

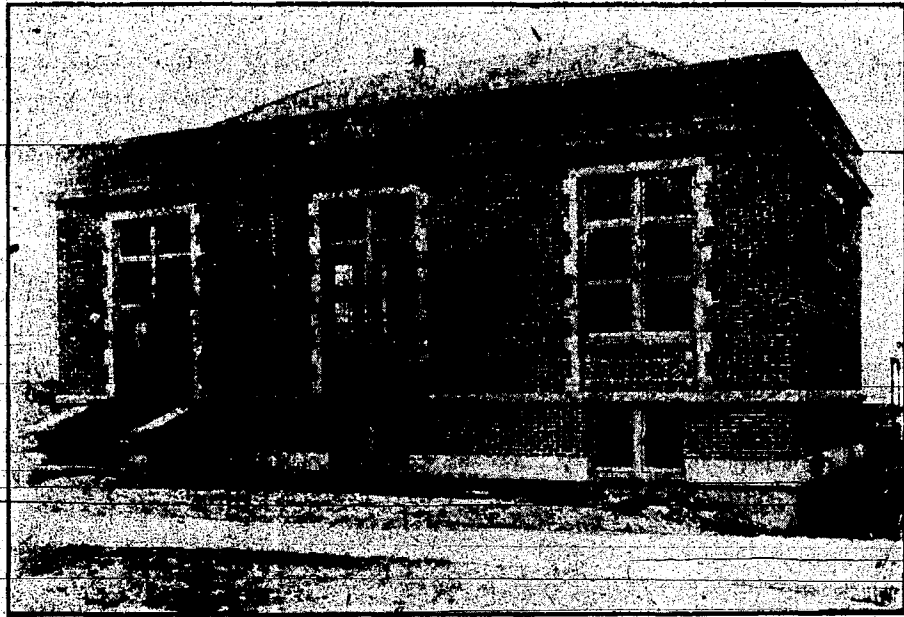
Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 23

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1919.

No. 28

East Jordan Public Library



Now Open to the Public

East Jordan's new Public Library was informally opened to the public Friday afternoon and evening of this week. Many of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to examine our city's new public building, and all seemed satisfied that the expenditure was a wise investment. The building was erected at a cost of about \$10,000. It is of brick and tile, and both exterior and interior are modern in every respect. Clark & Rogers were the building contractors, and the Reid-Graff Plumbing Co. contractors for plumbing, heating and wiring. During the past month the Librarian, Mrs. O. E. Sundstedt, and Mrs. Alice Wing of the State Library Commission have been busy placing the books in their order, classifying them, and putting the library on a working basis. As a formal opening required some time to arrange for, it was deemed advisable by our Library Commissioners to open the library for use during the summer months and sometime this fall hold a formal opening and dedication. For the present the Library will be open every week day afternoon from 3:00 to 5:00 and on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:00 o'clock. When schools open in September a different schedule of hours will be arranged. East Jordan's Library Commission have worked diligently the past year to give our City a Public Library that was equal to any in the cities of like population in the State, and they are to be congratulated on their accomplishments. The citizens of East Jordan may well feel proud of their new Public Library.

Two Killed In Auto Accident

P. M. Train Strikes Auto at Central Lake.

(From Monday's Petoskey News) Driving their car with considerable speed, either with the purpose of beating the onrushing passenger train across the crossing south of the Central Lake railroad station, or because they could not check its speed after coming down the grade, at an early hour Sunday forenoon has cost the lives of Ray Clark and Lyle Tyler, of Central Lake, and the serious injury of Wesley Clark and Glenn Peters, two other Central Lake young men. The latter this forenoon was still unconscious from a badly crushed shoulder and body and a crushed head.

Wesley Clark seems the least hurt of the four and word from Petoskey hospital where the young men were brought Sunday conveys the news that he will likely recover.

The train was the heavily loaded resort train on the Pere Marquette. It was slowing down to make the Central Lake stop to let off passengers, and trainmen say, had it been going at full speed it would have ground the occupants of the car to pieces.

Engineer Fulkens reports that he had blown the usual whistle for the crossing and for the station, and trainmen say the bell was ringing a warning. The track at that point is said to be open to the view of motorists for considerable distance.

Lyle Tyler was the first of the young men to pass away. He died at 11 o'clock Sunday night. He was terribly cut to pieces, crushed about the abdomen and his head cut and crushed. Ray Clark, who died early Monday morning, had his head crushed and received cuts and other injuries.

Glenn Peters, who is still unconscious—has his head crushed, one shoulder crushed and probably has internal injuries.

Ray Clark was sixteen years old; his brother, Wesley, twenty; Lyle Tyler, was twenty-three, and Glenn Peters, eighteen. The young men had just started for East Jordan to visit relatives.

The accident is the worst in Northern Michigan this year and should serve as a warning to other motorists to stop, look and listen before driving across railroad tracks.

(From Tuesday's News.) Glenn Peters, one of the four young men in the frightful auto accident at Central Lake Sunday morning, remains in a comatose condition at Petoskey hospital. The boy's youth and vitality appear to be prolonging his life, and may be the means of aiding him to recover from his terrible injuries. His head and one shoulder were crushed and he received internal injuries.

Wesley Clark, who was the least injured of the four youths in the accident, appears to be on the road to recovery. His condition is reported encouraging today.

The bodies of Ray Clark and Lyle Tyler have been taken to Central Lake for burial.

SHARP TOOLS WILL EARN BIG INTEREST ON FARM

East Lansing, Mich., July 8th.—Labor spent by the farmer in sharpening his tools and implements earns a thousand per cent interest, declares Prof. H. H. Musselman of the Michigan Agricultural College. The average farmer is inclined to go along with dull edges, little realizing the tremendous amount of extra labor he is making himself.

Mower knives have to be kept sharp or they won't cut, and are usually taken care of on that account. Other implements that should have more attention than they get, however, are hoes, scythes, corn knives, plows and cultivators. Plows and cultivators are especially apt to be neglected because the horse, who does the work with these implements, can't very well register a kick against dull edges. Tests have proved that sharp cultivators pull a lot easier than dull ones.

"An emery grinder furnishes an efficient, quick means of keeping an edge on farm tools," says Professor Musselman, "and every Michigan farm should be provided with one."

The race of them is dying out, but there are still a few old-fashioned men and women that you may meet if you try hard enough, who believe most men are honest and practically all women are virtuous.

Rum Disappears Sheriff on Trail

Sheriff Weaver left Sunday for Toledo, Ohio: He expects to return with Frank Hammond who's home is just beyond the ferry at Ironton, and who is accused of being implicated in the surreptitious removing of liquor valued at \$240.00, belonging to Mr. Robert Stuart of Chicago, from his summer home known as Breezy Point Farm.

The liquor which had been stored for some years in the basement of the house, was discovered missing by manager Earl Clark after he had been "tipped off" to the fact that it had vanished. He notified the county officials that on or about March seventh it had been taken, and later, it is reported, Mr. Hammond and a companion admitted purloining it and promised to settle the matter in a satisfactory way, but when the date of hearing arrived Mr. Hammond had disappeared. The sheriff has been on a still-hunt ever since and when the telegram arrived stating that the police of Toledo had Hammond locked up, he left at once for that city.

If Mr. Hammond does not return voluntarily with the officer it is claimed extradition papers will be asked for.

—The Boyne Citizen.

BEVERIDGE ON BOUNDARIES

Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana in his recent address before the Pennsylvania Bar Association at Bedford, Pa., placed before the country in logical order the questions arising from the "gravest question except one ever raised in the history of the Republic," the peace treaty. In speaking on the much discussed Section 10 of the league covenant, which forms the major part of the treaty, Mr. Beveridge said:

"Section 10 of the covenant would bind us to go to war to defend from external aggression new territorial boundaries fixed up by the big four, as well as old boundaries recognized by that body, and to support the 'political independence' of the powers governing those territories. If this is not the true purpose of that section, what is the real meaning of it? But our Constitution gives Congress the exclusive power to declare war."

"As a member of the superstate, which would govern us, section 10 of the covenant or the war power of our Constitution? Both can not stand; they are absolutely irreconcilable. By the covenant we would be pledged to make war whether we wish to do so or not. If Congress should refuse, would we not break our treaty? And would not this invite retaliation? Would it not, as the very least and certain result, bring upon us the hatred of the nation we refuse to support and the distrust of all other nations?"

"All other what are the boundaries of the foreign States which the league covenant would bind us to defend with American blood and treasure? Does any human being now in America know? Is not this all that anybody in America does know, that these boundaries enclose new and old dominions in every quarter of the globe?"

City Tax Payers Notice.

City taxes for city of East Jordan for year 1919, are due and payable from July 1st to 31st inclusive without penalty.

On Aug. 1st a collection fee of 2 per cent will be added and an additional 1 per cent on the first day of each succeeding month until taxes are paid.

W. T. BOSWELL, Treasurer.

How many of the 1918 year's June bride crop are as happy as those of the 1919 season?

Foolishness is a matter of the situation. A floating straw probably does not appear a foolish thing to a drowning man.

If you had done today the thing you promised yourself yesterday to do today, your tomorrow's labor would be half done.

YOU NEED NOT TRAVEL

It is safe to say that as many persons have secured relief from hay fever and asthma at home by taking Foley's Honey and Tar as have been benefited by going to health resorts. It heals and soothes the choking, "stuffed-up" sensation. Good for all colds, coughs and croup. Contains no opiates.—Hne's-Drug Store.

COUNTY EMPLOYS A MOTOR COP

Will Make Effort to Stop Speeding on Country Roads.

