

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1915.

No. 47

Students To Hold Fair

At H. S. Gymnasium Next Wednesday Night.

To provide finances for the Basket Ball season the students of the high school are planning for the annual county fair to be held this Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving. More time has been spent upon this to make it a success than ever before. Already many concessions have been granted and attractions secured. The gymnasium will be the scene of most of the fun. Here will be built a midway lined with booths and shows. Other features will be staged in the different class rooms. The interest will center chiefly around a forty minute coon show which is replete with many good songs and laughs. Caruso the great tenor has been secured for one of the principal parts in this. He will come directly from New York bringing with him new songs and costumes. A Dixie band will also be here to assist in this entertainment. A few of the other features will be the Siamese Twins, Mutt and Jeff, Jitney Museum, Strong Man, and the Shooting Gallery. One of the field attractions will be a pie eating contest. All who wish may come dressed to fit the occasion and a prize will be offered to the most original dressed person. No one can afford to miss this. There will be no admission charged at the gate—the midway. The sight of this alone will be worth the time spent. And the coon show—well come and see for your self.

CIRCUIT COURT JURORS

Following is the list of Jurors drawn for the December term of circuit court for the County of Charlevoix, to be held in Charlevoix on Monday, December 6th, 1915:

Ed. Adams	Chandler Twp
John Martin	Charlevoix Twp
Stephen Ballard	Evangeline Twp
Fred White	Eveline Twp
Platt Webster	Hayes Twp
G. S. McAfee	Hudson Twp
Jay Adams	Marion Twp
Peter Jensen	Melrose Twp
John Webster	Norwood Twp
Frank B. O'Donnell	Peaine Twp
Lyman Miles	South Arm Twp
Herman Pishner	St. James Twp
Chas. J. Bristol	Wilson Twp
John Dornburg	Boyer City 1st Ward
Jaspin Holmes Sr.	Boyer City 2d Ward
John Lewis	Boyer City 3d Ward
Sam Arbuckle	Boyer City 4th Ward
James McGeagh	Charlevoix, 1st Ward
George Eagleton	Charlevoix, 2d Ward
James Bogart	Charlevoix, 3d Ward
Bert Daurforth	East Jordan, 1st Ward
Josiah St. John	East Jordan, 2d Ward
William Stroebel	East Jordan 3d Ward
William Schneider	Bay Twp

COUNTY FINANCES

As reported by County Treasurer Geo. W. Weaver for the month of October.

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand Oct. 1, 1915	\$19,279 05
Belinquent taxes	1,027 18
Redemption Certificates	51 49
General fund	20,203 68
Poor fund	46 50
Library fund	22 50
Teachers' Institute fees	10 00
Mortgage tax	73 25
Boyer Valley fire money	73 08
Interest on deposit in Farmers' and Merchants' Bank	5 12
	\$40,791 83

DISBURSEMENTS

General fund	\$ 9,949 65
Poor fund	1,432 71
Criminal fee orders	10 53
Probate Court orders	48 85
County road orders	7,069 80
Rat orders	2 15
Hunters license	216 90
Traverse City State Hospital	46 00
Soldiers Relief orders	52 65
Mortgage tax	50 00
Cash on hand	21,912 54
	\$40,791 83

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

All persons liable for taxes in this City of East Jordan are hereby notified that the tax roll for the State, County, County Road and School District taxes for 1915 will be in my hands for collection on Wednesday, December first, and the tax can be paid at my office. If paid before Jan. 9th, there is added no penalty, but on Jan. 10th, 1916, 4 per cent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes.

Dated Nov. 18th, 1915.

WM. A. PICKARD,
City Treasurer.

DEATH OF EARLY SETTLER

John O'Neill, Pioneer Marion Settler Drops Dead at His Home

John O'Neill, one of the best known of the early pioneers of this section, dropped dead at his Marion farm-home Sunday evening, evidently of heart failure, at an advanced age.

Mr. O'Neill was a pioneer of the pioneers, having taken up the homestead where he died in 1867. For many years he was the supervisor of Marion, and was considered one of the ablest members of the many boards upon which he served. He was born in Ireland and came from excellent Irish stock. His father, the late Richard O'Neill, whom we well knew, held high office in his native country. He was a conspicuous type of the "fine old Irish gentleman," possessing rare intelligence and the ready wit for which his race is noted. He died at his son's home in Marion nearly forty years ago.

John, the subject of this article, inherited in a marked degree all the rare qualities of his father. Liberally educated as a boy in his native town, he was "slated" by his parents for the priesthood, and sent to a Catholic college in Brussels, Belgium, (lately devastated by the Germans,) where he studied for three years, but, thwarting the hopes of his parents, he returned to his Irish home, soon after this coming with his parents to this country, burying his exceptionally brilliant talents in the precarious life of a pioneer homestead settler. He was one of the most companionable and intelligent conversationalists upon any subject that we have ever known.

Besides a wife, he leaves two sons and three daughters. —Charlevoix Sentinel.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, Nov. 15.—Federal Government adopted by congress, 1777.

Tuesday, Nov. 16.—Sherman begins his march through Georgia to Savannah, 1864.

Wednesday, Nov. 17.—Confederate President Davis threatens reprisals if Gen. McNeill is not surrendered, 1862.

Thursday, Nov. 18.—Death of Wellington, 1852.

Friday, Nov. 19.—Mason and Slidell Confederate commissioners, taken from steamer "Trent" by Captain Wilkes and conveyed to Boston, 1861.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—McClelland reviews 70,000 men, 1861.

Sunday, Nov. 21.—Confederate steamer "Nashville" burns the Federal ship "Harvey Birch," 1861.

To Keep Housewife's Hands White.

It requires great care to keep delicate hands soft and white when one must fill the triple position of wife, mother and maid. When washing dishes use a dish mop, a pure white soap, and wear a rubber glove on the hand you use in the water. When scrubbing wear rubber gloves. When sweeping and dusting a loose pair of cotton gloves will protect the hands wonderfully. The cold handle irons save the hands very much. Use a good pure soap for all kinds of work. The comfort and appearance of your hands will more than repay you for the few cents extra expense. Wash the cotton gloves every day after your work is finished. Lemon juice will remove all stains from the hands. Lemon juice and glycerine, equal parts, rubbed on soften and whiten them.

Woman's Logic

You sometimes wonder about the logic of the feminist mind.

A man was to meet his wife at her office at 1 o'clock to take luncheon with her. He was twenty minutes late. She had gone out.

He sat down and waited. At 1:30 she arrived.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm waiting for you."

"Didn't you know I wouldn't come back after I'd given you up and gone out?"

"But you did come back, didn't you?"

"You are back now, aren't you?"

"Yes, but you might have known that when I did come back I would have had my lunch and there would be no use in waiting to have it with me."

"Well, have you had it?"

"No."

THANKSGIVING A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

The people of the United States are grateful to the Infinite Father for their capacity and disposition to appreciate the bounties of nature. Through this appreciation, man cheerfully applies his labor to the earth in order that her bounties may serve as a means for realizing the essential joys of life. Abundant harvests are simply a necessary means to an end. The measuring unit of life is not to be found in bushels of grain, or potatoes, or fruits, or coal, or copper, or silver, or gold, or houses, or lands, but in the laughter of children around the hearthstone, in the love and loyalty of the home. "Home is the nation's safety." In the year nineteen hundred fifteen, we are grateful for the benediction that rests upon the American home. In the great Commonwealth of Michigan we are, in common with all the other states, the recipients of the richest blessing. It is eminently fitting that we set apart November twenty-fifth as a special day for Thanksgiving—a day on which we may pray for "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Therefore, I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of November, as a day for all the people of this Commonwealth to celebrate in thanksgiving and prayer.

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

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS, Governor.

By the Governor: COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN, Secretary of State.

Non-Advertising Merchants

Although merchants in the smaller towns and cities throughout the country are the ones who complain most bitterly of the competition of mail order houses, many of these very men refuse to adopt the means which made competitors prosper—advertising. In a recent issue of the Chatham (N. Y.) Courier, the editor makes some very interesting and pertinent remarks regarding the non-advertising merchant:

"The country merchant deploras the fact that the mail order houses are making inroads on his patronage. How did they do it? Did they send representatives into the rural communities to solicit trade? Did they simply open their places of business and wait for customers? They did not. They obtained all—not a part but ALL—of their patronage by the use of printers' ink. They advertised. The average local merchant does not seem to realize, even with this gigantic object lesson before him, that the means employed by these concerns are also at his disposal. Through the medium of the printed word they tell the public what they have to sell.

"Experience has shown that quality for quality the local merchants' prices are no higher than those of the mail order house and they save the purchaser transportation charges. The difference is that the mail order house tells the public what it has to sell and the non-advertising merchant does not.

"The latter frequently advances the argument against advertising that everyone knows where his store is and what he has to sell. He is wrong. Everyone does not know what he has to sell. If he doubts this let him compare his present stock with that of five years, three years or even one year, ago and note the many new things he has on his floors or shelves, new things that are the product of inventive genius or changing fashions. He keeps abreast of the market changes but all his customers do not, hence they do not know what he has to sell.

"And there are object lessons nearer home, i. e., the large and prosperous city department stores. They realize the power of advertising and make liberal use of it.

"These city concerns are taking advantage of the inactivity of the local merchant along advertising lines and the space he declines to buy in local newspapers is being bought by them. This has resulted in bringing to their stores hundreds of customers from the smaller places and it has also been a factor in creating in these stores large departments where are received by mail, orders from persons who do not come to the stores but who find in the concern's advertisements mention of various articles they want.

"Some day the small town merchant will realize the importance of advertising as a factor in business but in many cases the awakening may come too late."

Along Came Ruth

"Oh dear," sigher Ruth's mother, "here are the yolks of six eggs left, after I have used the whites for my cake. Nobody wants to eat them, and how shall I keep them until I want them Saturday?"

"There is a very simple way," remarked Ruth, "just leave the yolks in the shells, take a little of the white and put it around the outside edge of the shell, and paste circles of tissue paper over them. Then put some salt in a dish, and stand the shells up in it, and they will keep for a number of days. I learned that at Aunt Martha's last

summer. You know her girls are in a cooking class, so they are constantly learning new and economical ways to use things."

"Well, even I might have thought of that, dull as I am," commented Ruth's mother.

Cranberries

The cranberry is a North Temperate and Arctic plant. They are small, evergreen shrubs and grow best in peaty bogs or swamps. The fruit is eaten in large quantities in America and Europe.

Death is assured, otherwise men would not acquire life insurance.

CUPID, THE CADDY AND THE CABINET.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia "North American" makes the unqualified declaration that "Cabinet meetings have apparently been abandoned. The last held was the memorable one when William Jennings Bryan presented his resignation as Secretary of State."

That was five months ago. Meantime, there have been several acute incidents in governmental management which called for all the skill and prudence in counsel which a President could muster.

We have known, of course, that Mr. Wilson has been pretty busy this summer Galting and golfing. But we had not thought that Cupid and the caddy had so crowded his days and nights that there was no room for his Cabinet.

What does he have a Cabinet for? Are the counsels of his Cabinet valueless? If so, why does he not select a new one? And, if he cannot be depended upon to choose a Cabinet worth having and heeding, why should he be depended upon at all?

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT IT.

"In what way," asks the Houston "Post," "can the Republicans attack the Democratic tariff? What do they know about its virtues or defects?"

This is no troublesome conundrum. It is ridiculously easy. Republicans can attack the Democratic tariff by telling the truth about it. And as for what they know about its defects, it would take an entire issue of this paper to summarize it.

For instance, we know that in the first eight months that the Democratic tariff was in operation our imports increased \$114,000,000 and our customs revenues decreased \$36,000,000.

We know that our imports of raw materials for manufacturing increased \$34,000,000, and that even with the war our imports in these lines are \$33,000,000 more than they were under Republican tariff.

We know that our importations of foodstuffs jumped up \$88,000,000, that practically all of it came in free of duty, and that, even during the war, the increase was maintained.

We know that, in the first eight months of the Democratic tariff, our exports fell off \$204,000,000 and that our farmers had to see a shrinkage in their foreign sales of \$57,000,000.

We Republicans know a lot about the defects of the Democratic tariff and before the next session of Congress is over and before the next campaign is over, the Houston "Post" will be given the benefit of our knowledge.

School Commissioner's Notes.

A number of teachers find it almost impossible to do the work expected of them because their predecessors have made promotions in cases where pupils have not come up to the standard set by the state course of study. Some of these pupils are really bright but are passed on year by year not realizing that their work is one or two years behind the real state standard. They awaken with the sad experience of failing in the state eighth grade examination. In many cases they are not to blame for this. Neither is their present teacher. To protect these pupils and to help these teachers as well as to raise the standard of work done in our county, bringing it closer to the state course of study, the commissioner has decided to introduce a system of county examinations. The questions will be based on the state course of study and recommended texts as indicated in the directory. Mid-year examination questions will be sent to every teacher in January, covering all subjects taught in the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades. The papers must be written in ink, signed by the pupil and handed in. The teacher will look over her own papers, mark them, record the standings and then mail or express the papers to the commissioner to be O. K'd and put on file for future reference.

We have just as conscientious teachers and just as bright boys and girls in our county as can be found anywhere, and we want our county to have the fewest possible failures when the state compares us with our neighboring counties. This will make an immense amount of work for the commissioner but if it will protect teachers and boys and girls who really try, the work will be worth while.

Hate is a low-grade powder that's apt to flash in the pan.

No man ever acquired a lasting brand of popularity by knocking.

ALONG THE FIRING LINE

From the White House, on election night, came no comment on the results of this year's voting. The only statement forthcoming was that the President had gone to bed. As we recall, the stereotyped despatch from Fairview, Lincoln, Nebraska, on the election night of 1896, 1900 and 1908, read: "Mr. Bryan retired early."

The swing toward Republicanism in this year's elections was impressive and far-reaching. It affected not only the chief places on the ticket but it extended as well to the minor posts. For instance, in New York and in Connecticut, when mayors of cities were to be chosen, the Republican tide made a practically clean sweep.

"National defense is not a party issue" remarks the Washington "Post", predicting that the Administration programme is likely to be more largely supported on the Republican than on the Democratic side. And, dependent as the President is upon Republican votes for the success of his measures for preparedness, the "Post" points out that "no advantage is to be achieved by offering a gratuitous slight to Republican members." Yet, by furthering the closure rule in the Senate, the President seems bent upon this very thing.

The Economic World, of New York, has rendered its readers a very useful service by enlarging its table of statistics showing weekly bank clearings. Heretofore that paper has given statistics for one week in 1915 with comparative figures for 1914. Naturally, the showing was a very gratifying one. Now, in an effort to give its readers all available information upon which to base their opinions, figures are also given for 1913 and 1912. The disclosures will not be at all pleasing to those Democratic statesmen who have been boasting of prosperity "restored." Figures for seven cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore and New Orleans—for the week ending October 22, 1915, show that in every instance the bank clearings were larger for 1915 than for 1914. In only two cities, however, were the clearings larger in 1915 than in 1913. These two were New York and Philadelphia, both located in the region made prosperous by "war orders." In spite of the great boom of war orders, not one of the seven cities above named reports as large an amount of transactions in 1915 as in 1912, the last year of republican administration. The European war will become far more strenuous than it has yet developed, before it will "restore" the degree of prosperity enjoyed by this country in 1912.

Commenting on our large export balance for September, due to war orders, the New York Journal of Commerce observes that a principal means of paying it off is through the sale of American securities now held abroad. The Journal then calls attention to the fact that "There is no record of that or means of estimating it with accuracy. That it has fallen far short of providing the means of payment for our exports is proved by the exchange situation and the necessity of establishing foreign credits to be drawn upon over here, which is equivalent to borrowing money in the United States, the money to be paid back, with interest when normal times return. Sooner or later those payments will be made in merchandise form, which means that our imports must greatly increase while our exports will undoubtedly diminish. Then will come a period very different from that through which we are now passing and some views of foreign wars and domestic prosperity will have to undergo revision." Which means that the Underwood free trade measure will have to be supplanted by a Republican protective tariff law, if we are to be supplanted by a Republican protective tariff law, if we are to be commercially prepared to meet the situation.

Old Songs Retwisted.

Should old acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? It should; if old acquaintance be The money touching kind.

