MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

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Manchester

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ENTERPRISE

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

GOV. WARNER ISSUES ANNUAL EXHORTATION TO OBSERVE THE HOLIDAY.

SAGINAW COUNTY PROFITS MOST FROM THE PRIMARY SCHOOL FUND.

Fire at Boyne City Destroys Railroad Shops, Causing a Loss of $45,000.

Gov. Warner issued his sixth annual Thanksgiving proclamation. It reads as follows:

"It is a wise and beneficent custom that has taught our people to set aside a day during the season of the sere and yellow leaf and after the harvest promised God's people at the seed time has been completed, as a day of praise and thanksgiving for the blessings showered upon us.

"In obedience to this custom bequeathed to us and hallowed by long observance, I hereby designate Thursday, November 24, as a day to be set apart for the purpose of rendering thanks unto the Giver of every good and perfect gift that has come to us as individuals and as one people.

"Our state is one of marvelous material resources, and in the year now drawing to a close we have been especially favored. The land has yielded bountifully under the skillful husbandry of intelligent ownership. Our cities are centers of commercial enterprises and the handiwork of our artisans is bringing fame and fortune to our people.

"Our progress is not all along material lines. The religious activity and unity of our people is everywhere manifest and brings assurance of better citizenship, higher ideals, a better and purer home life and a continuance of those conditions that have made our state and nation the greatest heritage that has come to any people.

"In recounting our numerous blessings we must not neglect those of our number who are deprived by misfortune or otherwise of a just measure of prosperity and happiness. The aged and the infirm, upon whom the hand of affliction has been laid should share our love and material welfare. The day should be one of joy and happiness and we can enrich our lives by deeds of charity, by lightening each other's burdens and by carrying for this day some of the blessings of the outside world to those deprived of liberty. The bonds of love and affection should be cemented by bringing together those who make complete the family circle.

"Let us assemble on this day in our places of worship and in a spirit of true devotion thank the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe for the good measure of peace and prosperity we are permitted to enjoy."

Saginaw Profits Most.

For 1910 the state paid out of the primary school fund to the various school districts of the state a total of $5,591,434, and the total state tax collected for the same year from these counties was only $4,729,000. Thus it will be seen that the state paid out to the various counties $862,434 more than was paid by these same counties in the state taxes.

There are school districts in the state that have a surplus of several thousand dollars on hand that they have no use for, and the amount is rapidly being added to by the apportionment of the primary school money which comes twice a year.

There are, on the contrary, districts that could use much more money than they are now receiving, and use it to advantage, but the law is such that a just distribution is not forthcoming.

Only twenty counties are paying more state tax than they are receiving from the state in primary school money. Wayne county leads the list in this amount, while Saginaw leads all counties in the amount received from the primary apportionment over that paid by the county in state taxes. Wayne's excess of state tax over the school fund is $53,182. Saginaw's excess of primary money over the state tax is $75,047.

$45,000 Fire at Boyne City.

Fire which broke out in Boyne City destroying the B. C., G. & A. railroad repair shops, foundry and roundhouse and considerable equipment. The flames originated in the boiler room and in 10 minutes the huge structure was a mass of flames. Two locomotives which were being repaired were totally destroyed. The other equipment was gotten out safely.

A strong northwest gale was blowing and for a time it was feared the business houses along the west side of Lake street would also be destroyed. The fact that they were constructed of brick and the good work of the department saved them. The machine shop was fully equipped. Work will be commenced immediately to rebuild the roundhouse and shops. The loss will reach $45,000, partly covered by insurance.

Half His Head Gone, Lives Six Days.

William Bryans, 43, a farmer near Hastings, after living six days with the top of his head torn off by a horse's kick, died unexpectedly. After the accident surgeons removed about 30 pieces of bone from his brain and part of the brain itself. Death was momentarily expected, but two days later he regained consciousness, talked rationally and asked to be taken home. His improvement astonished the surgeons, who regarded his vitality remarkable. He leaves a widow and two children, one of whom is blind.

The Hammond-Standish Co., of Detroit, has increased its capitalization from $600,000 to $1,000,000.

The Michigan Retail Implement and Vehicle Dealers' association closed a three days' session at Jackson. The following officers were elected: President, William Goodes, Flint; vice-president, A. L. Gleason, Copemish; treasurer, Otis Boylan, Kalamazoo; director to fill vacancy, one year, B. M. McAyliese, Albion; directors, two years, Warren Lisk, Howard City; James A. Wagner, Kindle; Charles A. Sayton, Tecumseh; J. S. Sollmer, Richburg.

NO SCORE IN BIG GAME.

Michigan and Pennsylvania Football Game Tied at Philadelphia.

Michigan's skill and strength and Pennsylvania's luck exactly balanced at Philadelphia and as a result of this balance, the two teams quit Franklin field after one of the most bitterly fought games in football history with the scoreboard barren of a numeral. Outplaying Pennsy as she did, Michigan couldn't carry the ball over the goal line for a touchdown, nor boot it between the uprights for a field goal; outlucking the Wolverines as they did, the Quakers fared just as poorly in the way of decorating the board and the battle ended with a cipher expressing the total achievement of both sides.

In everything but the count, it was Michigan's game.

New Corporations.

The following have filed articles of incorporation at Lansing: Peoples Food Co., Grand Rapids, $10,000; Maple Press Printing Co., Detroit, $5,000. Stockholders are Harris A. Gornetzky, Matilda Gornetzky and Arthur E. Stevens. Jeffrey De Witt Co., Detroit, $50,000. Stockholders are M. E. Lewis, Sarah A. De Witt and B. A. Jeffrey. Huron Milling Co., Harbor Beach, increased from $385,000 to $485,000.

STATE BRIEFS.

The annual meeting of the state Bricklayers', Masons' and Plasterers' unions was held in Grand Rapids with 35 delegates in attendance.

Louis Priebs, of Mt. Clemens, defeated candidate for county treasurer, waved a greeting to a friend and in so doing dislocated his shoulder.

Three trainmen were injured by the explosion of a boiler of the locomotive on the G. R. & I. freight train No. 57, a quarter mile from Vicksburg.

Gov. Warner, for many years a member of the traveling men's association, has been invited to speak at the first state meeting, which will be held in Lapeer, Dec. 27 and 28.

Perhaps the first petition to be presented to Gov. Osborn will be one from the Grand Rapids Board of Trade, asking him to retain Railroad Commissioner Glasgow.

Upwards of 12,000 acres of dead timber has been sold from the state reserve in the upstate territory and the state will receive several thousand dollars from the sales.

The first election for the presidency of the senior literary class of the U. of M. broke up in a row, and at the second held little interest was shown. For this reason a third election may be held.

The Zeta Sigma Lit of Alma college held its annual banquet Friday night at the Wright house, Alma. Seventy-eight plates were laid and a fine array of speeches was in the program. Leslie Kelgen acted as toastmaster.

Earl Messler, of Albion, who had been mourned as dead for a month by his wife, returned, stating that he had been cooking on a ranch in Montana. Mrs. Messler identified a man taken fromt he Detroit river as her husband.

Mrs. Marilla Sincox, of Vassar, has received a check for $200.12 from the pension department for the services of her first husband, Peter Mapes, in the civil war. Mapes died 22 years ago, and for many years previous to his death was active in trying to get the pension money.

Twenty-eight citizens are willing to be commissioners of Port Huron under the new form of government and have already filed their petitions with the city clerk. From present indications there will be at least 40 petitions in by the time the limit for filing them expires.

Frank Manuel, of Cadillac, 22 years old, a brakeman for the Manistee & Northeastern railroad, was knocked from the ladder on the side of a freight car by a projecting semaphore and thrown under the wheels. His body was terribly mangled. He was married only three weeks ago.

Circuit Judge Walter N. North, of Battle Creek, has found what he believes to be evidence that John Anthony, a negro under sentence of life imprisonment for causing the death of Mrs. Jessie Burch, is not guilty. She was shot to death, and identified the negro on her deathbed. Judge North has found that Anthony was in a restaurant when the shot was fired. He is being held in jail pending an investigation.

Despite the fact that it was brought out during the circuit court hearing at Bay City that William Quigley, who was killed by a Detroit & Mackinac train, did not support his wife and child, the supreme court ordered a verdict against the road, holding that the railroad company could not escape its liability for the death of the man because it was shown that his family suffered no pecuniary loss. The case will now be tried on its merits.

Horace G. Snover, receiver of the United Home Protectors' Fraternity of Port Huron, has made a requisition, accompanied by the court's order, on the state treasury for $42,785.32, with which to pay a 10 per cent dividend to the creditors. This institution was under the supervision of the state banking department and under the law its funds had to be deposited with the state treasurer after the failure about three years ago.

Notice was received by the Saginaw board of trade that the long fight for better service on the Michigan Central railroad into Tuscola county and the Thumb district points has been won. Trains will be operated to Caro from Saginaw, making excellent connections with Vassar, thus opening up business territory hitherto closed because of inadequate train service.

A member of the Battle Creek bar will go to Los Angeles to assist in defending Attorney Howard Green when the latter is tried for the shooting of Prof. Thomas D. Skidmore, the Texan who wooed Mrs. Green for 30 years.

A DEAL IN FUTURES

U. S. WANT APOLOGY

RELATIONS WITH MEXICO ARE BECOMING STRAINED OVER RIOTS.

TROUBLE DUE TO LYNCHING

American Flag Is Trampled on and Torn to Bits and American Citizens Insulted and Attacked in Mexican Capital.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The relations between Mexico and the United States are dangerously strained by reason of the demands made on the United States by Mexico for reparation for the lynching of Rodriguez by American citizens and the demand made on the Mexican government by Ambassador Wilson, backed up by the state department, for apology and reparation for the insult to the United States flag and damage to its citizens in the riots in the City of Mexico.

Mexico Failed to Stop Riots.

One of the matters to be inquired into, especially, by Secretary Knox, is whether the Mexican government had any advance information looking to impending riots and whether it failed to take proper precautionary measures. It is alleged informally that the Mexican government had such information. The other view is that events subsequent to the rioting and especially the charging of the mob and killing of some of the rioters by the police will go far to make the matter easy of settlement by Mexico.

U. S. Citizens Attacked.

Mexico City, Nov. 11.—The anti-American demonstration, which started with the stoning of the Mexican Herald offices, has developed into an affair of international importance through the insults and assaults offered to American citizens as well as the trampling of the American flag in the dust of the streets of Mexico City.

One rioter was killed and several were injured, among the Americans attacked being the son of Ambassador Wilson.

An attack was made upon the plant of El Imparcial and the mailing and distributing departments were wrecked. For 29 minutes the mob battered at the doors leading to the editorial and composing rooms above with heavy timbers and fired the wreckage. Then the mounted police charged with drawn swords and the crowd fled. One of the rioters was killed. An alarm brought the fire department to the scene before the flames gained headway.

American Flag Torn Down.

While the police looked on and seemingly made no effort to prevent it, an American flag floating in front of a candy store in the business district was torn down by a crowd of several hundred medical students and others, trampled and spat upon and torn to bits. Later photographs of the crowd were taken before the offices of the Diario Del Hogar, a Mexican newspaper, with many individuals waving bits of the tattered banner.

The demonstration was caused by antipathy aroused among the people by the burning at the stake of Antonio Rodriguez at Rock Springs, Tex., on the night of November 3.

Rodriguez, who was a Mexican citizen, confessed to the murder of Mrs. Lem Henderson at Rock Springs.

Wild Beasts Fight in Show.

Leavenworth, Kan., Nov. 12.—The performance of a local vaudeville theater was abruptly closed when lions, leopards, jackals, bears and pumas began fighting during a trained wild animal act. At the first warning of danger the audience arose hastily and left the theater.

Saginaw Publisher Is Dead.

Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 14.—Charles H. Peters, sixty-two years old, a wealthy publisher and founder of the Saginaw Evening News, dropped dead of apoplexy. He was one of the youngest drummer boys in the Union war.

SENATOR CLAY OF GEORGIA DIES OF HEART DISEASE

Expires Suddenly as He Chats With Wife and Son—Been Ill a Long Time.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 14.—United States Senator Alexander Stephens Clay died suddenly in the Atlanta sanitarium, to which he was taken ten days ago in the hope that special treatment might prolong his life.

Although Senator Clay was desperately ill his death was not expected. Mrs. Clay and her son, Herbert, were at the bedside and the senator was chatting with them about returning to his home at Marietta. Suddenly he gasped and in a moment was dead. The cause of death is given as dilation of the heart.

Senator Clay was in his fifty-seventh year. He served several terms in the Georgia legislature and in 1896 was chosen senator to succeed Gen. John B. Gordon. He has held the seat ever since without opposition.

FIND WIRES UNDER MAINE

Divers Discover High Tension Conductors of Electricity Beneath Hull of Wrecked Battleship.

Havana, Cuba, Nov. 14.—A large quantity of insulated copper wire, such as is used for electrical currents of high tension, has been found by divers under and about the hull of the Maine.

The wire now lies on board the vessel Manuelita, presumably to be examined by authorized experts in due course.

Washington, Nov. 14.—There was intense interest in Washington in the report from Havana that wire had been found about the hull of the Maine. Naval officers, while approaching the matter with caution, held the discovery of the wire to be strong corroboration of the verdict of the board of inquiry that the Maine was blown up from the outside.

YOUNG FOR DOLLIVER'S SEAT

Des Moines Editor Appointed U. S. Senator to Serve Until Legislature Meets in January.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 14.—Gov. B. F. Carroll has appointed Lafayette Young, editor of the Des Moines Capital, as United States senator from Iowa to succeed the late Jonathan P. Dolliver.

Senator Young will serve until the next legislature meets, on January 8. It will be the duty of that legislature to elect a senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Dolliver, which ends in 1913.

Mr. Young was born in Iowa in 1848. Most of his life he has devoted to the newspaper profession.

In politics Mr. Young has vigorously supported the administration of President Taft. He has been a stanch supporter of Governor Carroll.

TRIBUTE PAID TO SHIELDS

Memory of the Famous Soldier and Statesman Is Honored at Last by the Federal Government.

Carollton, Mo., Nov. 12.—The memory of Gen. James Shields was honored by the country of his adoption today, when a monument erected by the federal government over his grave in St. Mary's cemetery was unveiled. The ceremonies were impressive and were participated in by many notable persons who came here to pay tribute to the memory of one of the most romantic characters in American history. Among those present were federal and state officials and representatives from Minnesota, Illinois, Oregon and South Carolina, many Civil war veterans and a large part of the national guard of Missouri.

Noted Vaudeville Man Dead.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Charles E. Kohl, one of the most conspicuous figures in American vaudeville management, and one of the men accredited with raising that form of entertainment to its present plane, died at his summer residence in Oconomowoc, Wis.

TROOPS GUARD LAPEER HOME

STATE MILITIA CALLED OUT TO ESTABLISH SMALLPOX QUARANTINE.

TWENTY-FIVE CASES AND FIVE DEATHS REPORTED AT HOME FOR FEEBLE MINDED.

Secretary of State Board of Health Says 25 Localities Suffer From the Disease.

So serious has the smallpox situation at the Lapeer Home for the Feeble Minded become that state troops have been called out and placed on guard around the institution. The militiamen have pitched their tents on the grounds and will be kept as a quarantine guard at the home until conditions warrant their removal.

Health Officer Frazier has a strict quarantine established on all the buildings, but because of several employes of the home breaking away and escaping at night Frazier and Sec. Shumway of the state board of health, deemed it advisable to order out the troops.

There are about 1,000 persons in the institution and owing to the prevalence of smallpox in a malignant form at the home it is feared that there may be a stampede of attendants away from the helpless inmates.

"It is difficult to say whether conditions there will become worse, but the situation is very serious at present," said Dr. Shumway. He has received reports from about 25 localities in the state where there are smallpox cases, but the disease prevails in a severe form only at Saginaw and the Lapeer home. An attempt is being made to secure the most accurate information from the infected localities.

The soldiers are armed with regulation army rifles and the guns are loaded with cartridges. It is understood the troops have been ordered to shoot if necessary to maintain the quarantine.

Twenty-five Cases in Huron County.

There are at least 25 smallpox cases in Huron county. Seven cases are reported in Lincoln township, three in Dwight and ten in Redman township. It is said that absolutely no quarantine has been established in the townships to prevent the spread of the disease and that in many cases the farmers are caring for the ill in their families without medical assistance. It is thought an investigation will be made at once of the reported epidemic.

Asks $5,000 to Fight Smallpox.

At a special meeting of the Bay City board of health with a committee of 20 representative business men a program of preventive measures against smallpox that will be as stringent as if the disease really existed, was adopted and the council will be asked for a special appropriation of $5,000, while the citizens' committee pledged a similar amount in order to carry out the work.

Although there is not and has not been smallpox in Bay City since last spring, the experience of last winter has caused the business men to take an active part in the work of preventing the entrance of the disease.

Binder Twine Cheaper Next Year.

Farmers of Michigan will probably secure binding twine from the state prison next year at a reduced price, according to Gov. Warner.

He says the supply of sisal for the twine was purchased at a better price than last year, and in consequence it is expected that it can be sold at lower figures, perhaps a half cent a pound cheaper. He also announces that the output of the prison factory will be increased 1,000,000 pounds, the machinery for this purpose being purchased out of profits in the revolving fund which was created by the legislature to establish and maintain the factory.

Loomis Named for Perry Celebration.

Gov. Warner announces the appointment of Maj. A. P. Loomis, of Ionia, who has been secretary in the executive offices during the governor's three terms, as a member of the Michigan commission to the centennial celebration at Put-in-Bay, in 1913, of Perry's battle on Lake Erie. Maj. Loomis will succeed Charles Moore, of Detroit, who has resigned. The appointment is highly pleasing to state house people, who are warm admirers of Maj. Loomis.

"Drys" Hope to Swing Washtenaw.

The local option workers of Washtenaw county firmly believe they will succeed in swinging the county into the "dry" column next spring and a petition will be submitted to the board of county supervisors at its meeting next January.

Two years ago the county voted on local option, but remained in the wet column owing to the large German vote in Ann Arbor city.

The woods north of St. Ignace are thronged with hunters.

The annual meeting of the state Bricklayers', Masons' and Plasterers' unions was held in Grand Rapids with 35 delegates in attendance.

Despite the fact that it was brought out during the circuit court hearing at Bay City that William Quigley, who was killed by a Detroit & Mackinac train, did not support his wife and child, the supreme court ordered a verdict against the road, holding that the railroad company could not escape its liability for the death of the man because it was shown that his family suffered no pecuniary loss. The case will now be tried on its merits.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Rev. Cornelius S. Abbott, rector of Christ Episcopal church in Belleville, N. J., is dead of heart disease in his eighty-first year. He was well known throughout the middle west.

The Iroquois Memorial hospital, erected in memory of those who lost their lives in the Iroquois theater fire, is to be formally turned over to the city of Chicago Dec. 30.

Glowing accounts have reached New York of wonderful gold discoveries in the district of Vilgarn, West Australia. The rush to the fields continues unabated and Bullfinch, in the heart of the belt, is described by experts as the greatest gold find in the commonwealth.

There was a fall in the prices of meats and vegetables in the Boston markets, which averaged from 10 to 15 per cent. Beef went down nearly 5 cents, poultry fell off a like amount, while pork products declined 2 or 3 cents. Butter and eggs held firm, the latter advancing a cent or two.

Carrying with her to a watery grave Capt. Soderberg and his crew of five men, the whaleback barge Baroness, bound from Newport News for Providence, R. I., in tow of the whaleback steamer Bay Port, sank off Fire island, N. Y., after being run down by a square rigged ship.

That 1,000 panders have been driven out of Chicago, besides many convicted, since the crusade against the "white slave" traffic was inaugurated in the spring of 1909, is the estimate made by Clifford G. Roe in a report to the white slave traffic committee for the year ending October 11, 1910.

Definite information from United States Consul D. R. Birch, at Alexandria, Egypt, indicates that the Egyptian cotton crop will approximate 700,000,000 pounds. Previous reports stated that the crop was estimated at 650,000,000 pounds. The yield last year was 500,000,000 pounds.

The first large consignment of railroad ties shipped from Australia to the United States is on its way to Redondo, Cal., according to a consular report received at Washington. The ties, about 66,000 in number, are mainly iron bark, much used in railroad construction in Australia.

Financiers who have returned from the national monetary commission's conference express the belief that Senator Aldrich will attempt to accomplish at the coming short session of congress the enactment of a currency reform bill, and that the central bank idea will be one of its features.

President Taft's first day on the Panama isthmus was spent at the house of Lieut.-Col. Geothals, the chief engineer of the canal, in going over detailed reports of the progress of the work, and in consulting the chiefs of departments. The president expressed himself as greatly pleased at the condition of affairs.

At the meeting of the national W. C. T. U. in Baltimore, Md., all the departmental superintendents reported great advance in the work. Miss Elizabeth Greenwood of New York, superintendent of the evangelistic and almshouse department, stated that 32,339 persons had been led to take the temperance pledge during the past year.

According to statistics collected by United States inspectors at the international boundary laid before the Canadian authorities by Daniel J. Keefe, United States commissioner of immigration, 104,000 settlers entered Canada from the United States during last year, and 75,000 entered the United States from Canada. Some of the Canadians who removed to the United States are farmers.

Hong Kong, long known as a malarial pest hole, is being rid of the disease by the activities of the British colonial office. During the last ten years there has been a steady and substantial reduction in the number of cases. The reduction of malaria has been due to ridding the colony of mosquito breeding places by making waterways or ditches, the filling of stagnant pools and the covering of standing water with oil.

Crude, refined and synthetic camphor valued at $3,227,987 was imported into the United tates during the past three years. Camphor is used extensively in the conversion of cellulose nitrate into celluloid, an important item in the pyroxylin plastic industry of the country. In 1905 there were five of these industries, with a capital of $8,639,516, an output valued at $4,795,157, and affording employment to 1,838 persons.

The funeral of eight of the men killed in the explosion in the Lawson coal mine at Black Diamond, Wash., two weeks ago, was held in the little mountain town. Fifteen hundred people marched on foot in the cortege. The only hearse in the village held one coffin and the others were carried on the shoulders of the miners who have been engaged for the last week in the work of digging out the bodies of their unfortunate comrades.

The entire first class of cadets at West Point, 85 in number, have been deprived of their Christmas leave of absence as punishment for their participation in the "silencing" of Capt. Rufus Longan, of the Eleventh infantry, tactical instructor in September last. The punishment order includes all of the first class cadets who will be graduated next June. Fewer than half the number are affected, the rest being already debarred from enjoying the holiday leave this year because of demerits marked against them.

Secretary Meyer, who has just returned to Washington from an extensive trip of inspection of the navy yards and stations, made his trip highly profitable by cutting off $300,000 of naval expenditures in these yards.

Secretary Meyer will ask congress to limit the term of service of the commandant of marines to four years. At present the commandant serves until retirement or death. When Gen. Elliott is placed on the retired list at the end of the present month, a temporary successor will be appointed pending action by congress on the proposed legislation.

Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT D. BLOSSER.
THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1910.

GOT HIS MONEY FROM DEBTOR

Shrewd Ruse of Philadelphia Physician Who Had a Smattering of Law.