Drivers of autos afflicted with the speed mania are due for a severe jolt just now, and a trip to some justice of the peace where they will be asked (?) to make a deposit of from \$5.00 up for their fun.

Charlevoix county's speed cop is on the job. He rides a motorcycle and can run circles around about the fastest car we have in this section. He has been instructed to pick up every car driven over a speed of 25 miles an hour on country roads, and from the looks of the chap, he won't hesitate to tackle anything or anyone, should they violate the rules of the road.

He does not intend to confine his activities alone to the speeders, but is also after the fellow who fails to dim his lights when approaching another car or horse drawn vehicle. Violations of this kind are more frequent than speeding, and it stands the driver of a car to pay special attention to his lights.

Many of our citizens have been making trips to the justice's office for speeding of late, and we are of the opinion that from now on, these visits will be more frequent unless a few individual drivers who think it funny to blind the other fellow with his lights, is not more careful than he has been of late.—Charlevoix Courier.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, July 7, 1919.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Wilson. Present—Wilson, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—none.

Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

Bills were presented as follows: City Treasurer, paym't of labor, \$37.80 Milton Meredith, labor 5.25 E. J. Hose Co., Vandeventer and two chem. plant fires 100.00 E. J. Hose Co., washing streets . . . 13.50 G. A. Lisk, printing 25.80 A. Kenny, draying 11.85 Enterprise Pub. Co., printing . . . 25.75 Northern Auto Co., gasoline for truck 2.44

Mrs. O. E. Sundstedt, salary as Librarian 41.67 Gaylord Brothers, misc 2.35 The H. W. Wilson Co., magazines etc. 52.50 Library Bureau, cards 9.87 Elec. Light Co., wiring streets . . . 47.11 City Feed Store, cement 1.45 Elec. Light Co., pumping and lighting 630.75 Elec. Light Co., lighting library 3.00 Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals . . . 9.12 D. H. Fitch, to buy stamped envelopes 11.32

On motion by Gidley, the bills were allowed by aye and nay vote, as follows: Ayes—Wilson, Gidley and Crowell. Nays—none.

Ordinance No. 45, amending ordinance No. 7, relative to the licensing of tent shows, was read for the second time, and on motion by Crowell, was passed and ordered published.

The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Gidley, who moved its adoption; seconded by Commissioner Crowell:

Whereas, this Commission deems the construction of a cement sidewalk along the following description of property, to wit; Commencing 70 ft. N. easterly from the s. w. corner of Lot 1, Block A, former Village of South Arm, thence n. westerly 33 ft.; thence n. easterly 10 ft.; thence n. westerly 24 ft. thence n. easterly 28 ft.; thence s. easterly 97 ft.; thence s. westerly 36 ft. to place of beginning, to be a necessary improvement, therefore,

Resolved, That the Chief of Police be and hereby is, directed to serve the proper notice upon the owners or occupants of said premises to construct a new cement walk along the aforesaid premises within ten days.

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan on the seventh day of July, A. D. 1919, by an aye and nay vote as follows: Ayes—Wilson, Gidley and Crowell. Nays—none.

On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

There is plenty of hope for the human race so long as fathers care enough for their families to lug home buckets of ice cream every hot evening, realizing as we do now the average man hates to carry any package now that prohibition has come.

FIGHT THE HOPPER

Grasshoppers are beginning to do very serious damage to crops and pasture lands throughout the eastern half of our country and on the Beaver Islands. Farmers are face to face with the prospect of most serious losses. Something must be done.

Many means have been devised to combat the pests, but the one method generally used now in sections where they have had years of experience, is the poison bait method, which is as follows: Mix one bushel of screened sawdust and one pound of poison dry. In-

to one gallon of water put three-fourths of a pound of salt and a half cup of molasses. Stir well and thoroughly mix with the sawdust and poison. Add water until you have a good stiff mash. Scatter this where the grasshoppers are feeding as you would sow grain. For poison use good strong Paris Green or White Arsenic. Arsenic of Lead will not give satisfactory results.

Grasshoppers will not eat the bait when it becomes dry, therefore it should not be applied during the heat of the day, but rather apply it the last thing in the evening, so the bait will be ready and attractive to the hungry hopper as he comes from his roost in the morning. Half rotted sawdust gives better results than newly sawed.

It must be remembered that one application will not rid a piece of ground of the millions of grasshoppers it may contain. Its use must be persistent and consistent.

THE MORNING HOUR

Once more we have had a practical demonstration of the futility of trying to overturn by law the customs established by long experience. The daylight saving law proved to be a waster of daylight, for, under the law, farmers and farm hands arose an hour earlier but were compelled to delay morning work in the fields until the dew had evaporated. The daylight saving law gave city people more time for enjoyment but it curtailed production of crops and made city people pay more for food. Along with price-fixing, government operation and "cost-plus" contracting, daylight saving has given way to practical experience.

Knicker—The President thinks the world is his oyster. Bocker—And the Irish expect him to find an emerald in it.—New York Sun.

NEW POTATO DISEASE APPEARS IN COUNTRY

East Lansing, Mich., July 8th.—"Potato Wart," a disease believed to have been imported to this country from Europe, has recently been reported by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as having put in an appearance in Pennsylvania. Fearing a possible spread of the disease to other parts of the country, the government men are advising farmers to be on the look-out for its appearance and to report any suspicious cases found.

"In the Potato Wart disease the tuber is replaced by a 'cauliflower-like' growth," says G. H. Coons, plant pathologist at the Michigan Agricultural College. "This growth quickly rots away. Anything of this nature should be sent in to the College for identification."

MICHIGAN FIRST IN WAR GARDEN WORK

State Leads in Home Garden and Canning Clubs.

East Lansing, Mich., July 8th.—Michigan stands first in the United States in war garden work, according to a report recently received from Washington by the Michigan Agricultural College. Of 33 states listed in the report, Michigan leads in the results attained both by the home garden clubs and by the canning clubs which were organized to work with the gardeners.

Crops raised and harvested by the clubs in Michigan reached a total value of \$133,546.44 during the year 1918. More than 29,000 were enrolled in the work in this State, while Connecticut with 28,000 club gardeners stood a close second.

Girls of the State who took up canning work last year in the 648 clubs organized by the Extension Division of the Agricultural College canned a grand total of 254,994 quarts of vegetables and fruits, valued at more than \$88,000. There were 13,234 girls engaged in the work. Nebraska with 6,000 girls enrolled in the clubs stood second in the country.

Although special impetus was given the work last year by the nation-wide food campaign, the gardening and canning clubs for boys and girls of the State are to be kept up year after year as an aid to better gardening and canning work in Michigan.

DRIVERS LICENSE RUSH NOW ON

State Department Receiving One Thousand a Day.

Applications for automobile drivers' licenses, under the new law amended at the special legislative session which closed last week, are going into Lansing at the rate of more than 1,000 a day, according to Frank E. Fitzgerald, deputy secretary of state.

In response to the sending out of the blank applications, which are now in the hands of chiefs of police and sheriffs in all the cities and counties, several hundred applications were received the first two days. Some officers have already reported that they are deluged.

Not more than five per cent of the applications received were from women and very few from boys and girls from 14 to 18 years old. In some instances, application for all members of the family eligible to drive motor cars have been received.

"We want the applications, accompanied by the 50-cent fee, to come in as rapidly as possible but licenses may not be sent out until on or about August 14," said Mr. Fitzgerald, Tuesday. "It will not be necessary for applicants to make inquiry about licenses before that time when they will be promptly mailed to everybody."

Two kinds of licenses will be issued, one in general, permitting the licensee to operate any kind of an automobile or other motor vehicle, while the other is "limited," permitting the driver because of physical defects to operate only the one car with which he is familiar.

WOUNDS FROM A FRIEND

If Congress undertakes an investigation of the manner in which public funds were wasted in the aircraft fiasco—David Lawrence, a worshipping of the Wilson administration, will apparently make a first class witness. Here is what he says of the situation after the people of this country have spent hundreds of millions of dollars for aircraft production: "The United States is not able, in the event of an emergency on the Mexican border, to put into action at once an air service comparable to that which General Pershing had when he first undertook the pursuit of Villa." A sad state of affairs, indeed.

Briefs of the Week

Alfred Bergman is home this week from Detroit.
H. Rosenthal left Thursday on a business trip to Chicago.

Miss Lucy Westlake of Detroit is guest of Mrs. R. O. Bisbee.

Miss Marie Gregory of Detroit is guest of her aunt, Miss Rose Gognia.

Miss Eva King went to Saginaw, Thursday, where she has a position.

Mrs. George Walton and children are visiting relatives at Bellaire this week.

Mrs. J. G. Booth and son, Kenneth, visited friends at Traverse City this week.

Miss Olive Bartlett left last week for Ypsilanti, where she is attending the normal.

Mrs. M. J. Pickhaver returned home Wednesday, from a visit with friends at Ionia.

Leonard Barber of Rapid City was guest of Miss Flora McPherson, latter part of last week.

Mrs. I. J. Gittins of Iowa City, Iowa, is guest at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray.

Mrs. Samuel Ramsey returned Wednesday from a visit with her daughter at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Smith and daughter left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Cheboygan.

Mrs. John Schindler and daughter of Detroit is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kowalski.

R. A. Brintnall left Saturday last on a business and pleasure trip through the Canadian Northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weiland of Detroit are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Alty Cox, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Westjohn and daughter returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives at Traverse City.

Miss Margaret Prine returned to Bellaire, Thursday, after a visit at the farm home of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Haley.

