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Garber & Stickney,

Tawas City, - Mich.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

In one week Lawrence Reynolds was to marry Gertrude Dixon of Scranton. One evening he received the following anonymous letter:

"Mr. Lawrence Reynolds," it said, "you think that you are on the highroad to success. You believe that you are loved for yourself alone, and the thought never occurs to you that you may be only a miserable dupe. Gertrude Dixon loves you, but she loves money better. Remember my words, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' and old Montgomery, the millionaire, is paying your affianced bride very close attention. I warn you. Of course, you will not heed my warning, but the day will come when you will remember my words to your sorrow."

That was all; no signature, no date. He crushed the letter into his pocket, his face pale as death, and, pouring out a glass of water from a carafe upon the table, drank it eagerly. "I will go home," he muttered. "How can I believe one word of that cowardly letter? It is true that I have not heard from Gertrude lately with regularity, but her excuse has been a good one. She has been so occupied with preparations for the coming event. I will pay no heed to the cowardly blow struck in the dark. I will go to Scranton tomorrow, and when I have told Gertrude all we will have a merry laugh at my expense."

He put on his overcoat and gloves and donned his hat and made his way into the street. "What if it were true?" said doubt and mistrust, the two dark fiends which had taken possession of his heart. "It cannot be true!" he groaned. "She is the embodiment of truth and honor; she would not be guilty of such a wrong, and she loves me with all her heart. God bless you, my darling—my wife to be!"

He reached his hotel, and two hours later was ready for an early departure, and in the gray light of the dawn Lawrence Reynolds started upon his journey. It was a three days' trip.

Stopping at a town on the route, several passengers entered the coach in which Lawrence was traveling. Among them was a young man from Scranton with whom he was acquainted. The two greeted each other warmly, and George Lennox seated himself at Lawrence Reynolds' side.

"I have been up the road a day's journey," he said, "and am on my way home to Scranton now. Going to be a grand wedding tomorrow. Have you heard of it? Your old friend, Miss Dixon, is going to marry Montgomery, the rich broker. He is immensely wealthy. She will be the most envied woman in Scranton. Why, Lawrence, what is the matter?"

"Nothing. I am subject to attacks of pain in my heart. By the way, are you sure of this piece of news, George?"

"Yes. There could be no mistake, for Miss Gertrude told me she was soon to be married, and as old Montgomery has been devoted in that quarter for a long time I have no reason to doubt the story that was told me. However, when you reach Scranton—"

"I am not going to Scranton, George. I have no business there now and no desire to attend Miss Dixon's wedding. I shall stop at Waverley and take the first train for home. I ask you to tell no one that you met me. Will you promise me this, George?"

"I will. But do nothing rash. I would not have told you of this rumor if Miss Dixon herself had not confirmed the story."

"No matter; I have come to the conclusion that women are all alike—frauds and shams—and I have no desire to meet Mrs. Montgomery."

He kept his word. At Waverley he left the train, and later was whirling back to his home. He returned to his home a pale, broken spirited man, grave and sad. Days went by. His wedding day that was to have been passed with the rest. A few days later he opened the morning paper and read this announcement:

"Died suddenly, of heart disease, in Scranton, Miss Gertrude Dixon, aged 22 years."

And in the marriage notices this:
"Married, at the residence of J. Dixon, Esq., on Thursday, the 20th inst., Miss Grace Latham of Aberdeen to James Montgomery, Esq."

The paper fell from Lawrence Reynolds' hands, and he knew no more. For a long time he remained unconscious, and when he awoke to life again he was raging in the delirium of brain fever. It had all been a mad mistake. The anonymous letter had been written by some coward who had secretly hated Lawrence Reynolds. The marriage to which George Lennox had referred in speaking of the approaching wedding to take place at the Dixon residence was that of her cousin Grace, as well as her own wedding soon after. It was all a mistake.—Boston Post.

THE EDITOR.

The editor rather stumbled into his profession than chose it. No man has been brought up to the business. It is taught in no school. No father says: "Lo! My son shall be an editor." But as the duck takes to water, the Jew to money lending, the game cock to fighting, so the predestined editor takes to type and paragraphing, and the impulse which bore him into the profession never ceases to act strangely upon him. He is full of his occupation and never ashamed of it. He perceives the promise of a paragraph from afar off. He snuffs it in the air. He sees it in the window. He catches it in the night and prays heaven that he may not forget it in the morning.

The editor looks upon all things, subjects, events and persons, in the light of material for articles. A catastrophe which makes the town shudder is to him a feature. He says he "regrets to learn," or he is "pained to announce" but he is not, as an editor, pained in the least, any more than an undertaker is pained to bury a man in the grandest style of fashion. The editor is "rejoiced to be able to state," or had the "extreme satisfaction of ascertaining beyond a doubt," and in such assertions his sincerity is generally perfect, for the pride and satisfaction it gives him to be the first to communicate to the public an important piece of intelligence.

The editor has his delusions as well as the sub-editor. He thinks that he creates public opinion, whereas he only reflects it. The man who runs ahead of an advancing throng seems to lead it as long as he leads where they want to go, but let him turn a corner which they don't want to turn and he finds himself running alone.

Learned he is not. The printing office sends ten men to the editorial chair where the college sends one,

tachatka. Nor is the editor wiser than the average of men, nor more likely to be correct in opinion. If he were he would be in constant danger of turning that awkward corner just referred to, finding himself without followers. He would be ever tempted to tell his readers what they ought to be told, whereas the true duties of the profession is to tell them what they want to be told. Do you blame him? How long would you continue your patronage of a paper which neither spared your prejudices nor echoed your opinions.

Upon the whole the editor is a good fellow. He has his faults like other men, but generally speaking, he works hard and late and does a thousand obliging things, comes as near telling the truth as his readers will let him, and, above all, produces that which we could not very well be without—a newspaper. Then in charity let us not refuse him his favorite adjectives which as samples we give "able," "genial," "public spirited," "whole souled," etc.

May his shadows never grow less.
SCRIBBLER in Saranac Local.

For burns, injuries, piles and skin diseases use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the original. Counterfeits may be offered. Use only DeWitt's—Dr. D. S. Darling.

Small in size and great in surety are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills that cleanse the liver and bowels. They do not gripe. Dr. G. S. Darling.

After many intricate experiments, scientists have discovered methods for obtaining all the natural digestants. These have been combined in the human body and united with substances that build up the digestive organs, making a compound called Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and allows all dy-

When you need
Flour try - - -

- - White Satin - -

It's simply an Innovation in the Flour Line
All Dealer have it!

