

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1917.

No. 46

Second Number Lecture Course

Sergeant Flahiff will be Substituted for Lieut. McGibney.

On Wednesday, November 28, Sergeant Flahiff from the Princess "Pat" Regiment which was the best one in Canada, will be substituted for Lieut. McGibney who was to give the second number of the lecture course, but who was called to serve the colors.

The Princess "Pat" regiment was named in honor of the Governor General's daughter, Princess Patricia. It was one of the first regiments to leave for France and was placed immediately in the front trenches. As you will recall only about a dozen men survived after the first battle. Probably no other event so stirred the hearts of Canada to patriotism and loyalty as this one.

Between no soldiers in the world is there such a feeling of brotherliness as between the Canadians and the Sammies, and between no other countries in the world is there such a spirit of neighborliness as between U. S. and Canada, shown by the long astronomical boundary line. When we hear of the treatment the Canadians received we can judge what our boys will be up against. The sad part of this is, the report comes that Canadians are placed in the worst and most dangerous places. Sergeant Flahiff will be able to give us accurate data on this on this because he has been an eye witness to conditions.

We are fortunate in securing Sergeant Flahiff in Lieut. McGibney's place. Lieut. McGibney would have been very good and could have told us much about the ambulance work, but Sergeant Flahiff will tell us about the actual trench warfare and after all that's what counts. Come and hear the Sergeant at the Temple Theatre Wednesday, Nov. 28 and decide whether you should do more knitting, buy another liberty bond, or give some money to the Y. M. C. A. Single admission 50 cents.

School Notes

The 6th grade used the usual music period Friday for military marching. Franklin Calkins, a pupil of the 4th grade, has completed the manufacture of eighty trench candles, far above the average.

The following second graders were absent nor tardy during the month of October:

Dorothy Alexander	Culbert Anderson
Lawrence Bradford	Gregory Boswell
Earl Brook	William Cruzen
Dorothy Clark	Arsile Hogstein
Hellen Hammond	Bertha Joels
Francis Kleinhaus	Alfred Larson
Leon Sheehy	William Prause
Julius Prause	Katherine Reid
Edna Slingerland	Mark Stroebel
Margaret Sherman	

Hiawatha booklets are being made by the first grade. They are also memorizing the childhood of Hiawatha, using it as a base for hand-work and nature study.

At a meeting of the Camp Fire for the younger girls the following officers were elected—President, Lona Swafford; Vice-President, Grace Atkinson; Secretary, Helen Stroebel; Treasurer, Mondane Hogstein; Assistant guardian, Miss Bernice Horton. They have decided to hold meetings every Monday evening from 7:00 to 8:00.

The officers of the E. J. H. S. Debating Society for girls are—President, Gertrude Hookstad; Vice-President, Aurora Stewart; Secretary, Theresa Flagg; Treasurer, Eleanor Mc Bride. At their meeting, Nov. 2, they elected for their constitutional committee, Julia Ellison, Dorothy Severande, and Alice Sedgeman. They are to meet each Wednesday.

If you want to know anything about the next number of the lecture course given by Sergeant Flahiff, Wednesday, November 28, any of the Seniors.

WEST SIDE SCHOOL NOTES

Grades 3 and 4 made a special study on waterfall and deltas by taking a trip up the river on Thursday afternoon. If the children's faces were an indication, we are sure the time was well spent.

Miss Haastad's pupils are much occupied with the Puritan and Indian stories they are finishing.

We are as busy as bees.—Look for a

of the work done by the "Literary Society" which we are now organizing.

The geography lesson for grades 5 and 6 was taken out in the open on Friday afternoon, with illustrations from nature.

The W. S. Kindergarten has set aside Thursday of each week as Mothers' day.

The Binet tests will be tried out in Kindergarten next week.

APPLY FOR YOUR AUTO LICENSE NOW.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 8, 1917

To Publishers:—If you will kindly give publicity to statement below it will be appreciated by this department and by the motor vehicle owners of the state.

COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,
Secretary of State.

The Department of State, charged with collecting the State tax on motor vehicles, would be glad if those interested in registering cars by January 1st, would send their applications at once.

Holding back until January, by those who want plates immediately, imposes a great task on the department and occasions delay and discomfort that can readily be avoided if applications are sent in this month or early in December. All those who will require plates are urged to take prompt action as suggested.

Our branch Office, 200 Majestic Building, Detroit, is prepared to issue plates to those who call, but not by mail. Mail orders should be sent to the Department at Lansing.

This Department has nothing to do with the collection of the U. S. Federal tax. Applications can be secured now at the office of village, city, county clerks, sheriffs and all garages.

NOTE—For the year 1917 to November 1st, registration under the Motor Vehicle Law was as follows:

Pleasure	205,557
Commercial cars	19,518
Chauffeurs	19,651
Transfers	10,882
Motor Cycles	8,695
Mfrs. & Dealers	850
Motor tax collected	\$2,469,812.08

CIRCUIT COURT JURORS.

List of Petit Jurors for December term of Court, 1917.

Name	Precinct
James C. McDonough	Peaine
W. J. Gallagher	St. James
Robert Reed	South Arm
Aaron Ensign	Wilson
Hector Dyer	Bay
J. M. Denell	Boyne Valley
Jesse Peters	Chandler
John Martin	Charlevoix
Dell Davis	Evangeline
William C. Howe	Eveline
George Howe	Hayes
Robert Russell	Hudson
Robert Gregory	Marion
Samuel Wager	Melrose
Frank Thompson	Boyne City 1st Ward
Sampson Sudman	" 2nd "
George M. Kerry	" 3rd "
William Alcott	" 4th "
John Curtis	Charlevoix 1st "
Oluf Nordrum	" 2nd "
Reuben Geer	" 3rd "
Earl Blair	East Jordan 1st "
Allie Blawick	" 2nd "
Charles Coykendall	" 3rd "

SWINE BREEDERS.

Hog increase is necessary. Just received from Newman's Stock Farm, Marlette, Mich., a extra fine registered O. I. C. boar for service. It is your opportunity to bred to the very best at a reasonable price.

EDWARD THORSEN,
East Jordan, Mich., Route 3.

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst and take what comes.

Boasting of their strong points is a weakness of some people.

Man who believe whisky is good for a cold nearly always have a cold.

Tho the world may owe us a living, only a few are preferred creditors.

Only a small percentage of the money saved up for rainy days is invested in umbrellas.

THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD KNOWS.

Mrs. Anna Pelzer, 2526 Jefferson St., So. Omaha, Neb., writes, "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my daughter of a bad cold. My neighbor, Mrs. Benson, cured herself and family with Foley's Honey 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.

The Awakening

Other Counties Alive To Necessity of Permanent Roads.

[Editorial From Grand Haven Courier-Journal.]

Public officials have always been more or less wary of spending the public money in large chunks for public improvements. They have been afraid of the rain of criticism which would fall on them by the watch dogs of the public treasury should the expenditures exceed figures which the self-appointed guardians of public funds thought proper. The result has been the temporary improvement plan. Work which would answer the immediate need, and leave new work for those who came afterwards into the uncertain honor of public office. Consequently the public is now suffering from its own shortsightedness, and its willingness to be led by critics who were either too close-fisted themselves or merely posing as guardians of the public funds to find favor in the eyes of their masters, the public.

No better illustration of the folly of temporary public improvement is shown, than in the policy of the past in building streets and roads.

Some years ago Grand Haven people had an awakening in this regard. For years the city fathers had gone on paving streets with gravel. Grand Haven had some fine streets, some hard, well surfaced, graveled roadways, which stood up well under normal team traffic. Then came abnormally heavy traffic, the automobiles, the heavier drays and the streets began to lose their fitness. Later it became necessary to tear up the streets for under surface improvements, and the surface could never be made to hold again. Grand Haven's streets became mere mud and dust, according to the whim of the weather. About that time the taxpayers of the city began to see the light. They began to realize that for the money which has been spent in building streets and patching them up, the whole city might have miles of permanent paving.

"It is never too late to mend," goes the old phrase, and this worked out in Grand Haven, as it eventually does everywhere. To make a long story short the first bit of paving went down on Washington street, and the people liked it. It cost more money than the old patchy gravel street, but it was there without mud, bearing up traffic, and promising to be there for years to come: Gradually the residents of other streets began to want these permanent streets, and the result has been the gradual banishing of the temporary roadways and the adoption of the kind which will last. There are repair bills for the paved streets, of course, but the repairs do not amount to a general rebuild. Grand Haven now has blocks of good streets, most of them concrete, which cover all parts of the city. The latest job was done by the city, itself, thus saving the public further cost of construction.

And now Ottawa County is awakening to the same truths which the people of Grand Haven discovered. The members of the road commissioners and the members of the board of supervisors have been practically convinced that it is useless to build any more trunk lines, of temporary material. They have seen roads of permanent material built in other counties, which have seen the light, and they have discovered that these roads once in, although the cost may be great at the start, have stood the traffic for years. They wondered at what they saw, and came home convinced that hereafter Ottawa should have nothing but permanent roads. The state reward for concrete roads amounts to almost half of the original cost, and this fact alone should convince the road builders of the present and the future that the permanent road is a good investment.

There is no cause to decry the road work already done in Ottawa county. Some excellent roads have been built in many parts of the county. Ottawa has dug herself out of the sand and become known as a good roads county. The West Michigan pike between this city and Holland is the wonder of the age to motor and vehicle drivers, who were accustomed to wallowing through miles of sand, and who now can make the run in an hour. Good roads have made us realize the wonderful advantages of passable highways. Now we want permanent surfaces which cost a little more in the beginning, but which are cheaper in the end. We are going through an awakening process which, had it come a number of years ago, would have meant the saving of much money, but again an old adage, "Better late than never."

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

The Grand Rapids State Teacher's Institute was a marvel of patriotism and pedagogy. General sessions were given over to patriotism, and the section programs to the discussion of the teaching of different topics. At the Commissioner's meeting, Hon. Kelly, Senator from district number 10, talked on "Our Navy and the War."

The biggest thing any school can do in addition to educating its boys and girls is to have them help win the war for democracy. Keeler says, "Fewer Subjects, and Better Taught." Some topics worth while were, Field Day, Rural Commencements, Truancy during the War, The Trained Teacher and The Outlook of Today.

Music is taught in the Harbor and Sunnyside schools most successfully by note. The new tune to America and other patriotic songs were well sung.

At the ringing of the bell, morning recess and noon, children form in line on the walk according to grades, and march two by two into the school building, take their seats and begin the day's work. At the tap of the bell, the arithmetic class pass to the board, backs to the wall, and literally "toe the mark" while they undergo a mental arithmetic test, face about at command and work on the board problems dictated to them. They analyze them, are graded accordingly, receive assignments for the next day, take their seats and WORK, while the next class have their knowledge similarly put to the test.

Mr. McCann, director of the Harbor school in St. James says they expect to have something "more modern" next year. They are to buy chemical toilets for school use. There are already 22 of these Caustine systems in the schools of the county, charging with chemical on an average of twice per year, giving satisfaction, making privacy and supervision possible, health probable and cleanliness guaranteed.

Miss Agatha Kenny reports \$7.21 returns from a penny social. They buy a pencil sharpener first.

Esther Palmer of the Hoffman school reports \$5.80 earned at a box social. They are sending for new library books.

South Arm No. 3, and Boyne Valley No. 6, did not observe Patriotic Day and explanations have not been received to date.

The following enthusiastic letter is typical of the patriotism our teachers are showing in their work for their country.

Dear Miss Stewart:—

I am very anxious to take up the Junior Red Cross work in our school, and want to begin as soon as possible. I also received a notice concerning the Food Conservation work but no pledges were sent so I did nothing in that line. The notice was sent from East Jordan, but there was no signature, so I do not know to whom I shall write for the cards. Will appreciate any help you can give me in these matters.

Sincerely,
Mary Berg.

