

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 10

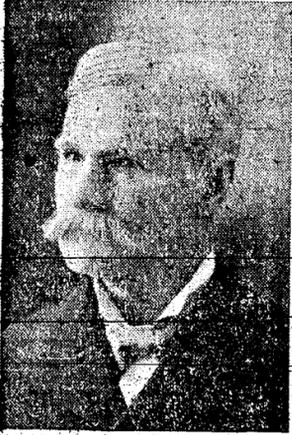
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906.

No 35

## Trusts The People

Hence Mr. Darragh Has Nothing To Fear From Them.

The charge that Mr. Darragh has attempted to build up a political ring in this district is so far from the truth that it needs only to be mentioned to be refuted. In all his appointments he has attempted to ascertain the wish of a majority of the people in the locality where an appointment was made and act accordingly. Of course it has not always been possible to sat-



HON. A. B. DARRAGH.

His rival candidates or theirs, but he has always consulted the good of the service. It is notably true that instead of turning out the appointees of his predecessor and building up a political machine of his own, he stood loyally by those who had the support of their own people. A machine politician would not have secured primary reform for his district. Mr. Darragh trusts his interests to the people because he has stood by them. Does this look like a "ringster"?

## Third Term Darragh and Covell.

The opposition to Mr. Darragh, because he is serving his third term, forget that the argument loses all force when they advocate Mr. Covell, who also is a third term officer and four-year terms at that. Do his friends kindly intend to let Mr. Covell change offices every nine or ten years, before his term expires, so that he can stay in the rest of his life? Looks something like machinery, don't it?

Mr. Covell is now drawing \$3,590 annual salary, with all expenses paid when away from home on official business. If elected to congress he will have the expenses of a second congressional campaign in two years, which will occur about one year before his present term as United States district attorney expires. Further, as congressman Mr. Covell will be obliged to pay the cost of living in Washington in a style that will be creditable to him and his district.

Under the circumstances it seems a little greedy for Mr. Covell to want the congressional nomination. There would be nothing wrong in letting him draw his handsome salary for the next three years. Most men would think they were well cared for and content if they could draw \$3,500 per year, with expenses paid, for twelve long years, the length of Mr. Covell's three terms.

By all means renominate Mr. Darragh for the next two years and his past experience will make him a more valuable congressman than ever before.

## Six Straws

Show Congressional Wind Strongly Favorable to Darragh.

Petitions circulated in the various counties of the district are some indication of public sentiment. At the time of going to press reports received from six counties are as follows:

For Darragh	For Covell
Mecosta, 1,174	203
Montcalm, 1,284	831
Gratiot, 2,020	144
Isabella, 1,454	163
Roscommon, 225	17
Kalkaska, 400	50

Majestic Steel Ranges excel all others.

Couches all grades and prices found at Whittington's.

At Cost—A Few Trunks and Suit Cases—Strobel Bros.

## School Monday

Faculty all Engaged for the Year's Work.

The East Jordan Public Schools begin the school year of 1906-7 next Monday, Sept. 3rd, on this day school will convene only long enough to assign lessons, organize and classify, and it is highly important that all students should be present to begin the year aright. Supt. Fuller will be at his office to meet students on Monday between 10:30 a. m. and noon, and 2:00 to 3:30 in the afternoon. A Teacher's Meeting is called at 3:30.

Our buildings will be crowded this year and the Sixth Grade is assigned to the building adjoining the Catholic church.

The faculty for ensuing year is composed of the following:

H. H. Fuller, Supt.  
Lucille Smith, principal; English.  
Anna Brady, Latin and German.  
Mary Hunter, Music and Drawing.  
Beatrice Callahan, Seventh and Eighth Grades, assist in High School.  
Vera Herrick, Sixth Grade.

## Wont Go There Again.

Here's the way the Eastern Michigan Press Club's jaunt to East Aurora, N. Y., terminated. President Glaspie tells about it in his paper, the Oxford Leader.

Among other things he says:

Members of the Eastern Michigan Press Club after hearing of the wonderful work of the Roygraffers of East Aurora were inveigled into making a trip to that mecca-a-mecca for suckers, half-baked individuals, female alliticles and fancy book-bindings. We arrived safely in the little burg to find that Alex. Dowie was being given a run for his money, while Brigham Young's record was in danger of being turned to the wall. The institution, the greatest of one grasping individual, is long on graft and artistic temperament, but short on grub and marriage licenses. The artistic book binding is done by a few artists dipped into drawing low wages and a body of students who pay for learning the trade, while the output of their labor makes a million plinks of the mazuma for the boss booster of the bunch. Heralded as one of the seven wonders of the sociological and industrial world, the place is simply the master palace of graft, sham and humbug's realm.

The Fra. was away from his peaceful nook and wife, or affinity, No 2 (or was it No. 3?) did the honors of the occasion for the visiting pen-pushers. What there is of the place is interesting as showing what the Prince of Grafters can accomplish, but the work done there is greatly over estimated. True, there is turned out some of the finest book binding in the country, but the workmen are given plenty of time to finish the product—"take all the time you want but do it well" is the slogan—and who would not be willing to instruct his workmen when they are paying for the privilege of working while the output of their efforts net the high-monkey-monk nearly a million? The only consolation given to the Wolverine editors was the statement made by the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railway.

"Why" said he, "you are not the only suckers." During the Pan American, 226,000 people were carried over our road to the home of the Roygraffers and all returned disgusted with the place. These deluded individuals absorbing maxims and free love from the Billionaire each month will do well to do one thing when starting to visit the Roygraffers—don't go."

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## EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

ELK RAPIDS TRAVERSE CITY  
Sunday, September 3, rate \$1.00  
Train will leave Charlevoix at 8:30 a. m. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR  
DETROIT  
AUGUST 30th. September 8th.

One fare and fifty cents, including Admission Coupon. Date of Sale—August 30th to September 7th.

Return Limit—September 8th. See posters, or ask Agents for particulars.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

## Celebrate

# LABOR DAY

(Monday, Sept. 3rd, 1906.)

AT

## EAST JORDAN.

Charlevoix, Boyne City and East Jordan I. L. M. & T. A. Locals.

Participate.

## PROGRAM.

10:00 a. m. Addresses by Able Speakers.

1:00 p. m. Street Games as Follows:

1	Boys' Running Race (under 14)	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$ .50
2	100-yard Dash		2.00	1.00
3	Potato Race	1.50	1.00	.50
4	1/2-mile Race (From Scott's Corner to Enterprise Bldg.)	4.00	3.00	2.00
5	Shoe Race (boys under 14)	2.00	1.50	.50
6	Fat Man's Race—200 lbs.		2.00	1.00
7	Wheelbarrow Race (R. B. F.)		2.00	1.00
8	Running Broad Jump		2.00	1.00
9	Running High Jump		2.00	1.00
10	Tub Race		2.00	1.00
11	Walking Greased Pole over water		2.00	1.00
12	Hose Fight—two men on a side		4.00	2.00
13	Tug of War, Pearsall & Dixon, captains.			

Box of "Old Sols."

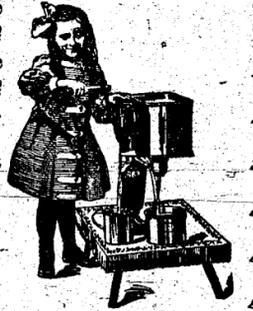
Those wishing to enter the various sports MUST BE ON HAND AND READY when contests are called.

8:30 Base Ball Game—Deward vs. East Jordan; Admission 25c, Ladies Free.

## Holiday Excursion Rates on All Lines.

## Lame Horses Are Poor Travellers.

Did you ever try to drive a horse that went lame easily? Or one always afraid he wouldn't hear you say, whoa? Some horses can't travel because they are lame and others won't travel without a lot of urging. They are not the horses to buy. It's just the same with cream separators. Some are always out of fix, and some turn like corn shellers. Such separators don't have the up-to-date features found only in THE SHARPLES TUBULAR.



Buy a Tubular. Have a separator with waist low supply can, simple bowl hung from single, frictionless bearing and driven by wholly enclosed self-oiling gears—a separator a child can care for—one that will last a life-time. Will take a tubular all apart and show you how simple, strong and efficient it is.

## Supernaw Bros.

## Fresh and Cured MEATS

Home Made Sausage, Lard and Bologna.

Fresh Fish Every Week.

## Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables

"The Very Best of Everything," is our motto.

Special Attention is Called to our Delivering Goods All Day and to Any Part of the City. Phone No. 49.

## Sherman & Son's.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

## QUALITY

Should be the Paramount Consideration.

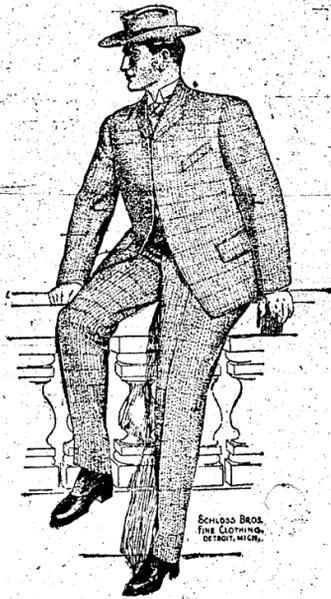
When A MAN prepares to make his purchase of a Fall Suit or Overcoat, his perception of quality may be dimmed by a price which looks attractive to him and a garment that has all the appearance of worth. Clothes quality must be on the inside as well as outside. It is as much the things that cannot be seen as those that can that count for quality. Avoid the unknown in favor of the known, and you are on the safe side. A dollar or two may be money saved if you get the right article. We can save you money by selling you a Strauss Bros. Overcoat, because the real value is there—perfect fit—dependable materials, and good workmanship. We submit these points for your consideration, and our wide assortment for your inspection.

Strauss Bros.' Overcoats. \$12.50 to \$22  
Strauss Bros.' Suits \$12.50 to \$25

New Clarendon Shirts, the \$1.50 Shirt for \$1.00.  
The Rindge, the great every-day Shoe, \$2.00 to \$3.50.  
The celebrated Royal Hats, \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Quality First of All, Our Motto.

# FRED E. BOOSINGER



When a Girl is Not?

A woman is a girl until she is 35, according to the board of managers of the Philadelphia Young Woman's Christian association. On her thirty-fifth birthday she cuts off the girlhood and becomes a woman. That is, she does it she looks it. If she is able with the aid of a switch and peroxide, rouge and the eyebrow pencil, to look or think she looks less than 35, then she is a girl so long as she is able to look or think she looks so. For fier still the chocolate carmel and the marshmallow, the American beauty and the matinee ticket, also the French heel and the straight front. As not many unmarried women ever arrive at the age when they do not look or think they look 35, it follows therefore that a woman is a girl as long as she wants to be, in spite of all the boards of lady managers in existence. Which is as it should be, or age is not, after all, a matter of wrinkles and graying, as it should be. For age is not, after all, of the spirit within. If we are immortal souls, it were preposterous to say that 35 years taken out of eternity can have any effect upon us; nor 70 years, for that matter, nor a hundred. If a woman's heart be pure "age cannot wither her," says the Chicago Journal. She is good, and goodness grows not old. She is tender, and tenderness knows no date. She is loving, and love is immortally young. Her hair may be white and scanty, her limbs feeble, her eyes dimmed, her once rosy cheek pale and sunken, but so long as the flame of life remains within her breast her husband and her children know that time has not altered her pure affection, which burns as bright as ever and is young eternally.

The Flood of Immigrants.

The official returns of immigration show that out of more than a million aliens who arrived in this country during the last fiscal year, 935,915 came by way of New York. Ellis island continues to be the great immigrant gateway to the United States. Of the New York arrivals 697,000 were males, who naturally predominate in such a movement. Only 38,296 of the immigrants were more than 40 years of age. Italy produced the largest quota, having sent 254,236 immigrants; Russia coming next with 163,316; Hungary contributed 128,247; Austria, 98,625; Great Britain and Ireland, 71,000; Germany, 30,800; and Scandinavia 33,000. Most of the new arrivals located in New York and Pennsylvania. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the southern states, a number of which have official agencies seeking recruits of this kind and have held out special inducements, very few of the newcomers went in that direction. Arkansas received seven, Georgia 63, Mississippi 24, North Carolina and South Carolina each 23 and Texas 856. A considerable number have recently gone to West Virginia, where mining furnishes employment. But other sections of the south, notwithstanding the genial climate and the inviting opportunities offered, are strangely neglected by the new arrivals.

The Black Man.

In an address before the Negro Young People's Christian and Editorial congress in Washington, Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte pursued a suggestive line of thought. He pointed to the fact, established by comprehensive experience, that the black race is the only one which has been able to live with white people. Indians, Australians and Polynesians have died off and disappeared before the advance of the white race, but the negroes have not only remained, but have increased and multiplied. From this condition the secretary drew the conclusion that the black men have a destiny to work out, and must compete with the white men in the effort to gain a livelihood. "There is no room in America for people who can't take care of themselves," said the secretary; and again: "You can't in this country rest and be thankful, for if you try to do this you will soon have nothing to be thankful for. The idle and sensual and benighted are never really free, and America now is a country only for freemen." That is sound practical sense and true patriotism, says the Troy Times. And come to think of it, the advice is as applicable to white as to colored men.

A woman believed to be the oldest in the United States, if not in the world, has just died at Laporte, Ind. She was Mrs. Ferdinand Reese, wife of an American but a native of Poland, where she was born, according to authentic records, 112 years ago. She was a girl of 18 when Napoleon invaded Russia, and had a vivid recollection of incidents of that memorable campaign. And the span of her life included a period of development the most wonderful the world has known.

MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

THE MISERABLE LIFE ENDING OF A ONCE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

FOUND IN FILTHY HOVEL

Sad Case of Suicide in a Hotel—A Lonely Woman Preferred Death to a Lowly Life.

Rose Fife, as she now calls herself, 10 years ago one of the most beautiful women in Jackson, a member of the elite of the city and a prominent worker in the First Congregational church, was found Monday ill of an incurable disease, living in a shack in an alley in the tenderloin district. Five years ago she suddenly and without known reason dropped out of sight and knowledge of her friends and relatives. Until now her whereabouts were unknown. Her identity was revealed when an investigation was made by Acting Health Officer W. H. Chizers. He acted on information furnished by her neighbors. They told him that she was sick, needed assistance, and that her husband was in such a condition that it endangered the health of those living in her district. The health officer found the woman in bed. The stamp of disease was on her face, he says. Her only attendant was a faithful colored woman, Lucy Jones, who had known her when she was prosperous. Rose Fife was once the petted idol of a fond and wealthy husband. He died some years ago of a broken heart, his friends say.

Rose was taken to a hospital. She will not recover, the doctor says.

Suicide Was Deliberate.

"I am tired of living. I am alone in the world and have nothing to live for. There is no need of a postmortem, for I am going to take two ounces of chloroform and turn on the gas." This message to the public was left by a woman who registered as Mrs. M. Milham in a room of a Kalamazoo hotel Saturday afternoon, and was found in a dying condition. She had made good the first part of her threat but had failed to turn on the gas. Mrs. Milham came to the hotel Saturday and registered from Otsego. This was at 2 p. m., and she was not seen or heard from again until 12:30 Sunday, when a man named Richard Short, who proved to be her brother, inquired of the clerk for her. The door of her room was found locked and was forced open. The would-be suicide was found disrobed on the bed. The dying woman was taken to her brother's home. It is stated that she cannot survive.

She evidently had expected her brother to call, as she left a note addressed to Ed. Williams in case her brother, Frank Short, failed to inquire for her. This note reads: "Bury me in the clothing I leave in the room. Give my watch to mother and mail the letter on the table." Another portion of the letter read: "I saw Johnny in the band tonight and his face was the last friendly one I ever saw." Who Johnny is is unknown.