A little legal knowledge is a dangerous thing—for the fellow who doesn't have it. In Philadelphia not long ago, says Business and Bookkeeper's Magazine, a photographer-beat who had owed a $200 doctor bill for eight years or more, established his studio in a residence district and began to make money. The physician to whom he owed the bill became convinced that the photographer actually owned tangible property in the city, and that he would have no trouble in securing his money except for the statute of limitations, which had outlawed the bill several years before. But, as it happened, this doctor had studied law a little, so one day he dropped into the office of the picture maker.

"Brown," he said, "you remember that bill I have against you?"

"Why, yes," replied Brown, "but it's rather an old one, isn't it?"

"It's true the bill is outlawed," replied the doctor, "but I see you're working up quite a stylish trade, and perhaps you wouldn't object to taking my picture and applying the price on the bill?"

"Certainly," replied Brown, who saw he could add to his prestige by displaying the well-known doctor's portrait in his stands.

A few days later he was sued in court on the bill, and when he put up as a defense the statute of limitations he learned, to his chagrin, a bit of law he had not known; that any acknowledgment of an outlawed bill brings it to life again, and that payment on account, whether of money or goods, constitutes such an acknowledgment.

In the Gloaming.

The shades of evening were falling. The dim electric lights feebly strove to pierce the gloom that overshadowed the east platform of the elevated loop station at Wabash and Madison.

There was no crowd—a most unusual happening—and the young man and young woman who were in the darkest spot, close together and busily conversing, had the platform almost to themselves.

Impulsively she leaned nearer.

With a swift motion she put her arms around his neck and—

At this precise moment the man on the west platform, directly opposite, who had been idly watching the pair, turned his head and looked the other way. It was none of his business.

The purpose of this story is to assure those two young persons that the man saw nothing except what is here truthfully set forth.

Higher Than Everest.

In his exploration of the Karakorams Doctor Longstaff found a vast wall of unknown peaks to the northeast of the Saltoro pass. The highest of them, which he named Teram Kangri, he estimated, before taking his observations, as being over 25,000 feet high. Actual observations, when worked out, brought out the much higher figure of 28,200 feet. A second set of observations, however, taken from a more favorable station, showed the altitude as something like 30,000 feet; and, as according to the president of the Royal Geographical society, "Doctor Longstaff manipulated his observations so as to make the mountain appear lower than it otherwise would, a proceeding probably unique in mountaineering annals," there really is a strong presumption that Everest can be no longer be regarded as highest.

Height of Clouds.

"How high are the clouds?"

Many varying answers have been returned to this question, and, in fact, it may be added that there is no fixed height for any kind of cloud. Some remarkably interesting measures of the height of clouds were made at Vienna by an ingenious method. Advantage was taken of the extremely brilliant light furnished for the great illuminated fountain erected not long ago in that city.

By means of a projector it was found that a beam of light could be sent up to the clouds, producing upon them a luminous spot capable of being observed simultaneously from points on the earth two or three miles apart. By such observations the height of certain clouds of the cirrus variety was found to be as much as 10,000 meters, or nearly 33,000 feet.

Hairless.

"Who do you think invented the expression, 'The hair of the dog is good for the bite'?"

"I don't know, but I am sure it was not the owner of one of these Mexican dogs."

No Names.

"I was deeply disappointed in this article about venomous creatures."

"Why so?"

"It is only about tarantulas and cobras. I thought maybe it would mention some women I know."

Just to Be Contrary.

"Don't forget," said the ready-made philosopher, "that there is always room at the top."

"I'm working the other way," replied Mr. Growcher. "What I'm interested in is a mining proposition."

Cautious.

The young housekeeper was looking at some live chickens in a coop.

"Yes," said the dealer, "I'll kill and dress a couple of them and send them over to your house."

"Well," replied the young housewife, hesitating, "if you are positive they are fresh you may."

Plausible Theory.

Little Willie—Say, pa, why do they stamp eagles on our coins?

Pa—Probably as an emblem of their swift flight, my son.

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Walter Winans' Parlor Pet

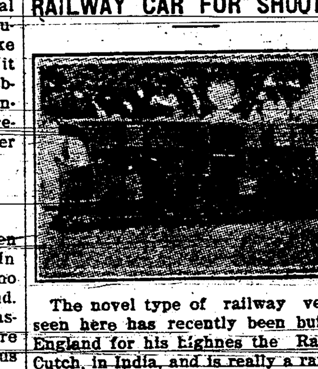
Walter Winans, the famous horse lover and crack revolver shot, has for an especial pet a Shetland pony that often is brought into the drawing-room of its master's place at Surrenden Park, England, to amuse him. Mr. Winans, though an American citizen, has never visited the United States, but his horses are seen at the horse shows in the east, as well as in those of England and France.

MYSTERY OF WOMAN'S HAIR

The British Medical Journal quotes an interesting account by Mr. Frances Trollope of a "hair market" in Brittany. He states that in various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls.

They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. There seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. "We saw several girls sheared one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses on the part of the fair Bretonnes to be found in the invariable 'mode' which covers every head from childhood upward with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and, of course, as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief—they net immense profits by their trip through the country."

RAILWAY CAR FOR SHOOTING



The novel type of railway vehicle seen here has recently been built in England for his Highnes the Rao of Cutch, in India, and is really a railway locomotive and coach combined intended for use as a shooting car. The engines consist of a four-cylinder gasoline motor, while three speeds in either direction are provided for. The body of the car is divided into three compartments with two end platforms for the driver when traveling in either direction. The central section comprises the engine room and an upper compartment for the carriage of guns and stores.

REALISM ON THE STAGE

The other week while a horse racing play called "The Whip" was being performed at Stratford, England, one of the horses kicked an actor into the orchestra. The wires of the footlights were injured and fused, and a panic was narrowly averted.

COFFIN FOR A PET MONKEY

The wife of a Cardiff (Wales) seafaring man has had a coffin made for her pet Java monkey, which died a few years ago. It bears a plate beautifully engraved as follows: "In memory of my dear Jenny, who died September, 1910." Mrs. Mitchell, the lady referred to, has had the monkey ten years; it was brought home from the tropics by her husband. An elaborately printed mourning card was produced by Mrs. Mitchell recording the death of the monkey, as if it had been a child. She was really as fond of it as if it had been human. The monkey was duly interred, with all honors, in a garden, and before the funeral it lay in its coffin on a couch in the front room, with the blinds down.

SUPPER TABLE OF DEATH

A somewhat ghastly occurrence is reported from a township in West Prussia where an alderman, Herr Arndt, asphyxiated himself and family, because he was suspected of misappropriating some philanthropic funds in his care. The affair seems to have been mutually agreed upon, for the family of suicides, consisting of the alderman and his wife, his adult son and daughter, was discovered by a servant girl early in the morning, sitting around the supper table as if asleep. After the meal they had turned on the gas and calmly awaited their end. The father and daughter were dead; and the wife and son were removed in a critical state to a hospital.

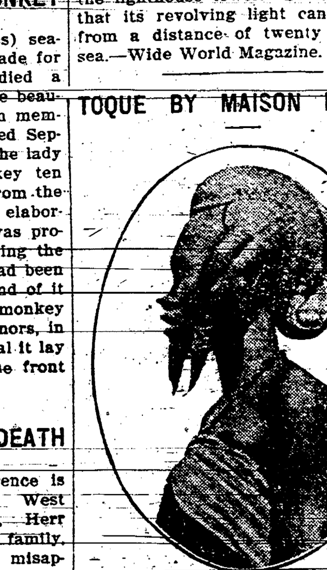
DRAMA MADE TO ORDER

A startling scene was witnessed the other day by a crowd at the bathing pond at Whipp's Cross in Epping Forest, Eng. A nurse who was carrying a baby was stopped by a lady, who appeared to lay claim to the child. A fierce altercation which ensued was suddenly ended by the nurse taking the baby in her arms and leaping into the deepest part of the pond. The other woman screamed and ran away, pursued by a policeman, who brought her back in custody. Meanwhile a bystander had courageously jumped into the water and rescued the nurse; and a fine bulldog, which suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular, saved the baby. By a strange coincidence a cinematograph man was on the spot and secured a film of the entire incident—after which the drenched actors, including the property baby, all went home in a cab.

CALAIS AND ITS LIGHTHOUSE

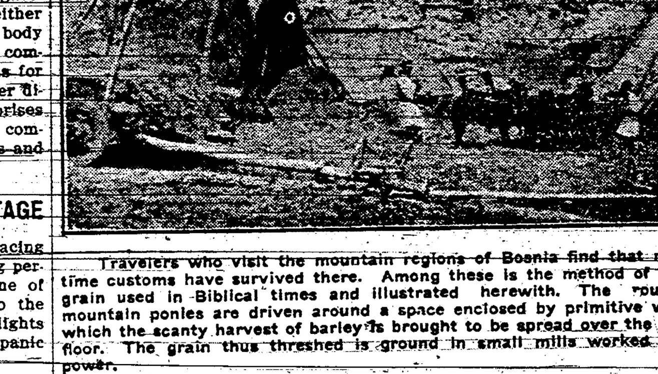
Calais is rather an untidy place for a French town. The Place d'Armes, where the tower of the Hotel de Ville has remained since the fifteenth century, is the center spot. Here Calais meets its friends and has its cafe noir. In the square, towering out of the roofs of surrounding houses and dwarfing them, is the old watch tower. Since 1848 it has been superseded as a lighthouse by the magnificent one at present in use. Never shall I forget the effect of this lighthouse as I stood under it that night. The revolving spokes of light cast away into filmy space in all directions looked like the ribs of a huge umbrella being turned by the white handle, which was the lighthouse tower. So tall is this that its revolving light can be seen from a distance of twenty miles at sea.—Wide World Magazine.

TOQUE BY MAISON NATURE



Among the most extraordinary head-dresses to be found in the continent of Africa are those worn by the women of the oasis of Agram. Their hair, though very kinky, is plentiful and is carefully arranged in coiffures that excite the wonder of the traveler. Some of these, like the one illustrated, have much the effect of a Roman helmet. The women of Agram are as proud of their coiffures as are their sisters of the civilized world of the almost equally remarkable ones they wear.

Threshing Barley in Bosnia



Travelers who visit the mountain regions of Bosnia find that many old-time customs have survived there. Among these is the method of threshing grain used in Biblical times and illustrated herewith. The rough-coated mountain ponies are driven around a space enclosed by primitive wagons in which the scanty harvest of barley is brought to be spread over the threshing floor. The grain thus threshed is ground in small mills worked by water power.

LANDMARK OF REVOLUTION

Much of the revolutionary history of this country centers in New York city. It seems strange, therefore, that so few of the old pre-revolutionary landmarks remain. At the dedication of the old Jumel mansion as a public historical museum, Senator Depew called attention to the fact that only three buildings survived that period. These are Fraunce's tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers, St. Paul's church, where he went immediately after his inauguration, and the picturesque Jumel mansion, at one time Washington's headquarters. Few buildings in America possess as great and as varied an historical interest as this colonial mansion which crowns Washington Heights.

In 1758 Roger Morris built this imposing mansion as a gift to Mary Philipse, the same Mary Phillipse whom Washington courted in vain, and who became Mrs. Roger Morris. Morris, who was an officer in the British army, had been a comrade of Washington's and served with him in the Braddock campaign. That was in 1755 and between that date and 1776 his tory had been making very fast in this country. Morris remained true to the British flag, and when, in 1776, Washington's army got too close for comfort, the Morrises fled to England, and their property, like that of many royalists, was confiscated. It was, indeed, the irony of fate that the approach of her former lover was the cause of Mary Phillipse and her husband abandoning their home and quitting the country. From September 16 to October 25, 1776, this former home of the woman Washington desired to marry served as military headquarters for the general. It was from this house that the young patriot, Nathan Hale, set forth upon his fatal mission—a mission which though it cost him his life, made his name one of the most imperishable in American history. On one occasion Lafayette was entertained under this hospitable roof. The history of this mansion, however, does not belong wholly to revolutionary times. After the war the house stood pathetically alone and deserted. Then a Frenchman, M. Jumel, bought it and occupied it for a brief time, when he died, leaving it to his widow. Madame Jumel was a conspicuous and brilliant society leader and her home was one of the most noted social meccas of Manhattan.

Here she married that most brilliant but erratic of the prominent politicians of his time, Aaron Burr. Their married life was not happy and after a short period ended in a separation. In time the mansion became the home of that commercial pioneer, John Jacob Astor. During his occupancy he had as his secretary the famous American poet, Fitz-Green Halleck.

LARGEST CHECK ON RECORD

The Royal Mail Steam Packet company's check for £1,347,825 for the shares of the Pacific Steam Navigation company is not by any means the largest that has ever been drawn. The Manchester Ship Canal company on acquiring the Bridgewater canal in 1887 drew a check for £1,710,000, and it will be remembered that it exhibited it in the city as the biggest that had been drawn up to that time.—Manchester Guardian.

A LOVABLE WOMAN

Queen Amelie of Portugal Most Unfairly Treated.

Woman of Many Sorrows and Tragedies Who Devoted Herself to the People—Charities Were Her Only Extravagance.

Lisbon.—Perhaps there is not in all Europe today a more pathetic figure than Queen Amelie. Brave she has proved herself to be often, but there is something about the calm intrepid spirit with which she has faced this latest trouble, which calls forth the deep sympathy of womankind the world over.

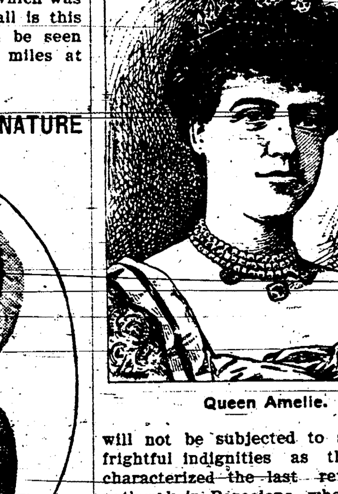
After having had her husband and her eldest son slain by her side, in the most shocking fashion, nearly three years ago, and her own remaining boy wounded, she has now been compelled to submit to the loss of her son's throne (that was also her own), and has been driven with him to seek refuge abroad—leaving all their belongings, all their personal treasures, in the hands of the revolutionists.

Born in England at Turkinham on the banks of the Thames—her father, the late Comte de Paris, being banished at the time from France—Amelie will doubtless add one more to that Parisian group of throneless royalties who furnished the inspiration of one of Alphonse Daudet's famous novels.

What Amelie Fears.

Perhaps Queen Amelie's greatest grief in connection with the recent tragic events will be the shattered future of her only remaining son. For all hopes for the future are practically at an end for a monarch who has been deposed by his people. Another source of profound sorrow will be the fact that she will be barred henceforth from that Church of St. Vincent at Lisbon where her murdered husband and eldest son sleep their last sleep.

She will be in doubt, indeed, whether the remains of those so dear to her



Queen Amelie.

will not be subjected to some such frightful indignities as those which characterized the last revolutionary outbreak in Barcelona, when the mob having sacked the convents and monasteries, tore the dead monks and nuns from their tombs, paraded them about the city, either whole or piece-meal, exposed them to every sort of outrage, and ended by setting them up in grotesque positions at the ruined entrances of the sacred buildings from which they had been taken.

Ever since Amelie's husband and eldest son were assassinated she had lived in utter terror lest her only remaining son, Manuel II., should share their fate. For herself, her own safety and welfare, she cared little. Those who know Amelie realize that when a cruel death claimed her husband on that terrible afternoon in February, 1906, her heart was quite broken, and the only interest left for her in life lay in her son, Manuel. The domestic life of King Carlos and Amelie was utterly unclouded and the queen was the happiest of wives and mothers. Nothing has hurt her more cruelly than the assertion made so often that King Carlos was murdered by the people, especially by the Republicans, on account of his thefts from the public treasury and because of his immoralities. The truth is that Carlos was free from any feminine entanglements, devoted as any lover to his beautiful wife and that he was killed not by reason of his thefts from the national treasury, but because he was endeavoring to stop the wholesale robbery of the national funds by the leaders of the two great political parties of the kingdom.

Tried to Help the People.

Amelie has been obliged to submit to seeing the instigators of the murder of King Carlos and the crown prince not only unpunished, but even occupying positions of influence and rank. Indeed, she was brought face to face with them almost daily and had to remain silent for the sake of the young king.

She was debarred from rewarding those who had endeavored to defend her husband on the day of his assassination and could not open a Portuguese paper without finding its columns filled with calumniations of her dead husband, which she was powerless to officially or publicly deny.

Since Amelie, then a slender young woman renowned for her exquisite beauty, came to Portugal a little over 24 years ago, she has done nothing but good. Out of her own personal fortune she has had built and endowed homes for crippled children, orphan asylums, homes for the blind and public dispensaries.

Marie Amelie is possessed of a sufficiently large fortune of her own to have rendered her wholly independent of the Portuguese treasury. Her own extravagances consisted of her many charities, and that from her own purse she returned to the Portuguese government money which it was asserted had been advanced to her husband, the late king, but which he did not in reality owe, it will be realized that Portugal has driven from her soil a wise, good and energetic princess, who spent her entire married life in working for the welfare of her people—a woman toward whom they should be filled with feelings of gratitude.

"HOCKING" THINGS IN FRANCE

Pawnshops Are Under Direct Government and Municipal Control and the Rates Are Easy.

When the Parisian wants to raise a loan he does not have to go to a pawnshop which is kept for "uncle's" private profit. All the pawnshops of France are under direct government and municipal control, over each floats the national flag of France, and the doors are guarded by French soldiers.

The French borrower regards the putting of his goods "up the spout" strictly as a business transaction with the government. There is no haggling over the sum to be advanced, for the people know that all the profits of the establishment will finally go back to them.

Four-fifths of the value is advanced on articles of jewelry, while on other articles about two-thirds is allowed. The interest is 7 per cent. per annum.

Should a borrower be in the unfortunate position of having paid interest for many years without being able to release the article, the authorities will return it without any further fee.

When interest has not been paid the object in question is sold by auction, and after the sale has been effected the original loan and interest are deducted from the money secured, and the surplus goes to the borrower.

Should the money remain unclaimed, it is turned over to the French hospitals. These hospitals profit to the extent of about $2,500 a year.

The number of pawned articles totals 2,000,000 annually in Paris alone, of which 1,000,000 are effected at a loss, since no auction will bring a complete return on small objects, but this does not trouble the officials concerned, for should there be a deficiency on the other 1,000,000 articles the municipality does not hesitate to raise the rates, and thus by means of an indirect taxation the well-to-do support the needy.

These pawnshops require a large capital, which is usually subscribed by legacies, gifts, and subventions of the state department or the commune. In this way some of the establishments are so well endowed that no interest is charged to "nephews."

This system has enabled Paris to conduct the largest pawnbroking business in the world. The total revenue is $875,000 and the net profits $37,500, according to the latest official figures.

Turkish Customs Changing.

The attitude of the hanoums to medical practitioners has changed much of recent years. Twenty or thirty years ago no Turkish woman would ever save submitted to a physical examination by a doctor. All he could have persuaded her to do would have been to show him her tongue through a rent in the yashmak or let him touch her pulse from behind a heavy curtain and in the presence, of course, of an argus-eyed eunuch or old female slave.

Any attempt to apply a stethoscope to the chest would have been spurned as an impertinent presumption of western "barbarism." No matter how severe the illness the medical man could not go beyond certain strict limits of Islamite usage and tradition al custom. Even in cases of imminent danger to life these scanty-limits were never allowed to be overstepped, and the belief in the incantations of a priest and the house remedies of old, ignorant and superstitious women held unlimited sway and was always greater than the faith in the efficacy of medical skill and science.

This is now changing, and changing rapidly. There are, of course, still many exceptions, where antiquated views and conceptions are fanatically adhered to and practised, but these become rarer with each advancing year. Many Turkish women will now, when ill, voluntarily call on a medical practitioner.

What's in a Name?

Where are we to find the final authority as to the pronunciation of the names of our states? Surely not in that august body the United States senate, where they are most frequently pronounced.

A senator rises in his place and declares that they do things thus and so out in "Ioway." Senator Bailey refers presently to the gentleman from "I-o-wa," with the accent on the "o;" while Senator Cummins carefully refers to the land of his political birth as "I-o-wa," with the accent on the "I."

Senator Gallinger talks about Senator Beveridge as the gentleman from "In-ji-ana." Nevada runs a perilous course, from the "Ne-va-da" of Senator Newlands, where the "a" is very long, to the Nevada with the short "a," as it is ordinarily pronounced.

Colorado, "Arizony," "Wy-o-ming," "Haway-ye," and Oklahoma battle for life amid a conflict of pronunciations. The senate would be a board of questionable authority to pass on geographical names.—Harper's Weekly.

Country vs. City Cooking.

A traveling harvest hand was "beefing" at the poor cooking he said he found in the country—not at our house, you may be sure. Said that was one reason why he would rather work in the city. If the grub did not suit him, he could change boarding houses, while if he struck a bad cook on the farm—and he seemed to find no other kind—he could not get away from it until he had served his time. I don't believe that the average cooking on the farm is half as bad as the grub in the average city boarding house. I have tried both, and I will back my stomach against the farm every time. Of all the bad cooking and spoiled food I ever ate I have found it in the city boarding houses. On the farm we get vegetables, milk and butter fresh every day and that is half the problem of good health. Who ever heard of ptomaine poisoning from dirty milk, ruined butter or half rotten vegetables or meat on the farm? Not I.—Exchange.

A Pardonable Mistake.

"These new hats bother me considerably with my weak eyes."

"The hats are big enough to see, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes; but at an afternoon reception I mistook a young lady for a piano lamp."

All Blessings Bestowed in God's Good Time

FOR WEEKS no rain fell on the village in which I reside, and the consequence was that the leaves fell from the trees and the green grass turned brown. In the adjacent villages slight rains relieved the situation, but Rockville Center was not blessed with showers that amounted to much. But in a few days, towards evening, little drops began to come down, and by night copious showers came rattling on the roofs to the great joy of the inhabitants. What a change was brought about by the storm. It tickled the earth, and once again the grass became green and the plants and shrubbery that were not dead responded to the showers. God had not forgotten the village in which I reside. The drought was broken, a change took place in the atmosphere, and my neighbors looked themselves again.

It was long delayed, but it came at last with healing in its wings. It was more than welcome. When God broke the clouds every heart should have sent up praises to him from whom all blessings flow.

The thought that came to my mind how often we are disappointed while watching and waiting for desired blessings. It takes grace and patience to wait until God's time to bestow them upon us.

Lesson in Long Drought.

If there was as much anxiety felt in my neighborhood for spiritual showers as was exhibited for rain from the heavens during the recent dry spell, the hearts of the people would be refreshed and their love for God would be made manifest in works of faith and love. Too much unbelief and too little trust in the goodness of God.

How mean the flowers and plants looked while thirsting for the water that would give them life; and how dejected Christians appear while waiting for spiritual springs wherewith to slake their parched souls. Dried up Christians and dried up plants are twins—both dying for want of nourishment that can be only had by the opening of the heavens.

But the difference is that Christians can always obtain relief by asking and believing. The wells of salvation are accessible to all those who thirst for the water of life. God sent down rain for the benefit of the bad as well as of the good. He has no pleasure in the death of the sinner; but would rather that he would turn from the error of his ways. How mean must those who murmured at the drought have felt when the rain came down in showers! If they do not feel so they ought to. But some are only interested in enjoying themselves the best they know how, and no thanks to God are offered up by them. Man's inhumanity to man is only equaled by his ingratitude to God. Even the best of us are prone to forget from whom our blessings flow.