Henry Clark and son, Donald, Harold Price, Geo. Pringle and Henry Scholls left Tuesday by auto for Flint and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Schriver of Grand Rapids are guests at the homes of the latter's sisters, Mrs. Albert Anderson and Mrs. Albert Arnston.

Mr. and Mrs. John Benford and children of Mt. Pleasant were guests at the home of Mrs. Benford's sister, Mrs. Howard Porter, this week.

Mrs. Wm. Russell with children and her mother, Mrs. Lucinda St. Clair of Muskegon are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Clark and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tooley left Thursday for Muskegon, where Mrs. Tooley will enter a hospital for treatment, and will also visit her daughter, Mrs. Orden Keller.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiley, Bader and children returned to their home at Wilwin, Mich., Thursday, after a visit at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Mrs. Maggie Gilkerson returned to her home near Kalkaska, Wednesday, after a visit with relatives here. Her grandson, Jasper Stallard accompanied her home for a visit.

Elder L. Dudley will conduct the services at the L. D. S. church Sunday. His evening theme will be "The Two Resurrections." Baptismal services will be held in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Graff received a telegram, Tuesday, announcing the arrival of their son, Guy, at Hoboken, from overseas service. He returned on the Str. George Washington.

Rev. R. S. Sidebotham returned home Friday from a business trip to Alma.

Mrs. H. Lamerson of Mancelona is visiting at the home of her son, Verne Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rugg and daughter went to Kalkaska, Thursday, for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Rebecca Brown of South Haven is guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Loomes.

Carroll Hoyt is here from Iola, Kansas, for a week's visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt.

Wm. Walton and Mrs. W. P. McDonald of Portland, Oregon, arrived Thursday, for a visit at the home of their brother, Freeman Walton.

E. B. Tyrell and wife of Detroit were guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nickless, latter part of last week. They drove through by auto.

Mrs. Margaret Patrick of Chicago, with niece, Miss Marie Kelley of Peoria Ill., are guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny and other relatives.

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.

If you are unable to forget an injury you're bound to be busy all your life.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, July 13, 1919.
10:00 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Prayer Service.
7:30 p. m. Evening Worship.

Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer Service.
Friday 7:30 p. m. Cottage Meeting.
Chesteronia

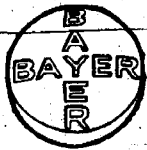
10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Morning Service.
Wednesday, 8 p. m. Prayer Service.

Three Bell School House
2 p. m. Sunday School.
3 p. m. Divine Worship.

Thursday 8 p. m. Cottage Prayer Service.

"BAYER CROSS" ON ASPIRIN

Always Ask for Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"



Only Aspirin Tablets with the safety "Bayer Cross" on them are genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," owned and made by Americans and proved safe by millions of people. Unknown quantities of fraudulent Aspirin Tablets were sold recently by a Brooklyn dealer which proved to be composed mostly of Talcum Powder.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should always be asked for. Then look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on the package and on each tablet. Accept nothing else! Proper directions and dosage in each Bayer package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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 cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus 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.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, July 13th, 1919.
10:30 a. m.—Theme, "Childhood the Standard of Value."

12:00 m.—Sunday School.
7:00 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:30 p. m.—Regular Service resumed and the pastors theme will be "Sermonic Oracles at Another Man's Wife."

Thursday p. m.—Prayer meeting.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, July 13th 1919.
10:30 a. m.—"Making Religion Affect Conduct."

12 Noon—Sunday School.

The mid-week meeting will be discontinued until the weather moderates.

Sunday the school will discuss plans for the annual picnic.

The movies have moved up the imitation vampires of the world about 100 per cent.

People are very annoying, of course, but if there had never been any of them where would you be?

Notice of Circuit Court
Commissioner's Sale.

State of Michigan, The Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery.

HORACE S. HARSHA, Plaintiff,

vs.
HATTIE BUSH, and FLORA U. HAIRE

Defendants.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix in Chancery, made and entered on the 21st day of June, 1919, in the above entitled cause, I, the subscriber, a Circuit Court Commissioner for the county of Charlevoix, shall sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, at the front door of the courthouse in the city of Charlevoix, in said county of Charlevoix, (that being the place for holding the circuit court in and for said county) on

Monday the 18th day of August, A. D. 1919, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to said plaintiff for Principal, Interest, Taxes and Costs in this cause, those certain lands and premises situate and being in the city of Charlevoix, County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit:—

Commencing at an iron pin set 12.09 chains west of North and South quarter (¼) line of Section Twenty-seven (27) in Town Thirty-four (34) North, Range Eight (8) West on a prolongation of North line of Upright Avenue; the same being the South-west corner of land deceded by Joseph Bassett to William Crandall and Florence M. Crandall; Thence North along Crandall's West line 6.28 chains to the North-west corner of said Crandall's land in center of Highway; thence South Seventy (70) degrees west 4.25 chains; Thence South 4.50 chains more or less to prolongation of North line of Upright Avenue; Thence East Four chains to place of beginning and being a part of Government lot Two (2), in Section Twenty-seven (27), Town Thirty-four (34) North, Range Eight (8) West, and containing 2.10 acres of land more or less and being Lot Four (4) of Un-recorded plat, and

Also, commencing at a point in the North and South quarter (¼) line of Section Twenty-seven (27) in Town Thirty-four (34) North, Range Eight (8) West, as per the United States survey thereof marked by the intersection of the center line of the highway with said quarter (¼) line at a point 51.81 feet South of the center of said section; running thence South Seventy (70) degrees west along the center line of said highway 848.10 feet to an iron pin set in the center of said highway, which iron pin is the starting point of this description; Thence running South from said starting point 414.48 feet to the North line of a highway which is a prolongation westward of Upright Avenue in the city of Charlevoix, county of Charlevoix and state of Michigan; Thence East along the North line of said last mentioned highway 459.56 feet to an iron stake; Thence North 583.44 feet to an iron stake set in the center of the highway first above mentioned; Thence South Seventy (70) degrees West along the center of said highway to the starting point aforesaid; being a part of Lot Two (2) of said Section Twenty-seven (27), Township Thirty-four (34) North, Range Eight (8) West aforesaid containing five acres of land more or less. Said description is also designated as lot Five (5) on an unrecorded plat of the subdivision of a part of Lot Two (2) and the South-east quarter (¼) of the South-west quarter (¼) of said Section Twenty-seven (27), Township Thirty-four (34) North, Range Eight (8) West aforesaid, made by the Trustees of the Estate of Austin C. Newman, deceased, and

A part of Government Lot Two (2); Section Twenty-seven (27), Township Thirty-four (34) North, Range Eight (8) West, commencing on the West eighth line of said Section Twenty-seven (27) at the intersection of the North line of Upright Avenue of the city of Charlevoix extended, with said eighth line, Thence running North on said eighth line 3.48 chains; Thence North seventy (70) degrees East along proposed road 3.81 chains to Northwest corner of land now owned by the Hodge Estate; Thence South along West line of said Hodge Estate land 4.68 chains to North line of Upright Avenue extended; Thence west 3.87 chains to place of beginning and containing 1.50 acres more or less and being designated on an unrecorded plat of the Austin C. Newman Estate as Lot No. Three (3).

Dated at Boyne City, Michigan, this 24th day of June, 1919.

M. E. SILVERSTEIN,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Charlevoix County, Michigan

CLINK & WILLIAMS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Business Address,
East Jordan, Michigan.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Link, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

FIRE FIGHTERS PROVE THEIR WORTH

The true worth of the state fire organization was given a creditable demonstration in the serious fires that have been raging the past week on section sixteen in Springvale township.

Starting in a small and unreported brush fire, the flames were fanned by a brisk wind which caused them to spread in all directions and develop to a height that threatened the surrounding country.

Deputy Thomas L. Bryant, Supervisor Harris and Field Warden Moser immediately placed on a force of fire fighters from that township, with the result that by back-firing and furrowing the fire was held on that section. Some timber was burned and considerable game destroyed, but no buildings were consumed.

All of the fire fighters are receiving congratulations from property owners in that vicinity on their successful holding of the spreading fires.

Divorce figures indicate that almost nobody is happily married and your experience reaches you that most unmarried people are unhappy till they find they are to be married. Some where there ought to be a happy medium.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN'S STORY

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so much better. "I simply will not have further reading in this heat," declared...

"become of the sweet family if I stop?" he asked, looking at the... around the table... appearing apple pie... dinner to-night.

"Where did you learn the trick?" she asked. "I finally father summed up the situation: 'I'm going to our bride and add several more to your life. You do no more good in the summer; let Susan prepare the dinner. A little, but Mother was a success and became more successful than I. Where did you learn the trick?'"

"I can't eat cake," she replied. "I cannot eat cake those spicy little things, biting into a sandwich, 'are the best' the favor and singer."

