

# Charlevoix County Herald.

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No. 45

## Wounded in Trench Warfare

### Brother of J. E. Secord Loses Leg From Sharpnel Wound.

Mrs. J. E. Secord favors The Herald with the following letter from Laurence Secord, brother of Mr. Secord, who is serving in the British army.

Middlesex War Hospital Napsburg, near St. Albans, Eng. Oct. 1st, 1917.

Dear sister Mabel:

Your letter of Aug. 10th, just arrived yesterday after chasing me all over France until it finally caught up to me here. Since I last wrote you I have had a tough bit of luck, a rather hard am I think.

We had strafed Fritz right soundly, as regards bullets. They were cutting him in grand style, so to get even with us, he came back with whizz-bangs (13 sharpnel). He had the range down to a fraction and had registered several times on our trench, (our position was in a trench.)

There happened to be three of us at the gun, N. C. O. in charge, my No. 2 and myself (No. 1). A whizz-bang struck the parapet about two feet directly in front of us. The N. C. O. and the No. 2 were instantly killed and I was severely wounded.

For the moment I was stunned but when I picked myself up, my face was covered with blood, caused by the concussion of the shell on exploding, a few slight wounds in my left arm, a large wound in my thigh, and below the knee, my leg was practically filled with sharpnel. Don't you think I got my full share?

However, with the help of my chum I managed to hobble to the nearest dressing station, a distance of about 1/2 miles. Believe me, I was all in when I got there. Having had my wounds dressed I was put in a van and rushed out of the line. By the time I reached the clearing station, (six hours after I was wounded,) gangrene had set in, in the wounds below my knee and amputation was necessary to save my life. My leg was taken off at the knee. Gee Whizz! It was some surprise to me, when I became conscious again, to find my leg gone. When I went under the anaesthetic I thought they only intended to probe out the sharpnel.

It will be six weeks tomorrow since I was wounded and the amputation, and all the wounds but the one in my thigh are healed up. Yesterday was my first day out of bed. Am up again today in my wheel chair. Believe me, it is great to be out of bed. It seems that I am in the land of living again. The loss of a leg seems an awful sacrifice but it might have been worse. Thousands of boys have sacrificed their lives in this great struggle and yet it still goes on. Oh Well! One consolation I have, is that I am out of it and to tell the truth, I am not the least bit sorry. I might be thankful to get out with my life. Now I will close for this time but will write again soon.

Your loving brother,  
Laurence Secord.

## SAME HERE.

Great Falls Tribune.—There is a tremendous waste of effort in the publicity work connected with the present war. Yesterday it took a man in the editorial rooms of the Tribune an hour to go through the mail that had reached it from all these various societies and deposit—practically all of it—in the waste basket. It was not the object was not worthy and the motive of sending this big pile of stuff high, but publication of even a small fraction of the stuff sent would be altogether impossible for the Tribune. To have used all would have taken a paper several times as big as this.

There was publicity for the Red Cross, the sale of liberty bonds, for the relief of the blind soldiers and the Armenians, for recreation centers and gymnasiums, and so on, including one proposal for wounded horses. Most of the publicity matter gets tossed into the waste paper basket without even the formality of reading further than to find out subject.

It would seem as though there might be found a way of lumping all this publicity work in connection with the war, with a resultant saving of money to the management of the various funds, and with a considerable time in newspaper offices. A trained newspaper man would know fairly well just how much of such publicity a paper like the Tribune, for example, could use, and if

the whole bunch of it could pass through competent hands before it is distributed through the country, much less would be sent and more would be used in all probability. The very amount of it now tends to discourage the use of any.

## THE AUTOIST'S PRAYER

Lord you'll please excuse me from worship or service today—your day I know—but it's the only one I have for rest or play. And so I'd like to spin at 30-40 miles an hour through a couple hundred miles on your fair footstool. So please don't let it rain. And I trust you'll not count the same a sin. The worship and praise and song, I'll leave to those whom you have not blessed with worldly goods, to the extent that they can even afford—a flivver I trust you will accept my loyalty to Thee upon my word. You know I'd like to give to charity or church at home or church abroad, but at the present price of gas and oil, great-guns, it takes the product of my toil to keep the bus a-rolling, so that out upon the road I need not take from ungodly scorchers gibes and dust.

I send the kids to Sunday school to learn the way to heaven, while I grease her up so that she may be driven, slip no pins, or break an "ax" and send us prematurely to that same heaven.

You know how it is I can't appear at church, or even have time to read the Word, inspired by one that in less fortunate days I called my Lord. After six days' rush in office or in store, the seventh I need to rush a little more. To do it at a pace, that makes me feel that I'm a live-one, and hold up my face, I have to pump the tires and all the cups fill up with grease.

From my duty to my car, I've taken time for this, my prayer, to show that my early training is not forgotten, that on the Sabbath to God we should give a thought.

Keep us from turning turtle in some ditch, or by some drunken joy-rider (I'll vote dry next time) being smashed, and some day when I get rich enough to own two cars, I'll let my chauffeur have one to take the poor to church.

And will you overlook some minor sins of mine, and pardon my hogging all my-year time, which you in your good providence have given, and will some day—not now, I'm awful busy—take me to your good heaven. Up there I trust you'll furnish me a proper car, that needs no oil or gas or tinkering, to ride the golden streets. Till then, please bear in mind, I'm rushed to death with living.

The Autoist.

P. S.—My excuse may not seem so strong, but I spend thy day this way, to please my wife, who leads such a dull life when I'm away, so please charge her with her share, if it is wrong.

## Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Nov. 5, 1917. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

James Howard, repair work	\$ 10.00
Frank Whittington, labor	3.50
Henry Cook, salary	75.00
E. W. Giles, cleaning streets	27.00
D. H. Fitch, salary, rental & exp.	27.88
W. A. Pickard, salary	41.67
Mich., Tel. Co., rentals and toll	9.40
W. H. Fuller, labor	4.50
Anchor Packing Co., mdse	24.51
Otis J. Smith, salary	25.00
E. J. Hose Co., Hayner fire and false alarm	23.00
Am. LaFrance Fire Engine Co., mdse	10.25
People's State Sav. Bank, order	Electric Light Co. 300.00
State Bank of East Jordan, order	Electric Light Co. 161.97
Electric Light Co., sale of waste	17.08
R. Bingham, drying	6.10

On motion by Crowell meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

Speech that is too flowery should be nipped in the bud.

It's easy to please a woman after you find out what she wants—but there's the rub.

Have your Chimney cleaned now. All work guaranteed for one year.—BEN WEIKEL.

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.

## BEST PAYING ROAD HAS ONLY 2 CARS

### OKLAHOMA MAN CLEARS \$30 A DAY IN VENTURE

Passengers on Railway Which is But Eleven Miles Long Sit on the Floor.

Webbers Falls, Okla.—This place boasts of being the headquarters of the most profitable railroad, for its length, in the country. The odd part of it is that the road had to fall before it finally became a money-maker.

The railroad—the Webbers Falls, Shawnee & Western—connects Webbers Falls, a town of about 1,500 inhabitants, with Warner, which has about 400 residents. The road, which is eleven miles long, was built by popular subscription several years ago, operated a few months, then went broke. After that, until its present management, no cars were run over it.

Something over a year ago, M. J. Maples, seeing that the people of Webbers Falls wanted the road, ordered an old inspection car from Chicago, put it on the road and began to operate it.

According to figures obtainable, the road is clearing from \$25 to \$30 a day. Maples declares that, considering his investment—\$300 for the car—this is the greatest profit of any road in the country.

The car is operated by a four-cylinder gasoline engine. There are no seats, and the passengers sit on the floor. The car is lighted with electricity, and on the front is painted "No. 5." If business justifies it the rolling stock will be increased. It now consists of the inspection car and a hand car, used for freight.

The car carries the mails between Webbers Falls and Warner. This, it is said, more than pays the operating expense. The "train" runs on a regular schedule—three trips a day. Including stops, the time for the distance is 33 minutes. The car stops at every wagon road.

The one-way fare is 50 cents. Maples must get \$1.50 or more for each trip. If there is only one passenger he must pay the full amount, if only two passengers the fare is 75 cents each, if three or more the regular fare is in effect.

It is possible to charter a "special train" on the route by paying \$1.50. This is at the rate of 13 1/2 cents per mile, and is probably the cheapest special train rate in effect on any special train line in effect on any

Posted just inside the car, where every passenger can read, is a large notice. It says: "This car is operated by no railroad company in the United States, nor is it operated under any lease or permission given by any company or persons or person." The notice releases Maples from liability in case of accident to passengers.

## TOE PRINTS OF BABIES TO PREVENT MIX-UPS

Novel System of Identification Is Adopted in Baltimore Hospital.

Baltimore, Md.—No longer will young mothers whose babies are born at the Maryland General Hospital of this city live in fear lest Archibald Augustus or Gwendolyn Genevieve, taken from them for temporary rest after the visits of solicitors and baby-talking uncles and aunts, may become mixed up with some other baby in the general nursery and be returned to the wrong mother.

They are applying the Bertillon system. When a baby arrives in the hospital and becomes a member of somebody's family, he is taken to the Bertillon bureau. But instead of prints being made of his fingers, his toes are the things that count.

The tiny foot is inked and its impression taken on paper. Then that paper is marked with his name and other valuable information and placed on file.

## RED-HEADED GIRLS ORGANIZE

"Gingerbread" at Nebraska University Form Society.

Lincoln, Neb.—The "red-headed gingerbread" among the girls attending the State University have organized a society. Drawn together by a bond of common hereditary adornment, they have launched "The Order of the Golden Fleece" upon the social seas at the university, with the promise of a formal "inaugural" function within a short time.

Not every girl with golden tresses is eligible for membership in the society. A standard for all candidates has been set up in the hair of Miss Eva Miller, prominent in school affairs and the retiring editor of the university publication, the Daily Nebraskan. Any shade of red darker than hers

is classed as brown and the candidate is barred. An unprejudiced committee, comprised of a blonde, a brunette and a "medium" has final decision in case of dispute.

## A New Calculator.

A calculator that shows the money value of one country in the terms of several others, and applies the values to various weights and measures, has been invented by an Englishman.

## Oil Used by Locomotives.

More than 26,000,000 barrels of oil were used for fuel for locomotives in the United States last year.

## BROOKS GO ON STRIKE AFTER A 3-DAY REVEL

Quit Throwing Household Furnishings and Putting Hairpins From Woman's Hand.

Newark, N. J.—Mrs. and Mrs. Stanislaus Lysaj are getting weary of being haunted. After a three-day revel in visible possession throwing household furnishings at Mr. and Mrs. Stanislaus have taken a day off and the Lysajs are devotedly hoping that they have gone away to spend the week in the country and they never will come back.

Mrs. Lysaj's sister died two months ago and on her deathbed she swore she would "get even" for a quarrel they had had, according to the story told by the couple.

The wildest yarns ever spun in an old sailor's home are outdone by the tales now circulating in the vicinity of the "haunted house." Monday night, the narrative runs, a flock of mysterious footstepers ran all around the Lysaj's four-room apartment, and the footstepers had no feet attached to them.

On Tuesday the invisible visitors descended to low, slapstick comedy, and loose ornaments around the place jumped off mantels and tables and hit Mrs. Lysaj while her back was turned. A flatiron crawled off the back of the stove and knocked Mrs. Lysaj down, she testifies, without leaving a mark of any kind.

Mrs. Lysaj, so the story goes, called in a priest, who is reported to have seen pictures fall off the mantelpiece and all the hairpins merrily jump out of Mrs. Lysaj's Psyche knot.

Wednesday Mrs. Lysaj also called in some of the neighbors, who were treated, they assert, to a regular Simon pure spiritual séance, in which the hairpin trick was repeated.

