

Missing

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Snared

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So once more we lapsed into silence, busy with our own thoughts, each turning over his own problems and hopes in his mind. Yet I am sure that the main thought of us both was of the thing which had come to us in the past, and made us grope for each other blindly with our hands, and seek each other's lips by the sense of touch alone.

I know that for myself I felt no regret for the things which had happened, and I told myself that no matter what had happened, whether the end Dual had predicted, or its reverse came as the final issue, these few hours spent by the side of the man who had waked the latent woman within me would be worth to me all it cost.

I think something like this must have passed through the mind of Danny, for after a time he bent and whispered:

"And you aren't sorry, then, Lucille?"

"Sorry?" I told him. "Danny, I'd rather be here with you this way than anywhere else. And whether we get out or not, at least if we go, I shall know that we go together. I want it to be that way after this, Dan—together—always."

"My dear," he said slowly, and after a while still more slowly, "My dear—I wish I could feel that I deserved a thing like this."

"But we will get out, Dan," I reassured. "We will. I think it is fate."

"If I could only do something," he cried out in a tone of exasperation. "If I could do something to show you my real feelings. If I could get out of this infernal collar. If I could get up and fight—fight your way to freedom!"

He lifted his hands from about me and I knew from the clank of the chain that he was tugging at the metal band which held him.

"Don't, Danny," I begged him. "Don't, dear. Wait. Try and be patient. Those who are wiser than you are working. They will not fail."

"God—if you're right!" he choked hoarsely. "If you are right, Lucille, a man hates to cut such a sorry show before the woman he loves."

Another long time went by. How long I do not know, because I do not know when I was led into the cell, or how long had elapsed until the end of the whole matter came. By intervals Danny and I spoke together, and I kept reassuring my belief in Dual's success in our rescue.

The longer I thought of the matter the more convinced I became that all that had happened had been of his scheming. Sitting there in the dark with my man mate's arm about me I felt my shaken courage rouse itself and take control of my spirit once more.

Little by little I won Don to a more quiet endurance and a greater faith in the end of the thing.

Again for long moments we sat silent, and I mused on how odd a wooing had been mine. Had there ever been another like it, I wondered. Yet it was sweet—sweet as the telling of love between man and woman must always be while the plan of creation lasts and man and woman turn their eyes to each other in a God-ordained fraction.

I found little delightful tremors of the harmony of spirit running throughout my body and limbs as I sat there and waited for what might come. Alone there in the night of the cell my womanhood seemed to have opened and flowered to a fuller potential feeling than I had ever dreamed was capable of.

The end came abruptly when it did come. Without warning we both heard some one at the door. In a moment it was pulled open and left standing ajar. In the light of a lantern, held up by a talonlike hand, I saw three men in the passage beyond it. It was the second of these who held the lantern. The last of them stood behind him, with his head bent to one side as though he listened. The foremost was crouched in a tense posture. He held a curved knife in his hand.

From somewhere a long way off it came to me I heard a sound of firing. It came for just a moment and died. But it seemed a signal. The man with the knife sprang through the door directly toward us, with the lantern trained its rays upon us, advancing just inside the

ed up. "What's the matter?" he asked. "What's happened now? Glace, what ails you, man?"

I told him as best I could, and he swore. Lily Lawton put down her head and began to weep in nervous terror. "My God, Gordon!" the colonel burst out, "do you see what that means? I told you you hadn't ought to have let that leetle girl go up there the way you done. Course they saw you and her go to the police station, an' when you come back here an' she went up there, they laid for her an' roped her tust off."

"Well, that ends it, I reckon. You phone to Connel, an' tell him to kick them two out. Let 'em have their dirty scum. If that will git Lucille and McKabe turned loose."

He paused, breathing hard. "Please, Mr. Glace," Lily sobbed brokenly, "if there is any way to help poor Miss Lucille, you will take it, won't you? Oh, she was so good to me! I can't bear it to think those people have caught her."

She resumed her tears. I didn't answer for a moment. Somehow, it seemed that the excited outcries of my companions served to steady my own disturbed balance, and show me the need of cool thought and action in this new crisis.

On the face, it looked pretty bad. First McKabe, old hand at the game, had been taken; then Lucille, a woman who for three years had matched wits with this very society of band-d evil, had been seized in broad daylight. If I was to accept Connel's statement at full value.

To cap all, Dual had gone off and left me sitting idle with orders to await a message. And as yet no message had come.

Against that, however, was my knowledge, now several years old, of the man whose gray suit had come back to us with the cryptic bit of writing stuffed into a shoe.

True, Sheldon had failed to pick up any trail leading to the mysterious Kim Lee; but I could only admit in fairness that the colonel's methods savored too much of brute directness to avail against the secretiveness of the people he had questioned. Certainly Semi Dual would not have written that name without a well-founded knowledge upon which to proceed.

The best answer I could find, then, was that there really was a Kim Lee, and that Semi Dual and he were some where under cover, with hands on the pulse of affairs.

The thought steadied me yet further. I looked up at the flushed face of the old fire-eater before me and shook my head.

"Colonel," said I, "I do not believe this is the time for us to mix in. The Lord knows I wouldn't spare any effort to save the girl who gave us such noble assistance; but if turning Reich and the woman loose will save her, they have doubtless told Connel as much and he will do it without any urging from me. He said as much this morning."

"But, my Lord," he questioned, "why don't Dual do something? Do you suppose he knows about this last thing they've put over?"

"I can't say," I replied. "There isn't any way for me to tell unless—"

Suddenly I stopped. One of the most peculiar thoughts I had ever had flashed into my brain.

I sat and studied the thing, and the longer I did so the more like a bit of my friend's uncanny work it appeared.

"Unless what?" prompted Sheldon with impatience.

"Unless Mercury and Venus reached their conjunction a little bit ago," I remarked.

"It seemed to me that something back in my brain awoke the words. I thrilled as I spoke. At last I seemed to be picking up a well-nigh intangible thread of meaning in the jumble.

It came on me that back of this second seemingly crushing blow was the unseen hand of Dual. If that were so—

"Yes, and they won't let me know what I think is right, either him back."

"Oh!" He had been fuming one of his black cigars. Now he glanced up from his end and eyed me closely.

"What d'ye mean by that son of a gun?" said I, "that I think is back of this whole business?"

"I spat out the thing in my mind—"that I think he knew Lucille was going to be taken before he left this hotel."

The colonel's jaw dropped open, held so for a moment, and closed with a snap.

"If anybody but you had spilled that tid-bit for a couple of guards," he made comment. "An' if any man but Dual done a thing like that—knew about it an' let it happen—I'd take a gun an' go after him myself. But—"

I reckon I ain't wise enough to 'gime to take a hand. All I can say is, I hope to the Lord you're right."

He thrust his cigar into his mouth, sighed deeply, and set it alight. It was at this particular moment that a rap sounded from the door for the second time.

I fairly leaped to answer the summons, and even in leaping I knew that at last the thing I had awaited was about to happen.

I set the door wide and confronted a district messenger-boy.

"Mr. Glace?" said he. I nodded.

He handed me a note. I turned back to the room and tore it open.

One glance sufficed. I knew the writing as well as my own.

"Dual," I muttered in relief, as I began to read it. I heard Sheldon grunt in surprise at the word.

I sent my eyes along the lines. They were clear enough in themselves but they filled me with a certain surprise: Gordon.

Read this closely and make no mistakes.

