



LOCAL NEWS.

Michigan State Fair Sept. 25-29—Book just out.

Mrs. A. J. Yoncker spent the past week visiting in Pewamo.

Alex. Pyper of Unadilla, was a caller at this office Tuesday.

The write-up of the Unadilla farmers club appears on page 4.

Edward Bowers, who has been camping at Pleasant lake, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wallace entertained Mr. and Mrs. McClure of Jackson the first of the week.

Chas. Grimes attended the teacher's institute at Howell the first of the week, and from there went to Lansing on a visit.

Jas. Allen of Chicago and sister, Mrs. Bruff of Saginaw, were visitors here over Sunday. They were former residents here.

A. B. Cordley has been granted an extension of his vacation, by the faculty of the University at Corvallis, Oregon, until Jan. 1.

A family passed through this place Monday, bound for Lansing where they are to make it their home in the future. They came from Pennsylvania and had made the trip overland in a covered wagon.

A call is being sent out for a conference of health officers of Michigan at Grand Rapids either September 28 and 29 or October 26 and 27. The health officers of cities and villages are expected to attend.

The ladies of the Cong'l church will give a lawn social at the residence of W. A. Carr on Saturday evening of this week, Aug. 26. Ice cream and cake will be served and the band is expected to furnish music. Everyone invited.

The -- Surprise Store,
HOWELL .. MICHIGAN.

When you visit Howell, visit us. You are welcome at any time. We sell good merchandise at bargain prices—all prices in plain figures and a pleasure to show you around. We are carrying an immense stock of goods for the fall trade. Come and see our goods then

MATCH US IF YOU CAN.

E. A. BOWMAN'S

Up-To-Date Bazaar.

Moon Building, next to Postoffice, Howell Mich.

Nellie Bowers returned from Leslie, Monday, where she has been visiting.

The M. A. L. makes a single fare for the round trip to the farmer's picnic at Whitmore Lake, Saturday, Aug. 26. Going and returning on the regular train.

The Misses Boyle and Halstead, who have been visiting their parents and other friends in Leslie for a couple of weeks, returned to their work here on Monday.

Nelson McCullough, sheriff of Gratiot county, shook hands with many old friends in this place the first of the week. He was a former resident of Pinckney.

About one week more and the country will be given over to fairs and street carnivals which will make a place to go and spend some of the hard earnings.

Perhaps your neighbor is to polite to tell you so, but still he does not like to loan you his paper. Subscribe for it yourself and you will not regret it. See what we are offering for \$1.

H. E. Johnson, who has been employed in the Racket store for some time past, has resigned his position, and has accepted a position as traveling salesman for the Crescent Manufacturing Co. of Ann Arbor. He commenced his new work Monday.—Livingston Herald. Mr. Johnson's many friends here wish him success.

Are You Interested?

There will be a meeting of those interested in the cemetery, on Saturday, Sept. 2, at the town hall, for the purpose of electing officers and transacting any business that may come before the meeting.

By order of the Board.

None of 'em in This Town(?)

An exchange very aptly remarks that merchants who want newspaper men to roast grocery peddlers, cheap John stores and the like, would make newspaper men feel a good deal more like doing so if these same merchants would quit using the free letter heads of soap firms and baking powder statements, sidewalk advertisements and rubber stamps, and patronize home papers.

Will It End in Talk? We Hope Not.

We clip the following from Saturday's Journal, and if there is any foundation to the report, the citizens along the M. A. L. have every reason to rejoice:

Several Grand Trunk officials yesterday inspected the road between Jackson and Pontiac and also the company's property at Jackson. The Grand Trunk is looking for a southern outlet and it is stated on good authority that there will be a connection made with the Cincinnati Northern and the two terminals here joined.

FIRE IN THE CEMETERY.

Did Considerable Damage.

On Sunday last, while James Allen, of Chicago, and sister, Mrs. Bruff, of Saginaw, were in the cemetery Mr. Allen threw away a cigar stub and in a few moments a fire was kindled that made them think of a warmer clime. The alarm was given and many citizens turned out to fight the element, but it gained so rapidly that nothing could be done but to let it burn out. After burning over the entire cemetery, destroying considerable fence shrubs etc., it went out. While the fire made a clean sweep it is hoped all shrubs and trees are not killed. It certainly cleaned the ground of grass and weeds in a hurry.

AMONG OUR SISTER VILLAGES.

Dexter is to have a laundry.

The Fowlerville High school has just completed their annual catalogue.

Some patron of the Fowlerville postoffice is using cancelled stamps and is warned to resist or take the penalty.

The teacher's institute at Howell was a success this week both in numbers and interest. Nearly 150 were in attendance.

An electric car ran away in Ann Arbor, one day last week, and made things exciting for a time. The car was loaded with passengers but no one was injured.

Chelsea was one of the places to which the explosive kerosene oil was shipped by the Michigan Central. Last week an official came along and poured the oil out on the ground and the company has been using borrowed oil since.

The Livingston Herald believes in severe measures to abate the tramp nuisance. He thinks that the ordinance should make those arrested work, and if they will not work, tie them up and whip 'em. Almost any thing to rid the country of that class of people.

A man in Lima is trying to get possession of a homestead of 160 acres of land in the bottom of Four Mile lake. It was formerly considered valueless and a title to it is now wanted, as it is found to contain extensive marl deposits, and plans have been made for the erection of extensive Portland cement works there.

