CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

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EAST JORDAN, -:- MICHIGAN

Young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is seriously thinking of running her husband for Congress.

The price of carpets has advanced sharply, and Mrs. Malaprop says she'll buy only rugs hereafter.

Canada still clings to opera bouffe. Fifteen guns were fired at the opening of the Toronto legislature.

The Mad Mullah gave England quite a nice chance to rest up and is probably sorry now that he did it.

If the corporation of typewriters at St. Petersburg and Tokyo hold out under the strain all may yet be well.

As England views it, this is an occasion when the white man may have to take up the yellow man's burden.

Why should the girls propose, even in leap year, when they can make the men propose at any time they want them to?

Before Russia and Japan get through the Chinese papers will doubtless be able to announce some big real estate transfers.

A Chamberlain parliamentary candidate has been defeated in England. But "Pushful Joe" has several more boroughs to burrow in.

All the world's a stage. We have our exits and our entrances—but sometimes the exits are found to be locked in an emergency.

Do you suppose the girls themselves really like those dances in which they are not supported by a masculine arm or are they only bluffing?

If the revoltuionary army in Santo Domingo is so anxious to get to the government army in a hurry why does it not call a cab and go there?

About 10,000 rabbits were killed in a rabbit drive in Oregon. Chicken pie will be a great dish in the hotels in that state for some time to come.

Mr. Carnegie has given $1,250 to help pay for two church organs in Tiffin, and somebody cheerfully observes that this is real organized charity.

The Pennsylvania railroad threatens to plant hedges to shut off the "unsightly" billboards bordering its right of way. Won't the billboard fellows divvy?

In spite of all our efforts to keep from getting mixed up in a war, it looks as if the United States will have to fight. The boll weevil has reached Congress.

The Roxburghes have received another grand ovation from the people who are hanging around the ancestral seat waiting for the duchess to remove the rubber band.

Few poets have been so exacting with the Creator as Laureate Austin who is blase enough to grumble about the monotony of the "self-same stars in the self-same sky."

Those who figured that it will take thirty or forty years to build the Panama canal have evidently been watching the progress of construction work on government buildings.

The New York Sun speaks of "a close shave for a nurse" of the feminine gender, who narrowly escaped being crushed under falling ice. Charles A. Dana is dead.

A crusade has been inaugurated in Boston against school teachers who "chew gum." How futile! Boston teachers may masticate; it is impossible to think that they chew.

A man 101 years old dropped dead the other day while smoking a pipe—but, perhaps, if he hadn't calmed his nerves all his life long with tobacco he wouldn't have lived to be 101.

Brewer Pabst of Milwaukee left a fortune of $10,000,000. This is considerably more than has ever been left by anyone who ministered to the spiritual cravings—at least, so far as we know.

It is stated that fully 8,000,000 people in Mexico, more than half the population, live without work. We had no idea that there were so many political offices under the Mexican government.

One New York young woman ventures the comment that if "Hamlet" had been the bill in place of "Bluebeard" the loss of life in the Iroquois fire would have been small. Yes, if Eddie Foy had played Hamlet.

The chief of the Cherokee nation in Indian Territory is reported to be suffering with the gout. This puts the Carlisle School away to the rear in providing evidence that the noble red man is capable of acquiring civilization.

General sympathy is expressed for the downtrodden and poorly paid department clerks in the government employ who will hereafter have to keep up the bluff that they are working for seven long hours five days in the week.

His Bad Eye

"I caught cold in my eye last week," said the cigar dealer. "The general effect was as if somebody had given me a good belt and the black and blue hadn't had time to show. It wasn't painful—merely uncomfortable—and I thought I could just as well attend to business while it wore itself out. It began to be painful after I got down to the store."

"Catch fresh cold?" inquired the customer.

"No," replied the cigar dealer sadly. "It was the inevitable funny business that hurt. People began to get interested in the eye as soon as they got inside the store. They thought it one of the richest jokes that ever happened, apparently. Say, can you tell me what there is funny about a black eye?"

"It isn't any funnier than twins," said the customer. "The last addition to my family was twins. I can sympathize with you. What did you do about it?"

"Stood it as long as I could," replied the cigar dealer. "After that I went around to the printer and got these cards printed. Then when a man came in and asked me about it I handed him one of 'em."

