

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 27

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1923

No. 30

Chautauqua Going Fine

Good Crowds and Fine Talent a Happy Combination.

East Jordan's Community Chautauqua pitched its big tent on the School Athletic field Wednesday and since then it has been the mecca of many hundreds of lovers of high-class entertainment.

Wednesday night's production of "The Storm" was well received and was well worth the single admission price of 75 cents.

Wednesday afternoon and evening the Theresa Sheehan Concert Co. delighted with a fine musical and entertainment program. In the evening Geo. W. Ray gave an excellent lecture on "Through Five Republics on Horseback."

One of the biggest features of the five-days program is the Junior Chautauqua in which many of our youths are taking an intense interest. This will come to a climax Saturday afternoon when the Pageant—"Uncle Sam Seeking Citizens" will be staged at 2:30 standard.

Below is the program arranged for balance of the week:

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

2:30—Musical Program, The Davies Co.

3:00—Lecture—"The Challenge to Democracy," Hon. W. C. McCulloch.

FRIDAY NIGHT

8:00—Light Opera—"Clivette" Davies Opera Co.

SATURDAY MORNING

9:00—Children's Hour.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

"A Different Kind of Entertainment" The Barnabys.

2:30—Pageant—"Uncle Sam Seeking Citizens" Junior Chautauquans.

SATURDAY NIGHT

8:00—Art Program, The Barnaby Entertainers.

8:50—Lecture—"Houses Without Fronts," Dr. L. H. Beeler.

SUNDAY MORNING

9:00—Children's Hour.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

2:30—Concert—Green and His Band.

SUNDAY NIGHT

8:00—Grand Double Concert—Green and His Band.

GIRL STARS PLAY BASE BALL HERE NEXT THURSDAY.

Local Manager, Dr. W. H. Parks has just completed arrangements with L. C. Figg the Agent of the American Athletic Girls, for a game of base ball to be played at East Jordan on Thursday, Aug. 2nd at 3:00 p. m.

This is the fastest girls ball club that has ever visited this section, demonstrating their ability by winning over seventy-five per cent of their games.

The Manager of the Girls has used great care and judgment in organizing a team composed of so many "Stars," having all the girls of proven ability that have ever played on any Bloomer Team, and for looks, UMI UMI!

Special mention is made of Miss Elizabeth Fargo and Miss Anna McCann, two of the greatest girl pitchers in the world today, and to see either one work on the mound is well worth the price of admission.

Let you forget, we say it yet, Carrie Nation will play the initial sack, in her own inimitable style.

It would take too much time and space to say all the nice things about each individual player, but we will add that each girl is a Star in her respective position, so don't miss this chance of seeing girls who can really play the game.

The game will be called at 3:00 p. m. sharp, on the local diamond, and the boys are surely going to play their best, as they don't want to be defeated by the "SUFFRAGETTES." Don't forget the Time, the Place and the Girls. Admission 50c and 25c.

Why "Topsy-Turvy."

The expression "topsy-turvy" was originally—"topside-turfway." When turf is cut for fuel, it is turned upside down to dry, the "topside" of the "turfway" being underneath. So the expression came to mean upside down.

His Own Ability.

Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colors. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet.—Tennyson.

MR. & MRS. I. W. BARTLETT CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac W. Bartlett will celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary next Tuesday, July 31st. They will be at home to their many friends that evening from 7:00 to 9:00 o'clock standard time, at their home corner of Second and Estery streets. All old-time friends are cordially invited to be present on this happy occasion.

REBEKAH LODGE 365 INSTALL OFFICERS WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Jessamine Rebekah Lodge No. 365 Installed the following officers for the ensuing six months, at their regular meeting Wednesday evening.

N. G.—Mary Hitchcock
V. G.—Nellie Newson
R. S.—Nina Bowen
Treas.—Laura Bowen
R. S. to N. G.—Eliza Swafford
R. S. to N. G.—Adeal Gorman
Warden—Ota Streeter
Con.—Adella Dean
O. G.—Fannie Bowen
I. G.—Abigail Sock
Chap.—Etta Jones
R. S. V. G.—Eunice Bowen
S. S. V. G.—Irene Sturgill

OH JOY! CIRCUS COMING TO TOWN

Campbell Bros. Trained Wild Animal Show will exhibit afternoon and night at East Jordan, Tuesday, July 31st, under sun-proof tents. This year the Management has spared neither time effort and expense in providing a diversified program of entertainment. Many new acts have been added and you will see many thrilling new wild animal acts to numerous to mention. There is Lucy, the trained elephant and three wonderful young lions from the African jungles with their trainer performing in a large steel arena, educated sheldand ponies and high-bred performing dogs, monkeys, bears and the prize-winning most beautiful mule in the world. This is the show that advertises what it has and presents what they advertise. Among the arenic acts there are daring aerialists, graceful acrobats, trapeze artists, jugglers, wire-walkers and comical clowns. Don't forget the day and date. Performance at 2:00 and 8:00 o'clock p. m. Show-rain or shine.

OBSERVATIONS OF A SUMMER-VISITOR.

In talking with one who is spending a few weeks in this vicinity, it may be interesting to local people to hear that he has nothing but words of praise for East Jordan, its surroundings, and its people. "You can travel the country over and seldom find a town of this size in as good business condition." "The air, the water, and the scenery appeal to people from other localities. "There is an opportunity with little expense to greatly improve the first impressions of a stranger, however. If the owners of some of the older store buildings would just indulge in some fresh painting of their properties, it not more than the fronts, it would greatly stimulate the good impressions of strangers driving through the town. East Jordan, some day, should be a very popular summer town, and continual boosting on the part of its citizens and former citizens will hasten it."

Lansing—A pickup motor truck service is to be established by the Detroit United Railway in practically every city in which it operates. Its electric lines, representatives of the D. U. R., told the State Public Utilities Commission at a hearing on the proposal to incorporate a subsidiary company, known as the Detroit United Railway Trucking Co.

Albion—That trunk highway M-17, between Detroit and Chicago, will be paved through the city of Albion this season was announced when the state highway department advertised for bids for the work. The pavement will commence at the end of the brick road west of this city and extend to the Jackson county line a distance of more than three and a half miles.

Observations of Oldset Inhabitants.

As an oldtimer I'm beginning to wonder if things are gonna get so reversed that a young man of the future will refuse to marry a girl if she doesn't give up smoking.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

East Jordan Back In Stride

Defeat Cheboygan Here Wednesday 6 to 3

East Jordan's Base Ball Team recovered from its slump of the past week or so and in the better part of the game of Wednesday against Cheboygan again exhibited their old time pep and ability to smash the apple. In the second inning with Cheboygan to bat East Jordan pulled some errors that allowed the visitors two unearned runs. Pete Johnson got some sand in one of his eyes, causing him to throw wild. Aside from this our boys put up an errorless game. In connection with this error it might be said that some presumably East Jordan fans handed their own team the raspberry over an unavoidable set of errors. This is darn poor sportsmanship and shows a streak of yellow.

East Jordan batted Babe Laurent out of the box and he was replaced DeLuff. Gunderson had Cheboygan at his mercy all the time, the visitors only securing two scratch hits off his delivery.

How Cheboygan was defeated:—

CHEBOYGAN					
AB	H	R	PO	E	
DeLuff lf&p	4	1	0	0	0
Founer c	3	0	0	0	0
McCormick ss	4	0	0	0	1
Hickman rf	3	0	1	2	2
Girard 3b	2	0	1	2	2
Laurant p&lf	4	0	0	1	1
Peyer 2b	4	0	0	1	1
Zibble cf	4	0	1	4	0
Webster 1b	3	1	0	10	0
31 2 3 27 5					

EAST JORDAN					
AB	H	R	PO	E	
Morgan ss	5	0	0	0	1
LaLonde cf	5	2	0	0	0
H. Kamradt rf	5	2	2	1	0
S. Kamradt lf	4	2	1	0	0
Gunderson p	4	0	0	1	0
Covey 2b	4	1	1	2	1
Ward 1b	4	1	1	15	0
E. Johnson c	4	1	1	8	0
C. Johnson 3b	3	1	0	0	1
38 10 6 27 3					

East Jordan 004 100 01x-6
Cheboygan 020 000 010-3
Summary—Three-base-hit, E. Johnson. Two-base-hits, Covey, S. Kamradt. Bases on balls, off Gunderson 3, off Laurent 3, off DeLuff 1. Hit by pitched ball, Gunderson 2. Struck out, Gunderson 8, Laurent 1, DeLuff 6. Umpires, Cooper and Dagwell.

Lansing—A new traffic ordinance to conform to state statutes will go into effect here in 30 days. Under the terms of the new city ordinance, all vehicles must come to a complete stop six feet from a street car loading or discharging passengers and come to a complete stop before entering streets where street cars operate. New parking regulations for the downtown and residential sections also are provided.

Lansing—Final warning to corporations of Michigan that their corporation taxes must be paid very soon—and under the provisions of the 1921 corporation tax law—was being prepared by Secretary of State Charles H. Deland. Several corporations have taken exception to the state ruling that the corporation tax law revisions adopted by the legislature, this spring will not be effective until 1924. They have notified the secretary.

Lansing—With nearly five months before the year ends, 100,000 more automobile licenses have been issued in Michigan this year than last, according to figures given out by Secretary of State Charles Deland. Last year 585,558 licenses were issued as against 686,000 for this year. The state department has only 15,000 unissued licenses on hand. Only three states—New York, California and Pennsylvania—surpass the increase in number of automobile licenses this year.

Mason—The Methodist Episcopal church of this city, one of the oldest churches in the county, is to undergo a thorough remodeling. This church organization dates back to 1830, when the first Methodist sermon was preached in Mason's first school house by the Rev. Mr. Jackson. The first church edifice was started in 1854, and finished the following year. This was a wooden structure and cost \$2,000. It was destroyed by lightning July 4, 1865. In April, 1867, the corner stone of the present brick structure was laid.

A man is never as old as his young son thinks he is, nor as young as his mother thinks he is.

EAST JORDAN LOSES FIRST LEAGUE GAME AT PETOSKEY, SUNDAY

East Jordan Base Ball Team and fans journeyed to Petoskey last Sunday, dropped their first league game of the season, and lost our coveted 1000 per cent.

It was East Jordan's off day. Our boys made several serious errors and helped along by an error of Umpire Copper's, Petoskey won out on a loosely-played game by a 9 to 6 score.

There's a rift in the clouds, however, as our team is back in fighting trim and when Petoskey comes here Aug. 26th the local team will spell revenge with capital letters.

Where our 1000 per cent went glimmering:—

EAST JORDAN					
AB	H	R	SH	SB	PO
Morgan, ss	5	0	1	0	1
LaLonde, cf	3	0	0	0	1
H. Kamradt c	3	1	0	0	11
S. Kamradt lf	4	0	1	0	2
Gunderson, rf	4	2	2	0	0
Covey, 2b	4	1	0	0	2
Ward, 1b	4	1	1	0	7
Smith, 3b	2	0	0	0	1
Johnson, p	4	1	1	0	0
Peebles, cf	2	0	0	0	0
Davis, lf	1	0	0	0	0
46 6 6 0 2 24 4					

PETOSKEY

AB	H	R	SH	SB	PO
Stannard rf	5	1	0	0	0
Benny 3b	4	0	0	1	0
Gould cf	3	1	1	0	1
Pugsley ss	3	0	2	0	1
S. King 2b	4	3	2	0	3
Starkloff c	4	1	1	0	11
Hill 1b	4	0	1	0	12
B. King lf	3	0	1	0	0
Thomas p	4	1	1	0	0
34 7 9 0 3 27 6					

Summary—Three-base-hit, Thomas. Two-base-hits, Stannard, S. King, and Gunderson. Bases on balls, off Johnson 3, Thomas 1, Hit by pitched ball, B. King by Johnson. Struck out, by Johnson 11, by Thomas 11. Umpire, Cooper.

Last Sunday's Games

Petoskey 9, East Jordan 6
Boyer City 2, Harbor Springs 1
Charlevoix 3, Pellston 1

Next Sunday's Games

Pellston at East Jordan
Boyer City at Petoskey
Charlevoix at Harbor Springs

Vicksburg—The farmers of southern Kalamazoo county are alarmed over the discovery of corn borer symptoms on the farm owned by L. C. Rapp, near this village. Specimens of injured stalks and leaves and two small worms found on the plants were sent to Michigan Agricultural college for examination. The corn borer, though rare in Michigan, is a most dangerous pest.

Cadillac—Higher prices for this year's potato crop are predicted by the Michigan Potato Growers' exchange after an analysis of the crop estimate based on this month's prospects. Only three states, Maine, Ohio and Nebraska, have prospects of a larger crop than last year and the grand total is estimated at 47,000,000 bushels short of last year's estimate at this time.

Lansing—With exception of hay and some fruits, nearly all crops during June were above the 10-year average, the regular monthly report of L. Whitney Watkins, state commissioner of agriculture, revealed. Hay is the most disappointing of all state crops this year, standing almost 25 per cent below normal. Strawberries, plums and peaches also are in bad condition. Corn, beans, alfalfa, apples, peaches and grapes showed an especially encouraging improvement during June.

Marquette—The new cell block at the Marquette branch prison, which will contain 350 cells and give the institution a cell capacity of more than 700 inmates, will be completed soon. It was announced by Warden James J. Corgan. The new industrial building, designed to house all the prison's manufacturing plants, has been flushed and work has been started on the new boiler house. The next step in the prison building program will be the construction of a dining hall and hospital.

Lansing—The state department of agriculture entered an agreement with the federal government and the entomology department of the Michigan Agricultural college to fight the corn borer in Michigan. Simultaneously the department declared an embargo on sweet corn shipments from Ohio and Canada. According to reports received by the department, the corn borer has infested large quantities of sweet corn in counties in the St. Clair river section. Officials declared that drastic action will be necessary to curb the menace.

Stroebel Bros. Sell Hardware

Charles F. Neitzel of Detroit, The New Owner.

Stroebel Bros. one of the most widely known Hardware firms in this part of the state—have sold their hardware stock and other interests in East Jordan and vicinity to Charles F. Neitzel of Detroit. The transfer was made latter part of last week and the store was opened under the new management last Saturday evening.

Stroebel Bros.—Wm. A. and Carl—came to East Jordan some nineteen years ago purchasing the Loveday Hardware. They have continued the store since then, developing both stock and patronage as the years passed by.

Charles F. Neitzel, is a former business man of Detroit and comes to East Jordan well-equipped in knowledge of the retail business. Mr. Neitzel has secured the services of Jos. G. Ekstrom whose experience in handling hardware stock is invaluable. Mr. Ekstrom having served some eight years in this business in Charlevoix County.

Mr. Neitzel has also purchased the Stroebel Bros. farm in Wilson township. His family consists of the wife and four children. They have rented the Carl Stroebel residence and will occupy same in the near future.

It is to be regretted that in the deal we will lose Carl Stroebel and his estimable family. He has purchased a Confectionery business at 2286 Linwood Ave., Detroit, and they will shortly make that city their home. W. A. Stroebel and family will continue their residence here, Mr. Stroebel serving this community as acting postmaster.

Wakefield—When dynamite hurled a big stump 300 feet, at a lumber camp near Tula, Gust Ralk, a lumberjack, was hit and seriously injured. The jagged roots tore his jaw to the bone, causing a wound that required 30 stitches.

Mt. Pleasant—The Mt. Pleasant Boy Scout troop has been awarded the anniversary "Round-up" streamer by President Harding. The award was accompanied by a letter of congratulations from the president to Scoutmaster Handley.

Harrison—Work has started on the improvements in Wilson state park, Harrison. These include the installation of sanitary conveniences and cooking ovens for the use of tourists. A modern bathhouse has been promised for the near future.

Bay City—Williams H. Phillips, 67 years old, prominent pioneer resident of the West Side, died at his home here. Phillips was former city recorder of West Bay City for about 10 years and was postmaster under the last Cleveland administration.