Go down quickly and take a taxi-cab. Drive to the Palace Hotel and ask the clerk for a package addressed to you. In it you will find the key to a room.

Go to it, take the house phone and call Bryant 2128. When they answer, give your name—just that and hang up.

After a time a man will come to you. Do what he says and ask no questions. Answer none either.

When he has finished what he has to do, take a taxi—a different one, Gordon, and drive to the corner of Grant and Clay.

I saw the whole proposition. I was to be made up. The flat case was a huge make-up outfit.

He had it open now and was taking out various articles of apparel, mostly of silk and satin, as it seemed to me. These he tossed on the bed.

He took up a bottle and a small sponge, and approached me where I stood in my shirt sleeves.

"Sit down, if you please," he requested. I complied.

"A little pteric acid for your skin, sir," he went on, pulling the cork and wetting the sponge. "Tain't strong, an' 'twill give your skin just about th' right touch of yellow. Better shut your eyes for a minute."

He began to sweep the sponge over my face and on down my neck to well below the band of my shirt. The stuff pittered stiffly, but dried quickly.

I sat with my eyes fast shut till he finished my face and picked up a hand; then I looked on, while a delicate yellowish shade took the place of the natural color of my skin.

In a way, the man was an artist. For instance, he shaded his staining to simulate nature, making it dark and even spotted on the outer and upper sides of the forearms, lighter on the bottoms and insides, and lighter still in the palms, where he merely touched lightly with the well-soaked sponge.

"An' now for your hair," he remarked as he put up the bottle of stain.

He took up another flask and moistened a small comb in the fluid. He began to comb my hair quickly.

"If should be several shades darker," he explained, "an' this will do it in a few minutes, though you'll have to have it cut later, as the color won't fade none to speak of."

"Never mind that," I urged. He finished my hair and went once more to his case. He came back with yet another bottle.

With a small brush he touched the outer corners of my eyelids slightly. I felt the stuff draw and pucker, giving my lids a tense, uplifted feeling.

He nodded in apparent satisfaction, caught up a stick of paste, and attacked my lips; stood back and viewed me made a final touch here and there, and tossed the cosmetic back into the case.

"And now, sir, if you'll take off your clothes an' put on these others—" He indicated the silken garments.

I lost no time in following his directions. I slipped out of my shirt, trousers, shoes and socks, and lifted the clothing from the bed. In the meantime the man was gathering up my discarded apparel and folding it up to put in his case.

"It will be sent to the hotel," he told me as he packed it away.

I smiled. I saw now how Dual's suit and hat and shoes had come back to us.

I slipped into the socks and Oriental slippers I discovered, and thrust my arms through the sleeves of a silken jacket, which hung loosely down below my waist. Lastly I added a cap, and then I walked over to the mirror-filled door of a closet in the room and had a good look at myself.

The yellowish face of a seeming Oriental was thrown back to my eyes. Even the eyes themselves seemed slightly slanted by the contracting pull of the stuff the man had placed at their outer corners. My yellowed hands and wrists stuck out of the jacket's flowing sleeves.

signed the currying crowns and rattled along.

I smiled. Not one of them, I fancied, would dream in their routine round that the spirit of adventure was abroad in their midst.

They led their lives from day to day in the selfsame manner. They went their ways and minded their business, and saw only what was on the surface. They couldn't see deeper to the soul of things.

To them, if they saw me, I was a Chinese driving in a hired taxi. In a whimsical way, I paraphrased an old voice I once had heard:

A Chinese in a taxicab. A Chinese was to him, by Grab, and he was nothing more.

And I grinned. Since Dual and I had been friends, the spirit of adventure had grown familiar to me. People said adventure was dead in these commercial days.

Well, then, people didn't know. A tingling thrill of impatience laid hold of me as in the old days of our early acquaintance, and I mentally urged the wheels of my cab as we climbed the long hill.

Adventure dead! What a fallacy. It was no mere dead today than a thousand years ago.

It could not die as long as men and women loved and gave life to their children, and reared them with hopes and aspirations of what they, too, were to become.

Life itself was the great adventure, and today Dual, and now I, were engaging in the task of saving life.

What more could there be than that—to save life itself—the life of a man and a woman who loved, and if I was to believe the words of my paradox-speaking friend, would mate and give yet another life to the world.

What an adventure! To save life! And before Dual had left our hotel he had known. He had read it from the stars themselves, and told Sheldon that Mercury and Venus were drawing to conjunction.

He was a strange man, an odd man, who spoke plainly in riddle—which became plain after the things they predicted had happened, so that you wondered why you had not seen his deeper meaning instead of being confused by mere words.

Yet what chance did a man like Connel, trained in the technical methods of the police, stand of comprehending?

Poor Connel! He was worried. I felt sorry for him in his worry, because I knew from his words, and their tone of this morning, that a sincere friendship for McKabe lay back of the anxiety he felt.

Well, I told myself, after a bit now, when Dual really went into action Connel might give over worry and take up rejoicing instead.

And surely, now, that the evening fingers were feeling across the landscape, Dual must be getting ready to strike.

All the long day he had been laying his threads of leading, knotting each to the other to form a strong net of holding.

By now he should be almost ready to begin drawing up that net with its catch of poor, blind, distorted human souls.

And when it was done, like the true Oriental, he would say: "Kismet! It is fate—a debt of Karma—a man's misdeeds have overtaken him at last."

Ely's Cream Balm
Get a Can TO-DAY From Your Hardware or Grocery Dealer

DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST
Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

To-morrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal. Those subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE
DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure a 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 Liniment

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Liniment" 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. Linger up! Get a 30 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if Bladder bothers you—Drink lots of water.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder distress.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take and then to flush the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney diseases.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

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

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

Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils open, your head is clear, no more sneezing, snuffling, blowing; no more dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what you need for head colds and catarrh.

CHAPTER VIII
Glace Resumes the Narrative.

For a minute after I heard Connel's rage over the wire I felt sick and dizzy, and my senses reeled.

Of course, you have read Miss Glace's story of what happened; but that time I could not know how the thing was a part of the ruttable plans of Dual.

Coming as it did on top of an afternoon full of uncertainty inspired by his most unusual actions, the information from Connel pretty nearly knocked me off my feet.

I slid the receiver back onto its cradle, turned, and walked slowly to a door and sank down.

Sheldon shot me a glance and just

"I can tell you this much, though. A report just came in from a fellow who says he saw Mac grabbed. We're following it up. If we can't land in time, I'll kiss your pair good-bye."

"I think that would be best unless something more develops," I responded.

"Thanks," said Connel. "That helps me a lot." He hung up.

He was in a savage humor, and I couldn't blame him myself.

I turned back and gave Sheldon the assurance he wished for.

"Well, thank the Lord!" he accepted with relief. "At least, now we know one way to save her. Why should we give a hang, anyway, Glace? We got Lily, an' them two will get their comeuppance sooner or later if they keep on returnin' round."

