

SEEMED PLEADING FOR LIFE

Manchester Enterprise
Published Thursday, Manchester, Mich.Three Brothers Have
Birthday April 1st

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Jack, Bob, and Russell O'Brien, sons of Sergeant and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, celebrated their birthdays Wednesday with three birthday cakes. Jack's cake had five candles, Bob's had three, while little Russell's had but one. Probably in no other home in the country could a parallel case be found—three sons, all having the same natal day and birthdays exactly two years apart.

MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

Seven horses were burned to death in the fire which destroyed the Lon Parkhurst livery barn at Hillside. The loss is \$7,000.

Five horses, originally appointed to Port Huron for a campaign to obtain \$500 members, were appointed to Bay City. Business men's association of Port Huron for a campaign to obtain \$500 members.

Mrs. C. E. Miller, 85, widow of one of the oldest "circuit riders" in north central Michigan, died Saturday morning at her home in Cadillac.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed a garage at 1000 N. 60th street, along with farm implements on the farm of Rudolph Engel near Greenwood.

Bonding propositions to come up in Huron county for spring election for good roads are—Austin—township \$15,000; Cassville, township \$5,000.

The officials of Saginaw, have appointed a committee of 500 business men to raise \$100,000 for a campaign to nominate a bond issue to be voted on May 10.

Judge Wiener has denied the petition of William A. Kerner that the city of Flint be restrained from paying \$11,200 for 16 voting machines.

Karl Gutz, at the University of Michigan, has been appointed by President Wilson's commission to correlate research work in this country.

John Gray, dropped dead when his horse went through the ice on the streets near the stage door of the theater from Lees' Chesaau, found the body and rescued the horse.

Class day honors have been announced in part by the faculty at Saginaw. D. Stanley Coors, of Bell's New York, was the most popular student.

John Gray, 16, the school boy who shot down and killed Mrs. K. M. Johnson, the widow of a former mayor of Fairland, was sentenced to life imprisonment in Jackson by Judge

B. Edgerman at St. Joseph Monday. The twenty-first annual session of the Michigan grain council, under the chair of the Saginaw, will be held at Saginaw June 11 to 13. Hotel accommodations have been provided for 2,500 delegates.

Officers of the Michigan Farmers' Union, who were before the superior court, have upheld the decision of the circuit court judge that the company is liable to taxation and must pay its back taxes to the state.

Those who stole an automobile from John Doyle at Kalamazoo lost their way and drove into a ditch. To elude the officers they turned out the black signal lights on the Michigan Central, and the freight train and made their escape.

Luke Piz, a striking miner, who has been at L'Anse, Baraga county, on the charge of having murdered Deputy Sheriff J. C. Moore, of Alpena county, was found dead Saturday. The case was transferred to Baraga county on a charge of perjury.

The college of engineering at Lansing, the only agricultural building in the country, has been spared, and the state board of agriculture has taken steps to prevent it instead of having it as a new landmark, in which so many have a common sentimental interest, razed and engaged in agricultural experiment work.

George Kerin, 35, of Auburn, is at his home suffering from injuries suffered when a ton of iron and dirt fell on him Saturday. Kerin, a carpenter, was bending over in the mine when the roof caved in. Miners say that it is remarkable that none of the 100 men were broken. Fellow miners dug him out.

Statistics at the Michigan Agricultural college show that 40 per cent of the agricultural students return to the farms and 45 per cent take positions with agricultural colleges in college and high school, or engage in agricultural experiment work.

A temporary injunction has been issued restraining the Citizens' Telephone company of Cadillac, from raising rates for telephone service. The court has ordered the company to show cause on April 20 why the injunction should not be issued. The rates are now \$1.50 and \$2.40.

The Best Way

To advertise your town and bring people to it is to advertise in the ENTERPRISE. People will not come here to look at you without some inducement being offered.

County Roads

Edgar Enterprise.—As you have said something in favor of the construction of building special roads, few words in opposition may be excusable.

We have heard much about favoring special interests. Was there ever a plainer case of it than in this system?

A little dog, unlicensed, had been found in the streets and taken to the pound. He was an affectionate animal, and the people about the place. They called him Chum, and he joyfully responded whenever his name was spoken. As whenever his name was spoken. As he was put to death. Finally came Chum's last day of grace, and no one had come to claim him.

The next day he was found, and the man who was to kill Chum called him the little dog. Chum danced and wagged his tail, no doubt thinking something good was in store for him. The man said, "Well, Chum, your time has come. You'd better say your prayers."

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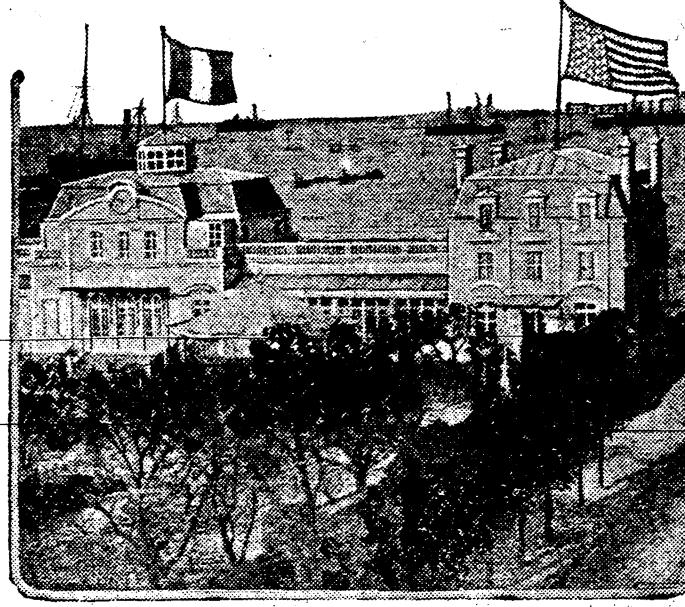
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LANDING IN CHERBOURG



CHERBOURG HARBOR

IT was a decidedly novel experience to be landed in the quaint old town of Cherbourg with a goodly company of "ship acquaintances." It was decidedly novel to find ourselves stranded in a strange land without a cent of French money and with a very limited knowledge of the French language. We were careful not to attempt to speak schoolgirl French, even though none of the drivers of hotel conveyances (or the great crowds of curious onlookers who had hurried down to meet the tourists) responded in the affirmative to the oft-repeated query, "Speak English?"

The experience proved quite as interesting as it was novel, however, providing helpful suggestions for future travels and for other travelers, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, writing from Paris, says. We were safely fortified with a good pocket edition of a French dictionary and travelers' checks on the Bank of England, and our great enjoyment was to visit out-of-the-way places and to encounter novel experiences and unusual adventures in strange lands.

While we knew that it would be to our advantage to secure a quantity of French money from the purser of our steamship, we were not at all alarmed when told that we were too late in soliciting the exchange for American money. An unusual number of tourists had decided to land at Cherbourg, and the purse of French money had been exhausted long before the majority had been supplied. Knowing that a number of the most pleasing of our ship acquaintances had decided to land at Cherbourg, we anticipated many comrades being in the same penniless state; some of whom could assist us in quickly finding an "English-speaking hotel" where our checks could be exchanged for the coin of the realm.

