unwilling monk—and a jailer. And there shall be no whisper of that love; there shall be no caress that shows that love. For I shall be a good jailer. And you shall see to it that I live long, Doctor Holland. And you shall see to it that your husband is made comfortable, Selma. For you are paying the price."

WHO PAYS?
(End of the Fourth Story.)
The title of the next story is "Un- to Herself Alone."

Briefs of the Week

"Side Tracked," Temple Theatre, next Monday night.

The Board of Supervisors for Charlevoix County will convene for the annual fall meeting at Charlevoix next Monday.

Robert, three months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tafelski, died on Monday. The funeral was conducted by Father Kroboth from St. Joseph's church on Wednesday morning.

At a special meeting of the Boyne City school district last Monday, it was decided to purchase the roller rink in that city for school athletics. G. Von Platen donated \$200 toward equipment.

"Can a Business Man Become a Christian," will be the theme Rev. Sidebotham will deliver a sermon on at Presbyterian church Sunday evening. This is the second of the series of meetings under auspices of the Young People's Bible Class.

Miss Reva Porter and Mr. Lewis Conrade, two well known young people of this city were united in marriage Wednesday evening at the home of the brides mother, Mrs. Lillian Porter on the West Side. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Clemens, pastor of the Methodist church.

The Annual game hunt and supper of K. P. Lodge No. 180, was held this week. On Thursday the hunt was held, the contesting sides being captained by Ira D. Bartlett for the "reds" and R. A. Brintnall for the "blues." Inasmuch as it was a blue day Mr. Brintnall's side won out, the points being 2800 and 2000 respectively. Friday night the feast was held at 6:30, Nels Muma being chief.

The date of the Catholic Ladies' Bazaar has been changed. It will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, October 20 and 21. There will be a full line of aprons and very many beautiful fancy articles besides warm hand-made mittens for the children, and quilts. Also many other features. Come in and see even if you don't buy. The bazaar will be held in Sherman's Hall, over Bartlett's store.

A force of workmen under Commissioner Hipp have been at work on the Boyne Falls-Boyne City road for some time and a portion of it is already now. Crushed stone is being used and when it is all completed a guaranteed preservative will be applied by a representative from the factory. This preservative will not be paid for until it has been in service one year and has proved to be all that is claimed for it—Boyne Citizen.

"The Spectator"—Vol. 1, No. 1, is issued by the students of East Jordan High School this week. The publication is a newsy little four-column, four-page monthly paper devoted to things pertaining to our public schools. The editor-in-chief [whatever that is] is Victor Cross, and Charles Danto is business manager. The assistants are Grace Malpass, Hilton Milford, Helen Hilliard, Walter Hockstad, Donald Porter, Dick Dicken and Merle Dean. Supt. Holliday is engineering the publication, and says in an item that the paper "will continue to be published as long as its financial support is sufficient." The paper is worthy the support of our citizens, both with their advertising, patronage and subscriptions, and we trust the students will make a success of their venture.

Get your Fresh Roasted Peanuts at Carl's Stand. They're always warm.



YOUR PORTRAIT in your own home, the most fitting background imaginable, will reflect YOUR personality—and because it does will be more appreciated.

Home portraiture is the most convenient for you—our equipment makes it simple for us.

Phone 112 for an appointment today.

KIRKPATRICK PHOTOGRAPHER

Chas. West was a Central Lake visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Wilks returned from Alger on Saturday last.

A. B. Meech was a Charlevoix visitor first of the week.

Columbus Day, Oct. 12, will be a free day, at St. Joseph's school.

Fred Price is here from Northport for a few days visit with relatives.

Nelson R. Torrey of Cadillac was an East Jordan business visitor, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman were Traverse City visitors, first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Crosby were Traverse City business visitors, Thursday.

F. M. Luther, Piano Tuner, will be in East Jordan soon. Leave orders at Mack's.

Mrs. Wm. Boudrie and daughter returned from Pinconning latter part of last week.

