

F. H. Brotherton & Son
General Surveying
 Mines and Mineral
 Lands Examined
 Timber Estimated
ESCANABA MICHIGAN

Are You Figuring
 On having a house
 built, or moved, or a
 foundation put in?
Get My Prices
 on concrete work. Bet-
 ter than stone and
 comes cheaper.
K. KNUTSEN
 Contractor, Mover and Builder
 Residence: 225 So. Norris St., Escanaba
 PHONE 129-J

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
 DIAMOND BRAND
 Beware of
 Counterfeits. Refuse all
 Substitutes.
 LADIES!
 Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S
 DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and
 Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue
 Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHERS. They of your
 Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S
 DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five
 years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
 TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE TESTED

SNAPS in REAL ESTATE

No. 207—A good 83 acre farm, one
 quarter of a mile from Wilson, Mich.,
 65 acres clear, good soil, good buildings,
 good fences, a bargain at \$4400.00
 No. 215—A 240 acre farm less than
 half a mile from Harris, Mich., 200
 acres clear, well fenced, good buildings,
 will be sold with or without stock and
 horses. Ask for Prices.
 No. 252—A 40 acre farm nearly all
 clear, good dwelling house, frame barn,
 one mile from Wilson, Mich., will be
 sold on easy payments. \$1100.00
 No. 317—A fine 80 acre farm, small
 clearing, mostly hardwood timberland,
 less than half a mile from Eustis, Mich.,
 price \$800.00
 No. 254—A 40 acre farm, one and one
 quarter miles from Bark River, Mich.,
 a good dwelling house, good soil, on
 main road \$650.00
 A fine Hotel in a prosperous little town
 can be run with or without saloon. For
 sale cheap and on easy terms. Ask for
 price and particulars.
 The above is only a partial list of the
 property listed with us. We have a
 number of other farms on our list, also
 large tracts of timber and cut-over
 lands. For further information call on
 or address
FRANK KRAUS
 Escanaba Michigan

May 22 1909 June 3 1909
**Notice of Hearing Claims Before
 Court**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for
 the County of Delta. In the matter of the
 estate of
 Anton W. Gustafson, deceased.
 Notice is hereby given that four months from
 the 29th day of May A. D. 1909, have been
 allowed for creditors to present their claims
 against said deceased to said court for examina-
 tion 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 Escanaba in said county, on or before the
 29th day of Sept. A. D. 1909, and that said claims
 will be heard by said court on Tuesday the 21st
 day of September A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in
 the forenoon.
 Dated May 29th, A. D. 1909.
 JUDG YELLAND
 Judge of Probate.

May 29, 1909 June 12, 1909
**Order for Publication—Sale of
 Real Estate**

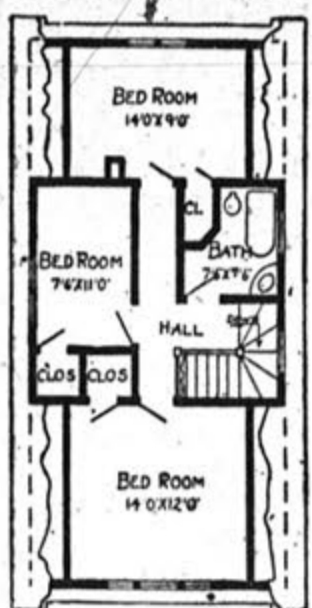
STATE OF MICHIGAN, the probate court for
 the County of Delta. At a session of said
 court, held at the probate office in the City of
 Escanaba in said county, on the 27th day of
 May A. D. 1909. Present: Hon. Judd Yelland
 Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate
 of
 James Watson, Mentally Incompetent
 Owen Jones, Guardian, having filed in said court
 his petition praying for license to sell the inter-
 est of said estate in certain real estate therein
 described, for the purpose of paying debts and
 supporting ward.
 It is ordered, That the 21st day of June
 A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said
 probate office, be and is hereby appointed for
 hearing said petition, and that all persons inter-
 ested in said estate appear before said court,
 at said time and place, to show cause why a
 license to sell the interest of said estate in said
 real estate should not be granted.
 It is further ordered, That public notice there-
 of be given by publication of a copy of this order,
 for three successive weeks previous to said day
 of hearing, in the Iron Port a newspaper printed
 and circulated in said county.
 A true copy. JUDG YELLAND
 Judge of Probate
 ELIZABETH SCHWITAY
 Register of Probate

THE AMERICAN HOME
W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

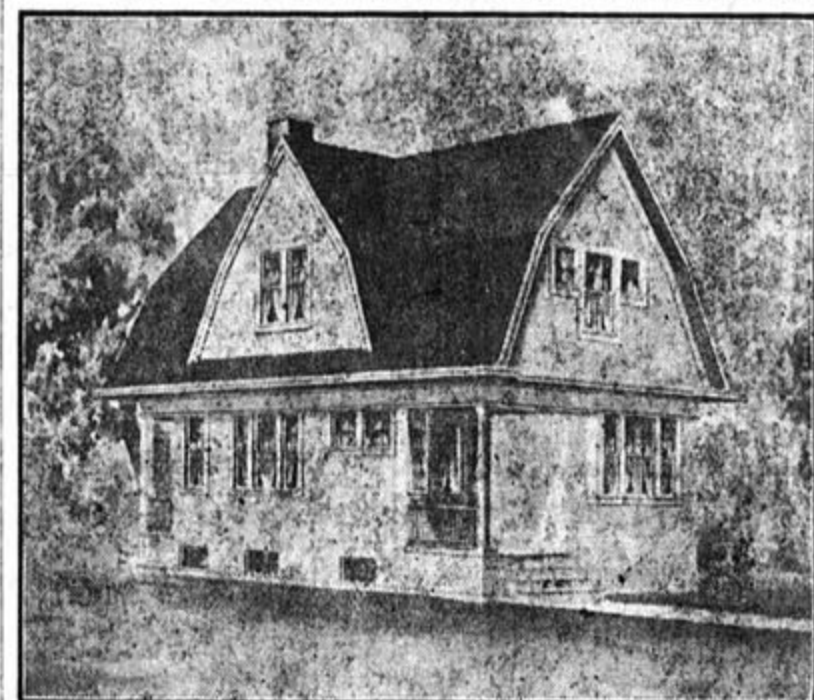
Mr. William A. Radford will answer
 questions and give advice FREE OF
 COST on all subjects pertaining to the
 subject of building for the readers of this
 paper. On account of his wide experi-
 ence as Editor, Author and Manufac-
 turer, he is, without doubt, the highest
 authority on all these subjects. Address
 all inquiries to William A. Radford, No.
 134 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only
 enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

One of the most economical six-
 room cottages ever built is represent-
 ed in this design. It is 20 feet in
 width by 33 feet in length with both
 porches built into the main frame.
 The layout of the rooms is well liked
 by most people, in fact, it is a very
 popular house both for looks and con-
 venience, besides making a very cozy,
 comfortable home at a moderate cost.
 On the first floor we get a good liv-
 ing room, 12 feet square, and a splen-
 did dining room several feet larger.
 The living room is entirely shut off
 from the other part of the house,
 which is considered a great advantage
 by some housekeepers.
 Economy also is adhered to in build-
 ing the stair. The cheapest way to
 get upstairs is to build the steps bet-
 ween two partitions, and it is a very
 satisfactory arrangement, too, espe-
 cially where you can have a window
 at the bottom and another at the top
 for light, as we have in this case.
 It will be noticed that economy is
 the prevailing idea all through the
 house, not parsimony, but pure, sim-
 ple, straightforward economy. In the
 first place, it is a straight-sided, right-
 angled plan, high enough at the sides
 for the first story only, the upper
 rooms being made entirely in the
 roof. Of course the curb in the roof
 is necessary, in fact, that is the prin-