"You Mr. Glace—Mr. Gordon

the evening glow was lying over the city, flinging the streets into shadow as we turned up the hill toward my old saloon. From the window

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 SERVICEABLE COAT STYLE
2625—Novelty cloaking in blue plaid was used in this instance, with gray silk jersey cloth for collar and cuff facings. Velvet, corduroy, plush and other pile fabrics, also velour, cheviot, tweed and serge are good for this design. The collar is a good feature. It may be rolled high for cold weather style, or arranged in low outline as illustrated.
The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



HERE IS A POPULAR SUIT FOR YOUR SMALL BOY
2613—This model is good for serge, gabardine, velveteen, corduroy, galatea, linen, drill, khaki, cheviot and flannel. The belt and collar may be of contrasting material.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR
2624—In organdy, net, dotted Swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed

with lace or embroidery edging, or the free edges of bolero and sleeve, and the tucks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1/2 yard for the bolero.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SMART DRESS FOR MANY OCCASIONS
2585—Black satin was employed for this design with self-covered buttons for decoration on the peplum. One could have a touch of color in binding or piping, on the free edges of the dress. The skirt is mounted on a body lining. The peplum waist is finished separately. This is nice for serge, with matched silk or satin, in some pretty contrasting shade. Jersey cloth, suiting, gabardine and velveteen are also suitable.
The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE UNDERGARMENT
2583—This is a very desirable one-piece model, good for cambric, nainsook, longcloth, batiste, washable satin, silk, crepe, domet or outing flannel.
The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



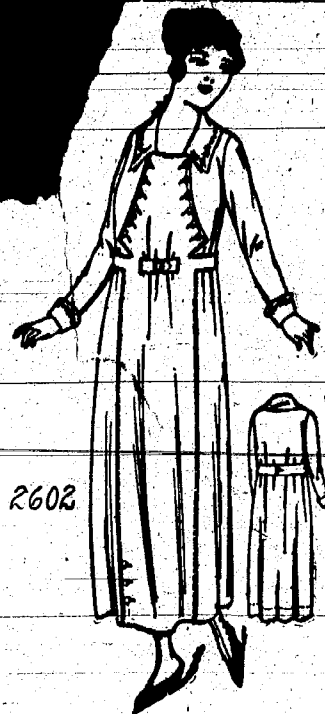
FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WEAR
2587—Comfortable clothing is a boon to the growing girl, and these coat blouse dresses are very becoming and good for cloth, satin, velvet, as well as for wash materials. The skirt of the dress is a two-piece model. The blouse closes at the left side, has a square neck opening, and may be finished with a long sleeve, or one in elbow length. One could combine material in this model. Plaid or checked suiting for the skirt with serge for the blouse. Or have a blouse of khaki and a brown gabardine skirt.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



HERE IS AN IDEAL SUIT FOR THE GROWING GIRL
2588—As portrayed, velvet and satin are used for the coat, and plaid suiting for the skirt. The coat may be of the same materials as the skirt, with the vest of contrasting goods. Blue serge for the coat, with plain in blue and green for skirt and vest would be very nice.
The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 3 3/4 yards for the skirt, 3 3/4 yards for the coat and 1/2 yard for the vest, of 27-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A GOOD COVER-ALL APRON
2589—This style is especially nice for gingham, percale, alpaca and brilliantine. The front is cut in panel shape and forms deep pockets over the sides.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 22 1/2; Medium, 36 1/2; Large, 40 1/2, and Extra Large, 44 1/2 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SPLENDID "ALL THROUGH THE DAY" DRESS
2602—This is an ideal model for the busy woman. It may be fastened with snap hooks. The fulness over sides and back is held in place by the belt. The model is in one piece style and good for serge, velvet, satin, poplin, jersey cloth and all wash fabrics. It is to be recommended as a good dress for business and general wear.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 yards of 44-inch material. The dress 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 SIMPLE STYLE FOR THE LITTLE TOT
2603—This model is nice for gingham, seersucker, chambray, repp, poplin, crepe, serge, flannel and gabardine. The belt and pockets may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1 year, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A POPULAR STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL
2604—This model is fine for all wash fabrics, for plaid suiting and serge combinations; nice for velvet, satin, gabardine, or voile. The closing is effected on the shoulder.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

GENTLE JABS
Blunt men often make the most cutting remarks.
Wise men get a lot of free instruction from fools.
All the world's a stage, but some prefer automobiles.
Some men are hard drinkers, but others find it easy.



A CHARMING NEGLIGEE
2612—Crepé, Japanese toweling, lawn, batiste, voile, poplin, silk, satin, abbatine and gabardine, are nice for this pretty model. The pocket may be omitted. The sleeve is in bell shape, finished with a neat cuff.
This Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY BLOUSE
2641—This style is nice for voile, crepe, crepe de chine, satin, taffeta, linen and batiste. The vest or the collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NATTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL
2621—This is nice for gabardine, check or plaid suiting, serge, silk, or velvet, also for gingham, galatea, chambray, seersucker and percale. The waist closes at the side. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.
The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

One of the unsolved mysteries is how two men can exchange umbrellas in the dark and each invariably get the worst of it.
No doubt more young men would be able to earn their own living if they did not have rich and foolish fathers to support them.
There's something wrong when a bride on her wedding tour doesn't write home that she has the best husband in the world.

FAMILY OF HERMITS HAD MUCH MONEY

ASSUMPTION, ILL., COUPLE AND TWO CHILDREN BECOME RECLUSES 30 YEARS AGO

PROPERTY WENT TO RACK AND RUIN

Conservator Appointed at Daughter's Request Finds Wealth in Every Room.

Assumption, Ill.—Who can solve the mystery of the "House of Des Larges" at Assumption? The finding of \$10,000 in currency in the antiquated structure has given the Christian county town its greatest sensation. Under the eyes of the aged mother there was dragged forth, silver, gold, bills, hoarded presumably, for 35 years.

From cellar to garret, the mystery house yielded treasure, musty with the years. Paper bags were found to contain green and yellow bills, tin cans and fruit jars, taken from beneath a roof that could not exclude the summer rains, clinked a steady of wealth.

The occupants of the decrepid old house, on a farm two miles east of Assumption were Mrs. Jean Des Larges, her son, Louis, 55 years old, and her daughter, Hortense, 50. They have lived the life of recluses 30 years. The discovery of the fortune was made by Frank Oakes of Assumption, who recently was appointed conservator for the mother, following a petition filed by her daughter, Mrs. Edward Rainsford of Evansville, Ind.

For 30 years the Des Larges' home has been a house of mystery. The marriage of the youngest daughter, Ardelle, to Rainsford, was bitterly opposed by her parents, and when she went away, the household drew a curtain over their affairs and shunned their neighbors. Nobody called upon them and the farm grew up to weeds. Their live stock, with the exception of chickens, died, and were not replaced.

At rare intervals, Hortense, the older daughter was seen about the place, but hid herself when she noticed anyone passing.

Jean Des Larges, the father, was a Frenchman, emigrating to this country about 50 years ago. The daughters were comely and popular, but the son was somewhat different and did not care to mingle in society as did his sisters. Old residents who knew the family before they decided upon their hermit existence, agree that Hortense was a wonderful intelligent and beautiful girl. She taught school in the neighborhood for several years.

Jean Des Larges died 12 months ago after an illness of several years with dropsy. He was unattended by a physician. A neighbor heard of his death and found that the wife and children were about to bury him upon the farm. The neighbor protested and sent for an undertaker. The daughter in Evansville was notified and she attended the funeral. Her reception was not cordial, and she remained with friends whom she had known before her marriage. Recently she decided that someone should look after the mother and the property and a conservator was appointed.

The first action was to clean house, and this operation revealed the hoarded wealth, nearly every room yielding thousands. It required several market baskets to hold the secreted money. The greenbacks were dated as far back as 1880. Most of the notes were clean and did not appear to have been handled many times. All had a musty smell indicating their possession for many years. One \$10 bill of 1880, which was found has been out of circulation for many years.