The Lysajs then summoned two priests to view the proceedings. It is stated that the pictures, aided and abetted by a powder box, again performed their act of fitting around the place. The priests are said to have brought in half dozen more members of the cloth then, at which the bogies became bashful and refused to disport themselves.

All was quiet Thursday also, much to the delight of the Lysajs and to the vast disappointment of crowds that have been blocking the house.

Stanislaus and Mrs. Stanislaus are bravely holding the fort. They intend to keep right on living in the "haunted house," they say, and it is hinted that they don't even intend to ask the landlord to lower the rent.

## GROCERY STORE GROWD PUNISH ARTFUL THIEF

Hot Stove Gives Away Negro Who Had Hidden Ball of Butter in His Derby Hat.

Serna, N. C.—Peter Carson, a negro of this place, having stolen a pound ball of butter in a store here, and having been observed to conceal the same in the crown of his big derby hat, in lieu of a more convenient hiding place, those who saw the thief hit upon a plan to punish the offender without resorting to the usual process of the law.

While the conspirators, including the merchant, were whispering their plans Carson, believing his act had not been noticed, sauntered up and down in the store, softly crooning a familiar melody.

Pretending to be very polite and considerate for the negro's physical comfort, one of the men present offered him a seat, which he accepted with good grace. And that, as they had planned, proved the undoing of the party with butter in his hat.

Few minutes had passed when the negro began to move his chair away from the hot stove. When he had made his third move his face had taken on a pathetically uneasy look. At last he arose to go, but the crowd, gathered in a circle around the stove, detained him. Then big drops, which resembled perspiration, but which in reality were drops of melted butter, began to trickle from inside the battered derby.

Wiping the even-increasing drops off with vigorous strokes of a large, red handkerchief, he finally insisted upon going.

Before he reached the door, however, his hat fell off and the greasily dimpled ball of butter splashed to the floor.

## A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY'S START

Charles M. Schwab's first real job was as a grocery-boy in the store at Braddock, of A. H. Speigelmeire, an old friend of Papa Schwab, who also kept a store. From the first day he donned his apron he had his eye on the great steel mills there, the Edgar Thomson Works, owned by Carnegie Brothers & Company. But meanwhile, although he disliked the work, he contrived to live up things at the store. He smiled on customers, chatted with them, jumped at chances to please them by carrying parcels or doing little errands, and in the evenings he made things hum in the Speigelmeire household by playing the piano, singing for them and teaching the youngsters music. "He's willing and bright and wants to know everything," was his employer's description of him. The mathematician was not above learning how to handle groceries. He well earned his \$30 a month (without board).

One day Captain William R. Jones, superintendent of the steel works, the right-hand man of Andrew Carnegie and the best-known steel-maker in the country, stepped into the store.

"I asked 'Bill' for a place in the mill," Mr. Schwab relates. "He asked me: 'Can you drive stakes?' I replied: 'I can drive anything!' I started driving stakes next morning, at a dollar a day."

In six years the dollars-a-day stake driver was superintendent of the works, then the foremost steel-making plant in America!

"They say it was your piano-playing that attracted Carnegie," I probed.

"There's no truth in that at all," replied Mr. Schwab with spirit. "I never played for Mr. Carnegie in my life. I was Captain 'Bill' that took me to Carnegie one day and said: 'Andy, here's a young man who knows as much about this mill as I do.'"

Carnegie, like Captain "Bill," "took to" the young engineer. So did the men. Everybody was happy when "Charley" was around. His enthusiasm, his joyousness, his industry proved infectious. His ability to overcome difficulties was on everyone's tongue. He had studied chemistry as well as engineering, had conducted innumerable experiments to test the strength and qualities of the metal under different processes, and, as Carnegie later handsomely admitted, "knew more about steel than any other man in the world."

His next step was to the head of the engineering department of the whole Carnegie organization. Here he taught the industry a new wrinkle. He conceived and planned a greater plant than any then in existence, the Homestead Steel-works, on the principle of feeding the raw material at one end, keeping it in continuous motion, and having it come out in the form of finished products at the other end—a system since widely adopted in various industries and carried to its highest pitch by Henry Ford in his automobile factory at Detroit. At this time he had some 6,000 or 7,000 men under him.—Leslie's.

## ALIEN SINGS WAY INTO U. S.

Italian Proves He Will Not Become Public Charge.

Boston, Mass.—Dominic Pacifico can say he sang his way into this "land of the free and home of the brave." When he arrived here in the steerage of the steamer Cretio from Italy he was held up by the immigration officials because of his imperfect physical condition.

"Give me a chance," Pacifico said. "I am an opera singer."

"Sing then," challenged an inspector. Before the board of special inquiry Pacifico sang an aria from "La Tosca."

At its conclusion applause echoed thru Commonwealth pier and the board of inquiry unanimously voted that it was not likely Pacifico would become a public charge. He said he would go to Philadelphia to join a brother, Giulio Mandolfo, a priest.

Pet Mule Causes of Mine Strike. Shamokin, Pa.—Miners at the Bear Valley Colliery, a Philadelphia & Reading coal and iron operation, refused to work because a pet mule had been transferred to another working. An attempt was made to have officials return the mule, and upon their refusal the men went on strike.

After a man gets married he is no longer self-possessed.

Even thin men have a lot of the ill that flesh is heir to.

He laughs best who has the laugh on the other fellow.

It's easy to be a philosopher if you have a good income.

A wise bride borrows her mother-in-law's cook book.

Love may never die, but it gets seasick at times.

## A WORKING PROGRAM FOR THE CONSERVATION OF FOOD

1. Save all foods left from general table service. (serve as soup, salad, stews, or scalloped dishes. One town reduced garbage collections over 40 per cent without any concerted effort of the people. Concerted efforts may do much more. Saving on waste may help pay the war debt.)

2. Save through serving smaller rolls, muffins, cuts of butter and meat, thus allowing each person to ask for a second helping.

3. Save by using all you produce and all you purchase.

4. Save through use of little-used portions of foods. Example: Leaves of vegetables for greens or salads or soups.

5. Save through using the most abundant foodstuffs as far as adequate diet permits.

6. Serve fewer courses and fewer dishes at a meal.

7. Secure cooperation of family in eating foods prepared in new ways and in using unfamiliar foods and dishes.

8. Save through knowledge of food values.

9. Save through—

(a) Intelligent planning of meals.

(b) Wise selection of foods.

(c) Careful handling and storage.

(d) Skillful preparation—e. g., thin slicing.

(e) Good cooking.

(f) Judicious service: The gospel of clean plate.

(g) Use of left overs.

## Emergency Breads.

Corn meal Griddle Cakes or waffles.

1 cup milk (8 ounces)

1/2 cup flour (3 ounces)

1/2 cups corn meal (3/4 ounces)

2 teaspoons baking powder. (1/2 ounce)

1/2 teaspoon salt (1-8 ounces)

1 egg (2 ounces)

Add beaten egg to milk and add to dry materials, well mixed.

Rye Yeast Bread

1 cup milk and water or yeast (8 ounces)

1 tablespoon fat (1/2 ounce)

1 tablespoon salt (1/2 ounce)

2 1/2 cups rye flour (7 ounces)

2 1/2 cups wheat flour (7 ounces)

1/2 compressed yeast cake

2 tablespoons of water (1 ounce)

Combine ingredients. Mix into dough and knead. Let rise until double original bulk. Knead again.

When again double bulk, bake about 45 minutes.

## On Guard at the Reading Gate!

It is a fine thing to guard our homes against alien soldiers of whose purposes we are all aware. But it is also very important to guard them against other insidious foes that creep in under the disguise of friendly entertainers to plunder and destroy the cherished ideas, the lofty standards, the clear views that have given the home its character.

If you will familiarize your young people with the best reading, they will not be tricked to crave what is inferior and demoralizing. The Youth's Companion is a powerful influence in awakening a taste for what is best in reading. It is on guard at the reading gate!

The Companion is \$2.00 a year. If you do not know it, by all means send for sample copies giving a forecast of what the next volume will bring. By adding 25 cents you can also get McCall's Magazine, the best fashion authority for women and girls—both publications for \$2.25.

Our two-at-one-price offer includes:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1918.

2. All the remaining issues of 1917.

3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.

4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers of 1918.

All for only \$2.25.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

If a girl is able to secure a man's wages in an office she might succeed in getting them by marrying him.

It's a safe bet that a girl doesn't enjoy the first kiss a certain young man gives unless she pretends she doesn't.

Somehow the people who do as they please seem to get along just as well as those who are always trying to please others.



# VINOL CREATES STRENGTH

## Positive—Convincing Proof

It is all very well to make claims, but can they be proven? We publish the formula of Vinol to prove the statements we make about it.

Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptones, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycerophosphates, Casein.

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol as published above, combine the very elements needed to make strength.

All weak, run-down, overworked nervous men and women may prove this at our expense.

There is nothing like Vinol to restore strength and vitality to feeble old people, delicate children and all persons who need more strength.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question—that proves our fairness and your protection.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan



"Beautiful and a Perfect Fit"

That's what you will say, too, when you wear your first pair of Dorothys.

And that's what you will say of every other pair; because they are scientifically constructed in the world's largest shoe factory and carefully fitted by us.

We want you to know real foot comfort, that's why we want you to wear Dorothys.

C. A. Hudson

### Dr. W. H. Parks

Physician and Surgeon  
Office in Monroe block, over East Jordan Drug Co's Store  
Phone 158-4 rings  
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.  
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.  
X-RAY in Office.

### Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.  
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK  
East 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.

### MAN'S CAREER CHANGED BY HOOPS OF A HORSE

He Becomes Eccentric Thru Injury Received in a Civil War Cavalry Charge.

Carlisle, Pa. — Standing unique among the picturesque figures of Carlisle is Henry Wilson, war veteran, poet, philosopher, student of the Bible and checker player. Skilled in scores of ways, he has set a record for eccentricity.

Highly educated, as far as can be learned, William when a young man enlisted during the Civil War. In a cavalry charge he fell beneath the hoofs of the Confederate troopers' horses and received injuries which turned a brilliant career into lines of odd personal eccentricity.

Wilson now lives in Carlisle, having ceased the annual tours which took him to every part of the country. While apparently well supplied with money and scarcely ever seen without a quantity of gold coin on his person, he persists in dressing in the style and clothes of decades ago. He gives little attention to his personal appearance other than to cleanly shave himself at least once every other day.

He is one of the most expert checker players in this section and keeps local draughts experts busy to obtain even draws. He lost his wife some years ago and has frequently expressed the wish to take another spouse. He has advertised extensively with this end in view.

His knowledge of the Bible has astonished many local theologians and he can tell at a moment's notice where any verse or passage or peculiar quotation may be found.

While owning property here, Wilson insists in passing part of his time in the "vagrants' quarters of the local jail, exchanging reminiscences with those there of days on the road.

His injury has affected his memory somewhat and he cannot tell much concerning his early life, but from investigation of friends here it has been stated that he came from a Virginia family and was educated at William and Mary College, presumably as a minister.

### JUDGE OPENS HIS COURT WITH LORD'S PRAYER

Arkansas Magistrate Declares He Will Enforce the Laws of Moses.

Little Rock, Ark. — Judge James Gerlach of the Argenta Municipal Court, is making the law of Moses an element in his rulings equal in importance with the statutes of Arkansas. Further, he is opening that tribunal each day with the Lord's prayer, led by himself and joined by the court officials and others.

The departure from the ordinary court procedure was decided upon, Judge Gerlach said, during the two months he was under ouster by an impeachment body after a trial on charges that he imbibed intoxicants with entirely too much freedom.

