

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916.

No. 3

## Boyne High Win By Small Margin Friday

### Girls Win By Two Points And Boys By One. Game Intensely Interesting

(From The Boyne Citizen)

The basket ball season was formally opened Friday night at the gym when Boyne High boys and girls met and defeated the East Jordan High boys and girls. It was by no means an easy task for either team and considerable luck assisted the girls in annexing the first victory. The boys game was intensely interesting, although far from the class of ball seen at the close of last season.

The girls took the floor first and for several minutes played a slow game. After the first few scores were made however interest became enlivened. East Jordan lead by a safe margin the majority of the game. At the close the score board showed them leading by one point, 9 to 10. After several minutes however, the scorers decided the visitors had been accredited with one point too many, and the score was a tie. It was then agreed to return and play until the first basket, one point was made. Within two minutes Boyne had a field basket and the game ended. Although the result favored the locals and demands it to be said that Boyne will have to play better ball if they repeat on East Jordan when they meet again.

The real battle opened when Coach Talcott blew the whistle for the beginning of the boys' game. East Jordan has been preparing for sometime and their work shows the results. Two minutes was time enough to inform the spectators that the locals had no easy win. In fact odds would have been placed on East Jordan the first quarter which ended with the visitors leading 13 to 7. The next quarter saw the best work of the locals. More team work was evidenced and the close of the half showed Boyne leading 15 to 14.

The second half was a heart breaker. The score first favored one then the other. The third quarter closed with Boyne leading 21 to 19. The last lap stimulated East Jordan and they rolled up three field baskets and one free throw, netting them 7 points, while Boyne counted 6. At no instant could the end be foretold and as the whistle blew the locals congratulated themselves on having the one count rather than being one to the bad—27 to 28.

The East Jordan center easily stole all glory of the game. Had he opposed any center other than Fleming the result would have been sad for Boyne. East Jordan's team work was developed to a point above that of the locals and from the side lines they appeared the stronger team with the exception of the center.

### Learn a Little Every Day.

Blondin walked a tight-rope over Niagara Falls, June 30th, 1859.

The Brooklyn Bridge was built by John Rockling. Work began January 2, 1870.

Great Britain is the largest empire in the world. It contains 8,557,658 square miles.

Jumbo, the big elephant, was killed by a locomotive at Ontario, Canada, in 1885.

New York, during the Civil war, furnished more soldiers than any other state.

Light moves at the rate of 192,000 miles per second.

### John Paul Jones

John Paul Jones, United States naval commander, was the son of a gardener named John Paul and was a native of Virginia. He went to sea at an early age and began his business career as a slave trader adopting the name Jones. In 1776 he offered his services to Congress and was given command of a ship. Later he commanded a French fleet flying the stars and stripes and won a number of brilliant victories over the British. After the Revolutionary war he entered the service of the Empress of Russia, and as a rear admiral did good service against Turkey. He died in France in 1792.

There is no harm in a man's being in advance of his age, providing he has money enough to pay for his feed until his age catches up with him.

## MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 7, 1916.

WHEAT—In answer to the question, "Has wheat during December suffered injury from any cause," 21 correspondents in the State answer "Yes" and 394 "No," and in answer to the question "Has the ground been well covered with snow during December," 311 correspondents throughout the State answer "Yes," and 108 "No."

The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in December at 70 flouring mills was 176,269 and at 74 elevators and to grain dealers 138,390 or a total of 314,659 bushels. Of this amount 207,696 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 87,728 in the central counties and 19,237 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the five months, August-December, was 4,500,000.

Thirty-one mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in December.

The average condition of live stock in the State is reported as follows, comparison being made with stock in good, healthy and thrifty condition:—Horses and sheep 97, cattle 96 and swine 94.

The average prices for the State on January 1st of some of the principal farm products were as follows:

Wheat per bushel was \$1.06; rye 87 cents; corn 73 cents; oats 39 cents; hay per ton was \$12.07; fat cattle was \$5.93 per cwt; fat hogs \$6.10 per cwt; and dressed pork \$8.18 per cwt.

The price of each class of horses was as follows: Under one year old \$50.90; between one and two years old \$30.20; between two and three years old \$18.49 and three years old and over \$16.47.

Milch cows were worth \$58.16 per head.

Cattle other than milch cows, under one year old \$18.00; between one and two years old \$29.09; between two and three years old \$44.24 and three years old and over \$55.44.

Sheep under one year old \$4.68 and one year old and over \$5.51.

Hogs not fattened \$5.42 per cwt.

The price of wheat is 3 cents and rye and oats 7 cents lower than one year ago and corn 5 cents higher.

The average prices of horses, etc., one year ago were as follows: Under one year old \$54.24; between one and two years old \$39.44; between two and three years old \$130.16 and three years old and over \$167.60. Milch cows were worth \$62.18 per head. Cattle other than milch cows, under one year old \$18.59; between one and two years old \$32.24; between two and three years old \$47.42 and three years old and over \$58.90. Sheep under one year old \$4.19 and one year old and over \$5.15.

Hogs not fattened \$6.15 per cwt.

COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN, Sec'y of State

### And Along Came Ruth

"Since mother has been sick," said Ruth's cousin Mary, "I don't know how to ventilate her bed-room on rainy, winter nights. Can you tell me?"

"Why yes, it's quite simple," replied Ruth, "You just take your summer window screens, and tack over one side of them a good cheese cloth, and fit them into the upper part of the window. No matter how the rain dashes, it runs down on the outside of the cheese cloth and does not come in. Neither does snow penetrate it. Then too, the temperature of the room is never uncomfortable as it is when mere wire screens are used. Your mother will not only be snug and comfortable, but secure from storm and wind."

"Oh, I'm so glad you know a way," Ruth, said cousin Mary. "I was at my wit's end to provide ventilation, but your simple explanation settles the whole matter."

### Substitute for Glass

An excellent imitation and substitute for glass has been made in Germany and among the other uses to which it has been put is that of making the roofs of automobiles of it, which has been found to be a desirable innovation. It affords a sufficient and safe shelter and at the same time permits of the interior of the car being lighted to the fullest extent by daylight. The material is a modification of celluloid, but has many of the undesirable features of the latter eliminated.

Occasionally a man has the last word in an argument with his wife, but he has to say it under his breath.

In this great and glorious land of the free one has to pay for the drinks in order to get a whack at the free lunch.

## First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 16, 1916.

10:30 a. m. "Family Religion."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:00 p. m. Epworth League.

7:00 p. m. "The Parable of the Tares."

Prayer Service, Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

At the 2nd Quarterly Conference business session last Saturday the reports as presented showed creditable activities of church work. The Conference confirmed the election of the following officers and elected them as members of the Quarterly Conference:—R. T. McDonald, S. S. Superintendent; Mrs. Barrie, Ladies Aid President; Miss Cecil Coulthard, Epworth League President; Mrs. Sunstedt, W. F. M. S. President.

The annual election of the Sunday School officers and teachers resulted in the following election: Superintendent—R. T. McDonald; Ass't Supt.—Mrs. Mattie Palmiter; Secretary—Miss Hazel Cummins; Treasurer—Elwyn Sunstedt; Chorister—M. H. Robertson; Organist—Miss Eva Waterman.

Supt. Primary Dept.—Mrs. H. Bogart; Ass't Supt. Primary Dept.—Mrs. R. E. Webster.

Pres. Temperance Society—Mrs. M. H. Robertson.

Pres. Missionary Society—Mrs. J. E. Houghton.

Supt. Home Dept.—Mrs. J. A. Mickless; Supt. Cradle Roll—Mrs. F. Crowell.

Ass't Supt. Cradle Roll—Mrs. Carl Johnson.

Attendance Supt.—R. E. Webster.

TEACHERS.—1. Leone Donaldson; 2. Pearl Snyder; 3. Jossia Hammond; 4. Helen Ward; 7a. Mrs. Muma; 7b. Hazel Heath; 8. Eunice Carr; 9. Mrs. Boswell; 10. Mr. Kirkpatrick; 11. Ruth Gregory; 12. Alfred Blake; 13. Nelson Crandall; 14. Mrs. Clemens; 15. Mrs. Holliday; 16. Mrs. Bogart; 17. Mrs. Palmiter; 18. Rev. Clemens; 19. L. P. Holliday; 20. Mrs. J. E. Houghton; 21. Mrs. Sunstedt.

## St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Jan. 16.

8:00 a. m. Mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies' Altar Society, Benediction.

## Old Songs Re-twisted

Backward, turn backward, oh time, in your flight;

Make me a child again just for to night;

Wait me to sleep as you used to of yore

'Ere phonographs played from midnight until four.

## County Normal Notes.

School opened Wednesday morning. The students were all back after the two weeks of Christmas vacation which was pleasantly spent by all.

The school officers meeting was held last Thursday at the Court House. Mr. Otwell, assistant state superintendent, attended the sessions and profited a great deal as the discussions were mainly on school law and standard schools.

The class have received their music for commencement. The song is entitled, "The Coralled Caves of Ocean," by Smart.

May L. Stewart, County School Commissioner, visited the normal last Friday morning and gave a talk on the standard schools which are being discussed in the county.

Ethel Sanford of last year's class, visited the normal Friday morning and gave an interesting talk on her work of this year. She is teaching in Emmet County.

Grace Meggison also visited the normal Friday and talked on the conditions of her school and what would have to be done to make it a standard school. Miss Meggison was a member of the class of 1908 and is teaching the Walker school.

Miss Himes spent her vacation at her home in Normal, Illinois and Miss Whiting spent her vacation in Charlevoix.

All the disagreeable people don't live on cross streets.

A lot of people are disappointed in love—after marriage.

Lot of men go where duty calls, and stand around with their hands in their pockets after they get there.

## LYMAN H. HOWE'S TRAVEL FESTIVAL

### Will Make Return Engagement to East Jordan, February 1st.

This is the era of rapid progress and intense living. We are going full speed ahead at such a rapid pace that it is difficult to keep abreast of day to day developments unless through such a medium as Lyman H. Howe's Travel Festival which comes to the Temple Theatre on Tuesday, February 1st. By way of illustrating this point, the reader may remember that a short time ago governmental wheels were set in motion which ended in Congress creating a new National Park. It is not only our latest but one of our largest national playgrounds and in many respects is entirely unlike any other within our boundaries. Yet it is doubtful whether one reader in ten can recall its name, location or size, and certainly none could imagine its real grandeur. So in order to reveal this new, wonderful adequately—Glacier National Park, comprising 1500 square miles—Howe's photographers penetrated to its inmost recesses through courtesies and facilities extended by the Great Northern Railway. Then returned with scenic masterpieces recorded on their films which disclose the scope and beauty of natural wonders that are beyond comparison.

Commingle with the scenes of the magic of the mountains are film studies of the Blackfeet Indians of today in their native haunts in Glacier National Park.

As is typical of Howe's exhibition, a great variety of other scenes will be presented, such as an aeroplane flight above the clouds, a torpedo boat struggling through a terrific gale, curious examples of crystallization, adventures in the insect world, logging in Italy, a graphic portrayal of the movements of animals reproduced so slowly that they show details which the human eye could never detect, the Firth of Forth bridge in Scotland, Madeira, winter in the Swiss Alps, and one of the greatest industries in our era showing every phase that enters into the construction of the latest type automobile as seen on a trip through the Willys-Overland plant at Toledo, Ohio.

Besides there will be freely interspersed many of those ever welcome cartoon comedy films which always form such a pleasing diversion in Howe's productions.

To Clean Milk Bottles and Mason Jars

There is nothing so time consuming as the cleansing of milk bottles and Mason jars and in fact any kind of a utensil that the hand will not go into.