Three-Dry Days.

Law is going to make a Sahara out of Michigan, with many an oasis, for three days in succession so far as the saloons are concerned. A three days drought is certain on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of the first week of September.

Sunday, saloons are always closed.

Monday is Labor day and Tuesday is primary election day in a large portion of the state.

A Sweet Subject.

According to one of the local incorporators of the Michigan Sugar Co., there are other and more important persons interested in the combine whose names do not appear in the articles filed at Lansing. He says the incorporators are merely trustees of the various companies, appointed to make the transfer of stock necessary to effect a consolidation of the majority interests.

Remarkable Escape.

Edward Hanlon, aged 10 years, of Port Huron, had a miraculous escape from death Thursday afternoon, when, partially stunned by an electric shock, he fell from an electric light pole, 30 feet, to the ground. He had grasped two wires, carrying 110 volts of electricity. His hands were frightfully burned, the flesh peeling off to the bone in places. One finger of his left hand had to be amputated at the hospital. He is in a serious condition, but will probably recover.

Blind, Penniless and Lost.

Blind and penniless, Joseph Williams is missing from the county home at Menominee. His relatives fear that he wandered away and is dead. He was rendered practically helpless by an accident, but for five years assisted in his family's support by giving gramophone concerts. He was formerly a Canadian woodsman and was hurt in the woods.

Cleveland reports four deaths from heat Wednesday.

The city of Flint expected to lay about seven miles of new water mains this summer, but none will be laid. The pipe factories are tied up with the rush of orders and have informed the city that no shipments will be made here until October 1.

The will of the late H. B. La Tourette, of Flint, was filed in the probate court Saturday. The bequests are as follows: To his widow, \$100,000; Kalamazoo college, \$2,000; Baptist Minister's society of Fenton, \$1,000, and the Baptist church of Fenton, \$500.

AROUND THE STATE.

Sad Ending of Fishing Trip.

Mrs. Chauncey Van Orman met a tragic death in the waters of Cedar creek, a tributary of the Muskegon river, Friday evening. In the same accident which brought a sad ending to a fishing outing, the woman's husband and a friend, George Richardson, narrowly escaped a like fate. They endured extreme anguish of mind and body before rescued.

The party went up Cedar creek on a fishing trip Thursday. While returning Friday evening, and when about five miles from Muskegon, the boat upset and the occupants were precipitated into the fast running waters. Mrs. Van Orman was quickly drowned. The husband, who is 68 years of age, managed to fight his way to a small driftwood island in the middle of the creek, where he lay until noon when he was rescued. Richardson, who is 28 years of age, found his way into the marshy swamps which border the creek, in which he wandered until afternoon, when he reached the outskirts of the city, almost crazed.

A rescue party set out in a launch for the scene of the accident, where they found Van Orman, really more dead than alive. Mrs. Van Orman was 65 years of age. She and her husband lived retired in a humble way.

The Babe Was Killed.

While attempting to save the life of her 3-year-old daughter, Mrs. Mary Levi, of Chicago, was badly injured and her 8-month-old child, whom she held in her arms, was killed instantly. Mrs. Levi, with her husband and children, were resorting at Eastman Springs. They were wandering through the fruit orchards when the eldest daughter climbed up on the track of the interurban railway line, eighty feet in advance of a swiftly moving car.

Mrs. Levi, seeing the approaching car, sprang upon the track with her babe in her arms and attempted to pull her daughter from danger. She was too late. The heavy car struck the group of three, injuring the babe so that it died in a few moments and badly injuring both Mrs. Levi and her daughter.

The daughter is suffering from a fracture of the skull and may not recover. Mrs. Levi herself is in a less dangerous condition.

Bathers Battle.

On the bathing beach at Muskegon, before several hundred people, a jealous wife belabored a young woman, her supposed rival for her husband's attentions. The husband had been teaching the young woman how to swim, and when she tired he carried her in his arms to the shore. His wife was waiting. A policeman separated them after the young woman's bathing suit had been nearly torn from her.

Summer Resort Tragedy.

Roy Bowers, of Covert, shot himself twice with suicidal intent because his young wife, who was having a good time at a summer resort, refused to go home with him. He will die. Bowers drove to South Haven from Covert Sunday and found his wife with a gay crowd on the north side of the resort. He pleaded with her for some time to return home with him and, receiving a rather sharp refusal, it is said he walked out onto the lawn and in the presence of his wife and numerous resorters, fired two bullets into his head. His wife collapsed.

Both are young people and have been married about a year.

Found the Real One Alive.

Mrs. P. J. Kempler, of Chicago, twice believing she had buried her husband, has discovered him in the flesh and he is now on his way to Chicago to stand trial for wife desertion. Meanwhile the Chicago police are investigating the deaths of the two men, each of whom Mrs. Kempler was led into believing was her husband. Kempler was arrested at a lake near Allegan.

The first time Mrs. Kempler donned weeds was when a body was found in the Chicago drainage canal answering the description of her missing husband. She paid the funeral expenses. A short time after another body was found in Lake Michigan, and she recalled that the identification of the corpse she had previously buried as her husband's did not quite satisfy her. She viewed the remains and the corpse was clothed in the garments her husband wore when he left home. There could be no mistake this time, she thought, even though the facial resemblance was not striking. She thought the water had wrought the changes.

Receiving a tip that her real husband was in Allegan, she disguised, went there and found him; returned to Chicago for a warrant and he was arrested.

Want Permanent Camp.

The camp equipage of the Michigan National Guard has just been returned to Ludington from Indianapolis by Col. Rogers, of Detroit, and Capt. Crawford, of Ionia. This has given Ludington citizens encouragement that the encampments may be resumed there. An effort will be made to induce the legislature to buy Lincoln common outfit for the future encampments of the guard.

A street car at Waverly park, Lansing, was struck by lightning and set on fire. Several persons were slightly burned.

Miss Clara Green, of Kalkaska, is the first woman to hold the position of attorney to the comptroller of the United States treasury. The salary is \$1,800 a year.

John Mudge, of Cass City, while driving, was impaled upon a projecting stick. He is weak from loss of blood, and his chances for recovery are slight.

Deep water fishing starts September 1. The spring catch was 5,000 packages short. The storm last October destroyed many of the nets and discouraged some of the fishermen.

Nix Kik, clerk of the Grand Rapids police court, has lost some of his faith in humanity. It came about when he lent John Credit 15 cents with which to make up his fine. Credit promised to return the money, but Nix Kik is still waiting for him.

PENINSULAR HAPPENINGS

THE VILLAGE OF GALIEN IS THE SCENE OF A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

NIGHT OPERATOR VICTIM.

Shot at His Table With His Own Revolver by an Unknown Assassin.

Murder a Mystery.

Lloyd Dynes, Michigan Central night operator at Galien, Mich., was shot and almost instantly killed Monday morning between 1:40 and 2:40 o'clock. Robbery was not the motive as more than \$75 was found on his person. The only article missing is his revolver, which had evidently been used to fire the shot. Two shots had been fired, one striking him below the left eye, the bullet flattening against the cheek-bone and doing no special damage. The other bullet entered at the right clavicle, penetrating both lungs and severing an artery. There were no signs of any struggle and no effort was made to rob the ticket office.

It was Dynes' custom, after people ceased coming into the office, to place his revolver on the table in front of him. Evidently someone of whom he had no suspicion came into the office, and was talking with him while he was sitting in his chair, as the bullets were found by Drs. Higbee and Williams, who performed a post-mortem.

Mr. Dynes was about 26 years of age and is survived by his parents, who live in Windsor, Ont.

People who knew the young man give no reason for his being shot, as he hadn't an enemy in the world as far as is known. He was very good natured and made friends rapidly. He was very popular with his girl acquaintances and by them was considered a handsome man. He was of medium height, well set up, and of fair complexion. His mother and father are heartbroken over the murder and much concern is felt for his mother because of the effect of the terrible shock on her weakened constitution. She moans the loss of her boy, and relatives and friends are unable to comfort her.

Ross Dynes, a cousin of the dead man, attributes the motive of the crime either to a jealous rival or some tramp who wandered into the office and demanded that he send false information.

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FULLER'S REPORT.

The Work Done in Ionia and the Condition of Prisoners.

The report of Warden Fuller to the prison board was made Friday. Contract labor and the indeterminate sentence law were two of the live issues in prison economics that he touched upon. Regarding the statistics of the prison he said, in part:

The prison population June 30, 1905, was 563, and on June 30, 1906, it was 537. On June 30, last, 422 prisoners were making reed chairs and were earning for the state \$5,000 per month and for themselves about \$1,000 per month for over task work. Twenty-three were working on the farm, garden and barn assignment, 21 doing cooking, baking and other work of the steward's department, 26 making prison shoes and clothing and doing laundry work; 14 were on the engineer's assignment, 14 on the hallmaster's assignment and the balance doing miscellaneous work of the prison. Only two were confined to the hospital by sickness at that time and one on account of feebleness of old age. The average number during the year requiring regular hospital treatment will not exceed three. The health of the prison has been excellent. Only two deaths have occurred, one from pneumonia and one from appendicitis.

The current expense cost to the state during the past two years, said the warden, has been only 31 per cent of what it was 12 to 13 years ago.

"It will be well for the taxpayers of Michigan to carefully ponder these figures before listening to the siren song of ambitious politicians who are cutting capers before the labor grandstand for the purpose of attracting labor votes," he added, referring to the war on contract labor in prisons.

During the past year 224 have been paroled and 54 have received final discharges. Twenty-eight have violated their paroles and 17 violators have been returned to prison. On June 30, 1906, were still reporting.

"The indeterminate sentence law is working pretty well in spite of the many features injected into it by the legislative assembly assisted by the pardon board," said the warden, at the last session. "The law should be more general in its provisions and more elastic in its administration, and all rules under which it is to be administered should be adopted at the semi-annual joint board meetings."

Fouled the Water.

Sparrows that built their nests around the top of the standpipe which supplies Three Oaks with drinking water have caused an epidemic of typhoid fever. It broke out 10 days ago. Twenty-one cases have been reported, with three of the patients in a critical condition.

Physicians from Niles and Buchanan, Mich., and Michigan City, Ind., as well as local doctors, tried to solve the source of disease. Yesterday, at the instance of a local physician, an examination was made of the standpipe. The bodies of hundreds of young sparrows were found in the water. They had fallen out of their nests built around the rim of the standpipe, which was not enclosed with a cover. The board of health at once cut off the town's water supply. The standpipe was emptied and men today are cleaning it. It will be painted and furnished with a cover.

Will Give Fortune Away.

Edward Pinchin, aged 73, a South Haven street sweeper, formerly of Plainwell, who recently received word that he had fallen heir to \$60,000 from a relative in England, declares he will give the money to some one who has more need of it than he has and stay at his work. Pinchin's life has been a long series of misfortunes. "I am an old man and won't live long," he said. "I know what it is to want things and not to be able to have them. So I think I'll give away this money to persons who are in want and keep on sweeping streets."

Charles Newell, a carpenter, living in Kalamazoo, and a cousin of Pinchin, is the only other heir in the United States.

Gun Was Loaded.

While playing with a revolver Thursday, which he thought was unloaded, Charles Clark accidentally discharged the weapon, shooting the 15-year-old daughter of Edward Hubbel in the chest.

A physician was called and, though not able to locate the bullet, says the girl may live.

Drove Woman Mad.

Mrs. Frank Hartman, of Port Huron, became crazed from excessive heat, and seizing a butcher knife, rushed into the street and threatened to kill everyone within her hearing. She was finally overpowered and became quiet. It is thought she will recover. There were seven prostrations of a minor nature during the day.

Grief and Heat Collapse.

Julius E. Loennecker, aged 33, a representative of the International Harvester Co., in Saginaw, was prostrated by the heat while standing at a hotel bar, and sank to the floor unconscious. He recently returned from a visit to his parents in California and had received word, a few hours before the attack, of his father's death. This shock helped to bring on his collapse.

Bert Crockett, an insane man, who has terrorized resorters near Pontiac for the past week, was captured.

Dr. Simeon S. French, of Battle Creek, veteran surgeon of Michigan regiments during the civil war, celebrated his 90th birthday.

That Miss Ethel Wade and Arthur Van Bochove, of Kalamazoo, were married at Grand Haven, June 30, was announced Saturday. They confessed to the mother of the bride.

Two daughters of Richard Ayott, living eight miles from Caseville, were struck by lightning Tuesday. Lola, aged 18 years, will recover. A 4-year-old girl will probably die.

James Donolcaka, of Muskegon, has been arrested on complaint of his wife. She says he shot twice at her and threatened to wipe out the family. Donolcaka is a Bohemian farmer who brought his family from Chicago several months ago.

RUSSIAN BOMBS.

Twenty-Eight Killed, and Twenty Four Maimed at Premier's Reception.

Twenty-eight persons are dead and twenty-four wounded as the result of an attempt to assassinate Premier Stolypin with a bomb while he was holding a public reception at his country house on Aptekarsky island. The premier was slightly wounded on the face and neck by flying splinters.

Among the dead are the premier's 15-year-old daughter, who had both legs broken by the explosion and subsequently succumbed to her injuries; Gen. Zameatin, the premier's personal secretary; M. Khovostoff, former governor of the province of Penza; Col. Federoff, chief of the premier's personal guard; Court Chamberlain Pavloff; Court Chamberlain Voronin, Aide-Doubauff, four women and two children.

The wounded include M. Stolypin's 3-year-old son, who is seriously though not fatally injured, and a number of prominent persons.

The authors of the outrage drove up to the premier's residence after the list of visitors had been closed. The servant refused them admission, at which they attempted to force an entry to the house.

A struggle ensued at the entrance to the anteroom adjoining the reception room, during the course of which the terrorist disguised as a gardener dropped a bomb, which exploded, destroying the anteroom, the adjoining guard room, part of the reception room, and also the balcony of the first floor.

The premier was receiving visitors in a private room. The principal loss of life occurred in the anteroom. Altogether there were sixty victims of the explosion.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$4 50@5; steers and heifers, \$4 00@4 25; \$4 25 steers and heifers, \$4 00@4 25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, \$4 00@4 25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, \$4 00@4 25; choice fat cows, \$3 25@4; good fat cows, \$2 75@3; common cows, \$1 50@2; canners, \$1 50@2; choice hogs, \$4 25@4 50; fair to good hogs, \$4 00@4 25; choice stock, \$2 25@2 75; choice feeding steers, \$2 00@2 50; \$2 50@3; choice hogs, \$4 25@4 50; \$4 50@5; choice stock, \$2 00@2 50; fair to good butchers, \$1 75@2; \$2 00@2 25; common hogs, \$1 50@2; common milkers, \$1 80@2.

Chicago—Market strong; heavies, \$3 90@4 65; cows and heifers, \$1 40@2 20; stockers and feeders, \$2 50@4 40; Texans, \$3 75@4 80; westerns, \$3 70@5 50; calves, \$5 00@7 50.

East Buffalo—All desirable kinds, both heavy and light, sold strong in 25c higher than last week; best export steers, \$5 75@6 25; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb shipping steers, \$5 25@5 75; best 1,000 to 1,100-lb do, \$4 50@5 25; best 800 to 900-lb do, \$4 00@4 75; fair to good choice at \$3; medium heifers, \$3 25@3 75; best feeding steers, \$2 00@2 50; \$2 50@3; choice hogs, \$4 25@4 50; \$4 50@5; common stock steers, \$2 75@3; export bulls, \$3 75@4; bologna bulls, \$2 50@3; light stock, \$2 50@3; \$3 00@3 50; fair to good choice at \$2; \$2 25@2 50; medium to good, \$2 25@3; heavy, \$2 50@4 50.