Junior Red Cross pamphlets will be mailed to those interested as soon as they are received from Washington. Dr. Swinton of Charlevoix, is chairman of the Food Conservation work in this county and he had been intending to mail pledges to all teachers, and those who did not receive them may obtain them from him.

It takes more than eye-opener to make the top see the error of his ways.

Men are usually embarrassed when they propose—either financially or otherwise.

Some men are about as beneficial to their fellow men as the hole to the doughnut.

Every woman imagines that she was created for the purpose of bossing some man. Eh?

A man considers it a compliment when a woman says, "Oh, you are like all the rest of your sex."

Man's man at the age of 50 wishes he was half as smart as he thought he was at 21.

It may take almost as many tailors to make a man as collectors to induce him to pay for the job.

Don't hit a man when he is down its more customary to throw rocks at him when he's up a tree.

MAN'S HEART SENT ACROSS THE OCEAN

Countess in California Ships Organ of Mate to Comply With a Spanish Law.

Pasadena, Cal. — At her hotel in this city, the Countess Blanca de Orive eagerly awaits news of the safe arrival in Spain of probably the strangest package that has left by ship from New York to take its chances with German submarines.

To comply with the letter of the Spanish law, and to receive an inheritance, the countess is sending the embalmed heart of her late husband to be buried in Spain soil. Her arrangement for the peculiar transaction was made during the last month since the countess has been a guest in this city.

The countess died six years ago in Atlanta, Ga., and at that time the body was prepared with the view of sending the heart to Spain at this time. The count and the countess were natives of Spain and both were exiled because of political differences with the ruling authorities. The count owned a vast estate in Spain, which came into the possession of the countess after she has complied with the peculiar Spanish law.

In his will the count left minute instructions telling the countess just how to proceed in complying with the law. A slow legal development in Spain, conducted at the expenditure of a small fortune, made it unnecessary to carry out the strange burial rites until this time.

The countess in an interview the other day told of her husband's adventurous life. When he was 12 years old he was stolen by bandits, and a ransom demanded. When the ransom was not forthcoming, the lad was abandoned in a forest after both his hands had been nailed to a tree.

In 1876 he was exiled from Spain for taking part in the Carlist rebellion, and became a wanderer in many lands.

NO MORE PICKING UP OF NAILS

Magnetized Clip Now Does It For Carpenters.

A device to save carpenters from picking up nails has been invented. It consists of magnetized clips, which the carpenter fastens to his fingers and which draw the nails to his hands.

Good nails are scarce, but some Mars are very skillful.

The Youth's Companion for 1918.

The brightest men of this country and those with the highest ideals will write for the Youth's Companion in 1918. Ideals in reading matter count in these days, and it is worth everything to keep in the mental company of Ex-President Taft, Alexander Graham Bell, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, John Burroughs, Maurice F. Egan, United States Minister to Denmark, Agnes Repplier, Dr. Rupert Blue, Walter Camp, Gen. Charles King and other great contributors for 1918. The Companion will have its great run of serials and short stories. It will give the clearest and most reliable summary of the great war. At the same time the regular departments will be maintained in all their profusion and variety.

Sample copies of the paper announcing the important features of next year's volume will be sent you on request. For the Companion alone the subscription price is \$2.00. But the publishers also make an Extraordinary Double Offer—the Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine, together for \$2.25. McCall's is the best fashion authority for women and girls, just as The Companion is the nation's favorite family literary weekly.

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.

When a man says you are always wrong he may be mistaken, but when he says you are always right he's a liar.

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.

OLD VETS RECALL RAIDS BY INDIANS

TWO AGED WESTERNERS TELL OF THRILLING DEEDS.

As Boys They Suffered Beatings at Hands of Savages, While Friends Were Slain.

Rock Springs, Texas. — Two old timers met here a few days ago. W. C. Riggs, now of Colorado, who "struck it rich" and is now touring Texas hunting up his old friends and relatives, came to see his friend, D. M. Elms, or, as his friends call him, "Indian-Dave."

Mr. Riggs, who was born in Isard County, Arkansas, came to Texas when a small boy with his parents, John and Jane Riggs, who settled near Sugarloaf Mountain, 18 miles from Belton, in 1857. Mr. Elms said:

"I also am an Arkansawyer. My parents came to Texas, settled in Washington County in 1847, moved to Bell County in 1850, and of all of the things I have seen the murder by the Indians of Mr. and Mrs. John Riggs is most indelibly stamped on my memory. I was a boy about 12 years old. John Riggs and I started after some cedar posts to fence our field. We had only gone a short distance when we were overtaken by fifteen Indians.

"The first one that came up spoke to us in English and said, 'Ho—do you do?' As the others came up they formed a circle around us and began to club us with cow tails, holding the bush of the tail in their hands. We stood the punishment: quite a while. Mr. Riggs started toward his home in a run, followed by a number of the Indians. Some of the Indians continued to punish him, the others laughing and shouting, evidently very much amused. The three left with me seemed to have just lots of fun, punning me in various ways, took off my clothing and divided the garments up among themselves.

"We could hear the other Indians yelling and those left with me went off in that direction. I then became frightened and ran my level best in the opposite direction to Alex Reid's place, three and a half miles away. When about halfway, I met Mr. Reid's brother riding a horse and leading another, which I mounted; and we went to Mr. Reid's and reported what had happened.

"Mr. Riggs had a brother at home and, being unarmed, ran for help. When the few neighbors gathered at the Riggs home they found the dead bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs some 200 yards from the house—the baby crawling over its dead mother.

"W. C. Riggs, then a small boy, ran and hid in the tall grass. The two girls, Roda and Margaret, were carried away prisoners. In the afternoon the girls witnessed the killing of George Pevey at Douglas Mountain, near where the town of Killam now stands. In their haste to get away they dropped the girls and left them. The girls spent the night alone on the prairie, but next morning went to a vacant house and were found by John B. Slack. Just prior to the killing of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs the Indians killed Young Pierce."

"Uncle Davie" timidly removed his hat and exhibited scars, the result of the beating he received.

After the death of his parents, the baby and the present Mr. Riggs and two sisters made their home with their grandparents and uncles—Grandma Ronda and Grandpa Thomas, Branch and James Riggs. They first settled near Salado, then in Bandera County at Cave Mountain near Medina Dam. The old home is now owned by Mrs. John Leboldt.

"The Indians gave them a great deal of trouble, stealing their horses and killing their cattle. So the Riggs family, assisted by Frank Fox, built a large stockade, commonly known as Fort Riggs. The walls were double, filled between with dirt, and on top they planted cactus. They had no wagons or horses and the stone was hauled on slides pulled by oxen. Grandpa Riggs was drowned in the Medina River and is buried near where Lee D. Montell now lives.

"The hair of these old-timers is now whitened by the many winters, but their minds are clear, and many are the stories of hardship and adventures of the early settlers and their personal experience and observation; and not many summers will pass until they cross over the river to join their friends and relatives in the 'happy hunting grounds.'"

A quiet wedding is often the prelude to a noisy divorce.

Many an untimely grave has been filled by the emptying of the wrong bottle.

"UP TO YOU" SAYS EMPEY

Arthur Guy Empey, American boy who went into the British army after the Lusitania disaster, who served two years, who came back to write that great book "Over the Top," says in America's greatest newspaper, the New York Times:

"Then," he went on, with a change of tone, and with admiration in his voice that showed how he felt before he had got to the end of his sentence, "there is the Y. M. C. A. You people in America ought to do everything you can to help the Y. M. C. A. It is the real home of the American soldier in France. It can't give him his loved ones, but it gives him the comforts and interests and pleasures of home. It brings home to him there in the mud of the trenches. And those Association men aren't drawing any wonderful salaries, either; they are volunteers, and they are in the midst of the mud and the firing, as the soldiers are; to make the soldier comfortable and help him maintain the religion and the manliness that he had when he went into the war. The Y. M. C. A. doesn't make any distinction in any way—Protestant, Catholic, Jew, atheist, every one is welcome.

"Show me the soldier who makes a disparaging remark about the Y. M. C. A. or its work, and I'll show you a soldier who is a detriment to the army, who is constantly in trouble, and who has lost the respect of officers and mates. It's up to you people here at home to help the Y. M. C. A."

Have you done your bit?

Y.M.C.A. STANDS BY CLEAR TO FRONT

TEACHES FOREIGNERS TO BE GOOD SONS OF UNCLE SAM—CURES HOMESICKNESS.

FOLLOWS SOLDIER ACROSS

Dug-Outs Cheer Soldier Last Thing Before Battle—"Last Evidence That Somebody Cares."

Michigan through the Y. M. C. A. is in the midst of the big drive to raise a million and a quarter dollars for the American soldier. The man and the woman who have been to Camp Custer do not ask "What for?" Those who have asked Michigan soldiers in camp what they think of the Y. M. C. A. do not ask "What for?"

The great lighted buildings in the rain and cold of a late autumn afternoon, a place for homesick boys to hear music and play games and read, they are what the Y. M. C. A. is paying for.

A bunch of foreign boys, sitting eager, interested, before a Y. M. C. A. teacher, learning to speak the language of Uncle Sam—that is what the Y. M. C. A. is paying for. A thousand of these, foreign-speaking sons of America are being taught to speak and write and read, to get in touch with what the country is doing through the newspapers and the men around them. Men at play on the drill grounds at noon, men at play in the big clean buildings at night—that is what the Y. M. C. A. is paying for.

This is in Michigan, here at home. It is only the beginning of the story of what the Y. M. C. A. is doing.

Standing By Overseas.

When the soldier goes out from Camp Custer down to the sea to go across the Y. M. C. A. will go along. In great tents or buildings at the embarkation points along the coast, when the first great sweep of distance from home has brought its homesickness the Y. M. C. A. with its piano, its lighted rooms, its games will be there. It will be there to the boys of Michigan just as it has been at Camp Mills on Long Island when the National Guard armies of the East have come down to the coast to take ship.

When Michigan boys land in France the Y. M. C. A. will be there, it is there today meeting other boys who have gone over and it will be there then when it is needed a thousand times more than it is needed on Michigan soil, great as the need is here. The soldiers of Michigan will be in a strange land, a land so busy that it has no time to entertain the men of other lands; there will be no one to talk the language, and there will be the hard temptation of women whose invitation needs no language. The Y. M. C. A. will be there with the bright, clean buildings, the songs of home and the friendly men.

Finally when Michigan boys go down to the trenches, when they go out to go over the last great top, in a dug-out within the range of close fire, the Y. M. C. A. will be present. With a "God-speed" and a cup of hot cocoa-ate the Y. M. C. A. will give the "last evidence that anyone cares." For three weary years the British Y. M. C. A. has been down there behind the thin, red line behind its army. Now the American army is coming and the American Y. M. C. A. is coming too.

Filling the holes, filling the vacant spaces in the lives of the men behind the battle fronts, spaces that have been filled with companionship with wives and mothers in American homes, this is the business of the Y. M. C. A. overseas.

Not preaching, not telling the men not to sin but acting and giving the men healthy activity and clean amusement to take the place of reckless debauchery in foreign towns full of bad liquor and worse women—this is the job of the Y. M. C. A.

You can't go with your boy—send the Y. M. C. A.

CAMP Y. M. C. A. PLACE TO VISIT

These are Michigan folks, eating lunch with their boy in one of the Y. M. C. A. buildings at Camp Custer. A lot of people come out to camp on Sunday. The boys wait in crowds around the fence where the car pulls in from Battle Creek to see whether their folks have come. Then the boys take these "tenderfeet" from back home around the camp. But that isn't all, they want a chance to talk and to



MICHIGAN FOLKS AT CUSTER Y.

eat the lunches that have been brought from home. The barracks filled with bunks are not the place to have the talk-out and they are still less the place to eat what is in the big baskets. The Y. M. C. A. keeps "open house" to all these visitors and here the boys have taken fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts on the many rainy Sundays this fall. It is just one of the Y. M. C. A.'s ways of being handy, of doing the thing that needs to be done. To let the folks in on Sunday sort of "keeps the home fires burning" and it gives the boy a memory of the folks that sticks by the Y. M. C. A. building after they have gone home.