A Frankfort farmer comes to the front with a new idea which is certainly worth trying. He sprays his cows in summer with a solution of carbolic acid—one and a half cups full to a large pail of water—and the flies don't bother the animals at all. He sprays the animals once a week during the warm weather, wetting them thoroughly. He says a fly won't even light on them after spraying.—Frankfort Patriot.

When in Want of Anything in

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

TOILET ARTICLES,

Books and Stationery,

GIVE US A CALL.

Also

WALL PAPER.

The latest styles and patterns.

An Elegant Line of GLASSWARE and CHINA.

F. A. SIGLER.

AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE.

New and Seasonable Goods.

Hammocks, Largest line in town.

Refrigerators.

Ice Cream Freezers.

Lawn Sprinklers and Hose.

Lawn Mowers.

Screen Doors and Window Screen.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves.

Plumbing, Eave Troughing, Furnace Work.

TEEPLE & CADWELL.

CLOTHING!

This season we represent Fred Kauffmann, one of Chicago's best tailors. All goods from this house are guaranteed to be strictly MADE TO MEASURE—Also a PERFECT FIT. This house makes suits to measure for boys as well as men. We will make silk vests a specialty, they are the style. From \$3.50 up. Suits from \$12 up.

We also represent the Celebrated Work Brothers, of Chicago, for ready made Clothing, the latest in style and thoroughly well made. For Mackintoshes for men, and rubber capes and skirts for Ladies, we represent the Dundee Rubber Co., of Chicago. We shall always be glad to show you our samples in all these lines, and solicit your patronage. K. H. CRANE.

Serge Suits

The banner garments of the season

Blue is the color

\$12.50 the price per suit

MADE TO MEASURE

BY

Fred Kauffmann

The American Tailor CHICAGO

You will reproach yourself if you buy before examining

STYLE 5678

Ask his local representative

K. H. CRANE

to show you the pattern and the "other sergees."

Special Goods that we wish to

Push This Week.

20 Pieces Print at 24c per yard.

All French Ginghams at 74c per yard.

Fine White Dimities that sold at 15c, for 94c.

5 Pieces of 10c Tennis Flannel, at 74c.

Fine Chenill Table Covers for 47c.

Men's Fine Night Shirts for 47c.

Royal Tiger Groceries Will Please You.

Royal Tiger Rolled Oats, 2-lb package,	9c.
" " Cracked Wheat, 2-lb "	13c.
" " Wheat Farina 1-lb "	8c.
" " Tapioca, 1-lb "	8c.
" " Sago, 1-lb "	8c.

Call and try a package of these goods and you will buy more.

W. W. Barnard.

MICHIGAN NEWS SUMMARY.

Doings of the Week Recorded in a Brief Style.

CONCISE AND INTERESTING.

The Secretary of State's Report of the Deaths for the Month of July Shows an Increase of 195 Over June—A Flogging Affair in Midland County.

2,399 Deaths in the State in July.
There were 2,399 deaths reported to the secretary of state for the month of July. This is an increase of 195 over the number registered for the previous month and corresponds to a death rate of 15.1 per 1,000 reporting population. There were 480 deaths of infants under 1 year of age, 169 deaths of children aged 1 to 4 years, and 603 deaths of persons aged 65 years and over. The only marked increase is in the first group, which corresponds to an increased mortality of infants from cholera infantum. Deaths from certain important diseases were as follows: Pulmonary consumption, 142; other forms of tuberculosis, 45; typhoid fever, 41; diphtheria and croup, 17; scarlet fever, 7; measles, 6; whooping cough, 20; pneumonia, 66; diarrheal diseases of children under 5 years of age, 265; cerebro spinal meningitis, 52; cancer, 107; accidents and violence, 175. Both typhoid fever and diarrheal diseases of children show a considerable increase for the month. Other diseases are about the same as in June, or else show a reduced mortality.

Idleness a Large Factor in Crime.
The joint meeting of prison boards of Michigan was held at Petoskey on the 15th. Warden Otis Fuller of the State house of correction read his annual report for the year ending June 30, 1899. The report showed a reduction of prisoners in the past two years of 74, and of 146 in four years. The warden says this is probably due to improved business and the late war, indicating that idleness is a large factor in crime. Of 94 paroles from the Ionia prison since Aug. 8, 1895, but six per cent have violated the parole law, the satisfactory results of the law being due to the good judgment of the Ionia board and the governor. Only \$30,000 was drawn from the State treasury in the past year, or \$66 for each inmate as against \$212 per year for the four years ending June 30, 1894, and \$113 per year for the four years ending June 30, 1898. This favorable result is probably due to large sales and small purchases in closing out the furniture department.

Lightning's Strange Antic.
Lightning plays some remarkable antics with men and things, and one of the strangest and most extraordinary escapes from its death-dealing powers has been experienced by Henry J. Ford, of Detroit. Mr. Ford is a traveling salesman for D. M. Ferry Seed Co., and was driving across country between the towns of Entronco and Six Miles, a short distance from Saginaw, when the rain overtook him. On noticing the approaching storm he obtained shelter for himself and team in a farmer's barn. He had been inside the barn about 10 minutes when he was struck down and both of his horses instantly killed. Mr. Ford was unable to move for an hour, but no other member of the party in the barn had been touched. When he recovered the use of his senses he found that the electric fluid had traversed his body from the elbow of his right arm, across his chest, severely burning his left side and melting a gold watch charm.

