

# BREAKING THE WISHBONE

## "Another Year of Prosperity"



### SHARE PROFITS OF THE FARMS

#### Depopulation of English Villages Prevented by This Means.

With a view to placing a check upon the depopulation of English villages, which is reaching alarming proportions, several large land owners have decided upon a system of profit sharing with their tenant laborers, hoping by this means to stimulate "Hodge" to take a greater interest in his employment.

The system of sharing farm profits large estate owner of Sootney Castle, Essex, the year he is called to go and receive a share of the profits made on the year's work of the farms. On the last occasion of the profit-sharing, he received \$13.12, while a year's share amounted to \$7.75. In cases where several members of a family are engaged on a farm same successful \$48.66 has been taken home.

The system has had such successful results that Mr. Hussey has received numerous inquiries asking for details as to the working of the scheme, with the consequence that other farmers in the county have expressed their intention of working on similar lines.

All the employees on Mr. Hussey's Lamberhurst estate now take such a share in the profits of their work that they exhibit no inclination whatever to migrate to the towns. Lamberhurst, though a very small place, has long been looked upon as a model village, everything being done to encourage the inhabitants to remain within its boundaries. The wealthy resident of the village has recently established a number of up-to-date recreative institutions and the village is unaffected by the problem of the unemployed.

### BOTH SAILORS QUICK OF WIT

#### Sparkling Exchanges of Repartee Makes Good Story.

Miss Harriet Mellon, the English actress, who married Mr. Coult, the banker, and after his death became the wife of the ninth Duke of St. Albans, ultimately leaving her large fortune to the present Honorable Burnett Coult of England, was fond of relating the following anecdote:

The eccentric Sir John Duckworth was port admiral at Plymouth when Miss Mellon appeared at the court there with great success. A numerous party were invited to a déjeuner at the admiral's house to admire the produce of his fruit garden, which he was very proud, and Miss Mellon accompanied one of the officers' wives to the host's request. As may be supposed, the hostess was a young girl, and when the party had gathered the admiral observed that the midshipman who had been his most assiduous beau was secreting a small pineapple gathered from the admiral's garden.

"Guessing that it would be an offering of gallantry to the actress, he asked what was to become of it."

"Oh," the young girl replied, with ready assurance, "our melancholy mess are inclined to pine."

"While you, I perceive, only pine for the pineapple," the admiral remarked, and taking away the "apple of discord" presented it himself to the actress.

### Ardit's Admirer.

Like many other musical geniuses, Signor Ardit was apt to be somewhat absent-minded at times, and in connection with this little following story in his "Reminiscences."

In 1873 Ardit was in an ode, which was performed at the Crystal Palace, to signalize the twentieth birthday of that institution. He conducted the performance himself, and was singing through one of the loblives between the parts when a ladylike person, clad in black, suddenly confronted the composer and his orchestra. She hurried away, while the signor held up his hand, which she cordially grasped.

The lady was exceedingly effusive in her compliments with regard to the music, and after she had left the eminent composer asked his wife if she knew who his admirer was.

"Good gracious, Luigi!" said Mrs. Ardit, "can't you see it's our cook!"

Just Holler Out "Amen!"

When trouble falls around you and you cannot feel like rainin' of a hail, just pull yourself together in the happy way that the other fellow sings it. You see it's hard to do, I reckon—with the mist of the rain in the midnight of the skies. But—think the light is somewhere on the other fellow's singing; you just trouble just can't stand it—that halloo! It ripples out a rainbow all the stormy way along.

You listen to the music—if you cannot just think some brother for the tune as "hollo!" out—Atlanta Constitution.

Hunting for Jones.

Commenting on the number of Joneses in Wales, a writer says: "It is inconvenient if, while a foreman calls 'Jones' forty or fifty, some came running to him." It recalls the old story told of a certain Oxford college man resorted to by the Workmen. A man from another college went into their quad in search of a friend, and called "Jones." All the windows looking on the quad flew open. "I want John Jones," said the man. Half the windows closed. "I mean the John Jones who has got a toothbrush." The windows closed but one—London Globe.

Got Even With the Teller.

"You must be identified," said a paying teller of a Boston bank to Smith, the prominent colored caterer, who presented a check for cashed. Smith at that time catered for the elite of Boston.

"Don't you know me?" asked Smith.

"No," responded the teller.

"Then you don't move in good society," replied Smith.