To make these jars and bottles clean and sparkling, take a paper napkin, you can buy them by the hundred for very few cents, and crush it gently in the hand. Place in the bottom of the jar with a little shaved soap and about an inch depth of boiling water. Place the hand over the open end of the jar, or screw the cap on and shake the jar with rotary movements. After half a dozen revolutions of the napkin, soap and water around the inside of the jar will be perfectly clean and very bright.

If you have a dozen jars to clean, you may pour the contents of the cleaned jar into the next one to be cleaned.

Try it. See how quickly and easily the work is accomplished.—Ex.

### 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.

The forger appreciates a good name. Every man must catch cold for himself.

A damaged reputation is hard to repair.

The man who says that he never had an opportunity probably wouldn't recognize one if he saw it.

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 Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hites Drug Store.

## ELBERT BEDE SAYS

Charity may cover a multitude of sins but it doesn't obscure them from the public gaze.

We suspicion some folks say times and hard and business dull just to keep you from thinking that they are making money.

When a woman talks to you at the top of her voice there is little need to worry. She never asks you for money except in a low voice.

It is quite a trick to raise and support a half dozen boys, but not nearly as much of a trick as it is to raise them so they will support you.

The prettier a woman is the harder it is for her to keep from feeling jealous when some other woman's good looks are commented upon.

When a man begins telling that he is offering as a sacrifice to the people, it is a pretty safe guess that he considers himself more than a majority.

A Berkeley student is able to hold his breath for ten minutes. The chances are that he may never marry and his accomplishment will be valueless.

Woman insists in putting a man into a position where to be polite he must say she doesn't look her age—and then tells around that he is a natural born liar.

An exchange warns us to "beware of the woman who agrees with you." What's the use of wasting time in warning us against something that will never happen.

When a man marries a leading chorus girl, who has had her undressed-up picture in the paper, everybody knows as much about what he is getting as he does himself.

If the socialist propaganda will do half what its advocates claim it will, it will fulfill about ten times as many of the promises made for it as any other.

It's easy to sit around the sawdust box in a country store and solve great problems of state because those who solve problems there are never called to account for their mistakes.

Indiana Man Who Put Fishing Before Labor Accepts Terms to Escape Jail.

Aurora, Ind.—Albert C. Cochran, aged 39, was arrested under the "lazy husband" act, on a warrant sworn out by his wife, and fined \$25 and costs by Harry J. Wade, Justice of the peace. It was alleged by Mrs. Cochran that Cochran would not work and compelled her to do the farm work while he spent his time hunting and fishing.

When Cochran was about to be sent to jail in default of his fine, Mrs. Cochran said she would pay the fine if her husband would go to work and assist her with their crops of tobacco and corn. After some argument, Cochran agreed; was paroled and placed in the custody of his wife. He is to work five and a half days each week, getting Saturday afternoon off, and is to attend Sunday school each Sunday and is to report each week to Magistrate Wade.

Truman C. Allen of Oquawka, Ill., has not taken a drink of water in forty years. His sole drinks are coffee at breakfast and tea at supper.

A man who believes himself always in the right naturally makes more and more mistakes.

The Week In History.

Monday, Jan. 10.—The union suit invented by Cicero, 89.

Tuesday, Jan. 11.—Theodore Roosevelt makes trip to the interior of the earth, in search of strange animal life, 2046.

Wednesday, Jan. 12.—"Pilgrim's Progress," written by Robert Chambers, 1312.

Thursday, Jan. 13.—The Tango first danced by John Alden, 1619.

Friday, Jan. 14.—Automobiles invented by Pontius Pilate, A. D. 7.

Saturday, Jan. 15.—Bacon and Shakespeare quarrel as to who shall write "Hamlet," 1601.

Sunday, Jan. 16.—Nero composes the "Roman Rag," for violin, 1518.

The best way to get a living is to earn it.

The easiest road to wealth is to have a rich relative leave you a fortune.

Ambition is a feeling that you want to do something that you know you can't.

Some men take to drink naturally, and some others are quite willing to be taken.

The less a woman's hat costs, the more becoming it is in the eyes of her husband.

COLD WEATHER ACHEs AND PAINs.

Many aches and pains, sore muscles, stiff joints and much rheumatism attributed to cold weather have their first cause in failure of the kidneys to properly eliminate waste matter from the system. Foley Kidney Pills tone up weak and diseased kidneys, giving prompt relief from aches and pains.—Hites Drug Store.

partment or bureau in which they may desire to locate themselves, may be guided by these averages. First comes the department of justice with an average salary of \$1588; the war and navy building average is, \$695 lowest.

The department of state averages \$1310; Department of the interior, \$1257; Post Office Department, \$1,228 and Bureau of Engraving and Printing \$719.

Women are more numerous among the employes here than elsewhere. In Washington 7358 are women, or almost 3 in 10, while the employes elsewhere only 6463 are women, or 1 to 25, although the total number of employes in the district is less than one-sixth of the total number outside.

Of the employes in the government service at Washington 2785, or 11 per cent are negroes and 1852 persons at least 65 years of age, which means that practically one Government employe in 14 is at least that age.

The new arrival will learn that 30.3 per cent of his associates have been employed by the Government less than 5 years; 25.2 per cent from 5 to 9 years; 24 per cent from 10 to 19 years; 12.6 per cent from 20 to 29 years; 5 per cent from 30 to 39 years, and that 2.2 per cent have been serving 40 years and over.

By the time our civil service appointee has gained this knowledge he has learned that the work in Washington is not just what he imagined it to be, but if he has a job the chances are he will keep it, but wish he was back home.

LAZY HUSBAND PAROLED

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# MARKETING A COMPLEX SYSTEM

Wholesale Distribution of Fruits and Vegetables Often Appears to Take Circuitous Route—Losses and Wastes Discussed.

The abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits brings with it the perennial necessity for their rapid, economical distribution and for encouraging a generous and steady consumption. The machinery for moving these food products is complex and retail dealers are often accused of not following closely the wholesale market quotations; that in times of glutted markets they do not cut prices severely and aid in a rapid movement from producer to consumer. But the responsibility for slow and uneconomic movement into consumptive channels is difficult to trace. The large class of food distributors known as "middlemen" are often accused of levying, arbitrarily, a heavy tribute on all food stuffs passing from the producer to the consumer. The attention of the public has been frequently directed to increased costs of products rather than service rendered. The new United States department of agriculture bulletin, No. 267, Methods of Wholesale Distribution of Fruits and Vegetables on Large Markets, does not indict the "middlemen" as a class, although it points out some abuses in the trade. As a matter of fact, say the department's specialists, when discussing the present marketing organization, economic laws would not permit the long continued existence of a marketing agency which was solely a parasite.

Several important factors have contributed to the establishment of many middlemen as necessary agents in the present system of marketing. Production during the last decade has increased greatly, and improved methods and facilities for handling the increase have been introduced. Keeping pace with increased production has come the demand of consumers for more elaborate and efficient service. Seldom is the fact considered that service can become a very expensive luxury. With the widening of the distance between the city and the sources of its fruit and vegetable supplies there has arisen the necessity for special agencies to meet the changed conditions.

The present distributive machinery, with all its strong points and its weaknesses, has been created of necessity, and it has weathered the storm of much adverse criticism. Every part of the country is now enjoying the perishable products of the most remote districts. Any readjustment of present market practices must be based upon the fact that some agency must continue to perform the functions of the present-day middleman.

The problems involved in handling goods through a large market differ greatly from those of production. Usually one man or one firm can handle both production and distribution and succeed at both. The vast volume of business transacted at large market centers makes necessary some special agencies which can devote all their energies to distribution. Especially does the machinery for efficient marketing become necessary when perishable goods are to be handled. Commodities of this sort must be moved rapidly, must be distributed evenly, and from their very nature permit of no weakness in distributive machinery, if they are to be sold at a profit.

With the perishable nature of a large part of the fruits and vegetables marketed there must be some loss. This often totals higher than the farmer realizes. For instance, according to the department's market specialists, the loss on such commodities as strawberries, peaches, and grapes, sometimes amounts to 30 or 40 per cent before they reach the hands of the retail trade. Losses due to spoiling may be the result of the shipper's sending over-ripe or diseased fruit, or failing to give proper attention to packing, to loading, or to bracing the packages in the car. Sometimes the railroad is at fault. Delay in transit, improper ventilation or refrigeration, or unnecessarily rough handling of cars may contribute to rapid deterioration of the shipment on arrival.

The lack of proper refrigeration facilities at distributing centers is a cause of much loss. When produce moves slowly, there is often much spoilage before complete sales can be made. Rough handling during unloading or carting is another important cause of loss. As a matter of fact, the opportunities for losses due to the spoiling of commodities are so manifold that it is impossible to enter into a complete discussion of them.

It is always well to bear in mind the really serious side of losses and wastes. The spoiling of a dozen cantaloupes, a basket of grapes, or a crate of strawberries represents an absolute loss to the community. No benefit accrues to producer, distributor or consumer from such a condition. The loss accruing at this point must be borne by both producer and consumer, and in a great many cases the distributor must bear his part of the burden. The department's specialists think in many cases losses and wastes are entirely too heavy a tax on food distribution and that the elimination of unnecessary wastes would do as much toward effecting permanent, substantial economies in marketing

and distributing as any readjustment of present marketing methods could do. The fact that a large percentage of these losses can be avoided by proper grading, packing, and shipping, together with prompt, efficient handling while the goods are in process of distribution, makes it imperative that this subject be given special consideration by those interested in the efficient marketing of farm crops.

A better understanding by the farmer of the complex marketing machinery would enable him to intelligently choose between the many channels through which his fruits and vegetables might be marketed. The new bulletin aims to make clear to the layman the rather intricate machinery of the market and deals with methods of receiving, inspection, rejections, terminal distribution and sales methods, the broker, auction sales, carlot-wholesale sales, commission merchants, jobbing sales, public markets, etc. This bulletin may be had free by those interested upon application to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## ABOUT RHODE ISLAND REDS.

As the name indicates Rhode Island Reds were originated in the state of Rhode Island. They are of a rather rich brilliant red color, hence the name; the first part from the state and the second part from the color. In the district of Little Compton, Rhode Island, poultry raising was and is practiced universally. About the year 1844 people in that district became very much interested in a farmer's fowl of red plumage. They bred a fowl noted for both eggs and meat production; this fowl was the Rhode Island Red. Its exact origin is and always will be rather obscure. It is definitely known that farmers of a certain neighborhood were breeding a red fowl and had been breeding it for several years. It was at the time considered one of the most vigorous and hardy chickens. In fact this is one of the prime reasons it was so universally bred in that section.

The Rhode Island Red can correctly be termed a mongrel fowl developed on the farms by promiscuous cross-breeding. It, however, was found to be such a meritorious type that several breeders later took up and bred it year after year with the idea of establishing its peculiar qualities in such a way as to be able to call it a pure-breed. It was a mongrel so well bred as to be able to reproduce its characteristics with such certainty as to warrant the American Standard of Perfection classing it as a distinct breed. On account of its obscure origin and its being a farmer's fowl, this breed had more or less of a hard time being admitted to the Standard. Although they were exhibited under their present name as early as 1880, it was not until 1901 that they were admitted to the Standard. If they had been originated by a fancier with a traceable origin they would no doubt have been admitted much sooner, though in reality been no more eligible.