Mrs. Herman Goodman is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clyde Dewey at Bellaire this week.

Misses Mildred Drescher and Grace Campbell visited Central Lake friends over Sunday.

Miss Naomi Grant went to Traverse City on Saturday, where she will remain for the winter.

Mrs. Joseph Kenny entertained at a sewing party on Thursday, for the Catholic Ladies' Bazaar.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Trumbull returned home first of the week from a trip to Oklahoma and Colorado.

Louis Johnson and wife went to the southern part of the state, on Thursday, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter returned home Thursday from a ten-days stay at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Fred Caulkins left Miss Foster's Home, Tuesday, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. James Evans is reported as seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dora Kowalske on State-st.

Clarence Lalonde, who is suffering from a badly inflamed eye, is being cared for at Miss Foster's Home.

Mrs. Addison Stewart will leave this Saturday for Flint where she joins her husband who has employment there.

Mrs. Oscar Walstad returned to her home at Engadine, Thursday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Walstad.

Basil Shehee was taken to the Petoskey hospital first of the week, where he underwent an operation for acute appendicitis.

Mrs. Ora Bundy and daughter arrived Friday from Vincennes, Ind., called here by the illness of her mother Mrs. James Evans.

A number of neighbors and friends of Mrs. Addison Stewart surprised her on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robt. Spence.

R. Y. McBride of Shady Nook farm, had the misfortune to lose the end of right hand little finger while loading an ensilage cutter at H. E. Hutton's Tuesday.

The interior of A. W. Freiberg's store building is being remodeled, and in the near future Ray W. Hott will open a barber shop in part of the building.

Mrs. Charles Alexander returned home, Thursday, from Detroit. She accompanied her mother, Mrs. Ames of Traverse City, to a Detroit hospital for treatment.

The East Jordan Equal Suffrage League will meet with Mrs. E. E. Hall next Saturday afternoon, Oct. 16th, at 2:30 o'clock. An invitation extended to all to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman with children and the former's mother, Mrs. Estella Sherman, autoed to Vanderbilt, Sunday. Mrs. LeRoy Sherman with children remained for a week's visit.

Leonard Dudley, who has been pastor of the L. D. S. church in this city for a number of years, left Tuesday for Lansing where he has a position, and where, with his family, they will make their home.

A bay pony belonging to the East Jordan Lumber Co., fell off the tramway at Mill B, Monday, driving one of the skills through its neck. The skill was removed, and the pony seems none the worse from its experience.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its regular monthly meeting with Mrs. E. A. Lewis Friday, Oct. 15, 2:30 p. m. Dr. Winifred Heston who recently returned from India, will deliver an address. Everyone interested is cordially invited to attend.

Allan Brown died at the County Home, Wednesday, after a long illness. Deceased was over eighty years of age. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon conducted by Rev. John Clemens, pastor of the Methodist church.

Get the "Five and a Half" habit.

B. E. Waterman left Friday for Traverse City on business.

W. A. Duran left Tuesday for Lansing where he has a position.

M. H. Robertson returned home Thursday, remaining over Sunday.

Pros. Atty Lewis and Sheriff Novak were in our city on business, Thursday.

Adolph Gagnon of Northport is guest of his sister, Mrs. A. J. Hite over Sunday.

Mrs. Pearl McHale entertained a number of her lady friends at her home Friday evening.

Postoffice Inspector McDougall of Ste Ste Marie was here on a regular inspection tour last Saturday.

Mrs. F. P. Ramsey was called to Detroit, Thursday, by the serious illness of her brother, Jack Weikel.

Mrs. Harry S. Price and Miss Gwendolen Boyd left Friday for Grand Rapids where they will spend Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Kimball are entertaining the latter's uncle, John Vanderventer, and wife, of Dundee, Monroe county.

G. W. Beal and family now occupy the W. P. Squier residence on Willow Brook addition, recently vacated by A. B. Meech.

This morning (Saturday) East Jordan is enjoying its first snow storm of the season. The earliest snow that has fallen here in years.