Art In Shoemaking.

Queen Quality.

They Fit Where Others Fail.

It is an easy matter to make a pretty shoe without comfort or a comfortable shoe without beauty or style; but to combine both, absolute ease, fashionable elegance, and excellent wearing quality is ART IN SHOEMAKING.

We show herewith one of the popular Queen Quality styles. A RIBO KID boot, "Spanish Operation," light sole, high arched instep. A glove fitting boot, most comfortable and beautiful.



James
LaBarde

NEW NOVELTIES.

Dimities,
Batiste,
Organdies,
India Linens,
Persian Lawns,
Dotted Muslins.

we have them

Do you use the

CRESOTA FLOUR ?

JAMES HAMILTON,

Tawas City, Mich.

Serviceable shoes Surely satisfy

when with Serviceableness is
combined

Style,
Fit,
Finish and
Correct Prices,

As in the case in all our shoes
We have shoes for the family,
for Sunday wear, for every-day
wear, and the stock thereof, the
workmanship thereof and the
PRICE therefore appeal to the
sound sense of every shoe buyer
You make no mistake when buy-
ing our goods, and just one trial
will convince you of our correct-
ness in this statement. . . .

Have You Tried Us Yet?

G. W. Mount.

LEN. J. PATTERSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the Postoffice at Tawas City, Michigan, as Second Class Mail Matter

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year, if Paid in Advance, Otherwise \$1.50 Per Year.

CONVENTION DATES.

July 12—Democratic State nominating convention at Detroit.

QUERY: How can the newspapers and men who left the democratic party in 1896 be called bolters now? They have been republicans, or gold democrats, which is the same thing, for four years, and are simply standing by their party, which is proper.

The nomination of Adli E. Stephenson, of Illinois, as vice-president on the ticket with William J. Bryan, is one that cannot fail to commend itself to every conservative voter. His record during the last Cleveland administration was able and creditable.

Just think of it! The Detroit Free Press, the Boston Herald, the Baltimore Sun, Don Dickinson, Abram S. Hewitt, and many more of republicans have actually bolted the Kansas City platform and will oppose Bryan's election. This is awful after their hearty (?) support in 1896

The board of school superintendents of New York have arrived at the conclusion that a grave mistake was made in introducing into schools the vertical system of writing. "After investigation," say the superintendents "we found that business people were opposed to employing persons who had been taught to write by the vertical system. It was a fact that got into our schools, like many other facts that have crept in. I'm strongly opposed to all these facts."

BIMETALISM is one of the fundamental principles of true democracy whether so stated in the platform or not. At the same time it is of minor importance as compared with other questions now before the American people and in the present campaign should not be considered as an issue. At this time the people of the these United States are called upon to decide whether the principals of the Declaration of Independence shall continue supreme in our Nation, or whether we shall turn backward and adopt the imperial form of government. The people of this Nation will do well to keep this fact in sight during the present campaign, and not allow speakers, or politicians to lead them from the main issue by pushing other matters to the fore.

Zeb White in a Cave

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]
"The roof of our cabin had bin leakin fur half a year, I reckon," began old Zeb White as I asked him fur a story, "but as it didn't rain more'n once a week and as the leak didn't do any great hurt I wasn't breakin my back to fix it. The old woman didn't say nuthin till one mornin she got up with a headache and was techy. Seen how it was, I didn't say nuthin to provoke her, but she burned her hand ag'in the stove, stubbed her toe and finally busted out on me with:
"Zeb White, of all the shackety critters on this yere Cumberland moun'tin nobody kin hold a candle to yo!"
"What's wrong with me?" says I.
"Heaps and heaps of things. This old cabin is reg'larly fallin to pieces fur the want of a day's work, but yo' ain't man 'nuff to take hold and fix things."
"I'll fix that leak tomorrow."
"That's the old song. Yo'll go right at it this morn' or thar'll be a row."
"Look here, now," says I, speakin as softy as I could, "I'll work all day tomorrow, but today I've got to go up to them limestone caves. I had a powerful vishun last night. In my vishun I saw a cave, and that cave was chuck full of coons and possums. I can't say what brung the varmints together, but thar they was, and thar was 500 of 'em."
"I don't believe nuthin of the sort!" says the old woman. "Yo' are allus hevin vishuns 'bout b'ars and coons and possums, but nobody ever knowed yo' to hev a vishun 'bout choppin wood or hoein corn."
"She was right 'bout that," said Zeb, with a smile, "but it riled me up jest the same. I answered back purty briskly, and she got mo' sassy, and so we had a row. I got up from the table and took my gun and whistled to the dawg and started off, and the old wom-

an' I went out of their skins to buy me a mew. I wanted to fix that leak, of co'se, but it seemed a powerful sin to let that vishun go by. I hadn't got more'n half a mile from the house when the dawg begun to hang back. The critter allus 'peared to take the old woman's side whenever we had a row. When I noticed him hangin back, I yelled out at him and grabbed up a club, but he went out of sight like a rabbit. I wanted that dawg to hold the mouth of the cave while I went in and slaughtered the varmints, and I jest made up my mind to kill him when I got home. Thar was three co'ses, and it was a six mile trip. The middle cave was the biggest, and when I reached it I looked all around fur tracks. Not one was to be found, but that didn't discourage me. I peered around fur a spell and then went in. It was a narver openin, and the cave was dark, but I had brung along a taller candle. I lighted the candle and begun to look about me.
"Dod rot it, but what a fule a man kin make of himself when he tries!" exclaimed the old man after a pause. "Anybody of sense knows that coons and possums don't go hangin around caves. That vishun was a tarnashun lie. That cave was as big as half an acre, and I walked all over it and found nuthin. I was mad and kickin myself when I started to go out, but I hadn't gone fur when the roof of the cave 'peared to fall down upon me. Mebbe it was half an hour later when I opened my eyes and found myself on my back, and it seemed as if one side of my head had bin caved in. I found my rifle with the stock broken, and I could smell b'ar all around. It didn't take me long to figger out that a b'ar had follered me into the cave and fetched me a whack 'longside the head. In a minit I heard him sulfin and movin around outside the cave, and as I crawled along I found him on guard. He was lyn down fair in the way, and I was his prisoner. If my rifle had bin all right, I could hev got rid of him in short order, but it couldn't be fired.
"As the b'ar heard me movin up he showed his teeth and growled in a way to make my b'ar stand up. He didn't come in after me, but it let me plain 'nuff that he wasn't goin to let me out. I thought it was best to keep still fur awhile and see if he wouldn't go away, and, d'yo' know, sub, to the best of my belief that critter went right to sleep. I couldn't git out without steppin over him, and it was too ris'ry to try that.