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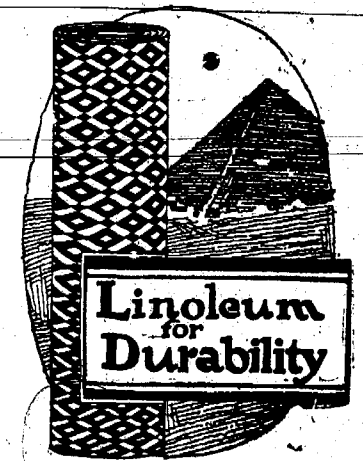
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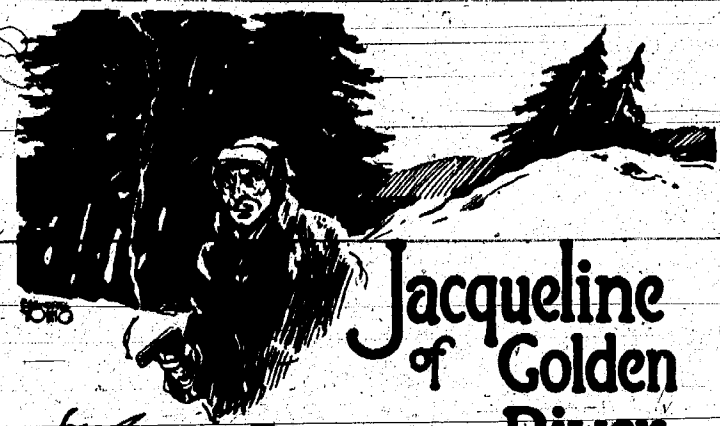
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Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

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(Chapter XVIII, Continued)

Her words were a revelation to me, for I learned that she had mercifully been spared the full remembrance of what had happened in the Tenth street apartment. She thought that it was I who had killed Louis d'Epernay.

And how could I deny this, when to so would be to bring to her mind the knowledge of her own dreadful guilt?

The hours wore away, and we three lay there, two waiting and one dreaming of the old days of youth, no doubt, I tried to light the candle to see the time, but my shaking hand sent it flying across the cave, and when I searched for my matches I found that the box was empty.

It seemed an eternity since we had come there. It is one thing to wait for dawn, and quite another thing to wait where dawn will never come.

I resolved to follow the exit for a little distance to see whether it led, and if I could discover the light of day.

So I took my sword and sallied out through the passage in the cliff.

I had only proceeded a few steps when the air grew cold and sweet. And before I had traversed two hundred yards I saw a dim light in the distance. This was no candle light but that of day! So I had endured all those agonies of mind with the open air but a short distance away!

As I advanced I fancied that I heard the soft pattering of feet behind me.

I halted and listened intently. I crouched against the wall and waited. But I heard nothing now except the distant roaring of the cataracts. How sweet they sounded now!

I listened intently, leaning against the wall and facing backward, holding my sword ready to meet any intruder. But there was no sound from within, except the sighing which one hears in a tunnel, and satisfied at last that I had been the victim of an overwrought imagination I pursued my course. But I had not gone six paces before I heard a scream that still rings in my ears today, and a shadow sprang out of the darkness and rushed at me. It was old Charles Duchaine. His white hair streamed behind him; his face bore an expression of indelible horror and rage, and in his hand he held the other sword.

He struck at me, a great, sweeping blow which would almost have cut me in two. I had just time to parry it, and then he was upon me, raining blows upon my outstretched sword.

Though his attack was wild the vigor of his blows almost beat down my guard. At last a random blow of mine swept the weapon from his feeble



He Struck at Me.

old hand and sent it whirling down the cataract into the lake below.

Then he was at my throat, and it was fortunate that there was firm rock instead of slippery ice beneath us, or we should both have followed the sword.

"Calm yourself, for heaven's sake, monsieur!" I gasped as I gained a momentary advantage over him. "Don't you know me? I am your friend. I want to save you!"

"You shall not take me! I have done nothing! It was years ago! Let me go! Let me go!" he screamed.

I released him for a moment, hoping that his disordered brain would calm enough for him to recognize me and that, when he saw my motives were peaceful he would grow quiet.

But suddenly, with a final howl, he sprang past me, sweeping me against the wall, and leaped out on the ledge. I held my breath. I expected to see him stagger to his death below. But he stood motionless in the middle of the little platform and stretched out his arms toward the raging torrent as though in invocation. Then he leaped across with the agility of a wild sheep and rushed on into the tunnel beyond.

I started back, keeping this time to the right side of the tunnel, until I heard the gurgling of the brook. Then I heard Jacqueline's footstep.

"Who is it?" she called wildly. "M. Hewlett! My father!"

I caught her as she swayed toward me. "He has gone Jacqueline," I said. "I went into the tunnel to try to find the way. He had been feigning sleep, and he crept after me. I tried to stop him. He was so frightened that I thought it best to let him go. He ran on into the tunnel."

"We must find him," she said.

"He will come back, Jacqueline," "He will never come back!" she answered. "He must have been planning this and waiting for me to sleep. He may be hiding somewhere. We must search for him."

"Let us go, then, Jacqueline," I answered.

I led her back into the tunnel on what was to be, I hoped, our final journey. We reached the ledge. The star had faded now, and the whole sky was bright with the red clouds of dawn.

At length I saw daylight ahead of me—and there was no sound of the torrents.

I left Jacqueline in the cave for a few moments and went into the smaller one near by, where I had seen the provisions on the preceding days. I found a small box of hard biscuit, with which I stuffed the pockets of my coat, and, happier still, a small revolver and some cartridges, to which I helped myself liberally.

Then I went back to Jacqueline. "Jacqueline," I said, "let us go on. Perhaps your father is on his way outside the tunnel."

"We cannot go without my father," she answered, shaking her head in determination.

"Jacqueline," I said, "if we can find your father you will come with me? Because it has occurred to me," I went on, "that if he had come this way his footprints would be in the mud beside the stream. It would take an hour or two for them to fill up again. So perhaps he did not come this far, but is hiding in some cave in the tunnel through which we came. Will you wait for me here while I go back and search?"

She nodded and I went back into that interminable tunnel again.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Bait That Lured.

I went along the tunnel in the direction of Le Viel Ange, picking my way very carefully, peering into the numerous small caves and fissures in the wall on either hand. And I was about half way through when I saw a shadow running in front of me and making no sound.

It was Duchaine. There could be no mistaking that tall, gaunt figure, just visible against the distant day.

I raced along the tunnel after him. But he seemed to be endowed with the speed of a deer, for he kept his distance easily, and I would never have caught him had he not stopped for an instant at the approach of the ledge.

There, just as he was posing himself to leap, I seized him by the arm.

He did not attempt violence but gazed at me with hesitation and pathetic doubt.

"M. Duchaine," I pleaded, "won't you come back with me and let us talk it over? Jacqueline is with me."

"No, no," he cried, laughing. "You can't catch me with such a trick as that. My little daughter has gone to New York to make our fortunes at M. Dalry's gaming house. She will be back soon, loaded down with gold."

"She has come back," I answered. "She is not fifty yards away."

"With gold?" he inquired, looking at me doubtfully.

"With gold," I answered, trying to allure his imagination as Leroux had done. "She has rich gold, red gold, such as you will love. You can take up the coins in your fingers and let the gold stream slip through them. Come with, monsieur."

I grasped him by the arm and tried to lead him with me. My argument had moved him. I thought I had won. But just as I started back into the tunnel, holding the arm of the old man, who lingered reluctantly and yet began to yield, a pebble leaped from the rocky platform and rebounded from the cliff. I cast a backward glance, and there upon the opposite side I saw Leroux standing.

"Bonjour, M. Hewlett!" he called across the chasm. "Don't be afraid of me any more than I am afraid of you. Just wait a moment. I want to talk business."

"I have no business to talk with you," I answered.

"But I did not say it was with you, monsieur," he answered in sneering tones. "It is with our friend Duchaine. Hola, Duchaine!"

At the sound of Leroux's voice the old man straightened himself and began muttering and looking from the one to the other of us undecidedly.

Suddenly I saw him turn his head and fix his eyes upon Leroux. He craned his neck forward; and then, very slowly, he began to walk toward his persecutor. I craned my neck.

Leroux was holding out—the roulette wheel!

"Come along, Charles, my friend," he cried. "Come, let us try our fortunes! Don't you want to stake some money upon your system against me?"

The old figure had leaped forward over the ledge, and in a moment Leroux had grasped him and pulled him into the tunnel.

I hastened back to Jacqueline and encountered her in the passage just where the light and darkness blended, standing with "arms stretched out against the wall to steady herself; and in her eyes was that look which tells a man more surely than anything, I think, can, that a woman loves him.

"Oh, I thought you were dead," she sobbed, and fell into my arms.

I held her tightly to support her, and I led her back to the gold cave. In a few words I explained what had occurred.

"Now Jacqueline, you must let me guide you," I said. "Don't you see that there is no chance for us unless we leave your father for the present where he is and make our own escape? We can reach Pere Antoine's cabin soon after midday, and we can tell him your father is a prisoner here. He would not come with us, Jacqueline, even if he were here."

She did not respond. It was the safety of us two and her father's life assured, against a miserable fate for her, and I knew not what for me, though I thought Leroux would give me little shrift once I was in his power again.

She was so silent that I thought I had convinced her. I urged her to her feet. But suddenly I heard a stealthy footfall close at hand, between the cave and the cataract.

I thought it was Charles Duchaine. I hoped it was Leroux. I placed my finger on Jacqueline's lips and crept stealthily to the passage, revolver in hand.

Then, in the gloom, I saw the villainous face of Jean Petitjean looking into mine, twelve paces away, and in his hand was a revolver too.

We fired together. But the surprise spoiled his aim, for his bullet whistled past me. I think my shot struck him somewhere, for he uttered a yell and began running back along the tunnel as hard as he could.

I followed him, firing as fast as I could reload. Fortune helped the ruffian, for when I reached the light he was scrambling across the ledge, and before I could cover him he had succeeded in disappearing behind the projecting rock on the other side.

So Leroux had already sealed one exit—that by the Old Angel, where the road led into the main passage. God grant that he had not time to reach the exit by the mine!

If I made haste! If I made haste! But I would not argue the matter any further. I ran back at full speed. I reached the cave.