H. W. Prior, who has been quite ill for several weeks went to the Kalamazoo hospital, Monday. Dr. F. P. Ramsey accompanied him.

Peter Stephan and mother, Mrs. Harriet Stephan, left Saturday morning for Lansing where he has employment and where they will make their future home.

Miss Mary Kitsman underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Petoskey hospital, last Sunday. She is convalescing favorably and expects to be home next week.

Rev. W. F. Kendrick, district superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal church, conducted quarterly conference at the local church, Friday evening. He was guest at the home of Rev. Clemens.

Contractor Ed. R. Price returned to his work at Bay City Saturday last. He went by way of Grayling. His sister Mrs. Eugene Adams, with children, accompanied him to Grayling where she visited friends, returning home Tuesday.

The Sunday evening choir of the Methodist church is augmented by the addition of a mixed quartet, who are giving delightful music. The quartet consists of Supt. Holliday, R. E. Webster, Miss Coleman, and Miss Jennie Waterman.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Morning Services at 10:30—Subject: "The Unifying of the Soul."
Evening subject: "Demas"—the Man Who Loved His Present Age."
Sabbath School and Epworth League at the usual hours.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 10
8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.
10:30 a. m. High mass.
7:00 p. m. Meeting for Holy Name Societies, Question-Box, Benediction.

Get the "Five and a Half" habit.

Fresh Roasted Peanuts—always warm—at Carl's Stand.

Money to Loan on good real estate Security.—Enquire of Atty D. H. Fitch

I have a stock of AUTO LAMPS that will fit ninety per cent of all autos made.—GEO. SPENCER.

For Sale—Two male HOLSTEIN CALVES—registered Stock. Will sell for \$25.00 each if taken at once.—COUNTRY FARM, John Mombberger, Manager. Phone 54.

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.

Colors Retained.

All are familiar with the old rule of putting salt in the water to prevent clothes from fading, but have you ever tried putting a very little pepper into the first sudsy wash? This tends to keep the colors from running, says the Pictorial Review. Many delicate colors, especially pinks, lavenders and blues, are bound to fade more or less each time they are washed. If you dissolve a little dye in the last rinsing water, you'll find that their color will be retained. It is necessary, of course, to use the dye each time the dresses are laundered. If you are washing anything green, a little alum dissolved in the rinsing water will usually prevent its fading. And when laundering sheer white dresses, have you ever tried putting a small piece of gum-arabic in the rinsing water? It gives the material a fresh crispness.

Tried Cooking Recipes

Creamed Lima Beans—If dried lima beans, soak over night, boil in a little salted water until tender, cook down all the water, or if in a hurry, drain. Add a cup of cream, a little butter, and pepper and salt, simmer a few minutes and serve.

Macaroni Pudding—Two ounces of macaroni, two tablespoons of sugar, two cups milk, one egg and one-half a teaspoon of vanilla extract. Break the macaroni into short lengths and boil it for ten minutes in plenty of boiling salted water. Then pour away the water, add the milk and sugar and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Beat up the egg and add it to the macaroni and milk. Put all into a buttered pudding dish and bake in the oven for half an hour.

Fish in Flemish Fashion—Fish is very good when cooked in Flemish fashion. Brush the bottom of an ordinary baking pan with a little butter and cover with a layer of chopped onions. On top of this place the fish, which has been carefully washed and dried; brush the top with the yolk of an egg, dust with salt and pepper and squeeze the juice of a lemon over all; bake in a quick oven thirty minutes; dish carefully on a hot platter and garnish with parsley and lemon; put half a pint of water in the pan in which the fish was cooked, add two level tablespoons of butter and two of flour, rubbed together; stir until smooth, add one-half a teaspoon of salt, then strain this over the fish.