Oldest British Cabinet Minister.

The Earl of Cranbrook, the oldest surviving British ex-Cabinet minister, is ninety-two, and was better known to a former generation under his name of Gasborne-Hardy.

## Iron-Ox Tablets

### SUFFERED TERRIBLY FOR 66 YEARS

Mr. J. W. Cotton, of Winchester, Ind., Tells of his Awful Suffering From Constipation and Points out the Road to a Sure Cure for all those who Suffer From This Dread Disease. Another Triumph for Iron-Ox Tablets.

One of the most extraordinary cases on record is that of J. W. Cotton, of Winchester, Ind., who was cured of chronic constipation by Iron-Ox Tablets after sixty-six years of suffering. He writes as follows: "I am using Iron-Ox Tablets and have been astonished by the results. I am almost 66 years of age and have been constantly constipated since I was 10 years old, being compelled to take medicine to move my bowels. After using Iron-Ox a short time I have had easy evacuations. J. W. Cotton, Winchester, Ind."

Remember there is a vast difference between curing constipation and giving temporary relief. There are many harmful preparations sold that relieve the oppressed bowels for a time, but consider at what a cost. The lining of the bowels, more delicate than almost any other part of the body, is shocked and urged to violent action, but the harm is so great that the disease is made worse instead of better. Iron-Ox Tablets are gentle but sure in action, toning up every organ to a state of health and normal activity.

Iron-Ox Tablets are made in aluminum foil packages, or in white coated tin containers. Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended by M. R. BLAIR, Druggist.

## Constipation Cured

Chronic Constipation means a life full of pain and misery. No human constitution on earth is strong enough to allow of either good work or enjoyment of any kind while this foe to health is present.

## Iron-Ox Tablets

Cure the most Stubborn Cases of Constipation.

Remember this point. Iron-Ox Tablets are different from any other medicine for constipation that is sold.

They do not act so quickly as some, for quick action means violent action, and violence means danger.

Harsh purgatives rack the delicate system, weakening it so that after a time it refuses to respond to even this drastic treatment, leaving the victim ten times worse than before.

Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum pocket case, 25c, at your druggist's, or write direct to The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

## Do You Want the Latest?

I have all the very newest in Fall Shapes and Novelties in Hats, and any kind of Feathers desirable.

MISS M. E. MOUTIER, Pontiac

## Don't Go South

Until you have seen a Representative of the

# Great Central

C. H. & D.—Pere Marquette—C. C. & L.

And have learned of the service this line offers to Florida, Asheville, New Orleans, Cuba and Nassau.

Pullman Sleeping Cars through from Detroit and Toledo to Jacksonville

During the winter. Let us arrange your trip. We will check your baggage through, reserve sleeping car accommodations, as well as take care of all the details. A postal card addressed to either of the undersigned will bring full information.

D. C. EDWARDS, H. F. MOELLER, P. T. M., C. H. & D., G. P. A., Detroit, Michigan Cincinnati, Ohio, Pere Marquette.

## LAMPS

Artistic Lamps Below Common Lamp Prices

We have the largest and finest stock ever brought to Birmingham, and will sell them at a low price for cash.

10 per cent Off for Sales Up to December 1, 1905

Call and see the finest stock ever shown in Birmingham. We want to sell.

Whitehead & Mitchell, BIRMINGHAM - MICH.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, THE PROBATE COURT for the County of Oakland, At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1905. Present, His Honor, J. W. STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL, Probate Clerk.

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## A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

A Cream of Tartar Powder, free from alum or phosphatic acid

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## Fifth Brings Poultry Diseases

Avoid sickness among fowls by making bouillottes and poultices with this medicine. A Little Zenoleum in the whitewash pail will work wonders. Use the correct dose for scaly legs and like troubles.

## ZENOLEUM

A single quart will rid 100 hens of all scaly legs, lice, and other troubles. It is guaranteed to cure in 10 days with little expense.

The Great Goul-Tee Syphilis Disinfectant Dip.

Simple directions. Sold by druggists. Sample sent for 25c. Gallons for \$1.00. Wholesale and Retail. Zenoleum, Veterinary Adviser and Disinfectant. Write for full particulars. Good with poultry and all stock.

## Whitehead & Mitchell

BIRMINGHAM - MICH.