There is no reason why Christians should famish for want of the waters that are ever flowing from the throne of God; for we are all invited to drink and be filled. The waters of life are flowing freely for all those whose hearts are open to receive them. No such a thing as a Christian needing to be in want of the water of salvation. An all-sufficiency can be had without money and without price.

True Christians.

Christians, drink freely of the waters that will give you strength and power. Stop singing about the peaceful hours you once enjoyed and more about "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." There is nothing so deplorable to look upon as a sickly Christian; dried up and ready to be blown away by any fitful breeze that may strike them. The only Christian to be admired is the one who has slaked his spiritual thirst and is ready for all the duties that he may be called upon to perform, one who is stripped for battle and who is ready at any hour to help win battles for his Lord.

Half-starved Christians are of very little account; but the useful ones are those who partake daily of solid meat that comes to them in answer to prayer and who drink freely from the wells of salvation.

When I think of what I might have been if I had only lived up to all my privileges I feel like hiding my head in shame.

To be a practical Christian is worthy of the efforts of all men and women who feel as if they want to live in the Promised Land. It will pay to be spiritually fat. Do not go about with your heads hanging down, but keep looking up. Browsing upon the pleasures of this life will have a tendency to make you spiritually lean.—George R. Scott in the Preacher's Helper.

The Comfort of His Presence.

We always need Christ with us, but when evening draws on we need his presence in a special way. It is growing dark, and in the shadows we need his protection. Night makes for us a sense of loneliness, and we need his companionship. Night has its dangers, and Christ's presence gives us a feeling of safety. Life is full of evenings in which the eventide prayer is fitting. There are evenings when the skies grow dark, and if we do not have Christ to come in and abide with us we shall be uncomforted, while His presence fills our hearts with light. To all of us will come at last the evening of death. Then we shall need Christ. If he does not come in to abide with us it will be unutterably dark for us. We shall need him to light us through the valley of shadows. Our prayer should be: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." Then his coming will bring light and joy.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

"Worry" Not in Bible.

The word "worry" is not found in the Bible and should not be found in the experience of any child of God.—Rev. Herbert J. Weaver, Lutheran, Los Angeles, Cal.

The KITCHEN CABINET

LET us be content to work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.
—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Ways of Serving Tripe.

Tripe is the digestive stomach of beef or veal. It is, when well prepared, so easily digested that many physicians order it for persons suffering from digestive troubles.

To prepare it on the farm, take the stomach from a freshly-killed animal and wash it thoroughly; then let it soak over night, changing the water several times. Make a kettle of strong lye water, cut the tripe in pieces and drop a few at a time in the boiling lye and cook six minutes. Take out and lay on a board and scrape well with a knife until the brown lining is removed and the meat is clean and white. Wash thoroughly, and let stand in a weak salt brine for two days, then boil in salted water until tender. This will take several hours. Now it is ready to be served in any number of ways.

The Spanish people serve tripe in the following appetizing way:

Spanish Tripe.

Place several pounds of tripe in a baking pan. Pour over it a quart of chopped tomatoes, a cupful of chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one chopped sweet red pepper and half a cupful of melted butter. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Pickled Tripe.

Make a spiced vinegar, using a pint of vinegar, three cloves, a dozen pepper corns, half a bay leaf, one sliced onion and a teaspoonful of salt. Pour hot over the tripe and keep in a cool place. Dip in corn meal and fry with bacon fat. This makes a good breakfast dish.

Tripe Fried.

Roll pieces of tripe in flour and fry in hot lard. When brown, remove and serve with the sauce made from a chopped onion browned in butter, a cupful of tomato juice and a tablespoonful of peppersauce. Boil up and pour around the tripe.

Tripe Fritters.

Make a fritter batter of one egg, a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of baking powder and flour to make a drop batter. Into this dip pieces of tripe and fry brown in deep fat.

Another way to serve this dish is in milk. Cut up the tripe and simmer in milk for two hours. Thicken slightly and season to taste. A good dish for invalids.

OH, SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And days of June together;
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Hallowe'en Luncheon.

A hallowe'en luncheon may be made most novel and attractive by excluding the day light from the room and covering the lights with yellow tissue paper. For the center piece a large pumpkin with a face cut in each side and a lighted candle in the center, makes a pretty center. Arrange around the pumpkin yellow ears of corn pointing outward like rays and between them place mounds of fruit and nuts. Small paper jack o' lanterns may be used as favors.

A pumpkin basket filled with fruits and autumn leaves makes a centerpiece a little unusual. Autumn leaves might be the decoration for the place cards. Brass candle sticks with red and yellow shades will make a soft and ghostly light effect.

White jack o' lanterns made of gourds with candles inside make an attractive feature at a party where white cosmos formed the floral centerpiece.

For the luncheon one may have cream of chestnut soup, a main dish of wild duck, salad of orange and french dressing and a dessert of vanilla ice cream with a sauce of preserved chestnuts in a lemon sauce, or nesselrode pudding.

When one wants something entertaining an illuminated bouquet is very interesting. Take the centers from calla lilies and insert small yellow candles in the center; when lighted they are beautiful for a little while.

Another pretty centerpiece is a yellow straw basket decorated with corn colored ribbons and filled with autumn leaves and fruits. Candle shades decorated with pressed wild rose leaves are a suitable accompaniment to such a table.

more easily separated by the gastric fluids and if well masticated and insalivated may be eaten sparingly with impunity.

The custard pie is one of the most popular and as it has but one crust, if that is well baked, which makes it less harmful.

For the pastry an old-fashioned rule is one part fat to three parts flour and enough cold water to roll out.

Custard Filling.—Take the yolks of two eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt and half a cupful of sugar, flavor with a little orange rind or nutmeg and put into a hot oven at first to bake the crust quickly, then slowly finish the baking.

Cream Pie.

Take one cupful of rich milk or cream, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoon of cornstarch and the yolks of two eggs. Cook the milk sugar and cornstarch together, then add the eggs and put into a baked crust. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs and brown in the oven.

A custard pie may be a cocoanut pie by adding a half cup of cocoanut to the pie just before it is baked.

Here is a pie that is truly good and may take the place of mince meat: One cupful each of sour cream, sugar and raisins, one egg well beaten, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon, nutmeg and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cloves and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Bake with two crusts.

Cocoa Pie.

Take one pint of milk, one egg or yolks of two, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the eggs and the hot milk, which has been cooked with the cornstarch, sugar and cocoa. Fill a baked crust and when cold spread with whipped cream or a meringue browned in the oven.

GOD never wastes anything. God never forgets anything. God never loses anything. Though he holds the world in the hollow of his hand, he will yet remember each of us, and the part we are fitted to play in the eternal drama.
—Anna Robertson Brown.

The Onion.

Mine eyes smell onions. I shall weep anon.

Onions will make even heirs or widows weep.

Are we a little more appreciative of the much-abused bulb when we remember that it belongs to the lily family. Those who tolerate the onion are horrified at the mere mention of garlic. Onions, leeks, shallot, garlic and chive all belong to the same family. They are all wholesome and may be served in many appetizing ways. The objectionable odor which they impart to the breath is due to the volatile substances absorbed by the blood and carried by the blood to the lungs, where they are set free. The shallot, garlic and chive are used principally to give added flavor to food. The leek is often used, as is the onion, as a vegetable. Onions are rich in flesh-forming elements, are soothing to the mucous membranes and are otherwise medicinal.

To prepare onions for cooking, if they are peeled under water they will not cause one to weep.

If one has never eaten an onion unpeeled, thrown on coals and roasted until tender, served with a generous portion of butter, well seasoned with salt and pepper, there is yet something to live for.

Fried onions are considered a great delicacy, though they are most difficult of digestion.

Onions friend with sour apples is another very appetizing dish which is usually liked.

Try stuffing large onions that have been parboiled, the centers removed and stuffed with sausage or any chopped meat seasoned.

Glazed onions are a novel way of serving the vegetable. Parboil small silver-skinned onions, put in a baking dish and baste often with highly-seasoned brown stock. When half done sprinkle with sugar and brown.

Onion sandwiches are very tasty for the Sunday night lunch. Chop the onion, season with mustard, pepper, salt and a little vinegar.

When the juice of an onion is desired, cut the onion across and press the cut side with a twisting motion against the grater near the groove so that the juice may flow.

Onion soup is another very good dish. Have ready one cupful of onion pulp which has been cooked and put through a sieve, add to scalding milk and seasonings, bind with butter and flour, a tablespoonful of each, and serve after cooking flour well.

Royal Stew.

This is a dish that may be prepared and served nicely from the chafing dish. Place the oysters in a chafing dish with enough liquor to allow them to float from the pan. Chop a head of celery with a small red pepper. As the oysters are heating add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste, then add a pint of milk and the celery and peppers. When hot serve at once.

SPEAK not of doleful things in time of mirth nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death and wounds; and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.
—George Washington.

"There's Poetry in Pie."

Pastry is difficult of digestion, as the starch grains are surrounded by the fat and impenetrable by the gastric juices, which do not act upon fat. Pastry that is light, dry and flaky is

Nettie Maxwell

The Gait to Strike.

"Indeed, papa, you do not sufficiently appreciate Willie. Everybody says he is a coming man."

"Well, you tell him he will be much more popular with me if he is more of a going one."

An Emergency Reserve.

"I wish we had the Wall street system in this city and county just now."

"Why so?"

"Because there is plenty of water in it."

A Fresh Supply.

"A German physician just arrived in this country says he has with him a supply of dioxidiamidorabensobensoldihidrichloride."

"How many syllables of it is a dose?"

Its Kind.

"I was told the famous aviator took his pet dog with him in his record flight. What kind of a dog was it?"

"I don't know, but I suppose it was a skye terrier."

SHEEP IN THE PIT

OLD MAN GIDDINGS APPLIES PARABLE TO PUMP.

It Had to Be Mended, Even if It Was Sunday, and He Even Persuaded the Preacher to Help Do the Job.

Old Man Giddings stood it as long as he could. Then he broke loose. It was Sunday morning—a quiet Sunday morning in the country—and the pump needed repairing badly.

It lay beneath the cow shed, a cast-iron, battered, red-painted temptation to Old Man Giddings, because he wanted to plow the west 'pike field Monday morning, and he couldn't mend a pump and plow at the same time. Nobody could.

The old man wandered dismally about in a clean, stiff-starched shirt without a collar, and looked upon the red temptation. It was such a little thing to do on Sunday. Besides, everybody was in church, and the hammering wouldn't be heard.

Finally, this was a case of pulling a sheep out of a pit. The sheep parable, it occurred to Old Man Giddings, was very apt. Surely, this broken pump was of as much importance as a sheep. He reached out an uncertain hand for the monkey wrench, and was lost.

The hours flew past, but Old Man Giddings heeded not. He was interested in that red pump. It was such a tantalizing thing. Whenever he thought he had it exactly right he found he was mistaken, and the nut had to come off again.

The new piece that Jim had brought from town had to be filed, and more washers had to be cut out of an old boot top.

The stiff white shirt became moist and soggy. A smear of oil ran across the old man's nose, but he labored with the pump, for having put his hand to the plow—or the pump—he was not the man to turn back. He hammered and filed and fitted and adjusted, but, not having four hands, he couldn't quite make it.

More time flitted past, and dinner time came near. The people were coming from church, and their dusty vehicles dotted the road, but the old man, now savage, kept on.

Then came a shock. Into the shed walked Mrs. Giddings and saw her husband with a small red pump between his knees, a scowl of fury on his dirty face and a wrench in either hand. On one of the hands was a bleeding scratch.

"Henry Giddings!" exclaimed his wide, "do you know what day it is?" The old man rose reluctantly.

"I don't know," he said. "I started this job Sunday morning, but it feels like Wednesday."

"And Brother Morris is here to dinner," stormed his wife. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." The old man's face brightened.

"He is!" he cackled. "Good!" Tell him I want to see him out here just a minute. I want somebody to hold one of these wrenches. G'wan!" His voice had risen to a deep, bass growl. "If I go to church to see him work he can come out and see me work."

And, knowing her husband, thus it was that the half-scandalized brother Morris held a wrench while the old man mended the pump.

"Good for you, brother," said the old man, wiping his face on the sleeve of the now disreputable shirt, "I knowed I could depend on you to help me pull that sheep out of the pit."—Galveston News.

A Hardy Family.

As every southerner knows, elderly colored people rarely know how old they are, and almost invariably assume an age much greater than belongs to them. In an Atlanta family there is employed an old chap named Joshua Bolton, who has been with that family and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. In view, therefore, of his advanced age, it was with surprise that his employer received one day an application for a few days off, in order that the old fellow might, as he put it "go up to de ole state of Virginny" to see his aunt.

"Your aunt must be pretty old," was the employer's comment.

"Yassir," said Joshua, "she's pretty ole now. I reckon she's 'bout a hundred and ten years ole."

"One hundred and ten! But what on earth is she doing up in Virginia?"

"I don't jest know," explained Joshua, "but I understand she's up dere livin' wif her grandmother."—Harper's Weekly.

How Grant Swore.

A Capitol Hill girl tells this story as having really happened at her home. Her father is a great believer in good manners. If the children don't act just so at the table he sends them away. Recently the family had a man up for dinner who was not quite as "high toned" as the man of the house desires his associates to be. The subject of war came up, and with it that of General Grant.

"Oh, he was a terribly profane man," said the guest to his host.

"Is that so?" replied the particular host.

"Yes, indeed," came from the guest. "He'd swear just as naturally as you open your mouth when the knife comes up."

The host had very little to say after that.—Denver Times.

Gives Honor to Columbus.

"If there was ever any doubt as to the courage of Frithjof Nansen, the explorer, diplomatist and professor," says a letter from Christiania, "it would have been removed when the versatile man lectured before a large audience, including the king and many dignitaries, and declared that he did not agree with his countrymen, who for hundreds of years believed that Norwegians and not Columbus discovered America. His discourse occupied two hours, and in the course of its delivery he shattered the Saga of Eric the Red, and said that 'Vinland,' which the hero of the saga is said to have discovered, was not the American continent—it was in fact a land which existed only in imagination."

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 20, 1910
Specially Arranged for This Paper

Lesson Text—Matthew 26:36-56. Memory verses, 38-39.

Golden Text—"The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."—Matt. 26:45.

Time—Between midnight and 1 o'clock, Friday morning, April 7. The morning of the day of the Crucifixion.

Place—The garden of Gethsemane, on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives, opposite Jerusalem.

This lesson is full of sweet solemnity. When we enter the garden of Gethsemane we hear the voice that came to Moses at the burning bush: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

We trace the walk of Jesus from the upper room to Gethsemane, the route of the officers and soldiers from Castle Antonia, and the return with Jesus as a captive.

The word "Gethsemane" signifies "an oil press," of which there were certain to be several in a locality then covered, as Mount Olivet was, with olive trees. John calls it a garden. "An eastern garden differs from ours, in that it is chiefly filled with fruit trees and fragrant shrubs, rather than with flower beds; and shade, not order or bright colors, is what is chiefly studied in its construction." The garden was nearer the Kidron, which ran between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives.

From the fact that "Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with his disciples" (John 18:2), it is probable that it was a suburban pleasure ground, or belonged to some friend of Jesus who gave him the free use of it during his stay.

He took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, James and John. These were the three who had seen his glory on the Mount of Transfiguration, and were best prepared to sympathize with him. These were to watch and pray. They were to watch with him, in sympathy with him, and against the same temptations.

In this hour Jesus needed human sympathy, even while he "must tread the winepress alone." Three times he went to them during this season of prayer. The more loving the heart, the more helpful is fellowship and sympathy. Every wise person accepts of all the sympathy and help he can get. To throw this away is to reject one of the best aids God has given us.

"Jesus was in the prime of manhood; life was just opening before him; his soul was eager for work, and conscious of rare capability to perform it; his death was the end of all human hope of achievement." His earthly career, in this dark hour, may have seemed to be a failure, if the future was veiled from his vision. Only a few disciples, instead of a glorious kingdom, and these few about to forsake him! Where were the fruits of his life? It was his hour of darkness, with the future veiled from his eyes with its resurrection and ascension, and himself King of Kings and Lord of Lords. This required the utmost heroism of faith.

Nevertheless not as I will. Not as seems desirable now. But as thou wilt. What in your loving wisdom you see to be wise and best. This is my prayer and desire. I do not merely submit to your will, but desire it, pray for it. "Underneath that awful agony there lay, millions of fathoms deep, unmoved and immovable, the intense desire that his Father's wish and will should be done."—Morison. This prayer, "Thy will be done," contains the essence of faith; a faith that expects an answer, and calmly trusts God as to the kind of answer.

"Thy will be done" means far more than merely enduring the suffering God sends. It means doing his will in our business, in our homes; everywhere living according to God's laws and principles. It means carrying out his plans for the redemption of men.

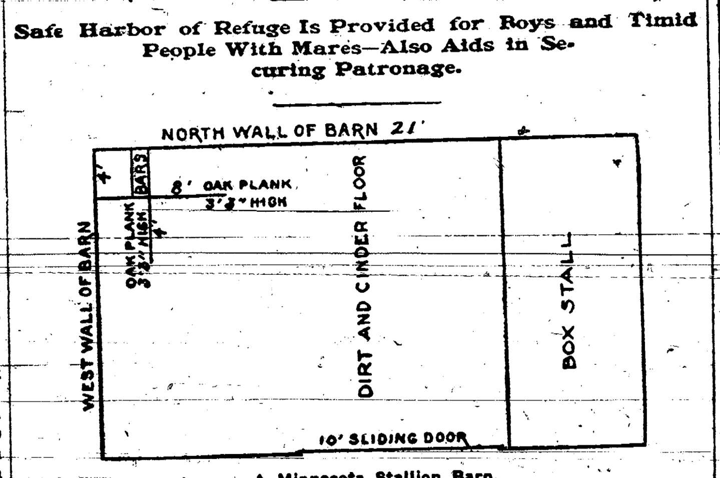
The prayer was answered through the strength given him to drink the cup, and change it into a cup of blessing. It was answered in the same way that God answers our prayers, as God answered Paul's prayer that the thorn in his flesh might be removed. The angel strengthening him (Luke) was a direct answer. There are two ways of answering a prayer for the removal of a burden. In one, the burden is taken away, and we remain the same; in the other we are made so strong that the burden is no longer a burden to us; as what would crush a child is but sport to a man. The latter is by far the best way of receiving an answer. Paul kept the thorn in his flesh, but God's grace was made sufficient for him.

God answered Jesus' prayer by giving in a better form than the one in which the petition was stated, the soul of his prayer, the things that in his deepest heart he wanted. If clearly before the vision of Jesus there had appeared two choices, the one of escape from the cross, but with that also the failure of his mission, the triumph of evil, the loss of unnumbered souls, no crown, no glory, no abiding on the right hand of God; and the other choice, that of the cross and its agony, but with it also the redemption of the world, the ineffable glory of God, the joys of millions of the saved, the crown of triumph over evil—who doubts which would have been his real, innermost prayer? His prayer was answered, for the cross was changed to a crown, Gethsemane into paradise, death into immortal glory.

Lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came. He knew where he would be likely to find Jesus, because Jesus was accustomed to resort to this garden with his disciples. And with him a great multitude, including a band of Roman soldiers, Jewish officers, captains of the temple police, chief priests and elders, and their attendants, such as Malchus, followed by a multitude of people, with swords and staves, lanterns and torches and weapons. Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss. The Greek means "kiss again and again," "kiss tenderly." A little later Judas was overwhelmed with remorse and ended his life by suicide.

MINNESOTA STALLION BARN FOR BREEDING PURPOSES

Safe Harbor of Refuge Is Provided for Boys and Timid People With Mares—Also Aids in Securing Patronage.



A Minnesota Stallion Barn.

The following description of a Minnesota stallion barn is given by M. T. Grattan in Breeder's Gazette:

The stallion barn fronts to the south and after passing office and carriage space comes the stallion boxes with stout plank doors opening in and double doors opening out. The stallions stand with their heads out at liberty, and as they never bite mares, trying is done by leading the mare to the stallion's door. If found in season she is led to the northwest corner of the barn, off from the plank, onto a space 21x16 feet with cinder and earth floor and 14 feet to ceiling. A solid slide door 10x14 feet shuts this space off from the rest of the barn except a big box stall in which mares can be tied. For the breeding pen or chute proper the north wall of barn provides one side and the west wall of barn the end toward which the mare is led. Sink a couple of solid posts so as to have a pen 8 feet long from west wall and 4 feet wide inside. Lay sound 2 inch plank from the ground to a height of 3 feet 3 inches. Have the two posts outside of plank sawed to their height and edges smoothly rounded, as well as edges of planks at ends and on top. Sink another post from middle of pen south 4 feet. Just in front of this wing make a couple of holes to run a pair of 5 feet 6 inch gas pipe bars through and make a couple of holes in north side of wall to receive them. The wing affords a safe place for party with mare. The bars make a pen for foal so the mare may keep her head to it. The bars also keep the mare from being shoved ahead and cramped. The top one will be at her breast and the bottom one at her knees. These bars should be strong, say 2 inches, and work easy. Mares are bred in this pen or stall, those for the trotter always being hopples, but rarely for the draft horse.

The dimensions given may be varied and the part of stall back of wing hinged if desired. However, the hinges are not much of an advantage; the stall is wide enough so a mare's heels, by a sharp turn of her head, may be turned into the wall.

Often boys, or timid people, bring mares and the safe harbor of refuge behind the wing is much appreciated. It will help a stallion's patronage where competition is sharp.

The floor of the entire space should be covered with short stuff and chaff and kept scrupulously clean, wet straw and droppings being wheeled out after each visit. This arrangement is admirable also for handling a bull with safety. Up to this date this year—August 22—74 mares have been bred to the brother, 98 to the draft horse and 62 cows to a Red Poll bull without injury to man or beast.

Horns Not Wanted.

Buyers of fat cattle discriminate sharply against steers with horns. On a recent market where all other cattle found buyers readily two lots of steers with big horns did not receive a decent bid. Horned cattle have to sell below their real value as killers, and on a dull market it is hard to sell them at all.

Feeders should either buy dehorned cattle or dehorn them before they put them into the feed-lot. Buyers do not like to run the risk of having bruised carcases from shipments of horned cattle, and they take more than enough from the price on foot to pay for any such loss in the cooler.

Comfort for Pigs.

Every fall sees some very cold rains that last often two or three days. At such times fall pigs may be seen on many farms humped up, taking the rain and picking corn off the ear in the mud. The nest they have to go to is very little more comfortable than outside—a mud hole under a leaky roof very probably. For any farmer to think that he could raise pigs profitably under such conditions seems absurd. But many do think so—at least they practise it. Pigs must have clean, comfortable quarters, they must have a clean feeding floor and troughs and they must have clean water and feed for largest profits.

Feeding the Calf.