As stated before their exact origin is not known, but the following is generally accepted as the most plausible theory: The offspring of a mating of Rose Comb Brown Leghorns and Red Malays were mated with the offspring of a mating of Buff Cochins and Red Chattagongs. The resulting offspring were mated with Buff Wyandottes, and the offspring from this mating produced a red fowl of oblong shape, compact form and smooth surface plumage. They were later named Rhode Island Reds by Mr. Isaac Wilbur. Some contend that the Red Shanghai, Cochin Chinas, Red Chattagongs, Black Breasted Red Malays, Red Malays, Brown Leghorns and Buff Wyandottes were used. Probably part or all of these breeds were used in later years.

In the breeding of Rhode Island Reds the ideal is to produce a rich brilliant red plumage with black in the tails and wings. The under color should be red or salmon, but not white or black. The most difficult part in the breeding of Rhode Island Reds appears to be in the producing of a uniform surface color, proper blending of black with the red, and a uniformly deep under color. What is most desirable is a very uniform brilliant red surface color, excepting where black is specified, with a medium shade of uniformly red under color. The red in the different sections of the bird should match or harmonize. The black should possess a greenish sheen instead of purplish. White in any part of the plumage is a disqualification. Plumage should be free from the characteristic smoky, meaty, shafting, ash-gray or black striping.

In shape the Rhode Island Reds are classed as rather oblong, fitting into a rectangle better than into a square. The body is rather long in comparison with most other breeds of the American class. They have a comparatively large and full breast. The tail is rather short and carried equally low. The skin should be a rich yellow as also the shanks. In the latter however, it is allowable, in fact desirable, to have a line or red pigment follow down the shank on the inside. They should be mounted on two strong legs, set well apart and rather long, at least a trifle more so than in Rocks or Wyandottes.

### Suspected a Mistake.

Stranger—Are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me last month?  
Clerk—Certainly, sir. Why?  
Stranger—Well, I've led a dog's life ever since.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Eisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

## 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, dispels selfishness, throttes 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 startling 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 if 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.

Reforms have their seasons of spring and fall, like the tree, but the tough wood grows by storms.

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

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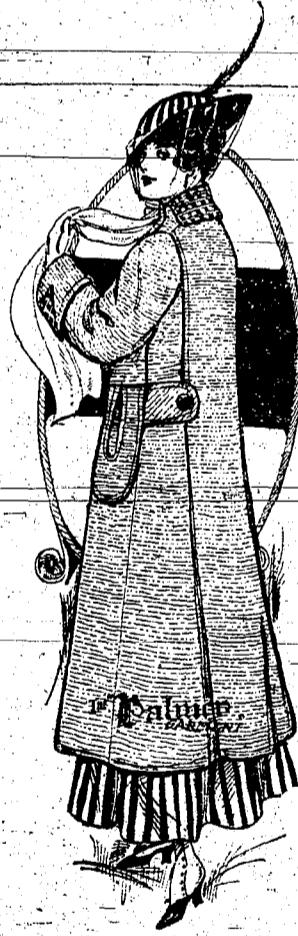
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BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

Author of "The Whispering Man," Etc. Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Anthony Longstreet, dare-devil automobile racer, driving over a mountainous road without lights gives a lift to a strange girl and incidentally assists her on a mysterious mission.

CHAPTER II.—Longstreet, though greatly attracted by the girl, whose face he had not seen, is engrossed in the tryout of a new high explosive motor he and a noted chemist have invented.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred Morris, the chemist, lives in a shack in the mountains where the motor experiments have been made. Longstreet after his trial spin, reports to his partner that the motor is a success. Morris tells Longstreet that their patent attorney, Valentine, has sold them out to Sheldrake, a millionaire manufacturer of gasoline automobiles. Sheldrake makes a tentative offer of \$5000 if they will drop their fight for patent rights. Opening the padlocked garage back of the Morris shack the next morning, a letter addressed to Valentine is found in the bottom of Longstreet's trial car.

CHAPTER IV.—Morris believes someone has broken into the garage to steal the secret of the new invention. Longstreet suspects it was dropped by his unknown passenger of the night ride and accordingly goes to the mountain inn where she is staying to see her, thereby breaking a promise not to make any attempt to identify her. Telling Morris of his suspicions and of the night ride, Morris sees in the girl an accomplice of Valentine and Sheldrake.

CHAPTER V.—Longstreet arriving at the inn learns his unknown passenger was Clarissa Ellsworth. She admits dropping the letter in his car though she vouchsafes no information concerning it and, ashamed of himself for suspecting her, he asks no questions. Inadvertently Longstreet hears Clarissa is the poor step-sister of Violet Ellsworth, a wealthy, haughty heiress.

CHAPTER VI.—Longstreet, arriving at the inn learns his unknown passenger was Clarissa Ellsworth. She admits dropping the letter in his car though she vouchsafes no information concerning it and, ashamed of himself for suspecting her, he asks no questions. Inadvertently Longstreet hears Clarissa is the poor step-sister of Violet Ellsworth, a wealthy, haughty heiress.

CHAPTER VII.—Valentine, in love with Violet, has been turned down in favor of Sheldrake. The two men plot to break up the Longstreet-Morris partnership.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sheldrake senses an intimacy between Longstreet and Clarissa and goes to Clarissa to talk to her about it. She is cool to him but their meeting sets Violet jealous and helps to confirm Morris's suspicions in Longstreet's mind.

CHAPTER IX.—Morris calls the letter a trap to catch the secret of the invention for Valentine and Sheldrake but Longstreet meets the girl and on a long ride into the country they are betrothed.

CHAPTER XVII Nightmares

It was about four o'clock the next afternoon, when Clarissa, who had been driving, stopped the car at the foot of the flight of steps that led up the hill to Woodstock. She was independent enough, so far as she was concerned, to have taken Tony and his car straight up to the door of the inn; but she didn't care to subject Longstreet to the ordeal of meeting her stepmother in the state of mind she truly imagined that lady to be in. Also, this bit of empty road, sheltered by the dome-like crest of the hill from the view of the Woodstock verandas, was a better place for saying good-by, until tomorrow. It had been arranged that Longstreet was not to come back to the inn that night. He had some explaining to do on his own account, he admitted, and although he didn't betray to Clarissa the full extent, nor the exact nature of Morris's suspicions concerning her, he saw that she had guessed pretty accurately what they were.

"It will come out all right," she had said, "but we mustn't let him worry any more than we can help for the next few days." So it was agreed, naturally enough, that Tony should spend the evening with him, quieting his fears as far as possible and avoiding controversy. Clarissa would telephone him tomorrow and set a time for him to come to Woodstock and meet Mrs. Ellsworth and Violet. It was also understood that he should bring Morris with him, if possible.

The ten-mile drive from Woodstock to Morris's shack was short now that Tony knew the road, but it was long enough to give an uncomfortable presentiment of Longstreet's time to grow to rather alarming proportions. It was going to be difficult to explain matters to Morris, difficult, if not downright impossible, because, in the whole two days he had spent with Clarissa, she had never made the slightest reference to the mysterious letter addressed to Valentine, which she had dropped in the car. Tony realized that he had agreed to ask for no such explanation, but then that had been yesterday, ages ago, when they were just beginning their friendship over again, on the basis of two dances and supper in between, when they were two different people altogether from the pair of lovers that had parted just now for the second time at the front door of the long flight of wooden steps.

It couldn't be urged either, that Clarissa had forgotten all about Valentine and his affairs in the excitement and the rush of infinitely more important things. She had reverted to Valentine more than once today and had questioned Longstreet as closely and intelligently as a lawyer could have done, regarding the details of the patent attorney's dealings with the two inventors. And then, at last, Longstreet's direct reference to Morris's suspicions about Clarissa herself had given her an opportunity for explanation, which she could not have overlooked, except deliberately.

Longstreet told himself that he was glad she hadn't explained; proud that she had had enough courage and enough trust in him not to betray a secret which she considered herself bound to keep. Of course she must have wanted to tell him all about it. Just the same he couldn't help realizing that his approaching scene with Morris—approaching at the rate of almost a mile a minute—would be a lot easier, if she had.

As Tony turned into the driveway up to the shack, his attention was attracted to a horse and buggy tied to a hitching-post beside the front steps. The horse was fat, half blind, gray with age, but he made it unmistakably evident that he didn't like automobiles, so Tony stopped the car half way up the drive and walked the rest of the way, wondering, with rather lively curiosity, who Morris's visitor might be.

Just as he was mounting the steps, Beck opened the door. "Here's Mr. Longstreet now." Longstreet couldn't see whom he was speaking to, but from Beck's tone, he got the idea that it wasn't Morris. The next moment he heard a voice he recognized, but could not quite place, and Jimmy came out into the veranda.

"Oh," he said rather stiffly. "You've got back. Is Clarissa—?" "I left her at Woodstock less than half an hour ago," Longstreet answered.

"Oh!" said young Douglas. "That's all right then. I just drove up here on a chance of getting some news about her." He spoke stiffly and with a hint of resentment he couldn't quite suppress, and Longstreet, all considered, couldn't wonder at.

"I'm very much to blame, I'm afraid," he said, "and I think I owe some apology to her friends as well as to her mother. I hope you can manage to forgive me." Clarissa had called him a very disarming person, before ever she had seen his face. It would have taken a harder heart than Jimmy Douglas's to resist the tone in which the words were said, and the smile and the outstretched hand that went along with them.

He took the hand without reserve. "We've all been rather frightened about her," he explained. Longstreet waived him to a chair. "But we telephoned. Clarissa Ellsworth talked to her mother last night."

"Yes," Jimmy assented. "But she said she'd be home the very first thing this morning." Longstreet laughed. Clarissa's words had been woolgathering sura antics when she made that promise.

"We were one hundred and twenty-five miles from Woodstock when she telephoned," he explained, "and as hopelessly lost as any pair of motorists ever were. It has taken us all day to get back." Jimmy's eyes sparkled. "You must have had a great ride," he said. "I wish I'd been along."

"Wish you had," said Longstreet as cordially as he could manage the words. His voice rang a little false in his own ears. He never found it easy to tell even a necessary lie. Apparently it didn't ring quite true to Jimmy either, for a cloud settled on his frank young face and he arose rather abruptly and said he must go.

"You're a long way from home, by that means of conveyance," he nodded to the old horse that was tethered to the post outside. "How long did it take you to drive up here?" "About four hours," Jimmy admitted. "Oh, that's a shame!" Longstreet protested. "You'll miss your dinner and everything, if you start back now. Why don't you spend the night here and go back in the morning? I'm sure Morris will be glad to have you."

"Mr. Morris isn't here. His man said he'd gone back to town." "Back to town?" Tony repeated. "To New York?" "That's what I understood," said Jimmy. "He went rather unexpectedly, this morning, and I believe he left a note for you."

It was unexpected, of course, but not so very surprising, Longstreet reflected. Morris gave New York as wide a breadth as he could, to be sure, but even he had to go there sometimes.

"All the more reason why you should stay and dine with me," he said. Jimmy said he'd like to, but was afraid he couldn't. The tennis tournament began in the morning, and unless he got up long before daylight the old horse wouldn't be able to get him there in time. Play was to begin right after breakfast.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do!" This was Longstreet's suggestion. "I'll drive you back to Woodstock tonight in the car. There's a good moon and I know the road. We'll give old Benjamin Franklin here a night's rest in a spare stall in the stable, and tomorrow morning Beck shall drive him over. Then, in the afternoon, I'll go back with the car and get Beck."

Jimmy protested half-heartedly, but he soon yielded. The prospect of a moonlight drive in a racing car, with Anthony Longstreet at the wheel, was irresistibly attractive.

