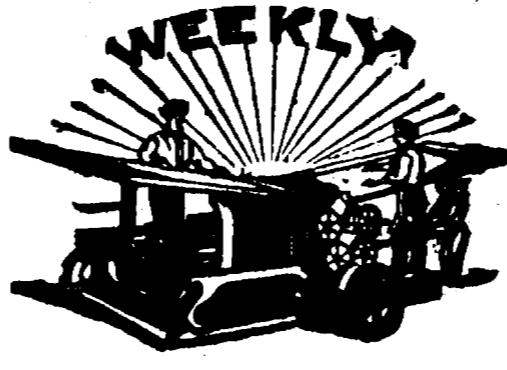


Pinckney Dispatch.



VOL. XVI.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1898.

No. 28

Local Dispatches.



The Misses Lucy Harris and Alma Shehan visited friends in Jackson Saturday and Sunday.

Wm. Wilcox, who was injured at the race track on Monday, July 4, was able to be out the first of the week.

Mrs. L. D. Alley and daughter, Grace of Dexter, were guests of Mrs. F. G. Bose part of the past week.

Arthur and Beth Swarhout are spending a part of their vacation with their grandmother at Lakeside Farm.

Miss Minnie Willmore of Stockbridge was the guest of the Green family a couple of days the past week.

The merry-go-round, after furnishing amusement for several nights at this place, went to Dexter Monday.

D. L. Kimball of Pontiac has been appointed captain of Co. M, comprising men who enlisted from Livingston and Oakland counties.

The Fowlerville campers broke camp last Friday. They had an excellent time and carried home a great many kodak pictures as souvenirs.

On Monday last, Ralph Chipman of Plainfield fell from a scaffold in a barn and broke his jaw bone, crushed his nose and cheek bone, cut upper lip off and was otherwise badly bruised.

The Cong'l society of Church Workers will hold their regular monthly tea at the home of Mrs. A. Francis on Wednesday of next week, July 20. Tea from five until all are served. Everyone is cordially invited.

Sheriff Roche of Howell was in town Sunday.

Joe Monks spent Saturday and Sunday in Jackson.

Mort Mortenson was in Howell one day the past week.

Geo. Green and wife spent Sunday with relatives in Howell.

F. A. Sigler was in Detroit on business a couple of days this week.

Rev. W. T. Wallace and family are visiting relatives in Carleton.

T. Read and family put in the past week at their cottage on Portage.

W. H. Placeway and daughter, Lola spent Sunday with friends in Hartland.

A party of boys from this place are camping in the White cottage at Portage lake.

Messrs. VanKuren and Norton of Howell were guests of Pinckney friends Sunday.

Mrs. W. W. Barnard, who has been visiting her mother in Howell, returned home Sunday.

Patrick Lavey was thrown from a binder on Saturday last and had a shoulder dislocated.

Mrs. M. Wilson and daughter, Cora returned Sunday from a visit with Williamston friends.

Prof. Stephen Durfee and family were the guests of friends and relatives at Fowlerville last week.

Mrs. Ruth Grimes left the first of this week to spend several weeks among friends and relatives at her old home in Ingham county.

The merry-go-round that has been here the past week has been reaping a harvest as nearly everyone in the village has rode on the thing. Wednesday night nearly every business man took advantage of the "cheap rates" and for a couple of hours school seemed to be out for noon and everyone seemed happy especially the proprietor of the machine.

Good harvest weather the past week. Haying is over and the wheat crop nearly all harvested. Both crops have been good.

Miss Vera Hacker of Brighton was the guest of friends at this place several days the past week.

Miss Uorant of Norway, Mich., was the guest of her friend, Miss Belle Kennedy the past week.

G. W. Sykes and wife of Detroit, C. L. Sigler and wife, Mrs. C. P. Sykes and Mrs. H. F. Sigler spent a couple of days last week in camp at Portage.

SCHOOL MEETING

OF DISTRICT NO. 2, PUTNAM.

The annual school meeting for this district was held at the school-house on Monday evening and as usual in this place, was largely attended, as every citizen is interested in educational matters here.

The report of the director and the suggestion that \$1,700 be raised by tax the coming year, was read and adopted. The assessors report was read and approved.

The two trustees, Read and Carr, whose terms expired, were re-elected and then the questions of Free Text Books and Uniform Text Books were voted upon and received the black eye that they deserved. The citizen's did not believe in leaving the selection of their books to three or four state salaried officers.

As there was nearly coal enough for another year, it was decided to leave that to the board. It was voted to give the assessor \$10 for his services the past year and each succeeding year.

FIRE! FIRE!

Swarthout Bros. Bean Elevator Destroyed.

Everything Burned. Insurance, \$2,500.

THOS. READ LOST 10,000 SHINGLE.

Thursday morning at about one o'clock, while our little village was wrapped in slumber, the cry of fire was heard and the bells rang out a peal for aid. It was but a short time before a large delegation was dressed and on the scene of destruction, which proved to be Swarthout Bros. bean house and elevator near the Ry.

The fire had already made such a start that it was impossible to try and put it out so the attention of all was directed to saving Thos. Read's lumber yard and elevator. By tearing down a large shed and removing thousands of shingle, the space was broadened and the fire could be kept away from the lumber as there was no wind. Had there been a wind blowing from the west, nothing could have saved Mr. Read's yard or anything on the line.

The Swarthout elevator was full of beans ready for shipment, but nothing could be saved and inside of one hour all was a mass of ruins. They carried \$700 insurance on the building and \$1,800 on the beans. This will not meet the loss but it will help. The building will probably be re-built. Mr. Read's loss will amount to the cost of about 10,000 shingle, fully covered by insurance. As to the origin of the fire, it is and probably always will remain a mystery.

Card of Thanks.

By this means, I wish to thank all who so kindly assisted in removing my property at the late fire thereby saving heavy loss. THOS. READ.

Potato Bugs

Are thick and if let alone will destroy the crop. Better get some Paris Green at Sigler's Drug Store, and destroy them. Hellebore for the currant worms, Paris Green and London Purple for spraying, a sure death to lice and cucumber bugs. When in need of any of the above or anything in the Drug Line, call on me.

A Fine Line

of

Fancy Books and Stationery.

F. A. SIGLER,

PINCKNEY, MICH.

Hammocks

We have a Large Assortment of fine hammocks made from the best goods. Any style, color or size you may want. Our prices compare with the quality, ranging at 50c, 1.00, 1.25, 2.00, 2.25, 3.00 and 3.50. Call at our store and see our elegant display.

Fly Nets

At this time of the year, all horses need protection from the flies. Procure a net and see if your horse does not appreciate the kindness. All varieties to suit the taste. We invite you to inspect our goods.

TEEPLE & CADWELL.

K. H. Crane,

AGENT FOR



WANAMAKER & BROWN'S
MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHING

**Business is Better!
Save Money! How!
By Buying Your Suits
of**

Wanamaker & Brown!

Suits Made to Measure, from \$10 to \$30.
Ready to Wear, from \$8 to \$25.
Pants from \$2 to \$7.
Boys Suits from \$3 to \$10.
Boys Pants, 2 prs., for \$1.50.
Bicycle Suits, Caps, Belts, at lowest prices, to see is to be convinced.

K. H. CRANE.

Men's Unlaundered Shirts for 41c this week.

Men's Laundered Shirts at 54c this week.

All Neckwear at Actual Cost this week.

Men's Fine Balbrigan Underwear at 41c this week.

Thompson Glove Fitting Corset H. B. best \$1.25 Corset made, for 91c this week.

Thompson Glove Fitting Corset R. H. best \$1.00 Corset made, for 79c this week.

For Saturday July 16:

Pint Fruit Jars for	39c
Quart Fruit Jars for	49c
Two-Quart Fruit Jars for	59c

We contemplate a radical change in our business and this compels us to close all accounts as rapidly as possible. Between now and August 1, we shall call upon all persons indebted to us to settle, either by cash payment or bankable notes. We positively cannot open any new accounts after this date.

Feb. 17, 1898.

Barnard & Campbell.

Set Your

Stationery Printed

At The

Dispatch Office.

DESTROYED CERVERA'S FLEET

The Spanish Attempted to Escape from Santiago Harbor.

EVERY VESSEL DEMOLISHED.

American Warships Poured a Terrible Storm of Shot and Shell Into the Fleeing Spaniards—350 Spaniards Killed, 1,600 Taken Prisoners.

Washington: The secretary of the navy has received the following from Admiral Sampson:

The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. Not one vessel escaped. The fleet attempted to escape at 9 a. m. and at 3 p. m. the last, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore 60 miles west of Santiago and had let down her colors. The Infanta Isabella (Maria Teresa), Oquendo and Vizcaya were forced ashore, burned and blown up within 20 miles of Santiago; the Furor and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. Our loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun fire, explosions and drowning. About 1,500 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was Geo. H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the Brooklyn.

The Associated Press dispatches report the glorious victory as follows: Admiral Cervera's fleet, consisting of the armored cruisers Cristobal Colon, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya and two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and the Pluton, which had been held in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba for six weeks past by the combined squadrons of Rear Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, now lies at the bottom of the Caribbean sea off the southern coast of Cuba. The Spanish admiral is a prisoner of war on the auxiliary gunboat Gloucester (formerly Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht Corsair), and 1,300 to 1,500 other Spanish officers and sailors, all who escaped the frightful carnage caused by the shells from the American warships, are also held as prisoners of war by the United States. The American victory is complete, and the American vessels were practically untouched, and only one man was killed, though the ships were subjected to the heavy fire of the Spaniards all the time the battle lasted.

Admiral Cervera made as gallant a dash for liberty and for the preservation of his ships as has ever occurred in the history of naval warfare. In the face of overwhelming odds, with nothing before him but inevitable destruction or surrender if he remained any longer in the trap in which the American fleet held him, he made a bold dash from the harbor at the time the Americans least expected him to do so, and, fighting every inch of the way, even when his ship was ablaze and sinking, he tried to escape the doom which was written on the muzzle of every American gun trained upon his vessels.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when the flagship Infanta Maria Teresa passed under the wall of Morro castle and steamed out to sea. She was followed by the Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya and Oquendo and last by the torpedo boat destroyers Furor and Pluton. The lookout on the American vessels, which were lying five to ten miles off the entrance to the harbor, sighted them immediately. Most of the American cruisers were without thought of anything as surprising as the Spanish fleet getting past the sunken collier Merrimac. There was great excitement at once and very rapid action along the American lines. The signal for full speed ahead was running from bridge to engine room of every ship, and the entire fleet commenced to move in shore toward the Spanish and the great 12 and 13-inch guns of the battleships and the smaller batteries on the other vessels fired shot after shot.

As the ships ran in toward the shore it soon became evident that the Spaniards had not come out to make an aggressive fight, for as soon as they had cleared the harbor they started on their race for safety, at the same time sending answering shots at the American ships as fast as the men could load and fire the guns. The Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Oregon and Iowa were nearer the Spaniards than any others of the American vessels, but still most of them were too far away to get an effective range. They crowded on all steam, however, in preparation for the chase, never stopping their fire for one moment.

The Gloucester, a fast little yacht that cannot boast of any heavier battery than several 6-pounders and 3 pounders, was lying off Aguadores, three miles east of Morro, when the Spaniards came out. At first she joined in the attack upon a large vessel, and then held off some, Lieut. Wainwright concluding to reserve his efforts for the two torpedo boat destroyers in the rear. The Gloucester steamed after them when they appeared and chased them to a point five miles west of Morro, pouring shot after shot into them all the time. Her efforts bore abundant fruit, for to her belongs the credit for the destruction of both of the destroyers. She fired 1,400 shots during the chase, and it was not long

before both destroyers were on fire and mainly disabled. Both put in toward shore with smoke pouring from their sides; the crews took to the boats and made for land, about half of them reaching shore in safety. By that time the Furor was a mass of flames and was drifting about helplessly. The Pluton was in the same distressed condition and was headed for the shore, running up alongside of a low bluff, where she soon pounded to pieces and finally broke in two completely.