Molasses Cookies—Boil together (not more than three minutes) one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of shortening, beef or pork drippings is the best if not burnt, take from fire and let cool; one rounded teaspoonful of soda, put it in cup you had your molasses in, and pour on it nearly one-half cup of boiling water, stir in the cooling mixture, when cool stir in two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, sifted with some flour for mixing, add flour enough for rolling, using half-pint measure cups. This recipe makes four dozen good-sized cookies.

Barley Soup—Whether looked upon as a sweet or sour, this is a nourishing, satisfying dish. Soak for twelve hours one teacup of carefully cleaned pearl barley. Drain; cover with three pints of boiling water, add a teaspoon of salt, a teacup of seeded raisins, and the grated rind and juice of an orange; set on the back of the range and simmer for three to five hours, adding water as it cooks away.

Epurean Salad—Line a pretty cut glass or china salad dish with water cress; then heap on this one cupful of sliced, crisp celery, one onion-sliced thin, one green pepper, boiled and sliced, with seeds first discarded, a dozen of green nasturtium seed pods, two-dozen round radishes cooked tender and sliced, a generous pinch of dry mustard, salt; smother in mayonnaise sauce and sprinkle with Roquefort cheese.

Quick Dessert—Beat two eggs, yolks and whites together, and turn into a cup. Fill the cup with sweet cream, add one cup of fine granulated sugar and one and one-half cups of flour in which three level teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted. Also a teaspoon of lemon flavoring. Bake in a round pan. When ready for use take a sharp knife; cut through the crust an inch from the edge and remove the crust and part of the crumbs, leaving a thick shell of cake. Beat a cup of cream, sweeten and flavor it and fill the cake. This is nice if you happen to have a loaf of sponge cake in the house and you want to prepare a quick dessert.

Veal Terrapin—Cut into wide dice sufficient lean cooked veal to measure a heaping pint. Melt in a saucepan two tablespoons of butter, add one large tablespoon of chopped onion, and cook slowly for ten minutes without browning. Add one tablespoon and a half of flour; cook ten minutes, then stir in gradually one cupful and a half of hot milk. When smoothly thickened add the meat, salt and pepper to season and simmer for fifteen minutes. Add the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs cut fine, one tablespoon of lemon juice, one tablespoon of mushroom catsup and two tablespoons of sherry, and serve garnished with olives.

Baked Apples
Wash, core and cut apples into eights; place in a baking dish and sprinkle with sugar. Add another layer of apples and sugar until the dish is as full as desired. Add water as for baking apples in the ordinary way, bake until soft and serve with the meat course at dinner. The skin, which is left on, gives a fine flavor.

Orange Pudding
Put three ounces of breadstuffs in the bottom of a dish. Put over them the juice (strained) of three oranges mixed with two teaspoonfuls sifted sugar. Add to this a custard made with half a tumblerful of milk and two eggs flavored with a very little ratalia. Steam for three-quarters of an hour. Sauce—Orange juice sweetened with sugar.

When a young man begins to attend church regularly it's an easy matter to discover the female in the case.

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

The more children a woman has the fewer theories she has about raising them.

No wonder a woman seldom knows her own mind; she changes it so often.

But let the sluggard attend a picnic and the ant will surely come to him.

A man seldom knows what he doesn't want until after he acquires it.

The average man's conscience is more elastic than his suspenders.

Many a good reputation has been stabbed by a pointed tongue.

When a good man goes in for reform work he begins at home.

The Lord made woman and she made herself over into a lady.

And man is also the architect of most of his own misfortunes.

A declaration of independence of coats in summer is in order.

The man who drinks like a fish does not take kindly to water.

If it wasn't for men, fewer women would dislike each other.

You don't need bank references in order to borrow trouble.

Use Coal Oil.

Coal oil is recommended as an excellent cleaning agent. One woman uses a rag moistened with coal oil to clean her stained floors, to clean woodwork, porcelain bathtub and stand and also to polish the wall behind the kitchen range.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Citolar - CITROLAX

Best thing for constipation, sour stomach, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Stops a sick headache almost at once. Gives a most thorough and satisfactory flushing—no pain, no nausea. Keeps your system cleansed, sweet and wholesome. Ask for CITROLAX.—Hites Drug Store.