I kept quiet fur two hours, and he never moved. Then I flung a stone at him, and he woke up and growled till I had a chill.

"Mebbe yo'll say I orter hev taken comfort in that cave, but when I found the afternoon wearin away and the b'ar hangin on I was mighty miserable over it. The b'ar of Tennessee owed me a powerful grudge fur the way I had slaughtered them, and who was to tell what this critter proposed to do? He could finish me off any time he wanted to, but he 'peared to be playin another game. Bimeby it come dark, but he didn't move. I was hungry and thirsty, and I knowed the old woman would be worryin, even though she was mad. The b'ar didn't move off, however, and at last I softly crept as fur away as I could and went to sleep. I don't reckon he come nigh me durin the night, but he might hev slipped away fur food or drink. He was thar all right when daylight broke, and then I was so mad and hungry that I got desperate. With the rifle bar'l in my hands I advanced to the mouth of the cave and yelled fur him to come in and hev it out with me. He wouldn't do it. He growled and roared and clawed, but he wouldn't come in. It was a narver place to git out, and he had all the advantage. I yelled and whooped and flung stones and called him names, but he let me tire myself out. Noon come, and he was still thar. I had another row with him, and if he'd bin a proper b'ar he'd hev come in and showed his grit, but he staid outside and growled.
"I looked fur the old woman all that afternoon, but she didn't come. I had an old shotgun in the house, and I knowed that if she come she'd load it with buckshot and bring it along. If the b'ar waited fur her, he was a goner. Night come along ag'in, and I was b'lin over with madness and ready to eat nails from hunger. The only thing I could do was to sleep, but it was a nightmare all through the long dark hours. I kin tell yo' I was mighty glad to see the daylight ag'in. I went to look fur the b'ar, and he was in the same old place and as cheerful as ever. We had a jaw, but he wouldn't fight. I made up my mind to wait about two hours and then kill or be killed, but I was out of the cave before that time. The old woman had come huntin fur me, and she got cins up to that b'ar and fired a handful of buckshot into him b'ar, he knowed what was up. As I crawled out of the cave she looked at me fur a minit and then keerklessly said:
"Years to me I've seen yo' befo'. Are yo'r name Zeb White?"
"That's it," says I.
"Generally spoken of as the possum hunter of Tennessee?"
"Yes."
"Man what has vishuns of coons and possums in a cave?"
"I thought it was a vishun."
"Yes, I know, but it was mighty sing'lar that when yo' was hevin a vishun of coons and the possums yo' didn't see nuthin of the b'ar. Zeb White, yo' come long home and get to work on that cabin roof and let vishuns and dreams go to pot."
"I was glad 'nuff to do so," explained the old man, with a sorrowful smile. "I tagged along behind her till we reached home, expectin she would hev

It has been demonstrated by experience that consumption can be prevented by the early use of One Minute Cough Cure. This is the favor'ite remedy for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. Cures quickly. Dr. G. S. Darling.

GALLOWAYS AND AYRSHIRES
Progress of the Two Competing Breeds in Scotland.
During the early part of the century which is now fast drawing to a close the prevalent breed of cattle in the southwest of Scotland was the polled Galloways, writes Gilbert Murray in the London Live Stock Journal. They were bred more or less on every farm. The calves were allowed to suck their dams until ousted by the next comer. They were kept on the farm for the first two years and were then passed on to the occupiers of park land farther south, where they remained for another two years. They were remarkably hardy. Summer and winter they remained in the fields without any artificial shelter. At the age of 3 or 4 years they were purchased by the drovers or cattle dealers, who traveled their south, where they were finished off on the rich grazing land of the midland counties, where they were held in high reputation and were equally popular with the London butchers. In the early thirties a Glasgow butcher in a large way of business obtained a lease of the large stock farm of Auchincruich, on the Stinchar, South Ayrshire. He it was who introduced the first Shorthorns into the district under the name of Holderness cattle. They did not, however, succeed and soon disappeared. Shortly after the Ayrshires made their appearance. Previously they were chiefly confined to the northern division of the county. Cheesemaking then became more general, and the Ayrshires gradually supplanted the original breed, which are again coming to the front in the shape of crosses, as for feeding purposes the blue gray crosses are superior to all others.

White Man, Turned Yellow.
Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw him turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, and he

DR. CHARLES LORD
DENTIST.
East Tawas - Mich.
Graduate of University of Michigan. Office over Bank. Office hours—8:00 to 10:00 a. m. and 1:30 to 6:00 p. m.

THE Michigan Farmer
And the Saginaw Twice-a-week Courier-Herald
Both Papers from now UNTIL JANUARY FIRST, 1901.
For only **50 CENTS.**

Lend us
YOUR EARS.
Great Bargains In WASH DRESS GOODS SMIST WAISTS, WHITE GOODS.
Reduced Prices in all summer goods.
C. H. PRESCOTT, & Sons.

WANT COLUMN.
Advertisements under this head; five lines or less 5 cents per week. Two cents for each additional line.
FOR SALE—One set of Chambers Encyclopedias bound in sheepskin. Cheap if taken at once. Enquire at the HERALD office.
FOR SALE—Residence on Bay shore. Can be had at a bargain if taken at once. L. J. PATTERSON.
FOR SALE—House and lot centrally located in this city. Enquire of L. J. Patterson.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. Howard Goldie, Pastor.
Preachin' ag..... 10:30 a. m.
and..... 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School..... 11:45 a. m.
Epworth League devotional meeting, 6:30 a. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday..... 8:00 p. m.

STRAYED:
From my premises in Sherman township, about May 10, 1900, two colts, one yearling color black, little white above hoof of one hind foot, the other two years old, color, roan, with small star. Any information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.
ANDREW PAVELOCK
McLvor, P. O. Mich

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Prayer meeting Thursday..... 8:00 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
W. H. Long, supply.
Preachin'..... 10:30 a. m.
and..... 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School..... 11:45 a. m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday..... 8:00 p. m.
Prayer service followed by Sunday school at Alabaster evers Sunday afternoon at 2:30

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. D. Q. Barry, Pastor.
Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Bible study at 12 o'clock, Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.
Mid-week Services.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 8:00 p. m.
Covenant meeting the last Wednesday evening before the 1st Sunday of each month. Junior Endeavor Sunday at 4 p. m. Womens Missionary Circle meets the second Friday afternoon of each month. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to be present at any or all of the services. Seats are all free.