The Gloucester did not go any further west, but lay off shore and sent in a boat to the assistance of the crews of the destroyers. It did not take the flames long to reach the Furor's magazines, and there were two terrific explosions, probably of the gun cotton on board. Her stern sank immediately and as it settled in the water her bow rose straight into the air and she went to the bottom in perpetual oblivion, giving out a hissing, scalding sound as she disappeared below the surface.

Meantime the larger American ships were gaining on the Spanish cruisers and a storm of shots was passing between the pursuer and the pursued. The American fire was so rapid that the ships were enveloped in thick clouds of smoke and it was impossible to tell at the distance which vessels were doing the greater execution. The Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flagship, was in the lead and with the five battleships kept up an incessant firing upon the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Vizcaya and the Almirante Oquendo and the latter were returning the fire bravely, though with no success. The Spanish gunners seemed unable to get the proper range and many of their shots were very wild, though a number of them fell dangerously near the mark. The guns of the battery just east of Morro also took part in the game and their shells fell around the American ships. The Brooklyn was struck half a dozen times, but was not badly damaged and had only one man killed and one injured.

The Spanish admiral's flagship and the Oquendo were the first to show signals of distress. Two 6-inch shells from one of the battleships struck the Maria Teresa at the water line, tearing great holes in her side and causing her to fill rapidly. The Oquendo suffered about the same fate and both ships headed for a small cove and went aground 200 yards from the shore, flames shooting from them in every direction. The officers and crew must have been aware of the fate which seemed to be before them, but it was not until the ships were on fire and enveloped in flames and smoke that the men ceased firing.

The Gloucester, after sending a boat ashore to the Pluton, steamed along the coast to where the armored cruisers were stranded and went to their assistance. There was danger from the magazines and many of those on board jumped into the sea and swam to the shore, although a number were unable to reach the small strip of sandy beach in the cove and were thrown against the rocks and killed or drowned. Many of the wounded were lowered into the ships' own boats and taken ashore, but this task was a most difficult one. The Gloucester sent all her boats to the rescue and many on the flagships, including Admiral Cervera, lowered themselves into them with ropes. The wounded were taken to the Gloucester as rapidly as possible and the lower deck of the yacht was soon covered with Spanish sailors mangled in limb and body by the bursting of shells. The Gloucester's crew gave the wounded men every attention possible.

Admiral Cervera escaped to the shore in a boat sent by the Gloucester to the assistance of the Infanta Maria Teresa, and as soon as he touched the beach he surrendered himself and his command to Lieut. Morton and asked to be taken on board the Gloucester, which was the only American vessel near him at the time, with several of his officers, including the captain of the flagship. The Spanish admiral, who was also wounded in the arm, was taken to the Gloucester and was received at her gangway by her commander, Lieut. Commander Richard Wainwright, who placed his cabin at the disposal of the Spanish officers.

The Cristobal Colon was the fastest of the Spanish ships, and she soon obtained a lead over the others after leaving the harbor and escaped the effect of the shots which destroyed the other vessels. She steamed away with great speed, with the Oregon, New York, Brooklyn and several other ships in pursuit, all of them firing at her constantly and receiving fire themselves from her after guns. The Cristobal Colon was run ashore 45 miles west of Santiago by her commander when he found that escape was impossible. The entire battle was fought and won within an hour. The Spanish loss is about 350 killed or drowned, 160 seriously wounded and 1,600 captured.

The fleet of Admiral Cervera was one of the finest Spain possessed. Four of the vessels, the Almirante Oquendo, the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Vizcaya, and the Cristobal Colon were modern armored cruisers of the first class. The Vizcaya visited the United States soon after the Maine was sent to Havana, and was in New York harbor when the news of the destruction of the American battleship was received by her commander.

HOT FIGHTING—HEAVY LOSS

The American Forces Engage the Spanish at Santiago and CAPTURE THEIR OUTPOSTS.

American, by Their Enthusiasm and Aggressiveness Drive the Boats From Their Strong Intrenchments—Sampson's Fleet Bombaraded the Forts.

Washington: A general assault on the city of Santiago de Cuba, by the land and naval forces of the United States, began at 7 o'clock on the morning of July 1. Gen. Lawton advanced and took possession of Cabona, a suburb of Santiago. Morro castle and the other forts at the entrance of the harbor were bombarded by Sampson's fleet. The Vesuvius used her dynamite guns with good effect. The Spanish fleet in the harbor fired on the American troops, who were close to the city.

Washington: The war department has received the following from Gen. Shafter, dated at Siboney:

Had a very heavy engagement which lasted from 8 a. m. until sundown. We have carried the Spanish outworks and are now in possession of them. There is now about three-quarters of a mile of open between my lines and the city. By morning troops will be entrenched and considerable augmentation of forces will be there. Gen. Lawton's division and Gen. Bates' brigade, which have been engaged all day in carrying El Caney, which was accomplished at 4 p. m., will be in line and in front of Santiago during the night. I regret to say that our casualties will be above 400. Of these not many killed.

Later reports: The battle began just at daylight at a point eight miles from Juragua and four miles northeast of the outer fortifications of Santiago. The general order for an advance had been issued by Maj.-Gen. Shafter at dark and by midnight every man in camp knew that a desperate struggle would come with the dawn. The news put the troops in a fever of excitement. At 4 o'clock hundreds of bugles rang out the reveille and before the sun had risen the great line was complete. To the extreme left was Gen. Duffield, with the 33d Michigan, his command having reached the Aguadores bridge by train. Next, to the northeast, was Gen. Kent's division, a mile and a half from the sea, and held as a reserve force. The center of the line was held by a cavalry division, which until Gen. Wheeler arrived at noon was commanded by Gen. Sumner. Owing to Gen. Young's illness, Col. Woods, of the rough riders, commanded his brigade which consisted of the First and Tenth regular cavalry, the First volunteer cavalry (rough riders) and one battalion of the Ninth regular cavalry, all dismounted with the exception of two troops; the extreme right was under Gens. Lawton and Chaffee, fully five miles from the sea.

It had been arranged that Gen. Duffield should make a feint of attacking Aguadores in order to draw attention from the main movement, and at 5 o'clock Gen. Lawton's troops moved forward, led by a battery of artillery under command of Capt. Allyn Capron. Every man in the army carried three days' rations and ammunition. The first shot was fired from the battery by Capt. Capron, whose son, Capt. Allyn K. Capron, of the rough riders, was killed in the battle at Sevilla. The shot was directed at Caney, where the Spanish were in force and it fell in the heart of the town. The firing continued 20 minutes without response. Meantime the cavalry division had moved forward on the main Santiago trail, headed by a light battery of the Second artillery under Capt. Grimes. The movement of this battery was a heart-breaking task, owing to the mud in the valley and a steep hill. Under the musketry fire of the cavalrymen the Spaniards in the little town of El Paso retreated and Capt. Grimes' battery took up a position there and began a rapid firing into Caney. The guns of the two batteries made the place so hot that the enemy finally retired, having no artillery. After the enemy had been driven from El Paso 21 shots were fired by Capt. Grimes and Capt. Capron from that position into the outer fortifications of Santiago before a response came. When it did come, however, it was with unexpected accuracy, the shots being from three and five-inch rapid-fire rifles, evidently taken from Admiral Cervera's warships and mounted behind the fortifications. The Spanish gunners raked the hill on which El Paso stands and which meantime had been made headquarters of Gen. Sumner and the Cuban generals, Garcia, Castillo, Capote and Rabi.

A detachment of 200 Cubans went forward from El Paso and then Col. Wood with the rough riders, the First and Tenth Cavalry, started down the hillside straight for the enemy's fortifications. Capt. Grimes' battery poured a steady fire into the Spaniards to protect Col. Wood's advance. The dismounted cavalry paused on their way through the tangled grass and underbrush and half way down the hillside selected a good spot to halt, and from there opened and maintained for 20 minutes a hot fire. The opposing batteries banged away, Capt. Grimes sending a storm of lead down into the

outer fortifications and the Spaniards pounding away at the hill top with vicious persistence. Most of the Spanish shells went over the hill tops and fell in a ravine beyond.

Col. Wood's command behaved with great bravery, firing steady and deadly volleys with the enemy's shells screeching and bursting over their heads. Twenty minutes of fearfully hot work silenced the Spanish batteries. Ten shots were sent into them after they ceased firing, but there was no response, and it is presumed the guns were dismounted or the gunners driven off.

Away to the left Gen. Lawton's division with Chaffee's men and Capron's battery was meanwhile fighting fiercely with the enemy entrenched in and about Caney. The Spaniards contested every inch of ground bitterly and fought with unexpected coolness and courage, but the irresistible onward movement of the Americans slowly forced them back up and beyond Caney. About 11 o'clock the terrific fire from Capt. Capron's guns and the muskets of the men broke the Spanish line and a retreat began towards the line of outer fortifications.

All this time Gen. Sumner had commanded the center owing to Gen. Wheeler's illness, but about 11:30 Gen. Wheeler started on the two miles' journey to the front in an ambulance. About half way to the front he met a number of litters bearing wounded men. The veteran general, under protest of the surgeons, immediately ordered his horse, and after personally assisting the wounded into the ambulance, mounted and rode onward. The men burst into frantic cheers which followed the general all along the line. By noon, although still very ill, Gen. Wheeler had established headquarters at his extreme front and center of the line.

The hardest fighting of the day was on the right flank, and heavy casualties are reported from there. The advance there was more rapid than at other points on the line, and Gen. Chaffee's brigade was the first to cross the little San Juan river, close to the line of outer fortifications. At 2 o'clock Caney had not been entered by the American troops, but they had pushed on past it, and it was theirs at any time they choose to march into it. At that hour Gen. Shafter, whose headquarters for the day had been three miles to the rear, went forward to assume personal command of the operations. The fighting continued heavy all along the line the enemy being constantly driven from their intrenchments and taking refuge in the city, and finally darkness brought a cessation of hostilities, but not until Caney had been taken, with 2,000 Spanish prisoners.

The only movement which did not meet with success was Gen. Duffield's attempt to occupy the sea village of Aguadores. The New York, Suwanee and Gloucester shelled and demolished the old fort and the rifle pits during the forenoon, drove all the Spaniards from the vicinity and bowled over the parapet from which flew the Spanish flag; but owing to the broken railroad bridge Gen. Duffield's troops were unable to get across the river which separated them from the little town and were compelled to go back to Juragua. However, they had hot brushes with the Spaniards in the rifle pits during the greater portion of the morning and the Michigan boys suffered somewhat—two being killed and three wounded, as follows:

Killed—John H. Franklin, of Diamonddale; Ferdinand G. Seabright, of Allegan county.
Wounded—Frank Lawson, of Lawson, left arm fractured; Don A. Stark, of Ann Arbor, right arm fractured; Clifford H. Curtis, of Land Lake.

All were members of Co. L, 33d Michigan, which is composed of Sons of Veterans. They were victims of the first shells fired by the Spaniards, who had the line of range on the railroad by which the Michigan boys came from Juragua. They were just forming in line for an advance when a shell from a three-inch cannon exploded in the ranks of Co. L.

The Cubans behaved with skill and valor and rendered valuable aid. Gen. Garcia and the other Cuban generals led the troops in person and showed great coolness in tight places.

The Spanish fought stubbornly throughout, and the retreat, though steady, was slowly and coolly conducted. They contested every inch of the way and fought with unexpected skill, their officers handling the troops with bravery and good judgement. As in all of their fighting, so far, however, they did most of their work under cover, rarely showing themselves in large bodies in the open.

Sampson Took a Hand, Also. While Gen. Shafter's men were driving the Spanish into Santiago the American fleet was bombarding Morro Castle and the other forts at the entrance of the harbor. The Vesuvius used her dynamite guns with good effect. The following day Sampson's vessels also pounded away on the forts and the Punta Gorda batteries. When he thought he had given a sufficiently large dose the rear admiral said that he was well satisfied with the results and deemed the attack the most destructive yet made by the American navy on Santiago. He also believed, he said, that the moral effect would be

sure to be good and would tend to dishearten the Spanish troops and encourage our own. It certainly did show the Spaniards the hopelessness of their situation for within 24 hours Admiral Cervera made his ill-fated attempt to escape.

