

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1916.

No. 25

Playgrounds to be Opened

To Commence Next Monday and Continue for Ten Weeks.

East Jordan is to have supervised swimming and playgrounds during the coming summer. This has been made possible through the interest of a number of business and professional men of the city, with the cooperation of the city commission and board of education.

This work is to begin Monday, June 19, and will continue through ten weeks. The playground will be located at the Central School Grounds, and will be open to children of all ages. Miss Grace Malpass and Mr. Bruce Cross have been engaged to take charge of the work, and will supervise the swimming as well. The location chosen for the bathing beach is near the old Pine dock on the west side of the lake, where a dressing room will be provided with safety ropes for the smaller children.

The schedule of the work may be varied if the conditions demand it, but at the beginning will be as follows:

8:00-11:30 Daily—Playground Games.
1:00-2:00 Daily—Story Hour.
2:00-5:30 Except Saturday—Playground Games.

3:00-4:00 Daily—Swimming and Bathing—Girls.

4:30-5:30 Daily—Swimming and Bathing—Boys.

The playgrounds will of course be closed on Sunday, and the dressing room at the bathing beach will be closed.

All children may come at all times, subject to the discipline of the playgrounds, and no charge will be made to anyone. Mr. B. J. Holcomb, who is supervising school gardens through the summer, has been appointed to take charge of directing the work.

Notice to Depositors.

A general agreement has been reached among the banks of Charlevoix County, whereby the length of time, which money must be left on deposit in Savings accounts or on Certificates of Deposit in order to draw interest, has been extended from three months to six months. This rule will apply to new deposits and renewals of deposits made after date of this notice.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN
Helen F. Stroebel, Cashier.
PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK
R. O. Bisbee, Cashier.

EAST JORDAN COUPLE MARRIED AT FLINT

Miss Mary E. DeWitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman DeWitt of this city and Harry W. Valleau, whose father resides in this city, were united in marriage at Flint last Saturday evening, June 10th. The ceremony took place at the Congregational parsonage, and the happy couple went from there to their new home at 933 Garland St.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Valleau are well-known and popular East Jordan young people. They graduated from our public schools and then taking up different vocations, the bride having charge of the Jordan River School for a few years, and the groom going to Flint where he entered the employ of one of the auto works of that city.

Their many friends here extended sincere congratulations.

PICTURED IN PANAMA

"The Ne'er-Do-Well," filmed as a spectacular drama by the Selig Polyscope Company is considered by many as Rex Beach's greatest story.

In "The Ne'er-Do-Well," fascinating Panama scenery is shown, including the work of digging the Panama Canal, the interiors of old Spanish homes, glimpses of the interior of the tropical jungle, and odd and interesting nooks and corners.

The cast in "The Ne'er-Do-Well" includes Kathlyn Williams, Eugenie Besserer, Wheeler Oakman, Frank Clark and others. Almost the same cast of stars that added to the realism of "The Spoilers," Beach's other great story, filmed by the Selig Company, appear in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

Charming Kathlyn Williams enacts the strongest character role in her career as Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt, the woman diplomat. The role of Kirk Anthony, the "ne'er-do-well," is enacted by Wheeler Oakman.

This wonderful Selig production will play at the Temple Theatre for two nights, Thursday and Friday, June 29 and 30.

Having overthrown the Civil Service law at every opportunity, and having filled the offices with as many Democrats as possible, it is to be expected that the Wilson administration will soon reverse its attitude and become an advocate of the principle of Civil Service Reform. An order may be expected almost any time throwing a protecting cloak around all those "deserving Democrats" who have been placed on the government pay roll.

Dry Campaign Starts Sunday

Union Meeting, Temple Theatre, In the Evening.

Anti-Saloon League Field Day is next Sunday, June 18th. In the morning the Rev. W. V. Waltman of Grand Rapids will speak in the M. E. church, and the Rev. Matt Mullen of Traverse City will speak in the Presbyterian church. In the afternoon, these speakers will both hold services in some of the near-by school-houses. At 7:30 p. m. a Union meeting will be held in the Temple Theatre. Both Mr. Waltman and Mr. Mullen will speak. A union choir will lead the singing. Mr. Mullen is the District Superintendent of the League and is known as a most forceful speaker. Mr. Waltman is a new worker in this part of the state. Both of these men will be here in the interest of state-wide prohibition, which is to be one of the issues in the campaign this fall. Everyone is interested in this question, and everyone is invited to attend these meetings.

ALONG THE FIRING LINE

Again the Democratic campaigners have crossed their wires. Some of them have been asserting for several weeks that it was the Federal Reserve Banking law that restored prosperity. But Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo spoiled that argument by showing that the Federal Reserve system did not get into operation until after the upward turn in our industrial affairs. Now comes Paul M. Warburg, of the Federal Reserve Board, with the declaration that the turn came early in 1914, and that the "advent of the war precipitated this development with unprecedented rapidity and to an unprecedented degree." The statistics of the Department of Commerce show that the upward turn did not come until September, 1914, one month after the outbreak of the war. Therefore, by the process of elimination, we arrive at the conclusion that recovery from the hard times brought on by Democratic tariff legislation did not begin until after the war broke out, that it was the war that brought development with unprecedented rapidity and to an unprecedented degree, and that the Federal Reserve Law had nothing to do with it. The Republicans are certainly grateful to the administration campaigners for letting a little of the real truth leak out.

Consul General R. P. Skinner of London reports that the total value of declared exports from London to the United States during the first four months of 1916 was \$58,822,349, as against \$45,608,931 for the first four months of 1915. Wonder what they would have done to us had they been at peace and we with a free trade Democratic tariff law on our hands?

It costs about 10 cents a pound to produce copper. The normal price is about 12 cents, so that there is, ordinarily, a profit of about 2 cents per pound. Of course the cost varies, and changes the margin of profit, but this is a general average. Now copper brings from 27 to 30 cents per pound. Probably the cost of production has advanced 20 per cent, so that the average cost now is about 12 cents, leaving a profit of about 14 cents per pound. With profits 700 per cent greater than before the war, no wonder that there is great activity in the copper industry and great prosperity in communities producing this essential of modern warfare.

There is great doubt whether American manufacturers will be permitted to import from Germany the dyestuffs so necessary to the continued operation of their factories in all branches. Yet the Democratic Congress refused to enact the protective legislation that must be had before American investors will establish dye plants. We continue, dependent upon some other country because President Wilson and his party believe that the protection idea is "an economic error." In the opinion of the schoolmaster, it is economic error for us to have dye plants of our own when we can buy cheaper somewhere else. But, fortunately, the opinion of the American business man is to prevail in the 1916 election, and we shall have a real "America First" policy adopted, after which we shall have dyes "made in America," by American labor, financed by American capital.

State Taxes Are Doubled

Time For People To Sit Up And Take Notice

The people are beginning to realize what special sessions of the legislature, bad laws and burdensome boards are costing the taxpayers of Michigan. The increase in population, general demands and public improvements have not justified the enormous advance in taxation.

The Michigan State Association has just issued a bulletin which presents some startling figures in regard to the gradual rise of taxation within the past ten years. According to this bulletin, the tax levy of 1915 showed an increase of 130 per cent, over the levy of 1906. The justifiable difference would not exceed 50 per cent and a great portion of what would have been assigned to a few profit-taking corporations under equitable conditions.

Within the next few years the people will be called upon to stand a portion of the increased taxation for national preparedness (a laudable and necessary movement) and therefore it would be well to carefully scrutinize state expenditures and pare them down wherever possible. Michigan to-day is getting little in return for its vast public expenditures. This is due largely to the fact that the people pay little attention to the new laws which create high-salaried boards and commissions. In the past the proposition has been to frame up something new at each session of the legislature to care for all the deserving henchmen and ward heelers. Every man who has proven himself to be incompetent in professional, mercantile and trade lines has had an opportunity to go on the state's pay roll, and the people have paid the price. What have we had for the money?

The bulletin issued by the State Tax Association says:

"The statistical tables in this bulletin have been published in order that the people of the state might have before them the concrete facts relating to tax levies and government costs.

"Taxes have increased by leaps and bounds in recent years, until today the people are groaning under the heavy burden. The demand is general throughout the state that something be done to check the constantly increasing drain upon the public purse.

The Michigan State Tax Association cannot at this time definitely point out the cause or causes of the seemingly extraordinary increase in public expenditures during the last decade, neither has it any suggestions to offer other than to urge upon our public servants the necessity of strict economy.

The association will be in a position to draw definite conclusions as the reason for the present heavy tax burden after it has completed its investigation of public expenditures."

The tax levy figures presented in the bulletin follow:

	1906	1915
State.....	\$ 3,384,064	\$ 9,509,641
County.....	3,479,907	6,889,367
Township.....	858,504	1,573,641
School.....	5,366,412	14,041,643
Highway.....	2,988,989	5,083,223
County Road	420,321	2,474,771
Drain.....	306,929	381,275
City.....	8,434,415	18,268,286
Village.....	1,078,018	2,348,198
Rejected.....	13,087	17,230

Total..... \$ 26,330,650 \$ 60,596,921
Total Tax Levy—Per Capita:—
1906..... \$ 9.37
1915..... 21.56

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Rural sanitation is a health protection to the city-dweller?

It's foolish to educate a boy and then let him die of typhoid fever?

The U. S. Public Health Service issues a free bulletin on the summer care of infants?

Exercise in the garden is better than exercise in the gymnasium?

Clean water, clean food, clean houses make clean healthy American citizens?

The State of California has reduced its typhoid death rate 70 per cent in the past ten years?

Rats are the most expensive animals which man maintains?

It is estimated that the average manure pile will breed 900,000 flies per ton?

Our idea of true faith is that of a man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

PLANTING BEANS IS PROFITABLE

There are many reasons why every farmer in Michigan should include Beans in his program of plantings this year and one reason that stands out far and above all others. Every bushel that is raised will bring more than \$3.00 in cash. Even though a total of 10,000,000 bushels were produced in the state during the summer the market would absorb them at that price. It will be absolutely impossible for a grower to lose under such conditions.

Behind this situation there is a reason.

Until two years ago the United States was importing between 1,000,000 and 3,000,000 bushels of Beans annually from Europe. Now the process has been reversed. During 1915, 3,000,000 bushels were exported. Millions upon millions of cans went to England, France, Greece and other countries and until the present war is over this exportation will increase. This means a demand, a real demand, and coupled with the known facts that the annual consumption in the United States alone is 10,000,000 bushels, it means that the market never before offered such wonderful advantages to the growers.

The Michigan little pea Bean is the pride of the nation. It is the best and it is the easiest of cultivation. It means quick results. The crop is planted up to the fifteenth of June and is harvested by October 1st. Any rich, well-drained sod land will grow good beans and good Beans may be grown on sand loam, clay or much-mixed clay soils. Thorough preparation is essential, with plenty of dragging and rolling, and uniform seed should be used. They with fair cultivating care the rest is simple and the profit at the finish will be large.

Last year Michigan produced about 3,500,000 bushels of Beans. This year the acreage has been increased so that 10,000,000 bushels will be produced. This means at least \$30,000,000 if not more. No single crop could show greater results and farmers realize it. The progressive man in the country knows that, even though he has no munition factory, he may profit by the war. All that he has to do is to put in a crop of Beans. The profit is automatic.

Samson went at a rapid pace after he got that gate on him.

One way to earn a living is by honest labor, but some men never think of trying it.

And some men are even conceited enough to think that they understand a woman.

Don't get too self-important; the world will go on just the same after you get out.

NEW STYLES FOR DIME, QUARTER AND HALF DOLLAR

New kinds of dimes, quarters and half dollars will be minted after July 1, for the first time since 1891.

The half dollar has fallen practically into disuse and a new design was selected in the hope of restoring it to more general circulation.

The half dollar and dime models were made by Adolph A. Weinman, and the quarter dollar by Herman A. MacNeil, sculptors of note.

The face of the new half-dollar bears the full length of Liberty, with a background of the American flag flying to the breeze. The Goddess is striding toward the dawn of a new day, carrying laurel and oak branches, symbolic of civil and military glory. The reverse side shows an eagle perched high up on a mountain crag, wings unfolded. Growing from a rift in the rock is a sapling of mountain pine, symbolic of America.

The design of the twenty-five cent piece is intended to typify the awakening of the country to its own protection, Secretary McAdoo's announcement stated.

Liberty, a full length figure, is shown stepping toward the country's gateway, bearing upraised a shield, from which the covering is being drawn. The right hand bears an olive branch of peace. Above the head is the word "Liberty" and below the feet "1916." The reverse side bears the figure of an eagle in full flight, wings extended, and the inscriptions "United States of America" and "E Pluribus Unum."

Both the half and the quarter bear the phrase "In God We Trust."

The design of the dime is simple. Liberty with a winged cap is shown on the fore side and on the reverse is a design of a bundle of rods and a battle axe, symbolical of unity, "wherein lies the nation's strength."

David R. Jones, of the state game and fish department, and William Pearson, of the state forestry department, have been in the northern part of the state for two weeks looking after the forest fire service and organizing the force for the summer. They have selected four of the highest points on the northern half of the state on which to erect fire signal towers and in other ways prepared for trouble. Towers will be erected at once and the service placed in full operation. Since the recent hard rains there have been no fires in the woods, but a few days of real warm weather and with warm winds would place the timber sections in good condition again for bad fires.



HELEN HOLMES

Who will be seen in the new film novel "THE GIRL AND THE GAME" which commences at the Temple Theatre next Wednesday, June 21st and continues for fifteen weeks. The story, announcement of which is published elsewhere, will appear in the columns of The Herald on the day following the exhibit of the pictures, first installment to commence next issue.



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Beautiful Movie-star who will be seen at the Temple Theatre on Thursday and Friday, June 29th and 30th, in the Selig's ten-part screen version of "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," one of the strongest pictures the screen has ever witnessed.

SALTS IF BACKACHY 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 loggy. 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 sore, 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.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

A man seldom speaks lightly if he stops to weigh his words.

You can please the other fellow best by lending a hand instead of giving advice.

If people were as wise as they think they are the unexpected would seldom occur.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

This preparation is a toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

Frank H. Spearman



Frank Hamilton Spearman, author of "The Girl and the Game," is a writer of red-blooded and virile English, a master painter of intrigue in the circles of the elect and the do and dare of the great outdoors.

In "The Girl and the Game" he has taken unto himself a tremendous subject—society today, with its pampered daughters, its financial trickery, its heroism, its victories and defeats.