Then, too, the Judge seems to have been impressed by what a local minister said of the duty of citizens in choosing office holders, his idea being that they should be Christian men.

"I am going to show them," Gerlach announced, "that I am willing to carry out the laws of the Bible in my court. This court shall always be opened with the Lord's prayer, which I shall lead."

In the course of his announcement of change of policy Judge Geldach said:

"The laws prescribed by Moses, as well as those of the city and state, will be rigidly enforced in this court. Every case that shall come before me shall be compared with similar cases found in the Scripture, as much as possible, and the same mode of procedure will be followed.

"When Moses' law says two witnesses shall be necessary to convict in a certain offense, the same policy shall apply here. I would have conducted this court on this basis from the beginning, but I did not know it was desirable. I am glad to deal with the Scriptures in the administering of justice to those who come before me."

### CROWDS EAGER TO SEE DETROIT 'WITCH GIRL'

Meanwhile the Maid Wonders at 20th Century Superstition.

Detroit, Mich. — Coming from every part of Detroit and from nearby cities, a thousand persons congregated in front of the humble home of Celia Wrobleksi, Detroit's "witch girl," where they stood silently, apparently awaiting some visible demonstration of the girl's supposedly supernatural powers.

Police were unable to disperse the curious throng.

Inside the house, the girl laughingly introduced herself to reporters as a "bear," and wonderingly inquired what it was all about. The only bewitching influence noticeable was the laughter in her eyes and the smile that played upon her lips.

How the rumor of witchcraft started no one seems to know, but it threatens to wreck the life of a 16-year-old girl living in an enlightened city in the twentieth century. Many in the crowd openly expressed fear to gaze upon the girl's face, lest they suffer some horrible penalty.

"It sounds incredulous and I cannot understand," said the Rev. Felix Kierul, pastor of St. Francis Church. "The girl is one of my parishioners, and the whole story is false."

But even with police, church and other rational forces of the community seeking to dispel the rumor, the crowds about the girl's home continue to increase in size, and the fame of the "witch girl" spreads.

### TABLOID INFORMATION

The farm value of the corn crop of the United States is \$1,720,000,000. Today African Moslems number little less than 80,000,000, about one third of the total population. Scientists are demonstrating that nearly 50 per cent of our bodily ills are caused by mental worries and hysteria.

It was in the United States as a whole that the census man found 275 out of every 1000 women in the 25 to 29 age period unmarried.

Some predictions of our future population have placed it much higher than 160,000,000 for 1950, one making it as high as 200,000,000.

The world's gold output has reached an average of about \$1,250,000 for each day of the year, and of that total the Transvaal mines furnish upward of one third.

Ten years ago the total number of passengers carried one mile in the United States was about 13,300,000. In ten years time this has increased over 120 per cent, reaching a total of 29,500,000,000.

Vines grow at the height of 2380 feet above the level of the sea, trees at 4700 feet, shrubs at 3500 feet, a few plants at 10,500 feet and higher than this are found a few lichens. Vegetation ceases entirely at the height of about 11,000 feet.

The rainiest place on the continent of Europe so far as meteorological records show is Orkive in the mountains of Dalmatia, back of the Bay of Cattaro.

The canal zone makes a community of about 7000 Americans, men, women and children—4500 men on canal work and 2500 on the Panama railroad, 1500 women, 1500 children.

The number of Jews in the world is 11,826,656. Of these, 1,903,326 are in America. The only country in the world having a larger Jewish population is Russia, with 5,082,242.

In the list of cities showing the percentage of Jews to the population Jerusalem comes first, with 55 per cent; and then Lodz, 47.59; Odessa, 33.75; and Warsaw, 33.36. The Jewish population of London is 2.28 per cent.

The cry of alarm that the leaning tower of Pisa was taking on an increased tilt and would fall in the course of a few years seems to be based on an error, and more recent and careful observations show that there has been no change whatever in the position of the tower made fifty years ago.

The alarming statements were caused by some recent investigators making comparisons of the tower with one which was recorded in 1829, but it is a well established fact that there is a very glaring error in the latter measurement.

Hot air douches are being extensively resorted to at the present time by physicians for the treatment of such diseases as lumbago, rheumatism and similar disorders. One form of apparatus designed for this purpose is electrical, and consists of a portable electric fan motor, combined with an electrical heater, so as to provide a blast of 100 degrees centigrade, or more if desired. The power is secured from an ordinary domestic lighting circuit. The intensity of the heat is varied according to the speed at which the blower is driven, and the current utilized in the heating unit, so that the device is in full control of the operator.

In a battle which has been waged against the smoke nuisance in the large cities has arisen in demand for some apparatus by which comparisons of the air at different times and in different localities may be made. This has been recently devised. It consists of a short tube, at one end of which has been mounted on a disk of celluloid, divided into four segments. Each of these is darkened to a varying degree of intensity, corresponding from a perfectly clear sky to one of thorough darkness. In practice this instrument is turned on the sky or the emanations of a chimney, for instance, and the disk is turned until the shade on the disk is the same as that of the atmosphere, the latter being observable through perforations in the disk. In this manner every case of smoke nuisance may be classified and records made for future reference.

Acting in concert with some of the largest lumber dealers in this country the United States Forestry Service took up the matter of the red gum lumber of the southern states in the endeavor to acquit it of the charges which had been made against it. It has long been regarded as one of the most beautiful of the woods of this country, but its behavior in use was not all that could be asked for. It was known to split and warp in such a manner that it was never made use of except for temporary purposes. Even for this there was very little of it cut. The results of the investigation and experiment which ensued was that it was learned that if the wood were properly treated it could be relied on just as much as any of the more favorably known woods. It was discovered that the wood must be treated a little differently in piling and drying and that a double drying process was necessary. That is, after being reduced to boards, it should stand in the air for one year and then given an additional treatment in the mill. In this manner the wood was deprived of nearly all of its water content. In its green condition it weighs 4750 per 1000 feet, while after the double drying treatment it weighs 3300 pounds. Red gum that weighs 2-3 pounds per foot will be found entirely trustworthy as far as its future conduct is concerned. It will not twist, warp or crack. When cut it has the appearance of mahogany or birch and is capable of being treated with almost any of the wood stains in use.

### CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

## CAT FIGHTS EAGLE AND DOES IT WELL

FUR AND FEATHERS FLY FAST AND FURIOUS.

Tom, Come Back Again and Again, a Regular Glutton for Punishment — Boy Declares "Draw."

Springfield, Mo. — While plowing near here William Ford witnessed a thrilling fight between a cat and an eagle. It was claws and beak against claws and teeth, and resulted in a draw.

Farmer Ford saw what at first he took to be a chicken hawk sweeping down on his barnyard. He thought it was after a chicken and stepped to the fence. Closer inspection revealed that it was an eagle.

The bird swooped, struck and rose, but to the farmer's surprise, it held in its talons not a chicken, but his large tom cat. The eagle held the cat by the back. The cat's four feet were extended and its tail pointed toward the zenith.

Forty feet from the ground the cat gave a twist, wriggled from the grasp of the bird and fell to the earth, seemingly unharmed. The bird circled and made another swoop but this time the cat was waiting for its feathered adversary, and when the bird struck, things happened. For about three minutes the air was full of fur and feathers.

The eagle withdrew baffled, to a distance of about fifteen feet, dragging one wing. The cat had its back high in the air, and both cat and eagle were hissing and spitting. Finally the cat crouched and began to creep slowly and steadily toward the eagle, its tail dragging. Its fighting blood was up.

The eagle stood with one foot lifted, turning its head from side to side, the better to observe its adversary. The feathers on its neck were ruffled. The cat hugged the ground a little closer and then sprang. It evidently expected the eagle to attempt to leap to one side, for its legs were far apart. The cat, however, made a mistake. The eagle turned on its back and drove its talons into the cat's breast and tried to strike it in the eyes, with its beak. The cat missed the bird's neck and got its wing. Then the air again became filled with fur and feathers.

The farmer's little son had seen the encounter from the front of the house, and ran as fast as he could toward the scene. He was afraid his "pussy" was going to be carried off. His shout frightened the cat and it released its hold for a minute. The bird struggled free, ran about twenty feet and launched itself with a heavy wing and badly battered plumage into flight. The cat climbed the fence, mewed, licked its bloody breast and mewed again, eyeing its fleeing adversary with baleful eye and switching tail.

## Good News For Our Community

THAT WILL INTEREST The Sick and Suffering COMING BACK FOR ONE DAY ONLY



BOYNE CITY, MICH., Hotel Wolverine (Parlor Suite) on Thursday, Nov. 22nd, 1917 Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

### DR. IRVING E. SANDERS

will hold his dispensary clinic for all his patients and others anxious to see him. Dr. Sanders is too well known in this locality to need an introduction. His hundreds of patients cured will testify to his ability as an expert physician and medical authority. No matter what your ailment is, if you are not in perfect health, do not fail to see him and have him examine you. Consultation and examination on this visit will be free. Remember the date of his visit. For one day only.

### WOMEN HAVE THEIR TROUBLES.

Not only middle-aged women, but younger ones, too, suffer from backache, pains in side, swollen ankles, sore muscles, rheumatic pains and kindred ailments without knowing that these are most often the result of deranged or overworked kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills are good medicine for kidney trouble. —Hite's Drug Store.

People seldom get that tired feeling from carrying the burdens of others.

### THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD KNOWS.

Mrs. Anna Pelzer, 2526 Jefferson St., So. Omaha, Neb., writes, "Foley's Kidney and Tar cured my daughter of a bad cold. My neighbor, Mrs. Benson, cured herself and family with Foley's Kidney and Tar, and in fact most everyone in our neighborhood speaks highly of it as a good remedy for coughs and colds." —Hite's Drug Store.

### Frank Phillips

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

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

# Special for One Week! WOOL SUITINGS

50c

The Yard



50c

The Yard

Some of them are on display in our store window. Call and examine them.

They are all excellent bargains.

## East Jordan Lumber Co.



## 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.

You can save yourself lots of trouble by not burrowing it.

Even if you have gained an inch you have not put your best foot forward in vain.

If men were compelled to practice what they preach most of them would give up preaching.

If a man is devoted to his wife his neighbors say he is soft, if he isn't they say he's a brute.

But it is better to do a little kicking on your own account than to deteriorate into a human football.

### PROMPT ACTION AVERTS TROUBLE.

A constipated condition not only poisons the blood stream, but quickly affects the liver and other organs, causing biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, bloating, etc. Foley Cathartic Tablets are mild in action, yet cleanse thoroughly, with no nausea nor costive after effects. Keep bowels regular. —Hite's Drug Store

## I BOLTS Wanted At Once!

Must be not less than 5 in. diameter and 49 in. length. Hemlock, Spruce, Balsam and Cedar. Hemlock Bolts must be separate.

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at your place.

## East Jordan Lumber Co.

## SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

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

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and 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 set 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, after-noon lithia-water drink.

## MAN ESCHEWS SOFT GIRL AGREES TO WED

So When Groom Proposed She Decided to Clinch Diet of Solid Food.

Zion City, Ill.—There will be no soup served in the home of the Frank L. Paxtons. Frank agreed to this detail when he declared his intentions. "I'll do your cooking," whispered Miss Garnant, "but there'll never be any soup in our house. You must agree to that."

And Frank thereupon eschewed soup forever. For twelve years Miss Ethel Garnant of Waukegan had soup for breakfast, soup for luncheon, and soup for dinner.

When 6 years old she suffered a contraction of the esophagus. As a result she was unable to swallow solid food and for months her life was despaired of. Her weight decreased to thirty-eight pounds and she grew to be 5 feet 2 inches tall. It was not until a physician sent her to her uncle's farm to live on a cream diet that she attained the obese dignity of ninety pounds.