Not Such Poor Land After All.
Although the experimental station of the Agricultural college, which was located in Crawford county near Grayling, was abandoned because of the alleged unfruitfulness of the soil, the farmers who have settled on the so-called pine barrens in that section have no complaint to make. Farmers living within a radius of four miles of the abandoned experimental station have this year purchased 18 mowers, one reaper, eight binders and 11 farm wagons. This machinery was bought for use and not for fun.

Rejoicing at Benton Harbor.
Since the burning of Yore's opera house, three years ago, Benton Harbor has been praying for a play house, and now the city is rejoicing. On the 14th a franchise was granted for the construction of an electric road to connect the various resorts about the city, and as soon as it was given the promoters of the road surprised the aldermen by showing the plans of a \$25,000 opera house that they have arranged to build there.

State Tax Commission at Work.
The State tax commission held a meeting at Lansing on the 15th to consider measures regarding the collection of necessary data from assessors of every county to better facilitate the work of the commission. A circular letter has been prepared, asking for such information as is required, and this will soon be followed by full set of blanks which are now in the hands of the printer.

STATE GOSSIP.

Holland is likely to have a stove factory before long.
L. Y. Adams, of Vicksburg, lost 35 sheep by the dog route recently.
Grand Rapids coal dealers say that hard coal will sell for \$7 per ton in the fall.

A Chicago firm with a capital of \$250,000 will build a match factory at Lansing.

Food Commissioner Grosvenor has begun a pure food campaign in the upper peninsula.

Fifty-eight pioneers died in Kalamazoo county during the past year, at an average of 73 years.

A heavy frost prevailed in Ogemaw county on the 15th which did considerable damage to vegetation.

Police Officer Bob Humes, of Marquette, who was shot by thugs, may recover. His assailants are yet at liberty.

Ionia has sold its \$30,000 of 3 1/2 per cent 20-year water bonds to Dennison, Prior & Co., of Cleveland, at par and \$50 premium.

Alfred W. Dwight, one of Michigan's oldest and most respected citizens, died at the family residence, Detroit, on the 16th, aged 85.

The 17th Michigan volunteer infantry, known as the stonewall regiment, will hold its annual reunion at Coldwater on Sept. 14.

A heavy wind recently ruined several fine apple orchards in the vicinity of Hartford, shaking 1,000 bushels of fine winter apples to the ground.

While at a dance at Ingalls, Menominee county, Mrs. Alonzo Baker fell dead from fright during a drunken brawl, which occurred on the floor.

The tax rate at Cassopolis is but six mills on the dollar, and the vigilant boasts that no other village of the size in the state is governed so cheaply.

Ten farmers in the vicinity of Williamston, Ingham county, own 4,600 acres of land and have on hand 3,540 sheep, 2,620 head of cattle and 1,100 hogs.

Marshall's council is getting good, they have granted bicycle riders the use of all sidewalks except on two streets. The mayor has not had his say yet.

The Postal Telegraph Co. will construct lines along the route of the Columbus, Marshall & Northeastern railroad, which will run from Marshall to Charlotte.

Nathan Tinker Draper, of Grand Rapids, claims to be the oldest man in Michigan. He shows documents which prove that on Sept. 6 next he will be 106 years old.

The Rapid Railway Co. have begun laying steel between Chesterfield and Mt. Clemens. Work on the new power house at New Baltimore is progressing as fast as possible.

Silas A. Scofield, the veteran furniture dealer and undertaker, of Morenci, claims he holds the record in the undertaking line. In 47 years he has buried 4,277 people.

The Detroit, Plymouth & Northville Electric railway will be in operation to Northville by Sept. 1, and on that date the town will hold a celebration in honor of the event.

There are so many thugs and hoboes at Houghton that the authorities have authorized the sheriff to organize a ball and chain gang and set prisoners at work on the rock piles.

Although the strangling bug has been denounced as a fake, an insect which corresponds exactly with the description of the famous bug, was caught at Mason recently.

A special election which was held at Cheboygan for the purpose of bonding the city for \$25,000 for public improvements, resulted in a 95 per cent majority in favor of bonding.

Although the Lawton grape crop this year will be smaller than last, the local paper estimates its value will not be less than \$150,000. Last year the crop exceeded 700 carloads.

Harrison will get that heading mill she was after, the deal having been closed and a stock company now in process of formation. The plant is to be running within 90 days.

N. W. Harris & Co., of Chicago, is suing St. Joseph for \$5,000 damages because that city rescinded its action after accepting the firm's offer for an issue of \$50,000 worth of bonds.

Bicycle thieves are busy in Jackson. Seven wheels have been stolen within a week. One thief sold a wheel to an unsuspected person while the owner stood by with his back turned.

Notwithstanding farmers are offering \$20 to \$25 per month and board for farm help, and are unable to secure it, Battle Creek is still overrun with hoboes who beg from door to door.

The Globe house, an old landmark at Ionia, was destroyed by fire on the 15th. It has long been an eyesore to the inhabitants of the city, and its destruction did not cause any weeping.

Walter Bastedo, aged 15 years, and Myrtle Demain, aged 19 years, were married at Pontiac last week. Bastedo gave his age as 20 and that of the girl as 18. Bastedo's father, who lives at Seymour Lake, has had the couple arrested.

The farmers of Montmorency county are turning their attention to sheep raising, and it will soon be an important industry in that county. They will go into the business on a large scale.

Farmers in western Oakland county are becoming alarmed at the continued drouth, the dry weather and high winds having dried up things so badly that all crops are looking in poor condition.

There is said to be a great scarcity of teachers in Mason county this year for the district school work, barely half enough experienced teachers to fill the schools holding certificates in the county.

Mabel Misener, aged 12 years, while riding on a bicycle at Lapeer, rode between the front legs of a horse. The animal reared and the girl passed safely under it. She escaped with a slight scalp wound.

Lars Atrup, ex-sheriff of Menominee county, and his brother, Harold Atrup, of Fisher, have been notified that they have fallen heirs to a legacy of 400,000 crowns, equivalent to over \$100,000, by the death of a rich uncle in Norway.

William Henry, an Indian, 80 years of age, and well known at Alger, was found dead in the woods recently with his head badly eaten by wild animals and cranes. He was prominent among the Indians as a preacher and interpreter.

In Jackson they have an ordinance that prescribes certain hours in which citizens must sprinkle their lawns. One hot day recently 20 good citizens violated the law and were obliged to drop \$1 in the slot or have their water turned off.

A Pipestone man tried to shoot a dog in the road recently, but his shot struck a little son of a neighbor. The injury to the boy was slight, but it cost the shooter \$100 to square matters with the youngster's father for his bad marksmanship.

When residents of Northville became disgusted with the appearance of some rookery in the village, the people living on the street upon which it stands club together and purchase the building. Then they have it torn down and burn the lumber.

Hillsdale county people are congratulating themselves that they built their new courthouse when they did. It cost \$45,000, but now, it is estimated, it couldn't be matched for less than \$60,000, owing to the great advance in all kinds of building materials.

Rural mail delivery has been established at Grass Lake and will go into operation September 1. The postoffice at Sharonville has been discontinued and the mail will be distributed daily to all residents within a radius of 12 miles east and south of Grass Lake.

Swindlers are working old soldiers and widows of veterans in the vicinity of South Haven. They charge from \$1 to \$5 for examining their pension papers, and, of course, find them wrong and promise to return next day and arrange for readjustment, but do not show up again.

The discovery of valuable marl beds near the village of Clarkston has created considerable excitement. A company has offered to locate a \$500,000 cement factory there if suitable banks of clay can be found. On the 13th every man who owned a spade was out digging for clay.

Residents of Dimondale and vicinity are much excited over the reports made by a prospector named William Engle, who has been investigating the land adjacent to the stone quarries. It is said he has found some valuable specimens of stone, and it is hinted that he is after coal.

By the death of Mrs. Lizzie Whitlock, of Bataavia township, Branch county, probably the heaviest woman in the state has been removed. On Aug. 13th she weighed exactly 650 pounds. The casket was so large that it could not be placed in a hearse. For years she traveled with Barnum's circus.

Rev. C. M. Anderson, a superannuated Methodist minister who resides in Metamora, celebrated his 73d birthday last August by a dinner to his old friends. Thirteen persons dined at the table, and Uncle Andrew Johnson was the first to rise from the table. Within the year Mr. Johnson died, and thus the old adage was again fulfilled.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl F. Wilson, of Harrison, went to Flint on the 15th to attend a family reunion. While being driven from the depot to the family residence the horse became frightened and ran away. Mrs. Wilson jumped, or was thrown out of the rig, receiving injuries from which she died 10 minutes later. The homestead, where gaiety was to have held sway, was turned into mourning.

William Powers, an alleged expert pickpocket, was arrested at Benton Harbor during the visit of a circus in that town, charged with plying his trade. On the 15th occurred his trial before Justice Graves, Prosecuting Attorney Valentine appearing for the people. At an alarm of fire the justice, attorneys and officers thoughtlessly ran out of the room to watch the fire department go by, and the culprit seized his opportunity and made good his escape.

FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE

By Telegraph Giving a Brief Resume of the Week's Events.

RELIABLE AND INTERESTING.

Great Britain has 20,000 Men Under Orders for South Africa if the Transvaal Matter is not Satisfactorily Settled—250 Soldiers Killed in China.

Boers and Britishers Near War.
The prevalent opinion in England is that President Kruger is playing a great game of bluff at Pretoria. He held a long session with the secretary of state and the attorney-general at the telegraph office on the 14th. He was apparently communicating with the Orange Free State. Orders have been issued to the field cornets to supply all unarmed burghers with Mauser rifles free of charge. The British government, on its side, is making counter preparations. Quantities of war stores have been forwarded to Bechuanaland, and the North Lancashire regiment is under orders to proceed there at a moment's notice. Since it is expected the Boers would make a dash for Kimberley in order to cut off the Cape from Rhodesia, the British are preparing to guard the railway bridge across the Vaal river at Fourteen Streams, where the Boers have a field battery.

Later—The Transvaal situation is unchanged. Great Britain's demand for a joint inquiry as to the effect upon the Uitlanders of the proposed franchise reform measures, makes matters look more serious, and the British war office has completed arrangements for an emergency force of 20,000 men to be ready to leave for South Africa within a week.

Transport's Exciting Trip.
The U. S. Transport Centennial arrived at San Francisco from Manila on the 13th, after a very exciting round trip. She narrowly missed a couple of typhoons, was ashore on a coral reef, where the entire crew barely escaped capture at the hands of the Filipinos; one of the sailors was killed by a parting hawser and one of the quartermasters was stabbed by a colored cook. Because of the stabbing Charles Wilson, of the Centennial's galley staff, arrived here in irons, while Herman Brevey, the transport's quartermaster, must go to a hospital. During the lightning process, necessary to get the Centennial off the reef near Manila, on her outward trip, a quantity of government stores to the value of \$12,000 had to be jettisoned, and were eagerly appropriated by the Filipinos, who swarmed about the reef and made more than one attack for the purpose of capturing the vessel and crew.

Swallowed Spoons and Needles.
Eliza Day, colored, aged 60, a patient at the Columbus state hospital, who was received from Marion, O., 10 years ago, died recently from peritonitis. An autopsy revealed in her stomach the handles of five silver spoons and 50 jambric needles, and in the bowels nearly 50 more needles. About a year ago the woman told an attendant she had swallowed several spoons, but an examination failed to disclose the presence of any foreign substance in her stomach, and the woman never appeared to suffer any pain. The bowls of the spoons are supposed to have been corroded by the acids of the stomach.

Dreyfus' Counsel Sues.
Two men ambushed Maltre Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, while he was on his way home from the Lycee on the morning of the 14th, and shot him in the back. Labori fell where he was shot and the would-be murderers made their escape. A later story has it that M. Labori was shot in the temple by a man who fired a shot at him outside the court, and that the miscreant was arrested. Labori was still alive at last accounts, but physicians fear he will die from the wound.

Later—Labori's physician now believes he is out of danger.

Natal Farmers Resolve to Fight.
A dispatch from Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal, says that at a farmers' meeting, called there to consider the defense of the colony, it was resolved that the duty of every loyal, able-bodied colonist, able to rise and shoot, was to aid in the defense of the colony against invasion, and it was announced that the volunteers would be sent to the frontier in the event of war and that the rifle associations would be left to defend their own districts, while the farmers go to the front and show them something.

Increase in Imports.
The monthly statement of the imports and exports of the United States issued by the treasury bureau of statistics shows that during the month of July the imports of merchandise amounted to \$59,922,178, of which nearly \$26,000,000 was free of duty. The increase as compared with July, 1898, was about \$9,000,000. The exports of domestic merchandise during July amounted to \$92,958,408, an increase of over \$10,000,000.

WAR NOTES.
The following from the battle fields in the vicinity of Calulut has been received: The insurgents lost heavily in the fighting around Calulut. It is believed that 100 were killed and 300 or 400 wounded. The Iowa regiment killed 30 in one place, and one company of the 17th suddenly encountered a party of rebels in a trench and killed 13. The American loss was five killed and 31 wounded, including three officers. The attack was a complete surprise to the insurgents, who had no idea that a movement was intended until the armored car opened a deadly fire with two gatlings, a revolving cannon and a six-pounder. A majority of the Filipinos were asleep when the attack was made. The Americans maintained almost a perfect line four miles long, through canebreaks where they could see nothing ahead. The mud in places was knee deep in the rice fields and jungles, and through the ditches flowed small rivers several feet deep. The Filipinos tried to ambush the Americans several times, the country in the neighborhood being well adapted to these tactics, but the troops stopped for nothing, forcing their way through or over obstacles and firing whenever they could locate the fleeing enemy. The officers highly commend the recruits of the various regiments.

United States troops now serving in Cuba are to be brought to the United States for the purpose of giving the men a change of climate and an opportunity to recuperate. All the regiments will not be brought home at once, but arrangements will be made so that a battalion of the different organizations may be absent at one time. When they have remained what is deemed a sufficient period in this country, they will return and relieve their comrades in the regiments, this practice being kept up until the entire body has enjoyed a rest in this country.

A force of United States troops from Quingua, four miles northeast of Malolos, and from Bolinao, near Bustos, about six miles northeast of Quingua, encountered a body of insurgents, estimated at about 500, half way between Bustos and Quingua. In the engagement that ensued the Filipinos were severely punished and scattered. The Americans lost one man killed. The insurgents are said to have been under command of Gen. Pio-del Pilar and to have had in view tearing up the railway at Bocaue and Bigaa, about three miles northeast of Butaca.

Gen. Brooke is to be recalled to Washington for consultation with the secretary of war. There is a possibility of his remaining in this country and his duties in Cuba being assumed by Gen. Wood. The war department officials profess the utmost confidence in the ability of Gen. Brooke to administer the affairs of the island and say that his recall to Washington is not significant of a change in the administrative affairs of the Cuban metropolis.

Secretary of War Root has under consideration the advisability of increasing the number of the additional volunteer regiments to seven and even to 10. He is not entirely satisfied that five regiments will be a sufficient reserve force to meet all the possibilities of the situation in a safe way, and he is determined that if any error is made it shall be on the side of having too many rather than not having enough soldiers to make swift victory certain.

A reconnoissance on the 13th by troops of Gen. Samuel B. M. Youngs' brigade with the object of discovering the whereabouts of the enemy near San Mateo, northeast of the San Juan reservoir about 10 miles from Manila, resulted in the occupation of San Mateo. The American loss was three killed and 13 wounded, including a lieutenant of the 21st infantry. It is known that the enemy had 23 killed.

It is officially announced that Col. Smith, with 10 companies of the 12th regiment and two guns of Battery E of the 1st artillery, under Lieut. Kemley, attacked 2,500 strongly entrenched insurgents at the southern approach to Angeles on the 16th, and drove them back after a sharp fight. The American troops had two men killed and 13 wounded. The insurgent loss was estimated at 200 men.

Eight hundred insurgents attacked Angeles on the 17th, but the 12th regiment drove them into the mountains. Three ditches locomotives were captured. None of the American troops were injured. The insurgent loss is not known.

It is announced that Secretary of War Root is closely following the advice furnished by Gen. Miles; more troops will be sent to the Philippines and a reserve force maintained.

Chinese Robbers Killed 250 Soldiers.
Special from Canton, China: Five hundred soldiers were surrounded at Cokkon on the Wert river, by 10,000 robbers, and a desperate fight occurred, ending in a victory for the robbers, who have hoisted their flags upon all commanding points and occupied the villages in the vicinity. Two hundred and fifty soldiers were killed and 100 wounded. One thousand more troops left Canton for the scene of the trouble on the 14th.

It is Admiral Dewey's intention to go from Leghorn to France for a brief visit.

IN SPAN OF THE MIND

BY ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER XIII.

Marguerite judged it best to tell Mrs. Acland all the story of her long period of mental forgetfulness, and received in return several interesting details concerning the courtship of this hateful unknown Arthur Phillips, who, it appeared, used to bring her flowers, and take her out for walks, and for whom she used to watch with intense eagerness day after day.

"I seen you more'n once holding him round the neck, and crying fit to break your heart; and he always seemed fond of you, too—that he did, and gentle with you as a woman would be."

"Mrs. Acland," almost whispered Marguerite, her cheeks burning with shame, "what was he like? Do you remember?"

"Oh, my dear, I ain't no hand at describing the quality. I couldn't tell you. Not right-down handsome, but looked a real gentleman."

"A real gentleman? Yes, I should think so!" she answered in a tone of bitter contempt. "Mrs. Acland, this is very horrible for me to hear, but it is necessary. Tell me—this man used to come and see me every day?"

"Whenever your uncle weren't there, my dear; and when it got to be dusk, he'd take you out for a walk along the shore, and you'd be as pleased as pleased could be. You'd come a-running to me, your pretty face all aglow, and your hands stretched out, with—'Oh, dear Mrs. Acland, do please let Sarah dress me—he's a-going to take me walkin'.' We had no bright days nor running nor jumping when your uncle was about. No, indeed! We was as mum as a mouse then; and Sarah, she used to say, 'See how frightened the poor thing is of him.' We was both fond of you, that we was; an' he, too—this fine Mr. Phillips. 'Mind you take care of her, Mrs. Acland,' he'd

"Oh, Mrs. Acland," she exclaimed, "you don't know how dreadfully miserable I am! I don't know what to do. Was any one ever in such a dreadful position—neither married nor single!"

"Ay, and with a sweetheart of your own, to—I'll be bound," said Mrs. Acland sympathetically.

The sudden flush upon the girl's face answered her.

"Dear, dear, I do feel sorry for you, poor child!" said the woman, whose pity exasperated Marguerite.

"Mrs. Acland," she asked abruptly, "should you know this—this Phillips again if you saw him?"

"That I should, my dear, unless he's altered strangely," was the encouraging reply.

"That's right. I will just write down your description of him to tell my lawyer. Where did you lay that marriage certificate? I shall want to show him that, too."

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Acland, "here's what I can't help thinkin' 'll be likely of more use to you thap that marriage certificate; and I took and copied that off a letter Mr. Phillips wrote. He wrote it and left it by accident on the table while he took you out walking; and when he came in, I saw he was in a fine taking at the thought of my havin' seen it." She laid a piece of paper before Marguerite's eyes. "D. Brandon, Esq., High Lees, Great Woodenhall, Hunts."

Marguerite looked steadily at the address.

"You are right, Mrs. Acland," she said, with repressed excitement in her tones—"this is the very thing I have wanted." And even as she gazed at the paper her resolution was taken. She was all alone; there was no one to hinder her, no one to object. She would take the train and go and visit these scenes of her childhood.

"About five miles west o' this, miss; but there ain't no village to speak of—only Lord Umfraville's place."

"Oh—and which is the way to High Lees?"

"Right out the other way, miss—rather better 'n three mile, miss."

"Does Mr. Brandon still live there?"

"Yes, miss; but his house is two mile good beyond the village. It's a long tramp, miss."

"Oh, I am a good walker! I suppose, when I get to the village, any one would direct me to Mr. Brandon's?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"Then will you tell me the nearest way to the village?"

He gave the necessary direction, and with a bright "Thank you," she started off.

Marguerite walked on in a state of mind strangely divided between exhilaration and fear. The fresh, pure air, the blue sky, the waving trees, and, above all, the sense of enterprise and daring, were delightful to her. But presently, to her astonishment, she found that the old habitual terror of her uncle was creeping over her. She began to realize that it was, scarcely prudent to trust herself alone; to the tender mercies of the man who had already adopted such measures to be rid of her. She began to think that she was foolhardy; but, being thus far on the journey, nothing would have induced her to turn back. She walked on briskly, secure in the thought that every step was taking her farther from Clarisdale, and that there really was no chance of her being seen. As to Mr. Brandon, she did not want to see him; she wanted to see Cathie; and her remembrance of the back entrance to the house was so vivid that she felt certain that she could accomplish her object. Anyhow, she was in for it—the issue must be left to fate.

She felt the longing for certainty greater than ever. Come what might, she must ascertain who and what was Arthur Phillips, and whether he was living or dead. A letter from Bernard lay in her pocket—a letter full of Lady Mildred.

"This is such an ideal house," he wrote. "Mine shall be managed just the same. You should know Lady Mildred—in fact, you must know her. She could teach you so much, especially as regards dress—she understands the art to perfection; and, when you see her, you must take hints; though of course your style and hers are very different," etc.

The letter hurt Marguerite's feelings, though of course she owned bitterly to herself that it was true. She was absolutely ignorant of everything which Bernard Selwyn's wife should know. She paused against a stile leading into a cornfield, and sat down a minute to rest, for she had walked a couple of miles at a very rapid rate. As she sat, she heard the galloping of horses behind her on the road, and the sound of laughter and voices. Urged by an impulse she hardly understood, she climbed over the stile, and paused on the other side, hidden by the hedge, to see the riders go by. Just as they reached that part of the road they slackened to a foot-pave, and she could both see and hear distinctly. There were three young men and two girls, all well mounted and in high spirits. They were all looking behind them.

"No sign of them!" cried one of the ladies.

"My dear Miss Talbot, you won't see them again this morning; they are off as usual. Perhaps Lady Mildred is showing him the short cut to the Home Farm again!" There was evidently a joke here. They all burst out laughing.

"Selwyn is awfully hard hit, isn't he?" said one of the men.

"It will be a fine thing for the Umfraville estates," remarked another, and then the voices became indistinct as the party passed on down the lane.

Marguerite stood still. Of course she had known it all before, but it seemed notwithstanding to come upon her with a sudden shock. She bowed her head on the stile, and gave way to her trouble for a time. She did not know how long she stood there; she only knew that what roused her was the sound of more horses' feet. She started and shivered, but it was too late to move. Holding on by the rough wood for support, she saw them ride slowly past—saw Lady Mildred's pale, proud face, noted the downward curve of her expressive mouth, saw Bernard riding close—ah, so close!—but could not catch the low words that he was speaking. So they passed, and it seemed to Marguerite as if the life and gladness of the sunny day passed with them. She waited till the last echo of horses' feet had died away in the distance, and then climbed resolutely back into the lane and continued her journey. She did not care for twenty Daniel Brandons now. Nothing, she thought, could ever stir her emotions again—love and fear were dead together.

"I have lived and loved," she said to herself, "and now it is all over. Others have had harder things to bear. I can bear this."

To be continued.

Butter Salting.

I think it is safe to say that no one who has undertaken to brine-salt butter has continued the process, for the reason that he failed to get the butter salt enough. The fact is, butter does not take salt; it remains in the butter only as brine or undissolved salt, says F. C. Curtis in Hoard's Dairyman. Make fresh butter into balls and immerse them in brine as strong as it can be made, for six months, cut them open and you will find them still fresh. . . .

We are proposing to churn the cream to granulation, wash it, and let it drain; then we claim that if it has been done right the granules will permit the added salt to mix more evenly through the butter and the moisture in the butter will very soon dissolve off the acute angles of the salt in the butter so as to soon destroy the scouring character of the salt on the grain of the butter, hence we see the desirability of having a salt that will dissolve quick. . . .

It seems to be conceded that butter is entitled to have 12 per cent of water to remain in it—that this water holds the salt—that salt must not show in the butter undissolved. I claim that there is no better way to add salt to butter than in the granular state in the churn, but there is no certain means of knowing how much water is left in the butter after all the water has drained out, so that not a drop remains. If the cream has been churned rather cold the granules will remain quite fine and more water will remain in that will not drain out; or, if churned a little warmer or until the granules are coarser, much less water will remain in the butter after drainage.

If twenty pounds of butter are in the churn in fine granules, the salt added, the churn revolved to mix well—then the churn to rest awhile for the salt to dissolve—then the revolving of the churn continued until the butter has formed into balls, there will be found some four quarts of brine to come out. On the other hand, if the churning had been continued until the granules were coarse, probably the surplus brine would not have been over one quart or even less. It must be plainly seen that all the water that was in the butter is all salted alike, that which comes out, the same as that which remains in to hold the salt, and if one quart remained in the butter to represent the 12 per cent, and one quart came out, half the salt has come out, that if four quarts came out, three-fourths of the salt has come out, hence the necessity of adding more salt. It seems to me that the claim of brine salting is untenable, for the 12 per cent of water to remain in the butter can hardly be made salt enough to flavor the butter. If so, why dilute the strength of the salt by adding water to it, before applying it to the butter, when we already have too much water in the butter?

Prof. Farrington gives us valuable information relative to the action of salt on butter, claiming that salt aids in taking the surplus water out of butter. This is clearly correct. For instance, pack a barrel of pork using say fifteen pounds of salt—there is apparently no water visible—if weighted, in a few days we find it covered with brine, without the addition of water; no doubt this is caused by the action of the salt. Rub a fresh ham with salt and much water soon exudes; salt a green hide, water exudes, runs off, and the hide, I think weighs less than it did before salting, although the added salt has gone into the hide, and when made into leather, the leather will weigh more than it would have weighed had no salt been used. I do not believe that salt has much of any effect on preserving butter other than aiding to get out the surplus water; that "butter to keep" must be as free from the leaven of decay as possible, or what Prof. Russell denominates bacteria.

Germs in the Fore-Milk.

With regard to the number of germs present in the fore-milk, Prof. Harrison found that in the first few strains of milk removed from the teats they varied from 18,000 to 54,000 per cubic centimeter; while the numbers present in the remainder of the milk amounted to only from 890 to 4,800 per cubic centimeter. These figures clearly demonstrate how important it is that the first few drops of milk from each teat should be milked into a separate receptacle and subsequently thrown away, and should on no account be mixed with the bulk of the milk.—Ex.