Shafter Demands Surrender of Santiago.

For two days more the fighting continued after Gen. Shafter had driven the Spaniards within the city. The American troops had been entrenched in the mountains and did not suffer so heavily. The tremendous undertaking before him led the American commander to assume a less aggressive attitude, and he evidently felt keenly the loss of brave officers and men, as the following dispatch to the war department would show:

We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it we find it of such a character and the defenses so strong it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force. Our losses up to date will aggregate 1,000, but list has not yet been made.

But little sickness outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertion of the battle and the almost constant fire which is kept up on the trenches.

Gen. Wheeler is seriously ill and will probably have to go to the rear today. Gen. Young also very ill; confined to his bed. Gen. Hawkins slightly wounded in foot during sortie enemy made last night, which was handsomely repulsed. The behavior of the troops was magnificent.

SHAFTER, Major-General.

Maj.-Gen. Shafter was apparently at the point of settling down to await reinforcements, or withdrawing his advance forces to the hills when the news of the destruction of the Spanish fleet was received. When the victory of Sampson was announced to the troops they well-nigh went mad with delight. It was the general belief that the crushing of Admiral Cervera's fleet entirely changes the situation, now that Admiral Sampson can enter the harbor and the army and navy can make a combined attack on the city. With this idea in mind Gen. Shafter sent the following dispatch:

To the commanding-general of the Spanish forces, Santiago de Cuba:

I shall be obliged, unless you surrender, to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please inform the citizens of foreign countries and all women and children that they should leave the city before 10 o'clock tomorrow (Monday) morning.

Very respectfully,

W. R. SHAFTER, Maj.-Gen., U. S. A.

Following is the Spanish reply which was brought back by Col. Dorst:

His Excellency, the General Commanding Forces of the United States, San Juan River:

Sir—I have the honor to reply to your communication demanding the surrender of this city; on the contrary case announcing to me that you will bombard this city, and that I advise the foreign residents and the women and children that they must leave the city before 10 o'clock tomorrow (Monday) morning. It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender, and that I will inform the foreign consuls and inhabitants of the contents of your message. Very respectfully,

JOSE TORAL, Command Fourth Corps.

Gen. Shafter reported this correspondence to the war department, and also cabled that "the British, Portuguese, Chinese and Norwegian consuls have come to my line with Col. Dorst. They ask if non-combatants can occupy the town of Caney and railroad points, and ask until 10 o'clock of July 5, before the city is fired on. They claim that there are between 15,000 and 20,000 people—many of them old, who will leave. They ask if I can supply them with food, which I cannot do for want of transportation to Caney, which is 13 miles from my landing."

The following is my reply:

The Commanding-General, Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:

Sir—In consideration of the request of the consuls and officers in your city for delay in carrying out my intention to fire on the city, and in the interest of the poor women and children, who suffer very greatly by their hasty and enforced departure from the city, I have the honor to announce that I will delay such action until 10 o'clock tomorrow (Monday) morning, providing during the interval your forces make no demonstration whatsoever upon those of my own. I am, with great respect,

W. R. SHAFTER, Maj.-Gen., U. S. A.

At the expiration of the unofficial armistice, however, no reply had been received to Gen. Shafter's last letter, but on the urgent request of the foreign consuls at Santiago it was extended to permit the non-combatants to leave the city. Every foreign vessel in the harbor was crowded with refugees and the roads leading from Santiago were black with people fleeing to avoid the bombardment.

Gen. Linares, the Spanish Commander, is quoted by Santiago refugees as saying that he will burn the city to the ground before surrendering.

Brig.-Gen. Vasa del Rey, next in command to Gen. Linares, having been killed at Caney and Gen. Linares having been wounded, Gen. Toral is in command at Santiago. It is estimated that with Pando's reinforcements there are about 18,000 Spanish troops in Santiago fit for duty. There are thousands of wounded and every 5th house is a hospital. Gen. Pando is also badly wounded. The sailing of Cervera's fleet had a bad effect on the soldiers, as they realize that they have been abandoned to their fate.

Winckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS - EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1898.

One Hundred Years ago.

One hundred years ago, no public library in the United States.

One hundred years ago, the only hat factory made cocked hats.

One hundred years ago, fifty cents was good pay for a days labor.

One hundred years ago, Virginia had one-fifth the population of the U. S.

One hundred years ago, two stages carried all the travel between New York and Boston.

One hundred years ago, a pill-cry and whipping post were standing in New York.

One hundred years ago, beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were staple diet the year round.

One hundred years ago, buttons were scarce and trousers were fastened with pegs and laces.

One hundred years ago, there were practically no manufactures in the United States. Every housewife raised her own flax and made her own linen.

One hundred years ago, church collections were taken in a bag at the end of a pole with bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

One hundred years ago, there were no steamboats, railroads, telegraph wires, electric lights, gas, kerosene or matches.

One hundred years ago, there was no Chicago.

Topics of the Day.

War is the subject of the hour. War is what men and women are thinking about, talking about and reading about.

Demorest's responds to the widespread and imperative demand for war matter by publishing in the July number ten articles of special interest in connection with the Spanish-American war. These articles, which have been carefully prepared for Demorest's Magazine, are written in a vigorous, popular style, are profusely illustrated by drawings and photographs, and are of equal interest to men and women.

"The Race of the Oregon" describes in a dashing poem the fourteen-thousand mile race of the great battleship. It is illustrated by a fine drawing of the "Oregon" and a photograph of Captain Clark, the now famous commander. Following that are two full-pages of pictures, each telling a different story of soldier life in camp. "The Evolution of the Raw Recruit" shows the converting of newly enlisted man into a trained soldier. "A Day Among the Soldiers" shows the daily life in camp of the boys in blue.

"Carrier Pigeons in War Time" tells about the pigeon service of

Beats the Klondike.

A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Texas, has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike, for years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages, and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, he declares that gold is of little value in comparison to this marvelous cure would have it even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at F. A. Sigler's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

The Sure LaGrippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters are the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your liver, stomach and kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or money refunded. For sale at F. A. Sigler's Drug Store, only 50 cents per bottle.

the U. S. Navy, with a great deal of rare information about carrier pigeons in general, as well as a variety of interesting pictures of famous birds, lofts, baskets, etc.

Everyone is interested in knowing what women are doing for U. S. in its present trouble. Demorest's goes into this subject at length, telling what women are doing from a humanitarian standpoint in "Women Nurses for the Battle-field," and from a financial standpoint in "War-Time Clubs."

"How 'America' Was Written" is a timely article which is an interview with the author of America just prior to his death at Newton Center, in which he tells how the famous patriotic hymn was written.

"The Hero of Manila" gives some amusing anecdotes of Dewey the great commander, as a boy, and is illustrated by a series of photographs which form an interesting human document.

Besides various other articles of special war interest, the Portrait Album contains nine excellent portraits of "Prominent Army and Navy Men."

But the July Demorest's is by no means exclusively a war number. There are the usual number of departments, interestingly written and charmingly illustrated.

Interesting Items.

Germany drinks 1,202,132,000 gallons of beer annually or 33 gallons per head.

A correspondent of an exchange says the best method of killing Canada thistles is to cut the thistles when it is in blossom, one foot or more from the ground take one-third salt and two-thirds saltpetre, grind fine, take a pinch with finger and thumb and place on top of each thistle stalk. After they are well withered set fire to the patch. The fire will go as far as the saltpetre has gone which is known to be 10 to 12 feet deep.

The fellows who have been telling the editor how to run a newspaper are now giving him a rest while they exploit their vast information about running the war. The man who never saw the ocean and doesn't know whether the cook's galley is a hat ornament or a thing to mash potatoes with is the one who knows best how a warship should be handled in battle.—Ex.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Buckler & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy on action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but give tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorating the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Darius Keep from Kalamazoo county was received at Jackson prison one day last week for three years and six months for robbery. At that institution he joined his father and brother, who had preceded him.

Agents are working the rural school districts with sets of reading charts, using bogus recommendations from Superintendent Hammond. The charts are inferior and the agents ask \$37 for them. Superintendent Hammond has issued a warning to school officers to be on the lookout for these men.

It is foolishness for any man to say that he cannot afford to take local newspapers. He can afford it. Practice the rule of paying for it in advance and you will be surprised to find how easy it is. It is only when the account is allowed to run year after year that it becomes a burden and difficult to pay.

The farmers in Sylvan township were worked by a patent medicine fakir recently. He would leave a bottle of medicine at a house and give the people there a chance to try the dope, saying that he would call again and if they were helped by it they could pay for it or not, just as they saw fit. In a few days another man would come along, claiming that he was sent out by the first man to do the collecting and he made them all whack up. Soon after this the first man would put in appearance and claiming that the second man was a fraud—which he was all right—collected for the medicine a second time.

What a Druggist Says.

Stewardson, Ill., Aug. 5, '97. Gents:—Will say that I have used your Syrup Pepsin in my family and consider it the best medicine for stomach and bowel troubles that I have ever used. The 10c bottle idea of advertising, as it gives one a trial with a small outlay of money, is sure to bring good results. Respectfully, T. N. Robinson, Druggist.

OF W. B. Darrow.

Two of the most popular pieces of music arranged for piano and organ have just been issued by the Popular Music Co., Indianapolis, Ind. "Bring Our Heroes Home" dedicated to the heroes of the U. S. Battleship Maine, is one of finest national songs ever written. The music is stirring and the words ring with patriotism. "Dewey's Battle of Manila March 'Two Step'" is a fine instrumental piece and will live forever as a souvenir of the greatest naval event in the world's history. Either one of these pieces and Popular Music Roll containing 18 pages full sheet music sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address, Popular Music Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Do You Want Gold?

Everyone desires to keep informed on Yukon, the Klondyke and Alaskan gold fields. Send 10c for large Compendium of vast information and big color map to Hamilton Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25c per package. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Best Papers the Best Mediums.

There is much good solid sense for every advertiser in the following paragraph from a thoughtful eastern advertiser: The daily paper is by far the safest and most certain method of reaching the public. It should not be difficult for any intelligent man who has lived for any time in a community to know just what papers will serve him as advertising mediums. It isn't at all necessary to examine the books in the newspaper's counting room or to get their affidavits of circulation. A paper that you read yourself and that your neighbors read and respect and that you know to be widely read and respected, you can safely rely on as a satisfactory medium for reaching people of your own kind.

YOU HAVE BEEN GETTING BETTER RESULTS FROM THE DETROIT JOURNAL WERE GIVING YOU MORE CIRCULATION.

Did You Ever Notice?

The best business houses in Detroit use THE DETROIT JOURNAL largely—more largely every year. Nearly every successful general advertiser uses THE DETROIT JOURNAL. Some advertisers are not allowed in THE DETROIT JOURNAL.

That Two-Horse Grubbing Machine is Rightly Named.

IT IS CALLED "THE FAULTLESS."



It is THE BEST stump puller that man's knowledge and skill has ever been able to produce. A single trial is sufficient to convince anyone of its merits.

For Free Catalogue etc., address GAWARD & SWENSON CO., CRESCO, - IOWA. Made in four sizes, using from 4 to 1 1/2 inch cable. Patented March 12, 1895.

FOR A SUMMER CRUISE TAKE THE COAST LINE

To Mackinac

NEW STEEL PASSENGER STEAMERS



COMFORT, SPEED and SAFETY

The Greatest Perfection yet attained in Boat Construction—Luxurious Equipment, Artistic Furnishing, Decorative and Efficient Service.

To Detroit, Mackinac, Georgian Bay, Potoskey, Chicago

No other Line offers a panorama of 400 miles of equal variety and interest.

Four Times per Week Between Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac

POTOSKEY, "THE BOO" MARQUETTE AND DULUTH

LOW RATES to Picturesque Mackinac and Return, including Meals and Berths. Approximate Cost from Cleveland, 85c; from Toledo, 84c; from Detroit, 82c.

EVERY DAY AND NIGHT BETWEEN CLEVELAND, PUT-IN-BAY AND TOLEDO.

Send us for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHAEFER, DETROIT, MICH.

Day and Night Service Between DETROIT AND CLEVELAND.

Fare, \$1.50 Each Direction. Berths, 75c. St. Steerage, \$1.75. Connections are made at Cleveland with Earliest Trains for all points East, South and Southwest, and at Detroit for all points North and Northwest.

Sunday Trips June, July, Aug., Sept. Oct. Only

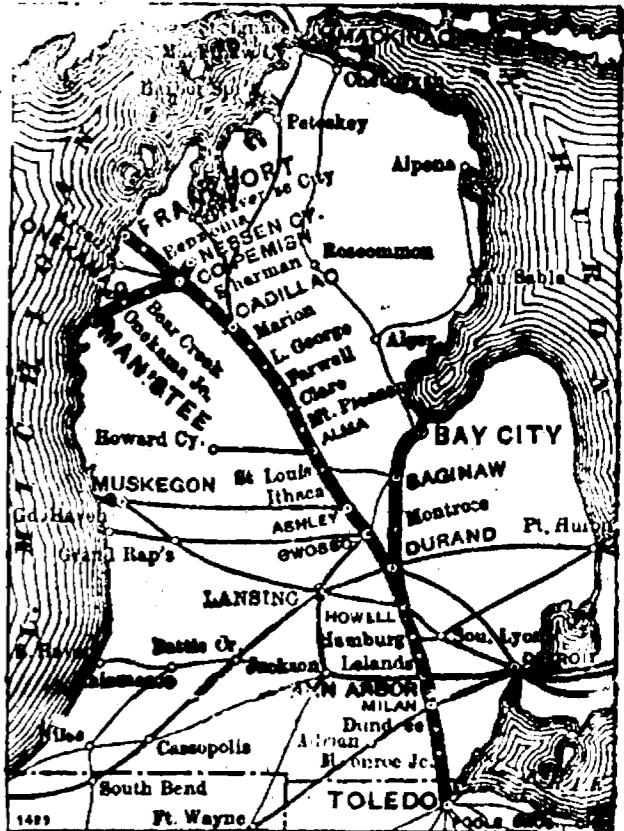
Send us for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address DETROIT and Cleveland Navigation Company

Railroad Guide.

Grand Trunk Railway System.

Departure of Trains at Plunkney. In Effect May 1898.		WESTBOUND.	Lv.
Jackson and Inter'm'die Sta.			79.44 am 74.45 pm
EASTBOUND			
Pontiac Detroit—Gd. Rapids and Intermediate Sta.			75.11 pm
Pontiac Lenox Detroit and Intermediate Sta.			77.55 am
Mt. Air Line Div. train leave Pontiac at			77.00 am
for Romeo Lenox and Int. Sta.			78.10 pm
D. & M. DIVISION LEAVE PONTIAC WESTBOUND			
Saginaw Gd. Rapids and Gd. Haven			74.02 am
Gd. Rapids Gd. Haven Chicago			72.42 pm
Saginaw Gd. Rapids Milwaukee Chicago and Intermediate Sta.			75.07 pm
Grand Rapids & Gd. Haven			76.58 pm
EASTBOUND			
Detroit East and Canada			76.07 am
Detroit East and Canada			70.53 am
Detroit East and South			73.40 pm
Detroit East and Canada			73.40 pm
Detroit Suburban			77.05 am
			77.00 pm
Leave Detroit via Windsor EASTBOUND			
Toronto Montreal New York			72.05 pm
London Express			74.30 pm
12.05 pm train has parlor car to Toronto—Sleeping car to Buffalo and New York			
*Daily except Sunday. *Daily.			
W. J. BLACK, Agent, Plunkney Mich.			
W. E. DAVIS, E. H. HUGHES, G. P. & T. Agent, Montreal, Que. A. G. P. & T. Agt., Chicago, Ill.			
BEN FLETCHER, Trav. Pass. Agt., Detroit Mich.			

TOLEDO IN ARBOR AND WITH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.



Popular route for Ann Arbor, Toledo and points East, South and for Howell, Owosso, Alma, Mt Pleasant, Cadillac, Manistee, Traverse City and points in Northwestern Michigan. W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

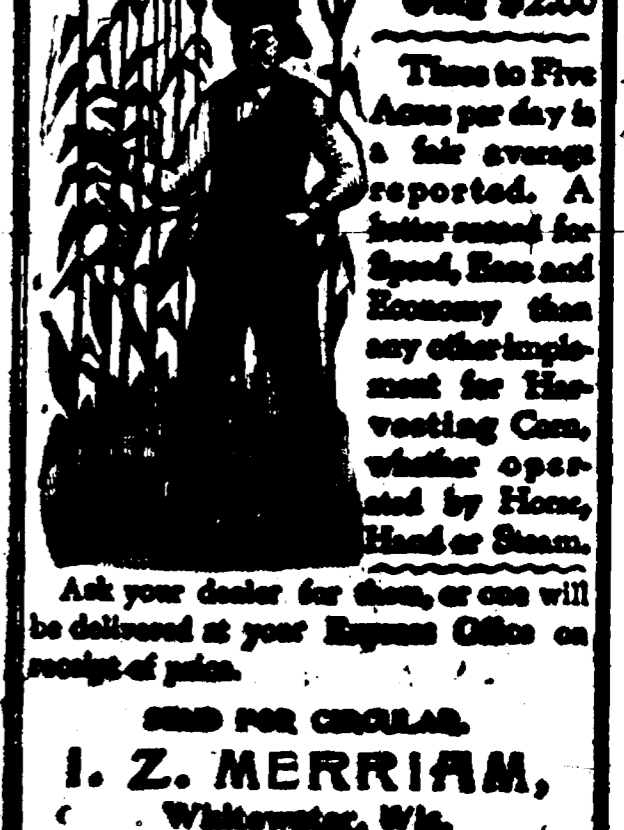
PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Patent secured free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED THIRTY MONTHLY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for respondent, established office in Michigan. Monthly \$25.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Light, N. Chicago.

THE BADGER

A Foot Corn Cutter



Costing only \$2.00. Three to Five Acres per day is a fair average reported. A better cutter for Speed, Ease and Economy than any other implement for Harvesting Corn, whether operated by Horse, Hand or Steam. Ask your dealer for them, or one will be delivered at your Express Office on receipt of price. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. I. Z. MERRIAM, Whitewater, Wis.

Notice.

The village tax roll is in my hands and I will be at the town hall every Tuesday in July and August for the purpose of receiving taxes.

D. W. MURTA, Treasurer.

Our baby has been continually troubled with colic and cholera infantum since his birth, and all that we could do for him did not seem to give more than temporary relief, until we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. We want to give this testimonial as an evidence of our gratitude, not that you need it to advertise your meritorious remedy.—G. M. Law, Keokuk, Iowa. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

"Saved Her Life."



MRS. JOHN WALLEY, of Jefferson, Wis., than whom none is more highly esteemed or widely known, writes: "In 1890 I had a severe attack of LaGrippe and at the end of four months, in spite of all physicians, friends and good nursing could do, my lungs heart and nervous system were so completely wrecked, my life was despaired of, my friends giving me up. I could only sleep by the use of opiates. My lungs and heart pained me terribly and my cough was most aggravating. I could not lie in one position but a short time and not on my left side at all. My husband brought me Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure and I began taking them. When I had taken a half bottle of each I was much better and continuing persistently I took about a dozen bottles and was completely restored to health to the surprise of all."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



ALASKAN INDIAN WOMEN.

They Have Artistic Ability Despite Their Tolleable Lives.

The huge, expressionless face of an Alaskan Indian woman shows but little evidence of any ambition or ability to perform even the simplest features of domestic art, and yet the skillful and artistic results of the handwork of these untutored aborigines is much sought after by the tourists who visit their villages during the summer. Moreover, though the women are all fat and lazy-looking, their lives are not uninterrupted ease, notwithstanding that their needs are few. Abundance of fuel is all about them, and food, which with them is synonymous with fish, swims almost to their doors. But the procuring as well as the preparing of this food is all accomplished by the women. During the summer they leave the villages and towns for the islands in less frequented waters, where they camp for weeks at a time, catching and curing the fish for winter use, while the men lazily watch them or paddle and canoe, or otherwise amuse themselves.

If an Indian's wife is in ill health or too old to work he marries another younger wife, usually a relative of the first one, who is expected to provide the food, while the first wife cares for the house and children. Fish and berries furnishing almost the only food of these people, the women have little scope or ambition for developing culinary art, but in matters of personal adornment they take keen delight. During the long, dark winter they weave beautiful blankets and baskets for their own use and to sell. The blankets are made from the strong rough wool of the wild mountain sheep. Yet some of these are as soft as silk, and in beauty of coloring and intricacy of design rival the oriental rugs and hangings. It usually takes a woman six months to complete one blanket, but many of them sell for prices ranging from \$50 to \$200. The much-sought-after, genuine Chilkot blanket is about four feet long and two and one-half feet wide at each end, but as one side is pointed, the center is a foot wider than the ends, and on this side is ornamented with a 10-inch fringe. These are worn in the dance, thrown around the shoulders, with the pointed fringed side hanging down. The design is grotesque, consisting of conventionalized faces of men and animals in pale green outlined with black on a white ground. Sometimes dull blue takes the place of the pale green. A peculiarity which stamps their genuineness is a fine thread or shaving of deer-skin in the center of each hard twisted strand of wild sheep's wool yarn, of which they are made, rendering them almost indestructible.—Woman's Home Companion.

MILITARY EUCHE NOW.

Variation of the Progressive Game Suggested by the Time.

Euchre, progressive or plain and unadorned, has become so threadbare as an evening's entertainment that players will welcome with joy its brand-new form, military euchre.

Those who have said that nothing could be wound around or made out of progressive euchre will now find themselves in the wrong, for military euchre is really a variation of progressive euchre—that is, the players move from table to table, though irregularly, and not in the old one, two, three fashion. Each table bears a cardboard sign, on which is printed in gay letters its name, "Fort Sumter," "Fort Hancock," "Fort Hamilton," "Fort Schuyler," for example, any names being used that the host any hostess may prefer, each table being a fort for the evening, having players to defend it and other players to attack and try to board it by the force of superior "hands" of playing cards.

A drum in the corner of the parlors announces that the games are to begin. Two girls and two men are assigned to each fort, partners are arranged, and the games are ready to commence.

Now, each quartet is responsible for its own fort. It is attached to this fort the entire evening, to defend its own and to sally forth and attack the other forts. Partners never change.

The leader, who is known as the "general," distributes the pairs, sending a couple from Fort Sumter to attack Fort Hancock, and so on, round after round, until every couple, as nearly as possible, has met every other couple.

If the attacking party wins it carries back to its own fort a pennant; if the defenders triumph they run up a pennant on their own staff. Thus a single fort may win two pennants in a single round; it may win one, or none. Some flagstays are crowded with pennants within an hour; others are comparatively bare. No one sits still more than a single round, for attackers become defenders of their own, and vice versa.—New York Herald.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For Sale by F. A. Sigler.

SKETCHED A DEAD MAN.

Strange Story of a Chance Likeness Bordering the Supernatural.

From the Washington Star: An artist of Washington speaking recently of a visit to Nantucket said: "I sketched a good deal out of doors, but when the weather was bad I made the best of it by working on what I considered a pretty good picture of the interior of one of the old houses or at least of one big room that lent itself best to my purposes. The people who owned the house were so nice to me that when I finished my picture I thought to repay them in part for their courtesy by making for them a sketch of my ambitious canvas. For the sake of variety, however, I drew in the figure of an old man sitting in a big chair and gazing abstractedly into the fireplace. It was a fancy figure, pure and simple, and drawn without a model, but the face belonged to the type that one so often sees along the New England coast, a type that is unfortunately growing rarer as the years go by. But imagine my surprise when I came to present the sketch to my friends, for they drew back from it as if I had given them something uncanny, and the man said: 'Why, that's a picture of my father precisely as I have seen him sitting in front of that fireplace hundreds of times, gazing into the coals and thinking of the days when he captained one of the biggest whalers that sailed out of the harbor of Nantucket.' And his wife bore out his statement when she said it was an admirable likeness of the old man, who had died many years before I ever visited the island. The neighbors were summoned in and every one of the people who had known the old man recognized the likeness with a moment's hesitation. They said: 'In every detail of face and figure it was as accurate as a photograph could possibly have been. Now, of course, it was only a coincidence, but you could never have made any of those people think that there was not something supernatural about it all—and, do you know, I am more than half inclined to think they were right.'"

OURS A MIXED RACE.

The Americans Have Traces of Many Other Nationalities.

Not all Americans are Anglo-Saxon. Even in the south, where the proportion of people drawn from that source is greatest, there are strong infusions of French, Irish and Scotch-Irish blood, says the Syracuse Standard. In the west are extensive German, Irish and Scandinavian populations, in the east a vast Irish population, a large Canadian French element and an immense number of Germans. Even what is called the Anglo-Saxon stock is mixed with Dutch, Huguenot and Scotch contributions. When this country has fighting to do she does not look to one race among her people, but to all, and her foreign relations cannot be planted on the affinities of Anglo-Americans or any other ethnic element. When we have cleared our minds of error, prejudice and injustice, enabling ourselves to understand what Americanism means—how it is not the predominance of any race or religion—we shall perceive the exact worth and character of the friendship subsisting between Great Britain and the United States. There is a common language; there is a common law; there are many common political ideas; there are common interests in trade, so that the prosperity of the one is more or less intertwined with the prosperity of the other; and, lastly, both are free states, having an active, educated public intelligence, peculiarly responsive to the appeals of a universal humanity.

Business Pointers.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Mary Rabbitt of the township of Dexter, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, are requested, under penalty of law, to notify me of the same and all money paid the said estate must be paid to me.

DANIEL E. HOBY,

Special Administrator of Mary Rabbitt Estate, Dexter, Mich.

Go Where Black Bass Bite and Cool Breezes Blow.

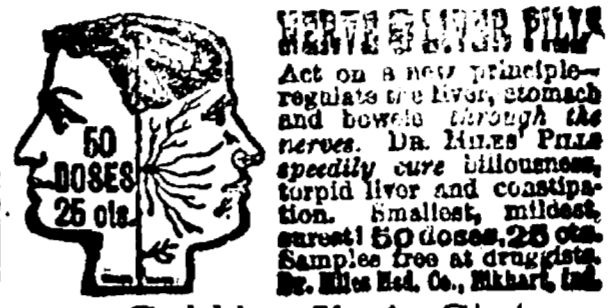
Take the D & C Steamers, the Coast Line to Mackinac, for a delightful cruise up the Great Lakes. It only costs from Cleveland \$17, Toledo \$15, Detroit \$12.50 round trip, including meals and berths. Send 2c for illustrated pamphlet. Address, A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

The Best Hotel in Detroit

Can do no more for you in the way of comfortable beds and good meals than the Franklin House, at Bates and Larned Streets. Rates are \$1.50 to \$2.00 a day, American plan. Woodward and Jefferson Avenues are only a block away, with care to all parts of the city. Excellent accommodations for wheelmen. H. H. JAMES & SON, Proprietors, Bates and Larned Sts., Detroit, Mich.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results," says W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. "For small children we find it especially effective. For sale by F. A. Sigler."

Every woman needs Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.



Sold by F. A. Sigler.

The Pinckney Dispatch.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY FRANK L. ANDREWS, Editor and Proprietor. Subscription Price \$1 in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice at Pinckney, Michigan, as second-class matter.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Business Cards, \$4.00 per year. Death and marriage notices published free.

Announcements of entertainments may be paid for, if desired, by presenting the office with tickets of admission. In case tickets are not brought to the office, regular rates will be charged.

All matter in local notice column will be charged at 3 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Where no time is specified, all notices will be inserted until ordered discontinued, and will be charged for accordingly. All changes of advertisements must reach this office as early as Tuesday morning to insure an insertion the same week.

JOB PRINTING! In all its branches, a specialty. We have all kinds and the latest styles of type, etc., which enables us to execute all kinds of work, such as Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Programmes, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Cards, Auction Bills, etc., in superior styles, upon the shortest notice. Prices as low as good work can be done.

ALL BILLS PAYABLE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

THE VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

VILLAGE OFFICERS. PRESIDENT: George C. Gault, Claude L. Sigler. JUSTICES: George C. Gault, C. J. Temple, F. G. Jackson, F. J. Wright, L. L. Thompson, C. L. Bowman. CLERK: R. H. Teeple. TREASURER: D. W. Murta. ASSESSOR: W. A. Carr. STREET COMMISSIONERS: Geo. Barsh, MARSAIL, D. W. Murta. HEALTH OFFICER: Dr. H. F. Sigler. ATTORNEY: W. A. Carr.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. W. T. Wallace, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. F. L. Andrews, Supt.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Rev. C. S. Jones, pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. All church school at close of morning service. R. H. Teeple, Supt. Ross Real, Sec.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. M. J. Connerford, Pastor. Services every third Sunday. Low mass at 7:00 o'clock, high mass with sermon at 9:30 a. m. Catechism at 3:00 p. m., veepers and benediction at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

The A. O. H. Society of this place, meets every third Sunday in the Fr. Matthew Hall. John McGuinness, County Delegate.

Pinckney Y. P. S. C. E. Meetings held every Sunday evening in Cong'l Church at 6:30 o'clock. Miss Bessie Cordley, Pres. Mrs. E. R. Brown, Sec.

EPWORTH LEAGUE. Meets every Sunday evening at 6:00 o'clock in the M. E. Church. A special invitation is extended to everyone, especially young people. John Martin Pres.

Junior Epworth League. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, at M. E. church. All cordially invited. Miss Edith Vanho, Superintendent.

The C. T. A. and B. Society of this place, meet every third Saturday evening in the Fr. Matthew Hall. John Donohue, President.

KNIGHTS OF MACCABEES. Meet every Friday evening on or before full of the moon at their hall in the Swarthout bldg. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. CHAS. CARPENT, Sir Knight Commander.

Livingson Lodge, No. 7, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before the full of the moon. H. F. Sigler, W. M.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR meets each month the Friday evening following the regular F. & A. M. meeting. MRS. MARY READ, W. M.

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES. Meet every 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p. m. and every 3rd Saturday at 7:30 p. m. at the K. O. T. M. hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. LULA CONWAY, Lady Com.

KNIGHTS OF THE LOYAL GUARD meet every second Wednesday evening of every month in the K. O. T. M. hall at 7:30 o'clock. All visiting Guards welcome. ROBERT ARNELL, Capt. Gen.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. F. SIGLER M. D. C. L. SIGLER M. D. DR. SIGLER & SIGLER, Physicians and Surgeons. All calls promptly attended to day or night. Office on Main street Pinckney, Mich.

DR. A. B. GREEN.

DENTIST—Every Thursday and Friday 5c over Sigler's Drug Store.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on two 25-cent bottles of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache or any of the diseases for which it is recommended. Also will refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Down's Elixir, if it does not cure any cough, cold, croup, whooping cough or throat or lung difficulty. We also guarantee one 25-cent bottle of either of the above to prove satisfactory or money refunded. F. A. SIGLER.

We Make WHEELS, Too!



MILLER RODE ONE 2093 MILES IN 132 HOURS

The Eldredge \$50.00

The Belvidere \$40.00

Superior to all others irrespective of price. Catalogue tells you why. Write for one.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., 539 BROADWAY, New York. Factory, BELVIDERE, ILL.

No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. CURE All Pain. "One cent a dose."



ELECTRIC CLEANSER

All good Housekeepers use it. Removes all dust and dirt from carpets and rugs. Removes all grease spots, fruit stains and coal soot. Restores colors and raises the nap. The work is simple and can be performed by any person. Warranted to be free from such substances as Alkali, Acid, Benzine, Resin and Ammonia, which are injurious to carpets and fabrics. One can clean 25 yards of carpet.

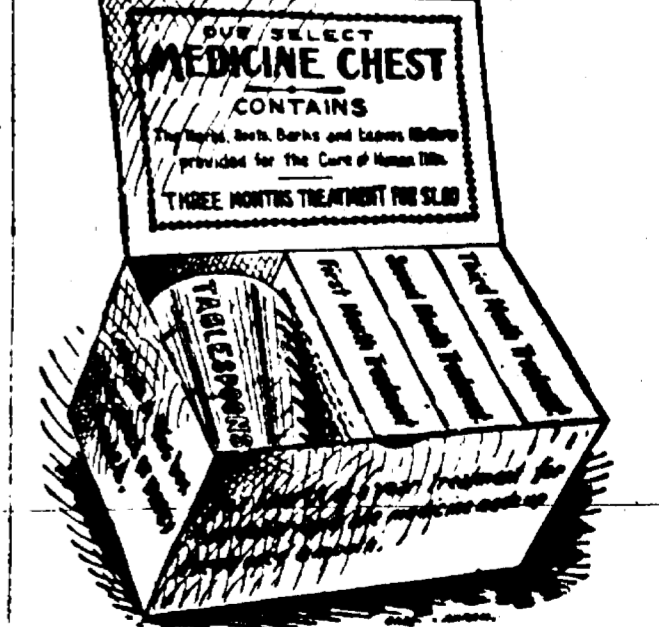
We also manufacture the ELECTRIC WALL PAPER AND FRESCO CLEANER Best in the market.

"THE ELECTRIC" Bicycle Chain Lubricant

speaks for itself. Why not buy the best when it costs no more than the cheap worthless stuff now on the market? Send for circulars. PREPARED ONLY BY THE ELECTRIC CLEANSER CO., Canton, Ohio.

An Ideal Family Medicine . . . Curative Herbs

PURE, HARMLESS, RELIABLE



A Genuine System Tonic and Blood Purifier. A sure cure for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Blood diseases. Dyspepsia, sick or nervous Headache, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Rheumatism, Neuralgia of the head or stomach, Biliousness, Scour, Constipation, Salt Rheum, Urtica, Kidney and Liver complaint, Palpitation of the Heart, Erysipelas, and all skin affections arising from impure Blood. Three Months' Treatment, Price \$1.00.

F. & B. TONIC BITTERS.

An incomparable remedy for pale weak people. It regulates and invigorates the entire system. Purifies and enriches the blood. Sold by Druggists and Agents. PREPARED BY F. & B. CHEMICAL CO., ALEXON, OHIO.

Advertisement for Hammer Paint, 20 years old, saves 25% per coat. Guaranteed 5 years. F. HAMMAR PAINT CO., St. Louis, Mo. TEEPLE & CADWELL, Pinckney, Mich.

Advertisement for Old Hickory Bicycles. Strongest and easiest riding wheels. Continuous Wood Frame. Always Safe and Satisfactory. WE WANT MORE AGENTS. OLD HICKORY CYCLE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A. WRITE US A LETTER.

Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

Trouble seldom visits a man who isn't looking for it.

An expert penman sometimes forges ahead until he gets caught.

Hanging is too good for many of the paintings sent to exhibitions.

The incubator will never succeed in driving the old hen out of business.

Lots of men have been temporarily paralyzed who never had a paralytic stroke.

Some kinds of love may grow cold, but the kind a man has for himself never does.

Wedlock holds a man pretty close when his wife doesn't allow him to carry a latchkey.

Some men are so versatile that they don't stick to one thing long enough to make a success of it.

It is often a great disadvantage for a young man to begin a career with superior advantages.

The love that makes the world go round often prevents the income from going more than half way.

One of the greatest dampers to a man's ambition is the knowledge that the mantle of greatness is usually worn as a shroud.

The man of New Jersey who died after rapidly drinking three pints of applejack must have had his stomach given him in some other state, and the other state must have made the beverage too.

"Should one judge from the so-called comic page, all men are liars and dishonorable, all women frivolous and unfaithful, all children imps, all mothers-in-law monsters, all homes unhappy, all husbands and wives quarrelsome, all dealers cheats, all ministers whited sepulchres, all charitable organizations frauds, all mankind thoroughly corrupt." Thus the editor of the Elmira Gazette laments what he calls the mischief of the comic. The extract has its modicum of truth; but let the dear man think! Shall we eliminate satire? Shall we abolish the exaggeration of poetry? Shall we omit that part of history which is not susceptible of absolute proof? Shall we overlook hypocrisy and pretension? Shall pomposity and vain-gloriousness go unpricked of their ridiculous wind? Give the world credit for some little intelligence.

The destruction of birds in America has become a serious matter, and scientists say that unless the killing of these citizens of the air can be stopped a good many varieties which are of great value to man will soon become extinct. Such a result would work irreparable injury to agricultural interests, for no artificial aid has yet been discovered which can in any degree take the place of these natural allies of the farmer in his war upon insect enemies. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts and Representative John F. Lacey of Iowa are deeply interested in this matter, and have introduced in both houses of congress bills for the protection of the birds. Mr. Hoar's bill has passed the senate and will soon come to a vote in the house. To insure its passage by that body every agriculturist and bird lover is urged to write without delay to the representative of his district in congress, asking him to cast his vote for the measure.

Girls are apt to resent the opinion held by many of their friends, and even some of their admirers, that they do not know how to think; and that they generally refuse to concentrate their attention long enough to reason upon any subject. In resenting it, the ordinary young woman will exclaim with assurance that the criticism isn't true; that many a girl has thought herself into a headache, which no one will deny; but even this, one tormenting young skeptic saucily declares, is quite frequently done after the manner of the girl in the story of "How the Girl Studied." She places her box of chocolates on the table, and while eating them and polishing her fingernails, says aloud and indistinctly, of course, "The three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles—Oh dear, I hope it won't rain tomorrow and spoil that picnic! The three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles—I saw George Morris and Sue walk off together, and they just may for all I care! The two angles of a triangle are equal to three right angles—There, those chocolates are not so large as those that were on top! The three right angles—well, this old thing is too stupid! There is nothing in it but nonsense, so there!"

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN WRONGED" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text Esther 1: 11-13 as follows: "Bring Vashti, the Queen, before the King with the Crown Royal to Show the People and Princess Her Beauty."

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the seafoam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honey-suckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculi.

Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The basket piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulacus filling the urns and dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hicough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says, "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland had faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen. Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet it is not necessary to have place and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and a glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the

fashionable square, I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi?—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lanes and in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and in prison-gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despaired her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbre at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when the women are called to such out-door work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lo's would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on."

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loafers and defilement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible scum to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her veil."

Again, I want you this morning to

consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

One night during our civil war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on a hilltop and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw these camp-fires begin to lower; and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host asleep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and he sees the fire-sides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these fire-sides. These are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of day, and talk of the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out, and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old-homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep the last sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of the more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton gin and steamboat and telegraph—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall put forth to free the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

Angels thronged his chariot wheel,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done!"

Oh, woman! does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates, or never go through at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from the society of angels, and banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred, and banished forever. Though the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Esther, and Vashti.

Beverly of a Benedict.
Many a husband is lost in wonder as he reflects that the glowing hand which spans his children and serves up his cabbage is the same hand which he used to write sonnets about, and which he never kissed without a sense of reverence amounting to rapture.—Roxbury Gazette

CASUALTIES.

Beverly, Mass.—The excursion steamer Surf City, with sixty passengers on board, was struck by a terrific squall and capsized. Four bodies were recovered from the wreck.

Ripley, Ohio.—Prof. Alvini made a balloon ascension, leaped from it with a parachute, fell in the river and was drowned.

Hamilton, Ont.—Charles Searley, Roy Shnett and Charles Williams were drowned in the bay by the capsizing of their yacht.

Orange, N. Y.—A firecracker thrown into the open window of a shed started a fire which entirely destroyed the large hat factory of Austin Drew & Co. and a number of frame dwelling houses, causing a loss of over \$5,000.

San Francisco.—The town of Dunsuir, in Siskiyon county, on the line of the California and Oregon railway, was almost swept out of existence by fire. The fire started in the Arlington House, and in an incredibly short time two blocks of the business portion of the town were ablaze.

Shelby, O.—A bridge crossing the Mohican river here fell with 1,000 people. Four were killed outright and 100 injured, some of them seriously.

Paducah, Ky.—A disastrous head-on collision occurred on the Illinois Central railroad eight miles east of here. Two freight trains were damaged \$20,000 and the track was blocked. Jake Thompson, engineer, was killed.

Kenton.—Frank Dugan, the Big Four brakeman injured here, died at St. Antonio hospital shortly after a surgical operation. The remains were taken to Sandusky City.

Valparaiso.—Frank Darling, aged 26 years, of Battle Creek, Mich., a Chicago & Grand Trunk brakeman, fell between the cars and was cut to pieces.

Louisville, Ky.—Fire destroyed the plant of the Gobe Refining company, at Floyd and G streets. The loss is placed at \$200,000, with \$150,000 insurance.

Cleveland, O.—Five persons were drowned in the lake here July 4.

Toledo, O.—James Wilcox and William Munch were almost blown to pieces in Davis's livery stable by an explosion.

New York.—A mysterious explosion, which the police think was caused by an internal machine, racked the Postal Telegraph building at New York.

Lewisburg.—P. S. Wood's storehouse and stock burned at Belton, 10 miles north of here. Loss about \$20,000; partial covered with insurance. Incendiarism is suspected.

Mount Vernon, Ill.—At the village of Blufford, eight miles east of this city, the 16-year-old son of ex-Representative Sam Keene of Wayne county was thrown from a horse and fatally injured.

FOREIGN.

Gibraltar—Ten thousand Spanish troops and 300 civilians are employed on the defenses of Algeciras, on the west side of the bay of Gibraltar.

Sidney.—James Anderson, aged 35, was run over by a C. H. & D. passenger train and instantly killed while attempting to get on after the train had started.

Madrid.—The cruisers Lepanto, Cardinal Cisneros, Alfonso XIII, and Vito la have been ordered to cruise in the straits of Gibraltar.

London.—The revenue during the last quarter has increased \$48,000 (\$2,477,000) as compared with the same period of last year.

Paris.—The Cabinet has decided that the full duty on wheat is to be restored.

Rome.—The pope is said to be greatly affected by the course of the Spanish-American war, and in view of his age and nervous prostration for some time past his entourage is anxious, although his physicians declare there is no cause for alarm.

London.—The United States has purchased the steamers Alexandria, Boadicea, Victoria, Cleopatra and Winifred of the Wilsons and Furness-Layland lines, all newly built and each with a tonnage of about 7,000.

CRIME.

Harrodsburg, Ky.—At a religious meeting Richard Bauau, a young farmer, who was drunk, entered the tent, and immediately began to make trouble. Before Bauau had had time to be shot and killed the following: Thomas Hale, a young man named Anderson, Nova Campbell and Anna Potter.

Hamilton, Ont.—E. M. McMillon, traveling salesman, was assaulted by an unknown man. A Hudson's Bay Company man was also assaulted. The assault is criticized.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Dr. H. Kiley, one of the best known physicians of North Texas, at Bowie, twice shot and killed Frank Horn, a barber. The shooting was the outgrowth of a personal difficulty and street fight.

Fort Worth, Texas.—Jere Van Ranslaer, until about thirty days ago treasurer of the Ft. Worth and Rio Grande railway, was arrested charged with embezzlement. There are twelve indictments. Bond fixed at \$9,000.

The Standard Dictionary.
New York Observer. "It is, indeed, a prodigious work. . . . The knowledge and experience of the most able minds of the age in all the departments of art and science, of literature and learning, have practically been focused, and the result is a dictionary so thorough in details, so comprehensive in its reach, so accessible and intelligible to the student of even average attainments, and yet so satisfactory to the profoundest scholar that it must be considered a place before undreamed of and still now unfiled."

See display advertisement of how to obtain the Standard Dictionary by making a small payment down, the remainder in installments.

Hypocrite—A man who prays for something he isn't willing to work for. If you must bet always bet on the top dog and the bottom facts.

If angels fear to tread where fools rush in they should use their wings.

Important to Mothers.

The manufacturers of Castoria have been compelled to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to familiarize the public with the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. This has been necessitated by reason of pirates counterfeiting the Castoria trade mark. This counterfeiting is a crime not only against the proprietors of Castoria, but against the growing generation. All persons should be careful to see that Castoria bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, if they would guard the health of their children. Parents and mothers, in particular, ought to carefully examine the Castoria advertisements which have been appearing in this paper, and to remember that the wrapper of every bottle of genuine Castoria bears the far-similar signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, under whose supervision it has been manufactured continuously for over thirty years.

God be thanked for books; they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Before marriage a girl wants a man to write her love letters, but after marriage nothing but checks will satisfy her.

We Pay Expenses

and liberal commissions; refund the cash for all goods not giving the consumer satisfaction. Long terms of credit. First-class scheme. Salesmen wanted. No bond required. Sales made from photographs. We guarantee \$50.00 per month on mail orders. Address with stamp, Brenard Mfg. Co., Iowa City, Iowa.

A woman's idea of wrong is something a man does that would be a mistake if she did it herself.

COSMO BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP

makes the skin soft, white and healthy, bold everywhere.

It's bad form to drink too much wine at an evening dinner and it's bad taste in the morning.

One's Cough Salts

is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Some men exert themselves more in trying to borrow a dollar than in trying to earn one.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A successful physician is one who is able to relieve his patients of good fees.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

When a girl thinks a man doesn't care for her she begins to try to make him.

Save the lives of the little ones! Brown's Teething Cordial will do it.

Woman is a traitor, the sweetness of whose tone depends upon the player.

Look before you leap; see before you go.

A GUARDSMAN'S TROUBLE

From the Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different states responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its citizen soldiers. In Detroit there are few guardsmen more popular and efficient than Max R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. E. He has been a resident of Detroit for the past six years, and his home is at 414 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well known wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, in the capacity of book-keeper.

"I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for the aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily."

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressing pains would force me to quit work."

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I used them until the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Fitchburg, N. Y.

Some men owe their position in society to their wives and everything else they have to their creditors.

A woman may be loyal to love, but never to lovers.—Spanish proverb.

A brainless man is about as useless as a trainless railroad.

Some men overwork themselves trying to live without work.

Is Health Worth Ten Cents?

Man suffers many mysterious ailments from unknown causes, and nine-tenths of them have their origin in the digestive canal somewhere. It does any person good to clean out this canal occasionally in a rational way, provided it is not done in a violent manner. The proper cleansing and disinfecting preparation is Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, which is very gentle, but at the same time thoroughly efficacious. A 10c box will purify the whole system and in most cases remove the cause of ill health. When "feeling bad" take Cascarella's. They will do you good, and can do you no harm.

Elderly gentlemen seem to have a penchant for younger ladies.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (60 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. w.z.u.

The microbe of love usually steers clear of an old bachelor's hair.

Dr. Carter's Little Blue Pills does what other medicines do not do. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. 25c package.

An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

He who has a handsome wife is never without fear.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

A Brave Coward.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A voice was now heard hailing us from the entrance. From the window we could see the figure of a man in the moonlight; he stood motionless, his face uplifted to ours, and a rag of something white on his extended arm; and as we looked right down upon him, though he was a good many yards distant on the links, we could see the moonlight glitter in his eyes.

He opened his lips again, and spoke for some minutes on end, in a key so loud that he might have been heard in every corner of the pavilion, and as far away as the borders of the wood. It was the same voice that had already shouted "Traditore!" through the shutters of the dining-room; this time it made a complete and clear statement. If the traitor "Oddlestone" were given up, all others should be spared; if not, no one should escape to tell the tale.

"Well, Huddleston, what do you say to that?" asked Northmour, turning to the bed.

Up to that moment the banker had given no sign of life, and I, at least, had supposed him to be still in a faint; but he replied at once, and in such tones as I have never heard elsewhere, save from a delirious patient, adjured and besought us not to desert him.

"Enough," cried Northmour, and then he threw open the window, leaned out into the night, and in a tone of exultation, and with a total forgetfulness of what was due to the presence of a lady, poured out upon the ambassador a string of the most abominable rallery, both in English and Italian, and bade him begone where he had come from.

Meantime the Italian put his flag of truce in his pocket, and disappeared, at a leisurely pace, among the sand-hills.

"They make honorable war," said Northmour. "They are all gentlemen and soldiers. For the credit of the thing, I wish we could change sides—you and I, Frank, and you too, Missy, my darling—and leave that being on the bed to some one else. Tut! Don't look shocked! We are all going post to what we call eternity, and may as well be above-board while there's time. As far as I'm concerned, if I could first strangle Huddleston and then get Clara in my arms, I could die with some pride and satisfaction. And as it is, by God, I'll have a kiss!"

Before I could do anything to interfere, he had rudely embraced and repeatedly kissed the resisting girl. Next moment I had pulled him away with fury, and flung him heavily against the wall. He laughed loud and long.

I turned from him with a feeling of contempt which I did not seek to dissimulate.

"As you please," said he. "You've been a prig in life; a prig you'll die."

And with that he sat down in a chair, a rifle over his knee, and amused himself with snapping the lock.

All this time our assailants might have been entering the house, and we been none the wiser; we had in truth almost forgotten the danger that so imminently overhung our days. But just then Mr. Huddleston uttered a cry, and leaped from the bed.

I asked him what was wrong.

"Fire!" he cried. "They have set the house on fire!"

Northmour was on his feet in an instant, and he and I ran through the door of communication with the study. The room was illuminated by a red and angry light. Almost at the moment of our entrance a tower of flame arose in front of the window, and, with a tingling report, a pane fell inward on the carpet. They had set fire to the lean-to outhouse, where Northmour used to nurse his negatives.

"Hot work!" said Northmour. "Let us try in your old room."

We ran thither in a breath, threw up the casement and looked forth. Along the whole back wall of the pavilion piles of fuel had been arranged and kindled, and it is probable they had been drenched with mineral oil, for, in spite of the morning's rain, they all burned bravely. The fire had taken a firm hold already on the outhouse. There was not a human being to be seen to right or left.

"Ah, well!" said Northmour, "here's the end, thank God."

And we returned to "My Uncle's Room." Mr. Huddleston was putting on his boots, still violently trembling, but with an air of determination such as I had not hitherto observed. Clara stood close by him, with her cloak in both hands ready to throw about her shoulders, and a strange look in her eyes, as if she were half hopeful, half doubtful of her father.

"Well, boys and girls," said Northmour, "how about a sally? The oven is heating, it is not good to stay here and be baked, and, for my part, I want to come to my hands with them and be done."

"There is nothing else left," I replied.

And both Clara and Mr. Huddleston, though with a very different intonation, added, "Nothing!"

As we went downstairs the heat was excessive, and the roaring of the fire filled our ears, and we had scarce reached the passage before the stairs' window fell in, a branch of flame shot brandishing through the aperture, and the interior of the pavilion became lit up with that dreadful and lucid glare. At the same moment we heard the fall of something heavy and inelastic in the upper floor.

Northmour and I cocked our revolvers. Mr. Huddleston, who had already refused a firearm, put us behind him with a manner of command.

"Let Clara open the door," said he. "So, if they fire a volley, she will be protected. And in the meantime stand behind me. I am the scapegoat; my sins have found me out."

I heard him, as I stood breathless by his shoulder, with my pistol ready, pattering off prayers in a tremulous, rapid whisper; and I confess, horrid as the thought may seem, I despised him for thinking of supplications in a moment so critical and thrilling, in a meandrine Clara, who was dead white but still possessed of her faculties, had displaced the barcade from the front door. Another moment, and she had pulled it open. Flue-light and moonlight illuminated the links with confused and changeful luster, and far away against the sky we could see a long trail of glowing smoke.

Mr. Huddleston, flared for the moment with a strength greater than his own, struck Northmour and myself a back-hander in the chest, and while we were thus for the moment incapacitated from action, lifting his arms above his head like one about to dive, he ran straight forward out of the pavilion.

"Here am I!" he cried—"Huddleston! Kill me, and spare the others." His sudden appearance daunted, I suppose, our hidden enemies; for Northmour and I had time to recover, to seize Clara between us one by each arm, and to rush forth to his assistance, ere anything further had taken place. But scarce had we passed the threshold when there came near a dozen reports and flashes from every direction among the hollows of the links. Mr. Huddleston staggered, uttered a weird and freezing cry, threw up his arms over his head and fell backward on the turf.

"Traditore! Traditore!" cried the invisible avengers.

And just then a part of the roof of the pavilion fell in, so rapid was the progress of the fire. A loud, vague and horrible noise accompanied the collapse, and a vast volume of flame went soaring up to heaven. Huddleston, although God knows what were his obsequies, had a fine pyre at the moment of his death.

CHAPTER IX.

I should have the greatest difficulty to tell you what followed next after this tragic circumstance. It is all to me, as I look back upon it, mixed, strenuous and ineffectual, like the struggles of a sleeper in a nightmare. Clara, I remember, uttered a broken sigh and would have fallen forward to earth had not Northmour and I supported her insensible body. I do not think we were attacked; I do not remember even to have seen an assailant; and I believe we deserved Mr. Huddleston without a glance. I only remember running like a man in a panic, now carrying Clara altogether in my own arms, now sharing her weight with Northmour, now scuffling confusedly for the possession of that dear burden.

Why we should have made for my camp in the Hemlock Den, or how we reached it, are points lost forever to my recollection. The first moment at which I became completely sane, Clara had been suffered to fall against the outside of my little tent, Northmour and I were tumbling together on the ground, and he, with continued ferocity, was striking for my head with the butt of his revolver. He had already twice wounded me on the scalp, and it is to the consequent loss of blood that I am tempted to attribute the sudden clearness of my mind.

I caught him by the wrist.

"Northmour!" I remember saying, "you can kill me afterwards. Let us first attend to Clara."

He was at that moment uppermost. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when he had leaped to us feet, and ran toward the tent, and the next moment he was straining Clara to his heart and covering her unconscious hands and face with his care-see.

"Shame!" I cried. "Shame to you, Northmour!"

And, giddy though I still was, I struck him repeatedly upon the head and shoulders.

He relinquished his grasp, and faced me in the broken moonlight.

"I had you under and let you go," said he; "and now you strike me! Coward!"

"You are the coward," I retorted. "Did she wish your kisses while she was still sensible of what she wanted? Not she! And now she may be dying, and you waste this precious time, and

abuse her helplessness. Stand aside, and let me help her."

He confronted me for a moment, white and menacing; then suddenly he stepped aside.

"Help her, then," said he.

I threw myself on my knees beside her and loosened, as well as I was able, her dress and corset; but while I was thus engaged, a grasp descended on my shoulder.

"Keep your hands off her," said Northmour, fiercely. "Do you think I have no blood in my veins?"

"Northmour," I cried, "if you will neither help her yourself nor let me do so, do you know I shall have to kill you?"

"That is better!" he cried. "Let her die, also; where's the harm? Step aside from that girl and stand up to fight."

"You will observe," said I, half-rising, "that I have not kissed her yet."

"I dare you to!" he cried.

I do not know what possessed me; it was one of the things I am most ashamed of in my life, though as my wife used to say, I knew that my kisses would be always welcome were she dead or living; down I fell again upon my knees, parted the hair from her forehead, and, with the dearest respect, laid my lips for a moment on that cold brow.

"And now," said I, "I am at your service, Mr. Northmour."

But I saw, to my surprise, that he had turned his back upon me.

"Do you hear?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "I do. If you wish to fight, I am ready. If not, go on and save Clara. All is one to me."

I did not wait to be twice hidden; but, stooping again over Clara, continued my efforts to revive her. She still lay white and lifeless; I began to fear that her sweet spirit had indeed fled beyond recall, and horror and a sense of utter desolation seized upon my heart. I called her by name with the most endearing accents; I chafed and beat her hands; now I laid her head low, now supported it against my knee; but all seemed to be in vain, and the lids still lay heavy on her eyes.

"Northmour," I said, "there is my hat. For God's sake bring some water from the spring."

Almost in a moment he was by my side with the water.

"I have brought it in my own," said he. "You do not grudge me the privilege?"

"Northmour," I was beginning to say, as I laid her head and breast, but he interrupted me savagely.

"Oh, you hush up!" he said. "The best thing you can do is to say nothing."

I had certainly no desire to talk, my mind being swallowed up in concern for my dear love and her condition; so I continued in silence to do my best toward her recovery, and when the hat was empty, returned it to him with one word—"More." He had, perhaps, gone several times upon this errand when Clara opened her eyes.

"Now," said he, "since she is better, you can spare me, can you not? I wish you a good-night, Mr. Cassilis."

(To be continued.)

Tardy Reckoning.

"Ste-raw-berries, nice ripe ste-raw-berries," shouted the street vender as his horse jogged slowly through Bagley avenue. "How much are they?" asked the pretty young housewife who had hailed the peddler by waving a towel. "Ten cent a quart, mam. All Michigan strawberries, and the dew's on 'em yet, mam." "But I want a bushel, I'm going to have a sort of strawberry festival just among my relations, and I wouldn't run out of them for the world. How much for a bushel?" "Three and a half, mam." "Too much. You'll have to do better than that or I'll try some one else."

"I'll throw off a quarter," he said, and she nodded so that her voice might not betray her exultation. The he carried in thirty-two of the little measures that have the waistband about two inches from the bottom, received his money, and did not linger. Three minutes later the little woman rushed in the street, her eyebrows knitted, and her dimpled hands clinched, one over a lead pencil and the other over a crumpled piece of paper. But the peddler had vanished.—Detroit Free Press.

His Deduction.

"Paw," asked Elmer Grayneck, who had an inquiring mind, "what is a cyclorama?" "It's a mighty good thing to keep away from, that's what it is!" replied that astute agriculturist, his father. "Don't you remember that contraption that you seen a sharper workin' at the county fair, where you put your money on different colored spots, an' the swindler whirled a p'inter around, an' the more you'd put down the less you took up? W'al, that was a cyclorama."—New York Journal.

Tale of Three Cities.

"I see," said the ungrammatical Chicago man, "that they are going to try the experiment of mummifying Philadelphia bodies." "Before death?" asked the inane New Yorker.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Gas Meter's Claim.

The gas meter's claim to the champion liar's medal is disputed by the bicycle cyclometer.

Hair Hints

Is your hair dry, harsh, and brittle? Is it fading or turning gray? Is it falling out? Does dandruff trouble you? For any of all of these conditions there is an infallible remedy in Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"For years, I was troubled with dandruff, large flakes scaling and falling off, causing great annoyance. Sometimes the itching of the scalp was almost unendurable. Prescriptions from eminent physicians, put up in my own drug store were tried, but failed to afford relief. At length I used Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in one week I found it helped me. At the end of only two weeks, my head was entirely free from dandruff, and as clean as a child's. I heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor to all who are suffering from disease of the scalp."—Edwin Nordstrom, Drugs, etc., Sacred Heart, Miss.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor

FROM FACTORY TO USER DIRECT.