From his pen have come some of the most entrancing stories in recent years. His writing has what publishers call "punch." He has thrills that are human ones and human made. In "The Girl and the Game" he carries the action of the story from the great guarded goals of wealth in Wall street to the dingy, smoke-begrimed dwellings alongside some railroad right of way. He has written of the great game of finance, with its woman element and its trickery; all the human entanglement to be expected in a man-made war of steel against steel.

We have been fortunate in securing "The Girl and the Game" for our next serial. Be sure to read it and follow the pictures as they appear at the movie theater.

Facts You May Not Know

The wireless station at Colon at noon each day sends out broadcast forecasts of the weather in the Caribbean, South Atlantic and gulf-regions to aid shipping.

The examination of fairly accurate records has convinced scientists that there has been no appreciable change in the climate of Northern Europe in 1,800 years.

Pendleton county, Ky. famous for its honey, seems to have some reason to be proud, data showing that several beekeepers there gathered 10,000 lbs. each and one 35,000 pounds.

Major George N. Evans, during 32 years as disbursing officer, Department of the Interior, Washington, has handled \$400,000,000 without error or loss, either to the government or himself.

A Kansas City, Mo., newspaper man who is able to go in for fancy farming, has more than 70 varieties of iris growing in his yard and garden. The colors include yellow, blue, pink and bronze.

A fly on a window pane will crawl to the top, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. This order is seldom reversed. It is on record that a fly crawled up a window pane 32 times returning each time a wing.

More than 30,000 coyotes, including pups; more than 1,000 wolves, and 61 mountain lions, the numbers on which Montana paid bounties last year, give that state a fairly attractive hue for those who like to squint along a barrel and pull the trigger.

When some people do tell the truth it is only for the purpose of creating trouble.

Shortsighted people seem to think all others should look thru their glasses.

The reason some people talk so much is because they have so little to say.

After a man marries he soon gets rid of the idea that he's the whole show.

Anything is wrong that is almost right.

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 or on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

A man's credit is above par when he wants to borrow trouble.

INDIANA MAN'S EXPERIENCE

Frank Moseley, Moore's Hill, Ind., writes: "I was troubled with almost constant pains in my sides and back. Great relief was apparent after the first dose of Foley Kidney Pills and in 48 hours all pain left me." Foley Kidney Pills make kidneys active and healthy and stop sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Hites Drug Store.

INSURANCE

I kept insurance on my dwelling for many years, till I waxed old; and what it cost there is no telling—it used up all my store of gold.

The other Jonathans and Jennies spent time in wassal and carouse; but I was always saving pennies to buy insurance for my house.

The Smiths, the Pangborns and the Bickles went touring to the sea and back; but I was always saving nickels to put insurance on my shack.

I used to long to see it burning; that was my one intense desire; I went to bed each night a yearning to wake and find the house afire. Then I would get insurance money, and I could buy a motor car; this life would seem serene and sunny, with all its troubles shooed afar, I used to dream the flames were crawling along its timbers and its beams, and I could hear the scantlings falling—which shows how much there is in dreams.

My neighbor's house burned around me, but mine still stood, untouched, uncharred; the fire fiend never sought or found me, and I admit I took it hard.

The lightning struck adjoining shanties but never took a shot at mine; which made me quote some things of Dante's that killed my figtree and my vine.

At last I said, "I'll quit insuring, and I'll blow in the coin I earn; this house of mine, so long enduring, has shown it simply cannot burn."

The agent came and begged and pleaded, and showed the folly of my course; the language for six hours he kneaded, and whopped around till he was hoarse. But I was firm: "No more insurance for Uncle Clarence." I replied: "I've reached the end of my endurance, and now I'll let the premiums slide."

My policy ran out on Sunday—the recollection deeply hurts—and my old house burned down on Monday, and all I saved was seven shirts.—By Walt Mason from Judge.

Women More Courageous than Men.

Tell a man that tight belts cause appendicitis and he loosens his belt at once. Warn him that stiff hats make the hair fall out and he carries his hat in his hand until he can find a soft one to put on. This is one of the striking differences between men and women.

You cannot scare a woman with any such threat. It must be centuries since women were told that stays would be everlasting ruin to them. But is there any decrease in the use of these articles? None that is indicated by the windows of the dry goods stores. Tight skirts were bound to shorten their steps permanently. V-necks would incite ills with the most terrifying names. Fur collars would weaken their resistance to murderous germs. But what did the women think of these cautionings? About as much as you think of the humming of a gnat. They wore the tight skirts until they were blessed well ready to abandon them. They bared their necks to the wintry breezes as if there were no such thing. You may be sure that the fur collars will not come off until they become unfashionable. You may be equally sure that women will be callous to the advice of the Cleveland, Ohio, doctor now urging the discarding of high heels because they make bow legs.

The female of the species is more nervous than the male.

The Chauffeur

The chauffeur cares not who makes the traffic laws as long as he breaks them.

The chauffeur's favorite drive is to the repair shop. Unless his sins be forgiven it is hardly probable that when the chauffeur takes his last trip he will go "on high."

The chauffeur has a keen ear for music. One of the engine parts, the base, let us say, is off key a bit. The chauffeur detects this at once and tunes it up. When he gets it tuned up he plays havoc.

Any chauffeur with your help and that of your wife, daughter and son, can put up a one man top in twenty minutes.—From Judge.

A man always shuts the door when about to be told a secret, but a woman opens it to see whether anyone outside is listening.

There is no place like home, but that's no excuse for loafing around there instead of going out and hunting a job.

The reason some women can be so affectionate with their husbands is it sets a good example for the children.

How easy it is to acquire a bad reputation and how difficult it is to lose it!

Some women are happy because they know how to think they are.

Any coward can get married but it may take a hero to stay married.

And some of the worst cry-babies are more than 21 years of age.

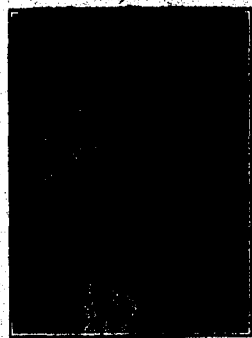
Some men who were born to command lose out after they marry.

To err is human; to fail to profit by your mistakes is still more so.

Kissing may be unhealthful, but nothing risked, nothing gained.

A cripple has running expenses the same as other people.

FOR COUNTY CLERK



To the Electors of Charlevoix County:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk on the Republican ticket, subject to the August Primary. Your votes will be appreciated.

J. H. GRAFF.

Announcement



I wish to announce the voters of Charlevoix County that I will be a candidate for nomination for the office of Register of Deeds at the Primary Election to be held August 29, 1916 and ask your support and if nominated and later elected will administer the duties of the office to the best of my ability.

NED B. FOX.

Dated April 12th, 1916.

There is nobody so easy for a woman to fool as herself.

Fully two-thirds of the talk people hand you is bunk.

A dark secret—the correct age of an old colored person.

The wise small boy laughs best when the teacher laughs.

MAKING THE MOST OF JUNE

To enjoy the beautiful month of June to the utmost, one must be in good health. Kidneys failing to work properly cause aches and pains, rheumatism, lumbago, soreness, stiffness. Foley Kidney Pills make kidneys active and healthy and banish suffering and misery. Why not feel fine and fit? Be well! Be strong!—Hites Drug Store.

An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast keeps illness away.

This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do. Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs.

Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, sallow complexion, acid stomach; others who are subject to bilious attacks or constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

HOW TO FEEL GOOD TOMORROW

Indigestion quickly develops sick headache, biliousness, bloating, sour stomach, bad breath or some of the other conditions caused by clogged or irregular bowels. If you have any of these symptoms, take a Foley Cathartic Tablet this evening and you will feel better in the morning.—Hites Drug Store.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER
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DRS. VARDON & PARKS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 124—4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
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Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold

DENTIST
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

Frank Phillips

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



Copyright 1916 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Slip a few Prince Albert smokes into your system!

You've heard many an earful about the Prince Albert patented process that cuts out bite and parch and lets you smoke your fill without a comeback! Stake your bank roll that it proves out every hour of the day. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

There's sport smoking a pipe or rolling your own, but you know that you've got to have the right tobacco! We tell you Prince Albert will bang the doors wide open for you to come in on a good time firing up every little so often, without a regret!



You'll feel like your smoke past has been wasted and will be sorry you cannot back up for a fresh start.

You swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to you, to every man who knows what can be gotten out of a chummy jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette with Prince Albert for "packing"!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE Prince Albert tidy red tin, and in fact every Prince Albert package, has a real message-to-you on its reverse side. You'll read—"Process Patented July 30th, 1907." That means that the United States Government has granted a patent on the process by which Prince Albert is made. And by which tongue bite and throat parch are cut out! Every where tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting you in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that clever crystal-glass humidors, with sponge-moistening top, that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition always!

ABSENT 36 YEARS, HE COMES BACK

OLD MAN 69 GOES HOME TO FIND
ALL KIN DEAD EXCEPT HIS
AGED SISTER

WAS THOUGHT DEAD YEARS AGO

"Worn Out Now," He Says—Has
Traveled All Over the Country—
Nothing for It.

Pittsfield, Mass.—After wandering for 36 years all over the country George Churchill has returned to this city. In this interval of years all of his relatives have died except an aged sister, Mrs. George Murdock.

Churchill after leaving Pittsfield, never communicated with his relatives. They believed him dead. In 1881 Mrs. Murdock read in the newspapers of the death of George Churchill in Ohio. His body had been buried and the family here believed that the missing George Churchill of Pittsfield was the person who had died.

This week a gray haired bearded stranger revealed himself to the old family physician of the Churchills as the long absent George Churchill. From the physician he learned his sister was still living and was 81 years old, but in feeble health.

The physician prepared the sister for a meeting with the brother she had so long believed to be dead. Churchill now aged 69, and his elder sister, so worn with age that she is being cared for, were brought together again. Mrs. Murdock was greatly shocked by the reappearance of her brother.

Churchill's story is one of wanderlust. He was a woodworker when he went away and he followed his trade for years. New processes of labor saving machinery forced him to abandon his trade. He turned his hand to cooking and for a long time worked in hotels and restaurants.

"All the years," he said, "I have been wanting to come back to see the folks. I couldn't get started. Now I'm old and worn out and there seemed to be no other place for me to go."

Churchill's health is broken and he can no longer work. He will be provided for by friends of the Churchill family.

ELECTRIFIES HIS HOME;
OPERATES MANY DEVICES

Telephone, Clock, Sewing Machine
and Kitchen Utensils Operated
in Manner He Desires.

Gardiner, Me.—The house at 56 Water street, overlooking the Kennebec River, a structure that is known historically as the original Indian block-house, might almost be said to be electrified.

Edgar E. Ramsdell lives there. He likes electricity and if full of the subject. He likes to experiment along both practical and theoretical lines. He believes electricity has a mission and he makes the subtle fluid work its passage in his own abode.

As one approaches the front door it opens automatically. It is operated from the inside by push buttons. This plan was inaugurated chiefly to save steps when members of the household are coming in at frequent intervals during the day.

One of the first objects seen on entering the front room is a calendar clock that gives the day of the week and month as well as the correct time, and winds itself every eight minutes. The dates all change instantaneously when the stroke comes that marks the midnight hour. The clock strikes the hour and the half hour on three gongs located in different parts of the house. On a large switchboard there are also shown a number of fire alarm boxes, all of them ready to operate at any moment. Mr. Ramsdell takes great delight in showing the mechanism of these fire alarm boxes and the contrast between the old and new patents.

The sewing machine in the sitting room is run by electricity, all the cooking can be done by electricity close to the dining room table, where all the latest devices are installed, and the clothes are washed by electricity. There are electric flatirons, devices for securing all grades of light, especially constructed electric reflectors for the sewing table and another very powerful white light for looking down the throats of his children, if sick with colds or other maladies. There is also a full line of electric heating pads for keeping everybody warm at night and for use in cases of sickness. About everything in the dining room is run by electricity except the thermometers and Mr. Ramsdell says he knows of no way to hitch that up.

Factory Makes Big Shirt.

Parsons, Kan.—What is claimed to be the largest shirt ever made for a man was made at a factory here for George W. Nickler of Ames, Iowa. The shirt has an 83 inch waist, 23 inch collar, 66 inch chest and 29 inch arms. It is made of chevlot and will cost Nickler \$11.

Cats were domesticated in Egypt as early as 1600 B. C.

SEE WHAT DRINK DOES

Who Makes Paupers? If the
Saloon Is Not Guilty
Who Is?

County poor houses of Michigan now known as infirmaries, furnish universal evidence that liquor is responsible for more than half of poverty.

Statistical tabulations showing the effect of the license and no-license systems in individual counties of Michigan are of little value as evidence. Many inmates of infirmaries are permanent occupants, whose entry or exit bears no direct relation to social conditions. A lapse of years, possibly of a whole generation, would be necessary to produce any radical change in pauperism as a class following the abolition of saloons.

Two facts stand out: One is that the authorities and citizens in dry counties are unanimous in their opinion that from the standpoint of the county poor the dry regime is far superior. The other fact is that many counties report officially that about three-fourths of the poverty which requires county aid to individual or family, is due to the use of alcoholic beverages.

Official statements written by superintendents of the poor include the following:

"This county is in the dry column, and we find that while the cost of everything is much higher, the supervisors are not called upon to furnish us more money now than they did while the county was wet."—C. C. Hallenbeck, Eaton County.

"We are pleased to inform you that there are so few cases in this county which are receiving relief that have been caused by alcoholic beverages, we have a clear slate, are now dry and expect to remain so."—O. O. Frick, Oscoda County.

"Midland County has been dry eight years and people like it. Two old timers is all we have left in the county home whose condition is due to drink."—K. McKay, Midland County.

Confidential statements to the same effect, are as follows: Drink is the almost universal cause of poverty while for temporary assistance it is probably the main factor in at least one half the cases. In my best judgment about 50 per cent of poverty in this county can be attributed to the use of drink if not more. In fact, nearly all the crime we have can be laid to the same cause.

"I am quite sure that three-fourths at least are caused by the liquor traffic."

Following are a few more definite statements:

Alger County: "About 75 per cent."
Genesee County: "About 70 per cent from liquor directly or indirectly."

Huron County: "Most of the inmates of the county farm here have come to the institution because of intemperance and the use of liquor."

Mason County: "35 per cent directly and 20 per cent indirectly, or 55 per cent of all poverty in our county is caused by alcoholic drink."

Iron County: "Ten years as poor commissioner leads me to say that fully 95 per cent of male inmates at our county farm have come here either directly or indirectly because of liquor."