The customer took a card the cigar dealer handed him and read:

"I did not run against an open door in the dark.

"It was not a stick of wood that flew up and hit me.

"I did not call the man a liar.

"I do not want to call your attention to the condition of the other man.

"I have not been interviewing Fitzsimmons.

"Nobody hit me.

"My wife and I have no differences of opinion.

"I have no wife.

"I did not threaten to report the policeman.

"N. B.—I would like to smile, but I can't, even in the interest of trade."

"Let me keep this for a curiosity," said the customer.

"I'm sorry," said the cigar dealer, "but I had only 1,000 of them struck off and I used up all the others."

His Trust Well Placed

"Last winter when I went south for my health," said Col. L. S. Brown of the Southern Railway, "I was told they were going to try a colored man for stealing a quantity of raw cotton, and when the hour arrived I went up to the court house to hear the case. The prisoner was a man about 40 years of age, and he had elected to plead his own case. The prosecution proved that the bag of cotton was found in the colored man's cabin, and the property was fully identified as belonging to the owner of a compress. The prisoner asked no questions, but said he wanted to make a statement and rest his case 'wid de Lawd.' After a while he was given an opportunity to speak and said:

"'I was gwine by dat compress at 'leben o'clock last night when a voice dun called out to me: "Hold on, dar, Abraham Jones. Yo' was a pore man, an' yo' jest take 'long dis bag o' cotton to buy yo' some shoes fur cold weather." Den de bag fell at my feet, an' I dun took it home.'

"'Did you recognize the voice?' said the judge.

"'No, sah, but I reckon it was an angel who spoke.'

"'Then why did you hide the bag when you got home?'

"'Well, sah, jest as I got frew de gate another voice dun told me dat I'd better hide de cotton fur a few days.'

"'Did you recognize that voice?'

"'No, sah; but I dun reckon it was a voice from heben.'

"'And that's your defense, is it?'

"'Yes, sah. I'ze willin' to rest dis case in de Lawd'es hands. De Lawd he dun knows I nebber stole dat cotton.'

"'Hadn't you better have a lawyer?' suggested the judge, with something like a smile on his face.

"'I reckon not, sah. I'ze been gwine to church fur de las' fo'ty y'ars, an' I'ze restin' dis case right in de hands ob de Lawd.'

"'Then I shall have to give you four months in jail, Abraham.'

"'Huh, what fur?'

"'For stealing that cotton.'

"The prisoner received his sentence without a word, seeming to have expected it, and was presently led away. Two weeks later I met him on the streets of a town fifty miles away and said to him:

"'Abraham, I thought you were in jail at Selma?'

"'Yes, sah, I was,' he replied.

"'And I remember you put your case in the hands of the Lord?'

"'Deed, but I did, sah, an' I cum out all right.'

"'But you got four months.'

"'So I did, sah—so I did; but arter serving nine days ob de time de Lawd showed me how to dig outer dat jail, an' yer I am an' dey won't nebber git me agin'."—Washington Star.

Battle with a Wolf

The skin of the only gray wolf killed in Vermont in the last fifty years was brought into the village of Starksboro the other day by David Dike, a farmer, who killed the animal in a patch of woods near his barn after a severe fight, in which Mr. Dike and a dog were badly used up.

Mr. Dike had just gone into the house from the barn, where he had been milking, when his attention was attracted by his shepherd dog, which was loudly barking in front of the henhouse. Taking a lantern, he went out to investigate and saw the dog had cornered a gray animal about his own size. Both were bristling with fear and rage, but neither dared to attack the other. The farmer had no gun, but he ran into the woodshed and procured a broom with which he struck at the marauder. Thereupon the wolf, for such it turned out to be, dashed for the woods, with the dog after it, and came to a stand near the foot of a maple tree.

By this time the wolf was frothing at the mouth and snarling and snapping at the shepherd every time he came within range. Once or twice he nipped the dog and drew blood. Mr. Dike encouraged the dog and then boldly worked around to the rear of the maple.