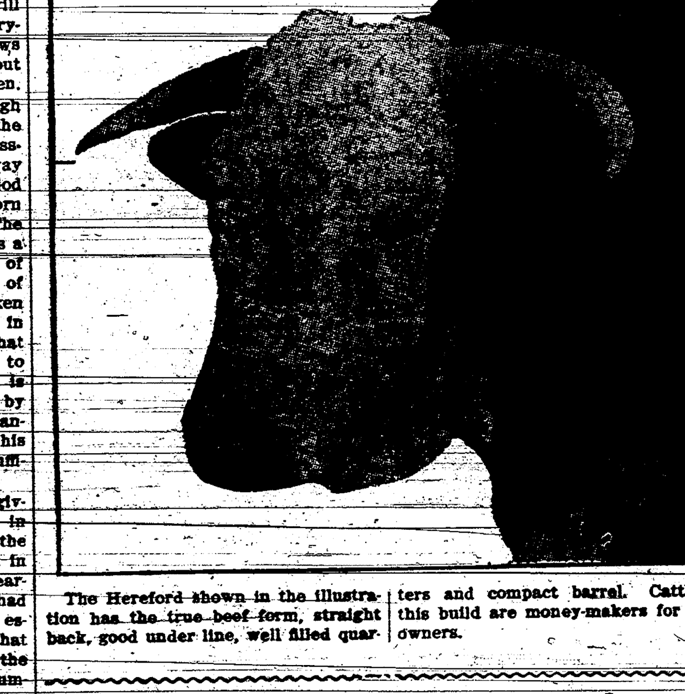
The calves should be fed well, but a lot of calves are fed to death. Four quarts of skim milk a day is enough for a four-weeks-old calf. As soon as any signs of bowel trouble shows in the droppings reduce the quantity of milk. Give the calf all the hay and bran it will eat, and let it run on grass, but do not overfeed on skim-milk. The calf that is reared naturally gets only a small quantity of milk at a time, and the wild cow does not give much at any time.

Feeding Cows.

It is easier to keep the cows from getting out by fixing the fences beforehand, than it is to break them of the fence habit after they once get it.

If you have not already set apart some space for field pumpkins or mangel wurzels, you have made a serious mistake. It isn't too late now.

HEREFORD OF APPROVED TYPE



The Hereford shown in the illustration has the true beef form, straight back, good under line, well filled quarters and compact barrel. Cattle of this build are money-makers for their owners.

ORCHARD TREE PEST KILLED

San Jose Scale Controlled by Natural Enemy in Form of Disease of Fungus Growth—Checks Its Spread.

(By C. E. SANBORN, Entomologist, Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station.)

During the last two or three years this department has been experimenting with a natural enemy of the San Jose Scale. This enemy is a disease in the nature of a fungous growth. In southern latitudes it has been used even to a commercial extent for controlling the scale, but on account of the weather conditions of this state it has been supposed that such a disease would either fail to propagate itself during the summer or be entirely too delicate to withstand the low winter temperature. Careful experimentation, however, has proved the disease is very hardy and capable of propagation to a very beneficial extent in our infested orchards.

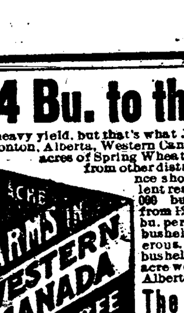
Oftentimes diseases of a serious nature are introduced and scattered by insects and other agencies in general. This disease, however, is not capable of doing any damage to anything except the San Jose Scale and allied forms. Its use in orchards, groves, and public parks, as shown by our experiments, will be of a very great advantage in checking the local spread of the San Jose Scale.

It is of the same nature as the chinch bug disease but its appearance on infected insects is not nearly as conspicuous as the latter. To an ordinary observer it appears to be no more than the mold which is commonly present on damp bread a few days' old.

Our experiments have been so conclusive in regard to the practicability of checking the San Jose Scale with this disease that we are now propagating it to an extent sufficient to enable us to supply gratis all interested citizens of this state who may request it.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province showed other excellent results—such as 4,000 bushels of wheat from 120 acres, or 33 1-3 bu. per acre. 25, 30 and 40 bushel yields were numerous. As high as 132 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.



The Silver Cup

at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grains, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres (at $3 per acre) are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured, mixed farming a success.

Write as to best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive illustrated "Last Best West" (sent free on application) and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent. (36)

M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; or C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
(Use address nearest you.)

Good Health

—is within reach of nearly every man and woman who earnestly desires it. Start right with

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 10c. and 25c.

What's in a Name?

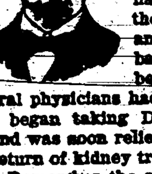
"See here, waiter," said Mr. Grouch, growling deeply over his plate, "I ordered turtle soup. There is not even a morsel of turtle flavor in this."

"Of course not, sir," returned the waiter. "What do you expect? Shakespeare said there was nothing in a name. If you ordered college pudding would you expect a college in it? In Manchester pudding would you look for a ship canal or a cotton exchange? And tea, sir?"—Tit-Bits.

UNABLE TO MOVE.

Helpless With Kidney Trouble But Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills

M. C. Walker, 933 Grand Ave., Connersville, Ind., says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney complaint and was on the verge of Bright's disease. I was often so helpless I could not move and neighbors two blocks away heard me scream with pain. I had no control over the kidney secretions and the pain in my back was almost unbearable. After several physicians had failed to help me, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon relieved. I have had no return of kidney trouble in five years."



Remember the name—Doan's.

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

ENCOURAGEMENT.

First Boy—Mother says if I go swimming she'll lick me when I get back.

Second Boy (encouragingly)—But perhaps you won't get back; there's been lots of fellows drowned in that swimming hole.

Not Even Mother.

Little Bob was much distressed because the birthdays of his sister Adelaide and his baby brother were going to arrive before his did.

"All the burfdays before mine," he mourned. "Couldn't you make mine come first, muvver?"

"No," interposed Adelaide, decisively, "nobody can change your birthday—not even mother!"

MORE THAN EVER

Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

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

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER

For nearly 43 years the news giver for Manchester and surrounding towns. We invite everybody to call at the ENTERPRISE building and see us. We want to know you and you to know us. We want to know what you know, if it's worth telling to the public. If you can't call, write us signing your name. We want your advertisement, your job printing and order for stationery.

Phone 44

We want you to take the ENTERPRISE and keep posted on what is doing in Manchester and vicinity.

$1.25 a Year; Single Copy 5c

and must be paid in advance.

Notices of any event where a fee is collected must be paid for; also obituary notices, card of thanks, etc., 5 cents a line, but other notices of social events may be inserted free.

We want to do your probate advertising. Ask Judge Leland to send notices to the ENTERPRISE and he will.

When you write or 'phone, don't ask for anybody just say: THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1910

The international live stock exposition, at the Chicago stock yards, will be held Nov 26 to Dec. 3. Some of our readers expect to attend.

In the apportionment of school money Washtenaw, with her 11,498 children gets $10,342.80; Bridgewater gets $246.60; Freedom, $298.80; Manchester, $484.20; Sharon, $222.30 and Sylvan, $602.10.

Most of the people are glad to learn that the government is likely to be conducted in a more economical manner. Expenses are to be cut down in many departments. Well, they simply have to as we have been living long beyond our income.

Ed Braun and Allie Hough broke camp on the Washtenaw Garden farm in Freedom, Sunday and returned home. They had good luck trapping the first week but the weather turned cold and they did not have as good luck since so concluded to break camp. They had fun hunting coon and in fact enjoyed the outing.

We hear people complain about packages laying in the express office for days and perhaps a week before they know anything about it. We suppose that the express company has rules governing such things. We patronize the express company and knowing that we have goods coming we inquire by phone if the package has arrived, the same with the freight. People go to the post office daily, often for several days, without receiving a letter, would it not be a good habit to look after express matters with equal care.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Camping, Hunting and Fishing on Hood's Canal under the Shadow of the Olympics.

SEATTLE, WASH., November, 1910.

I had a fine outing on Hood's canal the first half of last month. That is, it was fine as an outing, but not exactly satisfactory on account of game. A friend and myself took a complete outfit for two weeks up the Hama Hama river, where we had good fishing, but got no game. At Eldon, where we stopped, or rather where the boat stopped, there is no wharf, so the skiff we had shipped was slid into the water, our dunnage tumbled in and we went off for parts unknown. The man with the lighter, who is also the postmaster, game warden, etc., directed us to the mouth of the river and we pulled out. As the tide was fast ebbing, we did not get far up stream and, as our stomachs cried for some of the bacon, we landed, built our first camp fire and that night we slept with the tent under us and the twinkling stars above. It was grand. The night air was soft as velvet and brought odors sweet to the nature lover.

Next day we made permanent camp a mile or so up stream and had some good trout fishing and everything O K for a few days, when it began to rain—and kept it up. We were wet to the skin every day, for our "waterproof" hunting coats would not stand the constant drizzle in the open nor the heavy bushes in the woods. However, we stuck to it, hoping each dawn would bring a break in the unusual weather. We caught trout in the river and the smaller streams, salmon, sole, rock cod, clams and oysters in the canal, which you must know is not a common canal, but one builded by the master hand, and is perhaps one and one half miles wide on the average and 100 miles long.

We had hoped to get a chance at deer and bear, but saw none nor signs of as far back as eight or 10 miles. This is spawning season for salmon, you know, and they run up these rivers, spawn and die and the shores and log jams are lined with them. It is supposed the bear come down from the mountains to fish at this time, but none were about our locality and I don't know why, unless the berries were still quite plentiful in the mountains. I was depending on my partner's knowledge as to the place for game, but no one around there got anything, although farther down the canal they were shipping out deer the day we went home. I find it's about as hard to get information about game etc. from the "natives" as it is to get a farmer back east to tell you the shortest road to the next town—and be truthful.

There is a beautiful canyon and falls about four miles up the Hama Hama and grand trout pools in the canyon which is about one and a half miles long. We nearly ruined our cameras trying to get pictures in the rain and would like to make a trip there in the summer for pictures alone.

Well, we stuck to it until the coffee, bacon and tobacco were getting low—then you know it's time to quit.

We had poor weather for several days, but since then it has been fine.

F. E. BLOSSER.

PERSONAL MENTION

Wm. Pease is very sick with liver trouble.

Mrs A. J. Waters was in Jackson Wednesday on business.

Mr & Mrs Carl Wurthner returned from Bay City, Monday morning.

Report says that John Horning of Norvell township is gaining slowly.

Mr. & Mrs. George Green of Brooklyn were guests at Ed. E. Root's Wednesday.

B. F. Burgess Esq of Norvell was a pleasant caller at the ENTERPRISE office Wednesday.

Mr. & Mrs Homer Fish visited relatives in Saline from Monday until Wednesday.

Mrs. Andrew Sawyer and daughter of Chelsea have been visiting friends here for a few days.

George Harington and Miss Christine Stegmiller of Jackson visited at John Stegmiller's, Sunday.

Mr. Drager of Detroit was in town Tuesday looking over the prospects for starting a tailor shop.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Kramer of Chicago came here Tuesday on account of the sickness of his father.

Mr. & Mrs. Sloan went to Adrian Saturday to visit his brother who intends to spend the winter in Florida.

Frank Bortless came from Norvell Tuesday with sheep. He expects to return to Lansing in a few days.

Miss Ida Zimmerman who is working in Jackson came home last Saturday to spend a week with her parents.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Burtless were called to Toledo this morning on account of the sickness of his brother Henry.

Mesdames A. Jaeger and F. Morschheuser visited Mr. & Mrs. Schenk at Pittsfield from Thursday until Monday.

Wm. Thompson, George Adams, Miss Catherine Adams, and Hulda Nauman of Jackson visited at Wm. Widmayer's Sunday.

Miss Starlie Weaver has accepted a position as teacher in the Decatur, Ill., schools and left Clinton Tuesday to begin her duties.

We learn that Mrs. Fannie Rundell who ran a millinery store here, has sold her store in Detroit and will go to Florida to spend the winter.

Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Beckwith of Norvell were in town Tuesday in their auto and called on friends. Mrs. Beckwith is correspondent for the ENTERPRISE at that place.

When they chose the members of the band that were to accompany the U. of M. football team to Philadelphia last week Saturday, Elbert Lewis was one of the number.

Mrs. Wm. Eberbach, Mrs. Frank Etienne and two children, Mrs. Mary E. Brown and Mrs. C. Bader of Jackson came down to help Mrs. N. Senger celebrate her birthday, Sunday.

Bert Gilhouse was in town Tuesday introducing his successor, Mr. Ordway to our merchants and business men. Mr Ordway was a farmer and had always lived in what is known as "Fishville," north of Norvell.

Among those who came here to attend the funeral of Sam Sherwood last Saturday were: Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Gleason of Jackson, El. Gallup of Pontiac, Mr. & Mrs. Will Sherwood, Fred Sherwood and Gus Middlebrook of Clinton.

We learn that Mrs. M. Brenner of Ann Arbor intends to go to Los Angeles, Cal., to spend the winter. She expects to visit Mrs. Cline Handy who was formerly Miss Hanke, a daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Hanks of River Raisin.

We learn that Mrs. Elizabeth Kimble Lehr of Detroit, is recovering from an operation. Her sisters, Mrs. George Nisle of Wampler's lake and Mrs. A. C. Freeman of this village have been at Detroit with her much of the time the past few weeks.

Mrs. Wm. Rehfuss went to Elyria, O., last week Wednesday, her daughter being about to submit to an operation for appendicitis. Since her absence Mr. Rehfuss was taken sick and is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. His old partner, Wm. Amspoker helped to care for him until Mrs. Rehfuss returned Tuesday night.

Hereafter the cider mill will be open for custom and work every day except Saturdays. Sweet cider and vinegar for sale. Cider apples wanted at 20 cents bushel. Same may be weighed at coal sheds at my expense. If interested in Cement Blocks call and look over my stock. If I have not what you want will make some to your order.

J. C. HAWLEY.

Farmers! Attention! After Nov. 1st our buyers will call on you for poultry, all kinds. Until then will pay market price delivered.

MANCHESTER PRODUCE CO.,
B. G. Lovejoy, Manager.

For Sale.

One span of three year old Colts, weight between 2,400 and 2,500 pounds; one span of two year old Colts; two Mares with foal. WM. LOGAN.

Cut your butter bill, use Oleo. 20 cents a pound, 2 pounds for 35 cents.

SECKINGER BROS.

Bring your saw logs to the Handle Factory. We will saw them any time.

SLOAN & CO.

Lap robe found. Owner can have same by paying for advertising.

FRED HAABER.

Live poultry wanted every Wednesday at the Central Market.

LUCKHARDT & KIEBLER.

FOR SALE.—Three good farms, property of estates and must be sold. Inquire of A. J. WATERS.

Upstairs living rooms to rent cheap enquire of A. J. Wurster.

Oysters at 40 cents a quart at John Bowler's.

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES OF THE WORLD

Is Not Raising Its Rates Nor Making Any Change or Readjustment.

Local members of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World have called attention to the confusion which seems to exist in the minds of the public on account of the similarity of the name of that order with the name of another fraternal insurance society for women.

The Ladies of the Maccabees of the World has absolutely no connection with the Ladies of the Modern Maccabees, an order which is at present re-adjusting. Its management is and has always been wholly by women and its funds have always been entirely separate from those of any other order.

It has a membership of 154,000 women in 54 states and provinces of the United States and Canada.

It is further distinguished from other orders by the fact that it is the original woman's order on adequate rates. The Ladies of the Maccabees of the World is not raising its rates, nor making any change or re-adjustment. It has been on an adequate rate basis for many years. Its members, both old and new, are and have been paying rates recommended as adequate by a competent actuary, Mr. Abb Landis.

Although established in 1892, this order did not begin to work in Michigan until 1904. Its growth here has been steady, and it now has in this state a large number of members, all of whom are paying rates based on the National Fraternal Congress Mortality table. These rates provide for a reserve fund for the safe protection of the home without increased cost to the members. This fund, which now amounts to $4,512,561.64, is safely invested in municipal bonds, and draws interest annually of $175,000 and over.

Women who join the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World need not fear any increase in cost in years to come as they advance in years or possibly fail in health. Each member pays the cost of her own protection.

The following figures, taken from the Report for 1909 of the Michigan Insurance Department, and from published official reports of the Order, show its splendid financial condition and substantial growth:

The Ladies of the Maccabees of the World.

Total Membership, Dec. 31, 1909	153,878
Benefit Membership, Dec. 31, 1909	129,145
Social Membership, Dec. 31, 1909	24,733
Number of states and provinces where established	54
Number of Hives, Dec. 31, 1909	2,773
Balance on hand, General Fund, Dec. 31, 1909	$63,034.95
Balance on hand, Hospital & Home Fund, Dec. 31, 1909	$18,313.66
Balance on hand, Relief Fund, Dec. 31, 1909	$7,628.80
Total Net increase in benefit membership for 1909	3,211
Net increase in benefit membership for Michigan in 1909	382
Total admitted assets, Dec. 31, 1909	$4,316,911.27
Amount above all liabilities on hand to protect contracts, Dec. 31, 1909	$4,186,888.33
Amount available assets, September 1, 1910	$4,569,682.70
Net increase in benefit membership for 1910 to September 1	1,023
Total benefit membership, September 1, 1910	130,218

The association is widely known among business men from coast to coast as a responsible business institution with a high standing as to financial stability and fair dealing. Hon. James V. Barry, insurance commissioner for Michigan, writes in reply to an inquiry from a member:

"Dear Madame: Answering your inquiry of the 3rd inst., permit me to say that the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World is financially one of the strongest fraternal societies doing business in this state. On December 31 last this society had admitted assets of $4,316,911, and liabilities of $130,022. The larger proportion of the society's invested assets is in high grade municipal bonds. Very respectfully, JAMES V. BARRY, Michigan Commissioner of Insurance."

The headquarters are at Port Huron, in the World's Maccabee Temple. Mrs. Lillian M. Hollister is Supreme Commander, and Miss Bina M. West is Supreme Record Keeper of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World.

Mrs. Alberta Droelle, of 411 St. Aubin Avenue, Detroit, is the State Commander for the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World for Michigan, and will gladly give any further information desired about the standing of this Order, and its insurance, social and fraternal advantages, or this may be secured from the headquarters of the Order at Port Huron, Mich.

New Jewelry

Something suitable for a Holiday, Birthday or Wedding Gift can be found at my store, a new up-to-date assortment having been received, which is ready for your inspection.

H. L. ROOT

The woman's home missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a special missionary service next Sunday evening. A missionary address will be given by the pastor, a thank offering for missions will be taken. Everyone cordially invited to attend.

For Sale.

15 Black Top Rams, 15 Black Top Ewes. All registered. Manchester phone 112 4 S.

GODFREY FITZMIER, Freedom.

ATTENTION!

L. O. T. M. M.

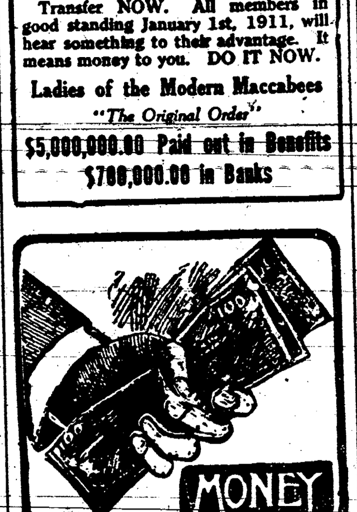
Transfer NOW. All members in good standing January 1st, 1911, will hear something to their advantage. It means money to you. DO IT NOW.

Ladies of the Modern Maccabees

"The Original Order"

$5,000,000.00 Paid out in Benefits

$700,000.00 in Banks



IF YOU HAVE MONEY

in excess of your present wants, the most sensible thing to do with it is to

START A BANK ACCOUNT

where it will be perfectly safe and subject to check. We offer a further suggestion—you cannot do better than open an account with us, as you are sure here of safety and courteous treatment.

The Peoples Bank,
Manchester, Michigan

Notice!

The regular

Semi-Annual Interest on Deposits

in the savings department of this bank will be due and credited Dec. 1st. Same will be ready for payment on or after that date.

Interest not withdrawn will be added to principal and bear interest thereafter, the same as original principal.

The Union Savings Bank

Organized 1894

Capital $25,000 Surplus $15,000

A very complete assortment of the

Newest Designs

in

Thanksgiving Post Cards

from 2c to 5c each

Christmas Cards

without an end

E. H. GOSMER

More Money For Stock Men

If your sheep, pigs, cattle are troubled with stomach worms, pin worms, tape worms, etc., your stock will do better and bring better prices by using

Summer's Worm Powders

HAEUSSLER

A FLAWLESS DINNER cooked on a FLAWLESS RANGE

THE ROUND OAK CHIEF

Demonstration on

Round Oak Steel Range

Nov. 21st to 30th

with every Range we sell we will give away a 42-piece Dinner Set.

FRED WIDMAYER

Call at the

Manchester Roller Mills

when you are in need of any kind of

Feeds at Lowest Market Prices

Cottonseed Meal	Oil Meal
Corn Meal	Crack Corn
Corn & Oat Feed	Corn
Salvage Wheat	Salvage Barley
Oats	Bran
Middlings	Calf Meal
Screenings	Hay, Straw, Etc.

A large stock on hand at all times.

Get our prices before buying.

Fall Goods Arriving Daily

Will be glad to show them.

G. H. Breitenwischer

Notice To The Trade

We are now sharing our profits with our Customers by issuing CHECKS with each CASH Purchase, redeemable in

Useful Articles

as Displayed in our Store. BE SURE You get your Check with Each Cash Purchase.

JAEGER & DIETLE

Mounting Board

Different Color on each side, at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE

STATE OF MICHIGAN. IN THE CIRCUIT Court for the County of Washtenaw. In Chancery.

Mary K. Neff, Complainant, v. Lincoln I. Neff Jr., defendant.

At a session of said Court, this 5th day of November, A. D., 1910.

Present: Hon. E. D. Kinne, Circuit Judge.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file that the said defendant is not a resident of this State but is a resident of the State of Pennsylvania, therefore on motion of complainant's solicitors it is ordered that the appearance of said non resident defendant, Lincoln I. Neff, Jr., be entered within four months from the date of this order and in case of his appearance cause his answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on the complainant's solicitors within fifteen days after service on him of the copy of said bill and notice of this order; and in default thereof, said bill will be taken as confessed by said non-resident defendant. And it is further ordered that within twenty days said complainant shall cause a notice of this order to be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County, and that said publication be continued thereon, once in each week, for six successive weeks or that she cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the time above described for his appearance.

E. D. KINNE, Circuit Judge.

A. F. & F. M. FREEMAN, Solicitors for Complainant.
Business Address: Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT HAVING BEEN MADE IN THE conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed on the 28th day of September A. D. 1908 by Adolph Klavitter and Emma, his wife, to Carl Meyer, which mortgage was, on the twenty-fifth day of October A. D. 1910, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw County State of Michigan, in Liber 123 of Mortgages on page 628, and which mortgage was, on the 27th day of April A. D. 1909 duly assigned by the said Carl Meyer to Emma Klavitter, and said assignment recorded on the 25th day of October A. D. 1910 in Liber 107 of mortgages on page 314 in the said Register of Deeds office; on which mortgage there is due, at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney's fees, as provided for in said mortgage, two hundred forty-six and 84-100 dollars.

Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises thereby mortgaged, at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 23rd day of January A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock A. M. "Standard Time," at the southerly front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said County (that being the place where the Circuit Court for said County is held) to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, together with all legal costs in making said sale. Said mortgaged premises are described as follows: All of that part of Lot number eighty in Hunter's addition to the Village (now City) of Ypsilanti, County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, bounded west by Lincoln street; northerly by an alley, as now used and traveled; east by the east line of said lot and south by the south line of said lot.