Old Pomes Re-Writ.

When the frost is on the pumpkin, And lies glittering on the lawn, It is hard to face the winter, If your over-coat is in pawn.

It is well enough to give credit where credit is due, but it is better to be paid in cash.

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

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

Black Silk Stove Polish

Is 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 hardware or grocery dealer is authorized to refund your money.

There's "A Shine in Every Drop"

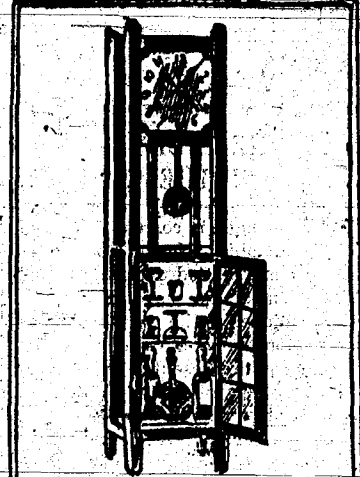
Get a Can TODAY



LATEST GIFT SUGGESTIONS.

Especially Designed to Please the Sterner Sex.

An extreme novelty is the horseless carriage as a model for decoration in relief on a gun-metal cigarette case. Royal copper in combination with silver or alone is the preferred metal for desk accessories and decorative service this season and an effective example is an ink well in the form of a ball adorned with a spray of berries in a darker tone of copper and leaves of silver. The paper cutter is of copper with overlay and berry decoration of silver on the handle. Entire desk sets are to be had in this combination of metals and they call for the expenditure of a good many dollars. Reddish tan with the lettering of gold makes an



acceptable color scheme in the pillow for den or smoking room here illustrated, and another adjunct for the den or grill room is the Dutch clock with cellarette base. Horn ornamented with silver is utilized for some new desk sets that are pretty and serviceable.



A Christmas Tree Farm. There is only one true Christmas tree, the balsam fir. This is symmetrical, spicily fragrant, and has straight, stiff branches, which will support a good load of presents. The hemlock, beautiful for massing and roping, has branches too drooping and flexible for a Christmas tree. The spruce, suitable in other ways, lacks the delicious odor of the fir. This is fortunate, for the tree most prized for Christmas is utterly despised by the lumbermen. It has never been worth lumbering, and before the Christmas tree industry began the fir lands of Maine were actually exempt from taxation, as being perfectly worthless. To-day they are valued at from \$10 to \$15 an acre, mainly for their Christmas trees.

The Christmas tree cutters begin their work as early as the middle of October. It requires experience to cut Christmas trees profitably. An ordinary woodman will waste more than he is worth. He must know how to estimate, from the size and general appearance of the tree, the best height at which to cut it. A green hand will cut it too long or too short, injuring its salable qualities. While part of the men are cutting, others follow them and drag the trees out of the woods to the nearest open space. As there are no roads into the woods, this has to be done by hand. In the open space they must be bunched and tied, and if this is not properly done the bunches will come apart in shipping. Then the butts of each bunch are sawed off, to give a neat, trim appearance. Then they are hauled to the main road and stacked. After the harvest is over they are all loaded again and hauled to the nearest depot, usually ten miles away. There they are loaded on the cars.

The industry began at about the same time in Maine and the Catskills some thirty years ago. But the firs were cleaned out of the Catskills ten years ago, and the old Catskill shippers now go to New Hampshire and Vermont for their trees, taking their cutters with them. They pay their men \$1.50 a day and board.

There are only about twenty men in the business of bringing Christmas trees into New York, and they may be found at the "Farm" every day from morning until night. They are a combination of the shrewd business man and the man who gets his living by some craft that brings him directly in contact with nature.

Christmas Superstitions.

It was a popular belief that persons born on Christmas or Good Friday had power to see and even command spirits, and in some districts there was a firm conviction that all the cattle in their stalls fell upon their knees just at midnight. Another belief was that the bees expressed their adoration for the nativity by "singing" in their hives at midnight; in some places it was believed that listeners might hear the ringing of subterranean bells, and in some mining districts the miners declared that the caverns containing the richest lode of ore was brilliantly lighted up with candles and the midnight service was chanted by unseen choristers.

THE ETIQUETTE OF CHRISTMAS.

What is Good Form in Making One's Christmas Gifts.

It is good form to send gifts so that they may be received within three or four days of Christmas Day, but a gift arriving the day after shows afterthought or carelessness. Upon receiving a present from some unexpected source or from some one not on our list, it is not good form to bustle to send something back. It is better to write a note of thanks and wait until another year to return the compliment, says the New York American.

Giving with the expectation of getting something back is not good form. Neither is it wise to give the same value in return or the same kind of thing each year.

If it seems best to give the same thing every year—for instance, a check or a roll of money—use a little ingenuity in dressing it, or change the value for the sake of the surprise it will carry.

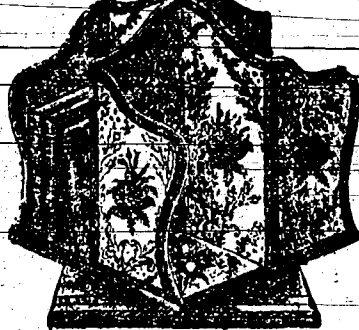
A card should always accompany every gift, but stilted words are out of style. A "Merry Christmas" is sufficient unless we can be delightfully original. Those who give to the poor, may omit the card if they choose. This is the occasion when anonymous communications are good form. Neither is it necessary to tabulate gifts to children. Let them enjoy Santa Claus just as long as possible.

Gifts among friends and relatives should be selected with the utmost tact and delicacy, and those to the servants should be chosen for the purpose of giving pleasure. The utilitarian aspect should not always be paramount. A check or a new gown or an overcoat may be given where the motives are understood, but these should be concealed in something frivolous. The true spirit of Christmas calls for the unattainable. Give something to somebody, but if possible let that somebody be the very thing that the "somebody" cannot buy for one's self. The gift should be a luxury rather than a necessity, and if the necessity be the unattainable, then let the practical gift be smothered in luxury or foolishness. If we give a check or a crisp ten dollar bill to somebody, let it be concealed under a few simple Christmas flowers, in a bunch of holly, in a box of sweetmeats, or in a dainty but longed-for book.

For Boudoir or Desk.

A pretty Christmas gift is shown in the boudoir and desk accessories to harmonize with certain styles of furnishings or color schemes, and are in demand more particularly by the

young girl. Brocade in gay or delicate hues is employed with the most artistic effects and two examples are here shown designed for an apartment in which floral effects predominate in wall covering and furnishing. The book rack is a recent design and the chiffonier for trinkets, veils, neckwear, etc., is an essential for the woman who likes to be considered up-to-date.



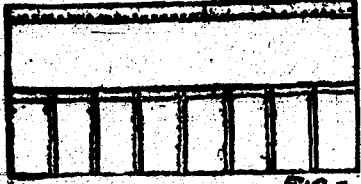
The Original of Santa Claus.

St. Nicholas is not only the patron saint of Russia, but he is greatly honored in the charming little valley in the Salzkammergut, where the Ischl and the Traun rivers unite. Indeed, Ischl once went by the name of St. Nikola. This is the season of St. Nicholas, for Santa Claus is a corruption of the name introduced into England from America. In the Ischl valley the feast of St. Nicholas is a typical holiday, and at this time for three days there is an assemblage of booths along the Winerstrasse forming quite a market. In the shop windows are seen numerous images and pictures of the benevolent saint and his companion, the Grampus, with his switch and chain—a most formidable and threatening looking object—to scare the hearts of naughty children. The evening before St. Nicholas' Day the good saint and his terrifying companion are actually seen walking about the streets and enter some of the houses. When Ischl was inhabited by the Romans it went by the name of "Isola," because of the number of fish found there, and some people connect this fact with the legend of St. Nicholas and the fish. The church is dedicated to him, and the interior is beautifully painted with illustrations from his life by a celebrated Tyrolean painter named Mader. A population of hardy and thrifty peasants inhabit the surrounding country and throng into the town on Sundays and holidays in their picturesque costumes.

TO MAKE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A Sewing Bag.

Here are the directions for making a handy little sewing bag. The materials required are one-quarter of a yard of 18-inch wide silk, a yard and a half of narrow ribbon and a round piece of cardboard three inches in diameter. (If you do not happen to have a piece of harmonizing silk large enough to cover the cardboard



you had better get three-eighths of a yard of silk instead of one-quarter.) First at the top of the silk make a hem about a half or three-quarters of an inch wide. In this at even distances apart make two buttonholes. These are for your double draw string.

Now make a tiny hem at the bottom and then fold the silk from the bottom about three inches. Divide this off evenly into eight pockets, and stitch each up three inches. (See Fig. 1.)

Now seam your bag together, and you will be all ready to gather it on your cardboard. Then cover your cardboard with silk to match the top harmoniously. Be sure to have your cardboard quite thick. Now cut your ribbon in two evenly and run it in, and your bag is finished. (Fig. 2.)



But here is more. If you desire it: Cut six little pieces of thin cardboard two inches long and one inch wide. On one wind some white thread, on another black thread, on still another white silk, and so on until you have black and white darning cotton, black and white silk and black and white thread. In each of these stick a needle. Slip each one of these in a pocket. In the seventh pocket slip a small strip of black hooks and eyes and a strip of white ones. In the eighth pocket slip a bodkin, some safety pins and a small roll of tape. Now put a tiny pair of scissors and an aluminum thimble in the bag. Around the bottom of the bag on the outside stick common pins, black and white alternating. Your bag is now fully equipped.—Helen B. McLean.

For the Christmas Breakfast.

In one home where there are several half-grown children, last year's Christmas breakfast will always be remembered. The plain baked apple which was at each plate when the family sat down wore a holiday look simply because a-top of each was a tiny dab of thick cream in which was set a large red candied cherry. It was unusual and everybody noticed it.

That was what the mother of the family wanted, and she was—as most mothers would be—quite repaid for the thought. With the cereal ways passed, instead of the sugar of every day, a low glass dish filled with curly shavings of maple-sugar. These had simply been cut from a cake of rather soft maple-sugar with a sharp knife. It was the first time it had ever been so served in the family, and the little folks especially were delighted. Though nothing but boiled eggs formed the principal dish, these came to the table oodled down in a nest made of Christmas greens—in reality, little sprays left from the trimming of the house. It was arranged on a medium-sized meat platter, the green sprays being piled sufficiently high at the edges to make the nest quite realistic. You can imagine how it delighted the children.—The Delineator.

Holy Lands of all Religions.

Christians call Palestine the Holy Land because it was the birthplace of the Christian religion on earth as well as that of the Saviour whose birth, ministry and death are inseparably associated with the history of Jerusalem and vicinity. To the Mohammedans Mecca, in Arabia, is the Holy Land, it being the birthplace of Mohammed, the saviour of the followers of that faith.

India is the Holy Land of the Chinese and other Oriental Buddhists, it being the native land of Sakya-Nuni, the supreme Buddha. Ellis, one of the several divisions of the ancient Peloponnesus, was the Mecca and the Jerusalem of the ancient Greeks. The temple of Olympus Zeus was situated at Elis, and the sacred festivals were held there each year. With Achaia it is at present a part of Greece.

The believers in the Sinto Religion make annual pilgrimage to Sita-Kara, the immense stone pillar where their supreme ruler last stood while talking to men.

Pretty Penwiper.

A pretty penwiper for a Christmas gift can be made from two leather postcards at five cents apiece. Use one as the top and one as the bottom and put two pieces of chamolite between, attaching all together with a piece of ribbon.

THE NEIGHBORS SAY—

If he is regular in attending church, he is too pious.

If he doesn't attend church, he is on the road to perdition.

If he sends his family away for the summer, it is more than he can afford.

If he doesn't allow them a vacation, he is called stingy.

If he happens to be successful in business, he achieved success unfairly.

If he doesn't succeed, he missed his calling.

If the piano is silent, why don't they buy a player?

If they have a player piano, it annoys the whole neighborhood.

If he gives freely to charity, it is done for show.

If he doesn't, he is classed as a tightwad.

If his wife does her own work, she is "killing herself" for the family.

If she has servants, she ought to be more economical.

If he dies young, he led too fast a life.

If he lives to a ripe old age, he is living beyond his time.—From Judge.

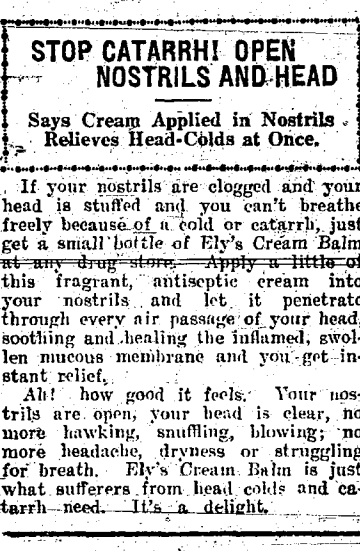
After a man has acquired a reputation for being lazy, his conscience doesn't trouble him when his wife is doing washing for the neighbors.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, snuffling, blowing; no more headache, dizziness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.



BEAVER

Get "More Money" for your Furs

BEAVER, FOXES, MUSKRAT, RACCOON, SKUNK, MINK, WHITE WEASEL and other Fur bearers collected in your section

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT TO "SHUBERT" the largest house in the West dealing exclusively in NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century." A long successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Shubert Shippers," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published. Write for it NOW—it's FREE

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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

When purchasing silverware, remember that in silver plate no name stands for higher quality or greater durability than the renowned trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Ask your dealer to show you the various exquisite patterns in which the "Silver Plate that Wears" can be had. The wide latitude for choice in knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces assures satisfaction to every taste.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "C.L." showing all designs.

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

SCHOOL TEACHER

Wards off Nervous Break Down

Alburts, Pa.—"I am a teacher in the public schools and I got into a very nervous run-down condition. I could not sleep and had no appetite. I was tired all the time. My sister asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and within a week my appetite improved and I could sleep all night and now I feel well and strong."

ROSA M. KELLER, Alburts, Pa.

We guarantee Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, for all weakened run-down conditions and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. Good for Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and 1.00 at Drug Stores.

We Show Men & Women

How to make \$20 to \$100 weekly, by using time working for others. Use your spare time at home and gain financial independence. No experience necessary. Write for free literature. Universal Business Co., Dept. A, No. 7 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Do Not Grip

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

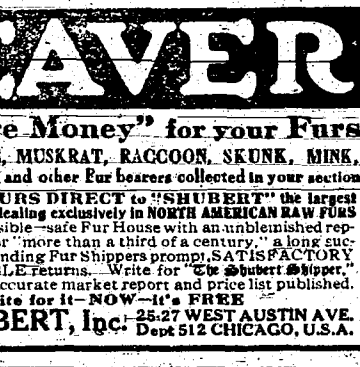
Rexall Orderlies

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.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERER GIVEN QUICK 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 each bottle gives 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.



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.

Lots of men who preach charity wait for other men to practice it. Tell the boy to do just as he pleases and he'll do it without a murmur. And a lot of people would rather believe a lie than the nude truth.

LOCATING THE TROUBLE.

When one is suffering from backache, rheumatism, lumbago, biliousness, sharp pains, sore muscles, and stiff joints it is not always easy to locate the source of trouble, but nine times out of ten it can be traced to overworked, weakened or diseased kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills gave benefited thousands of sufferers.—Hite's Drug Store.

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Dentist

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

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.

WHO PAYS?

The POMP of EARTH

by EDWIN BLISS

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TENTH STORY

"and you, Donald Porter, I here, by sentence to twenty years at hard labor."

How clearly those words stayed in memory! It was all as though it had happened yesterday. The murky, smelly courtroom, the spectators, "pleasure" bent, the newshounds of the great dailies, the striving lawyers and the purblind judge. He had never been able to decide from that day to this whether the judge had been bought and paid for or no. What did it matter? The judge wasn't elementally responsible. How clearly he remembered every fluctuation of his own drowsy mind during that long trial. At first he could do nothing but laugh at the absurdity of it all. It concerned him at first only as a bothersome misunderstanding that robbed him of his precious time. Then, as the trial went along, as false witnesses were introduced, and things fixed for his railroad to prison, and he felt with sudden horror his nearness to a punishment he didn't in the least deserve; he had become pally at the grossness of the conspiracy against him. So cleverly had Cole looted the bank, so carefully had he planned it, that it had looked, at the trial as though he (Porter), had looted it and made Cole, its president, his innocent accomplice.