This was too much for the wolf, and in sheer desperation he sprang at the farmer, who dealt him a telling blow with the broom. At the same time the dog tackled the animal in the rear and got a hold on his neck. The next instant a three-cornered fight was on. The wolf tackled the farmer and dog by turns, snapping and scratching at first one and then the other. In the meantime the dog and the broom got in some lively work and at the end of ten minutes honors were about even.

The wolf could easily have escaped, but he evidently preferred to fight it out, and it was nearly twenty minutes before he was vanquished. When the wolf was dead Mr. Dike found he was scratched in several places and the dog was wounded in spots from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. The skin is much the worse for wear, but will be mounted.

A Genius in Rags

"I don't pretend to account for the inequalities in this world, but I do know that there are a good many numbskulls who are rich and a good many very shrewd men who are poor," said a merchant who was taking lunch with a party of friends down town yesterday. "Here is a little incident that will give you some idea of what I mean. I'm something of a crank in the matter of shoes, and always have from five to a dozen pairs that are partly worn but still available for service. One morning last week a 'hobo' called at the basement door of my house and succeeded in getting my wife there to hear his story. But the fact that his feet were on the ground pleaded more eloquently than any words, and my big collection of shoes was brought out for him to choose from. He took a couple, returned profuse thanks, and left.

"Toward evening my wife was out and I at home. Along came a 'hobo' with hair through his hat and feet through his shoes. He humbly asked me if I couldn't help him in the matter of footwear and I was in the midst of a refusal when he said my wife had told him in the morning that I had a pair of shoes that were not mates and I would probably be willing he should have them. More with the idea of convicting the fellow of lying than anything else I brought out the shoes. Sure enough, there were two of them for the left foot, without any corresponding shoe for the right. I didn't see how he could utilize them, but he said they would serve his purpose, and he departed with them. In the morning that fellow had been sharp enough to pick out the two shoes for the right foot and then waited around till he could work me for the other two. I suppose one pair went to a pal.

"Now, there is a fellow tramping it that would simply raise Ned if he had a chance at wrecking railroads or cornering wheat. There's not one man in a thousand would have thought of turning the trick he did."

Reporter Glad to "Divy" to Save His Reputation.

Before coming to Philadelphia a certain newspaper man was employed on a Baltimore paper whose city editor was a stickler for facts and brevity. He also believed in encouraging his men, and each week a ten-dollar gold piece was given the man who wrote the best story that week.

On one occasion this reporter got in a police station a report of an accident to a young woman, who had been injured in a storm by a falling tree. The report was most comprehensive. The next day the account, just as it was written, was pasted on the bulletin board in the reporters' room. Accompanying it was a note from the city editor, saying it was a masterpiece of accuracy and brevity and that the writer would draw down the weekly prize.

The reporter's joy was short lived, however. A rat-eyed little office boy called him aside, and in a stage whisper demanded:

"Where did you git dat pipe dream?"

Somewhat surprised the prize-winner told him, to which he replied:

"Well, she lives next door to me, see! Youse is got her sister's name instead of hers in your story; the address is wrong, and in the second place the doctor is me brother, and his name and address is also wrong, and then again, she didn't break her arm, but a leg. Now, you give me half of dat prize money or I'll pipe the chief off."

He got the five.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SCARED BY ENGINE'S WHISTLE.

Cowpuncher Couldn't Wait for Train to Turn Around.

At the Hoffman House recently, Col. Cody told this story. He said:

"In my town out West we've recently put in a new railroad, which attracts a good deal of attention. One day a young cowpuncher from one of the remote ranches came into town and there saw a train for the first time in his life. One of the boys, knowing his ignorance, planned it so that the cowpuncher found himself near the track just as the far-off whistle of an approaching locomotive was heard.

"The cowpuncher soon began to show signs of distress. His restiveness increased rapidly as the train approached, until, when the roar and the blanket of dust from the sliding wheels enveloped him, he rose in his stirrups, scared half to death.

"The engineer, taking in the situation, leaned back out of his cab window just as the train stopped, and shouted at the top of his lungs: 'Git out of the way, you ornery cowpuncher; I'm goin' to turn around!'

"That was hint enough for the cowpuncher. Slapping his spurs into the flanks of his bronco, he was over the hills in a twinkle. The last I saw of him was a little red ball of the furthest horizon."—New York Tribune.