Then came a journey to a sanitarium.

"They're going to 'dynamite' you," a nurse informed her one morning. "The doctors have decided it is the only way to bring you back to health."

"Shoot!" said Miss Garnant. And they did.

First, as the young woman herself relates it, she was made to swallow yards and yards of tape. Then a capsule containing a mysterious powder was threaded thru the tape and swallowed. Soon the digestive juices dissolved the capsule, and caused an "explosion" of gas so powerful that Miss Garnant lapsed into insensibility.

She recovered consciousness and looked at the doctor and nurses inquiringly.

"We're going to give you a little light food," they told her. "Say, a planked steak, lyonnaise potatoes, a salad, and a few other things like that."

Then Miss Garnant broke down and cried, for the hunger of twelve years was about to be appeased.

She didn't cry the other day, though, for in the meantime she'd had that decisive conversation with Frank L. Paxton, and together they had journeyed to the county clerk's office for a soupless marriage license.

### BIRTH REGISTRATION

U. S. Department of Labor  
Children's Bureau  
Washington

Wash., D. C.—Suppose a legacy were left you, a native American citizen, by a relative in a distant State or in a foreign country. Could you establish your parentage and receive the inheritance? An official birth certificate, perhaps, would be the only valid evidence. Could you furnish it? Can your child furnish it?

Suppose your son were living abroad and military laws were about to force him into the trenches. Could you send him an official certificate of his birth, with his name, and yours, and the place where he was born, so as to establish his American citizenship without question and save him from the firing line?

Sometimes the laws of the United States demand adequate registration of births if they are not to work hardship. There was the young daughter of an immigrant Swede. He wanted this child who was born in the United States to see his home, and he took her with him on a visit to Sweden. But the strain and excitement were too much for his failing strength, and he died soon after reaching his boyhood home, leaving his daughter an orphan. Her friends were all in this country, and she determined to return. The courage that took her to Ellis Island was severely tested when she was told there that as an unprotected minor she could not enter the country unless she could prove her claim to American citizenship. Much time and trouble were spent in looking for the record of her birth, but none could be found. Kind-hearted friends continued to search for some witnesses, and finally they found the doctor who had attended her mother when she was born, but who had failed to report the birth as the law required him to do. The kindly fate by which it happened that the doctor was still alive and that this young girl had friends willing and able to search him out alone prevented her becoming a girl without a country.

Should we be so careless of losing our citizens for lack of an official record of their coming into the world?

Only 11 States and the District of Columbia have birth records which the Census Bureau accepts as fairly adequate, and even in this "birth registration area" the records are seldom 100% complete. The Federal Children's Bureau urges each community in the country to see that all the children born within its boundaries receive the fundamental protection of an official record of birth.

### INDIAN ART IN DRESS GOODS

Textile Designers Now Study Museum Curios for Patterns.

New York.—Difficulty in obtaining new patterns for dress fabrics and other textiles from abroad has caused designers from all parts of the United States to avail themselves of the stores of American primitive and Indian art in the American Museum of Natural History here.

Manufacturers of pottery and of various other wares also are sending their experts to the museum for ideas.

About two-thirds of the bread cast upon the waters isn't returnable.

## FREAK FISH-SNAKE CAPTURED IN NET

HAD KILLED HUNDREDS OF BASS  
IN OKLAHOMA RIVER

Unknown Species Four Feet Long  
With Hook-billed Snout and  
Shark-like Teeth.

Fargo, Okla.—N. S. (Nick) Smith, a fisherman and poultry raiser living on Wolf River north of Fargo, has captured the serpent or fish that for the last two years has almost devastated this small river of its enormous supply of channel cat, bass and croppies.

Hundreds of big fish have been seen floating upon the surface of the water that had been killed by a slight wound or gash across the body just below and back of the front fins, and had the appearance of having had the blood sucked from their bodies.

The freak is about four feet two inches long and about seven to eight inches in diameter at the thickest part of its body. The head is shaped like a snake head, but the jaws are set with huge sword-like teeth, with the upper jaw tapering off into a hook-billed snout or snout. The body is much the same shape as that of the common buffalo fish with a kind of an impression of scales, which indicates that it has a cross breeding of different kinds of fish or serpents.

The body tapers off into a pair of legs looking identically like those of the common green frog and which it seems to use as its principal means of locomotion.

While he and his son were fishing in the river Thursday Smith came upon a small hole of water back of a sandbar in which the water was surging from what seemed to be a pitched battle. Upon investigating they found the freak fish or serpent in deadly encounter with a channel cat about two and a half feet long. By quick work they were able to get the two combatants into a hand hoopnet and succeeded in landing them with the freak holding onto its prey like a leech and cutting its throat with its shark-like teeth.

"Nick" brought the freak to town, and as he is a needy man, he was urged by the Fargo Commercial Club to put his freak on exhibition and take the proceeds as a reward for capturing the thing that has almost ruined the fishing in the river.

This he has done, and up to the present "Nick" has collected almost \$200, besides having received a bid of \$500 for it from the firm of Johnson, Whitehead & Ingie, fish and game shippers of Fargo.

### HE'S ACCOMMODATING TO SAY THE LEAST, EH?

"Guest" Puts One Over on House Detective in Omaha Hotel.

Omaha, Neb.—In one of the big hotels here where reputation counts so much that a house detective is employed to see that no one oversteps, a prosperous-looking man, wearing a big diamond ring, went to sleep in a lobby armchair. Soon he was snoring loudly and his heavy breathing was laden with alcoholic fumes.

The house detective shook him. "Beg pardon, sir, but hadn't you better get up to your room?" he asked, shaking the man.

"Huh? Why, sure."

"What's your room number?"

"Room 211" was the answer, after some thinking.

The house detective obligingly got the key to room 211.

Still in an accommodating mood, he escorted the bibulous one to room 211.

"Now you'd better lock your room, because you're wearing some valuables which might be lost. Perhaps you'd better check them."

The guest demurred.

"All right," said the detective, walking softly away, lest he disturb the slumber of the already sleeping guest.

Two hours later the detective discovered that the "guest" had merely walked into the hotel. He ordered a flock of drinks and a meal sent up to his room and "charged" them, running up a bill of \$15. Then he left.

The detective settled the bill.

### NEGRO WAITER LOSES APPETITE FOR EELS

Box Supposed to Contain Fish Gives Out Big Black Snakes.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The joy of receiving fresh eels from Southern mountain streams was turned into excitement at a local hotel the other day when Jasper Cook, a negro waiter, opened the seal tin tank supposed to contain the slippery eels. The Kentuckian who designed the eel gift as a joke thought it might work better by sending instead a small batch of young black snakes just reaching maturity.

Jasper with much ceremony got a hatchet, after failing with a can opener. A huge dishpan was made ready to receive the eels. Jasper made a good hole. A slimy little fellow slid out into the pan, followed by a half dozen large snakes, when a waiter recognized the type and shouted: "Snakes!"

"I done gone lost mah appetite for eels," said Jasper, as he shot for the hall door. In a few seconds the snakes, not given to living in water, began to crawl over the table, and dropped to the floor. A policeman had to be called in to "arrest" the reptiles and quiet the waiters.

## GIRL STOWAWAY HIDES 46 DAYS IN SHIP CABIN

Pretty French Miss, Smuggled Aboard by Dane Lover, Weds Him at Sea.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The marriage at sea of a stowaway who had been hidden in a cask in the hold of his ship for forty-five days, was a story brought to this city by Capt. John Forsyth, master of a Philadelphia schooner, which has just returned to an American port from France.

"After several days of waiting," said the skipper, "I obtained the services of young Olsen as a cook. Three days after Olsen came on the ship three French detectives came aboard. They accused me of having a French girl hidden aboard. They searched the schooner from keel to truck and left satisfied that they were mistaken."

"We were well out to sea when one morning I was surprised to see a pretty French girl strolling about the deck. I learned she was the girl for whom the detectives had been searching and had been aboard more than a month."

"It appears her parents had objected to her marrying Olsen, whom she had met only a few weeks before in Marseilles, where she lived. They decided to come to America and be married. Neither had money."

"She and Olsen made their way overland to Bordeaux, where Olsen joined the vessel. He waited his time and smuggled the girl aboard and hid her away in a huge cask which had been stored in the lower hold of the vessel. Twice a day he brought her food, and at night he watched for her while she came on deck for exercise."

"I sent for Olsen and told him the immigration authorities would not allow the girl to land. They seemed dejected. I then happened to think that the laws of the United States invested me with the power to perform a marriage ceremony. I then announced to all of the crew that there would be a wedding aboard the ship within an hour."

"There was a loud cheer for the bride and then all of the crew bustled themselves hunting up bunting to decorate the schooner. While the ship was hove to I made them man and wife. It was the first time that I had ever played parson."

### AGED MINISTER STEALS BIBLE TO BUY A MEAL

Too Proud to Beg, Starving in Street at 79, Former Preacher Falls From Grace.

Los Angeles, Cal.—An old man—79 years of age and a minister of the gospel—turned thief because he could withstand no longer the gnawing pangs of hunger.

In his downfall he turned to the best friend he had had in other days when from his little pulpit in England he had urged salvation—a Bible. He stole a holy book that he might sell it for food.

The Rev. Percival P. Stone, who says he once occupied a pulpit in a small hamlet in England, stood before a First street lunch house craving food. He had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. His years made his hunger hard to bear.

Once or twice he started to beg the price of a sandwich and then his determination failed him. He sauntered along. A book store at First and Broadway caught his eye. For a moment his hunger was forgotten as he stopped to look over some old books. A Bible caught his fancy. It was an old-fashioned affair, of the kind in which family histories were written.

The old man slipped the ponderous book beneath his coat and started out. He was headed for the lunch house when Detective King detained him.

At police headquarters he confessed. He simply said that he was too old to find work, that no one would employ him, that he was hungry and that he had hoped to sell the book for food. He was sorry and he knew that it was wrong.

They sent him to jail, but before locking him up he sat down to the best meal he had eaten in many a day. He refused to discuss his past further than to say he had lost his church some years ago and had wandered about ever since. He was unmarried, he said.

### HEN FLIES INTO TREE WHEN READY TO LAY

Jersey Doctor's Fowl is Good for an Egg a Day, but It's a "Scrambled" One.

Washington, N. J.—Dr. Thomas L. Dedrick of this town has become convinced that there is but little advantage in learning the ways and wiles of animals. For, as he says himself, as soon as one knows all about some of them along come some more that one never even has considered, and their peculiarities change the whole trend of one's interest in animal life.

Dr. Dedrick has been in the Arctic many times and is authority on polar bears, walrus and seal. However, the present obsession of his usually well balanced life is a hen that hasn't the vaguest notion of how to be one. She has laid and "sunk without warning" one hundred eggs, and the physician's farm hands are dizzy from their effort to save one yolk out of the weekly output.

When she is ready to lay an egg she flies into the highest branches of the nearest tree. Any one passing under the tree is immediately disquipped as an owl it, and if no one is passing the egg merely explodes in spectacular fashion for the scatter brained hen's amusement.

The more Dr. Dedrick considers his trick hen, he has explained, the more his heart goes out to the pie faced wairua.

# Too Many Operations

The Right Medicine in Many Cases  
Does Better than the Surgeon's  
Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound.

Doctor Said Operation or Death—But Medicine Cured.



Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHET JEFFERSON, 708 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

### Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

### CUT THIS OUT - IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley's Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

He is a lucky man who can stretch the truth without breaking it.

It's better to be judged by your appearance than your disappearance.

Perhaps a woman tells secrets because she is afraid of forgetting them.

Many a man's empty pockets are due to his wife's fondness for change.

A man never becomes a tax dodger unless his income exceeds his outgo.