Where did the money come from? Neighbors claim that it could not have been saved of late years, as the farm was unproductive and was barely able to furnish a living for the occupants. It has been told that the son, Louis made occasional trips to Assumption to exchange eggs for groceries. The family kept fewer hens than the ordinary farmer and there could be no great income from the poultry yard. There was no effort to sell butter or other farm produce.

Those who do not credit the hording theory think that the money came from some source in a lump, possibly from the estate of a deceased relative in Europe. Having no faith in banks, Des Larges may have cashed his legacy and kept the money hidden in the house. The age of the money strengthens this theory. It is also believed that the requirement of this wealth inspired the hermit like existence, rather than the marriage of the younger daughter.

The Des Larges were always considered honest and upright, and the only feature of their lives that the neighbors did not understand, was their extreme reticence and desire to avoid talking with anyone. The home, once cheerful and well kept, took on the appearance of desolation. The family shrank back into the little world bounded by the tumble down fence that surrounded the house. Weeds grew without restraint in the orchard and upon the farm. The roof of the dwelling and barns, lost their shingles and no effort was made to replace them. Horses and cattle disappeared from the pastures.

Briefs of the Week

Carroll Hoyt was a Charlevoix visitor this week.

Merle Jones was guest of Petoskey friends over Sunday.

R. C. Supernaw was a Cadillac business visitor this week.

Miss Maude Miles is here from Ironwood visiting relatives.

George Geck returned home from a visit at Detroit, Monday.

Thomas Whiteford returned to his work at Detroit, Wednesday.

Private John Weiland left Thursday for a visit with friends at Detroit.

Mrs. Walter Hunsberger returned Friday from a visit at Petoskey.

Mrs. R. T. McDonald with children visiting relatives at Central Lake.

Mrs. Agnes O'Neil of Charlevoix is visiting her sister, Mrs. Peter Hipp.

The Camp Fire Girls with Mrs. Alice Fowler as Captain, spent New Year's Day at the Whittington cottage on Monroe Creek.

Mrs. Theodoré and Joseph Leu, who have been home visiting their parents, returned to Flint, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. August Leu, returned to Camp Custer, Thursday.

Mrs. Jos. Junget with son returned to home at Royal Oak, Friday, after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt. Her sister, Miss Anna G., accompanied her.

Miss G. Sheldon, a former East Jordan boy, was united in marriage to Miss Mildred George of New York, at Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 22nd. Mr. Sheldon was recently released from service in the U. S. N. They will make their home at Royal Oak, Mich.

Harold C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cramer residing near this city, passed away at the home of his parents, Monday, Jan. 30th, from pneumonia following influenza. The lad was born May 28, 1912. Funeral services were held Wednesday, interment at St. Joseph's Cemetery.

Miss Grace White and Ralph H. Sill, star instructors in East Jordan school, were united in marriage at the bride's home in Cadillac, Dec. 24th. The bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam White of this city. They returned to East Jordan first of the week and will make their home in this city.

It is planned to lay the new floor in the Methodist Church by volunteer labor by having "Bees" during the day and at night for two or three hours after supper. It is probable that the ladies will serve coffee and doughnuts to all who come. If you are willing to help in this worthy enterprise, kindly notify R. T. McDonald, phone No. 1. The floor will be laid next week commencing Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mack are closing out their interests here and latter part of this month plan to go to Gladwin where they will make their future home. Mr. Mack has invested in a 500-acre stock farm near that place and will give that his attention in the future. Mr. Mack located in East Jordan in 1905, purchasing the Martinek jewelry store, and up till last summer conducted a steadily growing business. The confining work told on his health and last summer he closed out his jewelry stock. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mack have made friends of all our citizens during their years here, and, while it is a matter of regret their going, the sincere wishes of a prosperous future follow them.

Miss Carrie Shearer, who was called home by the death of her step-brother, Harold Cronin, returned to Petoskey, Friday, where she is student nurse at the Reycraft hospital.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. James Malpass, Friday, Jan. 10th. A very interesting program is being prepared. All are cordially invited to attend.

Wood, Dry Wood needed badly at the Red Cross Headquarters. Will someone kindly donate a load. Ladies are giving their time freely to sew for refugees across the seas. All they ask is for a warm room.

Mrs. Mary C. Grigsby, wife of Rev. Maurice Grigsby of Detroit, passed away at her home Dec. 28th, after a brief illness from influenza and pneumonia. Mrs. Grigsby was well-known in East Jordan having visited here with her husband on numerous occasions.

The East Jordan Cemetery is in for some improvements which is welcome news to all. Messrs. T. R. Joynt and A. S. Hammond celebrated New Year's Day by going into the woods and digging about 150 evergreen trees. Our Cemetery Ass'n will hold a bee fore part of the coming week, and will plant these trees under direction of Sexton Kleinhaus. Appoint yourself a committee of one to assist.

Ray Knight was here from Cleveland, Ohio, this week for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Elliott Gray of Brinton is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Jones.

Carl and August Knop left Thursday for Chicago, where they have employment.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hite with children visited relatives at Traverse City this week.

Mrs. Winnie Walden returned home this week from a visit with Detroit friends.

Mrs. Clyde Bigelow returned Thursday from a visit with relatives at Cedar Springs.

Mrs. Orrin Shetron with son of Flint is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Humeston.

Joe Lanway returned to Harbor Springs, Saturday, after a week's visit with friends here.

Private August Anderson returned to Camp Custer, Thursday, after a visit with relatives here.

John Miles returned to Flint, Wednesday, after spending the holidays here with relatives.

Mrs. Charles Alexander was called to Traverse City, Thursday by the illness of a sister-in-law.

William Dews with daughter, Miss Sylvia, left Saturday last for a visit with relatives at Detroit.

Miss Pearl Lewis returned to her duties as teacher in the Grand Rapids public schools, Saturday.

Mrs. James Cook (nee Leone Miles) with daughter are here from Pontiac for a visit with relatives.

Miss Ruth Wood returned to Lafayette, Ind., Friday, after spending the holidays here with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Danforth, who have been here visiting friends, returned home to Flint, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Goodman returned Saturday last from Detroit, where they have been visiting relatives.

Miss Ursula Crawford, who was called to Charlevoix by the illness of her sister, returned home, Thursday.

Charles Hammond of Mabel, Mich., was guest of his brother, A. S. Hammond, a couple of days this week.

Corporal Walter Woodcock was here this week from Camp Custer for a visit with his brother, Howard Woodcock.

Miss Ruth Mann returned to her home at Grayling, Tuesday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Giles.

Mrs. W. C. Grovenger, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Stallard, returned to her home at Kalkaska, Saturday.

Private George Vance, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vance, Sr., returned to Camp Custer, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Johnson with son returned to Grand Rapids, Thursday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McEachron.

Mrs. John Lutz and Miss Emily Shepperle of Mancelona were guests at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. John Dolezel, this week.

Revival meetings will begin at the Church of God Chapel, Sunday, Jan. 5th, conducted by Evangelist M. R. Honderich of Elkton, Mich.

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Basel Holland returned to Flint, Tuesday.

Dr. C. H. Pray was a visitor, Monday.

Eddie Miles is here from Pontiac for a visit with friends.

Private Will Nachazel is home from Paris Island, West Virginia.

Ivan Atkinson, who was here for a visit, returned to Detroit, Tuesday.

Mrs. Jos. Devish left Friday for Detroit where she will make her home.

Miss Anna Oleson, of Deward was guest of Mrs. Jos. Conway, over Sunday.

Mrs. Louis Johnson and children returned home, Tuesday, from a visit at Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Shay left Friday for Flint where they will make their home.

The Boyne Citizen is now publishing the Annual Tax Sale list for Charlevoix County.

Mrs. John Hefferan of Mancelona was guest of Mrs. LeRoy Sherman over Sunday.

Miss Letta Hauenstein of Kalkaska is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rugg.

Misses Margaret Kenny and Louise Brennan returned to their work at Detroit, Monday.

Mrs. W. R. Stewart returned home Friday from a visit with her daughter at Harbor Beach.

Miss Gudrun Hastad returned to her studies at the Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Wednesday.

D. M. White of Kalkaska was here this week, guest at the homes of Henry and Matt Swafford.

Misses Leane Kenny and Helen Hilliard returned to their studies at the M. A. C., Wednesday.

Miss Constance Loveday returned to her home at Lansing, Monday, after a visit with friends here.

Miss Clara Thorson, who has been home from Charlevoix the past fortnight, returned Wednesday.

Miss Winnifred Lafrenier returned to Cadillac, Friday, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Neils Lafrenier.

Miss Fay Warden returned to her work at Detroit, Thursday, after spending the holidays with her parents.

Mrs. Robert Clow and daughter of Bellaire was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hammond this week.

Mrs. Martin Decker returned to her home at Pellston, Wednesday, after a visit at the home of Mrs. Frank Decker.

Mrs. W. C. Dews with two sons left for Detroit, Friday, where she joins her husband and will make their home.

Miss Eleanor Roberts, who has been guest of Miss Helen Stroebel, returned to her home at Central Lake, Wednesday.

Mrs. G. C. Miller with sons, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Grover Blain, returned to Mancelona, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader with children are here from Trout Lake for a visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Mrs. E. Simmons returned to her home at Barker Creek, Monday, after a visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. Woodcock.

Verne Richards, who has been at the Great Lakes Naval Training Camp, is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Mackey.

Joseph Lenhard returned to his home at Saginaw, Monday, after a visit with his brother, John Lenhard, and sister, Mrs. Clyde Hipp.

Mrs. G. E. Dutton with children returned home to Bay City, Monday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Redmon.

Walter Johnson returned home Friday evening from Brunswick, Ga., where he has been stationed at a U. S. Naval Training Camp.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. John Hawkins, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 8th, 1919. Full attendance desired.

Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Terhune, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McBride, returned home to Frederic, Monday.

Mrs. Maude Toynton returned Tuesday from Petoskey, where she has been taking treatment at the Lockwood hospital the past three weeks.

Miss Una Burdick started Monday for Alamo, Cal., where she joins her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Burdick, and will make her future home.

State Representative Jacob E. Chew left Monday for Lansing, where he will represent Charlevoix County in the coming session of the State Legislature.

Miss Beulah Holliday was here this week, guest of her mother, Mrs. J. G. Holliday, and other relatives. She has completed her work as student nurse at Ann Arbor hospital, and goes to the Traverse City hospital from here.

Mrs. Gladys Jepson returned to Detroit, Friday.

Miss Louise Micket of Bellaire was guest of Mrs. Peter LaLonde a couple of days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. LaValley left Friday for Flint where they will make their future home.

The Woman's Improvement Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Roy Webster, Wednesday, Jan. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrington left Friday for their home at Flint, after an extended visit with relatives here.

Jim O'Leary and E. L. Channer went to Antrim, Friday, where they will hold a series of evangelistic meetings.

Miss Maggie Coulter, who has been visiting at the home of her brother, Samuel Coulter, returned to Charlevoix, Thursday.

Mrs. Ed. Larson returned home Thursday from Petoskey, where she has been undergoing treatment at the Reycraft hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ramsey entertained a party of friends Wednesday evening in honor of the latter's brother Private Aura McDonald.

FOR SALE—A Heavy Harness for One Horse.—J. A. NICKLESS.

FOR SALE—A six-lid Cooking RANGE in good condition.—Stephen Shepard.

FOR SALE—My House and Lots on Second street. Also Store Fixtures and some Household Goods.—C. G. MACK, Phone 113.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 5, 1919.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.

10:30 a. m. Morning Service.

7:00 p. m. Evening Service.

Evangelist M. R. Honderich of Elkton Mich., will be present to conduct the services. Services will continue thru out the week, beginning each evening at 7:00 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services as much as possible.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 5, 1919.

10:30 a. m.—Communion Service.

12:00 Noon—Sunday School.

5:00 p. m.—Vesper Service. "The Rise of the Roman Catholic Church."

6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Bible Study.

8:00 p. m.—Annual meeting, election of officers, reports of all organizations.

Sunday at 10:00 a. m. The session meets in the church to talk with all who wish to unite with the church.

Sunday at 5:00 p. m.—The sermon will be the third in a series on church history. It will be an account of how the early Catholic Church gradually became the Roman Catholic Church.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 5, 1919

10:30 a. m.—"Is the World Growing Better or Worse?"

12:00 m.—Sunday School.

3:30 p. m.—Junior League.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:00 p. m.—"Missions and World Democracy."

Thursday p. m.—Mid-week services. "How to Get Rich."

COW SAVES LIFE OF WOMAN

Drives Off Dehorned Bull Which Had Badly Injured Her.

La Grande, Ore.—Mrs. C. W. Bearden of South La Grande owes her life to a Jersey cow. Mrs. Bearden had gone to the outskirts of La Grande to milk the family cow, when she was set upon by a dehorned bull from a neighboring pasture. She was bunted over and her collar bone broken and several less serious wounds inflicted.

Mrs. Bearden explains that she had given up all hope of rescue when her own cow came running to the scene, assailed the attacking beast and drove it away.

WOMAN'S JAWS SHUT 15 YEARS

Operation Restores Victim of Trifacial Neuralgia.

Yardley, Pa.—Mrs. Harry Smith is able to open her jaws for the first time in fifteen years. She was attacked fifteen years ago with trifacial neuralgia, an uncommon disease. Her jaws had been locked ever since. She talked with her teeth closed and took food thru an aperture made by breaking off two teeth when it was attempted to pry her jaws open.

Recently she was operated upon at the Samaritan Hospital in Philadelphia and now is able to open her jaws to their normal capacity.

The highest temperature ever known in a human being was recorded in the case of an Italian recently. A victim of lung disease, his temperature was 133.

WHEAT PRICE GUARANTEED

WILL REMAIN IN FORCE

Food Administration Grain Corporation Will Continue to Act As Purchasing Agency.

Judging from a considerable number of inquiries regarding purchase of the 1918 and 1919 wheat crops in view of prospects for early peace, the following statement seems desirable, says the Farm Journal section of the U. S. Food Administration:

The president's proclamation of February 21, 1918, fixing guaranteed prices for the 1918 wheat crop, applies to wheat "harvested in the United States during the year 1918 and offered for sale before the first day of June, 1919, to such agent or employee of the United States, or other person as may be hereafter designated" at the principal primary markets specified.

The Food Administration Grain Corporation was designated June 21, 1918, to purchase the 1918 wheat crop and will therefore continue to exercise that duty and obligation even though peace should be signed prior to June 1, 1919.

The Food Control Act provides that termination of the act shall not affect any obligation accrued or accruing during its existence and the purchase of the 1918 wheat crop is such an obligation.

ALASKA INTENSELY PATRIOTIC

Inhabitants of Our Polar Colony Take Lead in Conserving Food.

Lansing, Dec.—Up in Alaska, patriotism is intense. They have given man to the army, subscribed their fourth Liberty loan, and now the housewives have reported to the Food Administration that they have been faithfully observing the requests, and have been canning every available vegetable and putting up great quantities of berries and fruits.

The vegetables that grow in that cold part of the country are the hardier kind, and those that grow quickly—potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets and rutabagas.

There are no better fisheries than those in Alaska. They are famous for cod, halibut, salmon, herring and whitefish. They will provide our markets with much of the fish that we shall have to eat this year, if we are going to conserve enough meat to send abroad the two million six hundred thousand tons that are necessary to feed our army and navy and the Allies.

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

After the War

180,000,000 people in hungry lands are looking to America for food which no other people can give them.

In their misery and famine, Belgium, Northern France, Central Russia, Serbia, Montenegro, Poland, Rumania and Armenia will cry to us.

From us food must come. We must save that we may give. It is America's mission, our opportunity to serve.

America seeks the good will of all nations, as Germany aimed to be feared of all.

The foundations of the new world to be built after the war will be laid in good will among men.

The state making peace will be secured in the friendship of all who stand at the common table.

The shortest, surest way to good will is through sharing food with those whose need is greater than ours.

FOOD WILL WIN THE WORLD

The president's proclamation of September 21, 1918, establishing guaranteed prices for the 1919 wheat crop, applies to wheat harvested in the United States during 1919 and offered for sale before June 1, 1920. As in the case of the 1918 crop the wheat agent or employee of the United States or other person as may be hereafter designated" at any one of the principal primary markets. Up to the present date, however, the agency by which the 1919 wheat crop is to be purchased has not been designated.

Thus, although the guarantee for the 1919 wheat crop will continue until June 1, 1920, there is no present assurance it will be purchased or handled by the Food Administration Grain Corporation.

Other matters on which the public is apparently not clearly informed are the licensing of the fertilizing industry, of the farm equipment industry, and of stockyards. By presidential proclamation of Feb. 25, 1918, May 14, 1918, and June 18, 1918, respectively, supervision of these industries has been assigned exclusively to the Secretary of Agriculture. Certain reports by licensees of these industries are sent to the License Division of the Food Administration, but this is only for clerical convenience and carries no administration powers.

We believe that clear thinking, speaking and writing will be especially helpful.

Whale meat is becoming better known. One thousand pounds were recently shipped from the Pacific coast to Boston.

A whaling company in Victoria, B. C., expects to pick between thirty and fifty thousand cases of whale meat this season and their cannery at Kyquot, Wales, yield from three to twelve tons of prime meat. This is always used for canning or freezing.

Whale meat is not fish. The whale is a red-blooded mammal. It is highly nutritious, containing thirty per cent of protein, and is compared with fourteen per cent of mutton.

Another Alaskan product that has been brought forward is reindeer meat. It is tender and has the taste of wild game, but is as good as beef. The reindeer weighs on an average of 150 pounds when dressed. It has been estimated that there are more than 100,000 reindeer in Alaska, and that herds aggregating 15,000 have been purchased and will be marketed.

One of the advantages of reindeer is that it costs nothing to feed them. Prices of feed grains for cattle are high now. Reindeer live on lichens, which would otherwise be valueless. The only expense for maintenance of reindeer is for the labor of herding them, and the cost of slaughtering them.

SAY FROGS KEPT HIM AWAKE

Now Wants \$2,000 Damages From Owner of Pond.

Ottumwa, Iowa.—Because bullfrogs made such noise in a pond near his home that he lost sleep during the hot weather, Charles H. Barton, retired capitalist, filed a \$2,000 damage suit against L. H. Hughes, wealthy River-view grocer and postmaster.

Barton charges that the pond was constructed by Hughes so he could fish from the rear step of his store.

GOLF BALL KILLS BIG CARP

Man Comes to Town With Remarkable Fish Story.

Bedford Springs, Pa.—E. S. Kuhn of the Stanton Heights Golf Club, Pittsburg, told how when he was playing the third hole, which is across a water hazard, the other day his tee shot landed in the water and killed a four-pound German carp, which was coming up to feed. He said his caddy waded into the water and returned with the fish, which he ate for dinner.

A man who boasts he never did a foolish act in his life, doesn't know what truth is.

A postage stamp is on the tip of many a man's tongue who never talks about it.

Be honest, if you can—otherwise your patrons will buy their canned goods elsewhere.

Clothes do not make the man, but the better they are the more attention he is apt to receive.

Ordinarily men get better obituary notices than they are entitled to—but who writes them?

Men are like wagons—they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

Do you earn a living you don't get—or do you get a living you don't earn?

Many a man on the road to fortune doesn't know at what station to get off.

It's better for a man to do a little kicking than to become a human football.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they are liable to break into words at any time.

A man who doesn't talk has less repenting to do than the garrulous individual.

Worry acts as a provoker at times. It makes a fat girl fatter and a thin girl thinner.

The man who owes money usually worries less than the man to whom he owes it.

Some men would be awfully lonesome were it not for the visits of bill collectors.

When a lady man can't make a living at anything else he tries to get a political job.

INFLUENZA GETS OLD AND YOUNG

"Grip" and "Flu" ought should not be neglected. Profit by the experience thousands like Mrs. Mary Kishy, 3533 Princeton Ave., Spokane, Wash., who writes: "Our little boy found relief in wonderful Foley's Homeopathic Tar. It surely cured me. I am 70 years old; had very bad cough from influenza's Grip."

There's more back of Ralston Shoes than simply an honorable name.

Forty years of expert shoe-making have taught the manufacturers how to make good shoes—and what's more they are making good shoes.

Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.

C. A. HUDSON

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VINOL MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG

Positive—Convincing Proof
We publish the formula of Vinol to prove convincingly that it has the power to create strength.

It Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptones, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycophosphates, Casaria.

Any woman who buys a bottle of Vinol for a weak, run-down, nervous condition and finds after giving it a fair trial it did not help her, will have her money returned.

You see, there is no guess-work about Vinol. Its formula proves there is nothing like it for all weak, run-down, overworked, nervous men and women and for feeble old people and delicate children. Try it once and be convinced.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan and Druggists Everywhere.

PAIN KEPT HIM AWAKE NIGHTS.

J. W. Peck, Corapolis, Pa., writes: "I suffered terrible pain; unable to lie down at night. Tried three different doctors. Three weeks ago begun taking Foley Kidney Pills; improvement in my condition is really wonderful." Use Foley Kidney Pills for kidneys, bladder trouble, backache, rheumatism.—Hite's Drug Store.

POSSIBLY THE RICHEST NEGRO BOY IN WORLD

Luther Manuel, a Creek Freedman, Enriched by Oil Strike on His Allotment.

Tulsa, Ok.—Adam Manuel, a Creek freedman, died in Colorado recently, and already there is a race on among some of the residents of Muskogee County to get the appointment of guardian for his children. There are five of the children living, and the older Manuel inherited the allotments of two who are dead, but the guardianship is sought because of Luther Manuel, a minor son, who is believed to be the richest negro boy in the world.

When the allotments were made for the Manuel family, those of Luther, 13, and Rafield, his younger brother, were in a locality where the land was worthless for farming purposes. Their father complained that the land was valueless, but he was unable to have any change made.