Deloit—Cash No. 1, 74c; September, 76c; No. 2, 72c; No. 3, 70c; No. 4, 68c; No. 5, 66c; No. 6, 64c; No. 7, 62c; No. 8, 60c; No. 9, 58c; No. 10, 56c; No. 11, 54c; No. 12, 52c; No. 13, 50c; No. 14, 48c; No. 15, 46c; No. 16, 44c; No. 17, 42c; No. 18, 40c; No. 19, 38c; No. 20, 36c; No. 21, 34c; No. 22, 32c; No. 23, 30c; No. 24, 28c; No. 25, 26c; No. 26, 24c; No. 27, 22c; No. 28, 20c; No. 29, 18c; No. 30, 16c; No. 31, 14c; No. 32, 12c; No. 33, 10c; No. 34, 8c; No. 35, 6c; No. 36, 4c; No. 37, 2c; No. 38, 1c; No. 39, 1c; No. 40, 1c; No. 41, 1c; No. 42, 1c; No. 43, 1c; No. 44, 1c; No. 45, 1c; No. 46, 1c; No. 47, 1c; No. 48, 1c; No. 49, 1c; No. 50, 1c.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT. Week Ending September 1, 1906. TEMPLE THEATRE AND WOODLAND—Afternoon 2:15, 7:15, 9:15; Evening 7:15, 9:15. MARY DUPONT'S Comedy at 7:15 and 9:15. LYCEUM—Prices always low, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. Voltaire Oratorio. WHITNEY—Evening, 10c, 20c, 30c; Matinee, 10c, 15c, 25c. Uncle Tom's Cabin. LAFAYETTE THEATRE—Bargain Matinee Sun. Mon. Wed. and Sat. Best Seats 25c. Night, 10c, 25c, 50c. Northern Lights.

STEAMERS LEAVING DETROIT.

DETROIT AND BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO. foot of Warren St., for Buffalo, daily at 8:00 a. m. Sunday at 8:00 a. m. Week End Excursion, \$2.00 round trip.

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVY CO. foot of Wayne St., for Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Eastern ports, daily at 10:30 a. m. Week End Excursion to Cleveland every Saturday, \$2.00 round trip.

WHITE STAR LINE foot of Griswold St. for Port Huron and way ports, daily at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday at 9:30 a. m. For Toledo, daily at 4:00 p. m., Sunday at 8:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

Solomon may have been wise in his own generation but he never had to live a seal-skin life on a dog-skin salary.

Mrs. Daniel Nicolai, aged 50, of Midland, was killed by lightning during a fierce electric storm Thursday. She was in the cellar skimming milk when a bolt passed down the chimney. She died in five minutes.

The 7-month-old child of Bert Jenkins, of Jonesville, was found to have been blind from birth. The discovery was made by a physician who was called, because the child did not seem

# SERIAL STORY

## A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE  
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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It was a rather unnerving thought, and when he considered if he was glad that their ways, coinciding for the moment, would presently go apart, leaving him free to do battle as an honest soldier in any cause must.

The Rosemary party was rising, and Winton rose, too, folding the seat for Miss Virginia and reaching her wrap from the rack.

"I am glad to have met you," she said, giving him the tip of her fingers and going back to the conventionalities as if they had never been ignored.

But the sincerity in Winton's reply transcended the conventional form of it.

"Indeed, the pleasure has been wholly mine, I assure you. I hope the future will be kind to me and let me see more of you."

"Who knows?" she rejoined, smiling at him level-eyed. "The world has been steadily growing smaller since Shakespeare called it 'narrow.'"

He caught quickly at the straw of hope. "Then we need not say good-by?"

"No; let it be auf wiedersehen," she said, and he stood aside to let her join her party.

Two hours later, when Adams was reading in his section and Winton was smoking his short pipe in the men's compartment and thinking things unspeakable with Virginia Carteret for a nucleus, there was a series of sharp whistle shrieks, a sudden grinding of the brakes, and a jarring stop of the "Limited"—a stop not down on the time-card.

Winton was among the first to reach the head of the long train. The halt was in a little depression of the bleak plain, and the trainmen were in conference over a badly derailed engine when Winton came up. A vast herd of cattle was lumbering away into the darkness, and a mangled carcass under the wheels of the locomotive sufficiently explained the accident.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," was the engineer's verdict. "That's for somebody to mow back to Arroyo to wire for the wreck-wagon."

"Yes, by gum! and that means all night," growled the conductor.

There was a stir in the gathering throng of half-alarmed and all-curious passengers, and a red-faced, white-mustached gentleman, whose soft southern accent was utterly at variance with his manner, hurried a question bolt-like at the conductor.

"All right, you say, seh? Then we miss our Denver connections?"

"You can bet to win on that," was the curt reply.

"Damn!" said the red-faced gentleman; and then in a lower tone: "I beg your pardon, my dear Virginia; I was totally unaware of your presence."

Winton threw off his overcoat.

"If you will take a bit of help from an outsider, I think we needn't wait for the wrecking car," he said to the dubitant trainmen. "It's bad, but not as bad as it looks. What do you say?"

Now, as everyone knows, it is not in the nature of operative railway men to brook interference even of the helpful sort. But they are as quick as other folk to recognize the man in esse, as well as to know the clan slogan when they hear it. Winton did not wait for objections, but took over the command as one in authority.

"Think we can't do it? I'll show you. Up on that tank, one of you, and heave down the jacks and frogs. We'll have her on the steel again before you can say your prayers."

At the hearty command, churchly reluctance vanished and everybody lent a willing hand. In two minutes the crew of the "Limited" knew it was working under a master. The frogs were adjusted under the derailed wheels, the jack-screws were braced to lift and push with the nicest accuracy, and all was ready for the attempt to back the engine in. But now the engineer shook his head.

"I ain't the artist to move her gently enough with all that string o' dinkeys behind her," he said unhelpfully.

"No?" said Winton. "Come up into the cab with me and I'll show you how. And he climbed to the driver's footboard with the doubting engineer at his heels.

At the critical instant, when the entire weight of the forward half of the engine was poised for the drop upon the rails, he gave the precise added impulse. The big ten-wheeler coughed hoarsely and spat fire; the driving-wheels made a quick half-turn backward; and a cheer from the onlookers marked the little triumph of mind over matter.

"You bet, he's no' prentice," said the fireman.

"Not much!" quoth the engineer. "He's an all-round artist, that's about what he is. Shouldn't wonder if he was the travelin' engineer for some road back in God's country."

"Travelin' nothing!" said the conductor. "More likely he's a train master 'r praps a bigger boss than that. Call in the flag, Jim, and we'll be getting a move."

Oddly enough, the comment on Winton did not pause with the encomiums of the train crew. When the "Limited" was once more rushing on its way through the night, and Virginia and her cousin were safely in the privacy of their state-room, Miss Carteret added her word.

"Do you know, Bessie, I think it was Mr. Adams who scored this afternoon?" she said.

"How so?" inquired the petite Bessie, who was too sleepy to be over-curious.

"I think he 'took a rife' out of me, as he puts it. Mr. Winton is precisely all the kinds of a man Mr. Adams said he wasn't."

### CHAPTER III.

It was late breakfast time when the Transcontinental "Limited" swept around the great curve in the eastern fringe of Denver, paused for a registering moment at "yard limits," and went clattering in over the switches to come to rest at the end of its long westward run on the in-track at the Union depot.

Having wired ahead to have his mail meet him at the yard limits registering station, Winton was ready to make a dash for the telegraph office the moment the train stopped.

"That is our wagon, ever there on the narrow-gauge," he said to Adams, pointing out the waiting mountain train. "Have the porter transfer our baggage, and I'll be with you as soon as I can send a wire or two."

He saw the yard crew cutting out the Rosemary, and had a glimpse of Miss Virginia clinging to the hand-rail and enjoying enthusiastically, he fancied.

On the way across the broad platform her first view of the mighty hills to the westward.

The temptation to let the telegraphing wait while he went to say good-morning to her was strong, but he resisted it and hastened the more for the hesitant thought. Nevertheless, when he reached the telegraph office he found Mr. Somerville Darrah and his secretary there ahead of him, and he remarked that the explosive gentleman who presided over the destinies of the Colorado & Grand River appeared to be in

But if Winton could have been an eavesdropper behind the door of Superintendent Colbert's office on the second floor of the Union depot, his doubts would have been resolved instantly.

The telegraph operator's guess went straight to the mark. Mr. Darrah was "rising particular sand" because his wire order for a special engine had not been obeyed to the saving of the ultimate second of time. But between his objections on that score, he was rasing out questions designed to exhaust the chief clerk's store of information concerning the status of affairs at the seat of war.

"Will you inform me, seh, why I wasn't wired that this beggahly appeal was going against us?" he demanded, wrathfully. "What's that you say, seh? Don't tell me you couldn't know what the decision of the court was going to be before it was handed down; that's what you-all are heah for—to find out these things! And what is all this about Majah Evarts resigning, and the Utah's sending east for a professional right-of-way fight to take his place? Who is this new man? Don't know? Dammit, seh! It's your business to know! Now when do you faveh me with my engine?"

Thus the Rajah; and the chief clerk, himself known from end to end of the Colorado & Grand River as a queller of men, could only point out of the window where the Rosemary stood engined and equipped for the race, and say, meekly: "I'm awfully sorry you've been delayed, Mr. Darrah; very sorry, indeed. But your car is ready now. Shall I go along to be on hand if you need me?"

"No, seh!" stormed the irate master; and the chief clerk's face became instantly expressive of the keenest relief. "You stay right heah and see that the wires to Quartz Creek are kept open—wide open, seh. And when you get an order from me—for an engine, a regiment of the National Guard, or a trainload of white elephants—you fill it. Do you understand, seh?"

Meantime, while this scene was getting itself enacted in the superintendent's

# SERIAL STORY

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Why, my dear Virginia—the idea! You don't know in the least what you are talking about. I have been reading in the papers about these right-of-way troubles, and they are perfectly terrible. One report said they were arming the laboring men, and another said the militia might have to be called out."

"Well, what of it?" said Virginia, with all the hardihood of youth and unknowledge. "It's something like a burning building; one doesn't want to be hard-hearted and rejoice over other people's misfortunes; but then, if it has to burn, one would like to be there to see."

Miss Bessie put a stray lock of the flaxen hair up under its proper comb. "I'm sure I prefer California and the orange groves and peace," she asserted. "Don't you, Cousin Billy?"

What Mr. Calvert would have replied is no matter for this history, since at this precise moment the rajah came in, "coruscating," as Virginia put it, from his late encounter with the superintendent's chief clerk.

"Give them the word to go, Jastrow, and let's get out of heah," he commanded. And when the secretary had vanished the Rajah made his explanations to all and sundry. "I've been obliged in a mangle to change our itinerary. Another company is trying to fault us up in Quartz Creek canyon, and I am in a measur' compelled to be on the ground. We shall be delayed only a few days, I hope; at the worst only until the first snowstorm comes; and, in the meantime, California won't run away."

Virginia linked arms with Bessie the flaxen-haired when the wheels began to turn.

"We are off," she said. "Let's go out on the platform and see the last of Denver."

It was while they were clinging to the hand-rail and looking back upon the jumble of railway activities out of which they had just emerged that the Rosemary, gaining headway, overtook another moving train running smoothly on a track parallel to that upon which the private car was speeding. It was the narrow-gauge mountain connection of the Utah line, and Winton and Adams were on the rear platform of the last car. So it chanced that the four of them were presently waving their adieux across the wind-blown interspace. In the midst of it, or rather at the moment when the Rosemary, gathering speed as the lighter of the two trains, forged ahead, the Rajah came out to light his cigar.

He took in the little tableau of the rear platform at a glance, and when the slower train was left behind asked a question of Virginia.

"Ah—wasn't one of those two the young gentleman who called on you yesterday afternoon, my dear?"

Virginia admitted it.

"Could you faveh me with his name?"

"He is Mr. Morton P. Adams, of Boston."

"Ah—his friend—the young gentleman who laid his hand to our plow and put the engine on the track last night?"

"He is Mr. Winton—a an artist, I believe; at least, that is what I gathered from what Mr. Adams said of him."

Mr. Somerville Darrah laughed, a slow little laugh deep in his throat.

"Bless your innocent soul—he a picch-painteh? Not in a thousand years, my dear Virginia. He is a railroad man, and a right good one at that. Faveh me with the name again; Winteh, did you say?"

"No; Winton—Mr. John Winton."

"D-d-devil!" gritted the Rajah, smiting the hand-rail with his clenched fist. "Hah! I beg your pardon, my deahs—a meah slip of the tongue." And then, to the full as savagely, "By heaven, I hope that train will fly the track and ditch him before ever he comes within ordering distance of the work in Quartz Creek canyon!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville—how vindictive!" cried Virginia. "Who is he, and what has he done?"

"He is Misteh John Winton, as you informed me just now; one of the brainiest constructing engineers in this entiah country, and the hardest man in this or any other country to down in a right-of-way fight—that's who he is. And it's not what he's done, my deah Virginia, it's what he is going to do. If I can't get him killed up out of our way,— but here Mr. Darrah saw the growing terror in two pairs of eyes, and realizing that he was committing himself before an unsympathetic audience, beat a hasty retreat to his stronghold at the other end of the Rosemary.

"Well!" said the flaxen-haired Bessie, catching her breath. But Virginia laughed.

"I'm glad I'm not Mr. Winton," she said.

### CHAPTER IV.

Morning in the highest highlands of the Rockies, a morning clear, cold and tense, with a bell-like quality in the frosty air to make the cracking of a

snow-laden fir bough resound like a pistol shot. For Denver and the dwellers on the eastern plain the sun is an hour high; but the "hamlet mining camp of Argentine, with its dovecote railway station and two-pronged siding, still lies in the steel blue depths of the canyon shadow.

In a scanty widening of the main canyon a few hundred yards below the station a graders' camp of rude slab shelters is turning out its horde of wild-looking Italians; and on a crooked spur track fronting the shanties blue wood smoke is curling lazily upward from the kitchen car of a construction train.

All night long the Rosemary, drawn by the speediest of mountain-climbing locomotives, had stormed onward and upward from the valley of the Grand, through black defiles and around the shrugged shoulders of the mighty peaks to find a resting-place in the white-robed dawn on the siding at Argentine. The lightest of sleepers, Virginia had awakened when the special was passing through Carbonate; and drawing the berth curtain she had lain for hours watching the solemn procession of cliffs and peaks wheeling in stately and orderly array against the inky background of sky. Now, in the steel-blue dawn, she was—or thought she was—the first member of the party to dress and steal out upon the railed platform to look abroad upon the wondrous scene in the canyon.

But her reverie, trance-like in its wordless enthusiasm, was presently broken by a voice behind her—the voice, namely, of Mr. Arthur Jastrow. "What a howling wilderness, to be sure, isn't it?" said the secretary, twirling his eye-glasses by the cord and looking, as he felt, interminably bored.

"No, indeed; anything but that," she retorted, warmly. "It is grander than anything I ever imagined. I wish there were a piano in the car. It makes me fairly ache to set it in some form of expression, and music is the only form I know."

"I'm glad it it doesn't bore you," he said.

"Hah! wouldn't wait until a man could get into his clothes!" he rasped, apostrophizing the Utah's new chief of construction. "Jastrow! Faveh me instantly, seh! Hustle up to the camp there and turn out the constable, town marshal, or whatever he is. Tell him

Virginia leaned over the railing to look past the car and the dovecote station, shading her eyes to shut out the snow-blink from the sun-fired peaks.