As for Tony himself, he justified this departure from his agreement with Clarissa on a number of grounds. It had been on Morris's account chiefly that he had agreed not to come back to the inn that night. With Morris in New York, the only real reason for denying himself a possible hour in Clarissa's society was gone. Meeting her stepmother would be a disagreeable experience, of course; but it had to come some time, and the sooner it was over the better. He might telephone to Clarissa, of course, and find out if she had any objection to the plan, but he decided against this. It would be better to drive over unheralded, and then, if for any reason, she didn't want to see him, she needn't.

He went into the shack to wash up and to tell Beck to prepare an early dinner, in a suddenly cheerful frame of mind, to which, it must be confessed, Morris's unexpected departure to New York had largely contributed. He had no misgivings at all about the correctness of his offhand explanation of the journey, and had forgotten all about the note, when Beck handed it to him. Indeed, he was so little curious as to what the exact explanation might be, that he was half undressed before he tore open the envelope. He read the first line or two in a negligent way, as one will, when a communication is of no conceivable importance. Then, with a frown of suddenly arrested attention he carried it over to the window and began to read again.

"Dear Longstreet," the note ran: "I have told Beck that I am going to New York on business. I was half inclined to let that explanation do for you also. But I have thought better of it, because I realize that the only chance for either of us lies in complete frankness on both sides. Don't think I have gone away in a rage, or still less, in a fit of mere petulant annoyance. I seriously disapprove of what you are doing, as I think my partnership with you in our enterprise gives me a right to do, but I realize that, in your present state of mind, you attach no weight whatever to my objections.

"Obviously therefore, it is better that we should not be together until one of us changes his mind. I have gone away because I do not wish to force you to go. Please do me the honor to believe that you are very cordially welcome to stay at my house as long as you please. Do not try to find me, nor to communicate with me, unless you have changed your mind about the matter of difference between us. If you do, give a letter to Beck and he will forward it. I hope you will agree with me that I have acted wisely and will go on believing me, as always,

"Your sincere friend, ALFRED MORRIS." "P. S.—One fact I think it right that you should be informed of. Valentine called on me yesterday morning and, quite characteristically and suggested that I sell you out and go in with them. He made no secret at all of his knowledge of your visits to Woodstock and your interest there. Indeed, he adduced it quite plainly and brutally in support of his argument that you weren't a person to undertake serious dealings with. I need not say that I declined Valentine's proposal unequivocally."

Tony read that letter through three times, with mingled feelings, in which admiration for his friend's Quixotic unselfishness, exasperation over his obstinacy, and rage against Valentine and all his works, disputed for the mastery. But in the back of his mind all the while, sticking there like a burr, was one unanswerable question which that postscript propounded to him. How had Valentine managed to learn, or even guess anything at all of this sudden new miracle that had happened to him and Clarissa? He couldn't have known about their ride together in the dark, for Morris wouldn't have told him—and Morris was the only person who knew—unless, of course, Clarissa had told him herself. And that was inconceivable. He remembered that they had met Sheldrake on the way up the path leading from the brook, but there was

nothing in that to warrant any such assumption as this that Valentine had advanced so confidently. Yet that was all there was—all there had been at least—yesterday morning when Valentine had made his call. Absolutely all there was that anyone could know, unless he himself or Clarissa had told about it. Morris had his suspicions, but he would never have hinted them to Valentine. Sheldrake, of course, would have told Valentine anything he knew or guessed.

At that point there entered, unsought into Longstreet's mind, a sudden recollection that he denounced as totally irrelevant. He remembered Clarissa's telling him today that, on the night of the dance, she had had a long talk with Sheldrake on the veranda and that he had asked her if she was flirting with him. He attacked the idea savagely and tried to drive it out of his mind; he laughed at himself and wondered if all lovers were subject to nightmarish like that.

But he couldn't laugh away the fact that Valentine knew, and he finally confessed himself beaten. By the time he had finished dressing and come out to join Jimmy in the veranda, the whole waller of thoughts, feelings, and perplexities had settled down into one perfectly defined impulse; to go back to Clarissa as quickly as he could; to show her Morris's letter and tell her the whole story, confess his perplexities. Yes, and his nightmares, too, and let her set them at rest.

He tried hard to show nothing of what was troubling him to Jimmy Douglas, but he couldn't feel that he was completely successful. There was plenty to talk about, to be sure, for his football career at the university, as well as his later racing days, were objects alike of Jimmy's avid curiosity and he asked innumerable questions. But dinner was a long time coming, and a longer time getting itself eaten, for Morris liked to dine pretty well, and Beck was slow.

But at last Longstreet pushed back his untasted coffee and rose from the table:

"The moon's pretty well up," he said. "Shall we be starting?" The last topic of conversation had made him more anxious than ever to get back to Woodstock. Jimmy had been telling about the excitement and speculation that had been rife all day throughout the hotel over Clarissa's failure to return and Mrs. Ellsworth's evident ignorance of the cause of it. Poor Clarissa must be having a hugely uncomfortable time.

"I'm afraid you think we're rather foolish about Clarissa," said Jimmy, as he took his place in the car. "But, of course, it isn't quite as if she were an ordinary girl."

Longstreet stopped in the act of cranking up and looked at him. There was nothing much in the words themselves, but Jimmy's manner made it evident that he had something on his mind that wasn't going to be very easily said.

"Yes?" said Longstreet encouragingly. "Well," said Jimmy, "you see Clarissa hasn't anyone to look after her really. Her stepmother hasn't much sense, and there's no one else."

"There's this to be said," observed Longstreet. "That she's the sort of girl who gets on very well without any looking after."

"Yes, of course," said Jimmy doubtfully. "If she were just an ordinary girl," he added. "But that's the point. She isn't. In her position—"

"Oh, I see," said Longstreet, for Jimmy had hesitated again. "You mean as Mrs. Ellsworth's stepdaughter. As Violet's stepsister, to be more explicit."

Jimmy laughed. "That's a funny way of putting it. I don't see what Violet's got to do with it. But when a girl's a great heiress—"

"That's what I supposed you meant said Longstreet. That Clarissa's position as stepsister to a great heiress had its difficulties. I can see that plainly enough."

"But," gasped Jimmy, when he got breath, "it's Violet who's the stepsister; Clarissa's the heiress."

Longstreet laughed. "But the laugh didn't come until after five seconds, perhaps, of silence.

there in the orchard, when she had surrendered to him; one touch of the hands he had covered with kisses while he sat at her feet here in this very car last night. That would get everything right again, somehow, he knew.

If Jimmy Douglas had dined with but an indifferent table companion, the boss was made up to him in the way Anthony Longstreet drove that car to Woodstock. The distance was considered to be about ten miles. When Jimmy stopped the timing hand on his watch, as Longstreet swung into the drive at the inn, the time showed eleven minutes and twenty-six seconds. Jimmy was pretty well out of breath—there hadn't been much air available for breathing purposes—and he felt generally as if a giant had been playing "Cup and Ball" with him. But he was happy all through. He noticed one curious thing; when Tony stopped, the car under the porte-cochere and let go of the wheel, his hands were trembling. It must play the mischief with a man's nerves to drive like that he thought.

But it wasn't the mad speed of the drive that caused the trembling of Longstreet's hands. All the way from the shack he had felt like a man in a nightmare. Clarissa was gone. She didn't exist; she never had existed; never had been any more substantial than the hallucinations of a dream. In her place, in reality, stood a beautiful, cold, slightly mused, half-contemptuous young woman—

Oh, it was nothing but a nightmare, he knew. But he did want Clarissa, wanted her badly, to wake him out of it.

He dismounted from the car and went up the steps to the veranda just a pace or two behind Jimmy. "Where's Clarissa?" he heard him ask and he turned quickly to see to whom the question was addressed.

It was Violet, who, after a quick glance at him, turned a little further away, in order to address her answer a little more exclusively to Jimmy. But it was audible, every syllable of it, where Longstreet stood.

"Clarissa! Why she's gone off somewhere with Mr. Sheldrake. She telephoned him, as soon as she got back home and asked him to come. But he only got here a few minutes ago. Why? Do you want to see her particularly?"

There was open mockery in the inflection of the question. "No," said Jimmy. "I think you could find them," pursued Violet. "Because they went down the path to the brook. But I don't believe I'd go, if I were you, because she told him over the phone, that she had something important to say to him."

CHAPTER XVIII The Witch

Just about the time Clarissa, her heart beating pretty fast, was seating herself on a big bowlder that projected out into the moonlight above the waterfall, and waiting in silence while Sheldrake lighted a cigarette and made himself comfortable close by. The silence lasted until he broke it, speaking with his first outburst breath of fragrant smoke.

"It's all very lovely, certainly." His gesture included Clarissa as well as the moon and the waterfall and the other pictorial features of the situation.

"It is rather a romantic place for a perfectly common-sense conversation," she admitted. "But I did want to talk and not be interrupted."

He settled himself a little more comfortably in his place, as if to invite her to begin. But this, Clarissa found herself unexpectedly unable to do. She knew quite well what she wanted to say, but any sort of a suitable introduction to her message seemed suddenly impossible.

So the silence began spinning itself out again, Sheldrake watching her expectantly all the time. Certainly the past forty-eight hours had been prolific in new experiences for Clarissa. This sudden embarrassment, the sheer physical inability to pronounce a man's name, was something the like of which she had never felt before.

Presently Sheldrake smiled. He was a young man of fairly acute intuitions and it was easy to see that she was in difficulty over this "common sense conversation" she proposed to have with him. The young man wouldn't have to be much of a humanitarian, under these circumstances to try to make matters easy for her. So he introduced a subject of his own.

"I had a little talk with young Meyer yesterday—that was his name, wasn't it? The musician you gave the dance to the other night."

"Yes," said Clarissa. "You were quite right about him of course," Sheldrake went on. "He's civilized. In his own way, he's as good a gentleman as anybody. I don't mind admitting that I left him with the feeling that the things I said the other night must have made me look rather ignorant and ridiculous to you. You've contributed an important item to my education."

"I'm glad you liked him," said Clarissa eagerly. "And it was very sweet of you to—give yourself a chance to—you—you called me a brick the other night. Do you mind if I throw it back at you now? What did you talk about?" "Pretty much everything except music," said Sheldrake. "I'm too ignorant of that to talk with a musician. I'm only one stage in advance of the know-what-I-likes. It's confounded hard luck that he should have to do the work he does, just to earn a living. He didn't complain. He was

very nice about it." "Did he happen to tell you—?" asked Clarissa rather breathlessly, after a little silence. "Did he happen to tell you about an experience he had when he was studying two years ago in Paris? I don't suppose he would."

"No. He spoke of having spent a year in Paris, but that was all. What was the experience?" She was still rather breathless as she began telling the story, and there was an undercurrent of excitement in her quiet voice, which puzzled him, until his interest in the story itself made him forget all about it.

"Mr. Meyer says it isn't such an uncommon experience," she began, "and he doesn't make much of it, but it must have been tragic enough at the time. You see, for a long while, he had wanted to study orchestration under one of the big men in Paris—he didn't tell me his name—and he taught extra hours, and he lived on extra little, to save money enough to go over. This man he wanted was rather hard to get. He didn't take ordinary pupils, only thoroughly educated musicians with exceptional talents. So Mr. Meyer felt it was quite a triumph when he looked over some of his compositions and said he'd take him."

He was very proud and happy about it and he went to work furiously; worked sixteen and eighteen hours a day. He made splendid progress, too, and finally he got the idea for a big composition for a full orchestra, a sort of symphonic poem. He told his teacher about it, and the man was interested and said to go ahead; that he'd help him.