It Sayed His Leg,
P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For ulcers, wounds, piles, its the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed Only 25c. Sold by Dr. G. S. Darling and J. E. Dillon druggists.

Furniture!
Our Large Attractive Line includee special selections, and the latest designs, all up-to-date.

OUR PRICES VRE LOW
Undertaker and Funeral Director.
Prompt and satisfactory service at all times assured. :: :: :: ::

PETER EVERTZ,
East Tawas Bicycle Works.
I carry a full and a good line of Bicycles at the right prices with a small payment down and balance on Monthly payments or a percentage off for cash. I also have the largest line of Bicycle Sundries in the county. Rims, Spokes, Axles, Bolts and Burrs of all kinds. Several kinds of Lamps, Cements and Pedals to fit any kind of Pedal cranks.
Several Kind of Handle Grips.

LOCAL NEWS

From Tawas City and East Tawas.

Teachers' institute Aug 1.
 Buy your paints of W. W. Brown. Get your binder twine at Prescott's. See the new line of towels at Prescott's.
 DIMITIES, 8 cents a yard at Prescott's.
 G. T. Wood, the jeweler, East Tawas.
 Gus Wheden was down from Alpena yesterday.
 W. H. Cliff, of Prescott, was in the city Tuesday.
 Great reduction in all summer goods at Prescott's.
 A. H. Phinney of Turner, was in the city Wednesday.
 Eli Dutton, of Whittemore, was in the city Wednesday.
 G. L. Cornville was in Bay City on business Monday.
 Better get some of the 8 cent dimities Prescott's are selling.
 E. H. Wheden has been in Detroit on business this week.
 Mrs. William Hebrer of Lewiston, is visiting friends in this city.
 Ride the best. A Rambler, WHITTEMORE & PHINNEY.
 Ray Naugle, of Ithica, has been the guest of W. H. Long this week.
 A fine assortment of dusters at Prescott's. 60, 75, 85 cents, and \$1.00 \$1.25
 Harpoon Forks, Rope, pulleys, everything for the hay field at Prescott's.
 Buy a Durant-Dort buggy of G. S. Darling and get your money's worth.
 Circuit court was in session Tuesday and transacted some chancery business.
 A fine son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris, of this city, Tuesday.
 Prof. and Mrs. J. K. Osgerby, of Fenton, are the guests of friends at East Tawas.
 Frank M. King has been appointed city marshal to succeed Alex. McRae resigned.
 Miss Florence McDonald arrived home Monday from a two weeks visit at Roscommon.
 Miss Louise Smith of Pinconning, is the guest of Mrs. William Osborne of Tawas township.
 Dr. G. S. Darling and Collie Johnson were in Bay City and Saginaw on business Tuesday.
 Rev. and Mrs. Thomas, and family of Cleveland, arrived Tuesday to remain for the summer.
 Miss Sara Corbett of Reynolds-ville, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John L. Graham of this city.
 We are offering extra bargains on 1899 Rambler and Ideal bicycles. WHITTEMORE & PHINNEY.
 Miss Emma Boldt arrived Wednesday from Toledo for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boldt.
 One Minute Cough Cure is the Only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Try it. Dr. G. S. Darling.
 The next state teachers' institute for Iosco county will open in this city Wednesday, August 1, and continue for two weeks.
 Married, at the home of the bride, in this city, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilcox and Thomas H. Dodd, Rev. D. Q. Barry officiating.
 For the democratic state convention at Detroit, July 25-26 the D. & M. Ry. will sell round trip tickets at one fare. Dates of sale July 24 and 25, limited to return July 27.
 If you want a new bicycle call and examine our line. It comprises the Ramblers, Clippers, Altons and Ideals. None better and prices right. WHITTEMORE & PHINNEY.
 Rev. and Mrs. D. Q. Barry did not go to the B. Y. P. U. convention at Cincinnati as they contemplated, owing to the fact that the D. & C. boats were not allowed to take passengers at Ausable, owing to the smallpox scare. Mr. Barry will occupy his pulpit as usual next Sunday.
 Rambler Clipper, and Ideal bicy-

Paris green and bug finish at Prescott's.
 Mrs. C. R. Jackson and son Chester, of East Tawas, left Monday for Owosso for a visit with relatives and friends.
 Dewitt's Little Early Risers are famous little pills for liver and bowel troubles. Never gripe. Dr. G. S. Darling.
 Peter Evertz left Monday for Iona. He will also attend the undertakers' convention at Grand Rapids before he returns.
 The annual school meeting of school district No. 7, held at the school house last Monday evening was largely attended and passed off in the most agreeable manner. Hon. George A. Prescott was re-elected trustee without opposition. James H. Nesbit was practically unanimously elected to succeed C. A. Jahraus, who declined to again be a candidate.
 The kind of study that can be best pursued by children in summer time is precisely the kind that develops understanding and the ability to see a thing when it is looked at. No better preparation for the winter's work in mathematics or in Latin can be had than summer work with Nature. No worse preparation could be invented than the idleness or undirected activity of a long vacation.—July Ladies Home Journal.
 Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Benedict gave a most enjoyable party last Tuesday evening in honor of the twenty-first birthday of their daughter Miss Corinne. About fifty guests were present and enjoyed one of the most pleasant social occasions of the year. The young lady was the recipient of several handsome presents. Refreshments were served and the guests departed at a seasonable hour wishing her many happy returns of the day.
 It has been agreed that newspaper subscriptions are an infallible test of a man's honesty. They will sooner or later discover the man. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer some way—declare he has paid when he has not—sent money in the mails which was lost—will take the paper and not pay for it on the ground that he never subscribed for it—or move off and leave it coming to the office he left. Thousand of alleged christians are dishonest in this particular, at least, and the printer's book will tell fearful tales at the final judgement.
 An exchange tells of the following scheme that is being worked on old soldiers. Three persons are engaged in the work. They approach their intended victim and offer to him a book containing his war record and to be accompanied by a certificate which, when properly filled out, would enable his widow to receive his pension without the usual tedious process. The old soldier has simply to pay a dollar down and two more on the delivery of the book. Our advice to soldiers is not to bite.
 A newspaper man can go out on the street a dozen times a day and ask as many different people for the news, and each time he is told there is absolutely nothing going on in town. When publication day comes around these same people will look over the paper and say "well, there's a scant lot of news in this week's paper, and then recall one or two items that have not appeared and wonder why they were omitted. When you know anything of news matter tell the printers every time. That is what he is in town for.
 There is, perhaps, but a single place in this country where almost all the newspapers of the United States are read. To the Exchange Bureau of the Ladies' Home Journal practically every paper in this country comes—an average of nearly 9000. It is the rule to read each one within a day after it is received, so a large staff of trained readers is kept employed constantly. By this plan it is possible for the editors to keep in close touch with the reading public, and accurately informed as to the topics that are uppermost in the public mind in every section of the country. In this reading, such selections are made as may be of special immediate interest, as well as matter for future reference and notes that may serve as memoranda or suggest articles. Moreover, everything relating

Orange Day

Celebrated at Tawas City in a most Successful Manner by Many Visitors.