"Why, they are soldiers!" she exclaimed. "At least, some of them have guns on their shoulders. And see—they are forming in line!"

The secretary adjusted his eye-glasses. "By Jove! you are right; they have armed the track force. The new chief of construction doesn't mean to take any chances of being shaken loose by force. Here they come."

The end of track of the new line was diagonally across the creek from the Rosemary's berth and a short pistol shot farther down stream. But to advance it to a point opposite the private car, and to gain the altitude of the high embankment directly across from the station, the new line turned short out of the main canyon at the mouth of the intersecting gorge, describing a long, U-shaped curve around the head of the lateral ravine and doubling back upon itself to reenter the canyon proper at the higher elevation.

The curve which was the beginning of this U-shaped loop was the morning's scene of action; and the Utah track layers, 200 strong, moved to the front in orderly array, with armed guards as flankers for the hand-car load of rails which the men were pushing up the grade.

Jastrow darted into the car, and a moment later his place on the observation platform was taken by a wrathful industry, Colonel Fresh from his dressing-room—so fresh, indeed, that he was coatless, hatless, and collarless, and with the dripping bath sponge clutched like a missile to hurl at the impudent invaders on the opposite side of the canyon.

"Hah! wouldn't wait until a man could get into his clothes!" he rasped, apostrophizing the Utah's new chief of construction. "Jastrow! Faveh me instantly, seh! Hustle up to the camp there and turn out the constable, town marshal, or whatever he is. Tell him



"DON'T KNOW?"



READING THE WARRANT.

a more than usually volcanic frame of mind.

Now Winton, though new to the business of building railroads for the Utah Short Line, was not new to Denver or Colorado. Hence when the Rajah, followed by his secretarial shadow, had left the office, Winton spoke to the operator as to a friend.

"What is the matter with Mr. Darrah, Tom? He seems to be uncommonly vindictive this morning."

"The man of dots and dashes nodded. "He's always crankier this time than he was the other. He's a holy terror, the Rajah is. I wouldn't work on his road for a farm down east—not if my job took me within cussing distance of him. Bet a hen worth \$50 he is up in Mr. Colbert's office right now, raising particular sand because his special engine wasn't standing here ready to snatch his private car on the fly, so's to go on without losing headway."

Winton's eyes narrowed, and he let his writing hand pause while he said: "So he travels special from Denver, does he?"

"On his own road?—well, I should smile. Nothing is too good for the Rajah; or too quick, when he happens to be in a hurry. I wonder he didn't have the T. C. pull him special from Kansas City."

Winton handed in his batch of telegrams and went his way reflective.

What was Mr. Somerville Darrah's particular rush? As set forth by Adams, the plans of the party in the Rosemary contemplated nothing more hasty than a leisurely trip to the Pacific coast—a pleasure jaunt with a winter sojourn in California to lengthen it. Why, then, this sudden change from "Limited" regular trains to unlimite' specials? Was there fresh news from the seat of war in Quartz Creek canyon? Winton thought not. In that case he would have had his budget as well; and so far as his own advice went, matters were still as they had been. A letter from the Utah attorneys in Carbonate assured him that the injunction appeal was not yet decided, and another from Chief of Construction Evarts concerned itself chiefly with the major's desire to know when he was to be relieved.

ent's office, a mild fire of consternation was alight in the gathering room of the Rosemary. As we have guessed, Winton's packet of mail was not the only one which was delivered by special arrangement that morning to the incoming "Limited" at the yard registering station. There had been another, addressed to Mr. Somerville Darrah; and when he had opened it there had been a volcanic explosion and a hurried dash for the telegraph office, as recorded.

Sitted out by the Reverend Billy, and explained by him to Mrs. Carteret and Bessie, the firing-spark of the explosion appeared to be some news of an untoward character from a place vaguely designated as "the front."

"It seems that there is some sort of a right-of-way scrimmage going on up in the mountains between our road and the Utah Short Line," said the young man. "It was carried into the courts, and now it turns out that the decision has gone against us."

"How perfectly horrid!" said Miss Bessie. "Now I suppose we shall have to stay here indefinitely while Uncle Somerville does things." And placid Mrs. Carteret added, plaintively: "It's too bad! I think they might let him have one little vacation in peace."

"Who talks of peace?" queried Virginia, driven in from her post of vantage on the observation platform by the smoke from the switching engine. "Didn't I see Uncle Somerville charging across to the telegraph office with war written out large in every line of him?"

"I am afraid you did," affirmed the Reverend Billy; and thereupon the explanation was rehearsed for Virginia's benefit.

The brown eyes flashed militant sympathy.

"Oh, I wish Uncle Somerville would go to 'the front,' wherever that is, and take us along!" she cried. "It would be ever so much better than California."

The Reverend William laughed; and Aunt Martha put in her word of ex postulation, as in duty bound.

TO BE CONTINUED.

rejoined, willing to agree with her for the sake of prolonging the interview. "But to me it is nothing more than a dreary wilderness, as I say; a barren, rock-ribbed gulch affording an indifferent right-of-way for two railroads."

"For one," she corrected, in a quick upflash of loyalty for her kin.

The secretary shifted his gaze from the mountains to the maiden and smiled. She was exceedingly good to look upon—high-bred, queenly and just now with the fine fire of enthusiasm to quicken her pulses and to send the rare flush to neck and cheek.

Jastrow, the cold-eyed, the business automaton set to go off with a click at Mr. Somerville Darrah's touch, had ambitions not automatic. Some day he meant to put the world of business under foot as a conqueror, standing triumphant on the apex of that pyramid of success which the Mr. Somerville Darrahs were so successfully up-rearing. When that day should come, there would need to be an establishment, a menage, a queen for the kingdom of success. Summoning her up for the hundredth time since the beginning of the westward flight, he thought Miss Carteret would fill the requirements passing well.

But this was a divagation, and he pulled himself back to the askings of the moment, agreeing with her again without reference to his private convictions.

"For one, I should have said," he amended. "We mean to have it that way, though an unprejudiced onlooker might be foolish enough to say that there is a pretty good present prospect of two."

But Miss Carteret was in a contradictory mood. Moreover, she was a woman, and the way to a woman's confidence does not lie through the neutral country of easy compliance.

"If you won't take the other side, I will," she said. "There will be two." Jastrow acquiesced a second time.

"I shouldn't wonder. Our competitor's road seems to be only a question of time—a very short time, judging from the number of men turning out in the track gang down yonder."

I have a writ for him to serve. Run, seh!"

The secretary appeared and disappeared like a marionette when the string has been jerked by a vigorous hand, and Virginia smiled—this without prejudice to a very acute appreciation of the grave possibilities which were preparing themselves. But having her share of the militant quality which made her uncle what he is, she stood her ground.

"Aren't you afraid you will take cold, Uncle Somerville?" she asked, archly; and the Rajah came suddenly to a sense of his incompleteness and went in to finish his ablutions against the opening of the battle actual.

At first Virginia thought she would follow him. When Mercury Jastrow should return with the officer of the law there would be trouble of some sort, and the woman in her shrank from the witnessing of it. But at the same instant the blood of the fighting Carterets asserted itself and she resolved to stay.

"I wonder what uncle hopes to be able to do?" she mused. "Will a little town constable with a bit of signed paper from some justice of the peace be mighty enough to stop all that furious activity over there? It's more than incredible."

From that she fell to watching the activity and the orderly purpose of it. A length of steel, with men clustering like bees upon it, would slide from its place on the hand-car to fall with a frosty clang on the cross ties. Instantly the hammermen would pounce upon it. One would fall upon hands and knees to "sight" it into place; two others would slide the squeaking track gauge along its inner edge; a quartette, working like the component parts of a faultless mechanism, would tap the fixing spikes into the wood; and then at a signal a dozen of the heavy pointed hammers swung aloft and a rhythmic wattle of resounding blows clamped the rail into permanence on its wooden bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

G. A. Liak, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

STATE TICKET.

For Governor--  
FRED M. WARNER of Farmington.  
For Lieutenant Governor--  
PATRICK H. KELLY of Lansing.  
For Secretary of State--  
GEORGE A. PRESCOTT of Tawas City.  
For State Treasurer--  
FRANK P. GLAZIER of Chelsea.  
For Auditor General--  
JAMES B. BRADLEY of East Jordan.  
For Land Commissioner--  
WM. H. ROSE of Bath.  
For Attorney General--  
JOHN E. BIRD of Adrian.  
For Superintendent of Public Instruction--  
LUTHER L. WRIGHT of Ironwood.  
For Member State Board of Education--  
DEXTER M. FERRY, JR. of Detroit.

The Real Cause of Opposition to Mr. Darragh.

The criticisms of our congressman are most disgusting and shameful and are born of selfish personal interest and based on malice and falsehood.

Several attorneys in the district hope to get Mr. Covell's place and draw his present magnificent salary, consequently they are trying to accomplish Mr. Darragh's defeat. With this selfish prospect in view they conclude that Mr. Darragh is incompetent and very wickedly state that he has not accomplished anything. Every city or village has its post office fight. Only one candidate (unfortunately for Mr. Darragh) could be appointed postmaster, consequently every place Mr. Covell visits he is warmly greeted by a delegation of disappointed candidates who are perfectly willing to account Mr. Darragh as a man of no influence and selfishly insist that he has no way benefited the eleventh district.

By promising all the postoffices of district, and some of them to newspaper men, Mr. Covell has raised up another army of ardent supporters who being actuated by selfish greed, can readily be induced to denounce and falsify Mr. Darragh to an unlimited extent. Of course they can easily see that Mr. Darragh has no ability and that he has not done anything for his constituents.

Lastly, liberal donations of cash in some places are reported and are thought to have sufficient force to induce other unprincipled tongues to join in a regular hallelujah chorus of faultfinding and misrepresentation of Mr. Darragh.

If the above elements of opposition to Mr. Darragh would cease their efforts he would be renominated next month without opposition.

The democrat candidate for governor, Mr. C. H. Kimmerle, is said to have made inquiries at Lansing as to the location of the state funds, and was seemingly disappointed that all other business of the state didn't stop at once to give him the details desired while he waited. It takes more time now to give a list of all the state and national banks in which Michigan money is deposited than it did when the last democrat state administration concluded its management of affairs. The state treasury was empty then, and about the first thing the incoming republican state officers had to do was to borrow money to meet state expenses. Two seconds would have been all the time required to answer a question about the location of the state funds at that time. But there is more than eleven million dollars of a surplus at this time, and it is divided between more than one hundred and fifty Michigan banks. The more information in that direction is inquired for and made use of by democrat state candidates the better it will be for the state and its people and for all concerned except the before mentioned democrat state candidates.

The information which comes from Lansing, that the monthly reports of the Michigan Central railroad continue to show increased earnings, notwithstanding the reduction in fare, compelled by state law, should be as pleasing to the managers of that railroad as it will be to the people of Michigan generally. The interest of the latter in the information is that it seems to fully dispose of the claim of the Michigan Central railroad that it was financially injured through being compelled to make reductions in passenger fares, and will render it almost impossible for that company to secure a verdict for any of the several millions it is asking from the state on charter repeal a count.

Liquor in Candies.  
"Practically every known liquor, as well as whisky and brandy, is made up into candy in one form or another," says a Chicago confectioner. "You can get in bonbons of various kinds creme de menthe, cognac, rummel, Chartreuse, cherry brandy, or benedictine."

We like best to call  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,  
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.  
Sole and principal druggists.

Diary of a Boy.

Saturday September 1. Brite and fare. Prilly cold fer swiming, but me and Pudge and fatty went down tu the crk today. It made a fellers teeth chat'er; too. I gess we wont go enny more leis yere.

Yesterday I got a bluddy nose from Jim. He snuk up behine and pastid me I. It want a fare five, and Pa sed I ought 2 lik 3 if it was a sun of his. I gess he was sory fer me becaus this afternoon he tuk me down to F. E. Boosinger's store and bot me a new sute hat and shuze. I gess he was sory fer himse f 2 becaus he set wile he was about it he wud get hiself a Schloss Bros. suit. Gee but it was a swel I. in a fu yeres I kin ware long pants, and Pa sez if I don't nok ssgarets and saunt mi growth it wont be long B4 I can hev a Schloss. sute. Yu can bet I aint even going to smok korn silk enny mor.

You can buy a Schloss Bros. Suit or Overcoat at F. E. Boosinger's.

THE BEST SLEEP.

It is That Which One Cannot Avoid Without a Struggle.

When debating the question, How much sleep is needed? one must keep in mind that the best sleep, indeed, the only healthy kind, is that which one cannot avoid without a struggle. It is the sleep that always follows on weariness; it is not that which is obtained by difficulty. If a person slept for three hours right away and then awoke refreshed—that is, with no further inclination to sleep—he would not then be in need of it. His proper course would be to arise and engage in work. But he must be prepared to sleep at any time in the day when the longing occurs. To the latter rule there is one exception. Let us suppose that one has acquired the habit of sleeping half the night and lying half awake during the remaining half. Such a habit can be best broken by rising after the first sleep and refraining from a nap in the day. When the bed hour arrives the chances are that the victim of insomnia will be so sleep hungry that he will not wake until the proper hour for rising.

In any case it is a great mistake to tura over on the other side and remain in a half-conscious state. Indeed, it is a more serious mistake than many would believe, says Home Notes. The braja is now in a peculiar state, more closely resembling the hypnotic than would be possible under any other normal conditions. Quite a lot might be written about the peculiar dangers and powers of this half-waking state.

Not to Be Found in the Reports.  
A prominent Philadelphia lawyer was narrating to a younger advocate some of the delays and complications of a chancery suit in which he was engaged. "Bless me," said the junior advocate, "I never heard of anything parallel to that except Jarndyce versus Jarndyce." The other at once looked thoughtful and, pretty soon, pleading an engagement, went off. The next morning he went into the younger man's office with an air of great veneration. "Look here!" he said. "Why can't you remember names accurately? Here I've spent the whole night trying to find that case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce that you mentioned, and there isn't any such case in the Pennsylvania law reports at all!"

The Word "Papa."  
For some time after the word "papa" was taken into the English language in the seventeenth century it was restricted to courtly and polite speech and was common even among adults. Long after it had become childish it was still accounted genteel. Hood wrote of one who was "genteelly taught to say, not father, but papa." "Papa" may be comparatively a newcomer into the English language, but it is as old as Homer. Nausicaa in the "Odyssey" calls her father "pappa phile"—dear papa.

**Iron-Ox**  
TABLETS CURE  
**Constipation**

Hurry-up meals, overwork and neglect cause constipation. Quickly and surely cured by Iron-Ox Tablets.

50 Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum packet case, 25 cents at all druggists, or by mail ask for our special 10 cent trial package. The Iron-Ox Supply Co., Detroit, Mich.

Sold and recommended by Warner's Pharmacy.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**  
stops the cough and heals lungs

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY.  
**HARDWARE DEPARTMENT**  
Building Hardware, Lime, Cement, and Everything to Build With.  
We Have the  
**Sherwin Williams Paints and Varnishes**  
They are one of the Best Paints ever put on the market.  
We have Old English White Lead  
Put up in steel kegs (all sizes). That with Pure Linseed Oil makes good paint and costs less than ready-mixed paints. You can be the judge which is the best.  
Our Stock of Enamelled Ware is Complete  
And in quality the "ADAMANT WARE" is just a little better than any other kind.  
In Tinware  
We have the "REID" Anti Rust and we guarantee any piece not to rust and it has a good, clean, smooth surface.  
We are just unpacking a fine lot of Crockery and Glassware and some nice packages of Fancy China. See them and you will buy.  
When you want Potato Forks, Hooks or Scoops, come and we can furnish the best.  
In any line we have you will always find Best Quality and the Price Right.  
YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS,  
**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.**

The First the Only Cost  
**"THE MALLEABLE"**  
TRADE MARK  
  
FIRE ALL YOUR MALL ALL YOUR IT'S NON-BREAK STEEL AND MALLEABLE.