Cole—As he thought that name, the ugly subtle lines of his face deepened, and his fingers twitched nervously, as though yearning for that soft throat they had once squeezed within their grasp. The day Cole's light sentence had ended, and he had walked jauntily amongst his fellow prisoners on his way to freedom, the guards had to be quick to save that throat from those yearning fingers. He had almost had him that time! Well, he would get him. He had told himself that time and time again.

This thought, this unquenchable hate for the man who had so tricked him was the only thing that kept the life in his poor emaciated frame—the one thing that had enabled him to stand the frightful routine of prison life these long, weary years. It was no wonder to Don Porter that he remembered it all so clearly as he did. The whole thing had had a daily rehearsal in his mind, and for years now he had awakened each morning to a fresh realization of the unspeakable horror of his position, and had gone to bed each night with a curse in his heart and on his lips for the man who had so tricked him—had so spoiled his life, and the lives of those few who had put their faith in him. He had been very good these past years. Oh, so good!—all but that once. He had almost had him that time! That thought always gave him a moment's brief, phantom pleasure that always gave way again to despair: a despair that seemed duller, that the moment before had been touched with light. This despair was despair that he should not live to be revenged. He had made a mad, insane attack on him then, but the guard was too quick. But that was fully five years ago, and he had been good since then—good with the goodness of a child who expects a reward—patient with the patience of a man who sees each day bring him nearer to his heart's desire. His heart's desire!

It seemed strange to him at odd moments that he who had always been gentle and sensitive, he who had always felt an instinctive kinship for things gentle and sensitive should now have for his heart's desire the death of another man. And yet it was so. It was so, and he was jealously glad of it. With the best years of his life scooped out, literally thrown away—freedom after his release held forth no promise to him—no promise but one.

II.

Edith Hilton had arrived at her twentieth year. It would be difficult to say how she had arrived at her twentieth year, unless one might say she staggered to it. For Edith was like most of us, that queer admixture of decision and hesitancy that set her ever out of the "analyzable" type class, selected and labeled, and ever made her next act as uncertain as was the motive of her last.

Whatever queer twist nature had endowed her mind with, it had certainly been governed by the beautiful when it made her body, for she was of that perfection of physical beauty that makes most of us feel must reflect an inner light, as the exquisite odor of cologne suggests a deliciousness of taste.

Her black hair, glossy and crisp, undulating in tiny waves down her white neck as though loath to leave a head of such delicate loveliness, her warm brown eyes, pouting lips and slim, lithe figure, making an ensemble that her worldly wise mother treasured and counted on as their ultimate salvation from the awful impotence of her social position. It was a joke, that social position. Her

husband, four years before, had died comparatively poor.

He had left her and Edith with a position to maintain and nothing but a tradition on which to maintain it. Hardly nothing, but very little more.

The old lady had made quite a brave struggle for one who had been indulged all the years of her life. But, there was Edith, Edith of great promise, almost ready for her first season out. It was a matter of speculation for those who knew, just what Mrs. Hilton would have done had Edith been two or three years younger when Charles Hilton died. Would she have attempted a struggle that entailed two or three years more privation. Or, did she throw herself into this breach because she felt that her will was just great enough to span it?

Mrs. Hilton was beginning to feel worried. Here was Edith in her twentieth year, ready, primed for conquest, as it were, and nothing to conquer!

The list of eligible young men was the list of (financially) desirable young men, and Mrs. Hilton's reserve fund, both of money and energy, were rapidly becoming exhausted.

She and her daughter sat on the porch of their home one evening at about the time this story opens, Edith just sitting, glad for the feeling of pulsating life within her, Mrs. Hilton sitting and speculating. Her speculations this evening were as unavailing as they had been for many a night before, and she turned almost desperately to her paper. What she saw there caused her old frame suddenly to stiffen with eager interest as she read, her left hand held poised in the air before her much as might be the paw of a pointer dog that had started a bird. She finished and looked up, her face flushed and eager, her eyes bright.

"Listen, Edith!"

"What?" abstractedly.

"I say," impatiently, "listen to this."

She read aloud.

"Millionaire buys palatial residence. Richard Walker, bachelor, decides to make his home in this city. Elected member of exclusive Sunset club."

Ethel's eyebrows were raised expectant, curious, as her mother read, musing the words appreciatively, taking every care that they be distinct, as though they were precious sounds, and represented, each, as she spoke them correctly, certain equal portions of the fortunes so attractive to her.

"At last!" she breathed, solemnly, and Ethel would have laughed aloud

Edith was splendidly, vibrantly alive as she mixed with the many people in the reception room of the exclusive Sunset club the night of the annual ball. She wore a wonderfully filmy cream colored gown that artistically subordinated itself to the soft beauty of her face.

Mrs. Hilton was there, seeing all, understanding all, her deep piercing eyes darting overlastingly about the busy room, ready at any moment to appreciate anything that happened in any place—in visual touch every second with the entire room. Both Edith and her mother were the guests of Hugh Keene.

In one corner of the room, surrounded by a group of worshippers of the shrine of gold-stood Walker.

When Hugh led Edith back after the first dance, Mrs. Hilton spoke to him, drawing him slightly out of the range of passing guests.

"That man over in the corner, the one in the center of that group, dark haired, rather coarse featured, he's Mr. Walker, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Can you arrange so's we'll meet him?"

"Certainly, if you care to—I'll bring him over."

"Of course you won't say—"

"Nonsense, he'll come to meet you!"

He started for the far corner of the room and in a few moments returned, Walker in tow.

Introductions were soon over.

Walker bowed deferentially to Age, gallantly to Beauty, and all stood talking until Mrs. Hilton graciously indicated that Hugh offer her his arm. He did, rather reluctantly, and they moved off, leaving Edith and Walker alone.

Hugh was worried at the evident attraction that Walker and Edith seemed to have for each other; so worried that he proposed to her during the very next dance—proposed and was put off with a—

"This is so sudden, Hugh. I hardly know my own mind."

The worry did not leave him the next day, did not even leave him that afternoon when Walker called on him and gave him a stock-buying commission, and showed his confidence by leaving with him a certified check for \$250,000, though the prospect of the commissions on the trading did open up possibilities.

Thoughts of Edith filled Hugh's every working moment. Now came this stranger to their city and into their society, and opened up prospects of wealth and luxury to their vain souls that made his offering seem inconsiderable. It was impossible, utterly, to contend with him from this angle, it would take years—unless—

He shook the thought from him, feeling unutterably wicked that he should have allowed it a place in his mind at all. All the way home, and before he got into bed that night, he tried to think of some way of overcoming the tremendous advantage of Walker's money—and always came back that dark thought, each banishment seeming only to increase the subtle insidiousness of the next attack, until he fell asleep, alternately hating himself and returning to the thought that darkly, fascinatingly followed that word, "unless—"

The next morning, on arising, he felt free of the fearful temptation of last evening. It was a cheerless freedom, however, when he realized fully again the hopelessness of his position. I might better say it was a cheerless freedom until he realized again the hopelessness of his position; for with that full realization he was no longer free, except in the sense that the vicious, dark thoughts that had so harassed him all the night before, were now only seeking the entrance he so dreaded yet wanted to give them.

The fact that he could keep them out made him less vigilant than he vaguely, indefinitely felt he should

geniality is what they strive for, because they realize there's nothing better possible for them. Congenial! As though finding society congenial were the end-all of a beautiful, cultured girl's life. Being congenial won't help you any, when you see the wrinkles coming. Congenial! Oh, indeed.

"You speak of people in this place as though they were inconsiderable."

"I'm afraid—"

"So they are inconsiderable," she cut in, "rising young men, promising young men, young men of intelligence—in fact—all young men, but young men without money. There's no sense in our trying to evade what's in each of our minds. When you say, 'it's quite congenial here,' you mean Hugh Keene; and when I say 'inconsiderable people and young men of every kind but young men with money,' I mean Hugh Keene."

She rose to go indoors.

"But that's all nonsense. One can't live on promises or inconvertible intelligence. You really should appreciate that. I'll do my best to meet this Mr. Walker; we can arrange it at the club—and you—"

Her shoulders shrugged expressively. Then suddenly her hard face softened. (Ethel thought it looked much nicer inflexible), and she came quickly toward her daughter.

"It's been an awful drag, dear—more of a drag than you at this time can appreciate. It's because I don't want that you should ever have to appreciate what denial means that I'm so anxious you should be comfortable. Anything but a lack of money. That is doubly unbearable for those who are used to luxury. Think of that—try to imagine yourself without the luxuries you have come to consider the necessities of life, and you might get an inkling of what I mean." She turned and went into the house.

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have been, and he felt a cunning, perverse joy in that thought that if the thought got in, in a moment, when his assurance left his mind unguarded, why he would not be entirely responsible, would he? His fearfully shrinking, yet none the less certain, desire that the thought possess him (without his consent, of course) made his power to avoid it seem to him unreasonably strong; and this same sense of strength was, in turn, sufficient excuse for his disregarding the ever recurrent, warily persistent supplicant. He found it there, suddenly, and of his strength of a moment before there remained not a trace. He felt, however, none of that absolute he had been so sure of, should the thought possess him while he was "off guard." Indeed, now that it was there, he knew, with an awful loathing of himself, that he had made that low palliation merely in order that he might entertain by subterfuge those ideas he was not brave enough to accept full knowingly. Well, there they were, and their first act directed his hands to his check book, where he drew, on the account Walker had left with him, a check for \$5,000. This he sent around to George Sum-

ner, broker, with an order to use it as margin and purchase for his account 500 shares of A. & M. at par.

Then he sent a note to Edith Hilton, begging that he be allowed to see her that night, and giving forth a promise born of the momentary enthusiasm of his plunge, that he would shortly be in a position to make his plea on his own appeal, with the disqualifying entity of poverty entirely eliminated.

IV.

Don Porter, serving a 20-year sentence for looting a bank actually looted in his cell, with well concealed impatience, the coming of the prison electrician to fix a globe. What if he wouldn't come! What if he had told the warden of their little scheme!—and the warden, not the electrician, would visit his cell tonight? If he was coming, he surely should be there now. Why wasn't he? And of a million things might keep him, but there wasn't one of them could in the least do his prospects any good. He was possessed of doubt and apprehension, and a vague, sinking fright that he had ever decided on such a daring plan. If it were balked—if they caught him—he decided it would mean an additional sentence. More years of fruitless yearning, and an almost unattainable perspective of "his heart's desire;" but with this thought, this possibility, of quick, certain vengeance, his pulse quickened and a determined-to-risk-all expression permeated his every part, and he had surcease of his cowardly fears of a moment before. He stopped suddenly in his nervous pacing, the sound of footsteps on the uncompromising cement floor adown the corridor causing his heart to beat such inbounding thumps as his highly sensitive imagination made him certain would be heard in the adjacent cells. When they arrived outside his door and the turnkey inserted his key, its grating in the iron door aroused the cell's occupant, and he jumped up, shielding his eyes in well-learned fear, as he approached the light.

"Good evening, turnkey," and then, without looking at the other, "Lo, electrician. Come to fix that globe?"

"Yeah."

The door swung wide and the electrician entered, and swung his leather bag on the cot. The turnkey stood outside for a moment, then turned and started to pace with slow, even steps outside the door.

The electrician opened his bag, and with his right hand took out a heavy roll of green-wound wire. It entirely hid his left hand (furthest from the cell door), which hand deftly lifted something blue and shining and slipped it under the mattress.

The job took but a few minutes, the old wire was placed, a new globe screwed into the socket, and the cell lit. With a cheerless good-night the two left, and Porter waited till their footsteps died away, his power of inhalation seeming inadequate to supply greedy lungs.

A Colt, three files and a note! He read it, holding it in the palm of his great hand, with his back to the cell door.

"Have tip. Cole gone to Los Angeles. Name of Richard Walker."

That was all. But, it was, to the man who read it, an epistle satisfying and complete. Slowly his mouth twisted itself into a terrible smile, threatening hideous, his eyes stared

hard as though through the heavy walls, as though at something, clear, distinct, attainable beyond, and he drew his fingers in a gentle caress across the barrel of the steel-blue Colt.

An hour later, after changing clothes with a scare-crow in the fields, he swung aboard a slowly moving freight train and started westward toward Los Angeles to find John Cole, now Richard Walker—toward the attainment of "his heart's desire!"

That same night, Richard Walker was a welcome visitor at the Hilton residence. He spoke long and earnestly to Edith, pleading the sincerity of his love, and painting well, though not too obviously well, the splendid social future of the future Mrs. Richard Walker.

When he left that night he was happier than he had been in many years; in fact the vision of a gaunt man behind unpromising steel bars was almost obliterated from his mind—almost, but not quite.

For Walker had made his plea well, and had sealed it with a kiss.

V.

The bottom had dropped out of A. & M., and Hugh Keene, unable to cover, stared ruin in the face. He had already drawn \$5,000 on Richard Walker's deposit with him, and felt it would be unsafe to go further. The funds of the Sunset club, of which he was treasurer, were in his possession, and he thought, uncertainly, of them in considering "just where he stood."

A. & M. had broken badly, there was no escaping that; but he felt sure it was only a "bear" raid, from which the stock would quickly rally. If only he could hold on! He knew that, essentially, all this "trading" was the rankest form of gamble. But this—this particular case of his, it was so sure—so absolutely certain. He soothed himself with the thought that if he, as a broker, knowing the risk of playing the market, was sure of A. & M., why then, if A. & M. disappointed, whose fault was that?

To have stopped where he was, with the already certain loss of \$5,000, not his, would have been more level headed than to have gone on; but to stop now would have been tantamount to an admission that his judgment had in the first place been faulty, and to admit that would be to admit that his appropriation of Walker's money was just stealing. Of course, it was not stealing for him to borrow money from a business associate, to help him out, in a deal that entailed no risk whatever for the money borrowed!

The next check he wrote to cover his margins with George Sumner was drawn from the account of the Sunset club.

After that, he started briskly to go through his afternoon's mail, and stopped suddenly, with apprehension, at an envelope addressed to him in Richard Walker's hand. He opened it clumsily, and read:

"My Dear Keene:

I pen you a special invitation to attend a dinner at my residence tonight, where I will announce the engagement of Miss Edith Hilton and myself. You know, I consider you initially responsible for my meeting Miss Hilton, and am correspondingly grateful.

"Very sincerely,
"RICHARD WALKER."

The page dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he was unconscious for a few moments of any definite feeling other than a heavy, obsessing pain, physical, mental, spiritual, that started to become more acute and unendurable as he began consciously to realize things. Then, with the utter despair of hopeless disappointment, and as though to make his pain absolute and complete, now that it was so deep, he called Edith on the phone.

When he put the receiver down, he had reached the lowest point of despair to which he had, or would ever descend. It rather stupefied him with its dull aching heaviness, a heaviness out of which he dreaded to come.

It was in this condition that George Sumner found him when he came to "jack him up" on his margins.

"She's broken ten points more, Keene. Do you want to go on?"

No answer.

"If you do, you know, you'll have to cover. I've been waiting for her from you."

No answer.

"I say, do you want to cover, or shall I sell?"

An impatient wave of his hand was all the answer Hugh Keene gave.

The other was a man of few words, and he had already spoken those few.

"Very well then, if you can't cover, you're wiped out!"

It was those last words that Richard Walker heard as he paused for a moment outside the door. It was these words that changed his smile of affable patronage to one of unpleasant menace as he entered Keene's office.

He wasted no time in preliminaries, but began, very abruptly, "There's a report about town, Keene, that is, in the financial district, that you've been loading yourself down with the worthless A. & M. Is it true, and if it is, what, man, in heaven's name, have you been buying it with?"

Keene was immediately attentive.

"You need have no fear," he said.

"I'm glad of that," said the other, "because, to be frank with you, I've had an unavoidable fear that, er—well, that you'd been something that the word reckless wouldn't adequately describe."

"You need have no fear," the young man reiterated heavily.

Walker held out his hand, and Keene took it listlessly.

"I'll see you tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," dully, "and congratulations."

"Thanks."

Walker smiled affably, turned and was gone.