## FRONTIER THANKSGIVING

### Only One Gobbler for Forty Hungry Troopers to Make a Feast Of

"Boots and saddles!" What stirring strains were those bugle notes as they echoed and re-echoed up the canons and through the tall tamaracks at Camp Watson, a typical frontier post whose barracks buildings were of solid logs, located in the part of the beautiful Blue mountains where the hostile Snake Indians ranged and disputed with grayhound the advances of the white man.

The little garrison at Camp Watson had had hard work all the fall hunting hostile far and away even to the Owyhee, and now looked forward with keen anticipation to Thanksgiving day, which the next sun-up would bring, and the frontier feasting it would bring with it.

"It will be to all the boys at least a taste of home and mother," said Major W. V. Rinehart, post commander, as he instructed Lieutenant Tom Hand to lighten labor and give his men all possible liberty.

"So the company game hunters had been out on the nearby ridges and brought in dozens of big fat grouse, three deer and an elk, and the company cooks had given it out that they would fry their hands on mice pies provided some commodity for water were rustled up for flavoring.

Everything looked promising for a fine feast.

But the two hunters who had brought in the elk also brought the news that half a mile away they had found the fresh tracks of an Indian pony, and the telltale sign showed that his rider had been spying about Camp Watson. The tracks, two miles away, joined the trail of a large party which had headed southwest. In the trail were the familiar footprints of many mules.

Then dashed into camp young Fred Winlath, whose tough ox-hide had brought him from Fort Dallas, more than a hundred miles away, with the news that the hostile Snake had raided down the Maupin and captured horses at the Maupin and Clarno ranches, and burned Jim Clarke's house.

The rough-riding trail of the Snake had been very successful, for at Muddy Creek they had captured Henry Heppner's entire train of pack mules, and that energetic pioneer had to fort up in the rocks, and after escaping with his scalp and roancho. The Dallas, had to begin business all over again.

"Boots and saddles!" soon sounded at Camp Watson. Such news always brought that stirring call.

Thanksgiving thoughts were laid aside; they would have to keep for another year. Capt. Bottelle's troopers were quickly mounted. Their

trailer was Donald McKay, whose grandfather was John Jacob Astor's partner, and his grandmother a princess of Concomly's Chinook tribe.

Away went the troopers, just as the westering sun went behind a cloud which broadened and blackened and soon began to patter down in rapid raindrops.

It was to be a swift pursuit and a sudden striking of the enemy, and so every trooper traveled light, except as to ammunition, which was 150 pounds to the man. And big Gossler cartridges they were in those days.

Not a superfluous ounce was carried on the horses, there was to pack train, no impediments; merely a few hardtacks stuck into saddle pockets comprised the commissary; the enemy had food—capture it.

A good trailer was Donald McKay, and the footfalls of his trained oxen told him in the dark the kind of tracks he was stepping in. Where many a party of the hostiles had branched off to the northwest Donald knew their number and guessed their object.

Silently the pursuit continued. Daylight could not be much further away than over the next divide. Suddenly in the darkness just ahead, what was that? The yelp of a coyote? If so, it would soon be followed by a chorus. Not it was the bark of the coyote's close cousin, an Indian dog.

Soon it was followed by another bark, and bang! A bullet zipped past the trooper.

Then came the defiant war whoop, telling that the Indians had not come but Americans on ahead that night, and that the warriors were stirring and ready to meet the United States, the great nation with whom they were at war.

Quickly the troopers accommodated them. There were volleys from both sides, a dashing cavalry charge through the camp, a reassembling by bugle call on the other side, and another rush through.

It was blind business in the dark, but the Indians gave shot for shot as they scattered around in the sage brush and posted themselves in ravines.

As daylight came, the troopers closed in on the camp, and what warriors remained in it died defiant.

The camp was a medley of willow-pole wickiups and tule-matting wind-breaks shaped like the modern hats worn by women. When the soldiers got full possession they rather ignored the scattering shots that came from the ravines, for they would rather have the Americans on ahead than all them, and they knew that the bulk of the women and papooses had escaped to

the ravines. The firing showed that the hostiles' strength had been reduced. So had the number of troopers, and the wounded horses, unable to respond to the bugle call, weighed pitifully from where they had looked down in the charge.

A defiant answer came rolling back after and their misery eased where that seemed possible, when Donald McKay took the floor, and in stentorian tones and Snake dialect, told the hostiles they had better cease firing and surrender, otherwise the soldiers would kill the last one of them.

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## A THANKSGIVING MEDLEY