Nothing "just as good." For the woman whose pride is in her cooking and the man who is willing to combine greater economy and better food there's a wholesome lesson to be derived from an intelligent investigation of the superior features of this sterling range. Elegant in appearance; absolutely perfect in operation. It is the strongest range on earth, built on honor throughout, of true steel and malleable—you couldn't break it with a sledge. It is hand-riveted, air-tight, burns perfectly and cooks things as you want them, when you want them. Its use saves many dollars a year. Sold exclusively by

**W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.**

**Lax-ets 5 C** Sweet to Eat  
A Candy Bowl Laxative.

**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE**  
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

The new Laxative that does not gripe or nauseate. Pleasant to take,

Some Points About A Grocery Stock.  
Many people think that "groceries are groceries," and that it makes no difference where they buy. It's not so. The man who keeps his grocery stock neat and fresh is the man who deserves your patronage. Such are the kind of Groceries we aim to keep at this store including STAPLES, CANNED GOODS, PROVISIONS, FRUITS and VEGETABLES in season. We buy in small quantities and thus keep everything fresh. Prompt delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Our MEATS are Always Fresh.  
**BOWEN & KENNY.**  
Telephone No. 61.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN**  
Nine out of every ten men have been guilty of transgressions against nature in their youth. Nature never excuses, no matter how young, thoughtless or ignorant he may be. The punishment and suffering corresponds with the crime. The only escape from its ruinous results is proper scientific treatment to counteract its effects. The weakness must be stopped—the NERVES must be built up and invigorated; the blood must be purified, the PHYSICAL SYSTEM must be vitalized, the BRAIN must be nourished. Our New Method Treatment provides all these requirements. Under its influence the brain becomes active; the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the "nerves" become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral and physical systems are invigorated—no more waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. We invite all the afflicted to call and consult us confidentially and free of charge. Cures Guaranteed or no Pay. We treat and cure: Varicose, Blood Diseases, Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Nervous Debility, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.  
CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE.  
If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for Home Treatment.  
**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN,**  
148 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

If You Are Going to Build, See Waterman  
The Factory Man, at North Main street.  
We are Open for Business the whole year around.  
Prices always right.  
Fine Hardwood Finish a Specialty.  
**B. E. WATERMAN**  
CUSTOM PLANING MILL.

**ORINO**  
Laxative Fruit Syrup  
Cures Stomach and Liver trouble and Chronic Constipation.  
41 MATTHEW P. PHARMACY.

## Briefs of the Week

September.

Fair Sept. 25-26-27.

Trout Season Closed.

Help us celebrate Labor Day.

Coming—"Too Proud to Beg."

Vote for Darragh next Tuesday.

A little cold wave now and then, is relished by most men.

Don't miss the concert Friday evening, Sept. 7th. Admission 25 cents.

Get a County Fair Premium List of either Sec'y Sherman or at this office.

Grand Traverse Soldier's and Sail-or's Ass'n at Boyne City Sept. 17, 18, 19.

Nine deaths and thirty two births occurred in Charlevoix County the past month.

The Northern Michigan N. D. A. Camp Meeting is now in progress on the West Side.

The Beaver Island cable was broken by one of the boats which was releasing the Illinois.

W. H. Supernaw and bride now occupy the Miles residence, corner of Eaterly and Second streets.

A dance will be given at Loveday Opera House next Monday (Labor Day) evening, under management of Messrs. Kline and Seymour.

The czar asked Ambassador Meyer what the people of America thought of him as a ruler. That is where the ambassador had to show his training as a diplomat.

The State Board of Equalization at Lansing last week raised the valuation of Charlevoix County from \$4,200,000 to \$6,000,000. Antrim County was raised about \$2,000,000.

Sec'y LeRoy Sherman has received letters from a number of prominent horsemen promising to be here with their horses for the fair. Good horse-racing is the life of a fair and the management made no mistake in offering good-sized purses.

Ernest J. Carter's attractions have always most thoroughly pleased East Jordan audiences and among them will be remembered "The Eleventh Hour," "Down Mobile," "Her Only Sin," and "The Heart of Chicago." This season we will have an opportunity of seeing one of his biggest productions which has never before been seen outside the largest cities—"Too Proud to Beg"—comes to East Jordan soon.

The West Michigan Sugar Co., at Charlevoix, are planning a big Farmer's Basket Picnic next Thursday, Sept. 6th, and invite the citizens of East Jordan and vicinity to come and participate. The East Jordan Military Band and the Kalkaska Ladies Band have been engaged to furnish music. Dancing will be given on the spacious floor of their warehouse, tables and coffee will be furnished in main machinery building. Parade at 4:00 p. m. and other attractive features planned. Mr. Hubbard is sparing nothing to make the picnic a successful affair.

A round trip excursion at rate of 25 cents is offered by the Hum and Gordon on that day.

The Northern Concert Company is a new organization consisting of Miss Blanche Robertson, contralto, Miss Edna Dole, Bellaire, pianist, and Miss Louisa Loveday, reader. These young ladies are graduates of well known institutions—Miss Robertson from the Michigan State Normal College in Ypsilanti, also a post-graduate of the Chicago Musical College, Miss Dole from the Musical Department of Albion College, and Miss Loveday from the Columbia College of Expression in Chicago. This concert Co. will give its initial performance for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church Organ Fund, at Maceabee Hall, next Friday evening, Sept. 7, at 8:15.

Labor Day, Monday.

"Too Proud to Beg."

Empey Bros. have few go. carts left at cost.

A. E. Cross was at Charlevoix visitor over Sunday.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves at a Bargain.—Stroebel Bros.

The earthquake had its shake, despite a Chile reception.

Where can you buy Hammocks at Cost? Empey Brothers.

M. M. Burnham offers a good Cow—coming in soon—For Sale, cheap.

Empey Bros. shipped a two hundred dollar line of furniture to Doward this week.

Charlevoix County Fair at East Jordan Sept. 25, 26, 27. The best Fair in Northern Michigan.

M. E. Quarterly Conference this Saturday evening. Presiding Elder Ferguson will be here.

Misses Blanche and Katharine Fuller return from their Big Rapids visit latter part of the week.

Hon. George G. Covell was an East Jordan visitor this week, trying to build up his political fences.

George Otis was here from Milwaukee this week renewing old acquaintances. He went from here to Grand Rapids.

Jacob E. Strong and Miss Josephine Reed of this village were married at Charlevoix, Wednesday, by the M. E. pastor.

The Malleable is the range for homes where the best is none too good. It is not the lowest in price, but most economical.

Ray I. Glink left Tuesday for Fowler, Mich., where he assumes superintendency of the public school there for the coming year.

Here the Northern Concert Co. at Maceabee Hall over Sherman's store, Friday evening, Sept. 7th at 8:15. Admission 25 cents.

Mrs. F. A. Foster and son, W. J. Smith and wife, Mesdames French, Cook and Bowen are visiting and slight seeing in Milwaukee and other points this week.

Mrs. Wm. Richardson gave a party Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Wm. Gregg of Traverse City, who is here guest of her daughter, Mrs. James Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Reason E. Ward daughter Mrs. M. A. McHale and the latter's two children, left Thursday noon for Mangum Oklahoma, where they make their future home. The Bernard property was sold to Louis Peppin.

Mrs. Charles Sheldon and sisters, Miss Margaret Brown were called to Collingwood, Ont., last week by the death of their father, William Brown, who died after a week's illness from creeping paralysis, aged 68 years. They will remain about a month.

Many of the traveling Lyceum Companies are no better qualified, if as well to give an excellent evening's entertainment, than is the Northern Concert Co. which will be presented by the Presbyterian Ladies at Maceabee Hall, Friday evening, Sept. 7 at 8:15.

The East Jordan Literary Club will open the club year with a meeting at Mrs. M. H. Robertson's, Thursday, Sept. 6th. Address by Mrs. D. C. Loveday; Music, Vacation Echoes and the books we have read, for roll call, will be the program. All ladies interested are invited. Mrs. W. J. SMITH, Secy.

We are in position to give you the greatest quantity to select from and the lowest prices in Northern Michigan.

EMPEY BROS.

Miss Jessie Fay, here from Detroit.

Harry Price, up from Ludington over Sunday.

Whittington has the best assorted stock of furniture in Charlevoix County.

Lou Otto was at Mansfield, Ohio, last week, called there by the death of a brother.

Burton Nicholas, here from Detroit for a short visit with his parents, Atty and Mrs. A. B.

Messrs. Kline and Seymour will conduct a dance at Loveday Opera House the evening of Labor Day.

WANTED:—One Hundred head of Young Stock to PASTURE. Good feed. Good water. No. 1 fences. Almost at your own price.—MAX SCHEFFLES.

All we ask is to compare prices and quality of goods; we are certainly in the swim for all classes of furniture.

EMPEY BROS.

The Prohibitionist candidate for Governor of S. O., angrily struck his one-legged rival. There is intemperance in other things, beside whiskey.

BRICK YARD FOR SALE.—I offer for sale my Brick Yard together with a quantity of of Brick and Tile. Cheap if sold at once.—C. A. BAYLISS, East Jordan, Mich.

Daniel Wells of Emmet County was up before Justice Boosinger, Friday, on a charge of assault and battery upon Marshal Johnson. He was sentenced to the Detroit Work House for ninety days. Well is victim of drink and while in the justice store had an attack of tremens.

A fine line of Van Camp's canned Goods.

E. A. LEWIS.

O. H. Moyer was a Kaska visitor first of the week.

Kitchen Cabinets best on the market. Whittington has them.

M. E. Presiding Elder Ferguson will preach at the morning services, Sunday, Rev. Allan will conduct the evening services.

Henry Schultz, a deck hand on the Illinois slipped off the gang plank, Tuesday, and was drowned. He was under the influence of liquor.

Mrs. Julia E. Pfender and daughter who have been here from Brown City guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson, returned home first of the week.

Argo Flour once tried, always used. Made from the best hard Spring Wheat. Guaranteed and sold by Bowen & Kenny and George Carr, East Side. C. A. Brabant, West Side.

Oral Misener and Miss Maud St. John were united in marriage at Boyne City, Wednesday evening and left for Coldwater for a short wedding tour. Both are well-known and popular young people of East Jordan and have a host of friends who wish them naught but happiness on the sea of matrimony.

Thomas Baker, aged 65 years, was killed by a Pere Marquette train at Charlevoix last Wednesday night. He was driving across the track with his niece, Mrs. Gill, and did not hear the approach of the train. He was thrown some distance and his neck broken. Mrs. Gill was badly injured, but will live. The horse was killed and the carriage smashed. Baker was unmarried.

Light and Heavy Harness.

—Stroebel Bros.

## Fall Merchandise Coming In.



We have just received a big stock of the celebrated Selz Shoes.

The best in Fit, Style Quality, Durability and Price to be found.

Big shipments of New Goods are arriving every week and we invite you to call and look them over.

## L. WISEMAN

Loveday Brick Block, East Jordan.

### E. J. & S. Excursions.

Canadian Nat'l Exhibition at Toronto, Aug. 26—Sept. 10th, one fare plus 25 cents round trip. Selling dates Aug. 26 to Sept. 5th; return Sept. 11th.

State Fair at Detroit, Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; One fare plus 50 cents which includes admission to grounds. Return limit Sept. 8th.

West Michigan State Fair at Grand Rapids, Sept. 10th to 13th; one fare plus 50 cents. Return limit Sept. 15th.

The Illinois, with 450 passengers on board, went ashore at Charlevoix, Sunday night, at 8:30 o'clock. As she was entering the harbor a small schooner was also making for the channel, and the Illinois had the alternative of running it down or going aground. The big boat struck the beach at almost full speed, where she stayed until the following day, the high sea making it impossible to free her. Until midnight all went well, the passengers making the best of the situation, when the high seas swang her around and all on board were ordered to put on life preservers as a precautionary measure. A line was shot across her from a boat of the Charlevoix life saving crew and two hundred passengers taken ashore on a barge which was speedily fitted up. T. E. Ramsdell, of Manistee made the first trip to test the buoy, and the women on board were then sent safely land, although sometimes drenched by the waves. About three o'clock the sea went down and a life boat took the other passengers ashore. The wrecking tug Favorite, from Northport, reached Charlevoix at noon and began to help the stranded boat off the sand. It was floated Tuesday noon and taken into Charlevoix harbor. After being examined by a diver and found intact the boat proceeded to Traverse City and has resumed her regular run.

Swift & Co., offer a handsome present to each of their employees who gets married. The Swifts are not so slow.

As if determined to proceed plunk into the morass, the Illinois democratic convention chose a chairman named Boggs to show the way.

Walking is now being prescribed for women who desire a good complexion, but the majority of them will content themselves with walking as far as the drug store for it.

Have you pains in the back, inflammation of any kind, rheumatism, fainting spells, indigestion or constipation, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes you well, keeps you well. 35 cents at Warnes' Pharmacy.

Closing out at cost.

At Whittington's HAMMOCKS.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

If it's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat A Candy Bowed Laxative.

## Some Banks

Notably a few in the larger cities—enforce a nominal charge for carrying an account where the balance does not amount to a stated sum.

Your account here not only costs you nothing for maintenance, but is welcomed, and you are accorded every reasonable consideration and convenience.

## State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00. SURPLUS, \$3,500.00.

Vernon Payton, son of County Treasurer D. S. Payton, was at Houghton last week, taking the pharmaceutical examination before the state board. He has been attending the Ferris Institute, and is well advanced for his age.—Charlevoix Courier.

Charles A. Ward has been allowed \$8,000 by Judge Smith of the Pontiac circuit court, in an appeal from the order of the probate court allowing the first and third annual accounting by the executors and trustees of the David Ward estate. In erecting a saw mill at Doward, they had expended \$54,000 more than they were authorized by the court to expend. The other five heirs were satisfied, and the court awarded Chas. A. Ward one-sixth of the unauthorized amount spent. The court also sustained his objection to the incorporation, by the executors, of the Detroit & Charlevoix Railway Co., for which the executors spent \$125,000 in completion and equipment.

The pastor of a leading Boston church announces the subjects of his sermons on a large bulletin-board prepared by the sexton. One Sunday recently the evening sermon was on "Hell." Passers-by were a good deal startled to note that the lower part of the bulletin board had on it these words, in large and fiery red letters: "Hell; all seats free; everybody welcome."

Mrs. G. L. Sherman gave a farewell party for her sisters the Misses Salisbury, Saturday Aug. 25th, they returning to New York city the following Monday. Thirty five ladies were delightfully entertained with a social hour, followed by a program. Miss Blanche Robertson playing and singing two selections, Miss Harriet Hoyt one, Mesdames Haire and Bush vocal duet, also a dialogue in song—Mrs. Proctor and Mrs. Doctor—Miss Mc Graw accompanist. Miss Louisa Loveday gave a reading. Light refreshments served. The out of town guests were Mrs. Carl Andrews of New Albany Ind., Miss Ferguson of Chicago, Miss McGraw of Pittsburg, Mrs. Parker of Owosso, Mrs. Dekraker of Grand Rapids and Miss Weberhorst of Bay City.

San Marto Coffee at Bowen & Kenny's.