Albion—Local bird-lovers have been interested the last few days in observing a white robin, the first one seen here in years. The bird is of a true Albino type with all the characteristics of the robin except the color, which is almost pure white, with a grayish breast.

Marquette—Fines amounting to \$443 have been paid by game law violators in three upper peninsula counties during the first half of 1923 as the result of the work of Eugene G. Mosher, Marquette deputy game and fish warden, who also has been active in Houghton and Schoolcraft counties.

Portland—Thomas, the 7-year-old son of Mrs. Ray Simms, of this city, owes his life to the heroic efforts of his mother, who fought her way through smoke and flames to the child's sleeping room in the Simms' home and carried him to safety. The fire swept through the room a moment after the child was carried out.

Lansing—Twenty-seven employees of the state department have been released, according to announcement by Charles Deland, secretary of state. Most of them were typists, but one accountant in the corporation division was included. Dismissal of these employees was said to be due to a decrease in the work of the motor vehicle division.

It is well to remember that only one hare ever was beaten by a tortoise and that no affidavit accompanied that story.

CITY TAX NOTICE.

City Taxes for the City of East Jordan for the year 1923 are due and payable at my office during the month of July without penalty.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

HENRY TOONDER PASSED AWAY SUD- DENLY AT BOYNE CITY

Death suddenly claimed Henry Toonder at the Free Methodist Church yesterday about noon. Mr. Toonder, who resides near East Jordan on a farm, drove to this city with Clyde Hollinshead to attend the morning services at the church. They made the drive with a horse and buggy and he seemed to be in the best of spirits and enjoyed the meeting. At the close of the sermon, he arose and told some of his life experiences as a pastor. At the close of his talk he said "As long as I see a track I will never turn back" bowed over the altar rail and expired.

He was born in Holland November 11, 1850, being 72 years of age. He came to this country when about four years of age. His mother died upon the ocean while on her way to the United States. He has been a member of the Free Methodist Church for forty-four years, and a circuit preacher for about 30 years of that time. He has spent the past fifteen years upon a farm near East Jordan, and has been in ill health for the past three years.

Dr. McGregor was called, when death occurred at the church and pronounced it apoplexy. Surviving relatives are a half brother who resides in Kalamazoo and four sisters. The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon at the Free Methodist Church at 4 o'clock in charge of Rev. Meade.—Boyer Citizen.

FRUIT CROP OF 1923 NORMAL

A special report on the fruit crop for Michigan was issued by Verne H. Church, federal statistician. Mr. Church's survey was made during a period of 10 days and extended from Emmet County south to Berrien county.

Apples were found to be of better quality than for a number of years past. There is very little scab to be found and the apples are free from worms. The commercial crop will be larger than last year. The peach-crop will not be as heavy as last year, but will be normal in size. Cherries are better than expected, running about 70 per cent of a full crop. Canning factories are handling the bulk of the crop.

There is a slight acreage in pears. In the southwest the frost killed a large part of the blossoms. Although there will be a fair quantity of plums, the crop will be smaller than last year.

Grapes are not set as heavy as last year. The cold spell in May did some injury to the crop. An increase in acreage will keep the crop about average in size, however, Mr. Church expects.

The berry crop is fair, but dry weather is shortening the yield and lowering the quality.

MANITOU WILL NOT LAND AT PETOSKEY OWING TO SHALLOW WATER

Announcement is made that because of low water the steamer Manitou will be unable to make a landing at Petoskey. Recently this ship tore two buckets from her propeller while making a landing here.

Years ago, before the harbor gradually filled up with rock, dirt and sand there was close to 18 feet of water at the outer end of the present wharf. The bottom has been gradually covered with rock from the breakwater and dock cribs, debris washed down by the river and sand washed into the lake in other ways until the harbor now falls considerable short of that depth.

Some time ago a company of government engineers, boat officials and Petoskey people inspected the breakwater and wharf with a view of having both repaired and the harbor dredged, but so far no results have been obtained.

Boatmen declare Petoskey is in need of a modern wharf, and that the harbor should be dredged out. This would again make it possible for the largest lake steamers to land here.—Petoskey News.

COUGHING DISTURBS SLEEP.

"My wife coughed all the time and could not sleep," writes Geo. A. Owens Bridgeton, New Jersey. "She tried Foley's Honey and Tar and had the best night's sleep she had had for a long time. I used Foley's Honey and Tar and it helped me too." Insist upon Foley's Honey and Tar.—Hit's Drug Store, adv.

**STATE NEWS
IN BRIEF**

Muskegon—Derk J. Batt, 84 years old, who has lived here 36 years, died here last week. He was born in the Netherlands.

Traverse City—The northern Michigan canning factories are handling the first pickings of the cherry crop. Only a few cherries are coming in yet, but the season is not fairly under way.

Bay City—Miss Bina M. West, of Port Huron, will be Michigan's woman member of the associate national committee under the plan recently established by Republican party leaders.

Ionia—Only nine votes were cast at the school district election here last week although the district has a budget of \$140,000 and a building fund of \$278,000. A school janitor, two board members and six members of the election board voted.

Waterliet—The silver fox industry of southwestern Michigan is to be increased this summer by the establishment of a 25-acre farm in Waterliet township. The proprietors have purchased 10 pairs of foxes for delivery in October. The farm will be laid out for 50 pens.

Petoskey—The tourist season in upper Michigan is fast getting into swing. The car ferry at Mackinaw City is carrying an average of 160 cars a day across the straits to the Upper Peninsula, and it is estimated the number will exceed 15,000 this season. Last year the total was 9,000.

Kalamazoo—William Mears, of this city, a veteran of the twenty-fifth Michigan volunteer infantry, returned from Tebb's Bend, Ky., where 60 years ago he participated in one of the fiercest battles of the Civil war and where last week he met Mrs. Laura Sublett, whom, when she was a girl nine years old, he saved from death during the fighting.

Lansing—A request for the release of part of the Michigan Agricultural college appropriation for immediate use was received by the state administrative board from the state board of agriculture. It asked \$150,000 for a power house, \$50,000 for the purchase of farm land and \$35,000 for greenhouses. The request was referred to committee.

Lansing—State employees have begun searching for thousands of dollars worth of road machinery that in the last two or three years has been rented out to road contractors by the highway department. While much of the machinery has been turned back to the state, there is a vast amount of it that cannot be located, according to the check of state road property made at the Charlotte supply station.

Ypsilanti—John Carmon, 54 years old, and William Carmon, 56 years old, were killed instantly here, when hit by a fast passenger train running west. The two men were on their way to go fishing together with a nephew, Roy Hubbard, walking west on the Michigan Central tracks. They noticed a freight train coming east and failed to hear the fast train running west on the tracks on which they were walking.

Albion—Max Luedemann, 45 years old, a section man, was killed almost instantly when he came in contact with the third rail on the Michigan railway line near the Bath mills crossing, three miles east of this city. Luedemann was engaged in putting in a new tie and is thought to have touched his shovel to the rail. His body then fell over the other two rails and 600 volts of electricity passed through his body.

Marquette—Three employees of the Marquette County Road commission were drowned, one and one-half miles west of Champion, when the truck in which they were riding crashed through a fence and turning over in a pond of water four feet in depth. The driver lost control of the truck when a mouse jumped upon the shoulder of one of the men in the front seat who, frightened, jostled the driver, causing him to let go of the wheel.

Lansing—John Baird, director of conservation, has asked the state administrative board for permission to improve the state fish hatcheries by providing ponds suitable for raising spawn. The plan back of the request is that the state may develop Michigan spawn and plant the lakes and streams with home grown fish. A present most of the spawn used by the conservation department is purchased from eastern markets. The request is being considered by an administrative board committee.

Rockland—The unemployment situation, made serious in Rockland by the closing of the copper mines, has been alleviated to a large extent this year by the highway work being done on the Bruce Crossing road and by the big program of repair work on the railroads in this part of Ontonagon county. There also is much concrete work to be done on the culverts and drainage ditches where the highway dips into the deep valley of the Ontonagon river. The new bridge across the river also affords employment to many.

Muskegon—Capt. William Coleman, 86 years old, who started sailing on the Great Lakes 36 years ago, and who was said to be Michigan's oldest lake captain, died at his home here.

Caro—Charles Durand, grand master of Michigan Masons; Rev. W. N. Gallagher, grand chaplain, and C. W. McKenzie, past grand master, will be present at the big county Masonic picnic held in Caro.

Monroe—Men from the Michigan state prison, to be employed on repair work on the Dixie highway, will be stationed at Sandy Creek, two and a half miles north of here, where a camp has been established.

Saginaw—The link of the Dixie highway between Bridgeport and Frankemuth Junction, has been opened for traffic, according to Rolla W. Roberts, district engineer of the state highway department.

Owosso—Eighteen Shiawassee county farms have been designated as poultry demonstration stations by the county farm bureau. Demonstrations of poultry culling and lectures on breeding will be given at the various stations throughout the year.

Eaton Rapids—Marl with 30 per cent pure lime, has been located on four farms in this locality, according to J. Grantham of the soils department of the M. A. C., who says it is worth \$1 a yard at the pit.

Lansing—M. A. Cochran, has been retained by the state to act as state superintendent of highway construction. It was announced by Governor Groesbeck. He will have direct charge of all road projects built by the state.

Harrison—Work has started on the improvements in Wilson state park, Harrison. These include the installation of sanitary conveniences and cooking ovens for the use of tourists. A modern bathhouse has been promised for the near future.

Caro—R. D. Ure, poultry extension specialist of the M. A. C., has been obtained by County Agent J. W. Sims to give poultry culling demonstrations in Tuscola county. The purpose is to teach farmers and those interested in poultry how to eliminate the unprofitable birds in their flock. Ure will visit Caro, Fairgrove, Millington, Gettown and Kingston.

Port Huron—Patrick Welth, 105 years old, said to have been the oldest resident in St. Clair County, died at his farm home in Burtchville Township. Mr. Welch came to America with his parents when six years old and had resided in Burtchville Township 64 years. He was born in Ireland.

Lansing—Rumors, current since the adjournment of the regular session, that Governor Groesbeck would call a special session to consider re-apportionment of the legislative representation of the state were still definitely when the governor issued a statement declaring that he will not call a special session.

Lansing—Michigan's National Guard will go into training at Camp Grayling Aug. 4 and will remain in camp until Aug. 22, according to orders issued by Adj. Gen. John S. Bersey. The troops will concentrate at the State Military Reservation under the command of Col. Guy Wilson of Flint. There will be no state pay for troops, no appropriation having been made, but the Federal Government will provide pay for the men in camp.

Ten Months Life of Paper.
Paper money wears out and the average life of \$5 bills is about ten months.

Reciprocity.
The man who has a bee in his bonnet has no right to object if his wife has a bird in hers.

Represents Sign of the Cross.
In English country districts people cross their fingers to avert evil. When doing so they are making the sign of the cross, used for nearly two thousand years to ward off evil spirits. The same idea is behind touching wood after making a boast.



Announcement

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA is pleased to announce to its customers, friends, and the public generally, its complete line of new

1924 Model Studebaker Cars

Avoiding the superlatives frequently used in automobile advertisements, the Corporation desires to faithfully state the facts concerning these cars and the reasons why the public should buy them.

THE CARS

In design, quality of materials, standard of workmanship, durability, refinements, performance, freedom from repairs, and price, the Studebaker 1924 Model Cars are distinctly the greatest intrinsic values the Corporation has ever offered.

Every improvement the safety and practicability of which have been verified by engineering tests is embodied in these new cars.

The Big-Six

THE BIG-SIX LINE comprises four models, mounted on the standard 126-inch chassis with 60 H. P. 3 1/2 x 5 inch motor:

7-passenger Touring Car - \$1750 5-passenger Coupe - \$2550
5-passenger Speedster - \$1835 7-passenger Sedan - \$2750

all prices f. o. b. factory

Refinements and a few minor mechanical changes have been made in the Big-Six, which has established an enviable record for five years. Our large production accounts for its low price. It is a car of the highest grade, comparable to the best.

The Special-Six

THE SPECIAL-SIX LINE comprises four models mounted on the standard 119-inch chassis with 50 H. P. 3 1/2 x 5 inch motor:

2-passenger Roadster - \$1325 5-passenger Coupe - \$1975
5-passenger Touring Car - \$1350 5-passenger Sedan - \$2050

all prices f. o. b. factory

Radiator, hood, cowl, and body changes have been made in the Special-Six, with minor mechanical changes and refinements in the chassis. The Special-Six has for five successive years added luster to the name STUDEBAKER. It is one of the most satisfactory and finest cars on the market. It is as good in every respect as the Big-Six, except that it is smaller, and costs less to produce, and therefore sells for less.

The Light-Six

THE LIGHT-SIX LINE comprises four models, mounted on the standard 112-inch chassis with 40 H. P. 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 inch motor:

3-passenger Roadster - \$975 2-pass. Coupe-Roadster - \$1225
5-passenger Touring Car - \$995 5-passenger Sedan - \$1550

all prices f. o. b. factory

No body or mechanical changes except refinements have been made in the Light-Six. Over 130,000 Light-Sixes have been produced in the new, modern \$30,000,000 Studebaker plant at South Bend, Indiana, under most economical and

almost ideal manufacturing conditions. In our judgment, it stands out as the greatest value and the closest approach to mechanical perfection in moderate priced cars yet produced.

THE REASONS WHY

With \$90,000,000 of actual net assets and \$45,000,000 invested in plants, Studebaker has ample physical facilities to manufacture most economically.

Studebaker's organization of manufacturing executives, engineers, metallurgists, chemists, inspectors, and skilled mechanics is second to none in the industry. The design of Studebaker cars and the workmanship upon them conform to the highest principles of engineering standards and mechanical practice known to the industry.

Best of Materials Used

Studebaker cars contain the finest known grades of iron, steel, aluminum, tires, electrical equipment, glass, bearings, etc. No better materials for automobile manufacture exist. Sheet aluminum has but one-third the tensile strength of sheet steel, and consequently, Studebaker uses sheet steel for its bodies.

By the manufacture of drop forgings, castings, stampings and the machining, assembling and finishing of motors, axles, frames, transmissions, bodies, tops, etc., and the consequent elimination of middlemen's profits, coupled with lower overhead factory costs per car arising from quantity production and low commercial expenses, Studebaker's costs are kept at an economically low point possible of attainment only by manufacturers with vast physical and financial resources.

Bodies Unexcelled

The bodies of Studebaker cars are not excelled in quality of materials and craftsmanship, by any cars on the market. The Coupe and Sedan closed bodies are magnificent examples of the coach builder's art.

Merit Wins

The sales of Studebaker cars for the past six years have shown each and every year a progressive increase. 81,880 cars were sold in the first six months of 1923 as against 60,053 for the same period last year. Only products of merit can make such growth.

The Studebaker Corporation of America
A. R. Erskine, President

EAST JORDAN GARAGE

J. W. LaLonde, Prop.

East Jordan, Mich.

T H I S I S A S T U D E B A K E R Y E A R



Muskegon—Capt. William Coleman, 86 years old, who started sailing on the Great Lakes 36 years ago, and who was said to be Michigan's oldest lake captain, died at his home here.

Caro—Charles Durand, grand master of Michigan Masons; Rev. W. N. Gallagher, grand chaplain, and C. W. McKenzie, past grand master, will be present at the big county Masonic picnic held in Caro.

Monroe—Men from the Michigan state prison, to be employed on repair work on the Dixie highway, will be stationed at Sandy Creek, two and a half miles north of here, where a camp has been established.

Saginaw—The link of the Dixie highway between Bridgeport and Frankemuth Junction, has been opened for traffic, according to Rolla W. Roberts, district engineer of the state highway department.

Owosso—Eighteen Shiawassee county farms have been designated as poultry demonstration stations by the county farm bureau. Demonstrations of poultry culling and lectures on breeding will be given at the various stations throughout the year.

Eaton Rapids—Marl with 30 per cent pure lime, has been located on four farms in this locality, according to J. Grantham of the soils department of the M. A. C., who says it is worth \$1 a yard at the pit.