Dated October 26th A. D. 1910.

EMMA KLAVITTER, Assignee of Mortgagee.

FRANK JOSLYN, Attorney for Ass'gnee, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT HAVING BEEN MADE IN the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Christian F. Kapp as administrator of the estate of Jacob Schafer deceased and Fredricka Schafer to August Koebbe dated the 14th day of August A. D. 1909, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, on the 24th day of August A. D. 1909, in Liber 90 of mortgages, on page 456, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of Seven hundred twelve and 69-100 dollars, and an attorney's fee of twenty dollars as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

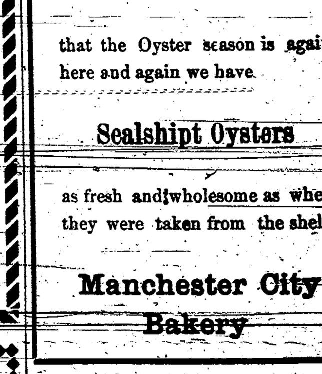
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, on Friday the 30th day of December, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the undersigned will, at the south front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with five per cent interest, and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to wit: All that piece or parcel of land lying and being situate in the town of Manchester, in the county of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit:

The west half of the south west quarter of section number fourteen (14) in town four south, range three east Michigan.

Dated Oct. 6th, 1910.

AUGUST KOEBBE, Mortgagee.

A. J. WATERS, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business address, Manchester, Mich.



Just to Remind You

that the Oyster season is again here and again we have.

Sealshipt Oysters

as fresh and wholesome as when they were taken from the shell.

Manchester City Bakery

When In Town

if you have a moment's time to spare, visit my store and look over my stock of

Furniture
Crockery
Carpets

You certainly need something in that line, or will very soon and it's better to look before you buy.

E. C. JENTER
Undertaker, Manchester.

The Enterprise

Published weekly at Manchester, Mich.

By MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1910

BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS

Did you see the eclipse of the moon last night?

The weather has been somewhat colder the past day or two.

Joseph Seckinger sold his place yesterday to August Abrens.

Clinton street has received a strip of gravel through the center.

Carey—Moran, E. H. Gosmer and H. L. Root have new advertisements.

Oh yes, those storm doors are being put in place for the approaching winter.

Manchester lodge F. & A. M. has a special Monday evening for 1st degree work.

Both banks, all the saloons and some of the stores will be closed on Thanksgiving.

We learn that Supt. Hatch is meeting with fine success in collecting the electric light bills.

The doctors say that the health of the community is good, and they have at present very little to do.

Can't somebody be induced to buy the middle power, rebuild the dam and start some kind of a factory there?

It has been some time since the churches have held union thanksgiving services, a very appropriate thing to do.

Mrs. Emma Cole of Jackson inspected the W. R. C. Tuesday afternoon. Their election occurs on the first Tuesday in December.

The winter season is at hand and everybody should see that stovepipes, chimneys, etc., are in safe condition to prevent danger by fire.

The first snow of the season to cling to the trees came Monday and every bush and tree looked beautiful with its white trimming.

The statements of our two banks will be found in another column this week. As money makes the mare go, you will be interested in reading them.

Fred Widmayer has a tempting offer in his advertisement this week. He has a demonstration of the Round Oak Steel Range next week at his store.

The old Kingsley mill in the eastern part of the village, was sold at auction yesterday by the village clerk, Hoffer, for $136. Adam Wurster bought it.

People are giving more attention to advertisements in the newspapers. The merchant that does not advertise is letting a lot of money get away from him.

It is lawful to spear fish in the Raisin river in this county and three or four jack lights are seen on the pond some nights. There have been some good fish speared.

In view of the fact that small pox of a malignant kind is prevalent in many parts of the state, would it not be well for parents to have their children vaccinated.

Charles Knorpp went to Ann Arbor this morning after his daughter Loretta, who has been in the hospital the past three months. She is now able to walk and was anxious to come home.

About 20 of the G. A. R. attended the funeral of their old comrade and past commander of Comstock Post, Sam Sherwood, last Saturday. The Stars and Stripes were at half mast at the post room.

We learn that the Manchester lodge expects to confer 3rd degree upon two persons the same day and is talking of having an afternoon session, six o' clock supper and an evening session. Some neighboring lodge may be invited to confer the degree in the afternoon.

John Schaffer, Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Maloney, Mrs. Alden Blaisdell, Mrs. Howard Clark, Mrs. Ernestine Wolff, Mrs. George Miller, Mrs. N. Schmid and Glen Holly went to Jackson Tuesday to attend a meeting of the Modern Brotherhood of America. Mrs. Clark was initiated.

The ENTERPRISE has printed bills for T. Q. Adams who lives 1½ miles north of Norvell and will have an auction on Friday, Nov. 25 at 12 o'clock noon to dispose of his stock, implements, tools, vehicles, grain, fodder, some household goods, etc. He will quit farming. F. D. Merthew will be the auctioneer.

August Ahrens who resides on the Frank Hall farm five miles south of town will have an auction to dispose of his stock, farming implements and tools, wagons, buggies, bobs, grain, fodder etc. His health is poor and he will quit farming. F. D. Merthew will be the auctioneer, the date is Wednesday, Nov. 30.

Theodore Schaible, who is agent for the Ford automobile, took Wm. Trolz of Sharon, Harvey Lee's and Fred Wagoner of Freedom in his car to Detroit Tuesday, making the total distance, 105 miles, without a skip. He says the mud in Wayne county was about six inches deep yet he made the run in three hours each way.

J. F. Spafard, administrator for the Herman Bertke estate, will have an auction on the place, three miles north and two miles east of Manchester, on Tuesday, Nov. 29, to sell the horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, farming implements and tools, harnesses, wagons, straw, grain, cornstalks, etc. Frank Merithew, auctioneer.

The ENTERPRISE will go to press on Wednesday next week as Thanksgiving Day is on Thursday, the regular publishing day. Copy for advertisements must be handed in early Monday or before. Correspondents and others sending in items, please do so one day earlier than usual, not later than Tuesday morning. But of course anything happening later may be sent.

Epworth League topic for next Sunday evening "Taking Men." Leader, D; George Servis.

Those who want to go to Ann Arbor Saturday to the foot ball game will have to go on the regular train as there will be no special train and no special fare.

The Knights of Pythias have fitted up comfortable and convenient club rooms in the front room over Haeussler's store. A pool table and other accessories have been provided and with papers, magazines, etc., members can while away a pleasant hour day or night.

It appears that our townsman and ex-supervisor, Henry Landwehr, has been exercising the rights of an American citizen when he was not legally entitled to do so, but we presume that he was unconscious of the fact until recently. Henry came to this country with his parents when he was 10 years old. His father took the first step to become a citizen, that is, he declared his intention but never completed his citizenship, and therefore his son is not a citizen. Last week Mr. Landwehr went to Ann Arbor and made his petition in the circuit court and his hearing was set for March 2, 1911. Mr. Landwehr petitioned under the act of congress passed June 25, 1910, which seems to cover many cases in this county of parties born abroad, whose fathers never completed their citizenship and who, therefore are not citizens.

Short School Notes.

Walter Springer visited the high school Monday morning.

Thanksgiving exercises will be held in the various rooms Wednesday afternoon.

The classes in ancient history are doing some good work in the drawing of maps.

Thursday and Friday of next week there will be no school. School will begin again Nov. 28.

Rev. Fr. Fisher gave an interesting talk on charity to the high school and grammar room pupils Monday morning.

Estella Gauss, Russel Widmayer and John Hill celebrated birthdays at the ward school last week. The mothers furnished a treat for each of them and their schoolmates.

Alpha Sigma last Monday evening was well attended. An interesting program was given. Sam Grossman was critic for the evening. The next meeting will be Nov. 28.

At the teachers' meeting Wednesday afternoon "Dickens as an educator" was discussed with much interest. Miss Kirchhofer had charge of the meeting and Miss Conklin will continue the work next week.

Blanche Yocum celebrated her seventh birthday in the first primary Tuesday afternoon. After the usual birthday wishes the children were treated to popcorn and fudge, neatly tied in little sacks. All had a good time.

At the mothers' meeting Friday afternoon the following question will be discussed:—Which is the most harmful in the home, scolding, ill prepared food or untidiness? Three papers will be given interspersed with music. An invitation is extended to every mother and all interested in the meetings. The meeting will begin at 2:30, sun time.

A Good Man Gone.

James Weir was born in Elmira, N, Y., in 1822. When 14 years of age he came with his parents to the then territory of Michigan and settled on the farm in Bridgewater now occupied by August Linde. Being one of seven brothers and three sisters, he never lacked for agreeable companionship, yet in 1844 he was married to Miss Amanda M. Clark and two daughters and one son were born to them. The daughters, Mrs. Alice Lawrence of North Detroit and Mrs. Anna Udell of Three Rivers, survive him, their mother having passed to her Heavenly home in 1895.

With the exception of two years, when he was away, for 64 years he was a prominent and respected farmer of his adopted township and was interested in its political and social welfare and was regarded as an accommodating neighbor and faithful friend.

In early life he learned to follow the teachings of Christ and joined the Baptist church. His purse strings were often loosened to provide for the spread of the gospel and support of pastor and church. For many years he served as deacon and was one of those who lived the part.

In 1896 he married Miss Teresa Randall and they lived happily together until her death in December last.

As before stated Deacon Weir had seven brothers and three sisters. Three of the brothers, Lewis H., aged 87, of La Porte, Ind., Henry B., aged 85, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, Wm. C., aged 71, of La Porte, and one sister, Mrs. Robert Hughes of Oakland, Calif., are still living. Some have sons who will perpetuate the name, Weir, which was so well and familiarly known in the pioneer days of Michigan. But the name, James Weir, will be known no more in the locality he loved so much. He passed to his reward after a brief illness on Friday, Nov. 11, 1910, at the home of Fred Randall in Bridgewater. The funeral was held at the house on Sunday, attended by the two daughters above mentioned who had come to give tender care to one who had been a loving and sacrificing father. There were also present Wm. C. Weir of La Porte, Ind., Mr. & Mrs. Marion and Jos. Weir of Detroit, Mr. & Mrs. Vogel of Chelsea, Mr. & Mrs. Merrill of Marshall, Mrs. A. C. Bryan of Tecumseh and a host of others whose names we did not get. Rev. Mc Connell of the Baptist church of Clinton officiated and the remains were buried in Oak Grove at Manchester.

You Will Like Manchester

Read About It In The Enterprise.

BRIDGEWATER.

Mrs. Adam Ernst is on the sick list.

Farmers have been annoyed by a band of gyphies the last few days.

Mrs. W. H. Alber of Detroit is spending a few days at H. Luckhart's.

Walter Luckhart spent Sunday with Mr. & Mrs. J. Bihlmeyer in Freedom.

Mrs. Stewart of Tecumseh came here Sunday to nurse her daughter, Mrs. Roy Lowery.

Jacob Luckhart Sr, is spending a few days with his daughter Mrs. H. D. Almendinger in Ann Arbor.

Mr. & Mrs. Udell of Three Rivers and Mrs. Lawrence of Detroit, who were called here by the sickness of their father, left for home Monday.

Mr & Mrs. C. Turner, Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Almendinger and daughter of Ann Arbor, Misses Annetta Blum, Clara Schellenberger and Maruegrite Riedel spent Sunday at Mr. & Mrs. H. Luckhart's.

Mr. & Mrs. Elmer Clough and family of Ann Arbor, Mr. & Mrs. Gottlob Paul and family, Mr. & Mrs. Jacob Rieser Sr., and Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Armbruster, spent Sunday with Mr. & Mrs. John Hassenpflug.

IRON CREEK

Mr. & Mrs. George Sutton attended the Weir funeral in Bridgewater, Sunday.

Miss Hazel Sutton and little cousin, Ethel Bowins, left Thursday morning for Cayuga, Ontario.

There is no school in district No. 8 this week, as the teacher, Miss Anna Dresselhouse, is sick.

Mrs. Scully and daughter, Mrs. Mary Galloway, are visiting Mrs. Charley Lee in Detroit this week.

The missionary society of the church is preparing for a handkerchief sale, in fact other things will be sold for the benefit of the church.

Peter Dunn and Miss Margaret Dunn of Adrian, Wm. Eagan of Cambridge, Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Kirchgessner, Miss Bertha Grossman of Manchester spent Sunday at Michael Fehey's.

NORTH SHARON.

Mr. & Mrs. Herman Hayes of Sylvan spent Sunday at H. J. Reno's.

E C Rhoades of Ann Arbor is spending some time with his daughter, Mrs. Frank Ellis.

Mrs. Edward Hueston spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. R. C. Ordway at Fishville.

Mrs. Olive Herrick has returned to her home in Grass Lake after spending several days with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Alber, and family.

The Misses Lemm gave a miscellaneous shower Saturday for Miss Gertrude Fisk of Grass Lake, whose marriage to John Lemm took place at the bride's home on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16.

NAPOLEON.

Lucile Hess was home from Albion over Sunday.

Earl Elliott was home from Jackson over Sunday.

Wm. McGraw is able to be out again after his illness.

Mrs. Henry Savage was a Jackson passenger Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Cochrane returned to her home in Jackson Monday.

Mrs Robert Burch entertained Mr. & Mrs. Martin Kelly of Liberty.

Mr. & Mrs. Carl Aiken came up from Norvell Friday night to attend the dance.

SHARON.

Mr. Ordway, the new merchant, is here.

The young people's alliance of the Row's corners church will give a Thanksgiving entertainment at the church Sunday evening.

GRASS LAKE.

The friends of Rev. Slaybaugh of the Baptist church gave him an old fashioned donation last Friday night, vegetables, household necessities and some cash.

There will be union Thanksgiving services at the Methodist church Thursday evening. Rev. H. L. Smith of the Evangelical church will preach the sermon. Special music is being arranged for the occasion.

The same food that will make one pound of beef will produce two pounds of butter fat. Why not turn grain and hay into butter fat and get 30 cents for it at the Manchester creamery.

Bridgewater Center school Box Social at George Sodt's ½ mile south and ½ mile east of Bridgewater Town Hall, Friday Nov. 18. Everyone cordially invited.

There will be a Box Social at the Everett School in Sharon Wednesday Evening Nov. 23rd for benefit of the library. Everybody invited.

Emanuel's young ladies' society will serve a 25-cent supper in Adam Wurster's store, Saturday, Nov. 19th. Everybody cordially invited.

There will be a Box Social at Theodore Koebbe's in Sharon, Friday evening, the 18th. Everybody invited.

For sale or rent, the Moran Place. Inquire of Mrs. M. Fahey, 312 Quarry St., Jackson, Mich.

The subject of Rev. Smith's sermon at the evangelical church Sunday evening will be "Heaven."

The regular assembly of Adoniam Council R. & S. M., occurs next Tuesday evening, Nov. 22.

For Sale, one full blooded Chester White Sow and Pigs. WM. LOGAN.

NORVELL.

J. W. Horning is slowly improving.

Miss Agnes Spokes is on the sick list.

Mrs. Will Zimmerman was in Jackson Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Austin was a week end visitor in Chelsea.

Mrs. W. E. Pratt spent Sunday with relatives in Jackson.

Miss Ellen Hildebrand of Jackson spent Sunday with relatives here.

Miss Luella Palmer was a Jackson passenger Thursday afternoon.

John Cole of Jackson has been spending a week with his parents here.

O. A. Wilson visited his parents in Tecumseh Sunday and Monday.

Miss Alice Harper was in Manchester and Jackson on business Saturday.

C. P. Holmes and daughter Elma spent Thursday with friends in Leslie.

Miss Anna Bauer was over from Brooklyn and spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Agnes Spokes made a business trip to Wayne and Ypsilanti last Wednesday.

Fred Linde of Bridgewater was an over Sunday visitor at the home of his parents.

F. C. Beckwith, Miss Elma Holmes and Mrs. Bryant Holmes were in Jackson last Tuesday.

Mrs. Carl Aiken visited relatives in Jackson and Napoleon from Thursday until Saturday.

Mrs. H. F. Schofield went to Detroit Friday to remain over Sunday with relatives and friends.

Mr. & Mrs. M. Ates of Jackson visited at the home of the former's brother last Wednesday.

Miss Floy Gardner of Brooklyn came Saturday to spend a few days at the home of A. J. Austin.

C. P. Holmes and daughter went to Bridgewater Sunday to attend the funeral of James Weir.

Mrs. Nettie Church was called to Jackson last week by the serious illness of her niece, Mrs. Maud Porter.

The oyster supper given by the German Lutherans at the Norvell town hall Saturday evening was a success.

Next Sunday morning Rev. Heaton will continue his series of sermons. Subject, The church and Jesus Christ.

Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Yarrington departed Friday for an extended visit among relatives at Ann Arbor, Detroit and Toledo.

Geo. Luce of Big Rapids visited friends here part of last week, after attending the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Jack Palmer, at Ann Arbor.

Mr. & Mrs. F. Winfield are entertaining the former's brother from Alberta, Canada. He came to aid in caring for his brother who still remains quite ill.

The funeral of Mrs. Fuller was held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. Roberts, Sunday afternoon. The remains were laid to rest in the Norvell cemetery.

The Loyal Christian Workers organized in the Sunday school a few weeks ago, with Bryant Holmes as president and Vesta Harris secretary, met with Miss Vesta Harris last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. C. Honey and daughter returned to Hartford City, Indiana, Monday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Spokes. She was called here by the illness of her aunt, Miss Sarah Parsons of Wayne, who is now somewhat improved.

John George Mast, a single man who lives just north of town, being in poor health and unable to care for himself deeded his place to the township Tuesday, with the understanding that he shall be cared for outside of the county house. If he regains his health he will pay the costs and redeem his place. The town board has secured a home for him at Alonso Harper's.

Our community was shocked by the news of the death of our former townsman, Chauncey Risbridger. He worked in the Michigan Central repair shop at Jackson and when walking to his work heard a train coming and stepped off the track and on to another when a gravel train struck him, grinding his left leg to a pulp. He lay beside the track for some time and died before reaching the hospital. He leaves a widow and a lately widowed daughter. The remains will be brought here Saturday at 11 o'clock and the funeral will be at the church.

There will be a special meeting of the star chapter Friday evening for conferring degrees.

Bundles of newspapers for general use about the house, 5 cents at ENTERPRISE office.

Fresh Oysters at Seckinger Bros.

Born.

LOWERY.—In Bridgewater on Sunday, Nov. 13, 1910, to Mr. & Mrs. Roy Lowery a daughter.

The New South

The Land of Opportunity is along the New Pascagoula Northern Railroad in S. E. Mississippi.

Corn, Sugar Cane, Rice, Oats, Irish Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Hay, Kaffar Corn, Velvet Beans, Cow Peas and Watermelons are profitable field crops.

Japanese Oranges, Figs, Plums, Kumquats, Grapefruit, Grapes, Strawberries, Dewberries, Blackberries and Pears are profitable fruits. Pecans are the world's most profitable nuts and are here produced in perfection.

Summer's heat tempered by Gulf breezes. July temperatures average 83°, January 52°.

Cheap but fertile lands, sandy surface with clay subsoil, easy terms, perfect titles, excellent transportation facilities, ample rainfall, good drainage.

Mother Nature here works for you the year around and winter trucking is a profitable business. Prices rapidly advancing on these and adjacent lands, though still cheap, quality considered.

Write

Benj. H. Ellis,
Box 318, Pascagoula, Miss.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends, for their assistance and sympathy, during the sickness, and at the funeral of my husband, and father, also to the G. A. R. and W. R. C. for their beautiful floral offerings and to those who sang.

MRS. S. R. SHERWOOD AND DAUGHTER.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

UNION SAVINGS BANK

At Manchester, Michigan, at the close of business, November 10, 1910, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, viz.,		
Commercial department	$ 74,940 84	
Savings department	49,284 50	124,225 34
Bonds, mortgages and securities viz.,		
Savings department	348,755 00	348,755 00
Banking house		11,000 00
Furniture and fixtures		1,700 00
Items in transit		1,130 35
RESERVE		
Commercial		
Due from banks in reserve cities	$ 6,148 57	
Exchanges for clearing house	313 03	
U S and National bank Currency	2,450 00	
Savings		
Due from banks in reserve cities	50,531 50	
Exchanges for clearing house	300 00	
U. S. and National bank currency	10,512 00	
Gold coin	10,985 00	
Silver coin	1,803 75	
Nickels and cents	55 04	83,098 89
Total		$569,909 58
LIABILITIES		
Capital stock paid in		$ 25,000 00
Surplus fund		25,000 00
Undivided profits, net		11,355 04
Commercial deposits subject to check	$34,940 69	
Commercial certificates of deposit	1,466 75	
Savings deposits (book accounts)	349,526 63	
Savings certificates of deposits	122,620 47	508,554 54
Total		$569,909 58

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. I, Ed. E. Root, cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ED. E. ROOT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of November, 1910.

WILLIAM J. HOFFER, Notary Public
My commission expires Oct. 8th, 1912.

Correct attest:
JOHN H. SCHLICHT,
A. J. WATERS,
C. F. KAPP,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

PEOPLE'S BANK.

At Manchester, Michigan, at the close of business, November 10, 1910, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts viz.,		
Commercial department	$65,558 96	
Savings department	49,205 85	$114,764 81
Bonds, mortgages, and securities viz.,		
Commercial Department	8,000 00	
Savings department	103,563 75	111,563 75
Overdrafts		462 13
Banking house		5,000 00
Furniture and fixtures		1,600 00
Items in transit		90 00
RESERVE		
Commercial		
Due from banks in reserve cities	$ 887 52	
Exchanges for clearing house	454 17	
U. S. and National bank currency	1,566 00	
Gold coin	32 50	
Silver coin	1,619 00	
Nickels and cents	104 52	
	4,663 71	
Savings		
Due from banks in reserve cities	$14,446 58	
U. S. and National bank currency	2,300 00	
Gold coin	10,200 00	
	26,946 58	31,610 29
Checks and other cash items		218 20
Total		$265,309 18
LIABILITIES		
Capital stock paid in		$25,000 00
Surplus fund		9,000 00
Undivided profits, net		2,656 01
Commercial deposits subject to check	$48,376 89	
Savings deposits (book accounts)	72,110 01	
Savings certificates of deposit	108,166 27	228,653 17
Total		$265,309 18

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. I, C. W. Case, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. W. CASE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of November, 1910.

WILLIAM J. HOFFER, Notary Public
My commission expires Oct. 8, 1912

Correct attest:
F. W. SMITH,
E. M. CONKLIN
F. G. HOUCK,
Directors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 9th day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

Present, EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of William C. English, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Arthur E. English, father, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Arthur E. English or some other suitable person and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, That the 10th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said account.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Manchester Enterprise a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy]
DORCAS C. DONEGAN, Register.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the kind friends and neighbors, the choir, and everybody for their kindness and sympathy through the illness and death of our beloved husband and father.

MRS. JOHN RIEDEL AND CHILDREN.

Home Market.