There is no concern north of Grand Rapids that carrier the stock of Furniture that Empey Brothers carries. They have a mammoth stock. Inspect it. It is the only place to buy.

If all dyspepsia sufferers, knew what Dr. Shoop's Restorative would do for them. Dyspepsia would practically be a thing of the past. Dr. Shoop's Restorative reaches stomach troubles by its direct tonic action upon the inside nerves—the true stomach nerves. Stomach distress or weakness, fullness, bloating, belching, etc. Call for the Restorative. We recommend and sell Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Warnes' Pharmacy.

Much against the heroine's wishes, the story has become public of how Miss Jeanette Drucker, of Philadelphia, saved her cousin, Miss Ellen Walters, from drowning in Torch Lake. While canoeing on the lake, their craft was upset 50 yards from shore. Both girls were thrown struggling into the water. Miss Walters was unable to swim, and sank. When she returned to the surface she frantically clutched the Philadelphia girl by the neck and carried her down into the water with her. Although a good swimmer, Miss Drucker for a time was powerless to do anything, but she finally wrested the girl from her. Then she towed her exhausted companion to safety. The Philadelphia girl was weakened to such an extent by the struggle in the water, that she was on the verge of collapse for several days. With much modesty the heroic young woman spoke lightly of the rescue yesterday. "I did not do very much," said Miss Drucker, "and do not see why the people of Bellaire call me a heroine. My cousin was unable to swim, and I could and just kept her from drowning. That was all I did. It was a hard fight, though, for Ellen wrapped her arms around my neck and nearly caused both of us to drown. However I succeeded in getting her arms free, and then it was a comparatively easy task to tow her to safety."

Where are you going my pretty maid, I'm going to Moyer's Sir, she said. Can't I do your painting my pretty maid.

Not on your tin-type Sir she said.

## Electric Flat Irons Heat Quick and Stay Hot.

A turn of the switch starts it. In a few moments your iron is hot.

All the heat is concentrated on the surface of the iron where it should be, and an even temperature is always maintained, thus giving best results.

No running to and from a sizzling stove, no changing iron, no smoke, soot nor heat.

Like to know more about it?

Phone us.

East Jordan Electric Co.

## Just Received!

A Fine Line of the Famous LYNX Brand of Ladies' Fine Shoes to sell at

\$2.50 & \$3.00

The Pair.

We especially invite comparison with other makes of same price and have no fear of results.

We still have a few lots of Ladies' and Gents'

Fine Oxfords

which we will Close Out At Cost.

—AT—

Hudson's Exclusive Shoe Store.

# SERIAL STORY

## A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE  
Author of "The Crafters," Etc.

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### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Ahead of the steel layers were the Italians placing the cross ties in position to receive the track, and here the form's badge of office and scepter was a pick handle. Above all the clamor and the shoutings Virginia could hear the bull-bellow of this foreman roaring out his commands—in terms happily not understandable to her; and once she drew back with a little cry of womanly shrinking when the pick handle thumped upon the shoulders of one who lagged.

It was this bit of brutality which enabled her to single out Winton in the throng of workers. He heard the blow, and the oath that went with it, and she saw him run forward to wrench the budgeon from the bully's hands and fling it afar. What words emphasized the act she could not hear, but the little deed of swift justice thrilled her curiously, and her heart warmed to him as it had when he had thrown off his coat to fall to work on the derelict engine of the "Limited."

"That was fine!" she said to herself. "Most men in his place wouldn't care so long as the work was done, and done quickly. I wonder if—oh, you startled me!"

It was Mr. Somerville Darrah again, clothed upon and in his right mind; otherwise the mind of a master of men who will brook neither defeat at the hands of an antagonist nor disobedience on the part of his following. He was scowling fiercely across at the Utah activities when she spoke, but at her exclamation the frown softened into a smile for his favorite niece.

"Startled you, eh? Pahdon-me, my dear Virginia. But as I am about to startle someone else, perhaps you would better go in to your aunt."

She put her hand on his arm. "Please let me stay out here, Uncle Somerville," she said. "I'll be good and not get in the way."

He shook his head, rather in deprecation than refusal.

"An officer will be here right soon now to make an arrest. There may be a fight, or at least trouble of a sort you wouldn't care to see, my dear."

"Is it—is it Mr. Winton?" she asked. He nodded.

"What has he been doing—besides being 'The Enemy'?"

The Rajah's smile was ferocious. "Just now he is trespassing, and directing others to trespass, upon private property. Do you see that dump up there on the mountain—the hole that looks like a mouth with a long gray beard hanging below it? That is a mine, and its claim runs down across the track where Misteher Winton is just now spiking his rails."

"But the right of way, I don't understand," she began; then she stopped short and clung to the strong arm. A man in a wide-brimmed hat and cowboy chapparrajos, with a revolver on either hip, was crossing the stream on the ice bridge to scramble up the embankment of the new line.

"The officer?" she asked, in an awed whisper.

The Rajah made a sign of assent. Then, identifying Winton in the throng of workers, he forgot Virginia's presence. "Confound him!" he fumed. "I'd give a thousand dollars if he'd faveh me by showing fight, so I could lock him up on a criminal count!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville!" she cried. Contrary to Mr. Darrah's expressed hope, Winton submitted quietly. With a word to his men—a word that stopped the strenuous labor-battle as suddenly as it had begun—he turned to pick his way down the rough hillside at the heels of the marshal.

For some reason that she could never have set out in words Virginia was distinctly disappointed. It was no part of her desire to see the conflict blaze up in violence, but it nettled her to see Winton give up so easily. Some such thought as this had possession of her while the marshal and his prisoner were picking their way across the ice, and she was hoping that Winton would give her a chance to requite him if only with a look.

But it was Town Marshal Peter Biggin, affectionately known to his constituents as "Biggin Pete," who gave her the coveted opportunity. Instead of disappearing decently with his captive, the marshal made the mistake of his life by marching Winton up the track to the private car, thrusting him forward and saying: "Here's yer meat, Gov'nor. What-all 'ud ye like fer me to do with it?"

Now it is safe to assume that the Rajah had no intention of appearing thus openly as the instigator of Winton's arrest. Hence, if a fierce scowl and a wordless oath could maim it, it was to be feared that the overzealous Mr. Biggin would have been physically disqualified on the spot. As it was, Mr. Darrah's ebullient wrath could find no adequate speech form, and in the eloquent little pause Winton had time to smile up at Miss Carteret and to wish her the pleasures of good mornings.

But the Rajah's handiwork was not permanent.

"Confound you, seh!" he growled. "I'm not a justice of the peace. I've

you've made an arrest, you must have had a warrant for it, and you ought to know what to do with your prisoner."

"I'm dashed if I do," objected the simple-hearted Mr. Biggin. "I allowed you wanted him."

Winton laughed openly.

"Simplify it for him, Mr. Darrah. We all know that it was your move to stop the work, and you have stopped it—for the moment. What is the charge and where is it answerable?"

The Rajah dropped the mask and spoke to the point.

"The charge, seh, is trespass, and it is answerable in Judge Whitcomb's court in Carbonate. The plaintiff in this particular case is John Doe, the supposed owner of that mining claim up yonder. In the next it will probably be Richard Roe. You are fighting a losing battle, seh."

Winton's smile showed his teeth.

"That remains to be seen," he countered, coolly.

During this colloquy Virginia had held her ground stubbornly, though she felt intuitively that it would be the greatest possible relief to the three men if she would go away.

But now a curious struggle as of a divided allegiance was holding her. Of course, she wanted Mr. Somerville Darrah to win. Since he was its advocate, his cause must be righteous and just. But as against this dutiful conviction there was a rebellious hope that Winton would not allow himself to be beaten; or, rather, it was a feeling that she would never forgive him if she should.

So it was that she stood with face averted lest she should see her eyes and read the rebellious hope in them. And notwithstanding the precaution he both saw and read, and made answer to the Rajah's ultimatum accordingly.

"Do your worst, Mr. Darrah. We have some 20 miles of steel to lay to take us into the Carbonate yards. That steel shall go down in spite of anything you can do to prevent it."

Virginia waited breathless for her uncle's reply to this cool defiance.

"That's one of them," said the secretary. "I don't show you the other."

"Oh, please!" she said, holding out her hand, while the Reverend Billy considerably turned his back.

Jastrow weighed the chances of detection. It was little enough he could do to lay her under obligations to him, and he was willing to do that little as he could. "I guess I can trust you,"

he said, and gave her the second copy of press-damp paper.

Like the first, it was addressed to the superintendent at Carbonate. But this time the brown eyes flashed and her breath came quickly as she read the vice president's cold-blooded afterthought:

"Town Marshal Biggin will arrive in Carbonate on No. 201 this a. m. with a prisoner. Have our attorneys see to it that the man is promptly jailed in default of bond. If he is set at liberty, as he is likely to be, I shall trust you to arrange for his rearrest and detention at all hazards."

"D."

CHAPTER V.

Virginia took the first step in the perilous path of the strategist when she handed the incendiary telegram back to Jastrow.

"Poor Mr. Winton!" she said, with the real sympathy in the words made most obviously perfunctory by the tone. "What a world of possibilities there is masquerading behind that little word 'arrange.' Tell me more about it, Mr. Jastrow. How will they 'arrange' it?"

"Winton's rearrest? Nothing easier in a tough mining camp like Carbonate, I should say."

"Yes, but how?"

"I can't prophesy how Grafton will go about it, but I know what I should do."

Virginia's smile was irresistible, but there was a look in the deepest depth of the brown eyes that was sifting Mr. Arthur Jastrow to the innermost sand heap of his desert nature.

"How would you do it, Mr. Napoleon Jastrow?" she asked, giving him the exact flippant on the side of gratified vanity.

"Oh, I'd fix him. He is in a frame of mind right now; and by the time the lawyers are through drilling him in the trespass affair, he'll be just spitting for a row with somebody."

"Do you think so? Oh, how delicious! And then what?"

"Then I'd hire some plug-ugly to stumble up against him, and pick a quarrel with him. He'd do the rest—and land in the lockup."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Contrary to all precedent, it was mildly expostulatory.

"It grieves me, seh, to find you so determined to count failure," he began; and when the whistle of the upcoming Carbonate train gave him leave to go on: "Constable, you will find transportation for yourself and one in the hands of the station agent. Misteher Winton, that is your train. I wish you good morning and a pleasant journey. Come, Virginia, we shall be late to our breakfast."

Winton walked back to the station at the heels of his captor, cudgelling his brain to devise some means of getting word to Adams. Happily the technician, who had been unloading steel at the construction camp, had been told of the arrest, and when Winton reached the station he found his assistant waiting for him.

"This is not a criminal matter, Mr. Biggin; will you give me a moment with my friend?"

The ex-cowboy grinned. "Bet your life I will. I ain't lovin' that old 'diller-buster in the private car none 'oo hard." And he went in to get the gasses.

"What's up?" queried Adams, forgetting his drawl for once in a way.

"An arrest—trumped-up—charge of trespass on that mining claim up yonder. But I've got to go to Carbonate to answer the charge and give bonds, just the same."

"Any instructions?"

"Yes. When the train is out of sight and hearing, you get oac over there and drive that track laying for every foot there is in it."

Adams nodded. "I'll do it, and get myself locked up, I suppose."

"No, you won't; that's the beauty of it. The majesty of the law—all there is of it in Argentine—goes with me to Carbonate. In the person of the town marshal."

"Oh, good—succulently good! Well, so long. I'll look for you back on the evening train."

"Sure; if the Rajah doesn't order it to be abandoned on my poor account."

Ten minutes later, when the train had gone, storming on its way to Carbonate and the Rosemary party was at breakfast, the clank of steel and the

chanter's of the hammermen on the other side of the canyon, began again with renewed vigor. The Rajah threw up his head like a war horse scenting the battle from afar and laid his commands upon the long-suffering secretary:

"Faveh me, Jastrow. Get out there and see what they are doing, seh."

The secretary was back in the shortest possible interval, and his report was concise and business-like.

"Work under full headway again, in charge of a fellow who wears a billy-cock hat and smokes cigarettes."

"Mr. Mort I. P. Adams," said Virginia, recognizing the description. "Will you have him arrested too, Uncle Somerville?"

But the Rajah rose nastily without replying, and went to his office stateroom, followed, shadow-like, by the obsequious Jastrow.

It was some little time after breakfast, and Virginia and the Reverend Billy were doing a constitutional on the plank platform at the station, when the secretary came down from the car on his way to the telegraph office.

"It was Virginia who stopped him. 'What do we do next, Mr. Jastrow?' she said—'call in the United States army!'"

For reply he handed her a telegram, damp from the copying press. It was addressed to the superintendent of the C. & G. R. at Carbonate, and she read it without scruple.

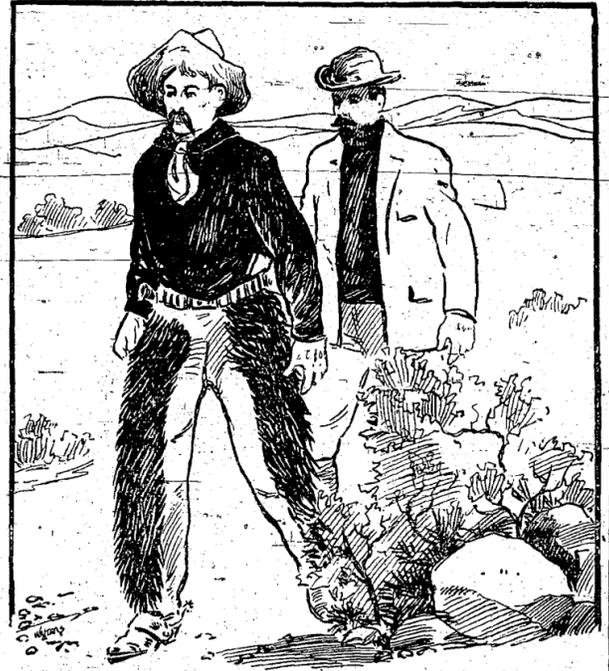
"Have the sheriff of Ute county swear in a dozen deputies and come with them by special train to Argentine. Revoke all possible titles to abandoned mining claims on line of the Utah Extension, and have Sheriff Deckert bring blank warrants to cover any emergency."

"DARRAH, V. P."

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"Oh, please!" she said, holding out her hand, while the Reverend Billy considerably turned his back.

Jastrow weighed the chances of detection. It was little enough he could do to lay her under obligations to him, and he was willing to do that little as he could. "I guess I can trust you,"



WINTON WALKED BACK TO THE STATION AT THE HEELS OF HIS CAPTOR.

# THE SHOW OF THE STATE.

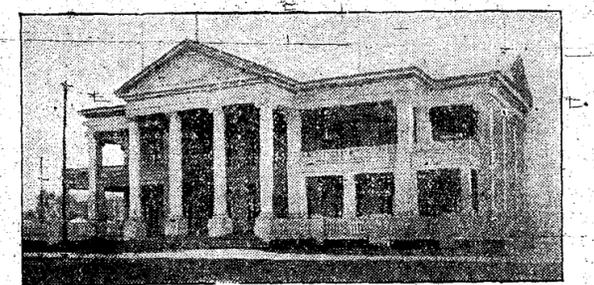
## A VIEW OF THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS AND ITS EQUIPMENT.

### MICHIGAN'S GREATEST FAIR WILL SOON OPEN.

A visit to the grounds on which will be held the Michigan State Fair of 1905 and an inspection of the many new buildings recently erected for exhibition purposes impresses one with the marvelous progress of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, which had its origin in the pioneer days of the commonwealth. The more than a half century that has elapsed since the formation of the society at Lansing in 1849, has marked a great transition in agriculture and allied pursuits during which period Michigan has grown from a comparatively wild and unsettled domain to a state of 2,600,000 people. The State Agricultural Society has kept pace with the progress of the state, each succeeding exhibition showing a marked advancement, each better than the one previous.