The man who earns the money isn't always the one who gets it.

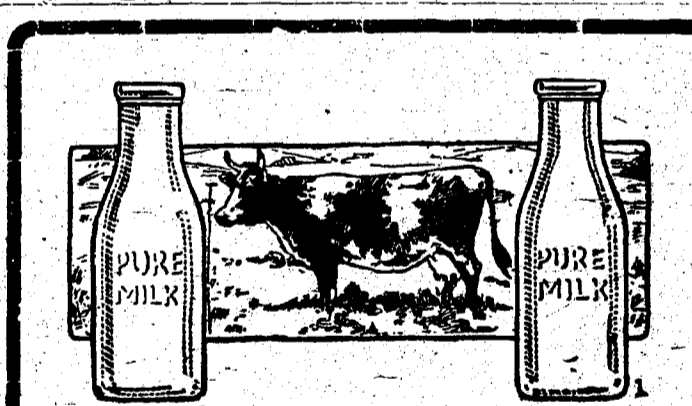
A man with all kinds of money usually acquires a wife to break his collection.

The man who doesn't know enough to go in when it rains gets many a free shower bath.

A woman isn't satisfied if her husband's life is an open book—unless it is a checkbook.

### WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

No man can do his best when suffering from backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints or sore muscles. B. H. Stone, 840 N. 2nd St., Reading, Pa., writes: "For months I was unable to attend to business. I used Foley's Kidney Pills and soon the pains and aches were gone. They are worth their weight in gold to me."—Hite's Drug Store.



## For Your Health's Sake Drink More Milk

Beginning today order twice as much milk as you have been getting. In no other way can you buy more health and at the same time save money.

The average family must cut down the food bills. Why not, then, buy milk at a low price rather than some other foods at exorbitant prices?

One quart of milk equals:—  
8 eggs  
3 lbs. fresh codfish  
3-5 lb. of ham  
2 lbs. of chicken  
3-4 lb. of round steak  
4-5 lb. of pork chops

When people come to properly understand the real food values in milk there will be much more of it used.

We want to impress upon you especially that our milk is good milk. It has that perfect flavor that makes milk-drinking a pleasure. It is produced and delivered to you under absolutely sanitary conditions.

McCOOL & MATHER  
PHONE 29



# AUDITOR'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the City of East Jordan, Mich., from June 1st, 1915, to July 31st, 1917; also from Aug. 1st, 1917, to Oct. 15th, 1917.

East Jordan, Mich., Aug. 4, 1917.  
To the Honorable City Commission of the City of East Jordan.

Gentlemen:—  
According to instructions I have examined the books of the Treasurer and Clerk of the City of East Jordan from June 1st, 1915 to July 31st, 1917, and herewith submit my report.

The Receipts and Disbursements and Balances of Cash on hand as shown by the books of the Treasurer and Clerk and Statements of the Clerk are correct with the exceptions shown in the report.

I find vouchers for all disbursements of the Treasurer and have checked the same with the Treasurer's and Clerk's books and filed them with the City Clerk.

The Receipts and Disbursements of William A. Pickard, City Treasurer, from June 1, 1915, to June 1, 1916, as shown by the Treasurer's books, were as follows:

## GENERAL CITY FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer, Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 852.26
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	766.07
City Tax Levy, 1915, and Excess of Roll	11,928.92
Reassessed Taxes, 1915, State and County Levy and Excess of Roll	144.33
Penalties on Tax Collections	296.96
City Clerk, Mortgage Fees	3.25
City Clerk, Licenses	18.00
City Clerk, Dog Licenses	7.00
City Clerk, Bus Licenses	119.00
Loan from Bank	1,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$15,125.79</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Orders paid	\$12,100.03
Loans paid	2,000.00
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	636.49
Personal Delinquent Returns, 1915 Tax Levies	549.07
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$15,285.59</b>
Funds overdrawn, June 1, 1916	\$159.80

## BRIDGE FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Tax Levy, 1915	\$ 2,216.36
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,216.36</b>

## DISBURSEMENTS

Orders paid	\$167.53
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	90.68
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$258.21</b>
Funds overdrawn, June 1, 1916	\$1,041.85

## STREET AND SEWER FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer, Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 1,507.44
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	244.10
Sewer Connections	30.00
Tax Levy, 1915	2,979.06
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$4,760.60</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Orders paid	\$ 1,855.73
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	140.61
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,996.34</b>
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$2,764.26

## WATER WORKS FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Collections and Taps	\$ 2,239.13
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,239.13</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Fund overdrawn, June 1, 1915	\$ 70.81
Orders paid	1,903.64
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,974.45</b>
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$264.68

## INTEREST AND SINKING FUND.

### RECEIPTS

Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 1,000.76
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	229.21
Tax Levy, 1915	5,191.28
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$6,421.25</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest on Bonds paid	\$ 5,000.18
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	227.09
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$5,227.27</b>
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$1,193.98

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 1 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 1,869.59
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	267.13
Tax Levy, 1915	2,359.86
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$4,496.58</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest paid	\$ 2,347.91
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	235.60
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,583.51</b>
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$1,913.07

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 2 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 799.29
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	78.32
Tax Levy, 1915	829.32
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,706.93</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest paid	\$ 858.38
Excess Debit, 1915 Tax Levy	73.11
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	73.35
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,004.84</b>
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$702.09

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 3 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 227.23
Tax Levy, 1915	243.75
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$471.48</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest paid	\$ 214.25
Excess Debit 1915 Tax Levy	11.79
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Levy	61.20
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$287.24</b>
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1915	\$184.24

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 1 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 22.06
Collections on Special Assessments	203.18
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$225.24</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS—NONE</b>	
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$225.24

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 4 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Collections on Special Assessments	\$ 253.72
Tax Levy, 1915	80.52
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$334.24</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Fund overdrawn June 1, 1915	\$ 742.71
Excess Debit, 1915 Tax Levy	6.71
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Tax Levy	13.42
Error in Special Assessment and Interest	66.28
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$829.12</b>
Fund overdrawn, June 1, 1916	\$464.58

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 5 FUND

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Special Assessment	\$ 242.50
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$242.50</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Delinquent, or not paid	\$ 166.34
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$76.16

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 6 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Special Assessment	\$ 110.04
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$110.04</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Delinquent, or not paid	\$ 7.86
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$102.18

## SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 4 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 11.78
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	675.02
Tax Levy, 1915	13,652.84
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$14,339.64</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Paid School Treasurer	\$12,519.10
Excess Debit, 1915 Tax Levy	917.05
Delinquent Returns, 1915 Tax Levy	721.53
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$14,157.68</b>
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 181.96

## CEMETERY FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance from Ex-Treasurer Mack, June 1, 1915	\$ 245.91
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$245.91</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Orders paid	\$ 23.30
Balance in Fund, June 1, 1916	\$222.61

The Receipts and Disbursements of William A. Pickard, City Treasurer, from June 1, 1916 to July 31, 1917, were as follows:

## GENERAL CITY FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
County Treasurer, Delinquent Tax Collections	\$ 704.24
Personal Delinquent Taxes Collected	399.37
Penalty on Personal Delinquents	5.52
County Orders for Contagious Diseases	138.99
County Road Order, Payment on Roller	472.00
City Assessor and Police, Dog Licenses	54.20
City Clerk, Chattel Mortgage Fees	19.25
City Clerk, Licenses	76.50
City Clerk, Rentals	38.00
City Clerk, Sale of Materials	73.14
City Clerk, Bus Licenses	102.50
Penalties on Tax Collections	249.36
City Tax Levy, 1916, and Excess of Roll	12,260.75
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$14,596.82</b>

Also the following items, which were not entered on the Treasurer's book. I called his attention to the same and he has entered them under date of July 31, 1917, and the balance now shown in the fund is correct.

Reassessed State and County Taxes, 1916 Levy	\$ 51.16
Error in entering January 1916 Tax Penalties	19.52
County Road Order received February 8, 1916	500.00
County Road Order received September 20, 1915	36.00
County Order rec'd Nov. 14, 1915	118.13
Clerk's Chattel Mortgage Fees received Feb. 8, 1916	5.50
Clerk's Licenses rec'd Feb 8, 1916	35.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$765.31</b>
<b>Total Receipts</b>	<b>\$15,362.13</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Fund overdrawn June 1, 1916	\$ 159.80
Orders paid	15,652.24
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	662.92
Personal Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levies	467.36
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$16,942.32</b>
Fund overdrawn, July 31, 1917	\$ 1,580.19

## STREET AND SEWER FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 2,764.26
County Treasurer Delinquent Tax Collections	145.97
Tax Levy, 1916	3,153.27
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$6,063.50</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Orders paid	\$ 6,169.10
County Clerk, East Jordan & Charlevoix Road	1,000.00
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	255.02
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$7,424.12</b>
Fund overdrawn, July 31, 1917	\$1,360.62

## WATER WORKS FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 264.68
Collections and Taps	2,573.59
Collections previously omitted	8.53
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,847.20</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Orders paid	\$ 2,415.22
Balance in fund, July 31, 1917	\$431.98

## INTEREST AND SINKING FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 1,193.98
County Treasurer Delinquent Tax Collections	222.29
Tax Levy, 1916	5,058.14
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$6,474.41</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest on Bonds paid	\$ 6,439.24
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	228.72
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$6,667.96</b>
Fund overdrawn, July 31, 1917	\$193.55

## BRIDGE FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
County Treasurer Delinquent Tax Collections	\$ 21.11
Tax Levy, 1916	3,016.82
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$3,039.93</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Fund overdrawn, June 1, 1916	\$ 1,041.85
Orders paid	3.60
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	130.30
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,175.75</b>
Balance in fund, July 31, 1917	\$1,864.18

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 1 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 1,913.07
County Treasurer Delinquent Tax Collections	239.39
Tax Levy, 1916	2,211.89
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$4,364.35</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest paid	\$ 2,281.45
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	192.66
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,474.11</b>
Balance in fund, July 31, 1917	\$1,890.04

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 2 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 702.09
Tax Levy, 1916	719.31
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,421.40</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest paid	\$ 1,645.88
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	46.40
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,692.28</b>
Fund overdrawn, July 31, 1917	\$270.88

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 3 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 184.24
Tax Levy, 1916	220.14
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$404.38</b>

## PAVING DISTRICT NO. 3 FUND (continued)

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Bonds and Interest paid	\$ 410.80
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	37.96
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$448.76</b>
Fund overdrawn, July 31, 1917	\$ 43.48

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 1 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 225.24
Collections on Special Assessments	15.92
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$241.16</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS—NONE</b>	
Balance in fund, July 31, 1917	\$241.16

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 4 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Tax Levy, 1916	\$205.20
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$205.20</b>

<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>	
Fund overdrawn, June 1, 1916	\$ 494.88
Delinquent Returns, 1916 Levy	30.45
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$525.33</b>
Fund overdrawn, July 31, 1917	\$320.13

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 5 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1, 1916	\$ 76.16
Tax Levy, 1916	5.52
Collections on Special Assessments	89.64
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$171.32</b>

## SEWER DISTRICT NO. 6 FUND.

<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Balance in fund, June 1	



## Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jackson a daughter, Nov. 2.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shepard a daughter, Nov. 8th.

There will be no Saturday afternoon matinee at the Temple Theatre owing to lack of electricity.

Miss Jessie Stark returned from Ann Arbor, where she was called a week ago by the death of her father.

Will and Fred Palmer left Thursday for the Upper Peninsula, where they will join a party of friends on a hunting trip.

The Weisler Block and contents at Mancelona was damaged to nearly \$25,000 in a bad fire early Monday morning. Insured.

Frank Hengy and Miss Kate Carpenter, both of this city were united in marriage at Charlevoix, Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett leaves the first of the week for Detroit where she will visit friends going from there to Buffalo to visit a sister.