"Jacqueline! Come, come!" I called.

She did not answer.

I ran forward, peering round me in the obscurity. I saw her near the earth-sacks, lying upon her side. Her eyes were closed, her face as white as a dead woman's.

The bullet from Jean Petitjean's revolver that missed me must have penetrated her body.

She lived, for her breast stirred, though so faintly that it seemed as though all that remained of life were concentrated in the faint-throbbing heartbeats.

I raised her in my arms and placed a sack beneath her head, making a resting place for her with my fur coat. Then with my knife I cut away her dress over the wound.

There was a bullet hole beneath her breast, stained with dark blood. I ran down to the rivulet, risking an ambush, brought back cold water, and washed it, and stanching the flow as best I could, making a bandage and placing it above the wound.

I have a dim remembrance of losing my self-control when this was done, and clasping her in my arms and pressing my lips to her cold cheek and begging her to live and praying wildly that she should not die. Then I raised her in my arms and was start-



The Villainous Face of Jean Petitjean.

gering across the cave toward the tunnel which led to the rocking stone.

And then, just as I approached the barricade of earth-filled bags Leroux and the man Raoul emerged from the tunnel's mouth and ran toward me.

I stopped behind the barricade. Presently I saw something white fluttering from the tunnel. It was a white handkerchief upon a stick of wood.

Then Leroux's voice hailed me from the tunnel.

"Hewlett!" he called, and there was no trace of mockery in his tones now. "Will you come out and talk with me? Will you meet me in the open, if you prefer?"

I fired one shot in futile rage. It struck the cliff and sent a stone flying into the stream.

Then silence followed. And I took Jacqueline and carried her back into the little hollow space. I put my hand upon her breast.

It stirred. She breathed faintly, though she showed no sign of consciousness.

Heaven knows what was in my mind. I stood beneath that awful cataract firing at the blind rock, and now I was back behind the earth-bags shooting into the tunnel.

So the afternoon wore away. The sun had sunk behind the cliffs. I had fired away all but six of my cartridges. Then the memory of my sterner act of folly before came home to me. I grew more calm.

I felt my way around the cave with the faint hope that there might be some other egress there.

There was none, but I made out a recess, which I had not perceived, about one-half as large as the cave itself, and opening into it by a small passage just large enough to give admittance to a single person. Here I should have only one front to defend.

So I carried Jacqueline inside and began laboriously to drag the bags of earth into this last refuge. Before it had grown quite dark I had barricaded Jacqueline and myself within a place the size of a hall bedroom inclosed upon three sides with rock.

And there I waited for the end. I sat beside Jacqueline, holding her hand with one of mine, and my revolver in the other. There was a faint flutter at her wrist. I fancied that it had grown stronger during the past half hour.

But I was unprepared to hear her whisper to me, and when she spoke I was alert in a moment.

"Paul!" she said faintly.

"Jacqueline!"

"Paul! Bend down. I want to speak to you. Do you know I have been conscious for a long time, my dear? I have been thinking. Are you distressed because of me?"

"My dear!" I said; and that was all that I could say. I clasped her cold little hand tightly in mine.

"You must leave me, Paul, because—because of what is between us. You must go to Leroux and tell him so. You love me, Paul?"

"Always, Jacqueline," I whispered. She put her arms about my neck.

"I love you, Paul," she said. "It seems so easy to say it in the dark, and it used to be so hard. Do you know what I admired and loved you for, even when you thought my mind unstable and empty? How true you were! It was that, dear. It was your honor, Paul."

"That was why, when I remembered everything that dreadful night in the snow, the revulsion was so terrible. I ran away in horror. I could not believe that it was true—and yet I knew it was true."

"And Leroux was waiting there and found me. I did not want to leave you, but he told me there was Pere Antoine's cabin close by, and that you would come to no harm. And he made me believe—you had stolen my money as well. But I never believed that, and I only taunted you with it to drive you away for your own sake."

She drew me weakly toward her and went on:

"Now that we are to part forever, and perhaps I am to die, I can speak to you from my heart and tell you, dear. Kiss me—as though I were your wife, Paul."

"So you will go to Leroux," she added presently.

"Is that your will, Jacqueline?"

"Yes, dear," she said. "Because we

have fought, and now we are beaten, Paul."

I bowed my head. I knew that she spoke the truth. I knew at last that I was vanquished. For, now that Jacqueline lay there so weak, so helpless, and thinking all our past was but a dream, there was nothing but to yield. I could not fight any more.

So I left her and climbed cross the bags and went down toward the stream.

But before I had reached it a dark figure slipped from among the shadows of the rocks and came toward me; and by the faint starlight I saw the face of Pierre Caribou!

He stopped me and held me by both shoulders, and he drew me into the recesses of the rocks and beat his wizened old face forward toward mine.

"Ah, monsieur, so you did not obey old Pierre Caribou and stay in the cave," he said.

"Pierre, I did not know that you would return," I answered.

"Never mind," the Indian answered, looking at me strangely. "All finish now. Diable take Leroux. His time come. Diable show me!"

"How?" I answered, startled.

"All finish," said Pierre inexorably, and, as I watched him a superstitious fear crept over me. He, who had cringed, even when he gave the command, now cringed no longer, and there was a look in his old face that I had only seen on one man's before—on my father's the night he died.

"Pierre, where is Leroux?" I whispered. "Shall I surrender to him or shall I fight?"

"No matter," he said once again. "Monsieur, suppose you go back to m'm'selle, and soon Simon come. His diable lead him to you. His diable tell you what to say. All finish now!"

He walked past me noiselessly, a tenuous shadow, and his bearing was as proud as that of his race had been in the long ago, when they were lords where now their white masters ruled.

I went to Jacqueline and took my seat upon the earth bag barricade. I had my revolver in my hand, but it was not loaded. I threw the cartridges upon the floor.

It seemed only a few minutes before a voice hailed me from the tunnel.

"Paul, Hewlett," said Leroux, "you have made a good fight, but you are done for. I offer you terms."

"What terms?" I asked.

"The same as before. I can afford to let you go; for, though my instincts cry out loudly for your death, I am a business man, and I can suppress them when it has to be done. In brief, M. Hewlett, you can go when you choose."

"M. Leroux," I answered, "I will say something to you for your own sake, and Mme. d'Epernay's, that I would not deign to say to any other man. She is as pure as the best woman in the land. I found her wandering in the street. I saved her from the assault of your hired ruffians. I gave up my own apartment to her and went away. Do you believe what I have said to you?"

He looked hard into my face.

"Yes," he said simply. "And it makes all the difference in the world to me."

"Pere Antoine will marry you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"And her father?"

"Is safe in the chateau, playing with his wheel and amassing a fortune in his dreams."

"One more word," I continued. "Mme. d'Epernay is very ill. She was struck by one of those bullets that you fired through the door. Wait!" for he had started. "I think that she will live. The wound cannot have pierced a vital part. But we must be very gentle in moving her. You had better bring the sleigh here, and you and I will lift her into it. And then—I shall not see her again."

CHAPTER XX.

Leroux's Diable.

I went back toward the cave. But I could not bring myself to see Jacqueline.

I had reached the verge of the cataract and stood beside the little platform, looking down. I gazed in awe at the great stream of water, sending its ceaseless current down into the troubled lake below.

And then I saw Lacroix. He was peering after me from among the rocks, and as I turned he was scuttling away into the tunnel.

I followed him hotly; but he must have known every fissure in the cliff, for he vanished before my eyes, apparently through the solid rock, and when I reached the place of his disappearance I could find no sign of any passage there.

And at that moment I heard Leroux's voice hailing me, and looked round to see him emerge from the tunnel.

(Continued on Next Page)

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(Continued from Third Page)

nel at my side. He was staring in bewilderment at the cataract.
 "By Heaven, Hewlett, I don't know what possessed me to take the wrong turn tonight," he swore. "I have come through that tunnel a hundred times and never missed the path before."
 He swung round petulantly, and at that moment a shadow glided out of



Faced Leroux in Silence.

the darkness and stood in front of him. It was Pierre Caribou, lean, sinewy and old. He blocked the path and faced Leroux in silence.

Leroux looked at him, and an oath broke from his lips as he read the other's purpose upon his face. Squaring his mighty shoulders and clenching his fists, he leaped at him head-long.

Pierre stepped quietly aside, and Simon measured his full length within the tunnel. But, when he had scrambled to his feet with a bellowing challenge, Pierre was in front of him again.

"What are you here for?" roared Leroux, but in a quavering voice that did not sound like his own. "Get out of the way or I'll smash your face!"

The Indian still blocked the passage. "Your time come now, Simon. All finish now," he answered.

"You come here one, two year ago," Pierre continued. "You eat up home of M. Duchaine, my master. Old M. Duchaine my master, too. I belong here. You eat up all, come back, eat up some more. Then you sell Mile, Jacqueline to Louis d'Epernay. You made her run 'way to New York. I ask your diable when your time come. Your diable he say wait. I wait. Mile, Jacqueline come back. I ask your diable again. He say wait some mbre. Now your diable tell me he send you here tonight because your time come, and all finish now."

The face that Simon turned on me was not in the least like his own. It was that of a hopeless man who knows that everything he had prized is lost. He had never cowered before anyone in his life, I think, but he cowered now before Pierre Caribou.

Then a roar burst from Leroux's lips, and he flung himself upon the Indian in the same desperate way as I had experienced, and in an instant the two men were struggling at the edge of the platform.