Yacht Race. Games. Dancing, etc. Making it Interesting.

Notwithstanding some disappointments and mistakes in arrangements nearly 3000 people visited the Orange celebration in this city yesterday. The weather was all that could be desired and the crowd was the largest seen in the Tawas for a number of years. No accidents or disturbances occurred to mar the day, and the best of order was maintained.

The day was enlivened by music furnished by the City band, the Iosco band of Oscoda, and the West Branch band, besides some half dozen martial bands. The forenoon was devoted to the reception of visitors. Immediately after dinner the line was formed and marched to the grove where speeches were made by Prof. J. K. Osgerby, of Fenton, and other prominent men of the order. Those who did not wish to listen to the addresses found plenty to occupy their attention elsewhere.

The yacht races for the Tawas City Yacht Club trophy were started at 2:30 with four entries: the sloop Escape, of Alpena, the White Wings of AuSable, the Jessie of AuSable, and the Commanche of this city. The Commanche won the first prize, a silver water set, the Escape got second, \$15.00, and the Jessie 3rd, \$10.00. The "White Wings grew weary" and failed to secure any of the money.

Thomas Dean, of East Tawas, won the bicycle race, Charles McLennan, of this city taking second.

The boys bicycle race was won by Eddie Evertz, of this city, with Walter Gardner of Hale, second.

The 100 yard dash was won by William Conklin, of AuSable, Will Birt of Grant, second.

The boys foot race was won by Walter Curry, of Tawas, Eddie Evertz, of this city second.

The horse race, between colts bred by "Michigan Boy" proved to be an interesting affair. There were four horses entered. John Kinney was 1st, James Kinney 2d, John Seales 3rd, and Harry Richards 4th.

Goes to Tawas City.

The following words of comment was clipped from the Millington Gazette of April 27:

Miss Nancie MacArthur has just accepted the position of high school assistant in the Tawas City schools at a salary of \$400. The position having been tendered her by a unanimous vote of the Board of Education. During the past four years she has held a similar position in our schools and by her untiring zeal has done much to maintain a high standard in the schools. She is one of the few teachers in our county who hold first grade state endorsed certificates and the people of Millington have been fortunate in having been able to retain her services so long. Her high educational qualifications accompanied by strong by strong intellect and spirit of improvement and her talent as an instructor makes her a power in any circle. The Board of Education in Tawas City is to be complimented upon their selection as a teacher. Miss MacArthur is an exemplification of the adage—teachers are born not made.

Crop Report.

U. S. Department of Agriculture Climate and Crop Bulletin of the Weather Bureau, Michigan Section for the week ending June 23, 1900, says:

The mean daily temperature for the week ended July 7, 70.6 degrees: was 1.9 degrees above the normal; the average total precipitation, 1.69 inches, was 1.22 above the normal; the sunshine averaged 52 per cent of the possible amount.

Frequent, moderately heavy and generally well distributed showers with high temperatures and considerable high winds characterized the weather of the past week. The warm wet weather has greatly improved the condition of corn, potatoes and beans and been very beneficial to all other vegetation. The showers have inter-

light, some of the cut has been damaged by rain, but generally it has been well secured. Local storms in some localities accompanied by hail together with much high wind, have damaged orchards and standing grain especially in the southwestern counties of the lower peninsula.

Ruckwheat has germinated finely; sugar beets are generally in very fine condition; peas, barley and garden truck all look promising and oats indicate a generally heavy crop.

Wheat and rye harvest have begun in most of the central and southern counties; rye yields well, but wheat is very poor.

For burns, injuries, piles and skin diseases use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the original. Counterfeits may be offered. Use only DeWitt's—Dr. D. S. Darling.

Small in size and great in surest are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills that cleanse the liver and bowels. They do not gripe. Dr. G. S. Darling.

The Appetite of a Goat.

Is envied by all whose stomach and liver are out of order. But such should know that Dr. King's New Pills, give a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c at Dr. G. S. Darling and J. E. Dillon's drug store.

The law holds both maker and circulator of a counterfeit equally guilty. The dealer who sells you a dangerous counterfeit of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve risks your life to make a little larger profit. You can not trust him. DeWitt's is the only genuine and original Witch Hazel Salve, a well known cure for piles and all skin diseases. See that your dealer gives you DeWitt's Salve. Dr. G. S. Darling.

The celebrated Harrison wagon is the best made. For sale by WHITTEMORE & PHINNEY.

Horses For Sale.

Or to exchange for cattle, Also Tiger Hay Rakes and teeth for the same. Inquire of

REUBEN WADE,
 Tawas Township.

E. L. KING,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker will occupy this space hereafter,

And as he keeps a fine assortment of

House Furnishing Goods

In all departments. Ask you to come and see him before buying. Just now he is making a special Push in

Wall Paper & Window Shades,
 A Large assortment on Hand. Call and see them.

East Tawas, Mich.

Pacal Balm Cured Them.

Here's what they write: "Catarrh cured," "Smell and Hearing restored," "Scrofula Erythema healed," "Catarrh of Stomach cured," "Piles for twenty years cured," "Cures Asthma Coughs, Croup, Quinsy, Bronchitis, Old and Syphilitic Sores, Burns, Scalp and Skin Diseases. Best foot-cure known. Used internally and externally. Free sample from druggists. Price 25 cts., prepaid. Pacal Balm Co., St. Louis Mich.

Subscribe for the Herald

The Great Sale

Was a Great Success.

Our large special line of suits went off very rapidly and everybody was more than pleased with the opportunity.

A Few Left.

We have a few left which will go at the same very low prices. If you need a suit do not miss this chance.