Kent County: "Of 500 families helped during the year ending March 1, 1916, liquor was the direct cause of poverty in twenty five families and an indirect cause in fifty-three families. Of 103 persons in Kent County Detention Hospital last year, at least one half were caused by intemperance. In Kent County Home were 136 persons, of whom 85 per cent can easily be traced to intemperance as a direct cause."—L. De Payer.

"To the best of my judgment, I would say that 80 per cent of the poverty is caused by alcoholism. It would be a number of years after its passage before we could get the full benefit of state wide prohibition. The effects of the past years would stay with us until the rising generation took its place."—V. H. Billings.

Montmorency County: "Four of the six men in our poor house were forced to come here on account of drink."

Oakland County: "70 per cent or more of the cases here are due to drink. We are going through the second dry time and we find it helps very much. I hope for state wide prohibition."

Tom May Works for the Drys

Tom May of Detroit, noted in many states as the leading cartoonist of Michigan, has been added to the staff of the Michigan Dry Campaign committee. Although his services were sought by the liquor dealers, Mr. May declined their overtures and at financial sacrifice, accepted a proposal made to him by the dry workers.

The cartoon is one of the greatest campaign features of the day; every modern newspaper uses it in some form. It carries an appeal to the average reader which often strikes home more quickly and deeper than columns of argument. Newspaper publishers are glad to use cartoons when they decline to accept special pleas put in other forms.

There is no doubt that the Tom May cartoons which will begin running soon after May 1st, will become one of the striking features of the campaign.

THE WINK

All the laws of physiology and psychology manifest themselves in the fraction of a moment it takes to wink the eye. A fortune has been saved by one man catching the furtive wink of another at a critical moment, and a girl has lost or made a home for life with it.

The wink is all things to all men. It may be honest or dishonest; leading or misleading; comic or tragic; ardent or insolent, and it can take the place of a suggestive smile or frown in a fraction of the time. The wink is often used as a danger signal. It puts a stop to heedless parrulity. In the eloquent eye it may denote kindness. Exaltation egotism, vanity, pride and delight are all expressed in that obvious closing or snapping of the lids.

Of such importance is the wink that it might almost be regarded as a part of a person's armor with which to fight life's battles. When one remembers the value that is attributed to it in psychological moments it might be claimed that training the lids for this purpose is excusable. One may fail to understand or catch a wink and serious damage ensue. At times it is more potent than a volley of words, and only a few have failed to avail themselves of its potency.

The wink is used by lovers; by confederates in crime; the gambler cultivates it; the business man depends upon it; the Wall Street man couldn't do without it; the old man particularly enjoys it; it is prettiest and most deadly in the mischievous eye of the girl of sixteen.

The only emotion that denies the wink a place is grief. Mischievous always invites it to take part and the man who has never winked must be a surly fellow indeed!—From Judge.

It is believed that all lions are "left handed". A famous explorer says that when a lion desires to strike a forcible blow it nearly always uses the left paw.

In Jewish marriages the bride always stands at the right hand of the groom; with every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is at the left.

Freight cars for shipping bananas in winter are heated by half a dozen or so large oil stoves ranged down the center of the car. The temperature is kept at an average of 35 degrees.

A most remarkable engineering accomplishment is a well in western China, bored to a depth of 3,600 feet with a rattan cable. The world's deepest well, sunk 7,350 feet, is in one of the German coal fields.

Two bird sanctuaries are soon to be established in every Utah county except three, and in each of these there will be one more, the main object being protection of migratory birds, of which the state has a large population during the proper seasons.

Even if you have nothing to give the poor but a crust of bread, make it palatable by softening it with a little of the milk of human kindness.

HOW TO GET RID OF A COLD

Read how C. E. Summers, Holdrege, Neb., got rid of his cold: "I contracted a severe cough and cold and could hardly sleep. By using Foley's Honey and Tar as directed my cough was entirely cured and I give it full credit for my speedy recovery." Foley's always soothes and heals. Children love it.—Hites Drug Store.

Shipbuilding

We want young men
over 18, to learn
trades in our Ship-
building Yards. Good
wages while learning,
and rapid advance-
ment made.

Address

Great Lakes
Engineering Works
DETROIT, MICH.

You'll Never Tire of



The sensational railroad story by
FRANK H. SPEARMAN. Watch
for the opening installment.

OUR MODERN TEMPLES OF WORK

While in other days popes and princes built churches and palaces which are still the wonder of the world today commerce and industry are doing work equally impressive. Our modern mills and docks and canals and bridges are even more wonderful. They are our triumphs of art, and yet hardly any one records their building. We are so familiar with these masterpieces before our eyes that we pay no attention to them. We make few if any records of our greatest monuments, our greatest triumphs in engineering and architecture which are far more amazing than the work of the past, and quite as well worth recording.

The mills and docks and canals and bridges of the present are more mighty, more pictorial, and more practical than any similar works of the past; they are the true temples of the present. Our mills are as well worth painting as medieval churches; Minneapolis is as fine as Aibi.

But it is in the Northwest that the results of necessity and rivalry are most evident. At Sault Ste. Marie the government has built a series of locks which are as fine and pictorial as the locks at Panama, and when in the evening the huge bridge parts, and rises against the setting sun, and the great ore boats slowly steam by, there comes to pass a transfiguration that no painter could imagine—the apotheosis of America. And who would conceive anything so arresting, anything so typical, as the "jaws," with their fierce teeth, of the Twelfth Street Bridge at Chicago? Go to Gary, or Indian Harbor, or any one of a hundred places in or around our western metropolises, metropolises, and the mystery, the majesty of the Wonder of Work will overwhelm you—if you can see it—and if you can see it, you can see America.

It is subjects like these that make the Northwest so fine, so American; yet there are others just as fine, and absolutely different, all over the country. They are noble just as the temples, the pyramids, the cathedrals are, for this art is the expression of our time and our aims just as the temples and castles were of other times.

No artists recorded the building of those temples for their own sake, for they were always to be seen. So today only a few artists pay any heed to this Wonder of Work around us. A wonder, too, which will soon be gone, for with the development of electricity the mystery will vanish, and with every new development in manufacture the picturequeness of chimneys, converter, and crane will disappear, and in a few years there will be nothing but mean, low masses of trim masonry with no effect about them—as worthy of comparison with the marvelous, mysterious masses of today as a clabboard meeting house is with a cathedral—Harper's Magazine.

Save the Children's Teeth

Too much stress cannot be laid on attention to the first teeth. Parents are too often ignorant of how much the health of their children depends on the treatment given the deciduous teeth and say, "When the second set comes in we will see that the children have regular periodic examination and attention." Very often the first teeth are pulled instead of being filled, though just as much vigilance should be expended on them as though they were permanent teeth.

Do parents realize that it is necessary for the first teeth to be saved as long as possible, until the contour of the face and lines of the features become fixed? The health and regularity of the permanent teeth depend largely on the heed given to the baby set. The beauty of your child, the health of your grown son or daughter may be made or marred by your knowledge or ignorance on this important point. Childhood is the impressionable age, and if children are taught the importance of properly caring for their teeth it will become a habit that will last through life and save suffering and expense.—Leslie's.

It's always safe to name a baby boy William. If he becomes a good boy people may call him Willie, and if he doesn't they can call him Bill.

The wise man turns up his sleeves and goes after a job, while the fool sits around and waits for the job to come to him.

History spends half its time in repeating itself, and the other half in getting itself revised.

"Safety first" is a good motto, but too many people wait until it's too late to be careful.

A pessimist likes a thing he can't enjoy, and an optimist enjoys a thing he can't like.

Most men would be content with their lot—if it were a lot of money.

But too many people get into an argument who have nothing to say.

Even a color blind man can tell a greenback when he sees it.

It's as difficult to find a friend as it is to lose enemies.

A grumpy man thinks he laughs best who laughs least.

The rolling stone never takes a straight course.

It is easy for a man to be popular if he is easy.



GOOD SHOES is Our Hobby

THEY MUST FIT and WEAR.

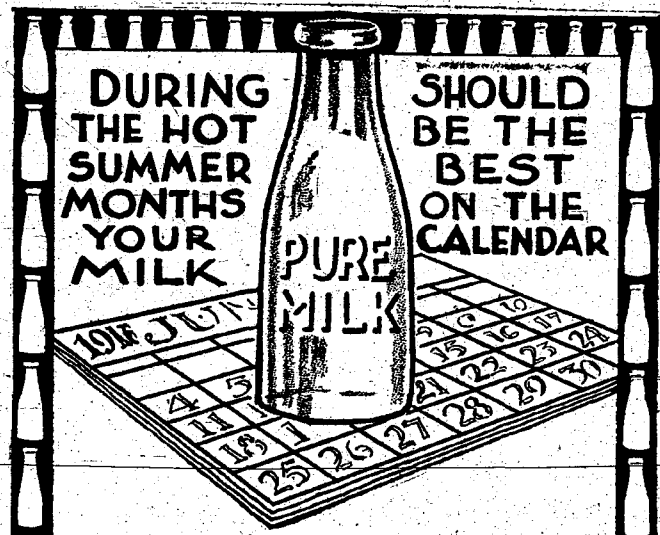
We have them for Women
in the famous Dorothy Dodd

FOR MEN The Ralston

OUR SIMPLEX STITCHER

Is a Wonder. Give Us a Trial.

CHAS. A. HUDSON
THE SHOE MAN.



Pasteurized



SPRING TONICS

Have you got that run-
down, laggy feeling?
A bottle of our tonics
will make you feel
new again.

Spraying Materials

Are advancing rapidly in prices, but
we bought right and can sell right. Come
in and let us quote you prices.

Hite Drug Co.

PURE DRUGS

OPPORTUNITY, ETC.

Opportunity is an eccentric party who is very reluctant about showing his face to some people, while with others he is on the most intimate speaking terms.

To most of us he shows his back just after his coattails are out of reach.

I have spent most of my life studying the rear elevation of Opportunity. The strange part of it is that I have never come to recognize him in time even to yell at him and make him hear.

I have gazed placidly at that public back of his, thinking of nothing in particular.

Later I would ascertain that on that certain day and hour Opportunity had walked right by me in broad daylight. I had seen him, but didn't know it was he.

Once he was disguised as a panic—O, more than once!—when stocks went down and I was glad I had nothing invested.

A year later I saw stocks that had been selling for a ditty during the panic, soaring; and I realized that if I had—

The same thing is probably happening just now. I am looking all around the horizon, and I see no trace of Opportunity. Yet he is probably in plain sight. And the geek I now think is he, and whom I intend going right up and speaking to and entrusting with my money, will probably turn out to be Opportunity's well known double called False Alarm.

Whenever Opportunity knocks at my door, I think he's a collector, and I keep still. While whenever a burglar is jimmying at my casement I invite him to stay all night, thinking he is Opportunity.—From Judge.

Fountain Pens.

A great many very funny folks have written disparaging things about fountain pens. Many of these things were humorous as all get out. In the olden days when fountain pens and automobiles could not be depended upon to get you there and back, perhaps there was much more truth in the stories than there is in the same sort of story if told today of the present model, self starting, streamline fountain pen.

I am the proud possessor of a fountain pen (name the make supplied for a self addressed, stamped envelope) that has seen yeoman service for years. I have used in it everything thinner than cold asphalt, and it still writes whenever it is possessed of the slightest particle of discolored moisture.

I have even filled the poor thing from the open inkstands on hotel writing tables, post office shelves, telegraph office desks and hotel counters. Yet even with this sort of lava in its bunkers it produces the stuff that is as nearly legible as my non-Spencerian handwriting will permit.

No, the fountain pen must no longer be condemned. It has evolved from the joke-column, along with the mother-in-law, the hard cranking automobile, the putting up of stove pipes and the winter chilled hornet's nest.—From Judge.

And some men are even conceited enough to think that they understand a woman.

Our idea of true faith is that of a man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

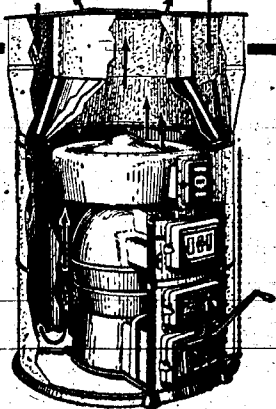
A New Way to Heat Your Whole House

You don't need to depend on stoves any longer. We are handling a new kind of furnace that can be put into any home where stoves are now used and will give you much better, more even heat, besides saving you trouble and labor.

Mueller Pipeless Furnace

Heats every room in the house from one register and keeps the air pure and wholesome. Easily installed no matter how small your cellar. No flues—No pipes. No alterations or tearing up walls to put it in. No lost heat. Keeps house warm and cellar cool. Easy to run and regulate. Burns wood, coal or coke. A new idea in furnace heating that we've taken hold of because the maker has convinced us that it's just the thing for homes that are now using stoves exclusively. Price is very reasonable, and it is wonderfully economical of fuel.

Now's the time to talk it over with us
REID-GRAFF PLUMBING CO.



THE STRUGGLE FOR RICHES

The hunger for riches in these days of luxurious living is lamentable. It is found among all ranks of life.

It is the struggle of the poor who have nothing, of the thrifty who have something, and of the wealthy who have much.

In this fierce contest for filthy lucre honesty in business is sacrificed, the honor of men forgotten and the virtue of women made a commodity.

It is no longer sufficient to be comfortable in life, to have an abundance of necessities for the table, a good home and the joys of the simple life. It is the age of luxury and gayety—of dining, wining and dancing.

No one has enough. Every one wants more. Comforts of life are in the discard. We must all eat, drink and be merry, but we forget that tomorrow we die.

There is a pathos in the struggle of the unfortunate to put bread upon his table, shoes upon his children's feet, and provide an education for his boys and girls and a good home for his family.

It is still more pathetic to find one who has accumulated riches thinking of nothing except a greater accumulation of wealth and length of days to walk the primrose path of dalliance.

Such as these plead with the doctor to prolong their feverish life, while they flit from health resort to health resort to find the fabled spring of perennial youth, the while retaining their grasp on accumulated treasures.

The world despises the miser and it despises still more the utterly selfish rich who turn away from the suffering and poverty that have always existed and must always exist as long as the world lasts.

But it is a mistake to believe that the people of this great country are divided into only two classes, the suffering poor and the insufferable rich.

In this land of golden opportunity the toiler who is satisfied with the conditions of simple living and who is not swept off his feet by the eager pursuit of a luxurious life can look forward hopefully to the day when he shall have achieved a competence, have educated his children and provided satisfactorily for his declining years. It is for him to win or lose.