Wanted to Remain in Cherbourg.

Imagine our consternation when, after the tedious delay of passing through the custom inspection, our ship's acquaintances were seen to scramble for the "steamer train" that would take them to Paris, free of course, calling upon us in the mean time not to be left.

But that steamer train was the very thing that we did not want then. We had been told, of course, that by catching it we could save the expense of the passage from Cherbourg to Paris at a later date. But the descriptions of quaint and interesting old Cherbourg had found us eager listeners.

Cherbourg hospitality in the form of hotel accommodations was then the first consideration. The numerous hotel hackmen—we did not take the trouble to ascertain what they were called in French language—jabbered on the merits of their respective hosteries in an unknown tongue. After repeated questioning along the line had convinced us that not one of the drivers could speak English we at last resorted to the little dictionary and on pointing to the word hotel and adding the important "speak English," a few "ou!" informed us that at last our wants were understood.

The hotel selected at random (by selecting the first hackman who seemed sufficiently intelligent to understand our wants) proved to be one of the best in Cherbourg, at rates considerably lower than at the decidedly commonplace hotels of American cities. A few smiles, a willingness to be pleased and a generous scattering of centimes (a coin that seemed ridiculously small to us, as it represents only one-fifth of our cent) would in-

HAVE AN OBJECT IN LIFE

Writer Points Out How Its Possession Is Sure to Have an Uplift-
ing Effect.

To have an object in life is to know the fullest life one can possibly know. It means the development, the deepening of one's whole life, the employment of every faculty. It means a glorious freedom, a going straight on to one's object, a thousand new interests branching and growing in quite unexpected places. It means a straightening, a bracing, a knitting together one's whole forces, a throwing out of every waste thought or employment, for everything must be made conducive to the end in view. So, through the years, a constant striving onward deepens and broadens one's whole life. And the child, or man or woman, who might have lived and died a momentary or even a menace to others, has become a strong post, a stronghold on which others may lean and grow strong.

Yes, an object in life is a wonderful

sure the most prompt and obliging service.

The quaint, high-seated conveyance, with its silent driver, shook and jolted us over the rough cobble streets, past marvelous fortifications and wide "basins of commerce" with curious vessels dotting their expansive waters, past the arsenal, to the "Grand Hotel De L'Aigle et D'Angleterre." Although this hotel, a splendidly equipped six-story building, had quick and efficient service from smiling handmaids and everything that heart could desire in the form of delicious French cooking, served in a charming old French dining room, we were surprised to find that all these accommodations did not include "English spoken" to any great extent.

Hotel Man Forgot His English.

It is true the smiling, lordly person who hurried to greet us as we entered and who immediately became the obsequious landlord, especially eager to please, on noting that his guests were American tourists, proudly announced that "I, Henri Zoppi, proprietor, speak English." But his English proved rather questionable when we immediately requested that the £5 travelers' check on the Bank of England be changed into \$25 worth of French money, including the small coins necessary for the numerous tips required. Being acquainted in advance with the coins and knowing the value of the franc, the sou and the centime, we thought there would be no difficulty in understanding his broken English, but when, after signing and handing over our traveler's check, we were presented with a large square piece of indigo blue paper, with the remark that it represented "un bunnen faung," we were nonplussed for a moment. But when the franc and five franc pieces and the numerous sous and centimes were counted and found to represent \$5 of American money we realized that the blue paper represented 100 francs, or a \$20 bill.

This proved to be only one of many instances where the "English spoken" was of doubtful quality. Later, when we became accustomed to the pronunciation, we found that at every hotel and restaurant, even in the little country towns and the delightfully quaint villages out of the usual line of travel, there was no difficulty in finding people with whom we could readily converse by the aid of our handy pocket dictionary.

German Mission in New Guinea.

The Neuendettelsauer mission had at the beginning of this year in Kaiser Wilhelm Land, New Guinea, 16 mission stations, with a plantation and a sawing plant; 26 missionaries, 17 lady missionaries, nine merchants. Of these, 35 are native workers. Its congregational membership is 3,553. Pupils in the different schools, 1,333; inquirers, 1,290. The contributions of the native Christians amounted to 169,752 marks.

Artistic Forgers at Work.
Damascus, where once much fine enameled glassware was made, is now the seat of many forgeries, so cleverly done that many dealers have been deceived. Some of the pieces sold for as much as \$500. Arabic glazed pottery has become extremely rare, is much sought after, and choice pieces command high prices.

Helpful Husband.
Newly-Wed Husband (fresh from the altar)—"Excuse me taking the liberty, sir, but do you happen to know of any place where my wife could get a little charging to do?"—Punch.

uplift. It will make out of the most worthless man or woman a character deep, noble, worthy. It will cause forces to be set in motion, drawing, as it were, with cords of mighty strength, the souls of the persons to whom that deep purpose in life is either given or taken. From far and wide will the necessary helps throng to aid that object on, a thousand subtle influences, growing and deepening like the network of roots of a noble tree, will be at work, all striving to give that soul the aid it needs to attain its life's object—Mary Yeates.

Historic Trowel.
James K. Hackett has presented the Players' club the trowel with which his father, the late James Henry Hackett, laid the corner stone of the old Booth theater and the corner stone of the first statue of Shakespeare ever erected in this country, which stands on the Mall in Central Park. This trowel will be used by the players to lay the corner stone of the Booth memorial statue shortly to be erected in Gramercy Park.

TWO 1907 TIGERS REMAIN IN THE FOLD



"Wild Bill" Donovan.

There wasn't a single Tiger signed with the Detroit club this spring when the advance squad of the pitching staff began work who helped win the Tigers' first American league pennant in 1907.

The old gang that pitched and pounded (mostly pounded) out the first Tiger flag is scattered all over the semi-pro games occasionally in the summer time.

Davey Jones, Edgar Willett and George Mullin are Federals. Davey went from Detroit to Toledo, then to the Pittsburgh Federals. Willett has signed with the St. Louis Federals and Mullin with Indianapolis.

Jerry Downs is in the American association, with Indianapolis. John Eu-

banks has been lost sight of.

Charlie O'Leary dropped from the Tigers to Indianapolis and then went up to the St. Louis Cardinals. They released him to San Francisco.

Ed Killian, southpaw extraordinary, and Siever, another pitcher, are both in Detroit, retired. Killian burst into the semi-pro games occasionally in the summer time.

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Freddie Payne, catcher, who was death on left-handed pitchers when he was backstopping and clouting for the Detroit gang, is managing the Syracuse club of the New York State league.

Bill Coughlin, third baseman, is manager of the Allentown (Pa.) team in the Tri-State league. He is still a close friend of the Tiger management. He was one of the three men designated as members of the Tigers' own agricultural college or farming station, or whatever you wish to call it, last sea-

son.

Jim Archer, catcher, is with the Cubs. He would have been with the Tigers more formidable about the time that he was released from Detroit. He was one of the men on whom the wrong guess was made.

Herman Schaefer, second baseman, is with the Washington club, more as a comedian and coach than as a player, although he pinch hits once in a while.

Tom Jones, first baseman, is with the Milwaukee club, and he seems des-

igned to be a fair ball (not easy to detect) were numerous, and the umpire's voice was big.

"A Chicago 'Sox' hit the ball out of the ground among the people. This was loudly cheered.

The baserunning in the Chicago third inning was quite exciting—a series of man hunts. A skier was well caught, and a 'Giant' went in. These linnings are quick affairs. A hit behind the front line of the diamond is a foul, and does not count. There were plenty of these when the ball was not hit true. This was due to the swerving.

"Another great hit out of the ground gave New York a run.

"Many high hits were made and the catching of these was excellent.

"The catchers of the 'Giants' made a wonderful catch of a slopped ball. Next hit the batter was out by quick base throwing. A long hit was neatly fielded and sent in by the policeman on point duty at the end of the ground.

It was not so scientific a throw as was the American. The throwing is exquisite, artistic and strong and as accurate as rifle shooting. It goes on

all over the diamond from base to base.

"The racing between the fielders and the runners was most interesting. One fine smack—a low drive—went past the pitcher and scored an easy base.

"Stealing bases was very pretty work. The men at the bases were like cats one moment and greyhounds the next."

Appointment for Horne.

W. H. Horne, the famous English professional golf player, has been appointed to the Durban club, South Africa. Horne, who is thirty-three years of age, is probably the biggest player in the professional ranks of Great Britain, for he stands over six feet high, and is powerfully built. His greatest achievement was the driving of a ball 28 yards in North Berwick in 1904—the greatest distance on record. Horne holds many records and will be remembered as the "masked golfer" who created such a stir in this country some time ago.

Clarke Griffiths his Infeld is the best defensively in the American league.

The Washington infielders are Gandil, Morgan, McBride and Foster.

President Hedges of the St. Louis Browns has let the contract for replacing the present wooden bleachers at the Browns' park with structures of concrete.

Three Cleveland players—Hyde Barr, Buddy Ryan and Jack Knight, were all born on the same day of the year, namely, October 6. Quite a coincidence.

Big Jeff Overall, one-time star pitcher of the champion Cubs, has announced that he will not appear in a uniform in the Pacific Coast league this season.

Manager Huggins believes that his young hurler, Neithaus, will make good in the big leagues.

The directors of the Texas league have issued a life pass to Governor Colquitt. It is to be made of solid gold and of a size suitable to be worn as a watch charm.

Plan College Soccer League.

The colleges and universities of the Pacific northwest are planning the formation of an intercollegiate soccer league.

BASEBALL IN ENGLAND

SPORTING EDITOR GIVES HIS IDEA OF AMERICAN GAME.

Briton's Conception of Recent Contest Between Giants and White Sox Grotesque—Admiration for Work of Players.

An article in the London Pall Mall Gazette shows what an English sporting writer thinks of the game between the Giants and White Sox, played in London just before the world tourists returned to this country. It follows, in part:

"An hour's punting about preceded the real business. This is the custom. Now and then a batter hit out, and it was extraordinary what power there is behind the thin cylindrical club.

"The 'diamond' was marked out so that the batter's box was in front of the royal box, and the pitcher faced the king's eyes. An army of photographers dodged the balls of the practicing Giants. The 'bases' are white cushions.

"The field was much worn and sawdust was plentifully sprinkled to give footwork its proper chance. So much depends on this, especially in the fielding. The movements of the men are a revelation. The pitcher starts with hands together high over his head. Then he raises one leg and bends over, then the whole body swings forward as the ball is thrown.

"The pace is greater at times than that of our fastest bowlers, at times slower than the slowest. The batter is practically ambidextrous, so well do his arms and shoulders work together. He has great control over placing the ball and over the pace of his hit.

"The fielders, with their huge mitts on the left hand, are like trained panthers. To catch to transfer to right hand and throw is the work of an instant, and all smooth. Their footwork is surely the last word in footwork and quickness of eye and hand.

"The White Sox played a little preliminary game for three minutes, in which their mascot, a little fellow of five years, was 'batter' and scored a run.

"The king arrived at 3:55 o'clock. The crowd lined up, and there was a great royal demonstration.

"The Chicago took the field, and the first 'Giant' wielded the bat. Mr. Klein, the umpire, with his head in a visor, stood behind the catcher.

"The second hit of the left-handed batter was caught in longfield. The second batter got to first base, the ball hitting the catcher's face—a mighty smack. The pitcher, after out-

ing the next man, tried to out the first base, a fine hit, which was caught on the on. The 'Giants' had scored one.

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LIFE WORTH WHILE

Existence of Service, Sacrifice and Love Hereafter to Be Well Rewarded.

It Indicates Fresh Hopes and Renewed Buoyancy of Spirit.

SPRING FEVER

IS HEALTHY

How wonderfully tight the spring wanderlust for the countryside grips one!

Spring fever, with all of its healthfulness, is the harbinger of fresh hopes and a buoyancy of spirit.



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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CHAPTER I.

March Comes in Like the Lion.

The train, which had roared through a withering gale of sleet all the way up from New York, came to a standstill, with many an ear-splitting sigh, alongside the little station, and a reluctant porter opened his vestibule door to descend to the snow-swept platform: a solitary passenger had reached the station's end. The swirl of snow and sleet screaming out of the blackness at the end of the station building enveloped the porter in an instant, and cut his ears and neck with stinging force as he turned his back against the gale. A pair of lonely, half-obscured platform lights gleamed fatuously at the top of their icy posts at each end of the station; two or three frost-crusted windows glowed dully in the side of the building, while one shone brightly where the operator sat waiting for the passing of No. 33.

An order had been issued for the stopping of the fast express at B—, a noteworthy concession in these days of premeditated haste. Not in the previous career of flying 33 had even so much as slowed down for the insignificant little station through which it swooped at midnight the whole year round. Just before pulling out of New York on this eventful night the conductor received a command to stop 33 at B— and let down a single passenger, a circumstance which meant trouble for every dispatcher along the line.

The woman who got down at B— in the wake of the shivering but determined porter, and who passed by the conductors without lifting her face, was without hand luggage of any description. She was heavily veiled, and warmly clad in furs. At eleven o'clock that night she had entered the compartment in New York. Throughout the thirty miles or more she had sat alone and inert beside the snow-clogged window, peering through well and frost into the night that whizzed past the pane, seeing nothing yet apparently intent on all that stretched beyond. As still, as immobile as death itself she had held herself from the moment of departure to the instant that brought the porter with the word that they were whistling for B—. Without a word she arose and followed him to the vestibule, where she watched him as he unfastened the outer door and lifted the trap. A single word escaped her lips and he held out his hand to receive the crumpled bill she clutched in her gloved fingers. He did not look at it. He knew that it would amply reward him for the brief exposure he endured on the lonely, wind-swept platform of a station, the name of which he did not know.

She took several uncertain steps in the direction of the station windows and stopped, as if bewildered. Already the engine was pounding the air with quick, vicious snorts in the effort to get under way; the vestibule trap and door closed with a bang; the wheels were creaking—a bitter wind smote her in the face; the wet, hurtling sleet crashed against the thin veil, blinding her.

The door of the waiting room across the platform opened and a man rushed toward her.

"Mrs. Wrangell!" he called above the roar of the wind. She advanced quickly.

"Yes."

"What a night!" he said, as much to himself as to her. "I'm sorry you would insist on coming tonight. Tomorrow morning would have satisfied me."

"Is this Mr. Drake?"

They were being blown through the door into the waiting room as she put the question. Her voice was muffled. The man in the great fur coat put his weight against the door to close it.

"Yes, Mrs. Wrangell. I have done all that could be done under the circumstances. I am sorry to tell you that we still have two miles to go by motor before we reach the inn. My car is open—I don't possess a limousine—but if you will lie down in the tonneau you will find some protection from."

She broke in sharply, impatiently. "Pray do not consider me, Mr. Drake. I am not afraid of the blizzard."

"Then we'd better be off," said he, a note of anxiety in his voice—a certain touch of nervousness. "I drive my own car. The road is good, but I shall drive cautiously. Ten minutes, perhaps—I am sorry you thought best to brave this wretched—"

"I am not sorry for myself, Mr. Drake, but for you. You have been most kind. I did not expect you to meet me."

"I took the liberty of telephoning to you. It was well that I did it early in the evening. The wires are down now, I fear." He hesitated for a moment, staring at her as if trying to penetrate the thick, wet veil. "I may have brought you on a fool's errand. You see, I—I have seen Mr. Wrangell but once, in town somewhere, and I may be wrong. Still, the coroner—and the sheriff—seemed to think you should be notified—I might say questioned. That is why I called you up. I trust, madam, that I am mistaken."

"Yes," she said shirily, betraying the intensity of her emotion. It was as

if she lacked the power to utter more than a single word, which signified neither acquiescence nor approval.

He was ill at ease, distressed. "I have engaged a room for you at the inn, Mrs. Wrangell. You did not bring a maid, I see. My wife will come over from our place to stay with you if you—"

She shook her head. "Thank you, Mr. Drake. It will not be necessary. I came alone by choice. I shall return to New York tonight."

"But you—why, you can't do that," he cried, holding back as she started toward the door. "No trains stop here after ten o'clock. The locals begin running at seven in the morning. Be sides—"

She interrupted him. "May we not start now, Mr. Drake? I am—well, you must see that I am suffering. I must see, I must know. The suspense—". She did not complete the sentence, but hurried past him to the door, throwing it open and bending her body to the gust that burst in upon her.

He sprang after her, grasping her arm to lead her across the icy platform to the automobile that stood in the lee of the building.

Disdaining his command to enter the tonneau, she stood beside the car and waited until he cranked it and took his place at the wheel. Then she took her seat beside him and permitted him to tuck the great buffalo robe about her. No word was spoken. The man was a stranger to her. She forgot his presence in the car.

Into the thick of the storm the motor chugged. Grim and silent, the man at the wheel, ungloved, and tense, sent the whirling thing swiftly over the trackless village street and out upon the open country road. The woman closed her eyes and waited.

You would know the month was March. He said: "It comes in like a lion," but apparently the storm swallowed the words for she made no response to them.

They crossed the valley and crept up the tree-covered hill, where the force of the gale was broken. If she heard him say: "Fierce, wasn't it?" she gave no sign, but sat hunched forward, peering ahead through the snow at the blurred lights that seemed so far away and yet were close at hand.

"Is that the inn?" she asked as he swerved from the road a few moments later.

"Yes, Mrs. Wrangell. We're here." "Is he in there?"

"Where you see that lighted window upstairs?" He tooted the horn vigorously as he drew up to the long, low porch. Two men dashed out from the doorway and clumsily assisted her from the car.

"Go right in, Mrs. Wrangell," said Drake. "I will join you in a jiffy."

She walked between the two men into the feebly-lighted office of the inn. The keeper of the place, a dreary-looking person with dread in his eyes, hurried forward. She stopped, stock still. Squire one was brushing the stubborn, thickly caked snow from her long chinchia coat.

"You must let me get you something hot to drink, madam," the landlord was saying dolorously.

She struggled with her well, finally tearing it away from her face. Then she took in the rather bare, cheerful room with a slow, puzzled sweep of her eyes.

"No, thank you," she replied.

"It won't be any trouble, madam," urged the other. "It's right here. The sheriff says it's all right to serve it.

"Yes."

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"I shall not stay here tonight," interposed Mrs. Wrangell. "You need not keep the room for me."

"But, my dear Mrs. Wrangell—"

"I shall wait in the railway station until morning if necessary. But not here."

The coroner led the way to the cosy little room of the office. She followed with the sheriff. The men looked worn and haggard, in the bright light that met them, as if they had not known sleep or rest for many hours.

"The assistant district attorney was here until eleven, but went home to get a little rest. It's been a hard case for all of us—a nasty one," explained the sheriff, as he placed a chair in front of the fire for her. She sank into it limply.

"Go on, please," she murmured, and shook her head at the nervous little woman who hustled up and inquired if she could do anything to make her more comfortable.

The sheriff cleared his throat. "Well, it happened last night. All day long we've been trying to find out who he was. He gave no sign, but sat hunched forward, peering ahead through the snow at the blurred lights that seemed so far away and yet were close at hand."

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Look Good, Taste Better

is the unanimous verdict in regard to our canned fruits, vegetables and relishes.

And What a Variety To Select From

Things for the dainties luncheon or for the biggest dinner. Things that tempt the appetite but do not exhaust the pocket book.

Hot Cross Buns for Good Friday
Ice Cream for Easter Sunday

Eggs and Butter Wanted.

The City Bakery & Grocery

THE Standing Invitation

Better be safe than sorry. An ordinary safe at your home or in your office is a standing invitation to the housebreaker.

A safe deposit box in the vault of the Peoples Bank is the best place for you to keep securely valuable papers, jewels and other things of that nature.

The annual rental of a box is only \$1.00 so that in regard

To Thieves and Burglars

there is no doubt at all that a safe deposit box is the cheapest insurance in the world.

THE PEOPLES BANK

Manchester, Michigan

Looking for the Rabbit That Laid the Easter Eggs

That was our experience as boys on Easter and a more sorrowful pair (Gus and Carl) could not be found upon our return. As anxious as we were then to find the Rabbit we are today to give our customers honest and reliable goods. We are doing today what no other house in Manchester has ever done for 20 consecutive months, viz., to give you part and sometimes all of our profits on certain articles each Saturday of the year. This is what we offer next:

Easter Ties

3 50c Ties \$1.00
6 25c " \$1.00
3 (new style) Deron Linen Collar, 25c

Wuerthner Bros.

The Store That Makes Good.

\$550 FULLY & EQUIPPED

When You Want FERTILIZER Call at the Mill

If You Want to Buy a Good Team

of horses or a mormon, every day family horse we got 'em to sell.

If you got horses to sell we will trade them in toward a machine.

Should you prefer a good second hand machine, it's a touring car, runabout, (big or small) truck or pleasure car, we have them at very reasonable prices.

Yours for business.

F. C. HUBER, Prop.

T. E. SCHABILE, Sales Representative

Manchester Enterprise

Personal Mention

Fred Kehler has been sick this week.

Ferd M. Freeman, spent Sunday in Jackson.

Chas. Werner of Adrian visited the Wuerthner's, over Sunday.

Malv Huber who is working in Ann Arbor, was at home over Sunday.

Rev. Spangler went to Detroit Monday to attend conference of the evangelical association.

Mrs. Maude Alexander of Toledo was a guest of Mrs. Wm. Burles and daughter over Sunday.

Malv Kapp came from Detroit Friday evening to spend a week with her parent, the city schools having a vacation.

Mrs. Harvey Hall of Lodi, Calif., and formerly a resident of this township, has our thanks for orange blossoms from her door yard.

Robert Franz and Frank Zinck, U. of M. students from Fenton, spent a part of their vacation at N. W. H. Murray's.

We want to let you probate attorney know that we are in the process of getting our wills and probate done.

When you write or phone, just say that you are our probate attorney.

John H. Hurlburt, Probate Attorney.

Phone 44.

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We want to let you know that we are in the process of getting our wills and probate done.

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST



NE day an angel came to Mary and said: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son and shall call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord—God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever." Mary and Joseph went away into a city of Judea, into the city called Bethlehem, because they belonged to the house of David. When the child was born there were many shepherds watching their flocks. When they heard of Christ's nativity many were afraid, and the angel said unto them: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!"

When the shepherds

came to the manger they found the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes. There were angels and a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men." The shepherds fell down before Christ and worshipped him. They then made known abroad what they had heard. Then came wise men from the East, guided by a star which stood over the young child. They opened their treasures and presented him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Forty days after Jesus' birth his parents carried him to the temple at Jerusalem. There was one Simeon, who had long been expecting the coming of a Savior to the Jews. He took the child up in his arms and exclaimed: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy words: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Joseph and Mary remained but a short time with their child in Egypt. The death of Herod later recalled them to Palestine, and they returned to their old place of abode, the little town of Nazareth in Galilee. They did this because the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said: "Take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt and be there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." He grew strong in both body and spirit. Tradition says he wore a garment without seams, made of a kind of woven hair of a purplish brown color.

The Gospels tell us nothing of his occupation as a young man. Tradition relates, and it appears truly, that he spent the whole thirty years before he began his ministry in retirement. John was the first to announce the great work Jesus intended doing. He abandoned the solitude of the desert for the banks of the Jordan. He gathered the people together in hosts. He announced that they were to be delivered from sin and bondage, and to prepare for the Messiah's coming.

It was at Bethabara that John the Baptist saw Jesus for the first time, and looking upon him said: "Behold the lamb of God." It was here that the 12 stones were set up, marking the spot where the children of Israel had crossed the Jordan dry shod to enter the promised land. Jesus had come to be baptized, but John refused until he heard Jesus say: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becomes me to fulfill all righteousness." After Jesus had spoken to the people he was led into the wilderness by the spirit. Here he was tempted for 40 days by the devil. He was hungry and the devil said unto him: "If thou be the Son of God cast thyself down from hence." Jesus answered: "It is said thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Then the devil tempted him a third time, offering Christ the kingdom of this world if he would worship him. The answer came: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve."

The temptation is the expression of the period that intervened between Christ's private life and

his public ministry. One day Jesus was walking by the sea and he saw two men—Simon, called Peter, and Andrew, his brother, casting a net in the sea. And he said unto them: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." They straightway left their nets and followed him. He walked on farther, when he came upon James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, who were also in the ship mending their nets. He straightway called them and they left their father in the ship and followed him. Nathaniel was more doubtful about Christ's spiritual power until one day Jesus saith unto him: "Verily, verily I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." And Christ went from place to place until he had found his 12 apostles. He was unwilling to rest them. He began to give food to the hungry, sight to the blind, health to the sick and comfort to aching hearts. Among the most illustrious of his miracles was when he constrained his disciples to go on board the boat and row across the lake to Capernaum. Then he sent away the great crowd of people who were still eager that he should be their king. When they were all gone and he was left alone he went up into the mountain to pray. While he was praying in the night a great storm came up on the lake. When the storm was at its height Jesus went to his disciples walking on the water as though the sea were dry land. Then the men in the boat saw a strange figure coming near them and Jesus called out to them: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." After Jesus had performed many miracles the people asked him to do these things to satisfy their curiosity. When he refused them they became angry and left him. Finally, Jesus turned to his 12 apostles and asked: "Will ye also go away and leave me?" But Simon-Peter answered him: "Lord, to whom shall we go? For thou only hast the words of everlasting life." One day, on entering the temple, he saw that the merchants and brokers were making everything subservient to their avarice. His anger rose at his seeing these unholly doings in the temple. He did not hesitate as to what should be done. He threatened the traders with a scourge of small cords, drove them out and said to them: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." After he left Jerusalem he went directly to Aenon, near Salem, which was the field of John the Baptist's labors. Here he spent most of his time from the Passover to the late harvest. He wished to instruct his disciples more thoroughly in his teaching.

He did not go back to Jerusalem until the feast

which took place when the Bulgarian army was driving the Turks out of Thrace. The battle of Kirk Kelissee had just been fought.

Odd name that—"Kirk Kelissee," said the then governor of Indiana. It means "Forty Churches," or, rather mosques. Now, isn't it queer that the word "kirk," which, as we all know, stands for "church" in the Scotch vernacular, and which appears in German and other languages of northern Europe, should have precisely the same meaning in Turkish.

makes us wonder whether all tongues may not have had a common source, and if that is so it would probably be found that that source was in the East."

There was a murmured applause from every one except an unobtrusive little professor, who had been hovering near the group.

"Pardon me, governor," he piped up, "but your conclusions, while interesting, might be called—er, a little misleading. It is precisely true that Kirk

Churches, but it is the word 'kelissee' that means a place of worship, while 'kirk' means 'forty'."

And the professor was right.

Perniciously Practical.

"We've stopped every kind of graft in our city," remarked the confident reformer.

"Good," replied the boss. "Having shown your ability to enforce the rule, you can now begin to collect assessments for the privilege of being exceptions."

SET THE GOVERNOR RIGHT

Unobtrusive Little Professor Rather Spoiled the Interest in the Conclusions Drawn.

To hold down successfully the job of governor of a state or vice-president of the United States one does not have to be up on oriental languages, says the New York Sun. So the Hon. Thomas R. Marshall never hesitates to tell this on himself. It was at a reception in Indianapolis by the same meaning in Turkish.



CAMP FIRE STORIES

MEMORY OF CARTER'S FARM

Humane Treatment of 1,500 Yankee Prisoners on Weary March From Winchester to Staunton, Va.

Late in the afternoon of June 17, 1863, I stood among a bunch of 1,500 prisoners, ready for a march of 92 miles from Winchester, Va., to Staunton, Va. We were the first consignment to the South of the 4,000 men of Milroy's army that was smashed to pieces on the morning of the 15th, written J. H. Sawyer, Company E, Eighteenth Connecticut Soldiers' Home, Lafayette, Ind., in the National Tribune. Our guard was the Fifty-eighth Virginia (Colonel Board).

As we stood in line at the foot of the hill north of the town, Colonel Board, sitting on his horse near the center, before he gave the order to march, said:

"Men these Yankees have fallen into our hands by the fortune of war. I want them treated like gentlemen. If I hear of any insults or abuse, it will be punished."

Nothing could have been kinder than the treatment we received from these men during the march of five days. We always had the feeling of comrades towards them rather than of enemies. I had often wondered if Colonel Board lived to see the end of the war.

The matter was settled by Comrade Sprecher's letter. Colonel Board fell at the battle of Carter's farm, July 19, 1864. According to the account, that battle was upon or near the ground of Milroy's battle of June 15, 1863. Some of the wounded of our regiment were taken to the Carter house.

Comrade Sprecher mentions that the Confederate line was on the Rutherford farm, and that he revisited the scene in 1892; that he was shown over the grounds by Mr. Rutherford, who, with his family, took refuge in the cellar during the battle of Carter's farm. It appears that one of the family was a boy about ten years old. That boy grew up, married and had two daughters born, I believe, on the farm. About two years ago those two girls came here to our hospital to take a course in the nurse school. I became quite well acquainted with them. After being here about a year they were called home by the sudden death of their mother, and did not return. They called themselves "rebels," and seemed to take considerable delight in it. Nevertheless, they treated the old Union soldiers in their care with great kindness.

PEN PORTRAIT OF SHERIDAN

Came Nearer Old Type of Middle Ages Than Any of Distinguished Officers of Our Day.

In his relentless, bolsters, lolling in camp, and in a certain wild, natural intrepidity and brilliancy in action, Sheridan came nearer the old type of the Middle Ages than any of the distinguished officers of our day, writes Morris Schaff in the Atlantic Magazine. I need not give details as to his appearance, for his portrait is very familiar. The dominating features of his dusky face, with its subdued ruddiness were prominent, full, black, flashing eyes, which at once caught your attention and held it. His forehead was well developed, a splendid front for his round, cannonball head. Custer insisted on introducing me to him at City Point after his Trevilian raid—Sheridan was in his tent, bareheaded, and writing when we entered. He gave me his usual spontaneous, cordial greeting and searching look, and soon thereafter was off for the valley, where he won great honors, breaking the clouds that were hanging so heavily over our cause, lifting the North from a state of despondency and doubt into one of confidence in its final success and giving Grant a relief from his burden which he never forgot. Sheridan and Meade—nature had cast them in very different molds—soon clashed, and before we reached Spottsylvania the smoldering fire of their mutual and natural incompatibility burst into flames.

When the feast was going on he washed the feet of all his disciples. This means that all who follow him should serve each other. While he was talking he grew sad and said: "Verily, verily I say to you that one of you that is eating with me shall betray me and give me up to those that will kill me." Then Jesus dipped a piece of bread and gave it to Judas, saying: "Do quickly what you are going to do." After he had waited a few minutes he added: "Before morning comes every one will leave me alone; yet I will not be alone, for my Father will be with me." He wanted to be alone for he knew that in a little time Judas would be there with a band of men who would seize him.

Suddenly the disciples heard the noise of a crowd. When they saw the swords flashing they knew that Judas had betrayed Christ.

Before he was seized he made a speech to his disciples and the crowd. He was then led away

to Caiphas, the high priest, and when morning

was come they delivered him to Pontius Pilate and he was tried before this Roman governor, who was an enemy of Jesus, and was therefore glad of an opportunity to vex him. After Judas saw that Christ was condemned he felt remorse—in honor of the coming Passover one criminal was to be pardoned and he wished that it should be Christ. It was now too late. With two condemned criminals, Jesus himself carried the instrument of death to the place of execution. Stripped of nearly all his clothing, he was lifted up to the cross and nailed by his hands and feet. After many hours Joseph and his friends took down the body, wrapped it in fine linen, and laid it in the tomb. The body lay there from one evening of Friday, when he died on the cross, to the dawn of Sunday, which was Easter. When the women came to the sepulchre they saw that the seal was broken and the stone was rolled away. It was empty and an angel appeared and said: "Fear ye not, for I know he seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen as he said." And afterward Jesus appeared to his disciples and they gave him food and he ate. They talked with him and he rejoiced, saying: "Peace be unto you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost." This was the fifth time Jesus had shown himself to his friends. Finally, leading his disciples out as far as Bethany, he lifted up his hands and blessed them, whilst he blessed them he was parted from them and was carried up into heaven.

To Get a Rocker in Your Room.

"Can't you get me a rocking chair?"

"No, sir; but if you want to put up for it I can get you a jorum of 25-year-old whisky."

"What do I want with that?"

"That'll make the chair you are in rock."

His Advantage.

"The weather man ought to be a happy fellow, especially these times."

"Why so?"

"Because he generally knows where to raise the wind."

Russian Ranks and Classes.

There is no upper middle class in Russia; a family is either of the peasantry—although this term has now a very wide inclusion—or of the aristocracy. And at court no one has precedence according to inherited rank only according to official position in the government.

Loiterer's Apology.

"Looking for work?" "No, sir. I'm in favor of extending the principle that requires the office to seek the man to private employment."

Astonishing.

A happily married woman who had enjoyed 33 years of conjugal felicity, and who was the grandmother of three beautiful children, had a jovial old colored woman for a cook.

One afternoon, which proved to be the mistress' birthday, a beautiful box of flowers was left for her, when the cook happened to be present. Mandy eyed the beautiful roses longingly, then said "Yo' husband" send yo' all those pretty flowers yo' gits, Missy?" "Certainly, my husband, Mandy," the lady replied proudly.

"Alleluia!" exclaimed the cook. "Ye suitin' all holdin' out well."

Lippincott's Magazine.

Timely Caution.

"Genevieve, I notice you like to write your name on the eggs you pack."

"Yes," admitted the dairy maid. "Do you object?"

"Not at all," said the farmer. "You have a pretty name. Write it upon all the eggs you please. But don't set down any dates."

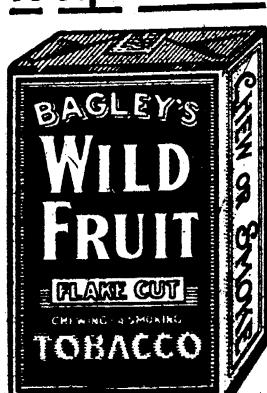
This is Awful.

"What is your attitude toward the tango?"

"Antagonistic, sir."

A good many of us who cast bread upon the waters keep the angel cake for our own use.

To Pipe Smokers



We Are Independent

and have no one to please but our customers. We have been making high-grade smoking tobacco for more than a century. Wild Fruit Flue Cut Smoking Tobacco. Packed in fine foil packages, ten cent cloth pouches, eight and sixteen ounce tins. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you fail to find the "Wild Fruit" in your dealer's stock, send five cents in postage stamps and we will mail you an original package.

Joe J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.

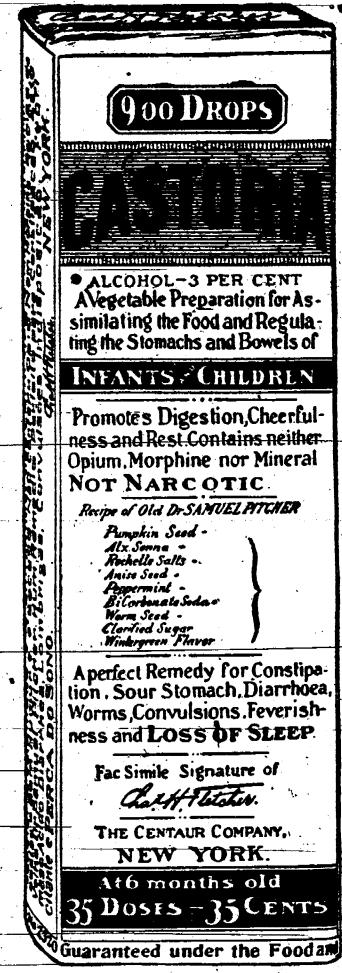
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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. A. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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Look Beyond the Cost Price When You Buy Shoes

It is not so much what you pay, but what you get for what you pay, that determines the wisdom of the purchase.

Rouge Rex Shoe No. 470

is a shoe giving full value for your money. This is a tan outing shoe as illustrated, 8 inches high, with a bellows tongue to keep out the dirt. The stock is our special re-tanned chrome leather made for hard wear.

Ask your dealer. Write if you cannot find the shoe and we will send it to you. Send for descriptive book and tell you where to get the shoe. Address Dept. D.

HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY

Hides to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers

GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

Trade Mark

Extracts Gas From Sawdust.

American and Canadian sawmills have discovered that the sawdust which they have regarded as a worthless incumbrance is worth at least \$40 a ton. In Baltimore a chemist has perfected a process of extracting gas from sawdust, adequate to supply a city like Ottawa—with light and heat. This is thought to portend that around the great sawmills which have been emptying their dust into the Ottawa river a variety of new industries subsisting on it are likely to grow up.

To Get a Rocker in Your Room.

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Making Farm Kitchens Comfortable

The NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame cook-stove has a fine cabinet top with warming shelves, and a portable oven that does the best baking and roasting you ever tasted.

Special patented broiler broils on both sides at once, preparing food quickly and easily.

Burns clean, convenient, economical oil, no dirt, work or trouble. Costs less than its cost in fuel bills.

Operated exactly like gas without the expense, none of the dangers of gasoline.

Makes of

the Heavy Summer Cooking Easy

2, 3 and 4 Burner Sizes

Valuable Cook Book 5 cents. This sum is simply to cover mailing. 72 pages of the latest recipes and ways of serving.

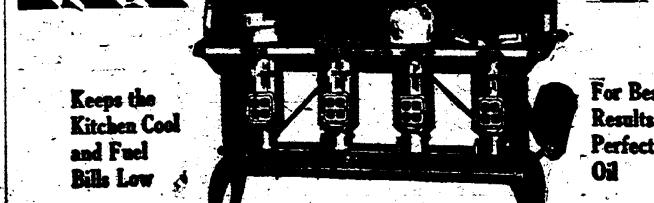
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The Standard Oil Company, Chicago, Ill.

AN INDIANA CORPORATION

No Distr or Trouble

For Best Results Use Perfection Oil



1st

First in Everything

First in Quality
First in Results
First in Variety
First in Economy
and for these reasons
Calumet Baking Powder is first in the
hearts of the millions of housewives who
use it and know it.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Fair Food Exposition,
Chicago, Illinois;
Food Exposition, France, March
1912.



THE REED SPADE AND SHOVEL
Quality, best crucible steel. Blade 8x12 inches.
Corrugated edge. Best tool for tilling, cutting, root, sod or
hard earth. Works much easier. Truly will con-
vince you of its value.

J. W. REED, 10 A. ST., DETROIT, MICH.

MADE HIS COMPANIONS GASP

One Man of Bibulous Trio Was Deter-
mined to Prove He Had Not
Lost His Appetite.

Three men entered the dining-room
of the hotel, and with difficulty sank
weakly into the chairs at a table.
Whenever there was a noise behind them
they flinched and trembled.
They were nervous. One of them
tried to drum on the table with a
knife, and a spasmodic motion of his
muscles sent it sailing through the
air. To the most casual observer, it
must have been evident that they had
been drinking too much the night be-
fore. Also, it was evident that they
were uncertain about whether they
could eat any breakfast.

That is, two of them were uncertain.
They were so uncertain that they
gazed at the menu in despair, and
ventured no remarks to the waiter
standing behind them.

Finally the third man, a fellow of
great build, gave an order which
aroused the undying admiration of the
other two.

"Waiter," he said, in stentorian
tones, "bring me three hard boiled eggs
and a bottle of beer."—Popular Maga-
zine.

Not Skin Deep.
Miss Catt—She has a novel com-
plexion.

Miss Nipp—Yes, but the novelty is
apt to wear off.—Judge.

Self-love never wins the admiration
of the crowd.

Better a fool who knows nothing
than one who knows too much.

A Sure
Favorite

saves the house-
wife much thank-
less cooking

Post
Toasties

The factory cooks them
perfectly, toasts them to a
delicate, golden-brown, and
sends them to your table
ready to eat direct from the
sealed package.

Fresh, crisp, easy to serve,
and

Wonderfully
Appetizing

Ask any grocer

Post
Toasties

FIRST FARM SURVEY HELD IN MICHIGAN

A farm survey of Newaygo county is now under way in charge of H. B. Blandford, county agricultural agent, and C. P. Reid, federal district agent.

The purpose of the survey is to get facts upon which to base future agricultural extension work.

It is said that the returns of a single enterprise or crop are not sufficient to determine the profits of farming, and therefore it is proposed to take representative farms and investigate as to the amount of crops produced, the amount sold and the probable profits for a year, that the agricultural men may have exact information in solving the many problems that are brought to them.

The survey when complete will be of great value to the farmers of the county, as it will give them a line upon the various kinds of farming they are pursuing and will determine which lines can be profitably extended and which lines should be curtailed.

This survey will do for the farmers what a series of tests will do for a dairy herd. In the latter case the figures show which cows are boarders and which are producers. So the figures derived from the farm survey will show which kinds of agriculture are bringing in a profit and which are losing investments. This survey will be one of the first of its kind in the state, although similar surveys have been made in other states. Success attending this survey means many more in Michigan.

HORTICULTURE HIS HOBBY.

James Yull, lumberman-farmer of Vanderbilt, finds his hobby in horticulture. He has a fine orchard of many years' standing on his farm east of Vanderbilt, consisting now of twenty acres, all in a fine state of production. For the coming season he plans to set out 800 more trees, most of them apples, and will carry out the plan if he can get the trees.

He always sets out two-year-old trees, believing the liability of losing stock younger than that is too great to make it pay to venture with anything younger. He set out many such trees one season and lost but two trees. Mr. Yull believes it is a waste of time and money to set out any kind of apples except those that will help build up a market. "Present use" apples, he says, are not worth while, and require as much care as those of more permanent value. "We can grow good apples around Vanderbilt," he says, "apples that have a good flavor and that will shine well in any market. That is the kind of fruit we ought to produce (and some are producing) if we are going to succeed in the apple business. Michigan must pay more attention to the picking and packing end of the business. If we followed the methods of Oregon and Washington we could beat those fellows in their own markets. We cannot dump apples into a barrel as we pick them and expect them to compete with the coast growers. Careful selection of varieties, careful spraying of the trees, careful picking of the fruit, and just as careful wrapping and packing of the apples will bring just as fine returns to the grower as the reddest apples any Oregonian ever saw in his best orchard. All this carefulness will return proper rewards."