Some men couldn't hear the small voice of conscience thru a megaphone. The bald man is anxious to part with his comb and brush—but he can't. The bet you intended to make but didn't is always the one safe bet.

The greengrocer is in a position to acquire a lot of ripe experience.

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.

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.

You Can Enjoy Life

Eat what you want and not be troubled with indigestion if you will take a

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet
before and after each meal. Sold only by us—25c a box.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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.

WOMB SAGE TEA IN LIFELESS, GRAY HAIR

Look young! Common garden Sage and Sulphur darkens so naturally nobody can tell

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a new hair restorer. When her hair fell out or looked on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.

The less a man talks, the more others may appreciate him.

Honesty should go hand in hand with an insurance policy.

A boy on mischief bent may go straight to the bad.



Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Gives a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dust off—that remains to the stove—that lasts four times as long as any other.

Black Silk Stove Polish

is in a class by itself. It's more carefully made and made from better materials.

Try it on your parlor stove, your cook stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your money is refunded. Your grocery dealer is authorized to refund your money.

There's "A Shine in Every Drop!"

Get a Can TODAY



CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. There's no other. Buy your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best Relief. Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH

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

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

What is the Best Remedy For Constipation?

This is a question asked us many times each day. The answer is

Exall Orderlies

We guarantee them to be satisfactory to you. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Everybody Likes It

Something-To-Do

CHILDREN ARE WILD OVER IT

It is the greatest help for many children that has ever been devised.

A POSTAL CARD BRINGS YOU A COPY

Of this great help for many children that has ever been devised. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

SOMETHING-TO-DO

BOSTON, MASS.

THE DOUBLE DEALER

By VARICK VANARDY.

Author of "Missing—\$81,500."

Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

It and hurried with swift steps toward the door of the studio building. There were houses with high stoops adjoining it, and just as Crewe was passing the last one of these the two officers stepped from the areaway and confronted him.

CHAPTER VI.

The Man and His Mask.

Crewe stopped while a space of ten feet or more still separated him from the two detectives; and they, too, remained where they were.

"Got you right that time, didn't we, Crewe? You didn't expect to find us here, waiting for you, did you?" Muchmore asked with something of derision in his tone, although there was no indication of anger in his manner.

"Well, what of it?" Crewe asked calmly.

"Nothing particular; only we were curious to know if you intended to use that key to this building again tonight."

"And if I do happen to possess such a key and should use it—what then?" "Bunting and I would be under the painful necessity of arresting you—that's all. A man of your reputation who enters a building like this one at this hour of the night is, at least, a suspicious character. Get me?"

"Quite so, Muchmore. But you don't get me."

Crewe turned on his heel, but a sharp command from Muchmore stopped him when he would have gone away again.

"Wait!" the lieutenant ordered, and Crewe saw that he held an automatic in his hand to enforce obedience.

"Well, Mr. Muchmore, what now?" Crewe asked.

"I'll trouble you for that key. Hand it over."

"Is this a hold-up with the characters reversed, officer?" Crewe inquired ironically.

"Call it what you like, but hand over that key."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then we'll take you 'in,' no matter what happens."

"Muchmore, for a man of undoubted genius in your chosen calling, you certainly can do the biggest fool things of anybody I know."

"Hand over that key, Crewe. I'm not going to lose my temper again."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

Crewe took the key from one of his pockets, held it between his thumb and finger for a moment, and then deliberately tossed it to Bunting, who, being surprised by the act, missed catching it, and it fell rattling to the pavement.

"Pick it up, Sam, and find out if it fits the lock," Muchmore directed, still keeping Crewe covered with his gun.

It did, of course, and presently the door swung open; and Bunting, holding it partly ajar, waited.