One entire line of Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings is as complete as can be found in the state and our prices always from 15 to 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

M. E. FRIEDMAN,
 Leader of Low Prices.
 TAWAS CITY a Michigan.

Some Time Ago

We called your attention to the fact that flour was going up—it did go. Now every indication is for it to go still higher. We can fill your orders for flour with

Blue Bird Flour	In High Grade Flours we Have.
Gold Band Flour	Ceresota
Silver Leaf Flour	Pillsbury's Best
White Satin Flour	Diamond Medal
Purity Flour	Gold Medal
	Upper Crust.

Come in and get our prices on all other lines of goods they are

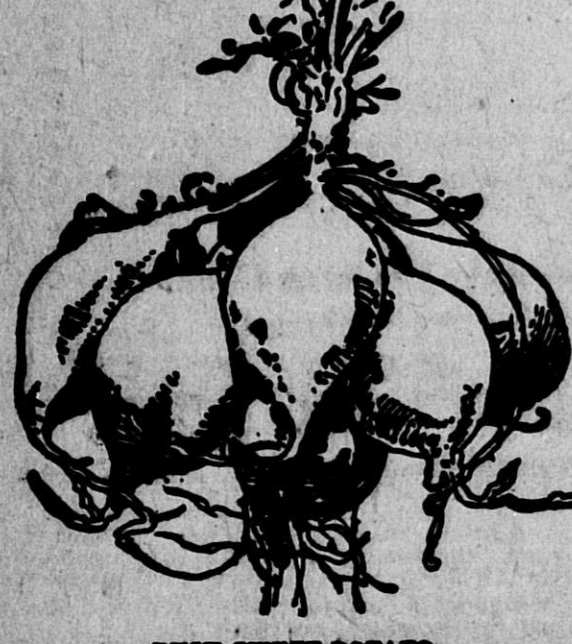
ROCK BOTTOM.

W. W. BROWN
 TAWAS CITY.

Interesting Facts About Sweet Potatoes Growing in New Jersey.

The reputation of New Jersey sweet potatoes is well established, and one of the widely known varieties is the Jersey Yellow.

Soil, method of culture and season have much to do with shape, color and quality of sweet potatoes. It is a well known fact that where they have been grown in favorable soil for many years their habit of growth becomes to some extent fixed in the seed, and they will retain that habit for a year or more when planted on quite different soil.



BURBERRY POTATO

The ground is first plowed lightly, as deep plowing tends to produce long potatoes. Some growers plant in hills, others on ridges. Usually light furrows are run about three feet apart, in which the fertilizer, which should be rich in potash, is sown at the rate of one-half ton per acre.

The Bur or Globe Artichoke. The bur or globe artichoke, cultivated extensively in Mediterranean countries, is a vegetable of very delicate flavor for the table and quite different from the Jerusalem artichoke, which is grown as forage for hogs and other animals.

The bur artichoke is commonly propagated from suckers which are produced around the crown. These are pinched off or cut off except two or three, which are left to produce the flower heads. Black, turfy soils are especially suitable for its cultivation.

A Cross of Game and Cochon. We have tried crossing the White Indian Game and the White Cochon, and the results have been most excellent. The feathering on the legs characteristic of the Cochon is greatly diminished.

A FILIPINO GIRL

Phroso Gallo is dead. Arch Hollman does not care. Phroso died in the Philippines. Hollman is a policeman in Wichita. Once he was a trooper in Company H, Eighteenth Infantry.

Now he patrols a lonely beat in Wichita. His conscience must patrol along with him always—if he has any—and away out in the Philippines, under the damp earth, lies all that is mortal of Phroso Gallo. She died in disgrace. Her heart was broken too. She was a Filipino, and she loved a Yankee trooper.

One day in the early part of September, 1898, the peaceful town of Cavite was disturbed. The American soldiers marched through the narrow streets and hurrahed for freedom. Phroso Gallo looked out of her shop window at the big, tall, bronzed troopers and sighed.

Phroso Gallo kept her aged parents by running a little lemonade stand during the weekdays, but on Sunday she was a saint. After awhile some of the bronzed soldiers came back. They had pitched camp and would rest there. A handsome fellow stopped at Phroso's counter, tipped back his hat and smiled. The little brown girl blushed.

"Does the big American want a drink?" she inquired modestly. "That's what I stopped for," he said almost gruffly.

She mixed him a soft drink with her deft hands. The trooper stood back, admiring the charming young Filipino girl. "To your health," he smiled, before drinking. "But no," she replied; "that is wrong. No, you must not—to me." She produced a crucifix.

"Anything goes with me." And the soldier walked away, glad he was in Cavite. "Lovely girl!" was his verdict. "Nice and modest. Wonder if she flirts? Well, here goes again."

After that Phroso saw the trooper often. He became a hard drinker, and she was always his barmaid. Other troopers lay in their tents and cursed the climate, but Hollman was happy. He played the guitar and sang to her. He would laugh and joke about the war, but Phroso said little. Her heart was sad, and happy too. She loved her country, and she loved the big, tall soldier.

Every Sunday the brown-skinned beauty went to the little cathedral. There the natives gave her two cents each for the "cause." She prayed with the natives, and many gave their souls to God under the hearing of her beautiful voice. Justly she had earned the title of saint.

One night Hollman entered the church. That was after he had spoken of his great love for her. Phroso came to him and knelt upon the floor and prayed. He remained unmoved. "Senor," she pleaded, "will you not pray with your senorita?"

All the Filipinos looked at him. Her betrothed! "The devil will be to pay if I don't," he thought, so he sank beside the girl who loved him.

The news that Hollman was betrothed to the Filipino saint soon became camp talk, but the Yankee trooper staid out of church. He was afraid there.

But one day the troops were ordered away. Hollman went to Phroso to say goodby, but she would not have him go. "But I must go. It would mean dishonor. Then I need the money I get for fighting."

"Do not talk about the money," the girl said. "See, I will steal for you. Here are the church collections. Take them, but stay with me."

Hollman agreed that if she would let him take the things she offered to his tent he would pack up his trunk, leave the army and take her back to America with him.

"Ah, that is so nice! But we will be happy in your land. See? I will gladly steal from my people to be with you. It will disgrace me here, but at what do I care? You, you will be with me always. Ah, everything is so good!"

LANDING A MAN FISH.

Half a dozen men were talking trout in one of the up town hotels after a shad supper the other night. One of the party told of a three pound fish that he landed with a five ounce rod last summer, and another of a seven pound blackfish caught with a similar rod by a well known newspaper man off the Great Kills, Staten Island, last summer.

He was fishing for snappers (bluefish fry) and, hooking a blackfish in shallow water, near an old sunken wreck that lies there, fought it for over an hour and landed it. So the fish stories, true and otherwise, went on. Finally one of the party, a gunner, said, with a laugh:

"To hear you fellows talk one would think a six ounce trout pole and single leader would land a shark. Now, dust shot will not kill an eagle, though it may blind him, and I am a little skeptical about these fish stories."

The best fisherman of the party replied: "Well, you are a pretty good swimmer. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a suit of clothes that if you will play the fish, with an ordinary trout line attached to a swivel between your shoulders, I, with a six ounce pole, will land you and bring you to bag."

The bet was accepted, and a few days later the contest came off in one of the swimming baths of New York city. A piece of ribbon was passed in a loop over each shoulder of the man fish and fastened between the shoulders to a fair sized swivel, to which was attached a 37 strand English woven silk line, which was reeled on an ordinary 5 1/2 ounce trout rod. The fisherman stood on the diving platform, rod in hand, with the line rather slack, and the fish stood half way down the bath. The fish was to take a header, and this was to constitute the strike of the fish. The victory was to be decided by the swimmer reaching the end of the bath or the fisherman towing him within reach of the landing net twice out of three tries.

The signal given, in dived the fish, and the fisherman gave him all the line he wanted until his head appeared, and then put on a little strain, which turned the swimmer slightly sideways. The fish, not perceiving this for a second, struck out strongly for the end of the bath, but the strain, slight as it was, turned him more and more around, and, turning his head to look, he lost ground for a breath and was hauled over on his back. For an unincumbered swimmer to turn on to his chest from his back is very easy, but with that pull between the shoulders it is a very difficult matter. As a finger under the chin will hold a swimmer up when learning, so that touch of a finger on the line towed the swimmer half way down the bath before he could get the line slack and turn again. By that time he was nearly out of breath, and still the trifling strain held him just enough to impede him without stopping him.

Slowly and steadily he moved ahead, combating the side strain this time by increased exertion of the left arm, and seemed in a fair way of making the goal, when, zip, the point of the rod swung over, and, aided by the strong sweep of the left arm, the strain caught the fish as if the butt had been given, and round he came again on his chest. A mad plunge to break the line resulted only in a loss of ten feet of line, but the swimmer secured his turn and again set his face for the end. Moving the point of the rod to the left, to the right, raising it, sinking it, catching the man fish wherever he showed a weak spot, the wily angler played him right across the open space, and within ten feet of the end, and then, gauging the moment, he gave him the butt, and snap went the line, and the fish struck home. One leg of the three for the fish. Time, 7 1/4 minutes.

The fish had a good rub down, a hot lemonade and a rest of half an hour, and then a fresh start was made. This time the angler was more at home. Carefully handling the fish, he caught him rising from the header and promptly turned him on his back in a way that surprised him, and as the fish plunged to the bottom to try to break the line again (this being the equivalent of sparring for wind), another round turn brought him to within 12 feet of the fisherman, and, struggle as he might, he could not get away. Plunge after plunge was of no avail and only prevented further reeling in, until finally a lucky turn brought the fish over, and he was promptly reeled in before he could get on his chest again. Time, 4 minutes. Leg and leg.

Another rest was taken, and now the fisherman wanted to back himself at five to one for the last leg, but not even the fish seemed inclined to take him. This time the fish dived himself and rested an hour, walking around, and before going in taking a strong, rough rub. This time a curious thing occurred. As he dived in his foot slipped, and he struck the water sideways. The angler had him on his back under the water the next moment, and if he had persisted in reeling him up would possibly have drowned him, so helpless was the fish. Amid laughter he let up, and the fish was allowed to land and start again. This time a successful header was taken and a strong fight made. Swimming solely with the side stroke, the fish could see all the movements of the angler and so forged ahead until the downward stroke of his right arm swept the bottom at the shallow end of the bath. Feeling the shallow, with victory within reach, the fish turned his head, and that moment the butt was given him, his feet were swung aside and under, and before he knew what had occurred he was in the center of the bath again. Once more he tried the side stroke, but he was fast tiring, and the varying strain of the line, now to the right, now to the left, soon put the issue beyond doubt, and he was towed within reach of the net in 7-13 minutes. The swimmer said he was more tired than if he had swum a couple of miles in open water and is inclined to believe any fish story told him during the present season.—Exchange.

Never Despair. The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man that loses his courage loses all. There is no more hope for him than a dead man. But it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by

An Innovation. "Yes," said the variety acter, "you've got to hustle these days to keep up with the times. My partner and I have changed our act all around." "As good as new, is it?" "Yes, sir. We recognize the demand for novelty."

The marvelous cure of Mrs. Rena J. Stout, of consumption, has created intense excitement in Cammack, Ind. writes Marion Stuart, a leading druggist of Muncie, Ind. She only weighed 90 pounds when her doctor in Yorktown said she must soon die. Then she began to use Dr. King's New Discovery and gained 37 pounds in weight and was completely cured. It has cured thousands of hopeless cases, and is positively guaranteed to cure all throat, chest and lung diseases. 50c and \$1.00. Dr. G. S. Darling and J. E. Dillon's drug store.

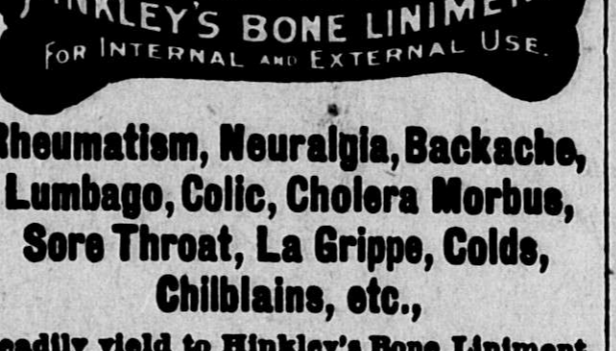
A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

JAS. E. DILLON. G. S. DARLING M. D. H. A. GOODALE, M. D.

FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY Hinkley's Bone Liniment

has brought comfort to thousands of homes. Why experiment with new remedies, when for the same money you can buy an article that has stood the test of time?



Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Lumbago, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Sore Throat, La Grippe, Colds, Chills, Blains, etc., readily yield to Hinkley's Bone Liniment when taken according to directions.

Believes pain at once. All Druggists sell it in three sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1. Ask for it and take no substitute.



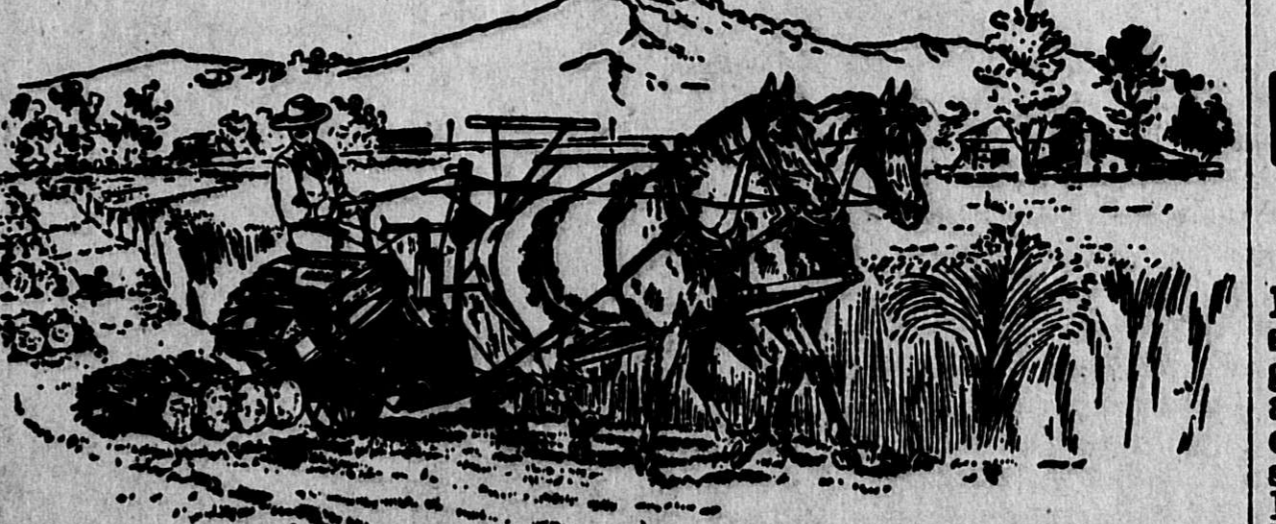
Headache for Forty Years.

For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celery King. The result was gratifying and surprising, my headaches leaving at once. The headaches used to return every seventh day, but, thanks to Celery King, I have had not one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Kouron, Saugerties, N. Y. Celery King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

DR. IMAN'S KIDNEY CURE-CURES!

Instant Relief for Backache and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. For Sale by all Druggists.

The Best In The Land.



Deering Mowers, Binders Superior Drills, Rakes Gale Plows, Rement Plows, Disc Harrows Seeders, Cultivators, Etc. Etc. Etc. Don't Buy Agricultural Implements until you see me, I will save you money.

DR. J. W. KING

Dentist of East Tawas, Mich., will be in his East Tawas office, Friday, Saturday and Monday of each week. Office next door to Emery's Photo Gallery, EAST TAWAS, Michigan.

TEACHERS ATTENTION.

Regular examination for certificates of all grades will be held in Tawas City, August 16 and 17, 1900. Special examinations for the granting of 2d and 3d grade certificates will be held June 21st and 22nd and October 18th and 19th, at Whittemore and AnSible respectively, if requested by a sufficient number to warrant expense of holding same. J. A. CAMPBELL, Commissioner. C. M. JANNEY, W. H. PARCE, Examiners.

FARM FOR SALE.

Eighty acres, being the e. 1/4 of a s. 1/4, s. 23, town 5c, being in the township of Plainfield and known as the Esmond farm and now owned by M. Sherrin. Near school and postoffice. Forty acres cleared, fair barn. For particulars enquire of Moses Kehoe, or at this office.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHERS.

I have for sale a quantity of Sole Leather, oak and hemlock, Harness Leather, oak and hemlock, Dock aprons, cement, nails, thread and wax.

REPAIRING DONE. I also have a few bottles of the wonderful Japanese Oil left. Wm. BARBER, Tawas City Mich.

BAY SIDE HOUSE,

A. G. VAN WEY, Prop. Centrally located. Best of Accommodation. Reasonable Rates. Tawas City, Michigan

STEAM DYEING.

Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing Gents' Clothing a Specialty. All work Guaranteed to P as and at LOWEST PRICES.

W. H. WOODMANCY,

Opposite LaBerge's, East Tawas.

MADE ME A MAN

AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE ALL Nervous, Lassitude, Fading Memory, Impotency, Sleeplessness, etc. caused by Abuse of other Excesses and Indulgences. They quickly and surely restore Lost Vitality in old or young, and

Patents TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED FREE. ADVISE AS TO PATENTABILITY. Notice in "Inventive Age" Book "How to obtain Patents" Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address: E. S. BIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

Table with columns for Station, Direction, and Time. Includes entries for Tawas, Bay City, and Alpena.

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TRAIN SERVICE VIA F. & P. M.

No. 3—Daily except Sunday. Has parlor car Detroit to Bay City. Extra charge 8c. No. 9—Daily. Has parlor car Detroit to Bay City, and sleeping car Saginaw to Alpena. Berth charge \$1.

PERE MARQUETTE

Table with columns for No. 6, No. 14, and Daily. Includes times for Tawas, Saginaw, and Alpena.

Connections at Chicago, Waukegan and Milwaukee for all points west and northwest. At Port Huron and Detroit for Canada and the east. At Toronto for the east, south and west. Tickets issued through and baggage checked through to Detroit. Train No. 4 runs through to Detroit with parlor car. Train No. 19 runs through to Detroit and Toledo with sleeping car to Detroit. E. A. CLOUGH, Agent. Tawas City.

TAWAS CITY BANK

Whittemore & Phinney. We do a general banking business, paying special attention to collections. We have a prosperous Savings Department. We pay four per cent interest upon savings account.

Pacal Balm Cured Them.

Here's what they write: "Catarh cured!" "Smell and Hearing restored." "Scrofula Bystole healed!" "Catarrh of Stomach cured." "Fits cured." "Twenty years cured." Cures Asthma, Croup, Quinsy, Bronchitis, Old and Syphilitic Sores, Burns, Scalds and Skin Diseases. Best for use known. Used internally and externally. Free sample from druggists. Price 5c. per packet. Pacal Balm Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gas, Colic, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. Davis & Co., Chicago.

PATENTS

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