Keene listened to his footsteps as they echoed and died out down the long corridor. Then he went to his desk quickly and opened the bottom drawer with a key from his safe. His hand sought its dark recesses and a cold touch he smiled cunningly as he looted toward the door, and his lips framed two words his expression made hideous: "Tonight!"

VI.

That night lights blazed throughout the palatial residence of Richard Walker. It was the night of his formal announcement of his engagement to Edith Hilton. Livered servants bustled hither and thither about the rooms, making all ready for the expected guests. They came on time, all but Hugh Keene, who was tardy.

There was another guest, early, uninvited, and unexpected. He had followed Walker home from Keene's office that afternoon, and now patiently hid behind the folds of the heavy curtains that separated the reception room from the dining room. He kept very quiet, this guest, and when he could, watched intently Walker's face. He noted also the pale tragic look on the face of the young man who came late, but was too interested in his own affair to indulge his sympathy. Sympathy! Strange thing, that, in one who had come for what he had come. Strange that those years in a prison cell had not entirely killed that. He thought, passingly, how strange it was that he should entertain a thought of sympathy—he, whose heart's desire—

But his interest in the pale young man was, perforce, concentrated when he noted, after dinner, and just as Walker was about to crown his future bride with a magnificent diadem, that the young man's hand sought indecisively his hip pocket.

Porter's interest changed quickly to apprehension at the sudden thought that this pale young man might cheat him out of what he felt to be especially his. "His heart's desire." He would give him no further opportunity. Quickly, nervously his own hand found his coat pocket—quickly, nervously his arm was stuck through the luxurious folds of the heavy curtains that concealed him.

He fired, and Walker, spasmodically clutching his shirt front, sank lifeless to the floor.

Don Porter made no attempt to escape. When they took him, he was smiling with frightful content. They thought him insane, for, as he was taken off, he kept ever repeating an (to them) incomprehensible phrase whose burden was "my heart's desire!"

Keene left hurriedly, his step hardly more buoyant than when he had come.

VII.

The next morning Edith Hilton seemed peculiarly unaffected for a girl who had so tragically lost her sweetheart.

But the sense of her own perfidy in bartering her soul for this man's gold was only borne in upon her when she realized how unaffected his death left

her. She wanted to see Hugh Keene. It was the strongest feeling she had. She rushed off to his office, although it was much before opening time.

He was there, dressed as he had been the night before. His head was thrown forward between his outstretched arms on the desk; his body was alarmingly stiff. She went to him, a chill freezing the very nerves of her. His eyes were open, but they saw her not. They seemed to be gazing through the very walls themselves, mayhap after his departed soul—out into infinite space, where the Pomp of Earth harries not the soul of man.

Later, when men came, they opened his fingers tightly clenched about a dainty little revolver, and a note. The note was from the Sunset club, and read:

"My Dear Mr. Keene:

"The governors of the Sunset club request that you deliver to them tomorrow an accounting of the funds entrusted to you as treasurer.

"JOHN BRUCE,
"Secretary."

WHO PAYS?
(End of Tenth Story.)

The Next Story is "The Fruit of Folly!"



The Convict's Fingers Closed About the Neck of the Man Who Had Tricked Him.

had she not known from former intimations of the sort just how serious her mother was.

The fact that she was considered as a highly valuable asset to be invested for the best returns, irked her more than she thought it polite to show; and her lack of remonstrance was taken by her mother as her daughter's mute assent to the furtherance of her obvious plans.

Edith felt that there was a time coming, and that shortly, in which she and her mother would have to have an understanding, and she was secretly glad that it was not just yet, as she felt that her sense of obligation might cause her to see seriously that side of the question she knew least interested her.

"What's his name?" she said at length.

"Richard Walker—bachelor,"—meaningly. "And elected to the Sunset club. We should have an opportunity to meet him shortly. You know, dear—it's time we met someone. The place is becoming absolutely impossible."

"Oh, I find the society quite congenial."

"Congenial! It's easy for a beautiful girl to find society congenial; leave that to the plain ill-bred ones. Con-



This Is So Sudden, Hugh, I Hardly Know My Own Mind.

ner, broker, with an order to use it as margin and purchase for his account 500 shares of A. & M. at par.

Then he sent a note to Edith Hilton, begging that he be allowed to see her that night, and giving forth a promise born of the momentary enthusiasm of his plunge, that he would shortly be in a position to make his plea on his own appeal, with the disqualifying entity of poverty entirely eliminated.

IV.

Don Porter, serving a 20-year sentence for looting a bank actually looted in his cell, with well concealed impatience, the coming of the prison electrician to fix a globe. What if he wouldn't come! What if he had told the warden of their little scheme!—and the warden, not the electrician, would visit his cell tonight? If he was coming, he surely should be there now. Why wasn't he? And of a million things might keep him, but there wasn't one of them could in the least do his prospects any good. He was possessed of doubt and apprehension, and a vague, sinking fright that he had ever decided on such a daring plan. If it were balked—if they caught him—he decided it would mean an additional sentence. More years of fruitless yearning, and an almost unattainable perspective of "his heart's desire;" but with this thought, this possibility, of quick, certain vengeance, his pulse quickened and a determined-to-risk-all expression permeated his every part, and he had surcease of his cowardly fears of a moment before. He stopped suddenly in his nervous pacing, the sound of footsteps on the uncompromising cement floor adown the corridor causing his heart to beat such inbounding thumps as his highly sensitive imagination made him certain would be heard in the adjacent cells. When they arrived outside his door and the turnkey inserted his key, its grating in the iron door aroused the cell's occupant, and he jumped up, shielding his eyes in well-learned fear, as he approached the light.

"Good evening, turnkey," and then, without looking at the other, "Lo, electrician. Come to fix that globe?"

"Yeah."

The door swung wide and the electrician entered, and swung his leather bag on the cot. The turnkey stood outside for a moment, then turned and started to pace with slow, even steps outside the door.

The

Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified all fashion patterns published in these columns are Ten cents each. Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD.

A SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST IN ATTRACTIVE TAILORED STYLE



1491. Ladies' Shirt Waist.
This comfortable and up to date model is good for linen, lawn, madras, Georgette crepe, serge, flannel, tafeta, poplin or repp. The right front is shaped over the left at the closing. The collar is becoming and jaunty. The sleeve is in regulation shirt waist style, and the fronts have neat patch pocket. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A VERY DESIRABLE MODEL



1433. Ladies' Six Gore Skirt.
This style shows the new wide lines and flare fullness. The back is arranged in deep plaits. The fronts may be finished in "coat" style, with buttons and button holes from belt to lower edge. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size, which measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

DEWARD

Mrs. Joe Killarney is on the sick list this week.
Orrien Gorman is visiting Deward friends this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward were East Jordan visitors Wednesday and Thursday.
Miss McGillis spent the week end with friends at Roscommon.
Elmer Goodenough and family of Weidman, Mich., Isabella Co., moved their household effects here, last week to take up their residence in Deward.
A dance was given at the railroad hotel Saturday evening by S. Sedgeman proprietor or landlord. Those who attended report a fine time.
Mrs. John Kolka is on the sick list this week.
Hunters have been busy since the opening of deer season. Mr. Joe Mahar getting a 100 lb. buck.
An extra freight train was put on the D. & C. railroad Monday, out of Deward.
Miss Ruby Flynn of East Jordan, spent Monday in Deward.
Chas. Blanchard of Roscommon was a business caller Monday.
Listen for the Wedding Bells.

ECHO BRIEFS

Weather prophets are predicting a late winter and the farmers are making good use of the time in fall plowing.
Scott Bartholomew, Duncan McMillan and Clarence Murray started on Monday for their annual hunting trip in the Upper Peninsula.
Wm. Vandeventer and Edward Thompson visited at the home of Mrs. Mary Bartholomew on Sunday.
The Needlecraft Society will meet with Mrs. Frank Bartholomew in two weeks, Dec. 2nd.
Miss Kate DeBaal spent the week end at Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew.
Miss Dade McCloud is a guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Elmer Murray, this week.

CHARMING MODEL IN SURPLICE STYLE



1444. Ladies' Surplice Waist, with Long Puff Sleeve, or Short Plain Sleeve with Turnback Cuff.
This design has many attractive features. It portrays a new sleeve in "puff" effect, and a jaunty sleeve in elbow length finished with a prettily shaped cuff. This waist is pleasing and will serve nicely for formal or informal occasions. The chemisette portions may be of lace or contrasting material, and the sleeve sections could be combined to correspond. The body portions could be of crepe de chine or chiffon, with sleeve tops and cuff portions and chemisette of net or lace, and the puff of material like the waist. This waist could be developed for theater or dinner wear, with the chemisette omitted, and the body lining arranged for low neck style, and with just the "cap" part of the sleeve. The surplice effect is becoming to most figures and the soft folds of the plaits are most attractive. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 32 inch material for the waist with long sleeves. With short sleeves 2 1/8 yards. Chemisette and collar of contrasting material 40 inch wide will require 1 1/2 yard, for a medium size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

AN UP TO DATE AND PRACTICAL STYLE



1430. Girls' and Misses' Combination Corset Cover and Petticoat.
Lawn, cambric, batiste, crepe or silk could be used for this style. If developed separately the same materials are good for both. Sateen or flannel could also be used for the petticoat. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the skirt, and 1 3/8 yard for the corset cover, with 3 1/2 yards of 6 inch flouncing for the ruffle, for a 14 year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.



Waist 1438; Skirt 1439. A Very Attractive Gown Comprising Ladies' Over Waist, Pattern 1438, and Ladies' Skirt with Tunic, Pattern 1439.

This model has new and attractive style features. The overwaist may do duty for any under blouse or gumpie, and may be made without the pointed trimming portions. The sleeve in wrist length has a deep cuff, plaited at the outer part of the arm, and in elbow length a smart turnback cuff forms a neat finish. The tunic on the skirt may be omitted. The under or foundation skirt is in three gores. As here shown black and white silk was combined with black taffeta. The design is good also for cloth, serge, velvet and silk or satin, faille or poplin. The waist pattern, 1438, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1439, in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/8 yards of material 44 inches wide for the tunic, and 3 1/4 yards for the skirt, 1 3/4 yard for the underwaist and 1 3/8 yard for the overwaist for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 8 yards at the foot.
This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A NEW SUIT FOR MOTHER'S BOY



1481. Boy's Suit with Blouse Having a Shawl Collar, and with Straight Trousers.
Serge, flannel, velvet, corduroy, galatea, gingham or linene may be used for this style. The blouse is cut low, and finished with a wide collar, cut in shawl outline over the front. The trousers are straight and finished with front closing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 5 year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

County Normal Notes.

Florence Maddaugh, Florance Milner, Frances Price and Marcia Gass were absent from school last Tuesday on account of illness.
Rena Carroll substituted in the fourth grade room in the Central Building last Tuesday morning. Miss Mary Niles, the teacher, was ill.
Mrs. Coulter gave the class a lesson in weaving last Friday, which was very interesting and enjoyed by everyone. Last Friday was a day which was enjoyed very much by the members of the normal class. They were invited to attend a reception given for the teachers, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Mrs. Shores. The program was very interesting, the pastors of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches and Mrs. Craig, the superintendent of the Charlevoix schools each contributing a much enjoyed talk.
Ruth Chellis and Florence Maddaugh each gave an account of their trip to Mancelona. Mrs. Coulter added to the entertainment by singing a solo. The normal class sang a lively temperance song to the tune of "Tipperary." After the program, light refreshments were served.
The main object of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was "The evil effect of strong drink" was dwelt upon by each one who spoke. The normal students heard the reading of the pledge and each one decided to become an Associate member of this great Union. With the influence of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union continuing in time, strong drink

will be forever banished from our Country.

EVELINE

Mr. Harnden has had his well repaired by Mr. Foote of Central Lake. Ben Clark is having a well drove. Ed. Kowalska is hauling stone for the road.
Mr. Harnden is busy picking and hauling stone for the stone road.
B. Clark is hauling stone for Mr. Hipp.
Mrs. Harnden and daughter, Hazel Pearl, visited Mr. and Mrs. Murnahan of Green River Saturday and Sunday last.
Mr. Snyder is putting in a cement floor in his barn.
Mr. and Mrs. Milo Greenman were united with the Methodist church here last Sunday as also were Claud Greenman and wife.

WHEN RUBBERS BECOME NECESSARY.

and your shoes pinch, use Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. For Dancing parties and Breaking in New Shoes it is just the thing. It gives rest and comfort to tired, swollen, aching feet. Sold everywhere, 25c.

Fads and Fashions

The new jumper effect is seen in everyday dresses.
Bands of velvet are another fashionable trimming.
Bishop sleeves are one of the novel features of coats.
Serge and whipcord retain all their old favor for suits.
Panne plush is one of the favorite materials for dressy suits.
A certain modified Moyer Age Style is seen among others.
Little shoulder caps will be seen on the short-waisted coats.
Some of the finer waists are of velvet and chiffon combined.

NEW NUT CANDY IDEAS.

Hickory Nut Candy.

Nuts, 1 cupful; water, 1/2 cupful; granulated sugar, 2 cupfuls; vanilla, a few drops.
Boil the sugar and water without stirring until thick enough to spin to a thread; add the vanilla. Stand the saucepan in cold water and stir until white. Add the nuts, turn into a well-buttered tin and when cool mark into squares.

Peanut Chocolate Candy

Roasted peanuts, 2 cupfuls; water, 1/2 cupful; vanilla, 2 teaspoonfuls; granulated sugar, 2 cupfuls; chocolate (grated), 2 tablespoonfuls.
Boil the sugar, water and chocolate until it threads, add the vanilla and nuts, stir well and pour into well-buttered tins. Cut into squares.

Peanut Brittle.

Brown sugar, 4 cupfuls; vinegar, 1 tablespoonful; water, 1 cupful; peanuts 2 cupfuls.
Boil the sugar and water until it crackles in cold water and add the vinegar. Skin and halve the peanuts and spread in well-buttered tins; pour the taffy and leave to cool.

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

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.

CITROLAX 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 whole some. Ask for CITROLAX.—Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

To Be In Fashion

You must fit your waist, and

Warner's Rust-proof Corsets

shape beautifully and thoroughly comfortably this new contour.

There is no corset for which we have a higher regard than a Warner's—they are so practical and reliable.

A Warner's Corset may be depended upon to shape the fashionable contour, providing the right type of model is selected for the figure intended.

From the very first day that it is worn to the last, it can be counted upon for its comfortable support and its excellent wearing qualities.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets at \$1 are guaranteed as strongly as the highest price.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Supt. L. P. Holliday and F. T. Smith, together with several of our high school pupils were at Boyne City, Friday, to attend the Boyne City and Traverse City H. S. football game. The game resulted in a score of 10 to 0 in favor of Boyne City.

A part of the barn and workshop belonging to James Howard was destroyed by fire about 7:00 o'clock Wednesday morning. Origin of the fire laid to tramps, as the lock on the door was broken. A considerable amount of valuable tools were saved, as was the frame-work and sides. An insurance of \$150 was carried on the building.

District Sunday School Convention of the Methodist church was held at Charlevoix on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Those from East Jordan attending were: Rev. John Clemens, Arthur O'Dell, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houghton, Mrs. Wm. Patmiter, Mrs. H. J. Bogart, and the Misses Pearl Snyder, Josie Hammond, Ruth Gregory, Eunice Carr, Helen Ward, Alice Sedgeman and Leona Donaldson.

Several changes are being made in the corps of employees of the D. & C. Railroad in this city. Agent Henry Smith has been transferred to Deward and George Ward, who has been agent at Deward, is appointed agent at East Jordan. Mr. Ward is expected to take up his duties here this Saturday. W. E. Moore, who has been in the service here for several years, leaves Monday next for Saginaw where he will serve as accountant in the office of the M. C. R. R.

Every member of Co. I, 33rd Infantry should make a special effort to be present at drill next Tuesday evening. Lieut. Spring will give a talk on "Use of the First Aid Packet," and Sergt. Cummins will give instructions in advance guard work. Company Clerk Smith and acting Q. M. Sergt. Dicken are getting the office and q. m. department in true military style. Ten recruits have been taken in during the month.