"Crewe," said Muchmore, "I ought to arrest you for having the key in your possession, but I guess you would have no difficulty in proving in the morning how it came into your possession, so I'm going to let you go with a warning. I don't know what the game is that you are playing but I suspect it is a deep one—and I'm going to find out what it is, too."

"There is a man up-stairs waiting for you who can tell me, and I am going up there now to ask him. You have got something on him. Black-mall of some sort, I suppose. Now, get back to your 'dive' where you belong, and thank your stars that we permitted you to go there. Your race is about run, Crewe, take it from me."

He turned and the two officers disappeared into the building, locking the door after them; and strangely enough Crewe laughed aloud, and with genuine amusement when they had gone.

Then he wheeled and hurried around the corner toward a drug-store that was located two blocks distant.

He knew that those two officers, both large and heavy men, would climb those twelve flights of stairs to the top of the studio building none too rapidly, and did not doubt that he would have ample time for what he wished to accomplish.

Crewe shut himself in a telephone booth in the drug-store and called the number that the artist Birge Moreaux claimed as his own.

"Hello!" he said when he received a reply, which was almost at once.

"You recognize my voice? Very well. I was obliged to give up my key to two officers who were waiting for me at the door. They are now climbing the stairs to the studio."

"Hurry down to the studio door, and when they ring wait a suitable time and then demand to know who is there. Make them believe it is Moreaux who is talking, but refuse to admit them. Tell them to go to the devil, if you want to. When they

go away follow them down the stairs, and as soon as they pass outside at the rear door flash a light to me through the front door and open it and let me in. That's all."

Whoever has climbed twelve flights of stairs at one inning will comprehend something of the condition, mental and physical, of the two officers when at last they stood before the door of artist's studio.

Breathless, exhausted, weak-kneed in the true sense of the expression, they waited there several moments before touching the button of the electric bell. They had snapped on a light in each hallway as they ascended; they intended to snap them off again when they returned.

Crewe had counted on that idea when he gave that direction over the telephone about following them down the stairs when they should go away.

Muchmore rang several times before there was any response; but at last an impatient voice—the lieutenant who was very keen of ear, had not the slightest doubt that it was the voice of Moreaux—demanded to know who was there and what was wanted.

"I am Lieutenant Muchmore, Mr. Moreaux," that officer announced. "Detective Bunting is with me."

"Well, what do you want? What the devil do you mean, disturbing me at this hour?"

"I want to see you. I want to talk to you—about the incidents that happened at the reception. Let us in, if you please."

"I do not please, Lieutenant Muchmore. If there is anything that you want to see me about, come around in the daytime."

"But—this is important."

"I don't care if it is. Go away. Go to the devil, for all I care."

"It's about that man Crewe."

"Oh, is it? Well, Crewe can wait as well as the other things, you can't get in here tonight, and that settles it. The idea of pulling me out of bed like this. You need not speak again, for I shall not answer."

Nor did he, although Muchmore who began to suspect that he had made another mistake, pleaded for several moments after that, until his unruly temper again asserted itself.

He shook his fist at the door and called out savagely:

"I'll tell you one thing, Artist Moreaux, if you are still there to hear me, things are getting mighty mixed up in this business. I took a key to this building away from your friend Crewe, and it is my belief that maybe you know something about that jewel robbery yourself. Anyhow, I'm going to find out."

He turned away and stamped noisily down the stairs. Bunting followed after, snapping off the hall lights as he passed them. Bunting, to tell the truth, was more amused than perturbed by the incidents of the night.

Neither of them thought of looking behind them while they descended the twelve stairways of the building to the ground floor.

They would have seen nothing had they done so, for Feltner, Birge Moreaux's faithful and well-trained valet, kept himself a full flight behind them, nor could they have heard his noiseless movements, even had Muchmore made less racket than he did.

They passed outside the building at last, and as Muchmore turned to lock the door he said savagely to his companion:

"You can bet your sweet life, Sam, that I'll take this key to Mr. Moreaux tomorrow, and, by gad, if he can't explain why he gave it into the keeping of that man Crewe, I'll swear out a warrant for his arrest on information and belief!"