The Goose Got Away.

To the Hon. Joseph Sibley of Pennsylvania the yarn-loving members of the House are giving credit for this story:

There was a rich old farmer who lived in one of the interior districts near Philadelphia, and who got tangled up in a money transaction with one of his neighbors. Mr. Alston, for that was his name, sought an attorney, who gave him a letter of introduction to a brother lawyer in Philadelphia, at which place it was necessary to enter the suit. The letter was delivered to the lawyer, and while he was reading it he was called out of the room, leaving the letter on his desk. Mr. Alston let curiosity get the better of him and read the letter, which closed with a postscript stating that "Mr. Alston is a fat goose; pluck him heavy."

That was enough for the old farmer, and seizing a pen he wrote: "P. S. No. 2—The goose has flown, feathers and all."

It took him about three seconds to amble down the stairs and into the streets, and he has not had anything to do with lawyers from that day to this, preferring to pluck his own geese.—Washington Times.

Plants with Savings Banks.

All leaf-buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man; and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true to all plants that grow from bulbs.

Some go further, for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought, when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroot, and turnips; and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit.

The Red Ball.

Dame Nature now plays hostess,
Inviting one and all,
And so we put our skates on
And hie us to the hall.

Her music is the laughter
That's borne upon the breeze,
While for the bass, the North Wind
Goes booming through the trees.

Her figures are the old ones
Beloved by us of yore;
The eights and double twisters
Upon her crystal floor.

Her favors are the red cheeks,
The sparkling eyes withal,
While often to the maidens
Some fellow's heart will fall.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

A Dissatisfied Cricket

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Once upon a time a cricket was sitting on a hearth chirping away at a great rate, when it happened for the first time to near the ticking of a clock that had been put on the mantel overhead a day or two before. Then, brimming with curiosity, the cricket managed after great difficulty to reach the mantelpiece, where it leaned against the timepiece and listened very attentively.

"Whatever kind of an insect it may be," observed the cricket, "it ticks much louder and faster than I, and still it never seems to pause for breath."

While the cricket gazed vacantly into space with a mystified air, the clock struck ten.

"Gracious me!" said the startled cricket in astonishment that savored of envy of the greenest kind. "What a beautiful bang it has, to be sure. If I had so resonant a bang as that I should be the proudest and happiest creature in the meadow, and also at the fireside. Perhaps if I go inside, the banging proprietor will be good enough to teach me the method of his beautiful bang."

So the cricket, full of the joys of anticipation, skipped blithely around to the front of the clock, and, seeing the keyholes and the hands, concluded that they were the banging occupant's eyes and two of his legs, which he fancied were many. The cricket noticed also that the glass door of the clock was tightly closed, so it walked underneath the clock and squeaked up the crevice in which the pendulum was tirelessly swinging.

"May I came in?" asked the anxious minstrel of the meadow and ingle nook.

There being no reply, the cricket became satisfied that the huge marble insect to which it addressed itself was too busy in ticking and tocking to hear anything. Suddenly the clock stopped and the cricket crawled up the pendulum and began looking around and up and down among the silent, motionless wheels both dazed and amazed.

"I believe I am on the inside of the insect," said the cricket, "and that the whole thing," meaning the clock, "is the creature with the coveted bang. As the outside of it gives no clue as regards the method, perhaps I can learn something from these intestinal disci."

Just then the owner of the clock began to wind it, and the startled cricket, sitting akimbo on one of the wheels, lost his balance and tumbled into the whirling machinery and was soon crushed into a pulp.

The moral of this little fable teaches us that we should be content to blow and make ourselves heard on the horn with which the wise, beneficent mother, Nature, supplied us, and not seek to strike when we are only equipped to tick, lest we sudderly come to grief, as did the poor, weak, dissatisfied cricket.—New York Times.

Man's Need of Rest

In commenting on the well-authenticated statement that Theodore Mommsen, the famous German historian, slept only about three hours a day during the last twenty years of his life and yet attained to the ripe old age of 86, a specialist in nervous diseases said that this remarkable record could undoubtedly be attributed to Mommsen's extraordinary intellectual development and intense absorption in his work.