Lansing—M. A. Cochran, has been retained by the state to act as state superintendent of highway construction. It was announced by Governor Groesbeck. He will have direct charge of all road projects built by the state.

Harrison—Work has started on the improvements in Wilson state park, Harrison. These include the installation of sanitary conveniences and cooking ovens for the use of tourists. A modern bathhouse has been promised for the near future.

Caro—R. D. Ure, poultry extension specialist of the M. A. C., has been obtained by County Agent J. W. Sims to give poultry culling demonstrations in Tuscola county. The purpose is to teach farmers and those interested in poultry how to eliminate the unprofitable birds in their flock. Ure will visit Caro, Fairgrove, Millington, Gettown and Kingston.

Port Huron—Patrick Welth, 105 years old, said to have been the oldest resident in St. Clair County, died at his farm home in Burtchville Township. Mr. Welch came to America with his parents when six years old and had resided in Burtchville Township 64 years. He was born in Ireland.

Lansing—Rumors, current since the adjournment of the regular session, that Governor Groesbeck would call a special session to consider re-apportionment of the legislative representation of the state were still definitely when the governor issued a statement declaring that he will not call a special session.

Lansing—Michigan's National Guard will go into training at Camp Grayling Aug. 4 and will remain in camp until Aug. 22, according to orders issued by Adj. Gen. John S. Bersey. The troops will concentrate at the State Military Reservation under the command of Col. Guy Wilson of Flint. There will be no state pay for troops, no appropriation having been made, but the Federal Government will provide pay for the men in camp.

Ten Months Life of Paper.
Paper money wears out and the average life of \$5 bills is about ten months.

Reciprocity.
The man who has a bee in his bonnet has no right to object if his wife has a bird in hers.

Represents Sign of the Cross.
In English country districts people cross their fingers to avert evil. When doing so they are making the sign of the cross, used for nearly two thousand years to ward off evil spirits. The same idea is behind touching wood after making a boast.

R. G. WATSON
FURNITURE DEALER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
QUALITY GOODS
EFFICIENT SERVICE
Phone 66. East Jordan, Mich.

The BRANDING IRON

by Katharine Newlin Burt

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Next to the impulses to satisfy hunger and thirst, and to rest when tired, the most elemental is to possess something to acquire property. With possession comes the thought of protecting and so marking the property as to distinguish it from that belonging to others. The branding iron is only an improvement upon crude methods of marking in vogue since the beginning of the human race. The brand has been put to many strange uses in its history, but in all probability, never to such an unusual one as forms the chief incident in this story.

This is a romance of the cattle country which presents to mind very vividly the natural characteristics and strong human types of that section. Primarily it is a love story in which the passions of virtue, strong-willed, danger-defying people are realistically and powerfully revealed. Jealousy and revenge work havoc in the lives of certain of these people, who ultimately are redeemed by the effects of a great purifying love.

Katharine Newlin Burt is an authoress born in the state of New York, who has had much experience of the West and who finds great inspiration for her work in the life and characters of that region. Her novels are vigorous, but she does not treat so much of the adventurous side of western existence as do other writers. She deals more directly with the people themselves and evolves powerful stories out of their problems and their lives. Besides "The Branding Iron," her best known books are "Hidden Creek," "The Red Lady" and "Snow Blind." There are few writers who equal her in ability to make readers feel the emotions of her characters and the effects of life spent in close conjunction with wild nature.

Book One: The Two-Bar Brand

CHAPTER I

Joan Reads by Firelight.

There is no silence so fearful, so breathless, so searching as the night silence of a wild country buried five feet deep in snow. For thirty miles or so, north, south, east and west of the small, half-smothered speck of gold in Pierre Landis' cabin window, there lay, on a certain December night, this silence, bathed in moonlight. The cold was intense: below the bench where Pierre's homestead lay there rose from the twisted, rapid river a cloud of steam above which the hour-frosted tops of cottonwood trees were perfectly distinct, trunk, branch and twig, against a sky the color of iris petals. The stars flared brilliantly, hardly dimmed by the full moon, and over the vast surface of the snow minute crystals kept up a steady shingling of their own. The range of sharp, wind-scraped mountains, uplifted fourteen thousand feet, rode across the country, northeast, southwest, dazzling in white armor, spears up to the sky, a sight, seen suddenly, to take the breath, like the crashing march of archangels militant.

In the center of this ring of silent crystal Pierre Landis' logs shut in a little square of warm and ruddy hu-



She Followed the Printed Lines With a Strong, Dark Finger.

man darkness. Joan, his wife, made the heart of this defiant space—Joan, the one mind living in this ghostly area of night. She had put out the lamp, for Pierre, starting toward two days before, had warned her with a certain threatening sharpness not to waste oil, and she lay in the hearth, her rough head almost in the ashes, reading a book by the unsteady light of the flames. She followed the printed lines with a strong, dark forefinger and her lips framed the words with slow, whispering motions. It was a long, strong woman's body stretched there across the floor, heavily if not sluggishly built, dressed rudely in warm stuffs and clumsy

boots, and it was a heavy face, too, unit from within, but built on lines of perfect animal beauty. The head and throat had the massive look of a marble fragment stained to one even tone and dug up from Attic earth. And she was reading thus heavily and slowly, by firelight in the midst of this tremendous northern night, Kents' version of Boccaccio's "Tale of Isabella and the Pot of Basil."

The story for some reason interested her. She felt that she could understand the love of young Lorenzo and of Isabella, the hatred of those two brothers and Isabella's horrible tenderness for that young murdered head. There were even things in her own life that she compared with these; in fact, at every phrase she stopped, and, staring ahead, crudely and ignorantly visualized, after her own experience, what she had just read; and, in doing so, she pictured her own life.

Her love and Pierre's—her life before Pierre came—to put herself in Isabella's place, she felt back to the days before her love, when she had lived in a desolation of bleak poverty, up and away along Lone river in her father's shack. This log house of Pierre's was a castle by contrast. John Carver and his daughter had shared one room between them; Joan's bed curtained off with gunny-sacking in a corner. She slept on hides and rolled herself up in old dingy patchwork quilts and worn blankets. On winter mornings she would wake covered with the snow that had sifted in between the ill-matched logs. There had been a stove, one leg gone and substituted for by a huge cobblestone; there had been two chairs, a long box, a table, shelves—all rudely made by John; there had been guns and traps and snowshoes, hides, skins, the wings of birds, a couple of fishin'-rods—John made his living by legal and illegal trapping and killing. He had looked like a trapped or hunted creature himself, small, furtive, very dark, with long fingers always working over his mouth; a great crooked nose—a hideous man, surely a hideous fose. He hardly ever spoke, but sometimes, coming home from the town which he visited several times a year, but to which he had never taken Joan, he would sit down over the stove and go over heavily, for Joan's benefit, the story of his crime and his escape.

Joan always told herself that she would not listen, whatever he said she would stop her ears, but always the story fascinated her, held her, eyes widened on the figure by the stove. He had sat huddled in his chair, gnawing, his face contorting with the emotions of the story, his own brilliant eyes fixed on the round red mouth of the stove. The reflection of this scarlet circle was hideously noticeable in his pupils.

"A man's a right to kill his woman if she ain't honest with him," so the story began; "if he finds out she's ben trickin' of him, playin' him off fer another man. That was yer mother, gel; she was a bad woman." There followed a coarse and vivid description of her badness and the manner of it. "That kinder thing no man can let pass by in his wife. I found her"—again the rude details of his discovery—"an' I found him, an' I let him go for the white-livered coward he was, but her I killed. I shot her dead after she'd said her prayers an' asked God's mercy on her soul. Then I walked off, but they kotched me an' I was tried. They didn't swing me. Out in them parts they knowed I was in my rights; so the boys held, but 'twas a life sentence. They tuk me by rail down to Dawson an' I give 'em the slip, handcuffs an' all. Perhaps 'twas only a half-hearted chase they made fer me. Some of them fellers' mebbe had wives of their own." He always stopped to laugh at this point. "An' I cut off up country till I come to a smithy at the edge of a town. I hung round for a spell till the smith hed gone off an' I got into his place an' rid me of the handcuffs. 'Twas a job, but I wasn't kotched at it an' I made myself free." Followed the story of his wanderings and his hardships and his coming to Lone river and setting out his traps. "In them days there weren't no law ag'in' trappin' beaver. A man could make a honest livin'. Now they've tuk an' made laws ag'in' a man's bread an' butter. I ask ye, if 'tain't wrong on a Tuesday to trap yer beaver, why, 'tain't wrong the follerin' Tuesday. I don't see it, jes becoss some fellers back there has made a law ag'in' it to suit themselves. Anyway, the market fer beaver hides is still prime. Mebbe I'll leave you a fottin', gel. I've saved you from badness, anyhow. I risked a lot to go back an' git you, but I done it. 'You was playin' out in front of yer aunt's house—an' I come fer you. You was a three-year-old an' a big youngster. Says I, 'What's yer name?' Says yer, 'Joan Carver'; an' I knowed you by yer likeness to her.

you off with me, though you put up a fight an' I had to use you rough to silence you. 'There ain't a-goin' to be no man in yer life, Joan Carver,' says I; 'you an' yer big eyes is a-goin' to be fer me, to do my work an' to look after my comforts. No pretty boys fer you an' no husbands either to go a-shootin' of you down fer yer mife.' He shivered and shook his head. "No, here you stays with yer father an' grows up a good gal. There ain't a-goin' to be no man in yer life, Joan."

But youth was stronger than the man's half-crazy will, and when she was seventeen, Joan ran away.

She found her way easily enough to the town, for she was wise in the tracks of the wild country, and John's trail townwards, though so rarely used, was to her eyes plain enough; and very coolly she walked into the hotel, past the group of loungers around the stove, and asked, at the desk, where Mrs. Upper sat, if she could get a job. Mrs. Upper and the loungers stared, for there were few women in this frontier country and those few were well known. This great, strong girl, heavily graceful in her heavily awkward clothes, bare-headed, shod like a man, her face and throat purely classic, her eyes gray and wide and as secret in expression as an untamed beast's—no one had ever seen the like of her before.

"What's yer name?" asked Mrs. Upper suspiciously. It was Mormon day in the town; there were celebrations and her house was full; she needed extra hands, but where this wild creature was concerned she was doubtful.

"Joan. I'm John Carver's daughter," answered the girl.

At once comprehension dawned; heads were nodded, then braned for a better look. Yes, the town, the whole country even, had heard of John Carver's imprisoned daughter. Sober and drunk, he had boasted of her and of how there was to be "no man" in her life. It was like dangling ripe fruit above the mouths of hungry boys to make such a boast in such a land.

"Your father sent you down here fer a job?" asked Mrs. Upper incredulously.

"No, I come." Joan's grave gaze was unchanging. "I'm tired of it up there. I ain't a-goin' back. I'm old eighteen now an' I kinder want a change."

She had not meant to be funny, but a gust of laughter rattled the room. She shrank back. It was more terrifying to her than any cruelty she had fancied meeting her in the town. These were the men her father had forbidden, these loud-laughing, crinkled faces. She had turned to brave them, a great surge of color in her cheeks.

"Don't mind the boys, dear," spoke Mrs. Upper. "They will laugh, joke or none. We ain't none of us blamin' you. It's a wonder you ain't run off long afore now. I can give you a job an' welcome, but you'll be green an' unhandy. Well, sir, we kin learn ye. You kin turn yer hand to chamber-work an' mebbe help at the table. Maud will show you. But, Joan, what will dad do to you? He'll be takin' after you hot-foot. I reckon, an' be fer gettin' you back home as soon as he can."

Joan did not change her look. "I'll not be goin' back with him," she said. Her slow, deep voice, chest notes of a musical vibration, stirred the room. The men were hers and gruffly said so. A sudden warmth enveloped her from heart to foot. She followed Mrs. Upper to the initiation in her service, clothed for the first time in human sympathies.

CHAPTER II

Pierre Lays His Hand on a Heart.

Maud Upper was the first girl of her own age that Joan had ever seen. Joan went in terror of her and Maud knew this and enjoyed her ascendancy over an untamed creature twice her size. There was the crack of a non-tamer's whip in the tone of her instructions. That was after a day or two. At first Maud had been horribly afraid of Joan. "A wild thing like her, livin' off there in the hills with that man; why, ma, there's no tellin' what she might be doin' to me." "She won't hurt ye," laughed Mrs. Upper, who had lived in the wilds herself, having been a frontiersman's wife before the days of this frontier town and having married the hotel-keeper as a second venture. She knew that civilization—this rude place being civilization to Joan—would cow the girl, and she knew that Maud's self-assertive buoyancy would frighten the soul of her. Maud was large-hipped, high-bosomed, with a small, round waist much compressed. She taught Joan impatiently and laughed loudly but not unkindly at her ways. "Oss, she's awkward, ain't she?" she would say to the men; "trall like a bull moose!"

The men grinned, but their eyes followed Joan's movements. As a matter of fact, she was not awkward. Through her clumsy clothes, the heaviness of her early youth, in spite of all the fetters of her ignorance, her wonderful long bones and her wonderful strength asserted themselves. And she never hurried. At first this apparent sluggishness infuriated Maud. "Get a gal on ye, Joan Carver," she would scream above the din of the rough heels, but soon she found that Joan's slow movements accomplished a tremendous amount of work in an amazingly short time. There was no pause in the girl's activity. She poured out her strength as a python pours his, noiselessly, evenly, steadily, no haste, no waste. And the men's eyes brooded upon her.

If Joan had stayed long at Mrs. Upper's, she would have begun inevitably to model herself on Maud, who was, in her eyes, a marvelous thing of beauty. But, just a week after her arrival, there came to the inn Pierre Landis and for Joan began the strange and terrible history of love.

In the lives of most women, of the vast majority, the glatter and clash of housewifery pretends and postude the spring song of their years. And the rattle of dishes, of busy knives and forks, the quick tapping of Maud's attendant feet, the sound of young and ravenous jaws at work; these sounds were in Joan's bewildered ears, and the sights which they accompanied in her bewildered eyes. Just before she heard Pierre's voice, just before she saw his face.

It was dinner hour at the hotel, an hour most dreadful to Joan because of the hurry, the strangeness and the crowd, because of the responsibility of her work, but chiefly because at that hour she expected the appearance of her father. Her eyes were often on the door. It opened to admit the young men, the riders and ranchers who hung up their hats, swaggered with a little jingle of spurs to their chairs; clean-faced, clean-handed, wet-haired, and lifting to the faces of the waiting girls now and again their strange, young, brooding eyes, bold, laughing and afraid, hungry, pathetic, arrogant, as the eyes of young men are, tameless and untamable, but full of the pathos of the untamed. Joan's heart shook a little under their looks, but when Pierre lifted his eyes to her, her heart stood still. She had not seen them following her progress around the room. He had come in late, and finding no place at the long, central table sat apart at a smaller one under a high, uncurtained window. By the time she met his eyes they were charged with light; smoky-blue eyes they were, the iris heavily ringed with black, the pupils dilated a little. For the first time it occurred to Joan, looking down with a still heart into his eyes, that a man might be beautiful. The blood came up from her heart to her face. Her eyes struggled away from his.

"What's yer name, gel?" murmured Pierre.

"Joan Carver."

"You run away from home?" He too had heard of her.

"Yes."

"Will your father be takin' you back?"

"I won't be goin' with him."

She was about to pass on. Pierre cast a swift look about the table—bent heads and busy hands, eyes-cast down, ears, he knew, alert. It was a land of few women and of many men. He must leave in the morning early and for months he would not be back. He put out a long, hard hand, caught Joan's wrist and gave it

"What's our brand, gel?"

"The Two-Bar Brand."

"That's our brand, gel," said Pierre. "Don't you fergit it. When I've made

my fortune there'll be stock all over the country marked with them two bars. That'll be famous—the Two-Bar brand. Don't you fergit it, Joan."

And he brought the white iron close so that she felt its heat on her face and drew back, flinching. He laughed, let it fall, and kissed her. Joan was very glad and proud.

They rode at a gallop down the hill.