Earlier Days. In the earlier years it was the custom of the society to locate the yearly fair in a city, somewhat remote from where the fair was held the year previous, believing that in this way alone

equal display on the ground floor and the art exhibit on the second. You can to the east, first passing the nursery exhibits which occupy a liberal space on the right. Farther on and to the left are the vehicles and automobiles. You have now reached the principal brick buildings, with the Main Exhibition Hall directly in front. Here an avenue projecting north and south crosses, which leads you southward to the fence and implement exhibits, northward to the Horticultural Building, a splendid brick 70x160 feet; the horse stables, to accommodate 300 animals, both on the right, with the grove of oak nearly opposite, in which is the magnificent band pavilion facing to the east. On north and to the left are nine long white barns, each 30x24 feet, five being devoted to cattle, two to sheep, and two to swine. The last two have concrete floors. At the end of this street are four more stables for speed horses, back of which is a fine stretch of forest. Passing back south over the same course is the Poultry Building



MICHIGAN BUILDING.

would these expositions of improved stock and agricultural products be brought nearer the greatest number of people. Lack of transportation and great expense made it difficult for farmers to travel long distances. As the state grew and the means of travel were increased, the fair was held in some of the larger cities and trade centers. A number of exhibitions were held on the grounds in the suburbs of Lansing, that being thought the proper center for all the people, it being the capital city. But in 1905, after a somewhat extended but friendly contest the society decided upon Detroit, the metropolis of the state, as the place for a permanent location of the great fair. A plot of nearly 150 acres lying at the north of the city adjoining Woodward avenue, the leading thoroughfare of the city, was purchased, and the work of preparing the rough fields for an exposition park was begun.

Fair of 1905.

When the dates for the 1905 fair came about, the buildings were few and incomplete; little had been accomplished in the way of grading and beautifying the grounds, though three fine buildings had been erected and the grand stand and mile track fitted for the races. A goodly part of the showing was in improvised structures and tents. Nevertheless the exhibition

excelled those of other years, and the attendance greatly outnumbered the guesses of the wildest and most optimistic of prophets. It proved the wisdom of the men who had given rise to the movement and had consummated their plans in localizing the society to give its annual fair upon permanent grounds adjacent to the first city of Michigan so readily reached by steam railroads, electric cars and by boat from several sections of the state. This patronage showed an appreciation by the people of the city and state and gave assurance that future efforts would merit even a greater interest by exhibitors and a far larger attendance.

Transformation.

But the State Fair grounds of today are far different from those which the visitors at previous exhibitions of the Michigan State Agricultural Society have known. A magnificent park, with its acres of velvety green lawn; with the many sweeping driveways and walks, beds of flowering plants and innumerable groups of foliage plants and ornamental shrubbery has seemingly (owing to the few months given to preparation) sprung into being as if from the hand of enchantment. To get a fair conception of this exposition ground one would need to see it, and to walk the ways of its avenues under many beautiful elms, and to devote hours in observation of the fine buildings that grace the expansive "beauty spot." Instead of this the writer would in fancy take you with him from the heart of Michigan's metropolis out Woodward avenue on one of the modern rapid observation trolley cars, passing through Grand Circus Park, on past the hundreds of attractive homes of leading citizens, crossing the picturesque Grand Boulevard, with its miles of resplendent loveliness, on in view of the fashionable Boston Boulevard, out through Highland Park village, touching delightful Palmer Park, with its sight of the famous Log Cabin for so many years the pride of Senator Thomas W. Palmer, and in a minute or two you are alight at the gates of the society's exhibition grounds that stretch away to the eastward presenting an unparalleled scene of beauty.

Arrangement of Groups.

Entering at the west, one approaches the stately Michigan Building that occupies a conspicuous place in the foreground. In this spacious structure one can meet his friends, perhaps sit down for a little chat, visit the ore and min-

erals display on the ground floor and the art exhibit on the second. You can to the east, first passing the nursery exhibits which occupy a liberal space on the right. Farther on and to the left are the vehicles and automobiles. You have now reached the principal brick buildings, with the Main Exhibition Hall directly in front. Here an avenue projecting north and south crosses, which leads you southward to the fence and implement exhibits, northward to the Horticultural Building, a splendid brick 70x160 feet; the horse stables, to accommodate 300 animals, both on the right, with the grove of oak nearly opposite, in which is the magnificent band pavilion facing to the east. On north and to the left are nine long white barns, each 30x24 feet, five being devoted to cattle, two to sheep, and two to swine. The last two have concrete floors. At the end of this street are four more stables for speed horses, back of which is a fine stretch of forest. Passing back south over the same course is the Poultry Building

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# In a Sisterly Way

By F. M. PEACOCK

They were "society pals," if my readers will tolerate such a slangy description of them.

They had known each other for a few months, and without being actually in love, were conscious of a feeling of satisfaction when each caught sight of the other in a drawing-room.

"She's here, anyhow, so it won't be so very deadly," was more than once the unspoken observation of Jim Broughton, as he found himself perhaps one of three men handling tea and coffee at a five o'clock, where females most do congregate.

Maude, also, had more than once said to her sister as she drove in for some entertainment or other:

"I hope Mr. Broughton will be there; all these sort of things seem to go off better when he is there."

But she would have utterly laughed to scorn the idea that she was in love with him.

But the man took a different view of the friendship! A man's view of a friendship very often differs much from a woman's. He began to feel so insufferably bored at any gathering from which Maude was absent, and she always appeared to him to be so genuinely glad when she met him that he quite made up his mind that he had only to put the important, if rather trite and ancient question, to find himself the accepted lover of the nicest girl in the neighborhood.

Yet Jim Broughton was not a concited man—in fact, the very reverse—but he had, like many men, been always trained up in the belief that every girl, more especially every girl belonging to a large family, was bent on getting a husband; as to what the husband might be like, was, he believed, a matter of secondary importance to the girl. Hence the mistake he made and his consequent discomfiture.

He found himself one Sunday afternoon inquiring for her at her suburban home.

There were four other Miss Brierleys—all ladylike, all fun-loving, all nice-looking, all fond of Broughton in a sisterly, or perhaps cousinly way; and this species of affection Broughton heartily returned. But for the second daughter, for the gray-eyed Maude, he

An afternoon soon after Maude was waiting for her mother in a shop; looking father dreamily out on the street, she saw Broughton pass along the pavement; he seemed to her to be thinner than when she last saw him, and he had a rather worn and worried look. A little child of five or six years was tottering along as well, with her head turned the opposite way from which she was going, in the annoying way that children will walk in the street; she bumped into a bustling commercial traveler, with the result that she sat down rather hurriedly on the pavement and began to cry bitterly; the commercial traveler took no notice of her whatever, but Broughton stooped over her, put her on her feet, and gave her a coin.

Mrs. Brierley just then rose from her chair in the shop. She was a woman with a sharp manner.

"What's the matter, Maude? You have got tears in your eyes?"

"Have I, mother?—I didn't know it."

And the worst of it was, wherever she went she heard his praises sung.

One night she, with her father and mother, dined at the Murdochs. It was a large party. As they stood and sat about previous to dinner being announced, Mrs. Brierley glanced with very justifiable pride at Maude; she, in pearl-gray, looked, in the subdued light of the standard lamps, a charming picture of graceful refinement. Maude was talking to a commonplace old lady about the ravages of influenza. There were two young fellows near her; suddenly she heard one of them make a remark which seemed to stun her and stop the beating of her heart.

"Poor Jim Broughton got a bad fall."

"So I hear. His horse threw him in the park, I believe."

"Yes; served him right. He had no business to ride such a fidgety mare."

Maude found herself praying that she might not faint or make a scene; for this news hurt her terribly. "Poor man! Poor dear man!"

After he had got his answer that wintry afternoon he had systematically kept away from her; she never met him now at people's houses, and she never thought she would have missed him so. And now, perhaps, he was going to die. The young man who had spoken of Jim's fall took her in to dinner.

"Is Mr. Broughton badly hurt?" she asked him, in a voice she tried to keep steady.

"They don't know yet; he was half stunned when picked up; the doctor said probably his collar bone was broken and some ribs, but all that won't matter, as long as his back isn't injured."

"Do you think his back may be injured?"

There was a little catch in her voice, which for the life of her she could not help. The young fellow glanced quickly at her. Was this girl in love with Jim Broughton? He knew Jim was a general favorite with man, woman and child, but he could not conceive the idea of anybody being in love with him.

"I don't know, Miss Brierley; he may have only wrenched some sinews—you can never tell; he has been riding like a madman the last few weeks, I can't think what has come into him."

Maude felt she must do something or burst into crying, so she talked hard and fast about the Merediths' dance, talked the subject to death. Discussed scores, and how to make them slippery; she complained that the music had been too far away, and then said she liked it far away; said Mrs. Meredith was the best hostess in the world, and then found herself agreeing heartily with her neighbor when he said she never introduced a soul; in fact, her conversation was so odd, that the young man told the other young man that he thought she was rather "dotty."

Next morning her father went in to inquire for him; he drove Maude in with him. Maude never before or afterwards prayed with such fervor as she did that morning.

When her father came out and made his report her heart was flooded with joy; as if in sympathy, the sun suddenly beamed out bravely, and a bird hard by began to sing like a mad thing, at least so Maude declares. Jim Broughton says he knows there couldn't have been a bird within a mile.

Jim Broughton was not going to die. His collar bone was broken, and he was one big bruise, but a few weeks of laying up would, the doctor said, put everything right.

By that evening's post the poor fellow, who had been eating his brave heart out in silence for so many weeks past received a little note which put him in a state of foolish delight.

"As soon as the doctor allows you," it ran, "you must ask two of us to tea with you; I think, perhaps, I should recommend Lucy as being the most restful; but I am going to be one of them."

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

Prevailing Idea.

Mrs. Bacon—Is a hundred pounds of ice much, William?

Mr. Bacon—Well, it all depends on whether you're getting it or paying for it.—Yonkers Statesman.

## ERRORS ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Editor: I noticed somewhere recently—I would not say positively that it was in your columns—an article on the White House which contained several misstatements.

In the first place it was stated the White House was first occupied in 1800 and that its first occupant was President Madison. The facts, its first occupant was President Adams, who took up his residence there in 1800.

The original mansion was begun in 1792. In 1814 it was burned by the British and rebuilt in 1818.

Another of the errors in the article referred to was the statement that ready-prepared paint is used on the White House to make it beautifully white.

I noticed this especially because I have used considerable paint myself and wondered that "canned" paint should be used on such an important building when all painters know that pure white lead and linseed oil make the best paint.

It so happened also that I knew white lead and linseed oil—not ready-mixed paint—were used on the White House, because I had just read a book published by a firm of ready-mixed paint manufacturers who also manufacture pure white lead. In that book the manufacturers admitted that for the White House nothing but "the best and purest of paint could be used," and said that their pure white lead had been selected.

Above all people, those who attempt to write on historical subjects should give us facts, even if it is only a date or a statement about wood, or brick, or paint, or other building material.

Yours for truth,

## GIANT RADISHES OF THE EAST

These the Vegetable Grows to an Enormous Size.

Radishes in North China and in Japan are as important and ubiquitous a part of every meal as is bread in America. In both countries many millions of bushels of this vegetable are grown every year, and they are to be had at all seasons. It is thus easy to understand why these parts of the world grow the strangest and biggest radishes known.

The giants beside the little French Breakfast, our favorite American variety, are but babies beside the monsters they grow under the warm, moist influences of the oriental climate.

These radishes are grown on American soil from seeds imported by the United States department of agriculture from China. They take well to the American climate, and probably would have weighed five pounds when full grown.

When these fellows are grown in China they rapidly form a great brilliant red globe eight to ten inches in diameter and weighing sometimes 20 pounds. Another kind is snow white and grows a foot long, and still another is a brilliant green on the outside and a beautiful wine red when the skin is cut. Some of these strange vegetables are exceedingly delicate in flavor and texture when grown under favorable conditions.

England mourns Dairy Butter.

The London Times asserts that genuine dairy butter is a thing past praying for. Four-fifths of the population of London, the Times asserts, have never seen it in their lives. Those who know what it is have great difficulty in procuring it, and cannot obtain it in many cases at any price. What is called genuine butter in London, the Times says, is blended and reworked butter.

Training School for Elephants.

There is a training school for elephants at Api, in the Congo State, where 23 elephants are taking lessons. The training operations, have produced encouraging results, says the Tribune Congolaise.

## DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Say.

A Michigan woman tried Postum Food Coffee because ordinary coffee disagreed with her and her husband. She writes:

## THE WHITE RIVER COUNTRY.

In the opinion of one who has traveled much and observed closely, the most truly and rightfully contented people in the United States to-day are the small landowners in what is known as the Upper White River Country, anywhere from Newport, Ark., to Carthage, Mo. They are contented because their surroundings are ideal and, until recently, the great, uneasy, dissatisfied world, with its artificial needs and inadequate compensations, has been to them but little more tangible than a dream. Here, still existent, and by reason of their very rarity at this day and time more delectable than in the past, are the conditions which have ever appealed with irresistible force to the independent-spirited Anglo-Saxon. Every man is the supreme ruler of his own little principality; acknowledging no master save the law—and possibly his feminine helpmeet; cringing to no employer; asking no favors from the world, save those that his neighbors freely extend and expect as freely in return. He lives in a latitude where the extremes of heat or cold are never known, and at an altitude that insures perfect health. The highest bounty of Nature has been showered upon him with unsparring hand, but it is a question whether he more than dimly realizes the fact. He accepts as a matter of course the fertile soil "which produces in abundance every cultivable growth common to the north temperate zone, the surrounding forests of valuable woods and the underlying strata of precious minerals, the springs and streams of translucent purity, on every hand, the wealth of fish and game at his very door, such as less favored mortals annually travel hundreds of miles to find. He is contented, but small credit is his for that, for how could he well be otherwise than content? It is sad that such idealistic conditions may not continue, but it is written that the present possessors of this favored land must soon give place to others more appreciative of its incomparable features. A railroad has recently cut its way through the best of this region, and the unaccustomed rustle of bank notes and clink of coin will eventually tempt the hill-dweller to part with his birthright. So it has always been in the world's history—the good things that are ours without price invariably pass from our hands before we come to understand their value. The White River country will shortly be discovered anew by a class of immigrants better capable of judging its possibilities—the men who seek modest homes where the "lay of the land" will effectually prevent crowding by too close neighbors, where their cattle can fatten on free range, where the wealth of forest and mine awaits development by intelligent workers, and where the game and fish offer enjoyable recreation to all who have leisure and inclination for sport.

Charity by Machinery.

Poor Man—W'ud ye be so kind sir, to stop a moment? It was you, sir, that saved my wife's life last year by givin' me a dollar for some medicine. Please, sir, she's sick ag'in, an' the same way.

Mr. Highmnd—I have recently been convinced of the folly of indiscriminate giving, and I now distribute by donations through the Business Men's Charity trust, organized for the purpose of investigating each case. I left a dollar with the secretary not five minutes ago. Go and tell him your story.

Mr. Highmnd (an hour later)—Ah! Did you go to the secretary, as I directed?

"I did, sir, an' he gave me a five-cent piece w'd a hole in it."

"'Eh! Is that all?"

"Yes, sir, I told him about your dollar, but he said the other 95 cents was kept for salaries an' expenses."