Inside the building, as soon as they had gone, Feltner hurried to the front entrance, and between the inner and the outer doors, flashed one gleam from an electric pocket light that he carried in his hand. Then he opened the outer door and Crewe stepped inside.

"Fooled them eh, Feltner?" Crewe asked smilingly, as he led the way to one of the two elevators. With another key in his possession he opened the door to the elevator, and the two rode comfortably to the top of the building.

"I am both hungry and thirsty, Feltner," Crewe announced as soon as they entered the studio; then he passed into another room and closed the door while the valet went to fulfill the suggestion that had been made.

Twenty minutes later the door of the room into which Crewe had disappeared was opened again, and Birge Moreaux, the artist, looking quite himself although dressed only in pajamas, bathrobe, and slippers, came out and seated himself at the table whereon Feltner had placed the things he knew his master liked best after a night with Crewe.

The transformation wrought by the changes from one character to the other was the more remarkable because, in reality, there was so little transformation about it—but the explanation of all that will appear later when an occasion occurred where it had to be accomplished under sudden and strenuous circumstances.

"Half past two. Why, it is not so late as I supposed," Moreaux remarked presently, after a glance at the mission-clock in the corner of the studio.

He lighted a cigar and retired to the depths of his favorite chair to smoke. Feltner remained standing respectfully beside the empty fireplace.

"You had better turn in, Feltner," Moreaux remarked, after a moment;

"and you may sleep as long as you like in the morning. I shall breakfast at the club with Mr. Delorme, and you need not get up to wait upon me. Lay out what things I will need now, and let it go at that."

So Feltner went away to his small room which Moreaux had built expressly for him on the roof of the building above one of the two rear rooms of the apartment, and which was reached only by a special staircase which led from a closet in that room.

Moreaux, left to himself, smoked on in silence and evident enjoyment of the solitude and isolation that he could find in no other place.

He was smiling to himself in mental contemplation of the ultimate dis-

figure of the two officers who had tolled to the top of that tall building to see him, when he was startled by the sound of the bell at the studio door.

For a moment he sat quite still, thinking, and then the solution of that summons at the door suddenly occurred to him.

Smiling and pulling the cords of his bathrobe more tightly around him, he crossed to the door and opened it; but he placed himself squarely in the opening, so that the two men who were outside could not enter. Needless to say that they were Muchmore and Bunting.

"Well, what do you want, Muchmore?" Moreaux demanded coldly. "Don't you think that you have disturbed me quite enough for one night?"

"We went to the top of another building and saw that your skylight was lighted up, Mr. Moreaux," Muchmore replied gruffly, "and having a key—the key that you gave to Crewe—I made up my mind that I'd make one more effort to talk with you before I swore out a warrant for your arrest. Do we go inside or don't we?"

"Oh, come in by all means," Moreaux replied, and with mock astonishment he added: "I had no idea that it was as serious as all that. Come in, by all means."

CHAPTER VII.

The Jewel Worshiper.

"Mr. Moreaux," Muchmore began, ignoring the gesture by which the artist assigned him to a very comfortable chair, although Bunting accepted one gratefully and smilingly. "I would be very much pleased if you would explain the mystery of your association with that man Crewe, and I think I have a right to demand it."

"Mystery? There is no mystery, lieutenant," the artist replied, smiling.

"Then why was he here awaiting your return from the wedding reception?"

"We will say that it was at my request."

"Don't you know that he is the biggest crook in town?"

"I have heard such a report, or words to that effect."

"Why did you give him a key to this building tonight?"

"We will say that I expected him to return here after his business was closed up."

"Why?"

"That is rather an intimate question, is it not, lieutenant?"

"Don't you appreciate the significance of those coincidences, Mr. Moreaux?"

"Possibly I do not."