"Come on," said he, "or your father will be takin' after us."

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head, it shed a magical and tender light. He was dressed in his cowboy's best, a white silk handkerchief knotted under his chin, leather "chaps," bright spurs, a sombrero on his head. His face was grave, excited, wistful. At sight of Joan he moved forward, the pony trailing after him at the full length of its reins; and, stopping before her, Pierre took off the sombrero, slowly stripped the gauntlet from his right hand, and, pressing both hat and glove against his hip with the left hand, held out the free, clean palm to Joan.

"Good-by," said he, "unless—you'll be comin' with me after all?"

Joan felt again that rush of life to her brow. She took his hand and her fingers closed around it like the frightened, lonely fingers of a little girl. She came near to him and looked up.

"I'll be comin' with you, Pierre," she said, just above her breath.

He shot up a full inch, stiffened, searched her with smoldering eyes, then held her hard against him. "You'll not be sorry, Joan Carver," said he gently and put her away from him. Then, unsmiling, he bade her go in and get her belongings while he got her a horse and told his news to Mrs. Upper.

That ride was dreamlike to Joan. Pierre put her in her saddle and she rode after him across the Square and along a road flanked by the ugly houses of the town.

"Where are we a-goin'?" she asked him timidly.

He stopped at that, turned, and, resting his hand on the cantle of his saddle, smiled at her for the first time.

"Don't you savvy the answer to that question, Joan?"

She shook her head.

The smile faded. "We're goin' to be married," said he sternly, and they rode on.

They were married by the justice, a pleasant, silent fellow, who with western courtesy, asked no more questions than were absolutely needful, and in fifteen minutes Joan mounted her horse again, a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Now," said Pierre, standing at her stirrup, his shining, smoke-blue eyes lifted to her, his hand on her boot, "you'll be wantin' some things—some clothes?"

"No," said Joan. "Maud went with me an' helped me buy things with my pay; just yesterday. I won't be needin' anything."

"All right," said he. "We're off, then." And he swung himself with a sudden wild, boyish "Whoopee!" on his pony, gave a clip to Joan's horse and his own, and away they galloped, a pair of young, wild things, out from the town, through a straggling street to where the road boldly stretched itself toward a great land of sagebrush, of buttes humping their backs against the brilliant sky. Down the valley they rode, trotting, walking, galloping, till, turning westward, they mounted a sharp slope and came up above the plain. Below, in the heart of the long, narrow valley, the river coiled and wandered, divided and came together again into a swift stream, amongst aspen islands and willow swamps. Beyond this strange, lonely river-bed the cottonwoods began, and, above them, the pine forests massed themselves and strode up the foothills of the gigantic range, that range of iron rocks, sharp, thin and brittle where they scraped the sky.

At the top of the hill, Pierre put out his hand and pulled Joan's rein, drawing her to a stop beside him.

"Over yonder's my ranch," said he. Joan looked. There was not a sign of house or clearing, but she followed his gesture and nodded.

"Under the mountains?" she said.

"At the foot of Thunder canyon. You can see a gap in the pines. There's a waterfall just above—that white streak. Now you've got it. Where you come from's to the south, away yonder."

Joan would not turn her head.

"Yes," said she, "I know."

Suddenly tears rushed to her eyes. She had a moment of unbearable longing and regret. Pierre said nothing; he was not watching her.

"Come on," said he, "or your father will be takin' after us."

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while the two men settled their property rights in her.

"So you've took my gel," said John Carver, stopping a foot or two in front of Pierre, his eyes shifting up and down, one long hand fingering his lips.

Pierre answered courteously. "Some man was bound to hev her, Mr. Carver, soon or late. You can't set your fate ag'in' the laws of natur'. Will you be steppin' in? Joan will give you some breakfast."

Carver paid no heed to the invitation. "Hey you married her?" said he. "The blood rose to Pierre's brown face. 'Sure I hev.'"

"Well, sis, you hev married the daughter of a—" Carver used a brutal word. "Look out for her. If you see her eyes lookin' an' lookin' at another man, you kin know what's to come." Pierre was white. "I've done with her." She kin never come to me fer bite or bed. Shoot her if you hev to, Pierre Landis, but when she's kotched at her mother's game don't send her back to me. That's all I come to say."

He turned with limber agility and went back to his horse. He was on it and off, galloping madly across the sagebrush flat. Pierre turned and walked into the house past Joan without a word.

She still leaned against the door, but her head was bent.

Presently she went about her housework. Every now and then she shot a wistful look at Pierre. All morning long he sat there, his hands hanging between his knees, his eyes full of a brooding trouble. At noon he shook his head, got up, and, still without word or caress, he strode out and did not come back till dark. Joan suffered heartache and terror. When he came she ran into his arms. He kissed her, seemed quite himself again, and the strange interview was never mentioned by either of them. They were silent people, given to feelings and to action rather than to thoughts and words.

The other memory was of a certain sunset hour when she came at Pierre's call out to the shed he had built on one side of their cabin. Its open side faced the west, and as Joan came her shadow went before her and fell across Pierre at work. The flame of the west gave a weird pallor to the flames over which he bent. He was whistling and hammering at a long piece of iron. Joan came and stood beside him.

Suddenly he straightened up and held in the air a bar of metal, the shaped end white-hot. Joan blinked.

"That's our brand, gel," said Pierre. "Don't you fergit it. When I've made

my fortune there'll be stock all over the country marked with them two bars. That'll be famous—the Two-Bar brand. Don't you fergit it, Joan."

And he brought the white iron close so that she felt its heat on her face and drew back, flinching. He laughed, let it fall, and kissed her. Joan was very glad and proud.

They rode at a gallop down the hill.

They rode at a gallop down the hill.

They rode at a gallop down the hill.

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SEE US FOR YOUR Kodak Work

We offer a 24 hour service in Kodak Finishing using only the best of Eastman Materials in the work.

Remember—Until further notice, every Wednesday is Baby Day, an 8 x 10 Enlargement free with every Dozen Photos ordered.

YOUR HOME-TOWN PHOTOGRAPHER NELSON'S STUDIO Over Gdley & Mac's

Childish Philosophy. A little girl aged six was asked to state the difference between pride and vanity.

Why Lodestone Was Favored. One of the earliest gems used in the engagement ring was the lodestone, which symbolized the force of attraction which drew the maiden from her own family into another.

Peoples' Wants MUNNIMAKERS! Notices of Lost, Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, etc., in this Column is 25 cents for one insertion for 25 words or less.

Lost and Found LOST—Belt to a Tuxedo Sweater—Color dark brown and green—with bone buttons.

Wanted HELP WANTED—To pick cucumbers. Women and girls preferred.

Wanted GIRL WANTED for general housework. Write or call MRS. F. BROTHERTON, phone 31, East Jordan.

Wanted HEAVY HENS WANTED—Let us know what you have.—ARTHUR L. GUILD, Phone 240-F11, Route 2, Charlevoix.

Wanted WANTED—Small mercantile business well located in East Jordan, or some nearby town.

Wanted WANTED—Young men and women to learn Morse and Wireless Telegraphy. Railroads, Western Union and Wireless Companies in dire need of operators.

For Sale—Real Estate FOR SALE—The late Maude Tooley Residence on Bowen's Addition. Three Hundred Cash. Write MRS. ZEPHIA KELLER, 78 N. Ravine St., Battle Creek, Mich.

For Sale—Miscellaneous FORD TOURING 1917 model, in good running condition, looks good and has excellent engine.

Woman Holds Honor. The first woman to talk by telephone is said to have been Mrs. E. G. Sovereign.

BULL FOR SERVICE—Nordland Gold Chief, registered Guernsey, for service at the Joseph Kenny farm.

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD G. A. Lisk, Publisher Subscription Rate, \$1.50 per year.

NOWLAND HILL OF WILSON (Edited by C. M. Nowland)

Nearly every one from the Hill has been on trips after huckleberries and came back with nice berries and a good supply of picking on section 23.

Mrs. James Simmons and a little daughter of Burt Lake spent a few days on business and calling on friends here last week.

Julius Guzniczak Sr. spent a week on business and visiting relatives in Chicago recently.

S. R. Nowland and family visited Mr. and Mrs. James Isaman of South Arm last Sunday.

E. L. Nowland is expected home next Saturday from Detroit.

Miss Lilia Batterbee and Alice Nowland attended the picnic at the Loeb Farms, Tuesday in interests of the Pig Club.

Miss Alberta LaClair was the Sunday guest of A. R. Nowland and family.

PENINSULAR (Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Mrs. F. D. Russell of Ridgeway Farms has been very ill several days with asthma but is better now.

W. Scott of Mountain District trouble man for the Pine Lake Telephone Co. was hunting trouble Monday and fixed the 239 line.

Quite a delegation from here attended the ball game at Boyce City, Sunday.

Wheat harvest has begun. Among those to go huckleberrying Sunday, were Charles Healy family, Ray Loomis family, Lyle Wangeman, Geo. Staley and others.

The David Gaunt family went Huckleberrying Saturday.

A fine rain which was much needed visited us Monday.

Charles Healy is quiet ill, he had to give up his job on the road.

Douglas Tibbit is harvesting his wonderful cherry crop.

Mrs. Joe Stone of California, who has been visiting at the J. P. Seiler home for three weeks is visiting old friends in Boyce City for a few days.

Miss Clara Seiler a teacher in India who is spending her furlough with her mother and brother and family at the J. P. Seiler farm went to Hillsdale last Tuesday for a few days visit at her old home.

MF Ferris Stone of California is visiting at the J. P. Seiler farm.

Miss Masco of Charlevoix has been retained to teach the Mountain School the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam McClure of Detroit are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Will Gaunt in the Three Bells District.

Items Of Interest in World's News

Gen. Wood Gets New Cabinet. Manila, P. I.—Sub-secretaries of various cabinet officers who resigned in a body as a protest against alleged interference by Governor General Leonard Wood in conduct of their offices, met and agreed to serve.

Boy Drowns in Fish Bowl. Lodi, Calif.—Remas Hoffer, one-year-old son of Jacob Hoffer, wealthy vineyardist of this city, drowned in a goldfish bowl in his home here.

California Bars I. W. W. Sacramento, Calif.—California's war against the I. W. W., and its activities passed to a new stage following the issuance by Superior Judge Charles O. Busick, of Sacramento county of a sweeping temporary injunction prohibiting virtually all activities of the organization and affiliated bodies in this state.

Former Empress Reported Dying. Brussels—Former Empress Charlotte of Mexico, a melancholy heroine of one of the adventurous episodes of the nineteenth century history, is dying at her chateau at Debouchant, near Brussels.

Magnus Johnson Wins. St. Paul—Minnesota's representation in the United States Senate has been turned over to the Farmer-Labor Party as the result of another political transition which the state went through in the special Senatorial election.

Suspend Wage Law for Women. Los Angeles—A temporary injunction restraining the state of Arizona from enforcing the minimum wage law for women, which is \$16 a week, was granted by Federal Judge Ross, Bledsoe and Sawtelle, sitting en banc here.

Twelve-Hour Day Unlikely Soon. New York—Reports that the 12-hour day in the steel industry will be abandoned within six weeks are premature, according to Dow Jones and company, financial news agency.

Japan Upholds U. S. Stand. Lausanne—Japan has definitely ranged herself by the side of the United States in insisting upon maintenance of the "open door" in the Near East.

U. S. Architect Gets Paris Prize. New York—The Society of Beaux Arts Architects announced that the \$3,000 Paris prize for study in the famous Ecole des Beaux Arts in the French capital has been awarded to L. Rombotis, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Auto Shatters Hope of Years. Los Angeles—After he had worked 30 years to earn enough to spend the remainder of his life in retirement with his wife in Boston, their old home, Arthur H. Abell, 65, was struck and killed by an automobile in a downtown street here.

Wildcat Attacks Boy. Suffern, N. Y.—A wildcat entered a window in the mountain log cabin of Sam Green. Green, his wife and three sons were aroused from their slumbers about midnight by the noise of the animal.

Mule and Horse to Go. Cincinnati Old Dobbin and his companion in labor, the mule, likely are to receive a knock-out blow in Cincinnati when stockholders of the Cincinnati Horse and Mule Exchange meet to consider plans to dissolve the corporation.

Woman Holds Honor. The first woman to talk by telephone is said to have been Mrs. E. G. Sovereign.

First American Iron Nails. The first iron nails made in America were hammered into shape at Cumberland, R. I., in 1777.

The Fading Voice. "Bredren," said the negro preacher earnestly, "in some folks de still, small voice ob conscience keeps a-gettin' stiller and smaller, until at las' it'd sure had to learn de deaf an' dumb langwidge ter attract dair attention."

Horn From Historic Cow. Among the prized possessions of the British Royal College of Physicians is the silver-mounted and polished horn of the cow, Blossom, from which Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, obtained his first lymph.

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Misunderstanding By GRACE E. HALL

YOU'RE far away tonight, my dearie, dearie, The supanine has been mocking me all day; I've strained my eyes 'til they are weary, weary,

Within my heart a pain is growing, growing, The truth insists that I shall heed and know That further still you're ever going, going, And oh, I love you dearie, love you so!

The world is very cold, my dearie, dearie, Outside the magic circle of your arms; My heart is pleading to be cheery, cheery, Safe locked against your breast from all alarms;

The tears persist tonight in falling, falling, The breezes whimper of an unknown woe, And 'cross the silence I am calling, calling— Come back to me, I love you, love you so!

Mother's Cook Book Every task wrought out in patience Brings a blessing to the doer; Joy comes to the waiting worker, But eludes the swift pursuer.

GOOD THINGS FOR OCCASIONS THE olive is such an appetizer and adds so much zest and flavor to many dishes that it should always be found on the shelf.

For garnishing dishes one may cut into a queen olive with a sharp knife and keeping close to the stone, pare in a spiral fashion. This will leave the olive still shapely without the stone.

For canapes olives are indispensable. Cut eight rounds of bread and spread with softened butter. The rounds should be about two inches in diameter. Toast them lightly before spreading with butter.

Break a cake of cream cheese into pieces and mash to a paste with two tablespoonsful of cream and one of softened butter. Season well with salt, cayenne, and add eight large olives, pitted and chopped, one pint rubbed to a smooth paste and one tablespoonful of parsley chopped.

Zwieback. Zwieback is often not obtainable and a recipe for it will be cherished by many.

Take a yeast cake softened in one-half cupful of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and mix well. Add flour to make a thin batter, about half a cupful. Set aside to rise in a warm place, covering well with a cloth.

Take from the oven, cool, cut in half-inch slices and bake until brown on both sides, in a hot oven. Keep air tight. Fine for babies and convalescents.

A Hint. Bore—Ah, dear lady, I was just going to say something pleasant to you, but I forgot now what it was.

Miss—Was it "good night?"—From Der Brummer, Berlin.

ONCE IS ENOUGH

HY PAPER

ONCE IS ENOUGH

ONCE IS ENOUGH

ONCE IS ENOUGH

ONCE IS ENOUGH

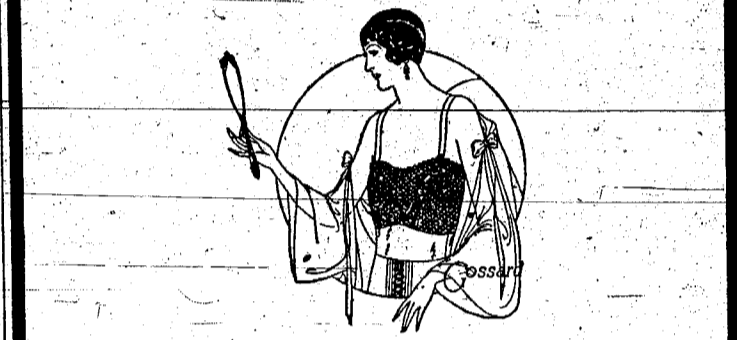
ONCE IS ENOUGH

ONCE IS ENOUGH

EAST JORDAN LUMBER Co.