LEADERS PUSH Y. M. C. A. DRIVE

Berrien County Takes First Big Gifts At Start.

Berrien county led off in the big state war fund campaign when it wired into state Y. M. C. A. headquarters Thursday of last week "One \$1,000 gift, two \$500."

Harry Lauder, the Scotchman, who has made millions laugh in every city of this land and most of Europe, gave a grand opener to Detroit's campaign for \$700,000 in the Armory Sunday afternoon when he told the solemn story of the war.

The great churches of the cities of Michigan, the little country churches, opened their services to the story of the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday.

Campaign committees are at the top of their drive in every county in the state.

Soldiers from Camp Custer, Brigadier General Miller and Morse, several high staff and regimental officers, and a score of non-commissioned officers and privates have gone out into the cities and towns all over Michigan to tell the people of the state what the Y. M. C. A. means in camp.

The boys' campaign to "earn and give" \$10 apiece was led off by the boys of Highland Park high school, Detroit, one hundred of whom got together in the very beginning of the campaign and pledged \$1,000. Boys all over the state are looking for jobs that will earn them the \$10 they need. Detroit manufacturing concerns are allowing boys to come in and stay long enough to earn their funds.

The state is divided into seven districts outside of Detroit for purposes of carrying on the campaign.

12,000 Men at Y. M. C. A. Meetings. At Camp Mills, the temporary embarkation point on Long Island, 15,000 letters are written on a Sunday by 12,000 men. Here 30 secretaries are working in the six tents. The attendance of 12,000 men a day at religious meetings is not extraordinary.

BOY MINES SHOT MAKES BIG MONEY

DIGS UP METAL DROPPED FROM SHELLS AT GUN CLUB

Earns \$200 in Three Months Working Before and After School and Saturdays.

Danison, Texas.—Bruce Sandford, a 15-year-old boy, earned nearly \$200 in the last three months—and is still earning money at the same rate—in an odd manner. The boy lives near the shooting grounds of the Red River Gun Club. He made, and is still making, this money by digging bird shot out of the ground there.

The queer "mine" that he is working is situated on marshy ground near Red River, where there is plenty of water for placer operations. The ground has formed a part of the property of the gun club for about forty years and in that time no less than 300 tons of bird shot have fallen into the mud of the marshy ground.

Sandford goes to school. Before and after school and on Saturdays he goes to the grounds to hunt for the leaden shot, which he sells for 6 cents a pound. It takes a great many of the small shot to weigh a pound, but there are many of them in the ground.

Bruce's mining outfit consists of a pair of rubber boots, a large iron spoon, two washtubs and a number of stout burlap bags. The method of mining is very simple.

The mud is dipped into the tubs where it is stirred around with the spoon. The shot separate from the mud and sink to the bottom of the tub. The thin mud is then skimmed off, the shot is dipped out, re-washed in another tub, then placed in the sacks.

It is not an easy job, standing in the mud and working stooped over all the time, but Bruce has stuck to it and is doing well.

Other boys have begun to mine the shot also, and some of them are making as high as \$15 a week.

BIRTH REGISTRATION

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

Wash., D. C.—Why has the United States lagged behind other civilized countries in the care and completeness with which births are registered? All the States fail to provide for some of their children the official record which may become to any citizen at any time for the protection of his property rights, or even of his life.

The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor has taken up the question because the recording of births affects children immediately and in various ways. Complete registration is indispensable to any comprehensive work for the welfare of babies. Without it, regulations for the prevention of blindness in babies can not be enforced; the public-health nurse can not be sure of reaching every baby in the congested districts; and the death rate among babies—that most sensitive index of social well-being—can not be reckoned either for the community as a whole or for districts within the community.

The Children's Bureau, in co-operation with the Census Bureau, has therefore devised an informal test which is carried out by local committees and which brings home to the parents of young babies the importance of accurate and complete birth registration, for after all, it is upon the interest and understanding of parents that an absolutely complete record must, in this country, depend.

Of course a good State law is necessary to provide the machinery for registering births in each community and forwarding records to the State Registrar. A good law is necessary to give authority for the signing of physicians and mid-wives who habitually fail to report the births they attend, and such signing has proved essential for securing registration in some communities. But even with a good law and officials who honestly try to enforce it, there will always be some unregistered babies unless parents insist upon having their children's births recorded.

Interest in birth registration is constantly growing. Many State and city health departments are systematically working for better registration in their respective districts. Volunteer committees in 282 communities in 27 States have already reported to the Children's Bureau on local tests, and over 250 committees are now at work. And Baby-Week campaigns include a birth-registration day or some other special publicity for the subject.

STOLEN KISS COSTS MAN \$100

Appeal From Police Court Decision Falls of Purpose. Rochester, N. Y.—It was a costly kiss that Alfred Eys forced from the unwilling lips of Marie Becker.

Eys was convicted in Police Court on a charge made by the girl and fined \$50. He appealed to the County Court and County Judge Stephens upheld the decision.

Counting the attorney's fees, the cost of trials and other incidentals, Eys's stolen kiss will cost him more than \$100.

Marriage will change a man's views about women quicker than anything else.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

TRAVELS 34 DAYS SPENDS 30 IN JAIL

ALASKAN BRAVES DEATH AS OWN PRISONER

Sent Alone to Serve Sentence, He Makes Trip Few Would Have Dared Attempt.

Seward, Alaska.—The clerk of the United States District Court at Valdez has received official notice from the United States Deputy Marshal at Nushagak that Emile Anderson, a resident of the latter settlement, has served a term in jail and has been discharged.

This news may not interest any one in the States, but details of Anderson's case will interest many. Anderson in the first place lodged himself in jail and in the second jeopardized his life and spent thirty-four days traveling to his prison to serve a sentence of only one month.

In January Anderson was convicted by a jury here of assault with a deadly weapon. The testimony showed that Emile had wounded his opponent, who was the aggressor and probably deserved all he got.

Under the circumstances, the jury recommended extreme clemency, and the judge sentenced the prisoner to thirty days in jail at Nakhnek.

There was no boat running to Bristol Bay points, the steamer service having been discontinued, therefore Anderson was released on his own recognizance and directed by the

judge to make his way to Nakhnek the best he could and give himself up to the marshal there and serve his time. He was also appointed as a special messenger to convey the writ of commitment to the marshal.

Possibly if Anderson had failed to comply with his instructions no one would have given the matter a second thought, but seemingly such an idea did not occur to him or, at least, did not conform to his idea of the proprieties. He obtained passage on a fishing boat as far as Iliamna, and there started the long journey overland to Nakhnek.

At that time of the year the weather was cold and stormy, and with every convenience such a journey thru an almost unknown wilderness is one that would not be lightly undertaken by even the most daring Alaskan prospector.

For thirty-four days Anderson mushed and waded and swam, sleeping out under the Arctic skies with no protection save the campfires he built, and eating but sparingly of his scanty store of provisions, fearing that it would give out before the long journey was accomplished.

Pushing doggedly forward he finally reached Nushagak, where he immediately presented his writ of commitment to Deputy Marshal Furman and announced himself as the prisoner designated in the writ. Furman took him to Nakhnek and placed him in jail from which he now has been released.

Where a woman has such good sense as in her perfect willingness to buy a good figure if it didn't come to her naturally.

It's a great comfort to a woman who has lost her ideals in marriage to think how many she had when she was engaged.

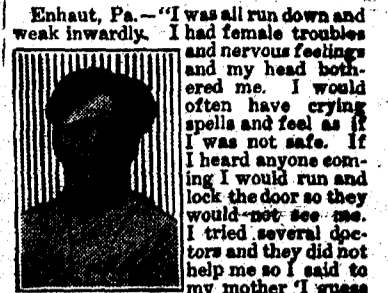
It takes a woman with a blister on her foot from a tight shoe to smile sweetly as if it were a diamond sunburst in her hair.

It's just a superstition that a man learns to be a good fisherman by being a great liar; that's the way he really learns not to be.

Nearly every man can take more pride in having seen a chorus girl show than in understanding the constitution of his country.

SICK WOMAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Enhart, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother 'I guess I will have to die as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. AUGUST BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhart, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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-Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

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.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

For Thanksgiving!

Would you like a new All-Linen TABLE CLOTH for your table for Thanksgiving Dinner?



Or would you like a pretty crepe or silk WAIST to wear to the dinner?

we have them all in a good selection of colors and patterns.

Also some very pretty READY-TO-WEAR DRESSES.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Trail of a Traitor

By G. C. HITCHCOCK

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

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CHAPTER XV. A Desperate Design.

Never before nor since have I seen such absolute consternation depicted on a human countenance as there was on Lysander Melton's as he saw me standing in the center of his room. He stopped as if suddenly paralyzed, and his jaw fairly dropped. He certainly never dreamed that his enemy would seek refuge in his mother's house.

Now, though I might have been justified in killing him (as I could easily have done), I am not of the kidney to deliberately slay an unarmed man in cold blood, and the idea of putting an end to him only occurred to me. All I wished to do was to render him harmless until Agnes and I could get away, for our bacon was now fairly in the fire. And I thought I saw how this might be done. Closets are plenty in that house, and all doors are heavy and strong.

"So, sir," I said, speaking quite calmly, "you have made your way back."

There was no immediate answer, his chest heaved as he realized the predicament he was in. For it were useless for him to shout; there were no domestics on the place, and his mother would never hear him. His little gasps showed how his heart was racing.

"How—how did you get here?" he finally asked.

"Why should not a man come to his own house?" I returned.

"And—and you—you listened?"

"I did. I heard enough. You are not going to Clinton today."

His lips twitched; his hands clenched and unclenched; but he made no other movement. I conceived he had nothing to say. "Throw up your arms!" I commanded. He did so when I advanced with my rapier. "Turn around!" He obeyed meekly.

"Perhaps you have sufficient comprehension to realize that I am a desperate man and cannot waste valuable time. Step into the closet."

I thought he would obey me as readily as he had done before, but I did not know him. He took a step in the direction of the closet, the door of which stood open; but instead of going on, he ducked, turned like a flash, and sprang for me. In an instant he had me in the grasp of a wrestler's underhold.

I was so taken by surprise that for a moment I was well-nigh helpless, but it was for a moment only. Weakened though I was, the man was hardly a match for me, and could not throw me as he hoped to do. In an instant we were careering around the room, and presently we both fell across the bed, I on top.

And it was then that I got the better of him, for I finally fastened my grip on his throat and hung to it. He tore at my wrists, his legs thrashed wildly, his eyes bulged; but I did not ease my hold until his face had turned purple and his tongue protruded from his frothy lips.

When he was fairly limp and apparently unconscious, I stood up. At that moment Agnes came hurrying into the room, wild-eyed and breathless. I was breathless myself.

"What are you doing? My God! what has happened?" she exclaimed.

"You may easily guess," I said, pointing to the body on the bed. "That devil came back!"

"Have you killed him?"

"I hardly think so; he will probably recover in an hour." And in a few words I explained the whole situation. "If he had gone to Clinton, there would have been no chance for us. Now what is to be done?" I concluded.

"You have the pass," she returned. "Get away at once!"

"Agnes," I said, for the first time calling her by her first name, "I thought you had a better opinion of me. I will not go without you. Your danger is as great as mine. Lysander knows your position. You can drive to Hanover Square and get a pass for yourself within an hour."

"No. It is impossible. The governor is sick—broken down; no one is allowed to see him."

"Then use my pass. I will make shift."

"I will not," she interrupted, drawing herself up. "I will not leave you to certain death. I could not. And where would I go?"

"God knows! Any place would be better than this. Lysander's mother is going to Clinton. The carriage is at the door—and, by Heaven, she must not go! Could you not take her place, see Clinton, and ask him for a pass?"

