

Look and Feel
Clean, Sweet and
Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water
before breakfast to wash
out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to
live well, eat well, digest well,
sleep well, look well. What a
glorious condition to attain, and yet
how very easy it is if one will only
adopt the morning habit.

Folks who are accustomed to feel
dull and heavy when they arise, split-
ting headaches, stuffy from a cold, foul
tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach,
can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy
by opening the sluices of the system
each morning and flushing out the
whole of the internal poisonous stag-
nant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or
well, should, each morning, before
breakfast, drink a glass of real hot
water with a teaspoonful of Limestone
phosphate in it to wash from the
stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the
previous day's indigestible waste and
poisonous toxins; thus cleans-
ing, sweetening and purifying the en-
tire alimentary tract before putting
more food into the stomach. The ac-
tion of hot water and Limestone phos-
phate on an empty stomach is wonder-
fully invigorating. It cleans out all the
sour fermentations, gases, wastes and
acidic and gives one a splendid ap-
petite for breakfast. While you are
enjoying your breakfast the water and
phosphate is quietly extracting a large
volume of water from the blood and
getting ready for a thorough flushing
of all the inside of the body.

The millions of people who are both-
ered with constipation, bilious ap-
petite, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others
who have salivary glands, blood disor-
ders and sickly complexions are urged
to get a quarter pound of Limestone
phosphate from any store that handles
drugs which will cost you little, but is
sufficient to make any subject in-
ternally sane.—Adv.

LIKED CHRISTMAS IN A JUG
Colored Man Could See No Reason
Why He Should Be Deprived of
His "Chlice."

The officer tells me he found you
in an alley off of East Street, adv-
—and under the influence of strong
drink. This jug was in your hands.
Have you anything to say?
Judge Broyles was seated severely
at the short, thick-set negro, and
paused.

"Christmas, Judge," was the reply.
"But you had been drinking, adv-
"Christmas, judge."
"Yes—yes—I know—but that is no
way to celebrate."
The negro grinned.

"Dat's er mattah ob chice, judge,"
he observed. "Some likes ter put fun-
ges on fress, an' some likes ter med-
dle in 'er hot mess, but I want ter
sort ob fress lovin' under de mistah-
tars, but me—judge—my ider ob
Christmas come in de Jug. 'Yer can't
blame me for havin' a chice, kin you?"
—Case and Comment.

Leading Questions.
In a school for blind children
drew a naughty young teacher was
one day counting out her money, while
standing at her desk facing her class.
Presently one of the youngsters who
had been watching the proceedings
with undisguised interest, broke out
in "Please, miss, is them yer wages?"
Darting a glance of indignation at
the inquisitive boy, she remarked with
curt displeasure:
"Yes."
"Oh," said the boy, with wide-open
eyes and mouth, "when does yer work
for em?"

That's the Way, Girls.
The Chicago Post reports that the
first Chicago girl to take advantage
of her leap-year privilege of being
man and married him within an hour.
That's the stuff. Look him over, girls,
and be sure he is worth the powder
and shot it would take to kill him,
and then use the hooks. He can't get
away.—Houston Post.

COFFEE WAS IT?
People Slowly Learn the Facts.

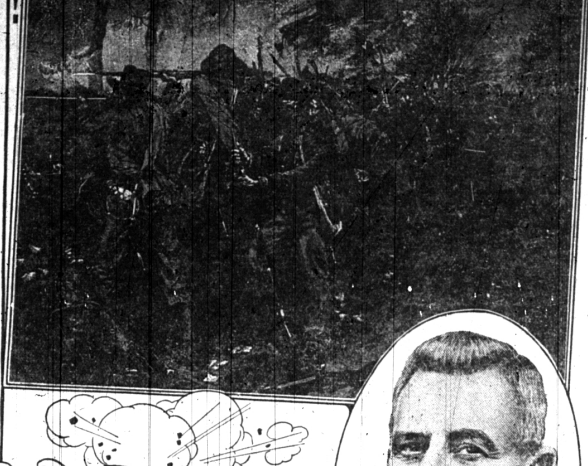
"All my life I have been a slave to
coffee. I kept drinking it until my
health, but I used to say 'nonsense, it
don't hurt me.'"

"Slowly I was forced to admit that
the trouble and the final result was that
my nervous force was shattered."
"My heart became weak and uncer-
tain. In its action and that frightened
me. Then my physician told me that
I must stop drinking coffee or I could
never expect to be well again."
"I thought of Postum but could
hardly bring myself to give up my
coffee."
"Finally I concluded that I owed it
to myself to give Postum a trial. I got
a package and carefully followed the
directions, and what a delicious, nour-
ishing, rich drink it was! Do you
know, I found it very easy to shift
from coffee to Postum."
"Almost immediately after I made
the change I found myself better, and
as days went by I kept on improv-
ing. My nerves grew steady, I sleep
well and felt strong and well-balanced.
Now the old nervousness is gone and
I am well once more."
"It pays to give up the drink that
acts on some like a poison, for health is
the greatest fortune one can have."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich.