A New Line Of Gossard Brassiers For Slim Folks And For Folks Splendid Fitters Try One



East Jordan Lumber Co

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Pontiac—Orchard and Pine Lakes will not be closed to fishermen, John Baird, director of the conservation department, announced.

Mount Pleasant—More than 50 county school commissioners were here last week for the annual session at Central Normal school.

Cheboygan—A piece of cartridge shell, which Daniel, 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bridges, of this city, exploded with a hammer destroyed his left eye.

Ironwood—The Sons of St. George in the state held their annual convention at Ironwood last week with delegates from all of the Michigan lodges in attendance.

Cadillac—Signal men are installing the new equipment for the block signal system which will shortly be in use in the Mackinaw division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Lansing—State credits of \$1,100,000 for the literary building, and \$200,000 for the erection of the new medical building at University of Michigan were established by the state administrative board.

Mackinaw City—State ferry service across the Straits of Mackinac will start next week, it was announced by Governor Groesbeck.

Marquette—During the year ending June 30, 1923, 33 inmates of the State Branch Prison here made their getaway, according to the annual report submitted to the state by Warden James P. Corgan.

Owasco—Eighteen Shiawassee county farms have been designated as poultry-demonstration stations by the county farm bureau.

Ann Arbor—To save the lives of many who are suffering from diabetes, the University of Michigan Hospital is conducting its first course in the use of insulin, the drug recently discovered to counteract the sugar which poisons the system of the diabetic.

Help Wanted WANTED—Male help over 19 years for automobile machine shop and assembly work.

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

Dr. W.H. Parks Physician and Surgeon Office second floor Kimball Bldg., next to Peoples Bank. Phone 188-4 rings Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m. 7:00 to 8:00 p. m. X-RAY in Office.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. J. C. Lehman returned home this Friday from Flint.
Roderick Davis went to Copemish, Thursday to visit his sister.
Miss Vesta Hayward returned home Thursday from a visit at Detroit.
Miss Ethel Bird returned to Flint, Thursday, after a visit at the home of Mrs. John Sutton.

Mrs. Robert Meuzies of Vanderbilt is visiting at the home of her daughter Mrs. LeRoy Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Moyer and children of Munising are here renewing former acquaintances.

Rugs! Rugs! Rugs! Quality Rugs and a large assortment for your selection at Watson's. adv.

Mrs. J. D. Ferguson returned to her home at Bangor, Wednesday after a visit at the home of her son, J. B. Ferguson.

Pellston Base Ball Club plays a return game at East Jordan next Sunday, July 29th. Game called at 2:30. Admission 35 cents.

Mrs. Daniel Morrissey and children returned to Grand Rapids, Thursday, after a week's visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. James Chak.

Mrs. Helen Crooks and Miss Ruth Hamilton of Detroit, who have been guests of Mrs. G. W. Kitsman, left Thursday for a visit at Standish.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pratt and children arrived Wednesday by auto from Rhinelander, Wis., for a visit at the home of the former's uncle, Thos. Passenger.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rothrock of Royal Oak, a daughter—Janet Elizabeth—July 18th. Mrs. Rothrock was formerly Miss Arlene Hammond of this city.

Tentative arrangements are being made for a big joint picnic of the farmers and business men of Charlevoix County to be held at Whiting Park the latter part of August. Further particulars later.

A gas explosion in the Cupola of the East Jordan Iron Furnace about 9:30 Wednesday night produced a detonation that was heard for miles around, shook the ground nearby. No one injured and no particular damage.

The Rev. R. J. Slee, D. D. District Superintendent of the Methodist Church will hold the fourth quarterly conference in the church on Monday evening July 30th at 7:30 p. m. This is a very important conference, therefore, let every member of the official board be present with their annual reports. Henry Hulme, Minister.

Pellston at East Jordan Sunday next, July 29th.

A. E. Cameron was in our city on business first of the week.

Mrs. Mae Ward visited friends at Traverse City over Sunday.

Isadore Kling who has been employed at Detroit, returned home Saturday.

Buy your Rugs at Watson's. A fine assortment for you to select from. adv.

Mrs. Mortimer Fyner returned home Thursday from a visit with friends at Lansing.

A few good Used Cars for sale at the East Jordan Garage, J. W. LaLonde, prop'r. adv.

Mrs. H. W. Bechtold of Toledo, Ohio is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Bert Scott.

Mrs. Sarah Hockin of Detroit is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Anson Hayward.

Carl Heipzelman who has been home for a visit, returned to Winthrop Harbor, Ill., Thursday.

Special Sunday Dinner at the new We-Go-Ta Hotel at Central Lake. Reasonable prices. adv.

Get our prices on Quality Tires and Batteries. Free road service. Call Healey, phone 184. adv.

Julius Loveday and Harold Daschner of Lansing are here for a visit at the Loveday home—The Elms.

The Steamer, Griffin is again bringing in a number of cargoes of iron ore for the East Jordan Furnace Company.

Glenn Wheaton, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman, returned to Galesburg last Friday.

Carl Martinson returned home from Muskegon, Saturday last. He left first of the week for Old Mission to work in cherry harvesting.

Miss Gladys Davis with friend, Miss LaVerne Chapman of Chicago, were here first of the week visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis.

W. P. Squier, chief traveling auditor of the M. K. & T. R. R., is here from Texas for a ten days visit with his family and to renew former acquaintances.

Mrs. S. Ulvund left Saturday for a visit with relatives at Detroit. Her nephew, Theodore Freeman, who has been here for a visit, accompanied her to Detroit.

Mrs. C. W. Sidebotham and daughters Elizabeth and Gertrude, returned Tuesday from a visit at Alma. Miss Elizabeth attended the Young Peoples Summer Conference there.

Miss Eva Waterman with friend, Miss Margaret Naish, who have been here for a visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman, returned to Detroit Friday last.

Charles G. Fallis, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant, for the past two months, returned to Berkeley, Calif., Saturday, where he will resume his studies at the University.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ruhling returned home last Saturday from a month's visit with relatives at Lancaster, N. Y. They were accompanied home by their daughter, Mrs. George Atkinson with sons, of Jackson, Mich., who will visit friends and relatives here.

Owing to increased costs of booking independent games, the management of East Jordan's Base Ball Club are compelled to charge 50 cents for adult admissions and 25 cents for children over 12 years of age. On all league games the admission price is 35 cents.

Call at R. G. Watson's and see their fine new line of Fancy Rugs. adv.

Ed. Clugg is here from Muskegon for a visit with friends.

Clyde Strong was at Traverse City on business Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Sweet returned home Tuesday from Muskegon.

Delvin Best returned home Saturday from a visit at Muskegon.

Joe Martinek of Detroit is visiting his brother, Tony Martinek.

F. A. Kenyon was here from Mackinac Island first of the week.

Two Does and one Buck Rabbit for sale cheap. Phone 98. adv.

George Geck is spending the week with his daughter at Highland Park.

You will find a good assortment of Wall Paper at R. G. Watson's. adv.

Mrs. Peter Boss with family were here from Flint the past week visiting friends.

Wm. Harrington returned home Tuesday from a ten days' visit at Cheboygan.

Editor Ira A. Adams of the Charlevoix Sentinel was an East Jordan visitor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Lee Farmer of Grand Rapids is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway.

Mrs. Louis Marlin returned to Detroit, Tuesday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Leo LaLonde.

Albert Webster of Memphis, Tenn., is visiting at the homes of his cousins, Hector and Jack McKinnon.

We have a few good Used Cars for sale at bargain prices. J. W. LaLonde at East Jordan Garage. adv.

Charles Barnes of Grand Rapids is visiting at the home of his brother-in-law, John T. Carlisle, at Cherryvale.

Mrs. Jack Springer and daughter returned to Detroit Saturday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martinek.

Call Phone 24 for Expert Storage Battery and Electrical Service.—The Battery Shop, L. Miles. adv. 27ft.

The regular business meeting of Soronian Hive No. 452 will be held Monday evening, July 30th at 7:30—Lillian Brabant.

Mrs. Wm. Ebbeler, (nee Bertha Shier) left last Friday for Chicago to join her husband, where they will make their home.

Presbyterian Ladies Aid meets with Mrs. C. L. Lorraine, Friday August 3rd. Mrs. C. L. Lorraine and Mrs. Nyquist hostesses. A full attendance is desired as we must prepare for the Fair.

A tramp, headed through northern Michigan, picked out a nice looking place looking Traverse City home, one with no woodpile in the back yard, as a likely looking place to secure his breakfast. He told the woman who answered the knock at the kitchen door that he was willing to work for his breakfast, and that he was going to the cherry orchards for employment.

There was no wood to split but the woman had a large cherry tree in the yard. When asked to pick cherries to pay for his meal the tramp replied, "Thank you, ma'am, but I ain't hungry, I was just fooling." In a minute he had disappeared down the alley seeking a house without a cherry tree.

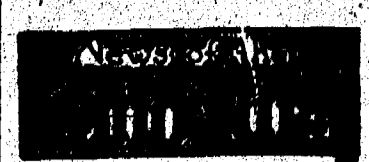
The big passenger steamer South American recently ran hard aground in the harbor at Mackinac Island while endeavoring to turn around in the inner harbor. The usual plan of backing to the outer harbor was made impossible because of the presence of the naval ships. The big steamer was caught in the current and swept on shore.

The lighthouse tender Marigold first attempted to pull her off but the task was too heavy. The steamer Algoma then went to her assistance, but the two could not move the giant lake liner. The Marigold later had to retire with a heavy line entangled in her wheel. The Algoma then pulled the stranded ship offshore, using a line to her stern. There were about 600 passengers aboard.

Few Real Students of Nature. Books are of pathetically little use to tell the story of nature. Few people recognize more than a dozen roadside flowers, the commonest trees and shrubs, a few kinds of birds and insects. To be able to distinguish the call notes of birds seems to most persons a miraculous gift. The few who know enough of nature to be guides for a few hours' walk have knowledge that many others deeply long for and that they would pay handsomely to get.—Youth's companion.

Why Thirteen is Unlucky. Thirteen is supposed to be the unluckiest of numbers. In ancient times it was quite the reverse! Men in those days always counted in dozens, and it was customary to add one "for luck." The baker's dozen is a modern survival. The present belief that thirteen has a baleful influence comes from the Last Supper, when Judas Iscariot was the thirteenth at table and the first to rise from the meal.

Forecasting Weather. When the mercury falls suddenly in hot weather, look out for thunder or high winds. In frosty weather a thaw is foretold. When the weather is already wet and the mercury continues to descend, more rain can be expected. During winter, if the movement of the mercury is unsettled, with sudden rises and falls, unsettled weather conditions are likely to prevail.



First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Henry Hulme, Pastor.

Sunday, July 29, 1923.
10:00 a. m.—Public Worship.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leader Carlton Bowen.
7:00 p. m.—Gospel Service. Song service led by the Epworth Choir.
7:00 p. m.—Thursday, Prayer Meeting.
A cordial welcome to all people to attend the above services.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."
Sunday, July 29, 1923.
10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship. Dr. G. Simon, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Lansing, Michigan will preach.
11:15 a. m. Sunday School.
Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:15 p. m.

St. Joseph's Church.
D. M. Drinan Pastor.

Masses on 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month at 8:00 and High Mass at 10:00.
Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 10:00.
On 5th Sundays Masses at 8:00 and 10:00.
Masses on Holy days and Devotions will be announced.

St. John's Church.
Bohemian Settlement.
High Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 10:00.
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.

Latter Day Saints Church.
Leonard Dudley, Pastor.

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Prayer Meeting.
7:00 p. m.—Preaching.
Tuesday—
7:00 p. m.—Religio.
Wednesday—
7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

Church of God.

Hours of services:
(Eastern Standard Time)
Sunday School—11:00 a. m.
Morning Services—12:00 a. m.
Evening Services—7:30 p. m.
Wed. Prayer Meeting—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

FURNITURE FOR SALE

Leather Couch,
Morris Chair,
Mahogany Settee,
3 Mahogany Chairs,
Hall Seat with Long Mirror,
2 Bedroom suites,
6 Dining Chairs,
3 Oak Rockers,
Several Center Tables,
9x12 Wool and Fiber Rug,
6x9 Rag Rug,
6x9 Fluff Rug,
Cot with Mattress
3 pairs Portieres,
Fruit jars, and numerous small articles.
Must be sold at once.
MRS. CARL STROEBEL

Flint—Flint was assured a new armory by action of the state administrative board here. The board authorized the military department to have Lynn Frey, state architect, to prepare plans for a new building for the national guardsmen of that city. The structure will cost in the neighborhood of \$140,000.

Tecumseh—Ralph Boyd, 20 years old, sand-hopper tender, employed by the Tecumseh Gravel Co., was instantly killed here when he lost his balance and fell into the hopper. Boyd was standing on the edge of the hopper, pounding the sand and gravel when he fell. His outcry attracted T. C. Richards, foreman, who shut off the machine. He found Boyd buried in 20 feet of sand and gravel.

RECOVERS FROM LAME BACK

"My daughter suffered with a lame back and could scarcely move without great pain. She tried Foley Kidney Pills and the trouble with her back is all gone," writes Mrs. J. C. Perkins, Boston, Mass. For Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Kidney and Bladder Trouble use Foley Kidney Pills.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Buy a Lot or Lake Acreage
Lots on Terrace Beach
(Near Monroe Creek)
Lake Frontage with 300 feet Shore Line. Naturally terraced and prettily wooded. Easy terms if desired.
60 acres with wide frontage on Lake 26 near Phelps.
URGE YOUR SUMMER VISITORS to secure a permanent summer location now.
W. A. LOVEDAY, REALTOR
East Jordan
Lansing

BASEBALL 2 GAMES 2

Fair Grounds EAST JORDAN

Sunday, July 29
Pellston vs East Jordan
League Game
GAME CALLED AT 2:30 (ADMISSION 35c)

Thurs. Aug. 2
American Girls Club
Athletic vs EAST JORDAN

The American Girls team is composed of athletic girls who have made base ball a study and profession and know the game from A to Z. Anyone expecting to see a burlesque on the game will be sadly disappointed, as these girls play ball.

Game Called Admission
3:00 p. m. 50 cents
Children over 12, 25 cents

East Jordan is now "going good" and both contests will be well worth the price of admission.

CAMPBELL BROS.

Trained Wild Animal Shows

EAST JORDAN, MICH.
TUESDAY, JULY 31

Under Mammoth Waterproof Tents
Show Grounds West Side

THE ARISTOCRAT OF TENTED AMUSEMENTS

Presenting a program replete with Sensational Novelties, Thrilling New Wild Animal Acts, Daring Aerialists, Graceful Acrobats, Trapeze Artists, Jugglers, Wire-Walkers, Comical Clowns, Musical Acts and a Myriad of Feature Artists.

Performance At 8:00 P. M.
GRAND FREE EXHIBITION
On Show Grounds at 7:00 P. M.

Don't Forget the Day and Date
Show Rain or Shine

Admission Price—Adults 50c
Children 25c Including Tax

The People's Favorite Circus

NOTICE!

We have never insisted upon a deposit with every sitting but of late we have made a number of sittings and issued proofs which were never returned. This places in the dark as to what may be wrong.

Had we collected a small deposit and the proofs were not satisfactory, they would return proofs and demand the return of their deposit. This will enable us to find out where we are wrong, we feel that we are entitled to this information.

In the future if we insist upon a small deposit do not be issued as each and every one will be requested to do the same at time of sitting or before proofs will be issued.

Thank You.
Yours Respectfully,
NELSON'S STUDIO

Announcement

We desire to announce the Sale of our Hardware Store to

Mr. Charles F. Neitzel
OF DETROIT

Who will continue its operation at the present location.

We desire at this time to express our appreciation for the liberal patronage extended us during our many years of business in East Jordan, and trust that the citizens of this region will continue to make this store their shopping-center when in need of anything in the Hardware line.

Stroebel Bros.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Watch for Big Stock Reducing Sale In The Near Future

The Branding Iron

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Copyright by Katharine N. Burt

(Continued From Page Three)

"Mrs. Landis," he said, in a crisp voice of an accent and finish strange to the girl, "I wonder if you and your husband can put me up for the night. I'm Frank Hollwell. I'm on a round of parish visits, and, as my parish is about sixty miles square my poor old pony has gone lame. I know you are not my parishioners, though, no doubt, you should be, but I'm going to lay claim to your hospitality, for all that, if I may?"

Joan had moved her rake into the grasp of her left hand and had taken the proffered palm into her other, all warm and fragrantly stilled.

"You're the new sin-buster, ain't you?" she asked gravely.

The young man opened his blue and friendly eyes.

"Oh, that's what I am, eh? That's a new one to me. Yes, I suppose I am. It's rather a fine name to go by—sin-buster," and he laughed very low and very amusedly.

Joan looked him over and slowly smiled. "You look like you could bust anything you'd a mind to," she said, and led the way toward the house, her rake across her shoulder.

"Pierre," she told him when they were in the shining, clean log house, "is off in the hills after his elk, but I can make you up a bed in the sitting-room an' serve you a supper an' welcome."

"Oh, thanks," he rather doubtfully accepted.

Evidently he did not know the ways and proprieties of this new "parish" of his. But Joan seemed to take the situation with an enormous, calm impersonality. He modeled his manner upon hers. They sat at the table together, Joan silent, save when he forced her to speak, and entirely untroubled by her silence, Frank Hollwell, eating heartily, helping her serve and talking a great deal. By the end of dish-washing he had her history and more of her opinions, probably, than any other creature she had met.

"What do you do when Landis is away?"

She told him.

"But in the evenings, I mean, after work. Have you books?"

"No," said Joan; "it's right hard labor, readin'. Pa learned me my letters an' I can spell out bits from papers an' advertisements an' what not, but I ain't never read a book straight out. I dunno," she added presently, "but as I'd like to, Pierre can read."

She told him proudly.

"I'm sure you'd like to." He considered her through the smoke of his pipe. He was sitting by the hearth now, and she, just through with clearing up, stood by the corner of the mantel shelf, arranging the logs. The firelight danced over her face, so beautiful, so unlighted from within.

"How old are you, Joan Landis?" he asked suddenly, using her name without title for the first time.

"Eighteen."

"Is that all?—You must read books, you know. There's so much empty space 'ere back of your brows."

She looked up smiling a little, her wide gray eyes puzzled.

"Yes, Joan. You must read. Will you—if I lend you some books."

She considered. "Yes," she said, "I'd read them if you'd be lendin' me some. In the evenings when Pierre's away, I'm right lonesome. I never was lonesome before, not to know it. I'll take me a long time to read one book, though," she added with an engaging mournfulness.

"What do you like—stories, poetry, magazines?"

"I'd like real books in stiff covers," said Joan, "an' I don't like pictures."

This surprised the clergyman. "Why not?" said he.

"I like to notion how the folks look myself. I like pictures of real places, that has got to be like they are"—Joan was talking a great deal and having trouble with her few simple words—"but I like folks in stories to look like I want 'em to look."

"Not the way the writer describes them?"

"Yes, sir. But you can make up a whole lot on what the writer describes. If he says 'her eyes is blue,' you can see 'em dark blue or light blue or just blue. An' you can see 'em shaped round or what not, the way you think about folks that you've heard of an' have never met."

It was extraordinary how this effort at self-expression excited Joan. She was rarely self-conscious, but she was usually passive or stolid; now there was a brilliant flush in her face and her large eyes deepened and glowed.

"I heard tell of you, Mr. Hollwell. Fellers come up here to see Pierre on't in a while an' one or two of 'em spoke your name. An' I kinder figured out you was a weedy feller, awful solemn-like, an' of course you ain't but it's real hard for me to notion

that there ain't two Mr. Hollwells, you an' the weedy sin-buster 'ere ben picturin'. Like as not I'll get to thinkin' of you like two fellers," Joan signed. "Seems like when I do get a notion in my head it just sticks there, some way."

"Then the more wise notions you get the better. I'll ride up here in a couple of weeks' time with some books. You may keep them as long as you will. All winter, if you like. When I can get up here, we can talk them over, you an' Landis and I. I'll try to choose some without pictures. There will be stories and some poetry, too."

"I ain't never read but one pome," said Joan.

"And that was?"

"She sat down on the floor by the hearth, her head thrown back to lean against the cobbles of the chimney-piece, her knees locked in her hands. That magnificent long throat of hers ran up to the black coils of hair which had slipped heavily down over her ears. The light edged her round chin smoky and staring, hot-eyed, into the fire."

And Joan sat silent in her place, puzzled, wistful, wounded, her idle hands folded, looking at him for a while, then absently before her, and he knew that her mind was busy again with the preacher feller's books. If he had known better how to explain his heart, if she had known how to show him the impersonal eagerness of her awakening mind—But, savage and silent, they sat there, loving each other, hurt, but locked each into his own impenetrable life.

After that Joan changed the hours of her study and neglected housework and sagebrush-grubbing, but nonetheless were Pierre's evenings spoiled. When he talked he could not escape

the consciousness of having constrained his audience; she could not escape her knowledge of his jealousy, the remembrance of his mysterious outbreak, the irrepressible tug of the story she was reading. So it went on till snow came and they were shut in, man and wife, with only each other to watch, a tremendous test of good-fellowship. This searching intimacy came at a bad time, just after Hollwell's third visit, when he had brought a fresh supply of books.

"There's poetry this time," he said. "Get Pierre to read it aloud to you."

The suggestion was met by a rude laugh from Pierre.

"I wouldn't be wastin' my time," he jeered.

It was the first rift in his courtesy. Hollwell looked up in sharp surprise. He saw a flash of the truth, a little wriggle of the green serpent in Pierre's eyes before they fell. He flushed and glanced at Joan. She wore an almost timorous air, accepted his remarks in silence, shot doubtful looks at Pierre before she answered questions, was an entirely different Joan. Now Hollwell was angry and he stiffened toward his host and hostess, dropped all his talk about the books and smoked haughtily. He was young and over-sensitive, no more master of himself in this instance than Pierre and Joan. But before he left after supper refusing a bed, though Pierre conquered his dislike sufficiently to urge it, Hollwell had a moment with Joan. It was very touching. He would tell about it afterward, but for a long time he could not bear to remember it.

She tried to return his books, coming with her arms full of them and lifting up eyes that were almost tragic with renunciation.

"I can't be taking time to read them, Mr. Hollwell," she said, that extraordinary, over-expressive voice of hers running an octave of regret; "an' somehow Pierre don't like that I should spend my evenin's on them. Seems like he thinks I was settin' myself up to be knowin' more than him."

She laughed ruefully. "Me—knowin' more'n Pierre! It's laughable. But anyways I don't want him to be thinkin' that. So take the books, please. I like them." She paused. "I love them," she said hungrily, and blinking, thrust them into his hands.

He put them down on the table. "You're wrong, Joan," he said quickly. "You musn't give in to such a foolish idea. You have rights of your own, a life of your own. Pierre musn't stand in the way of your learnin'. You musn't let him. I'll speak to him."

"Oh, no!" Some infidels warned her of the danger in his doing this.

"Well, then, keep your books and talk to Pierre about them. Try to persuade him to read aloud to you. I shan't be back now till spring, but I want you to read this winter, read all the stuff that's there. Come, Joan, to please me," and he smiled coaxingly.

"I ain't afraid of Pierre," said Joan slowly. Her pride was stung by the suggestion. "I'll keep the books."

She sighed. "Good-by. When I see you in the spring, I'll be a right-learned schoolmarm."

She held out her hand and he took and held it, pressing it in his own. He felt troubled about her, unwilling to leave her in the snowbound wilderness with that young savage of the smoldering eyes.

"Good-by," said Pierre behind him. His soft voice had a cluck.

Hollwell turned to him. "Good-by, Landis. I shan't see either of you till the spring. I wish you a good winter and I hope—" He broke off and held and her strongly modeled, regular features; the full, firm mouth so savagely pure and sensuous and self-contained. The eyes were mysterious under their thick lashes and dark, long brows. His throat and face and these strong hands were picked out in their full value of line and texture, from the dark cotton dress she was wearing.

"It's a pome on a card what father had, stuck ag'in the wall." She began to recite, her eyes fixed upon him with childlike gravity. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Ye, though I walk through the valley of shadows, Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Hollwell had taken the pipe from between his teeth, had straightened up. Her deep voice, the slight swinging of her body to the rhythm she had unconsciously given to her lines, the strange glow in her eyes. Hollwell wondered why these things, this brief, sing-song recitation, had given a tingle to the surface of his skin, had sent a tingling to his finger-tips. He was the first person to wonder at that effect of Joan's cadenced music.

"The valley of the shadow," she had missed a familiar phrase and added value to a too often repeated line.

"Joan! Joan!" said the "sin-buster," an exclamation drawn from him on a deep breath, "what an extraordinary girl you are! What a marvelous woman you are going to be!"

Joan looked at him in a silence of pure astonishment and that was the end of their real talk.

CHAPTER V
Pierre Becomes Alarmed About His Property.

The next time Hollwell came he brought the books, and, finding Pierre at home, he sat with his host after supper and talked men's talk of the country; of game, of ranching, a little gossip, stories of travel, humorous experiences, and Joan sat in her place, the books in her lap, looking and listening.

John Carver had used a phrase, "When you see her eyes lookin' an' lookin' at another man—" and this phrase had stuck in Pierre's sensitive and jealous memory. What Joan felt for Hollwell was a sort of ignorant and respectful tenderness, the excitement of an intelligent child first moved to a knowledge of its own intelligence; the gratitude of savage loneliness toward the beautiful feet of exploration. A consciousness of her clean mind, a consciousness of her young, untamed spirit, had come slowly to life in her since her talk with Hollwell. Joan was peculiarly a woman—that is, the passive and receptive being; Pierre had laid his hand on her heart and she had followed him; now this young parson had put a curious finger on her brain, it followed him. Her husband saw the admiration, the gratitude, the tender excitement in her frank eyes, and the poison seed sown by John Carver's hand shot out roots and lay, deadly branches.

But Joan and Hollwell were unaware. Pierre smoked rapidly, rolling cigarette after cigarette; he listened with a courteous air, he told stories in his soft, slow voice; once he went out to bring in a fresh log and, coming back on noiseless feet, saw Joan and her instructor bent over one of the books and Joan's face was almost that of a stranger, so eager, so flushed, with sparkles in the usually still gray eyes.

It was not till a week or two after this second visit from the clergyman that Pierre's smoldering jealousy broke into flame. After clearing away the supper things with an absent air of eager expectation, Joan would dry her hands on her apron, and, taking down one of her books from their place in a shelf corner, she would draw her chair close to the lamp and begin to read, forgetful of Pierre. These had been the happiest hours for him; he would tell Joan about his day's work, about his plans, about his past life; wonderful it was to him, after his loneliness, that she should be sitting there drinking in every word and loving him with her dumb, wild eyes. Now, there was no talk and no listening. Joan's absorbed face was turned from him and bent over her book, her lips moved, she would stop and stare before her. After a long while he would get up and go to bed, but she would stay with her books till a restless movement from him would make her aware of the lamplight shining wakefulness upon him through the chinks in the partition wall. Then she would get up reluctantly, sighing, and come to bed.

For ten evenings this went on. Pierre's heart slowly heating itself, until, all at once, the flame leaped.

Joan had untied her apron and reached up for her book. Pierre had

seen waiting, hoping that of her fire will she might prefer his company to the "parson feller's"—for in his ignorance those books were jealousy personified—but, without a glance in his direction, she had turned as usual to the shelf.

"You goin' to read?" asked Pierre hoarsely. It was a painful effort to speak.

She turned with a childish look of astonishment. "Yes, Pierre."

He stood up with one of his lithe, swift movements, all in one rippling piece. "By G—d, you're not, though!" said he, strode over to her, snatched the volume from her, threw it back into its place and pointed her to her chair.

"You set down an' give heed to me fer a change, Joan Carver," he said, his smoke-colored eyes smoldering. "I didn't fetch you up here to read parsons' books an' waste of. I fetched you up here—to—" He stopped, choked with a sudden, enormous hurt tenderness and sat down and fell to out his hand. "Well," said he, "you're pretty far out of everybody's way here. Be good to each other."

"D—n your interference!" said Pierre's eyes, but he took the hand and even escorted Hollwell to his horse.

Snow came early and deep that winter. Pierre had cut and stacked his winter wood; he had sent his cows to a richer man's ranch for winter feeding. There was very little for him to do. After he had brought in two buckets of water from the well and had cut for the day's consumption a piece of meat from his elk hanging outside against the wall, he had only to sit and smoke, to read old magazines and papers and to watch Joan. Then the poisonous roots of his jealousy struck deep. Always his brain, falsely interpreting her wistful silence—she was thinking of the parson, hungry to read his books, longing for the open season and his coming again to the ranch.

In December a man came in on snowshoes, bringing "the mail"—one letter for Pierre, a communication which brought heat to his face. The Forest service threatened him with a loss of land; it pointed to some flaw in his title; part of his property, the most valuable part, had not yet been surveyed.

Pierre looked up with set jaws, every fighting instinct sharpened to hold what was his own.

"I've put in two years' hard work on them acres," he told his visitor, "an' I'm not plannin' to give them over to the first fool favored by the Service. My title is as clean as my hand. It'll take more'n thievery an' more'n spite to take it away from me."

"You better go to Robinson," advised the bearer of the letter; "can't get after them fellers too soon. It's a country where you can easy come by what you want; but where it ain't so easy to hold onto it. If it ain't yer land it's yer hosses; if it ain't yer hosses it's yer wife." He looked at Joan and laughed.

Pierre went white and dumb; the chance shot had inflamed his wound. He strapped on his snowshoes and bade a grim good-by to Joan, after the man had left. "Don't you be wakin' off while I'm away," he told her sharply, standing in the doorway, his head level with the steep wall of snow behind him, and he gave her a threatening look so that the tenderness in her heart was frozen.

After he had gone, "Pierre, say a real good-by, say good-by," she whispered. Her face cramped and tears came.

She heard his steps lightly crunching across the hard, bright surface of the snow; they entered into the terrible frozen silence. Then she turned from the door, dried her eyes with her sleeve like a little village girl, and ran across the room to a certain shelf. Pierre would be gone a week. She would not waste oil, but she would read. It was with the appetite of a starved creature that she fell upon her books.

CHAPTER VI
Pierre Takes Steps to Preserve His Property.

A log fell forward and Joan lifted her head. She had not come to an end of Isabella's tragedy nor of her own memories, but something other than the falling log had startled her; a light, crunching step upon the snow.

She looked toward the window. For an instant the room was almost dark and the white night peered in at her, its gigantic snow-peaks pressing against the long, horizontal window panes, and in that instant she saw a face. Joan came to her feet with pounding pulses. It had been Pierre's face, but at the same time the face of a stranger. He had come back five days too soon and something terrible had happened. Surely his chance to see her with her book would not make him look like that. Besides, she was not wasting oil. She had stood up, but at first she was incapable of moving forward. For the first time in her life she knew the paralysis of unreasoning fear. Then the door opened and Pierre came in out of the crystal night.

"What brought you back so soon?" asked Joan.

"Too soon for you, eh?" He strode over to the hearth where she had lain, took up the book, struck it with his hand as though it had been a hated face, and flung it into the fire. "I seen you through the window," he said. "So you been happy readin' while I been away?"

"I'll get you supper. I'll light the lamp," Joan stammered.

Pierre's face was pale, his black hair lay in wet streaks on his temples. He must have traveled at furious speed through the bitter cold to be in such a sweat. There was a mysterious,

controlled disorder in his look and there arose from him the odor of strong drink. But he was steady and sure in all his movements, and his eyes were deadly cool and reasonable—only it was the reasonableness of insanity, reasonableness based on the widest premises of unreason.

"I don't want no supper, nor no light," he said. "Firelight's enough fer you to read parsons' books by; it's enough fer me to do what I oughter done long afore tonight."