We make the Carriage, Waggon, Phaeton and Road Wagon. Every one who has used them has been thoroughly satisfied. The standard is now the only one to deal with the factory. He gets of us the best and lowest price than any agent asks for the low grade vehicle. We ship everywhere subject to examination. WE DELIVER on board cars Kansas City, Mo., or Gibson, Ind., or may suit purchaser. Send for catalogue with prices plainly printed. Write for it. We sell Farming Machines and the bestest kind of all well. All at Wholesale Prices. Add orders. No matter where you live, you are not too far away to do business with us and save money. Address: EDWARD W. WALKER CARRIAGE CO., GOMER, INDIANA.

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PARSHALLVILLE.

Jacob Griswold is some better at this writing.

Miss Hattie Smith is spending a few weeks at Petoskey.

Mrs. Wm. Roberts of Ispeming is visiting friends here.

Dr. Merriman is about to move his family to Alto near Grand Rapids.

Elmer Fredenburg and family have moved back from Mount Pleasant to live with his father.

As Pleasant as Maple Syrup.

Most remedies have something unpleasant to the taste and in consequence many people, especially children, dread the dose and put off entirely or delay the taking of the medicine that can do them. Not so with Dr. Cadwell's Syrup Pepsin—everybody likes its taste and when taken it will cure constipation and all kinds of stomach troubles. In 10, 50c and \$1.00 sizes of W. B. Darrow

PETTEYSVILLE

E. G. Carpenter was in Howell on business Friday.

Ed. and Chas. Mercer of Toledo visited their parents here over Sunday.

Amos Van Horn and wife of N. J., are the guests of C. B. Weller and family.

Will Peck is drawing milk for Bert Hause while Mr. Hause is harvesting.

Mesdames Anna Rohrgrass and G. P. Lambertson were in Howell Monday.

The people in this vicinity are nearly all through harvest and preparing for rain.

Miss Loretta Shehan has secured a position in Traverse City as teacher and went there the past week.

NOTICE.

I will sell my stock and tools at auction on my premises in Hamburg, four miles east and one mile south of Pinckney on Thursday, July 28, at 1 o'clock p. m. Mrs. HENRY ROHRGRASS.

UNADILLA.

Mrs. Minnie Mills was in Fowlerville Sunday.

John McComb of Pinckney was in town Monday.

Gil Stock is painting buggies for John Dunning.

Geo. May of Jackson visited relatives here Sunday.

Ed. Joslin and wife visited at D. M. Joslin's Sunday.

A. C. Watson is having a bay window built on his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour May are spending the summer at Myra May's.

Miss Gilbert of Howell visited her friend, Miss Kate Barnum last week.

Miss Sarah Bunker was quite ill last week but is much better at this writing.

James Durkee and family of Anderson visited at Mrs. Nancy May's over Sunday.

Patriotic sermons were the order of the day here Sunday and were listened to by quite good sized congregations.

Mrs. S. G. Ives and niece, Miss Kittie Livermore are spending a couple of months with relatives at Mt. Clemens, Mich., and Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE.

I hereby forbid anyone from dumping any rubbish in the highway beside of my farm. F. D. Johnson.

GREGORY.

F. V. Fish was in East Putnam Sunday.

Stanley Marsh spent Sunday in Pinckney.

Mrs. A. Hopkins was in Pinckney Monday.

Mjohael Roche of Camp Eaton was here Sunday.

Miss Agnes McClear was in Pinckney Sunday.

Miss Alma Willard returned from Lansing Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntee were in Pinckney over Sunday.

W. H. Clark and wife called on friends in Plainfield Sunday.

Lawrence McClear has the stone on the ground for a new barn.

A carload of lumber has been received for the Maccabee hall.

There is talk of a drug store in town; what is the matter of Gregory.

Howlett Bros. sold three binders and a mowing machine last Friday.

F. J. Voegts has a brand new sidewalk on the north side of his harness shop.

Miss Nettie Daniels is home from California to spend the summer vacation.

Willie Smith left Monday for Detroit where he expected to take a sail boat and go to Lake Erie.

A stone wall is being built on the north side of the bean house. Paul McClear is doing the work.

A sister and niece of U. S. Gates who live in New York, visited friends in this vicinity the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Ellis entertained Mr. Ellis' mother of Hillsdale and a sister from South Dakota the past week.

A good butcher shop would be a nice thing for this place and we think it would pay well if rightly managed. An opportunity for some one. Don't miss it.

Taylor Kuhn & Co., store is the place where you can see to count your money as it is the only place in town lighted by acetyline gas. The fixtures were furnished and put in by L. S. Marsh.

The hotel at this place has been repaired and the traveling public may now find first class accommodations when visiting our village. If you want a night's lodging, a good meat of victuals or a livery just call on Mr. and Mrs. Caverly of the Gregory House.

Headache and Neuralgia cured by Dr. MITER'S PAIN PILLS. "Ouch cant a dose."

SOME persons say it is natural for them to lose flesh during summer. But losing flesh is losing ground. Can you afford to approach another winter in this weakened condition?

Coughs and colds, weak throats and lungs, come quickest to those who are thin in flesh, to those easily chilled, to those who have poor circulation and feeble digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypophosphites does just as much good in summer as in winter. It makes flesh in August as well as April. You certainly need as strong nerves in July as in January. And your weak throat and lungs should be healed and strengthened without delay.

All Druggists, etc. and SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

WRITES WITH BOTH HANDS.

Wonderful feat of penmanship performed by an Australian.

Wrapper writing is, it would seem, a popular way of earning a livelihood with the inmates of Rowton house, a 6-penny hotel. Here is an amusing story of the perfection to which it may be brought by practice and a strong will:

"There is a tradition lingering among the elder brethren of the wrapper writing profession to the effect that, once upon a time, when the work was better paid than now, a young man from Australia turned up and ventured as a last resource into their sphere of labor. He spent his all and found himself stranded until funds should arrive from the antipodes. So, on the suggestion of an acquaintance, he applied for a job at the world famed firm of Schmidt & Co. On being duly installed and supplied with 500 envelopes and some pages from a directory he looked around and asked for a pen.

"But you have one already," said the young man in authority.

"I want two," said the Australian, and an interested and obliging fellow scribe supplied the need. The scene which thereupon ensued baffles description, for the colonial, separating the pile of envelopes into two equal lots, began copying the addresses by writing simultaneously with both hands. So runs the legend, at least, and, furthermore, it is averred that his rapidity was such as to put the 'sloggers' to shame. Fifty pens dropped from the nerveless grasp of those who but a minute before had been writing against time and as if for dear life. A hundred eyes were fixed in astonishment on the unknown one. Presently the young overseer who superintended the labors of many old enough to be his grandfather rose and timidly said he would consult 'the governor.' The latter arrived, and, the situation being explained, the Australian was turned into a loose box all by himself and fed with another thousand or so of envelopes. At this rate he earned enough in two or three weeks to enable him to last out comfortably until the remittances arrived; then he went home and Schmidt's knew him no more. We asked the old gentleman who told us this yarn to fill his pipe and have another cup of tea, for we thought he deserved both.—London Telegraph.

A PROMOTER OF PROFANITY.

Phone Subscribers Could Stand Anything but This Talking Machine.

A wholly unexpected difficulty attends the use of an invention which was adopted with enthusiasm in the San Francisco telephone office recently. It consists in applying an automatic phonograph to a telephone switch-board, so that if the line was in use the phonograph answered, "Busy now; call up later." The difficulty developed in practice was that people who called up several times in a few minutes on a busy wire found the monotonous tone and form of the reply intensely irritating. They did not know that the answer was given by a machine. As often as they complained or demanded an explanation the answer came in the even, indifferent tone, and in precisely the same words. Abuse and threats had no effect. After the wildest reproaches the voice from the operators' room merely said, "Busy now; call up later." Subscribers became so angry that the managers were afraid to continue the use of the invention. One of them remarked to a visitor who had listened to blood-thirsty remarks over the wire: "That is one of the drawbacks of this invention. It excites profane men unduly, and it might lead to violence."

It does not appear that the apparatus has been withdrawn yet, but it is likely to be if there is much more trouble. Yet it is a useful thing in itself, and if the public were once made to understand that it is not an insolent human being, but an innocent machine, just as passionless as it sounds, the whole difficulty might be removed. Anyway, there should be nothing that adds to the irritation inevitably caused at times to telephone subscribers who are in a hurry. Their case is pitiable enough now.—Hartford Times.

Giving Mrs. the Choice. Tit-Bits: Mother—Johnny, I see your little brother has the smaller apple. Did you give him his choice, as I suggested? Johnny—Yes'm; I told him he could have his choice—the little one or none—and he took the little one.

Her Unconscious Patriotism. "Our landlady ought to get a pension after this cruel war is over." "Why?" "She has done more than anybody I know of to drive men to enlist."

LOCAL NEWS.

The shrill voice of the steam threshor is again heard in the land.

Miss Nellie Bennett is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. W. Barnard.

Miss Gertrude Andrews of Toledo is the guest of relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Jennie Clinton, who has been teaching in Sparta is home for a few days.

O. E. at the usual hour next Sunday evening. Mrs. H. H. Swarouth, leader.

Miss Lizzie Geraghty of Dexter was the guest of Miss Mame Sigler Tuesday afternoon.

G. A. Sigler had his steamer on Portage lake putting in the engine Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Florence Andrews is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Parshallville and Owosso.

We hear farmers complaining a great deal about grasshoppers this year. Some late hay is entirely destroyed.

F. L. Andrews left here Wednesday evening for Detroit to make arrangements for a party who leave for Mackinac Island on the D. & C. steamer Friday. The party will be composed of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Andrews and Miss Nettie Hall of Pinckney, E. E. Lohnes and Miss Maude Cole of Owosso and Miss Kate Becker of Detroit. They will remain at the Island about ten days.

Crop Report.

The acreage of wheat grown in Michigan this year is, approximately, 1,710,000 acres.

This total is the footing of the column "acres now on the ground" as returned by supervisors in the Farm Statistics last spring, though for a few townships not yet received or footed the acreage has been carefully estimated.

The average yield per acre in the state is estimated at 18.74 bushels. This estimate is based on nearly 1,150 reports covering all parts of the state. More than 700 are from southern counties and more than 300 from central counties. The estimate, however, must be understood to represent simply the best judgement of our correspondents while the grain uncut or

in shock, as when made no threshing had been done. The estimate points to a crop of about 28,600,000 bushels. Harvest is full two weeks earlier than in 1897. With good weather it will be completed by the 10th to 15th, or about the time begun last year. The number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in June is 1,132,931, as

compared with 490,278 reported marketed in June 1897, and the amount marketed in the eleven months, August-June, is 16,622,661 bushels, as compared with 9,465,582 bushels in the same months last year.

The area planted to corn is about normal and the crop is in excellent condition. The condition is 22 per cent higher than one year ago. The average condition of oats is 91. The estimated area planted to beans is 91 per cent and to potatoes 96 per cent of area in average years. For potatoes the percentage for the southern and central counties is 95, for the northern 104, and for the upper peninsula 100. In condition this crop averages 96.

Meadows and pastures and clover sowed this year average about 90. The hay crop of this year is fairly good and secured in fine condition. Apples promise in the state 80 per cent and peaches 74 per cent of average crops. The figures for the southern counties are, apples 74 and peaches 71. One year ago the outlook was for less than a half crop of apples and for less than one fourth crop of peaches.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Livingston, made on the 2nd day of July a. d. 1898, six months from date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Esther F. Wright deceased.

And all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the village of Howell for examination and allowance, on or before the 2nd day of January next, and that such claims will be heard before said court on Monday, the 2nd day of October and on Monday the 2nd day of January next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days. Dated: Howell, July 2, 1898.

ALBRED M. DAVIS, Judge of Probate.

Plan Your Summer Outing Now. Go To Picturesque Mackinac via The Coast Line.

It only costs \$13.50 from Detroit, \$15.50 from Toledo, \$18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. One thousand miles of lake ride on new modern steel steamships for the above rates. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address, A. A. Schantz & P. A., Detroit, Mich.

RED MARK SALE.

Respectfully

L. H. FIELD.

Jackson, Mich