Next Monday night at Temple Theatre every lady paying the war tax of 2 cents—and presenting the right change—will be admitted free.

Sheriff Novak was up from Charlevoix Wednesday, investigating the killing of five white swans near here and owned by a Charlevoix lady. The swans were valued at \$50.00 a pair.

A hunting party consisting of Roscoe Mackey, Dr. W. H. Parks, A. Cameron, Charles Coykendall, Charles McNamara and Verne Whiteford left Tuesday for the Upper Peninsula on their annual trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Caulder left Monday for their home at Moose Jaw, Sask., after a visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington. The latter's niece, Miss Dorothy Sweet accompanied them there, and will remain with them.

Claude McGill and Mrs. Mary Burkitt were married at the home of her people in East Jordan, on Oct. 27, and are away on a two week's wedding trip, after which they will make their home here.—Mancelona Herald.

The fire records Michigan for September, according to the report of State Fire Marshal Ellsworth, show 278 fires with a loss of \$254,421.00. Unknown and incendiary fires totalled 84, single roofs, sparks and defective chimneys, 55; lighting, 48; rubbish, matches, smoking, etc., 46; careless use of gasoline, kerosene and explosives 22; defective wiring 10, and all other causes 13.

Sheriff Novak is a busy man these days. Saturday he left for Kalamazoo with a warrant for the arrest of Frank Heath of East Jordan, charged with the theft of fifty dollars worth of brass from the East Jordan Lumber Co. Mr. Novak returned with his man Sunday and landed him in the county jail where he remained over night. Monday morning the sheriff took him to East Jordan for hearing.—Charlevoix Courier.

A law enacted by the last congress provides that after November 15th it will be unlawful for any person to manufacture, buy or sell explosives of any character except by special permission of the government. A record of every sale must be kept and forwarded to the explosive inspector. The issuance of licenses to citizens of enemy nations is forbidden. The inspector for Michigan, it is expected, will be announced within a few days.

The coal shortage hit our city with a bang this week, necessitating our Electric Light Plant, which is giving a 24-hour service, to curtail to only a few hours in the evening. They are at present using wood for fuel. This has seriously affected all consumers of electricity, particularly the Argé Milling Co., and other industries using motors. All our plants using soft coal are short of fuel and the outlook is anything but promising.

The start for the big Y. M. C. A. fund drive in Charlevoix County was held at the Wolverine hotel, at Boyne City Wednesday evening. Thirty-three men were present from the various cities in the County, those from East Jordan being, Howard Porter, who is County Chairman, Mayor A. E. Cross, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, Supt. Geo. B. Crawford, A. J. Sufferin, Frank Bretz and J. E. Redmon. Secretary Bailey of Jackson gave a fine talk on the need of Y. M. C. A. work in the armies. Charlevoix County's share in the state fund is \$3500, and the Campaign starts this coming week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Walker a son, Nov. 6th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gorman, a daughter, Nov. 1st.

Mrs. Thos. Morrison of Montana is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Harry Attinger left Thursday for Flint to visit her husband.

Mrs. Samuel Whiteford left Wed. for a visit with friends at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman returned home Saturday from Detroit.

Mrs. Thayer of Charlevoix is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Brown.

Mrs. Marvin and neice, Miss. Mary Proctor left Wednesday for Wisconsin.

Mrs. Frank Kidder left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids and Flint.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter of Charlevoix is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smatts.

Mrs. Roger Plant of Burdickville came last Friday to visit her sister, Mrs. Frank Gorman.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman were at Bellair Tuesday visiting their daughter, Mrs. Clyde Deway.

W. E. Malpass returned home Wednesday from a business trip to Detroit, Jackson and other southern points.

Orrin Bartlett left Thursday for the Upper Peninsula where he joins a party of friends for their annual hunting trip.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. N. Jones, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 2:30 o'clock standard.

Violinist M. S. Beger is now playing each night at the Temple Theatre. Manager Gruber is playing the piano and the music this combination makes is drawing favorable comments.

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cook is reported ill. Milton Merideth left Monday for Flint.

R. T. McDonald was a Detroit visitor this week.

Lyle Wiggins is employed at Burdick's store.

Mrs. Len Swafford is confined to her home by illness.

David Whiteford is delivering for Bell's grocery store.

Lawrence Lemieux returned from Ann Arbor, Monday.

Harold Boyd is now employed at the E. J. Lumber Co. Store.

F. A. Kenyon of Mackinac Island was in the city a couple of days this week.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold and family were Belleaire visitors, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. H. Rosenthal and children left Wednesday for a visit with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Milton McKay left Friday for Detroit to visit her daughter, Mrs. O. Hulbert.

Mrs. H. J. Boyd entertained a party of friends at her home last Friday evening.

The Electa Club met with Mrs. R. A. Risk, Thursday evening. Mrs. Will Boswell assisted.

Mrs. A. Walstad left Tuesday for a two week's visit with her son and family at Engandine.

Basil Cummins and Conard Hughes were at Detroit this week, attending a Sunday School Convention.

S. Golden returned to his home at Chicago, Wednesday, after a visit with his daughter, Mrs. H. Rosenthal.

John Green and family moved this week into the Simmons building, next to the Second-Hand store on Main-St.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Vardon, who have been visiting friends in the city the past week, returned to Detroit, Friday.

The Brotherhood supper will be held this Saturday evening, Nov. 10th, at the Presbyterian Church parlors. Price 35 cents.

Mrs. G. W. Bechtold entertained a party of friends at her home Monday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Vardon.

MEN WANTED—To Cut Wood. Inquire of ASHLAND BOWEN, East Jordan.

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Services for Sunday, Nov. 11th as usual.

Regular morning worship at 10:30, followed by the Sunday school session.

Junior League at 3:00 p. m.

Epworth League at 6:00 p. m. Topic, "Taking Men Alive."

At the evening service the theme will be "Things Doing at Camp Custer." We will have two speakers, one of them a man who expects to go "over the top" with our lads in khaki. Special offering for religious work at Camp Custer. Everybody come. Music by the newly formed male quartette.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 11, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Sermon by Jack McCall.

12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

4:30 p. m.—Annual Praise Meeting Women's Missionary Society.

5:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

Jack McCall was for many years associated with Frank Higgins in the Minnesota woods. He is at present the only man working in the woods engaged in such work. He has had great experience in Minnesota and Montana. Last September he moved to Escanaba, and working in the upper peninsula. He preaches for us Sunday morning and in Boyne City at night. He will tell various experiences, which will be of interest to everybody.

The Vesper service will be of peculiar interest. Lieut. A. B. Dickie will tell of the work done for the boys at Camp Custer by the Y. M. C. A. and other agencies. This will be an excellent opportunity to hear of camp life. W. P. Porter will speak on the relation of the Y. M. C. A. to the world problems. Mrs. Cameron and Miss Horton will sing.

### MAKES GOOD IN THE NORTH.

A cough remedy must be good to give satisfaction in a northern state's variable weather. Bertram Bros., Green Bay, Wis., writes: "We have used Foley's Honey and Tar and recommend it to anyone who needs a good, reliable cough and cold remedy." Relieves cough, opens air passages, eases strangling fight for breath.—Hite's Drug Store.

## School Notes

The chapel exercises were held on Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock in the assembly room. The program was in charge of the Sophomore class and was as follows:

Class Song	Sophomore Class
Recitation	Iva Dewey
Piano Duet	Misses Ward and Milford
Latin Drama, "The Conspiracy of Orgetorix"	Caesar Class
Latin Song, "Gaudiamus"	Caesar Class
Recitation	Wm. Donaldson
Piano Solo	Eleanor McBride

We were pleased to see so many outsiders present. Next Monday morning Mr. Wilson will speak on "professional law". The parents and friends are cordially invited.

Rev Jack McCall, a missionary sent out by the Presbyterian Church to the lumber camps, gave us an interesting talk on the habits of lumberman and the way they lumber. He also told us about the conditions in the lumber camps around here, emphasizing the lumberjack's attitude toward religion.

Plans are being made to install a cooking department in our high school for the next semester and the necessary equipment is being obtained.

A large number of pupils were absent from school this week, on account of potato digging.

Night school in manual training will begin next week, but the tuition rates have not been decided.

Trench candles are being made by the grades.

Miss Jessie Stark, one of the grade teachers, who was called away to attend the funeral of her father, returned Saturday to take up her duties again.

Miss Stuart and Miss Freilberg, who attended the Michigan State Teachers' Association at Grand Rapids, returned Monday, much inspired to begin their work anew.

The Freshmen met for the purpose of electing officers, Nov. 6, and the following persons were elected.

Bernice McGowan	President.
Paul Franseth	Vice President.
Marion Clark	Secretary.
Doris Curkendall	Treasurer.

The Freshmen class motto is "Carry On." Their class flower is yellow rose.

### WEST SIDE SCHOOL NOTES

Hallowe'en was observed by all the grades in various ways. The kindergarten was a veritable witches' haven, with its black cats, grinning jack-o-lanterns, tall candles and shocks of corn. Grades 3, 4, 5 and 6 united in a peanut hunt—result, peanuts and some scramble.

Friday, Nov. 2, was observed as Red Cross day by the pupils of Mrs. White and Miss Weston. Much interest was shown and patriotism aroused.

Grades 5 and 6 are "doing their bit" by making torches for the soldiers. Grades 3 and 4 are busily employed making food posters.

Spell! Spell! and then spell. Grade 6 carried off the honors last week, having finished the entire week with 100 per cent mark.

We are looking forward to Thanksgiving. Grade 2 is already working on Thanksgiving booklets.

Visitors are always welcome—come, hear us spell and see us at our work, catch the enthusiasm—it is here.

### REGISTRATION NOTICE.

To the qualified Male and Female Electors of the City of East Jordan, County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan:

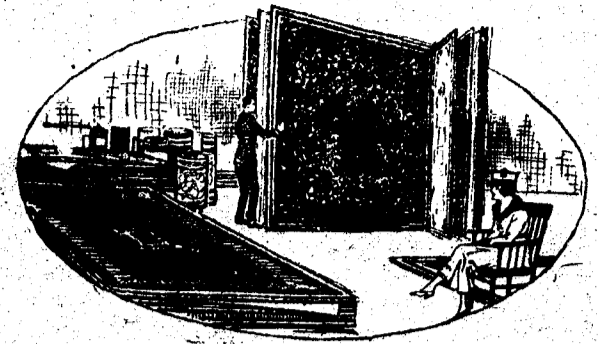
Notice is hereby given that in conformity with Act 125, Public Acts of 1917, I the undersigned City Clerk, will upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, the day of any regular or special election or official primary election, receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said CITY not already registered who may APPLY TO ME PERSONALLY for such registration, except that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the second Saturday before any general or special election or official primary election and the day of such election.

Nov. 30, 1917. Last day for Registration before the Special Election.

As a Special Election will be held in said City on Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1917, for the purpose of voting upon propositions to bond the County of Charlevoix in the sum of \$350,000.00 for Highway purposes, I can receive no names for registration between the First Day of December and the Twelfth Day of December of said year. All electors not already registered and intending to vote at said Special Election, should make Personal Application to me on or before the First Day of December, A. D. 1917.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at my Office in the Post Office Building on

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1917 and



## Hello! Yes our sample line of RUGS and CARPETS Have Arrived

and it will pay you to see them before buying elsewhere. Also our LACE CURTAINS, SCRIMS, WOOL and FLANNELETTE BLANKETS have been received. Give us a call and get acquainted.

## FRENCH & REDMON

HOUSE FURNISHINGS and UPHOLSTERS.

## SAVE YOUR WOOD ASHES

They're Valuable!