N. Y. Weekly.

Alum Baking Powder is Wholesome.

Dr. Herman Reinhold, the expert German chemist, in a recent official report concerning Baking Powders, declares that a pure alum baking powder is better and less injurious than the so-called cream of tartar powders. He says that if the quantity of alum contained in a sufficient quantity of baking powder for a batch of bread or cakes for an ordinary family, be concentrated to one mouthful of food, and taken into the stomach of any one person, no matter how delicate, it could do no harm. On the contrary, alum is wholesome in proper quantities. This is undoubtedly the reason the State of Missouri quickly repealed a law that prohibited the manufacture of the most wholesome of all baking powders. So much for Alum Baking Powders.

Immense Steel Plates.

The shell and boilers of the new Cunarder being built at Wallsend, England, are said by Consul Metcalf to be constructed of the largest steel plates in the world. They are silicon steel, weighing ten tons each. The boilers alone will weigh over 1,000 tons. Massive ingots and slabs weighing 12 and 14 tons, are continually passing through the rolling mills there for this work.

Has Been Buried for Centuries.

The body of a young woman has been discovered in the ancient Priddy lead mines in Somersetshire, England, some 16 or 17 feet deep in the waterborne silt that has been accumulating since the days before the Romans came. The hair is wonderfully preserved, and remains in the plait in which it was worked. Beside the body were found five large blue and green glass beads.

The First Quill Pens.

Quill pens came into use in 553; the first steel ones in 1820, when the first gross of them sold for \$36.

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Saw Own Contrivances at Work.

Lord Kelvin paid a visit to the British schoolship for navigating officers at Portsmouth, on which are several mechanical contrivances and appliances of his own invention. The practical working of these had to be demonstrated and explained to him. Lord Kelvin understood the theoretical principles of the mechanism, but had never seen them applied and at work before.

Superb Service, Splendid Scenery.

en route to Niagara Falls, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Temagami Region, St. Lawrence River and Rapids, Thousand Islands, Algonquin National Park, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast resorts, via Grand Trunk Railway System. Double track Chicago to Montreal and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For copies of tourist publications and descriptive pamphlets apply to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., Chicago.

How to Put On Gloves.

Open and turn back the gloves to the thumb and powder lightly. Put the fingers in their places, not the thumb, and carefully work them on with the first finger and thumb of the other hand until they are quite down; never press between the fingers. Pass the thumb into its place with care and work on as the fingers. Turn back the glove and slide it over the hand and wrist, never pinching the lid, and work the glove into proper place by means of the lightest pressure, always allowing the kid to slide between the fingers. In finishing care should be taken in fastening the first button.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES.

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—"Would Have Died, But for Cuticura."

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores, Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

Beware of Serbian Bank Notes.

There is dismay in the Serbian ministry of finance. In the strong room in this department, in a specific safe, were stored the engraved plates from which Serbian bank notes were struck. These plates were engraved in Paris and cost a sum of £1,600. All these plates have within the past few days been found to be stolen from the safe, without any visible sign of the safe having been tampered with.

Spreading India's Fisheries.

India is learning a lesson from Japan, where fish ekes out the agricultural situation. There, ten per cent. of the population are engaged in the fisheries industry, as against one per cent. in India, where all the fishing is still done within six miles of the shore, and in the most primitive manner.

When the landlord has the rent in his pocket he's apt to forget about the rent in the roof.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 35, 1906.

## Economy is the road to wealth.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYE is the road to economy.

Every married woman under 40 knows a man she thinks she might marry if her husband should happen to die.

His Only Concern.

A well known member of the New York bar, a man of most patronizing manner, one day met John G. Carlisle, to whom he observed loftily:

"I see, Carlisle, that the supreme court has overruled you in the case of Mullins versus Jenkinson. But," he added, in his grand way, "you, Carlisle, need feel no concern about your reputation."

Carlisle chuckled. "Quite so," he agreed. "I'm only concerned for the reputation of the supreme court."—Harper's Weekly.

## TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so sly that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation."

"Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more, and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

YOU CANNOT CURE

all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

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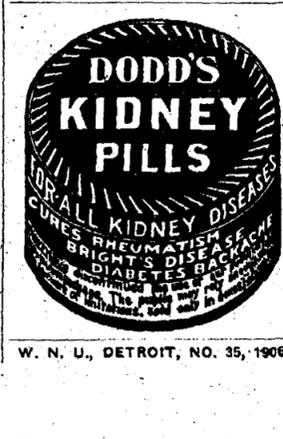
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We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and working in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the Committee.

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**JAMES S. SHERMAN, Chairman.**  
P. O. Box 2063, New York.

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**HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets**  
A Daily Medicine for Busy People.

Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form. 25 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER'S DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

**REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY**  
Made a Well Man of Me.

**THE GREAT FRANCE REMEDY**  
prevents the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It cures and cures rashes, Marasmus, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but it great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and Consumption. Insists on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a special written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address: **ROYAL MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

For sale in East Jordan by  
**C. ADISON, DRUGGIST**

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**

**CLEVER ANSWERS.**  
**Cases Where They Won Promotions—Civil and Military, Lie.**

A long list might be given of men who have owed their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with glee how he once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my guards, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvaroff, who when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant, who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them that there was plenty of whisky behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word."—"I say it now," answered Suvaroff, "and a right good officer you will be."

**Artful.**  
Young Mr. Pitts—What are you smiling at, dear? Mrs. Pitts—I was just thinking how you used to sit and hold my head for an hour at a time before we were married. How silly you were! Mr. Pitts—I wasn't silly at all. I held your hand to keep you away from the piano.

**The Regular Count.**  
The heart of a man who has lived to be seventy has beaten 200,000,000 times—not counting the times when he got scared and it worked overtime.—Somerville Journal.

Try San Marto and also a fresh line of J. M. Baur's celebrated Coffees at Bowen & Kenny's.

**THE CHUTES.**  
**Chicago's Famous Water Park Furnishes New Sensations.**

No more wonderful pleasure resort exists than Chicago's famous water park, "The Chutes."

Its fame is international. This season it offers two sensations which have set the big city agog. One is "Elter," the Beautiful Mystery of the Lake, and the other King Humboldt's Royal Italian Band, led by Maestro Francesco Pozzi. The "Banda Italiana Abruzzi" is an organization of forty skilled musicians, which created a furore in Europe. It is touring the world and will delight the Chutes' patrons this summer.

"Elter," who is a beautiful young woman, emerges from the depths of the lake and disappears beneath its waves like a fabled nymph. Her marvelous feat amazes and mystifies.

"Shooting the Chutes" over the biggest artificial cascades in the world is the favorite pastime of Chicago. Shouting and laughing throngs descend the glistening cascades with the speed of the wind until their gay gondolas splash in the lake and glide swiftly forward on foam-crested waves to a placid harbor.



While Pozzi's big band fills the park with majestic strains, delighted celebrants are whirled through mid-air at marvelous speed; paantons ears flash across the horizon laden with gaily attired children and young women; mists of opalescent spray cool the beautiful park; its blue lake glitters and scintillates under the glorious sun and against the blue sky dotted and gleam countless flags and vari-colored lights.

A more entrancing spectacle cannot be imagined than "The Chutes," a citadel of beautiful pavilions, thronged with happy people, animated by a thousand gay activities, illuminated like a fairyland and ringing with the melodies of its world-famed band.

Among its unique devices are the Velvet Coaster, Acrostat Flying Machines, Radium Zoo, moving pictures of the San Francisco Fire, Electric Theatre, troupe of entertainers, Figure 8, Toboggan, Giant Antonian, Katzonjammer Castle, free Children's Playground, Thousand Anamorphoses, Laughing Gallery, Helter Skelter, Mammoth Carousel, Mystic Hill, a Subterranean River, Haunted House, Pendant Swings, and a thousand others.

This matchless resort is Chicago's favorite playground, a Coney Island, circus and world's fair, all in one. No visit to the big city is complete without "seeing the Chutes." Access to all of its bewildering activities may be had for ten cents. Street cars transfer passengers to The Chutes from all parts of Chicago for five cents.

**Does Your Stomach Bother You?**  
**Dr. Shoop's Restorative Cures All Distressing Stomach Troubles Through the Inside Nerves.**

As you value your health and happiness don't neglect to care for the slightest stomach pain—don't let it go. At the first sign of distress use Dr. Shoop's Restorative and end all these troubles. These aches are signals—they are symptoms of coming disease—is it wise to ignore them? You who never eat a hearty meal without a sense of fullness, followed by a period of lassitude or drowsiness—be wary. Suffer these conditions and you surely have distressing indigestion—you'll become a sallow, miserable dyspeptic. Do you experience any of these symptoms?—dizziness, fainting, return of food, nervousness, a pit of stomach gnawing at you, belching of gas, belching of wind, headache, dizziness, or any of these ways, your duty is clear—there is but one course open to you—strengthen the inside nerves—these special stomach nerves—shake off forever this evidence of disease. Put the nervous condition to rest as nature intended they should. Don't drug, don't force—just give the inside nerves natural force, gentle tonic, nature's help. Dr. Shoop's Restorative (Tablet or Liquid) should be taken to do this—it is the only prescription which builds up, or even attempts to restore the inside stomach nerves. Sold by **WARNE'S PHARMACY.**

**List of Advertised Letters.**  
Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending **AUG. 25th, 1906:**  
Houck Mr. Willie  
Tower Frank  
**FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.**

Piles positively cured by Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone, and it does the work of perfection. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic. Sold by **Warne's Pharmacy.**

Bread and a very large variety of cookies kept on hand.

—E. A. LEWIS

**WANTED:** Gentleman or lady with good reference, to travel by rail or with a rig for a firm of \$250,000 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jos. A. Alexander, East Jordan, Mich.

Rheumatism is not incurable. Stubborn? Yes! But Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy will if faithfully used drive it out of the system. Its the blood that's at fault. Poisonous crystals like sand get into the joints and muscles. Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy prevents this. It drives Rheumatism from the blood and then Rheumatism dies. We recommend and sell it. **Warne's Pharmacy.**

Have you weakness of any kind—stomach, back or any part of the body? Don't dose yourself with ordinary medicine. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the supreme curative power—35 cents, Tea or Tablets at **Warne's Pharmacy.**

Think of Dr. Shoop's Catarrah Cure if your nose and throat discharge—if your breath is foul or feverish. This show white soothing balm contains Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., incorporated in to an imported, cream-like, velvety petroleum. It soothes, heals, purifies, controls. Call at our store for free trial box. **Warne's Pharmacy.**

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through **Munn & Co.** receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American.**

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co. 36 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**DROPS**  
TRADE MARK  
**CURES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE**

"DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct cause of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

**DR. S. D. ELAND**  
OF Brown, Okla., writes:  
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

**FREE**  
If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself.

"DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.  
**SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,**  
Dept. 30—149 Lake Street, Chicago.

**Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.**  
Time Schedule in effect Sunday, July 1st, 1906.

Going East	Stations	Arrive	Going West	Stations	Depart
P. M. A. M.	Leave	Arrive	P. M. A. M.	Depart	Arrive
2 29 9 40	East Jordan	4 25 12 05	2 29 9 40	East Jordan	4 25 12 05
2 40 9 52	Wards	4 07 11 49	2 40 9 52	Wards	4 07 11 49
2 45 9 56	Jordan River	4 04 11 53	2 45 9 56	Jordan River	4 04 11 53
2 50 10 01	Graves' Camp	3 59 11 28	2 50 10 01	Graves' Camp	3 59 11 28
3 05 10 10	Green River	3 54 11 18	3 05 10 10	Green River	3 54 11 18
3 37 10 39	Altha	3 37 10 49	3 37 10 39	Altha	3 37 10 49
4 40 11 35	Deward	3 53 9 00	4 40 11 35	Deward	3 53 9 00
5 35 12 05	Federic	2 25 6 39	5 35 12 05	Federic	2 25 6 39

**CLARK HAIRE,**  
General Manager.

**East Jordan & Southern R. R.**  
TIME TABLE  
(In effect June 24, 1906)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time.

**W. P. PORTER** E. J. CROSSMAN,  
Gen. Manager Traffic Mng.

**PERE MARQUETTE**  
In effect June 24, 1906

Trains leave Bellaire as follows:  
For Traverse City, 10:02 and 8:13 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West, 8:40 a. m., 10:02 a. m., 4:15 p. m. and 8:13 p. m.

For Saginaw and Detroit, 4:15 p. m.

For Charlevoix and Petoskey, 2:42 p. m., 7:55 p. m. and 9:41 p. m.

**H. F. MOELLER,**  
General Passenger Agent.  
**F. N. STEWART,** Agent, Bellaire.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**  
Cures Colds, Prevents Pneumonia

I have the most complete line of everything you can possibly want in  
**GROCERIES**  
and shall be glad to supply your wants at lowest possible prices.

We solicit a share of your patronage.  
**WILL RICHARDSON.**  
Phone No. 156.

**Fresh Meats**  
And the Choicest Cuts can be procured at the  
**State Street Market,**  
at Most Reasonable Prices.

We have just added a complete line of all Fish including  
**Mackerel Cod White.**  
Meats promptly delivered to all parts of the city.  
Your Patronage Is Solicited.

**GEO. HAYNER, Prop.**  
**Prescriptions 39,176 Prescriptions**

While we have endeavored to avoid undue publicity regarding our business, we at the same time deem it wise in nouse to hide our light under a bushel, hence we would call the special attention of the public to one important branch of our establishment, viz:

**Our Prescription Department.**

The highest grade and finest quality of Drugs and Chemicals obtainable are used, and absolutely no substitution practiced. Above we give you the number of subscriptions we have filled since we began doing business in East Jordan, which shows to a certain extent, at least, the confidence that has been placed in us in the past, and we shall aim to be worthy of it in the future. Your patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

**Warne's Pharmacy.**

**E. A. LEWIS**  
**Fresh Goods Every Week**  
And none but the Best Brands in All Lines

—TRY OUR—  
Teas and Coffees, Breakfast Foods, Flour, Buck wheat, Corn and Maple Syrup, Cookies, Confectionery and Fruit.

JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY.  
Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 168.

**EARN \$10,000 YEAR. WHY NOT?**  
—THE—  
**International Correspondence Schools**  
**WILL START YOU.** MICH. ENROLLMENT OFFICE AT TRAVERSE CITY.  
ASK AGENT TO CALL

**DRIFTING TOWARDS BRIGHT'S DISEASE**

Many people who are neglecting symptoms of kidney trouble, hoping "it will wear away," are drifting towards Bright's Disease, which is kidney trouble in one of its worst forms.

**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE**

stops irregularities, strengthens the urinary organs and builds up the worn-out tissues of the kidneys so they will perform their functions properly. Healthy kidneys strain out the impurities from the blood as it passes through them. Diseased kidneys do not, and the poisonous waste matter is carried by the circulation to every part of the body, causing dizziness, backache, stomach trouble, sluggish liver, irregular heart action, etc.

If you have any signs of kidney or bladder trouble commence taking **FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE** at once, as it will cure a Slender Disorder in a few days and prevent a fatal malady. It is pleasant to take and benefits the whole system.

**How to Find Out.**  
You can easily determine if your kidneys are out of order by setting aside for 24 hours a bottle of the urine passed upon arising. If upon examination it is cloudy or milky or has a brick-dust sediment or small particles float about in it, your kidneys are diseased, and **FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE** should be taken at once.

**E. B. Burhans Testifies After Four Years.**  
E. B. Burhans of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes:  
"About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick-dust sediment and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed, and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble."

**Two Sizes, 50 Cents and \$1.00.**  
**SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY**