Unto the Hills.

By OLIVE HARPER.

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"IT is useless to say any more on the subject, Ezra. My decision is taken."

"Very well," replied Ezra, with a sigh, as he looked down at his wife, who stood before him, with defiance in every line of her pretty face. Her shoulders were thrown back and her right foot advanced, while her hands were clinched as if for a combat.

This ready acceptance of her expressed determination annoyed her. She had expected opposition and was prepared for fighting it from every standpoint. Her arguments had been carefully prepared to defeat anything he might say. And here he had accepted her decision without a word. He asked no concession, made no appeal. It was exasperating.

Ezra Robins was six feet tall and big in proportion. Edna was a little mite of a woman, whom he could carry like a child in his strong arms. He loved her with a mighty love and cherished her with an infinite tenderness. He almost worshiped the girlish prettiness of her face with its pink cheeks, pale blue eyes, ashen blond hair and weak chin. All these traits appealed to his large nature as the tender beauty of a little child. Nothing that he could do for her was too hard or irksome.

Ezra had received next to no education, as his family had moved to California before there were schools and he had been obliged to work from almost his babyhood. His father had died, leaving him the ranch near the summit of the beautiful undulating hill just beyond Piedmont. Here he had brought his young bride.

Every comfort that he could obtain for Edna was purchased, and he was very happy in his protecting love and abounding tenderness. He loved her so entirely that he did not know or feel that her love for him was but a weak and attenuated sentiment of half contemptuous toleration.

For Edna Robins had literary aspirations. She subscribed for the story papers, read Mrs. Braddon, Ouida and The Duchess. She longed to evolve books like those written by her favorite authors and to people them with such unreal characters as lived in those books. She would sit for hours in her darkened room trying to create a plot for a book where all the suffering heroines should live in sumptuous homes, wear diamonds and have dazzling beauty.

While she was dreaming her dreams of unrealities in her room Ezra would wander to a place from which he could look down upon the scene before him—the beautiful San Francisco bay—a panorama surpassed nowhere on earth. He always turned his eyes toward the Golden Gate as the sun was setting to watch the last rays as it sank into the Pacific. After the sunset came the

"I WILL RETURN THIS OUT OF MY PROFITS."

gorgeous glory of the gold fringed purple clouds. The last look was given to the Golden Gate itself, the rugged slopes of the broken hearted mountain that had been torn asunder by some unknown cataclysm of nature to open the gate to the hordes to come.

Alcatraz and Goat island grew dim as the lights of the city across the bay burned out, and when the evening star and perhaps a thin silvery crescent hung down low over the San Francisco hills he would heave a sigh of deep content and return to the ranch with a sweet peace on his face and humble thankfulness for all that he had and had seen filling his heart so that his countenance beamed with the inner light of a great soul.

At such times he was unconsciously a true poet, with grand thoughts struggling for utterance and finding no outlet in words. But the glory and beauty of it all sank deep in his simple heart.

Edna wrote a little namby pamby story of an impossible hero and heroine. This story she sent to the editor of the local paper.

The editor thought that Edna was a fool, but he had received many verses from Ezra when in hard luck, and what editor does not have his hours of dismay when every hair stands up straight? So he corrected the grammar and punctuation and gave some attention to the orthography, but with a grim smile refrained from changing the story itself. Then he printed it, calling attention editorially to the new star in the literary firmament.

That settled it all. Edna felt that she was a genius—that there was no field for her in that desolate place. Once or twice Ezra tried blunderingly to show her the beauty of her surroundings, where nature has been more lavish of gracious gifts than in any other land, but in all that wonder she saw nothing worthy the attention of the great writer she was.

All she lacked was the atmosphere of a great city. New York was the center. There she wished to go, and alone. She did not wish to harness her genius to such a plain, ignorant companion as Ezra. No; she must be alone, and when she had achieved success and realized her ambition she would return—for a visit.

Dreams of honors to be showered upon her by the great ones of earth filled her head. In this lonely place she was lost, entombed with her genius. She did not say talent, but genius.

Ezra had heard all her complaints until he knew them by heart. Dimly he felt that she was throwing away the substance for the shadow, but he had no words to voice his thoughts.

With all the obstinacy of a weak and foolish woman Edna clung to her idea, repeating it always in the same words and in the same monotonous tone, with her weak chin uplifted, until now unavailingly, when Ezra had said:

"Very well."

Then she went to her room and began to pack.

Ezra went up to his comforting madrona tree and threw himself down with his gaze fastened upon the Golden Gate and the little fleet of ships that were sailing in. His friends, the stars, came out while the silver moon hung low above the horizon and sank slowly out of sight. He half sobbed:

"Poor little thing! I don't blame her. She is too bright and clever and gifted for me anyway. I never had no chance to learn. If she will be happier—why, I ought to be too. Poor little motherless thing!"

Then two big tears suddenly sprang from his eyes, and a heart wrung sob was in his throat as he pictured to himself what the ranch would be without Edna.

When he went in she had finished packing and was sitting before the glass putting her front hair in crimps. It was such soft, pretty hair, Ezra thought. He bent clumsily and took a wisp of it into his broad palm and lifted it softly to his lips. She considered this almost an impertinence and drew her head away, while Ezra said slowly:

"Edna, I want to say this—I'll stay here on the ranch, and—and if you ever want me you have only to send me word."

For answer she tossed her head. He continued:

"Today I drawed all the money I had banked—a thousand dollars. Here it is. If you need more I'll send it when the crops are sold."

"I shall not need any more. And I will return this out of the profits on my 'Little Will o' the Wisp.' I only borrow it."

"Maybe there won't be no profits," hazarded Ezra.

"Oh, I wish you could learn to speak English properly," she replied, angered by his doubt. She had no doubts.

"And," she continued, "I may go to Europe. I have read that 'The Breadwinner' made a hundred thousand dollars for the author. And if such a silly book could do so well mine ought to do much better. Why, all the people in that book are just ordinary folks and don't do anything grand or heroic, and—well, I know mine is much better."

Ezra sighed, but said no more. Edna took the money.

Neither slept much that night.

A week later Edna stood in New York. She began her search for a publisher. She wrote letters to the most prominent publishers, hinting of the great work she was ready to read them, for she determined not to let her precious manuscript out of her hands. She dressed well, arranged her rooms—rooms then—and waited for the publishers to come. She hoped they would not fight each other. No one even replied to her letters. But why tell in detail the story of her long waiting, her cruel disappointments, the cold refusals—later and worse, the return of her books without comment or regret? She had learned that she must trust to the publishers, after all.

She learned many a hard lesson during the next few years, but with the superlative obstinacy of her nature she persisted in her belief of her own genius. She wrote hopeful letters to her husband and never told of her defeat.

Her money was all gone. She moved to one little attic room and peddled cosmetics for awhile, then addressed circulars, living, or, rather, existing, most miserably. Her garments were shabby, her shoes distressful and her hat disreputable.

At last even the circulars failed her. She was cold and hungry. Without money she had still been hopeful. The day would come when she would ride in her carriage. Did not true genius always suffer? There were six books awaiting a publisher, all written along the same lines.

But on this day she really did lose her courage. There is nothing like cold and hunger to develop despondency. She thought as the rain dripped down icy cold from a leaden sky of the ranch out in California. How sunny it was! How the trees were bending now with their weight of fruit! How the grapevines were covered with great purple bunches, luscious and sweet! How rich the milk was, and how thick and yellow the cream, and how sweet the butter! She had not tasted butter for a long time, and as she thought she was almost ready to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

Suddenly she began to cry—not a burst of noisy tears, but a hopeless, quiet weeping without even a sob.

In her morning's paper she had read of a new western author who had drawn his inspiration from the very Piedmont hills where her home was. There was an extract, and this seemed to speak to her in her husband's own voice and say the same things of the place that she had heard him say so often. It was a word picture of all that could be seen from that spot up under the madrona. She could smell the waxy blossoms and see the rich masses of the golden poppies that fairly crowded each other. She could hear the yellow linnets, see the wild rabbits scuttering in the bushes. She saw the droll little gophers as they put their noses out, saw the broad bay—oh, it was too much! She was seized with a sudden homesickness. She would write to Ezra, and he would send her money. But could she live until the letter could reach her?

Defeat was written all over her. Ten years had left its impress on her face,

"NOW—THIS MINUTE!" SAID EDNA.

her hair, her form. Maybe he would not care to have her back! Then more tears.

She began a letter to Ezra when there was a strange, heavy step on the rickety stairs which was yet curiously familiar. She stood up, listening. She was very pale. Opening the door in response to the knock, she stood facing her husband.

"Ezra!" she faltered weakly.

"Edna, my dear, I couldn't stand life without you any longer."

She fell into his arms to be strained to his heart while she sobbed:

"Oh, Ezra, I am so unhappy! I am a failure. My books are good for nothing. They are not true. I was writing to you to ask you—to go home."

Then they sat and talked of the dear old ranch and many other things. Edna noticed something new, more alert, deeper and stronger in Ezra's manner and dimly fancied he used much better language than before and chose his words with more discrimination.

She showed him the extract in the paper from the book that had made her so homesick.

"What will you say, Edna, when I tell you that I wrote that book? I was so lonesome after you went that I thought I'd study some to pass the time. I had a teacher up on the ranch four years, and then I kept on reading and studying, and suddenly, almost without knowing how I did it, I began the book, and here is your copy."

"Oh, Ezra, I was writing only dreams! I see it now, and you have written truths. Oh, I am ashamed!"

"Well, you needn't be. You are the cleverest, sweetest and best girl in the world. When shall we start?"

"Now—this minute!" said Edna.

One Virtue of Art.

The greater number of us are condemned by circumstance of income and the routine of duty to a life restrained by walls, streets and the more or less flexible bounds of the community. The greater world without is defined by such impressions as the books and the newspapers and the chance travelers make upon our imaginations. When the opportunity of vacation or enforced travel takes us into country and cities thus described, we learn how awry and colorless these initial impressions have been.

The life that goes on within our own walk must ever be narrow in this one sense—that the mind can never recreate all of any scene brought to us by others. The painter, as skillfully as the musician, can catch movement, light and poetry and can present them, so far as they may be reproduced, to the senses of the beholder. His expertness at this is often weird, uncanny. At least a half dozen pictures can make one feel as if present in the scene, a thing impossible to the photograph or to any other of the graphic arts. This, we believe, is a valuable quality of art. It can bring a relief from the dulling rule of duty. It can impart a touch of the buoyancy of travel. It can, to employ a hackneyed but fitting phrase, take one out of oneself.—Toledo Blade.

How They Struck Oil

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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HAD Cicely's aunt died and left her the farm in midwinter, when the mercury stood at zero and the wind was howling around the street corners, it is more than probable that the outcome would have been different.

But the news of her inheritance reached her early in the spring, when the buds were swelling on the trees and the corner groceryman was selling radishes not as big as the end of your thumb for 5 cents a bunch—five in a bunch. It was the radishes that finally decided Cicely. She had read of women who had made fabulous sums out of just such radishes, together with lettuce and peas and new laid eggs and young broilers. Cicely was filled with a strong desire to go and do likewise.

She resigned from the kindergarten where she taught, and she induced her dearest friend, Madge Carton, who worked in a downtown office, to do likewise. Madge had been born on a farm, so naturally she would be a most desirable partner in the chicken raising and truck gardening industry.

On the journey Cicely was dreamy and pensive. Occasionally she wept a little. She had never liked her aunt, and she had fancied her dislike returned with interest. Now she suffered the pangs of remorse.

When after two days and nights of travel they reached the farm she wept again, tears of good, honest rage.

"I always knew Aunt Harriet disliked me," she wailed, "but I didn't suppose she hated me like this."

The outlook was certainly discouraging. The farm was for the most part rocks, the kind that go deep down under the surface and multiply as they go. The house was no bigger than it should be to shelter two people and no better than it had to be to keep from tumbling down over their heads.

Madge undoubtedly would have wept, too, had she not recognized the necessity for at least one of them keeping up a good, stiff front.

When Cicely's angry sobs had subsided into pathetic gulps they started on a tour of investigation. Flowers or shrubbery there were none and but one tree, a forlorn and stunted maple with a few sickly green leaves struggling out on its bare branches. Half a dozen bedraggled fowls were scratching about its roots, and a dejected mule was biting at its lower branches. He was thin and hungry looking, but in him Madge saw possibilities.

"He's our only hope," she said. "We'll fatten him up and sell him. Perhaps he'll bring enough to get us back home."

Cicely sniffed dolefully, and they went back to the house. At the back door they found a man waiting for them. He said his name was Victor Ellwood and that he lived on the farm next theirs. He was a young fellow, tall and broad shouldered. His hands were the hands of one who toils, and his face was tanned by sun and wind. But his eyes were humorous and kindly, and his smile warmed you through and through. His arms were full of suggestive brown paper packages.

"Some groceries the last people left here," he explained. "I took them home with me for—er—safe keeping."

He was drawing somewhat upon his imagination, but the two girls, lonely

"OH, YES, I KNOW," SAID MADGE.

and homesick and hungry, blessed him for his kindly tact and forethought.

"They told me in the village," he went on, "that you had come." His eyes rested on Cicely, small and slender and dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. "It's a shame," he blurted out indignantly, "a howling outrage! If I had known to whom this pile of rocks had been left I would have written you not to come."

Cicely's lips began to quiver, and Madge hastily interposed.

"We're going to fatten up the mule," she said, "and sell him for money to go back on. And," she added, "we'll throw in the farm."

Mr. Ellwood grinned appreciatively. "That's a good scheme," he said. "And while he's being fattened wouldn't you like to make him self supporting?"

"Yes," said Madge, "we would, particularly if he has a large appetite."

"Then," said Mr. Ellwood, "with your permission I'll take him home with me. You see," he explained, "I have a lawn, and if he'll eat the grass for me it will save cutting it."

Madge thanked him and invited him to stay for supper. In view of the fact that he had furnished the supper she could not well do otherwise, even had she so desired, which most emphatically she did not.

He looked at Cicely a good deal while they ate—Cicely was very good to look upon—but his conversation was addressed for the most part to Madge. As a matter of fact, it had to be that way. Cicely's accumulated woes pressed so heavily upon her that she was utterly incapable of anything beyond an occasional subdued "Yes" and "No."

Madge, however, chatted gayly. To her mind the situation was decidedly tolerable and growing more so every minute. And when next she looked upon the bleak vista of rocks that made up the immediate landscape she found it almost attractive.

* * * * * * * *

"The only hope," observed Madge, "has come home again."

Cicely joined her in the doorway. "And he's thinner than ever," she declared pessimistically.

Then Mr. Ellwood came into view. He was doing an elaborate imitation of a man who has been running fast.

"He got loose," he panted. "And I've been following"—

"Yes," Madge broke in genially. "I know you have. I've been watching you down the road for the last five minutes." She waved a hand toward the mule. "I never in all my life," she said, "saw anybody so reluctant to take advantage of a handicap. How on earth did you induce him to get here first?"

Mr. Ellwood had the grace to blush.

"It—it's a very warm day," he stammered, tactfully trying to shift the conversation to a safe topic of general interest.

"It is," Madge agreed. "And I don't believe so much exercise is good for the mule. Besides, it will take a lot of your time to lead him home with you every night and dri—follow him back here every morning. Why don't you bring his meals to him?"

"Every day?" inquired Mr. Ellwood hopefully.

"Well, I really think he ought to be fed every day, but I'll leave that to you."

Cicely, who wondered miserably at her friend's high spirits, had retired into the other room, mopping her eyes. "She doesn't like it," Madge observed confidentially to Mr. Ellwood.

"And no wonder," he rejoined sympathetically. "You're going to stay?" he added.

"We must," said Madge, "for we've no money to get away on. And anyway," she added after a moment's pause, "I believe it isn't going to be half bad."

"If I can help it," said Mr. Ellwood heartily, "it's not."

He was as good as his word, and better. For Cicely he brought a hammock and flowers in pots and many little comforts that helped to render her life more tolerable. He treated her as might an elder brother a lovable but incapable sister.

But Madge was his comrade and friend. She had assumed the burdens Cicely was incapable of bearing, and he very naturally thought her the owner of the farm. He liked her pluck that wrested her hardly won garden from the rocky soil and her sturdy independence that always returned favor for favor. His own little place took on an added value because she had approved it. He gave the house a new coat of paint and planned when the crops should have been harvested to build a bigger porch. And he evolved little conveniences for the kitchen, shelves and closets and a flour bin, things of which his masculine housekeeping had not felt the need. He whistled as he worked, and before him there was ever a girl's face, a laughing face growing daily rosier and more sunburned—and happier.

"The only hope," observed Cicely complacently, "is certainly growing fat. If we could sell him by the pound as they do 'beef on the hoof,' I think they call it, we'd get quite a lot for him."

"He's too fat," Madge objected. "He looks stuffed. I think you feed him too much, Cicely. If Mr. Ellwood were at home I'd ask him to take a look at him. I'm quite certain his eyes ought not to have that glassy stare."

Later in the day the only hope succumbed.

"I don't really blame him for dying," said Cicely, who was weeping over the remains. "I suppose he was just naturally tired and discouraged and didn't care whether he lived or died—I've felt that way myself—but I do think it was most inconsiderate of him."

"He might at least," said Madge, "have gone off and done it somewhere else. Then we could have pretended he wasn't ours. As it is, we'll have to bury him, and how on earth we're ever going to dig a hole big enough to hold him I'm sure I don't know."

"We'll leave it to Mr. Ellwood," Cicely suggested. "We can wait till he gets back."

"I suppose we can," said Madge, "but there are reasons why the only hope cannot. I'm going to the village to secure expert assistance."

It was growing dusk when she returned. She was dusty and disheveled, but in her eyes was the light of triumph.

"I have exchanged half the chickens," she announced, "for a stick of dynamite and a man to set it off. The only hope has played us a shabby trick, but he's going to have a first class funeral, little as he deserves it."

The next morning the man came, bringing the dynamite. The explosion rent the rocks and shattered all the windows. Then things be pen.

"There's such a peculiar Madge, who was first to of doors. "Don't you notice

But Cicely, divining wha pened, thrust her friend sped on ahead. Madge staring down into a ragged which there oozed up some decidedly was not water.

Cicely turned and threw h the other girl's arms.

"Oh, Madge!" she cried h "Oh, Madge, we've struck only hope has saved us!"

* * * * *

"It'll make you a mint o said Mr. Ellwood glumly.

"You don't seem at all g Madge, who always went the heart of things.

"I'm not," said Mr. Ellwo "You'll be rich, and you'll

"IF I WANT YOU," HE SAI

I'm a beast and a cad, and I but I can't help it. I don't w to be rich. I was glad you we All summer long we've wo gether and helped each other. wanted it to go on just that I loved you, Madge, and I wan to stay—with me. But now"—

A cool little hand slipped int

"I'm just as poor as ever I voice whispered very close bes "Didn't you know? The farm oil and the money are Cicely's if you want me, dear"—

Victor Ellwood turned and sw into his arms.

"If I want you!" he said. Madge!"

No Wonder He Felt Hur

John Jeffs, who was remark his large ears, has had a fall with Miss Esmeralda Strype, whom he had been suspected o taining matrimonial intentions. body asked him the other day and Miss Strype were not out as much as usual, to which plied that he did not propose trap hire for any woman who him a donkey.

"I can't believe that Miss would call any gentleman a do was the reply.

"Well, she didn't exactly say was a donkey, but she might well have said so. She hinte much."

"What did she say?"

"We were out driving, and it very much like rain, and I said going to rain on us, as I felt drop on my ear, and what do yo pose she said?"

"I have no idea."

"Well," she said, 'The rain yo on your ear may be two or miles off.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Had None to Spare.

The boy had been taking pia sons for just a week. Then his went to the musical college, hun his teacher and complained though her son had received thr sons, he could not yet play a tune. The instructor politely ex ed that it was necessary to first scales, then exercises and after were mastered his mother's wish be gratified. The fond parent w satisfied, but she concluded to awhile longer. At the end of a week she was back again and lo her denunciation of the teacher his methods because, so far a could see, her son had made n vancement.

"Well, madam," said the exasp professor, "I can teach your boy thing, but I cannot give him bra

"No," answered the mother fully, "you poor man, you don't as if you had any to spare."

Civility of Cornish Folk.

It is pleasant to travel about country districts in Cornwall. F the people you meet cross your without passing the time of da you ask the way you are inva answered civilly. You are not t go straight on and then ask No, you are directed with great uteness of detail as to the p course you should take. As like not, so I have found it, your ca picked up friend will say afte elaborate explanation of the right that you will never find it alone set off with you to the point you to gain.—Antiquary.

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WHITEHALL FORUM.

Subscription, $1.00

YEAR WHITEHALL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUG. 19 1909, NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, NO. 8

MONEY

If you have money to burn, keep it in the house, hidden in the closet, in the cellar, or under the carpet, where it may be lost or stolen: but if you want to keep it

SAFE

where it will always be ready or you wheu you need it, deposit it in our bank.

State Bank of Whitehall

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ATION REGARD
LARGE BLACK CAT

r white paws, white under side of neck, white stomach, white on one side w, also e half of upper whiskers white. Leave The Forum office. DO NOT TCH CAT AS HE IS VERY T NOTIFY THE FORUM E WILL CALL AT ONCE.

BATHS

HOTEL MEARS

25c

SAIL BOAT UPSET.

Friday afternoon while a party from Albumar, consisting of B, I Greenbaum, M. L, Greenbaum, and daughter Florence, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Burland and Alfred Burland were capsized while sailing on White Lake near Nufer's mill. The boat was being sailed by R. V. Burland who has had years of experience in the handling of sailboats The accident was caused by a puff of wind which in conjunction with the swell from a passing launch upset the boat which was also considerably overloaded. The ladies were perfectly cool and collected during the affair. After being in the water a short time the party was picked up by Captain Baldwin in the Launch Aldebelle.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN CHURCH

Services and Sunday School, etc

Sunday:

Sunday-School	9:00 a. m.
Services	10:30 a. m.
Services	7:30 p. m.
Wednesday:	
Services	7:30 p. m.

Senior Ladies Society meets first Thursday afternoon of each month.

Dorcas meets every other Wednesday afternoon,

The Y. P. S. meets first Sunday evening of each month.

The Swedish population is cordially invited.

J. B. Bennett
Pastor.

MUCH BETTER.

Miss Isabel Dean who has been very sick is now past the danger mark and if no complications set in will soon be fully recovered. She was taken sick while in Grand Rapids last Wednesday but luckily was able to get home. She grew rapidly worse and for a time her life was despaired of. The doctors pronounced her illness to be a combination of appendicitis and peritonitis. Her suffering was very severe but Tuesday she took a turn for the better and at this writing is resting easy and rapidly gaining in strength.

TORTURED ON A HORSE

For ten years I couldn,t ride a horse withont beig in torture fron piles." writes L. S. Napier' of Rugkss Ky. "when all doctors and other remedies failed Bucklen,s Arnica-Salve curld me. Infallible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever-Sores, Eczemr, Salt Rheum, Corns. 25c Guaranteed by C. G. Pitkin&Co.

THE PARTS YOU DON'T SEE in a suit or light overcoat go a long way toward determining the character of the garments.

IT IS PART OF OUR TAILORING to make inner lining and other hidden parts of our clothing just as carefully as if they were exposed to the broad light of day. That's why the fall suit or top coat we propose to make you will hold its shape long after factory made clothing wouldn't have any at all.

G. C. Funk
The Busy Tailor

WABANINGO JINKS

In another column you will find an advertisement of the First Wabaningo Club Jinks which will be presented by an all star cast at the Wabaningo Club House on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. The advance sale of tickets has been phenominal and a large crowd is expected on both nights.

MONTAGUE NOTES

Amel Kroll is building a new barn.

Dr. Jones received his new Buick auto one day last week.

Mr. John Sour is substitute mail carrier for Sant Watson on No. 3.

Carl File and wife, of Tower, Mich., are visiting at the home of Mr. File's parents.

Henry Krupp and F. M. Sadler, of Chicago, arrived in town Monday for a short visit.

Mr. Ben Crain and wife, of Chicago, are visiting at the home of the latters parents,

Mrs. R. E. Cooper returned home Monday after a weeks visit in Spring Lake and Muskegon.

Mrs. Will Rainford and son, of Chicago, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Joe Ohrenberger. Mr. Rainford is expected soon.

Peter Anderson lost a valuable horse Monday. It was taken sick with acute indigestion and died in a short time. Mr. Anderson bought the horse only a week ago paying $165 for it.

Mr. Will Schnell has quit the dray and bus business and is now working as teamster for Peter Anderson. Mr. Schnell sold the mate to the horse he lost to Chas. Anderson, of Whitehall.

Mrs. Minnie Boardwell who has been on the sick list for the past month was taken to the Hackley hospital for treatment last Friday. She was accompanied by her brother, Chas. Ohrenberger.

The supper given by the Catholic ladies at the town hall last Saturday evening was well attended and the proceeds amounted to nearly one hundred dollars. Some valuable quilts and sofa pillows were raffled off.

PICNIC.

The Methodist Sunday School will hold a picnic at Hayward Park, Wednesday August 25th. All wishing to go are requested to be at the dock promptly at ten o'clock a. m. when they will be given a free boat ride to the landing near the picnic grounds.

Do not forget your lunch basket.

Come to Sunday School next Sunday and hear further announcement.

M. E. CHURCH NOTICE.

Rev. S. B. Ford will exchange pulpits with Rev. J. W. Steffee, of Coopersville next Sunday, August 22. Preaching at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

The Epworth League service will be in charge of Mrs. Ed. Skeels and Delia Steffee at 6:30 p m.

There will be services in the Norwegian Lutheran church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

L. D. Squiers is tearing down the green house preparatory to building a residence on the site He has a large quantity of fine flowers and potted plants which he must get rid of and which he is willing to sell for almost nothing. Anyone wishing some nice plants for little more than the trouble of carrying them home will do well to call and look over his stock.

FIRST ANNUAL

"WABANINGO JINKS"

AUGUST 20 AND 21

8;00 P. M.

WABANINGO CLUB HOUSE

SYLVAN BEACH

ALL STAR CAST

Headed By

Mabel Barnson

and

Jos. Howard

Under Direction of Frank Adams

Reserved Seats on Sale

at

Sylvan Beach, Michillinda and

Pitkin's Stores

Ferry Service from all Points on the Lake.

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaton's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Dacre was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs. Hitherto she had rather liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fashion, flattering herself that she was a favorite with the stern little woman.

On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea time, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confidential adviser, and Hope had descended from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lumley and Lord Everton.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He could not foresee that things would go wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs. Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near relations."

"Connections, you mean," corrected Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch."

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer, with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop, get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures.

"Metal! Yes, I dare say. I sometimes wonder if you are as foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre, in a low tone, drawing a chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Pray forgive me," she added, seeing the quick color rise in her victim's cheek, "but I knew quite well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long," in a low tone.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think I am likely to have worries and bad news apart from poor Mrs. Saville?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it did not occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now; it will astonish you all. 'Nothing venture nothing have,' you know."

"'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,'" quoted Miss Desmond, with a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying—I am certain she has; though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley. Nothing amiable, I am sure."

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken the slightest notice, approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man. You have been a good deal on the Continent, I believe, Miss Desmond?"

"I have traveled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes; but I also enjoy returning to England."

"Indeed! Well, I do not. The moment I set foot on my native soil, I cease to be a free man; invisible detectives put me in social irons; cruel warders imprison me with adamantine barriers, where I am obliged to eat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfieth not, and go to the funereal hostelries frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperating relatives will pester me with invitations, because they think they must not neglect 'that poor old beggar Everton.' Now, on the other side of the Channel my only habitation is an airy bedroom, outside which a whole world of cafes and restaurants are 'before me where to choose' my breakfast and dinner, where I meet pleasant, intelligent people of every shade of opinion, with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashion, cheerfully accepting the contemptuous treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this world's goods."

"I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous; though I do not see that money can purchase any essential of life."

"That depends very much on what you consider essentials."

"That is true—— But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech," for that young lady had said, in an audible tone, "I am going to tell you a story."

"I know," whispered Lord Everton, "If her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure," Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, one of Her Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make nothing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boats to be lowered. 'He'll be gone before you can reach him,' they say. 'He cannot swim,' cries another officer, throwing off his boots while he spoke, and springing over at a bound.

"'This is suicide,' exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered, a lifeboat probably, they surmount the waves and slide into the watery hollows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the senseless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat, they regain the ship, the men crowd round the—whatever you call it where they get on board, their cheers ring above the roar of the storm, the rescued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton.

"Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley.

"I don't exactly see——" began Richard Saville.

"No, of course you do not; there is nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The only difference is that the weather was not quite so stormy as your correspondent represents it," said Mr. Rawson, playing with his double glasses.

"It was really much worse than I represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with an air of profound conviction. "Now, does no one want the name of my hero?"

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Saville sat silent in her arm-chair. Lumley's laughing eyes sought Miss Desmond's, but she was sheltered behind a massive urn which always appeared at tea-time. Only Lord Everton rose to the occasion.

"I am dying of curiosity, my dear Miss Dacre," he said languidly.

"Name! name!" cried Lumley.

"Hugh Saville!" said Miss Dacre, rising and assuming an attitude.

"I thought so," said Richard.

"Just like him!" cried Lumley, cordially.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Rawson. I have letters to show you in my study. I avoided church because I did not think prayers or sermon would improve my headache. I did not bargain for being obliged to sit out a dramatic recital," said Mrs. Saville, dryly, then added to the company, "You will excuse me, I do not feel equal to general conversation," and she touched Mr. Rawson's with the finger-tips of her right hand, and walked with much dignity through the door which Lord Everton with a sad and solemn expression of countenance held open.

As soon as she had passed, he closed it gently, and advancing a step or two, glanced from one to the other with so comic a look of dismay that both Lumley and Saville laughed.

"Courage such as yours, my dear Miss Dacre, deserved success; and yet it has not been successful," he said, with an air of deep sympathy, to the fair narrator, and sat down on the ottoman beside which she stc '

"I never saw any one like Mrs. Saville—never!" cried Miss Dacre, growing red with disappointment and mortification. "I really hoped that such a story of bravery and humanity would have done something towards softening her heart; and I flatter myself I did it pretty well."

"If you had asked my advice," said Richard Saville, "I could have told you it would be simple waste of breath."

"But," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with a sound of tears in her voice, "Mrs. Saville always used to mind what I said, and—and seemed so fond of me. I was rather proud of it, she likes so few people."

"I am afraid there is some difference between past and present," said Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Inglewood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle."

"I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"What penal servitude!"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

(To be continued.)

A Quick Change.

Mr. Newcar (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased motor car, to his chauffeur)—Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is fast enough for me. What I want is comfort, not excitement. Do you understand?

Three days later. "Er—er—William, I must be back to the house by 7 o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later. "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day. "Put on a little more speed, William. There's no use in being a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance."

A week later. "Open her up, William! There are no police within five miles, I'll bet, and if there are, who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her zip! Let her zip! This is no steam roller! Let's have some speed!"—Life.

What He Remembered.

"An' ye fell from a window, Jerry! How far wuz it ye fell?"

"Tin stories."

"Well, well! That was a great fall. And what did you think on your way down?"

"Begorry, I didn't think of nothin' until I passed the fift' sthory. Thin I remimbered I left me pipe on the window sill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Delicate Hint.

"Poor Miss Oldgirl! Did you hear of the jolt she got at the seedsman's?"

"No; what was it?"

"She told the man she had a little garden of her own and asked him to recommend some suitable plant. He gave her one look and then suggested a wallflower."—Baltimore American.

A Changeless Name.

De Quiz—Was that an unmarried woman you met just now?

De Whiz—Yes, I knew her several years ago. How her face has changed!

De Quiz—Has it? Well, when a woman's face changes as much as that she can never hope to change her name, too.

The Old Man's Joke.

"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"

"No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now."

"Then ask him to empty the pan underneath the icebox before he goes, will you? I forgot it!"—Detroit Free Press.

PRINCIPAL CHANGES IN NEW TARIFF LAW.

CHIEF DECREASES.

	Old Rate.	New Rate.
Hides	15 p. c.	Free
Iron ore	40 cents a ton	15 cents a ton
Bituminous coal	67 cents a ton	45 cents a ton
Petroleum, crude or refined	Countervailing	Free
Lumber—		
Rough	$2 M ft.	$1.25 M ft.
Finished	$2 to $4 M ft.	$1.25 to $2.75 M ft.
Timber, round, hewn, unsawed	1 cent cubic ft.	½ cent cubic ft.
Wood pulp	1-12 cent lb.	Free
Print paper	3-10 cent lb.	3-16 cent lb.
Leather, rough and sole	20 p. c.	5 p. c.
Boots and shoes	25 p. c.	15 p. c.
Same, after Oct. 1, 1909	25 p. c.	10 p. c.
Agricultural implements	20 p. c.	15 p. c.
Works of art, 20 years old	20 p. c.	Free
Pig iron	$4 a ton	$2.50 a ton
Scrap iron and steel	$4 a ton	$1 a ton
Bar iron	6-10 cent a lb.	3-10 cent a lb.
Structural steel, unpunched	5-10 cent lb.	3-10 and 4-10 cent
Sugar, refined	1.95 cents lb.	1.91 cents lb.
Fresh meat	2 cents lb.	1½ cents lb.

CHIEF INCREASES.

	Old Rate.	New Rate.
Hemp	$20 a ton	$22.50 a ton.
Hemp, hackled	$40 a ton	$45 a ton.
Calamine	Free	½c lb.
Spirits and cordials	$2.25 pf. gal.	$2.60 pf. gal.
Still wines	50c gal.	60c gal.
Malt liquors	40c gal.	45c gal.
Fruit juice	60c gal.	70c gal.
Cotton hose—		
Valued not above $1 a doz	50c doz. and 15 p. c.	70c doz. and 15 p. c.
Valued from $1 to $1.50	60c doz. and 15 p. c.	85c doz. and 15 p. c.
Valued from $1.40 to $2.	70c doz. and 15 p. c.	90c doz. and 15 p. c.
Shingles	30c M.	50c M.
Razors—valued at $3 doz	$1.75 doz. and 20 p. c.	$1.80 doz. and 35 p. c.
Antimony ore	Free	1c lb.
Structural steel, fabricated and assembled	½c lb.	45 p. c.
Artificial feathers and fruits	50 p. c.	60 p. c.
Cosmetics, dentifrices, etc.	50 p. c.	60 p. c.
Polished plate glass not over 24 by 30 inches	10c sq. ft. and 5 p. c.	12½c sq. ft. and 5 p. c.
Broom corn	Free	$3 a ton
Hops	12c lb.	16c lb.

POST CARDS KEPT OUT OF MAIL.

Thousands of Tinseled Missives Sent to Dead Letter Office Daily.

Failure to inclose tinseled or frosted post cards in tightly sealed envelopes to prevent the escape of particles of tinsel, mica and the like, as required by the postal regulations, is causing from 15,000 to 20,000 of such cards to be withdrawn from the mails and sent to the dead letter office of the Post Office Department every day. Following the issuance of an order by the department declaring cards of such character to be unmailable unless inclosed in envelopes so treated as to prevent injuries to employes, post card dealers began supplying their customers with flimsy transparent envelopes for inclosing the cards, which has resulted in much difficulty to the department. The postage stamp is frequently placed on the card inside the envelope, thereby preventing its cancellation, and the envelopes fail to prevent the escape of particles, which fill the air in postal cars, thereby causing inflammation of the eyes of railway mail clerks.

LAKE TRAFFIC GROWS DECIDED

Business Improvement Shown by Government Figures for June.

Considerable improvement in the business situation compared with conditions a year ago is noted in a report by the National bureau of statistics for June. It is shown that domestic shipments of leading classes of commodities from lake ports reached 10,179,633 net tons, compared with 7,427,616 net tons in June, 1908. Domestic shipments for the current season to the end of June are 19,589,552 tons—about 65 per cent in excess of the total domestic shipments for the corresponding period of 1908. Iron-ore shipments for the month, 5,250,657 gross tons, were more than double those in June, 1908.

More than 53 per cent of the June shipments came from Duluth and Superior.

Soft coal cargoes, amounting to 1,767,098 net tons, were about 17 per cent below the 1908 figures, although the season's shipments, 3,368,262 net tons, were nearly 18 per cent higher than last year. Shipments of hard coal during June, principally from Erie, Buffalo and Oswego, aggregating 536,401 net tons, also proceeded at a lower rate than in 1908.

Lumber shipments were far in excess of those in June, 1908, and it is pointed out that the largely increased receipts at Chicago, North Tonawanda, Detroit and Buffalo indicate improved conditions in the building trade.

His First Hair Cut at 16.

Harry Sanford, 16 years old, residing near Franklin, Pa., had his hair cut for the first time in his life. The shorn locks weighed more than a pound. His parents, proud of the luxuriance, refused to allow it to be cut, but the boy is going to college next fall and finally decided for himself. Until he was 8 years old Harry wore his hair loose about his shoulders, but of late years he has braided it and let it hang down under his coat.

The Astor Fuel Machine.

The current number of the Scientific American contains an account of a new process invented by John Jacob Astor, the New York multimillionaire, for utilizing as fuel the peat deposits. The process involves the disintegrating of the fiber of the peat so as to allow it to be thoroughly and uniformly heated. The machine is to be run by the gas derived directly from the peat. Colonel Astor says that he will experiment further

CHURCHES MAY UNITE.

Three Pennsylvania Towns Considering Novel Proposition.

D. E. Park, of Pittsburg, who makes his home in Ebensburg, Pa., during the summer, has offered three Protestant congregations of his town $25,000 on condition that they unite and become one church. One meeting of the deacons of the three churches has already been held, and the merger is likely to be consummated.

It is pointed out that the three congregations—the Presbyterian, Congregational and Calvinistic Methodist—could do a much better work were they united. The Congregational Church owns a very valuable property, consisting of a large edifice and parsonage, several lots of ground and two cemeteries. Its property is worth more than all the other Protestant properties in Ebensburg.

It is urged that the three churches unite, buy a property in the central part of Ebensburg and construct a large church edifice. It is proposed to engage a pastor at a salary of about $3,000 a year, an assistant at about $1,000, a paid organist, musical director and choir. The membership of the church would be about 700.

CURRENT COMMENT

Exit Clemenceau.

Does Premier Clemenceau—as was—now realize the danger there is in "kassin' back?—St. Louis Republic.

M. Clemenceau seems to have touched the button at the unpsychological moment.—Galveston News.

M. Clemenceau challenged a backfire, and as a result of his bravado was shot full of holes.—Detroit Free Press.

Possibly M. Clemenceau will decide to spend the rest of the summer with the former shah and the ex-sultan.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

At this juncture it appears to be up to the private business of M. Clemenceau to demand all his time and attention.—Indianapolis News.

This country is fairly well supplied with medical practitioners, but if Dr. Clemenceau should see fit to return he could probably build up a comfortable practice.—Boston Herald.

The French people, who are now saying things about M. Clemenceau, are handicapped by having no exact equivalent for the word "quitter."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Saved by a Sea Wall.

Good morning, Galveston. Are you still there?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Galveston gave that Caribbean hurricane the granite hand.—Baltimore Star.

The storm didn't hurt Galveston. So fine a sea wall is something to blow about.—Atlanta Constitution.

Man is not so important, after all, if Galveston's sea wall saved the city from the ocean's fury.—Omaha Bee.

Galveston's sea wall seems to have stood the test, but it found out what it was put there for, all right.—Kansas City Star.

The sea wall of Galveston has repaid the people for the energy, money and backbone which they put into it.—Augusta Chronicle.

The Gulf of Mexico tried it on again and found the joke was on itself. Forewarned is forearmed in Galveston.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Galveston's sea wall was somewhat expensive, but even the members of Galveston's Hammer and Padlock Club now admit that it was worth 100 cents on the dollar—and then some.—Kansas City Times.

MUNYON'S EMINENT DOCTORS YOUR SERVICE FREE

Not a Penny to Pay for the Full Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the ca[use] of your disease, mail us a postal [re]questing a medical examination bl[ank] which you will fill out and return [to] us. Our doctors will carefully d[iag]nose your case, and if you can [be] cured you will be told so; if you c[an]not be cured you will be told so. [You] are not obligated to us in any way, [as] this advice is absolutely free. You [are] at liberty to take our advice or not [as] you see fit. Send to-day for a me[dic]al examination blank, fill out and [re]turn to us, and our eminent doct[ors] will diagnose your case thorough[ly] absolutely free.

Munyon's, 53d and Jefferson stre[ets], Philadelphia, Pa.

Chinese Scholar on Marriage.

Sir Robert Hart, speaking of m[ar]riage and death customs in the East, tells a story of a great Chin[ese] scholar and high official who said [to] our foreign way of letting the you[ng] people fall in love and choose and [the] Chinese way of first marrying a[nd] then making acquaintance remind[ed] him of two kettles of water; the fi[rst] —the foreign—was taken at the bo[il]ing point from the fire by marria[ge] and then grew cooler and cool[er] whereas the second—the Chinese—w[as] a kettle of cold water put on the fi[re] by wedlock and ever afterward gro[w]ing warmer and warmer, "so tha[t]" said his friend, "after 50 or 60 yea[rs] we are madly in love with each other" —London Tit-Bits.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, wea[ry] worn women. Backache, hip pai[ns] dizziness, headaches, nervousness, la[n]guor, urinary tro[u]bles make wom[en] suffer untold miser[y]. Ailing kidneys a[re] the cause. Cure the[m]. Mrs. Irene Tudor, 1 N. Clagg St., Bell[e]fontaine, Ohio, say[s]: "I thought my tr[ou]ble incurable, as [I] suffered so long wi[th]

kidney complaint. I had sharp, ago[n]izing pains and serious urinary tro[u]ble. I was tired and depressed an[d] nothing seemed to help me. Final[ly] Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief an[d] soon effected a complete cure."

Remember the name—Doan's. So[ld] by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Fo[ster]-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Real Source of Profit.

A son of Italy was so unfortuna[te] as to face the judge in the police nig[ht] court in New York not long ago, a[c]cording to Judge.

"What do you do, Tony?" the judg[e] asked, in a kindly tone, not being hu[r]ried, as it happened, and perhap[s] touched by the liquid softness [of] Tony's dark eyes.

"Maka da music wid da fina stre[et] piano—oh, very fina music!" Ton[y] said, with a bright smile.

"How much do you make in [a] week?"

There was a flash of white teeth.

"Maka da much money—fifteene[n] maybe twenty dol'."

"What? Get twenty dollars for pla[y]ing a street piano?" the astonishe[d] judge demanded.

"No, notta for play," the music ma[s]ter admitted; "mabe geta two dol' fo[r] play—geta rest for shut up noise a[nd] get off block!"

Well Supplied.

"I find it hard to kill time," d[e]clared the pampered pet. "I only hav[e] my music, you know. How do yo[u] manage?"

"Oh, I do very well," answered th[e] other girl. "In addition to my musi[c] I have my sweeping, my dusting, m[y] sewing and my dishwashing."—Loui[s]ville Courier Journal.

BAD DREAMS

Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, mor[e] or less, ever since I can remembe[r] until a few months ago I became mor[e] and more nervous and irritable, an[d] finally I could not sleep at night, fo[r] I was horribly disturbed by dreams o[f] all sorts and a species of distressin[g] nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the exper[i]ence of numbers of friends who ha[d] quit coffee and were drinking Postu[m] and learning of the great benefits the[y] had derived, I concluded coffee mu[st] be the cause of my trouble, so I go[t] some Postum and had it made stric[t]ly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavor an[d] taste. It entirely took the place o[f] coffee, and to my very great satisfac[]tion, I began to sleep peacefully an[d] sweetly. My nerves improved, and [I] wish I could wean every man, woma[n] and child from the unwholesome dru[g] —ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate o[r] realize what a powerful drug it is an[d] what terrible effect it has on the h[u]man system. If they did, hardly [a] pound of it would be sold. I woul[d] never think of going back to coffe[e] again. I would almost as soon thin[k] of putting my hand in a fire after [I] had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours ha[d] stomach trouble for a long time, an[d] could not get well as long as she use[d] coffee. She finally quit coffee and b[e]gan the use of Postum and is now pe[r]fectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," i[n] pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? [A] new one appears from time to tim[e]. They are genuine, true, and full o[f] human interest.

IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA.

Whole Body a Mass of Raw, Bleeding, Torturing Humor—Hair All Fell Out—Hoped Death Would End Fearful Suffering—In Despair—Cured by Cuticura.

"Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until I was covered by whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony I endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sore on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings.

"In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

Choose Your Words.

A lady who was very plain-looking called on a friend.

This friend's little girl came into the room and her mother introduced her.

"But, mamma, isn't she awfully homely," said the "young hopeful."

"Why, Laura, you mustn't say such things; it isn't polite."

"I meant it only as a joke."

"But, dear, how much more of a joke it would have been if you had said 'how pretty she is.'"—Success Magazine.

No Time to Spare.

Mrs.—O, Jack! Dolly told me the most exciting secret, and made me swear never to tell a living soul!

Mr.—Well, hurry up with it. I'm late to the office now.—Cleveland Leader.

Ask Your Druggist For Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Hemmed In.

Rankin—Why don't you open a savings account?

Pyle—I guess I'll have to; they've shut down on me where I've been running a spending account.

Don't dope yourself for every little pain. It only hurts your stomach. Such pains comes usually from local inflammation. A little rubbing with Hamlins Wizard Oil will stop it immediately.

Not Artistic.

Esmeralda—Geoffrey is such a liar!

Gwendolen—I wouldn't mind that, if he could lie convincingly.

Lewis' Single-Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

Michigan is the second State in the production of grindstones. It produced $71,500 worth in 1906.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Why He Favored Them.

Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?

Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife waiting to ask questions.—Kansas City Journal.

Knew He Wanted It.

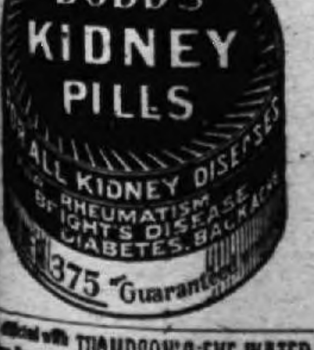
"Tut, Bill, mark my words, the thing wot's goin' to make England is tariff reform—an' no mistake."

"Wot be tariff reform, 'Enery?"

"Why, tariff reform is—er—well, it's—er—what they tell yer at the meetings."—London Punch.

Cost Too Much.

Minister—And why didn't ye come to the kirk last Sawbeth? Sandy—I had nowt but a shillin' in my claes. That's ower muckle siller to pit in th' contribution box all at ain time.—Cleveland Leader.



Afflicted with Sore Eyes, use THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SALT LAKE OCCUPIED BY G. A. R.

Veterans Rule City and Tourists Augment Large Crowds.

Occupation of the city of Salt Lake by the Grand Army of the Republic was complete Monday. Coming from all directions, the veterans won every strategic point and commanded all communications. Their colors were everywhere. On the program it was the first day of the forty-third encampment. Edgar Allen, commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans, was one of the early arrivals. He was tendered a reception by his organization Monday evening. The first formal gathering was that of the Union ex-prisoners of war, who met in the Federation of Labor hall at 10 o'clock.

COMMANDER NEVIUS.

The railroads carried a heavy passenger traffic into Salt Lake with few mishaps. The veterans and members of affiliated organizations were outnumbered by the tourists and sightseers. Arrivals Sunday were estimated at 6,000. All who came were accommodated without difficulty, and there was still a large number of rooms upon which to draw.

Two camp fires, one at Assembly Hall in Temple square and the other at the armory, were attended by the Grand Army members Monday night. A local celebration, the entrance of the wizard of the Wasatch and his satellites, was a brilliant outdoor spectacle at 9 o'clock and throughout the evening. Commander Nevius of the Grand Army of the Republic, his staff and officers of allied organizations met the visitors at a reception under the auspices of the women's committee in the Commercial Club parlors.

WOMAN FOR PRESIDENCY.

Chicago Settlement Leader Wanted as Chief Executive.

"Jane Addams of Chicago, future President of the United States," will be the slogan before many months have passed, according to the advocates of equal suffrage. Boston has been chosen as the starting point of the startling and novel campaign by which the women hope to gain prestige, if not actually a president.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell says that no better candidate could be found than the Chicago woman, and her

MISS JANE ADDAMS.

opinion is shared by Boston suffragettes, who are preparing to work with might and main for the election of Miss Addams. "A woman President would be quite as competent to attend to the national duties as a man," says Miss Blackwell. "There have been women rulers of countries before now, and many of them stand out in history as notable for their good judgment and strong, intelligent minds."

When interviewed at Hull House in Chicago Miss Addams treated the whole matter as a joke.

SHOOTS JUROR; KILLS SELF.

Stranger Wounds Hotel Man Who Helped in Sentencing Him.

Daniel A. Fenton was shot and fatally injured on West Main street in Middletown, N. Y., at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Fenton, who conducted the Hotel Elberton, left his hotel about 2 o'clock. He was followed by a stranger, who tapped him on the shoulder and made a remark. Fenton looked at the stranger, turned and fled. The stranger fired a revolver from his pocket, but missed the fleeing man. He then took up the pursuit and fired two more shots. Fenton fell to the sidewalk and the stranger, after looking at Fenton closely, fired a bullet through his own brain. The stranger did not regain consciousness. On the way to the hospital Fenton said: "It was McSorley. I sat upon a jury that sent him to prison for a long term." Fenton has conducted hotels in San Francisco and Chicago.

Skirt as Bank Burns with $600.

Mrs. Charles Hart, wife of a retired contractor, concealed $600 in $10 bills in a skirt hanging in a closet of her home in New York. In closing the door she ignited a parlor match on the sill that set fire to the skirt and consumed the $600.

NEW HEAD OF G. A. R.

Samuel R. Van Sant Elected Commander in Chief.

Former Governor Samuel R. Van Sant of Minnesota was elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. Thursday in Salt Lake City, over Judge William A. Ketcham of Indiana by a vote of 587 to 156. In addition to Commander Van Sant, the following officers were elected:

Senior Vice Commander—W. M. Bostaph, Ogden, Utah.
Junior Vice Commander—Judge Alfred Beers, Bristol, Conn.
Surgeon General—W. H. Lemon, Lawrence, Kan.

Mrs. Jennie L. Berry of Des Moines won the national presidency of the Woman's Relief Corps on the third ballot over Mrs. Belle Harris of Kansas by a vote of 213 to 90. The Flying Squadron Naval Veteran Association elected all its new officers by acclamation. For commander John C. Black was re-elected and lieutenant commander H. N. Rounds, Rock Island, Ill. The army nurses, composed of survivors of the nurses who labored during the Civil War, elected as president Mrs. Mary T. Lacy, Salt Lake City, and as guard Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, Illinois.

The annual parade, the feature event of the encampment, gave Salt Lake City a martial aspect Wednesday. The Fiftieth Infantry, U. S. A., from Fort Douglas, took the lead. It was followed by the Utah National Guard and the carriages of the commander-in-chief and distinguished guests. Illinois led the States. Then came Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio and the rest. The veterans marched down a street 132 feet in width past cheering thousands of spectators. At one point 1,200 school children in red, white and blue robes and caps formed a human flag. The flag joined the parade and followed the veterans to the starting place, where they passed in review before Henry M. Nevius, commander-in-chief.

7,000 STRIKERS IN RIOT.

McKee's Rocks Workmen Take Possession of Street Cars.

Goaded to fury by the threat of eviction from their homes, 7,000 workmen who have been on strike at the big plant of the Pressed Steel Car Company of McKees Rocks, Pa., broke into a riot Wednesday night. The rioters took possession of all street cars running in the neighborhood of the plant and refused to permit any man who is not a striker to ride. They also compelled the motormen to haul them about and would not pay fares.

The State troopers were forced to fire volley after volley over the heads of the strikers, who threw stones in return. At least a dozen persons were struck with missiles and three were wounded by glancing bullets. Scores were clubbed by the troopers, who rode into the crowd on the gallop. Twenty men were arrested and marched in a hollow square to the box car prison within the stockade.

The first fatality growing out of the strike occurred early Thursday, when Steve Harvat, one of the strikers, was shot and killed by Major Smith, a negro, whom a crowd of two score striking foreigners had attacked by mistake for a strike breaker.

SON SLAYS RICH FATHER.

Quarrel Because Victim Doesn't Pay for Child's Funeral.

John G. Ostby, a grocer in Duluth, Minn., was murdered by his eighteen-year-old son, Bjorn, in a quarrel relative to the payment of the funeral expenses of one of the children of the family, who died a week ago. The father, who was wealthy, was slow in paying the funeral bill and received a note from the undertaker, threatening suit. This agitated Mrs. Ostby. She reproached her husband and left the house. The father and son quarreled. Ostby's daughter went to the room in which they were and found the door locked. A few minutes later there was the report of a rifle. She ran to alarm neighbors, but before any one arrived the police were on the scene, the boy who had just slain his father having telephoned for them.

FIVE PERISH IN BURNING HOUSE

Occupants Lose Lives While Asleep in Dwelling at Hancock, Mich.

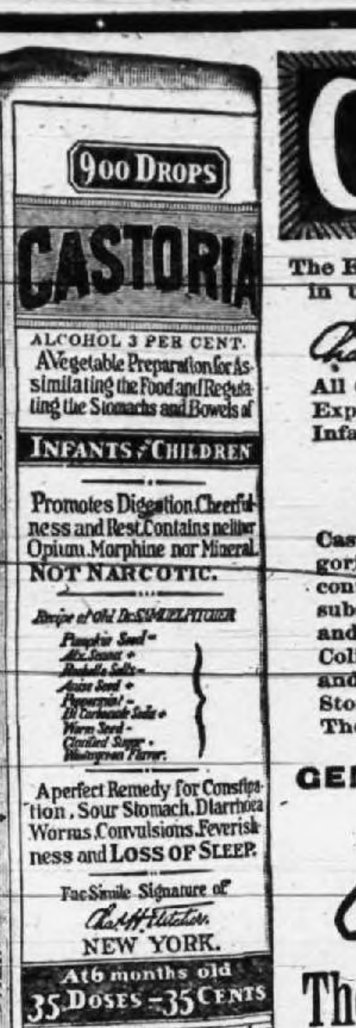
Five lives were lost in a fire in a dwelling in Hancock, Mich., Thursday night. The dead are Mrs. John Dionne; Edward Dionne, 8 years old; Peter Dionne, an infant; Aminia Dionne, 12 years old, and a girl named Racine. The fire started when the family was asleep. Mrs. Dionne got out of the house, but, returning to rescue a child, perished in the flames. Her body was found with the infant clasped in her arms.

Fred Landis Weds Secretly.

Fred Landis, former representative in Congress, was married at 5 a. m. Thursday to Miss Bessie A. Baker, daughter of Dr. L. J. Baker of Logansport, Ind. The fact that the wedding was to take place had been kept a secret from all but the immediate families.

The Canadian Minister of Marines announced at Montreal that the government had resolved upon the maintenance of a navy and that Quebec would have the preference for a dry dock for large vessels.

Secretary of the Interior Ballinger said at Seattle that he had not clashed with Secretary Wilson, but that he and Gifford Pinchot differ as to the law on forest reserves.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Why Bread Is Dear.

The demand is greater than the supply, says James J. Hill in Outing. We have reached the end of our virgin wheat land and our yields are shrinking while our population is increasing. That is where conservation touches us practically; but we need not worry. Nature is going to take care of things. Necessity will punish us and remedy matters in her own stern way if we do not mend our methods. When wheat does not average so much an acre it is not worth raising. Now consider a moment where this trend of things is landing us. Do you know how long it took England to mend her methods—to raise her averages from twelve and fifteen to twenty-five and thirty and forty bushels an acre? It took her almost fifty years. In fifty years what population will we have to feed? And we have not even begun to mend our methods. It is the supremely big question of the day. Shall we act now and save ourselves national disaster, or wait till necessity compels us—and then act? Compare agricultural interests to any other national interests to-day. What were the total returns from the farms of the United States last year? Seven billion dollars! Compare that to the returns from the forests—$1,250,000; and our farm averages are not a third of what they ought to be, of what they could be made by simple rational methods. Other countries have trebled and quadrupled their yield. So could we.

Diplomacy for Retired Capitalists.

When, in 1893, a smooth-shaven little joker was inserted in one of the multitudinous paragraphs of a general appropriations bill and slipped through Congress without a word of discussion, all the civilizing influence of a hundred years of shirt-sleeves diplomacy was undone, says Henry M. Hyde, writing in Success Magazine, and the privilege of representing the United States at the great capitals of Europe took the place of steam yachting as the most expensive and ornamental amusement of the very rich.

Up to that time the rank of minister plenipotentiary was the highest in the diplomatic service of the nation. Many suggestions were made that the rank of ambassador should be created, but no secretary of state could be found who would endorse them.

But on that fateful morning when Congress, unknowingly, took in that unfathered foundling in its grocery basket, diplomacy lapsed distinctly backward toward the comic opera stage. Dignified justices of the Supreme Court of the United States quarreled fiercely with Russian counts and German barons as to who should pass first into the White House dining room. Buoyed by the blessed sense of humor the Secretary of State obsequiously took his place behind the personal embodiments of divinely endowed kings and emperors. Official and social Washington broke out in blisters and goose flesh.

Knew When to Stop.

The shrewd lawyer knows when to stop questioning, and none is more shrewd than the one who, conducting a case of bribery, questioned a man the other day, who is rated high in the business world.

"Have you yourself ever refused a bribe?" he asked.

"No, but——"

"That is all," said the lawyer.

At a latter time he was asked why he had dismissed the witness so soon.

"Because," he replied, "I knew by the 'but' that he was going to tell me no one had ever attempted to bribe him."

He Staid Outside.

Tramp (outside the gate)—Madam, may I ask does your dog bite?

Mrs. Jaye (in the garden)—Yes, he does; and please don't come in. We are very particular about what we feed him on!—San Francisco Examiner.

Ready Cooked.

The crisp, brown flakes of

Post Toasties

Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouthwash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year." James McGune, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 919

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20 cts. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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REMEMBER, great fortunes have been made by immediate decisions. Only a few thousand shares for sale at 10c. Our assays indicate—will soon be worth $1.00 per share. Will send stock by return mail. Send express or post-office orders to E. W. ST. CHARLES, President, 611 Central Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif

PILES PAY IF CURED We pay postage and send FREE AND CROSS Pile and Fistula Cure. REX CO., Dept. B5, Minneapolis, Minn.

Send for list of Bargains in General Farming, orange and fig lands. Coast country. We sell direct from owner to buyer. E. C. BANKS, Bliss Bldg., Houston, Texas

A SPLENDID FARM of 160 acres, five miles from city. Address P. O. Box 104, Bedford, Ind.

CYCLONE DISH WASHER Do you want one in your kitchen, fully guaranteed? Circular free. One Minute Washer Co., El Reno, Okla.

C. N. U. No. 34—1909

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THE FORUM

R. J. MACDONALD, Pub
W. W. BRISTOL, Mgr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year $1.00 Six months $ 50
Payable in Advance

Censure of the New Tariff Act is Common

There are many Republicans who don't like the new tariff, and they don't hesitate to say so. They will tell you it is a measure for the enrichment of the trusts. That from top to bottom it is a measure passed for the trusts by the paid attorneys and *hired and bought men* of the trusts in the congress of the United States. And they don't fail to say, many a good republican, that the president is the man of the trusts and only took a hand in the legislative game, when he saw that the republican opponents of the bill were exposing the trusts control of the party, to such an extent that the future of the president would be in jeopardy.

Many republicans say that president Taft has lost his popularity with the people and will be only a one term president, and that the only serious mistake Mr. Roosevelt made was in advocating the selection of Mr. Taft for his successor. And while there is much real argument in many of these assertions, and much that looks to an outsider as the work of a confederate in a bunco game. Yet isn't it a fact that the situation from the standpoint of the people was handled right. From the beginning it was clear that the trusts owned the senate, and intended to go back on the party pledges, that no relief could be expected, that the tariff must continue to make millionaires, that the masses must pay the taxes and bear the burdens and that all that could be expected was such an airing of the case as would bring the people to a fuller knowledge of their slavery to the trusts of the country. That from this stirring *of the puddle would be produced a* public sentiment which would drive from the halls of congress the creatures of these interests and return the law making power to the representatives of the entire people.

Everybody knew that if we had no new tariff act that the present law was equal to the task of continuing the protection of the trusts. Everybody knows that the government must have money to do business with, and every patriotic citizen desires the government to continue to be representative of the intelligence and enterprise of the country. And so really knowing these things not an observant citizen expected any great change this time in the tariff measure, and they have not been disappointed. There are few changes and the tariff bill as a whole is higher than the present law.

But through it all a great gain for the people has been made. The days of the trusts control of the congress are numbered. The people are awake and watching and weighing. They will drive the money changers from the Temple. The grafters the men who grind the faces of the poor for their unnecessary enrichment, the men who know that through their manipulation and heartless greed poor men in a short time, working men who grow and support families must give up the eating of meat, not being able to earn sufficient to buy meat with. That these are being driven into helpless bondage and eternal servitude. These people are learning from this great legislative fight who their friends are. And from the midst of these the plain people, will go to the legislative halls of the country men with the confidence of the people, of unsullied integrity and veracity, who will bring the reliefs and make the laws the people demand. Vigilence the people need. Vigilence is the price of liberty. What do the plain people have in common with the trusts, the Aldrichs, the Lodges the Burrows, the Smiths, the Baileys, the Paynes? What have the common people in common with the Tafts? Does a millionaire ever go back on his class or his associates? We guess not. And what do we care about the new tariff bill or the men who imposed it upon the people. We all know now what it is. We take it for what it is worth. We know under all the facts that the measure is the dictum of the trusts, and is no better or worse than we could expect. But we thank the men of congress who stand and stood for the people, who stand and stood for the platform of the Grand Old Republican party of Lincoln and Roosevelt, who served notice on the trusts and their unpatriotic creatures in the congress that the fight was on to a finish, that America was for the people as it was *in the days of the Declaration* of Independence. And for these and the signs and tokens of knowledge and purpose on the part of the people we are thankful. For the new tariff and the deceits which foisted it upon a suffering people, we have no concern nor interest. We know that every man of them goes speedily to his political grave. And another gain has been made for men, for common opportunity, for enjoyment, for manhood and liberty.

So when we look at this tariff question and read the big dailies of the cities, the trust property every one of them, let us look below the surface and examine the interests and schemes of the politicians and their proprietors, and then resolve that by our votes we will support men of the people who serve all the people, all of the time, and reject any and every man in public servic, high or low, who is known and branded as the asset of the trusts and corporations.

Even as You and I

I saw a man. He was a Methoterianationalist. He looked to me like a good man, and I stopped to talk with him. Said he, "You poor sinner, you do not know what is good for you. You are traveling *in the way of unrighteousness.* You do not follow the precepts of my church. I know that my way is the right way and if you continue in your path of sin you will surely be damned." I was impressed with the assurance of the man and stopped to learn more. I said "How do you know these things?" "Never mind how I know" he said "Let it be enough for you to know that I know they are true." Still I persisted "But you must have some reason for knowing these things." "Surely I have, does not the bible say very plainly that I am right and all others wrong?" But I was not satisfied and passed on.

I met another man. He was an atheist. He was an intelligent looking man and I stopped to converse with him. He said, "I see you have just left my friend, the Churchman, and I believe you have been impressed with his superstitious follies. My boy, don't be duped by such cant. There is no Heaven and no Hell, no God and no devil. This man is trying to make a dupe of you. "But" said I "What is his object in telling me things which are not true? He can have no gain in making a convert of me. And after all is it not a comfortable belief. We are all striving for happiness and the Churchman assures me happiness throughout all eternity if I will but travel with him. He says he KNOWS he is right." "Pish!" said the Atheist "Mr. Churchman is bigoted and a superstitious fool. Be strong-minded, come with me, this is the only life we have to live and I can assure you happiness now. Let the future look out for itself. A thousand years from now people will look on Mr. Churchman's creed in the same way that we regard the myths of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Have some backbone about you. Come with me." I hesitated, "But what reward have you to offer me if I consent to travel in your company?" Reward! What reward do you want? I will give you freedom from care during all your life. You may do anything you please without fear of future punishment. Be game, live while you do live, and when your time comes to die you can shuffle off the mortal coil with the assurance that you have finished the race and your body will go back to the dust from which it came." But I passed on.

I met another man. He was a jolly looking fellow and greeted me with a smile. I stopped to chat with him and asked him if he was a Churchman or an Atheist. "Neither, my friend, neither" he replied "I have no creed and no doctrine. I live my life as it seems best to me, I follow the dictates of my own conscience in all things. If you wish to come with me, you are welcome and we will have a good time together. On the other hand, if you like Mr. Churchman or Mr. Atheist better you may go with them and I will think just as much of you and do you a favor as willingly as if you traveled with me." "But surely" I said "You must have some end in view, some mark you are aiming at, some goal which you wish to cross. You have some code of morals, some rule by which you govern your manner of living?" "Well, yes" said the man "To all mankind I do all the good I can, and as little evil, I pay for my home paper and look upon the future without fear and the past without regret." And I went with the last man.

CONTEST NOTICE
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Marquette, Michigan, July 19, 1909.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by F. L. McCagg, contestant against Homestead Entry, No. 11035, made June 8, 1903, for Northwest quarter, Section ..., Township 12 North, Range 16 West, Michigan Meridian, by Joshua R. Bartlett, contestee, in which it is alleged that said entryman never established a residence on said land, and has wholly abandoned, said land since date of entry; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on August 27, 1909, before Clerk of the Circuit Court for Muskegon county, at Muskegon, Michigan, (and that final hearing will be held at ten o'clock a. m. on September 3rd, 1909, before) the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Marquette, Michigan,

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed July 19, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

JAMES J. DONOVAN, Register.
JOHN JONES Receiver.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

At a session of said court held at the probate office, in the city of Muskegon, in said county, on the 23rd day of July A. D. 1909

Present: Hon. Elliott D. Prescott Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ruth Hobler, deceased

Eunice C. Covell having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to George E. Covell or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered that Monday the 30th day of August A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account:

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in THE WHITEHALL FORUM a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

Elliott D. Prescott,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Ruth Thompson,
Register

Notice of Hearing Claims Before Court
State of Michigan
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

In the matter of the Estate of Minnie Neumeister Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 10th day of August A. D. 1909 have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the city of Muskegon in said county, on or before the 10th day of Dec. A. D. 1909 and that said claims will be heard by said court on Friday the 10th day of December A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated August 10th A. D. 1909
ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT
Judge of Probate

Notice of Hearing Claims Before Court.
STATE OF MICHIGAN.
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

In the matter, of estate of Isabell Taylor, deceased

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 16th day of August, A. D. 1909 have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Muskegon in said county, on or before the 16th day of December A D. 1909, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Thursday the 16th day of December A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated August 16th A. D. 1909
ELLIOTT D PRESCOTT,
Judge of Probate

BIG PICNIC

[illegible]

WHITE RIVER

[illegible]

DEBTORS TAKE NOTICE.

I have turned over all accounts due Dr. A. James DeNike to John Haverkate collection agency for collection. You will therefore call on him for settlement.

Mrs. A. James DeNike.

[illegible]

Notice of Hearing Claims Before Court
STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

[illegible]

Dated August 16th, A. D. 1909.
ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT,
Judge of Probate

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

In the matter of the estate of Ronald Macdonald, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 16th day of August, A. D. 1909, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court at the Probate Office, in the City of Muskegon, in said county, on or before the 16th day of December, A. D. 1909, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Thursday the 16th day of December, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated August 16th, A. D. 1909.
ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT,
Judge of Probate

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

At a session of said court held at said probate office, in the City of Muskegon, in said County, on the 12th day of August, 1909.

Present, Hon. Elliott D. Prescott, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel Rosen Deceased.

Abraham Rosen and Isaac Rosen having filed in said court their final administration account, and their petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered that the 13th day of September A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the WHITEHALL FORUM a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT
Judge of Probate

A true copy.
RUTH THOMPSON,
Register of Probate

Probate Order

State of Michigan.
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Muskegon in said County, on the ... day of April A. D. ...

Present: ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ellens M. ...

[illegible] having filed in said court [illegible] petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 23rd day of August A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in THE WHITEHALL FORUM a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
RUTH THOMPSON,
Register of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Circuit Court for the County of Muskegon, In Chancery
Carrie B. Jennings,
Complainant,
vs.
Muskegon County, SS
Charles L. Shepard,
Edward Orr and
Theo. Herchamn,
Defendants

STATE OF MICHIGAN

Fourteenth Judicial Circuit, In Chancery. Suit pending in Circuit Court for the County of Muskegon, in Chancery, at the City of Muskegon, on the 2nd day of August A. D. 1909. Carrie B. Jennings, Complainant v. Charles L. Shepard, Edward Orr and Theo H. Herchman, Defendants.

In this cause it appearing that said defendants residence are unknown therefore, on motion of J. Claude Youdan, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered that the said Defendants enter their appearance in said cause on or before five months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the Complainant cause this order to be published in the Whitehall Forum said publication to continue once each week for six weeks in succession.

CLARENCE W. SESSIONS
Circuit Judge.

J. Claude Youdan,
Solicitor for Complainant.

Order for Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

At a session of said court held at the Probate office in the city of Muskegon in said county, on the 2nd day of August A. D. ...

Present Hon. ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Catherine Cox deceased.

Mary A. Hinds having filed in said court her petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to herself or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, That the 30th day of August 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

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

ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT,
Judge of Probate

A true copy
RUTH THOMPSON,
Register of Probate.

Order For Publication.
STATE OF MICHIGAN,
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate office in the City of Muskegon in said county, on the 26th day of July, A. D. 1909

Present Hon. ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT Judge of Probate

In the matter of the estate of John Sjoquist Deceased

Robert Sjoquist having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered that the 30th day of August A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

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

ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT.
Judge of Probate

A true copy.
RUTH THOMPSON,
Register of Probate

TEACHERS EXAMINATION

The regular examinations for teachers of Muskegon County will be held at the Court House in Muskegon on the following dates.
June 17-19, 1909.
August 12-14, 1909.
October 21-22, 1909.

Reading, June—Scott's Lady of the Lake.

August—Sketch Book, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Westminister Abbey and Rip Van Winkle by Irving.

October—Whittier's Snow Bound.

A minimum of 70 per cent in Arithmetic and Grammar and of 65 in all other branches, with an average of 75 for third grade 85 for second and 90 for first is required. 50 per cent credit in theory and art also in reading is allowed for the reading circle work.

Third grade applicants please ask for bulletin 28, 1909.

Nellie B. Caisholm
Commissioner of Schools

A. J. Gladstone-Dow
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC
Linderman Block Whitehall

R. J. MACDONALD
Attorney and Counselor
25-26 Lyman Block
MUSKEGON, MICH

Cross, Lovelace & Ross
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHARLES B. CROSS
GEORGE S. LOVELACE
JOHN Q. ROSS.
31-31½-32-34-36 Mason Block,
MUSKEGON, MICH

N. KEATING
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery
Francis Smith Block
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

STEPHEN H. CLINK,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND C...
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MUSKEGON. Mich

JOHN HAVERKATE
The White Lake Auctioneer,
Has had twenty-five years experience and can sell the goods. Terms on application.
Whitehall, Mich.

W. W BARCUS.
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Life and Accident Insurance also Written.

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Furnished and Erected by
RALPH W. SAXTON
Repairing Done Promptly
Phone 631 WHITEHALL, MICH

Order for Publication
STATE OF MICHIGAN.
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon.

At a session of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Muskegon in said County on the 19th day of ... A. D. 1909.

Present ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of George Obthwaite - Deceased.

R. Andrew, Fleming having filed in said court his seventh annual account as Trustee of said estate and his petition praying for the allowance thereof.

It is ordered, that Monday the ... day of August, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account:

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Whitehall Forum a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

Elliott D. Prescott,
Judge of Probate

A true copy.
Ruth Thompson
Register of Probat

Notice of Hearing Claims Before Court.
State of Michigan
The Probate Court for the County of Muskegon

In the matter of the estate of Johnson Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the ... day of July A. D. 1909 have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office in the city of Muskegon in said county, on or before the 25th day of November A. D. 1909, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Thursday the 25th day of November A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated November ... A. D. 1909
ELLIOTT D. PRESCOTT,
Judge of Probate

Tailors Sit Crosslegged.

Seeing a dress coat sat on a table, like a Turk. "Tailors always work in that position?" asked a visitor.

"Tailors don't. Only men's tailors," "And for men's the most comfortable and convenient position possible, for sewing on men's clothes. The work must be held near the eyes. Well, in this position the work on my elevated knees is nearer my eyes than if I sat on a chair, and at the same time my back is straight. Analyzed, the position. It keeps the back straight, the chest out, the knees close up to the face, and strain avoided.

"Women sit on chairs. But the sewing on women's clothes is finer than on men's. For a woman's tailor has to get up every few minutes to go to the form, and all that rising, if he sat on the floor, would tire him out before the day's run."—New York Sun.

Suffering Too Great.

Once a young woman suffering from an incurable disease applied for admission to a hospital in a ...

"I must die," she said simply to the resident physician, "but do help me to keep me alive for a little while for my babies' sake. In a few weeks I shall not need me so much." The chance lay in a very painful operation, but her heart was so weak that the surgeon dared not administer an anaesthetic. Very gently he explained the situation—the operation might make but a year's difference, but it seemed hardly worth while to suffer so much for so brief a respite. It would be best to go home and die. But the little woman shook her head.

After love shirks in herself, she steeled herself to be strapped on the operating table and there without a murmur went the torture of the knife, to give her a few months to live with her precious babies.—Delineator.

Marlborough House.

Marlborough House is one of the few buildings of Sir Christopher Wren, built at a cost of £44,000, the whole of which was defrayed by Queen Anne. Here the great duchess met her death in 1744, waging an unending warfare upon the society of the day. Here, too, she received a visit from the lord mayor and sheriffs while still in bed, an event which was satirized by Gay: "... the world and quite well ... her visitants in bed."

For years of the nineteenth century Marlborough House was rented by Leopold, king of the Belgians. It was afterward bestowed by the nation on Queen Adelaide, the dowager of William IV.—London Chronicle.

The Savage Pike.

In several instances on record persons being attacked by pike, the writer, Cruft, tells of a pike which was found the ... infant. Not long ago a retriever which was swimming in the Thames just above Chitty's at Richmond was tackled by a pike which bit one of its hind legs so as to sever an artery. The Thames pike which attacked the well known naturalist and Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell. ... finally landed the fish, when ... on the ground and fixed its teeth into his leg just ... The creature hung so ... hold that a stick had to ... pry its jaws apart.—Chambers.

Force of Habit.

... of faithful political service ... saloon keeper was appointed magistrate.

"... charge agin this man?" ... when the first case was ...

"... honor," said the police-...

... made magistrate frowned ... defendant.

"... guilty?" he demanded. ... faltered the accused. "I ... a drop."

"... then," urged his honor, as he absently polished the judicial desk with his handkerchief.—Everybody's.

A Want.

"... a device," said the inventor ... increase the speed of motor ...

... attorney frowned and ...

"... we really want," said ... to increase the speed ... who have to dodge ...

Catches Him.

... the old fashioned ... a worm."

... a man who had been ... times and who was ... small space in a rear ... is the early bird."—Chicago Herald.

Impossible Man.

"... you marry me?"

"... thought ... were different men."

"... want a divorce because mistaken?"

"I was right."—Cleveland ...

... laughter, in love, in ... hopes that lure us ...

LOST, WANTED & FOR SALE

FOR SALE New row boat Enquire of Harvey Bush.

FOR SALE--Bicycle in good repair. Enquire of A. H. Branch.

WANTED Girl at Cottage Grove Hotel. Can work all or part of time.

FOR SALE Clover and Timothy hay. Thos. Van Damm Route No 1 Whitehall. 2t

STRAYED—Red heifer yearling. Reward if found and returned to *R. J. Dillon, Blue Lake,* 1t

FOR SALE—Second hand buggy and harness. Good as new. Enquire at this office or of Cory Bettis.

FOR SALE--New house, six rooms A bargain if taken at once. Address Box 205, Whitehall, Mich. Aug 19

FOR SALE--10 room house with 1 1—2 acres of land in Whitehall. Big barn and chicken coop. Enquire of Fred Kolberg.

For SALE, family horse, with buggy and herness. A good all around safe driver, city broke, Enquire at this office.

For SALE, motors, motor boats, clinker and flat bottom rowboats, ready for delivery. No catalogs. Gisman Boat Co., Muskegon, Mich tf.

FOR SALE Fine 16 foot launch. Up to date in every particular. Built to make 8 miles an hour but will do better. Enquire at Johnson's Boat House.

LOST, Strayed or Stolen--Two year old bull terrier pup. Answers to the name of Bang. Very gentle and will eat from your hand, also the hand. Finder will receive reward by returning to Charles Augustus Johnson.

The First Wabaningo Club Amateur Vaudeville August 20th, and 21st, under the direction of Hough and Adams. Tickets at Pitkin and Co. after Saturday the 14th.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

LADIES

Mrs. Inga Trolson.
Mrs. F. W. Collins.
Mrs. James A. Garrett
Mrs. M. Kracker
Miss Helen Kissell
Miss Effrey Lanferd.
Mrs. C. H. Curtis.

FOREIGN

Mrs. M. Nelson.

GENTLEMEN

Oline Hansen.
H. G. Brooud.
M. E. Groth.
Ralph Viskochil,
Mr. Walter Runion.
Mr. Ralph L. Rice.
Mr. Wayne Rice.
Mr. Hugh M. Farlane
Mr. Irving Osborne jr.
E. H. Mesner.
Master Allen Highfield.
Mr. W. J. Gregg.
Mr. Clemmen.
Mr. E. H. Curtis.
Mr. F. W. Kuhlman.

J. H. Williams P. M.

Mrs. Grace Bowles, of Kansas City Mo., is visiting her cousin, Leslie Norris for a few days.

Word has been received here of the accidental death of Wendell Odlum, who was killed in an automobile accident in Seattle. He lived here with his people for some years, during pastorate of his father over the Methodist church, and graduated from the Whitehall high school. After going from here, he entered Albion college and won a number of prizes in oratorical contests. His mother is in very feeble health, on account of which Mr. Odlum was transferred to Colorado. The young man was on his way as missionary to India ... en route via the Seattle exposition.

Short Locals

Prof. Otley, of Chicago, is spending a few weeks at Bellevue.

E. D. Bartholomew, of Chicago visited his brother Earl a few days this week.

John Aldrich is having a foundation put under his recently purchased residence.

Henry Corey, of Bellevue, saved a party of capsized sailors in Indian Bay last week.

The Congregational Ladies Aid Society meets with Mrs. Bronson next Wednesday.

Mrs. Dudley Staples and daughter, Marie, left last week for an extended visit in Kennebunk, Me.

Otto Tryzell resumes work as mail carrier on route No. 1 this morning after a two weeks vacation.

Wm. Johnson, of Montague, made a business trip to Muskegon Tuesday, returning Thursday morning.

Frank Vanderhayden, of Holton, who was formerly in business in this village, made a brief visit here last week.

Manson Bean of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived in town last week. He was called here by the serious illness of his sister Isabel.

W. E. Pierce is enjoying his annual vacation from his duties as superintendent of the electric light and water works plant.

First class shoe repairing done at right prices. Leave shoes at Dad Merrick's cigar store and they will have prompt attention.

Axel C. Johnson, 3t.

Mr. Frank W. Redfern, of Lansing, Mich., with his wife and three sons is visiting friends and relatives in Montague and Whitehall.

Hans Mikkelsen left for the Northern Peninsula Tuesday morning. He was accompanied by his wife as far as Pentwater, returning later.

Mrs. Henry W. Ketcham, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who formerly lived in this village, visited a few days last week with E. M. Ruggles and family.

The annual picnic of the Congregational Sunday School was held last Friday at Hayward's Park. The attendance was large and a fine time enjoyed by young and old.

A. Green, who has been working for Chas. Watkins for the past year has resigned his position. His place is being filled by Chas. Lauterberg, who is a veteran with the meat ax.

Rev. Thurston, of Manhattan, Kan., is spending a few weeks at Sylvan Beach. Rev. Thurston was pastor of the Congregational church in this village fourteen years ago and has many warm friends here.

There will be a school of instruction at Whitehall Lodge 310 F. and A. M. Friday August 27. Work on first and third degrees. All Master Masons are requested to be present. Fred W. Nufer, W. M.

The Steamer ... will carry passengers to and from the Wabaningo Club Links on Friday and Saturday nights. The boat will leave here in plenty of time to make all stops and reach the Club house in time for the entertainment and will be in waiting at the dock after the performance.

CLAYBANKS CULLINGS

Gust Upman and wife were called to White River last week on account of the illness and death of his father.

The Claybanks Epworth League realized about twelve dollars from their social last Friday evening.

Grace Shafer went to Grand Rapids last week to visit friends ...

... at Mona lake one day last week.

Mrs. M. B. Covell went to Grand Rapids Wednesday to meet her daughters who have been visiting in Mt. Pleasant.

The Woodmen and Odd Fellows are planning a big picnic to be held on the first Monday in September. *Arrangements* have not yet been completed but a good time is guaranteed. Full particulars will appear in next week's Forum.

80 Acres of Land for sale on north side of Big Blue Lake, 15 resort lots on lake shore included. For price and terms enquire of I. G. Evans Whitehall, Mich. nov 5

Rev. S. B. Ford was called to Coopersville Tuesday of this week to attend a funeral and Wednesday afternoon to Newaygo to officiate at the wedding of a friend.

Helen, Nina and Howard Ford leave for Coopersville today for a short visit.

The trains are crowded to overflowing these days. It seems as if there is enough travel on this division to warrant the P. M. in putting on an extra coach, so that women and children would not be compelled to crowd into the smoking car, and half of the passengers be forced to stand.

Mrs. Decker and Miss May Eaton of Joliet are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Golder.

Mrs. Frank Hugh Montgomery wishes to sell her cottages and lots at Beechmont Michillinda. For particulars address Mr. J. E. Hildreth, of Chandler, Hildreth & Co. 100 Washington, St. Chicago, Ill. Sep 2.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to Dr. A. J. DeNike will save trouble and expense by settling their accounts before the 20th of August or prosecutions will follow.

John Haverkate Collection Agency.

The White Lake Yacht Club have been giving some very enjoyable Saturday evening entertainments. These entertainments are eagerly looked forward to by the members and their guests. The launch Esther furnishes transportation to and from the Club House and all docks on the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Larson, of Sycamore, Ill., visited friends in this village a few days last week.

Miss Cleo Thallis who has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. P. Fontaine, for the past two months has returned to her home in Toledo, O.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST

The Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society will hold its annual picnic at Lake Michigan Park, Muskegon, on Wednesday August 25th. It will be a general good time of visitation, good speeches, plenty of music and song and dancing, old and new, because the old settler knows how to dance and sing. And who has more cause to enjoy than the old settlers who started and toiled for the future of this country. And who can have more pride in it. And on this annual occasion everybody is an old settler and expected to go and enjoy themselves and form new acquaintances and renew old friendships, and forget old animosities and take a firmer grip on the life of the country.

Everybody come and bring their baskets and those who don't bring baskets can be served at the restaurants at the park. But come anyway and no one will be allowed to be hungry or thirsty. The officers who will have the meeting in charge are these brave old early settlers: ... President, ... Chairman of Executive Committee and Judge S. A. Aldrich, General Secretary.

Bullying the Hens.

Years spent in providing food for boarders, in watching them eat it and in hearing them comment on it had accustomed Mrs. Orne to all sorts of complaints, reasonable and otherwise. She was a pleasant woman and tried to anticipate the objector's objections and to smooth his feelings as speedily as might be. Once in awhile her readiness with a soft answer was a trifle too quick.

It was at breakfast, and Mr. Smith, who, since his attack of typhoid, had been consuming vast quantities of eggs, looked up from his fourth with a slightly offended air.

"I wish," he said from the opposite end of the table, "that these hens could be got to lay their eggs fresh!"

"The last two words only caught Mrs. Orne's ear. "I know it," she said emphatically, "and I think just the way you do about it. It seems somehow as if it couldn't be done any more. Years ago, before Mr. Orne died, it wasn't like this at all. Then you could make them give you fresh ones." —Youth's Companion.

A Quaint Cookbook.

Amid the horrors of the siege of Paris in 1871 one Cadol found time to issue a book of recipes for the preparation of the strange fare to which the city was reduced. "Our stomachs are turned into natural history museums," he wrote, "but we must make the best of circumstances and render our food as palatable as we can." So housewives were instructed how to disguise the flesh of dogs, horses, asses, rats and mice and were shown that, despite the old adage, one can make an omelet without breaking eggs. The recipe for an eggless omelet was as follows: "Soak an army biscuit in sugared water flavored with orange flower, chop finely and spread on a hot dish, powder well with sugar and then pour over and set light to a liberal helping of rum." With eggs at $6 a dozen and rum at but little more than its normal price, this palatable imitation of an "omelette au rhum" became a most popular dish.

Professional Advice.

The irate victim blustered into the office of the secondhand automobile dealer.

"Look here, sir," he thundered, "the automobile you sold me yesterday won't run. One of the cylinders is cracked, the spark plug is badly connected, the steering gear is loose, one wheel is wabbly, and—and"—

"Hold on a minute," the dealer interposed. "Did I sell you a machine yesterday?"

"You certainly did."

"And you paid me for it?"

"Of course I did!" was the emphatic response.

"Then the machine belongs to you, doesn't it?"

"Why, to be sure it does."

"Well, that being the case, I'd advise you not to amble through the city shouting about its defects. If you do, I'd like to know how you expect to sell it."—Lippincott's.

Birthdays and Health.

For several years I have noticed that in a period of from about three to two weeks preceding the anniversary of my birth I have had a feeling of returning vigor, a renewal of vitality such as I have not experienced at any other time of the year. This has lasted for from two to eight days, but has always ceased some days before the anniversary; hence it has occurred to me that there may be some connection between the approach or recurrence of one's birth date and the maintenance of one's health.—London Graphic.

A Modern Miracle.

"I caused the dumb to speak today."

"How was that?"

"I was stopped in the street by a beggar with a 'I Am Deaf and Dumb' placard on his breast, and when I expressed the opinion that he was an impostor he immediately recovered his speech and in vigorous Anglo-Saxon requested me to go to—er—the place that the new theology tells us doesn't exist and mind my own business and he'd mind his!"—New York Times.

A Useless Invention.

"This new collection box," argued the inventor, "has some unique advantages. When you drop in a quarter or more it doesn't make a sound. Drop in a dime and it tinkles a bell, a nickel blows a whistle, and a penny fires a shot. And when you don't drop in anything the box takes your picture."

"No, thanks," said the pastor wearily; "I already have pictures of my entire congregation."—Louisville Herald.

How It Is Done.

"I don't see how you can write so many"—

"Alleged witticisms?" interrupted the press humorist. "Oh, I get an idea occasionally, and every idea is good for several hundred jokes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nerve.

Heiress—The count states in his mad love letter that he will call and ends up by saying, "I beg to remain forever, Count Hickoff." Irate Father—Remain forever? What does he think this is—a charity hotel?—Chicago News.

Isn't It True?

Mrs. Baker—George is going off to get strong. I think he ought to stay a fortnight, but he says no, only half that time. Friend—You're right, of course. Seven days only make one weak.—Lippincott's.

It must have been tough on the people of the stone age when they tried to turn over a new leaf.—Pittsburg Press.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS will not preserve your health if you continue to breathe the foul sewer gas every time you go to the bath room.

SANITARY PLUMBING *is even more* important to health than a plentiful use of soap and water. Have us remodel your bath room so that it will be entirely free from the danger that always lurks in old style plumbing. Cost will be little compared with the benefit derived. Ask your doctor about sewer gas and its effect on the human system.

DYBVIG

Clean Cut methods are what make this store so popular. People who have bought here know how fairly we treat customers. You will know, too, the first time you come here for

CLOTHING or MEN'S FURNISHING'S

Suppose you come now. We have some especially attractive offerings both as to quality and price. It is a splended time to make our acquaintance and to get extra values.

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WANTED, Salesmen to represent us in the sale of our High Grade Goods. Don't delay, apply at once. Steady employment: liberal terms. Experience not necessary.
Aug. 13
ALLEN NURSERY CO., ROCHESTER N. Y

Words to Freeze the Soul

"Your son has consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens a leading merchant of Springfield N. C. by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three week's use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for coughs and colds, it the safest surest cure of desperate lung diseases on earth. 50c and 1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free. C. G. Pitkin & Co.

Up Before the Bar

N. H. Brown, an attorney of Pittsfield, Vt. writes, "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Billiousness or Sick Headache they work wonders, 25c.

THE WHITEHALL FORUM.

R. J. MACDONALD, Publisher.

WHITEHALL, - - MICHIGAN.

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS.

Sunday.

The imports of manufacturers' raw materials into the United States during 1908 were the heaviest in history.

Thirty-two met death by drowning throughout the country, two while making vain efforts to rescue others.

Turkey heeded the urging of the powers and delayed sending of an ultimatum to Greece in Cretan trouble.

It was reported that China had withdrawn objections to the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden Railroad.

Monday.

China practically yielded to Japan's railroad demand, pleading defenseless condition.

The annual encampment of the G. A. R. opened at Salt Lake City; 50,000 visitors were expected.

The August crop estimate exceeded yield of any previous year, but was smaller than the July total.

Secretary MacVeagh started efficiency test in the Treasury Department to determine the fitness of employes for promotion.

The irrigation congress opened at Spokane, with a vast throng of delegates from all over the world in attendance.

A. B. Stickney, former president of the Chicago Great Western Railway, charged that railroads are still evading anti-rebate laws.

Tuesday.

Richard Golden, pioneer actor, died on friend's houseboat.

Robert Womack, discoverer of Cripple Creek gold, died in poverty.

Former Dictator Castro's appeal was pigeon-holed by the Venezuela Congress.

Colonel Albert A. Pope, pioneer bicycle manufacturer, died at his summer home in Massachusetts.

A convict, ending a long term, killed a juror he thought should have held out for him, then ended his own life.

Judge Joseph R. Clarkson, who wandered from his Kenosha, Wis., home, has abandoned the profession of law to become a factory employe.

Gifford Pinchot, chief forester, said a gigantic water power trust is forming and took a veiled thrust at Secretary of the Interior Ballinger.

Donald L. Persch, a Wall street broker, was held on the charge of $40,000 theft in connection with the Heinze stock-disappearing mystery.

Wednesday.

Spaniards used balloon in the war against the Moors at Melilla.

Russians see violation of Portsmouth treaty in Japan's building of naval base in Manchuria.

A movement is on foot by many of the largest railroad systems to establish a depot at 12th and State streets, Chicago.

New York officials are seeking the "man higher-up" in the plot by which Heinze and others were made victims of stock "shifting."

The parade of G. A. R. veterans at Salt Lake City was marred by heat, which felled 100 children and twenty old soldiers, many of whom went to hospital.

Thursday.

China made an appeal to powers, alleging Japs use browbeating tactics.

Former Governor Van Sant of Minnesota was elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

Joseph Furay of Warsaw, Ind., won the first prize in the land drawings in Flathead reservation.

Striking dock laborers had a battle with special police at Fort William, Ont.; a strike leader was killed near Pittsburg.

Wu Ting Fang has been recalled as Chinese minister to United States; his successor is Chang Yin Tang, a comparative stranger to Washington.

Justice Mills decreed that Harry K. Thaw is insane and shall be returned to the asylum; prisoner's mother said she will continue fight for her son's liberty.

Friday.

Lord Kitchener succeeded Duke of Connaught as inspector general of the Mediterranean forces.

A naval officer, shot from torpedo tube at the bottom of the ocean, reached the surface in safety.

Former Judge Joseph R. Clarkson, who disappeared from Kenosha July 14, was found in an Iowa button factory.

Saturday.

Lawyers concluded arguments in the Thaw hearing.

King Edward made a million in steel by taking Morgan's tip.

President Taft arrived at the "summer capitol" and immediately began play on golf links.

Miss Isabella M. Halkett, one of Chicago's oldest school teachers in point of service perished in a gasoline explosion, her sister being severely burned in trying to save her.

David Belasco, in selecting actors and actresses for a new company, rejected all who have been divorced, made marriage a requisite and also preferred couples with large families.

SAYS THAW IS INSANE; BACK TO MATTEAWAN

Justice Mills Rules Against the Slayer, but in Strongest Decision Yet Made.

CALLS HIM A CHRONIC LUNATIC

Thaw, His Mother and His Sister All in a Collapsed Condition on Hearing News.

Harry K. Thaw was Thursday adjudged insane by Justice Mills in a decision handed down in the Supreme Court at White Plains, N. Y., and ordered to be sent back to the Matteawan State Asylum for the Criminal Insane immediately.

The order of Justice Mills was turned over to the Westchester County authorities by the Clerk of the Supreme Court and Thaw himself, in the jail at White Plains, was informed of the decision. Arrangements were made to take him back to Matteawan Friday.

Decides Thaw Is Insane.

Justice Mills' decision was the strongest against Thaw that has been handed down by any Judge since the two trials of the prisoner. His decision can be summed up as follows:

That the insanity that Harry K. Thaw was afflicted with in June, 1906, the date of the shooting of Stanford White, was a chronic, delusive insanity, generally known as paranoia.

That Harry K. Thaw has not recovered.

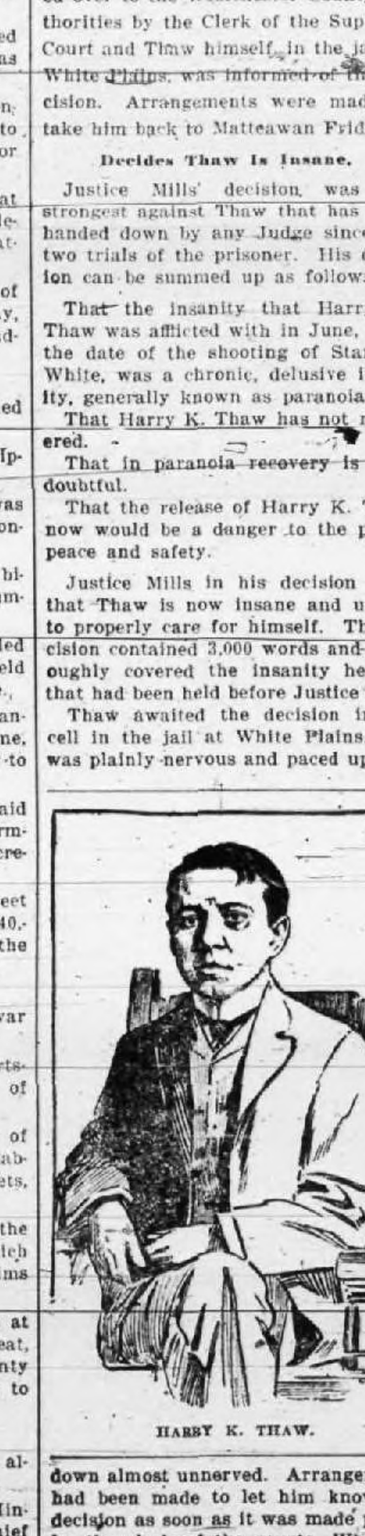
That in paranoia recovery is very doubtful.

That the release of Harry K. Thaw now would be a danger to the public peace and safety.

Justice Mills in his decision finds that Thaw is now insane and unable to properly care for himself. The decision contained 3,000 words and thoroughly covered the insanity hearing that had been held before Justice Mills.

Thaw awaited the decision in his cell in the jail at White Plains. He was plainly nervous and paced up and down almost unnerved. Arrangements had been made to let him know the decision as soon as it was made public by the clerk of the court. When he learned his fate, Thaw stopped in his nervous walk up and down the cell and stood still. He did not seem to comprehend what had been told him. Then, when he realized that he must go back to Matteawan, he staggered backward and fell upon the cell cot. He covered his face with his hands and for a time could not be aroused.

Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, the prisoner's mother, and his sister, the former Countess of Yarmouth, were almost overcome at the news. Alice Thaw tried to comfort her mother, but the aged woman, who has battled so long and so untiringly for her son, showed plainly that the decision was a terrible blow to her and she is near a collapse.

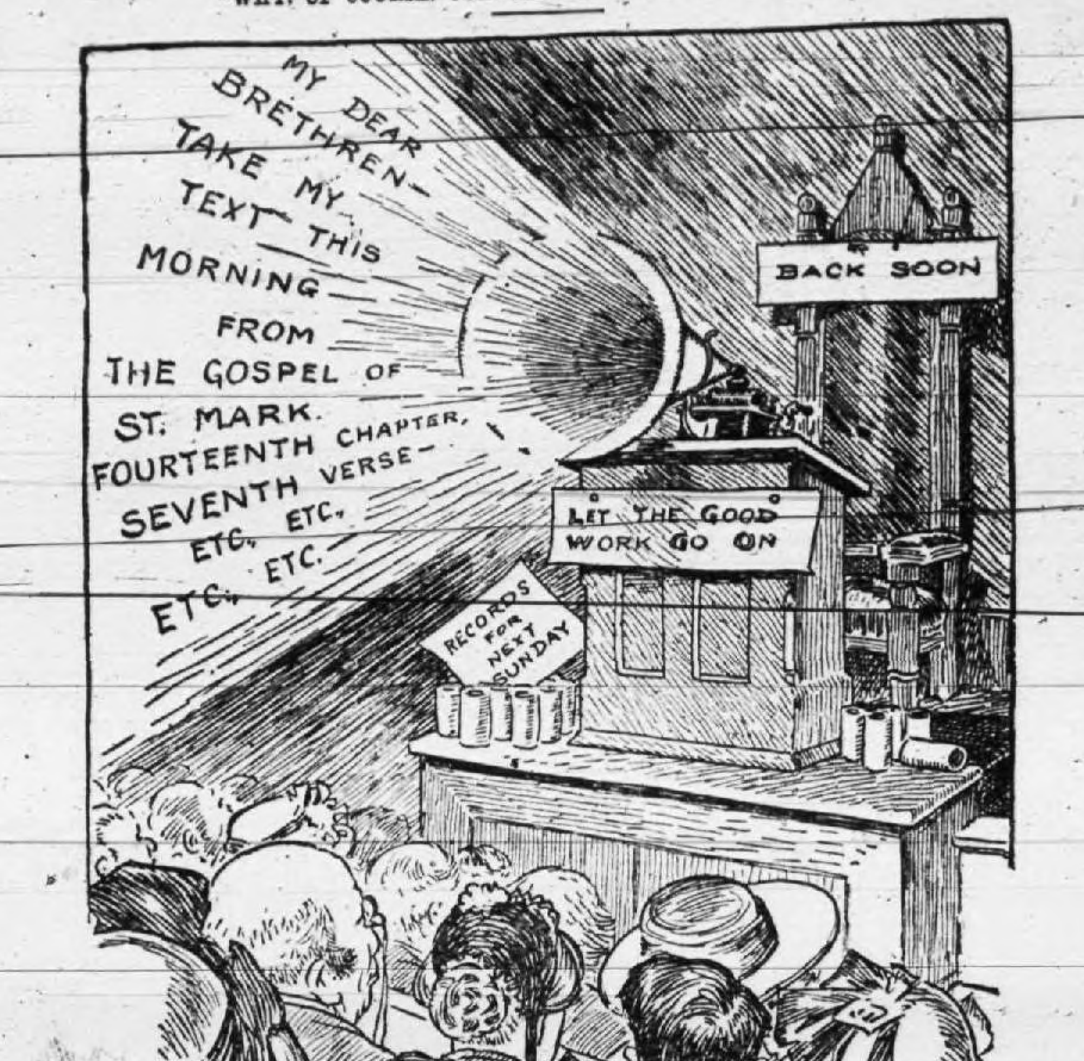


HARRY K. THAW.

CHRONOLOGY OF THAW CASE.

June 25, 1906—Thaw shot and killed Stanford White in the theater on the roof of Madison Square Garden.
Jan. 3, 1907—Trial began.
Feb. 1—Jury completed.
Feb. 7—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, wife of defendant, told the story of how she was attacked by White.
March 20—Lunacy commission appointed.
April 4—Commission pronounced Thaw sane.
April 10—Case given to jury.
April 12—Jury reported disagreement and was discharged after having been out forty-seven hours and eight minutes.
Jan. 6, 1908—Second trial began with Martin W. Littleton as chief counsel. Insanity principal ground of defense in second trial.
Jan. 10—Jury completed.
Jan. 13—Opening pleas made.
Jan. 31—Case given to the jury.
Feb. 1—Jury returns verdict of not guilty on ground defendant was insane at time he shot White. Justice Dowling committed Thaw to Matteawan asylum and the defendant was taken to the asylum on the same day.
Aug. 13, 1909—Justice Mills held Thaw still insane and ordered him returned to Matteawan.

"WHY, OF COURSE, OUR PASTOR CAN TAKE A VACATION."



—Des Moines News.

JUDGE CLARKSON FOUND.

Lawyer Discovered Making Buttons at Sabula, Iowa.

Former Judge Joseph B. Clarkson, Jr., of Kenosha, Wis., who strangely disappeared from his home on the night of July 14 last, was found Friday at Sabula, Ia., working in a button factory, under the name of John Paul. He returned to his home with Detective John J. Burns of Kenosha.

The finding of the man, while clearing the question of his whereabouts, has deepened the mystery of the mental process that caused him to forget his identity, forsake his home and wander about the country in search of work as a common laborer.

Perhaps the most puzzling feature of the case is that Judge Clarkson visited the same places, that he visited eighteen years ago, after he had disappeared from his home in Omaha, Neb., and worked his way through the farms and towns of Iowa, under the assumed name of Doolittle. He had even applied for work at the very farm where he had been given employment as a straggler almost two decades ago.

When found, Judge Clarkson was busily engaged in cutting buttons, and he had been so employed since July 30. He suddenly came to his senses when informed that he was Judge Clarkson, and said that he was happy that he had been found.

FIGHT FOR THE PENNANTS.

Standing of Clubs in the Principal Base Ball Leagues.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

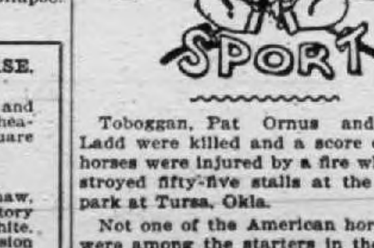
	W.	L.		W.	L.
Pittsburg	.71	27	Philadel'a	.45	53
Chicago	...67	31	St. Louis	..40	56
New York	.57	37	Brooklyn	..36	62
Cincinnati	.48	50	Boston	26	74

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

	W.	L.		W.	L.
Detroit	62	41	New York	.49	53
Philadel'a	.62	41	Chicago	...48	54
Boston	..62	44	St. Louis	..45	55
Cleveland	.53	51	Wash'gton	.31	73

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	W.	L.		W.	L.
Minn'polis	.66	50	St. Paul	...56	58
Milw'kee	..64	51	Kan. City	..52	60
Louisville	.60	55	Toledo	53	62
Columbus	.58	58	Ind'polis	...51	66



Toboggan, Pat Ornus and Arvid Ladd were killed and a score of crack horses were injured by a fire which destroyed fifty-five stalls at the driving park at Tursa, Okla.

Not one of the American horses that were among the starters in the events at Sandoun Park, England, were winners. H. P. Whitney, J. R. Keene and Richard Croker were represented in the entries.

At the Canadian Athletic championship meet at Winnipeg, George H. Goulding, of Toronto, clipped nearly a second off the world's best mark. His record for the mile walk is 6 minutes and 25 1-5 seconds.

There is a scarcity of good steeplechase horses throughout the country, and it is the exception to find new, promising steeds. The races are filled with old "has-beens," and others on the verge of breaking down. The fields are of goodly size, as a rule, in Canada, but there are no new horses, and the same old names which have been familiar for years are still doing duty.

DROWN IN ACCIDENT TO LAUNCH.

Craft Carrying Passengers at Sunday School Picnic Strikes Piling.

Two bodies are lying at the Canton police station in Baltimore, and two others at the bottom of the Patapsco river, while sixteen persons who were their companions are alive and thankful that they were not also drowned, when a gasoline launch carrying them was wrecked. Mrs. Katherine E. Brown, aged 60 years; Frank Pryor, aged 19 years, and two children lost their lives. Pryor was acting as engineer of the launch. The others were attending the annual picnic of the Huntington Avenue Baptist Church Sunday School. Twenty persons had entered the launch for a short trip on the river. The craft had reached a point about a hundred yards from shore, when it struck some piling, the top of which was under water. The occupants were thrown into the water, which at that point is only about four feet deep. Rescue parties at once put out from shore and saved sixteen occupants of the launch.

MURDER IN SOLDIERS' HOME.

Captain Oscar Eastmond Slain by Another Veteran at Dayton, O.

Captain Oscar Eastmond, of the National Soldiers' Home in Dayton, O., was shot and killed by Edward Leonard, another veteran. The murdered man was Colonel of the First North Carolina Infantry in the Civil War. He had been superintendent of the home hotel and was 69 years old. He leaves a widow, who resides in New York City. He also leaves an adopted son, who is employed in the Cash Register Works. Leonard, who is said to have been crazed with jealousy because of recent appointments and promotions, also shot Sergt. George W. Arnold, not fatally, and wounded Warren Wright, a private.

SALMON CATCH PROVES IMMENSE

Fish So Many That Washington Canneries Cannot Handle Them.

Countless thousands of salmon are being permitted to ascend to their spawning grounds without hindrance from fish traps, which have been lifted, says a dispatch from Bellingham, Wash. While the canneries are glutted with fish, dozens of scows are alongside loaded with salmon and tows are coming in with long strings of fish-laden barges. It is proving an impossibility to handle the catch. The price of sockeyes has fallen to 10 cents each.

CROWD SEES LAND DRAWING.

Cour d'Alene Lottery for Homesteads Operated by U. S. at Spokane.

Although the crowds of land seekers were not so large as during the filing of applications for registration on the Coeur d'Alene, Spokane and Flathead reservations, several thousand people were present Monday when the drawing began. Each of the 105,000 persons who applied for Coeur d'Alene lands has one chance in 333; of the 100,000 applicants for Spokane lands one in 400 may win, and of the 87,000 for Flathead land one in fifteen has a chance.

Mere Man Not a Dishwasher.

Dishwashing is not a part of the duties of a husband, Police Judge McGannon ruled in Cleveland. Harry Cohen was in court charged with beating his wife. Cohen said his wife started the fight when he refused to wash the dishes and clean up the house. He said he did not beat her, but only defended himself. Judge McGannon discharged Cohen.

LOST MILLIONS BY ONE SPREE

Death of Robert Womack, Gold Discoverer, Recalls His Career.

With the death Tuesday of Robert Womack, discoverer of gold in the Cripple Creek district, the career of a man who lost millions by one spree was ended.

In 1891 Womack dug a prospect hole in what is now known as the El Paso lode of the Gold King property. A few days later he struck the bonanza lode. He could not stand prosperity. Coming to Colorado Springs he went on a spree and sold his bonanza for $500. Then, crazed with drink and success, Womack jumped on his broncho and rode through the streets, brandishing his six-shooter and proclaiming his secret. The next few days saw one of the greatest rushes to the scene of his discovery that the West has ever known.

When Womack sobered up, two or three days later, he returned to the district, only to find that the best mining property had been located by others. He staked out a few claims, and soon he was compelled to go to work for day wages.

FIRE LOSS AT SUMMER RESORT.

Thirty-six Buildings, Including Three Hotels, Are Destroyed.

A loss estimated at $1,000,000 was caused by the fire which swept thirty-six buildings from the main street of the summer resort town of Monticello, N. Y.

Three hotels filled with summer guests, mainly from New York City, were destroyed. They were the Rockwell House, the largest hotel in Sullivan County; the Palatine Hotel and the Bolsum House. All the guests escaped with most of their personal effects. The Monticello House was not burned. The Union National Bank, two newspaper offices and every store but one in the town were destroyed. The further spread of the flame was prevented by the use of dynamite.

United States Senator G. H. Clay, of Georgia, has been re-elected by the Georgia Legislature. His term will expire in 1915.

President Taft's faith in the corporation tax measure is unshaken. He will accept no substitute for the measure and will not modify it.

The women suffragists of Colorado are to make an effort to send one of their own sex to Congress two years hence. They are agreed that Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker is to be the candidate.

The Democratic congressional committee, one year in advance of the usual time for such action, has elected officers and mapped out the course for capturing the House in the next congressional elections.

Speaker Cannon has decided that if he threw down all the insurgents in the matter of committee assignments it would have the effect of reviving the opposition to Cannonism and the House rules. For that reason the heads of two or three of the insurgent leaders will be laid on the blocks, while the others will be permitted to retain the assignments they held in the former Congress.

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

CHICAGO.

The sustained improvement in business is emphasized by a high aggregate of payments through the banks, smaller trading defaults, and wider demands upon productive capacity and transportation facilities. Tariff revision as an accomplished fact removes some uncertainties and the way is made easier to decide upon new projects. Iron and steel conditions have entered upon a most encouraging outlook, and the success that industry imparts strength to many other industrial branches. Factory outputs begin to approach the best previous records. The aggregate of new demands for finished products assures increasing employment of facilities and labor, although the subject of adequate profits may for a time cause some hesitancy in commitments. Movements of commodities are seen to be steadily expanding and high temperatures cause wide spread supplementary buying in leading retail lines here and at the interior.

An expected advance in some commodities has brought increased activity in wholesale lines of general merchandise, the attendance of visiting merchants being far above the number usual at this season. Crop reports remain uniformly good, particularly as to corn, and this prospect of unprecedented addition to the purchasing power is construed as favorable to capital investment and renewed enterprise in commercial channels. Freight movements both east and west now draw more exhaustively upon available equipment, and grain marketings are exceptionally large and promise to continue so for months.

Bank clearings, $257,815,620, exceed these of the corresponding week in 1908 by 21.2 per cent.

Failures reported in the Chicago district number 22, against 29 last week, 21 in 1908 and 24 in 1907. Those with liabilities over $5,000 number 6, against 4 last week, 4 in 1908 and 4 in 1907.—Dun's Weekly Review of Trade.

NEW YORK.

With the advent of August the new tariff has become an accomplished fact, the leading crops are assuming more tangible form with some tempering of earlier exuberant estimates of yield, high premiums on old supplies of farm products are disappearing and the usual fall buyers' excursions are bringing purchasers to leading markets. There is also noted this year what was absent for two preceding years—a growing scarcity of labor.

On the other hand, there are some features of the trade and the industrial situation not as yet clearly defined. High raw material cost makes for caution in placing orders in some lines of cotton goods and the advance in the prices of some lines of finished iron and steel is claimed to have discouraged some new business.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending with August 5 were 184, against 223 last week, 205 in the like week of 1908, 157 in 1907, 137 in 1906 and 166 in 1905. Canadian failures for the week number 27, which compares with 34 last week and 19 in the corresponding week of 1908.—Bradstreet's.

MARKETS OF THE WEEK

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $4.00 to $7.55; hogs, prime heavy, $4.00 to $8.00; sheep, fair to choice, $4.00 to $5.50; wheat, No. 2, 99c to $1.00; corn, No. 2, 67c to 69c; oats, standard, 38c to 39c; rye, No. 2, 68c to 70c; hay, timothy, $8.00 to $16.00; prairie, $8.00 to $14.00; butter, choice creamery, 20c to 25c; eggs, fresh, 17c to 22c; potatoes, new, per bushel, 50c to 57c.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, good to choice heavy, $3.50 to $8.20; sheep, good to choice, $2.50 to $6.15; wheat, No. 2, $1.06 to $1.16; corn, No. 2 white, 74c to 75c; oats, No. 2 white, 38c to 39c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $4.00 to $7.[illegible]; hogs, $4.00 to $7.95; sheep, $3.00 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, $1.03 to $1.[illegible]; corn, No. 2, 64c to 65c; oats, No. 2, [illegible] to 35c; rye, No. 2, 79c to 80c.

Detroit—Cattle, $4.00 to $5.65; hogs, $4.00 to $8.10; sheep, $2.50 to $4.[illegible]; wheat, No. 2, $1.05 to $1.06; corn, No. 2 yellow, 72c to 73c; oats, No. 2 white, 49c to 51c; rye, No. 1, 71c to 73c.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, $1.25 to $1.28; corn, No. 3, 63c to [illegible]; oats, standard, 41c to 42c; rye, No. 1, 73c to 75c; barley, standard, 61c to 65c; pork, mess, $20.00.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $4.00 to $[illegible]; hogs, $4.00 to $8.15; sheep, $3.00 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, $1.07 to $1.[illegible]; corn, No. 2 mixed, 69c to 70c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 37c to 38c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 77c.

New York—Cattle, $4.00 to $[illegible]; hogs, $4.00 to $8.50; sheep, $3.00 to $5.80; wheat, No. 2 red, $1.09 to $1.[illegible]; corn, No. 2, 77c to 78c; oats, natural white, 47c to 49c; butter, creamery, 23c to 28c; eggs, western, 23c to 25c.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NATURE THE INSPIRATION, ART THE SONG.

By C. A. Graham.

Till the dim, tired eyes have closed out the light forever, spring's green that fades into summer brown, and after flashing out in a transient gleam of gold and purple dies in white, will be the most beautiful and refreshing of things seen.

The devotee of wealth or fame, even after accomplishing his desire, is still a bondman. For renown does not come till the heart is withered in its search, and the dear circle of those who would have shared it is narrowing to an end; while long ere riches have been accumulated the joys to be bought with them pall upon a jaded mind.

The pleasure that resides in art is identical with that which dwells in nature. What the writer or painter does is to catch and fix for all time the vision or emotion or impression that yielded pain or pleasure to him. In a seeming paradox, it may be said that he singles out and stays the pregnant moments, for the only material he can work upon is his own experience. The life he has lived, the beauty he has seen, the joy, pain, love, regret, hope, triumphs, sorrow, he has felt; the dreams and fancies that have come to him—these are what he may set forth in his chosen medium.

Everything born of earth is more or less subject to potent witchery. The lady of our desire sings to us in the wind and in the voices of breaking waves and the murmur of running streams. She weeps in the falling rain and smiles in moonlight and sunshine. Her diadem is a jewel work of stars and her veil is of white clouds. In summer she clothes herself with radiant gold and green and purple, and in winter with an august mantle of white edged with dusky brown where the woods are. And whosoever shall most fittingly tell the tale of his love for her and sing her smiles, and bewail her frown, and lament for that she is cruel, and rejoice because she is kind, he is the true artist; for nature is the inspiration; art the song.

UNATTENDED HUSBANDS.

By Winifred Black.

A thriving Western town, says he is going to get rid of his little Western wife—because she is too clubable. "When I go home at night," says the thriving Western man, in the papers which he has prepared in his divorce suit, "I never know who is going to meet me—the cook, the housemaid or my wife. Generally it is not my wife. She's always at the club, reading papers on Browning or Tolstoi. I'm sick of it. I want a home, so I have told her she can go and live with her club if she wants to, and I'll hunt for some woman who will think more of me than she does of Dante or Ibsen."

I suppose we women ought all to be very indignant at the story of this thriving Western man—especially we women who believe in the "Broader Selfhood" and the "Higher Life"—but I am afraid I have a good deal of sympathy for it. He's all wrong about the club, though. It isn't the club that's to blame, or Dante or Ibsen either—it's the woman. If she wasn't reading Dante she'd be reading "The Duchess," or embroidering dollies, or doing anything else that happened to please her, without any regard to what she ought to be doing at all. Seven out of ten married women in America pay just about as much attention to what their husbands want as they do to the mewing of the cat under the window. So long as they themselves are housed and fed and dressed—that's the most important part, the dress—they don't seem to care what becomes of poor, patient pa, who works all day at things he hates, just to give them the things they like.

Every married man has a right to a home—and a home that is a home—when he provides the money to sustain it. When his wife refuses to make a home for him, I don't blame him for leaving her with plenty of time for her own particular fads. A woman can leave a man for failure to provide. Why isn't it just as bad a crime for a woman to fail to make use of what the man does provide, because she is too selfish to bother her head about the kind of home he wants? Greetings to you, brother of the West; heartfelt, hearty greetings. I sympathize with you.—Chicago Examiner.

MOVING PICTURE CENSOR'S DUTY.

By Lewis E. Palmer.

The newly formed national board of censors for moving picture shows consists of a governing body composed of representatives of public organizations and an executive committee on censorship on which are two representatives from the Association of Moving Picture Exhibitors of the State of New York, two district school superintendents and a member of the People's Institute. The only paid member is the secretary. The board censors about forty-five pictures a week before they are sent to the film exchanges. Through voluntary assistance it also censors the vaudeville features of moving-picture shows and inspects the structural conditions of buildings in which the exhibitions are housed.

Any show with a membership in the association of exhibitors can be urged to improve its exits or its seating capacity under the penalty of expulsion, and in addition all the shows must conform to the license requirements.

Aside from the new pictures that come weekly before the board, there are thousands of old subjects in different exchanges scattered throughout the country which ought to be withdrawn; but like the many "best sellers" among books their day will be short and dusty shelves will make effective censors.

In New York City alone there are some 350 motion picture theaters, with daily audiences of a quarter of a million or more, and a Sunday attendance of half a million. Chicago entertains daily some 200,000 people in its 345 picture shows and Philadelphia's 158 nickleodeons claim audiences of 150,000 every day of the week.

Replies to letters sent to the principal cities of the country, combined with statistics compiled in Insurance Engineering for April, show that in 118 leading cities of the country there are 1,987 moving-picture exhibitions. A statement of the number who attend all the exhibitions in the country would be a mere guess, but 4,000,000 a day is given as a conservative estimate.—The Survey.

PRINTS TICKETS AS NEEDED.

German Railroads Have Unique Machine for Reducing Work.

With a view of reducing the work of a railroad ticket office, and for the purpose of rendering the pasteboard or other material of a ticket valueless up to the moment of purchase, an ingenious printing machine which prints the tickets called for, has been invented and placed in use in Germany. Now, instead of being surrounded by thousands of different tickets for the stations of the railways of Germany, there is only a small unpretentious machine standing beside the clerk at the ticket window. In this, the tickets are printed with lightning rapidity when the travelers give their destination. The only stock the clerk has to trouble about it an adequate supply of blanks, while the only bookkeeping is the totalling of an automatically printed duplicate record on which every ticket printed and sold is mechanically registered by the machine.

The machine is 42 inches long by 23 inches broad, and about 4 feet in height. It has a series of small types, carrying, in edgewise position, small printing plates corresponding to every purpose for which tickets are issued. At the back of the machine, upon an octagonal drum, is carried an indicator on which is inscribed the name of every station on the system, arranged in alphabetical order. Along the top of the machine travels a small, light carriage. The operation of the machine is simple.—Popular Mechanics.

PRINTS TICKETS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Reply to Varsity Critics.

The varsities are not the sinks of iniquity they are sometimes said to be. High spirits and levity are there in abundance, but, considering these are the years are the best of one's whole life for as opportunities for enjoyment and bodily health go, this is not surprising.—Tatler.

WOMEN AND THE RIGHT OF PETITION

UNDAUNTED by failure of the woman's special car, as tried out recently, the Boston-1915 committee has decreed that certain benches in the famous Boston Common should, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., be reserved for the exclusive use of women. This setting apart of a certain space to be used by women only is quite different in spirit from many of the old customs, rules and laws under which in earlier days women were limited to specified places. This order comes in response to their entreaty. It grants a privilege or protection. The older rules were often limitations keeping them out of places deemed too holy or too serious for them to enter. Yet though the degree of protection or seclusion needed is and has been largely determined by the roughness of the time and the low cultural development of the people, in many early, primitive communities, women have had elective and tribal rights.

An old legend relates that when Cecrops was building Athens, Minerva and Neptune both wished to be honored as the city's deity. It was left for the people to decide. By the vote of the women, Minerva won. Neptune, angered, thereupon sent a flood. The men of Athens, blaming the women for this misfortune, deprived them of the right to vote, and said that henceforth no child should bear its mother's name. Which legend proves beyond dispute that the voting privilege for which women are now clamoring is a right of ancient date, just as the right to petition Parliament claimed by English suffragists is one that was not refused them even in the middle ages.

The other day, writes H. B. Chamberlain, London correspondence sent to papers on this side of the water, word that a group of these noisy, persistent suffragettes had succeeded in surrounding Premier Asquith at his doorway, crying "Petition! Petition!" and that he had descended the steps and accepted their petition. Had he refused he would have departed from a custom which even as early as 1429 was regarded as a woman's right in the country where common law, a collection of old customs, is recognized as the law of the land save where it is expressly overridden by acts of Parliament. And this shows that women, the poetic idealization notwithstanding, are as human as men when wronged, as quick to feel righteous anger and to desire that their rights be granted and their wrongs redressed.

Placing It Right.

After waiting several weeks without hearing from her story, the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire."

Promptly came the editor's response:

"Dear Madam—I have read your story, and after giving it careful consideration I should advise you to put it with the other irons." — Success Magazine.

Nothing to Him.

Johnny—The camel can go eight days without water.

Freddy—So could I if ma would let me.—Harper's Bazaar.

An Animated Mirror.

Mark Twain is constantly receiving photographs from men who have been told that they look like him. The latest one is from Florida, and Mr. Clemens is said to have written the following acknowledgment:

"I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are more like me than any of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame, I could shave by you." —From Success Magazine.

The conceit of people is the biggest thing about them. Look yourself over: have you so much conceit that it does you actual harm?

Michigan State News

INDIAN'S MEMORY HONORED.

Monument to Chief White Pigeon Is Unveiled.

The people of White Pigeon, one of the oldest towns in Southwestern Michigan, on Wednesday unveiled a monument to the Pottowattomie chief, White Pigeon, who early in the last century died to save the settlement at that place. Chief White Pigeon, or in the Indian language "Wahbememe," was probably at the time of his death about 30 years of age; he is described as having been tall, athletic, and an especially fleet runner; he seems to have been a splendid type of the American Indian at his best, brave

and chivalrous, with high ideals of truth and honor. According to the beautiful Indian legend, Chief White Pigeon, while in the neighborhood of Detroit, learned of an uprising among the Indians and a threatened attack upon the settlement at White Pigeon. Fording creeks and swimming rivers, he made a long journey that taxed to the utmost his splendid powers of endurance, yet pausing for neither food nor rest, he kept on until he had reached the settlement and warned his friends, and then his mission accomplished, he fell of exhaustion and died. He was buried on the outskirts of the town. The Alba Columba Literary Club of White Pigeon took the matter of the monument in hand and placed a huge natural boulder on the mound with an appropriate inscription. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Master Willie White Pigeon of Dorr, the great-great-grandson of Chief White Pigeon. Other descendants of Chief White Pigeon also were present.

SAVES ANOTHER LAD'S LIFE.

Wallace Slocum, of Muskegon, Rescues Chicago Choir Boy.

Wallace Slocum, 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Slocum, saved the life of John Robinson, a Chicago youth of his own age. Young Robinson is with a party of choir boys from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chicago, resorting at Lake Harbor. He disobeyed the injunction of the pastor, Rev. Gilbert Laidlaw, and left the boys' swimming hole, crossing the lake in a boat and going in swimming on the other side. His boat drifted away, and, in seeking to recover it, he got into deep water, and found himself in distress. His calls for help were heard at the camp, but the succor would have been too late had not young Slocum, who was in the neighborhood, rowed to the drowning boy's aid. He caught Robinson by the arm when he came up the second time, and held him above the water until the relief party from the camp reached the scene.

FINDS HER CHILD AFIRE.

Muskegon Mother Leaves Tot Alone While on Errand.

When Mrs. Frank White of Muskegon left her home to go to the grocery store, her 5-year-old daughter was playing on the floor of the kitchen. When she returned it was to find the child writhing on the floor, her clothing a mass of flames. The child had obtained a box of matches and set her dress on fire. The little girl was removed to a hospital.

Hangs Herself on Hook.

Mrs. Charles A. Bailey, of Port Huron, a mental patient at the MacFadden sanitarium in Battle Creek, committed suicide by hanging herself in her room at the sanitarium building. When the body was discovered it was hanging from a closet hook by a bed sheet and life was extinct.

Kills Wife and Self with Razor.

Joseph Hensler, 42 years old, murdered his wife, 38, and then killed himself with a razor. The couple formerly resided on a farm at Dodgeville, near Houghton, but had been separated since December. Hensler returned to the farm the other day. A quarrel followed, and Hensler drew a razor and nearly severed his wife's head. He ran into a field and cut his own throat.

WOMAN BATTLES, BUT IS SLAIN.

Finding of Mutilated Body in Woods Indicates Struggle.

The badly mutilated dead body of a woman about 35 years of age was found dead in a clump of underbrush in Hamtrack, near Detroit. The condition of the body indicates that the woman had been attacked and killed. It has not as yet been identified. Justice of the Peace Munck, of Highland Park, found the body. The skull was crushed and the face covered with bruises. The clothing was disarranged. A handkerchief, supposedly belonging to the victim, was found several feet away, as was also her purse, which had been torn open, and which was empty. Bits of flesh in the finger nails of the woman indicated that she made a valiant fight for life before being overpowered.

STORM CAUSES PANIC AT CIRCUS.

Woman's Leg Broken and Others Hurt When Tent Falls.

One woman sustained a broken hip and several others minor injuries when the hundreds of persons in attendance at the afternoon performance of the Barnum & Bailey circus in Battle Creek were thrown into a near-panic by the partial collapse of the menagerie tent, caused by a miniature tornado. Miss Adelaide Hathaway, of Schoolcraft, was the most seriously injured, her thigh being fractured. The removal of the elephants from the menagerie, prior to the storm, probably prevented a more serious panic. While hurrying from the grounds in a hack, Miss Bernice Platt, of that city, was severely hurt by flying glass when the horses ran away and crashed into an automobile.

IONIA IN "WET" COLUMN.

Cloudburst Turns Streets Into Rivers and Does Damage.

Ionia City was visited by the worst storm in four years the other day. A cloudburst at 1 o'clock in the afternoon flooded the entire business section. Both east and west creeks were out of their courses, and resident districts for blocks were swept and cellars filled. Sidewalks were torn up and much damage done. It will cost the city hundreds of dollars to clean up the debris and empty the gutters of sand. The city electric service was crippled by wires being blown down. A stream a foot deep flowed through Main street, the city sewer system being entirely inadequate to cope with the situation. In the country very little damage is reported.

BARNS AND SCHOOL BURN.

Lightning Entails Serious Loss to Calhoun Farmers.

During a terrific electric storm the barns of Joseph Rahmond and Charles Mau in Newton township were struck by lightning and destroyed by fire with their crops and other contents, entailing a loss of about $2,500. The Nichols schoolhouse in Clarence township was also struck and demolished. Henry Fisher, of Marengo township, lost his barn as the result of his 3-year-old son playing with matches. The child was quite severely burned on the face.

Boy Fires Powder; Eyes Saved.

Orville Pursell, son of a prominent farmer living in Johnstown township, with some of his young friends, placed powder in a tin can, and Orville touched a match to it. Dr. Gallagher, of Dowling, at first thought the boy's eyesight had been destroyed. His face was terribly burned.

BRIEF STATE HAPPENINGS.

The creamery at Rollin was burned about 2 o'clock in the morning, the origin of the fire being unknown. The loss is estimated at $1,500 to $2,000, partly insured.

A $10,000 fire raged Monday afternoon for three hours unchecked in the village of Stevensville, and for a while the village was at the mercy of the flames. Nearly a block of buildings was destroyed, mostly frame structures. The Nelson hotel was in the path of the flames, but was saved by the village fire department, which secured water through the assistance of a Pere Marquette freight engine.

If the evidence offered by Hiram Hubbard, who owns a farm near the village limits, is a criterion, the reports from various districts that a strange parasite has appeared and is killing off the grasshoppers, evidently do not apply to the vicinity of Stephenson. The exhibit offered by Mr. Hubbard is the remnants of a cap which his small son had left in a field for an hour or two, and which gives evidence of a voraciousness on the part of the grasshopper which really is appalling. What was once the youngster's cap now has not the least semblance of any headwear. It consists of a few threads here and there, an occasional patch of cloth less than an inch square and a stiff wooden splinter which had held the shape of the peak. Persons who have seen the relic express little wonder at the reports that practically whole fields of crops have been destroyed by grasshoppers this year.

Reports reached Cheboygan the other day that a large black bear had carried away a baby 18 months old while the mother was picking huckleberries on the MacIntosh plains about ten miles out of town. The mother, a Polish woman, whose name cannot be learned, had left the child sleeping in charge of another child 8 years old. Sheriff Clute dispatched a posse of ten men in charge of a deputy to the scene, but they were unable to find any trace of the child or the bear.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1492—Columbus embarked from Palos on his first voyage of discovery.

1619—First legislative assembly in America met at Jamestown, Va.

1684—Treaty of peace concluded at Albany between the Colonists and the Five Nations.

1711—A British and Colonial fleet sailed from Boston for the conquest of Canada.

1773—The city of Gautemala laid in ruin by the earthquake and the eruption of a volcano.

1776—The Declaration of Independence was engraved and signed by the members of Congress.

1782—Rhode Island refused to give Congress the power to levy an import duty of 5 per cent.

1789—First issue of the Pittsburg Gazette, the first newspaper west of the Allegheny mountains.

1794—Fall of Robespierre and end of the Reign of Terror.

1795—Commissioners of the United States met the Indian chiefs of Western tribes at Greenville, Ohio, and concluded a treaty of peace.

1802—First issue of the Western Spy at Cincinnati.

1816—First Presbyterian congregation in Missouri was organized at Bellevue settlement, in Washington County.

1822—The New Orleans Prices Current appeared in New Orleans.

1834—Opening of new bridge across the Thames River in London.

1842—Abolition riots took place in Philadelphia.

1846—Congress passed a tariff bill reducing the duties on imported goods.

1850—Delegates from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the New England States met at Portland, Me., to discuss the project of a railway from Halifax to Portland.

1854—Yellow fever became epidemic in New Orleans.

1856—Kansas rejected the Lecompton constitution for the second time.

1864—Federals made an unsuccessful assault upon Petersburg, Va.

1866—Race riots in New Orleans on the reassembling of the State convention....Gen. William T. Sherman commissioned Lieutenant General.

1868—Proclamation by the Secretary of State that the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States had been ratified by three-fourths of the States.

1870—Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy Hebrew citizen of New York, found murdered in his home; the mystery of the crime was never solved.

1872—Cuban privateer Pioneer seized by the United States marshal at Newport, R. I.

1873—Large section of Portland, Ore., destroyed by fire.

1874—Kansas militia engaged in battle with Comanche Indians on the Canadian River....Gen. Custer's expedition reached the Black Hills.

1876—Colorado admitted to Statehood.

1883—Southern exposition opened in Louisville.

1884—The Imperial Federation of Great Britain and Her Colonies formed in London.

1894—War declared between China and Japan.

1895—Serious flood in Fort Scott, Kansas.

1898—Military expedition, under Gen. Brooke sailed from Newport News for Porto Rico....Spain accepted the American conditions of peace.

1899—Final sitting of the Peace Conference of The Hague.

1900—Lord Roberts proclaimed the annexation of the Transvaal to Great Britain.

1908—Typhoon at Canton, China, sank the Chinese vessel Ying-King, drowning 300 natives....Forest fires devastated several towns of British Columbia.

War of Labor Unions Begun.

A test of strength between the United Mine Workers of America and the members of a local union known as the Provincial Workmen's Association at the Sydney (Cape Breton) collieries of the Dominion Coal Company was begun when the former organization ordered a strike to enforce its demand for recognition. The local union, which was formed originally with the aid and consent of the union, remained loyal as a body, although some of its members had been won over to the American organization. The company charges that the American labor leaders have sought to divert the Canadian coal trade. Stockades have been built about the mines and preparations made to prevent any forcible interruption of the work. Armed deputies were placed on guard.

A New Illuminant Offered.

The Engineering and Mining Journal recently reported the successful commercial introduction of a new illuminant called blue gas in Germany. It is delivered to customers in liquid form in steel cylinders, from which it is poured into the gasometer of a given room or house. It is said to be cheaper than petroleum, while giving more powerful light and more intense heat. It is a hydrocarbon compound, free from carbon-monoxide.

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The Middle Horse.

A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before either of its mates. As the animal was the equal in every way of the other two, he was puzzled as to the cause of its not being able to stand the same amount of work. He finally observed, however, that as they drew the plow along the three horses held their noses close together, with the result that the middle horse was compelled to breathe the exhaled air from its fellows' The farmer then procured a long "jockey" stick, which he fastened with straps to the bits of the outside horses. The device worked perfectly, for, given its rightful share of good, fresh air, the middle horse was able to do the same amount of work and with no greater fatigue than its fellows.

Many persons are like the middle horse—they do not get their rightful share of pure air. And this is why they are not able to perform as much work nor of as good a quality as they would otherwise be able to do.—Chicago Tribune.

A Ticklish Moment.

If to act cleverly on the spot is the measure of tact, then the man who figures in the subjoined New York Tribune story deserves both respect and admiration: A woman, driving through New England last summer, noticed suddenly that her horse limped a bit, so when she reached the next village she stopped at the door of the blacksmith shop. A man was holding up the doorpost, and to him she said:

"Will you please tell the blacksmith to come out? I want to see him."

After the manner of the village idler, the man did not stir, but smiled sweetly at the woman and, lifting up his voice, called:

"Bill, come out! There's a lady wants to see you."

From the depths of the blacksmith shop a deeper voice roared:

"Is she young, John, or old?"

In the words of the old poem, "she looked at John and John looked at her." Then, still without moving, he answered:

"You'll be satisfied, Bill, when you get out."

Survival of the Fittest.

Only one oyster embryo out of every 5,000,000 produced grows up through all the successive stages of youth to the adult state. Even in animals which produce a small number of young there is great destruction, and, taking all the individuals into consideration, only a single pair of young arrive at maturity to replace their parents. There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally multiplies at so high a rate that if not destroyed the progeny of a single pair would soon cover the earth. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of known animals. It commences to breed at thirty years of age, dies at 100 and has six young in the interval. After 750 years, supposing all the offspring of a single pair fulfilled the rule and were not destroyed in an untimely way, there would be nearly 19,000,000 elephants alive descended from the first pair.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

When the Terror Quailed.

He would terrorize the neighbors in a most outrageous way, broke the wide world's standing records in athletics every day, while in pugilistic circles he could wipe men in the dust and show master tricks at fencing—laugh at every cut and thrust. He slew tigers in the jungle and scalped rednskins on the plain. He chased lions across the mountains and harpooned upon the main. He could break a bucking broncho—yes, and rope a Texan steer; sling a bowie knife or hatchet, throw the boomerang or spear. In hairbreadth escapes he gloried, did this worthy son of Mars, and he'd lick his weight in wildcats—kick them higher than the stars. But his shoes were in his pocket, and his face was ghastly white; he was silent as an oyster when he came in late at night.—Exchange.

He Took the Chance.

"No," she said, and there was that in her voice which told him she would neither change nor falter in her resolve—"no. I have vowed to marry none save one brave and strong enough to assert that should he ever be elected president he will give the vote to woman."

De Lancy, such was his love's abounding depth, hesitated not at all.

"I swear it!" he cried and fell upon his knees before her.—Exchange.

Tibetan Test of Character.

The Tibetans have some strange tests for ascertaining the character of a man, said Sven Hedin. One is by means of a hole in a block of granite, through which the individual has to crawl. If he is an honest man he will, according to the theory of the Tibetans, creep through, but if a scoundrel he will stop in the middle.

War Play of the Future.

"What properties will we need for the battle scene?"

"None whatever. The stage will be bare. The men are supposed to be wearing invisible uniforms and firing smokeless powder from noiseless guns."—Kansas City Journal.

The Best Advice.

If you are about to do something which may cause trouble, ask the advice of a man who has tried it. His advice will be stronger than that of a moralist, and it will be backed by experience.—Atchison Globe.

Keep an eye on your enemies, but keep a microscope to one eye and a telescope to the other when watching your friends.—P. F. Harris.

A Marvelous Cure.

It is related that once a German American, growing more and more afflicted with extreme nervousness, got the impression that he was forgetting English. The impression got so strong that he refused to talk anything but German. Then he became convinced that he was forgetting that, closed up like an oyster and was led away to a sanitarium, where he spent his days in complete silence.

A course of treatment was prescribed for him in which baths played an important part. Every morning the dumb German American was thrown bodily into a tub filled with very hot water, allowed to remain there awhile and then hauled out and set to cool on the piazza.

But once the sanitarium acquired a new attendant who got his signals mixed. He was told to bathe the German American. Filling a tub with ice cold water, he threw the patient into it.

"You —! You confounded —!" roared the dumb man, beside himself with fury. "You —!" Then he switched to German. "Du verdluchter Kerl! Du ——!"

The doctors pronounced him cured, and he left the sanitarium the next day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Domestic Hen.

Joe Jefferson used to tell this one: "In the spring of 1852, being in the vicinity of West Swanzey, N. H., I drove over to call on my old friend, Ben Thompson. It happened that I called at an inopportune time, as the women folk were housecleaning. In fact, I noticed as I drove up to the house that the clothes lines in the yard back of the house were laden with carpets.

"Ben was very anxious that I should look over his prize fowls, in which he took especial pride. We went out into the big yard back of the house. As Ben was pointing out to me his favorites we noticed one old hen going through some queer antics. She was pecking away at something on the ground, lifting it in her bill and dropping it again.

"What's the matter with the old Biddy, anyway, Ben?" I asked.

"Ben was silent for a minute, then drawled out:

"Well, you see, Joe, as she's a rather domestic sort of hen I call'ate the old girl must be getting ready to lay a carpet."—New York Telegraph.

Daintiness in Dough.

A west side family that abhors all products of the bakeshop advertised for a maid of all work.

"Can you make bread?" was the question put to each applicant.

Of all the maids who professed to own that accomplishment the mistress chose the one with the frailest hands and arms.

"I don't know about the wisdom of that choice," ventured a male member of the family. "Wouldn't it have been better to pick out a sturdier girl?"

"Not at all," said the lady. "What we require in this family, above all things, is good bread. We half live on bread. I am confident I have chosen a good breadmaker. A girl with rather delicate hands always makes better bread than one whose fists are like sledge hammers. Bread to be good needs to be coddled in the kneading. The light fingered do that instinctively, but the heavy handed slam and bang the very life out of the dough."—New York Globe.

Philosopher and Philanthropist.

"Coquelin was very charitable," said a theatrical manager. "He did more for superannuated actors and actresses than any other man in France. I once heard him speak on charity in the French Actors' home, that he did so much for.

"There are plenty of philanthropists," said Coquelin. "There are plenty of philosophers—plenty, I mean, according to the definition that too many of us accept.'

"He smiled grimly.

"'Too many of us,' said Coquelin, 'define a philosopher as one who bears with resignation the cold and hunger from which his neighbor is suffering, and too many of us define a philanthropist as one who gives away other people's money.'"

A Coy Maiden.

A girl played postoffice at a party and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the plants and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They led the beautiful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home, and the next day she ran away with a married lightning rod peddler.—Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

A Strong Reason.

"You always speak kindly to your wife?" said the prying friend.

"Always," answered Mr. Meekton. "I never think of giving Henrietta a harsh word."

"Because you believe in ruling by gentleness?"

"No. Because self preservation is the first law of nature."—Washington Star.

Military Valor.

I wonder is it because men are such cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?—Thackeray.

No Such Good Luck.

Nervous—Old Lady (for the seventh time)—Oh, captain, is there any danger—shall I be drowned? Exasperated Skipper—I'm afraid not, ma'am.—London Pun.

Josephine's Many Names.

Josephine, empress of the French, was Yeyette to her intimate friends. Her name in reality was Marie Josephe Rose. Napoleon after the marriage exacted that she should be known as Josephine. He had a mania for rebaptizing the women of his entourage. He made his sister Marianne an Elise of Annonciade a Caroline, of Paulette a Pauline.

Among her numerous friends Josephine retained Yeyette. Barras never called her otherwise.

The pope was so unfamiliar with her name that when he sent his benediction the letter borne by his legate was addressed to "Our Sister in Jesus Christ, Victoria Bonaparte."

In 1814, on the departure for Elba, the Debats designated Josephine under the paraphrase "the mother of Prince Eugene."

At Ruell her tomb bears this simple inscription, "A Josephine, Eugene et Hortense, 1825." The restoration did not permit her recognition as empress.—Cri de Paris.

What Was the Matter.

E. A. Sothern once told a dilemma he got into:

"I was acting in a comedy when I had to speak the words, 'What's the matter?' Well, one night I was rather slow about taking my cue and was prompted. I forgot myself for the moment, and when the words came, 'What's the matter?' I thought something or other had occurred out of the common. I paused and looked round. Everything seemed normal, and the stage waited. Then came another 'What's the matter?' from the O. P. side. They were all getting anxious behind the scenes, and so was I, for that matter. I looked myself up and down and then scanned my fellow actor, but for the life of me couldn't see anything wrong. At last an audible whisper came: 'Go on with your lines, you idiot! What's the matter with you?' Then it suddenly dawned on me where I was, but the house had tumbled to the situation and came down in convulsions."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Substitution.

It is a well known fact that both Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert had a horror of the titles of their operas becoming known until the very night of their performance. This fear that they might be forestalled created considerable confusion at the initial production of "Iolanthe; or The Peer and the Peri." The opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of "Perola." It was only at the dress rehearsal that the company was instructed to substitute the name "Iolanthe" for that of "Perola" wherever it occurred in the text or lyrics. It was no easy task to replace vocally and in the dialogue a name of three syllables for one of four. Sullivan, however, said (maybe aside) to one or two of the actors who were nervous: "Go ahead and sing the music. Gilbert won't be in front" (Gilbert never attended the first night, "so use any name that you think of first if you afe rattled. No one in the audience will be any wiser."—Boston Post.

Young's Impromptu.

To most persons Edward Young is the author of "Night Thoughts" and nothing more, but he was also a man of the world and a shrewd and caustic wit as well as the rector of St. Mary's church at Welwyn.

It was there in the garden of the rectory that he composed some of the best impromptu verses known. He was walking with two ladies when some one summoned him to the house. His companions were agreeable, and he was in no haste to leave them. Turning as he reached the gate, he said:

"Now," said Drummond, "I'm a phea ant. Shoot me." The boy did so, and Drummond fell to keep up the illusion, whereupon the boy, seeing the "bird" move, was about to hit it over the head with the poker. The hypnotizer had just time to stop the magnetized sportsman.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Woman's Smile.

"Strange what a little thing will turn the whole current of a man's life!"

"What's the matter now, Jones?"

"Up to thirty days ago the young lady of my choice was taking my attentions seriously and our marriage seemed a foregone conclusion. Then I met her on the avenue, lifted my hat, made my best bow and dropped through a coal hole. Now she can't keep her face straight a minute while we're together."—Detroit Free Press.

Trouble Ahead.

It was in a street car coming from Streatham one day last week. The loquacious lady seemed greatly perturbed and fully prepared for the strenuous life.

"Yes, I don't usually go into town at this time of the morning," said she, "but I rang up my husband on the telephone, and I heard him tell the office boy to say that he wasn't in, and that's what I'm going into town for."—London Tatler.

Nothing Special.

Library Assistant (to visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special? Visitor (absently)—No, thank you. I was only looking for my wife.—Exchange.

His Love Like the Ocean.

Gerald—My love for you is like the boundless ocean. Geraldine—Exactly the way I take it. Gerald—What do you mean? Geraldine—With a good many grains of salt.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you points.—Exchange.

Called the Deal Off.

A lad attending school craved a little holiday one morning when he started out to wrestle once again with the trials incident to getting an education. As he entered the schoolroom he hatched a plot to get the coveted holiday. He went up to the teacher's desk and told him that "My mother wants to know if you won't excuse me for today?" he began. "She wants me to do some work at home and thought if I'd study at home this evening and make up what I'd missed mebby you'd let me off."

Something about the lad's manner kept the words from carrying conviction. The teacher bluffed back as follows: "Tommy," said she, "you won't need to go home at all. Since you started to school your mother called on me on the phone to tell me that she had changed her mind and for you to stay here."

The lad looked at her, startled. "Aw, well," he said, "as long as both of us are liars about it let's just call it quits. I'll stay here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Wealthy Soldier's Idea.

Australians still tell stories of the colonial volunteers, although "the war is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagon load of goods. He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours pondering many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection.

"Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Much or little, we can't afford to lose it."

"Well, but, colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough guess at the value."

"About £200," said the colonel testily.

"Very well," was the answer; "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the money. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much."

What the colonel said is not recorded.—Melbourne Times.

Fourteenth Century Doctors.

Sypke's "Social Life in England" quotes a number of fourteenth century hints to success for physicians:

Suppose you know nothing, say there is an obstruction of the liver. Perhaps the patient will say, "Nay, master, it is my head or legs that trouble me." Reply that it comes from the liver, and especially use the word "obstruction," for patients do not understand it, which is important.

Never dine with a patient who has not paid you. It will be cheaper to get your dinner at an inn, for such feasts are usually deducted from the surplus fee.

When you are treating a wound or accident, the friends of the patient should be excluded, for they may faint at the sight, and cause a disturbance, sometimes a higher fee may be got from persons present fainting and breaking their heads against wood and the like than from the principal patient.

Secret Society Among Sea Islanders.

The Sea Islanders have attained a peculiar notoriety in Canada because of a secret society called the Bachichi, which is not a burial society, although its members take a deep and intelligent interest in all deaths and burials in their midst. In the new settled villages, although greatly discouraged by the British authorities, it is said to be still the custom for the sorrowing relatives to bear the body of the deceased wrapped in bark on a rough bier to some forest thicket, desolate ravine or other unfrequented spot, where it is left unburied by the lonely, who never revisit the place again. The Bachichi, who are denizens of a neighboring village, and distant relatives of the dead, avoid the necessity of burial or cremation and show their respect for the deceased by simply eating him.—National Magazine.

A Disappointment.

"Yes," says the lady after an acquaintance of ten or fifteen years before his been renewed, "I remember you perfectly."

"Indeed?" murmurs the gratified man. "I am glad to know that."

"Yes; at one time I thought of marrying you."

"Oh," he replies dejectedly. "I thought for the moment that there might have been something that made me different from all the other men you ever knew."—Life.

A Stranger to His Ways.

A distinguished bishop of the Episcopal church, arriving late at a small town one night, found the hotel closed, and, hammering at the door for admission, a neighbor stuck his head out of an adjoining window with, "Say, stranger, knock like the devil" to which the bishop replied, "I don't know how."

Hit Home.

Tommy—Pa, what is three card monte? Mr. Tucker—It's the most diabolical, infernal swindle that ever anybody—er—er—oh, it's some sort of a gambling game with cards, I believe, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Too Often.

"They tell me that New England is full of old maids," said the Philadelphia girl. "Now, I suppose you Boston girls don't often marry?" "No; only once, as a rule," replied the Boston girl.—Philadelphia Record.

Spots Removed While You Sleep.

Dill—Has your wife a recipe for removing spots from clothing? Pickle—I should say she had! She removed two five-spots from my trousers pocket with quietness and dispatch last night.—Judge.

A Very Restful Rest.

Adolf Menzel, the German artist, at one time engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffold in his studio, on which his model was requested to stand. For two hours the poor poseur stood up in a most fatiguing posture. Meanwhile the artist worked at his very heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired.

At length the model found it necessary to speak. "Herr professor," he, "how about a recess?"

Menzel apologized profusely for forgetfulness. "Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit."

"Stop!" cried he to the studio floor. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!"

And once more the model was fixed into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draftsman sat about sketching him.

At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work. "There," said he, "that will do nicely! Get down on the scaffold. We have had a rest. Let us get back to work again."

What the model said is left to the reader's imagination.

Scotland and Horse Racing.

Scotland has been famous for horses from the most ancient times. When Agricola defeated the Caledonians at the battle of the Grampians, A. D. 84, the Celtic enemy, as Tacitus relates, were exceptionally strong in cavalry and charioteers. Successive kings of Scotland did much to improve its native breed of horses, and in connection it is not to be forgotten that the first Scottish king of England, James I., did more to improve the race horses in our island than ever done before him or has ever done by any individual since. James was the real father of horse racing as it has since been known in England. He it was who first established regular courses, and during his reign it came into being the code of rules that led up to the modern law of the turf. Nobody denies that horse racing has done much for the breed of British horses. It was a gift to Scotland.—London Answers.

Rising Up Bernard Shaw.

Bernard Shaw is this instant hit by Charles Hawtrey, the well known English comedian: "Once on a time I had a mad desire to produce Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night.' I wrote to Shaw and asked his permission. He answered that he would come down and read it to me. He did and began saying that sometimes he thought it was the best play that ever was written and at others he considered it the greatest trash. Anyhow, he was of the opinion that it was a pretty good one, and that if I produced it—well, I would take the consequences. Soon afterward I asked Shaw if I could compress the last act. He declined to allow one line to be altered or cut. In view of certain contingencies I at last told him that I couldn't produce the play. His answer was: 'Thank you so much! You have taken a great load off my mind.' Now, I ask you, are you to do with a man like this?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Domestic Bliss.

They had been trotting in the harness for seven long, weary months and the honeymoon had bumped and bumped and bumped and bumped and bumped for fair.

"John," she said, as she dished up the breakfast food, "I need a little more money this morning."

"What did you do with the money I gave you last week?" asked the husband, who had promised to love, honor and pay the freight.

"Oh, I don't remember," she replied, "It's so easy to spend $5 and nothing to show for it."

"Right you are," sighed John. "It was the amount I paid the minister for marrying us."—Chicago News.

Tongue Twisters.

Among brief tongue twisters the following are hard to beat: "The shines on the top signs," "She saw shall sew a sheet," "The sixth sheik's sixth sheep's sick." Some Shakespeare's lines offer pitfalls to a rapid speaker. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we find, "When Hion rough wildest rage doth roar," and in "Hamlet":

Oh, Fates, come, come!
Cut thread and throw!
Quail, crush, conclude and quell!
—London Chronicle.

A Corsican Vendetta.

Lecturing on "The Land of the Vendetta" at the Royal Geographical Society's headquarters, the Rev. Norgate said he had discovered a vendetta being started in Corsica through a pig getting into another man's field, and this had caused the loss of perhaps hundreds of sheep and had made two families dead enemies for upward of 200 years, the men who carried on such a vendetta would scorn to rob any one of a penny piece.—London Globe.

Why She Opened the Letter.

Willis—I'm sorry your wife got that business letter I sent you. Did you tell me that she never opens your letters.

Harris—She doesn't, as a rule, but you see, you marked it "private."

A Little Too Young.

New Boarder—How's the fare here? Old Boarder—Well, we have eggs every morning. New Boarder—My first rate! How is it served? Old Boarder—In the eggs.—Boston Transcript.

Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

MONEY

If you have money to burn, keep it in the house, hidden in the closet, in the cellar, or under the carpet, where it may be lost or stolen; but if you want to keep it

SAFE

where it will always be ready for you when you need it, deposit it in our bank.

The State Bank of Whitehall

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Get a Roast

Steak, Ham, Bacon, Chop, or any other kind of meat at our shop. You will come back again. Our prices are the least possible to secure and our service is prompt and courteous.

We deliver free of charge to Michillinda and places this side of White lake on Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's.

We will deliver to the boat.

G. BERG & CO.
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THE BEST MEAT

At the Cheapest Price is what draws the full of the meat trade to our shop. Still we are looking for more customers. Phone orders will be promptly delivered.

THE CENTRAL MARKET
Chas. Watkins, Prop., Whitehall, Mich.

JEWELRY
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The knowledges of the above subjects, coupled with energy and a good working foundation for success. No young man or young woman can hope to succeed without it. Prepare for a business career can hope to succeed without it. Prepare yourself for it by attending this school. Our graduates are ever successful. 351 have accepted positions with lumber firms alone. Write for our "Heart to Heart Talks" and "Success" paper. They will interest you. Our catalog is free. FALL TERM begins MONDAY, AUGUST 30.

GRAND RAPIDS BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, 19-27 South Division Street, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

LINE PERFORMANCE.

A large crowd attended the "Wabaningo Jinks" at the Club house on last Friday and Saturday evenings. The S. R. O. sign was displayed on both evenings. Every one was delighted with the performance and the Club netted a handsome profit. The hand painted posters which were used as window cards to advertise the production are cherished as souvenirs, one of them bringing $12.00.

The play was produced especially for the occasion by Hough and Adams, the well known playwrights, who have a summer home on White lake and are members of the club. The cast was headed by the noted stars, Maude Harrison and Jos. Howard.

MONTAGUE NOTES.

F. W. Sadler returned to Chicago Monday.

Geo. N. Bower, of Chicago, is visiting friends here.

Frank Reider, of Aberdeen, Wash it visiting friends here.

Harry Hallier, of Muskegon visited friends here Monday.

Arthur Hawks is shining shoes at C. N. Gasahl's barber shop.

P. G. Kling and Fred LaCompte went to Muskegon Tuesday.

Miss Anna Ring, of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Joseph Apoll.

Capt. Jennings and wife left for Chicago Monday for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Sweet left for Springport Monday for a week's visit.

The show at the opera house Monday was fine and was well attended.

Mr. Geo. Wing who has been working at Sturgeon Bay, returned home Friday.

Roy Pugh, who has been working in N. G. Osterhouse's grocery has resigned his position.

Lawrence Eder, a police officer of Chicago is spending his vacation at his farm resort here.

Hugo Deyman who is assistant depot agent at Mears is spending a few days at his home here.

Mr. Potter, the peripatetic dry goods merchant went to Chicago on the Sunday evening boat.

A small schooner, the Jolin W. Wright, of Menominee, arrived here Saturday for a load of fruit.

Geo. and Frank Partridge left last week for Milwaukee where they will work on a pile driver for the St. Paul R. R.

Edward Elkis of White River died at his home last Thursday at the age of seventy-five. The funeral was held Sunday.

The farmers picnic was a great success this year, over 3,000 people being present. Mr. E. Osman gave a very entertaining and instructive speech.

Mr. Reed, of Shelby has rented the village wave house and is using it as a packing house for peaches and apples which are coming in in large quantities.

Asa Haggerty, an old resident of this town but who has been away for the past ten years, passed last week and is helping Mr. Reed in the packing house.

Mack Robinson and family left for Fremont and Cedar Spring this week where Mack will work his donkey and cane rack at the Old Soldiers and Sailors Convention.

Jake M. Yager had a bad fight with a pop bottle Thursday night. The cork refused to come out so he used his teeth. The neck of the bottle broke off and he received a bad cut in the mouth, Jake says he will carry an opener after this.

TRAVEL ON WHITE LAKE.

Travel on White Lake would be delightful indeed, and a convenience as well, provided one could regulate their trips by anything like an accommodating time schedule. What lends chief and steadily growing attraction to this locality, as a pleasure resort, is of course, its charming lake, and this beautiful sheet of water should be utilized to the limit. For a full decade of years the writer has been making annual summer pilgrimages hither, and there exists today the same surprising condition that has all along obtained, viz: a lack of facilities for travel from one point to another. Until adequate means of communication by land is furnished surely the most should be made of the boats stationed here. If at either end or along the lake a would-be passenger "misses" the boat, from whatever cause, the alternative presents itself of either "loafing it," or waiting several hours for another boat; whereas, the "wait" might be restricted to a single hour, at farthest, if the three boats would properly adjust their running schedule, instead of the starting point of all three being fixed at practically the same hour.

For me, Captain Klett, of the Sylph, (and presumably all the others would fall into line) stands ready to make this change for the better. Against another season, can not and will not the powers that be—owners, captains, the "P. M." "Goodrich" resort proprietors, townsmen—get together," and solve this problem, after a fashion that will prove a decided "card" for, and no longer be a detriment to the advance of White Lake as a Summer Resort?

W. P. Keeler.

TEACHERS SELECTED

The corps of teachers for the Whitehall schools for the coming year is now complete. School will commence on September 6 and the different grades will be in charge of the following able teachers.

Supt. C. S. Harmon
Preceptress, Ruth Griswold
Asst. Preceptress, Hazel Dolph
5th grade, Ida Raine
4th grade, Mrs. Cottrell
6th grade, Bessie Covell
5th grade, Olive Bashford
4th grade, Ella Erickson
3rd grade, Olivia Youngquist.
1st grade, Ella Fisher.

WHITE RIVER ITEMS

A cement out door cellar is being built on the farm home of Mr. Chas. Coors.

The families of J. W. Martin and E. Sassmunson of Dalton were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mickelson last week.

Mr. Isaac Smith is moving one of his barns some distance to a more desirable location, this improving the view both to and from his attractive residence.

Mr. Chas. Grow is making needed improvements to his home by the addition of a fine porch with a cement floor, and is also putting a cement cellar under the house.

G. Lynn Summer returned to his place of business in Chicago. After taking a pleasant trip through the state of Iowa, he spent the remainder of his vacation with his people at his old home. While there he took in the farmers Picnic.

Just received a car load of the celebrated Huron Portland Cement Do not fail to get the Best. Give us a chance to make you a price when you want a quanity.

W. D. Springer,
Whitehall.

CLUB OUTING

Last Thursday a hunting party from the Pochahontas Club of Whitehall consisting of Mesdames J.J. Brosson, Frank Hurd, Geo. Sibley, Geo. Nickless, F. Norman, T. B. Widoe, J. Haverkate, E. H. Harwood, Miss Etta Bronson and Mrs. Stahl, of Muskegon took the trail for Holland where they were loyally entertained at "Kirshheim" the beautiful summer home of Miss E. A. Fisher. Upon reaching the tepee the pipe of peace was offered by Mrs. Louise Fisher and daughters, E. A., R. L. and Lucy, Mrs. Farrell of Detroit and Miss Sarah Stewart, of Chicago.

They were given the freedom of the hunting grounds and feasted on maize, game and many other good things. The tribe had just assembled around the council fire when a runner brought the news that a company of palefaces were approaching. Like noble daughters of their great forebear they donned their war paint, and armed with their tomahawks and arrows sallied forth to give battle. After a hard fought fray, seven of the palefaces were captured. The squaws expressed a desire to be friendly and after drinking fire water and smoking the calumet with their captors were adopted into the tribe.

After another days of good cheer the tribe again took the trail and arrived on their own hunting ground Friday evening. Everyone was delighted with the trip and voted their hostesses ideal entertainers.

UNCLE DAN'L"

Best fall down cast shows will be at the Montague Opera House one night only, Thursday, Sept. 2. Special Scenery, fine orchestra, fun music and specialties. Band parade in afternoon. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Services Sunday Aug. 29

Morning	10:30
Sunday School	11:30
Evening special Gospel and song service conducted by A. B. Imrie and sons, assisted by Quartet Choir from of Montague Presbyterian Church.	
Christian Endeavor Leader, Fanny Erickson	6:30

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts hereafter contracted by my wife, Mrs. Weiler.

Frank Weiler.

Mrs. C. C. Johnson and son Louis were in Muskegon on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Springer leave today for a few days trip in the eastern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Veihl and son of Tower, Mich. were guests at the home of Mrs. Samuel Zacharison Sunday last.

Miss Nona Gibson, of Montague, who is engaged to teach the Wilson school this term will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kimber during the winter.

S. E. Long of Dunkirk, Ind. stopped off for a few hours visit with the editor and his wife Tuesday. He was on his way to his summer home in Pentwater.

Just received a car load of the celebrated Huron Portland Cement Do not fail to get the best. Give us a chance to make you a price when you want a quanity.

W. D. Springer,
Whitehall.

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HOTEL MEARS
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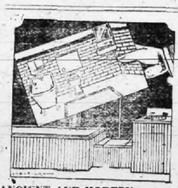
You are entirely welcome to come and inspect every step we take in making a new

FALL SUIT OR OVERCOAT.

You'll find we are just as careful and conscientious about the inside as we are about the outside of the apparel we make. That's why garments made by us hold their shapeliness while others become shapeless.

G. C. Funk
The Busy Tailor



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Phone 545

FOR SERVICE.

Pure bred Chester White Boar at my farm 4 1-2 miles south east of Whitehall, on gravel road.

Sept 23. Samuel Stevens.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN CHURCH

Services and Sunday School, etc

Sunday:	
Sunday School	9:00 a. m.
Services	10:30 a. m.
Services	7:30 p. m.
Wednesday:	
Services	7:30 p. m.

Senior Ladies Society meets first Thursday afternoon of each month.

Dorcas meets every other Wednesday afternoon.

The Y. P. S. meets first Sunday evening of each month.

The Swedish population is cordially invited.

J. B. Bennett
Pastor.