YUMA IS LOOKING UP.

Yuma, a little village northeast of Manistee, is again in the making. It is under much different conditions, however, than when the lumberjacks first established a camp on the site of the present village. Long since the millions of feet of pine have disappeared down the Manistee river to the mills in Manistee. Many years have passed since the hum of the saws ceased to accompany the thud of the woodsmen's ax as the "lumber woods" passed before them, and in the place

of the lumbering industry have grown up farm houses, and many acres are now bearing the fruits of agriculture.

However, between the lumbering days and the present time, Yuma experienced its most prosperous times. It was here, after the pine had been removed, that Lee Burt of Detroit built a battery of 26 charcoal kilns and the Southern Chemical company built a large plant for the manufacture of wood alcohol, oil of tar and acetate of lime, from the smoke of the charcoal kilns.

These industries cleared the property of its hardwood and for fifteen years were the life of the village, which numbered about 800 persons, had general stores, hardware, blacksmith shops and saloons, together with drug stores and doctors, a school house and a Methodist church. The chemical company also engaged for a time in the manufacture of chloroform from the wood smoke, but abandoned that for the production of alcohol. In 1908 the charcoal kilns and chemical plants were closed down and the greater part of the village, including the school house and church, were ruined by fire. A new school was built, and a few houses sprung up out of the ruins and today as productive a farming community as lies under Michigan skies is found around Yuma. With its 150 inhabitants Yuma is building up on a more substantial plan than when tens of thousands were made annually out of charcoal and smoke oils.

MAKING THE FARM PAY.

When it comes to a matter of making a farm pay, Otto Dieterman of Riverside township, Oscoda county, can tell a true story that puts the lie to the old stories that northern Michigan cut-over lands are not fertile. His 80-acre farm is not wholly cleared, but the following is what Dr. Dieterman marketed in McBain during the month of February: Two thousand dollars worth of hay, potatoes and beans. That in addition to a large amount of small stuff, vegetables, tomatoes, corn and some fruit. Mr. Dieterman made more than two thousand dollars net, besides his family and stock living during 1913, not to

WEXFORD TO THE FRONT IN ALFALFA CULTURE.



Alfalfa Field on a Farm Near Cadillac.

Throughout Michigan last summer several alfalfa campaigns were conducted under the auspices of the agricultural college and county agricultural clubs, with the result that the coming season will see many more acres in alfalfa than ever before. The idea of alfalfa culture has taken better in northern and western Michigan than in any other parts of the state, and the expectation is that the result will be that in a few years the soil of such sections will be much more improved than where alfalfa is not being utilized to build up the soil. The light soil about Cadillac is proving especially susceptible to the growth of that member of the vetch family which

draws down the sustenance of the air to the soil, giving it the nitrogen that is good for it. In Wexford county, a large acreage is added each year, until today the county is one of the leaders in the state. The greatest impetus was given to alfalfa culture in that county by owners of timber tracts which had been cut over. The experiment conducted on a large scale proved a great success, and today a number of timber companies own considerable tracts of as fine stands of alfalfa as can be found anywhere in this country, where three cuttings a year are made, and where each cutting yields from one and a half to two and a half tons to the acre.

WORK OF FOREST RANGERS.

The annual report of Secretary-Forester T. B. Eyrman of Munising shows that 2,130,000 acres of land in the upper peninsula listed with the association is protected through the season of forest fires by 22 rangers under his direction. Last year the income of the association was \$17,000, of which \$10,000 was expended for the support of the ranger service.

The report shows 107 fires were reported to the secretary's office, of which 45 were caused by settlers clearing land and 22 were set by Indians. Fishermen and campers are credited with 12. The loss on account of these fires was but \$1,900. The fire loss on lands abutting the association's property, and not listed with the association, was \$12,600.

Impossible Combination.
A hen can not produce at the same time a big crop of lice and a good egg yield.

Demand for Ducks.
An increasing demand for ducks 8 to 10 weeks old is apparent in all large markets. Poultry raisers will find it profitable to meet this demand in their nearest city.

Own Stores. Because the copper country farmers do not raise enough for the immediate home consumption. The task of providing food for a population of 100,000 people is one which presents great opportunities for the copper country farmers.

Raise Your Own Seed.
If you are paying \$3 a bushel for seed corn try raising your own. If you will ask your experiment station about it and then follow instructions to the letter, you may be selling seed to your neighbors at \$5 per bushel within three years.

TAKE UP SPRING WORK.

The farmers around Houghton are preparing for their spring work, although much snow still covers the ground in many parts of the county, and it will be a few weeks yet before plowing can be done.

Members of the Oscoda Boy Scouts who last year had much success with the Sir Walter Raleigh potato, raising several hundred bushels, are preparing for their gardening work. The organization will procure a large area this spring and plant the entire lot.

CAMPAIGN IS A SUCCESS.

Thanks to the campaign waged against the tent caterpillar this winter through the efforts of field agriculturists and commissioners of schools in northern Michigan, apple trees in all western and northern Michigan in the coming year will be in far better condition than though the matter were left wholly to the farmers who own the trees where the commissioners and thousands of school children operated. Half a dozen counties have made the gathering of tent caterpillar

come in connection with this egg-mass hunting has been so great that even the farmer, who should be the most interested, will in other years get busy along the same line.

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If Sealed in a Bottle it couldn't be more Dust Proof, Dirt Proof, Impurity Proof!



The new

"SEAL OF PURITY"

keeps out dampness—water—even the air. Everything undesirable is kept completely away from the fresh pure beneficial dainty inside.

So give constant and delicious aid to your teeth, digestion, breath and appetite with the gum with the "Seal of Purity."



BUY IT
BY THE BOX

for 85 cents at most dealers.
Each box contains twenty 5 cent
packages. They stay fresh until used.

Chew it after every meal

Be SURE it's clean, pure,
healthful WRIGLEY'S.

Look for the spear.

Simple Cure for Burns.

Sunshine and fresh air as a cure for wounds caused by burns, was announced a few days ago, by Dr. Joseph Schmaskin, house physician at Lebanon Hospital, New York. He said he had grown skin on large wounds which otherwise would have required the operation of skin grafting. A boy on whose neck and chest 30 square inches of skin had been burned off was kept on an open porch with the large wound exposed to the air and the sunshine. He was discharged recently with perfect epidermis.

Always At It.

Patience—This paper speaks of a Texas woman named Fly who has seven children.

Patrice—I suppose she is a swatter in season and out of season.

Never a Nut, Perhaps.

Motorist (as machine starts to climb tree)—I thought I was buying an automobile, but it's a blooming squirrel.

Feminist Aphorism.

"We, of the weaker sex, are stronger than the stronger sex, because of the strong weakness of the stronger for the weaker sex."—Boston Transcript.

Good All Round

aids to good health—and to the strength, comfort and cheerfulness which depend on the condition of health—are the famous, time-tested, safe and speedy

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE
was the yield of WHEAT

on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 100 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were reported in districts for oats, 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bush. for flax.

Keye arrived in the country from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded a 160-acre lot of land in 1913 and had a crop of 200 bushels, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 65 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent, Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

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For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists or trial box for 50c by mail. Write Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

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