She stood in the middle of the small, log-walled room, arrested in the act of lighting a match, and stared at him with troubled eyes. She was no longer afraid. After all, strange as he looked, more strangely as he talked, he was her Pierre, her man. The confidence of her heart had not been seriously shaken by his coldness and his moods during this winter. There had been times of fierce, possessive tenderness. She was his own woman, his property; at this low counting did she rate herself. A sane man does no injury to his own possessions. And Pierre, of course, was sane. He was tired, angry, he had been drinking—her ignorance, her inexperience led her to put little emphasis on the effects of the poison sold at the town saloon. When he was warm and fed and rested he would be quite himself again. She went about preparing a meal in spite of his words.

He did not seem to notice this. He had taken his eyes from her at last and was busy with the fire. She, too, busy and reassured by the familiar occupation, ceased to watch him. Her pulses were quiet now. She was even beginning to be glad of his return. Why had she been so frightened? Of course, after such a terrible journey alone in the bitter cold, he would look strange. Her father, when he came back smelling of liquor, had always been more than usually morose and unlike his every-day self. He would sit over the stove and tell her the story of his crime. They were horrible home-comings, horrible evenings, but the next morning they would seem like dreams. Tomorrow this strangeness of Pierre's would be mistlike and unreal.

"I seen your sin-buster in town," said Pierre. He was squatting on his heels over the fire which he had built up to a great blaze and glow and he spoke in a queer sing-song tone through his teeth. "He asked after you real kind. He wanted to know how you was gettin' on with the education he's ben handin' out to you. I tell him that you was right satisfied with me an' my ways an' hed quit his books. I didn't know as you was havin' such a good time durin' my absence."

Joan was cruelly hurt. His words seemed to fall heavily upon her heart.

"I wasn't hev'in' a good time, I was missin' you, Pierre," said she in a low tremolo of grieving music. "Them books, they seemed like they was all the company I hed."

"You looked like you was missin' me," he sneered. "The sin-buster an' I had words about you, Joan. Yes'm, he give me quite a line of preachin' about you, Joan, as how you hed oughter develop yer own life in yer own way—along the lines laid out by him. I told him as how I knowed best what was right an' fittin' fer my own wife; as how, with a mother like your'n you needed watchin' more'n learnin'; as how you belonged to me an' not to him. An', says he, 'She don't belong to any man, Pierre Landis,' he said, 'neither to you nor to me. She belongs to her own self.' I'll see that she belongs to me, I said. I'll fix her so she'll know it an' every other feller will."

At that he turned from the fire and straightened to his feet.

Joan moved backward slowly to the door. He had made no threatening sign or movement, but her fear had come overwhelmingly upon her and every instinct urged her to flight. But before she touched the handle of the door, he flung himself with deadly, swift force and silence across the room and took her in his arms. With all her wonderful strength, Joan could not break away from him. He dragged her back to the hearth, tied her elbows behind her with the scarf from his neck, that very scarf he had worn when the dawn had shed a wistful beauty upon him, waiting for her on a morning not so very long ago. Joan went weak.

"Pierre," she cried pitifully, "what are you a-goin' to do to me?"

He roped her to the heavy post of a set of shelves built against the wall. Then he stood away, breathing fast.

"Now whose gel are you, Joan Carver?" he asked her.

"You know I'm yours, Pierre," she sobbed. "You got no need to tie me to make me say that."

"I got to tie you to make you do more'n say it. I got to make sure you

Started Savings Bank.

The plan of a humble Presbyterian minister for the good of his people in a remote parish led to the post office savings bank in Great Britain with 1,200 million dollar deposits by poor people. It was Doctor Duncan of Ruthwell, whose brilliant gifts might have fitted him for a far wider sphere, who started his savings bank in a little whitewashed cottage. It was successful and soon copied all over Scotland.

Weakness in Dissimulation.

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong will and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it; therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.—Bacon.



She Turned Her Head, All That She Could Turn.

are it. I—fire won't take the sureness out of me after this." She turned her head, all that she could turn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRY SULPHUR ON AN ECZEMA SKIN

Costs Little and Overcomes Trouble Almost Over Night

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

It seldom fails to relieve the torment without delay. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowles' Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage TANNING Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by going at any drug store for a bottle of "Wash's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

Well-known druggists say it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

If Back Hurts Begin on Salts

Flush Your Kidneys Occasionally by Drinking Quarts of Good Water

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Too much rich food creates acids which clog the kidney pores so that they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood. Then you get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin to drink soft water in quantities; also get about four ounces of Jad-Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and can not injure; makes a delightful effervescent mineral-water drink, which everyone can take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby often preventing serious kidney complications. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

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Tomorrow Afloat
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"Better Than Pills For Liver, No."
Get a 25c. Box.
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10,000 REPORTERS WANTED TO SEND IN ITEMS TO THIS GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER! LET NO NEWS ESCAPE! "EVERY READER A REPORTER!" THEM'S OUR MOTYER!



Fast Traveling.
Friend (to road-hog, as a picturesque hamlet appears in the distance)—
"There's a pretty village—wasn't it?"

Insect bites?
MENTHOLATUM
stops the itching and gives comfort.

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Fresh Fruits are Plentiful!
Use the short CERTO-Process for making jam and jelly with Berries, Cherries, Peaches and other fruits in season. You will find they are the best jams and jellies you ever tasted.
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Wrapped with every bottle. If a recipe booklet which tells the story.
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If you are lame every morning and suffer urinary ills, there must be a cause. Often it's weak kidneys. To strengthen the weakened kidneys and avert more serious troubles, use Doan's Kidney Pills. You can rely on East Jordan testimony.
Mrs. Henry Ribble, Bridge St., says: "I wasn't in condition to do anything on account of a weak, sore back. When I straightened up from a stooping position terrible knife-like pains caught me in my back. For a time I didn't rest at all and was tired out. I became nervous and depressed and was often irritable. Black specks often appeared before me and I suffered from headaches. I saw in the paper how well Doan's Kidney Pills were liked, so I purchased a few boxes at Gidley & Mac's Drug Store and they cured me."
50c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

SCHOOL DAYS

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THE REFOR COURTIGUS

Something to Think About
By F. A. WALKER

THE COUNTEenance
SOME countenances are like sealed packages, impenetrable to the sharpest eye; others resemble an open volume whose every line can be read in a passing glance, provided, of course, that the reader has intuition and can glimpse the soul on the threshold and interpret its signals.
A blash often speaks more eloquently than carefully chosen words; a tear tells the tale of sorrow that tongue fails utterly to name; a pallor communicates in a language of its own, fully read and comprehended at a glance.
Each one of these changes in the countenance speaks directly from the heart, voices the heart's emotions, its faith or doubt, its gladness or grief, its hope or despair.
Look on the sunny countenance of the child and see beaming there the joy it brought only a year or so ago from the heavens; gaze upon the face of the old man, seamed with the passage of years, and behold the far-away look in his eyes trying to ken the unfathomably mystery of the future hidden off there in the dark which he cannot penetrate.
One is bubbling with joyous anticipation, the other is dreading, he knows not what.
The child laughs, dances and sings; the man sighs and groans, eager to leave his tenement of clay, yet afraid to go. Life in one is just beginning; in the other it is merging with the shadows.
All these feelings are legible in the countenance of humans everywhere; all are written in the same language which requires no interpreter to divulge its meaning, save the close observing eye.
To explain these impressions in words would require hours, yet the trained eye can read them in a moment and get from them their true significance without making an error or missing an accent.
A voice may change with inflection and give words a new meaning, but a message once written on the countenance becomes deeper and stronger with the advancing years.
The kindly eye grows kinder, the vile eye more leering and bestial, good and evil qualities recognized in an instant.
The face is a tablet upon which Time writes unerringly of the soul as it journeys through this world in quest of some undefined pleasure which it seems never to find.
(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Broken Dreams
By GRACE E. HALL

THERE'S a little trunk in the attic, And its key is red with rust, There are cobwebs all around it, And the top is gray with dust; The spiders weave o'er the handles, And swing from the strap of brown, And no one's there who seems to care When the lid was fastened down.
But, oh, there was ne'er a treasure More precious than that inside; A wardrobe of tiny measure, For the little boy who died; The dreams of a life are folded, In the raiment he did not use, And the mother's tears flow through the years For the baby she had to lose.
She fashioned each dainty garment With love that was strong and deep; In the gown she had sensed the rapture Of seeing her darling sleep; Had glimpsed him in every wee thing, And held him against her breast, The soft pink form so sweet and warm, That lovingly she caressed.
But he was a fragile blossom That needed the higher air, One almost fancied a halo Lay soft on his silky hair; He could not wait for the dresses— God called, and he had to heed, And the trunk shall hold, like bits of gold, The garments he did not need. (© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

Mother's Cook Book

A vigorous temper is not altogether an evil; men who are as easy as an old shoe are generally of as little worth.—Spurgeon.
FOOD WE LIKE
WHERE fresh clams in the shell are in the market, remove the clams without breaking the shells apart. Wash the shells and clams. Make a dressing of soaked bread crumbs, two eggs, a half teaspoonful of salt, butter to season and a little sage or poultry dressing if liked. Pack the clams in the dressing and push back into the shells, press them together and bake in a hot oven.
Horseradish Sauce.
This is very good served with fish. Mix four tablespoonfuls of fresh grated horseradish, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of cayenne. Chill. Just before serving fold in one cupful of whipped cream; less cream will be satisfactory.
Sweet Potato Biscuit.
Take two cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of mashed sweet potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, and milk to mix. Add the shortening to the flour in the usual way for pastry or biscuit, then add the mashed potato in the same way. Add milk to make of the consistency to roll, roll one-third inch thick, and cut into rounds. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.
Sweet Potato Custard.
Beat three eggs, separating the yolks and whites, grate three cupfuls of sweet potato uncooked, measure one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter and sugar. Add the egg yolk, potatoes, milk, spices, salt and vanilla. Put into a buttered baking dish, dot with bits of butter and bake covered for the first of the baking. Serve from the dish. This will be good served with boiled ham.
Nellie Maxwell
(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

ONCE IS ENOUGH

Learning Habits of Birds.
Through the work of the United States biological survey and its 490 co-operators, 6,000 birds were banded for identification during the last year, and thus valuable information about the migratory and other flight habits of the birds was obtained.

Increase Needed in Supply of Rye
In Many Localities Crop Will Give Better Yields and More Food Than Wheat.
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
From an agricultural point of view there is need of a considerable permanent increase in the production of rye in this country, says the United States Department of Agriculture. In many localities rye will give better yields and more food per acre than wheat. In other localities not now growing any bread grain rye will give good yields where wheat would not succeed. There is much sandy land in the southern part of the Cotton belt that would produce rye successfully, but where climatic and soil conditions make wheat growing unprofitable. In other parts of the country also the rye crop will be more successful than wheat on thin, sandy, and sour soils.
Hardier Than Wheat.
Rye is also harder than wheat. The rye belt of the United States extends across the country about 300 miles north of the winter wheat belt. In the present spring-wheat area of the northern Mississippi valley winter wheat generally will not survive the winter unless given protection. Rye is the only winter grain hardy enough to withstand these severe conditions. A fall-sown crop is desired, as it distributes labor in both the seeding and harvesting seasons. The rye is largely "stubbled in"—that is, sown in the stubble of other small grain—in the fall and in harvest before the other grains are ready. In the winter-wheat areas generally rye can be sown later than wheat, thus enlarging farm activities.
The risk in growing rye is generally somewhat less than it is with wheat, particularly spring wheat. Rust and hot weather do not affect it so unfavorably, and Hessian fly and other insect pests are not so liable to cause damage. Besides the growing of rye for grain there is a large use of it as winter cover and green manure. Its general adaptability and hardness make it particularly desirable for this purpose, especially when grown in combination with hardy legumes, like hairy vetch. Much land in the eastern states is being enriched by use of this combination of cover crops.
Demand Increases Production.
Whenever there is a marked demand for rye its production in the United States is largely increased. A marked increase occurred during the war, following an enlarged foreign demand, small crops of wheat, and restrictions on the use of wheat in this country. This increased production has persisted, largely on account of maintaining foreign demand, the rye crop in 1922 being more than double the 1919 crop. This increase in rye sowings is important in its significance as to the place of rye in American agriculture.

AJAX TIRES

SATISFACTION is assured when you use Ajax Cords. They combine high mileage and fine appearance with reasonable cost.
AJAX CORD, ROAD KING, PARAGON

EAST JORDAN GARAGE
J. W. LALONDE, Proprietor

Red Crown
The High-Grade Gasoline
Adds to the Joy of Motoring

THE spirit of the day is to be out in the open; to seek the by-places; to get closer to nature; here today, there tomorrow.
Hard roads and automobiles have made it possible for one to do all of these things in the companionship of his family.
The chief contributing factor to motoring is gasoline—the chief joy of motoring is to know you have a dependable gasoline in the tank. Red Crown, the High-Grade Gasoline, is dependable. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) guarantees the uniformity of Red Crown.
With Red Crown in your tank your motor sings along the road; eager, purring, at a snail's pace or at high speed, as you please.
Red Crown is always the same, no matter where you get it, and you can get it everywhere—every few blocks in the city; every few miles in the country.

Buy Red Crown
At the following Filling Stations and Garages:
E. E. Goodman, Main St.
Chas. Strehl, Bridge St.
E. M. Valentine, Chestonia, Mich.
And at any Standard Oil Service Station
Standard Oil Company, East Jordan, Mich. (Indiana)

Gas! you will drive a longer stretch between stops if you get yourself into the habit of stopping for gas at the TEXACO pump at East Jordan Co-operative Association

DETROIT FLIERS BURN IN CRASH

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS FALL AND DIE IN EXPLOSION WHICH FOLLOWS

STRAPS PREVENT THEIR RESCUE

Plane, Flying Low to Take Pictures, Drops Two Hundred Feet To the Ground.

Windsor, Ont.—Strapped in the seats of their airplane and fully conscious, Howard K. Neal and Eugene Renkert, both Detroit commercial photographers, were burned to death Saturday, when the airplane in which they were flying nose-dived and fell 200 feet to the ground and burst into flames on the farm of James Cahill, seven miles southwest of Windsor on the Huron Line road.

The two men left Packard Field, Roseville, Mich., in their plane, presumably to obtain a number of photographs. Flying over the Huron Line district, the plane was noticed by spectators to be experiencing difficulty. The motor began mis-firing, and Renkert, the pilot, was seen to be making strenuous efforts to right his machine.

The plane swooped down to a point about 100 feet above the ground, eye witnesses say, and ascended again to about 200 feet, where it hovered for a moment on even keel.

The next minute, the plane's nose pointed up, hesitated a moment, and the machine dropped to the earth, striking some telephone wires and a tree in its descent. The machine struck nose foremost against a stump and almost immediately caught fire.

Francis E. Henderson, Detroit, who witnessed the accident, failed in attempts to liberate one of the fliers.

Henderson clutched at the flier's coat in an effort to drag him from the plane, the flimsy fabric of which was then burning fiercely, but the flier was strapped to his seat, and Henderson was forced to retire in the face of the roaring flames that spurted from the gasoline tank, which exploded at that moment.

Both men were burned beyond recognition and the airplane reduced to a heap of smouldering wreckage and twisted wires.

AMBUSHERS SLAY EX-BANDIT

Former Rebel Chief To Be Given Military Burial.

Mexico City—Francisco Villa, former rebel chieftain, was killed in an ambush near Parral, in the state of Chihuahua, it was confirmed by the department of the Interior. President Obregon, it was announced, has ordered that full military honors be rendered at the funeral.

The official announcement gave few details, stating only that Villa with his personal secretary, Colonel Miguel Trillo, and an escort had been ambushed while en route from Villa's ranch at Canutillo to Parral.

About half a dozen men comprised the band of assassins. They fired upon Villa and his men from a house they were passing and are reported to have made their escape.

Three members of the band responsible for the death of Villa, his secretary, Miguel Trillo, and two body guards, were captured by a detachment of federal soldiers a short distance from Parral, according to information received at Juarez.