APPLES.—$1.00@$1.50 ℔ hundred lbs.
BUTTER—25c@26c ℔ pound.
BEEF—Steady. Best steers, $5 00@$5.50; common, $4.00@$4.50; heifers, $3.50@$4.50; cows, $2.50@$3 50; canners, $1.50@.50; calves, 7.00@$8.00.
CABBAGE.—3c@4c per head.
CORN—New, 25c; old, 30c@32c ℔ bu;
EGGS.—28c ℔ doz.
HAY.—No. 1 Timothy $11.00@$12.00. No. 1 mixed, $10.00@$11.00; clover, $10.00; Marsh hay, $5.00 ℔ ton.
HOGS.—Lower. $7.25
OATS.—Good demand. 31c ℔ bu.
ONIONS.—40c@45c ℔ bushel.
POTATOES.—25c@30c ℔ bu.
POULTRY.—Live weight. Old roosters 6c; springers, 9c; hens, 9c; ducks, white, 10c; colored, 10c; geese, 9c; turkeys, 15c.
RYE—Old. 64c@65c per bu.
RYE STRAW—$3.00 ℔ ton.
WHEAT—Lower. Red 86c; white 88c.

TOILET PAPER

In Rolls, At The

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Government Bonds

are a safe investment and so is our Dividend bearing Stock. The former pays rather a low rate of interest while our stock nets fully twice as much.

Note These Points:

¶ Funds are loaned only on first mortgages on real estate at a limited percentage of its value—the very best of security.

The full amount invested, or any portion of it can be withdrawn at any time on a thirty days' notice—it's convenient.

Dividends are paid semi-annually. The rate is 4½ per cent per annum and it is net. Coupons cashed Jan. 1 and July 1.

It is an investment that is unsurpassed for Safety, Convenience and Profit. Write for book.

Capitol Savings and Loan Ass'n
Lansing, Mich.

There Is Quality In Our Monuments

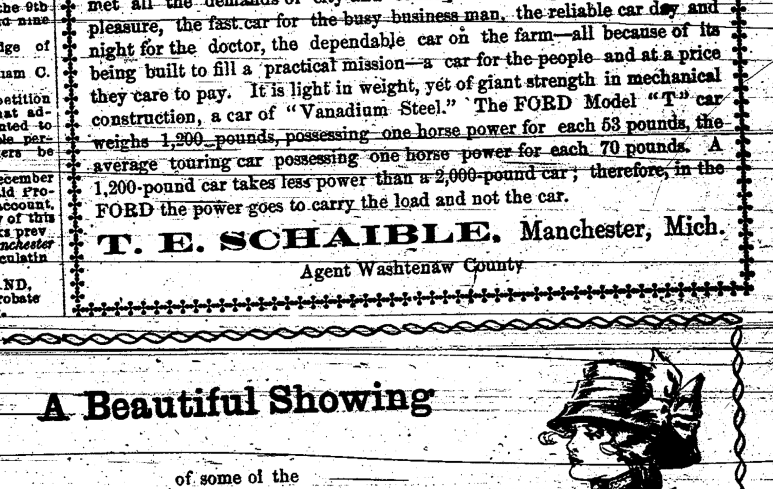
Place your order with us.

THE CAREY-MORAN GRANITE CO.
MANCHESTER, MICH.

$780.00

buys a Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinder, 22½ h. p., direct drive, equipped with magneto, extension top, automatic brass wind shield, two 6-inch gas lamps, generator, speedometer, oil lamps, horn and tools.

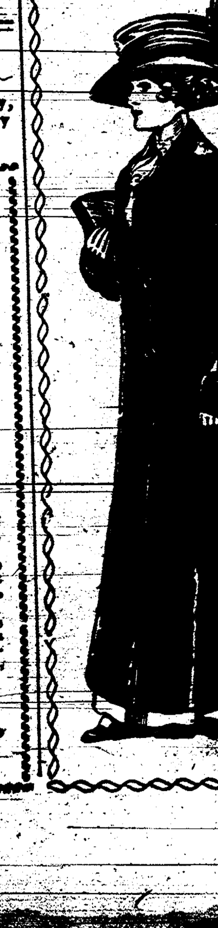
The Ford



Model "T"

is built so light and yet so strong that it costs less to maintain than any other car. That is why the FORD is now and will continue to be the favorite and foremost among all family cars. The FORD Model "T" has met all the demands of city and country life. It is the family car of pleasure, the fast car for the busy business man, the reliable car day and night for the doctor, the dependable car on the farm—all because of its being built to fill a practical mission—a car for the people and at a price they care to pay. It is light in weight, yet of giant strength in mechanical construction, a car of "Vanadium Steel." The FORD Model "T" car weighs 1,200 pounds, possessing one horse power for each 53 pounds, the average touring car possessing one horse power for each 70 pounds. A 1,200-pound car takes less power than a 2,000-pound car; therefore, in the FORD the power goes to carry the load and not the car.

T. E. SCHAIBLE, Manchester, Mich.
Agent Washtenaw County



A Beautiful Showing

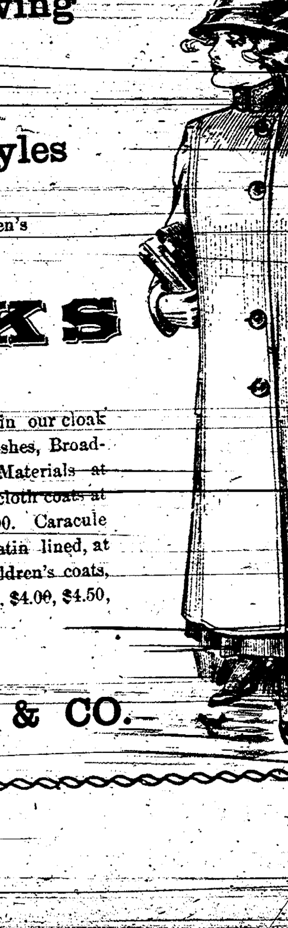
of some of the

Very Newest Styles

in Ladies', Misses' and Children's

CLOAKS

in all the newest cloths can be seen in our cloak room. They consist of Caracules, Plushes, Broadcloths, Kerseys and Fancy Mixed Materials at prices the very lowest. Elegant Broadcloth coats at $10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00. Caracule and Plush coats, full venetian and satin lined, at $13.50, $18.50, $22.50 and $25.00. Children's coats, all shades, up to 14 years of age, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00 and $6.00.



YOCUM, MARX & CO.

ALL ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY

WHEN Captain Miles Standish, with his little company of 16 hardy pilgrims, discovered the first fresh water encountered by the Mayflower explorers after landing at what is believed to be East Harbor creek, on the shores of Cape Cod, the party sat down and drank, and as Mount records in his journal or story:

"We were heartily glad and drunke our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunke drink in all our lives."

Thus was, with "Bisket and Holland Cheese, and a bottle of aquavite," the first New England Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the noon of November 26, 1620, around "a fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong."

Later these hardy adventurers were able to feast on wild fowl and venison in plenty, as have those who came after them even unto the present day, for the forests of the cape abound with game, and the waters with fishes very much as in the days of the little Pilgrim band who in the Mayflower's cabin signed the first New England charter.

Although not set down in the laws, the reunion feast became an informal annual function, and there can be but little doubt that Thanksgiving day as known to us of the present had its origin in and was inspired by the ability of the pilgrim band to soften the strong waters of the hospitable Dutch with the spring waters of the new world, by chance shall we say? Or to what cause shall we credit the selection of the last week of November for the day of feasting and prayer now so eagerly looked for and as carefully observed as Christmas, the New Year or Independence Day? The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every country has one or more days set apart to commemorate independence or the granting of some great boon to its people that may be considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land. Thanksgiving day begins the winter season.

Wherever you find an American you will, as the month of November wanes, find one who thinks more of being at home or at the home of intimate friends for Thanksgiving day. Clubs, hotels, public institutions, all see to it that their patrons, members or inmates are provided with a sumptuous repast for the one great feast day, and whenever and wherever possible a great, fat turkey graces the board.

The turkey should be our national bird, as it is or, rather, was everywhere in a wild state, and helped the original colonists to provide for their families. It has for 300 years been the chief feature at all important strictly American banquets, and may be safely called our greatest national food delicacy. The Spaniards in Florida, French in Louisiana, Pilgrims in Cape Cod and founders of the Virginia company all found the wild turkey ready for the sport and table in this their new home, and the American of today, from the president of the United States to the humblest citizen of the country, will enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

If one would enjoy a good old fashioned Thanksgiving day at its best the true road to the feast lies in the country. Thanksgiving on the farm is something to be remembered. There the whole family is taken into consideration, and it is safe to say that each individual member has been preparing for the day almost ever since the celebration of the last one.

Stores of mince, apple and pumpkin pies have been baked and range on the broad shelves of the store room; apple sauce, preserves, with home-made pickles, "put down" months before required for use; stores of grapes, apples, pears and nuts, carefully looked over; a goodly ham, freshened in cold water 24 hours, then carefully wiped dry and placed in a pot of cider to boil 15 minutes to the pound; a loin of pork, roasted to a rich, golden brown, to be served with apple sauce, and the feature of the feast—a turkey, fattened to about the 20-pound mark, the pride of the farmer and the joy of his wife.

The turkey, hatched on the farm and as carefully watched as any member of the family, fattened on grain and meal with a mixture of chopped nut meats to give it the proper flavor, killed one week before the feast and hung in an outhouse, where it is kept cold, but will not be injured by the frost, is brought in the night before for final treatment before being consigned to the oven.

The great bird is carefully picked and drawn, the interior wiped out, not washed, which would destroy the flavor, and filled with what is known in the country as "the stuffin'," a thick mixture of sausage meat, bread crumbs and eggs, with just a faint touch of sage and onion. When prepared and placed in the huge oven to roast it becomes the duty of one cook to watch the oven and baste the roast until it is evident to the practised eye of the heroine of many such conflicts that the turkey is ready to be served with fresh made cranberry sauce and a rich gravy, in which all the giblets have been stirred with some well-balanced chestnuts. Now, everything being ready, the family and guests (and there are sure to be guests in country at a country Thanksgiving dinner) troop into the long dining room, to find the repast not only ready, but served with all the pomp and state the feast deserves.

The turkey is placed before the host, while the roast loin of young pig graces the opposite end of the table, with the boiled ham in the center, flanked with mashed white and baked sweet potatoes, turnips and cauliflower, with boats of gravy and bowls of sauce within easy reach of all. "Now pass up your plates," is requested from each end of the table, and the oftener this repeated advice is followed the more the face of the good matron glows with satisfaction. The great pitchers of foaming cider pass along the board and the diner at a farm Thanksgiving feast finds it all so novel and good that the vision comes up before him frequently while struggling with a complicated menu at his club or some hotel or mincing through the series of problems presented at a French or Italian table d'hote dinner.

On every Yankee warship in the hot lands of the far away Malay islands, Cuba, Guam, Panama, the Sandwich islands and under the flag that floats over every American consul's home or office Thanksgiving day will be celebrated, and, like another stitch in the great bed quilt of liberty and independence will knit the fabric closer together.

We do well to have a Thanksgiving feast. We thank the great Creator for our being, our sturdy forefathers for our great country, our Burly British ancestors for our love of country and good things to eat, our bustling energy for rapid progress, our wives and mothers for domestic atmosphere that makes life enjoyable and success certain and the rulers we have placed in power for unparalleled prosperity.

WAR REMINISCENCES

VILLAGE KILLED IN BATTLE

Scene of Many Stirring Events In Early Days of War Marked by Bullet-Pitted Walls.

In the heroic age of the republic, and that means the period of 1861-65, Centerville, Va., was what its name declares. The Civil war threw such a glare upon the hamlet that the eye of the world was drawn to it. Centerville was a name that was sometimes uttered with a shout, but most times with a sob. Great legions of the Union and at first great armies and later gaunt armies of the Confederacy grappled around this town, charging, counter-charging, reeling, mangling and winning and losing as the gods willed or as the heaviest battalions compelled. Centerville was a war-racked village over which one army and then another rolled. It was now blue, now gray, changing color in a breath. Mars held red revels here.

Four signboards posted at the crossroads where the village stands tell the way. One reads: "To Bull Run, 3 Miles." The legend on another is: "To Chantilly, 4 Miles." A third is inscribed: "To Aldie, 12 miles." The fourth points the way to Fairfax Court House, seven miles away. These signboards, roughly lettered on rough oak boards, are seared and warped by rain and sun.

Centerville is not a stirring place. It does not feel a single busy throb. If ever a village was killed in battle it was Centerville. Today it bears wounds and scars. Bullet-pitted walls and shot-riven trees, sunken graves and vine-veiled redoubts may be seen there.

A dozen houses compose the village. Half of them cling to the roadside as though to feed their lean and leaning sides on such excitement as the visitation of a stranger brings. These van houses seem to sniff the yellow dust whirled up by slowly passing teams as though it were exhilarating snuff. They bear a feeble and listless look. If they were sentient things it is likely they would say: "Centerville is a little slow just now, but if you'd been here a few years ago, back in the early '60s, you wouldn't laugh at us for being a little shaky and out of joint now."

Rusty cannon ball and shell, harvested from the old camps and the battle blasted fields around, are heaped at tree trunks and in some fence corners, though many of these relic piles have been sold for old iron and

Centerville Today.

tons of the war metal have been converted into implements of peace—perhaps literally into plowshares. There are no houses in Centerville in which gun barrels, shattered gun stocks, broken swords, distorted bayonets, tarnished belt buckles and dented canteens are not used as ornaments. Shrapnel and canister rest on tall mantelpieces over cavernous fireplaces.

Perhaps there was no regiment in the Union army of Virginia, the army of the Potomac and the army of northern Virginia that did not march and fight along this highway. The old road, still deep-rutted from the supply and artillery trains, is little traveled now. One may walk miles without meeting a man, but if one have the power to talk with ghosts he should not lack company. The mystic or the medium might see phantom armies traveling the road and the fields abutting it. The stones in this highway were worn by the feet of the hosts of McDowell, Pope, Burnside, Meade, Kearney and Porter, Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Longstreet, Stuart and hundreds of other soldiers of renown.

When McDowell moved to the attack of Beauregard behind Bull Run it was from his camps at Centerville. It was at Centerville that he made final effort to rally his beaten forces. When Jackson dashed upon Pope's rear and burned the Federal stores at Manassas, he retired to Centerville. It was from Centerville that he moved to Sudley and Groveton for the second fight. When Pope yielded the field to Jackson and Longstreet he retreated to Centerville. When the troops from the South pressed forward to Chantilly they swarmed through Centerville.

Gets Sword After 45 Years.

Levi Quiver of Reading, Pa., has received from Capt. Edgar A. Burpee of Rockland, Me., a sword which he had not seen for almost 46 years. Mr. Quier was a lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania volunteers.

While acting as quartermaster his sword was placed in a warehouse at Martinsburg, W. Va., where it was confiscated by Confederates. Later Capt. Burpee found it at Spotsylvania Court House. In 1888 he wrote to Lieut. Quier, reciting his experiences, and recently the correspondence was renewed.

THE REUNION

A Story of a Thanksgiving in a Tourist Car

By MINNIE E. OLIPHANT.

Genevieve and I were riding in a tourist car, headed away from Los Angeles, and slowly creeping across Death valley. Our thoughts were with the folks at home, who were getting ready for the Thanksgiving dinner, but we were talking of other things. Words are slow unless thoughts are producing them, and, therefore, the conversation lagged.

Finally, Genevieve turned to me with the smile she always wore when a good plain plan had just struck her.

"Let's make believe," she suggested, "that the passengers in this coach are all relatives, and let's have a family reunion and Thanksgiving dinner."

"How can we?" I asked.

"I'll go around and tell them that this is Thanksgiving, and we are all relations, and they are invited to our section for a family reunion, and that they are to furnish their own share of the dinner."

I looked around the car to see what our "relations" appeared to be like. Just back of our section was a young man with a fretful baby, and little three-year-old girl. He seemed so tired, but patient, though awkward, with the children. I had heard him tell the young man who wore a striped sweater, and sat across the aisle, that he had just lost his wife and was taking the children back to their grandmother in Ohio. The young man in the sweater lolled around in his section, dividing his time between a magazine, the Los Angeles papers and the desert scenery outside. Back of him sat a middle-aged Jew, who talked to no one, and looked at nothing in particular, as if he had forgotten where he was. Just before us was a young lady, and all we knew about her was that she had golden hair puffed out in the back, and that she tucked her scolding locks up every few minutes with a slender, ringless hand.

And these were to form our family party.

While I was studying the people, Genevieve was taking an inventory of our supplies.

"Go on with your invitations," I advised, "and, if they are accepted, I will look after the table."

She stepped back down the aisle and stood with her hand on the seat in front of our Jewish "friend to be." "I beg your pardon," she began, "but I want to invite you to come to our Thanksgiving dinner, and to furnish your share of it."

"Thank you," he looked up and smiled, as he lifted his hat, "but where is your dinner to be?"

"Down there where my sister is sitting." She nodded her head in my direction. "We are going to have a family reunion."

"Where is your family?" His smile broadened.

"All in this coach who will come."

Here the young man in the sweater turned round, and she addressed him. "Will you come, too? And—?"

"With pleasure, if I can be of any assistance."

"You can assist by furnishing something toward the dinner."

He pushed his hand down into his pocket. "I have a piece of chocolate and two sticks of chewing gum, which are at your disposal." The frank smile on the young man's face revealed no tendency toward freshness, but the older man, not being able to see his face, feared that he was inclined to make sport of my sister. Therefore, he leaned forward and said: "There is a diner on, and I think we could go in—"

"No, no," interrupted Genevieve, "we don't want to go into the diner. We want a 'make believe' family reunion here in our 'private' car." Then turning to the young man, "Chocolate and chewing gum are acceptable, if they are the best you have."

The man with the children had been down to the end of the car, giving each of them a drink, and returned to his seat, just as Genevieve was ready to put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion," she began, but seeing a shadow pass over his face, hastened to add: "This is Thanksgiving, and we are all away from home, so my sister and I decided to play that you, and everybody else in this car, belong to our family, and to invite you home to our section, for a Thanksgiving dinner."

He saw what she meant, and the baby reached out toward her, as if it understood, too. Genevieve took the little one in her arms. "You see that the baby is willing, and a little child should lead you."

"Oh, of course, we will be glad to accept your kind invitation. If my children won't disturb the party."

"No, indeed," she assured him, "we need children to make a Thanksgiving dinner complete," and, with the baby in her arms, she walked down to the golden-haired lady.

"Will you join us in our dinner party?"

"Thank you," returned the girl, "but I have my dinner with me."

"Very good! We want you to put your dinner in with ours, and from the size of your basket, I should imagine you have more than all the rest of us put together."

"But I am going to Chicago," the young lady protested, "and I must make my lunch do for all the way."

"Oh, I see, you are afraid we will eat too much of it." She laughed, sitting down beside the girl, and still holding the baby in her arms. "If you will eat with us, you won't need to open your basket. It is not your food we want, but you."

The girl still hesitated. "My mother told me not to get acquainted with people on the train, for fear something might happen, because I have never been out of California before, and she is afraid for me to take such a long trip alone."

"Are you afraid of me and this baby?" asked Genevieve.

"Oh, no, I'm not afraid of ladies, but mustn't speak to gentlemen, unless I am introduced to them."

"Well, my dear girl, we won't enjoy our dinner party just behind you here, knowing that you are eating all alone."

The young man in the sweater told of his last Thanksgiving in Alaska, and our Jewish "relative" brought out the best jokes he had in stock. We laughed in the proper places, and asked for more. Then we agreed to name over some of the things we were glad about.

I saw the young man in the sweater give the golden-haired girl a look that made me wonder if he had noticed her dainty appetite and silence, or whether he was glad to have her present at our reunion. "I am getting back to Chicago," he said, "to attend my sister's wedding, and I suppose that I ought to add that I am thankful I am going to have a new brother next week."

"I'm going to a wedding, too." The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round behind me.

"Whose?" In coming to her rescue I had forgotten that no questions were to be asked.

"My brother's," she replied, somewhere back of my shoulder.

"Perhaps her brother is to marry my sister." The young man had heard her answer. "She is to marry a California chap that I have never seen. I barely know that his name is Harmon."

"Will Harmon?" Again the girl was startled out of her corner. "My brother Will is to marry Miss Jenkins."

"Sure enough!" The young man reached across me. "Shake hands, for we are almost relatives."

Genevieve rose with as much dignity as she could command under the circumstances. "Miss Harmon, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jenkins."

Our dinner was over, as everything eatable was gone. The porter carried the cups and saucers back to the dining car, and cleared away the paper sacks and crumbs.

The golden-haired girl sat alone no more on that train, and the young man with the sweater read no more magazines. They may have been talking about the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt Lake City, our Israelite "relative" said over the back of our seat.

"There may be more than one wedding."

"That is the romance of our Thanksgiving dinner," suggested the father of the children, whose baby was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

"Now, her mother can't blame us," put in Genevieve, "for they would have met in a few days, anyway."

No Heaven for This Boy

"The lonely land," childhood has been called, because of the misunderstandings and uncomprehended restrictions that so often shadow the time that otherwise would be sweet and careless. So intrinsically different are the childish and adult viewpoints that only the most thoughtful and sympathetic of "grown-ups" can enter into the thoughts and emotions of the developing child mind. To the "growing up" it often seems that his dearest, most innocent plans and desires are ruthlessly, unreasonably thwarted. Everyone knows the story of the haughty nurse maid who sent little Johnnie to "see what Johnnie and Willie are doing, and tell 'em not to!" Everyone has heard of the much governed urchin who, being asked his name, demurely answered: "Jackie Don't." Here's a similar story, not so widely circulated, but quite as true.

A rather querulous grandfather died, and the small boy of the family was told that he had gone to heaven. The lad said nothing at the time, but later, being warned that if he did not behave better he would never go to heaven, joyously replied that he didn't want to.

"Why?" was the mother's horror-stricken question.

"Because," came the shrewd and illuminative answer, "grandpa's in heaven, an' I got awful tired of mindin' grandpa while he was here. I'd never get into heaven hardly 'fore he'd yell at me to 'shut that door an' sit down an' be quiet!' No, mother, no heaven for me!"

Every day's steamer arrivals bring back to their old love some hundreds or some thousands of Americans who have been doing the globe-trotting act abroad. Most of them have learned enough French to say "revenous a mouton," even if the mutton be golden in price.

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Miss Sue Brette—Because the author of the piece refused to show himself, I guess.

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There are more opportunities than there are young men to take advantage of them.—James J. Hill.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlins Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

NOT WORRYING.

Guest—Scientists claim that in a million years this earth will be a mass of ice.

Proprietor Summer Hotel—Oh! well I'll be out of the summer-hotel business by that time, I hope.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

WANTED SATAN SENT NORTH

Good Example of Scottish Humor in Remark Made by Railroad Porter.

Scottish humor is dry rather than boisterous, and I always think there is exquisite drollery in the story of the Stonehaven railway porter and the Salvation Army "captain." To catch the hang of a little yarn readers must remember that Stonehaven lies to the south of Aberdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay.

"Aye aye," mused Andra, after giving the desired information, "ye'll be for Aiberdeen, I'm thinkin'?"

"Yes, my man," was the reply; "I'm bound for Aberdeen—a very wicked place, I'm told!"

"What micht ye be goin' to dae there, sir, if it's as bad as a' that?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words.

"Ah," was the pious answer, "I'm going to drive the devil out of Aberdeen."

Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky retort:

"See an' drive him north, cheil; haud him well to the north!"—Exchange.

An Exciting Town.