We will pay Five Cents per bushel for all your DRY WOOD ASHES on your premises, or Ten Cents per bushel if delivered to our place of business near the E. J. & S. R. R. depot.

Must be kept dry and free from coal ashes.

## East Jordan Potash Co.

HITE & COLLINS, Prop'r's

East Jordan, Mich.

Phone 133F3

### Saturday, Nov. 24, 1917.

From 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on each said day for the purpose of Reviewing the Registration and Registering such of the qualified electors in said City as Shall Appear and apply therefore.

The name of no person but an Actual Resident of the precinct at the time of registration, and entitled under the constitution, if remaining such resident, to vote at the next election or official primary election, shall be entered in the registration book.

### REGISTRATION OF ABSENTEE BY OATH

If any person whose name is not registered shall offer and claim the right to vote at any election, and shall, Under Oath, state that he is a resident of such precinct and has resided in the City Twenty Days next preceding such election, designating particularly the place of his residence, and that he possesses the other qualifications of an elector under the constitution; and that owing to the sickness or bodily infirmity of himself, or of some member of his family or owing to his absence from the City on public business or his own business, and without intent to avoid or delay his registration, he was unable to make application for registration on the last day provided by law for the registering of electors preceding such election, then the name of such person shall be registered, and he shall then be permitted to vote at such election. If such applicant shall, in said matter, willfully make any false statement, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and, upon conviction, be subject to the pains and penalties thereof.

Provision in Case of Removal to Another Precinct—Any registered and qualified voter who has Removed from One Election Precinct of a City to another election precinct of the same City, shall have the right, on any day previous to election day, on application to the City Clerk as the case may be, to have his name transferred from the

registration book of the precinct from which he has removed to the registration book of the precinct in which he then resides. Such elector shall have the right to have such transfer made on Election Day by obtaining from the board of inspectors of election of the precinct from which he has Removed a Certificate of Transfer, and presenting the said certificate to the Board of Election Inspectors of the Precinct in which he then resides.

### WOMEN ELECTORS

The names of all qualified Women Electors not already appearing on the registration list will be registered, provided Personal Application is made in conformity with the foregoing provisions.

Dated this Third Day of November, A. D. 1917.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

### PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In the Matter of the Estate of Olivia M. Glenn, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that 4 months from the 17th day of October A. D. 1917, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix in said county, on or before the 27th day of February A. D. 1918, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Wednesday the 27th day of February A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated October 17th A. D. 1917.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

Give the inchworm time and he will get ahead.

A stitch in time may close the mouths of nine gossips.

Blunt language is often used in making sharp reports.

How thoroly some people enjoy advertising the few virtues they possess!

**FINELY IT STITCHES WITHOUT ANY HITCHES The WHITE ROTARY**

Sold by the **EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY**



# Trail of a Traitor

By C. G. HITCHCOCK

Author of "At Close Range," "Ambushed," "A Devil Afloat," "A Dumb Terror," "An Island Enigma," etc.

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As I laid aside my cassock, coat, and waistcoat, I turned to the knight. "Sir, I would like an introduction to the man I am about to cross swords with," but before he could answer the other spoke.

"I have the honor to announce myself a British officer, though of French blood. And you, m'sieur?"

"Merely a citizen of New York; let that suffice. However, I am no renegade."

"Now, by St. Gris!" he returned, as he threw aside his scabbard and whipped the air with a slender blade. "You have little need to spur me by a gratuitous insult, young man. Take your last look at the moon for on my soul this is to be a l'outrance! You wish to know the hand that will punish you? Behold! I greet you as La Classe, maitre d'armes on his majesty's frigate Somerset. My friend, you will be my ninetenth, but my first merely provincial. En garde, m'sieur!"

"La Classe! Armand La Classe!" Like lightning my mind went back to when, hardly a week before, I heard from Le Dare's lips the story of the duel with his cousin. Here was the very man. I was certain of it; for the name, office, and the red scar identified him. And then I realized that I was pitted against one of the leading swordsmen of Europe. The knowledge came in good time and it served to make me extra cautious.

"One moment!" interrupted the knight as I advanced to salute and go through the parade. "One moment! I know nothing of you nor the real cause of this quarrel; but cannot the matter be arranged without a tragedy?"

"It cannot," put in La Classe. "I have had the insult, and will not be deprived of revenge even by apology."

"And have you no word to say before this starts?" asked the knight, addressing me. "By the dragon of St. George, your chances are but small! M. La Classe is an old duelist, and expert."

"I have nothing to say as yet," I answered. "If I am fortunate, perchance I may have a word for you, sir. Until then, accept the assurance of my high regard."

And saluting him with my sword, I cast about for a choice of position.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Duel.

But of choice there was none. The full moon hung high in a cloudless sky and its light was clear; it was such a night as comes only in early autumn. Whatever handicap there might be in the somewhat doubtful gleam and the depth of the shadows, certain it was that the disadvantages were equally divided between myself and my opponent. I knew it was light enough to see the gleam of La Classe's teeth as he impatiently awaited me with a sardonic smile; and I knew he thirsted for my blood with maniacal intensity. Not that he bore me particular enmity, but that he must fight. Dueling was his life.

Now, while I claim to be an accomplished swordsman, I make no pretense at being that impossible individual who picks up a rapier and, with ease and an air of boredom, disposes of the strongest and bravest in a few passages. Such men do not exist. I had acquired skill by persistent hard work, and that which I knew I knew thoroughly. It was all the genius I possessed. I had no occasion to use much of it on Merwin, whom I now guessed had been a pupil of the man before me, but I certainly needed it here. As I stepped forward the witness drew his own rapier. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "I shall see fair play without favor. Are you both ready? Engage!"

The last word was hardly spoken when La Classe, foregoing the formality of the parade, made a hurried motion which he might have meant for a salute, and rushed at me with a vehemence that had I not known my business would have ended matters then and there; but I repulsed him with a counter that caused him to leap back out of reach and open wide his eyes. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "Think not that I would have struck home so early, sir! 'Twas but a test! It gives me pleasure to know that you are no novice. I salute you! En garde!"

I made no reply. He advanced again, and our blades met. "Now, it is fairly well known to those who are versed in the glorious art of fencing, that by the way a man parries a first attack and makes his return can be told where he is most liable to lay himself open to his adversary. And, moreover, that portion of the body he leaves most open in himself is often the point toward which he will address his attack on his enemy. Fencing-master though he was, I determined the bias of La Classe in a few moments.

Our swords came together lightly and for a brief space remained rigidly

crossed, each feeling the strength of the other's wrist. I could no more have broken down my opponent's guard at that time than I could have flown in the air. But brain is more powerful than brawn, and patience a powerful factor in all contests.

I gave way gently—as if forced—then felt toward his point, the two steels making a soft, oily note too light to be called a noise, too sinister to be music; then I tested his guard by a swift disengage and a thrust in seconds. It was perfectly parried, and a quick return made in fierce, which latter I avoided because I knew it would follow. I was now fairly sure of his weak point, and determined to let his body alone and try for his head and throat.

For a full three minutes we fenced, and I realized that I was fairly certain of before; that I had a man whose skill and mettle were nearer my own than any one, save my old master, who had ever honored me with a bout. And strangely enough this gave me comfort; there would be no taint of murder if I should kill him.

It was silent work, so far as words went, until near the end. The soft sibilance of the smooth steels and the sharp ring of the parries were the only sounds that mingled with the plash of the small surf coming in from the broad river. If I held any advantage it was in the fact that La Classe, was evidently unused to fighting in so uncertain a light, while I had been trained to meet all conditions.

And there were two other important matters in my favor; first, that I was at least twenty years my opponent's junior, and had the better wind, the more supple joints; second, that I kept my temper, while he visibly lost his as he found himself met at all points. These were matters I would not fail to see, as also that his strength was being well tested; for twice he shifted his rapier from his right hand to his left and back again, though he fenced equally well with either. Without doubt he was used to finishing his victims in half the time he had been fighting with me.

Perhaps ten minutes passed; then he suddenly leaped out of reach.

"Fore God, m'sieur!" he exclaimed panting, "where got you your skill?"

"It was a trick to gain breath, and one I would not allow him to draw upon."

"From a M'sieur Pierre Ledare," I answered, having no reason to conceal the truth. "One of your own countrymen—in fact, your cousin; and he was true to his native land."

"I know you, sir—and how you received that scar on your left cheek. I hope to place its mate on the right one. Come, sir! Engage!" I would not permit him to gather wind.

"Aha!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "You shall soon know me better and not at all! I might have guessed my cousin by your plays en tierce. By St. George and St. Louis, I hate him! In you he exists, and—"

"On guard, sir, else I run you through!" I interrupted, advancing on him. By this all the blood in my body appeared to have gone to my head and stimulated my brain.

With an access of fury he drove at me in appal, and so lightning-like were his movements that ere I could turn aside his point I felt the thrill of his rapier as it passed through the flesh of my left shoulder, it having been deflected from my heart. But before he could withdraw his weapon I saw my chance, and falling back on the same passage of arms by which I had defeated my master, I ignored the flesh wound and sent my weapon straight at the man's chest, and there was no steel to intercept it.

But there was something else. As his eye saw the stroke coming, he threw up his left arm. The act was quick enough to divert my sword upward, for his wrist caught it about the middle, but it was not quick enough to render the stroke abortive. My steel traveled along his forearm, going higher and higher each inch it progressed until the point struck him full in his bare throat. Well do I remember the sense of joy mingled with a feeling of sickness as I pressed home the thrust and saw the point of my steel enter and pass through his neck.

I could have shouted with horror as La Classe dropped his weapon and plucked at my deadly blade, falling on his knees the while, then he went sideways to the sand.

I dropped my own rapier; the knight ran up to support the wounded man, but before he was able to do so La Classe, with a sudden accession of strength, raised himself to his elbow and pointed at me.

"Let not that man escape!" he shouted thickly. "By the glory of St. Denis, he is a devil from hell, and Satan is his sponsor! To be killed—and by a boy! Listen! He is a traitor—mon Dieu—a spy—and she is with him—she of the governor's house! Look! It was for this we fought! Let him not escape—nor her! It is—in the note! It—tells—great matters! He—is—mon Dieu!"

He spoke thus brokenly as he tore open his shirt, blood now coming from his mouth, and brought forth the paper. Even at first glance I saw it had been opened, but before I could interfere the Knight of Malta had possession of it. The next instant La Classe fell backward, either dead or unconscious.

I did not try to determine which, for every atom of consideration for the fallen man was lost in the knowledge that he had broken his word and betrayed my secret. I had held a sort of respect for him before; now I loathed him.

I know not why it was, but I became singularly calm; perhaps from my loss of blood, though that was not yet great; perhaps from a thorough realization of all that the situation entailed. I made no pretense at subterfuge or

deceit, but having recovered my sword, stood looking at the man who held the damning evidence in his hand. His lips had turned white in the moonlight as he listened to the last words of the wounded renegade, but he was quite as calm as I as he straightened himself and pointed at the lifeless figure sprawled on the sand.

"I think he is past all surgery," he said. "I congratulate you on your remarkable skill, sir."

I did not speak; but my mind was made up.

He looked at me with a strange expression, then continued: "Does this note carry out the accusation in detail? Shall I read it?"

"If you consider it consistent with your honor, sir," I answered. "It makes no difference to me, since you must know that after hearing what you have heard it will be impossible for us both to leave this spot alive. Think not that it is from fear for myself alone. I am protecting a lady. Yonder portico spoke the truth. I am an American, sir knight—and a spy, if you please—in the interests of General Washington and my country. Draw your sword, sir; and, by God, if you cry out or otherwise attempt to attract attention I will spit you without mercy!"

"Come! I am bleeding—and there is no time to lose!"