Their Day of Pleasure.
Not long ago a North country vic-
ar married an elderly couple at 11
o'clock in the morning. At three in
the afternoon his duties took him to
the neighboring cemetery, where he
met the same couple seated lovingly
on one of the benches. "You see,"
he said to the nearest of the couple,
"it is a rare joy for pleasure. I wanted
to go back to see you both this after-
noon, but my mistress and I were both
enjoy ourselves to the full and make a
day on L"—London Answers.

WOLVERINE News Brevities

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THE LITTLE BUGLER AS
A SOLDIER
HOME TODAY

William F. Johnston went to war at
the age of eleven years and be-
came a plains fighter afterward. His
reflections, here set down, point a
moral and adorn a tale

He don't sleep, stretched in long lines of any
number of men, all curled up upon fashion, as
close together as possible.
I lay down on the end of the line one cold night
when some poor fellow came and snuggled up to
me. Along in the early morning when he should
have turned to warm my back, he did not move.
I got up on my elbow and pulled his nose. He was
dead. It was the most frightful experience I ever
had.

Our dead were usually relieved of any good
clothing they may have had on to be used by those
who were most naked. I had still on what was
left of a shirt and pair of drawers. The shirt had
been worn for almost a year. Can you realize or im-
agine how little of either were left? I went out
to the dead line one morning and saw a body on
which was a fine shirt of blue cashmere cloth. I
went to the gate and asked the officer of the Con-
federate guard, an old man, if I might remove the
shirt from that body by wear myself.
"My poor boy," he said, and gave permission,
with tears running down his wrinkled cheeks, to
take the shirt.

A red-whiskered, spintheaded, low-down
fellow from Wisconsin that I was chumming with,
and whom I had kept alive by stealing grub for
him after a week or two, told me that he had
been in Colorado years ago that sold silver
into three hundred thousand dollars, but it did not
go so badly as the loss of that shirt.
Shortly after this there was a parole of sick and
disabled men agreed on by the government. I got
out and walked aboard our transport at Savan-
nah, the ragged-looking kid that ever left
in America with the first United States army.
I had transported just food and cried when they saw our
boys. "It was the nineteenth of November, 1864."
At Annapolis I got my back pay, ration money
and clothing money for the time I had been pri-
oner, amounting to some \$300, with a further forty
for thirty days. I started for Detroit. I can't tell
you all that happened on the trip, but I got home
with a good little bit of money.

Father killed the fattest calf, mother had it
cooked, and I was made much of by everybody.
I had been reported dead long ago, and they
had searched for me for a long time, telling
that a good little boy I had been. I came home
and spoiled it all. After a few days, at home I
Uncle Sam is trying his best to make me
comfortable in my declining years. But neither
he nor all the powers that be can make up
the ten years worse than lost from my twelfth
to twenty-second year, for what I did not learn
that was rough in that time I have not learned
since and it is not in the books.

I am now a member of the Michigan Soldiers
home, and dismounting the parcels on my side
with the edges next to the sides of the cases
and the back of the bindings pointed toward the inward, and pack
them with crumpled newspapers to prevent
the pressure on the round part of the
books, which may otherwise be
pressed flat. Line the case with wrap-
ping paper. Lay the books on a
pink paper over the top and fasten
the cover with screws in preference
to nails.

Stung.—Mrs. Magdalena Wagner is
dead at the home of her daughter,
Mrs. Frank Chasler, at the age of
eighty-seven years.

Missaged.—Michael Hogan, one of
the oldest settlers of this county
township, died at his home after an
illness of three months.

Yaps.—Miss F. R. Budd, nurse-
in-charge of the hospital at
Stoughton, was attending
church here, someone stole his
horse and buggy.

Broken.—A day after the local branch
of the American Jewish Relief as-
sociation met \$300, according to a report
made by Mrs. Harry Wheeler,
treasurer of the local branch.

Battle Creek.—A boy named, who
over fourteen years old, held up and
robbed Mrs. Sophie Brogman. He es-
caped with the woman's handbag, con-
taining a small sum of money.

Battle Creek.—Irish Wright,
eighty years old, died Saturday night
at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F.
Houghton, after a long illness.

Iron Mountain.—The roundhouse of
the Wisconsin Northwestern railway
at Third Center, Wis., southwest of
here, was destroyed by fire.

Brooklyn.—Voters of Brooklyn have
sanctioned a \$15,000 bond issue to pay
for a new school building. Work will
be started as soon as the weather per-
mits.

Cadillac.—Henry Sanders, who re-
pairs wagons for a lumber company,
fell into a deep well and his work
broken. He returned to work the next
afternoon.

Muskegon.—While working over one
of the bathtubs in the Southwestern
owner of a local bath parlor, was
stricken with apoplexy and died in-
stantly. He was forty-eight years old
and leaves a wife and three children.

Muskegon.—The unusual spectacle
of city supervisors forcing a farm ex-
ecute on those living in the rural dis-
trict was witnessed at the Muskegon
county board of supervisors.

Port Byron.—Albert Colborne, a
carpenter, was found dead on Grand
River last night. He had fallen from a
raised sidewalk and his skull was
fractured. Mrs. Colborne was visiting
her daughter in Algoma at the time.

Port Byron.—The late John Wesley
PHELPS, aged eighty-six, former Albia
business man, who died at his home
in Detroit, was brought to Albia for
burial by the late Mr. Phelps, an
Albia pioneer, and a brother of
Mrs. J. C. B. of this city.

Hay City.—James Dalzell, miner,
was brought over to the circuit court
Friday on a charge of felonious as-
sault, preferred by Mrs. Frank Van-
taal, Dalzell, it is alleged, laid off
for him to stay in the city, where
upon he went to the Vanzaal home.

Ypsilanti.—William Kline was found
guilty in the municipal court of
burglary in the case of the John
Pulaski county, Pa., and was turned
over to the sheriff of Pulaski county.
Her children by the court decree
in the case of the John Pulaski county,
Indiana, a year ago and was turned
over to the sheriff of Pulaski county.

Owosso.—Charles Allen waited ex-
amination when arranged for alleged
burglary in the case of the John
Pulaski county, Pa., and was turned
over to the sheriff of Pulaski county.
Her children by the court decree
in the case of the John Pulaski county,
Indiana, a year ago and was turned
over to the sheriff of Pulaski county.

Ann Arbor.—Professor Arthur G.
Canfield of the French faculty of the
University of Michigan was elected
president of the Association of
Foreign Language Teachers of the
Central West and South. The pur-
pose of the association is to advance
the study and teaching of the modern
foreign languages in American sec-
ondary schools and colleges.

Flint.—Dora Shewell, nineteen,
of Flint, was taken to the
Detroit work house for 63 days. Dora
did not want to go, and at the D. U.
R. station she attacked the police
men, and was taken to the
police found Dora under a porch.
She got away again, jumped
aboard a delivery truck and ordered
the driver to take her to the
county followed and she came to the
rescue and she attacked him with a
which she had taken away from the
truck. The driver was killed and
ruined a pair of hands before she
was finally subdued.

"The Kind Mother Uses"
"Every time mother gets out of bed I know there's going to be good things to eat at our house." Delicious, tender, tempting, delicious, babies, cakes and pies! I've never seen a baby's failure with Calumet. Mother says it's the only baking powder that insures uniform results.

NOT MADE BY THE...
BAKING POWDER
GENTLY CLEAN YOUR LIVER AND SLIGHTLY BOWELS WHILE YOU SLEEP.

BILIOUS, HEADACHY
SICK "CASCARETS"
Gently cleans your liver and
slightly bowels while
you sleep.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the
bowels and remove the sour, unadvised
food and foul gases, take you free
from the liver and carry out all the
undigested waste matter and poison
in the bowels.

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT
AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS
The symptoms of kidney and bladder
troubles are often very distressing and
leave the system in a rundown condition.
The kidneys serve to filter out all
the waste matter from the blood, and
when they are weak, the system is
overloaded with poisons which should not
be permitted to remain. Swamp-Root
leads to dangerous kidney troubles.

Country's Future Bright
It is generally believed that what used to be the German Southwest Africa
will develop rapidly during the next five or ten years, and that the demand
for agricultural and mining machinery especially will steadily increase. Cap-
ital is being poured into this country in constant commu-
cation with German Southwest Africa by boat. It is thought that the
systems of the Union of South Africa and of German Southwest Africa will
eventually combine and form a new system of the continent. According to
the views of the "Union of South Africa" with those of the "Union of South
Africa" some authorities, they resemble the Kimberley type. Some of the
African diamonds, however, hold the view that the stones more closely resem-
ble those of Brazil. The diamonds in certain areas have been concentrated
by the wind action.

Books in Cases.
To pack books in small packing
cases, dismounting the parcels on my side
with the edges next to the sides of the cases
and the back of the bindings pointed toward the inward, and pack
them with crumpled newspapers to prevent
the pressure on the round part of the
books, which may otherwise be
pressed flat. Line the case with wrap-
ping paper. Lay the books on a
pink paper over the top and fasten
the cover with screws in preference
to nails.