"And knowing him, I know that he

would at once become suspicious. And he will rage if Mrs. Melton is not there at the time set. His carriage is at the door. I saw it as I drove in."

"I am aware of it. Cannot we devise some way? Time is precious."

"I might go with Mrs. Melton," suggested the girl.

"But you could not throttle her. She would blurt out what Lysander has told her. The fat would be in flames at once, for she is probably already convinced that you are a rebel at heart."

The girl's face was white. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "Will this strain never end? If I had but her figure I would dress and act her part. I could get a pass that way."

It was a fortunate suggestion, though absurd so far as Agnes was concerned. I mean, it was desperate, because it put into my head a fortunate idea. There was not more than fifteen minutes to lose. I sprang to the girl's side and whispered fiercely, as if afraid the dead or deaf would hear me:

"I have it! I will take the part of my aunt. Heaven be thanked for her lack of grace! She is as large as I, and has a man's figure—a man's face and voice! Clinton has seen her but once—only long enough to know her peculiar style. By the gods of war, I'll try it! I must! Bring me her skirt and hat and I will get into them! then I will look her in the library and with you go to Clinton. It is our last—our only chance!"

The girl's blue eyes opened wide as the scheme dawned on her, but she did not denounce it as a crazy one. "And he?" she asked, pointing to the man on the bed.

"I'll lock him in his own closet! Your chariot is here?"

"Yes; I came in it."

"Tell Peter to drive to headquarters and await you there. We may want it later."

I spoke in a fierce hurry, but my brains were clear. My insane scheme looked better each moment, and it was the only possible solution to our difficulty.

I think Agnes began to see it, also; but she appeared too astonished to speak. And then I did a thing for which I have no excuse save one, but it woke her from her trance. Ah, I was young and daring then! I bent and, gathering her in my arms, I kissed her on the mouth. "Go," I said as I loosened her.

She had neither struggled nor protested, but her face was like the pink of a summer sunset as she looked at me as if she would probe my soul; then, without a word, she turned and ran from the room.

She had not gotten down the stairs ere I had pulled Melton from the bed and dragged him into his closet, locking the door of it. He was then beginning to recover, and moaned feebly. I took off my coat to prepare for the very wildest act of my life; but I thought the girl would never return, she was so long gone. I use the word act in its historic sense. I had rather distinguished myself as an amateur in days gone by, and as I had never thought to put my talents as a mimic to such a high test as was now demanded.

When Agnes returned with her arms full of effects from my aunt's wardrobe, I was ready for the ordeal; but I saw that there were not all the things necessary. There was a long, black gown of some stuff and a bonnet which would easily pass muster and help hide my face, but Mrs. Melton's peculiar marks were too widely known to be neglected. I turned to the girl, whose manner gave no hint of the little passage between us. "Did you tell Peter to go to headquarters?" I asked.

"Yes—and he has gone."

"Is Mrs. Melton still in the library?"

"Yes. She's sitting by the window, looking like Patience on a monument, as I passed the door."

"Remain here while I interview her. I would not have you identified with what I am about to do."—And with that I left the room, ran down the hall, and entered the library.

My aunt was sitting stiffly upright, her mitts folded, her position indicating tense expectancy. When she saw me enter hurriedly and coatless, she showed her astonishment in the way she threw up her chin. I confess I had no liking for my business, but war is war.

"Madam," said I, bowing into the trumpet she aimed at me, "I see that your son has returned. He has concluded that he will not go with you to see Sir Henry Clinton."

"Glory to Gideon!" she exclaimed sharply. "An' he leavin' me settin' here as I—"

"Mrs. Melton," I interrupted, driving my words together in an effort to get done with her, "did it never occur to you that I might not be what I appear to be? Did it ever occur to you that your step-nephew might not be a fool?"

She looked at me from head to foot, then threw up one hand. "Glory to Gideon! Ye mean that ye be Daniel Dressler?"

I bowed.

"Land o' Paradise! Ye don't tell me! Where's Lysander?"

"I don't think you would care to see him at present, madam. I have just had an interview with him."

Her hard face seemed to become harder; she stared at me with her black eyes like stones—"you've killed Lysander—"

Her rough voice dwindled off into a whisper, and the great woman, who might have put up a better fight than her stepson, fainted and fell back in her chair. This unexpected weakness did away with the force I had feared I would have to use, and it came like a godsend. I had small feeling for

this female who would do no more than mildly protest at my contemplated murder by her stepson, and I am afraid my haste made me handle her unconscious figure less gently than I might have done.

What I wanted I took.

I dragged the pelisse from her shoulders, her lace mitts from her hands, and took possession of her spectacles. These, with the long ear-trumpet, made my treasurer-trove, and with them I hurried back to Agnes. But first I locked the library door behind me; she would have had to be a man, indeed, to break it down; and the room, being in the second story of the rear wing, made it impossible for her to escape by window.

Agnes questioned me only with her eyes. A bright spot burned on either cheek, but she made no inquiry as to how I came by what I carried. And with her quick help, it was not ten minutes ere I was rigged out as my aunt, and my first view of myself in the cheval mirror showed that I made no mean duplicate of her.

I admit that when I finally shuffed myself down the front steps and into Clinton's carriage, my heart was hurrying, for it was then I fully realized the enormity of the thing I had undertaken; and it was impossible to take a rapier in that costume, though I felt lost without it.

Now, the house doors being fastened front and back, my aunt locked in the library and Lysander locked in his own closet, I was confident of no interference from those quarters; but hardly had the footman swung himself into the rumble when there came a piercing scream from the rear of the building, and I knew that my aunt had recovered her senses and was shouting an alarm through an open window. However, the scream sounded but once, and I did not know until afterward that she had promptly fainted again.

At the unusual sound the coachman reined in his horses and looked behind as if suspicious of something wrong; and it was Agnes who put a period to the ten seconds of suspense. "Drive on!" she commanded.

And on we went, I with my head high, my face fairly concealed by the cavernous bonnet of the day, the ear-trumpet as conspicuous as my aunt alight was carried it. As for the spectacles, I was blind by them, and looked over their tops. Agnes did not speak to me during the entire trip between Cherry Hill and No. 1 Broadway and I was in no mood to disturb her thoughts; moreover, footmen have ears.

I take more pride in having deceived the guards in front of Clinton's headquarters than in hoodwinking the British general; but, as far as my disguise was concerned, I did both; and even the flunky that bowed us into Clinton's office had hard work to keep his face straight as he looked at me. Orders had evidently been given to at once admit Mrs. Melton on her arrival; and with the girl by my side, I marched majestically past him and found myself in Clinton's sanctum sanctorum.

On the quiet air of the room hung a stratum of tobacco-smoke, showing the apartment had recently been occupied, and it was some minutes before Sir Henry appeared; by the time he did, I had got my heart back to its proper place, and had taken in the lay of the doors and windows. I was in a hole from which I might have to fight my way. Presently a side door opened, the curtains over it were pulled aside, and the "Chief of the British forces in America" stepped into the room.

CHAPTER XVI. A Terrible Moment.

At that time Sir Henry Clinton was in the prime of his life; but he was not a striking personage in appearance, for all that he was bemedaled and gold-laced. His face, refined enough, was rather insipid, his slightly disheveled nose giving it a flat appearance. He was dressed in full uniform, the single epaulet on his left shoulder indicating his high rank. His small hands were almost covered by the lace cuffs that fell over them. He possessed the effectation of the times, bowed, simpered, and took snuff, and, there being a pretty woman present, he constantly posed. Sir Henry Clinton was more like an exquisite of fashion than the general of an army.

I had taken a seat in a large arm-chair, placing my back to the light; and as Sir Henry advanced, lowering and simpering, I made no attempt to rise. I simply inclined my head and whipped the ear-trumpet to my ear. He had been about to speak to me, but at my act he gave me one half-frightened look and turned aside to where Agnes stood, white-faced and with heaving bosom. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Ah, Mistress Barrow, this is an unexpected honor! I thought you were at the governor's house."

"I was, your excellency, but I came with Mrs. Melton, as I have a personal favor to ask. And she is very—very deaf, your excellency; I thought she—or you—might have trouble."

God bless the girl! I saw her wit was not lacking.

"Yes—yes! I see—I see! Dear! Why in Satan's name should any one be deaf? It's damned inconvenient for that Mrs. Melton—'Pon my soul and body, but she's no beauty! Ha! Yes!" He took a side glance at me, and at once turned away, as if he did not relish the sight. Sir Henry was certainly a man of taste in one respect. He knew a pretty woman; but he had little use for others. I sat there and stared straight at him, making my face as vacuous as possible.

"Yes—yes!" continued Clinton, without waiting for the girl to speak.

"If I had known, I might have done the business by letter. But you may say to her that it is a matter concerning the property of Cherry Hill. Yes—that will be excellent! Tell her that, my dear young lady, and ask her at what figure she holds her interest in the estate."

He had taken Agnes's hand, and was smoothing it between his.

"You see, my dear," he continued, "there is a certain party who has taken a fancy to the location, and I have rather promised that she shall have it. I could see it condemned and confiscated, it having belonged to a rebel—and I understand the heir is one, also, and absent from the city—but I do not wish to be unjust to this old—to Mrs. Melton on account of her son's service, though I have been informed that he made a fool of himself. We would be willing to pay this Mrs. Melton something in a fair way, then confiscate and transfer the property to the new party. You understand, of course?"

I do not believe that Agnes did understand, all he meant, but not so with me. The matter was as plain as the man's dished nose. The lady to whom he had given his heart and hand without the honorable accompaniment of his name, otherwise Mrs. Badely, had struck a fancy for Cherry Hill. This, then, was the important business about which he wished to see my aunt. I was intensely relieved to know it was nothing directly relating to myself, but it made me angry. The whole matter had been out and dried.

But I did not forget myself. Agnes, with a power of acting greater than mine, since she had no disguise, put her mouth to the ear-trumpet and in a loud voice stated the proposition.

"Tell him I'll talk it over with Lysander," I said to the girl, but speaking directly to Clinton. "Old Dressler is dead, and his son is dead, and the property is mine, even if the law hasn't give it to me yet. But I'll sell for a fair figure. If that's all there is to it, get your pass and let's go. I can't abide this stink of tobacco! Glory to Gideon, I'm nigh chokin'!"

This was certainly about the way my aunt would have expressed herself if she had consented to being robbed. "Ha!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Much easier than I thought! She will be reasonable! I will send a man to her and arrange matters! And now, my dear, what was your wish—your favor? Even to half my kingdom I would—"

But Agnes interrupted his fulsome outburst. "I wish a pass through the lines, your excellency. You know the governor is too ill to hold a pen. So I come to you."

Clinton sucked in his breath. "A pass? to the outer lines? I couldn't think of such a thing! I will give you one for the inner lines. What need have you? No, my dear, I could not think of losing sight of you. I wish to renew our—"

Before he completed his sentence, there was a noise of voices in the hall, and a quick knock came on the door. Sir Henry bit off his remark, scowled, and called a "Come in!"

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded of the gorgeous flunky who appeared and saluted.

"Your excellency, there is an officer outside who demands to see you instantly."

"An officer making demands. In God's name, who is he?"

"Lieutenant Melton, sir, of the Loyal Americans. He says his mother is here, your excellency, and that he must see you at once."

"Had Clinton pulled out his own sword and out his own throat, I could not have been more dumbfounded; and for a single instant I believe my heart ceased beating, and all mental activity ceased as well. Here was an end to everything. There were no brains required to comprehend that Melton had recovered, in some way broken from the closet, and in his desperation and anger come straight to Clinton, where he expected to meet his mother. If he were admitted, Agnes and I might say farewell to the world at once."

Sir Henry looked at me, and perhaps it was fortunate that I was too stunned to move or show I had heard; but if I was silent, Agnes was not. The awful situation appeared to act as a stimulant on her, for hardly had she heard the flunky's words when she burst out:

"Oh, Sir Henry, do not admit him! Please—please!"

"God's death!" exclaimed Clinton. "This is a fine state of things! Not admit him? Is it a lover's quarrel, then?"

"Nay, Sir Henry," said Agnes, with an imploring look that might have cowed the devil himself, and laying her hand on the knight's arm, "I have broken our troth. It is from no quarrel. He is unworthy to be called a man. He is persecuting me; he has followed me here. I wish to be rid of his annoyance. This is why I ask for a pass. I implore your excellency not to admit him."

"Ha!" exclaimed Clinton. "I don't wonder he raves over his loss! But he shall not come in—certainly not—certainly not! Does the old woman—does his mother agree?"

"Yes—yes. You may ask her, Sir Henry."

"Nay—I'll take your word for it. I—have a—er—cold. He shall not annoy you, I'll give you a pass. Bless my soul, I will do what I can for you! Egad, Melton's a fool to throw away such a—such a—gem. Yes! A pass through the lower lines! Yes—yes!" He sat down at his desk and wrote rapidly on the paper he pulled before him. In the meantime the flunky, having received no orders, remained standing like a wooden image. I sat limbo-gale, but I thought a tragedy was a-bud until I heard Clinton's last

words; then I knew there was still a fighting chance for both the girl and myself.

But Agnes was not yet satisfied, and her wits penetrated deeper than mine. "Your excellency," she begged, bringing her lovely face close to the man's, "he will see us as we pass out. Will you hold him, Sir Henry? I do not wish a scene. I ask you to protect me."

"Protect you? Upon my soul and body, I'll see to it!" His eyes were shining as he swung around to the flunk. "At present I'll have none of Lieutenant Melton. Take him up to the music room until I am ready for him. And you will be careful to say nothing of what has passed here."

The fellow saluted and disappeared. "There—there, my dear young lady!" said Clinton, catching Agnes's hand and fondling it, the veins swelling on his forehead. "I think I have fixed your fool lover. The music-room is in the rear; he may cool his shins there until you are gone. I will keep him for an hour—if you say so."

"Make it two, your excellency," said Agnes, with an archness that might have affected a saint.

"Egad! I'll have Melton follow his regiment! He shall not annoy you!" He struck the bell on the table, the sound ringing in the flunky. "Is the coast clear?"

"It is, your excellency. But the lieutenant protested, and—"

"Damn his protests!" said Clinton, offering his hand to escort Agnes to the door. I followed them out of the room, thankful that I was being ignored. In the street the governor's chariot stood at the curb, and near it was hitched the horse on which Melton had probably arrived. I climbed into the vehicle.

"Back to Cherry Hill, Peter," said Agnes, sinking down at my side; and now she was shaking as if palsied. It had been a tremendous strain. I felt that again I owed her my life.

When we arrived at Cherry Hill she did not dismiss the equipage, but after helping me as if I were a feeble old woman, she said: "You may remain, Peter. I am going to drive Mrs. Melton out to the manor-house this afternoon." And she swept into the house. Had I been elsewhere I would have protested at remaining disguised, but I knew I could throw off the woman's dress anywhere on the road. Neither of us took the black coachman into consideration.

It may at first seem foolish that, under our stress, we returned to the house at all; for, as each now had a pass, we might have driven straight to the barrier and out into the country. But the return was more or less necessary. Beside that there would be little danger from Melton within the next two hours, if Clinton kept his promise, there were matters calling us both back; I for my rapier and Champagne's papers, and the girl for divers things a woman needs. She could not escape in the flimsy thing she then wore, for the sky had become overcast, the air chilly, and a storm was threatening.

I found my aunt in a dead faint on the floor of the library, and near the open window from which she had screamed. From this I concluded that Lysander had not recovered before she succumbed, else she would not have thought of her as being at Clinton's. His own escape was made clear when, on examining the door of the closet, I discovered that the hasp of the lock had gone, the bolt engaging with wood only, which gave way easily. The open parlor window showed how he had left the house, and his horse accounted for his early appearance at headquarters.

After getting the ponderous body of my little respected relative to her own apartment, I went to my room, recovered my papers, and managed to fasten my sword under the pelisse so that I could at least walk without its being observed. Telling Agnes to hurry and that I would await her in the sitting room, I went downstairs with my nerves in a state of tension but my senses well balanced. I had now seen clear hope ahead, though I had not thought of what we should do after getting through the barrier.

There would be time for that later. The sitting or living room at Cherry Hill was a large and high wainscoted apartment with oak rafters dark from age. At that hour the poor light from growing poorer, and the great room was almost gloomy. There was a glass door opening onto the back piazza, which overlooked the kitchen, garden, and stable. In each corner of the room was a large closet used for household purposes, a mirror in every panel as a help to light the apartment. Save the glass door to the piazza, there was but one entrance, a heavy oak door opening into the main hall.

When I went downstairs we had been in the house for nearly an hour, and I was wondering why Agnes delayed joining me, when I heard her coming. She had changed her dress to some thick woolen stuff; a close hood had taken the place of her gay hat, and her hand was a well-filled portmanteau.

"We must hasten!" she said, her burning cheeks showing the state of her nerves. "Mrs. Melton has just recovered. She thinks I will return to her in a minute. I hope Clinton will—"

She stopped short at that sentence. She never completed that sentence, and one did not have to listen hard. For at that instant I heard the front door dashed open, it having been left unfastened when we returned; then came the call of a man, the clatter of many feet, and a military command. I knew what had happened. I dropped the portmanteau I had taken from the girl; who now sprang toward the hall door as if to close it; but ere she got half-way across the floor she

found herself face to face with her discarded lover. Behind him came a British officer and four dragoons, the latter halting just outside the door.

Melton was a sight.

He had got into a uniform, but was without side-arms. He was hatless; his hair was disordered, and his face as white as chalk. "Here she is!" he exclaimed, and stopped breathing hard as he stared at the girl, who stood without moving. That the man took me to be his mother was fairly plain; I sank into a chair and quietly fumbled for my sword, but I could not clear it. For a moment after Melton's exclamation not a word was spoken; in fact, there was hardly a sound in the room; without doubt, it was the most dramatic and least dignified moment of my life.

"Hell!" said Melton, finally catching his breath and exploding. "So you have taken the bit and are running! Where to, in God's name?"

Agnes made no return to this coarse outburst.

"Where is that man?" he demanded, taking a step toward her.

"Am I his keeper?" returned the girl. "I shall not speak to you again until you remove those men from this room. Are you not ashamed of your self, sir?" She said this quietly, but I saw the strain she was under; her cheeks were now as white as Melton's.

Whether it was shame or a desire to conciliate the girl, I know not; but he obeyed readily enough, and ordered the soldiers into the hall, closing the door after them. The officer remained in the room. I figured our chances. Had there been no soldiers I would have felt better, for Melton was evidently unarmed, and I might make short work of the officer; as it was, I was too heavily handicapped to dare the odds against me. The only possible hope for us lay in the fact that Melton had at once taken me to be his stepmother and paid no attention whatever. After disposing of the dragoons he returned to Agnes, his manner hardly less violent than before.

"A fine story, that you gave Clinton! Broken your troth, hey! Afraid of my importunity—when? By—why did you tell him that?"

"Because I meant it," returned the girl, facing him fearlessly.

"And you mean it now?"

"Aye, I do. Henceforth we are nothing to each other."

"Damnation! Has that fellow so prevailed on you? Agnes, I—"

"It is useless, Lysander," interrupted the woman, whom I now saw was in no danger of breaking down before him. "It is a matter long considered by me."

"And you dare tell me this to my face?"

"Aye, I dare—and do."

"Hell's fire on earth, it is Dressler's doing! I'll out his heart out! You have been protecting him! You saved him from Arnold?"

"Yes." Her answer might have come from a corpse, so little was the emotion in it; the word was as crisp and as short as the snap of an icicle.

"And you know where he is?"

"I know. But he was never so safe if his danger depended on my telling."

"God's death!" screamed Melton, losing the little hold he had on himself. "You acknowledge you are protecting a rebel—a spy?"

"I am one myself."

"My God!" Melton staggered back. "You a rebel—a spy! Converted by that wily devil! Why not confess that you love him?"

"Lysander Melton," returned Agnes, drawing herself up and looking him steadily in the eye. "I have made one confession—enough to damn me in the eyes of the law—and shall make no more. Captain Dressler has escaped you; now order in your men and arrest me if you dare. I will come to trial, and all the world may then know something of the true Lieutenant Melton, of the Loyal Americans. I have never loved you, sir; and since I have known you as you are, I determined never to marry you. There you have it."

This was too much for the poor fool. The girl had not raised her voice, but there was no doubt of her earnestness; and she had hardly uttered the last word when the brute raised his arm and struck her with his clenched fist.

With that my own sense forsook me. I forgot my assumed character, my danger, and all else; and with something like a roar I jumped from my chair and sprang at the man, the act loosening my sword and sending it clattering to the floor. For an instant I was a madman. I grappled the unsuspecting coward and threw him to the floor with a force that half stunned him; then, with my knee on his chest, I held him by the throat with one hand while I tried to reach the rapier, which had fallen a little beyond my reach.

It was then that the officer, who was standing by the door, caught the situation, it probably clearing as the bonnet I wore fell from my head, and my disarranged disguise uncovered my boots and breeches. He had uttered a low exclamation when his superior had struck Agnes; but now he whipped out his sword, let go a round oath, and came for me. It was against him that I wished to use my weapon.

But he never reached me. Before he had passed around the table in the center of the room, Agnes had come to life, stooped for my rapier, and drew it, casting away its sheath. And she met the man with sharp crossing of his blade that so astonished him that he leaped backward. Stand aside, madam, or I shall be obliged to hurt you," he said. "I cannot fight a woman!"

"You will fight me, sir," said Agnes, "and you will find me worthy. Look to yourself! See! I am a traitress—"

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Give a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dull off—that remains to the iron—that lasts four times as long as any other.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Is in a glass by itself. It's more carefully made and made from better materials.

Try it on your stove, your cook stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your hardware or grocery dealer is authorized to return it to us.

There's "A Shiny in Every Drop"

Get a Can TODAY

Our ideal of a true hero is one who brings company home to dinner on washday.

Some men are so cautious they will never allow their friends to owe them a cent.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

No man can do his best when suffering from backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints or sore muscles. E. H. Stone, 340 N. 2nd St., Reading, Pa., writes: "For months I was unable to attend to business. I used Foley Kidney Pills and soon the pains and aches were gone. They are worth their weight in gold to me."—Hite's Drug Store.

LATH 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 Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Special Offer to the Readers of This Paper

If you will send us the names of five ladies in your town who you think would like to read the FAMILY STORY PAPER, we will send you and them each a sample copy, and will also send a reward for your effort your choice of any one of the following:

Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Greeting Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Boys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc.

1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.

The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.

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Exclude 4c stamps to help cover cost and postage.

N. L. MUNRO'S PUB. HOUSE
338-340 Pearl St., New York

HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives you a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, or those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

GOAT DEVOURS FLAGS; LOCKED UP AS SPY

Animal Gives Battle When Women Try to Drive It Away.

Los Angeles, Cal. — A spy suspect, loitering around the home of Mrs. W. C. Burke of Halldale avenue, is still imprisoned in Mrs. Burke's garage.

The subject is a stray goat that appeared at the Burke residence and, after attempting to demolish the garden, attacked and ate two American flags.

Mrs. Burke became aware of the goat first when she heard a loud commotion on the front porch. It proved to be the goat leaping on a young peach tree at the edge of the porch.

Mrs. Burke endeavored to coax it away. As a protest it tore around the garden till it spied the two American flags on the garage. Without hesitation it began to eat the flags.

The daughter made a dash to rescue the Stars and Stripes and it was then that the goat became a spy suspect. For at her appearance it charged in and finally butted her so far away from the garage that it managed to swallow the last bit of flag before she could counter-charge.

Finally, however, with the aid of neighbors, the goat was driven into the garage and firmly tied. But Mrs. Burke and her daughter hope the allies of the goat will come and get it.

ALL BRIDES GET BONUS IN ONE KANSAS TOWN

Real Housekeeping Articles Handed Out With License.

Wichita, Kan.—This city claims the prize in trade boosting experiments. It is offering a bonus to every bride who gets married within the city limits.

It matters not to the merchants of the city whether the bride or groom live or have ever lived in Wichita. They may come from any place on earth, but if they get a marriage license at the office of the Probate Court and have a justice or a preacher marry them, the bride will have a little package presented to her as a wedding gift from the merchants of the city.

The bonuses are not stingy little advertising novelties, either. They are real housekeeping articles. They are a good sized sack of real flour, shoes, jewelry, ribbons, tea, knives, bric-a-brac, and many other articles that any girl will need when she starts house-keeping.

Not all of these are in every package, but there have been 1,000 brides' packages made up by the different merchants, and not less than five useful articles with a total value of \$8 to \$10 is placed in every package.

Of course each article has the name of the donor and the whole scheme is purely a form of advertising.

BIRD BUILDS NEST UPON COW'S BACK

Cow Being Unable to Stand, Barn Sparrow Clings to Its Home and Lays Eggs.

Bennetts, N. Y.—One day last week Abner Snowden had a cow which mired in the swamp. At 5 o'clock when the cow did not come to the barn with the other animals Mr. Snowden and his hired man went to the swamp and found her.

The cow was dug out and it was found that the left hind leg was so badly sprained that she could not step on it. The cow was loaded on a stoneboat and drawn to the barnyard.

A veterinarian was called, examined the leg, and as he found no broken bones it was decided not to kill the animal. The leg was bandaged and the cow has not stood on her feet since.

The next morning when Snowden fed the animal he observed a sparrow perched upon her back, but when he approached the bird flew away. That evening, when he went to care for the cow he was surprised to find that the bird had built a nest on the cow's back and had laid an egg in the nest. Since then the bird has laid four eggs in the nest and is now sitting on the eggs. The bird does not leave the nest when Snowden, or his helper feeds the cow.

HUSBAND DRAGS WOMAN OUT OF CHURCH BY HAIR

Omaha Man Knocks Down Two Neighbors Seeking to Aid Wife

Omaha, Neb.—Lon E. Pryor, 2632 Chicago Street, objected to his wife attending religious services.

When he came home the other night and found his better half out, he went to the Pentecostal Mission, 1723 Cumming street, and disrupted services by dragging her out, witnesses said, by her hair.

All the way home, witnesses said, he abused her and threatened a number of the congregation who followed them, if they interfered.

When L. Morris, a neighbor, rushed in to the Pryor household in answer to shrieks of "help" and "murder" from Mrs. Pryor, he was knocked down and forced to retreat.

Undaunted, Francis McGovern, another neighbor, entered the house. He received a cracked lip.

The whole neighborhood was aroused and police were summoned.

Before officers arrived, Pryor escaped. Shortly before the officers left he returned, took down an army rifle and threatened his wife with instant death. The officers were called again and Pryor was arrested before he could carry out his intention.

Mrs. Pryor said her husband always objected to her going to services, she insisted that she say grace at meals.

LAST PORT MADE BY PELORUS JACK

FAITHFUL DOLPHIN SUCCEDES TO INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

After Piling Ships 35 Years, He Grieved for Absent Friends and About War.

Sydney, Australia. — Pelorus Jack is dead. The famous New Zealand pilot fish had conveyed steamships from Wellington to Nelson at a point near French Pass for the last thirty-five years. According to Ben Ruddle, the tarry-handed, bronzed, and bearded son of a British freighter, the fish pilot died from the infirmities of old age aggravated by grief of the war.

"I knew Pelorus Jack back in 1888," said Ben Ruddle, "when I was boy's son of the old Wanganui, running between Australia and New Zealand, and he was a smart, young dolphin dashing blue and white in color and about fourteen feet long.

"In those days Jack, as the fish was known by all men in the coasting and deep-water trade to New Zealand, could swim like a streak and moved so fast that when the sun was shining strong all the officers on the bridge and lookout forward could see a flash as he jumped out of the water ahead to show his dexterity.

"Jack always kept on the starboard bow as he knew that was the Captain's side of the ship, and was a regular nautical aristocrat in manner. Skippers who followed Pelorus Jack never grounded on any shoals or hit rocks, and this became so well known that many of the older mariners would not go thru French Pass unless he was ready to pilot them.

"They all took a delight in feeding him with pieces of beef and small-fresh leaves, which Jack had a great fondness for. One of his best friends was Captain Imman R. Sealby, of the White Star Line, who afterward had the Republic, and the two were so chummy that Jack would miss two or three vessels when he knew that Sealby was about to leave Wellington for Nelson.

"In 1904 some young landlubber, with more money than sense, came along in his yacht and fired a shot at the old pilot fish as he came under the bow and knocked a chunk off his starboard fin. This cruel act upset Pelorus Jack so much he swam away and was not seen for three months, and many of the coast skippers believed that he had given up his job.

"Finally the New Zealand government sent a dispatch boat to look for him, and Jack was discovered hiding up a small inlet in a lonesome state and brought back to French Pass. To protect him from further attacks the governor of New Zealand issued a special order in council establishing a fine of \$500 for any person who attempted to injure Pelorus Jack.

"Just before the war began it was noticed that the famous dolphin was turning gray and was showing his age in other ways. He took on a shovell-nosed whistling grampus called Billy to teach him the pilot business, but Billy had lost his port headlight, and had to carry so much starboard beam that he was continually going aground. Then Jack got hold of a frisky young dugong named Wim which indulged in so much skylarking around the ships that the officers would not trust him, and the sailors used to chuck coal at him to chase him away.

"What with his age and scetics, in the part which wagged his tail, and missing all his old friends who had been called away to the Atlantic trade by the war, Pelorus Jack just pined away and died. His body was found on the sandy shore near French Pass, and out of respect for his long and faithful services the crew of a coast steamer dug a trench and put the body of the old fish pilot in it on a bed of seaweed and planted a blue-gum tree at the head and tail to mark the spot."

Ben Ruddle, who seemed much affected by the death of Pelorus Jack, said that after the war the officers and men in the Australian and New Zealand coast trade would take up a collection for a monument to the fish-never known to have been honored by a special order in council.

BOY CLIMBS LOFTY TREE TO FREE TRAPPED BIRD

Ten-year-old Lad is Awarded a Medal for His Daring and Heroic Act.

Hartford, Conn.—The Connecticut Humane Society has informed 10-year-old Michael Ravotte of East Hartford he is to have a medal for rescuing an imprisoned robin.

Little Michael had to climb an elm tree 75 feet high to effect the rescue. The robin had flown to one of the top-most branches with a long string in its bill for nest-building. The string caught in a stout twig, and as the robin worked to get it free, the string tangled about one of its legs. It was thus held prisoner.

It took the boy more than half an hour to work his way to the top of the tree. But he managed to reach the twig to which the string had fastened itself and snapped it off. With this hanging to its leg the robin fluttered to the ground, was released and flew off chirping at its restored freedom.

An up-to-date woman is seldom up to date with her age.

ALLEGED WOMAN FAKED ROBBERIES

Houston Man in Divorce Petition Asks For Custody of Their Child

Houston, Tex. — Mrs. Mary McKaskie, a bride of two months, has been sued by Clarence W. McKaskie for a divorce. At the same time and in the same court a former husband sued her for the possession of their 18-months-old child.

Mrs. McKaskie is a beautiful young woman whose recent performances have had Houston's police force guessing. She has reported five successive burglaries in the McKaskie home in as many weeks. All these burglaries were alleged to have taken place in the day-time, and on one occasion Mrs. McKaskie was found in fainting condition from apparent fright, she having called her husband by telephone from his work in the Union National Bank. The furniture was thrown around in a promiscuous fashion, there were stains looking like blood about the floor and an overturned bottle of carboic acid was found which Mrs. McKaskie asserted a burglar attempted to force down her throat.

McKaskie alleges in his petition for divorce that his wife developed ideas without a parallel in human history. "Ideas of imaginary murders, suicides, burglaries and other crimes frequently possess Mrs. McKaskie," reads the petition for divorce. "If she rehearses a sensational burglary, she poses and plays as the victim, pretends to lose valuables, to have been knocked down, ill treated and abused.

"The vulgar gaze of a curious public was trained upon the privacy of our home when the daily newspapers of Houston published glaring headlines, such as: 'Bride, 19, Found in a Faint,' 'Says Man Sought Her Life.'"

When the police discovered that the supposed burglaries had not been committed, Mrs. McKaskie was quoted as saying she was merely testing the love of her husband for herself.

Parents of Mrs. McKaskie declared that the bride had pawned jewelry to purchase necessary supplies and had then resorted to what amounted to mere practical jokes.

The suit filed for the custody of the child by the former husband, J. Russell Winston, also asks for an injunction restraining Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McKaskie from removing from Harris County, Texas, Frances Rebecca Winston, 18 months of age. The child had been awarded to her custody at the time she was divorced from Winston last September, one month before she married McKaskie.

WOMAN EATS AN ONION; STARTS A RIOT IN CLUB

Apology for Violation of Boycott Angers Mothers and Hair-pulling Match Results.

Boston, Mass. — Mrs. May Levine ate an onion. The other night the meeting of the Malden Mothers' League in Bryant Hall, was converted into a hair-pulling session and almost ended in a riot as a result.

As Eve partook of the forbidden fruit in the garden, so did Mrs. Levine allow a gnawing desire for an onion to cause her to fall from grace in the Mothers' League. For, be it known, the delectable and detectable onion is among the forbidden "fruits" in a boycott the club has started.

If Mrs. Levine had not been one of the important pickets in a recent siege of grocers her indiscretion might not have assumed such alarming proportions. But when she publicly confessed that the call of the onion had proved irresistible, her apology proved poor balm for the wounded feelings of her dumfounded compatriots.

A commotion followed, during which cries of sympathizers to the effect of: "Have a heart; maybe an onion's her weakness," only served to enrage the feelings of others.

Whether it was pure envy or a matter of principle, nobody took time to state. There was a generous reach for convenient heads and the squeals that followed showed that considerable enthusiasm was employed in tugging the crowning joy of woman.

The matter was finally arbitrated along the lines of every woman having a weak moment at least once in her life and of the irresistible qualities of the impressive and fragrant onion.

But the meeting did not close until a committee of five had been appointed to obtain a list of names and addresses of every person buying boycotted food with the avowed purpose of refusing to allow their children to play with the children of the non-boycotters.

"SMELLER" LOCATES OIL WELL

He "Scents" Metals Also by Walking Over Ground.

Wichita Falls, Texas.—Henry Zachary, an "oil smeller," was employed to locate the well of the Uncle Luke Wilson Oil Company on a lease on the Wilson ranch in the Archer district. He is said to be gifted with super-sensitive olfactory nerves which enable him to find buried oil or metals by simply passing over the ground.

SEES FORTUNE IN OLD VIOLIN

Civil War Veteran Said to Own Genuine "Strad."

Sussex, N. J.—Mahlon P. Johnson, a civil war veteran, recently got out an old violin given to him by his grandfather in 1847. An expert in such matters discovered on the inside of the instrument the inscription "Antonio Stradivari, Cremona Facit, Anno 1790." It is now valued at from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

"DEAD" MAN PAYS HIS WIFE A VISIT

After Dropping Out of Sight for Ten Years, Conductor Returns, Eats and Goes Again.

Springfield, Mo. — Andrew L. Warren, 57, and declared by formal court decree to be dead, returned to his wife's home here, had a long interview and breakfast with her, then pulled his shabby overcoat about him and set out afoot for Nichols Junction, four miles from here, where he said he would catch a freight train and go to "nowhere." He had 18 cents in his pocket when he arrived about 11 o'clock in the morning and the same amount when he departed.

Warren had been absent and silent for ten years. The last his wife heard from him he was a conductor on the International Railway of Mexico. This was in 1904. Recently Mrs. Warren filed suit in the Circuit Court to enforce collection of \$2,000, the amount of life insurance carried by her husband in the Order of Railway Conductors. This action also involved legal rulings as to whether Warren was alive or dead, and the court accepted the reasonable presumption that he was dead.

When denied a new trial, the Order of Railway Conductors paid the \$2,000. Incidentally, now that the missing man has reappeared in the flesh, counsel for the order have taken steps to have the judgment against it reversed, which contemplates return of the \$2,000 by Mrs. Warren, but the latter says if suit is filed it will have to be against her lawyers as well as herself, as she had to pay them half the amount as a fee.

Several days ago Warren was arrested on a minor charge at Carthage, Mo. Compelled to seek the aid of friends to get out of that difficulty, his identity was revealed and his wife notified. Her two brothers, E. L. and E. P. White, merchants here, went to Carthage and identified him, and together they came to Springfield and to the Warren home, arriving there after midnight.

The wife had prepared herself for his return, so there was no unusual commotion. To his wife, as also to his brother-in-law, Warren said he was on his way to this city to try to effect a reconciliation with his wife when arrested at Carthage.

"I have no explanation to make," Warren told his wife. "The only thing I can say is that because of my health I took to heavy drinking. I saw I was not going to make a living, even for myself. I knew I would just drag you down, so I decided to drop out of the world. I thought you would be better off without me."

Then he launched into a story of his wandering which consumed the time till dawn of a new day.

Briefly, he said he remained in Mexico till the landing of American troops at Vera Cruz. With other American refugees, he fled Mexico, coming to Galveston, Texas, on an Army transport. From there he went to New Orleans, La., and had an operation performed. Then he went to the Louisiana oil fields and subsequently to Oklahoma and Kansas. He was working in the Kansas oil fields, he said, when he determined to seek his wife.

"I never thought I would ever have to accept the charity of my own wife," sobbed Warren as he sat at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, he pulled his overcoat about him and again went out into the world as stated.

Warren did not ask his wife to take him back. "You are comfortably fixed and I have nothing," he told her. "You will be better off without me. If I ever make anything of myself and get so that I can support you again, I will come back."

One letter was all Mrs. Warren ever received from him. For ten years she waited and no word came.

"In the one letter received from Andy after he went to Mexico he asked me to come to him as soon as possible," Mrs. Warren said. "He told me to address him care of the general delivery, Mexico City. I wrote to him, but my letter returned. I never heard of him since."

"Then I corresponded with Mexican railroad officials. I got little satisfaction. All they could tell me was that he left Zacatecas on his run one night and was never seen nor heard of again. I supposed bandits attacked his train and killed him."

Warren was married to Miss Mary Coleman in Springfield in 1897. At that time he was a conductor on the Frisco railroad. Later they moved to Mena, Ark., where Warren became a conductor on the Kansas City Southern.

Attracted by high wages being paid railroad men, Warren left Mena in 1903 and went to Monticello, Mexico, and obtained employment as a conductor on the International of Mexico.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts before breakfast if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, your back hurts or the urine is obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad; get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to neutralize the acids in your urine, no longer is a source of irritation, ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a 50-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application, your hair becomes beautiful, dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

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

OLD-TIME COLD CURE DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," 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 breaking up a cold.

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

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

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

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

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How to Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold or head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear, and you can breathe freely. No more sneezing, itching, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream to your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed up and miserable. Relief is sure.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. Wm. Cline of Detroit is guest of Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

John Porter left Thursday on a business trip to Bay City.

Thos. R. Joynt was a business visitor at Bellaire, Thursday.

Roy Sherman and family spent Sunday at Vanderbilt with relatives.

Mrs. Albert Anderson left Thursday for Manicelona to visit relatives.

Mrs. Noah French and son, Harold left Tuesday for Grand Rapids to visit her sister.

Mrs. E. E. Brown returned to Flint, Thursday, after spending the past week in the city on business and visiting friends.

Mrs. A. W. Clark gave a miscellaneous shower Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Frank Hengy, formerly Miss Kate Carpenter.

A surprise and birthday party was given at the home of Mrs. C. Maddaugh Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Beattie Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt left last Saturday for Detroit to visit their daughter, Mrs. Jos. Junget. Mr. Hoyt returned home, Tuesday.

LOST—A yellow and black COLLIE DOG. White breast and front feet. Reward to finder.—Elmer Hoyt. East Jordan, Mich. R. F. D. 2.

Wait for the Presbyterian Ladies' Bazaar Dec. 5th to get some of your Xmas presents. A chicken pie cafeteria dinner will be served at the "Inn" on Dec. 5th.

Mrs. C. C. Mack and son, Clare, and Mrs. A. Cameron with son, Donald, went Thursday to Reycraft's hospital at Potoskey, where each of the boys underwent an operation for tonsils and adenoids.

Another of those famous One Cent Sales at the East Jordan Drug Co. store Nov. 22, 23, 24. Opeaka Coffee 38-1b Two lbs. for 39 cents. Olives, one 12oz. bottle 35 cents, two for 36 cents. Many other like bargains.

The intelligence and cognizance of crisis in our national defenses of the house-wives in this city is proven by the large number signing cards in the recent Hoover Drive for Food Conservation. Total number of homes visited 493. Cards signed 465.

The Rebekahs and Odd Fellows and their friends will hold a joint meeting Saturday evening, Nov. 17th. A pot-luck supper will be served at 8:30, after which there will be a program of music and talks, Rev. Myron E. Hoyt will address on Fraternity.

At the Red Cross Headquarters next Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Instructions will be given in preparing war foods, Subject—"Vegetables," Their Food Value, and How to Prepare them. This is the second in a series, to be given following the Hoover Drive for Food Conservation in the Home. Every house-wife invited. No charges.

Miss Pearl Sheldon, a well-known and popular former resident of this city and daughter of Mr. Henry Sheldon, was united in marriage at Detroit last Friday, Nov. 9th, to Mr. John Lintz of New York City. They will make their home in New York where Mr. Lintz is in business. The bride has the sincere congratulations of a host of friends in this city.

A dispatch from Ottawa, Ont., of last Monday, stated that among the Canadian enlisted soldiers' casualty list was that of Ray Reed of East Jordan, Mich., reported wounded. Mr. Reed, who is a brother of Mrs. Thos. McCarty of this city, was formerly a resident of this city. He left here eight years ago with his mother, Mrs. Millie Reed, for Trout Lake, Mich. Three years ago he entered the employ of the Canadian government as surveyor and later joined a Canadian Contingent of soldiers to England. He is 34 years of age and unmarried.

Glenn W. Roy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Roy of this city—is among the East Jordan boys making a success in business world. He was recently transferred from Flint, Mich., to Kenosha, Wis., to take charge of a new store of the King Clothing Co. In speaking of the new store's recent issue of the Kenosha paper says:

The new store is in charge of G. W. Roy who came to Kenosha from Flint Michigan, where he has been in business for more than seven years. A man who understands the clothes from A to Z, he has announced his intentions of offering the best for the least and of guaranteeing satisfaction to his customers.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter returned to her home at Charlevoix, Sunday.

Rudolph Kowalski and family moved this week on a farm west of the city.

Mrs. Henry Cummings left last Saturday for Adrian and other southern points.

Mrs. C. J. Bisbee of Port Hope is guest at the home of her son, R. G. Bisbee.

Alex Bashaw recently purchased the Chas. Johnson residence on the West Side and is moving into same.

Mrs. Eliza Flynn and daughter Ruby went to Morrice, Thursday to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Grigsby for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Boeelo of Potoskey were guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs. A. W. Clark over Sunday.

Reyal one cent sale at East Jordan Drug Co. Store. Nov. 22, 23, 24. Pay for one article, add one cent and get double.

Mrs. Chas. Adams and Miss Edith Alstram of Grayling were guests of their sister, Miss Rena Alstram over Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Squire and children left Wednesday for Waco, Texas, after an extended visit here with her father, P. K. Winters.

A number of friends gave a surprise party at the home of Mrs. D. E. Goodman, Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. E. Bucher.

Mrs. E. H. Bucher returned to her home at Manistee Monday, after an extended visit here with her niece, Mrs. C. A. Bribant and other relatives.

Mrs. Palmiter and daughter Mrs. Alice Kenyon went to Charlevoix Thursday, after a few weeks' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brotherton.

Miss Wilma Pickard fell on the stairway at her home, Wednesday morning, receiving serious injuries to her spine. Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 18, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Mr. E. C. Graham of Lansing will speak. It is the Field Day of the Anti-Saloon League.

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

3:00 p. m.—Junior League.

Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Services at the Walker School House. Mr. Graham will speak, and in the evening at Afton.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. All young people are invited.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. "The Shout of a King."

The W. F. M. S. will meet with Mrs. Hoyt at the parsonage on Friday, Nov. 23rd at 2:30 p. m. All the ladies of the church and congregation are cordially invited to attend. Our study book for the year is "An African Trail." The program for this month is in charge of Mrs. Roy Webster. Come and begin the book with us and you will want to hear it through to the end.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 18, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Renewing our Strength.

12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

4:30 p. m.—Hildebrand (Poye Gregory VII)

The theme Sunday afternoon will be the second in a series of great men of the Church. Hildebrand became Pope in 1073, and his work was one of the greatest ever done by anyone.

5:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Adjourned meeting of Trustees.

Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting.

Last Sunday we were fortunate in having Jack McCall of the lumber camp work. His talk to the Brotherhood Supper Saturday was very interesting. Sunday morning he gripped us as very few have ever done.

HERE'S A STRANGE JOB: CHEF FOR 5,000 ANIMALS

New York Zoo Man on the Job Every Morning Preparing All Kinds of Food for Charges.

New York, N. Y.—There are plenty of exasperating jobs in this world, but Rudolph Bell, placid of face and easy of smile, claims to have the most exasperating job ever invented. Rudolph is chef for 5,000 wild animals!

For twenty long years early morning has found him in a bright, cheery kitchen in a little house set amid the rugged wilds of Bronx Park cooking strange dishes for the strangest lot of boarders who ever listened for the dinner bell—the animals at the New York zoo.

His daily menu runs the full length of the alphabet—from A for apples to Z for zwetback.

Rudolph smiles easy despite the fact that five days a week he has work that would try the patience of Job. Two days a week—Wednesday and Saturday—he has peace, for these are his starting days. On these days no food is given to the furred and feathered folk at the zoo, so that their appetites do not become jaded, a condition that is very likely to occur with animals kept in captivity. But he has to work seven days a week just the same.

It takes skill and considerable imagination to prepare and cook meals for a family that ranges from field mice to elephants, even when the family is healthy and hungry. But when they are sick they are worse than human beings.

"Stink monkeys," says Rudolph, "they are little devils. I'd rather feed a bear with a sore head than to try to coax the appetite of a chimpanzee with a stomachache."

But Rudolph has a heart as big as his whole strange family. He'll fuss and fume over the making of a custard, for egg custard liberally sprinkled with raisins is something that a monkey with one foot in the grave could not resist.

When the bears get blue and lose their appetites Rudolph mixes what he calls his "milk punch"—a long drink of eggs, milk and sugar. One or two of these and the shaggy fellow again takes an interest in life.

No matter how high the price goes the Gila monster insists upon having at least six fresh eggs a day to suck from the shells. Unless they are of the freshest, Mr. Monster promptly goes on a hunger strike—to the despair of Rudolph.

SCIENCE NOTES

There are 45.4 quarts in 100 pounds of milk.

Chile's 899 postoffices serve about 3,500,000 persons.

Of the great cities of Europe the altitude of Madrid is the highest.

Pennsylvania has one fifth of the cement mills in the United States.

A large German electric power station is relying wholly upon peat for

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 126, 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 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, wilfully 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 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.

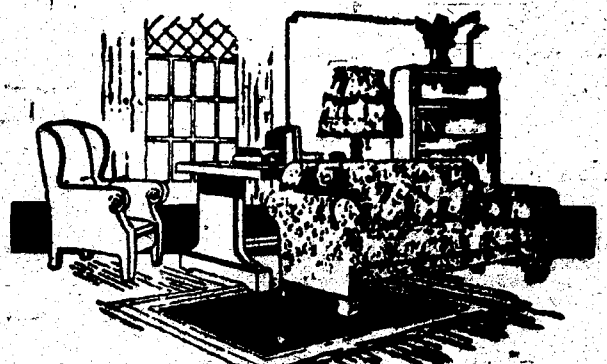
Most men admire the nonsense of a pretty woman far more than they do the sense of a homely one.

Many a woman firmly believes what is to be will be—and that it will be the fault of her husband.

Half the world doesn't stop to consider that it is none of its business how the other half lives.

A pig has as much use for a tail as a man has for the two buttons on the back of his frock coat.

When a man is looking for trouble few of his friends are too busy to assist him in the search.



Store Courtesy

We Consider Our Customers Our Guests and Bend Every Effort To Make Your Visit Pleasant. All Our Facilities Are At Your Disposal and There Is No Discourteous Insistence on Purchase to Mar the Occasion.

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, Propr's
East Jordan, Mich. Phone 133F3

BIRTH REGISTRATION

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

Washington, D. C.—Where do you keep your children's birth certificates? Or don't you live in one of those up-to-date communities where a certified notice is sent to the parents of every registered baby? The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, which is conducting a special campaign for complete registration of births, urges the importance of securing such a notice from the registrar and of treasuring it for the child's use in later life.

A number of things come to one in the normal processes of life for which there is to-day a legal minimum age. Proof of age may be needed in school, for working papers, for voting, for marrying, for life insurance, or for securing a civil-service position. Or again, one may need to establish citizenship or the right of inheritance. In any one of a dozen ways a birth certificate may be a saving of trouble and expense; it may even save the life of a natural citizen in time of war.

Only when parents have received a notice of registration can they be absolutely certain, without making special inquiry, that their child's birth has been registered, for even in the "birth registration area"—the 11 States and the District of Columbia which the Census Bureau accepts as having fairly adequate records—there are some unregistered babies.

Moreover, such a notice or registration is an excellent device for making birth records more complete. Mrs. S. receives a notice that Mary's birth has been registered and shows it to Mrs. T.—who straightway wonders why the city did not pay her the same courtesy when Billy was born.

Five States—Maryland, Michigan, New York, Virginia, and Wisconsin—and a few city health officers in other States send notices to the parents. The notice is often an attractive document; in some places it is adorned with a picture of a mother and baby.

But if the notice is to serve the child as a proof of age in later years,

it must be a signed and certified transcript of the facts entered on the official record. In States where records follow the model form issued by the Census Bureau these facts include the name of the child and the date and place of birth; the sex of the child; the name of the father and the maiden name of the mother with the birth-place, age, color, and occupation of each; the number of children born to the mother and the number living; the name of the professional attendant; and the date on which the birth was reported.

FOUR-IN-ONE CITY IS PLANNED

Northern Indiana Towns May Join Their Boundaries.

Hammond, Ind.—Preliminary steps were taken at a mass meeting of the leading men of Hammond, Whiting, East Chicago, and Indiana Harbor to amalgamate the four cities under one municipal government. No opposition was voiced. The boundaries of the four cities now interlock. Consolidation would give the Indiana border a city of 100,000, the second in population in the state.

Don't forget to pull down the blinds if you live in a glass house.

On with the dance! The old hat is now engaged for every set.

Fortunate is the individual who is both right and President.

No girl appreciates a lover who is unable to hold his own.

A few men work too hard and a lot of men rest too much.

A man isn't wholly bad if his dog has confidence in him.

Popularity that is purchased is seldom a bargain.

Poverty renders the doctor's visits scarce.

Men never get any time to grow old.

FINELY IT STITCHES WITHOUT ANY HITCHES
The WHITE ROTARY

Sold by the
EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

Cut this Program out and keep for future reference.

TEMPLE THEATRE
F. J. GRUBER, Manager

Where Everybody Goes!

PROGRAM for Week of Nov. 19th

MONDAY
Second Episode of
"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
in "Beauty Unadorned"
Harry Morley in—
"THE LION'S BRIDE."
10c-15c

TUESDAY
HAZEL DAWN in—
"THE SALES LADY"
A Paramount Feature. 10c-15c

WEDNESDAY
"Stingaree" "Ham and Bud"
"O' Henry Story"
10c-15c

THURSDAY
Edith Story in—
"The Two-Edged Sword"
A Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature. 10c-15c

FRIDAY
Allen Hulbar and Lois Wilson
in—"TREASON."
A Blue Bird Feature. 10c-15c

SATURDAY
Last Episode "Patria."
First Episode PEARL WHITE
in—"THE FATAL RING."
Pathe News.
10c-15c
Show starts 7:00 sharp on Saturdays

OVERWORKED, TIRED WOMAN TOOK VINOL

Now She is Strong and
Hearty

Philadelphia, Pa.—I was overworked, run down, nervous, could not eat or sleep. I felt like crying all the time. I tried different remedies without benefit. The doctor said it was a wonder I was alive, and when Vinol was given me I began to improve. I have taken eight bottles and am now strong and perfectly healthy in every respect, and have gained in weight. I can not praise Vinol enough.—Mrs. Sarah A. Jones, 1023 Nevada St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We guarantee Vinol to make overworked, weak women strong or return your money. Formula on every bottle. This is your protection.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan

Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

"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.
7:30 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. 156

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

Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified, all Fashion Patterns published in these columns are Ten Cents each.

Send or leave orders for same at the
CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD



A PRETTY STYLE FOR SILK OR
WASH FABRICS.

2122—Ladies' One-Piece Dress.
This popular design is easy to develop and suitable for any of the pretty summer fabrics. Bordered goods could be used, or embroidered flouncing. The tucks could be omitted. The sleeve is quaint in wristlength with ruffled edge and new and smart in its bell shape. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE SKIRT.
2179—This style is good for satin, silk, velvet, serge and other woolens. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/8 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRACTICAL PLAY SUIT FOR
MOTHER'S BOY.
2166—Boys' "Overall" or Play Suit. This is a splendid style for khaki, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, oxford, satinet, poplin and drill. The

blouse may be of lawn, cambric or linen, and may be finished with long or short sleeves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. It requires 1 1/4 yard for the blouse and 2 1/8 yards for the overall, of 27-inch material, for a 3-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SMART SUMMER FROCK.

Waist—2125. Skirt—2105.
Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2125 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2105. Shantung in a natural shade with figures in green and red was used in this instance. The model is nice for white or colored linens, for batiste, voile, embroidered and bordered goods. The waist pattern 2125 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 2105 in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For a dress in a medium size, it will require about 5 1/2 yards of double width material. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot.
This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents. FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



A COMFORTABLE SMART
LINGERIE MODEL.

2100—Ladies' Combination Garment of Corset Cover and Drawers.
Lawn, batiste, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe and silk, are all lovely for this style. The garments may be finished separately. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches bust measure. It requires 3 7/8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Arsenee makes the heart grow fonder. The wise young man goes home early.



A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE
SCHOOL GIRL.

2121—Brown linen, embroidered in colors, was used for this model. The model is made with a long waist somewhat on moyenage lines. The plaited skirt is gored. The sleeve may be made in the new bell shape, or finished at wrist length, with a smart "tab".
The pattern is good for wash fabrics as well as for silk cloth. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5 1/8 yards of 32-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A MOST ATTRACTIVE WAIST
MODEL.

1979—Ladies' Shirt Waist.
This style has full fronts joined to yoke extensions of the back. The neck is cut low, and finished with a wide, shapely collar. The sleeve has a deep cuff. This pattern is good for lawn, madras, batiste, serge, poplin, satin, tulle and flannel. It is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



AN EVER POPULAR MIDDY
STYLE.

2143—For linen, gingham, lawn, chambray, galatea, drill, khaki, gabardine and serge, there is no style so appropriate as this. The blouse is of the slip-in style and the skirt is joined to an underwaist. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.
The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

There are still some vacant lots on Easy street.
The good die young and the old sinners die hard.
The wise guy and the fools money soon get together.
Many a truthful man breaks his word because he stutters.

Good News For Our Community

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



DR. IRVING E. SANDERS
BAY CITY, MICH.

RETURNING ONCE A MONTH
DR. IRVING E. SANDERS
will again visit BOYNE CITY, Mich.,
and will be at Hotel Wolverine (Parlor Suite)
on Thursday, Nov. 22nd, 1917
Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

holding a Dispensary Clinic for all his patients having appointments and others who may want to see him. Dr. Sanders is too well known to most people in this locality to need any introduction except to newcomers. Having practiced medicine in most of its branches for more than forty-five years in Michigan, he is known from one end of the state to the other as a great Medical Expert in the Diagnosis and Treatment of Chronic Diseases of MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

The hundreds of chronic sufferers cured give testimony to the truth of this assertion. Come and see some and talk to others you will meet, and be convinced.

No matter how long you are ailing, or what the nature of your ailments are, how many doctors you have seen, or what has been done for you. Go and see Dr. Sanders. Your visit will cost you nothing, and at last you will meet a man, grown old in the service of humanity, honest, up-right, sincere, qualified, well recommended and able. He will examine you thoroughly and scientifically, thus diagnosing your case and tell you just where the trouble is and what to do to get rid of it.

Dr. Sanders treats MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, afflicted with Chronic Diseases only, that is to say, diseases of long standing. If you are now in the care of your family physician, and he is doing good work, do not come and take up his valuable time, as in that case he will not see you. If he can help you, he will tell you so, and give you such treatment, remedies and advice as will restore you to perfect health. If your case is not curable, he will give you such advice as will relieve and may prolong your life.

CONSULTATION and EXAMINATION at this visit is FREE. YOU will be charged only with the actual cost of the treatment required to affect your cure, which at all times will be reasonably moderate. Under no circumstances will he take a case for treatment that can not be cured.

This is not a scheme to trick you out of your money, not a C. O. D. snare or anything that is not strictly ethical and according to law. Come and be convinced, and find at last that you are not hopelessly doomed to suffer for lack of expert medical skill and knowledge and that you may obtain perfect health for less money than you spend on patent medicine.

NOTE:—If you have pain in the back bring a two-ounce bottle of urine for chemical and microscopical examination and analysis. Minors without parents or guardians not admitted to examination rooms. Calls to private homes \$10.00. Consultations with physicians by appointment only. Remember the date. Hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Noble thoughts are jewels of the mind.
He who lies down with the dogs gets up with the fleas, as the proverb says, but the plight of the dogs remains unrecorded.

When a woman is angry she tells a man what she thinks of him—and incidentally just what everybody else thinks of him.

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 croup, opens air passages, eases strangling fight for breath.—Hite's Drug Store.

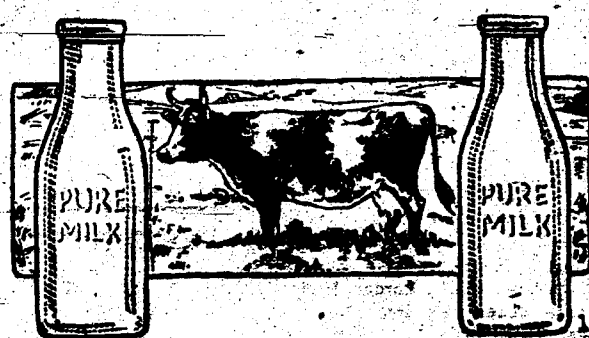
PROBATE NOTICE.

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.

Frank Phillips

Torsorial Artist.

When in need of anything call in and see me.



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