In this Republic—so highly favored of God—the miserly rich and the struggling poor are exceptions, not the rule. On every side great institutions of learning, hospitals for the care of the sick, establishments for scientific development, foundations for promoting the public welfare, and libraries for free instruction are provided with a hand so generous that we are the envy of the Old World.

This is the substantial and recognized fact. It should make the nation grateful and appreciative not only of the bounty of Providence, but also of the intelligence, the high mindedness and noble purposes that animate the American people and that make wretched poverty, and still more wretched miserliness, the exception and not the rule.—Leslie's.

Old Saws Resharpener

If at first you don't succeed, why try again?

Never put off until tomorrow what you can't do today.

Be sure you are right and then go ahead and find out you're wrong.

The world owes every woman a loving.

Familiar hilarity breeds contempt.

A man is known by the company that keeps him.

Many a true word is spoken in gestures.

Rome was not built in a day of municipal contracts.

It is easier for the eye of a camel to pass through a needle than for the kingdom of heaven to enter a rich man.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Owe no man anything.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity considerable more.

It is more blessed to give than to receive advice.—From Judge.

A Kansas man who was recently hypnotized says it made him feel "just like it does when my wife makes up her mind."

One seldom sees a woman on the street without a shopping bag. That ought to be sufficient warning to any bachelor.

A woman will jump to a conclusion almost as quickly as she will at a mouse.

There are more than 48,000 saw mills in the United States, and their output of waste in the form of sawdust, shavings, slabs and other wood refuse is estimated as thirty-six million cords per year. This is equal to over four and one-half billion cubic feet of waste, which is the capacity of a bin one-half mile high with a base covering a forty-acre lot. Or, considering each cord to contain eighty cubic feet of solid wood with all the cracks and air spaces taken out, these thirty-six million cords would make a block of wood more than a quarter of a mile on each edge. Perhaps one-half of this so called waste product is not, strictly speaking, wasted but serves a useful purpose as fuel under the boilers. Much of the remaining eighteen million cords not only serves no useful purpose, but in most cases is a source of inconvenience and danger, and costs the mill time and money.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

DEWARD

Mrs. Sedgem-n and Mrs. Vallence spent Monday of this week, in Mancelona.

Emily Olson went to East Jordan Friday for an extended visit.

Edith Alstrom of Grayling is visiting at the home of Martha Olson.

School closed Friday, and the picnic was quite a success considering the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Liskum, Mrs. Crawford and children visited Miss Eunice Liskum, Friday.

Miss McGillis left for her home, at Roscommon, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Mancelona were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Olson of Deward, made a business trip to Frederic, Saturday.

Mr. McGuire of Deward, has moved into the Mill boarding house, Monday.

Three loads autoed over to Mancelona last Sunday to attend the Ball game between Deward and Antrim.

Mary Olson spent Sunday with her parents here.

Miss May McDermaid of Frederic, spent Saturday and Sunday with Muriel Ritter.

A good time was enjoyed by all who attended the box social and dance at the hotel Saturday night.

Mrs. R. Dresler is spending a few days in East Jordan visiting friends.

A FAREWELL PARTY

A very pleasant company of guests gathered at Green Gables Tuesday evening when Mrs. E. L. Burdick gave a farewell reception in honor of her niece and sister-in-law, Mrs. A. M. Burdick, who is just leaving for her new home in Danville, California.

Mrs. Heston and Miss Porter were receiving committee and Misses Burdick and McBride attended the dressing room. The rooms were beautifully decorated with festoons of ribbon and flowers, carnations in evidence at every turn. Souvenirs were paws tied with white ribbon presented by Mesdames Weisman and Mack. Prof. C. Ross Brownell rendered several beautiful selections on the piano and sang a solo which were greatly enjoyed and heartily enjoyed. Miss Una Burdick sang delightfully. She was the daughter of Mother McChree, playing her own accompaniment. Miss M. A. Porter played and sang "Reminiscences of the Rusty Old Piano" which made a great hit, and Mrs. A. M. Burdick in her own inimitable way sang and played two selections. Miss May L. Stewart our talented county School Commissioner made a brief but interesting speech. Mrs. M. H. Robertson gave a short address of welcome and farewell in behalf of the company to the honored "Guest" who responded happily. Mrs. Alice Joynt presented the guest with a vase of sweet peas from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. After delicious refreshments, guests were treated to fruit punch Mesdames Bogart and Webster presiding over the punch bowl; when Mrs. Ashley invited the company to rise and drink to the toast: "Here's to our guest most gracious and fair,

From the land of sunshine that's known everywhere—

May health and prosperity be her right, And the same to all gathered here tonight."

All drank heartily. Out of town guests beside Mrs. A. M. Burdick, were Mrs. Lapeer of Charlevoix, and Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Flint. Guests registered their names for future reminiscences of hostess under supervision of Miss Stewart. All united in singing "Blest be the tie that binds" followed by hand shakes and farewells with kindly words to Mrs. Burdick for the enjoyable evening were the last course of the program when we hid ourselves to our homes.

A. GUEST.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its next regular meeting Friday, June 16th, 2:30 p. m., with Mrs. E. E. Hall. Members please attend as this is an important meeting. Visitors always welcome. A short program will be given including a report of County Convention held at Boyne City.

PYTHIAN CLUB—the 5c Cigar with Havana filler.

DON'T GIVE AWAY your old rubbers, scrap iron, rags and junk. Take it to HARRY KLING and get the top-notch price.

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.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, June 18.
8:00 a. m.—Mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies Altar Society; Benediction.
The Ladies Altar Society will meet on Thursday at the home of Mrs. John Dolezel.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday June 18, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Rev. Matt Mullen of Traverse City will speak.
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—Union meeting with M. E. church, held in Temple Theatre. Rev. Matt Mullen and Rev. H. V. Waltman will speak.
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, June 18, 1916.
Anti-Saloon League Sunday.
10:30 a. m.—Rev. W. V. Waltman of Grand Rapids will speak in the interest of the Anti-Saloon League.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic "Christian Activity According to Holy Spirit Standard." Leaders, Misses Leone Donaldson and Ruth Gregory.
7:30 p. m.—Union Service at the Opera House with Anti-Saloon speakers: Revs. Matt Mullen and W. V. Waltman of Traverse City and Grand Rapids respectively.
Thursday Prayer Service at 7:30 p. m.

PIANO For Sale—A Clayton Piano for \$200 Cash if taken at once. Address "E" in care of Herald office.

FOR SALE—Good house and two lots on West Side. City water, fine basement, rich garden soil, a bargain for cash or on time. Enquire at this office or address—MRS. H. BATTERBEE, East Jordan, Mich.



PURE ICE

We will fill your refrigerator, and give you good service at a price that is right. Your patronage is solicited.

Call phone 29.

McCool & Mather

Successors to E. E. Brown.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

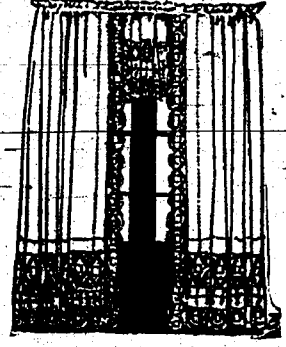
Housecleaning Time

is here, and we are prepared to supply your needs in the new materials so necessary to give the home that fresh-like appearance.

CURTAIN CLOTHS

Scrims Muslins
Marquissettes Lace Weaves

Priced From 10c to \$1.00 per yard.



BED SPREADS Damask and Marsellies
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Our BRIDAL-BRAND
of Linen-finish Sheeting and Tubings
is unsurpassed.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Brock, a son, June 14th.

Harold Boyd left Thursday for Flint on business.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenthal, a son, June 11th.

Miss Gwendolyn Boyd was a Belleaire visitor last Saturday.

Att'y Thomas Meggison of Central Lake was in the city on business, Thursday.

Miss Erzella McMillan returned to Traverse City, Monday, where she is studying as a nurse.

Clyde Danforth returned to Flint, Tuesday, after a few days visit here with his mother and brothers.

Freeman Walton is at Grand Rapids this week attending the bi-ennial meet of the Mystic Workers of the World.

The East Jordan Cemetery Association will meet with Mrs. W. P. Porter next Wednesday afternoon, June 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Balch returned home from Shepard, Wednesday, where they were called by the death of the former's father.

Mrs. Jas. Stacey returned to her home at Detroit, Wednesday, after a two week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman.

Mrs. F. G. Fallis and son, Charles, arrived Wednesday from Ontario, Cal., for a visit with her mother, Mrs. S. Isaman and other relatives.

Glenn Holliday came up from Traverse City, first of the week and has entered the employment of the East Jordan Chemical Co., as stenographer.

Eugene Adams and Bert Reid drove by auto to the Soo, Tuesday, where they attended the Elk's Convention. They expect to return home Thursday.

Editor W. E. Blake of the Scottville Enterprise and Mr. Olney representing the American Type Foundry were callers at The Herald office Friday last.

Mrs. H. S. Price left Monday for Grand Rapids, where Mr. Price and family will make their future home. The children will follow in a couple of weeks.

"Uncle Sam's Flower Garden," a home-talent play, will be presented at the Temple Theatre on Tuesday evening, June 27th, by a number of our young people.

Ned B. Fox of Horton Bay was an East Jordan visitor Saturday last. Mr. Fox is candidate for Register of Deeds of Charlevoix County on the Republican Ticket at the August primary.

J. E. Houghton left Monday for Cheboygan in the interests of the Wagstaan Coffee Co. of Detroit. Mr. Houghton is now Northern Michigan representative of this company.

At a meeting of our Firemen Monday evening the following delegates were elected to attend the State Firemen's Convention at Detroit, July 11-12-13: Eugene Adams, Chas. Coykendall, Jas. Gummis and Jos. Montroy.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny and daughter, Miss Leanore, left Monday for Grand Rapids where they visit friends and Mrs. Kenny attends the L. O. T. M. M. Convention. Miss Leanore goes on from there to Valparaiso, Ind., to visit relatives.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society are making arrangements for a Mid-summer Musicales to be given at the church on Friday, June 30th. Some excellent talent, who have their summer homes at Sequanota, have volunteered their assistance and it will be one of the musical events of the season.

George H. Van Pelt the original good roads booster for Charlevoix County—together with Harry Nicholls and R. C. Hammet, of Charlevoix, were callers at The Herald office, Tuesday. Mr. Van Pelt has sold his business interests at Chicago and will hereafter make his home at his farm in Norwood and at Charlevoix.

The largest cargo that ever passed through the Soo locks passed down last week. It was carried by the freighter William J. Filbert of the Pittsburg Steamship company and consisted of 14,336 tons of iron ore. The Filbert was bound from Duluth to South Chicago. The former record for the largest cargo was made last year by the W. Grant Morden which carried 14,289 tons of heat through the third lock. The Morden is the longest boat on the lakes, having a length of 625 feet. On the same night that the Filbert locked through the Francis E. House, also of the Pittsburg fleet, went down with 14,112 tons of ore. The ore freighters are carrying to their full capacity now in an effort to keep up with the demand in lower lake ports. On this account the record of the Filbert may be again broken this year.

Leslie Lemieux went to Flint, Saturday last.

Mrs. E. Smatts returned home from Charlevoix, Wednesday.

Miss Carrie Johnson of Traverse City is guest of relatives here.

Miss Winnie Mollard returned home from Bellaire, Wednesday.

Miss Mildred Drescher leaves Friday for her home at West Olive.

Miss Grace Campbell leaves Friday for her home at Barker Creek.

Mrs. W. M. Anderson of Boyne City is guest of friends in the city this week.

Mrs. Fred Longton and daughter returned home Monday from Bay City.

H. B. Hipp of Levering was guest at the home of his son, Clyde, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cummings returned home from Detroit, Wednesday.

Mrs. Emma Durham and son, Glenn, returned to their home at Chicago, Tuesday.

Mrs. R. Drescher and children of Deward are visiting friends in the city, this week.

Eddie Miles joined his father at Flint last Saturday where the latter has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Madison are receiving a visit from their grandson of Charlevoix.

Atty F. R. Williams went to Lansing this week, and will drive home in a new Reo car.

Mrs. E. Pillman of Montague is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart.

Robert McBride and family moved this week into Harry Simmon's tenant residence on Second-st.

Mrs. King and granddaughter, Helen, of Ironton, are guests at the home of H. Pangburn and family.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter and son of Charlevoix are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Bisbee and son, returned home from Battle Creek and other points, Saturday last.

Mrs. Hattie Bayliss and children went to Muskegon, Wednesday, where they will make their future home.

Miss Emmaline Olson returned to her home at Deward, Tuesday. She was accompanied by Miss Ruby Flynn.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McGowan of Lawrence, Mich., are visiting at the home of their son, Irwin McGowan.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Ostrander now occupy the residence recently vacated by John Reinhart and family.

W. P. Murray, who has been in the harness business here for some time, moved with his family to Pellston this week.

Miss Carrie Warner returned to her home at Pellston, Monday, after a few week's visit with her aunt, Mrs. Aiden Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hill and Miss Norma and Walter Johnson will drive to Elk Rapids, Saturday to visit friends over Sunday.

Misses Katherine and Kathalyn Roy of Sturgis are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Lasira Kenyon, for the summer.

Mrs. Geo. Miller and sons, Evert and Leo, left Saturday morning for Muskegon where Mr. Miller has employment.

Chas. R. Johnson and daughter, Mrs. Eva Larsen and children and Mrs. C. G. Isaman and son motored to Petoskey, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Hilliard received a visit from her sisters, Mrs. F. Jarnac and Mrs. F. R. Smith of Grand Rapids, last week, they returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Haskins arrived Thursday from Harrietta, Mich., for a visit at the home of the formers parents, Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Haskins.

Miss Eva W. Beers, who has been here guest of relatives, returned to her home at Chicago, Wednesday. She accompanied her nephew, Gail Price, to Grand Rapids.

Rolf Holliday, the six year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Holliday, fell on a saw last Thursday, cutting his hand badly. A physician was called and it was found an artery had been severed. It was necessary to take several stitches to close the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ross, who have been residing at Unity, Sask., for a number of years will again make East Jordan their home. On Wednesday they purchased the dwelling belonging to Postmaster Hudkins near the high school and plan to purchase a small farm near the city.

Dr. H. W. Dicken is, at Chicago, this week.

Miss Bertha Shier left Thursday for Detroit.

Miss Mary Berg went to Charlevoix, Thursday.