I lifted my rapier and stepped toward him, my purpose being most desperate; but he neither drew his own weapon, which he had sheathed, nor did he retreat or show a single sign of fear. Instead, he threw both arms above his head, as one might do under the emotion of great joy, and in a strident whisper, as if he feared the silent figure on the beach might hear him, he exclaimed:

"Stop—stop! For God's sake listen a moment! This is surely the hand of Providence! I also am an American—a spy! I am Sergeant John Champe!"

I almost fell backward and stood blinking at the man for a few moments, my mind finally grasping the significance of his words.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Boot Shifted.

"Sergeant Champe!" I exclaimed. "By the God of my fathers! I have been looking for Champe for more than a week!"

"You looking for me? Are you?"

"Stop! If you are John Champe what would you have said had you met me spinning an oak leaf in my fingers?"

His face became animated. "I should have told you the leaf should have been a laurel."

"Right, thank Heaven! And I would have answered that laurel were not so easy to come by."

"You art the man!" he cried, stretching out both hands to me. "But it is too late! Arnold has gone!"

"Gone where?"

"I will tell you about it later. You are—"

"Captain Daniel Dressler, of Washington's Life Guards. And I am being drained of blood, for that villain's point found me." In fact, between my late strain and the flow from the wound I was beginning to feel faint.

In a moment Champe had me down on the sand and my wound exposed. The blood was a sight, but the injury itself really superficial. La Classe's blade having made a clean cut through and through the upper flesh of my shoulder. My new ally dressed it roughly, tearing my shirt into strips and talking rapidly the while.

"I almost had Arnold," he said. "Had I found you when you first came we might have been successful. When I deserted at Lee's request I was nearly shot by my own friends, but I got through both lines and joined Arnold's regiment of Loyal Americans here in New York. I saw considerable of Arnold, often being made his orderly. He trusted me. I learned his habits."

"I was supposed to be guarding him to-night. It was his usual custom to sit alone in his garden every fine evening, probably chewing on his black thoughts, and I saw the possibility of kidnapping him there. I needed help, and in my desperation I was forced to put faith in a man I really knew little about. Together we one day removed the nails from a couple of boards in the fence bounding the north of Arnold's garden. Once arranged, Lee sent a boat by night and communicated with me, and I gave instructions for it to be at the garden landing at ten o'clock on the night of the twenty-first. All was prepared; my man proved true; and we were ready to enter the garden, seize Arnold, and rush him to the boat."

"And why?"

"Damnation! At noon on that very day he moved his quarters to Queen Street, and the thing was impossible! I suppose the boat came, but I was then at his new house. The boat had not appeared since. I have some important papers relating to Arnold's coming campaign which I would like to get to Washington or Lee."

"Then why don't you take them?" I asked.

"How?"

"In the note for which I fought is a pass. Use it. The matter is important, and I will be laid up for—"

"Nay; your wound is as clean as a hound's tooth. You will be on your feet in three or four days. And your work is done. Take the papers yourself; you are in great danger here and I am not. I shall go South with Arnold."

I did not combat the brave fellow; I was feeling too weak and sick. "Get into your cassock and let me take you home," said Champe. "It

would be dangerous to be found here! You know the law against dueling! Come!"

"What of him?" I asked, pointing to the body of La Classe; and the advancing water seemed reaching for him.

"Let the tide bury him. Listen! I hear voices on the bluff! Lean on me and hurry!"

I obeyed him, and was dimly conscious that he took me north and through the slum of Canavastown; but it was an awful walk before we reached Cherry Hill. I took Champe into the silent house and to my room, and there gave him the face with a note to be delivered early the next morning. Agnes would be in terror the while. And all that the note contained was the one sentence:

"Wounded—and at home."

As for Champe, God bless him! I did not see him but once again (when he gave me certain papers he had stolen from Arnold) until two years after the war was ended. He went to Virginia with Arnold, and while there deserted again, reached Lee, and was at once honorably discharged from the army, as he would have been promptly hanged by the British had he ever been taken prisoner. All the reward he got was a tract of land in the Western Reservation—that and a medal granted by Congress.

The note brought Agnes, as I well knew it would, and she nursed me like the angel she was—and is; and I loved her as I fancied no man had ever loved a woman before. And it was then, when I had conquered my fever, when my wound was well knitted and was fairly convalescent, that there came a thing like a rumble of distant thunder presaging a storm, though I did not recognize it as such.

It was five days after my duel. Agnes had told me that the chariot had been loaned to her for the whole day and evening, and that in the afternoon she would come for me and take me for a drive, and I was sitting in my room impatiently waiting for the time to arrive (less for the drive than for that I would be with her) when I heard my aunt's shuffling step coming up the stair. The next moment she knocked at my door.

She was in a state of high excitement for her, her masculine face, usually pale, being flushed. In her hand she held a paper, which she thrust at me without preface as she entered the room.

"Glory to Gideon! What do ye make of this, Mr. Benson?"

I took the paper, and at once saw that it bore the royal arms and the word "Headquarters" emblazoned on it. It was formal and read thus:

Sir Henry Clinton presents his compliments to Mrs. Abigail Melton, and asks that she personally wait upon him at his quarters, No. 1 Broadway, at three o'clock this afternoon. The business is important.

Sir Henry Clinton's carriage will be at Mrs. Melton's door shortly before that hour.

It was a command couched in polite language. And it gave me something of a start. Was it possible that Clinton had heard of me as a lodger at Cherry Hill, and had become suspicious? Hardly had I conceived the idea when I put it aside. I were game too small for such a man; a file of soldiers from Cunningham, the provost-marshal, would be enough for me. But I could not imagine why the old lady should be summoned by so high a functionary, and told her so. "Has General Clinton ever seen you?" I asked; and it proved to be a fortunate question.

"Yes, sir. Two years ago, when the rebels were beaten in Brooklyn, he came to this very house. He was going to make it his headquarters. I saw him then—an' he saw me. But he didn't stay hardly ten minutes afterward. He said it was too far from town. Glory to Gideon! I wonder what he wants. I got to go, I s'pose."

"You will have to go when the carriage comes for you," I told her; and so she went off in a flutter with her "Glory to Gideon!" echoing down the hall. I laughed in spite of myself, it being my last laugh for some time. It was then eleven o'clock in the morning, and I looked for Agnes and the chariot at about the same hour that Sir Henry's equipage was to appear.

And when it did appear a bomb had burst. God in heaven! Never will I forget that day!

It came to be half past two, and I was dressed—and was going out to wait for Agnes, when on passing down the stairs I was fairly stopped by the sound of a man's voice coming from the library, it being on the second floor (as was mine) and seldom used. That he was shouting into my aunt's ear-trumpet was plain enough, and I heard him ask:

"Who is this lodger you have?"

"A Mr. John Benson. He's a lawyer," answered my aunt in her hard voice. "Glory to Gideon! This day is settin' me wild! First there's that paper from Clinton a makin' me dress in Sabbath clothes on a week day! Then you come. And Agnes will soon come. She's goin' drivin'—"

"I'll be damned if she is! I'll have a word with her."

By this I had determined to do some looking. I did not recognize the man's voice, but my curiosity was highly excited. I went back up the stairs on tip-toe, holding my rapier that it might make no noise. The door of the library was on the far, and through the opening I looked—and then almost exclaimed aloud.

For there, at the end of my aunt's ear-trumpet, stood Lysander Melton. How ever he got into the house and up the stairs without me being cognizant of it I cannot understand to this day. His appearance was unkempt. He

had on a three days' growth of beard, and his clothing, the same in which I had captured him, was very dirty. I fairly held my breath as I looked at him, and at that moment I heard a carriage sweep up the drive and stop at the front door.

My heart seemed to stop with it. What to do I did not know; but my line was laid out for me as Melton heard the jingling of the harness.

"See here! I'm going to Clinton with you. I'll get into a uniform, shave, and be ready in ten minutes. If Arnold won't believe me because I wasn't pinked out then, by the Lord, Clinton will. I tell you, mother, that the girl is a double-faced traitress! I tell you that Dressier is somewhere in New York. She fooled Arnold—they both fooled that man—and she rescued him. She has Dressier somewhere. Who is this Benson?"

"He's sick in his room—but you can go ask him."

"Well, if he's sick he'll keep until I come back. I've had the narrowest escape of my life—and haven't accomplished a damned thing of value. I'm goin' to get Dressier now; that'll be something. Clinton will set things moving. We'll have that cursed rebel by sunset, and I'll see him hang by sunrise. Then the rest is clear. Sir Henry's carriage has just come. Wait for me here."

I doubt if my aunt heard half he said, for he was too excited to confine himself to her horn. She was dressed in state, but her costume differed from her usual one only in that she wore her Sunday wig, a tremendous, Quaker-like bonnet, and her big body was enveloped in a wide, black-silk pelisse. Her mittened hands clutched the ear-trumpet.

I waited to see and hear no more; I had what I needed to know. I had never really feared that Melton could return to New York; but somehow he had eluded capture and had just got back to the city. Natural! he had gone to Arnold, his own colonel being absent, and it was plain that before the traitor he had found himself without standing, perhaps from his appearance, but more likely because Arnold entertained no doubt of me, seeing that Agnes had acknowledged me. He probably thought Melton a wild lunatic. But if Melton now went to Clinton, with his mother to vouch for him, both Agnes and myself were lost. True it was that I had a pass, and that there was yet plenty of time for me to have gone through the lower lines; but I could have no more have made my escape, leaving the girl to her fate, than I could have abjectly surrendered to the man who, I saw, was about to go to his own room to dress. At present there was but one thing for me to do, and that, to get to his room before him. We could there have it out.

And so, making no sound, I tiptoed down the hall and into Lysander's chamber, and had hardly closed the door and drawn my rapier when I heard his quick step. The next instant he entered.

The secret of a doctor's success lies in knowing how long he can keep a wealthy patient alive without disgusting him with the mode of treatment.

After a girl hypnotizes a young man into buying her a solitaire she begins to wonder what she could do with some other chap if it were not to late.

A regular woman is always glad when her husband has a holiday, so that he can put in about eighteen hours doing odd jobs at home.

A Texas girl recently horsewhipped a man who failed to show up on the day they were to be married. That chap had a lucky escape.

If a young man is in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl he should at least give her the benefit of the doubt.

A man always gets what is coming to him; if he doesn't go after it some one else is sure to see that it is thrust upon him.

What is claimed to be a satisfactory method for plating aluminum upon iron has been invented in France.

Courtship after marriage is more important than it was before.

The greatest event in a hen's life is merely an egg and a cackle.

Baby cuts his teeth before he is on speaking terms with them.

One way to make friends—keep your advice to yourself.

A kiss by moonlight is one of love's strongest arguments.

The proof of the pudding is in the amount left over.

It pays to wait—if you draw wages as a waiter.

A lazy man is a dead one who can't be buried.

Wise is he who has the cage ready for the bird.

Time is money to a man who buys on time.

The wise girl never marries her ideal.

Never fool with a fool; he may fool you.



This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

### Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on simple stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is that you use our stove polish on your stove or gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your money is authorized to refund your money. What on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—see box.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works Starting, Illinois

The Black Silk Stove Polish is named on the tin. Register, stove-polish, in white. If the Black Silk Stove Polish is not on the tin, it is not the Black Silk Stove Polish. It has no equal for its no-stain quality.

### A Shine in Every Drop

Men who are long on words are apt to be short on deeds.

You may have noticed that hard cash is hard to acquire.

We can die only once—much to the regret of the undertakers.

How thoroughly some people enjoy advertising the few virtues they possess!

### CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

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

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

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

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

### 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 "Weyth'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 coming 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 Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night 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.

### DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLIC

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

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

### RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!