Los Angeles is a truly exciting town to live in. To say nothing of its heavenly climate and its bombs, there is always something stimulating in the occult line going on. Just the other day a widow of the angelic city began to long for a sight of one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen for 45 years. The longing brought its fulfillment. A spirit told her to look for him in Brooklyn. She obeyed, met him on the street a few hours after she arrived, and promptly married him. It is worth while to live in a city where things like this happen, even at the risk of being blown up now and then.

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CHAPTER 1.

The Makers of Maps.

There is scarcely a single cause in which a woman is not engaged in some way fomenting the suit.—Juvenal.

"Then you offer me no hope, doctor?"

The gray mane of Dr. Samuel Ward waved like a fighting crest as he made answer:

"Not the sort of hope you ask," A moment later he added: "John, I am ashamed of you."

The cynical smile of the man I called my chief still remained upon his lips, the same drawn look of suffering still remained upon his gaunt features; but in his blue eye I saw a glint which proved that the answer of his old friend had struck out some unused spark of vitality from the deep, cold flint of his heart.

"I never knew you for a coward, Calhoun," went on Dr. Ward; "nor any of your family. I give you now the benefit of my personal acquaintance with this generation of the Calhouns. I ask something more of you than faint-heartedness."

The keen eyes turned upon him again with the old flame of flint which a generation had known—a generation, for the most part, of enemies.

"Did not Saul fall upon his own sword?" asked John Calhoun. "Have not devoted leaders from the start of the world till now sometimes rid the scene of the responsible figures in lost fights, the men on whom blame rested for failures?"

"Cowards!" rejoined Dr. Ward. "Cowards, every one of them! Were there not other swords upon which they might have fallen—those of their enemies?"

"It is not my own hand—my own sword, Sam," said Calhoun. "Not that. You know as well as I that I am already marked and doomed, even as I sit at my table to-night. A walk of a wet night here in Washington—a turn along the Heights out there when the winter wind is keen—yes, Sam, I see my grave before me, close enough; but how can I rest easy in that grave? Man, we have not yet dreamed how great a country this may be. We must have Texas. We must have also Oregon. We must have—"

"Free?" The old doctor shrugged his shoulders and smiled at the arch pro-slavery exponent.

"Then, since you mention it, yes!" retorted Calhoun fretfully. "But I shall not go into the old argument of those who say that black is white, that south is north. It is only for my own race that I plan a wider America. But then—" Calhoun raised a long, thin hand. "Why," he went on slowly, "I have just told you that I have failed. And yet you, my old friend, whom I ought to trust, condemn me to live on!"

"Yes," he said, at length, "I condemn you to fight on, John;" and he smiled grimly.

"Why, look at you, man!" he broke out fiercely, after a moment. "The type and picture of combat! Good bone, fine bone and hard; a hard head and bony; little eye, set deep; strong, wiry muscles, not too big—fighting muscles, not dough; clean limbs; strong fingers; good arms, legs, neck; wide chest—"

"Then you give me hope?" Calhoun flashed a smile at him.

"No, sir! If you do your duty, there is no hope for you to live. If you do not do your duty, there is no hope for you to die, John Calhoun, for more than two years to come—perhaps five years—six. Keep up this work—as you must, my friend—and you die as surely as though I shot you through as you sit there. Now, is this any comfort to you?"

A gray pallor overspread my master's face. That truth is welcome to no man, morbid or sane, sound of ill; but brave men meet it as this one did.

"Time to do much!" he murmured to himself. "Time to mend many broken vessels, in those two years. One more fight—yes, let us have it!"

But Calhoun the man was lost once more in Calhoun the visionary, the fanatic statesman. He summed up, as though to himself, something of the situation which then existed at Washington.

"Yes, the coast is clearer, now that Webster is out of the cabinet, but Mr. Upshur's death last month brings in new complications. Had he remained our secretary of state, much might have been done. It was only last October he proposed to Texas a treaty of annexation."

"Yes, and found Texas none so eager," frowned Dr. Ward.

"No; and why not? You and I know well enough. Sir Richard Pakenham, the English plenipotentiary here, could tell if he liked. England is busy in Texas. Texas owes large funds to England. England want Texas as a colony. There is fire under this smoke talk of Texas dividing into two governments, one, at least, under England's gentle and unselfish care!

"And now, look you," Calhoun continued, rising, and pacing up and down. "Look what is the evidence. Van Zandt, charge d'affaires in Washington for the Republic of Texas, wrote Secretary Upshur only a month before Upshur's death, and told him to go carefully or he would drive Mexico to resume the war, and so cost Texas the friendship of England! Excellent Mr. Van Zandt! I at least know what the friendship of England means. So, he asks us if we will protect Texas with troops and ships in case she does sign that agreement of annexation. Cunning Mr. Van Zandt! He knows what that answer must be to-day, with England ready to fight us for Texas and Oregon both, and we wholly unready for war."

"But, John, another will have to make it, the one way or the other," said his friend.

"Yes!" The long hand smote on the table.

"President Tyler has offered you Mr. Upshur's portfolio as secretary of state?"

"I have not yet accepted," said Calhoun. "If I do, it will be to bring Texas and Oregon into this Union, one slave, the other free, but both vast, and of a mighty future for us. That done, I resign at once."

"Will you accept?"

Calhoun's answer was first to pick up a paper from his desk. "See, here is the dispatch Mr. Pakenham brought from Lord Aberdeen of the British ministry to Mr. Upshur just two days before his death. Judge whether Aberdeen wants liberty—or territory! In effect he re-asserts England's right to interfere in our affairs. We fought one war to disprove that. England has said enough on this continent. And England has meddled enough."

Calhoun and Ward looked at each other, sober in their realization of the grave problems which then beset American statesmanship and American thought. The old doctor was first to break the silence. "Then do you accept? Will you serve again, John?"

"Listen to me. If I do accept, I shall take Mr. Upshur's and Mr. Nelson's place only on one condition—yes, if I do, here is what I shall say to England regarding Texas. I shall show her what a Monroe doctrine is; shall show her that while Texas is small and weak, Texas and this republic are not. This is what I have drafted as a possible reply. I shall tell Mr. Pakenham that his chief's avowal of intentions has made it our imperious duty, in self-defense, to hasten the annexation of Texas, cost what it may, mean what it may! John Calhoun does not shilly-shally.

"That will be my answer," repeated my chief at last.

"Yes, I shall have Texas, as I shall have Oregon, settled before I lay down my arms, Sam Ward. No, I am not yet ready to die!" Calhoun's old fire now flamed in all his mien.

"The situation is extremely difficult," said his friendly slowly. "It must be done; but how? We are as a nation not ready for war. You as a statesman are not adequate to the politics of all this. Where is your political party, John? You have none. You have outrun all parties. It will be your ruin, that you have been honest!"

Calhoun turned on him swiftly. "You know as well as I that mere politics will not serve. It will take some extraordinary measure — you know men—and, perhaps, women."

"Yes," said Dr. Ward, "and a precious silly lot they are."

Calhoun nodded, with a thin smile. "As it chances, I need a man. Ergo, and very plainly, I must use a woman!

"There are two women in our world to-day," said Calhoun. "As to Jackson, the old fool was a monogamist, and still is. Not so much so Jim Polk of Tennessee. Never does he appear in public with eyes other than for the Dona Lucrezia of the Mexican legation! Now, one against the other—Mexico against Austria—"

Dr. Ward raised his eyebrows in perplexity.

"That is to say, England, and not Austria," went on Calhoun coldly. "The ambassadress of England to America was born in Budapest! So I say, Austria, or perhaps Hungary, or some other country, which raised this strange representative who has made some stir in Washington here these last few weeks."

"Ah, you mean the baroness!" exclaimed Dr. Ward. "Tut! Tut!"

Calhoun nodded, with the same cold, thin smile. "Yes," he said, "I mean Mr. Pakenham's reputed mistress, his assured secret agent and spy, the beautiful Baroness von Ritz!"

He mentioned a name then well known in diplomatic and social life, when intrigue in Washington, if not open, was none too well hidden.

"Gay Sir Richard!" he resumed. "You know, his ancestor was a brother-in-law of the duke of Wellington. He himself seems to have absorbed some of the great duke's fondness for the fair. Before he came to us he was with England's legation in Mexico. 'Twas there he first met the Dona Lucrezia. 'Tis said he would have remained in Mexico had it not been arranged that she and her husband, Senor Yturrio, should accompany Gen. Almonte in the Mexican ministry here. On these conditions, Sir Richard agreed to accept promotion as minister plenipotentiary to Washington!"

"That was nine years ago," commented Dr. Ward.

"Yes; and it was only last fall that he was made envoy extraordinary. He is at least an extraordinary envoy! Near 50 years of age, he seems to forget public decency; he forgets even the Dona Lucrezia, leaving her to the admiration of Mr. Polk and Mr. Van Zandt, and follows off after the sprightly Baroness von Ritz. Meantime, Senor Yturrio also forgets the Dona Lucrezia, and proceeds also to follow after the baroness—although with less hope than Sir Richard has taste! The Baroness von Ritz has brains and beauty both. It is she who is England's real envoy. Now, I believe she knows England's real intentions as to Texas."

Dr. Ward screwed his lips for a long whistle, as he contemplated John Calhoun's thin, determined face.

"I do not care at present to say more," went on my chief; "but do you not see, granted certain motives, Polk might come into power pledged to the extension of our southwest borders—"

"Calhoun, are you mad?" cried his friend. "Would you plunge this country into war? Would you pit two peoples, like cocks on a floor? And would you use women in our diplomacy?"

Calhoun now was no longer the friend, the humanitarian. He was the relentless machine; the idea; the single purpose, which to the world at large he had been all his life in congress, in cabinets on this or the other side of the throne of American power. He spoke coldly as he went on:

"In these matters it is not a question of means, but of results. If war comes, let it come; although I hope it will not come. As to the use of women—tell me, why not women? Why anything else but women? It is only playing life against life; one variant against another. That is politics, my friend. I want Pakenham. So, I must learn what Pakenham wants. Does he want Texas for England, or the Baroness von Ritz for himself?"

Ward still sat and looked at him. "My God!" said he at last, softly; but Calhoun went on:

"Why, who has made the maps of the world, and who has written pages in its history? Who makes and unmakes cities and empires and republics to-day? Woman, and not man! Are you so ignorant—and you a physician, who know them both? Gad, man, you do not understand your own profession and yet you seek to counsel me in mine!"

"Strange words from you, John," commented his friend, shaking his head; "not seemly for a man who stands where you stand to-day."

"Strange weapons—yes. If I could always use my old weapons of tongue and brain I would not need these perhaps. Now you tell me my time is short. I must fight now to win. I have never fought to lose. I cannot be too nice in agents and instruments."

The old doctor rose and took a turn up and down the little room, one of Calhoun's modest menage at the nation's capital, which then was not the city it is to-day. Calhoun followed him with even steps.

"Changes of maps, my friend? Listen to me. The geography of America for the next 50 years rests under a little roof over in M street to-night—a roof which Sir Richard secretly maintains. The map of the United States, I tell you, is covered with a down counterpane a deux, to-night. You ask me to go on with my fight. I answer, first I must find the woman. Now, I say I have found her, as you know. Also, I have told, you where I have found her. Under a counterpane! Texas, Oregon, these United States under a counterpane!"

Dr. Ward sighed as he shook his head. "I don't pretend to know now all you mean."

Calhoun whirled on him fiercely, with a vigor which his wasted frame did not indicate as possible.

"Listen, then, and I will tell you what John Calhoun means—John Calhoun, who has loved his own state, who has hated those who hated him, who has never prayed for those who despitefully used him, who has fought and will fight, since all insist on that. It is true Tyler has offered me again to-day the portfolio of secretary of state. Shall I take it? If I do, it means that I am employed by this administration to secure the admission of Texas. Can you believe me when I tell you that my ambition is for it all—all, every foot of new land, west to the Pacific, that we can get, slave or free? Can you believe John Calhoun, pro-slavery advocate and orator all his life, when he says that he believes he is an humble instrument destined, with God's aid, and through the use of such instruments as our human society affords, to build, not a wider slave country, but a wider America?"

"It would be worth the fight of a few years more, Calhoun," gravely answered his old friend: "I admit I had not dreamed this of you."

"History will not write it of me, perhaps," went on my chief. "But you tell me to fight, and now I shall fight, and in my own way. I tell you, that answer shall go to Pakenham. And I tell you Pakenham shall not dare to take offense at me. War with Mexico we possibly, indeed certainly, shall have. War on the northwest, too, we yet may have unless—" He paused; and Dr. Ward prompted him some moments later, as he still remained in thought.

"Unless what, John? What do you mean—still hearing the rustle of skirts?"

"Yes!—unless the celebrated Baroness Helena von Ritz says otherwise!" replied he grimly.

"How dignified a diplomacy have we here! You plan war between two embassies on the distaff side!" smiled Dr. Ward.

Calhoun continued his walk. "I do not say so," he made answer; "but, if there must be war, we may reflect that war is at its best when woman is in the field!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I Don't Pretend to Know Now All You Mean."

Memory and Intellect.

The possession of a great memory does not necessarily mean a strong intellect. Mozart, when only 13 years old, played a new opera from one hearing, which had been composed especially to test his skill. But in addition to reproducing the opera from memory without missing a note, he introduced in the second playing the variations, which struck his cultured hearers dumb with amazement. Blind Tom could probably have reproduced the same opera. He did play Liszt's celebrated Hungarian opera after hearing it once without missing a note, but he could not have created what Mozart did. He had Mozart's memory, but not his intellect.

A Proof of It.

"Do you believe in auto hypnosis?"

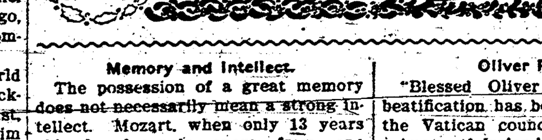
"Can you doubt it when you see how that machine is behaving?"

Oliver Plunkett.

"Blessed Oliver Plunkett," whose beatification has been approved of by the Vatican council, is the famous primate of Ireland who was executed at Tyburn, July 1, 1681, on a charge of high treason. There is an excellent contemporary portrait of him in the National Portrait gallery, Trafalgar square. In 1679 he was arrested on the charge of conspiracy to bring 20,000 Frenchmen into Ireland, and of having levied money from his clergy for the purpose of maintaining 70,000 men for an armed rebellion. The principal witnesses against him were some disreputable priests and friars whom he had suspended for bad conduct. His head is still preserved in a convent at Drogheda.

Lesson Well Taught.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.



MADE HIS APOLOGY AMPLE

Irish Legislator Even Withdrew the Words That He Was About to Utter.

There is in congress a western representative of Celtic origin who has more than once "stirred up the animals" by his propensity to bait the opposition.

On one occasion he rose to denounce the statements made in a speech that had been delivered by a member of the other party. His impetuosity led him to phrase his remarks rather strongly.

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding with his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate, ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Parthian dart:

"I obey the ruling of the house, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole house by storm.—Lippincott's.

Little Myra Explains.

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher, and signed herself Mrs. Kent. Thinking she might have misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation.

"Oh," said Myra, with a charmingly confidential air, "you see, my mamma got married again but I didn't."—Lippincott's.

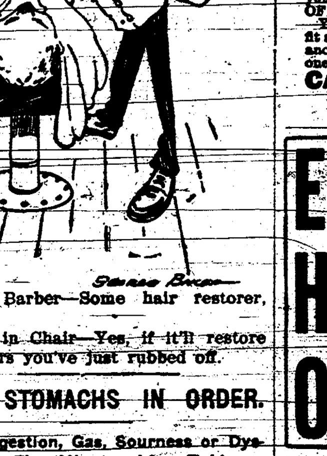
BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"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 out 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 that 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 Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment.

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

WANTED 'EM BACK.



The Barber—Some hair restorer, sir?

Man in Chair—Yes, if it'll restore the hairs you've just rubbed off.

PUTS STOMACHS IN ORDER.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Dyspepsia Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

There should not be a case of indigestion, dyspepsia or gastritis here if readers who are subject to Stomach trouble knew the tremendous anti-ferment and digestive virtue contained in Diapepsin. This harmless preparation will digest a heavy meal without the slightest fuss or discomfort, and relieve the sourest, acid stomach in five minutes, besides overcoming all foul, nauseous odors from the breath.

If your stomach is sour and full of gas, or your food doesn't digest, and your meal don't seem to fit, why not get a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any druggist here in town, and make life worth living. Absolute relief from Stomach misery and perfect digestion of anything you eat is sure to follow five minutes after, and besides, one fifty-cent case is sufficient to cure a whole family of such trouble.

Surely, a harmless, inexpensive preparation like Pape's Diapepsin, which will always either at daytime or during night, relieve your sick, sour, gassy, upset stomach and digest your meals, is about as handy and valuable a thing as you could have in the house.

A stubborn desire to get even has brought about many a man's downfall.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There are a good many heroes in novels who couldn't earn a living in real life.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

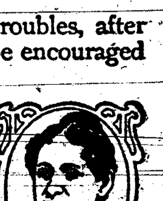
As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Aikey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

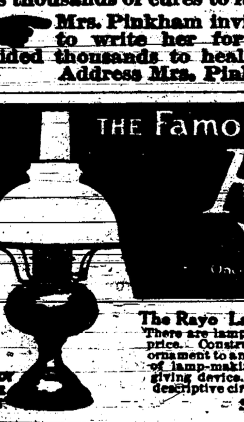
Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.



For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp



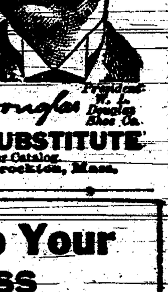
THE STEADY WHITE LIGHT.

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light-giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 $3.50 & $4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

BOYS' SHOES, $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.



Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other $3.00, $3.50 or $4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

W. L. Douglas

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

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Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal

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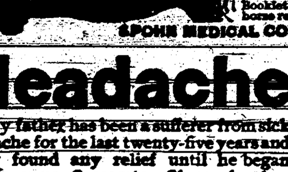
COLT DISTEMPER



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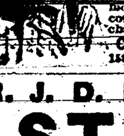

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Millions of Immigrants Come to America

ELLIS ISLAND THE "GATEWAY" OF THE NATION

FOR a million South Europeans come to the United States every year for a century, what will the average American be like at the end of that time? What will be the effect of these millions of fertile people upon the ultimate product of the melting-pot? If the American blood becomes largely that of the peasant people of those reproductive countries will the dominant traits of the present be lost?

These are questions that are raised by the figures issued by the commissioner of immigration, for those figures show a striking accentuation of the immigration tendency that has developed with in the last decade. So far has the tendency gone that for the fiscal year recently closed it is shown that 85 per cent of all comers have been from the races of South Europe and Eastern Asia. The men who are wont to look far ahead in the problems of national well-being are becoming alarmed with the record of each succeeding season.

For the year ending June 30 last, 1,041,570 immigrants landed in this country. Of these 558,183 were from the Mediterranean sea countries, only 173,377 were from all the rest of the world—33 per cent as against 17 per cent. Even this 17-per cent cannot be counted as having a tendency to continue the present American type, for in it is included such distinctly different races as Japanese, Chinese, Mexicans, Africans.

The point is therefore that the whole influence of immigration is toward breaking down the American citizenship as it exists today by putting in its wend the blood of races that heretofore have had nothing to do with its making. These people have been coming to America for such a short time that the effect that they should have to develop a racial amalgamation is an absolutely unknown quantity. If the stream of immigration continues to flow eastward with the present tendency the American of the future is to be a new creature under the sun, for he will be proved by the process of mongrel, only time can tell.

Stemming the Tide.

The necessity of adopting some means to divert the tide of immigration from the southern and eastern to the country, where advantages not to be found in the larger cities are afforded, is also a subject deserving of serious consideration.

Information has been compiled showing that states and territories to which steerage arrivals were persistently directed by immigration, and the races or peoples of which they were members. Attention is called to the fact that the new races congregate around or in the large urban settlements, a fact that suggests as a means of the rapid assimilation of alien colonies and facilitating the amalgamation with the people of this country the adoption of a comprehensive stream of alien immigration, appropriate action, either state or federal, for their distribution to points where their services can be best utilized and they can most speedily learn the spoken dialects of industry and the observing life. But a small number of the arrivals are destined to the southern and western states, nearly all going to the eastern and middle states, notwithstanding there is a demand for labor in the former, especially in the agricultural sections.

The Racial "Gateway."

Ellis Island is a great interrogation point to the immigrant. In the course of the regular official routine at least 40 questions are asked. Him. But even after he has passed inspection and is turned over to the railroad agent or the immigrant station he has to respond to twice as many more. Almost every one of these questions, if he can get down his pages or bundles or babies and reply to some interrogator.

No more ways than this Ellis Island is the great interrogation point of America. One of the most serious problems that the United States has to solve today is how to put up the bars high enough to keep out undesirable and objectionable immigrants, and how to let in those that will be useful and valuable citizens in the years to come. There is not many places to this big problem. Another is how to distribute the aliens throughout the country and keep them from congesting in those already densely populated portions of the big cities there to become a menace rather than a benefit.

From the ships that arrive from southern Europe the steerage passengers are swarthy of skin and gay with kerchiefs of brilliant colors. More than one-third of the immigrants that are now arriving in the last week or eight years are from the south of Italy. The peasants from the rocky, the eastern shore of the Adriatic bring immigrants of stocky build and fairly compatible with the Anglo-Saxon. Portions of the Austro-Hungarian empire send men and women that are as dark as those from Sicily. More than one-fourth of the immigrants that now pour through the portal at Ellis island are from the dominions of Francis Joseph.

In 1884 only four per cent of the immigrants were from Italy, now the percentage is nearly forty. From Austria-Hungary in those days came nine per cent of the immigrants; that empire now furnishes 25 per cent. Russia's quota 16 years ago was four per cent; now it is more than sixteen. The Scandinavian countries proportion used to be ten per cent. It only is half that now. Germany's was 40 per cent; now it is four. Ireland's was twenty-five per cent.

Great Immigrant Army.

There have come to this country from the time the Immigration records began in 1820 up to the end of the last fiscal year, nearly thirty million immigrants. This is equal to the entire population of Spain, Portugal and Sweden combined. Compared with this alien invasion of America the history-making shiftings of the Franks and Gaels and Goths and Vandals and Huns were nothing at all. That is one indication of the reason why the government is beginning to regard the influx of more than a million immigrants a year as one of its most serious domestic problems. Immigration experts believe at least 25 per cent of the immigrants now necessarily admitted, although they may be able to earn a living, are of no benefit to the country, but, on the contrary, are a detriment. Their presence tends to lower our standards of living and civilization, and if they were to remain away they would not be missed, except by the transportation companies.

No one considers New York as an American city now. Londoners go home and tell their folks that they saw very few Americans there. The other day the kaiser greeted some Manhattan Germans with the remark that he was very much pleased to find a countryman from the biggest German city in the world outside of Berlin.

Because the "American city has a bad influence on the foreigner the government is doing all it can to induce them to settle in the country, where he and his family will not be huddled in tenements and die from consumption and other preventable diseases.

Type of Immigrants.

"Hangar," the Airship Word.

"Hangar," denoting a shed for airships, is taken from the French, where it also is defined as a shed for cars and wagons, especially among farmers. The word is not Celtic. It is said to be used in the United States now in the service exacted from country people in forwarding government supplies. Forts Porter, where it denoted the king's courier. This word, "angaros," whence original is derived, means a messenger or a driver, should not be confounded with the term "angel," which is Greek, while "angaros" is Persian. English dictionaries will throw light upon the subject in the "article "angaros." Persian words have given resistance than into Persian postal term.