Thomas Joynt was a Frederic visitor, Wednesday.

Miss Esther Malpass is home from Ferris Institute.

E. E. Hall made a business trip to Flint, Thursday.

Miss M. A. Porter was a Charlevoix visitor, Tuesday.

Bruce Dickie was a Grand Rapids, visitor Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman drove to Petoskey, Sunday.

Harry Gregory and Chas. Carson left Saturday last for Flint.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson is visiting her sister at Cadillac this week.

Mrs. J. Johnson went to Elk Rapids, Thursday, to visit friends.

Miss Marjorie Chase left last Saturday for her home at Belding.

Mrs. H. Clark entertained the Sunshine Club, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Henry Smith of Deward visited friends in the city, this week.

Mrs. H. W. Dicken and son, Dick, are at Grand Rapids, this week.

Mrs. T. J. Wood left Monday for Kalamazoo to visit her daughters.

Miss Mayme Kelley left Monday for her home at Black River Falls, Wis.

Rev. J. W. Ruehle leaves Friday for Grand Junction, to attend a convention.

Miss Neva Albright of Boyne City is guest of Miss Wilma Pickard, this week.

Will Richardson is assisting at Bell's grocery, during the absence of Mr. Boyd.

Frank Crowell and family now occupy the W. P. Murray residence on Second street.

Miss Lucile Hagggett left for Flint, Wednesday, where she will seek employment.

Will Crawford and family moved this week into Mrs. Greenwood's residence on William-st.

Mrs. Eva Larsen and children of Green River are visiting friends in the city, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lalonde and Mrs. R. A. Emory of Charlevoix were in the city, Tuesday.

Mrs. S. Golden and children of Chicago are guests at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. Rosenthal.

Miss Grace White left Thursday for Big Rapids where she will take a course at the Ferris Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bush of Charlevoix are guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Hudson.

The High School pupils of St. Josephs school enjoyed an auto-excursion to Alden and Mancelona, on Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Zoulek returned home from Rochester, Mich., last week and is now employed at Burdick's store.

Mrs. L. Ruehle and daughter, who have been visiting at the home of the former's son, Rev. J. W. Ruehle, left Thursday for their home at Ithaca.

A farewell party was given at the home of Mrs. Joseph Zoulek last Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. W. P. Murray, who is moving to Pellston.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader and son and Mr. and Mrs. Graham drove over from Boyne City, Tuesday evening and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Mrs. Frank Taylor and children and Mrs. Rocena Seymour left Thursday for the formers home at Iron Mountain after a visit at the home of their father, T. J. Wood.

Manager Adams of the Temple Theatre announces that after this coming Saturday the afternoon Free Matinees will be discontinued until further notice.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Carver, Mr. and Mrs. Towne and Dr. and Mrs. Yerker of Elk Rapids were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bell, Sunday.

The following pupils graduated from the Eighth Grade of St. Joseph's school: Carrie Shearer, Sarah Green, Lawrence Lavolette, Stanley McKinney, Leo Phillips and Francis Shearer. The exercises were held on Thursday evening in the school. The graduates were addressed by Rev. Alfred Tritz of Charlevoix. Father Kroboth presented the diplomas.

H. I. McMillan has purchased a flour and feed mill at Conklin, Mich., and left first of the week to take possession of same. As soon as a suitable residence can be secured, his family will follow and they will make their home there. Mr. McMillan is a master miller and the village of Conklin is fortunate indeed in adding such a man to their municipality.

Charming PORCH and HOUSE DRESSES

Just Received

A special new lot of unusually pretty House Dresses in a wide variety of colors, patterns and weaves—you'll find just the one your husband will like and you will love to wear.

White Pique Porch Dresses, \$3.00

Gingham House Dresses, 89c to \$1.75

Percale House Dresses, 89c to \$1.50

A lot of Children's Dresses, 29c, 59c, 79c

Kute Kimonos

The prettiest, daintiest things you ever saw in Kimonos. The choicest colors and patterns in goods that are both soft and serviceable—extraordinary values—see them tomorrow.

Remember Our Suits and Coats are reduced 1/4 to 1/3

NEW SPORT HATS, \$1-50

GET SOME OF THE LACE at 3c & 4c — DON'T MISS IT.



SPECIAL LINGERIE SALE

You women appreciate dainty things in the way of dress. Here is an opportunity to stock up on exceptionally handsome Lingerie at remarkably low prices:

Nainsook Gowns 39c and 79c

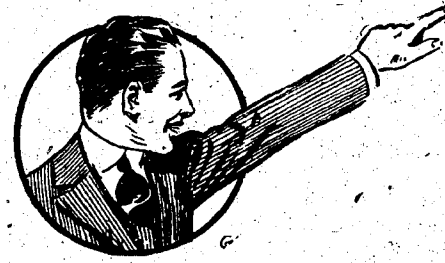
Nainsook Corset Covers 35c

Nainsook Combinations, 89c and \$1.25.

These are just a few of the bargains to give you an idea of the savings to be made.

Attend this Removal Sale AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MANY BARGAINS OFFERED.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.



DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK WHAT REAL VALUES IN SHOES CONSISTS OF?

Shoes that look good are not always the kind of shoes that give the wearer the most satisfaction for his money. The way in which the shoes are sewed is an important matter for you to consider. Two methods of sewing (Goodyear Welt and McKay) are used. One used in the manufacture of cheap shoes and the other in better grade shoes. Do you know which way your shoes are sewed?

During this day of cheap shoe substitutes you, the wearer, must place your confidence in the dealer and manufacturer behind the shoes.

Manufacturers who employ cheap labor, use inferior materials, or in any way cheapen their product are not the ones to stand back of the goods offered to the public. Our shoes are made by the best manufacturers in the U. S. We stand back of every pair of shoes we sell, the manufacturer stands back of us.

Special LADIES PUMPS AND OXFORDS \$1.98
\$3.00 and \$3.50 values. While they last
The Season's Smartest Styles.

QUALITY WEISMAN'S SERVICE

THE GRAND GETAWAY

By A. H. C. MITCHELL
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(Continued From Last Issue)

There was Lent who thought the boxes were on the yacht, and when later he couldn't find them, there he would think Tyler and his crowd had made off with them. And there were the twins and McDonald and the stranger who knew Hemenway robbed the bank and stowed the loot on board the yacht at San Francisco, but when they couldn't find it on the vessel they too, would conclude that Tyler had beaten them to it.

Then there would be a grand search for Tyler—an endless search over the vast South Seas.

Oh, it was funny, Hemenway couldn't help laughing as he and McDonald walked together toward the point where the boat was hidden.

"What's the joke?" inquired the gum shoe man.

"I was thinking how happy Lent will be when you get him back to San Francisco and clamp the dardies on him. Now, then, Dennis, here we are. I've got to make a play with Lent. Just stand aside and say nothing. The fact that I've got a gun and you have none gives you an alibi."

Hemenway stepped forward and called:

"Oh, Joe, come ashore, please." Then he said to the mate: "Mr. Sanderson, I won't detain you very much longer."

"Hurry up," growled the mate. "I can't stay here all night."

Lent jumped ashore and a moment later was shaking hands with McDonald. The three men walked out of sight and earshot of the mate.

They halted, and Hemenway drew Lent aside and planting himself directly in front of him raised the revolver that had never left his hand to the level of his stomach and said in a low voice:

"Joe, I'm going with Captain Bailey. You stay here, see."

"What's the matter with me going too?" demanded Lent.

"Because I don't want you—understand?"

"You're a fine guy, steal my money, eh?"

A sudden rage swept through Hemenway. He stepped back a pace.

"Steal your money, you dirty dog!" he hissed. "What did you try to do to me, you low lived skunk! Helped Tyler get away with the yacht, didn't you? Thought I didn't know anything about it, didn't you? Har!"

"I can see your liver turning white. I know. Went nosing around my boxes in the cabin one day and opened one."

"Sweat coming out on you now, eh? Lent, I ought to shoot you dead in your tracks. But I won't. All I'll do is this—"

As he spoke Hemenway grasped his revolver by the barrel and sent the butt of it crashing into Lent's jaw.

Lent wobbled an instant, then his knees bent and he sank to the ground and rolled over flat on his back; McDonald took a step forward, but paused as Hemenway turned on him menacingly.

"That's a pretty cheap trick, Hemenway, hitting a man without cause when he can't defend himself," sneered the detective.

"I owe him a lot more than that and so do you," returned Hemenway. His anger faded as quickly as it came.

"He's the man that planned with Tyler's gang to steal our schooner. And I would be a dead man now—starved to death—if I hadn't had the biggest piece of luck that ever happened to a fellow."

"Lent will tell you all about that end of it, but he would never tell you how he helped Tyler steal the yacht. So don't get fussy over what I did to Lent. He's a bad egg, Dennis. There he is. Do what you like with him. I've got to go. Want to shake hands, or don't you?"

"Sure. Good-by Archie, and good luck."

"Thanks. Same to you old scout." Hemenway turned and walked rapidly away.

"They'll never get me, Dennis," he added over his shoulder. He quickly joined the boat crew.

"All right, Mr. Sanderson," he said to the mate; "I'll shove off," and grasping the bow of the boat he gave it a shove and jumped in.

"Hold on!" ordered the mate. "Where's the rest of you?"

"They're going on the schooner which got here before we did. I'm going with you."

"What's all this monkey business? I was ordered to—"

"That's all right, Mr. Sanderson," interrupted Hemenway, "they prefer to use their schooner as I told you; I prefer to go with you. Please put me on board your vessel. I'll settle with Capt'n Bailey."

With a growl the mate gave the order and the boat moved ahead.

Twenty minutes later they were on board the trader again and Hemenway faced the skipper. Rapidly he repeated what he had told the mate, adding a little more detail and answering such

questions as Captain Bailey put to him.

Finally the skipper appeared to be satisfied and was about to give the order to fill away when Hemenway startled him with a proposition.

"Capt'n Bailey," he said, "I'll give you fifty dollars a day, counting from the time you left the other island this afternoon, payable in advance, if you will keep your vessel just within sight of this island and send a man aloft from daylight to darkness and let me know when that other schooner leaves. Then I'll go ashore and get some things I left there in a secret place. After that I will pay you regular passage money as long as I stay with you."

It took considerable lying on Hemenway's part to gain the skipper's consent to this proposal, but he finally succeeded in convincing Captain Bailey that his party had been on a scientific expedition and considerable jealousy had developed. He had some valuable specimens on shore which he had hidden fearing a rival would destroy them, an so on.

At last they struck a bargain. Hemenway went below and extracted fifty dollars in gold from Lent's pile, handing the money to the skipper for the first day's pay and as an evidence of good faith.

For two days the O Bailey lay hull down off to the southwestward of the island and nothing happened, but about noon on the third day the man aloft with a pair of glasses reported that the yacht was sailing away from the island in a northwesterly direction.

When she had entirely disappeared from view Captain Bailey gave orders to make sail and stand in toward the island.

Hemenway went ashore in the small boat rowed by two Kanakas. They landed a little way up the inlet on the north shore and leaving the sailers in the boat Hemenway hurried to the spot where he had secretly buried his precious boxes on the night following their arrival on the island.

The spot he had chosen for this purpose was about two hundred feet north of the inlet and about one hundred feet from the western shore of the island. It was quite close to a clump of palms where the soil was sandy and easily worked.

The day after the night he had hurried his treasure he had visited the place and carefully smoothed and swept the ground so as to leave no indication that the soil had ever been disturbed.

Now when Hemenway came hurrying to this spot he suddenly stopped short and gazed blankly at it.

Sand was piled up high on every side, leaving a hole big enough to contain five times the number of boxes he had originally put there.

Of course the hole was empty. Some one had discovered his hiding place. His treasure was gone!

A sickly feeling came over Hemenway and he felt so weak he flopped down on the sand.

Finally he arose, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, gave one last look at the hole, and walked to the bungalow.

The door and windows were closed. He peeped in. Everything was left shipshape, but the place was deserted, as he expected.

Slowly Hemenway walked back to the boat and gave the order to row out to the schooner.

A few minutes later he was on her deck again. The skipper gave the word. Sheets were hauled flat, the vessel's head fell off from the wind, and she went on about her business.

For a long time Hemenway stood at the taffrail, gazing at the receding land, biting his nails to the quick.

CHAPTER XXIV "Hold That Vessel!"

On the fifteenth day after leaving Sydney, the Marriott family, four strong, arrived in the harbor of Papeiti, Tahiti Island, just before sundown.

They went ashore with all their trunks and baggage, which made quite an imposing array. They found accommodations in the little hotel, so called, where the dashing beauty of young Mrs. Marriott and the girlish loveliness of the two daughters created considerable of a commotion.

Next morning leaving the fair members of his party to amuse themselves as they saw fit, Marriott busied himself making inquiries of the yacht Runaway. While he felt he was on a wild goose chase with about one chance in a thousand of getting results, he was not the sort of man to neglect anything he had set out to do.

On the voyage from Sydney he had enlisted the aid of several of the steamship officers. They were all familiar with the details of the robbery and the getaway.

All San Francisco was talking about it when their ship was last there. Marriott and the officers studied maps and charts and after eliminating one place after another by a process of reasoning, they finally came to the conclusion that Hemenway and his crowd had gone exactly where they did go; that is to say, they believed the yacht sailed for the South Seas and, carefully avoiding the well known islands, had put in, for a time at least, on some island seldom visited by the roving trader.

China, Japan, the Philippines, and the islands of Oceania where steamships called were crossed off the list of likely places. The officers agreed with Marriott that he could do no better than land at Tahiti, spend several weeks there if necessary and interview everybody, especially the captains of trading vessels as they arrived from time to time.

So Marriott first sought the Tahitian authorities where he learned that the San Francisco police had sent them circulars relating to the sensational affair. These circulars contained pictures of the yacht and full descriptions of Hemenway, McDonald, Lent, and the Carteret twins.

There were five in the party, the circular said, but McDonald was with it against his will.

The authorities, who were of the lazy kind that infest that region, told Marriott they had no information on the matter, and confessed they had lost no sleep over it. Trading vessels were arriving every little while, and Marriott was advised to seek information from them.

For two days Marriott worked like a cub reporter. He combed the island dry for news of the missing schooner yacht, but met with no encouragement.

The Marriott party had been at Papeiti nearly a week, during which the female members of the family had explored nearly everything on the island that was worth exploring and were beginning to tire of it, when quite early one morning a trader sailed into the harbor, dropped her sails, and anchored.

Marriott was the first man to greet the captain when he stepped from his gig. He held a picture of the Runaway up to the gaze of the seafaring man, and said in a quick, businesslike tone:

"Captain, have you lately seen a schooner yacht that looked like that one?"

The captain, a grizzled and weather-beaten veteran of the tropics, fumbled for his spectacle-case and put on a pair of steel bowed glasses. Then he looked Marriott over from head to feet, after which he turned his attention to the picture. This he scanned long and earnestly.

At last he said:

"Why, yes, I seen one that looks like her not three hours ago, but Runaway ain't the name of her. At that I'd come near swearing it was the same schooner."

Marriott grew visibly excited.

"Where is she now?" he demanded.

"She'll be along; she'll be along. She hailed me just after daylight this morning. She was under short sail, and I run up close to see what was wanted. She lost her anchor somehow, and wanted me to find out if there was a small spare one in Papeiti."

"She was to lay off outside, and if there was I was to signal her and make some sort of arrangement to get it on a raft or something so she could sail in the harbor and lay to while the anchor was bent on the cable. You see, she can't take a chance of coming into the harbor without her anchor, and a craft ain't much use to anybody around these waters without one."

"What sort of men were on her, young fellows, look like yachtsmen?" asked Marriott.

"No, I can't say they did. I only see three men on her, but they was sailors—right enough. The schooner looked too good for 'em."

"What was her name?"

"Well, sir, I jest can't remember that. It wasn't the Runaway; shorter name than that. You see, she hove to and I ran close by her stern—thirty or forty feet maybe—and I had a good look at her. Yes, sir, that looks like her right enough," and the old fellow took another long look at the picture.

"But what's the trouble; somebody run off with your craft?"

"No, not exactly," replied Marriott, "but come over to the hotel and have a drink and I'll tell you. My name is Marriott, of San Francisco."

"And my name is Capt'n John Stanwood, of the brigantine Jessie and Mabel. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, sir."

Over a table on the hotel porch, where they had a good sweep of the harbor and ocean beyond, Marriott briefly related the main-points of the story.

"Well, sir, it wouldn't surprise me if that's your craft," said Captain Stanwood when Marriott had finished.

"But then men on her ain't the men you're looking for; I know that."

"We don't know what's happened!" exclaimed Marriott. "Possibly they have been afraid to show themselves and got these sailors to come here for an anchor. As you say, a vessel with out an anchor is in a bad way."

Captain Stanwood arose.

"I got some business to see to," he said, "but first I'll go down to Charlie Hi Lo's. If there's an anchor to be had in this port that chink will have it. You jest get a pair of glasses and keep a lookout for that schooner. She's under short-sail, belin' short-handed, I reckon, and she ain't movin' very fast; but she ought to show up before long. I'll send word out to my ship to run up a signal, anyway, whether I get the anchor or not."

Marriott secured a pair of glasses, and, drawing a chair to the edge of the porch, he lighted a fresh cigar and focussed the lenses on that section of the horizon where Captain Stanwood told him the schooner was likely to appear.

While thus engaged his wife and daughters returned from an excursion, accompanied by a young government attache who had been shamefully neglecting his official business ever since he secured an introduction to the Marriott family.

They immediately ordered lemonades.

"What are you looking at, daddy dear, the Runaway?" laughed Helen.

"You've said it," replied the father, and then he told them of the morning's happenings.

The three young women grew excit-

ed at once, and there was a wild scramble for the glasses. Edith secured them. The instant she leveled them out over the ocean she exclaimed:

"Daddy, your lamps are on the Fritz! I see something!"

"Edith, I wish you wouldn't use so much slang," her father complained.

But he added: "What do you see?"

"I see a sail—that's what!"

"Where?" they all exclaimed in one breath.

"I believe you're right," said Marriott after another look. The girls were all aflutter, and even Marriott found his pulse was beating faster.

"Look here, Frank, if that's the vessel we're looking for I want her held up until we can put the men aboard of her through a cross examination, and also search the vessel. There ought to be some way you can fix it up."

Frank was the young Frenchman attached to the government post, Francois Couderc was his name, but he had danced attendance so constantly on the fair members of the Marriott family since their arrival that they began calling him Frank at the end of the third day.

"A very easy matter, I can assure you, sir, and if the ladies will excuse me I will take the necessary steps at once," he said with a bow. "I will return very soon," with another bow.

"I'll bet he will too," remarked Marriott under his breath, adding aloud: "Now, then girls, you stay right here while I hunt up Captain Stanwood."

Any first class outfielder could have stood in the center of the town of Papeiti and hit every house in it with a regulation league base ball, so it can readily be understood that Marriott had little difficulty in locating the veteran skipper.

Captain Stanwood had secured a suitable anchor for the expected schooner and eight men were at that moment carrying it bodily to the beach, where it was to be loaded into a large barge and taken out in the harbor as soon as the schooner arrived.

Captain Stanwood who had become imbued with the excitement of the moment, arranged for boats and crews to take the entire party out to the schooner—the young women insisted on going along, too—and shortly after Couderc returned and ordered the government barge manned for the occasion.

He was clothed with the authority of the governor, and also a white duck suit of clothes.

CHAPTER XXV A Clue in the Cabin.

When everything was set for the tragedy, or comedy, or whatever it might turn out to be, it was an impatient crowd that awaited the near approach of the black hulled vessel.

By this time the entire white population of Papeiti knew of the affair, and it seemed as if all had made preparations to be in at the death. Half

the native population, though not knowing what the excitement was all about, gathered along the beach and watched the proceedings. Even the stolid faced Charlie Hi Lo joined the group of which Marriott and Stanwood were a part and listened to the conversation.

"What do you think?" the Chinaman asked when there was a lull in the conversation.

"I think you better get your money before you give up that anchor," laughed Captain Stanwood.

Marriott smiled. "Say, Cap'n Stanwood," he said, "wouldn't it be a fine joke on us if we were barking up the wrong tree?"

"That's what," replied the skipper. "And everybody else too. Looks like the whole business of the town was suspended, that's the schooner I saw this morning, it's up to you to prove she's the one you're looking for."

Meanwhile the schooner waited by the fog end of a breeze, was lazily making her way to the harbor. A boat load of Charlie Hi Lo's men, in charge of Charlie himself, took the barge containing the anchor in tow and rowed out to the anchorage.

Marriott and his wife and Stanwood followed in the captain's gig. Soon after Couderc, in the government barge, with Edith and Helen Marriott as his guests, put off from shore.

At that everybody that could pile into boats did so, and a regular flotilla moved out to greet the stranger. Everybody looked upon it as a festive occasion.

By that time the black schooner was within a quarter of a mile of them. If those on board her suspected anything they gave no indication of it.

She headed for the barkentine, passed close to the stern of her, swung slowly around and came up in the wind a cable's length away.

No sooner had the schooner lost headway than every boat in the harbor raced for her.

Captain Stanwood's gig was the first alongside. Marriott stood up in the boat and was reaching for a backstay to aid him in climbing aboard when a villainous looking sailor leaped over the side of the schooner and bellowed:

"Sheer off! Keep away from here!" Marriott hesitated and Captain Stanwood spoke up:

"I'm the man you hailed this morning and asked to find an anchor for you. I would like to come aboard."

"You can't come aboard. Where's the anchor?"

"Where do you hail from?" asked Captain Stanwood.

"None of your damned business!" roared the sailor.

"I'll ask you not to use that kind of

talk sir, as there is a lady present," said Captain Stanwood quietly.

"Keep off, then! Where's that anchor I say?"

By that time the shore boats were clustered around the schooner like flies around a sugar lump.

Couderc came up alongside in the government barge and without wasting time scrambled over the rail. Before he got on his feet he was seized from behind and violently hurled overboard.

The girls screamed.

"Keep off, I say!" roared the villainous looking sailor. "Nobody sets foot on this deck!"

He went to the wheel and put it hard down; but there was hardly any breeze at all, and before the schooner could respond things happened.

Couderc came up spluttering, and grabbed a friendly boat hook. Captain Stanwood arose in the stern sheets of his gig.

"Board her all hands!" yelled the veteran skipper, waving his arms in a circle.

Despite young Mrs. Marriott's pleadings her husband grasped a backstay and swung himself to the deck. At the same instant Charlie Hi Lo, followed by his coolies, swarmed over the bow of the schooner and moved aft.

From some mysterious part of his garment he had brought forth a long knife in one hand and a huge revolver in the other. Before Marriott could join forces with the Chinaman the other shore boats had emptied their loads and the deck was alive with men.

There was no bloodshed. What followed was only comedy.

Couderc, minus his straw hat, his clothes dripping, elbowed his way through the crowd and faced the villainous looking sailor, who had released the wheel and was standing sullenly beside it.

"What's the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Couderc.

No answer.

"Do you realize, sir, you are trifling with the dignity of the republic of France?"

No answer.

"He no good; I know him," grunted Charlie Hi Lo.

"Who is he? What's his name?" came a shout from Marriott and Stanwood.

"Name Tyler. Bad man. No good." Charlie made a gesture of disgust and spat violently over the side.

Couderc shot half a dozen questions at the man; but Tyler would not make reply, so Couderc ordered his men to take charge of the sailor and put him on the barge.

Captain Stanwood spoke up.

"We can't let her drift all over this harbor," he said. "Better bend the hawser on that anchor and put it overboard. You attend to that Charlie; you won't lose anything."

"Now then, mister," continued the skipper, turning to Couderc, "if you say the word we'll take a look in the cabin and see what we can find."

"Certainly," agreed Couderc.

"Soon as they put that anchor overboard turn to, some of you, and take in them sails," ordered Captain Stanwood as he disappeared down the companionway.

In the cabin they found our old friends, Bill and Hawkins, who had refused to join Tyler in repelling boarders. They were hustled up the steps and turned over to Couderc's men.

Young Mrs. Marriott and the girls took courage and asked to be assisted to the deck of the schooner. They joined the others in the cabin.

Things were littered up and the cabin was in great disorder. The ladies turned up their little noses.

"I don't consider this very romantic!" exclaimed young Mrs. Marriott with a sniff.

"Needs fumigating," remarked her husband.

"I think I will go on deck and get a bit of fresh air," said Mrs. Marriott. "Coming girls?"

But the young women had wandered with Couderc into the owner's stateroom and were peeping curiously around. The men began a systematic search of the cabin in an effort to establish the identity of the vessel.

A little scream from Helen caused them all to hurry to her side.

She was standing near the head of the berth in the stateroom, holding in her hand a curious little scarf pin. At the head of the pin was a small, round amethyst, and around the stone were worked in threads of gold the initials H. L. M.

"Your pin, Helen! Where on earth did you find it?" exclaimed Edith Marriott.

"Sticking in the wood right over in this corner. Isn't it the strangest thing that ever happened?" gasped Helen.

"What about it?" demanded her father.

Both talking at once the girls excitedly explained that Helen had given that same identical pin to one of the Carteret twins as a little token of his kindness when she turned her ankle jumping off the train at Omaha.

Marriott grinned.

"Well, Cap'n Stanwood, I guess we've found the Runaway all right."

"Yes," piped the skipper; "you got the yacht, but you ain't got the twins or them other fellers. Keep a looking, keep a looking!"

A further search was soon rewarded, and again it was Helen who found the clue.

She was nosing around the stateroom looking for the pin Edith had given Jim Carteret, and, happening to turn up the corner of the mattress in the berth, she found the log.

"Aha!" chuckled Marriott. "Here we have it Capt'n. The whole business in regular shipshape. Let's see; 'Left Frisco Sunday, July'—that's all right. Now, then, last page."

"Har! It says: 'Decided to try island charted lat. 17 deg. 20 min. 20 sec. S.; long. 143 deg. 15 min. 10 sec. W.'"

"That's the last entry in the book, cap'n. Where is that on the map?"

Captain Stanwood put on his specs and squinted at the last entry in the log before he said:

"Right handy; not more'n five hundred miles, I reckon. But where's them charts?"

It was some time before they found them in a locker over the stateroom berth.

Then the whole thing was as clear as daylight; at least to Captain Stanwood. On one of the charts the course of the yacht from the time she sailed from San Francisco to the time of the last entry in the log was indicated by pencil marks. Captain Stanwood rolled up the chart, tucked it under his arm, and picking up the log, made for the stairs.

"Let's go ashore," he said. "It's 'tarnal-hot in this cabin.'"

By bedtime that night Marriott, who had been getting action and was right in his element, had his plans well mapped out. Tyler, Bill and Hawkins were in custody, pending developments; but Hawkins was the only one of the three they could get anything out of and that was mighty little.

His wounded shoulder had never been properly dressed, so they took him to the house of a physician for treatment, and while there they succeeded in making him say there were only three men left on the island—the twins and another—and that they had no means of leaving.

As to how he and his companions gained possession of the schooner, Hawkins was mum.

Marriott had the time of his life in the two days that followed. It seemed like old San Francisco for him to be hustling.

First, he went over the situation with the Governor and arranged with that functionary to take the yacht on an expedition against the bank-robbers.

A fruitless search was made for Hemenway's boxes the newspapers had described. With Charlie Hi Lo as general contractor, Marriott had the yacht thoroughly overhauled—cabin scoured, new mattresses placed in the berths to take the place of the missing ones, linens supplied where it was needed, stores overhauled and replenished and everything made ready.

Captain Stanwood secured a skipper and a crew of four whites to handle the yacht, while Marriott engaged a cook. By good fortune Stanwood was to sail in the same general direction as the yacht, and he agreed to accompany the schooner and lend a hand when they went ashore on the island.

When everything was ready, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the young women as soon as they learned that Marriott proposed to leave them in Papeiti until his return from the expedition.

"But there is danger, my dear," declared Marriott.

"We don't care if there is danger. We're going, just the same; aren't we girls?" pouted Mrs. Marriott.

"Of course we are," promptly answered the girls. "Now dad, there's no use of your arguing the matter. Why, you would never have thought of searching for the robbers if it hadn't been for Elise; and now you are trying to sneak off and leave us behind. We guess not."

Shrill protests promptly came from three pretty throats. At the end of fifteen minutes of family arguments, Marriott threw up both hands and acknowledged defeat.

"Have it your own way, as usual," he cried. "But if anybody is killed, don't blame me."

The girls laughed at him and then let him in on their scheme, and it was the girls' scheme that prevailed in the end.

Favoring breezes most of the time sent the two vessels to their destination in something less than five days. It was shortly after the noon hour when the island was first sighted.

Captain Stanwood knew it of old; in fact it was he who had taken a cargo of lumber there with which John Morgan built his house.

Captain Stanwood, therefore, approaching from the west, cast anchor a quarter of a mile from shore, off the little river; and the yacht, following, did likewise, a cable's length away.

Boats were lowered from each vessel. The entire Marriott family got into one and was rowed ashore by two of the crew. Captain Stanwood and half a dozen of his men led the way in another boat. They entered the river on a flood tide and were soon in the lagoon.

Landing at the little wharf, they stepped ashore. For the occasion young Mrs. Marriott and the two girls had bedecked themselves in fresh and bewitching summer gowns, while Marriott had donned a clean suit of white duck.

The four, with Captain Stanwood, formed a skirmishing party, leaving the crews in the boats.

They easily found a path leading from the lagoon, but had hardly taken a step before they heard a wild, riotous burst of music, which continued as they made their way toward the house.

"There are your desperate criminals, daddy," laughed Helen. "Get your firearms ready; we're going to have a terrible battle."

With poked her father in the ribs, and Mrs. Marriott reaching up patted him on the cheek. Marriott looked rather foolish.

When they reached the house the music was still going full blast. Two or three men's voices, to the accompaniment of a piano, were making the rafters shake. The invaders tiptoed to the corner of the house and peered around it.

The song was coming to an end. Any one with an ear for music could tell that; and when it came, young Mrs. Marriott filling her lungs with air, took the last note with the men's voices in one long clear, glorious outburst of song.

There was instant commotion within, and a second later three men, in sleeveless undershirts, very gray trousers, and dilapidated sneakers, dashed on the porch in open mouthed wonder.

For all of ten seconds not a word was spoken, the three men continuing to stare at the visitors. Then George Carteret jumped off the porch and stretched out his hand to Helen.

"How's the ankle?" he said.

"Pretty well, thank you," replied Helen without batting an eyelash. "And how are you all? I want you to meet my father, Mr. Marriott—Mr. George Carteret."

There were shaking of hands all around.

"You have a very pretty view here," remarked young Mrs. Marriott with a sly smile at the girls.

"Look here," exclaimed Jim, "you could knock us all down with a feather. No use saying we are not astonished. We are. We humbly acknowledge it. Where in the world did you come from?"

"And how did you know my name is George Carteret?" demanded the owner of that name.

"I remembered the George from Omaha; afterward I saw your picture and that of your brother in a newspaper," smiled Helen.

After the introductions McDonald had sneaked into the house, and he now reappeared in clean linen.

"Dennis, you put one over on us," laughed George. "Everybody please excuse my brother and me for a moment," and the twins went in for a change of clothes.

"Now, please take pity on us and tell us how you happen to be here," said the first one to reappear. Chairs were pulled to the porch for the ladies, and Marriott began relating how Tyler and his companions had sailed the yacht into Papeti harbor for an anchor, and how Helen had found the pin and the chart and the log, and how they had come to the rescue.

"But," said Marriott in conclusion, "your log mentions five men. Where are the other two?"

It was then the twins' turn to relate all that had happened to them since their arrival on the island.

When they had finished, Captain Stanwood spoke up saying:

"I would like to ask you young men why you came all the way here from San Francisco?"

"To write a comic opera," replied Jim.

"What?" exclaimed the skipper, holding an open hand back of his ear. The girls burst out laughing.

"To write a comic opera repeated Jim, flushing slightly. "We've just finished it. That was the finale you heard as you came up."

The old skipper shook his head sadly.

"Well, that beats me; that's all I got to say," he remarked.

"Tell us all about it, won't you, please?" said Edith.

"With pleasure," answered Jim. He began at the beginning and told things

just as they had happened, including the part that Dennis and Lent played. In the mean time the detective had retired to the kitchen. He returned bearing a shingle with five saucerless cups on it.

"Society is a little out of my line," he said; "but I've read of these five o'clock teas. Sorry we're all out of sugar and condensed milk."

It became a laughing joyous party, Old Captain Stanwood, however, continued to shake his head in a dazed sort of way.

Finally he nudged Marriott and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

The two walked apart.

"Marriott, them young fellows are just as innocent as we be," declared the old fellow.

"I know it now," replied Marriott. "Hemenway's man that did it all."

"You said it. Now, I got to go along about my business. I reckon I'll have to say good bye to you all."

"Cap'n Stanwood, you have been of great help to us, and I'm sorry you have to leave," said Marriott. "I want to know where a letter will reach you, because I'm going to send you something when I get back home."

After the old skipper's departure—they all went down to the shore to see him off—Marriott was for pulling up stakes and sailing right back to Tahiti but the three young women would not have it that way. They insisted on camping on the island for a few days, and, as usual, their wishes prevailed. A lucky choice it proved to be.

CHAPTER XXVIII
The Secret of the Sands.

Before the party broke up for the night the twins told again, of the wreck of Tyler's little schooner and prevailed upon Marriott, for safety's sake to bring the yacht into the lagoon.

After this was accomplished, early next morning, Edith and Helen expressed a desire to make a tour of the island. They all started out together, but it was only natural considering the romantic conditions, that the party should become separated before the journey was completed.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Helen Marriott and George Carteret, in the course of time found themselves by themselves and seated in the shade of a clump of palms quite near the west shore of the island.

They had reached that stage of intimacy where Helen thought it a good time to chide George for having been so careless of the pin she had given him. George feebly protested his innocence.

Helen, as she listened played in the sand with the point of her parasol, and George, leaning on one elbow, scooped out the sand from under the point of the parasol.

And so it was that at the end of five minutes a hole of quite respectable size had been dug.

"Well, anyway," said Helen, with a charming pout, "the fact remains that your brother was very careful of the pin my sister gave him, while you stuck yours in the side of the stateroom and forgot all about it. Please explain—that!"

"To properly emphasize the last three words she made three vicious digs in the sand hole with the point of her parasol. And with each dig 'the point of the parasol struck a substance that gave forth the sound of hard board."

"That's curious," remarked George, glad, doubtless, to change the subject. "Let's look into this."

He went on his knees and digging with both hands, quickly uncovered and brought forth a box.

"Hemenway's!" he exclaimed. "Well what do you make of that?"

"Mr. Hemenway's!" cried Helen excitedly springing to her feet. "Dig some more; there ought to be twelve or fifteen of those boxes."

George gazed at her in amazement.

"What in the world do you know about Hemenway's boxes?" he managed to say at last.

"I know a lot about them," replied Helen with a smile—"much more than you do."

"I don't understand how you—"

"Please, Mr. Carteret, don't waste time in talking. Dig!"

Helen fell on her knees and began feeling around the sides of the sand-hole.

"Here, Miss Marriott, you'll muss your clothes and soil your hands. I'll do the digging."

George lifted Helen's hand slowly and carefully from the sand hole and held them a moment.

"What is this—a wedding rehearsal?" laughed the young woman.

"May I call you Helen?" said the young man. "We'll be calling each other by our first name before the voyage ends, anyway."

Helen pulled her hands away.

"I'll think it over. First, I want a satisfactory explanation about that pin. But, please—George—hurry and find those other boxes. There must be lots more of them."

George fell to and quickly uncovered another box, and then another.

He paused and said:

"Look here, Helen, this is wearing on the finger nails. Suppose I carry two of these boxes to the house, and then we'll bring down an old shovel I saw out back and make quick work of this."

So he shouldered two of the boxes and started for the house, Helen walking beside him.

"Have you any idea what's in them?" asked the girl.

"Not the faintest. Have you?"

"Of course. I know all about them."

"Then, for goodness' sake, tell me."

Helen laughed gaily. "Keep cool, my friend, keep cool and don't get ex-

cited," she said, smiling very prettily. "They came to the house. It was deserted. Helen said:

"Make a noise, George. We want everybody here. This is important."

George lifted up his powerful barytone voice and shouted for his brother Jim.

There was an answering yell and Jim and Edith came hurrying up from the beach in front of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Marriott and McDonald, hearing the shouts quickly appeared from another direction.

"What's all the racket about? It can't be dinner time yet," laughed Marriott.

"Something better than eats, daddy dear," said Helen. "You are summoned to a feast for the eyes. See those boxes?"

"I do. What of 'em?"

"They are, or were, Mr. Hemenway's."

"What? Where'd you find 'em?"

"I found them—George and I."

"George and you!" exclaimed Marriott, emphasizing the first word.

"Where?"

"Buried in the sand over yonder."

"Mr. Marriott," said George, "your daughter refuses to let me in on your secret whatever it is. What is all this mystery about Hemenway's boxes?"

"Tell me all you know about them and I'll tell you all I know."

"Very well. The morning we sailed from San Francisco Hemenway drove to the dock in a truck with these boxes. They were put in the cabin of the yacht and later transferred to the fore hold. That's all any of us saw of them until your daughter and I dug them out of the sand just now; and that's all I know about them."

"Somebody get me an ax or a crowbar or something, and I'll quickly show you what you overlooked," said Marriott.

When he was handed a screw driver he took the cover off the first box, drew out a canvas bag, cut the string that tied it, and dumped in the middle of the porch a heap of shining, yellow gold.

The twins gasped. McDonald turned pale. The Marriott family laughed gaily, and Marriott said:

"There are supposed to be more than a dozen of these boxes and they contain over two hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold, silver, and bank notes."

For a time the twins were speechless. Finally Jim said:

"But how do you know all this, Mr. Marriott?"

"I'll tell you. But in the mean time I will ask Mr. McDonald to go out to the yacht and bring me a roll of newspapers he will find in a locker under the stateroom berth."

Then turning to the young men, he said:

"Did you know that Hemenway is the cleverest bank robber that ever operated in San Francisco?"

"I don't believe it," declared George positively.

"Nor I," declared Jim.

"Yes, he was, and I will prove it as soon as McDonald brings the papers. That's what started us on this hunt."

The twins were agast when they saw the newspapers. Then they grew indignant at the way the newspapers had mixed them up with the affair. McDonald learned for the first time what happened when Lent visited the gambling house, and, in short, they all read of things they never dreamed of.

"It took them all the rest of the day to digest the facts as they learned them through the file of San Francisco newspapers. But they found time, however to dig up the rest of the boxes.

There were fourteen in all, and they opened them and began the count. That night they were still discussing the matter when McDonald disappeared for a time and returned with Lent.

There was renewed excitement. Lent, although he had lost two teeth from the blow Hemenway gave him and suffered from a very sore jaw, told them how he had been overpowered by Tyler and his gang and related the subsequent adventures of Hemenway and himself.

McDonald allowed him to tell his story in his own brief way, but later gave Marriott Hemenway's version of the affair.

It was decided that for the present none of them would tell Lent that they knew of his episode with the gambler. Nor would they let him know the bank officials had discovered the exact amount of his defalcation. The San Francisco newspapers had the story in detail.

Next morning, at young Mrs. Marriott's special request, the twins went over their opera with her, after which the piano was put on board the yacht and made fast to the deck of the cabin as before. Next day the twins and McDonald packed up, put the house in order, and the following morning all hands said good by to Little North America.

Except for Lent, who nursed a very sore jaw, it was a merry party that spent the first moonlight night on board the yacht. A fair breeze sent the vessel bowling along toward Tahiti. Marriott was in high feather.

"Jim," he said, "my wife tells me you and George have written a wonderfully good opera. That being the case, I'll produce it for you when we get back, if you can't find a better man."

The twins were duly thankful.

"Tell me, Jim," said Edith, who in the shuffle of human cards always found herself paired with the man she was now addressing, "how could you and George keep your courage up and do any work on that island, knowing you might never be rescued?"

Jim laughed. "That didn't worry us any," he replied. "It was only a que-

tion of time. We had plenty to eat."

"And a good supply of the makings," added George.

"Eats and smokes, I suppose that's all you men care for," remarked Helen.

The yacht sailed into Papeti harbor on the morning of the fifth day. Everything was made ready against the arrival of a steamship that was to take them back to San Francisco.

The yacht was left in charge of Charlie Hi Lo until Marriott could make arrangements in San Francisco for her disposal. When the steamship arrived from Sydney, McDonald had a heart to heart talk with Lent.

"You're up against it Joe, and there's no way for you to beat the game. If you should break away from me now and run, where would you go? You couldn't lose me on this island and you couldn't escape. The best thing for you to do is to come quietly back to Frisco with me and avoid putting the authorities to a lot of trouble. You would lose out anyway."

Lent thought the matter over and finally said: "I guess that's the right dope, Dennis."

Twelve days after the steamship sailed from Tahiti she passed through the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XXVIII
It Was a Bell Ringer

Theatrical managers of small and jealous mind considered Sam B. Hofman the luckiest man this side of the pearly gates.

He is making another fortune out of an opera written and composed by two men the theatrical fraternity never heard of—college men named Carteret Twins.

"A couple of rah-rahs; can you beat it?" say the jealous rivals of Sam B. Hofman.

Another thing the fraternity cannot understand is how and where Sam B. Hofman discovered the glorious Elise Elverson, who took Broadway by storm at the opening performance of the new production.

Sam B. Hofman slipped into Marriott's box one night and mentioned this fact.

"Let 'em rave," said Marriott, with out taking his eyes off the stage where his charming young wife was at the moment taking a fourth encore.

Of course you have all seen the show. If not on Broadway, where it is still running, then at least you have seen one of the five companies Sam B. Hofman scattered over the country.

The twins are growing rich in royalties, and have started for Little North America to write some more words and music. It's a double honeymoon, too. Edith and Helen are with them.

CHAPTER XXIX
Make a Note of It.

They haven't got Hemenway yet.

THE END

Things you can't understand are generally none of your business.

There is nothing quite so monotonous as the smile that won't come off.

It is easier for a woman to say that she is young than it is to look it.

Fear of alimony is one reason why some men are shy about marrying.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, inclose with 5c 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 bronchial coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Specially comforting to stout persons.—Hite's Drug Store.



A Thrill in Every Paragraph

That is what that most capable of all writers of railroad stories, Frank H. Spearman, has put into his latest and best work.

The Girl and the Game

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life.

It is a story of a young girl's struggle for success in the face of adversity—the revelation of Wall Street's control of America's railroad systems—the explanation of so-called "high society" with its pampered daughters, its financial trickery, its defeats and its victories. Never before has such an interesting subject been presented in a newspaper serial. You can read this remarkable story in these columns, and also see every thrilling incident pictured in movie theaters.

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B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.
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Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

Herald Advs Bring Results.

Bulletin No. 3

Why Not Face the Facts About Armor Competition?

To the People:

The policy of the United States Government for many years has made real competition in armor-making ineffective.

The Government might have asked the three armor plants for bids and let the entire tonnage to the lowest bidder. That would have made competition effective.

The result of such a course would have been to drive two of the three manufacturers out of business, and leave the country with facilities of only one plant in time of need.

The Government in fact has always asked for bids from the three manufacturers, but no matter what the price quoted, each year's business was divided among them.

Armor makers serve but one customer—the Government, just as a public utility serves but one customer—a community.

The solution of the public utility problem is regulation of rates.

The solution of the armor problem is for the Government to fix the price.

We voluntarily agree to accept any price fixed by the Federal Trade Commission. Isn't acceptance of that offer better than the destruction of an industry built solely to serve the Government?

CHAS. M. SCHWAB, Chairman
EUGENE G. GRACE, President

Bethlehem Steel Company

Former Oakland County Boy Is Gubernatorial Candidate

FRANK B. LELAND, WHO HAS SHIED HIS HAT INTO THE RING, WAS BORN ON A FARM IN ROSE TOWNSHIP, THIS COUNTY, WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE TO A COMMANDING POSITION IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. MAKES A STRONG BID FOR SUPPORT.

(Oxford Leader of May 5, 1916.)



Frank B. Leland, former Oakland county man, who has announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor.

Oakland County Republicans at the coming August primaries will likely look with much favor upon the gubernatorial candidacy of Frank B. Leland, of Detroit. The fact that he is a native of this county will command the attention of Oakland county Republicans who are invariably loyal to the "home folks."

Leland was born on a farm in Rose township, this county; in fact for a number of years has owned and operated the farm on which his boyhood was spent, so it is but natural that Oakland county should have more than a passing interest in his candidacy. We have been proudly interested in the remarkable success of this former Oakland county boy in business circles and it is a foregone conclusion that "folks back home" are going to do all they can to aid in placing him in the executive office at Lansing; for, as the Detroit News says, "There is an appeal in the record of Mr. Leland, who as a farmer boy, worked his way through college, came to the city and achieved success."

But no one here need pin his faith on these grounds alone for Frank B. Leland is eminently well qualified for

the position of governor of this great state. Experienced in finance and business, possessing educational training represented by two degrees from the state university, still retaining a warm place in his heart for the farming life and interests from which he sprung, he combines qualities seldom presented in gubernatorial candidates.

As president of the United Savings Bank of Detroit, he commands the confidence and respect of the solid business interests of the state, and as president of the Detroit Tuberculosis Sanatorium he has engaged in a war against the white plague that has made the entire state his debtor. Eight years a regent of the U. of M., handling the expenditures of millions of dollars, shows the capacity of the man as well as indicating that he has had exceptional opportunities for studying the business methods of the state and its institutions. He comes not before the public forum as an untried neophyte but as a successful business man of practical experience.

From the standpoint of political expediency, the party which wishes to again control the reins of state government must consider Leland. He comes in the unique character of a man on whom all Wayne county republicans can combine and with the endorsement of all the press of the metropolis—a condition we cannot recall as ever occurring in the past. For, in harmonizing Wayne, he has accomplished what has been long thought an impossibility.

Nor does his support seem to be dependent upon the heavy vote of the metropolis although that is bound to be a great factor in his favor at the primaries. He has a large following in the state as evidenced when he was nominated for regent of the U. of M. despite the opposition of factional organizations in Wayne.

Leland's strong personality, varied business experience, high educational qualifications and commendable record in public and private life will make him a mighty potent factor in the coming campaign.

If nominated his election is assured. If elected Michigan will have a governor second to no state in the Union.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

No notes last week because of the content of the following.

Of the twelve County Normal graduates more than half have been placed in good schools for the coming year.

Norwood No. 2, and Marion No. 3, have not yet received the report of the state official visit to their schools. This delay is due to the fact that these two schools were visited by the city instead of the rural inspector. The plans must go thru the rural department before being returned but will be better for a second revision.

Miss Grace Gallagher returns to the Garden Island school for another year.

The Hopyard school, Hayes No. 3, was visited by Mr. Coffey on May 29th while he was enroute to Petoskey. The return report of the visit was mailed to the director, this week.

The Board of Examiners met Saturday, June 3rd, to determine the outcome of the state eighth grade examination. 234 students had written the complete test. 69 seventh grade students had written the physiology and geography test. A few wrote on several other subjects of their choice. This made a total of 2540 examination papers to look over. Each paper contained from 2 to 10 pages of composition to be judged and graded according to state standards.

114 diplomas were granted, and 115 credits were allowed in physiology and geography to be carried over to the 1917 examination. The members of the Board of Examiners sincerely hope that every holder of an eighth grade diploma will enroll in high school work in September, and that all whose work failed in any respect will prove their pluck by appearing again in 1917 with more determination than ever before.

The winner in the special examination and the highest average in the county will be determined in the near future.

The departure of Miss Himes caused a vacancy in the Bogrd, Saturday, June 10th, Supt. Craig of Charlevoix was appointed to this position.

The Knop, Bay Shore and Murray schools closed with picnics during the past week.

Miss Grace Howard will teach the Slaughter school, Boyne Valley 7 fri. next year.

Miss Phyllis Sheppard will teach in the Howard school, Melrose No. 3.

Blanks of acceptance for district officers and oaths of office to be filed with the senior member of the board will be mailed to every director before the annual meeting.

Has your district established a district library by a vote at a district meeting? Well, why don't you do it? It doesn't cost you a cent. Just vote that you would like to receive your share of the county fund, and that you will spend this money on books for the school library. This is so your teacher will have something to work with. If you don't do this, why the other districts get your share, that's all.

Mr. Lindeman, state agent for club work, spent Wednesday the 7th in and around East Jordan. A few of our club members have fallen by the wayside but a number have already planted their corn and started a report of the cost of labor in the preparation of the soil.

The Canning Demonstration Program is something new under the sun. It will be printed next week.

There is nothing more idiotic than the smile of a pretty girl directed at some other fellow.

One may be as good as the next in a barber shop.

Many a large idea originates in a small head.

Death is as certain as marriage is uncertain.

A wasted opportunity comes home to roost.

Half a lie is no better than a whole one.

The forger appreciates a good name.

Robbing the Courts

The Vicious Anti-Injunction Proposal

TAKE the protection of the law away from the employer's property! Make it possible to destroy the employer's factory and his goods if he does not accede to any demand made upon him! Tie and gag the circuit judge to prevent him from coming to the assistance of workers upon whom felonious assault is being made! Mob the employer and all his defenders, but do not let the law intervene! These are the precepts and the demands of organized labor in Michigan today.

A referendum petition is being circulated throughout the state for a constitutional amendment taking away from the judges the right to issue an injunction in labor disputes. Were this amendment to become part of our constitution, it would be impossible for the employer to appeal to the court for protection, though a mob of strikers were assaulting his workmen, preventing the employment of other help, destroying his property and ruining his goods. The amendment would make it impossible for him to stay the hand of the mob until such time as an amicable agreement could be entered upon or the difficulties adjusted.

Organized labor would have it that a private individual, apprehensive of injury to his property or person, might avail himself of the protection of an injunction; but if an employer, in dispute with his men, no matter how imminent the danger to his life, limb or property, this prohibitory protection should be unavailable.

The injunction, admits organized labor, makes it possible for the employer to hire whom he will; conduct his own business as he deems best; operate his own factory as he thinks it should be operated; exercise his rights as a free-born American citizen. Such is the complaint of organized labor against the law.

Counsel for organized labor even goes so far as to preach the vicious doctrine to the militant union, that in substance the law as administered today compels a man to work for whatever wage an employer wishes to pay him; compels him to work against his will; compels him to submit to any and all conditions his employer may take a notion to impose upon him. Note for instance the statements of one Maurice Sugar, who is a lawyer, according to *Detroit Labor News*. In a recent address to the Detroit Federation, he said:

Probably 999 out of a thousand men in Michigan today think that the workmen have a right to strike, but he hasn't. The law of Michigan doesn't give him the right to strike. No law in the courts have made it.



It makes no difference if the picketing done be ten or a thousand feet away. If it comes to a show down it will not matter if the picket is five miles away if it is necessary to beat the strike.

In striking labor can only win by violating the law. As a lawyer I'm not supposed to say you should break the law, but I want to see labor win.

Let's assume that violence is used in a strike. Is one not entitled to twelve men or must he sneak up to one man—a judge.

The courts and the law bulwark in this fight and they'll construe laws they are to decide unless we make it absolutely clear that they can't issue injunctions.

Much of the viciousness of this preachment lies in the fact that the lawyer must have known, or at any rate should have known, that he was dangerously misleading his hearers. He must have known that he was falsely interpreting the law. He should have known that he was inciting his hearers to lawlessness and disregard for the very courts that have time and time again conserved the interests of the very men to whom he was preaching.

There is absolutely not a word or suggestion in the laws of the state of Michigan that prevents any man or body of men from quitting work in any shop or plant anywhere in the state. The law does, however, seek to protect the employer against the violence of an aggregation of men who see fit to leave his employ.

There is absolutely nothing in the laws of Michigan that prevents one man

from seeking to dissuade another from continuing in a certain man's employ, provided he does so by peaceful and lawful means. The law does, however, prohibit a set of men from intimidating one who wishes to continue his employment, assaulting him and perhaps taking his very life.

The laws of the state of Michigan give the employer the right to hire whom he pleases, just as they give the workman the right to choose his employer and place of employment. The law does not countenance violence during a strike or at any other time, and if organized labor (the strikers) are guilty of using violence, should they have the right to demand that they be exempt from the law on the ground that it is their employer's property at which they are directing such violence?

If a court admonishes a man or body of men to cease using violence, destroying property and assaulting workers, and the injunction is disregarded, should it be necessary for that court to call in a jury of twelve men to pass on the guilt that is admitted? But, says Mr. Sugar, it is not a question of guilt; the guilt is self-evident. The proposition is to so fix the law that such violence cannot be interfered with.

The ranks of organized labor are filled in the main with honest, conscientious, industrious, patriotic workmen. In their very hearts the vast majority of these men have a deep respect for the majesty of the law and for the property rights of an individual, be he an employer or not. The deplorable thing is that they will listen to unscrupulous agitators; that they permit themselves to be led by men who are no respecters of law and order and who preach violence and spread discontent.

In the ranks of organized labor in Michigan today are thousands of men who if the nation issued a call to arms to avenge the wrongs committed against American citizens on American soil by the Mexicans, would lay down their tools and take up arms in defense of their flag. Yet the *Labor News* deliberately insults their intelligence and belittles their patriotism, and also insults the colored men who have enrolled for service under the stars and stripes, by publishing this statement:

African troops are marching into Mexico. Will this be the beginning of a war of conquest? A cry is already going up for the annexation of part of Mexico. Who wants it? Otis, that "grey wolf," that notorious open shopper of Los Angeles, and his pet son-in-law, Chandler.

It is time that organized labor threw off the galling yoke.

[Advertisement]

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1910, made by Jesse Peters and George Peters, both single men, of Charlevoix County, Michigan, to William J. Pearson, of Boyne Falls, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1911, in Liber 48 of Mortgages on page 375, said mortgage being assigned by the said William J. Pearson to William C. Walsh, said assignment being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on December, 1911, in Liber 34 of Mortgages on page 563, the said William C. Walsh being duly adjudged a bankrupt on December 30, A. D. 1913 by and before Kirk E. Wicks, Referee in Bankruptcy of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and J. Ernest Converse of Boyne City, Michigan, being elected by a majority of the creditors of the said William C. Walsh both in number and amount as trustee of said estate, the said J. Ernest Converse being duly appointed by written appointment and qualifying by filing a bond in the amount required on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1914, and as such trustee in bankruptcy by operation of law became the owner and assignee of the said William C. Walsh in and to said mortgage and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and taxes paid by the said J. Ernest Converse, trustee, on the mortgaged premises, being the sum of three hundred and two dollars and three cents (\$302.03), and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Charlevoix County Court House in Charlevoix, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M., to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs, including an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as provided in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the Township of Hudson, in the County of Charlevoix and state of Michigan, and described in said mortgage as follows: The following described real estate situated and being in the Township of Hudson, County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, to-wit: The Northeast quarter (1/4) of Section seven (7), Town thirty-two (32) North, Range four (4) West, except railroad right of way.

Dated: April 1, 1916.
J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.
F. W. DeFOE,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

JOHN M. HARRIS,
Attorney for Trustee.
Business Address:
Boyne City, Michigan.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911, made by James L. Hillegas and Mary Hillegas, his wife, in her own and dower rights, of Boyne City, Michigan, to J. E. Converse, of Boyne City, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 23rd day of December A. D. 1911, in Liber 48 of Mortgages on page 376, and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest and insurance paid by said J. E. Converse on the mortgaged premises being the sum of Two Hundred Forty-four Dollars and eighty-one cents (\$244.81), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted for the recovery of said amount of any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises, except the dower interest, if any, of the wife of the said Charles Sterzik in and to said premises, at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in Charlevoix, Charlevoix County, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M., to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs, including an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as provided in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, and state of Michigan, and are described in said mortgage as follows: The following described real estate situated and being in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, to-wit: The North half (1/2) of the North half (1/2) of the Southwest quarter (1/4) of Section Twenty-eight (28), Town Thirty-four (34) North, Range Six (6) West, containing thirty-seven and one-half (37 1/2) acres more or less.

Dated: April 1, 1916.
J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.
F. W. DeFOE, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

WOLVERINE Chemical Closets



WOLVERINE CHEMICAL CLOSETS are a boon to the residents of all rural communities. They offer all the advantages of a city sewer system, all the comforts, all the convenience, and all the safety enjoyed by the city folks.

No more the disagreeable necessity of running out of doors to an outside closet during cold or rainy weather no more the danger of filth and sickness incubated in the old fashioned privy.

Come in and we will show you how you can get rid of

all these dangers and disagreeable features and gain instead, all the comforts of a city toilet system by installing, at a small expense, a Wolverine Chemical Closet.

SOLD BY
GEO. SPENCER
PLUMBING AND HEATING

CHICHESTER SPILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
Some people never have a chance because they are unable to recognize one when they see it.
MANY WOMEN NEED HELP
Women are as much inclined to kidney trouble as are men, but too often make the mistake of thinking that a certain amount of pain and torture is their lot and cannot be avoided. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from backache, pains in sides and muscles, stiff, sore, aching joints, and bladder ailments.—Hites Drug Store.

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Blood-Stirring?

Just Read It and See



by FRANK H. SPEARMAN. The best railroad story you ever read.