

mal product derived from their different breeds is referred to the variety you seek. First, of all, it is a variety that you select one of the most popular breeds, and the auctioneer selects the best specimens you can find of that variety. Today one of the most popular breeds says the "Golden Plover," is the Black Rosecomb. As the name implies, this breed is all black and the rooster should have a large, upright comb, and the comb with a white border or spike behind. The legs should be black, the feet black, the beak white and round. The cock should weigh about 20 ounces and the hen 16 ounces. The most important thing they carry the better. The cock should have a very full feathered tail, a large mandible, a long neck and long sickle feathers, as broad as possible.

The next breed to claim attention is the pretty little Scotch Grey. This breed of Hawaiian birds fair, in the opinion of us, to become one of the most popular varieties. It was formerly known as the cleanlegged variety. It is a small bird, with a red comb and the eggs, as a rule, are quite fertile. The size should be the same as the Black Rosecomb. The cock should be exactly the same as the Scotch Grey fowl; single comb, red legs, and the tail with a white border. In breeding this variety about one-third of the chickens come out with a white comb and change as these black chickens are invariably pullets. They are no good for show, but they will be killed and sold to mate with a lightshade cockerel.

The Modern Black Red is one of the most popular varieties of the Hawaiian Islands. I have known of a specimen selling in England about eight years ago for \$100.00. It is a beautiful bird, and I have known of a specimen selling in England about eight years ago for \$100.00. It is a beautiful bird, and I have known of a specimen selling in England about eight years ago for \$100.00.

The Modern Duckwing is a very attractive variety, but I do not think it is not so great as for some of the

best in mind that the variety that pays best is the one that is most popular among birds. Bantams, of course, no keep, but the profit derived from keeping them is made up for by their popularity. Keep the best and then you will not regret having started Bantam breeding. It is the same with Bantams as with any other class of stock on the farm; the better your stock is, the greater the demand for what you want to sell.

HOW TO CLAMP CHICKEN BARN.

How One Man Saves Many Steps and Makes Sure That Hens are Safe for Night.

Our hen house being about 200 feet distant from the dwelling house and divided into three apartments, the closing of the traps was a disagreeable task in the evening, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. We made a device to close them by a wire running to the house. A. The end of the trap is attached to a wire run through pulleys A, which are attached to roof plate, then through pulleys B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, and finally down to a screw driven into the wall. The trap is thus worked up and down easily. A screen door at the entrance of the trap is closed by a spring it attached to rope at C to pull back when trap must be closed, so the weight of the trap is not enough to balance weight of wire.

POULTRY AND BEE NOTES.

I use ordinary whitewash, adding a little kerosene to make it more paint-pooly houses and dropping

In this stream, which is about 20 miles in length, President Roosevelt has been hunting for a large number of fishes to this unique specimen, with the result that Dr. Evermann has secured a fine lot of fish and environment and to see whether it might not be introduced elsewhere. He has also been studying the danger of extermination and that fishing in the stream must be prohibited by law. The reason for this is that if the trout is to be saved, Dr. Evermann has also recommended that the trout be protected from the artificial propagation of the trout and co-operation of the State and local authorities in trapping it to a number of barren streams that can be easily reared.—National Geographic Magazine.

Tigers Tap Rubber Trees.

New Paper in Malay peninsula is a prosperous rubber factory run by a long-established Chinese firm. The fact that the tap sap from which the rubber is made it is necessary to puncture the bark of the tree with a knife or a sharp instrument, and that there are an abundance of tigers. There were several reports of tigers attacking the Scotch proprietor hit on a brilliant idea. He knew that tigers are very fond of eating raw meat, and that all the trees should be rubbed with this stuff. The tigers came upon the trees and scratched the bark in the most approved herringbone fashion, after which all that the coolies had to do was to walk around once a day and collect the rubber.

Sinal, the "Turquoise Land."

Sinal was known as the "turquoise land" in various times, and Dr. Flinders Petrie believes that it is the first-mentioned city in the world. In his opinion, Sinal was the capital of the country of Sinal, the name of which he believed to be the "commander," or "bearer of the seal of the god," the Pharaoh. The

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By MAT D. BLOSSER
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1918

Don't tell an item of news to someone else, expecting the ENTERPRISE will tell it, and so it does.

The Dor family had its annual picnic at Wolf lake last Saturday. The attendance was not as large as it was two years ago, but they had a pleasant time just the same.

W. N. Armstrong, V. S. P. B. O. Concord, chairman of the board of examiners of the Grand Rapids veterinary college, will spend the V. M. A. at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 21-24.

Many married ladies, who travel on the cars, wonder why the railway company charges them for carrying their baby carriages but carry babies free. If this is true it seems like injustice and we wonder that someone does not make a kick and have the matter investigated.

It has always been a wonder to us why railway engineers stop their trains with the baggage cars in front of the passenger stations and compel passengers to walk the length of one to half a dozen cars, and this coming in the heat of summer. We think that there is no good and sufficient reason why they should do so and would like to see the practice changed.

Dear reader, the ENTERPRISE wants the news, all the news that is fit to be published, and wants it when it is fresh. If you have an item of news, or a publication day, or until tomorrow, send it to us at once. Be careful to write out the facts, spell all names correctly. We will edit them as they come in and try to have it right but you can assist us by writing clear.

It took the Michigan legislature several weeks to formulate and pass the primary election law and now it is taking much of Attorney General Bird's time to get the meaning of some of the paragraphs in the law. Of course he is likely to be wrong in his interpretation of the law and if someone wishes to contest the supreme court will be called upon to decide it. Then there is likely to be a difference of opinion, part of the justices taking one view and the others another. We think it is down, what did the legislature give us for the money we expended.

Some of their Manchester friends who are interested in learning that J. M. Hutchinson, of the Knox store, Jackson, and E. T. Buckley, of Bay City, the two members of the Jackson overland walking club to take the trip through Colorado, have returned home. They visited the northwestern part of the state, visited Park and other points of interest, climbed Pike's Peak, journeyed on mountain roads and walked along the coast of the ocean and spent a day or two in the country of the prehistoric cliff dwellers in the southwestern part of the state. The trip was one of exceptional interest, embracing 4,000 miles of railroad travel and 300 miles.

We heard a prominent man talking about automobiles and the reckless manner in which they are run, and he expressed the belief that farmers should carry guns and when one of these "dons" came along to help him up. We have often thought that a little gun would do some of those fellows that drive about a lot of good. When a man is driving he has little thought of the rights of pedestrians, man, woman or child, and drives along with the apparent thought that they will have to get out of the way. There is a "law of the road" and home drivers as well as automobile ought to study up on it, as there is altogether too much confusion.

We have changed the make up of the ENTERPRISE and have added new features which we think will be of great interest to our readers. The first page is given more Michigan news also a summary of general news, market, etc. The second page has editorial, illustrated articles on news at home and in foreign homes, etc. The third page has the Washington letter, something about the Pan-American congress which is under way in Washington and some news about the fourth and fifth pages are local and have all the news, market, etc. There are two good stories on the sixth page and a serial on the seventh. The eighth page has news from the "vite capital," very interesting, two columns which contain some advertisements which you should all read. We have tried to give you a good paper worth your money and more too. Now is the time to subscribe.