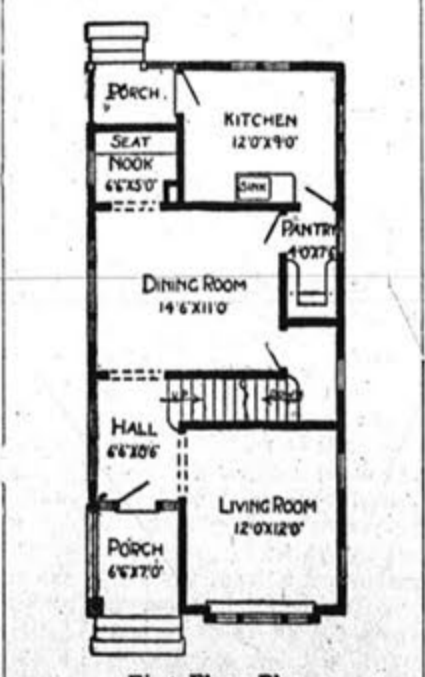
It tufted it should match the cushion
 on the seat, and as to colors it should
 also match the carpet or rug on the
 floor. The tufted material may reach
 clear to the ceiling, or it may reach
 only to the picture molding.
 A very neat, cozy arrangement is to
 have a wide shelf above the seat,
 about six feet from the floor. Then
 you carry the tufted material up to
 the shelf and across underneath to a
 neat finish on the outer edge. Above



There is room for a small writing
 desk in front of the window. A desk
 seems almost necessary in a nook of
 this kind, but it must be low so it
 won't obstruct the light and it must
 be small enough not to project very
 much in front of the doorway. A great
 deal of time may be put on this little
 nook and it may be made the most
 comfortable corner in the house, and
 one that will be liked and commented
 upon by almost every visitor.
 Porches built in this way cost al-
 most nothing, because they are part
 of the house, and they look well.
 There are just two outside doors to
 this little cottage, and they are both
 protected by these built-in porches. It
 is not necessary or desirable to have
 a bold outside door staring directly
 out at everybody. Porches are mod-
 ern things, but they are becoming bet-
 ter appreciated all the time.



cial difference in outside dimensions
 from the ordinary cottage roof. This
 house would be too small above for
 anything but an attic without the curb
 or gambrel in the roof.
 The prevailing fashion at present is
 to have plenty of windows, and it is
 a good fashion. Nothing adds more to
 the comfort of a house than to have
 plenty of light. In the living room
 there are two windows on the side
 and a triple window, on the casement
 order, in front; equal to almost five
 windows in this one room. Still, it is



not too much. It simply helps to
 make up a pleasant, well-lighted, airy
 and comfortable front room that any
 woman would be pleased with. The
 two high windows in the hall are built
 up to be out of the way for a hall
 rack. In a small house like this you
 want to utilize every corner and take
 advantage of every opportunity to add
 to its capacity. The hall is not only
 an entrance, but it may be used to ad-
 vantage as a telephone booth, and it
 may be given a handsome appearance
 by putting in a long, heavy oak hall
 rack against the left-hand side.
 Opening from the far side of the
 dining room is a little nook or den
 by 6 1/2 feet in size. This may be
 fitted up for a children's study or for
 a library. It is possible to make a
 good deal of such a nook as this. The
 seat is a box with a hinged lid, hav-
 ing a good thick comfortable cushion
 on top. The walls may be covered
 with burlap or some tufted material;

Minister Thought He Had Done
 Enough for Cause of Truth.
 A quaint Scotch minister was given
 to exaggeration in the pulpit. His
 clerk had heard the minister, criti-
 cised for this fault and told his mas-
 ter.
 "The next time I do it, mon, give a
 cough by way of hint."
 Next Sunday he gave a discourse
 on Samson, and in describing the ty-
 ing together by Samson of the foxes
 tails, said:
 "The foxes in those days were
 larger than ours, their tails meas-
 ured 20 feet."
 "Ahem!" coughed the clerk.
 "That is," continued the preacher,
 "according to their measurements, but
 by ours they were 15 feet long."
 "Ahem!" coughed the clerk, louder
 than before.
 "But, as you may think this ex-
 aggerated, we'll just say ten feet."
 "Ahem! Ahem!"
 The parson leaned over the pulpit,
 and, shaking his finger at the clerk,
 said: "You may cough there all night,
 mon; I'll nae tak off a fut more. Would
 you have the foxes with no tails
 at all?"
 No Trouble in Raising Crops.
 "How are you getting on with your
 garden, Weedeckle? Did your seeds
 come up?"
 "Oh, yes; they all came up in about
 two days. My neighbors keep bona."
 —Stray Stories.

Before You go to Bed



tonight make up your mind that
 the kind of PRINTING we
 do cannot be excelled in this city
 or in the upper peninsula. You
 may get "just as good" but you
 cannot get better for the very
 simple reason that we do the best

Many of the most progressive
 merchants in Escanaba let us do
 their printing---why don't you?

GET BUSY
 give us your order and
 we'll do the rest

The Iron Port Co.
 Producers of high grade
 PRINTING

Correspondence Letters

BRAMPTON NEWS
 Mr. and Mrs. L. E. DeGroot and baby
 of Escanaba, spent Sunday with the
 former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. De-
 Groot.
 Mrs. Hewlett and daughter Patricia,
 were up from Escanaba Sunday calling
 on Mrs. A. Tyrell.
 Miss Margaret Summerfield went to
 Gladstone Sunday to visit relatives.
 Mr. Greenwood was here Thursday
 in the interest of Grinnell Bros. music
 store of Escanaba.
 Miss Minnie Winter spent Sunday
 with friends and relatives in Escanaba.
 Mrs. Weezner of Escanaba, was here
 on business last Friday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Klotz of Perkins, visit-
 ed with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown Sun-
 day.
 Miss Emma Schemmel who has been
 teaching school at Chaison, has return-
 ed to her home at Escanaba, her school
 having closed for the summer vacation.
 Jos. Richard was home from Perkins
 Sunday.
 Mr. John Klinberger of Gladstone,
 was a caller here Sunday.

A number of Trombley people were
 up here picking arbutus, last Sunday.
 Miss A. Donner of Escanaba, visited
 at the home of her aunt, Mrs. A. Mc-
 Graw, Sunday.
 Mr. J. Oseen, who has been visiting
 his old home in Sweden for some time,
 has returned and is now the guest of
 his brother, Mr. I. Oseen.
 Mr. David Summerfield is recovering
 from a several weeks' illness.
 A few of the young men of this place
 attended the base ball game at Perkins
 Sunday.
 Mr. Zyi Moquin was an Escanaba
 caller Friday of last week.

For Study of Mankind.
 Would you learn to know yourself,
 look at mankind and their shreds.
 Would you learn to know mankind,
 look into your own heart.—Schiller.

Wasted Efforts.
 Some people, in addition to crossing
 bridges before they are reached, go
 to the trouble and expense of building
 bridges where there is never likely
 to be any water.

Ladies!

NOW is the time to think of
 your Spring Suit. Why
 not have it man-tailored and
 secure a perfect fit, and most
 exclusive style. This establish-
 ment is the first of its kind and
 should fill a long-felt demand.

The quality of my work is al-
 ready well known. You will find
 here the finest woolens, silks
 and dress goods of all kinds in
 the city

We Also Do Dressmaking
 Prices Very Reasonable

OUR MEN'S TAILORING
 Department is also
 Unsurpassed in This City

CARL JACKSON
 1406 Ludington St. PHONE 162-J

D & C The Great Lakes Trip
 LAKE LINES
 A little journey
 on the inland seas is the most pleasant
 and economical vacation trip in America. The
 ever varying scenery of the shore line and the picturesque
 beauty of the islands add interest and delight to every mile
 of the trip. All the important ports on the Great Lakes are
 reached regularly by the excellent service of the D & C Lake Lines.
 The ten large steamers of this Fleet have all the qualities of speed, safety
 and comfort. Every boat is of modern steel construction and is propelled by
 powerful engines. The Clark Wireless Telegraph Service is used aboard.
 Tickets reading via any rail line between Detroit and
 Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, in either direction, are
 available for transportation on D & C Line Steamers.
 The D & C Lake Lines operate daily trips between Buffalo and Detroit, Cleve-
 land and Detroit, four trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac and
 waypoints, and two trips weekly between Detroit, Bay City, Saginaw and
 waypoints. A Cleveland to Mackinac special steamer will be operated from
 June 15th to September 10th, leaving Cleveland direct for Mackinac stop-
 ping at Detroit enroute every trip and at Godenich, Ont., every other trip.
 Special daylight trip between Detroit and Cleveland during July and
 August. Send 2 cent stamp for illustrated pamph-
 let and Great Lakes Map. Address
 L. G. Lewis, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.
P. H. McMILLAN, President
A. A. SCHANTZ, Gen. Mgr.
THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC
Detroit & Cleveland Nav. Co.

TREMONT
 Style and comfort are but two of the good points in the
 "TREMONT"—a collar which possesses
 all the other good Arrow qualities
ARROW COLLARS
 15c. each—2 for 30c.
 No other Collars at 25c. a pair are as good as Arrow Collars. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers

A "New Thought" Offense

By Dr. George F. Butler and Herbert Hsley

Victory for Physician-Detective Dr. Furnival, Where Police Methods Fail

WHEN Detective Rugersom, at seven o'clock in the evening, learned that Mr. Courtney Banning, the young club millionaire, was missing from his home, that foul play was feared, and that a large reward had been offered for information of his whereabouts, he believed that he knew about what had happened to him and just where to find him.

Therefore he hastened at once to the shady Hotel Northern on the fringes of the slums.

"Ring," said he to the night clerk, a tough-looking individual of 40, with a hard, flushed face, drink-sodden gray eyes, flashy cheap clothes, and a tall, bony form, "how long ago was it that Mr. Banning was here last?"

"A week ago to-night," Ring answered, quickly. "Why? I hope there ain't nothing—"

"Only missing, that's all. We want to find him for his family. If he's still here, and if you make it quiet and easy for me, why, no questions asked—that's it. All I want is him—see? And nobody else needn't know nothing about it."

"Here, come in here a minute," said the clerk, hastily. He hurried through the dining-room into the kitchen, and standing in the middle of the floor pointed upward to where a door could be seen, with three steps of a former stairway depending from it. The stairway was sawed short off, the lowest step hanging ten feet up from the kitchen floor.

"Ye see them stairs?" said the clerk, pointing. "We cut them down because we needed the room here more than we did them. So help me, I ain't telling a word of lie, but Mr. Banning was dodging round up stairs Monday night, and for some reason or other he opened that door that we always keep locked, and tumbled down here. He thought there was stairs, I suppose. He wasn't hurted much, but he couldn't stand, and we would not send him to his own home, letting on that it was here he was putting in his time, so we calls the wagon and sends him to the Relief station. Why, isn't he out yet at all? We thought he'd be all right in the morning, only a trifle shook up, and mebbe the head on him from the little jamboree."

While he was speaking the innocent eyes of the detective were searching his face. The clerk wore a guilty manner, but was it the flag of guilt in this particular case, or was it the general all-round guilt which a man of his calling and stamp is likely to show when in the presence of the law? The detective could not say. But the Relief station would answer the question, or at least throw enough light on the subject to start with. Mr. Banning would be found injured, but had the injury come innocently, from walking through that doorway? The main point was that the missing man would be restored to his home and the restorer would get the reward. The manner of the injury was a minor matter, which, however, properly looked into, might serve as a whip of power to hold over the shady Hotel Northern.

Therefore, after a long look into the clerk's shifty eyes, he said abruptly: "I'll see you again about this, mebbe," and hurried to the hospital. To his inquiries an attendant answered that on Monday evening a man had been brought in unconscious, suffering from a fractured skull and bruises on the legs and arms. Two friends who were with him said his name was C. O. Banning. They couldn't give his address. In the morning, when they had patched him up, and he was able to leave the station, he denied that he was Banning, though he refused to give any other name, and went away growling against somebody who had thrown him down stairs.

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Rugersom.

"If he was he was thoroughly disguised," smiled the attendant. "No, he was a rough fellow, faded and dirty, weak-minded, unfeeling, a type we often see here."

The detective hastened back to the hotel. The clerk Ring regarded him anxiously.

"Was he hurted bad after all?" he asked. "Would give the house a bad name."

"Ring," said Rugersom, looking him in the eye, "it wasn't Banning. How could you make such a bull?"

"Wasn't Banning?" he exclaimed. Then he laughed cynically. "Oh, no—of course not! Didn't I lift him up from the floor myself? Don't I know his better than I do you? Is he there yet? Or how is it? What are you handing me?"

"Ring," said the detective, slowly and impressively, "there's something phony in this. Out with it or it will be the worse for you."

"Jakey! Mike!" called the clerk, poking his head into the larger room. "Come here, I want you."

Two sordid individuals shuffled into sight. They were the types of young fellows who always may be seen

around cheap barrrooms doing chores for their entertainment, beary of eye, trembling with the weakness of overstimulation. When they saw the detective they showed further signs of discomfort, but brazened it out, though doubtfully, as if ready for flight on the first token of hostility on his part.

"Mike," said the clerk, "and you, too, Jakey, where was it you seen Mr. Banning Monday night—the first time, I mean?"

"On the broad of his back on the floor," answered Mike, pointing; and, "Stretched right out there," corroborated Jakey, also pointing, both of them speaking at the same time.

"Was it you two that gave his name at the Relief station?" asked Rugersom.

"It was not," said Mike. "No, sir," declared Jakey.

"They helped put him in the wagon, that's all," Ring volunteered.

"But who went with him to the hospital, then? They say there that two men came with him and gave his name."

Both Mike and Jakey began to talk very fast, explaining that all they knew was that Mr. Banning had fallen down stairs, that they had lifted him into the ambulance and then returned to the dining room, where they were sitting when the noise of his fall started them into rushing to the kitchen to see what the trouble was. They knew Mr. Banning very well by sight, as everybody around the hotel did, he was there so often, attracting a good deal of attention unknown to himself by being there at all, and especially by spending so much money.

"You two come along with me," Rugersom interrupted, grimly. "You have the spiel too pat. We'll see if the ambulance man and the clerk at the Relief station can identify you."

"It's all right, Mr. Rugersom. It's just as I tell you," called Ring after the detective as the three went out.

"Mebbe," muttered Rugersom, "but there's sand in this sugar somewhere. It grits."

The instant they reached the first cross street both men, as if moved by one impulse, grabbed the officer by the arm and turned the corner, out of sight of the hotel.

"Git out here—I'll tell him—I have the first word," growled Mike to Jakey, who was feverishly trying to whisper in the detective's ear.

Rugersom shook them off and stepped into a doorway.

"Go slow," he said. "You'll both be treated the same in this game, no matter who speaks first. Out with it, Mike."

Jakey subsided and Mike hastily took the word.

"There was a gazabo lifted a couple of plunks off a fellow up stairs there that night," he whispered, "and hit it for the main entrance. But the Rubo stood up to him, so he breaks away for the back door he seen there. It was barred, but he got it open and slides through, but the stairs is cut out, and he pitches on his nut against the kitchen floor. We all hears the bull-balloo and five or six of us trails in to see the game. Mr. Banning was one. We sends for the Black Maria, and Mr. Banning says: 'I'll give every man here,' he says, 'a ten-spot,' he says, 'to say that dead man on the floor,' he says, 'is me,' he says. And then he says, 'who want's it?' and he flashed a roll the size of a stove funnel. So we all took it. And he hands me and Jakey here ten more to go to the station for to give his name. And we goes and gives it. We all thought the man was dead, but 'twas nothing real phony, was it, Mr. Rugersom? You got nothin' on us."

"And," put in Jakey, quickly, "you can't get the 20 apiece back from us, because why?—we blowed it, didn't we Mike?"

"Selp me!" swore Mike, throwing out his palms.

"Oh, dead sure!" grinned Rugersom. "You two high rollers blow 20 frequent. But that's all right. All I want is Banning. Put me near and I'm a clam on everything else. Where is he?" As they consulted each other with troubled eyes he added impatiently. "Leak, now, or I'll take you in."

"'Twill cost us Ring," whined Mike.

"He'll give us the run if we do it."

"I'll give it to you if you don't. Open up."

"'Tis wort' ten," protested Mike.

"Ah, twenty!" deprecated Jakey.

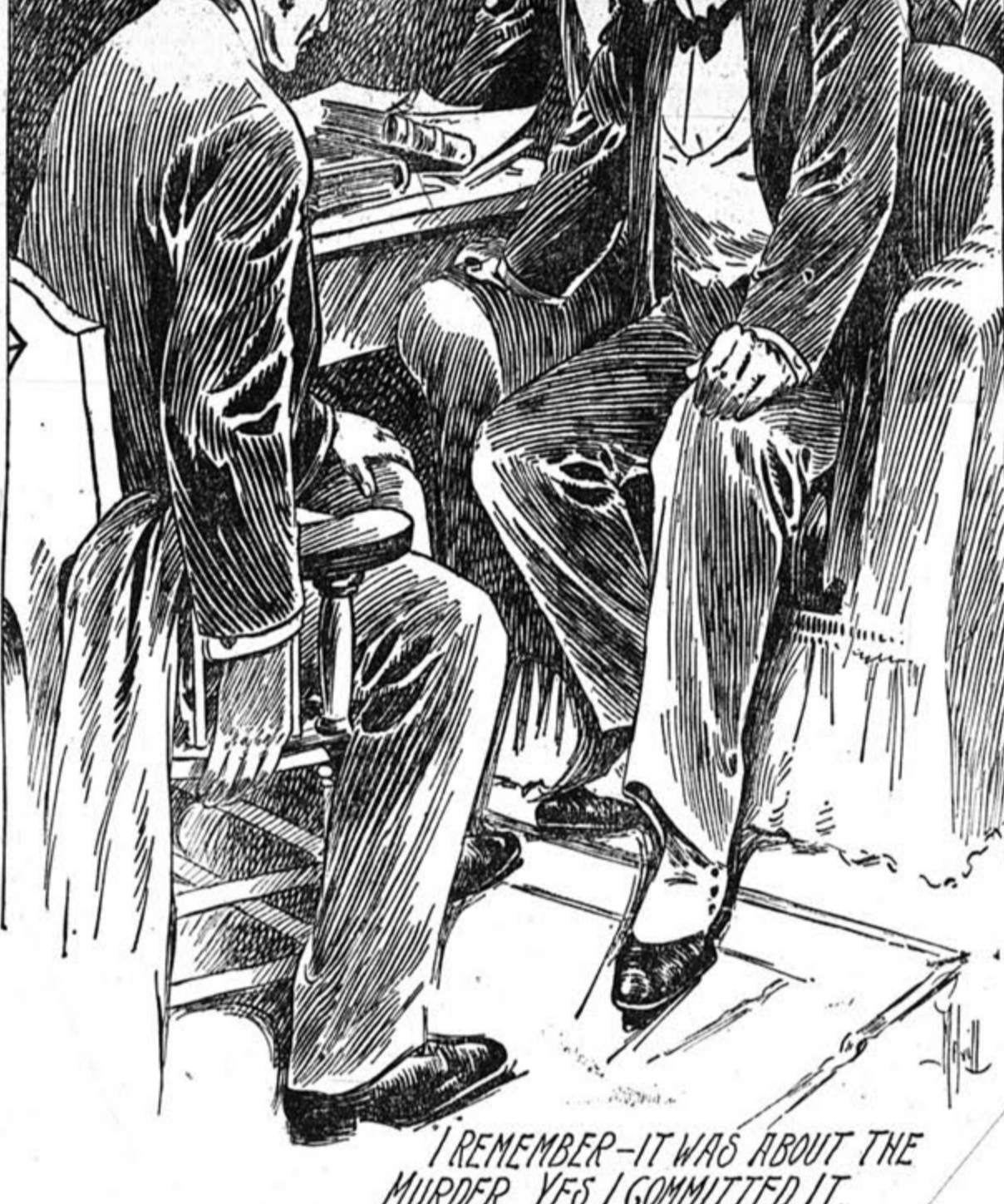
"Go on along up to headquarters," the detective burst forth, angrily, seizing them by the elbows. This ended the controversy.

They gave in suddenly.

"He's in the house," said Mike hurriedly. "Come, we'll show you. But Ring is with him by this, and we'll have to slide along, for he'll have him out of that at once now."

They saw as they passed the office that Ring was no longer there, and Rugersom snatched a precious moment to call up Lawyer Randall on the telephone. Then taking the stairs with speed they ran down a foul-smelling corridor and stopped before a door marked in black paint with the number 20. Mike put his eye to the keyhole.

"They're in there," he whispered. As he spoke there came a sudden sharp



"I REMEMBER—IT WAS ABOUT THE MURDER. YES I COMMITTED IT."

"She is a Mrs. Van Tromp, a widow, who—"

"What, the New-Thought teacher, on Marlborough street?"

"The very same. Do you know her?"

It would scarcely be said of Dr. Furnival that he showed lack of interest now.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, jumping up and rushing round for his hat and coat, "science indeed! We'll untwist a strange strand of the human mind this time, I assure you. We'll see Banning at once."

He was ready for the street almost instantly, and the two walked rapidly towards the Banning place.

They found young Banning in the library arranging some papers. He was very pale, his face lined and heavy with care, and his light eyes as he turned them on his visitors held in their depths a singular gleam, as of fear stoutly resisted, yet impossible to overcome. As soon as the greetings were done Dr. Furnival, removing his heavy spectacles and holding the young man's eye with his own, said without ceremony:

"This was a singular experience of yours, Mr. Banning. I know but little of the story, but the little indicates something unique. How did it happen?"

Mr. Randall regarded Banning curiously. How would he take this apparent meddling in his affairs by a stranger? To his surprise he did not resent it, seeming to consider it a and was plainly nervous, but answered, speaking at first slowly:

"Why, I went to this shady hotel on business, and they detained me there, hoping to scare me into giving them a lot of money. They didn't succeed, thanks to my sister and Mr. Randall here, who found them out and gave me a chance to—er—I—er—What did you ask me?"

His face as he went on, his eyes in Dr. Furnival's, passed through a remarkable variety of expressions. In the beginning he showed embarrassment mingled with fear, which ran rapidly into perplexity, into surprise, peacefulness, and finally, as he asked the question, into deep and absorbed introspection. His mind now was plainly bent in upon itself, occupied with one idea, and that was to answer the query put to him. And almost at once, before the doctor could have repeated his words, had he intended doing so, the young man said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"I remember—it was about the murder. Yes, I committed it. If you wish to know why—"

His colorless eyes in Dr. Furnival's his brow wrinkled in thought, young Banning proceeded in a mechanical voice:

"Some months ago I began to attend Mrs. Van Tromp's lectures on self-help and mental healing. There I learned many things not taught in the schools, among them three of supreme importance, namely, that, first, drugs are an invention of the devil; second, that the true healing of disease is through mental suggestion, or telepathy; and, third, that evil thoughts can be communicated mentally as well as good ones. As soon as I had become aware of this latter fact I began to notice that whenever I passed a drug store I felt a strange sensation. My head swam, my limbs trembled, my stomach turned sour, and my mind became full of thoughts of horror and dread. I could think of nothing but evil. This was true of all drug stores, but more particularly of Parmenter's. And that is the one nearest my home, the one I must pass every time I go into the street. I constantly heard Parmenter's voice threatening me as I hurried by, mentally, you know, for he wouldn't dare say such things aloud. I knew he was jealous of my knowledge, afraid that I would hurt his devil's trade, and wished to silence me. Once he commanded me mentally to throw myself headlong into my area yard, and before I could brace myself sufficiently to resist him down I dove, head first, upon the bricks, and nearly broke my neck. He compelled me to do many deridings to his malice, for now his telepathic communications to me, all of them commands to do something self-hurtful, were accompanied by taunts that I couldn't help myself because he was stronger than I. To escape him I frequented societies where I hoped in the midst of carousal, forgetfulness, stupidity and frivolity his things of this nature, catching me unprepared, until my detestation of him added to my knowledge of the evil character of his occupation, left only one course open to me. But I wouldn't proceed to extreme measures until I had tried every mild means, such as sending him, by telepathy, conciliatory messages, assuring him that if he would relinquish his drug devilry I would put him on the right track and set him up in a business that he could follow with success and an easy conscience. This seemed to make no impression on him, unless it was to add suggestions could not penetrate. But all in vain. I caught them there as plainly as in my own room at home. Then I made up my mind. Arranging all my affairs so that I could start abroad at once, where I intended having my sister join me in due season, I transferred a substantial sum to my teacher to help on the cause, and then, though I hated above everything else in the world to do it, yet felt that I must, I silenced the villain forever—"

"John P. Parmenter," he answered.

"What, the druggist?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"He was working so much harm in the world."

"What harm? Begin at the beginning and tell me all about it."

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it," muttered Randall.

"And you never will—until you understand the human mind, its cause and what it is," said Dr. Furnival.

"And that consummation is doubtless removed some distance into the future for us all."

of his experiment, pushed him back into his chair, taking care at the same time not to release his subject from his gaze.

"Sit still!" he said, softly, "until we see the outcome of this beautiful idea gone mad. Proceed, Mr. Banning."

"Why, that is about all, I think," he said, "except the fact that an opportunity for concealing myself until the time of sailing most singularly presented itself, and I seized it. I sent a dead man to the hospital in my name, in order to throw investigation off the track, and gave Ring a thousand dollars for hiding me. When I found that I was discovered I promised him as much more to say he was holding me against my will. For to admit that I was concealing myself would amount to a confession of the homicide. It was I who knocked the officer down, so that Ring might run. I suppose I must suffer the penalty of the act, though that will be a horrible injustice, considering the heinous practices of that—"

"One moment," interpolated Dr. Furnival, suavely; "what means did you employ, Mr. Banning, in the taking of this man's life?"

"What means?" he repeated, in wonder. "Why, telepathy, of course. What other means are there? All in mind!"

At this declaration the lawyer sat a moment in silence, a look of puzzlement struggling with the horror in his face, while Dr. Furnival, having withdrawn his eyes from Banning's, regarded him whimsically. Suddenly the lawyer's brow cleared. Jumping up he worked the doctor's hand like a pump-handle.

"Great heavens!" he shouted. "Who would believe it? Why, I saw Parmenter myself this morning, and he was as well as ever."

"Certainly. Without doubt he scarcely knows there's such a person in existence as our friend here, who is merely self-hypnotized. Put him in a good sanitarium for a while, that will fix him physically. Then give him a thorough course of real philosophy, from Plato to Emerson. That will fix him mentally—if anything will."

What seemed the strangest thing of the whole strange matter to the lawyer was the fact that when Dr. Furnival, who was well acquainted with the druggist Parmenter, brought him to the house and introduced him to Banning, the young man neither showed surprise nor would admit that his telepathic command to him to make away with himself had not been successful. Apparently thoroughly unable to realize that his thought-messages had failed to reach their object, he seemed to hold a double consciousness of the druggist while on all other matters he was perfectly sane—like a man knotted up with rheumatism who declares himself cured. To him Parmenter was dead.

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it," muttered Randall.

"And you never will—until you understand the human mind, its cause and what it is," said Dr. Furnival.

"And that consummation is doubtless removed some distance into the future for us all."

(Copyright, 1903, by W. G. Chapman.)
Copyright in Great Britain.

A MEMORIAL DAY ROMANCE

J. F. HENDERSON

COL. LEVISON BRANT was a little startled by the news that his daughter was engaged to be married, subject to his fatherly approval. Still, he felt that there was no need for worry. Dorothy was 20, and since her mother's death had been left almost entirely to the care of her Aunt Mary at Poplarville, while her father was occupied with his business affairs in the city. It was natural, therefore, in her lack of adequate parental protection, that she should turn to matrimony as the most convenient and comfortable refuge.

Col. Brant had come down to Poplarville in response to an invitation to deliver the Memorial day address at the public exercises to be given under the auspices of his old Grand Army post. He had formerly been a resident of the town. That was before the growth of his business necessitated its removal to a larger field, and made it advisable for him to take up his abode in the city. Dorothy spent the greater part of her time in Poplarville. She was not partial to city life, especially as it separated her from Aunt Mary, who was a second mother to her, and from the old homestead, to which she was greatly attached.

It was Dorothy who met Col. Brant at the railway station when he arrived on the evening preceeding the 30th of May, 1885, and it was Dorothy who blushingly confided to him, on their way to the house, that a very handsome and a very worthy young man had been paying court to her for two months past.

"He will call on you this evening, papa, to ask your consent," she said, softly.

"The deuce!" growled her father. "You have already given yours, I suppose?"

"Why, papa—of course."

And so it came about that Richard Challoner, the fortunate suitor for Dorothy's hand, called at the homestead that evening and was formally introduced to Col. Brant. He was indeed a handsome and dignified young man, whose frank geniality and courtly manners had already made a staunch ally of Aunt Mary and at once made an agreeable impression on the colonel. He was a budding young lawyer of unimpeachable Virginia stock, who had recently established himself in Poplarville for the practice of his profession and had bounded at once into popular favor.

In the course of the evening Col. Brant and young Challoner retired to the library on the second floor of the house to indulge in a quiet smoke and a private interview. Here Challoner broached the subject of his love for Dorothy, and soon gained the consent



It was Dorothy who met Col. Brant. of the grizzled old father to the proposed marriage. When they were leaving the room, after finishing their cigars, Challoner's attention was attracted to a picture on the wall, and he stopped to look at it. In a moment he seemed deeply interested. Then he caught his breath sharply, and gripped a chair to steady himself. The picture was a painting in oils, evidently the work of an artist of more than ordinary talent. It was a war-time scene, representing a battlefield in perspective, with troops engaged in a running fight in the background, half obscured by clouds of smoke. In the foreground were the figures of two infantry officers who had crossed swords in a duel to the death. One of them

wore the blue regimentals of the northern army; the other was clad in confederate gray; both were stalwart, typical soldiers. The artist had caught the spirit of the encounter; his genius had endowed it with life, action, atmosphere. The play of the muscles, the expression of the faces, the fire in the eyes of the combatants, were wonderfully realistic. The picture represented the exact moment when the federal officer, gaining a momentary advantage over his adversary, was ending the fight by driving his gleaming sword through the confederate's body.

"That painting," said Col. Brant, coming up behind Challoner and looking over his shoulder, "is no favorite of mine. It memorializes an episode in my career as an army officer that I would give worlds to forget. The artist was an eye-witness of the scene, and his portrayal is spoken of as the work of a master, but I should have destroyed the thing long ago if my sister had not begged permission to keep it. My sister is Dorothy's Aunt Mary, you know. She fully understands that it is not to be displayed on the wall when I am in the house, but I suppose this is a case of forgetfulness on her part."

He paused, but Challoner did not speak or move. In a sorrowful voice, the colonel continued:

"The picture is calculated to perpetuate the memory of a most regrettable affair. As you probably know, one of the nastiest skirmishes of the war took place only five miles from this spot. Poplarville was in a panic. But we managed to beat off the enemy, and they were soon in full retreat, with our boys in hot pursuit. At the very beginning of the chase the horse ridden by the young colonel of a rebel regiment stumbled and fell. I happened to be close behind this man when the accident occurred, and believing him to be badly hurt, I quickly dismounted to render him such assistance as I might. But apparently he was not hurt at all. With a yell he sprang to his feet and rushed upon me with drawn sword. Of course, I had to defend myself. Three times during the fierce fencing that ensued I begged him to desist and avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Twice I was in a half's breadth of being killed by his skillful onslaught; but in the end I was victorious, and he fell. I intended only to disable him, but, unfortunately, my blade passed clear through his body. Six weeks he was in the military hospital here before he finally succumbed, and his body now lies in the Poplarville cemetery. By the way," suddenly exclaimed the colonel, "his name was Challoner—Col. Challoner—the same name as yours, I believe. My God, sir, I hope he was not a relative—a—a—"

The words died on his lips, for at that moment the younger man turned slowly around and faced him. Richard Challoner was pale as death; his breath came in quick, excited gasps; his eyes shone with a fierce, vindictive glare.

"He was my father!" The words fairly hissed through his clenched teeth. "I am Col. Challoner's son. And you were the man who killed him—you—you! By God, sir, you shall answer to me for that act!"

Col. Brant was struck dumb with horror.

"My reason for coming to Poplarville to begin my business career," continued the young man, hoarsely, "was because my father lay in your cemetery here. I wanted to be near him—to care for his grave. I never dreamed—"

He broke off suddenly and seemed to restrain himself by a strong effort. Then, with a quick, nervous gesture, he turned on his heel, and without trusting himself to utter another word, he strode from the room. At the foot of the stairs he met Dorothy, who was waiting for him. The sight of his white face and blazing eyes startled her.

"Richard! Richard!" she cried. He brushed past her without an answering sign, took his hat from the rack, and an instant later the hall door closed behind him.

The day which custom has set aside for the annual decoration of soldiers' graves dawned bright and beautiful. Poplarville was in holiday attire. The air was freighted with the perfume of flowers, the buildings were gay with bunting, flags floated at half-mast, and the Poplarville band discoursed patriotic music in the public square. Col. Lewiston Brant mingled with the veterans of his post, and not a few remarked his grave demeanor and the unusual sadness that seemed to have settled down upon him. Apparently he had aged ten years in as many hours. Col. Brant delivered his Memorial day oration with an eloquence born of deep feeling and sincerity. He moved all hearts by his simple, touching tribute to the heroes who had laid down their lives in their country's defense, and closed with this appeal: "But while we are honoring our

dead, let us not forget the graves of those other brave fellows whose resting place is in our cemetery—the men who were pitted against us in that awful struggle—who fell as devoted martyrs to a cause which they believed to be right. Remember them, also, with your flowers, your tears and your prayers."

In a secluded part of the cemetery that afternoon Richard Challoner stood alone beside a grave which was marked by a granite headstone bearing the name of his father. So occupied was he with his own gloomy thoughts that he did not notice the timid, hesitating approach of Dorothy Brant until she was within a few feet of him. He straightened up then, and greeted her with a solemn, courtly bow, while his cheek flushed. The girl was very pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. She carried an armful of roses, which she silently and reverently deposited on the dead confederate's grave. Then, facing the man opposite with a look of piteous appeal, she took from her bosom a letter and handed it across to him.

"Read this, Richard," she said, in a frightened, quivering voice. "It was written by your father to my mother many years ago, before I was born. It has been preserved among mamma's other treasures, left at her death. Aunt Mary found it last night, and I— we wanted you to see it, and—please don't refuse, Richard."

"Written by my father to your mother?" he said, slowly, with a deeply puzzled look.

"Yes, yes. Oh, please read it. It



Reverently Deposited on the Dead Confederate's Grave.

will help you to understand. This is my last request, Richard."

He said no more, but took the letter from its time-worn envelope and read:

Mrs. Levison Brant—Dear Madam: It pains me to learn that your husband's supposed responsibility for my condition has almost prostrated you. Pray do not worry on that score. I assure you from my inmost soul that I not only forgive your husband, but I have already begged his forgiveness for forcing him to commit an act which he so deeply deplores. The fault was entirely my own, and I alone am the one who should suffer. Believe me, I am profoundly sorry for what happened, and it is not a sorrow that is influenced by selfish considerations, or the fear of death. Since I have been in this hospital Col. Brant has become my most valued and best-loved friend. What he has done for me can never be told, but he has made me realize that there are true gentlemen at the north as well as in the south, and that he is one of the noblest men in the world. I thank you, dear madam, for giving me this opportunity to say that, so far from feeling resentment, I entertain only sentiments of warmest friendship and gratitude toward your husband. Sincerely yours, WILLIAM CHALLONER.

The color came and went in the young man's face as he read, and the light in his eyes softened to a tender glow. Finishing, he crumpled the letter convulsively in his hand, and came round the headstone of the grave at a half-dozen quick strides.

"Dorothy," he cried, seizing her hand, "this is a glorious revelation to me. Let us hunt up your father at once. I will go down on my knees to him if you like. With you for a wife and Col. Brant for a father-in-law I shall be the happiest man in Poplarville."

The Veteran's Dream.
We met last night in the old post hall,
And some of the boys were sadly missed:
Twenty present, ah, that was all—
The rest had answered the great roll call
Out of eighty-nine on the charter list.
Then up spoke Bates of the Twenty-third,
Who had served all through till the war was done.
"It's a long time, boys, since their names I've heard,
And I move we call them one by one."
So they read each name and to my ear
Came words borne forth on the evening breeze—
It sounded to me like a faint: "Here, here."
And I knew they answered that roll call clear
From their resting place beneath the trees.

I seemed to see them all in line
Just touching elbows and standing straight;
Yes, each was there of the sixty-nine,
And I spoke to one old pal of mine
Who had left us alone in ninety-eight,
And cried: "Old comrades, what means all this?"
Till he said as he tapped on his muffled drum:
"We are calling the names of the ones we miss—
The twenty boys who have not yet come."
Then he gave the order: "Right by twos."
And they smiled on me as they marched away:
But their "tramp, tramp, tramp" I did not lose—
Till old Bates shook me: "Having a snore?"
"Come, old pard, I go home your way."

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. **CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS**, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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

- Dr. J. W. Dinsdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."
- Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."
- Dr. J. S. Alexander, of Omaha, Neb., says: "A medicine so valuable and beneficial for children as your Castoria is, deserves the highest praise. I find it in use everywhere."
- Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."
- Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."
- Dr. C. H. Chidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."
- Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."
- Dr. J. A. Boardman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants and children."
- Dr. J. J. Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the digestive organs."

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, 22 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Clip the Slip For Facts About this Trip

This summer brings the grandest outing opportunity of a lifetime.

You may travel in trains which are unequalled in their appointments, see some of the greatest sights in the world, and explore the marvelously productive Northwest country. The

Northern Pacific Railway

offers choice of three electric-lighted daily transcontinental trains and announces through service between Chicago and North Pacific Coast after May 23. Only line to GARDINER GATEWAY of Yellowstone Park.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle: June 1 to Oct. 18.
Annual Rose Festival, Portland: June 7 to 12.
National Irrigation Congress, Spokane: August 9 to 14.
Rainier National Park and Paradise Valley, from Tacoma by Auto or Rail: June 1 to October 1.
Yellowstone National Park: Season June 5 to September 25. Such a combination of attractions was never before known.

SUMMER TOURIST FARES to the North Pacific Coast, May 20 to September 30, \$50 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Kansas City and Omaha; \$62 from Chicago; \$57.50 from St. Louis. Round trip; with return limit of October 31. Liberal stop-overs. Proportionate fares from the East generally.

Use coupon or write for full particulars
A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent
Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn. 531-09

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Diarrhoea, 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. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM.
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease and hair falling. 25c and 50c per bottle.

Suicide

Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—**CASCARETS.**

Cascarets—10c. box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

OLD SORES CURED.
Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Inguinal Ulcers, Mercury Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Put simply on a sore. By mail 50c. J.P. ALLEN, Dept. A1, St. Paul, Minn.

A BEAUTIFUL PIANO.
AT A SACRIFICE: for the purpose of introducing, only one piano in your locality can be secured on this plan. Write at once for application blank and description, enclosing this ad.

THE BENNETT PIANO CO., Warren, Pa.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN

Regard Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment as unrivaled for Preserving, Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands, for Sanative, Antiseptic Cleansing and for the Nursery.

Cuticura SOAP MEDICINAL TOILET
PRICE 25 CENTS

PLANTEN'S C & C BLACK CAPSULES.
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES.
DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT FOR 50c.
H. PLANTEN & SON, 93 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

WATERBURY'S PATENTS.

core first 207 197 197
seed it, a
aste it is
rays eat,
tall-
ung long
end-
the col-
the oeg-
is test
Chil-
ried
the
with
hat
My
bar
e's
our
im-
ult
and
and
117
not
in
sh
be
ter
ks
at,
he
D-
a-
20
y
D-
a-
0
y
a-
o
a-
y
a-
o
y
a-
o
y
a-
o
y

You Will Need an Oil Stove



When warm days and the kitchen fire make cooking a burden—then is the time to try a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. Marvelous how this stove does away with kitchen discomforts—how cool it keeps the room in comparison with conditions when the coal fire was burning. The

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is the only oil stove built with a CABINET TOP for holding plates and keeping food hot after cooking. Also has useful drop shelves on which to stand the coffee pot or teapot after removing from burner. Fitted with two nicked racks for towels. A marvel of comfort, simplicity and convenience. Made in three sizes—with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo Lamp** Just such a lamp as every one wants—handsome enough for the parlor; strong enough for the kitchen, camp or cottage; bright enough for every occasion. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

Correspondence Letters

HYDE

Miss Jennie Raymond entertained a number of her friends at her home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Swan Lofgren of Bay Shore, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Posenke.

Will and Chas. Gundell Jr., of Escanaba, spent Saturday and Sunday with Hyde friends.

Miss Emily Miller of Escanaba, visited with the Raymonds, Sunday.

The Hyde White Ribbons played the Ford River bunch and suffered defeat to the tune of 15 and 0, Sunday.

Fire which was burning in a clearing of August Porath's place Tuesday was swept by the high wind over to the Duttrich mill and it kept several men busy putting it out. The school house also, had to be watched.

John Posenke went to Escanaba Tuesday to consult a physician.

Stephen Posenke made a trip to New-hall Wednesday.

John Gasman Jr., of Bark River arrived here with a new engine to continue the crushing. He will have charge of the engine during the work here.

John McGuire of Ford River, was here on business Tuesday evening.

By "Pose Richard,"
Laziness drives us slowly that por-
tion of our energy is used—Franklin.

LOCAL NEWS

Marc Pepin was in Chicago on business the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Daton are visiting friends in Menominee.

Miss Katherine Carroll visited her parents here during the week.

James Tolan spent the week with friends at Ishpeming.

W. F. Fahey made a business trip to Marquette Monday.

Christie Berrigan was in Milwaukee the first of the week.

Gust Martin spent Sunday in Green Bay.

Mrs. Vantrien has returned to Chicago after a visit here with her brother, A. L. Wargny.

Dr. G. R. Treiber spent Sunday in Norway.

T. B. White was in the city this week from Lansing.

Miss Meta Habermann returned to Lathrop Monday after a visit with friends here.

Charles Seymour was a Schaffer visitor in the city Sunday.

Mr. Harry Lohmiller, who has been confined to his home for several weeks with typhoid fever, is convalescing and has gone with Mrs. Lohmiller to Fond du Lac, Wis., for a short visit.

Miss Madge McCarthy spent Sunday at Green Bay.

Mrs. R. Schwartz and daughter Caroline have gone to southern Wisconsin points for an extended visit.

Mrs. W. M. Lowney and brother Albert Otto who have been spending the past two months with their sister, Mrs. Jos. Rowan, 215 S. Elmore street, have gone to the Copper Country for a visit before returning to their home in Ottawa, Canada.

Allen Tyrell was in Manistique last week placing a number of monuments in Lakeview cemetery at that place.

Last Sunday the woods in the vicinity of Flat Rock were full of city people seeking the trailing arbutus.

George Sutherland and A. F. Hoffman were visitors at Menominee last Saturday.

Work on the new federal building is progressing nicely, the concrete and brick foundation is all in place and the white stone blocks are being rapidly set into place on the first story.

Miss Bessie Kanny returned Sunday night from a short visit with her parents at Gladstone.

Chas. Swickert visited Marinette and Menominee friends this week.

Miss Corinne Blanchett was in Menominee this week, visiting relatives.

A. C. Marvin went to Trenary on business Tuesday.

Chas. C. Metcalf made a business trip to Gladstone Monday.

A. P. Smith was in Gladstone a few hours Monday.

FOR SALE—40 acre farm at Isabella, Mich. For particulars and price, write to Mrs. D. Payne, Isabella, Mich.

Bernard Linde paid a \$5.00 fine and costs in Justice O. V. Linden's court Tuesday, for disturbing the peace.

Lost—Between Elmore and Georgia streets on Hale street, a pair of eye glasses in case. Return to this office and get reward.

In Justice O. V. Linden's court last Saturday Frank Swanson was fined \$5.00 and costs for violating one of the city ordinances, and John Heyman was given 30 days for assault.

Manistique is to have a new school building.

Q. R. Hessel returned the first of the week from points in Iowa, with a car load of draft and driving horses which are now on sale at his sale stable in this city.

Ball playing on the streets and riding bicycles on the sidewalks must stop, according to the order recently issued by Chief of Police George Rows.

Mrs. T. H. Glavin left the fore part of the week for a two week's visit with her parents at Houghton.

A. I. Gleason was up from Menominee on business Monday.

G. Johnson spent Sunday with his brother Ernest at Negaunee.

J. M. Judson made a business trip to Chicago the first of the week.

John Wall is visiting in Marinette.

John Bonifas was a Garden visitor in the city Tuesday.

Fred Herbst returned this week from a visit with Ishpeming friends.

The municipal street sprinkler has been making the rounds this week, laying the dust on Wells avenue and cooling the asphalt on Ludington street.

LOST—Small bay horse with roached mane, on Ford River switch road several days ago. Finder please notify Q. R. Hessel, Escanaba.

May 29, 1909 July 10, 1909
Chancery Sale

In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the County of Delta, State of Michigan, in Chancery, made and entered on the 27th day of January A. D. 1909 in a certain cause therein pending, wherein John J. Cleary was Complainant and Amy Jerome and Joseph Mallman, as administrators of the estate of Solomon Jerome, deceased, were Defendants, Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder, at the west front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan, (that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County), on Saturday the tenth (10) day of July A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described property, to wit: all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the village of Rapid River County of Delta and State of Michigan, described as follows: Lots number six (6) and seven (7) of Block three (3), of H. W. Cole's Recorded Plat of Rapid River, Michigan.

Dated May 22nd 1909.
TORVAL E. STROM
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Delta County, Michigan
CUMMISKEY & SPENCER
Solicitors for Complainant.

Notice to Contractors
Proposals for grading and macadamizing that portion of the Bark River Road in Sections 31, 32 and 33, Town 39 north, range 23 west, will be received by the Board of County Road Commissioners at the office of the County Clerk, Escanaba, Michigan, until twelve o'clock noon, on the first day of June 1909. Length of road 2.49 miles.
Also proposals for grading and macadamizing that portion of the Bay Shore Road in sections 29 and 32, Town 40 north, of range 22 west, Length of road 7671 feet. Separate bids should be made for the work on each road. All work to be completed by October 1st, 1909. Plans and specifications are on file at the office of the County Clerk. A certified check for five per cent. of the amount bid, payable to County clerk must accompany each proposal. The Board of County Road Commissioners reserves the right to reject any or all bids. All bids should be directed to the County Clerk.
Dated, Escanaba, May 15th, 1909.
JOHN A. SEMER,
Clerk of the Board of County Road Commissioners

Amateur League Opens
The opening game of the season in the Marquette-Alger County Amateur Baseball league, was played at Negaunee Sunday between the Negaunee and Munising teams, the former winning by a score of 3 to 2. About 2000 people witnessed the game.

State Fair Premium List
The 1909 Michigan State Fair Premium List is ready for distribution. It contains 200 pages of valuable information to exhibitors and others interested in the State Fair. A copy will be sent to anyone by mail, prepaid who will write for it. Address I. H. Butterfield, Secretary, 919 Majestic B'ld'g, Detroit, Mich.

Ungallant Author.
I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—Doucicault.

For Every Living Thing On The Farm
Humphreys' Veterinary specifics 500 Page book on the treatment and care of horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, hogs and poultry mailed free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 75 Ann Street, New York.

Part of the wreckage of the steamer Shores, lost a few weeks since off Whitefish Point, was found floating in Lake Superior about ten miles east of Munising one day last week.

Life.
If you sit around any particular store or office a good deal, you can bet you are unpopular at that particular store. The proprietor growls about you to his friends, and would like to get up the nerve necessary to give you both barrels.—Atchison Globe.

ONE REASON IF NO OTHER WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE MONEY IN THE BANK IS BECAUSE ITS SAFE THERE FROM FIRE, BURGLARS OR YOUR OWN EXTRAVAGANCE

Saving money means saving not only money but health, power, independence, security, satisfaction and protection. Few friends are as ready and able to serve you as your MONEY. Begin to save NOW. Open that savings account today.

We will pay you three per cent interest on the money you put in our bank and compound the interest every six months.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Depository of the United States and State of Michigan
Oldest, Largest and Strongest Bank in Delta County
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

THE ESCANABA STEAM DYE WORKS

E. A. GRABOWSKI, Prop.

705-7 Ludington St. Phones 134-661
Branch Office 1400 Lud. St. Phone 336-J

AN IRREFUTABLE FACT will silence unbelief, so if you have any doubts as to whether or no we can dye and clean any garment so as to render it good as new, give us a trial. We will dye any skirt or article of dress that has become faded or soiled, silk, laces, feathers, everything that enters into a woman's wardrobe. Curtains, draperies, blankets, etc., dyed and cleaned with promptness.

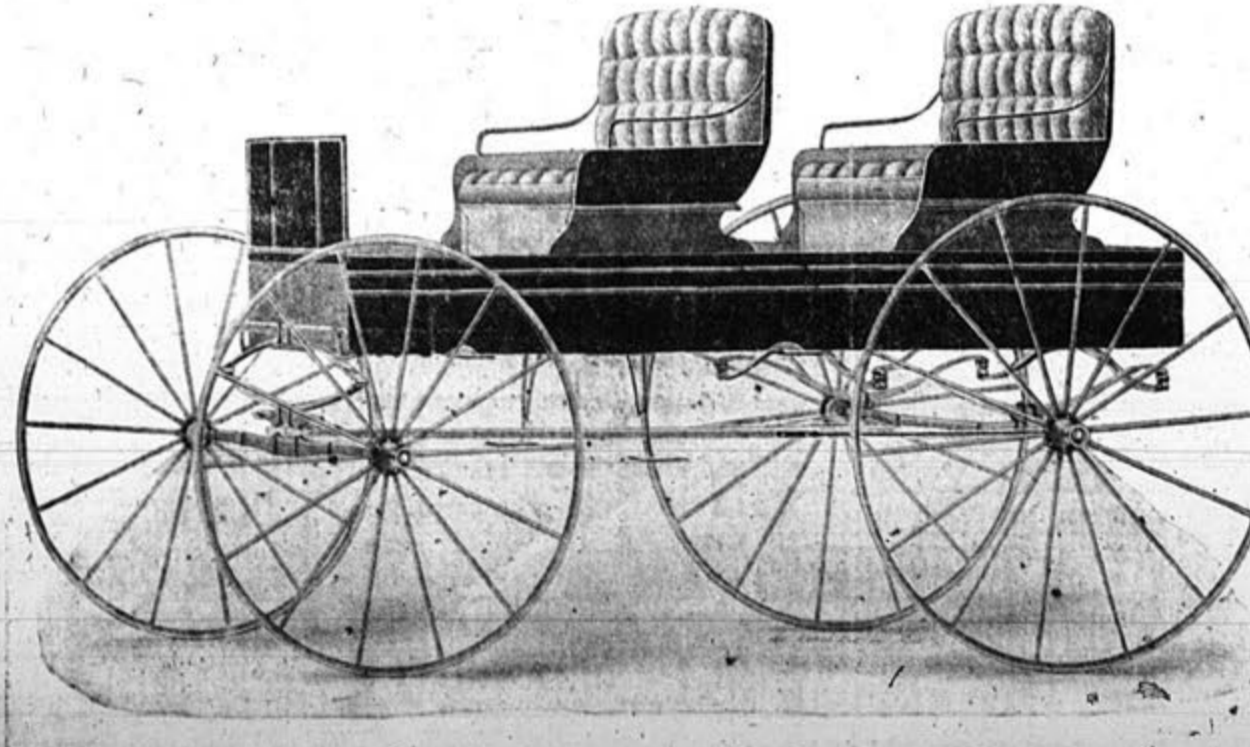
THE LITTLE GIANT STUMP PULLER

Patented by ERICK A. GRUNDEEN, Carney, Mich.

The Cheapest, Strongest and most Durable Stump Puller on the Market
Just the thing for the farmer, operated by hand power, unbreakable, will last a life-time. Many already in use and giving good satisfaction.

See one at the shop of A. P. LINN at Escanaba.

MANUFACTURED IN DELTA COUNTY WITH SELLING RIGHTS BY
A. P. LINN, Escanaba, Michigan



SPRING WAGONS

Our line of Vehicles and Spring Wagons for this season is complete and we are in a position to offer you the right kind of buggies at the right price.

Our platform spring wagons are built on merit, as they are extra heavily ironed throughout and steel corners and have riveted rims between spokes.

In fact our general line of vehicles far surpasses anything that has ever been shown in this city.

If you are contemplating on buying let us show you our line, and you will agree with us that we have the right kind of goods at the right price.

Write for Our Vehicle and Harness Circular

Escanaba Harness Co.

711 Ludington St.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

SUCCESSORS TO
Drs. Kennedy & Kergan

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes, with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, lascivious, debilitating dreams, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, premature decay, loss of hair, loose, sore throat, etc. The New Method will cure you.

BLOOD POISONS

Blood Poisons are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim, and unless entirely eradicated from the system may affect the future generation. Beware of Mercury. It may suppress the symptoms—Our New Method cures them.

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches, and sores disappear, the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, listlessness and despondency vanish, the eye becomes bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical, and vital systems are invigorated; all irritations cease—no more vital waste from the system. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or no pay.

No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Books Free—Our "Diseases of Men" (Illustrated).

Question List for Home Treatment Sent on Request

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.