How the Greeks Bake.

A very primitive oven is used by the peasants for baking bread. A fire is first lit inside to heat the fabric; then the embers are raked out and the loaves placed within. When the oven grows cool the bread is supposed to be baked. All the ovens are situated in the open air, and several houses usually share one between them.—Wide World Magazine.

Hearts by Freight

By ELEANOR WILLIAMS TOUMANS

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

"Really, you must not walk with me, Mr. Cunningham. You know the penality."

"What! After trailing you all the way from the campus? After hanging about for two hours waiting for you to come out of that house? What kept you so long in there?"

"My graduating gown. I was having a fitting. But, Mr. Cunningham, the hour is too late for——"

"Now, see here, Miss Ferris, it's too late for a girl to go alone past those freight yards—it's not safe even early in the evening with hobos lying in on every train. I'll drop behind as soon as we're past, if it will please you; but you needn't worry. for this is the night of Stuffy's faculty spread. Everybody's there from Prexy to Brainy Bowers."

"Why do you boys call some of the professors such horrid names?"

"Who, Stuffed and Bowers? Why, they like it. Sure, they do. I can prove it. You remember——"

"Shh-h. I hear some one."

"I don't."

"Hush, they're there, on the other side of that car—no, this one. Perhaps it's tramps. Oh, Mr. Cunningham, it sounds like—Oh, mercy!"

"It is! Prexy, or I'm a goat! Well, I'll be——"

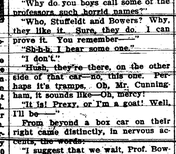
From beyond a box car on their right came distinctly, in nervous accents, the words:

"I suggest that we wait, Prof. Bowers; that Angina is approaching with considerable speed."

"Come on across, Dr. Cramer," answered a second voice; "plenty of time."

"Heavens, they're coming around on this side! Cunningham suddenly realized the brilliancy of the moonlight. Recognition would be certain. "Here, Ferris, quick! Climb up and hide in here, quick!"

Swung vigorous hold of the girl he swung her up to the open door of the



"Poor Little Girl," He Muttered.

empty car, whither he speedily followed.

Creeping noiselessly into the shadow, they waited, fearing to breathe, for the two professors to pass the yard issued loud, leisurely grunts. Presently Dr. Cramer spoke again, this time within the hearing of the door of their hiding place.

"If you do not mind, Prof. Bowers, he said, "I should like to wait and watch them pick up this car."

Cunningham arose to take an involuntary peep at the "wait car was meant when there was a terrific crash which jolted them from his feet he knew. Scrambling up, he groped about in the gloom for the girl. The crash had begun to more rapidly by the time he had found her and raised her to her feet. Grasping her arm, he hurried toward the door. With a second collision, harder, it seemed, than the first, brought them groveling to the hard, jolting floor.

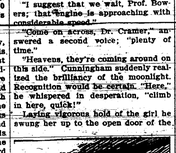
A second time Cunningham, like truth, arose, but with extreme caution. Getting upon his knees, he reached forth his hands for his companion. She was quite near and trembling violently. Fear motion of the car grew slower and finally stopped.

"Come," he urged, getting to his feet and trying to lift her. "We can get out now."

"I'm afraid!" she cried, making no effort to rise. The next moment the car jerked violently, and with loud clanking and jolts, began jolting slowly over the rails.

"We must jump! he shouted above the noise, dragging her to the door.

"No!" she screamed, terrified, "I'm afraid!"



"Poor Little Girl," He Muttered.

"Tearing herself from his grasp, she sank down in the patch of moonlight that shone in through the open door. Cunningham drew place in her lap. Cunningham's impulse was to drop her to the ground by main force, but when he by hold upon her shaking shoulders what he actually did was to drop cross-legged beside her and lift her golden, curly head until it rested upon his shoulder, holding it there while the train continued to gain speed and the complaining rattle and clank grew into a furious roar.

"Poor little girl," he muttered remorsefully. "What an awful scrape I've got you into."

He knew that she could not hear him in the midst of that hideous din, but as if in mute testimony to his words, she held up two small palms, scratched and bleeding.

"Oh, my darling!" In his pain and regret the words slipped out unheeded. Finding a handkerchief, he tore it in strips and awkwardly wound the pieces about her hands. Then, there being no other way to secure the bandages, he laid one palm upon the other and held them so. During this operation it was necessary for Miss Ferris to sit up in the jolting, swaying car unsupported, but when, upon finishing the task, Cunningham again slipped his arm about her shoulders and drew her head to its former position, she made no resistance.

A wonderful idea occurred to him. A blazing, beautiful idea.

"Sylvia," he stammered, as rapidly as the beating of his heart would permit, "there's a jolly good way out of this for us if you—if you'll marry me." He trembled before his own audacity and reeled his burning cheek an instant against the cool softness of her hair, forgetting the road that reduced his words to mere, fluttering breaths.

Sylvia lifted her head. Cunningham saw her lips moving and bent still her lashes swept his face, but still he doubted that he heard aright.

"What is that awful smell?" she repeated, finally making herself audible.

"Phosphate!" he shouted in answer, relieving his discomfiture by strength of lung. "It's fertilizer!"

The train stopped sooner than he had expected, but at a lonely water tank without visible light or habitation.

"No escape here," he reported, looking down the pebbly slope of an embankment which fell away from the door of their prison full thirty feet.

"Oh, dear, that horrible odor," sighed the girl.

Cunningham struck a match. The car was empty but for themselves and the small of the fertilizer which essayed their kind.

"Sylvia, I love you! Will you be the wife of Cunningham swindler? Come, I'm desperate. Climb in here, quick!"

"Poor Little Girl," He Muttered.

"Sylvia's voice rose to a high note of astonishment.

"Is it so distasteful to you?" he asked, affecting a coolness he did not feel. Then, resenting himself and taking the bandaged hands:

"I have been trying for two years to muster up courage to propose to you. You must have seen how hard hit I am."

"You never said anything."

"I'm saying it now; and—you care a little, don't you, Sylvia? It's the best way."

Sylvia neither answered nor shrank from his embrace.

"I have no job, you know this train is going to be confished, "but we shall come to a town before long, that's certain. Minister and witnesses are easily found. You have no parents to consult, nor have I, and neither of us is a minor. Sylvia, darling, we will come back and tell Prexy all about it. Hell stand for it, I think; he's a fine fellow." he finished slowly.

Sylvia began to cry, silently at first then a little harder.

"We shall not our diplomas, I just know," she sobbed, snuggling her cheek against his vest pocket in a rather comfortable manner, nevertheless.

"What is a piece of old sheepskin, anyway?" he challenged, "compared with our having each other?"

"I don't know, Mr. Cunningham," very reproachfully.

"Call me 'Tom,' dear."

"Tom," more tremulously. "Still then, with a nervous giggle, "dear."

The locomotive, having drunk its fill—now pounded on with loud, triumphant toots and scouring puffs of exultation, bearing its blissful cargo into the golden unknown.

God Will Be God For All That

By REV. F. FISCHER
Pastor Second Presbyterian Church

Text.—Thus did God render the wickedness of Abimelech—and all the evil of men of Sechem did God render upon their heads.—Judges 9:56, 59.

Our text reads, "Thus did God render the wickedness of Abimelech—and all the evil of the men of Shechem did God render upon their heads."

"The mills of the gods grind slow but they grind exceedingly small," History keeps on repeating this truth. Back of all the mystery of human deeds is the ruling of a mighty hand. Abimelech learned this to his sorrow. He had gained his throne by murder and ruled with hands dred in blood. But evil hunts for the wicked to overthrow him. One of his own number conspired for his ruin and the story of his fall by a stone hurled from a woman's hand is graphically told in this chapter. Our text merely gives the reason why: "God will be God for all that." is here rounded forth in words that can not die.

"Let us learn first that God rules over all and no wrong shall ever go unpunished. All dealings with men have also their deal with God. There are three parties to every transaction, God, myself and my brother man and none can be left out. In wronging my brother I wrong God and the wrong shall not go unrequited. History repeat this story over and over. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Abimelech was no exception. The blood of his brethren "cried unto God" crying out for vengeance. His ruin was inevitable. This truth needs added emphasis today. Many are trying to wealth by means foul or fair, regardless of law either that of man or God. Men are trying to become a day of reckoning, not only from men, but God Himself shall set right wrongs. Vengeance may be slow, but it is nevertheless sure.

The crime of murder is fast on the increase. Statistics show that a large per cent of the murders go free. But there is yet a eternal Judge from whose bar no guilty one shall escape.

Then again our text shows how men reap what they sow. Abimelech had gained his throne by murdering all who stood in his way and now he falls by a murderer's hand. "He that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." A life of sin must end in a life of shame. A man's conduct always comes back to him. Jacob deceived his father and in his old age was deceived in row of decent and falsehood at the hands of his eleven sons. The man who sows wild oats in his youth must surely reap loss and ruin at the swindler's hand.

Note also that God carries on His purpose despite the sin of those entrusted with power. God will still be God after all, and He is the last one with whom we must reckon. We shall find in the end that His purpose is thwart His plan. Our resistance shall only become our ruin. Abimelech slew his seventy brothers, hoping to right and error shall not stand. That man or nation that persists in wrong doing God shall have made and it shall fall. We call ours a great nation and it is, but we have some grievous sins against God and humanity. Our nation is fast leaving God out and has little regard for His eternal law. We often gard for His eternal law. We often weigh with a false weight and sell with a false measure. Right is often changed to suit the occasion while men in high place set up false standards. Let us be sure that all this grain and greed and wrong shall become our undoing for we are dealing with God as well as with man. If we continue to resist God's law we shall find that we are the destroyer to rise up in our midst, and though we fall His purpose shall go onward.

Then, again, I think this text clearly teaches that God will most surely care for those who trust Him. He will never let them be forsaken. In the end our cause shall triumph because it is God's cause. Not so much that we are on God's side, but rather because we are on the side that God upholds and makes in His cause. We will care for us though all else shall fail. Though like Elijah, we seem all alone, God's word shall hold and shall stand stay. While we trust and obey time the cross of oil shall not fail me. And the bread be exhausted. "Let us learn that God rules over all the world. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ."

Does the Front of Your Coat Keep Looking Like This?

YOU know the unsightly break in the front of most coats. It often appears after a few days' wear, giving the coat a tired, dejected appearance and spoiling its shape. You never can press it back.

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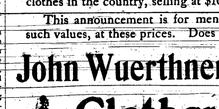

Skunks Out of Season.

If you are harboring a skunk on your premises you'd better look up you local skunk law. It seems there are certain things you can't do relative to the possession of a skunk, even though you are treating him well. That is to say, you can't go as far as you like. We always supposed the skunk able to take care of himself, but it seems that the laws of New York have stepped in to assist him. Our Henry Guernsey of Geneseo has been arrested and fined for having skunks in his possession out of season. Hen said he s'posed a skunk was a skunk any old time of year, and if he wanted to run a little skunk farm on the side, s'posed he had a perfect right to. Hen compromised, and let the skunks go, but the neighbors, who are wearing clothes pins on their noses, say they wish the durn law would mind its own business.—Boston Herald.

Celluloid Crystals for Watches.

Celluloid has been put to many uses, but the latest is the manufacture of a watch crystal. It is claimed that it will not break. Anyone who has carelessly let his watch fall and has mournfully picked up the best pieces of the broken glass crystal fly in a hundred different directions can realize what a comprehensive boon celluloid will be to all the Germans are responsible for the new use of celluloid. They have made it a little more than glass, but are proving popular because they are so much more durable. Thousands are now in use upon the higher grades of watches, but great numbers of the cheaper timepieces made by the German manufacturers are being fitted with them.

Defect in American Law.

In a letter published in the Syracuse Post-Standard, former Ambassador Andrew D. White speaks vigorously on the subject of "the chicanery, pettifoggery and folly in the defense of criminals." He says that "homicides have increased within fifty years, from two thousand a year to ten thousand, placing us by far in the lead of all civilized nations in this respect," and that there were capital convictions in only about a thousand of these homicides. "The immediate cause of the whole of this state of lawlessness, with consequent disrepute, is, I believe, in my opinion," adds Mr. White, "a kind of sickly sentiment pervading the whole country on this subject."

A remarkable accident happened on a recent Sunday afternoon at Stevenston, Scotland. A number of children were having a walk through the old churchyard and two of them started running round a tombstone on the side of the hill, next to Stevenston Burn. The stone, which is a very old one, seemed to have been pushed by one of the children, and it toppled over, striking Mary McLaugan, a girl standing at the foot of the hill, and killing her to the ground. The other children raised an alarm, and some workmen who were in a neighbor field found the girl still beneath the stone. It took four men to raise the tombstone, which was found to be 6 feet 3 in and about eight feet long. To the amazement of all, the girl was found to have been only slightly injured, but the soft soil and grass is believed to have prevented her being killed outright.

Lunch in South.

"New to me," said a traveler lately returned from the South, "but in the south, "was the lunch table on wheels that they push alongside the trains there for the accommodation of hungry in the cars. We saw one of these at a station in North Carolina. Filled with cakes and pies and sandwiches and so on. At a station where there is no dining room on the train it does no harm to stop and buy something which he had been told by a negro boy. Adams, Jefferson and Beaufort streets. Office Hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 1 and 5 to 8 p. m.

Improving Grades.

There never was a better time for the consumer. The improvement in the grade of cattle kept on the farm. Beef interest animals are cheap, and a good profit can be had for a small amount of money.

Uncle Allen.

"Gentle, persuasive methods are the best," said Uncle Allen. Sparks. "If you want to accomplish anything the most is worth while. You can catch more fleas in a molasses barrel than in one afternoon than you can get sweat in a year."

One of Life's Finest Triumphs.

It is a beautiful thing to model a statue and give it life; to mold an image of marble and breathe into it a soul; to make it more beautiful.—Victor Hugo.

Skunks Out of Season.

A FREE Prescription ADVICE

From a physician of 25 years' experience in colleges, sanatoriums and general practice. Weak, nervous men and women, regain their lost vigor quickly and easily by the use of this prescription. It acts like magic in the case of any disease or disorder of a nervous nature, and in all other cases it gives the patient a fair chance to recover health. It has cured many hopeless cases. Sent free in plain sealed envelope that you can use without anyone knowing it. Address, Dr. Ward, 1139 Shoreham Building, Washington, D. C.

A W. Adams Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Read Somewhat Peculiar.

"That there is not much in a name after all was proved amusingly a day or so ago, says the Philadelphia Times, when a gentleman from Texas received a postal from his son and daughter-in-law saying: "We have arrived safely in Hell, but it's not as hot as you would expect. More than that," continued the postcard, "it's as easy to get out of as to get into." The news came as quite a surprise to the man, as, knowing his son and daughter-in-law, he scarcely pictured them on their way to the infernal regions. It turns out, however, that Hell is a village in Norway of 1,388 inhabitants and is in novelse a rival to its namesake. The postcard, not so much to declares the recipient of the news, "if he only hadn't sent it on a postcard."

Safe Game.

He may have been to be polite, but there can be no question that he actually did a very rude thing. He was playing cribbage with a friend. Two women entered, and seeing at seats stood. The gentleman, who sat between the two, rose and bowed, and said, "I give my seat to the elder of these two ladies."

neither moved. A move to take the seat, but each glanced at the other in a haughty manner, as much as to say, "Sit down, yourself."

"Is neither madame," said the Frenchman, bowing to one lady, "nor madame," bowing to the other. "Then I shall have to resume my seat."—Youth's Companion.

Labor That Aids the World.

It is true that all wealth comes from labor, but not necessarily from that which is useful to the world. The world have added inestimably to its development. It was a portrait painter who produced the photograph, college professor who produced the telephone, and the list might be extended indefinitely. We have to do that today, with all our indulgence in rest and play, that we remember that it is the unselfish labor, whether it be whatever kind which makes man better and helps along the world to the millennial dawn.—Weekly Bulletin.

Association Elects Officers.

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Livingstone is Delegate.

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Mot Race is On in National Guard.

"Who will be the next adjutant general of the Michigan National Guard? This question is being asked with a good deal of interest, in a state where there is a National Guard company, and from appearances it is beginning to look as if Colonel Frank McCarthy of Grand Rapids will succeed himself.

The Second infantry, which General Morris, the present adjutant general, indorsed him solidly, as has the Third Infantry, recommended by Col. George H. Sherwood, of Coldwater. In the First infantry, the two companies located in Jackson and the companies in the Ann Arbor district, comprising the Second battalion, have also intentioned the governor-elect for the retention of the present adjutant general; so has battery A of Lansing and the signal corps located in Ypsilanti.

Get Ready for Xmas Trade. Ste. Marie, whose three-year term as commander of the Michigan brigade ends with the year, is still anxious for the job that he will be the next adjutant-general, and is said to be collecting information and assistance generally of a political and business character.

Smallpox Cases Still Increase.

The smallpox situation at Saginaw continues to be most favorable, report the board of health, and the board of health. Two of these cases have been under quarantine, and the remainder have been recently recovered. In the other, two the attack is very mild.

Local health officers declare that never in the history of the world has smallpox been combated as strenuously as in this city, and in this claim they have the backing of President McLean of the state board of health and Dr. F. J. Shumway, its secretary.

Kazoo Officials Look for Clash.

Officials of Kalamazoo are expecting a clash when members of the state railroad commission come to Kalamazoo to hold a hearing on the local depot case. City officials of Kalamazoo accuse the commission of attempting to shift the responsibility for the crossing of the Grand East Main street crossing. Press dispatches from Lansing say that members of the commission were told by the city officials to let the crossing alone.

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Suit Begun Under Roosevelt.

The Tennessee suit against the Standard Oil company of Indiana, one of a number of federal attacks made on corporate laws to be instituted on the government's behalf by the Roosevelt administration, and the line of prosecution followed in a number of other similar suits, the case in which a $29,000,000 fine was imposed by Judge Kenesaw M. Landis in Chicago, only to be set aside by the federal court of appeals, in the indictment as framed by the Tennessee grand jury the Standard of Indiana was charged on 1,524 counts with shipping its product from Whiting, Ind., to the southeast, at rates less than the published and filed schedules.

The same question came up as to what the basis of the unit of offense should be that confronted the court in the Chicago case and in the case of Judge McCall, having in mind the discussions which were held in Chicago, decided that the number of shipments represented by the transactions indicated would be considered the number of offenses.

Asked a Fine of $30,000,000.

The government sought to have assessed penalties aggregating $30,000,000. There were only forty-six payments shown to have been made, however, the other 1,478 being made in covering the disputed shipments, and the ruling that a payment should constitute the unit of offense reduced the possible maximum fine to $920,000, and foreshadowed the failure of the suit.

Company Alleged to Have Received Freight Concessions in Violation of Elkins Act—Government Sought to Assess $30,000,000 Fine.

Jackson, Tenn., Nov. 18.—Judge John E. McCall of the United States district court instructed the jury in the case of the government against the Standard Oil company of Indiana, to return a verdict of not guilty.

Judge McCall sustained the contention of counsel for the defendant that the United States had failed to prove the allegations set forth in the indictment.

The oil company has been on trial for a week charged with receiving freight rate concessions in violation of the so-called Elkins law.

Suit Against Under Roosevelt.

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

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Entered at Manchester, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

Manchester

In the southwest corner of Washtenaw County, 20 miles from Ann Arbor, the County Seat and University City; 25 miles from Ypsilanti and the Normal school; 9 miles from Chelsea, the Stimson Stone City; 8 miles from Stockbridge, 10 miles from Gregory.

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Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 183 F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Saturday Evening on or before full moon. Visiting brothers are invited. FRANK E. JACKSON, W. M. Em. E. Root, Secretary.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 95 R. A. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday Evening on or before each full moon. Visiting companions cordially welcome. FRED E. SPAFARD, H. P. Em. E. Root, Secretary.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL NO. 24 R. & S. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday Evening on or before full moon. Visiting Masters cordially invited. WM. D. BLOSSER, T. I. M. C. W. Case, Recorder.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 10 O. E. S. meets at Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Visiting members are invited.

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7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 1 and 5 to 8 p. m.

C. E. KAPP.
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ENTERPRISE

CHILDREN'S BUREAU PREPARES CAMPAIGN

IMPROVEMENT AIMED AT A YEAR AGO NOT OBTAINED.

FOR MORE BINDING MEASURE

Closer Relation Between the Working Paper Proposition and the School System Desired for Safeguarding of Children.

Lansing.—The new children's bureau of Detroit is preparing to inaugurate a vigorous campaign for a new child labor law in Michigan. At the meeting of the bureau at Detroit, Chairman Fred M. Butzel was empowered to appoint a committee to draft either a new law or an amendment to the present one so that alleged laxity whereby many children who ought to be in school are now granted working papers, shall be eliminated and the authority of the board of education to grant such preliminary investigations restored.

"Unquestionably the administration of the child labor law in Detroit today is better than the law itself," declared Fred M. Butzel. "A closer relation between the working paper proposition and the school system is very much desired for the safeguarding of children."

"The improvement aimed at in the amendment of the child labor law of last year was not made, but was not intended for the reason that those pushing the amendment failed to work in harmony with the employers of labor in the state," said Rev. Myron Adams. "The result is that the amended law as it stands today is worse than the original enactment. The old law provided that the preliminary investigation on which working permits were to be issued should be conducted by the educational authorities. The new law is so worded that the preliminary investigation is now conducted by factory inspectors. That this is unwise and dangerous to the interests of the recent revelations of factory conditions in this city as regards child labor and sanitary regulations.

"One weakness of the law in Michigan lies in a clause which permits children to go to work if they think their work is necessary for the support of the family. Here is where much laxity creeps in."

It is likely that the findings of the special child labor committee of the children's bureau will be turned over to the special legislation committee of the Detroit Council of Charities of Detroit, which is now organized to "lobby" for up-to-date social legislation at Lansing.

In addition to overhauling the child labor law, the children's bureau is planning to investigate the administration of the mothers' pension law, relating to the age and condition of children. Complaints have come into the bureau from parents to the effect that this ordinance is not being properly enforced.

State in Panic Over Smallpox.

"I think the smallpox situation is much improved," said Dr. F. J. Shumway, secretary of the state board of health, today. "There is no panic in Saginaw. The state is in a regular panic over smallpox. Most of the excessive messages at those points are from those who fear that they have the epidemic in hand.

"There will be more or less cases throughout the winter, but if the people vaccinate and observe the proper quarantine regulations, I do not look for any more serious outbreaks anywhere.

"The people are in a panic now, but they will take the necessary precautions. I suppose it will be safer to protect all localities from any such alarm as Saginaw and Lapeer are enjoying."

At the request of President Hutchins of the university—Doctor Shumway is notifying the officials not to bring passengers from Saginaw, Lapeer and Flint to Ann Arbor to the football game.

I am informed that the electric car service between Saginaw and Bay City will shortly be resumed, he said. "The city of Saginaw is taking every precaution and I am sure that it will succeed in stamping it. If people will take hold and help protect themselves, rather than indulge in panic, they will be safe.

"At Battle Creek Doctor Shumway was reported to have declared his belief that smallpox is spreading in Michigan. Doctor Shumway declared that he must have been a misunderstanding. The city authorities of Battle Creek are doing everything in their power and that he does not expect a state-wide epidemic.

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