PERSONAL ITEMS.
Mrs. Don Simmons is visiting relatives at Dundee.
Rev. D. M. Shier of Watrous was in town Tuesday.
Rev. Moore and family returned from Essex Rapids, Tuesday.
Mrs. Charles Youngblood returned from St. John, Monday night.
John Jones of Battle Creek is visiting friends here and in Sharon.
Byron Hall has been visiting friends at Greenville the past week.
George Niles drove to Tecumseh on Sunday, taking Rev. Phillips.
Austin Tycum and family went to Jackson Tuesday to visit friends.
F. J. M. Freeman was at the county seat last Saturday on legal business.
Miss Frances and Louise Goodyear visited friends in Brooklyn over Sunday.
Miss Edith Corey of Pontiac visited Miss Ida Stridgen the first part of the week.
Fred Schaefer, who works in a Tecumseh cigar factory, was home over Sunday.
Miss Janet Blaisdell, who has been very busy the past week, is slowly improving.
Miss Marie Blosser went to Lansing Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. B. F. Burton.
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Brownell of New Orleans, La., are visiting Mr. & Mrs. Will Holmes.
Wm. Wellwood and James Wallace of Manchester were in the city Thursday, Ann Arbor Times.
Miss Addie Vogelbacher entertained Emma's young ladies' society last Thursday evening.
Misses Martha and Emma Breitenwischer are spending the week with friends in Detroit.
Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Wainwright and Mrs. Will Zimmerman have gone to Rome to visit an old school friend.
Bert Traub and Elbert Moore of Arlington Heights, Ill., visited Rudolph Mahrie on Tuesday.
Miss Grace Harvey of Ypsilanti visited Miss Ida Stridgen on Saturday and Sunday nights.
Mrs. John Spaford went to Detroit last Friday on the excursion train and remained to visit friends.
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. McKinnis of Ripley, N. Y., have been guests of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Spaford this week.
Lawrence Wurster and Don Simmons went to Norvell, Brooklyn and Orem City yesterday, selling cigars.
Mrs. Jennie Root of Adrian was called here Monday on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Root of St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers—Ann Arbor Times.
Mrs. Will Gage and son, who have been visiting Mrs. S. W. Lockwood, returned to Detroit last Saturday.
Mr. & Mrs. James Sechan of Clinton and daughter, Mrs. Dows, and children are visiting at H. C. Calhoun's today.
Mrs. & Mrs. Fred Hall of Los Angeles, Cal., arrived in town Monday and are making their parents and friends a visit.
We learn that Tom Riley was arrested on a charge of stealing a watch at Tecumseh and had his examination Monday.
Mr. & Mrs. James Waters and little daughter from Leslie visited over Sunday with their uncle, A. J. Wainwright and family.
Mrs. Frank Stark of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been visiting here, has gone to Dayton, Ohio, to visit her sister, Mrs. Frank Hall.
Miss Clara Wuertheiser of Detroit, who is employed by the American Lumbering Co. in the city visiting friends—Ann Arbor Times, Tuesday.
Willis Pratt, director of the Norvell village schools, was in town Saturday and engaged Miss Emma Schaefer to teach the school the coming season.
Rural Mail Carrier Thum expects to take the 15 day vacation, granted by the post department, and will spend his time on his farm, west of town.
Tom Riley came out from Tecumseh last Thursday and worked in the cigar factory two days. His wife accompanied him to Tecumseh Saturday night.
A. J. Longley and family, H. C. and Mary, of Clinton, are visiting at Challa and Palmer, who were visiting there, were at Wampler's lake yesterday.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. E. Pesse drove to Norvell last Friday and on the following day drove to Wolf lake to attend the annual reunion of the Dor family.
We learn that Mr. & Mrs. Charles P. Jones of Ypsilanti are contemplating a trip to Cuba soon, intending to spend the winter there with Capt. Kline and family.
Miss Kline Kline of Richmond, Va., is visiting her brother-in-law, J. V. Kline, Mr. Will Barker and Mrs. E. W. Wood of Eaton Rapids visited there over Sunday.
Miss Ida Stridgen has resigned as teacher in our public school. She was one of our most efficient teachers and her board fees that it will not be easy to fill her place.
Albert Mosha and sister, Mrs. Lachard, drove to Monroe Sunday to visit their brother, Fred Mosha. Miss Nora Mosha, who has been visiting here, returned home with them.

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LOVED by a MADMAN

By GEORGE WEIGH

Narrative of John Calepe.

On the 9th day of September, in the year 1900, I was a passenger on one of the famous Canadian ocean liners. Had I foreseen, however, the strange happenings during the voyage, I should have postponed my trip.

I always like a berth to myself, but as the steamer had more than the usual complement of passengers, I had to share one with another person. The companionship of Mr. Gorman was not a pleasant one.

As I was first getting into my berth, I saw Mr. Gorman take a coil of rope from his locker, which he placed on a seat.

Mr. Gorman, to do me a favor, took this rope and firmly secured me to the berth with it, so that I could not possibly get up.

Don't be surprised at my request," he continued. "The truth is, I am a somnambulist, and I don't want to walk into the sea."

His words having reassured me, I fastened him as securely as possible. I continued this every evening, always releasing him in the morning.

One morning he complained of indisposition, and asked me to send the doctor to him.

I could not find the doctor, but happening to meet the stewardess, I requested her to do so.

"What did you say his name was?" she asked, looking at me with astonished eyes. "And does he occupy your berth?"

Having gratified her curiosity, she continued, in a low voice:

"You must not repeat what I tell you, but if I were you I'd change my berth."

As I could not conceive any practical reason for her advice, I did not see the necessity of acting on it. At all events, that night I tied the rope more firmly than ever.

I am one of those fortunate individuals who always sleep soundly, but on this night a jumble of unpleasant dreams now and again startled my slumbers. Suddenly my dreams grew so insupportable as to completely overpower sleep. I awoke. All was still.

The light of the port-hole seemed to glare luridly, and my glance reaching the berth where I had fastened my companion, found it empty. He had broken loose from his meshes. Just then my ears were assailed by distant muffled sounds of "Murder, murder! Help! help!" proceeding from the deck above me.

In an instant I ascended the gangway stairs. I rushed to the deck. The night was dark and silent. In the gloom I proceeded to where the voice had issued, and to my horror I saw my companion dragging the stewardess by main force along the deck, striving evidently to cast her into the sea. I caught hold of the arm of the wretch and strove to wrest it from the clasp of the woman, but I did not succeed. I attempted again and with all the resolute force possible. At that moment I saw a flash of light. I felt a maddening blow, and then I must have grown the able to everything.

On recovering consciousness, I found myself in my berth, attended by the doctor and the stewardess, who soon recovered from my injuries. I asked her to give me some particulars of the mysterious occurrence.

"Read what will explain what seems inexplicable," she replied, handing me the following MS.

Narrative of Millicent Harworth, Stewardess.

I am the youngest of six sisters—all favored by nature, with good looks, and in consequence, all encouraged by our parents to bid advantageously in the market for respectable rich husbands. Three of my sisters married themselves to unexceptionable types of golden propriety, two of them wedded worthy but necessitous young men.

Some, or other, I did not follow the excellent example of my elder sisters. I had never hankered after a monotonous life of responsibility. I did not think that the crown of womanhood consisted in being a nurse of squalling infancy or a slave to manly brutality.

After a few years I became one of the principal nurses in a hospital. I need not detail here the numberless cases I nursed, but I must mention

the particular one which concerns this narrative.

He had met with an accident, and his injuries necessitated careful nursing. He was not a restless, complaining sufferer. He gave little trouble, and his sturdy constitution soon conquered his injuries.

As he grew convalescent, however, to my amazement the reticence of a suffering patient suddenly turned into the speech of a passionate lover.

At last I realized that I had been nursing a sensual, homicidal maniac, and a sickening fear chilled me. I at once gave up the case. His discharge from the hospital eased my mind. Still, I constantly was haunted by the thought that some day I was destined again to meet this man who would wreak vengeance on me and murder me.

On the morning of the first day of the passage, to my amazing horror, I saw and recognized the hateful object of my fears. Then I happened to hear that he was your companion, and I warned you.

By what subtle intelligence the wretch knew that I was on deck on that fateful night is a mystery, but when he abruptly surprised me with insulting and degrading attentions, my sense of injury overcame my common sense. I was alone and with an irresponsible person, yet I flew into a wild rage at him; then his vile hands encircled my waist and his hot breath burned my cheeks as again and again he strove to fasten his loathsome lips against my own. I was helpless in his arms as he dragged me onward, onward on the deck. I felt I was doomed, that presently the wild, cruel waves would engulf me, and I made a frantic effort to cry "Help!" and "Murder!" and you came on the scene, and after my assailant had felled you with a blow

from his fist, he turned and fled.

I could not find the doctor, but happening to meet the stewardess, I requested her to do so.

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Having gratified her curiosity, she continued, in a low voice:

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WHEN STEAM WAS NEW POWER

First Boats Using It Were Considered Something Remarkable.

When the Lusitania took its first plunge into the waters of the Clyde it could have carried unseen on a corner of its deck the little steamship built in Britain. The Clyde claims both as its offspring. The Comet, constructed by Mr. Henry Bell, flashed its four shovel-shaped paddle on each of its four wheels in the year 1812, and carried on its deck of 40 feet by 10 as many passengers as its three horse-power could negotiate. The Comet was so conspicuously successful that two or three more boats of a larger capacity were immediately built, and the citizens of Glasgow became the envy of mankind. Mr. Lawrence, of Bristol, determined that England should not be left behind in the race, tried one on the Severn, and was so delighted with the result that he steamed with it up the Thames, intending to reap a harvest from city men on their way to and from business. He overlooked the company of Watermen, who made such a fuss about this inhuman competition that Mr. Lawrence and his steamship fell back to the Severn. From 1813 to 1823 no vessel was built in Britain of a greater tonnage than 500, the average being only about 60. The Lusitania of those days was the Atlas, described by the contemporary press as the "largest vessel ever built." She was impelled, says an enthusiastic reporter, by "three mighty engines of 100 horse-power each." This gigantic vessel (which could be stowed away quite comfortably in the hold of the Lusitania), was built at Rotterdam, and launched in the summer of 1828.

I am the victim of heredity. One day I was in a motor car which overturned. I was nearly killed. I was taken to a hospital where I was kindly treated and tended, and it was here that I met the one whose love might have driven the devil out of me. I had never known before what the spell of a woman's beauty and sweetness meant. It is impossible for me to dilate upon my passionate love for her.

The thought arouses a surge of emotion to madden me. I tried—oh, how I tried!—to awaken her pity, to inspire her devotion. She would not listen to me or give me the slightest encouragement; in fact, I could win neither her confidence nor her favor, and I only aroused her repulsion. Then my madness came again. Her repulsion stirred my hate and I felt it would be a joy to strangle her. But when my saner moments came, I abhorred myself for my thought, and common sense urged me to forget her. So I tried to banish her memory. Soon I lost sight of her.

After I had taken my berth on this steamer, to my surprise I recognized the stewardess. It seemed a caprice of fate. Her face again stirred the old feelings, but my common sense was in the ascendant. I did not want to talk to one who spurned and hated me, and I sought relief in study and books to ward off that dread of being with her. However, I noticed that every night when not engaged in her duties she used to sit on the deck, and though I could control myself when awake, I had always a dread that my passion might incite me when asleep to seek her. I was afraid of myself, and thus I asked you to bind me to the berth with ropes. You kindly did so, and Millicent Harworth was safe. One day I noticed that she spoke to you, and it was only by a

"The fighting instinct is pretty general throughout the animal kingdom," said the naturalist.

"From the elephant to the mouse the struggle for existence, even to the gentleness of a fish, is a constant warfare, and even sometimes without provocation at all."

"Nearly all the birds are fighters. Even the tiny humming-birds quarrel amongst themselves, and a duel between two of them is an exciting spectacle. With shrill screams, they dash at each other, battling with wing and beak, until one is vanquished."

"The life of the fishes is one of constant warfare."

"As for the insects, bees fight savagely, both in swarms and singly. Ants battle with the greatest ferocity and when armies of them meet the field is covered with dead and wounded."

Money for Cattle, None for Babies.

These college professors may not be so very far ahead of future legislation: We spend through Washington now \$7,000,000 a year in developing plant life, but not a dollar to discover a preventative of pneumonia. In ten years the department of agriculture has expended nearly \$20,000,000 in developing products of the soil; but there is no bureau with money for the development of the more than 1,000,000 infants every year. It is true that Dr. W. A. W. Atwater and Benedict have done wonderful work, but within a limited sphere, in the preservation of infant life. While they have worried for a little money to carry on experiments, a million has gone in stamping out cholera among swine. Prof. Norton estimates that during the next census period more than 6,000,000 of infants under two years of age must succumb, yet with proper knowledge of preventable diseases this number could be cut in two.

Men Who Take to the Sea.

The officers and men of the French fleet which struggled so persistently and so fruitlessly against the British in the wars of the revolution and empire were individually quite as intelligent as their conquerors. But the French were not at home on the sea. They fought like brave men out of their element. Like brave men out of their element, whereas the British did it with the same ease as the Japanese today. The sea habit is a natural one. It is not with the Russians, who have labored for 200 years to acquire it, and have labored in vain. Hence it is that with a great preponderance in their favor at the outset of the war, the Russians lost everything. Their fleet was handled in a professionally timid way by its commanders, awkwardly and at times aimlessly. Japan had a navy, Russia had a collection of ships.

Why He Did Not Resign.

Sir William Wigram held office in the old court of queen's bench far beyond the prescribed time, and at last, on the eve of the "long vacation," he took a sort of farewell of his brother judges. However, when the "morrow of All Souls" came around he turned up smiling at Westminster hall. "Why, Brother Wigram," said Sir Alexander Cockburn, "you told us that you intended to send in your resignation to the lord chancellor before the end of August." "So I did," said Sir William, "and when I went home and told my wife she said: 'Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you men about the house at any time? So you see, I was obliged to come down to court again.'"

Light as a Curative.

The value of light as an agent in curing diseases is becoming increasingly recognized. The latest development of the idea is the absorption of a medicinal material that the clothes worn by consumptives should be of a color which will allow the light to penetrate the body. White materials, it is found, are the best for this purpose, and consumptives are consequently advised to clothe themselves in snowy raiment, either of linen, velvet, cotton or cloth. Silk, however, is barred, but it is far inferior to white. The tints of black, red, yellow or green are said to be useless, as they prevent the passage of the germicidal rays.

JOHN HENRY

ON SUMMER RESORTS.

By HUGH McHUGH

[GEORGE V. HOBART]



"The Afternoon Parade."

Me for that summer resort gag—Oh!

I fell for a Saratoga set-back this summer, but never no more for mine.

At night I used to sit up with the rest of the social push and drink highballs to make me sick, so I could drink Saratoga water in the morning to make me well.

That's what is called reciprocity, because it works both ways against the middle.

I don't limit the way people from all over the country will rush to these fashionable summer resorts with wide-open pocketbooks and with their bank accounts frothing at the mouth!

The most popular fad at every summer resort I've ever climbed into is to watch the landlord reaching out to the coin.

Husbands make bets with their wives whether the landlord of the hotel will get all their money in an hour or an hour and a half.

Both husband and wife loose; because the landlord generally gets it in ten minutes.

At some of the hotel dining-rooms it costs six dollars to peep in, eight dollars to walk in and fifteen dollars to get near enough to a waiter to talk to.

You can see lots of swell guys in the dining-rooms who are now using a fork in public for the first time.

This reminds me of an experience I had in a certain summer resort dining-room not long ago.

At a table near me sat Ike Gooseheimer.

Ike is a self-made man and he made a quick job of it.

Ike was eating with his knife and doing it so recklessly that I felt like yelling for the sticking plaster.

After I had watched him for about five minutes trying to juggle the new pear on a knife, it got on my nerves, so I spoke to him.

"Ike," I said, thinking possibly I might cure him with a bit of sarcasm, "aren't you afraid you will cut yourself with the sword?"

"Oh! no, no," Ike answered, looking at the knife with contempt; "there is no danger at all. But at the Palmer house in Chicago—Ah! there they have sharp knives!"

Ike is beyond the breakers for mine. The races at Saratoga were extremely exciting.

A friend of mine volunteered to pick out the winners for me, but after I lost eight dollars I decided that it would be cheaper to pick out a new friend.

But I do love to mingle with society at the summer resorts.

It isn't generally known, but one of my great-grandfathers was present when the original 400 landed at Plymouth Rock.

My great-grandfather owned the rock.

society, is spending the summer at Atlantic City. Hector was formerly a Bohemian glass blower, but he is now rich enough to leave off the last part of his occupation, so he calls himself just a bohemian—which is different. Hector is paying deep attention to Phyllis Kundsheimer, the daughter of Mike Kundsheimer, the millionaire inventor of the slippery dmp shoe horn.

Gus Beanholster, the widely known luncheon broker and society man of South Newark, is summering at Cape May, where he mingles with the other gals of fashion. Gus finds it very hard to refrain from looking at people's feet during the bathing hours, but otherwise he is doing quite well.

Hank Schmirpinkle and his latest wife from Chicago sailed on the steamship Minnehaha last week to spend the season in the British capital. The

Mercedes and Pete.

Schmirpinkles will occupy the villa at No. 714, Cottagecheese place, Blithersingham Park, near Speakeasy Towers, on the Old Kent road, Baywater, across from Shoreditch-Gods save the king!

Mercedes Cauliflower is summering at Narragansett Pier, and her fiancé, Mr. Peter Cuckoobird, is dancing attendance upon her. It will be remembered that Mercedes is the daughter and heiress of Jacob Cauliflower, the millionaire manufacturer of boneless tripe, which has become quite a fad in society since the beef trust got chummy.

Mr. Peter Cuckoobird is a rising young bricklayer on his father's side, but on account of the fortune left him by his mother, he is now better flying through life in a molting boudoir with diamond settings in the tires.

Hank Dobbs and his daughter, Crystaline, sailed on the Oceanic yesterday for the Riviera. Before the grampus pulled out, Hank admitted that he didn't know whether the Riviera was a city or a new kind of cheese; but if money could do the trick—he intended to know the truth.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shine von Shine were divorced yesterday at the home of the bride's parents in Newport. The ceremony was very simple but expensive to the ex-husband. Considerable alimony changed hands.

The pylvate opulent of Mrs. Ofurich Swellwell at Bar Harbor has been beautifully decorated in honor of the approaching divorce of their daughter, Gladys, from her husband, Percy Skiddoo. Percy is the well-known manufacturer of the reversible two-step so much used by society.

Cards are all out for a divorce in the family of the Von Guzles, but owing to a typographical error in the cards it is impossible to say whether it is the old man or the son. Both employ blonde typewriters. (Copyright, 1901, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Hardly What He Wanted.

Hostess—Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?

Jones (who is dying to give an exhibition of his powers)—Well, yes, I think I can claim some knowledge of music.

Hostess—I am delighted to know it. My daughter is about to play, and I should be very glad if you would kindly turn over her music for her.—Roya's Magazine.

Power of Association.

Mrs. De Temper (looking up from the paper)—Well, I declare! Another woman, single-handed, has captured a burglar. I should think she would have killed the brute; but the paper says the moment she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him, his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in fright.

Mr. De Temper—He is probably a married man.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Dry Measure.

"I've just seen that property at Swamphurst that you offered me for five dollars per square foot," said the man.

"Well," replied the real estate agent, "I think I could get a better idea of the price if you'd tell me how much you want a gallon for it."—Philadelphia Press.

THIEVING SQUIRREL DRIVEN OFF

Robins Successfully Defend Nest Against Marauder.

A pair of robins proved too much for a marauding squirrel in independent square yesterday. While on a midair cruise he suddenly stopped as though something special had attracted his attention, and then he came down the tree in a slow, unconcerned manner. The secret was out when he shyly began the ascent of another oak, in the branches of which a pair of the redbreasts had built their nest.

His little eyes glistening and his whole manner that of a thief, he moved up the tree trunk, and had almost reached the little blue eggs in the nest when the mother bird and her mate saw him and flew down from their upper perch. They were on Mr. Squirrel in an instant, and the fur flew when their beaks got into action. The retreat of the squirrel was quickly effected. The watchers were amused. Then a second time the robber advanced, and was so successful as to get one of the eggs in his paws before the birds came to the rescue.

The squirrel was nonplussed, as he couldn't back down with the egg with the birds pecking him, and he was loath to relinquish his hard-won prize. His hesitation was fatal, though, as the birds, with a concerted rush, fairly shoved him out of the nest and the robins followed him so quickly and furiously that the egg was dropped and smashed on the ground. The squirrel then gave up his pilfering expedition.—Philadelphia Record.

HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in the Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 500 East Second street, Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil War suffering tortures with kidney trouble.

Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil War, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and cane to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but this remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

He Hit the Bookmaker.

Patrick Murphy had an afternoon off, so he thought he would go out to see the horse races.

Pat had heard about the fortunes made at the race track, so he thought he would try his luck. He went down stairs before every race, but didn't find any odds that suited him until the last race. It was a large gray horse. I don't remember its name, but it suited Pat all right, for it had 50-1 odds.

Pat put up his dollar and went upstairs to see the race. This horse won by a neck. Pat hurried down stairs with a lively step to cash in his check.

It was the last race of the day and the bookmaker was anxious to get rid of his silver, therefore Pat was paid with silver dollars.

Pat stood there a few minutes turning over his handful of silver dollars when the bookmaker boomed: "What's the matter, Irish? Don't you think they are good?"

Pat said: "They look all right, but I am just trying to see if I can find the bad one I gave you among them."

Convenient English.

"We become accustomed to a phrase," observed an educator at a teachers' convention, "but when we introduce a new one along exactly the same lines, it startles the hearer."

A number of ladies were seated in a hotel parlor, and one of them, commenting on a woman who was standing in the hallway, said:

"Mrs. Lorraine seems unusually happy this morning."

"Yes," replied a companion, "knowingly, the ladies of Newark gave a tea in her honor yesterday. But doesn't her husband look gloomy and dejected?"

"That is true," admitted the first speaker. "I presume the gentlemen of Newark gave a beer in his honor last night."

Preach from Automobiles.

A novel method of preaching the gospel was recently tried in France with striking success. Pastor Delattre from Roanne (Reformed Church), in company with Pastor Salomon, of the Baptist church in Paris, visited with an automobile the departments of Loire, Rhone, Allier, Saone et Loire, within a radius of about 50 miles. Pastor Delattre writes: "During nearly two months, from our automobile, we have been able to preach the gospel on market places, from fair to fair, distributing thousands of tracts and selling no less than 2,600 copies of the New Testament."

Honduras has large tracts of pine lands, which will be long lead to the building of railroads.

WINTER. W. U. U., DETROIT, NO. 25, 1906.

The INVISIBLES

A NOVEL BY EDGAR EARL CHRISTOPHER

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"This clue has undergone many changes. New elements have been crowded into the plot; it has thickened, deepened, enlarged, until I find myself face to face with one of the most prodigious affairs of the kind in the world's history."

"Theoretically prodigious—theoretically complicated," said La Prade, doubtfully.

"But this Jean Valdemere—you seem only to have followed him." Then, leaning his attenuated face upon his long hand, he told La Prade, in detail, the history of the case from the day he left Paris, omitting nothing, during which recital the damp gathered upon the fat bald head of the new arrival—the eyes bulged—the form bent.

"Now, you can see," continued Deaneau, "why I have followed Valdemere—why we have traveled together over the face of the earth, he leading, I following, and our journey has led up into many strange places—Valdemere and his shadow, day by day, month by month, year by year, two men have moved in one path, straight, elusively, by land and by sea, coming together only once, then again, after each other only once—then again, after a time, the shadow comes after the man, Deaneau lurks again on the endless track of his enemy. The shadow of more falls upon the foot steps of the tireless conspirator, until, at last, both man and shadow pause—after a pilgrimage of ten weary years, both man and shadow rest—the hated man—the hated shadow—at the base of that mountain wonder."

La Prade stared wildly into the hungry feverish eyes of the man before him. Can he be mad? Can he have lost his mind in the intricate mazes of this great plot which threatens an empire?

"And does the man and the shadow still rest there," pointing to the black outlines of the mountain frowning against the eastern sky.

"For the time, yes; but the man has begun to move, and the shadow must also move—the man is gone—the shadow—"

"Gone, did you say?" "Gone, but he will return."

"How, and when?" "I can't say how, but soon; the question is, will he return alone, or will he be accompanied by others?"

"Does he know of your presence here?" "Undoubtedly, as one of his accomplices, a tall, eccentric Englishman, recently joined him, but not before he had spent two hours with me at a tavern in Chattanooga."

"An Englishman? I thought this was a Russian plot—ah, can we be dealing with the agents of kings—the powers—what can it mean?" cried La Prade.

"Ah, you speak of things that are indeed probable, but we also have Frenchmen in this whirlpool of conspiracy. The case will reveal the plot, whether national or international—whether the plot of kings against kings—or usurpers against legitimists—it can make but little difference in our plans, which are to discover the plot and seize the plotters, and the—"

"The treasure," cried La Prade, his eyes alight, his hand trembling.

"Ah, I see you follow me," said Deaneau, smiling.

"But the Englishman, what of him?" "Well, that interview placed Valdemere on his guard—darn the Englishman!"

Here Deaneau unfolded his connection with the old stone house.

"But, what has the stone house to do with the cavern?" "Ah, that is one of the great secrets we are to discover. The house is—"

Told La Prade the History of the Case. thirty miles from Dead Man's Cave, and yet, as sure as I am a Frenchman, the Englishman went into that house and two weeks later he emerged from Dead Man's Cave with Valdemere himself. He had traveled thirty miles underground to do this.

The fat face of La Prade was a picture of astonishment and excitement. "Then you believe that the secret of the conspiracy is in those subterranean vaults?"

ing upon the strange stone, as though it held a fascination for him, "you secured it from that devil of a savage?"

"Yes, and when you see a man wearing that thing you will have seen a member of 'The Invisible Hand.'"

"Invisible Hand—a strange title." La Prade wiped from his bald head a cold sweat that had gathered there.

"True, it is a strange designation, but a most appropriate one—one I fear, as the devil."

"No, not that," said Deaneau, "we are here to take, not to be taken, to seize, not to be seized."

"Ah, I had as soon enter Hades as enter that cave."

"And yet, we must enter it, and without delay."

"Should we surprise a force within?"

"I do not believe we shall. I am sure that it is used as a sort of storage for plunder, a secret refuge for the plotters—but we can safely assume it is not used as a dwelling, and, if guarded at all, the guard is small."

"Theoretically small," said La Prade.

"Yes, but in any case, we have the chances in our favor."

"And your plans are?"

"To enter those caverns prepared for the worst, that is, prepared to fight our way if met by resistance, but hoping we shall find the road clear, which I believe will be the case—for having such absolute protection as the cave affords them, as they think it impregnable, inaccessible, and separated from the world by a barrier which can be removed only by 'The Invisible Hand'—that is, one and the same."

and that other is mine. I have the secret to the entrance, and can, by the movement of my hand, cause the stone wall to fall apart and open the way to the tunnels or caverns beyond."

His eyes blazed, his hand smote the air, and his words were marked by a triumphant infection. He told La Prade the secret of Dead Man's Cave.

La Prade leaned forward, almost breathless, his eyes bulging, and his bald head beaded with sweat. His hand shook as he fingered the memorandum before him.

"Mon Dieu," he cried, "can there be such things as magic in this?"

"There are devils in it," sneered Deaneau, "and if devils possess magic, then there's both magic and devils."

"But suppose we should enter, and when on the inside the damned thing would not work? I suppose the same machinery can be found on both sides of the wall—that is, inside and out?"

"Undoubtedly, for I saw it work from within when Valdemere and the Englishman left the cave, and I saw it work from without when I discovered the lever hidden under the wall and concealed by a pool of water."

Deaneau continued to exploit his well-laid plans to his old comrade until the moon had sunk away behind the mountain, until a grayish light penetrated the interior of the dismal little room, and the small wick of the oil-lamp had burned to a crisp coal.

"This is a most remarkable case," said La Prade, his eyes staring through the small space toward the black outline of the mountain beyond, different in every detail from any other job that has come under my observation. I distrust it. I can hardly reconcile the motive to the measure."

"And yet," replied Deaneau, "what better place could be found to conceal from the law and from the world a treasure than those underground caves—what better place to hatch a great conspiracy? In the Northern States, in the Northwestern and Eastern States, the eye of the law is ever upon the nihilists and the anarchists—in New York, Chicago, and Boston; but here among the mountains, in a cavern known only to themselves, and accessible only to their members, why it is an ideal rendezvous, a typical place for hidden treasure."

"But they are not nihilists—not anarchists—not pirates," asked La Prade.

"No, they are not nihilists, anarchists, or pirates, but a band of men, I do not know their number, high in rank, unlimited in funds, desperate in purpose, preparing to deal a blow. When this blow will fall, or with what result, unless it can be averted, I cannot say, but unless we succeed in our purpose, I feel sure that some day the world will stand appalled at the work of 'The Invisible Hand,' and I firmly believe that the future of the Russian Empire is in our hands: two Frenchmen against 'The Invisible Hand,' two Frenchmen, upon whose deeds depend the throne of the Great White Czar, ha! ha! ha! what do you think of it, my brave friends, are we to save Russia and dictate terms to that trembling, shivering coward of an Autocrat, or shall we pause at the very mouth of Dead Man's Cave, gaze into the mysterious darkness, and see for our lives from the scene?"

La Prade seized the hand of his old-time superior, inspired by the daring bravery in which Deaneau was never wanting.

"Point out the way, and should I come to the Gates of Hell, I will enter," cried La Prade.

Deaneau smiled triumphantly. He knew how to reach the heart of his confederate. He knew that La Prade loved danger better than his own heart, and that once he faced the enemy, nothing but death itself would see his back—and thus the compact was sealed.

CHAPTER XVI.

The morning dawned bright and clear and the rosy light-penetrated the curtains of my chamber. I heard the restlessness, warble of the birds among the trees, the songs of the servants, as they robed joyously in the rear yards the quaint old negro melodies, redefined by Creole simulations.

My host had long arisen, and as I looked out of the window I could see his tall form moving among the trees as he took his early constitutional.

His face was ruddy, his eyes were bright. He smiled in his usual glad

way, and not a trace of the night's anxiety was left. He seemed in excellent spirits. He patted the greasy leather head of his favorite mastiff, and the huge brute overleaped his reciprocal affections, as some dogs do, by frantically pawing his master's spotted tunic and thrusting his wet face against him, or bounding madly away among the plants and breaking down the frail stalks of rare flowers in his canine ecstasy.

"You seem unusually well this morning, Mr. De Taverne," I said, as he offered me his hand and accompanied me in to breakfast.

"Yes, Rodin," he replied, "I take misfortune as it comes, and it has come so often to me that its influence is less powerful than with other men. It can engage me seriously for a day, or a week, but I find myself at last un-mindful of its presence, and soon recuperate from its sting. I was gloomy last night, retrospective, and retrospective, as you know, generally synonymous with sorrow. To-day I am in the present—I am Mr. De Taverne of New Orleans, surrounded by those who love me, and in whose confidence I can trust. Here, at least, I am loved, yes, even by my dogs."

"And if ever a man," I replied, "deserves the confidence and affection of his family I conceive that man to be you."

"Ah, you are generous, my dear Rodin," he laughed, "but what will you have—tea, coffee, or chocolate?"

The breakfast was a cheerful diversion, and as we finished Marie came in at a side door, her arms filled with flowers, her eyes bright, her teeth gleaming from her rosy lips, redder even than the carnations. Her fresh beauty sent a thrill of gladness to my heart, and her smile—such a smile! I had thought that my heart lay dead in the court at Rome, trampled to death by the cruel woman who had promised to share my joys and my sorrows; but now I knew if Helen were to come before me, and upon her knees ask me to take her back, I might pity her—but, love her—I never could.

A man can calculate the power of his brain and endurance of his limbs, but



Marie Came In.

the limit of his vision, but of his heart he knows little, until it is tried. How truly, how wonderfully, had that remarkable man, Valdemere, foretold my life, foretold my weakness, which I had boasted as strength. A skilled surgeon can repair a broken limb, but a woman only can mend a broken heart, and mend it so well that it beats louder than ever before to her magic skill—how beautiful the Jesamine, until I saw the magnolia—how lovely the fern, until I saw the willow; how fair seemed Helen until I saw Marie, but now, alas for the Jesamine, alas for the fern—I had seen Marie—a man who has never seen the light may write sweet poetry about the darkness, he may love a plum until he tastes a peach. Helen was fair by comparison with others, but by comparison with Marie, I had gone mad. I married her and met Marie. She stood smiling upon us, a picture of fresh loveliness, of innocent and unfettered beauty.

"It is too bad, gentlemen," she said, "here you are at table and no flowers—could you not wait?"

"But we cannot eat flowers, my child," said her father, rising and placing her chair at his side, where she deftly fashioned the roses, the carnations, and the lilies into a beautiful bouquet and placed them in the center of the table in a huge china basin, during which time her father sat smiling approvingly upon her, while I feasted my eyes upon the delicate tints of her fair cheeks and watched the strange lights in her great brown eyes—ah, dear one, if I had but her hand to hold forever—if it were not that fate separated us—if I could know her and not know the oath that bound her!

The day passed as no other day had done. Telegrams and cablegrams were prepared and sent to a hundred men, and the servants were coming and going all day long. Messenger boys were summoned and hurried away with the words which would cause the Council to gather in haste. My brain was in a whirl, and I dread the hour of the arrival.

The danger signal sped over the wires—bombs and accounts were placed away in the desks, and letters which came from the committees were hurriedly answered, and in twenty-four hours the uttermost ends of the habitable globe and the faces of two thousand men and women would pale at the awful news and await, in untold agony and suspense, the success or failure of the hundred men who would enter those dreadful caverns, now slowly filling with gas, to remove \$20,000,000 worth of treasure, or of show into oblivion. It sent a shudder through my frame to think of it—suppose the Council should be too late?

At six o'clock we still worked at our task, and though supper had been announced, we did not leave the work until eight.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BIG NEW SHOE BUILDING.

It is Dedicated by the W. L. Douglas Co. at Brockton.

The dedication a short time ago of the new administration and jobbing shoe building erected by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. as a part of its mammoth manufacturing plant at Monello was marked by the thoroughness and attention to detail characteristic of the firm in all its undertakings.

The dedicatory program included open house from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. under the auspices of the Mace Gay orchestra and the presence of a Boston caterer to attend to the wishes of all. The building itself afforded a feast for the eye, especially the offices which are marvels in many ways.

Fifteen thousand invitations were sent out, including over 11,000 to the retail dealers in the United States who handle the W. L. Douglas shoes. The others going to those manufacturing and allied industries in Brockton and vicinity. Mr. Douglas will be glad to have anybody who is interested call and inspect the new plant, and says "the latch string is always out."

All departments of the plant were open for inspection, the three factories as well as the new building, and visitors were received and escorted through the industrial maze by ex-Gov. Douglas, assisted by the heads of the various departments.

Under the present system all shoes are manufactured to order, and customers sometimes lose sales waiting for shoes to arrive. With the new jobbing house they will be enabled to have their hurry orders shipped the same day they are received.

The new building is 260 feet long and 60 feet wide and two stories in height. The jobbing department will occupy the entire lower floor, while the offices will occupy the second floor. The jobbing department will carry a complete stock of men's, boys', youths', misses' and children's shoes, slippers, rubbers and findings equal to any jobbing house in the country. Buyers are specially invited to come here to trade, and every effort possible will be made to suit their convenience. There will be a finely appointed sample room on the second floor, with an office in which both telephone and telegraph will be installed, with operators, both Western Union and Postal Telegraph wires to be used. There will also be arrangements for the receipt and despatch of mail.

PECULIAR MEANS OF DEFENSE

Small Daggers of Light Sent Out by the Centipede.

Among the peculiar powers of animals there are none harder to explain than the power of being self-luminous. It is sometimes termed phosphorescence, but it is not now supposed to depend upon phosphorus in the animal. A correspondent of Nature describes her experience with a luminous centipede which shows the evident purpose of the luminous substance as a means of defense. Attention was first attracted by a light of brilliant bluish-green, leaving behind a trail of light, which gradually disappeared. The scattered points of brilliant points. The scattered points moved to be red ants, which were pursuing the centipede. It had discharged this luminous liquid over them. The centipede was picked up and put in a tumbler where it flashed out a mass of light. When the hand was placed over the tumbler to prevent the escape of the captive, a strange prickly sensation was felt as from a slight charge of electricity. The centipede would write the light out of its body in blue-green flashes until it had exhausted its luminosity and ceased to shine. Defense seems certainly to be one of the uses of this secretion.

Drawing the Line.

We have followed a plow, wielded the hoe, served time on the public roads under a austere overseer, swept the back yard, worked the garden, churned the butter, washed the dishes, nursed the baby and performed other various and sundry disagreeable tasks in our times without a murmur, but when it comes to cleaning streets under three lady bosses—excuse us, please. Three women to boss you. Great Caesar's ghost! Just the thoughts of such a catastrophe is enough to give a man the "buck-a-gue."

—Minden (I.A.) Signal.

Intoxicants in Vegetables.

Vegetables not only contain stimulants but are capable of producing an intoxicating influence on those who depend on them exclusively for food, according to an investigator. He cites a case in which some young people of his acquaintance suffered from partial intoxication as the result of a purely vegetable meal.

A WINNING START.

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can not digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

"Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such a condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and eggs gave me great distress."

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when inadvertently varying my diet."

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous forces for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pages.

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief—Doctor Was Afraid to Touch Them—Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered" with sores on the hands which were itching, painful and disagreeable. I had three doctors, and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in the water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after, the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Manner, 2310 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."

ANYTHING FOR FILTHY LUCRE

Writer's Cynical Justification of Mean Piece of Work.

A certain gifted writer of whom it was once said that he wouldn't recognize his wife if he met her on the street wrote a charming love story not so long ago, and it was printed in a popular magazine. His friends and all those of the circle in which the author moved recognized the story as an exact and recent transcript from the life of the writer, involving a very beautiful young woman, also well known in the same set. One man, coming across the author, took him to task for it.

"What in the world did you write up that affair with Miss Blank for?" he demanded.

The author looked at him unmoved and with the same exquisite calm and clearness that characterized his work, replied:

"I needed the money."

The University of Notre Dame, it appears, has some features that can not be duplicated in any other school. It is one of the old, well-established colleges, with settled traditions reaching back sixty-four years, with a distinguished staff of professors and excellent library and laboratory equipment. Its discipline is of the paternal kind—strong without being oppressive; and as it embraces in its scope the grammar school, high school and college work, it appears as broad as it is potent. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the famous Indiana University, however, is the fact that it has arrived at its present marvelous development absolutely without endowment. An announcement of the courses provided at Notre Dame appears on another page.

Rich Women Have Troubles.

The idea that fashionable women are too busy and had too many interests to feel acute sorrow over their broken crockery was disproved the other day when Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish went into the principal dry goods store in Newport, with a friend who was stopping to watch a man who was selling cement for cut glass and called to Mrs. Fish: "Oh, here is a cement for cut glass that not only mends it but makes it ring as clearly as if it were new." Mrs. Fish called back: "My servants break so much of my glass now that it is heartbreaking and if they knew it were possible to mend it they would break it all, so I don't care for any, thank you."

Near Death Through Snake.

Sleeper Awoke to Find Monster Coiled Around His Neck.

F. E. Feve, an employee of the Northern Electric, had a thrilling experience with a snake Thursday morning. Feve with two companions occupies a tent made out of gunny sacks in the western portion of Oroville.

He was awakened by a feeling of strangulation. He attempted to cry out, but so tightly was his throat bound that he could make no sound. As he became fully awake he realized that something must be done or he would choke. He grabbed frantically for his throat and his hand slipped over the scales of a huge snake which had coiled itself around his neck. He frantically pulled the coils loose, the reptile resisting him and biting him in the cheek.

His two companions, awakened by the noise, came to Feve's rescue. The two pulled the snake away and threw it to the floor, where it glided away while the men attended to Mr. Feve's wound. The reptile was a gopher snake.—Redding Correspondence San Francisco Call.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

A rule, a divorced woman acts as though she had been born that way.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, cures the bowels.

Finds Time for Christian Duties. Sir Andrew Fraser, governor of Bengal, virtual ruler of 80,000,000 people, is the active president of the Calcutta Y. M. C. A.

To Wash Velvet.

Velvet may be washed by shaking it out in warm Ivory Soap suds; then rinse thoroughly and let it drip dry. On no account squeeze or wring it. Be careful to hang it straight on the line, for otherwise it will be crooked when dry. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

King Doing Equestrian Stunts.

King Edward has taken to equestrian exercise as a means of keeping his weight down. Since the rabbit hole mishap, which lamed him, his majesty has been unable to take walking exercise.

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.

Nicotine in Tobacco.

A scientist writes: "The essential quality for which tobacco is smoked or chewed lies not really in the leaves themselves, but in contained in thousands of hollow-knobbed hairs which cover their surface. The vital nicotine is garnered in these pearlike balls, but as it is impossible to shake off these hairs, and would be a scarcely commendable achievement if it could be undertaken, it becomes necessary to preserve the whole foliage for commercial purposes."

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A 300-Page Cook Book Free

We are the publishers of the oldest health journal in the world. We have a new 300-page cook book, "The Art of Cookery," which is a masterpiece of the art of cooking. It is a new book, and it is a masterpiece. We want you to read a new copy. So we make this special offer: Send us 10 cents (stamp) if you prefer with this advertisement, and in addition to

GOOD HEALTH for Six Months.

We will send you FREE a copy of Mrs. J. E. B. Kellor's new 300-page cook book, "The Art of Cookery." This offer will not expire until December 31, 1905. Send us 10 cents (stamp) if you prefer with this advertisement, and in addition to

YOU CANNOT

CURE

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

But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for female life ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents at druggists.

Send for Free Trial Box

TISE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

MICELLANEOUS

POET

WANTER, J. E. BOKER & CO., 80, Paul, Minn.

EDUCATIONAL

The Greatest Boarding College in the World

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

STRONGER

15 Wilcox Ave., Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blatter, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Elsenraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Duchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to use, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. D. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. It is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation. What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Farde, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS.

From the State Capital

Information and Copy Furnished by Special Correspondent at Lansing.

Lansing.—While the state won a victory in having the supreme court hold with Judge Wiest that the demurrer of the Michigan Central Railroad company in the suit brought by the state to collect \$4,000,000 in back taxes should not prevail, the reasoning of the opinions that were rendered was such as not to create the greatest hope of ultimate victory. When asked if he would bring the case to trial, Attorney General Bird said "certainly." The case will require a great deal of time for preparation. When, under the act of the last legislature, the department asked to examine the books of the Michigan Central to secure data for the suit, the company resisted on the ground that such evidence was not then material, as "it hoped the demurrer would be sustained, in which event no evidence of the kind could be used. Mr. Bird said that the work in hand would be proceeded with directly, and he expressed the hope that the case may be brought to trial in the Ingham circuit court before the beginning of another year. Otto Kirchner, of Detroit, and Thomas E. Barkworth, of Jackson, are counsel for the state in this case. Another case in which the state and the Michigan Central are parties will come to attention in October. In the suit of the company against the state for \$5,000,000 damages for the repeal of its special charter, the state demurred to the company's bill, alleging that it set forth no cause of action. The demurrer was overruled, the state has appealed, and the hearing in the supreme court will take place in October.

Beach Crop Is Short.

Notwithstanding the outlook early in the season that Michigan's peach yield this year would be a "bumper crop," reports recently compiled by the Michigan State Horticultural society indicate that the crop will be only about 40 per cent. of the average. Mostly to blame for the reduction is the "little peach" disease. A few years ago it was the "yellow" that made trouble for the peach grower. Prompt and radical measures by growers practically eradicated this disease, but now the "little peach" trouble is general throughout the state, and is constantly growing worse. The northern counties of the lake shore fruit belt—Newaygo, Mason, Leelanau and Benzie—show the greatest growth as peach growers, the more southerly counties only about holding their own in the matter of acreage. Apples are estimated at 75 per cent. of an average crop, and grapes considerably higher.

Look for Many Visitors.

"Excursion week" at the agricultural college comes the week beginning with August 20. All of the roads leading into Lansing will run trains and the Michigan Central has been induced to run more sections than in former years. Last year the number of visitors on these special trains was about 9,000. This year 10,000 are expected during the week. The attractions for visitors are increasing every season, among them this year being the new Wells hall, the engineering building in course of construction, the heating and lighting plant now completed and in full operation, the tunnel system, the new dairy and horse barns and the experimental herds purchased this year. The campus is in splendid condition and will show up well to visitors.

Primary Election Necessary.

A primary election must be held in Macomb county September 4 for the sole purpose of permitting the prohibitionists of the county to vote on the nomination of a candidate for congress in the Seventh district. This is one of the queerest results of the operation of the new local option primary law. Petitions were not filed in Macomb for the nomination of any officers on any other ticket under the primary law, but it so happened that the prohibitionists of the Seventh district had complied with the direct nominating law, and an election must be held in every precinct in the county to permit the cold water party men to vote.

Seeks Damages for Submerged Land.—E. W. Sparrow has commenced suit against the Michigan Power company, of this city, for \$15,000 damages for overfishing his lands along Grand river in the eastern part of Lansing by the erection of a big cement dam. An injunction was granted by the court restraining the company from enlarging its dam, pending a settlement of the claim for damages.

New Michigan Corporations.

The following corporations filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state: Holland Furnace company, Holland, \$50,000; Detroit Realty Trust company, Huron, S. D., and Detroit, \$100,000; Simpson Scale and Manufacturing company, Milan, \$10,000; Leather Label Overall company, Detroit, \$10,000. The Grand Rapids Upholstering company increased its capital stock from \$10,000 to \$20,000, and the Beulah Gold Mining company, of East Tawas, from \$100,000 to \$160,000.

Emancipation Day Celebration.

The directors of the Lansing Bureau Men's association have an eye out for the future, and next year will assist in holding one of the greatest emancipation day celebrations in this city ever held in the state. This news was spread about the state at the various celebrations, and it met with approval from all quarters. It is proposed to start early on the program and speakers of a national reputation will be secured. Lansing has not celebrated emancipation day for several years.

The New Naturalization Laws.

Attorney General Bird has received a copy of the new naturalization law recently signed by President Roosevelt. It places many new restrictions and safeguards about the process of transforming foreigners into American citizens. The clerks of all courts having jurisdiction in naturalization cases are required to make certification to the department at Washington that they are duly qualified clerks of such courts. Blacks will be forwarded to the department and return any that may be mutilated or not used. No certificate of naturalization may be issued within 30 days prior to a general election; applicants are required to speak the English language, to testify to belief in constituted government and swear that they are not polygamists in practice or belief.

Valuations to Be Increased.

The auditor general's department and the state-tax commission are preparing comparative figures of the valuations of the various counties to place before the state board of equalization, which meets here August 20. The state was equalized at \$1,578,000,000 in 1901, and it is likely that the state-tax commission will insist that it be raised to \$1,900,000,000 or \$2,000,000,000. The increase will fall largely upon the counties wherein large cities are situated, upon upper peninsula mineral producing counties and upon northern counties of the lower peninsula.

Authority of State Tax Commission.

Attorney General Bird advises the state-tax commission that they cannot assume authority to review all assessments of an assessing district when complaints are made that a few specified pieces of property are not assessed in compliance with law. He gives the opinion, however, that complaints may be made broad enough to authorize such a review. Complaints of persons not taxpayers and residents of the district in which a review of the assessments are sought should not be entertained by the commission, Mr. Bird also says.

Police Round Up Hobos.

In view of the burglary at the college at Lansing police officers rounded up the hobos at their retreat near the Grand Trunk bridge. Eleven were gathered in and sent to Mason until after the date of an approaching circus. One was recognized as a man who had been arrested for larceny not long ago. As the train started for Mason he jumped from the cars and made his escape, the officer in charge of the bunch having his hands full with the other ten men.

Governor's Father Very Ill.

Because of the illness of his father, P. Dean Warner, of Farmington, Gov. Warner has postponed his trip to South Manitou Island, where he was to have boarded the naval training ship Yantic, manned by the Michigan naval reserve. It is doubtful whether he will be able to go at all. The elder Mr. Warner is nearly 84 years old. His illness is evidently considered serious, as Gov. Warner has canceled all his dates.

Two Hurt in Runaway.

William E. Robinson, of Lansing, and Mrs. B. M. Miller, of Meridian, were taken to the city hospital suffering from injuries sustained in a runaway accident at the Pere Marquette station during the unloading of a circus. Robinson is badly injured, and may have suffered internally. Mrs. Miller was found to have been only bruised.

Farm Laborers in Demand.

Farm laborers are wanted in every part of the state of Michigan and in eastern Canada, and the demand is insistent and pressing, says the Detroit Free Press. Farmers are having the greatest difficulty in getting enough help in all parts of the state and are offering wages much higher than usual in order to attract men.

Move to Secure Pure Milk.

State inspectors are starting on a campaign against milk dealers who are thought to put formaldehyde in milk. Several samples are being examined, and attention will be called to the dealers who use the preservative.

Slot Machines Returned.

The slot machines confiscated by the Lansing police department several months ago were returned to their owners, with instructions not to allow them to be used.

Typhoid Fever Prevalent.

The unusual prevalence of typhoid fever has been noted by Secretary Shumway, of the state board of health, who says that the dry weather and consequent lowering of the water in wells is probably responsible for the outbreaks. He advises the boiling of water for drinking purposes.

Reunion Set for September 27.

The twenty-seventh annual reunion of the Second Michigan infantry association will be held at Battle Creek September 27.

Bank Increases Capital.

The Calumet State bank has filed amended articles of incorporation with the secretary of state increasing its capital stock from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

For Labor Day Celebration.

The Lansing Trades and Labor council has accepted the invitation of the Jackson council to celebrate Labor day in that city. A special train will be provided and a rate of 75 cents for the round trip has been granted.

BEAUTY IN SPANISH DANCING.

Easily the Finest in the World, According to Writer.

In dancing the Spanish woman is queen of her sex. To see the real thing you must get hold of a gypsy band or visit some humble dancing place in Seville or in the south. There is no dancing in the world so poetic, passionate, suggestive or graceful. Spain is the true home of the dance. There are the jota or Aragon, with its fine abandon but stately time; the tango, resembling the dance du ventre of Moorish Spain—the dance of gesture and suggestion; the graceful cachucha, with its chromonic play of head and arms; the jaleo de Jerez, which gypsies dance in whirling measure; the quaint dances of the Basque provinces, and scores of minor local dances more or less alike peculiar to different localities.

But the great dances are the bolero, the seguidilla, the chacona and the fandango of the south. These dances are the soul and epitome of Spain. In all of them there is the mystery of true dancing—plays an important part; in all of them the poetry of love and motion is exhibited with extraordinary subtlety and expression. —Nineteenth Century.

ONE OF WEBSTER'S SON MOTES.

Containing a Meaning More or Less Effectually Concealed.

During middle life Daniel Webster was fond of revisiting the trout brook he had fished as a boy, and was often accompanied by his "hired man," who was a native of the same village, and had been a companion and schoolmate. On one of these excursions the statesman related the story of a very large trout he had captured when a boy from the brook in which they were then fishing. The "hired man" responded with a story of a trout he had caught in that same brook, and which, of course, was many ounces heavier than that of the "great expounder."

Mr. Webster eyed his companion in silence for a moment, and then exclaimed, with emphasis: "Jerry, you are an amphibious animal; you lie in the water and you lie out of it."

TOO MANY COOKS ON THE JOB.

Which is One Reason Why Food Was Flavored with Soapuds.

That "too many cooks spoil the broth" was proved to a family recently, when the mother went away leaving

EASY TO TELL FROM WHAT CITY THEY CAME.

Bacon—It is said that William Dean Howells, the author, has made such a careful study of the dialect and expressions of the various sections of the country that he can tell by their speech what city a person comes from.

Egbert—"That's easy. If I hear a man say, 'I can't masticate any but my arnt beans,' I know he's from Boston. If I hear a man say, 'Art thou sleepy, too?' I put him down as a Philadelphian; and if I overhear the remark, 'I'm so tired, I stood up all the way home!' it's a safe wager the speaker is a New Yorker.—Yonkers Statesman.

Easy.

The reformed train robber was relating his adventures to a breathless audience.

"And what," queried one, "did you do when the passengers refused to hold up their hands?"

He looked plyingly at the ignorant person.

"I passed 'em up," he said "and waited for the nex' train."—Cleveland Leader.

On the Trail.

"Tommy, what ancient king was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Hector, ma'am."

"No, no—not Hector."

"Then it wuz Dook."

"Duke? What do you mean, Tommy?"

"Well, then it must a' been Nero. I knowed it wuz somebody with a dog's name."—Cleveland Leader.

All in His Line.

"That well-dressed chap on the corner," remarked the great detective, "doesn't look much like a crook, does he?"

"No, indeed," replied the private policeman. "Do you mean to say that he is?"

"That's what," answered the g. d., with a grewsome grin. "he's one of the best confectionists in the business."—Chicago Daily News.

Wise Woman.

"But why," the star pleaded, "won't you marry me? You have confessed that you love me more than any other man on earth. Be mine!"

"No," replied the leading lady, "I prefer to just be your sweetheart. I don't want to have to go out with some other company next season."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jay.

"I hear your wife's gone away for the summer."

"Yes."

"You don't seem to look very unhappy."

"Well, I don't expect to be informed once during the next three months that it would do me as much good to work in the garden as it does to play golf."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Natural Mistake.

Hamfist—New Jersey audiences are certainly appreciative. We gave a summer show there, and got round after round of applause.

Boothby—That wasn't applause, you dub. That was the audience killing mosquitoes.—Cleveland Leader.

The Only Way.

Newed—I have tried in vain to convince my wife that the wearing of high-heeled shoes is injurious.

Oldwed—There is only one way to convince her, and that is to wait until they go out of style.—Chicago Daily News.

Boiling Needed in Some Cases.

A Chicago clergyman says that good cooking will cure drunkenness. This is probably true, but some of the cases wouldn't yield to just plain cooking. The subjects would need to be boiled in oil.

The Sluggard Moon.

The moon is the sluggard of the solar system, its 2,273 miles an hour in its journeying around the earth comparing badly with the earth's 66,579 miles an hour.

Uncle Eben.

"Lookin' foh trouble," said Uncle Eben, "is a favorite occupation wif folks dat is de mos' ignorant 'bout what to do wif it when dey finds it."

WILL WED TAMMANY'S GREAT ORATOR.



The marriage of W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, and Miss Annie L. Ide, daughter of the governor general of the Philippines, will take place in Washington in October or November. The engagement, which was announced by cable from Manila a few days ago, resulted from the Philippine trip of the Taft party, of which Mr. Cockran was a member. The engagement dates from last January and had been known to Miss Ide's friends since then.

THEIR CRY IS FOR EDUCATION.

Indians of Alaska Want Blessing for Their Children.

The craving of the Alaskan Indians for education is almost pitiable. Ask them what they need and the answer is the same: "Schools for the children so that they may become smart like the white man."

They are very affectionate people to their children; every benefit is for the child. The older people fully realize the fact that they represent the past. They have always been producers, and their faith in themselves is half of the struggle that lies before them. To this end they should be provided with day schools in all of the villages of 100 or more adults.

In some sections where the families are distributed over a large area of country and in the case of the children of parents unable to provide for their support, and again where orphans may be enslaved by distant relatives, boarding schools or homes are equally necessary.—Southern Workman.

Thoroughly Feminine.

"What! A woman doesn't know the value of an oath, eh?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Gracious! do you mean to say a woman's word isn't as good as a man's?"

"It may be better, morally," he replied, "but it isn't as satisfying. Any man as angry as you are now would choose a stronger word than 'Gracious!'"

SAID TO ASPIRE TO POWER IN MEXICO.



Gen. Bernardo Reyes, who is alleged to be the leader in a revolutionary movement now in progress in Mexico, is at present governor of the State of Nuevo and a general of division in the army. Up to two years ago he was minister of war, but fell into disfavor with President Diaz and was relegated to his present position. Reyes is very popular with the army, and is a man of iron courage and determination. He may take the present opportunity to try conclusions with Diaz in an effort to wrest from him the reins of power. It is rumored that he brought the army up to its present state of efficiency, and is known of all men that he entertains desires to be ruler of the republic. He is in the prime of life and ruggedly healthy.

His Boyhood Memory.

"It's a funny thing," the merchant observed as he dried the address on an envelope, "but every time I use a blotter it makes me think of a weird detective story I read when I was a boy. The plot of the story, as I remember it, rested on the sleuth finding a new blotter that had been used to dry the ink on a letter that was the clue to all the mystery. He took the blotter up to a mirror and of course could read the address he wanted. And here I am, an old fool I suppose you will say, still trying the same

thing 30 years after that. The curious part of it is that I only do it once, the first time I use the fresh blotter. Then the memory of the thing slips away from me until it is time to take another."

The New Spouse.

"There has been a change for the better in May Fickell's husband," said the first Chicago woman.

"Why, I didn't know he was ill," replied the other.

"Stupid! I mean the new one is handsomer than any of the others."

FOR BEST BAKING

..USE..

STATE SEAL FLOUR

WHITEST AND BEST.

MANCHESTER ROLLER MILLS

LONIER & HOFFER.

Pongee in Demand.
Just at present the material most in demand is pongee, in all its different qualities and colorings. House dresses, handsome reception gowns, coat and skirt costumes, travelling dresses—it does not seem to matter for what purpose, so varied are the spring and summer models in pongee and rajah cloth.

A Martyr for the Common Good.

"You say you had an opportunity to kiss that pretty waitress and did not do it?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, why in the world didn't you?"

"I belong to the anti-tip society."—Houston Post.

A Theory.

"Why are you Americans so subject to indigestion?" asked the placid foreigner.

"I don't know, unless it's because we hear so much about food adulteration that we get nervous."—Washington Star.

Excitement Plan.

"The rich find that time passes very slowly."

"I don't doubt it. I suppose they never buy anything at the rate of a dollar down and a dollar per month."—Chicago Sun.

Not Encouraging.

"When do you think the senate will get through with that question?"

"Not at all," answered Senator Sorghum. "We may drop it, but we won't get through with it."—Washington Star.

Continental Manners.

The way we live now certainly tends toward the modes and manners of the continent. We go in strongly for outdoor amusement, we take our pleasures less sadly, social life is everything to us, and the ties of home and family accept a back seat in our calculations.—Ladies' Field.

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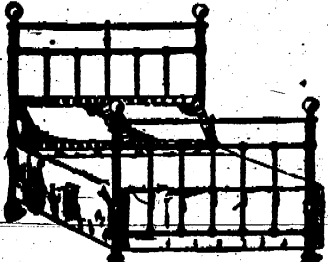
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