BRITAIN URGES KUHR SOLUTION

Suggests Commission Be Appointed to Confer on German Debt.

London—England's draft of the note to Germany dispatched to the Allied governments—France, Belgium, Italy, Japan and the United States—awaits their reply, but only the reply of France is causing any apprehension.

The government is desirous that the United States participate in the settlement and anxious for an American to head the proposed commission to inquire into Germany's capacity to pay.

The names of Ellihu Root and E. M. House are suggested for the chairmanship of the commission.

It is semi-officially stated that the note follows the plan outlined in Premier Stanley Baldwin's recent speech in the house of commons.

Unofficially, it is said that the document is firm in tone, and suggests that Germany cease passive resistance and begin to think about paying up, but all such forecasts are unauthorized.

Typhoid Claims Fewer Victims.

New York—Control of typhoid fever has made such progress that in 1922 the death rate for this disease was the lowest ever recorded, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Based on statistics from one-seventh of the total population of the United States and Canada, the death rate in the year mentioned was 5.6 per 100,000 of population. In 1911 the rate was 22.8 per 100,000. These figures are particularly cheering to the American public.

MARKET REPORT

FURNISHED BY U. S. BUREAU OF MARKETS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fruits and Vegetables

Prices reported July 19: Irish cobbler potatoes from the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland \$4.50@6.75 per bbl. ...

Hay

Quoted July 18: No. 1 timothy Chicago \$22.50; Philadelphia \$24.50; Pittsburg \$22.50; Atlanta \$27. ...

Feed

Quoted July 18: Minneapolis bran \$19.50; middlings \$24; flour middlings \$28. ...

Closing prices in Chicago cash market:

No. 2 red winter wheat \$1.03; No. 2 hard winter wheat \$1.03; No. 2 mixed corn \$0.86; No. 2 yellow corn \$0.86; No. 3 white corn \$0.82; Average sorghum \$0.80; No. 2 mixed corn in Central Iowa \$0.80; No. 2 hard winter wheat in Central Kansas \$0.76; No. 1 dark Northern wheat in Central Dakota \$0.77; ...

Live Stock and Meats

July 19 prices—Chicago live stock: Hogs, top \$7.25; bulk of sales \$6.40@7.55; medium and good beef steers \$7.75@10.05; butchers' cuts \$7.00@8.00; ...

Dairy Products

Closing prices of 92 score butter: New York 35-1-4c; Chicago 37-1-2c; Philadelphia 39-1-2c; Boston 39c. ...

East Buffalo Live Stock

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle: Slow. Hogs: Low \$15.15; top \$16.75. Sheep: Stands: Top \$10.50; yearlings, \$10@12; wethers \$8@8.50; ewes, \$6@7.25. Calves, \$13.

DETROIT QUOTATIONS

CATTLE—Fancy yearlings, \$9.50@10; best heavy steers, dry, \$8.50@9; best handy wt butcher steers, dry, \$7.50@8; mixed steers and heifers, \$6@7; handy light butchers, \$5.50@6.50; ...

BUTTER AND EGGS

BUTTER—Best creamery, in tubs, 35@36c per lb. EGGS—Fresh, current receipts, 23@24c; candied firsts, 24@25 1-2c per doz.

Farm Products

BLACKBERRIES—\$2.50@3 per 16-quart case. CHERRIES—Michigan sour, 16-quart cases, \$1.75@2; 24-quart cases, \$2.50@3.75; sweet cherries, \$2.50@2.75 per 16-quart case.

MELONS—Watermelons, 60@90c each; California cantaloupes, \$4@4.50 per standard crate; Arizona cantaloupes, \$5.25@7.75 per standard crate; pink meats, \$3.50@4 per doz.

RASPBERRIES—Red, \$2@2.50 per 24-pint case; \$1.50 per 12-pint case and \$1.00 per 6-pint case. Black, \$1.50@2.25 per 24-pint case.

PEACHES—Georgia, Carman, \$2.25@2.50; Illinois, Belle, \$2@2.50 per bu. APPLES—New, \$2.75@3 per bu. ASPARAGUS—Michigan, \$2.35@2.50 per doz.

HONEY—Comb, 23@25c per lb. NEW POTATOES—Cobblers, \$6.75@7 per bu. CABBAGE—Home grown, \$1.25@1.50 per bu. POPCORN—Little Buster, 7-1-2@8c per pound.

POTATOES—Michigan, \$1.50@1.75 per 15-lb sack; Michigan cold storage, \$2.25@2.50 per sack. DRESSED CALVES—Best country dressed, \$1.40@1.50 per 100-lb grade, 12@13c; city dressed, 16@17c per 100-lb grade.

LETTUCE—50@60c per bu; iceberg, \$3.50@4 per case. KENTUCKY—Virginia hampers, \$2; Kentucky, \$3.50 per 100-lb sack; Spanish, \$2.25 per crate. TOMATOES—Canadian, \$2.75@3 per 15-lb basket; Michigan 4-bushel flat, \$1.25@1.50; repacked, \$6@7 per 6-basket crate; hothouse, \$2@2.25 per 10-lb basket, \$1.60@1.75 per 7-lb basket.

SWEET POTATOES—Nancy Hall, \$2@2.25 per hamper. CELERY—Kalamazoo, 40@50c per doz. WHEAT—Cash No. 2 red, .-c 2 white and No. 2 mixed, \$1.18. YELLOW CORN—Cash No. 2, 94c; No. 3, 93c; No. 4, 91c. WHITE OATS—Cash No. 2, 47c; No. 3, 46c; No. 4, 45c. RYE—Cash No. 2, 68c. BEANS—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$5.50 per cwt. SIBBER—Prime red clover, \$10; October, \$11; alsike, \$9; timothy, \$3.30. HAY—No. 1 timothy, \$18.50@19; standard, \$18.50@19; mixed, \$18@18.50; No. 2 timothy, \$18.50@19; No. 1 clover mixed, \$18@19; No. 1 clover straw, \$11@11.50; wheat and oat straw, \$10.50@11 per ton in carlots.

FEED—Bran, \$30; standard middlings, \$34; fine middlings, \$36@38.50; chop, corn, \$4; coarse corn, \$3.50; chop, \$3.50@3.75 per ton in 100-lb sacks. FEED—Fancy spring wheat patents, \$7.25@7.50; fancy winter wheat patents, \$7.50@8.20; second winter wheat patents, \$6.25@6.80; winter wheat straights, \$5.50@6.75 per bu. New carrots, 75c@81c per doz; new beets, 60@75c per doz; new turnips, \$1.50@2 per bu; round cabbages, \$1.50@2 per bu; round cabbages, \$1.50@2 per bu; parsley, 50@60c per doz; Louisiana peppers, \$1@1.25 per 4-basket flat and \$1.50@1.75 hamper; bushel spinach, \$1.75@2.25; cucumbers, \$1.35@1.40 per doz; home grown wax beans, \$3.50@4 per bu; home grown green beans, \$3.50@4 per bu; eggplant in Louisiana, hampers, \$2@2.25; home grown tomatoes, \$1.50@2 per doz; green onions, 4@50c per doz; green peas, \$1.25@1.50 per bu.

DAWN TO DUSK FLIGHT FAILS

OIL LEAK, THAT REPAIRS DO NOT OVERCOME, CAUSES SECOND ATTEMPT TO END.

COVERS 1925 MILES ON TRIP

Ready to Make Third Trial if the Army Approves—Second Failure in 10 Days

Rock Springs, Wyo.—Failure marked the second attempt within ten days of Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan, army aviator, to span the North American continent between dawn and dusk when an oil leak forced him to land here.

He had traversed more than two-thirds of the United States, a total of 1,925 miles, and he was hurtling toward his goal at a speed of 170 miles an hour after leaving three of his five scheduled stopping points behind him in his race with the sun when he was forced to descend.

A tiny stream of oil spurting from an almost invisible aperture in the oil cooler of the Curtis pursuit plane, necessitated the cancellation of the flight.

A similar delay had caused nearly an hour's delay at Cheyenne, Wyo., his third stopping place, shortly after noon, and Maughan was driving his motor at top speed to regain lost time.

For more than 200 miles westward from Cheyenne, the motor raced smoothly, but at Rock Springs the cooler suddenly began to leak. Maughan passed over the air mail field determined to continue to Sauiduro, Utah, the next stopping place.

As the fumes from the escaping oil became stronger, however, he turned back and landed at the almost deserted field.

A brief examination by two pilots convinced Maughan that it would be impossible to reach San Francisco the western terminus of his flight, before dark.

Asked pointedly if he would fly again in an attempt to span the continent, he replied "I don't know." He added that this was "up to the air service officials at Washington."

WHEAT CROPS GIVEN TO HOGS

Thousands of Farmers Let Herds Fatten on Unharvested Grain.

Chicago—Thousands of farmers in the grain belt have found a means of realizing a dollar or more a bushel on wheat, despite the fact that the grain commands only 85 cents in the market, it was announced here by the American farm bureau federation.

Reports from every part of the wheat country, it was said, showed farmers to be turning their herds of hogs into the wheat fields to fatten the stock and simultaneously save the cost of harvesting.

With wheat at 85 cents, two cents lower than corn, and pork prices at their present level, the farmer gets the dollar or more by converting his wheat into pork, the federation explained.

More simply expressed, it is cheaper to feed the hogs wheat than corn and, in addition, the wheat has greater food value than corn.

The disclosure was made in connection with the federation's movement to have farmers store 200,000,000 bushels of wheat on their farms and finance it under the new intermediate credit act.

RUHR PROTEST HANDED TO U. S.

Germans Say Allies Seize Pretext in Continuation of Blockade.

Washington—Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt, the German ambassador, delivered to Secretary Hughes a copy of the protest which the German government has lodged with the French and Belgian governments against continuation of the blockade established by French and Belgian forces, preventing passage of persons between the occupied and unoccupied portions of Germany.

The protest said the blockade, ordered in retaliation for alleged sabotage by Germans, was to have continued until July 16, but the expulsion by the German police from unoccupied Germany of two French soldiers who had purloined smugglers from the occupied zone, was made the pretext for an indefinite extension of the order which, it is contended, is inflicting great hardships and injury on many innocent people.

The note left with Secretary Hughes was for purposes of information and requires no action by the state department.

Machine Gun for Each Soldier

Washington—Every doughboy may be practically a machine gunner in future wars, due to progress made by ordnance experts in developing a semi-automatic shoulder rifle to replace the regular service magazine gun. Recent demonstration firing with the latest post-war model, the Grant semi-automatic, at the Aberdeen Md., proving grounds, has convinced many officers that they are on the road to the long-sought solution of the proper weapon for the infantry.

Report of Annual School Meeting

East Jordan, Michigan, July 10, 1923

Minutes of Annual School meeting of District No. 4, South Arm Township, Charlevoix County.

Minutes of Annual Meeting of July 10, 1921 read and approved. Annual financial statement and estimated expenditures read and approved. Report of Treasurer, L. A. Hoyt, read and approved. The term of L. A. Hoyt having expired, L. A. Hoyt being nominated, it was moved that rules be suspended and Secretary cast unanimous vote for Mr. Hoyt, carried. Moved school year be 9 1/2 months, carried. Moved that school start at 8:00 o'clock standard time, carried. Moved to adjourn, carried.

DR. CHAS. H. PRAY, Secretary

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF SCHOOL DIST. NO. 4, FRL., SOUTH ARM TOWNSHIP FOR YEAR ENDING JULY 9, 1923

Table with columns RECEIPTS and DEBITMENTS. RECEIPTS: Cash on hand \$231.52, Primary 10,319.40, Library 210.22, State 917.80, Rent 18.74, Ck. for Bags 92.10, Tuition 2,152.28, Sale of Books 936.10, Delinquent 1,066.66, Gen. Taxes 51,208.29, Loans 15,000.00. Total 82,153.11.

DISBURSEMENTS

Table with columns DISBURSEMENTS and BALANCE. DISBURSEMENTS: Loans Paid \$22,000.00, GENERAL CONTROL: Board of Education, Supt. Salary, Supplies, Office Hire, etc. 3,322.50, INSTRUCTIONAL SERVICE: Teachers' Salaries, Text Books, & Other Supplies 32,374.00, OPERATION OF PLANT: Janitor's Wages, Fuel, Lights, Transportation of Pupils, Care of Buildings and Grounds 5,335.50, MAINTENANCE: Repairs and Upkeep of Buildings, Office Equipment, Fixtures, etc. 865.75, CAPITOL OUTLAY: Bonds, Interest, Equipment of New Buildings & Upkeep of all Building and Grounds etc. 16,263.00, AUXILIARY AGENCIES: Library, Health, Insurance, etc. 1,936.99. Total 82,096.74. Cash on Hand 66.37. Total 82,153.11.

Financial Condition of District July 9, 1923

Table with columns ASSETS and LIABILITIES. ASSETS: School Property \$130,000.00, Text Books 650.00, Cash on Hand 56.37. Total \$130,706.37. LIABILITIES: Bonded Indebtedness \$45,000.00, Short Term Loans 15,000.00, Net Balance 70,706.37. Total \$130,706.37.

Estimated Expenditures for 1923-24

Table with columns ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES. Coal \$2,000.00, Bonds and Interest 14,000.00, Teachers' Salaries 28,500.00, Incidentals 1,500.00, Janitor's wages and Transportation of Pupils 2,600.00, Electric Lights 500.00, Secretary's Salary 250.00. Total \$49,350.00.

IRA D. BARTLETT, President CHAS. H. PRAY, Secretary

MORTGAGE SALE

Whereas, default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Ira McKee and wife, Jennie McKee of the township of Eveline, Charlevoix County, Michigan, in favor of the State Bank of East Jordan, said mortgage bearing date the 17th day of April, 1918, and being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, in fiber 55 of mortgages on page 6, on the 19th day of April, 1918, and, Whereas, by reason of said default there is now claimed to be due and is due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, and attorney fee, the sum of Twelve Hundred Sixty-five and 69/100 (\$1265.69) Dollars, and that no suit or proceeding at law or equity have been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage of any part thereof.

Now, Therefore, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the Statute of the State of Michigan in such cases made and provided, the undersigned will sell the premises described in said mortgage at public auction for cash, to the highest bidder, on Tuesday the 2nd day of October, 1923, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the court house in the city of Charlevoix, county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, that being the building wherein the circuit court for the county of Charlevoix is held. The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit: "The West half (1/2) of the Northeast quarter (1/4) of Section Twenty-three (23) of Township Thirty-three (33) North, Range Seven (7) West," together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debt, and costs aforesaid. Dated, East Jordan, Michigan, June, 29th, 1923.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN, Mortgagee. By A. J. Sufferin, Cashier. CLINK & WILLIAMS, Attorneys for Mortgagee, Business Address, East Jordan, Michigan.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Charlevoix in said County, on the 12th day of July A. D. 1923.

Present, Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Hattie Keenholds, Deceased.

Grace L. O'Connor having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of her death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, That the 7th day of August A. D. 1923, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, once each week for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 16th day of July A. D. 1923.

Present, Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Esther Shier, Deceased.

John Shier having filed his petition, praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased and that administration of said estate be granted to Henry W. Cook and Henry Scholls or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 11th day of August A. D. 1923 at ten a. m. at said Probate Office is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That Public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said County. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

Hopeless.

"When a mew wakes up his mind," said Eph. Monday, "I jes' as soon try t' change hit as t' argue my wife into believe'n she married a bargain."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Sadder.

"Can anything be sadder than work left unfinished?" asks a writer. Yes; work never begun.—Boston Transcript.

Hugh W. Dicken Physician and Surgeon East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128 Office Hours: 11:00 to 12:00 a. m. 2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois. OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLOCK East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 196.

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

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. And Evenings. Phone No. 233.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL Doctor of Veterinary Science GRADUATE AND REGISTERED VETERINARIAN, DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY. Phone The Inn EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

NOTICE Anyone wishing to have CHIROPRACTIC treatments write or call W. H. LAWRY D. C. Phon 347 Charlevoix.