It turned out that the allotment of Luther, believed to be worthless, was in the heart of the Cushing oil field. Since that field was producing nearly six years ago, his developed nearly amounted to from income from it has month. The allotment of Rafield Manuel is not so valuable. The allotments of the other children are good for agricultural purposes only.

Sarah Rector has been considered the most fortunate of all those among the Creek freedmen who took allotments in that section of country, but her fortune is far less than that of Luther Manuel. For a time, when the Cushing oil field was at its best, or for more than two years, his income was \$1000 a day.

MONKEY HOLDS UP FAST TRAIN IN CALIFORNIA

Engineer Stops When He Sees Animal on Track and Passengers Give Chase.

Bishop, Cal.—Because a large monkey belonging to Miss Katherine Smith was not served breakfast at the usual hour the other morning he went on a widespread rampage and bit a young woman in the ankle, climbed all over a man he disliked, and finally held up a passenger train.

The Southern Pacific Co., through its engineer and fireman, was astonished and frightened when the monkey, half standing in the middle of the narrow-gauge track and grinning horribly, confronted the locomotive. The face was too much, for the engineer shut the throttle and threw on the brakes.

The startled passengers got off and helped chase the chattering monkey away. The conductor delivered himself of an oration that wouldn't have served as an eulogium at the monkey's funeral.

As a climax the monkey got mixed up, scrambled-egg fashion, with a man named Monk, and scratched his face severely. The two-legged Monk objected, and when he could find a gun, he pumped shot into the four-legged monkey until he ceased to breathe. His mistress is disconsolate.

PEDDLER RECOVERS HIS CASH

Identifies His Lost Roll by Odor of Onions.

New York.—The much-maligned onion is a good friend to Simon Silverman of Brooklyn, who drives a fruit and vegetable wagon.

Simon missed \$32 just after he had delivered his last load to a customer at Reid avenue and Kosciuszko street. He told Patrolman Gleason that he thought George Boland had picked up the bills. Boland, who was standing near by, was searched and a roll of bills found on him.

"Are these yours?" asked the policeman.

"My money always smells of onions," replied Silverman.

Gleason took a whiff of the roll and when he recovered said:

"They're yours, all right."

MAN WHO FORGOT HAS 2 FAMILIES

SONS WHO HAD NOT SEEN HIM FOR 50 YEARS GOT CLEW WHEN HE BEGAN TO TRACE SELF

FLED FROM MISSOURI IN 1866

Union Soldier, Warned Away, Wed Again; Wife, Hearing He Was Dead, Also Wed.

Tulsa, Ok.—After eyeing the aged man in the big leather chair from various angles of the Hotel Tulsa lobby, one Texan said to another, "I believe he is the man." They went over to the big chair. One opened a small leather case and held before the eyes of the old man a daguerrotype of a man just under middle age. "That's me," said the old man, as he leaned forward in surprise. "Where did you get it? Who are you?"

"Don't you know us?" one of the younger men asked. The old man stood up and looked them over. He shook his head. "It seems to me that I have seen you before," he said to one of them, "but I don't place you." He was asked again, "Don't you know us—father?" He looked again, startled, but again shook his head.

The younger men were Joseph Robertson of Eloyada and John Robertson of Coleman, Tex. Joseph is 60, John is 58. The old man was Jeremiah C. Robertson of Alvarado, Tex. He is 85. The sons had not seen him for 50 years. Until a short time before they had supposed that he was dead. But he had only forgotten. He had lost himself and his family. The unusual thing in his strange case, however, was that he had forgotten two families. Now he has found that he has a family in Texas and one in Missouri. His story, as it is told, goes back to the days right after the Civil War.

In August, 1866, Jeremiah Robertson was a farmer in Greene County, Mo., not far from Springfield. He had returned from Springfield. He had returned from the Union Army to his wife and four boys, but found Union veterans were not in high favor in his community. Four of his neighbors, who had been with him in the Union army, were mysteriously killed, one at a time, and Robertson was warned to leave the country. He paid no attention to the warning. Then his neighbor on the next farm was shot from ambush at night, and a few days later another letter, under his door, read: "You have 12 hours to get away alive."

Robertson went into his yard. A rifle bullet grazed his head. He ran into the house, and that night rode away on his horse, after telling his wife that he would send for her and the boys as soon as he was settled. Two years later his family heard that he had been killed at Pond Springs, Mo.—Neighbors who went there to see the body told Mrs. Robertson it was that of her husband.

So, to his Missouri family, he was dead. Many years passed. "Theh, s me time ago, the two sons Robertson, who had moved to Texas, received information which led them to believe that their father was alive. The story he told to these sons upon their discovery of him shows how his existence came to be revealed. He told them:

"I have always had a faint recollection that I used to live in Missouri. I have no recollection beyond a day when I found myself riding along a road in Texas. I had an idea then where I came from or where I was going.

"During the next year I seriously contemplated going back in the direction from whence I had come and trying to find out something about myself, but I did not know where to make inquiries, I simply forgot my past."

When Joseph Robertson heard of the old man, Jeremiah Robertson, five months ago, he and his brother, John, both wealthy, hired a detective to help establish the identity of the man. Investigation revealed that Jeremiah Robertson, on leaving his home, went direct from Greene County, Mo., to Collin County, Tex., and that he lived there 16 years. It revealed that he married a few years after his arrival in Texas under his own name, and that he became interested in the cattle business.

The daguerrotype of him, which led to his identification, was taken in Springfield, Mo., when he was 33 years old.

Robertson's Missouri wife married again and lives at South Greenfield, where she has grown children and several grandchildren. The four sons by her marriage to Robertson are living, and there are 23 grandchildren in this branch of the family.

In Robertson's Texas family there are 16 children, the oldest a man of 45, and 36 grandchildren.

The two sons who searched for and found their father sent for their two brothers in the Missouri branch of the family to come and see their parent, who had then returned from Tulsa to Alvarado. The other brothers are Owen Robertson of South Greenfield, Mo., and Ray Robertson of Broken Arrow, Ok.

He—"You used to stay there was something about me you liked."

She—"Yes, but you've spent it all now."

WIFE FINDS RIGHT KEY TO HUSBY'S LOVE CODE

His Cleverness Missives Then Read Like Open Book to Indignant Spouse.

San Francisco, Cal.—A code used by Chester J. Capps of this city in writing affectionate letters to other women fell into the hands of Mrs. Eunice Capps, his wife, and thereafter the little love missives became to his wife an open book. The letters written in the code language were introduced in evidence before Superior Judge Deasy when Mrs. Capps was granted a divorce on the ground of cruelty.

Capps, an employe of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, invented his code to carry on a correspondence with Grace Durbrow of Fresno. The directions for its use are as follows:

"Write each word backward and add a letter both before and after, so when you read it, all you have to do is leave off the first and last letters of each word and read it backward, as follows:

"A-d-n-a-t spblis and, with the first and last letters stricken out. "A-l-l-w-y, d-e-e-s-o, s-u-o-y-a, s-n-o-o-s-a."

The code fell into the hands of Mrs. Capps when the young woman to whom it was addressed found that Capps was a married man. Accompanying the letter addressed to Mrs. Capps and containing the code was a copy of a letter addressed to Capps which read:

"I have just heard that you have a wife with whom you are living in San Francisco. You are a liar and a scoundrel and tarring and feathering is too good for you."

Investigation started by Mrs. Capps brought to light letters which her husband had received and written to several other women and these were introduced in evidence. There was introduced in evidence also a lock of chestnut hair which Mrs. Capps found in a locket her husband wore as a watch charm, and a dainty handkerchief used by another woman.

Capps explained that the handkerchief was his sister's but had no explanation for the hair. The letters also, he told his wife, were merely such as might be written from a brother to a sister.

NO USE FOR \$1,500,000 FUND

Original Bequest Was Made to Aid Needy Immigrants.

St. Louis, Mo.—This city is trying to find some way in which it can make use of a fund of \$1,500,000, which for many years has been growing continually but at present is utterly useless to anybody. It is known as the Mullanphy immigrant relief fund.

Bryan Mullanphy in 1851 bequeathed to the city one-third of his estate for the relief of poor immigrants on their way to homes in the west. The original bequest amounted to \$500,000, but it has grown to \$1,500,000, most of which is invested in tenement-house property, bringing in an annual income of approximately \$38,000. Last year the trustees were able to spend only \$2,141 for the stipulated relief.

Sixty years ago, in the days of the prairie schooner, the Mullanphy fund was very welcome and proved a blessing to the stranded immigrants, who were enabled to resume their journeys with new hopes. As the years went by, the stream of immigrants grew smaller. In time the western trails became busy highways, winding through prosperous farming communities. The covered wagons of the immigrant bound for the west became so scarce that they were a novelty. The need for a fund to aid immigrants finally virtually ceased to exist.

PIG'S EYES ARE SEWED SHUT

Farmer Blinded Animals So They Could Not See to Eat Chickens.

Lambertville, N. J.—Because his family for generations had followed the practice, Joseph Leigh, a Pleasant Valley farmer, told Magistrate C. C. Johns he saw no wrong in sewing up the eyes of the hogs on his farm to prevent the porkers from eating his chickens. The farmer was arrested on charges preferred by Wallace P. Thornton, an S. P. C. A. officer.

According to the story the police say Leigh told in court, the pigs on his farm have a special liking for young chickens. He said his father had taught him the method of stitching up the eyelids of the pigs to prevent them from seeing the chickens, the practice apparently not interfering with the fattening of the porkers. As they did less wandering in their blindness, the hogs seemed to fatten faster. Leigh was fined \$20.

SMASHES HIS FIST IN DREAM

Dentist Thinks He's in a Fight and Punctures Wall.

Torrington, Conn.—No teeth are being drilled, filled, drawn or quartered in the office of Dr. Arthur E. Guildford today because his right hand is all out of shape.

Dr. Guildford dreamed that he was horsewhipping another man, but his blows were so violent that he soon wore out the whip. His victim realized the predicament and sprang at the dentist. Doubling his right fist, he smashed it a terrible blow against the wall.

It's easier to imagine that the world is a living than it is to prove it.

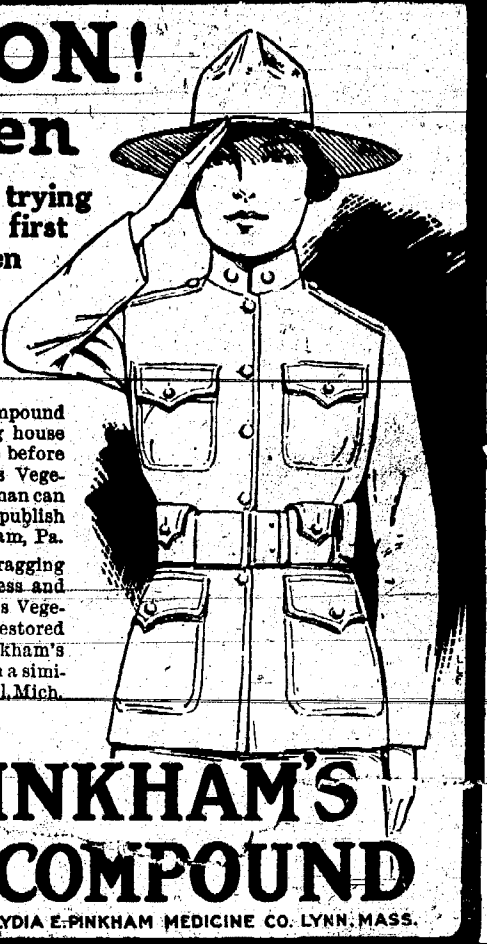
ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMMING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HERR, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



WILD ANIMALS ROAM CAROLINA'S "BANKS"

Only Place Save Siberia Where Equines and Felines Run and Breed Unclaimed.

Kingston, N. C.—"The Banks" as the strip of beach which separates the North Carolina sounds from the ocean is called, is thought to be the only place in the world, except a part of Siberia where horses run wild. Little ponies, the degenerated progeny of early settlers' horses, still browse on the salt water grass and climb the dunes in a virtually wild state.

Also the beach strip is said to be the only known place in this country at least where cats of the ordinary back yard variety can be found running wild. Over forty tabbies were counted on the beach between Cape Lookout and Portsmouth. Some of them are said to be very large ones.

After seeing the first one Clifton Willis, of this city, concluded that a stray bobcat had swam the sound from the swamps of the mainland. The animal was some distance from Elm and he could not distinguish its markings clearly. But a little farther on there was a regular catayism—there were dozens. Some were black, some yellow, others white, mottled and variegated like young tigers.

Every kind of cat in the catalog was there, says Willis, and in one or two places family rows were in progress with dire catastrophes looming up, judging from the wild and caterwaulings.

Willis says he left the neighborhood with the swiftness of a catamaran. He saw no snakes, lizards or other creeping things, and concludes they have all been devoured by the cats. The theory is expressed by some that many residents of the mainland have a superstition against slaying young cats, and accordingly they have for years ferried them over the sound and turned them loose.

WORKMAN POISONED BY NAILS

Kept Them in His Mouth While Putting on Shingles.

Atchison, Kan.—Here is a tip for carpenters and others who make it their practice to keep nails in their mouth while shingling, as most of them are said to do. Andy Graham, a carpenter, was poisoned from the mouth to the stomach by his practice and was in a serious condition for several days.

It's always a big bore for a burglar if the safe is locked.

More failures are due to lack of will than to lack of strength.

You can also judge a man by the company he keeps going.

Spite enables a fool to believe he's happy in his unhappiness.

There is nothing a man in love dislikes so much as a crowd.

When pride turns a man's head he's sure to look the wrong way.

"By their works ye shall know them," said the watchmaker.

A man is known by his lawyer; a woman is known by her doctor.

It hurts some folks more to be lied about than to lie about others.

Old Noah was not a promoter, but he managed to float a lot of stock.

Some wirepullers are telegraph linemen and some are politicians.

Dying in poverty is dead easy; it's living in poverty that bothers a man.

GREAT for "FLU" and "GRIP" COUGHS

"I had an awful cold that left me with a dreadful cough," says Mrs. M. E. Smith, Benton, La. Bought Foley's Honey and Tar of our druggist and it cured me completely." This grand remedy should be in every household at this time, when influenza, grip, coughs and colds are so prevalent. Contains no opiates.—Hite's Drug Store.

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First door east of State Bank.

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Phone No. 196.

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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.

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 as a reward for your effort your choice of any one of the following:
Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Breeting Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Toys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Halloween, Greetings, Christmas, New Years, etc.
1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.
The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.
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When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody Will know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm, makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.
Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger. "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" is a delightful toilet requisite—it is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

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