"Let me tell you, then, than on information and belief I could swear out a warrant for your arrest in connection with the—"

"That will suffice, lieutenant," Moreaux interrupted him, leaving his chair suddenly, crossing to the door, and throwing it open. "This is the way out, sir, and I will ask you not to return until you bring that warrant with you—and the laughter and derision of the whole detective bureau with it."

He turned, then, ignoring Muchmore, and addressed Bunting. "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," he added, "but this dismissal is not intended to reflect upon you. For your own information I will say that Crewe telephoned to this studio immediately after the key to the building was taken from him; so I am well informed as to what happened. I will ask you to return the key now."

"My name is Bunting, and here is the key. Will you give me a short interview at any time tomorrow that will suit your own convenience?"

"Cheerfully. Gladly. Come here to the studio at noon. I will expect you."

Muchmore, who had not stirred from his position, stepped forward quickly then.

"Mr. Moreaux," he said, "I apologize. I—I am very sorry for speaking to you as I did just now. Will you—"

The artist thrust out his hand, laughed aloud mirthfully, and interrupted him.

"Then say no more about it, Muchmore," he said. "Forget it. Come here with Mr. Bunting at noon. Possibly I will be able to make some suggestions. Now come, I will take you down in the elevator and let you out of the building. As for the stolen jewels, gentlemen," he added when they were descending the shaft, "I have an idea that they will soon be recovered, and that you will get the credit for it."

Late as the hour was when he retired, Birge Moreaux was seated opposite Richard Delorme in the breakfast room of the club at eight o'clock the following morning. It was his own favorite club, and the tete-a-tete

breakfast was by his invitation. "Mr. Delorme," he said when the morning meal was half consumed, "did you ever know or hear of a Wall Street man named McCormack, who was a collector of rare paintings and rarer jewels? He is dead now, but his remarkable collection, and the basement room down-town which he fitted up to hold it, remains in the memory of a great many people. Did you ever know him?"

"Oh, yes. I knew him quite well, Birge," was the instant reply, given with interest.

"Did you ever see his collection?"

"Several times."

"And have you listened to his discourses upon it?"

"Yes, indeed."

"He was a very unusual man, a very splendid man, loved by every-

body who knew him. Did it ever occur to you that he was what one might call a jewel worshiper?"

"Jewel worshiper? I do not remember to have heard the expression until now."

"There are many such, Mr. Delorme—and it is never the intrinsic value of a stone that attracts them. It must be unique, unusual. For example, Mr. McCormack once showed me a large diamond that was perfectly flawless, but which was as yellow as the yellowest topaz. He considered it priceless, because there was not supposed to be another like it in the world."

"Yes, yes; I recall it myself."

(Continued Next Week)

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.

Few men appreciate their freedom until they find themselves in jail or married.

As long as you pay compliments only you will not be forced to eat your words.

HIS REST WAS BROKEN.

O. D. Wright, Rosemont, Neb., writes: "I was bothered with pains in the region of my kidneys. My rest was broken by frequent action of my kidneys. I was advised by my doctor to try Foley Kidney Pills and one 50-cent bottle made a well-man of me. They relieve rheumatism and backache."

—Hite's Drug Store.

Do Not Grip

We have a pleasant laxative that will do just what you want it to do.

Exall Orderlies

We sell thousands of them and we have never seen a better remedy for the bowels. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.



Join the Ralston S. P. C. F.

Do you know what S. P. C. F. means? Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Feet.

Let your feet experience perfect comfort by wearing a pair of our new Ralstons—the "fit-as-though-made-to-your-measure" kind.

We have a complete showing of this season's styles and patterns. In your size, too.

Prices \$4.00 to \$6.00.

CHAS. A. HUDSON EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALER

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Windows and Glass,

Siding, Ceiling and Flooring

Mouldings, Turned Work,

and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Silver Of Proven Quality

Rich design and refined beauty in knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces are not attributes of solid silverware alone. The skill born of long experience has produced in the famous 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate effects in pattern and design which make its name for beauty second only to its reputation for quality—"Silver Plate that Wears."

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL," showing all patterns.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.,
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.