"Contrary to the popular notion," the physician continued, "the more highly developed is a man's intellect the less sleep he will require. The reason is that when all of life's forces are centered in the intellect there is much less wear and tear on the body than is the case when a more animal life is led. When the body is used merely as a means to a higher end, and not indulged for its own sake, it will respond in an astonishing manner to the tasks that are placed upon it.

"I am not what you would call a religious man, but I can testify that it is indubitably true that behind the body is a something—call it intellect, spirit, or soul, just as you please—that has a power over the body that is practically unlimited; at least I should hesitate to place any limitation upon it. And when a man lives in his intellect, soul or spirit, his body is not only subjected to a minimum need of repair, but it can be used up to the maximum of its capacity.

"Mommsen lived entirely for his work, and his intellect was so highly trained that it probably worked almost automatically. All his physical forces were enlisted in the service of his intellect, and as he followed the same daily routine for years its power was enhanced by the wonderful force of habit. It is a little wonder, then, that he thrived on only three hours' sleep a day."

Word for the Nightcap

It is laid down by a recognized authority on dyspepsia and its treatment that supper or dinner should not be taken later than 7 or 8 in the evening, when he advises a comparatively simple meal. He is emphatic on the importance of eating slowly and allowing time between each course, to the extent indeed of insisting that the servant shall entirely clear and remove each from the dining room before the next one is brought from the kitchen. Digestion, as he points out, will occupy at least four hours, and while it is not desirable to go to bed on an empty stomach, the process is retarded during sleep. To quote from a recent manual on the subject:

"Time should be allowed between the meal and retiring to bed for digestion to be well on its way to being completed. But remember that to pass a comfortable night without restlessness and without sleeplessness the body must go to rest fully nourished, and a good meal some three or four hours before retiring is a great help to assure good sleep at night."

It is interesting to note that the writer does not condemn the old-fashioned "nightcap" of whisky or brandy and water, and states that two tablespoonfuls of either in two-thirds of a tumbler of soda or plain water are a great help toward a reposeful night, especially as age advances. People should not, he considers, ignore the importance of rest before their meals, and if one is feeling over-tired before lunch or dinner it is most desirable to sit down quietly for ten minutes, while a small glass of half milk and half water with a spoonful of brandy in it will stimulate the system and prepare the digestive organs for the task they will be called upon to fulfill.—London Telegraph.

What Broke the Spell

Around the setting sun the sea rolled like a molten furnace, deepening away from fire to crimson to purple, from purple to gray, and so on to the shimmering black mirror that answered to the flickering lights of the incoming procession of stars. Far out from land a belated fishing boat stole slowly harborward, its red and its green light mere specks of color on the vast surface of the rocking water. A cool wind blew in shore and brought with it the sound of whistles from the outbound steamers in the dim distance. In one direction the lights of the great city could be seen as a blur of brightness, indistinct and spectrallike, upon the darkness of the summer sky.

To the man on the beach the scene seemed too glorious for words, and his soul was caught up by its beauty and lifted far above the dross and commonness of this wicked world. In that moment he realized as never before the vast difference, the unspeakable gulf between the things of heaven and the things of earth, and his heart swelled with love for his fellow-men.

Beside him sat his bride of a month. The moon has rarely seen a woman more beautiful. The light in her eyes seemed born of the beauty of the night, and he wondered. Was she, too, drinking in its splendor, feasting upon its loveliness, breathing it into her whole being? Her gaze was riveted upon the distant horizon, where sky and sea were one. She sighed—oh, how sweetly she sighed!—and turned her beautiful face toward him.

"John, dear," she murmured—and her voice was like the whispering of angels to his soul—"I just can't decide whether to have it make with a circular flounce or with a plain deep ruffle."

Encouragement for Beginners.

Andrew Carnegie, in addressing lately an audience in Scotland struggling to advance a good cause, said: "Let me commend a great truth to you, which has been one of my supports in life: 'The gods send thread for a web begun.' Thread will be sent for that you are about to weave, I am well assured."

Historic Panama Flag.

Secretary Hay has in his possession the Panama flag in which was wrapped Panama's treaty with the United States on its trip from Washington to the isthmus and back again. The flag was presented to him by Minister Bunau-Varilla, who himself kept the American flag, which was also wrapped about the treaty.