"So Mr. Meyer took his themes to him just as he thought of them and talked with him about the way he meant to work them out. And the teacher kept on being interested and always seemed glad to hear what progress he was making and encouraged him to come and talk about it, until finally he got a sort of rough draft for it done. There was still a lot of work to do on it, you understand, but the ideas were all there.

"And then, all at once, the teacher seemed to lose interest and told him that while it was a promising piece of work, for a beginner, it was a long way beyond his powers. That sort of talk, you know. And he finally said that, in his opinion, Mr. Meyer would be wasting his time to spend any more on it and that he'd better begin again on something easier. Mr. Meyer was puzzled and rather discouraged, of course, but he didn't suspect anything, and he kept on working at it without saying anything to his teacher about it.

"But one Sunday afternoon, he went to the Lamoureux Concert to hear a new symphony of his teacher's that was being played for the first time. And, well—it was Mr. Meyer's symphonic poem. All the themes, all the ideas, everything. Of course it was better than he could have done it, because his teacher is a great musician, and Mr. Meyer isn't that yet. The man had made it much bigger and better than he could have, but still the essentials of it were all his."

"Hmp!" said Sheldrake. "I always thought there were just as many crooks among artistic people as anywhere else. What did Meyer do about it?" "What could he do?" asked Clarissa. "I don't know much about continental law," Sheldrake got to his feet and viciously shied a stone or two down the bed of the brook. "But it seems to me there must be some protection against that sort of thing. He could have made a very pretty fight, I should say. At least, he could have given his teacher's reputation a nasty black eye."

Clarissa laughed. "A man couldn't make much of a fight on three hundred francs," she observed. "That's all he had—not quite that, on the day he went to the concert. That's a little less than sixty dollars. He took forty of it to buy a passage back to America. And I don't see that he could have done anything else. As for his teacher's reputation, why, he's one of the biggest men in Europe. He'd only have to laugh at anything Mr. Meyer might say about him."

"I'm not so sure," Sheldrake with his hands in his pockets stood staring thoughtfully down into the pool. "I'm not so sure. Meyer knew he had been outraged; he knew he was in the right. He could tell his story with a pretty convincing lot of circumstances. And what's more, he could tell it with genuine conviction. And the other man's laugh would sound, I should think, rather uncertain. He knows he's a thief."

"Do you think so?" asked Clarissa quickly. "I've been wondering about that. Don't you suppose he manages more or less to justify himself?" Sheldrake stared at her in undisguised amazement.

"But it's the plainest kind of stealing. In fact, to call a man a thief, doesn't do justice to him. For a thief generally steals out of necessity, from people that have plenty. But this rascal has got all he wants."

The sentence broke off there and a little silence followed, broken only by the splash of a couple of pebbles that Sheldrake shied into the pool. Clarissa was watching him eagerly, breathlessly.

"Oh, I said at the beginning that it was tragic enough from Mr. Meyer's point of view," she observed presently. "But I'm trying to get at the other man's. A good theme, I suppose, may occur to anybody, but it takes a

(Continued on Last Page)



## SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial fiddle, we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath or stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most folks resort to violent cathartics, which is a dangerous, salivating treatment which can only be used occasionally because it accumulates in the tissues, also attacks the bones.

Every man and woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate does not restrict the diet like calomel, because it can not salivate, for it is harmless and you can eat anything afterwards. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, and any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound, which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate clean, stimulate and freshen the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.

The frenzied financier has a warm welcome for the chap who has money to burn.

## SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Drink lots of water and stop eating meat for a while if your bladder troubles you.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and clogged. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them; like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get clogged, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; 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 clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

## DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast 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 cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

## RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil.

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless, and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

## Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

### LEANNESS OF SOUL.

BY THE REV. A. W. SNYDER.

And He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their soul.—Psalm, cvl., 15.

This was said of the chosen people of old, but of how many of this generation is it true? It is true of those who have their hearts set on the things of the world, and their souls are lean. It is the natural outcome of unworthy wishes. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"—that, not something else. God does not force us into conformity to His holy will. He gives light, knowledge, grace, blessing. He seeks and constrains in all the divine loving kindness and compassion; but then we may withstand it all; may, if we will, walk in our own ways; and perhaps come at last to live as if altogether without God in the world; nor do we need to live had lives in order to do this. No, not at all; we have simply to live, without any thought of God or of His will and desire concerning us.

The world is wide and full of many things. We can choose what we will. It may be simply to make money or gain position or place or power, or just to "enjoy life," as the saying is. Everywhere we will see things "pleasant to the eye" and apparently "to be desired to make one wise." There are any number of things to choose from, and, too, you may get what you want. You are not likely to, still, you may, and yet find in the end what an empty and unsatisfying thing it is after all.

An even worse lot may be yours, and that is to have your soul become so small that it is quite content with the petty things of life "that perish in the using." In such case especially is the saying verified:—"He gave them their desire and sent leanness withal into their soul." And, in truth, it will be our case also unless we fall in with the eternal purpose by becoming workers together with God, loving that which He loves and desiring that which He desires concerning us. It may not always appear so. The passing show may seem to satisfy for a while, but not for long. The time will come when of all fleeting things you will say:—"I have no pleasure in them, if not before, you will begin to see that 'the world passeth away,' that only 'he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

Then at last you will come to feel that one approving look of the living God would outweigh the world and all that it has to give.

The Spring of Life. God has spoken to man in such a simple way that a child can understand the heart of His revelations. Simplicity is a mark of true greatness. Many of our most renowned men have been in their inner lives as simple as children in their faith toward God. The Father of his Country could be found at prayer at Valley Forge. To have a simple faith is not inconsistent with inquiry and questioning. No body asks as many questions as a child, and he is not satisfied until he receives a direct answer. Only God's answer could be final.

God is not an awful God to us, but our heavenly Father. He has our welfare at heart, and has always had. We can safely trust to Him our lives, our families, our absent ones, and trust Him to help us find a way in the perplexities of life. To trust Him is to stop worrying, to sleep well and to work hard.

We love Him for the same reason that we love our parents, because "He first loved us." The test of this love is not our professions, but our obedience. Where a child loves his father he does what he says. This is a life of beauty and happiness—the spring of life. It is to do your daily work better because you have a light heart, to be a greater service to others because you have been helped; and to freshen all with fragrance because your own life has been sweetened.—William M. Horn.

The Prayer That is Answered. Mr. Moody said his little boy called to him one day, "Papa, I want a drink," and then he went on with his play, and his father, not believing that the child really was in earnest, kept on with his reading. Soon the child spoke again, "Papa, I want a drink." But still he kept on with his play unconcernedly, and his father read on. Presently he left his tops, and came and took hold of his father's knees and said earnestly, "Papa, I am thirsty. I must have a drink." "Then," said Mr. Moody, "as soon as I saw that the child meant what he said, I granted his request speedily. The fervent prayer never fails to get audience.

Gift of Friendship. The gift of friendship is something that strikes deeper and lasts longer than mere gifts of material things.—Rev. Harmon H. McQuilken.

Secret of Values. The soul is the center and secret of all that we call valuable. Take out the soul and you bankrupt the business of the world.—Rev. Charles C. Woods.

## SOLDIERS LIKE THEIR TRENCHES

WILL FIGHT MORE STUBBORNLY TO HOLD ONES THEY HAVE MADE OR IMPROVED

### HAVE A SENSE OF OWNERSHIP

Officers Now Allow Men to Stay as Long as Possible in Own Quarters

London.—How British troops become attached to the trenches which they have constructed or improved during occupancy to make them home-like to such a degree that a company permanently assigned to a "certain trench will fight much more stubbornly to retain it against an assault than will temporary inhabitants has been recognized by the higher officers. Consequently it is now the policy, so far as is possible to allow each division to remain in its own quarters indefinitely.

A correspondent attached to the British headquarters writes of this interesting feature. "One thinks of a west country battalion, experts with the pick and spade, which is famed, and 'justly famed, for the character of its trenches. It recks little of other things, lives with greaves of trench mud to its bare knees and above them measures existence in terms of pit props and revetments, and develops a sense of ownership in its labyrinth as acute as that of any squatter upon the land.

The value of this latter peculiarity has of late been realized by those in authority. It was observed that where a part of the line was held in rapid succession by various brigades there was an observable lack of certain qualities which distinguished trenches which had been held by the same troops for some time. It was an illustration, in fact, of the different treatment accorded to his tenement by the owner and the tenant.

"It had not occurred to anyone that men could become attached to a certain set of trenches—narrow, slimy, smelly trenches—just as they became attached to a cottage wreathed with roses or the castle of their clan. Yet so it was. No one likes trenches, no one could like trenches; yet when you have to live in trenches you may like the trenches which owe to you their being better than other trenches in which you have no lot or part. Soldiers have to be other, and if a trench has to be faced with netting or given a brick floor the work is done. But the work is quite differently done by the doers, and not some unknown relievers, are to profit by it.

"Witness the modern garden city, well known out here, on which a certain division spent so much thought and labor and tenderness and blood during the months they held it, handing it over with a proud inscription attached, which declared that of all that had been given to them to guard they had lost nothing, and made, if might have added, a happy and habitable village out of a morass.

"And this place, though the most notable example, did not stand alone in proof of the advantages attached to security of tenure. Nor was it altogether a question of making neat brick floors, or well netted trenches, or adequate soak holes. The British soldier is notoriously careless and absent minded, and he is certainly not the less careless when making provision for others instead of himself. It was found that if he could count on a certain length of tenancy he would pay proper attention to head cover, make decently adequate funk holes and dug outs, and do his pumping with conscious rectitude."

### JUVENILE LOGIC

Little Mabel's mother was expecting Mabel's auntie on a visit. Just as she was almost due to arrive a telegram came which read: "Missed train. Will start at same time tomorrow."

Mabel hurried home from school expecting to greet her auntie, instead of which she was shown the telegram, she read it through carefully and "aborously," and then she remarked: "How silly of auntie mamma!"

"Why dear," inquired her mother. "Well, don't you see that if she starts at the same time tomorrow, she will miss the train again."—Illustrated Bits.

DIAMOND MINE IN A PET DOG Philadelphia, Pa.—An operation on a pet dog of Mrs. R. S. Nuckolls has resulted in the recovery of a 2 1/2 carat diamond. Teeth marks on the pendant and illness of the dog, a valuable Chihuahua, indicated where it was.

A veterinary surgeon operated and found the diamond. The dog will recover.

DIAMOND IN CAKE Newcasttle, Ind.—After searching for a diamond for two days, Mrs. Clark Hyde received it from her son, Hubert, who found it in a buckwheat cake he was eating. Mrs. Hyde had dropped it in some batter and it had sunk out of sight.

A knife for opening pasteboard boxes, provided with a guard so it will not injure the contents, has been patented by a Connecticut inventor.

### HAS KEPT SAME STORE EVER SINCE YEAR 1844

Connecticut Man, Now 87, Says He Will Retire When He Is 100—Stories of Past.

Phoenixville, Conn.—Sixty-seven years of continuous store-keeping in one and the same room entitles Simon A. Wheaton, of this place, to the title of champion long-time storekeeper.

In 1848 he set up shop at Phoenixville, and from that time to this, without intermission, change or failure, has persistently done business.

Though 87 years old, he is still in perfect possession of all his faculties, is still at the same old stand, and expects to go on trucking till the age of 100, when he concedes that he may be willing to retire in favor of his son.

"We've got plenty of everything here but fun and money!" was the greeting he gave the writer. He waved a still vigorous hand at his stock in trade.

"Yes, sir, I've kept store right in this one room ever since 1848, with many breaks. That was the year of the big gold strike in California. Lots of 'em went, but I thought Connecticut gold was best, and I've had my share. I've had my share.

"I was born in Thompson 87 years ago, was raised in Pomfret, and came here when I was 20, to go into business. There were nine of us. I was the youngest. They've all gone now but me. I reckon I'm still good for the hundred mark.

"The greatest thing I ever saw? O, Gen. Lyton's funeral at Eastford, of course. Fifteen thousand people were here. We did some business that day, you bet!"

Mr. Wheaton will remember the Mexican war, the first telegraph and numerous events that seem to many of us like ancient history. He was born only a generation after Washington's death.

When Sumpter was fired on he was a man of 33, and had already been keeping store in Phoenixville for 13 years. Of all these and many other events he still talks most entertainingly.

One of his most cherished possessions is a powder horn which his first wife's grandfather, Thomas Lyon, carried through the Revolution and which was previously carried through the French and Indian war. Mr. Wheaton will sell anything in his store, he says, except this horn.

He is proud, and justly so, of his unique record of 67 years' continuous service in one store, and challenges New England and the country at large to produce another storekeeper who can equal or surpass the record.

### NEAR DEATH IN TUNNEL.

Man Crawls 3,000 Feet Through Ice, Water, Mud and Snow. Nevada City, Cal.—Crawling with great difficulty from an icy bath in water and mud, creeping 3,000 feet through a tunnel and walking over snow for a mile to camp, was the experience of Fred Trebilcock, member of the crew engaged in retimbering a big tunnel fourteen miles from here.

Trebilcock was caught in a cavern and escaped with his life by the closest margin. The tunnel is a bore 5,000 feet long through the mountain. One section caved in several weeks ago and retimbering became necessary. The work was carried on in the face of the greatest danger to the workmen. Following the accident to Trebilcock a portion of the crew refused to continue work, but Trebilcock and several others pluckily returned to their posts.

### HIS LOST \$10 BILLURNS UP.

Note Unharmed After Lying in Hiding 14 Years. Gypsum, Kan.—Fourteen years ago when Charles Milleson paid his harvest hands he missed a \$10 bill, and concluded that he had been touched by some one, possibly one of the hands.

He forgot the money until the other day Mrs. Milleson picked up an old pocketbook of her husband's that the children had been playing with for ten or twelve years and it was nearly worn out with usage. She took it apart and between the lining and the pocket the missing \$10 was found in a perfect state of preservation, having been protected from the hard usage by the leather of which the pocketbook was composed.

### FRIED SPONGE KILLS RATS.

This is the Way a Kansas Druggist Gets Rid of Rodents. Reserve, Kan.—Fried sponge may not appeal to the average taste, but rats in this town are eating it greedily to their sorrow. To take the place of unsatisfactory rat poisons, R. L. Birkett, a druggist, feeds the rats small pieces of sponge that has been fried in bacon grease, which kills the rodent almost instantly.

Left His All to the Church. Washington, Ind.—By the terms of the will of David Krebs, who died here recently, his entire estate, estimated at \$2,500, is left to the Westminster church. Krebs and his wife were enthusiastic members of the church. For forty years he taught a class in the Sunday school walking from his home, several miles in the country, on many cold winter mornings, rather than miss Sunday school.

Sunny Disposition in the morning follows the use of Renall Laxative Tablets the night before. The laxative tablet with the pleasant taste. In neat tins 10¢ 25¢ 50¢

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO. We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative. Trial size, 10 cents.

GET RID OF A RACKING LAGRIFFE COUGH-IT WEAKENS. For the severe racking cough that comes with la-grippe, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is wonderfully healing and soothing. R. G. Collins, ex-post-master, Barnegat, N. J., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound soon stopped the severe lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me. It can't be beat."—Hites Drug-Store.

## SAGE TEA PUTS LIFE AND COLOR IN HAIR

The Highest Market Price Paid for Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool and Junk. Scrap Iron—bring it to us on Saturday.

HARRY KLING, East Jordan. A steady income is often responsible for an unsteady gait.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes. A steady income is often responsible for an unsteady gait.

## EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

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

## WOOD AND COAL

Promptly delivered to any part of the city. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A trial order will make you a permanent customer. Phone 206. E. E. BROWN Prop'r. EAST JORDAN PRODUCE, FUEL & ICE CO. Patrons buying wood or coal who pay to the driver when delivery is made will be allowed a Five per cent discount.

BEAVER. Get "More Money" for your Furs. BEAVER, FOXES, MUSKRAT, RACCOON, SKUNK, MINK, WHITE WEASEL and other Fur bearers collected in your section. SEND YOUR FURS DIRECT TO "SHUBERT" the largest house in the world 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 Beaver" the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published. Write for it NOW—IT'S FREE. A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST MADISON AVE. Dept 512 CHICAGO, U.S.A.



## Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wood a daughter, Thursday, Jan. 13th.

J. A. Simmons has purchased the East Jordan laundry, operated by Mrs. John DeBoer.

Dark Colored PRINTS only FIVE Cents per yard at WEISMAN'S Bargain Basement.

The High school boys basketball team went to Cheboygan, Friday, to play the team there.

Atty. D. L. Wilson returned home Wednesday from a business trip to Charlevoix and Thompsonville.

The Young Peoples Class of the Presbyterian Church held a pot-luck supper at the church parlors, Friday evening.

Special Sale on all SHOES and Heavy Rubbers. Discount Twenty per cent from Jan. 17th to 31st. CHAS. A. HUDSON.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore at Saginaw last Saturday. A later report indicates that the little one had passed away.

John M. Kenny was very severely injured by falling on the ice near his home, Wednesday. The injury necessitated the attendance of a physician.

Miss Sophia Berg left Friday for the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey, where she underwent an operation. Her sister, Mrs. L. C. Monroe accompanied her.

Manager E. E. Waterman of the East Jordan Cabinet Co. is at Grand Rapids this week attending the annual Furniture Meet and looking after the sales of their products.

Charles Hudkins and family moved from their farm in Wilson township this week to their residence on North Main-st. This is their first move in twenty-three years.

R. T. McDonald, who has been employed at Hudson's Shoe store for several years past left Wednesday for Flint, where he has employment. His family will remain here for a few months.

A revival meeting will begin at the Church of God Chapel on Sunday evening, Jan. 16th. S. J. Brooks of Jackson, Chas. Gerren of Manton and C. B. Sheldon and wife of Charlevoix are expected to assist in the services which begin each evening at 7:30, local time.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its next meeting with Mrs. E. E. Hall on Second-st. Friday, Jan. 21st, 2:30 p. m., sharp. With the fight for state-wide prohibition before us every one should be up and doing. Every member is urged to be present. Visitors welcome.—Sec'y.

Marion Hudkins died at Alex. Alberta, last Friday, Jan. 7th, at the advanced age of 77 years. Deceased was one of the pioneers of Wilson township, homesteading there in 1871. He went to the Northwest about ten years ago. Deceased is survived by his wife three sons and one daughter. Charles Hudkins of this city is one of the bereaved sons.

The "Togery" will be East Jordan's latest business establishment. Moses Weisman has rented part of the store building of A. W. Freiberg, and will open in a few weeks with a complete line of Men's Clothing and furnishings. Mr. Weisman has been in New York and Chicago for some time past, and has gained several new ideas which he hopes to develop in furnishing a first class Men's Furnishing Store to the citizens of this community.

Elias Lampton was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Cook last Sunday on complaint of several parties, charging him with taking liberties with little girls. Prosecuting Atty. Lewis and Sheriff Novak came over from Charlevoix, Monday, and a hearing of the case was held before Justice Blount. Lampton was bound over to the February term of circuit court, and taken by Sheriff Novak to Charlevoix to await trial. Lampton, who is about 45 years of age, is said to have spent considerable time toasting with children on the streets, and was with a couple of small tots when taken in custody by Sheriff Cook.

Mrs. Frances A. Foote passed away at her home in this city on Wednesday last, Jan. 12th, after a lingering illness, aged 69 years. Deceased was born in Dublin, Ireland, Oct. 31st, 1847, her maiden name being Wallace. She came to America with her parents when quite a small girl. Aug. 22, 1865, she was united in marriage to Mr. L. M. Foote at New York City. They came to East Jordan in 1891, where her husband embarked in the livery business. Mr. Foote was killed in 1906 while a rural route mail carrier in a runaway accident on Main-st. One son survives, Ira S. Foote of this city, and an adopted son, Wallace L. Foote of Central Lake. Funeral services were held from the Methodist Episcopal Church Friday afternoon, conducted by the pastor, Rev. John Clemens. Interment at the East Jordan Cemetery.

Mrs. Flynn went to Deward on Tuesday.

Harvey Scott is working over near Ellsworth.

Ed. Nachazel is home from Rogers City, this week.

A. L. Coulter of Charlevoix was in the city, Friday.

Norman Risk was a Boyne City visitor over Sunday.

Russell Harrington visited friend in Boyne City, Friday.

Herman Goodman was at Alba on business, Thursday.

Charles Phillips returned home from Carson City, Tuesday.

The Electa Club met with Mrs. Harry Price, Thursday evening.

Rev. Fr. Kroboth was a Petoskey business visitor, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman were Petoskey visitors, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman leave this Saturday for California.

Mrs. W. L. Peck returned home Tuesday, from a visit at Bay City.

Miss Winnie Mollard left Monday for a visit with relatives at Munising.

Bert Scott and family now occupy the Keat residence on the West Side.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold visited relatives at Bellaire first of the week.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman went to Galesburg, Tuesday, for a visit with her parents.

Miss Eunice Carr spent, Friday last with her sister, Mrs. K. Bader, at Boyne City.

Miss Bernice Isaman returned from Charlevoix recently and is staying at Mr. Ulvund's.

Mrs. O. C. Hurlbert of Everett, Wash., is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton McKay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudkins spent Sunday at Boyne City visiting at the home of L. M. Stackus.

Mrs. H. J. Love returned home Tuesday from Traverse City after spending several days with relatives.

Mrs. Carrie Seefeld and Mrs. G. C. Pray of Williamsburg are visiting friends in the city this week.

Mrs. W. E. Hawkins returned home from Grand Rapids, Tuesday, after several weeks visit with relatives.

Mrs. R. N. Spence with neices and nephew spent Saturday with her mother, Mrs. Johnson, at Green River.

A surprise party was given Mrs. John F. Kenny last Saturday evening. The occasion being her birthday anniversary.

Wonda, the ten year old daughter of Mrs. Hattie Baler of the West Side was taken to the Petoskey hospital for an operation for appendicitis, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McIntosh returned to their home at Hillsdale, Wednesday, after spending a few days at the home of their daughter, Mrs. L. P. Holliday.

Mrs. J. M. Milford and daughter, Beryl, returned home Saturday last from the Petoskey hospital where the latter underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Mildred Drescher was absent from her duties as principal of the West Side school a couple of days this week on account of illness. Stanley Risk acted as substitute.

The Improvement Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. L. P. Holliday, Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. E. N. Clink gave an interesting paper on the musicians, sculptors and painters of America.

FOR-RENT—A seven room house on Second-st. Inquire of Mrs. W. E. Malpass.

In this great and glorious land of the free one has to pay for the drinks in order to get a whack at the free lunch.

**Presbyterian Church Notes**  
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, January 16, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"Successful Prayer."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"The Quilter."

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

Mr. Ben J. Holcomb will have charge of this meeting.

**CITROLAX**  
CITROLAX

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

## ROCK ELM RUSTLINGS

The blizzard has arrived but we sincerely hope the visit will be a short one.

Quite a number of our farmers were seen Tuesday wending their way to East Jordan with their De Laval separators. That being the day for repairing separators.

Miss Agnes LeCroix is absent from school on account of sickness.

The services at the Grange Hall Sunday evening were quite well attended.

H. E. Hutton was in East Jordan Saturday in the interests of the taxpayers.

Mrs. Jas. Secord is with her parents at Reed City. Her father being very sick with gripe.

Mr. Wetherall and Mr. Wagner with their families drove over from Boyne City, Sunday, and spent the day with H. E. Huttons.

Services at the Rock Elm school house Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. Let every one come.

Quite an exciting time one day last week when a horse driven by a lady living near Ironton became excited, threw the lady out and started for town alone.

## BREEZY HILL NOTES

Miss Della Bradshaw is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Somerville at Central Lake.

Irving Bancroft is working in the woods for Lawrence Genson, near Phelps.

Miss Pona Somerville from Central Lake was visiting at Ira Bradshaws a few days last week.

Claude Johnson is harvesting his saw log crop. Hauling them to the E. J. Lumber Co's. Mills.

Mrs. Louis Stamper is ill from an attack of appendicitis.

Mrs. Ralph Rannoy is at the Lockwood hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Jacob Wagbo and Ed. Priest is cutting wood timber for Supley Lalonde on the old Anthony Addis place and are boarding at Frank Kiser's.

Thomas Kiser is absent from school this week on account of his brother, Dale having the chicken-pox.

Graff Miller from Central Lake, has been in the vicinity buying cattle, hogs and sheep.

## RECIPES.

**Fruit Soup—Cherry.**—Use one quart sour cherries; pit and crack stones and boil in two quarts of water for ten minutes. Strain and pour over cherries. Sweeten to taste and thicken with two-tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Add a little lemon peel while boiling.

**Blueberry Soup.**—Use one quart berries; boil in two quarts of water. Sweeten to taste. Thicken with two-tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a little lemon peel, one-quarter teaspoonful butter. Serve with toast.

**Ginger Drops.**—Take three eggs, one cup of lard, one of baking molasses, one of broken sugar, one large tablespoon of ginger, one tablespoon of soda in a cup of boiling water, five cups of unsifted flour. Drop tablespoonfuls of this mixture into a slightly greased dripping pan about three inches apart.

**Recipe for Cooking Rabbit.**—Cut up the rabbit into desirable pieces, wash in three waters, then let it stand for at least an hour in salted water to which some red pepper has been added. When ready to cook put on in cold water, and as the water steams drain off as one would for chicken. Fill or cover over again with cold water, adding a little ginger, which takes away the wild flavor. One should cook it thoroughly. The meat is more delicious with the thickened gravy made into a pie.

**Cheese Fondue.**—One cup of ground crackers, one cup milk, three-fourths cup cheese, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately light; stir all together, and bake in a quick oven; serve immediately.

## Cocoanut Pudding.

One egg, the weight of one egg in each of flour, butter and sugar, three ounces of cocoanut (disiccated), half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little milk are needed for this recipe. Beat the butter and sugar to a thick cream and stir in the egg, well beaten. Mix the flour, cocoanut and baking powder together and stir in, gradually mixing in the milk. When all the ingredients are added, beat well and add more milk until the mixture is of such a consistency that it will just drop from the spoon. Put the mixture into a basin and fill it two-thirds full. Cover with a greased paper and steam for about two hours. If steamed, this pudding is more digestible than when boiled.

Calling a man a liar is never an argument.

The easier it is to reform a man the less it amounts to.

Wit without wisdom is sauce without meat.

A lazy man is a dead loss to himself.

## Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

### CHRIST'S SUMMARY OF CONDUCT

BY THE REV. AMOS R. WELLS.

And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt., v., 2.

The Sermon on the Mount has well been called the programme of Christianity. Looking over those three chapters of Matthew to gain a comprehensive view of Christ's plan of life, the first feature that strikes the student is its splendid unselfishness. Self is barred from it altogether. The beatitudes are not for those that get, but for those that give. Christians are to be salt, giving out health; and light, spreading sunshine. Their treasure is not to be on earth, but in Heaven. They are to take no anxious thought about their food or clothing. They are not to resist evil nor expect a return for good. They are even to love their enemies. They are to live in other's happiness. They are to find their reward in the joy of the world.

The next outstanding feature of this picture of the ideal life is its insistence upon inward realities, as opposed to outward shows. It is the pure in heart that sees God, the poor in spirit and the meek that inherit Heaven and earth. Hunger after righteousness shall be satisfied, and there is a petition, but no promise, regarding material bread. The lustful thought is held equivalent to the foul deed; the angry word, to murder. Alms are to be in secret, prayer is not to be paraded on the street corners, fasting is to be hidden behind a smiling countenance. "Out of the heart," our Lord insists, "are the issues of life."

And yet with equal clearness a third feature of the picture stands out, namely, its practical character. We are, what we are within; but we are known by our fruits, by the outward showing of what is within. This showing is inevitable, but it is none the less essential. It is not hearing that wins His commendation. It is not saying "Lord, Lord," or even prophesying and casting out devils, that gain an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, but it is doing the will of the King of Heaven. And Christ's directions are perfectly plain, straightforward, practical: be a peacemaker; swear not; give freely; love your enemies; forgive; do not worry; do not judge harshly; pray trustingly. These are His commands, uttered with absolute authority. It is a gospel for the daily life.

If one begins at any point in this programme of Christianity, and begins sincerely, he will not end till he has passed through the entire experience of it. Being meek, being pure in heart, being a peacemaker, thirsting after righteousness, enduring persecution, loving one's enemies, giving one's self to the needs of the world—these all hang together. For any Christian deed one needs CHRIST, and all of CHRIST.

Therefore it matters nothing that the Sermon on the Mount is not systematic, nor is it necessary to study it in a systematic way. Read it, line by line, till you reach a point where your quickened conscience condemns you of disobedience. Then go forth and in the Master's strength do in that one point the Master's will. Thus at length, and only thus, will you make your own this discourse of the ages.

### Sin and Social Reform.

In a recent noteworthy address, Mr. Frederick Rogers, the secretary of the National Committee of Organized Labor, laid great stress upon an obstacle which frequently thwarts those who are working for the amelioration of social evils. To that barrier to progress in righteousness, which is no mere product of modern conditions or modern life, we did not hesitate to give its plain name of sin. Theories of "improvement" and "evolution" will not make it anything else than it is, though they may label it with finer titles. Mr. Rogers holds that:

What man was in the days of the Pharaohs, in the days of Homer, in the days of Christ, that in essentials he is to-day. The greatest enemy to social reform is individual sin, and no reform worth working for will ever come to any society which ignores or misunderstands that.—London Christian.

Believe me when I tell you that Christ of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of it will make you dwindle, sink in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning.—Gladstone.

All that I have been enabled to accomplish in the course of my life has been done through perseverance.—George Stevenson.

## Our January CLEARING SALE Is Now In Progress.

DURING THESE EVENTS we will contribute the results of well-laid plans for the furtherance of the plans of our patrons who for many years have looked upon January at this store as a period of special helpfulness in making household and personal expenditures go far.

CONSPICUOUSLY in evidence throughout the entire January Sales stocks will be noted an element of crisp newness which emphasises the care we have taken to provide merchandise not only attractive but of excellent quality.

# L. WEISMAN

### SLOW DOWN

The world has lost its silence. That's the trouble with it. By silence, we mean, of course, a sense of leisure. That surely is gone. The lamps are no longer lit on quiet. Every minute is packed with noise or action. The phonograph, the "movie," the automobile mean always something to hear, something to see, somewhere to go. That is the constituency the modern artist addresses. It has developed in him a new technique, a spur of the moment style. Were a Dickens here today who would listen to him? Certainly people of professed culture would not. They no longer read Dickens. Thackeray grows tiresome with the years. Trollope, whose fiction surely was engaging, is a dead letter. If a publisher announced an edition of Hawthorne today his competitors would grin. We who have more time than ever, really have less time than ever. The song in that forgotten opera of a few years ago, "I Want What I Want When I Want It," hit us off to a T. We are votaries of the NOW. The present instant is our shrine. Speed Up is the watchword. Culture, unfortunately has become a cheapened word, but far more unfortunate is that the fact of culture itself is threatened. For culture in its real sense, we take it, means thoroughness. "God is never in a hurry," said one of the Pilgrim fathers. It is the world's foolish, barbarous haste that is making it ungodly. Slow down.

### FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

The weighing machine used in the laboratory of the Bureau of Standards in Washington is said to be the most accurate in the world. It will weigh the wing of a fly.

Buncombe County, North Carolina, famous for adding a word to our language because of the oratorical propensities of a former Congressman, is spending more than half a

### MRS. CLAYTON'S LETTER

To Run-Down Nervous Women

Louisville, Ky.—"I was a nervous wreck, and in a weak, run-down condition when a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and as a result I have gained in health and strength. I think Vinol is the best medicine in the world for a nervous, weak, run-down system and for elderly people."—Mrs. W. C. CLAYTON, Louisville, Ky.

Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, guaranteed to overcome all run-down, weak, deritalized conditions and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

### DOWN ON HIS BACK

"About two years ago I got down on my back," writes Solomon Bequette, Flat River, Mo. "I got a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and they straightened me right up." I recommend them to all who have kidney trouble." Rheumatic aches and pains, soreness and stiffness, sleep-disturbing bladder trouble, yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills.—Hites Drug Store.

### million for roads.

A fence 7,000 miles long, the longest in the world, has been ordered by the Canadian Pacific railroad. It will run on both sides of the railroad from Halifax to Vancouver.

American railroads employ 1,315,289 persons, who have an average yearly wage of more than \$1,000.

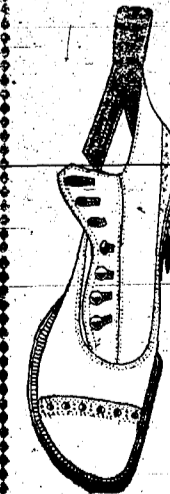
Throughout the world one-fourth of all children die before six years of age, one-half before they are sixteen and one person in 100 lives to see 65.

Shaving was introduced among the Romans about 200 B. C. The first shave was deemed the entrance to manhood and celebrated with great festivities.

## Special Sale

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For all run-down, weak, nervous conditions of men and women, nothing equals Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil. Try it on our guarantee.

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Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "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.




**THE GIRL IN THE OTHER SEAT**

BY **HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.**

Author of "The Whispering Man," Etc.

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(Continued from third page)

great musician to make the best use of it. I suppose he may think that all's fish that comes to his net. He may say that it isn't particularly important to the world that Mr. Meyer should write a symphony, but that it is important that a great symphony should be written. So, perhaps, while we're calling him a thief, he's thinking all the while that he's doing a praiseworthy act in rescuing all those good ideas from Mr. Meyer, who couldn't make the most of them himself."

Sheldrake laughed uneasily. "I've heard sounds strange coming from you," he said. "It's that's the way the thing strikes you, I should say you had a rather peculiar sense of justice."

"It isn't my sense of justice," said Clarissa.

She spoke quietly, but there was a compelling quality in her voice that straightened the man's shoulders and made him swing around and shoot a look of sudden inquiry into her face.

She met his eyes steadily.

"It isn't my sense of justice," she repeated. "But isn't it yours, Mr. Sheldrake?"

"Do you mind telling me what you mean?"

"Of course I don't mind telling. But is it necessary for me to tell? Don't you know?"

"I suppose," he admitted after a little silence, "that the thing you've in mind is Longstreet and his motor."

And I'll credit you with believing that it is a parallel case to the one you've just been telling me about."

"No," said Clarissa. "It isn't quite a parallel case. There's nothing in Mr. Meyer's story that corresponds to the five thousand dollars you offered those men for their invention. But even if Mr. Meyer's teacher had offered him a hundred francs, or so—that's about fair, isn't it?—it wouldn't have changed the story very materially. And otherwise—the parallel holds, doesn't it?"

"It holds to this extent said Sheldrake with an uneasy laugh, "that both Mr. Meyer and Mr. Longstreet found a very sympathetic auditor to their tale of woe."

"Mr. Longstreet didn't come to me with a tale of woe," said Clarissa hotly. "It was you yourself who started it when you told Violet that he and Mr. Morris thought they'd invented something that really belonged to Mr. Valentine and you. So I asked him for the particulars, and I got them."

"He didn't make any suggestion to you, then, that you yourself should—well, provide the sinews of war, you know?"

"I didn't mean to bring that in," said Clarissa thoughtfully. "In this talk with you, I mean. Oh, I did at first. I was angry. I said to myself that we'd let you and Mr. Valentine go on, let you come to take what you thought was going to be had so easily, and then—surprise you. But I thought it over and I wondered if that would be fair to you. I decided it wouldn't. I decided I'd give you a chance. When I asked you to come down here, to-night, I didn't know just how to begin. And then you began for me. I thought, from the way you listened to that story, that you meant to take the chance. I've still got a hope that you will take it. Listen! Mr. Longstreet doesn't know that I've come to you. And, thanks to a strange mistake of his, he doesn't dream that it's in my power to help him the other way. So, you see, you've got an open field; you've got a chance to play fair with yourself. Write Mr. Morris another letter—write it yourself, this time, and tell him that the other offer was a mistake. Tell him you've been misinformed. I think that's true. I think you have. I don't believe that if you'd known the facts, that other letter would have ever been written. That's just a guess of mine of course. But it isn't important, really, because the way is still open."

It was a long speech for Clarissa and she was rather breathless when she got to the end of it. She was leaning eagerly forward, with half-parted lips, and eyes mistily bright. And the cessation of that voice of hers left the very air tingling with it.

"You say Longstreet doesn't know what you're doing for him? Doesn't

even know what you've the power to do?" He spoke wonderingly, not so much as one who asks a question, but rather as one who states an incredible fact. Clarissa understood that no answer was needed and sat very still, barely breathing, letting the silence do its work. At last he spoke again.

"You're the best woman I know," he said. His voice had a sort of thoughtful concentration about it. "I don't suppose you think much about it; it probably just comes natural. You've got a sort of white magic about you. You bewitched me with it the night of the dance, so that I've been wondering ever since what had happened to me. And now, tonight—I'm wondering if you can work the same spells on everybody. And I'm wondering if the enchantment could last, permanently? Do you suppose it could?"

Clarissa didn't answer that question either. But the eager tension of her body relaxed, and her eyes suddenly left his face.

"Would you do it if you could?" he went on, at last. On the surface his voice had a half-humorous mockery about it, but there was an undercurrent that no mockery could hide. "Could you ever care, do you suppose, witch, to—make a steady job of it?"

"I've been pretending a little," she said, presently. "It hasn't been goodness nor unselfishness, altogether; that made me give you this chance. It's something I wanted very much for myself. I had a reason for not wanting Mr. Longstreet to know that I had anything to do with it; for wanting him to think that you had done it quite by yourself. I shan't tell you what it is—Then she turned to him again, and met his eyes proudly, it seemed to him. "But perhaps you can guess," she added.

He came over to her and held out his hand, but it was the better part of a minute before he spoke. "You're not afraid my guessing would break the spell," he said, but it was friendly mockery, and his eyes were as bright as hers. "That's all it is you know, Witchcraft, pure and simple. I shall spend the next six months wondering what in the world you did to me. Longer than that perhaps. Do you realize your responsibilities, witch? But you're right not to be afraid. This charm will do its work. You understand that, don't you?"

The sudden tears came into her eyes at that, and impulsively she held out both hands to him.

He took them, but when she made a little move as if to arise from her seat on the boulder, he shook his head and stepped back a little. "He's waiting up there, I suppose," he ventured. "On the hotel veranda. I shouldn't mind letting him wait. But I suppose you—"

"He isn't there," said Clarissa. "He wasn't coming tonight."

"Then do you mind staying here a little while longer?"

"No," said Clarissa. "I don't mind."

"That's how it came about that it was really late, according to Woodstock standards, when Clarissa, attracted by the light in Violet's room, found that young lady half-dressed, red-eyed with angry tears, and disposed to find grounds for a quarrel, if possible."

"The next time you want to accuse me of flirting with men, Clarissa, I hope you'll stop and remember what you've been doing yourself these last few days. That's all I've got to say. Did Mr. Sheldrake enjoy the moonlight?"

"I haven't been flirting with Mr. Sheldrake, Violet." She spoke good-humoredly enough, but there escaped into her voice a little note of contempt in spite of her amiable intentions.

A quick flush mounted to Violet's temples. "No doubt you will say that to Mr. Longstreet tomorrow. Did you know that he was coming this evening, too?"

"Who?" Clarissa asked.

Violet smiled. "Mr. Longstreet. He came just after you'd gone down to the pool with Mr. Sheldrake."

"Did you tell him where I was?" asked Clarissa.

"I didn't speak to him at all," said Violet. "But I told Jimmy Douglas, and I think he may have heard. I told Jimmy that you and Sheldrake had gone down to the pool; that I didn't think you wanted to be interrupted, because I'd heard you say you had something important to tell him. I hope you don't mind," she concluded after a little silence.

The resentment she hoped to rouse in Clarissa's face didn't come. She stood quite still, looking very thoughtful and very grave.

After a while Violet spoke again: "This time, rather uneasily. 'I hope I haven't done you any harm, Clarissa, but I thought that for once...'"

"No, I don't believe you have," said Clarissa. "Good-night." Without waiting for another word, she went into her own room and closed the door. She had a strong impulse to go down to the telephone, late as it was, and call up Morris's shack. She didn't know why she should take this combination of her own ill-luck and Violet's malice so seriously. But she did.

She decided not to telephone, and tried to smile away her own misgivings, but she didn't succeed. The dreams, with which she had hoped to sweeten the hours until her lover's return tomorrow, were spoiled. The best she could do was to tell herself that she was tired and silly and promise herself that everything would be right again in the morning.

And in the morning when she did telephone, it was only to learn from Beck's rather bewildered tips, that Mr. Longstreet had left for New York.


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**PRINCE ALBERT**  
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You take this testimony straight from the shoulder, men. You can smoke a barrel of P. A. without a kick! It hands out all the tobacco happiness any man ever dreamed about, it's so smooth and friendly. It's a mighty cheerful thing to be on talking-terms with your pipe and your tongue at the same time—but that's what's coming to you sure as you pin your faith to Prince Albert!

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*Everywhere tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your cheerful visit. Buy it in toasty red tins, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tins—and in that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with spouse-motif—top that keeps the tobacco so fit!*

When Beck appeared in person, about noon, driving Morris's fat pony and leading Benjamin Franklin, Clarissa didn't see him, but from Jimmy's report he had nothing to add to that.

**CHAPTER XIX.**  
**The Laboratory.**

When Beck came out to the laboratory on Friday morning, with a scared, apologetic face, to say that a young lady had come over from Woodstock and insisted on seeing him, so many surprising things had happened in the meantime that Morris hardly felt surprised—thought it was the first time that his hermitage had ever been invaded by any one who could possibly be described as a young lady.

"Very well," he said in a sort of patient exasperation, as one who acquiesces in the decrees of fate without prejudice to his right to file a protest. "Tell her I'll be in in a moment."

"But," said Beck, with a panic-stricken glance over his shoulder, "she didn't wait. She's coming. She's here."

And indeed, Clarissa was there before Morris could fairly grasp the idea. There she was in the doorway of the laboratory, looking in with a little smile that was half amusement over Morris's manifest astonishment of the apparition of her, and half apology for her own audacity. She was dressed in the khaki breeches and the long, full-skirted coat and the boots and the little cocked hat that Longstreet might have told his friend all about, but hadn't, and a slender crop swung idly from a gauntleted wrist. The doorway was bathed in sunshine just then, and Clarissa was bathed in it, too; and it warmed the pallor of her skin to something more alive than ivory.

"May I come in?" she asked, for he had done nothing yet but stare at her. "I didn't want to interrupt any more that I could help, so I came straight here. I'm Clarissa Ellsworth."



I'm Clarissa Ellsworth.

Morris had been sitting at his desk, just inside the door, bent over a great sheet of foolscap covered with equations. Astonishment had held him frozen where he was until she spoke. And even then he did not answer immediately.

"If you could just look at her for about ten seconds, and hear her speak, if it was only to say 'Hello' and 'Good-bye,' you'd know it was all rot yourself." Tony had said that about her on the night of their quarrel and the words echoed strangely in Morris's head just now. It was quite true. If the thing on his desk had been the precious formula itself, Morris knew he would have left it lying there where it was, in full sight.

Then he realized that he hadn't answered her. She was looking a little perplexed, but not offended, he thought. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting. I—I don't see very much of people and I'm sometimes rude to them without meaning to be."

"I'm the rude one," said Clarissa. "But I had to come to you because you're the only person who can tell me what I want to know. It's about Anthony Longstreet."

Clarissa smiled faintly at herself as she said that. It was so easy, and it had seemed, in advance, so nearly impossible.

Remember that this was Friday morning. Last Sunday afternoon, at about four o'clock she had said good-bye at the foot of the flight of wooden steps which led up over the crest of the hill; good-bye to her new-found lover until tomorrow. In all the interminable length of those intervening days she had had no word from him. She spent the first of those days inventing a wealth of reasonable explanations. But when Wednesday morning brought no word, something in her mind went snap, and she knew that all hopes she had tried to comfort herself with during those days, were nothing but a pretense.

Tony's faith and trust and confidence, in which she had believed as she herself believed in him, had broken miserably down at the first test. And what a pitifully easy test it was! If he could doubt her loyalty on such weak grounds as that, and on no better testimony than Violet's, then the thing he had called his faith didn't deserve that name at all.

A talk with Jimmy Douglas had changed the face of things a little. He had told her—she didn't quite know how the conversation had started—how Longstreet had found out that she and not Violet was really the heiress.

**Continued Next Saturday.**

**SIX-YEAR-OLD HAD CROUP**

"I have a little girl six years old who has a good deal of trouble with croup," writes W. E. Curry, Evansville, Ind. "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar, obtaining instant relief for her. My wife and I also use it and will say it is the best cure for a bad cold, cough, throat trouble and croup that I ever saw."—Hites Drug Store.

A giggling girl usually becomes a cackling woman.

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.

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Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

Be sure of your facts before attempting to pose as a liar.

Many a man is seemingly wise because he has no children to ask him questions.

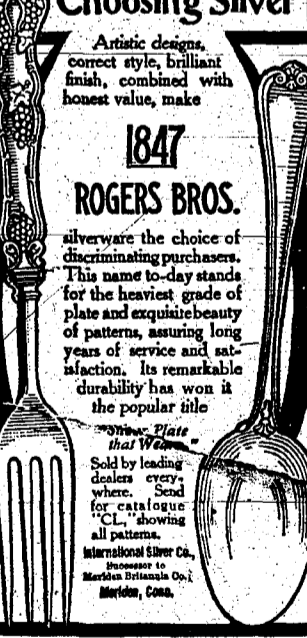
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