They bent and swayed, and now Leroux was forcing Pierre's head and shoulders backward by the weight of his bull's body. But the Indian's sinews, toughened by years of toil to steel, held fast; and just as Leroux, confident of victory, shifted his feet and inclined forward, Pierre changed his grasp and caught him by the throat.

Leroux's face blackened and his eyes started out. His great chest heaved, and he tore impotently at his enemy's strong fingers that were shutting out air and light and consciousness. They rocked and swayed; then, with a last convulsive effort, Leroux swung Pierre off his feet, raised him high in the air and tried to dash his body against the projecting rock at the tunnel's mouth.

But still the Indian's fingers held, and as his consciousness began to fade Leroux staggered and slipped; and with a neighing whine that burst from his constricted throat, a shriek that

pierced the torrent's roar, he slid down the cataract, Pierre locked in his arms. I cried out in horror, but leaned forward, fascinated by the dreadful spectacle. I saw the bodies glide down the straight jet of water, as a boy might slide down a column of steel, and plunge into the black cauldron beneath, around whose edge stood the mocking and fantastic figures of ice. The seething lake tossed them high into the air, and the second cataract caught them and flung them back toward the Old Angel.

At last they slid down into the depths of the dark lake, to lie forever there in that embrace. And still the cataracts played on, sounding their loud, triumphant, never-ending tune.

I was running down the tunnel again. I was running to Jacqueline, but something diverted me. It was the face of Lacroix, peering at me from among the crevices of the rocks with the same evil smile. I knew from the look on it that he had seen me and had been infinitely pleased thereby.

I caught at him; I wanted to get my hands on him and strangle him, too, and fling him down, and stamp his features out of human semblance. But he eluded me and darted back into the cliff.

I caught him near the entrance and held him fast. He struggled in my grasp and screamed.

"Let me go!" he howled. "Ah, you will repent it! Monsieur, let me go! I will give you a half-share in the gold. What do you want with me?"

What did I want? I did not know. It must have been the same instinct that leads one to stamp upon a noxious insect. I think it was his joy in the hideous spectacle beneath the cataract that had made me long to kill him.

But now a dreadful fear was dawning on me.

"Jacqueline!" I screamed. "I have not seen her," he replied. "Now let me go! Ah, mon Dieu, will you never let me go? It is too late!"

Suddenly he grew calm. "It is too late," he said in a monotonous voice. "You have killed both of us!"

And, with the sweat still on his forehead, he stood looking maliciously at me.

"If you had let me go," he said, "you would have died just as you are going to die."

I saw the face of the cliff quiver; I saw an immense rock, half-way up, leap into the air and seem to hang there; then the ground was upheaved beneath my feet, and with a frightful roar the rocky walls swayed and fell together.

And the rivulet became a cataract that surged over me and filled my ears with tumult and sealed my eyes with sleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

The End of the Chateau.
 Darkness impenetrable about me, and a thick air that I breathed with great gasps that hardly brought relief to my choking throat. And a voice out of the darkness crying ceaselessly in my ears: "Help me! Help me!"

I raised myself and tried to struggle to my feet. I found that I could move my limbs freely. I tried to rise upon my knees, but the roof struck my head. I stretched my arms out, and I touched the wall on either side of me.

I must have been stunned by the concussion of the landslide. By a miracle I had not been struck.

"Help me! Help me!" I tried to find the voice. I crawled three feet toward it, and the wall stopped me. But the voice was there. It came from under the wall. I felt about me in the darkness, and my hand touched something damp. I whipped it back in horror. It was the face of a man.

There was only the face. Where the body and limbs ought to have been was only rock. The face was on my side of a wall of rock, pinning down the body that lay outstretched beyond.

I recognized the voice now. It was that of Philippe Lacroix.

"Ah, mon Dieu! Help me. Help me!"

He continued to repeat the words in every conceivable tone, and his suffering was pitiable. I felt one hand come through the tiny opening in the wall and grasp at me.

"Who is it?" he mumbled. "Is that you, Hewlett? For God's sake, kill me!"

I crouched beside him, but I did not know what to say or do. I could only wait there, that he might not die alone.

"Give me a knife!" he rambled again; clutching at me. "A knife, Hewlett! Don't leave me to die like this! Bring Pere Antoine and my mother. I want to tell her—to tell her—"

He muttered in his delirium until his voice died away. I thought that he would never speak again. But presently he seemed to revive again to the consciousness of his surroundings.

"Are you with me, Hewlett?" he whispered.

I placed my hand in his, and he clutched at it with feverish force. "You will have the gold, Hewlett," he muttered, apparently ignorant that I, too, was a prisoner and in hardly better plight. "I tried to kill you, Hewlett. Are you going to leave me to die alone in the dark now?"

"No," I answered. "It doesn't matter, Lacroix." And, really, it did not matter.

"I wanted to kill you," his voice rambled on. "Lacroix is dead. I watched him die. I thought if you

(Continued on Last Page)

A Triumph of Toughness
 And yet, the 'Royal Cord' possesses amazing buoyancy and life.
 That's the secret of this famous tire's success.
 Hardihood that means many extra miles, combined with the luxury of easier riding.
 Let us put 'Royal Cords' on your car. They are the utmost in equipment—the finest tires in the world.



United States Tires are Good Tires

We KNOW United States Tires are GOOD tires. That's why we sell them.
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.
H. C. MEYER - - BOYNE FALLS

What's become of the old-fashioned folks that used to say of a frivolous girl, "Her brains are all in her feet?"

After you have arrived at the age when rain keeps you at home instead of your delighting in the rain, you will never be the life of any party.

"Youth will be served," of course, but Age is not always happy over being the servant.

DANGERS OF HOT WEATHER
 Anyone is doubly liable to ill effects from the hot sun when stomach and bowels are clogged with a mass of undigested food. If you suffer from sick headache, biliousness, bloating, "heaviness" or any ill caused by indigestion take a Foley Cathartic Tablet and you will feel better in the morning.—Hite's Drug Store.

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

THE TEST THAT TELLS
 There is only one real test for a cough remedy, and that is use. S. M. Oliver, Box 192 R. F. D. 5, Greensboro, S. C., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is just fine. I keep it in the house all the time." It soothes and relieves hay fever, asthma, coughs, colds, croup, and bronchial affections.—Hite's Drug Store.

The City Feed Store
 Can Supply You With
Cement Brick Plaster
Brick Lime
Tile

Briefs of the Week

Donald McKay left Friday on a business trip to Big Bay, Mich.

Att'y A. B. Nicholas of Detroit was in the city on business this week.

Mrs. Alec Lapeer left Friday for a visit with relatives at Cheboygan.

Private Lyle Jepson, who has been stationed at Otisville, N. Y., came home Thursday.

Dora Zess returned to Bay City, Friday, after spending the week here with relatives.

Thomas Misener, who has been visiting his brother, Archie Misener, returned to Munising, Friday.

Percy Hill and son of Rome, Georgia, were guests at the home of Felix Gagnia a few days this week.

Mrs. Walter Snagter returned to Detroit, Friday, after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Lapeer.

The Reid-Graff Plumbing Co. of this city have been awarded the contract for plumbing and heating the new Boyne Falls Public Schools.

William Alee of Alpena, State Factory Inspector, was in our city this week on his annual inspection of factories, workshops, hotels and stores.

Stanley Harrison, who has seen overseas service, arrived here this week, and is guest at the home of his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barnett.

Coryell Servey and Miss Lois Wallwood were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage, Monday afternoon, July 7th. The pastor, Rev. M. E. Hoyt, officiated.

The annual school meeting will be held at the high school building next Monday evening, July 14th, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. As usual at these meetings much important business relative to our public school system will be transacted and every citizen should endeavor to be present that evening.

Vernon Barnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnett of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Marvel Chorpensing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chorpensing, at the home of the bride's parents in Wilson township, Wednesday evening, July 9th, at 8:30 o'clock. Rev. M. E. Hoyt performed the ceremony.

Many fire losses are reported the past week in this vicinity owing to the extremely dry weather. James Thompson in Echo township, lost a tenant residence, barn, sheds, tools and 150 chickens in a fire, Wednesday. Geo. Patterson, residing near Intermediate Lake lost his residence and barn. On the John Schroeder farm, timber and grain were destroyed, and Ben Schroeder lost a quantity of hay.

East Jordan experienced a heavy hail storm Wednesday afternoon which did considerable damage to fruit and growing crops in addition to breaking many window lights in various parts of the city. The hail stones were of jagged shape rather than the usual round ones. Some measured nearly two inches across and weighed nearly three ounces. The heavy wind which accompanied the hail storm broke down several trees and caused some damage to the telephone and electric light wiring.

TEKOE FLOUR, \$8.00 per bbl.
Not the best, but as good as many.
ARGO MILLING CO., East Jordan.

Temple Theatre

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

PROGRAM

From July 14th to July 20th

MONDAY, July 14th
Rex Beach's Tremendous Success, "The Spoilers," starring Wm. Farnum. A Big Special Feature.

Children 15c Adults 30c
TUESDAY, July 15th
Carmel Myers in "A Society Sensation." A fascinating star and picture.

10c and 15c
WEDNESDAY
Wm. Duncan in "A Fight for Millions" "A Musical Sneeze" Comedy, Ford Weekly.

10c and 15c
THURSDAY
Harry Carey in "Three Mounted Men" They are bold as brass and smooth as glass.

10c and 15c
FRIDAY
May Allison in "The Island of Iniquity." A lively mystery picture with a pretty romantic thread.

10c and 15c
SATURDAY, July 19th
3rd Episode of Ruth Roland in "The Tigers Trail." Fathe News Weekly and Review. Harold Lloyd in "The Marathon."

10c and 15c
SUNDAY, July 20th.
"Fan Fan" Extravaganza as Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, a wonder tale of The Arabian Nights.

A. J. Winters was a Bellaire business visitor, Friday.

Harold Nachazel was home this week from Saginaw.

Miss Lois Scott visited friends at Bellaire this week.

Nat Burney of Detroit visited friends in the city, Monday.

Ed Denno left Monday for Grand Rapids to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hawley are visiting friends at Alba this week.

Mrs. L. Paxson of Alba was guest of Mrs. Ed. Borland this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blair and daughter of Flint are visiting relatives here.

Eddie Barrie came home Saturday last from Flint for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Ben Brock and children left Monday for a visit with relatives at Flint.

Mrs. S. Golden of Bay City is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Kling.

Corporal Charles Bishaw returned to his duties at Camp Knox, Louisville, Ky., Friday.

Mrs. Carrie Lanway returned home Thursday from a visit with her son at Traverse City.

Mrs. Fred Longtin and daughter left Saturday, for a visit with her brother at Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. Margaret Patrick and Miss Marie Kelley went to Mackinac Island, Friday to spend a few days.

Mrs. W. M. Anderson, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home at Flint, Saturday.

Wilbur King returned to his work at Flint, Monday, after spending a few days here with his family.

Miss Georgiana Severance of this city was operated on for appendicitis at the Petoskey hospital, Sunday.

Mrs. George Hubbell and children of Saginaw are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dolezel and children returned home Saturday last from a visit with Mancelona relatives.

Mrs. Charles Adams and children of Grayling were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Adams over Sunday.

Wilbur Tuller returned to his home at Bendon, Mich., Saturday, after spending a few days with Rev. Jas. Ruehle.

Charles Phillips of Detroit is here for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips. He was accompanied by P. S. Nunnally of that city.

Lewis Ellis left Monday for Grand Rapids, where he has employment. His family expects to join him soon to make their home in that city.

Fred Naback and daughter, Miss Bertha, returned to their home at Detroit, Monday, after a visit at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanke.

A picnic of the Ruhling, Coulter, Whittington, and Mrs. G. L. Sherman families was held at the Whittington cottage at Monroe Creek the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Butts were at Central Lake first of the week, called there by the death of the latter's brother—Lyle Tyler, who was killed in the auto accident there Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sittser returned to their home at Battle Creek, Monday, after a visit at the homes of the latter's sisters, Mrs. Lyle Keller and Mrs. Mason Clark and other relatives.

Mrs. Alice Wing, who has been here the past month as representative of the State Library—Commission preparing our new Library for opening, leaves this Saturday for her home at Ludington.

Cora E. Blossat, former owner of the Hotel Michigan, Charlevoix, who was placed under arrest for being more or less connected with the mysterious burning of the hotel March 10, 1917, and whose case has taken considerable time of both the local circuit court and the state supreme court, and who was convicted in the December 1917 term of court, was sentenced by Judge Guy M. Chester on Tuesday last, to serve from one to ten years in the Detroit House of Correction. The sentence, however, contained the recommendation that she serve two years.

A distressing accident occurred in this village Tuesday afternoon, in the shooting of Reginald, the 13 years and 28 days old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Page. The boy was playing Indian with an older brother Will, aged 16 years, and was in a tree with a bow and arrow, when the other boy snapped a 22 calibre revolver at him. The gun was supposed to be unloaded, but the bullet struck the lad in the right side and pierced the lower part of his lung. The boy fell out of the tree and was carried into the house, where he died 15 minutes later. The remains were taken to Battle Creek Wednesday afternoon, for burial in the old home of the family.—Mancelona Herald.

Clarence Dewey is visiting relatives at Bellaire.

Louis Gass came home Saturday last from Detroit.

B. E. Waterman returned Tuesday from Traverse City.

Mrs. John Monroe went to St. Ignace Tuesday on business.

James Sloan returned home Monday from a visit at Ludington.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thompson moved here this week from Bellaire.

Mrs. Lewis Ellis visited friends at Charlevoix first of the week.

Miss Bethel Thomas returned to her home at Grand Rapids, Tuesday.

Mrs. Maude Toynton of Grand Rapids is visiting friends and relatives here.

Andrew Lalonde returned Saturday from a visit with his sister at Petoskey.

Mrs. E. A. Stokes of Bay City is visiting at the home of her son, Geo. Stokes.

Mrs. Eli Montroy was called to Detroit, Tuesday, by the illness of her sister.

Mrs. F. C. Pillsbury returned home Monday from a visit with relatives at Detroit.

Mrs. Archie Kowalski came home Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hosler now occupy the John Cummins residence on the West Side.

Miss Etta Kiser left Saturday for a visit with relatives at Central Lake and other points.

Mrs. Arnold Kiser was called to Elk Rapids, Tuesday, by the serious illness of her daughter.

Ernest Sheldon, who has been visiting friends in the city, returned to Flint, Wednesday.

Mrs. Jesse Allen and father, John Cummings left Wednesday for their home at Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Rose Boyd of Traverse City was guest at the home of her brother, Pat Boyd first of the week.

Mrs. A. R. Scheid and daughter of Detroit are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brezina.

Frank Coslew returned to Lansing, Monday, after a week's visit with his mother, Mrs. David Staley.

Mrs. Eliza Flynn returned to Mackinac City, Monday, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Gorman.

Mrs. Fred Giffin and daughter of Flint are here for a visit with relatives. Mrs. Giffin was formerly Miss Hazel Kale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Emmons and children of Detroit are guests at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sturgell who have been visiting relatives here, returned to their home at Greenup, Ky., Monday.

Miss Belle Roy left Wednesday for Ann Arbor, where she accompanied little Norman Skaggs to a hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Wm. Wirges and son returned to their home at West Branch, Monday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elias W. Giles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilkerson returned to Mancelona, Monday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Boyd and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bennett came from Flint, Monday, for a visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway and other relatives.

Mrs. D. A. Ramsey and children, who have been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Stokes, returned to her home at Bay City, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vance and son, who have been guests at the farm home of the former's brother, George Vance, left Tuesday for their home at Grand Rapids.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—Modern dwelling of seven rooms. Furnace, Bath Room and Toilet, Electric Lights, and Fireplace. Will sell cheap if taken at once.—J. E. REDMON.

H. B. Myere and family of Gaylord, Eli Smith of Grand Rapids, Miss Olena Cramer of Gaylord and Emma Bareton of Boyne City were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kling last Friday.

TEKOE FLOUR, \$8.00 per bbl.
Not the best, but as good as many.
ARGO MILLING CO., East Jordan.

Had the family of James Parsons stayed away from home a few minutes longer on Sunday last, it is quite likely a disastrous fire would have resulted. Some member of the family (we won't tell who) had been using an electric iron and upon completing their work, failed to turn off the juice. Shortly afterward members of the family left the house for a short time, and upon returning found the kitchen filled with smoke and a fire burning on the floor under the ironing board. It took but a short time to put out the blaze, which if members of the family had not returned and discovered in time might have resulted in the loss of the home or a serious loss by fire.—Charlevoix Courier.

See Page Two



YOU TASTE THE SUPERIOR QUALITY IN EVERY LOAF OF BREAD—EVERY BISCUIT—EVERY CAKE OR PIECE OF PASTRY MADE FROM

"Iron Duke" Flour

WILL YOU TRY A SACK AT OUR RISK—AND LET YOUR FAMILY BE THE JUDGE? IF YOUR DECISION IS NOT IN FAVOR OF "IRON DUKE" YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

ARGO MILLING CO.

MANUFACTURERS

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CHARLEVOIX EAST JORDAN CENTRAL LAKE

TEMPLE THEATRE

MONDAY July 14th

The New 1919 Version of

REX BEACH'S Tremendous Success

"THE SPOILERS"

The Biggest Story That Has Come Out of The Biggest Country in the World--Alaska

Starring **Wm. FARNUM**

and Cast of 500 Others

Prices . . . 15c and 30c

JACQUELINE
OF
GOLDEN RIVER
VICTOR ROUSSEAU
Copyright W. G. Chapman

(Continued from Fourth Page)

died, too, no one but I would know the secret of the gold. I tried to murder you. I blew up the tunnel!"

He paused, and I heard him gasp for breath. His fingers clutched at my coat sleeve. Again and hooped themselves round mine like claws of steel.

"I had a knife—once," he resumed, relapsing into his delirium; "but I left it behind me and the police got it. Isn't it odd, Leroux?" he rambled on, "that one always leaves something behind when one has killed a man? But the newspapers made no mention about the knife. You didn't know he was dead, did you, Leroux, for all your cleverness, until that fool Hewlett left that paper upon the table? You knew enough to send me to jail, but you didn't know that it was I who killed him. Help me!" He screamed horribly. "He is here, looking at me!"

"There is nobody here, Philippe," I said, trying to soothe his agony of soul. What a poor and stained soul it was, traveling into the next world alone! "There is nobody but me, Philippe!"

"You lie!" he raved. "Louis is here! He has come for me! He deserved to die. He tricked me after we had found the gold. He tricked me twice. He told Leroux, thinking that he would win his gratitude and get free from the man's power. And the second time he told Carson. Then there were three of us in the secret."

"What did you do?" I asked, though it was like conducting a post-mortem upon a murderer's corpse.

"I went to New York to get my share. I wasn't going to be ousted, I, who had been one of the discoverers. I don't know how much Carson paid Louis, but I meant to demand half. I thought he had the money in his pocket."

"I followed him all that afternoon after he had left Carson's office. I watched him in the street. At night he went to a room somewhere—at the top of a tall building. I followed him. When I got in I found a woman there. Louis was talking to her and threatening her. He said she was his wife. How could she be his wife when he had married Jacqueline Duchaine?"

"I didn't care—it was no business of mine. I couldn't see them, because there was a curtain in the way. There was no light in the bedroom. There was a light in the room in which I was. I put it out, so that neither of them should see my face. She might have betrayed me, you know, Simon."

"He spun round when the light went out, and pushed the curtain aside. I was waiting for that. I had calculated my blow. I stabbed him. It was a good blow, though it was delivered in the dark. He only cried out once. But the woman screamed, and a dog flew at me, and I couldn't find his money. So I ran away."

"And then there were only three of us who knew the secret. Then Simon died and there were only two, and now there are only Hewlett and I, and he is dead, poor fool, and I have my gold here. For God's sake give me a knife, Simon!"

His fingers tore at my sleeve in his last agony, and I was tempted sorely. And it was his own knife that I had. The irony of it!

He muttered once or twice and cried out in fear of the man whom he had slain. I heard him gasp a little later. Then the hand fell from my sleeve. And after that there was no further sound.

"Paul!"

It was the merest whisper from the wall. I thought it was a trick of my own mind. I dared not hope.

"Paul! Dearest!"

This was no fancy born of a delirious brain and the thick fumes of dynamite. It came from the wall a little way ahead of me. I crawled the three feet that the little cave afforded and put my hands upon the rock, feeling its surface inch by inch. There was a crevice there, not large enough to have permitted a bird to pass—the merest fissure.

"Jacqueline! Is that you, dear?" I called. "You are not hurt, Jacqueline?"

"I am lying where you left me, dear Paul. I—I heard."

"You heard?" I answered dully. What did it matter now?

"Why didn't you tell me, Paul? But never mind. I am so glad, dearest! Can you come through to me?"

I struggled to tear the rocks away; I beat and bruised my hands in vain against them.

"I will come when it grows light, Jacqueline," I babbled. "When it grows light!"

She did not know that it would never grow light for me. Again I flung myself against the walls of my prison, battering at them till the blood dripped from my hands. Again and again I flung myself down hopelessly, and then I tried again, clutched at every fragment that protruded into the cave. And at last, when my despair had mastered me—it grew light.

For a sunbeam shot like a finger through the crevice and quivered upon the floor of the cave. And overhead, where I had never thought to seek, where I had thought three hundred feet of eternal rock pressed down on me, I saw the quiver of day through half a dozen feet of tight-packed debris from the glacier's mouth.

I raised myself and tore at it and sent it flying. I thrust my hands among



The Eskimo Dog Was Barking at My Side.

the stones and tore them down like the tiles from a rotten roof.

I heard a shout; hands were reached down to me and pulled me up, and I was on my feet upon a hillside, looking into the keen eyes of Pere Antoine and the face of the Indian squaw.

And the Eskimo dog was barking at my side.

Only one thing marred the happiness of our reunion, and that was the loss of Jacqueline's father.

We had talked much over what had happened, and ten days later, when Jacqueline had recovered from the shock and from what proved to be, after all, only a flesh-wound, we had visited the scene of our rescue by the old priest.

The charge of dynamite which Lacroix had set exploded, as it happened, beneath that part which buttressed the entire structure, and combining with the pressure of the glacier above, had thrown the mountain on its side, filling the lake with several million tons of ice and obliterating all traces of the chateau, which lay buried beneath its waters.

That was Pere Antoine's explanation, and we realized at once that it was useless to search for Charles Duchaine. The whole aspect of the region had been changed; there was neither glacier nor cataract, and the lake, swollen to twice its size and height, slept peacefully beneath its covering of ice and snow.

When we returned to the cabin we were amazed to see a sleigh standing outside, and dogs feeding. Two men were seated at the priest's table, smoking.

"Diable, monsieur, don't you keep a stove in your house?" shouted a well-known voice to Pere Antoine. Then, as Jacqueline and I approached the entrance, the man turned and sprang toward us with outstretched hands that gripped ours and wrung them till we cried out in pain.

It was Alfred Dubois.

But I was stupefied to see the second man who rose and advanced toward me with a shrewd smile. For it was Tom Carson!

Presently I was telling my story—except for that part which more intimately concerned myself and Jacqueline, and the narrative of the murder, which I gave only as Lacroix had confessed it to me.

A look of incredulity deepened on Tom's shrewd old face till, at the end, he burst out explosively at me:

"Hewlett, I didn't think I was a fool before—I beg your pardon, miss. If any man had told me that I would have knocked him down—But I am, I am, and I want you to be my manager."

"Do you mean that I have lied to you?" I asked indignantly.

"Every word, Hewlett—every word, my son. That is why I want you back with me. First you leave my employment without offering any reason; then you take hold of my business affairs and try to pull off a deal over my head, and then you tell me a yarn about a castle falling into a lake."

"But, M. Carson," interposed the priest, "I myself have seen this chateau many times. And I have gone to the entrance and looked from the mountain, too, and it is no longer there."

"Never was," said Carson. "You fellows get so lonesome up in these wilds that you have to see things. This man, d'Epernay, who is said to be dead now, wanted to sell me the biggest gold mine in the world for fifty thou-

sand dollars, and from what I know of Leroux I am ready to believe that he would try to hog it if it really exists."

"But how about Leroux?" I cried, more amused now than vexed.

"That," answered Tom, "is precisely why I want to get hold of you again, Mr. Hewlett."

"But here is Mile. Duchaine!" shouted the old priest indignantly.

Tom Carson raised his fat old body about five inches and made Jacqueline what he took to be a bow.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss," he replied. "Ah, well, it doesn't matter. I guess that man, d'Epernay, was lying to me. However, I am ready to look at your gold mine if you want me to."

"You'll have to do some blasting then," I said, nettled. "It's just about two hundred feet below the ground."

"Never mind," said Tom. "Lumber is better than gold. Next time I'm here I shall be glad to have another look-round. And now, Hewlett, if you want a job at five thousand a year to start—mind you, you play fair and tell me where Leroux is hiding himself."

I was too mortified to answer him. But I felt Jacqueline slip her hand into mine, and suddenly the memory of the past made Tom's raillery an insignificant affair.

"Mind you," he pursued, "he'll turn up soon. He's got to turn up, because the lumber company's all organized now and in the running order. What do you say, Hewlett?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"All right," he said, turning away with a shrug of his shoulders. "Unpractical as ever, ain't you? Think it over, my son. Glad to have met you, Mr. Priest, and as I'm always busy I guess Dubois and I will start for home this afternoon."

"Messieurs," said the priest, "do you know what day this is?"

Tom started. "Why, good Lord, it—it's Christmas day, isn't it?" he asked, a little sheepishly.

"It's a bigger day for us," I said to Tom.

He squinted at me in his shrewd manner; and then he got up from the table and wrung my hand.

"Good luck to you both," he said. "Say, Mr. Dubois, I guess we can pitch our tent here tonight—don't you?"

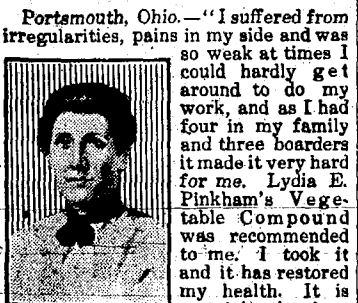
Alfred Dubois was grappling with our hands again; but his onset was less ferocious, because he had to loose us every now and then to slap me on the back and blow his nose.

"If only la petite Madeleine could be here!" he shouted. And I am sure that was his dinner voice I heard.

[THE END]

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.



Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for woman's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

WATER TAX NOTICE.

Water tax for the quarter ending June 30th, 1919, is now due and payable at my office over Hite Drug Store. If paid by the 10th, 10 per cent discount will be allowed.

If not paid by the 15th of July an additional collection fee of 10 per cent will be added.

If not paid by July 31st service may be cut off.

W. T. BOSWELL, Treasurer.

About the time a man is old enough to know better he's so old it doesn't make any difference whether he does better.

MEN AND WOMEN SLOW UP

Nowadays many persons wrongfully attribute backache, rheumatic pains, sore, swollen, aching joints and muscles and that "always tired" feeling to on-coming age when the real cause is kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys throw out of the blood the impurities that cause these symptoms.—Hite's Drug Store.

"SILENT AUCTION"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
at **M. E. ASHLEY & Co.'s**

SEE THE WINDOW DISPLAY and be among the first to make your selection.

You know this store stands for **QUALITY** and you will be able on these three days to buy the best quality and correct styles **AT YOUR OWN PRICE.**



Garments of every kind will be on display

COATS CAPES SUITS
Silk and Wool **DRESSES**
WASH DRESSES
of every kind.



EACH GARMENT WILL HAVE PRICE, SIZE AND NUMBER ON IT.

YOU GET A "SILENT AUCTION" SLIP AT THE STORE—EXAMINE THE GARMENT AND JOT DOWN THE NUMBER, THE SIZE, THE PRICE YOU BID AND YOUR NAME.

LEAVE IT AT THE STORE. IF YOUR PRICE IS THE HIGHEST, YOU WILL GET THE GARMENT AT YOUR OWN PRICE. EVERY GARMENT WILL BE SOLD EVEN IF BUT ONE BID IS MADE ON IT.

Some one is going to get some mighty good bargains, why not you? Be one of the first.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

You will be notified, Friday or Saturday if you are the lucky person.