At three o'clock Friday morning the fine new residence of Wm. H. Cook, on Nettleton street, this city, was destroyed by fire with all its contents. The house was built for resort rental, and was occupied the past summer by the Seniors. Mr. Cook had moved into the house from his township residence, but was alone in the house, his family being away. When Mr. Cook awoke the room was full of smoke, and he was just barely able to escape. Loss about \$6,000, insurance \$5,000.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

The Garland hotel, one of the landmarks of Boyne City, was destroyed by fire at an early hour last Friday morning. Seven guests, together with Mrs. Garland, were forced to make a hasty exit. Adjoining property was considerably damaged, and the telephone and electric light wires were burned in two. The building was erected eighteen years ago by Mr. Garland and was first used as a bowling alley, pool room and restaurant, with a hall upstairs. Later on it was used for a saloon, and when the county went "dry" was converted into a hotel. An insurance of \$2500 was carried on the building and \$2000 on the furnishings.

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



Your Photograph

For Christmas carries the personal thought of the giver, is simple, appropriate and creates no greater obligation than the kindly thought it bears.

Make the appointment early. Phone 112

KIRKPATRICK
PHOTOGRAPHER

Robert Morris went to Lansing, Wednesday.

A. Severy was a Bellaire visitor over Sunday.

M. S. Berger is at Lansing on business this week.

Miss Ruby Flynn was a Deward visitor Monday.

Sheriff Novak of Charlevoix was in the city, Thursday.

C. M. Bedell left Friday for his home at Manitowic, Wis.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McCloud, a daughter, Nov. 15.

Mrs. Geo. Blake of Bellaire visited friends in the city, this week.

Carl Heinzelman left Friday for a visit with his parents at Gaylord.

Archie Quick left Wednesday for Alba, where he has employment.

H. W. Cook is having an addition built on his home on north Main-st.

Miss Jessie Stafford of Atwood is visiting friends in the city this week.

Mrs. L. C. Monroe assisted at the postoffice the latter part of this week.

Miss Mildred Sweet returned home from Vestaburg, the latter part of last week.

Hugh Murphy is assisting at M. S. Berger's cigar shop during Mr. Berger's absence.

J. H. Milford returned home from his hunting trip, Thursday, and brought home a deer.

The Electa Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. G. W. Bechtold Thursday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Hamilton left Friday for Milwaukee, Wis., to attend the funeral of her uncle.

A. McColman and family now occupy the J. W. Rogers tenant residence on Stone's Addition.

Mrs. Dalton Gay and daughter left Friday last for Marquette, where Mr. Gay has employment.

Leland Bisbee of Port Hope arrived Friday, for a visit at the home of his brother, R. O. Bisbee.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett went to Central Lake, Tuesday, for a visit with her sister, Mrs. R. M. Burr.

Mrs. Robt. Menzie, of Vanderbilt visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sherman over Sunday.

The Telephone girls were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. W. Simonson of Manelona visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. H. Cummings, Thursday.

R. F. D. Carrier Arthur K. Hill and Mrs. Hill leave next Monday for Detroit where they will enjoy a vacation.

Mrs. Julia Dennis returned from Saginaw, Tuesday, and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harvey Reinhart.

The Whist Club surprised Mrs. G. A. Bell, Tuesday evening, the occasion being Mrs. Bell's birthday anniversary.

Mrs. C. Walsh returned home Wednesday from Grand Rapids, she was accompanied by her niece, Mrs. John Heffron.

A number of the neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington gave them a surprise party Friday evening.

Mrs. Henry Mitchell and daughter, Miss Celia, of Coleman arrived Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Glenn Sarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ward have rented the residence, recently occupied by Henry Smith, and are about to move here from Deward.

Mrs. W. M. Morris returned to her home at Cass City, Wednesday, after a visit at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. George Miles.

Mrs. H. G. Hipp and Miss Agnes O'Neill were called to Charlevoix first of the week by the death of their father, J. H. O'Neill.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Fay and Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Hyatt and Leslie Lemieux, drove to Alden Sunday for a visit with Mr. Hyatt's parents.

Mrs. D. L. Rogers and Miss Alice Kenyon were over from Bellaire a couple of days this week, guest of Mrs. F. E. Brotherton. They returned home, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stadden and Mr. and Mrs. James Stadden of South Boardman visited at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. E. Kirkpatrick and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Atkinson.

D. C. Loveday and daughter, Miss Louise, leave this Saturday for their winter home at St. Petersburg, Fla. They go to Lansing for a short visit with relatives, thence to Chicago and New Orleans, taking a boat trip the balance of the way.

Mrs. R. N. Speege visited relatives at Wolcott on Wednesday.

E. Kirkpatrick was a Bellaire business visitor Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Drescher of Ellsworth is visiting her daughter, Miss Mildred of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Malone returned home from Rome City, Ind., Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Muma are receiving a visit from their grandsons from Grand Rapids.

Miss Lucy Bodrie of Vanderbilt is stopping at her uncles, Wm. Bodrie, for the winter.

Miss Winifred Mollard is assisting in the millinery department at M. E. Ashley's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Reynolds moved into the Al Hammond residence on the West Side this week.

Ward Pack left Monday for Detroit where he has a position in the Walsh, Cram & Kahn law office.

Mrs. W. Livingston and daughter of Acme, arrived Friday, for a visit with her sister, Mrs. E. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. H. L. Carpenter arrived home from Detroit Wednesday, for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Ashton.

Miss Belle Roy entertained a few of her friends at her home, Wednesday evening with a six o'clock dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rainp have purchased the Wm. Moore residence on the West Side, and will occupy same first of next week.

Mrs. Harry Raino returned from Frederic, Tuesday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Reynolds, over Sunday.

Misses Genevieve and Hazel Capelin and Messrs Norman Risk and E. P. McGee of Boyne City visited at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Risk, Sunday last.

The L. D. S. society will serve a chicken pie supper at their church parlors next Monday evening, Nov. 22, commencing at 5:00 o'clock. Price 20 and 25 cents.

"An Autumn Party" will be held at St. Joseph's School on Wednesday evening, Nov. 24th at 8 o'clock sharp. All are cordially invited to this party of frolic and fun.

The Woman's Improvement Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. R. O. Bisbee, Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. L. P. Holliday gave a very interesting talk on her trip to New York this summer.

ATTENTION.—You are all invited to a White Elephant party at the Presbyterian church parlors next Tuesday evening, Nov. 23rd. All come not later than 8:00 o'clock and bring a "white elephant" which you are to exchange for another.—Social Committee.

On Wednesday evening the Womans Improvement Club entertained their husbands at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lorraine. The evening was spent by playing old fashioned games, "spelling downs" and singing old fashioned songs.



For Christmas— Your Photograph

The simple gift that lends the touch of friendship without the embarrassment of an obligation.

W. T. BOSWELL
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Studio one door north of Postoffice—
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Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 21, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"What is the Gospel?"

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"A Civilization without God."

Tuesday evening a Church Social is to be held in the Parlours. Every member of the church and congregation, every one who has expressed any preference for the Presbyterian church, is invited to attend. This is intended as a get acquainted and get friendly party. We especially urge every parent who has a child in the Sunday School to be present.

Thursday at 10:30 a. m. the Annual Union Thanksgiving Service will be held at the M. E. church. Mr. Clemens will have charge of the service, and Mr. Sidebotham will preach the sermon. The regular Prayer-meeting will not be held next week.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 21, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"The Immovable Kingdom"

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:00 p. m. League, Leaders, Mrs. M. J. Palmiter and Miss Kate Carpenter.

7:00 p. m. "Conversation as a Fact of Consciousness."

Thursday 10:30 a. m. Union Thanksgiving Service. Rev. R. S. Sidebotham will preach.

7:30 p. m. Regular Prayer service.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday Nov. 21.

8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Holy Communion for Ladies Altar Society. Benediction.

Monday Nov. 22.

7:30 p. m. Meeting of Altar Society.

NOTICE.

EMPEY BROS have now in stock a quantity of COMFORTABLES and QUILTS. Prices from \$1.00 to \$3.50 each.

Commission Proceedings.

Adjourned regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms Thursday evening, Nov. 19, 1915. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

City Treas. payment of labor, \$169.20
Reid-Graff Co., installing meters, 151.29
Dan E. Goodman, mde, 21.48
Bert Hughes, bal. on fill job, 960.12
James Gidley, salary, 25.00
Enterprise Pub. Co., printing, 15.00
Geo. Spencer, bal. on sewer job, 331.90

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that whereas, H. L. Winters as engineer has made and filed with the city clerk, plans and specifications of a bridge and fill across the South Arm of Pine Lake, to take the place of the present structure, resolved, that application be duly made to the Secretary of War for permission to construct said bridge according to said plans and specifications; and that the city attorney be, and hereby is, directed to draft the necessary papers therefor, and that the mayor and city clerk are hereby directed to sign the same. Carried.

On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Learn a Little Every Day.

The river Nile has a fall of only six inches in 1,000 miles, and is, at flood, twelve miles wide in places.

The Coliseum at Rome was built by Vespaian and seated 100,000 persons. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, was 220 years in building. Its length was 425 feet and its breadth, 225 feet.

New Testament money, reduced to our standard as follows: A mite was 3-10 of a cent; farthing 3-5 of a cent; and a denaries 13 cents.

One pound of oatmeal will furnish as much power as two pounds of bread.

Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world, (Himalaya) and measures 5 3-5 miles in height.

A second-class joke has caused many a man to lose a first-class friend.

To be a satisfactory fiance a man should be all heart, but to be a satisfactory husband he should be all pocket book.

CHEAPER THAN HOME-MADE.

You cannot make a good cough medicine at home for as little as you pay for Foley's Honey and Tar, nor can you be sure of getting the fresh, full strength, clean and pure materials. Did you ever hear of a home-made cough medicine doing the work that Foley's is doing every day all over the country?—Hite's Drug Store.

Come to our

Opening Sale

where you will find bargains
abounding in every department

Our New Store—a few doors south of our former location—affords us ample room and light to properly display our mammoth stock. Come in and visit us—we will make your coming worth while.

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Respectfully solicits the patronage of the people of East Jordan and those who come to our city on business or pleasure. Our aim is to satisfy every patron with our Meals and Lunches. Give us a trial.

FRANK GREEN, Prop'r

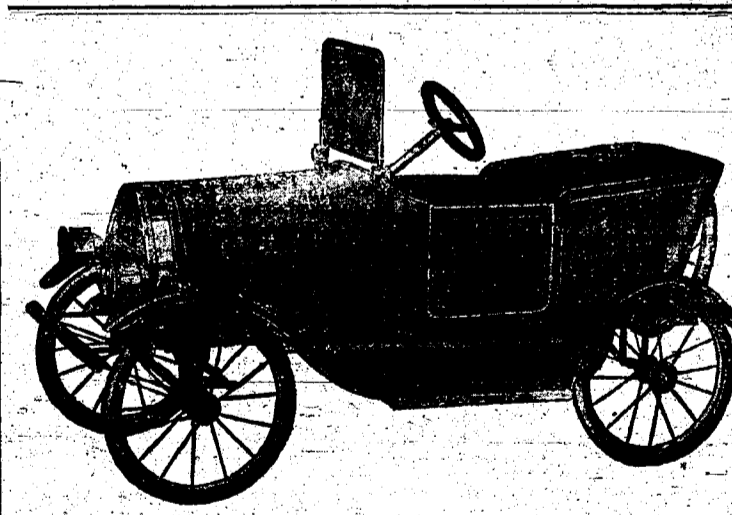
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\$1.00 Trade Books count 1000 votes; 50c books 500 votes.

COMMENCE SAVING TODAY.

Hite Drug Store

SALTS IS FINE FOR KIDNEYS, QUIT MEAT

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back Hurts or Bladder bothers—Meat forms uric acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad-Salts from any reliable pharmacy and 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 has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in uric acid so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad-Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

Texas, which in 1850 stood twelfth in rank, is now the seventh state in the American union in point of wealth. It is first in point of size and fifth in population.

Thirty states have on their statute books laws providing for the employment of state prisoners in road building.

Fish are being shipped to England via Montreal from British Columbia waters, the reason being the fish shortage due to the war's interference with the North Sea fisheries.

Constantinople is a city of mosques and minarets. There are about 300 mosques in it, many of them being buildings of the most beautiful and picturesque sort.

The first national bird census shows that the densest bird population is at Chevy Chase, near Washington, D. C., where 161 pairs of 34 species were found nesting on 32 acres.

Merchants in China often leave their places of business unguarded for more than half an hour. If customers arrive in the meantime they find the prices of goods plainly marked, select what they want, and leave the money.

Birds, in the construction of their nests, almost without exception avoid bright-colored materials, which might possibly lead to the discovery of their place of abode by an enemy.

Flesh-eating animals have the sense of smell better developed than vegetable eaters.

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

The successful man roots while his unsuccessful brother stands around and squeals.

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

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Bread Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and ease grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil.

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia, "limber up!" Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

Making the Home Comfy

WHERE TO BUILD HOUSE.

Select Land of Light, Porous Quality, Lying High.

Select for your building site, if possible, land of a light, porous quality, lying high and with good natural drainage. Do not build near stink-holes, marshy ponds or other malaria-bearing spots. You can often test the drainage quality of a lot which you have in mind by digging holes a few feet in depth on the highest and lowest parts and observing them at various seasons of the year, especially after a rainy period. Houses on low-lying land should be built off the ground as much as possible, with high foundation walls, and with two or three stories instead of one floor.

Before finally deciding on a location make certain that it is healthful. If inquiry reveals that there is a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood, think twice before you buy. Sometimes it is hard to get a reliable statement from residents or from your land agent, because of a desire to hold up real estate values. If you have any doubt in the matter, and can do so, rent a house and try out the community for a year.—Good Health.

FOR THE GUEST ROOM.

Light Tinted Chiffon Bag is Useful Accessory.

While the careful hostess will not overload her guest room with a horde of needless trifles, she will appreciate this latest novelty in a dainty guest room accessory, and may hang it with a free conscience on the dressing table for her next feminine visitor. It is a light tinted chiffon bag, a shapeless affair gathered onto a ribbon covered embroidery hoop. In it are piled, perhaps a dozen individual powder puffs of softest cotton. Each bit of fluffiness is tied with a piece of narrow ribbon of the color chosen for the bag, and a jaunty bow offers a comfortable way of holding the diminutive puff when in operation. The real practical value of such a dainty bag lies of course in the fact that a guest returning from various pleasure jaunts, more or less soiled as to face and fatigued as to body, will relish a clean bit of cotton for applying the refreshing bit of alcohol, powder or rouge.

NEEDLEWORK.

Nothing is more annoying than the usual drawing laundry bag, which always gapes at the wrong moment and refuses to open when it is full. One clever woman has solved the difficulty in a new way. She procured a plain wooden coat hanger, such as can be bought anywhere for five cents and sewed a chintz bag over it, sewing the bag tight to one side of the hanger and leaving the other side loose, with a slit down the middle about half way. The top of the bag and the slit are bound with tape which fastens the loose side around the metal hook of the hanger. Thus the bag is easily opened when needed and keeps properly closed when inconspicuousness is desired.

Fashions in marking linen change to some degree every season, so that letters from a half-inch to four or five inches long are permissible. A safe rule for the conservative needlewoman to follow is:

For tablecloths, letters three-quarters of an inch long.

Sheets, two inches long.

Other articles are marked according to the state of embroiderer. But the best method of marking linen is a problem which presents itself very often.

There are many ways to choose besides the plain embroidered initial stamped either in script or block type. Perhaps the most attractive method of working large initials is to embroider the letters over fine net, cutting away the linen underneath, so that when finished it will give a transparent effect that is unusual and beautiful.

The work is not difficult and can be done rapidly by one who has any experience in needlecraft.

When turning in hems on wavy or sheer materials like swiss, it is often much easier to take a warm iron and press them down by the eye, which is generally accurate for long distances. This gives better results in many cases than measuring, as a wavy swiss will slip in spite of you when you attempt to measure accurately for a deep hem or tuck.

Your sewing machine will last longer and run more easily if, especially after working on woolen goods, you clean out the feed plate. Take out the sewing that holds it down and lift it off, then with a long pin pick out the lint and clear the needle slot. You will be amazed at the amount of lint that can accumulate there, and, when you have replaced the plate and the screw, at the increased efficiency of the machine.

Prune Ice Cream.

Prepare cream same as for vanilla ice cream. Drain and seed carefully cooked prunes as directed. Rub through the puree sieve or a colander or they may be even chopped very fine. For every quart of sweet cream and one cup of sugar use one pint of the prunes unsweetened and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Freeze and pack. Let ripen for one hour.

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES

In Alaska Reconnaissance Soil Survey of Territory. To Map Soils Suitable for Crops.

A reconnaissance soil survey of a vast area in Alaska to investigate the agricultural possibilities of that territory has recently been made, and the results of this work will shortly be published in a report by the bureau of soils of the United States department of agriculture. The report comprises 202 pages and contains 38 page plates and 4 maps. It describes the climate, soils, crops, and other conditions bearing upon the possibilities of agricultural development in Alaska, and in addition discusses such incidental subjects as settlement, natural resources, physiography, drainage, means of communication, and a comparison of Alaska with parts of Siberia and Finland.

The report says in part: "The existence of a vast mountainous area along the southern coast of Alaska, with numerous lofty, snow-covered peaks and huge glaciers, necessarily unfit for human habitation, is apt to give one unfamiliar with the complexities of the topography and climate of the country as a whole the impression that Alaska is a region of inhospitable mountains, glaciers, and snow, without farming possibilities. In a measure this is true, for there are in the territory immense areas of rugged mountains, including the loftiest peaks upon the North American continent, and great wastes of snow-clad and precipitous land, wide stretches of bleak tundra and mountain skirting the Arctic ocean, innumerable bodies of water-soaked muskog, and many glaciers of almost incredible magnitude. Nevertheless there are millions of acres of relatively low, smooth land and gentle slopes in various parts of the country which are topographically and climatically suited to farming. That this is true is not a matter of conjecture, for many valuable food products both for man and animal are now being successfully grown. Farming in a region so far north may seem astonishing until one is acquainted with the equable summer climate, the long hours of summer daylight, and the good quality of the soil."

It is pointed out, however, that while the development of a successful agriculture throughout an enormous area in Alaska is possible, it must be remembered that "as yet strictly pioneer conditions obtain, that settlement is largely confined to communities in the vicinity of mining camps, that much of the country is inaccessible owing to the absence of roads and railroads, and that home markets are restricted by the present small population."

"Every indication is that agricultural development must be gradual, must grow with the construction of highways and railroads, with the development of mining industries, and accompanying increase of population. If large numbers, without sufficient capital, should 'stampede' to these lands with the idea of immediately establishing profitable farms for themselves, it is believed that there would be only disappointment for many. A careful study of the conditions before undertaking farming operations here is therefore urgently advised. The prospects of success for farming depend, so far as sale of sulphur products is concerned, upon finding a local market among a population attracted by mining resources and fisheries. In other words these regions of Alaska will probably not for some time export agricultural products, at least not on an important scale. Exportation of such products must await the building of a system of railroads and highways and probably, also, the establishment of cheaper transportation."

The report deals with three general areas, the Cook Inlet-Sitka region, the Yukon-Tanana region, and the Copper River regions.

MONEY FROM SOME WEEDS

"Any weed on your place?" asks "The Kansas Industrialist," and it continues: "One year's seeding, the old farm proverb says, is seven year's weeding. Better get busy—and do something. The big stick in the weed industry is to prevent the seedling—no royal road, no easy task, but mighty important to every farmer. You just have to get down and work hard if once you get a fine stand of weeds. Watch all your seed, know it is clean; send it to the Kansas State Agricultural College, Department of Botany, if necessary and have it analyzed."

Commenting on this the Topeka State Journal says: "Of course, if you're going into the weed business it's different. Some of the most noxious weeds that thrive today are the sources of crude drugs now obtained wholly or in part from abroad. The plants from which medicines are made—burdock, dandelion, couch grass, pokeweed, tansy, catnip, Jimson weed, etc., can be collected and sold as crude drugs. The prices paid are not high. Yet, in getting rid of weeds and thus increasing the value of the land the farmer can make the weed a source of small income instead of a loss, it isn't a poor idea after all."

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

THE GREATNESS OF GENTLENESS

BY THE REV. EDWIN WHITTIER CASWELL.

..The gentleness hath made me great.—Psalm xviii, 35.

God's gentleness is "like as a father pitieth his children," or "as one whom his mother comforteth;" a bruised reed. He will not break nor quench the smoking flax; "He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust;" His gentle rays of love fall on the evil and on the good, on the palace and on the cottage.

He who from Bethlehem came wore a smile of gentleness that won the hearts of all the children and attracted to His side the poor, the sinful, the outcast and the homeless. Jesus was the gentle heart and mind of God manifested to humanity.

David in his sin and sorrow had drawn from "God's merciful gentleness the power which gave him the greatness of goodness, as well as the ability in his wonderful Psalms to touch all the chords of joy and sorrow in the human heart."

The gentleness that makes the true gentleman was the crowning glory of the character of Abraham Lincoln. He bore the burdens of a nation with the patience and hope of a sublime gentleness. With Godlike sympathy he listened to the cry of anguish and bereavement from every troubled heart when the destiny of the Republic was in the balance. He pardoned the unfortunate soldier with the gentleness of heavenly forgiveness; he bore with his enemies in his own secret Cabinet, like Jesus with Judas. After patient waiting he struck off every shackle from the slave and with his benignant countenance reflected divine gentleness upon the world.

Gentleness that rules the spirit is greater than taking a city or conquering a rebellion; it overcomes bitterness, displaces selfishness, throttles evil tempers, quiets irritation, plucks a thistle and plants a flower in its place, spreading over the world the kindly mantle of "malice toward none and charity for all."

Such is the touch of the "vanished hand" that rests to-day like a benediction upon the head of the nation. Such is the voice, whose soft answer always turned away wrath, that fills the earth with the resounding echoes of peace and good will.

We called him "gentle, honest Abe" when he was with us, for he was the purest hearted, whitest-minded, gentlest spirit, dearest martyr and grandest liberator and ruler among the sons of men.

Our martyred President, who was such a giant of goodness, greatness and gentleness, had to fall before we could measure him and must rise again before we will fully see and know him as he is.

To-day Lincoln, with Washington, is embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen. The father and the savior of their country are two of God's masterpieces of gentleness, drawn by the Divine Artist, exhibited before all people, inspiring mankind by their memory, example and noble deeds to attain in their moral manhood to the loftiest ideals of truth, righteousness and holiness.

"I Should Think You Would."

A beautiful Gypsy girl was employed by a German artist to sit for one of his studies. She noticed in his studio an unfinished picture of the crucifixion, and asked who "that wicked man" was, and what his crime was to be punished so. The artist explained, picture, and, in answer to her many questions, gave her a rather grudging account of the Gospel story. He had no sympathy with Christian themes, and his cold manner roused her wonder "Why," she said, "I should think you would love Him. He died for you!"

Don't run to ears. Be a man, not a rabbit.

Pharisee yeast, for bubbles—or do you want bread.

Christ does not save men from anything. He is a way, not an asylum.

If you cannot abolish a wrong you can brand it as it passes, and bide your time.

He who preaches to God in his prayers is quite likely to pray to men in his preaching.

Men seek their own spiritual party level as certainly as rivulets seek their rivers, and rivers seek the sea. Reformers have their seasons of spring and fall, like the tree, but the tough wood grows by storms.

God's Peace.

The deepest want of man is not a desire for happiness, but a craving for peace; not a wish for the gratification of every desire, but a craving for the repose of acquiescence in the will of God, and it is this which Christianity promises. Christianity does not promise happiness, but it does promise peace.—F. W. Robertson.

People are always talking of perseverance, courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the finest, too.—Buskirk.

WINTER DAIRYING.

Many Advantages in Having Dairy Cows Freshen in the Fall—Offers Best Returns to Producers.

In many sections most of the cows freshen in the spring. The more observing and careful dairymen, however, having found that winter dairying has many advantages, are breeding their cows to drop the calves in the fall. The following are some of the advantages of winter dairying:

First, higher prices are obtained for milk and cream. As the usual season for cows to freshen is the spring, milk has always been plentiful during the early summer and scarce and higher during the winter.

Second, milk and cream can be handled in cold weather with less danger of souring, so there is little loss on account of milk returned from the creamery.

Third, the amount of labor on the farm is better distributed throughout the year. If the cows freshen in the spring, they are in full flow of milk and need the best care when work in the fields is most pressing. On the other hand, if the cows calve in the fall and are milked during the winter, the farmer can give them close attention, has more time to study the problem of feeding, and can give his men employment all the year and in that way get better help.

Fourth, the lactation period is lengthened and the amount of milk given during the year increased. Cows that freshen in the spring milk heavily while grass is good, but as the pastures dry up the flow of milk falls off and with the approach of winter the cows are nearly dry. If they freshen in the fall, they should at once be started on a good winter ration, and when they have been milked six months it is time to turn them to pasture and for a time the flow of milk will be nearly as great as that from fresh cows. Recent investigations by experiment stations verify this observation.

Fifth, fall calves can be raised better than those born in the spring. Young calves should be fed on milk for several months, after which they must be weaned and fed on solid food. If they are born in the spring, they will be tormented by flies all summer, they may be neglected because of the farm work, and when it is time to wean them they must be put on a dry winter ration. Fall calves come at a time when the dairyman can give them the closest attention, and when weaned they can be put on grass at an age when an easily digested and nutritious food is most needed.

As more milk can be produced, higher prices obtained, the labor more evenly distributed throughout the year, and better calves raised, winter dairying offers the best returns to producers.

ELASTIC ROADS

An interesting experiment has been made, with promising results, at Zurich. Fine gravel, the grains averaging from one-twentieth to one-twelfth of an inch in diameter, the whole carefully freed from earthy substances, was coated in a revolving drum, with tar. These pellets were then carefully dried and hardened, and after eight or ten weeks were spread during dry weather in a thick layer upon a prepared road bed and rolled. The road thus formed is inexpensive, possesses a certain elasticity, and is said to withstand well the effects of heavy traffic. The desirability of a slightly elastic road for saving wear and tear and for suppressing noise is evident.—London Globe.

Scientific Breeding Counts.

Whatever may be said by those who ridicule and decry scientific and fancy breeding of fowls, the convictions forced upon the minds of all who are willing to think and honest enough to acknowledge it is that the increased value of all live stock, fowls included, is due alone to such breeding. The effect of fancy breeding is not only seen and felt for a short time, and in prescribed limits, when, perchance, enthusiasm inoculates a large number of persons in a community, with the passion for keeping fine poultry, but it lays a foundation for the propagation of better breeds and they are maintained and become the corner stone of future results. For these reasons poultry shows should be encouraged, and those who are enthusiastic should be assisted by breeders whenever possible, in the way of exhibits and other encouragements.

A mass of turnips make an excellent meal for poultry in the winter season, especially for ducks and geese. They may also be used during the fall. Add a small quantity of bran and ground oats to the turnips and give the hens all they will eat, as such food is bulky, and not so liable to fatten them quickly as is the case when grain is fed exclusively.

When poultry are no longer able to secure food on the open range, provide them with as much green stuff as can be secured, and feed some meat scraps or other form of animal food three or four times each week. Wheat is one of the best grains for eggs.

Hog producers have shown in recent years that they know how to market their product. Every slump is followed by reduced shipments and the supply pretty well adjusted to the demand.

"To raise a mortgage plant labor and sow economy"—to grow a mortgage do the opposite.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "b-fags" and pessimists we should have a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. Those subject to sick headaches, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds, and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

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There is always room at the top for aeroplanes—and room at the bottom for submarines.

HOW "TIZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelly 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. "TIZ" is magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drugstore or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed if money refunded.



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BY

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

Author of

"The Whispering Man," Etc.

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CHAPTER I. In the Dark.

Above the purr of his gears, Longstreet—the "great Longstreet"—thought he heard something moving in the darkness. He threw out his clutch and leaned forward, seeking vainly to penetrate the gloom a little farther. That the sound had no existence, save in his superheated imagination, he really believed. But he had obeyed his sixth sense—that intuitive species of warning, born in a daring man, which enables him to drive a ninety-horse-power racing car at a dangerously high rate of speed over an unknown, ill-kept country road, with nothing but a pair of dim oil lamps to tell him what he has struck—if his motor sense should miss fire.

The powerful searchlights of his car had failed him when the gas in the generator ran low. It was not late—only a little after six o'clock—in the month of September—but the twilight which the almanac had provided for this hour had been doused by black thunder-clouds settling down over everything. The air was sultry and dead, unnaturally still, with the premonition of the coming storm.

He had expected to reach Morris's camp by daylight—an hour before this—but he had missed his road and gone many miles before discovering his error. Then had come a momentarily thrilling experience with a farmer's buggy, a farmer's wife and a farmer's half-broken colt. Nothing untoward happened, but he realized, whereas the farmer's wife didn't, how narrow had been the escape from serious accident. Longstreet was still quivering with it.

Yes, he was the "great Longstreet." The only American who had ever won the French Grand Prix, unquestionably the greatest motor racer in America. But at this sort of road work, he was like a thoroughbred lashed to a plow. With his nerves wire-drawn, his eyes fastened on the unpierced blackness ahead, he had plodded along on his second speed for a tediously long time, inwardly cursing himself for acting like an unnerved old woman.

In went his clutch, and the car lurched forward. It was just then that his motor sense halted him. His hands started away from the wheel and an involuntary cry of astonishment left his lips. Then, feeling utterly foolish and rather inclined to run away, he stopped the car, looking about him with all the perplexity of a man who had suddenly landed upon earth from a parachute, and seeing nothing but phantom shadows.

All that had really happened was that somebody had said "Hello!" and said it in a woman's voice. But the word had been spoken almost in his ear, not more than a yard away, at any rate. And the voice itself—well, it had, somehow, a quality about it that made Longstreet's heart, after a dead-stop for a second, go racing as his motor had raced a moment before. It was a rather low voice; cool, well-bred and utterly self-possessed. It had a friendly flavor of humor about it, too.

All of that—yet the only word spoken; so far, had been "Hello." The next moment it spoke again.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. I thought you saw me a minute ago."

That indefinable hint of humor was a little broader now. Longstreet turned his head. She was utterly invisible to him in the blackness, but, somehow, he could feel the smile that went with her words.

"Not at all," he stammered, rather idiotically. "I mean—"

He broke the sentence off short, for he felt, rather than heard, that she was moving away. But it was only to walk around behind the car and come up again on the other side, the left side of the car, where the vacant seat was.

During that interval, he had time to reflect that she might be going in his direction. Possibly her action in coming up beside the vacant seat had suggested it to him.

"May I give you a lift?" he asked.

"I mean, if you're going my way." She did not answer instantly, and he went on in a sudden panic lest she might have taken offense at the invitation. "It's—it's rather dark and—"

Again, in the same perfectly indescribable way, he could feel that she was smiling, and he remembered that she herself had begun the conversation and had startled him nearly out of his boots in doing so.

She was speaking again, in that cool, frank, friendly voice of hers, but now the hint of humorous mockery was gone.

"Do you mind? It's only a quarter of a mile or two. But it's slow work afoot, and I have an appointment that I don't want to be late for."

She mounted to the seat beside him, as she spoke. His great racing machine had no tonneau, only the one seat beside the driver, which she had just taken. In front, beyond the dash, the enormous hood which covered its six cylinders stretched out in the gloom like the snout of a leviathan.

"What a monster!" she said.

"If I knew the road, or if I had any gas for my lamps, we could cover your two miles in about two long breaths. As it is, I am afraid we'll have to take it slowly."

"Oh, I'm not in such a hurry as that," she said.

Then there was a little silence, as the car resumed its interrupted journey. The actual driving was easier than it had been before. He no longer heard imaginary sounds, nor saw nonexistent shapes in the faintly illuminated darkness out in front. But this was because the better part of his mind now was occupied by the unseen silent girl beside him.

What a hulking, stammering fool she must think him! And how her friends, whoever they were, would enjoy her account of the adventure, beginning with the way he had nearly jumped out of his seat when she had merely spoken to him. He wished—how he wished, that that black canopy would roll off the face of the sky and reveal an open road ahead, so that his "monster" could leap forward at its own gait, his gears sing their proper song instead of this confounded long-metre drolology.

Instead of that, the treacherous high-crowned surface of the road began slipping from under him. The tires had nothing to take hold of and the car was proceeding, crabwise, into the ditch. He succeeded in straightening it out with a jerk, and in another moment, was up on the crown of the road again. Then he was aware that the girl had gasped, just audibly. She had made no outcry, nor clutched at his arm, nor done any other foolish thing that might well have been expected of her. His own mechanic Renaud, who had gone through the great French race with him, could not have acted better.

Somehow, the little incident restored his own self-respect, while it did away with the almost hostile feeling he had been entertaining, along with his admiration, for the girl.

"That was good luck," he said, and now, for the first time, he felt himself speaking naturally. "A side slip is no joke, when you don't know where you're going to bring up."

"I should think it would be no joke, anyway, running a car like this in the dark, over a road you don't know."

"I didn't expect to be caught out in the dark. I should have reached Mr. Morris's place by daylight, if I hadn't mistaken the road now, but I'm hoping so."

"Mr. Alfred Morris? Oh, yes; you only have to keep straight ahead. His driveways turn to the left, just beyond the second bridge. Oh—but this first bridge isn't there. It was washed out in a freshet about a week ago. You go down a rather break-neck hill and then you have to ford—but there is less than a foot of water, or was, when I crossed yesterday."

He laughed shortly. "It's a great country," he said.

"Oh, if automobiles will come to the mountains, that's their own affair," she retorted. "They've never been—well, invited." There was a momentary silence, then she spoke again.

"That was about as rude and ungrateful a speech, under the present circumstances, as I could possibly have made. I don't like automobiles, but I'm glad that this one happened along. And you must believe I'm really grateful to you."

What an instrument her voice was! Taken by themselves, her words might have sounded almost unfriendly, in their apparent exclusion of the man from a share in her gratitude. But no one could have heard the manner of her utterance of them, without thrilling a little over the thing she had left unsaid.

"I only wish I could get you home quickly. They'll be worrying about you, I suppose."

"About me? Oh, well, I suppose they will rather; but not enough to hurt. I'm always doing things that people who aren't used to me might worry over. But you see, I'm not going home. That is, not until I've done something else first. I'm—outward bound, as sailors say."

Again it was her voice that told him more than the words themselves. There was literally nothing in what she said to lead him to doubt that whoever she had this appointment with would see her safely home again. Certainly it was the natural thing to suppose. And yet he did not doubt it. After a moment of uneasy silence, he said:

"I suppose you'll get back home all right. I mean that the people you're going to now will see that you do."

She did not answer instantly. When she did she evaded a direct reply.

"That's a pretty reasonable supposition, isn't it?" But it was evident that she did not even expect the evasion to deceive him, for, before he could speak, she added: "Oh, please don't bother about me. I shall get on all right, really."

Quite deliberately he stopped the car in its tracks and, with a turn of the switch, silenced the racing motor.

"Look here," he said, "I don't want to seem inquisitive, nor officious, but I can't help seeing that you're in—well, in a difficulty of some sort. I wish you would let me help you out."

She did not reply at once. He waited, not knowing whether the silence would be terminated by an indignant rebuke for his presumption, or by a sudden acceptance of his offer to help. He waited a second longer, then he added:

"And please don't decide that I can't help, without giving me a chance."

"Oh," she said quickly, as if his words had recalled her attention to something it had wondered from—"Oh, no; you can't help me."

He turned quickly back to his steering wheel, more hurt at her apparently indifferent dismissal of his suggestion than he could have been by any open display of anger.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she said with sudden contrition. "I meant I hadn't been thinking about the difficulty I was in. What I was doing, was wondering how in the world you came to know I was in a difficulty. I hadn't told you so, and I'm sure I haven't been stifling sobs, or anything, as we rode along." He could "feel" her smile over that. "Yet, somehow, I felt that I was telling you all the while. Can you tell me how you knew?"

"No," he said thoughtfully. "I can't. But, somehow, I did know—just as I knew you smiled just now."

At that she sat suddenly erect. "You're rather wonderful," she said. "Hearing you in the dark this way—just a voice."

He drew a long breath and gripped the sides of the steering wheel tightly. His heart, in the same unaccountable, idiotic fashion as before, was racing again. He did not even try to answer her. The next moment he heard the voice again, frank, even, open-throated.

"We had better be going on, I suppose."

He started the motor from the seat. She waited until the clutch was in and the roar of the racing pistons had died down to an undertone, then she went on:

"You're really not to worry about me. I hadn't calculated on the dark, any more than you had. I left the hotel, a few miles up the road, with the idea of getting back by daylight. I was riding, but my mare fell with me and managed to get up quicker than I could, so she bolted back to her stable—that was just after it got dark—and I had to come on foot."

"You say your horse fell with you?" he repeated incredulously. "You must be hurt!"

"Hurt! Not a bit. Why should I be? I fell clear."

She heard him utter a short laugh. "If a horse ever fell with me, I'd think I was a candidate for a hospital, whether I was hurt or not."

"You're not used to horses, then?"

"No. What's more, I'm afraid of them."

"Afraid of horses and not of this?" she exclaimed. He could just see, in silhouette, the gauntleted hand which gestured toward the great snout of the leviathan, beyond the dash. "It's a question of what we're used to, I suppose."

They rode on for a minute or two in silence; then he asked:

"Can't that errand of yours possibly go over until tomorrow? Won't you let me take you back now to the hotel? They'll be fearfully worried, if your horse comes back without you."

"No, they won't; it's a trick of hers—not falling with me; I mean—but seizing a chance to run off when I was dismounted. As for the errand, tomorrow wouldn't do. Even if it would, I think I'd see it through now. We're nearly there."

Then he spoke rather slowly and deliberately.

"Do you mind giving me your word the errand isn't dangerous?"

She laughed shortly and rather grimly. "Difficult and disagreeable, I'll admit, but not dangerous." She punctuated the sentence with a tap of her riding crop against her boot.

"No, not dangerous, I think," she added.

He made no comment and drove steadily on. It was only a minute or two later that he made out the stone post of a great gate. Then he felt her hand just brush his arm.

"Here's the place," she said. "Good-by. I'm very grateful to you."

"There's nothing. I know of to be grateful for. But it isn't good-by."

CHAPTER II.

Questions.

"What do you mean?" she demanded abruptly. "Oh, I see—that if I'm to be here for the rest of the summer, and you are, we'll probably—"

"I hope it turns out that way; but that wasn't what I meant. You'll find me here when you come back—when you've completed your errand. And I'll take you back to the hotel."

"I can't let you do that."

Her tone had the cadence of absolute finality in it; but in the next breath she added—

"Oh, please don't think me ungrateful—but I can't let you."

"I don't see how you can prevent me," he said slowly.

"Do you mean that you would wait, even if I asked you not to?"

"Yes."

"It wouldn't do you any good. I know all the trails over the mountains hereabout. I can find a wood road that will take me back to the hotel, without coming down here again at all."

"In that case—his voice was gentle, but the cadence of it was as final as hers had been. "—In that case, I shan't let you go alone. I'll follow you up the path here afoot."

He had caught the sound of a quickly indrawn breath, and was aware that she had risen suddenly and had stepped down on the running board of the car. She was about to speak, but he forestalled her.

"Anyway, what's the use of being so solemn about it? All I ask is the privilege of giving you another lift along the road. You'd let any native, who happened to come jogging along in a ramshackle wagon, do as much. I've not tried, I've not asked questions, I've not tried to establish any claim on you—and I won't. I haven't even seen your face."

There was a momentary silence. Her foot was still on the running board of the car, and one hand upon the arm of the seat she had just vacated.

"Come," he added persuasively, "I'll withdraw my threat, to follow you. I'm just going to stay here a while, in the hope that you'll come back."

"You're a very disarming sort of person," she said, and her voice had the hint of a break in it. "I'll agree to come back this way and see if you're still here; and, of course, if you hear me call loudly for help, you may follow me. No, not through the gate—up a path there beside it."

"Thanks for that concession."

"But otherwise," she went on a little diffidently, "—otherwise, you won't follow."

"That's understood." He spoke rather curtly, then added: "Good luck!"

In a moment more he could hear her climbing the path. He threw in his clutch again and cautiously backed his car around, until it was headed in the direction from which they had come. Then he killed his engine and dismounted from the car. He removed the lamp from one of the lanterns on his dash, unlocked and lifted the hood and scrutinized the motor, patted the bearings with a familiar hand, and fingered the connections.

All was as it should be. The powerful engine had been working all day without a miss—without a fault. He had subjected it, deliberately, to every difficult test he could think of—and it had met them all triumphantly.

He tried, as he stood there gazing at it, to get his mind into focus again, to realize what tremendous possibilities that fact shadowed forth. He had, embodied here in solid metal, the result of what was perhaps the most revolutionary discovery that had ever been made in connection with engines of this type. It had been no easy discovery—no careless gift of nature's as some great inventions have been. He and that nervous invalid who was waiting for him now, in his lonely mountain shack a few miles further up the road, had risked their lives in finding the thing they sought, had devoted their modest means to it, had given their hearts to it, utterly.

And they had won—half their battle. They had compelled nature to yield them one of the most perilous of her secrets. They had drawn the teeth of danger from it, harnessed it, and set it to work. It was as gentle now as a zephyr in the month of June, as powerful as the thunderbolt.

The other half of the battle was still before them—perhaps the harder half. That was what Morris said, anyway. Well, they had their campaign planned, and behind Longstreet's frank blue eyes, there lurked no doubt of victory.

All of that—the victory they had just won, the battle they had yet to win, were what he tried to think about now, as he stood there in that black mountain road, beside the silent car. For it meant everything to him, to him and Morris, and it was a meaning that would not lessen with the years. What they had done would endure, a permanent contribution to civilized humanity.

And this girl he was waiting for meant nothing. Tomorrow she would be an episode of an hour—literally an hour; it would hardly be more than that altogether. A voice that had spoken a few words to him and then gone its way. She would never be anything more than that. He had practically given her his word that she never should be more than that. He had promised her that he would not try to establish a claim upon her, and that meant that he would not try to seek her further acquaintance, as a reward for the comparatively slight service he had been able to render her. In a week, he assured himself, he would have forgotten all about it. So at least his sane, every-day reason assured him. But his only reply to this sensible assurance of reason was a laugh of derisive incredulity.

Forget her! Why, his veins were tingling with her—the blood in them, singing a song! "But you have never seen her," his reason persisted. "For anything you know, she may be hideous. It's not likely that you will see her at all. In that event, you may meet her on the highroad tomorrow and never know her, nor she you."

And once more Longstreet laughed like a boy.

"You are a very disarming person." That was almost the last thing she had said to him and his heart gave a leap as his memory repeated the word in just the cadence the cool loveliness of her voice had given them.

He laughed again, and his hand, as he screwed the little oil lamp back into its place in the lantern, was not very steady.

A few big drops of rain came pelted down. He put a rubber poncho over his shoulders and mounted again to his seat in the car, then drew an

oil cloth cover over the vacant seat beside him.

He lighted a cigarette, drew in a great lungful of the fragrant smoke, and settled down to wait. The rain falling faster and faster soon extinguished the cigarette, but he tossed it away and, instead of smoking, whistled softly. Certainly he was not in the frame of mind to be expected in a man so circumstanced.

The rain increased to a downpour, and presently a great crevasse of lightning split the sky and gave him his first real glimpse of the place where he was waiting. He saw the two stone pillars which supported the iron gates that hung between them. He saw the path the girl had taken—a well-marked path, running diagonally up the hillside. He saw an arch over the gate, with Gothic letters printed on it. When the light was gone he knew that those letters had spelled the word "Ashcroft."

He was taken by surprise, though this time he was not startled into showing it, when he heard the girl's voice from a little way up the path. He had not expected her return so soon, although he really had very little idea how long he had been waiting.

"So you really waited—in spite of the rain?" she said, adding as she came up beside the car, "You must be fearfully wet."

"My poncho kept me dry," he said, "and I've another here for you. But I'm afraid it's too late to do you any good. You must be drenched already."

"No," she assured him, "I was under shelter during the worst of it. It's letting up now."

In the dark he held the big rubber blanket open for her, and helped her into it. Touching her, even in so commonplace a way as that, made his fingers tingle. He noted with satisfaction that she was really not wet.

"We'll make short work of getting you home," he assured her, as he started the motor. "I know the road now, after a fashion."

"The clouds will break before long, too," she added. "They've already begun to in the other valley. I could see from the top of the ridge."

They drove along for a while in silence. When finally he spoke it was with the air of a man who has been making up his mind to take a plunge.

"You knew I'd wait, didn't you?"

"You didn't think I'd have gone off and left you, just because of the rain?"

"Yes, I knew it," she said, "and it was a miserable, cheap, feminine trick to pretend to be surprised when I saw you there. I'll tell you this much more, too," she added a moment later, "my errand was a good deal less disagreeable and difficult, for the knowledge I had that you were down here in the road waiting for me, I don't believe the element of danger would have entered into it, anyway, but it was comforting to know it couldn't, and that a call would bring you."

"I'm glad you didn't have to do it," he said.

She considered that remark for a moment in silence.

"That was nice of you," she said. "Ever so much nicer than to have wished the other thing."

She paused there, started rather precipitately to speak again, but checked herself almost before she had begun—certainly before she had enunciated a single word.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing. No, that's not true. Something—something rather important. I start to say it and then lost my courage. But, one way or another, it's got to be said."

He waited in silence while she was casting about for a way to begin. Her beginning was surprising enough, when it came.

"I suppose you haven't had any dinner?"

"What? Why in the world...?"

"Oh, I know you haven't; you can't have. It doesn't make much difference, but it does a little. Listen! Will you give a frank answer to a question? An honest, frank, true answer?"

He considered for a moment.

"Probably," he said.

She laughed outright at that, and made a little motion, which, if she had not checked it, would have resulted in a pat of approbation upon his forehead.

"I suppose I shall have to chance it, then," she said. "Here's the question: What should you think of me—what sort of creature should you think I was—if I didn't bring you in to the hotel and introduce you to my mother and make you stay for a late dinner with me? If, instead of that, after all you have done for me, I made you put me down in the dark, a little farther along the road here, at the foot of a long flight of steps that lead up over the hill to the hotel? If I went off and left you to plod back through the rain to Mr. Morris's shack dripping wet, and hours late—without telling you who I was, or asking you to come and see me? There's the question you're to give a frank answer to."

"I should say that you were acting entirely within your rights."

He tried to make his voice sound natural, tried to conceal the fact that she hurt him harder than he had believed a girl could, an hour ago—any girl. But his voice instantly betrayed him.

"I won't take that for an answer," she said resolutely. "In the first place, it isn't an answer. I asked you what you would think of me if I did something, and you say I'd be acting within my rights. That isn't what I want to know. And then, in the second place, it isn't true. I've allowed you to do me a real service—and a disagreeable one—and I have no right, if

we're talking of rights, not to acknowledge it. It's the only decent thing to do."

"On the contrary," he argued—he was getting his voice under better control now—I've released you from any obligation whatever. You weren't going to let me wait. When you did, it was on the ground that you were to take another lift from me in my car, just as you would from a farmer who happened to come jogging along in his wagon. You wouldn't take the farmer in and introduce him to your mother, and keep him to dinner! Anyhow, I'd rather be treated like the farmer than to have you take me in, when you didn't want to, just because it was, as you say, the only decent thing to do."

"That's nonsense, about the farmer," she said. "And, anyway, it isn't an answer. It isn't telling me, as I asked you to, what you'd think of me. But I suppose I know without your telling me."

"It's brightening a little," Longstreet said, after a momentary silence.

"Right ahead, there, past the shoulder of the mountain."

But the girl ignored this rather clumsy attempt to change the subject.

"I'm going to be frank with you, even if you weren't with me. It's quite true that I don't want to take you into the hotel and introduce you to my mother, and keep you for dinner. There are two reasons why I don't—that I think I'll tell you. But, in spite of those two reasons, I'd rather do it than to have you go away, feeling that I—the somebody you picked up on the road that dark night, in the mountains, had just used you, in cold blood—"

—had taken advantage of your kindness and your courtesy, and relied on those very qualities to shelter her from the necessity of even acknowledging the obligation. And, when you had served her purpose, had gone away, without one spark of honest gratitude, I shouldn't want you to go away and think that of me, even though you didn't know my name nor had seen enough of my face to recognize me by. I'd do the other thing, in spite of my two reasons, rather than that. That's why I asked for a true answer to my question. I wanted to know whether that's what you'd think I rather hoped that you'd understand truer than that, without any explanations at all. You'd guessed so well and understood so much, before."

"I don't understand much," he said, "and I haven't tried to guess. But without any explanations at all, I promise you not to understand. There's no danger of my remembering you—unkindly, after what you've just said, and there's nothing to be grateful for—I mean, there's as much on my side as there can be on yours. We're quits, you see."

"Here we are," she said. "Right ahead there, is where the steps come down. Can't you see them?"

He stopped the car, as it came up opposite the place she had pointed out. But she did not immediately make any move to dismount.

"You're quite sure," she said, "that you won't get to thinking, afterwards, that I just played a clever trick, to enable me to—well, get off cheap?"

He laughed shortly.

"I shan't think that," he said. "Good-by—and I shan't forget."

She did not rise.

"I'm going to tell you those two reasons. Your not asking for them makes it easier to tell them—makes me rather want to. One is, that no one here in the hotel knows about this errand of mine—only one person does, I mean—and that isn't my mother. I should have to coach you up on the right sort of fibs to tell about where you found me, and so on, and it wouldn't be very pleasant for either of us. It would spoil things, rather, for both of us, don't you see?"

"Yes," he said, dubiously, "I think I do."

"Will you help me out of this rubber blanket, because I really must—go. I expect it's past dinner hour now, and, anyhow, I have made you late enough already."

"You said there was another reason."

"There was, and I just funked telling it. That was silly, since you are going away, and I shall never see you again. If you weren't going away, or if you were coming back, it would be a dangerous admission, I suppose. No, listen! I'm going to tell you. All the way back—No, longer—ever since you made me let you wait, I've had a perfectly crazy impulse to tell you the whole story, everything, all that led up to your finding me here on the road. It isn't especially easy for me to confide in people. I suppose it's rather a fault of mine, that I don't do it enough. Perhaps it was the dark, the fact that I haven't seen your face. Perhaps it was because you guessed and understood so much. But, anyhow, it would have been perfectly easy, sitting beside you here, to have told you everything, everything I know. So you see—"

She was standing beside the car now, one booted foot on the running board. With a quick motion, she stripped off her gauntlet and extended a bare hand to him.

"Good-by," she said. "I shan't forget, either."

With that, and before he could summon a word to answer her, she was gone.

End of second chapter.

Continued Next Saturday.

You should be able to save something for a rainy day by investing in a markintosh, an umbrella, and a pair of rubbers.



Dressmakers Approve

ATHENA UNDERWEAR

For Women, Misses, Children

Because it aids wonderfully in the fit of a gown. Athena is cut and fashioned to accord perfectly with every line and curve of a woman's form. The special features such as the Patent-Fitted Seat, The Three-cornered Gusset at thigh, The Fitted Shoulders and Sleeves, The Tailored Shaping and Perfect Sizing of Athena Underwear insure a tailored fit.

In twenty-eight shapes and thirty-eight fabrics (all weights and qualities) at just the prices you would pay for ordinary underwear.

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A complete assortment of these garments on sale at

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HAVE SEED TESTED

Anyone May Have the Purity of Seed Determined by the Department's Seed Laboratory.

The Seed Laboratory of the Department tests agricultural seeds and furnishes information essential to the farmer which he can not reasonably be expected to obtain for himself. Anyone may submit samples with a request for information upon the following points.

- (a) Trueness to name—whether the seed is misbranded or not.
- (b) Presence of adulterants—whether the seed contains seed of inferior kinds of similar appearance.
- (c) Portion of pure seed present.
- (d) Portion and kinds of weed seeds present.
- (e) Portion of chaff and dirt present.
- (f) Portion of pure seed that will grow.
- (g) Region of origin.

This work makes it possible for farmers to avoid the use of seed which is misbranded or adulterated, which is low in purity through the presence of noxious weeds or worthless material, or which will not grow, and removes the chief controllable difficulty in the way of securing a good stand in the field.

The effect of the work, however, extends much further than the actual lots of seeds analyzed. Seedsmen are becoming acquainted with the growing custom of farmers sending their seeds to be tested, and a seedsmen does not offer poor seed to the man who he expects will have it tested before buying.

Seeds may be submitted for test to the Seed Laboratory at Washington, D. C., or to any of the branch laboratories maintained in cooperation with the agricultural experiment stations in the states of Louisiana, Missouri, Indiana, California, and Oregon.

GOOD BUTTER INCREASES THE QUANTITY CONSUMED

The development of the dairy industry depends upon the profit of the dairy business, which is governed entirely by two factors. The cost of production of the products and the price received for them. The second factor depends entirely upon the demand and price for the reason that this demand depends almost entirely upon the quality of the article which is offered for sale. It is lamentable, yet true, that many dairymen and creamerymen do not appreciate this fact. They do not seem to realize that every pound of poor butter or cheese is a hindrance to consumption, which brings them lower prices and consequently smaller profits. To show the significance of this statement, a test was made by the Kansas Experiment station, in which good second-grade butter was supplied on the tables of a series of boarding houses. Without bringing the attention of the boarders to the fact, the butter was changed to fresh butter, classed as first grade. The consumption was immediately increased approximately 33 per cent, and it is still poorer quality than second grade butter had been furnished. The variation in the amount consumed would have been much greater. The question is frequently asked where is this vast amount of butter we are producing consumed? It can only be answered in that we are now making better butter than we formerly did by the old fashioned slip shod methods. As we turn out better quality of butter its consumption will be increased. As the quality is lowered the consumption will be cut down and the market overstocked. A self-evident fact that every dairyman and creameryman should appreciate is that he who furnishes the creamery with poor milk or cream or he who sets before the consumer inferior dairy products is an enemy to the dairy industry, a clog to its progress.

SOME OBSERVATIONS

A mash diet made up solely of corn meal mixed with warm milk was fed to a pen of layers, mostly Leghorns, with the following result: First, a remarkable increase in their egg yield; second, an increase in their weight; third, frequent and sudden deaths from apoplexy.

These results were due to the high fatness food given and proved conclusively the grave danger encountered in adopting such a system of feeding.

A meal mash in the morning and whole or cracked corn at noon and night brought about the same results. These experiments were tried during the spring months before the fowls had access to yard or free range.

Later in the season when on free range the same rations were fed with the same result, but attended with fewer deaths.

There is danger in feeding the flock too highly, or in other words, upon food too rich in blood and fat making ingredients.

How Fishes Sink

All fishes have air bladders in their bodies, which enable them to rise and fall in the water at will. Near the bottom the weight of the water compresses these bladders, and as a consequence the body of the fish shrinks until its bulk is of equal weight with the water it discharges.

The prodigal son of an old hen was once a bad egg.

UNCIVIL SERVICE



"I do not see how my application for appointment under the Good Government Administration can be rejected, in view of my services." "What services did you perform?" "What services? Why, my dear sir, I led the attack on the Spolls System."

WEATHER REPORT.



Aemilia—Thou art called, O Claudius, "Thunderbolt of Mars." I would that thou wert the wind. (long I, please.)

Claudius—How so? That I might quietly hie me hence?

Aemilia—Nay, stupid—Claudius. Hast thou not marked well how the wind (long I, please) doth kiss my brow?

ACCOUNTED FOR.



Young Tim—Sure, mister, I'll take yer to find Major Leagus. Stranger—That's very good of you. I wonder why the other boys in the village refused to help me. Young Tim—They didn't know the Major is at the ball game.

A DISSENTING VOICE.



Disgusted Guest—Who has ever really enjoyed one of these crowded summer hotels?

Flippant Idler—The proprietor.

EASILY ADJUSTED.



Mother—Why, children, you should not be playing store on Sunday.

Ethel—Well, we will play drug store.

Temperance

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

ALCOHOL AND ATHLETICS.

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale university has issued a pamphlet in which he gives the result of his investigations of the liquor problem. Concerning alcohol and athletics he says:

"In studying the conditions of health and efficiency during the last ten years, the conditions which enable an athlete, for instance, to be at his best, I have had occasion to examine the conflicting popular ideas concerning alcohol. I began the study quite willing to be convinced that alcoholic beverages have some virtue. But I have ended in the conviction that they have none, and I have found that this conclusion is almost universally reached by those who have examined the facts. These facts demonstrate that a man who takes alcohol, in even a moderate degree, is harming himself physically, mentally, morally and economically.

"That alcohol increases fatigue is now commonly recognized by athletes. Alcohol gives no increase of muscular power. It is not what we can properly call a stimulant, but a depressant. It is apparently a stimulant, because it puts to sleep the nerves that indicate fatigue, so that the person thinks himself relieved of fatigue. What it does is to make one unconscious of his fatigue. Various kinds of tests and exercises have proved that alcohol is a decided hindrance to muscular or athletic power."

ALCOHOL CAUSE OF WAR.

Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis, eminent physician, psychologist and scientist of Chicago, says the great world war is but the logical outcome of "generations of alcoholic saturation, with the resultant deterioration of the human race and degeneration of the human mind."

"I have taken a kennel of Great Danes," says the doctor, "magnificent animals, and given them just a teaspoonful of alcoholic beverage daily, mixed with their foods, and then bred them, and carried on the experiment for five or six generations, until the Great Danes had dwindled physically to small size, and their even dispositions had changed until the product has been snarling, whining, fighting curs. How much more so this must be with humans extended over thirty or forty generations. The parallel may not be pleasant, but it is a nice one, and that is what has occurred in Europe."

JOHN BARLEYCORN UNPOPULAR.

"Insurance people have come to the definite conclusion that booze and insurance mix about as well as oil and water," remarked Edward A. Woods, president of the National Life Underwriters' association. "In other words," said Mr. Woods, "a drinking man is a mighty poor risk. Cold figures have proved to us positively that the drinking man—even the moderate drinker—has less than half as much chance to live out the life of his policy as the teetotaler. The mortality of the teetotalers between the ages of thirty-five and fifty years, when men are of the most use to society, is only 56 per cent of the average mortality. Not even the war has been the subject of as much consideration among insurance men as has the liquor question."

GERMANS DRINKING TEA.

Encouraging testimony as to the decreased consumption of alcohol in Germany was given Miss Mary E. Brown, director of the National W. C. T. U. exhibit at the Panama-Pacific exposition, by an engineer who showed great interest in the literature exhibit. He said that with 46 other engineers he visited Germany two years ago. While there the group investigated eight manufacturing plants and they found the men taking a pint bottle of weak tea with their one o'clock lunch instead of using beer with 2 or 3 per cent alcohol as formerly. The tea is prepared in the building and sent up in bottles at about one-half the cost of beer. Since substituting tea for beer the efficiency of the workmen has increased from 15 to 20 per cent.

ALCOHOL CAUSES INSANITY.

Alcoholism, propagated by every nation, licensed by the state, is second only to war as a cause of insanity. Not only does it lead directly to mental disease, but it indirectly predisposes to mental and physical deterioration through heredity. Children of alcoholic parents are notoriously liable to be epileptic, imbecile or insane.—William Brady, M. D., Chicago.

SEVERAL ISSUES.

There are several other issues in the hearts of the people that tower above all others and are bound to be written into some party platform two years hence. One of these questions is that of national Prohibition. You might as well try to sweep back the tides of the ocean as to stop or delay the progress of the Prohibition movement.—Governor Carlson of Colorado.

SUBSTITUTE FOR VODKA.

As a substitute for the vodka shops, which have been abolished, there have been erected in the open places throughout Russia "people's palaces" and smaller buildings, where the people may meet for entertainment and instruction. These palaces contain rooms and halls in which concerts, exhibitions and other entertainments can be given.

SOME SPICY SPARKS

It's no disgrace to be poor unless you were once rich.

A little woman sometimes gets a man into big trouble.

Discords exist to make symphonies more beautiful.

Money may get tight occasionally but it never stutters.

An arm sprained in loving is soon able to be around.

When praying for rain be consistent. Carry an umbrella.

One way to live without work is to work somebody else.

A fellow always feels his oats just after taking his rye.

Usually when a man finds his Paradise the gate is locked.

Too many women tell a joke the same way they throw a brick.

Our dreams carry us in carriages, our realities force us to walk.

When a man is on the water wagon every body wants to treat.

She who sues the cook should be prepared to cook the sauce.

A dentist ought to be a good poker player. He is so good at filling.

When a hold-up man with a gun asks for assistance he usually gets it.

The bald headed man is thankful that the fly doesn't have feathers on his feet.

Thank goodness the sleigh riding rule of driving with one hand holds good for carriage rides on moonlight nights.

The homlier a man is, the more anxious he seems to be to prove it by having his picture taken every time he gets a chance.

A diplomat is one who can "kid" his wife into keeping the garden free from weeds by bragging about what a fine agriculturist he is.

When a young man begins to hang around a grocery store and ask what things cost it is a safe conclusion that some girl is going to get married.

It is a sort of self applied insult when the man who lets his wife take in washing asks the man who wants to marry his daughters, if he can support her.

A Michigan editor is complaining because an undertaker is hauling wood in the hearse. I suppose the editor is sore because he is not hauling delinquent subscribers.

She told him she wouldn't marry him until he had done something brave. He started in to court the girl next door and she sent word the second night that he was the bravest man she had ever met.

OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foleys Honey and Tar compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

Hard cash that comes easy soon melts away.

A single word to the point is better than a speech.

Deliberate long before doing what it's impossible to undo.

Only those who don't need your advice are willing to take it.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark-tossy hair can only be had by brewing mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Our hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and ragged, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.

Yes—Many People have told us the same story—dresses after eating, gas, heartburn. A **Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal will relieve you. Sold only by us—25c.



No Need to Hunt

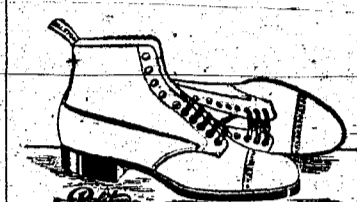
for the Latest Styles. You'll Find Them Here.

Ralston Shoes

for Men \$4.00 to \$6.00

Supreme in style, comfort wear. Let us show you the "latest." Our new Fall styles are on display.

C. A. HUDSON Exclusive Shoe Store.



STREET CORNER SAGE

He is Boss

"Thar's jist one thing about me" remarked the Sage in the barber shop as he was waiting for his weekly shave. "I'm boss around my own premises, an' every man oughta be th' same way. Ain't no woman ever bossed me round, an' never will be. M' wife knows it too, an' she learned long time ago twar'nt no use fer her 'uh try an' tell me what to dew 'cause she knows I wouldn't put up with it a minit.

"Show me a man" he continued "that's bossed 'round by a woman 'at 'mounts tuh a cuss. I never see one in my life an' I'm older 'n most a you fellers."

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone bell. "Yes'm" said the barber at the phone "I'll tell him."

"Uncle" he said, "your wife wants you to come to supper right away. Says she's been waiting half an hour."

The Sage hurried toward the door. "I reckon I can't wait fer that shave tonight," he said as he made his exit.

Many a man has been hopelessly injured by the accidental discharge of duty.

About the only time a woman ever overlooks a bargain is when she selects a husband.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. THEY NEVER FAIL. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The man who makes the best of everything should have no trouble in disposing of his goods.

The small boy who refuses a piece of pie at dinner when he sees that the supply is running short is a true hero.

CURED BOY OF CROUP.

Nothing frightens a mother more than the loud, hoarse cough of croup. Labored breathing, strangling, choking and gasping for breath demand instant action. Mrs. T. Neureuer, Eau Claire, Wis., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured by boy of croup after other remedies failed." Recommended for coughs and colds.—Hite's Drug Store.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Fresh Pastuerized Milk and Cream

McCOOL & MATHER

Phone No. 29.

OHIO WOMAN'S WISH

For Tired, Weak, Nervous Women

Bellefontaine, Ohio.—"I wish every tired, weak, nervous woman could have Vinol, for I never spent any money in my life that did me so much good as that I spent for Vinol. I was weak, tired, worn out and nervous, and Vinol made me strong, well and vigorous after everything else had failed to help me, and I can now do my housework with pleasure."—Mrs. J. F. LAMBORN.

We guarantee Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, for all weak, run-down, nervous, debilitated conditions.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

What is the Best Remedy for Constipation?

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

Rexall Orderlies

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

W. C. Spring Drug Co.