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A Student of Languages For the Purpose of a Sojourn Abroad

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Lizette," said Mrs. Carrington to her maid, who was dressing her hair. "I expect to go abroad in the autumn."

"Will you give her the care of your jewels, madame?" "Not at all. You will remain in charge of them. I have perfect confidence in you and would not think of intrusting them to the care of any one else."

This announcement was to prepare Lizette for the coming of one she might otherwise think was intended to take her place.

Indeed, Blanca was found not to be of much use for any purpose except that for which she was especially needed. She had nothing to do with her mistress's toilet.

Blanca had not been long in the house before her mistress began to notice that the relations between her two maids had changed.

"Lizette," she said, "I know the difficulties of servants constantly under the same roof getting on with each other, but I do hope that you and Blanca will not disagree."

"This brought no explanation of the status between the two maids. Lizette did not admit that there was any feeling on her part for Blanca, and she did not deny that there was."

Mrs. Carrington was more interested in keeping her two maids on amicable terms than in forcing out the cause of this singular change that had come between them.

"Lizette," said the mistress, "I have been calling you for some time."

"Lizette, of course what goes on between you and Blanca does not necessarily concern me, but I don't want any mystery in my house."

"She does not interfere, madame," was the almost inaudible reply.

Mrs. Carrington was puzzled. She said no more, but kept up a good deal of thinking about this strange status between the two maids.

One evening when Mrs. Carrington was dressing for a function calling for her most resplendent adornments she sent Lizette for her jewels.

"The lady on this occasion exhibited great presence of mind. She closed the safe door and turned the combination lock."

Mrs. Carrington went to a telephone booth and rang up a detective agency, giving the chief a brief statement of the case.

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Mrs. Carrington, as soon as she had recovered from her astonishment, saw through the strange status between her two maids.

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Mrs. Carrington not only kept his knowledge of the household, but disarmed any suspicion the master might have that he was suspected.

However, no time was lost. Carrington, for a couple of assistants the detective arrested Blanca. Of course the Italian knew that his game was discovered.

This between the two maids. Lizette did not admit that there was any feeling on her part for Blanca, and she did not deny that there was."

The Jimdandy Auto Company It Made Good In the Nick of Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

Julian Stafford was an example of the ups and downs of life. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he never knew during his childhood and youth what it was to want for anything.

Money is like quicksilver. So long as quicksilver is increased in a tight receptacle, with the top screwed down, it won't get away from you.

When we have plenty of money, when we are making money, its value seems negligible. But when it has once been broken away from us it is like the quicksilver—it is mighty hard to pick it up again.

At twenty-five Julian Stafford was to speak figuratively, in a bed of roses. He had inherited \$10,000 from an aunt.

For several years the country had been under the depressing influence of a commercial panic, and all sorts of property could be bought for a song.

At the time Julian received his inheritance a change had begun to operate over monetary affairs, and he was advised, instead of investing his money at a safe and simple interest, to buy something with it.

Julian sold out just before the wave of speculation broke, and after it broke he had sold could be bought again for what he had paid for it before.

They had expected to live on a thousand a year in an apartment of four rooms, none of which was much bigger than a large closet.

One day when the market was jumping half a point or so on the ticker with every recorded sale Julian, who was standing over it and making a thousand dollars with every point, felt a tap on his shoulder.

"Hello, Jim!" "Hello, Julian! How are you making out?" Julian very excitedly confided in his friend that he was getting rich so fast that he couldn't keep track of his funds.

"Let me have \$500, won't you, Julian? I've got a chance to go into a deal that I think there's millions in."

Julian was making money so fast that he didn't want any more profits for himself. He was well disposed toward Erskine and what was \$500 to the tucker at a thousand dollars an hour.

That was a very exciting day for Julian—in fact the most exciting day of his life. He made more money in a week than in all the time of \$50 a share.

Down it went like a stack of card houses. Just before the closing hour his broker closed out his account, leaving him in debt for something like \$10,000.

This time when the market reached low tide it remained there for a long while. But this did not make any difference to Julian, for even if it had gone up again he had no money to buy with.

Julian's girl turned out to be a tramp—that is, she was a tramp for Jim if not for herself. She had not shared her lover's wild enthusiasm while he was building an inverted pyramid of air, but now that he had gone under she did not desert him.

"It's lucky it came to you early in life, Julian," she said. "I think you are naturally visionary and that it was sure to come in time. Besides, even if you had for the present kept a fortune made in this way it would have taken wings later on. Now you can begin life on a more solid though a much slower basis."

Julian secured a position at \$35 a week, and on this he married Rose Meriwether. She proved an excellent manager, though the hardest thing she had to manage was her husband. It is not to be expected that a man who has made money at the rate of \$1,000 an hour and for the time being considered it as easy to produce as pumping water from a well will at once look out for small change.

After many backslidings Julian got himself down to hard pen and many an evening when dead tired permitted a trolley car to go by him while he walked the two miles between his business and his home.

But the hardest blow came when Mrs. Stafford, struggling against insurmountable obstacles, broke down. Julian was provided so far as he was able, and Rose was dispenser. Neither could supply the other's place.

Julian was too poor to buy a newspaper, but during the noon hour, while eating a lunch brought from home, he looked over the paper in the office.

During his wife's illness he was one day reading the financial news from a force of habit—when he saw it stated there had been a sudden rise in Jimdandy Automobile. The company had succeeded in purchasing valuable patents and for a year had had been earning large profits.

A few days later when Julian had prepared the breakfast and was talking some long and see up to his sick wife he stopped at the front door to answer the postman's whistle. He was handed a letter, which he carried on up with the breakfast. Having put the breakfast down beside his wife, he looked at the letter. On the left-hand corner was printed, "Jimdandy Automobile Company, James C. Erskine, Secretary." He opened the letter and read aloud:

Dear Julian—Our venture after a long period of distress—has at last made good. Under a reorganization our interest is 1,000 shares. As soon as the new certificates are issued I will send you your \$50 shares. Since the recent advance the market price is \$9. This makes your lot worth \$4,500. The reason I haven't given you any information before is because there was no good news to report. Yours, with congratulations, JIM.

"What does it all mean?" asked Rose. "I don't know. Some one has made a blunder."

Rose suggested that he go next door, where the inmates had a telephone, and call up Erskine. He did so, and Jim undertook to remind him of the check for \$500 that Julian had given him when he was making money on the tucker at a thousand dollars an hour.

Julian was making money so fast that he didn't want any more profits for himself. He was well disposed toward Erskine and what was \$500 to the tucker at a thousand dollars an hour.

But he never got his hands on the money. It was the old story with Julian. He saw his fortune melt away before his eyes. Down it went like a stack of card houses. Just before the closing hour his broker closed out his account, leaving him in debt for something like \$10,000.