Rhode Island Liming Experiments.

The Rhode Island Experiment Station has issued a brief summary of liming experiments throughout the state. It shows that there is much land supposed to be in fairly good condition which can be largely benefited by simple liming, and mentions incidentally a fact of general interest, namely, that beets furnish an unusually good crop for testing soils as to their lime requirements. The conclusion is reached that if liming is to be done for timothy, to obtain the best results it should be accomplished before seeding.

Everybody in Denmark, over nine years of age, can read and write.

The Battleground Route.

The veterans of '61 and '65 and their friends who are going to attend the thirty-third G. A. R. annual encampment at Philadelphia in September could not select a better nor more historic route than the Big Four and Chesapeake & Ohio, with splendid service from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis on the Big Four, all connecting at Indianapolis or Cincinnati, and thence over the picturesque Chesapeake & Ohio, along the Ohio river to Huntington, W. Va.; thence through the foothills of the Alleghenies over the mountains, through the famous springs region of Virginia to Staunton, Va., between which point and Washington are many of the most prominent battlefields—Waynesboro, Gordonsville, Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Kettle Run, Manassas, Bull Run, Fairfax and a score of others nearly as prominent. Washington is next, and thence via the Pennsylvania Line direct to Philadelphia. There will be three rates in effect for this business—first, continuous passage, with no stop-over privilege; second, going and coming same route, with one stop-over in each direction; third, circuitous route, going one way and back another, with one stop-over in each direction. For full information as to routes, rates, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Vaccinated the Guns.

Lieut. Eggers of the Damaraland police recently prevented an uprising of natives in a unique manner. The authorities had ordered the registration of all rifles in the possession of the natives and the latter feared that their guns were to be taken away. But the officers told them that their weapons were merely to be "vaccinated." As they remembered the beneficial work of the veterinary surgeons during the great cattle plague they eagerly submitted the guns for vaccination against evil spirits.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of HALL'S CATARRH CURE sold by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

B. & O. Railroad Uses Crude Oil.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is now using crude oil on its tracks, though not so extensively as lines which do not use crushed stone for ballast. There are many road crossings, stations, etc., where dust flies after the passage of fast trains, and these places are being heavily coated with oil. So far the results have been gratifying.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Paste.

A powder to shake in your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Parrots Are Not Thrifty Birds.

Many animals in desert regions never have any water except the dew on vegetation. A parrot in the London zoo is known to have lived fifty-two years without drinking a drop of water.

Work for Ail.

Thousands of men are making good wages in the harvest fields of Minnesota, North and South Dakota. There is room for thousands more. Half rates via the Great Northern Ry. from St. Paul. Write Max Baas, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago.

Buffalo has the model livery stable of the world.

Heed the Red Flag of Danger.

Red pimples, blotches, boils, sores are danger signals of scurvy liver, poisoned blood. Cascapile Candy Cathartic will save you. All druggists, 10c. per box.

Whenever the Bible is read prayerfully it is read carefully.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

God's place for a Christian is where he is needed most.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895.

The deadly cucumber joke is now getting its work in.

"We have never had a bottle returned," proudly asserts the proprietor of Brown's Teething Cordial.

Everyone has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.

No one can neglect the poor and be true to Christ.

"One Year's Seeding, Nine Years' Weeding."

Neglected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety; in delay there is danger. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by J. C. Hood, Lowell, Mass.



"MIND YOU TAKE CARE OF HER, MRS. ACLAND," HE'D SAY.

say, an' I'll make it worth your while!—which, to say truth, he did, though I've always regretted I listened to him ever since, an' it's laid heavy on my conscience, my dear."

Marguerite wrung her hands. Oh, to be a man—a man, that she might be revenged on the base wretch who took advantage of her helpless innocence!

"You must be able to give me some idea of what he looked like," she cried—"something more definite than your opinion that he was a gentleman!"

"Well, I'll tell you this much—he was a tall man, slender and not much color."

"Was he dark or fair?"

"Fair"—promptly.

"Tall and fair and blackhearted!" murmured Marguerite. "Oh, how I hate him! Do you say he used to bring me flowers, Mrs. Acland?"

"My dear, the most beautiful! You was so fond of flowers. I remember now the sorts he used to bring you—always red and yellow roses and heaps of fern."

Marguerite's eyes instinctively wandered to the table, where her sumptuous morning's installment of flowers was ranged in a large bowl. Red and yellow roses! A strange coincidence. For a moment the wild idea crossed her mind that the unknown sender of these flowers might be her husband. Red and yellow roses at once lost their charm. She turned away from them with a gesture of disgust.

"I believe," she murmured, "if once I stood there and saw the place before me, I should remember all about it!"

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a beautiful autumn day. The Virginia creeper on the little wayside station of Great Woodenhall, a mass of scarlet and gold, rustled every now and then in the light breeze. The distances melted in blue mist; the dew still lay in heavy beads on the long grass of the banks and ditches, as Marguerite stepped from the London train and looked about her with wondering, observant eyes.

She formed a very fair picture as she stood there, in a neat, well-fitting gray morning dress, and white straw sailor-hat trimmed with a knot of white ribbons. Even the solitary porter forgot himself in admiration of her pretty face and charming figure. Marguerite did not see him; she was gazing at the board on which the name of the station was painted in large black letters.

"Great Woodenhall—for High Lees and Clarisdale." She had not grasped the fact that she was coming so near to Clarisdale. Why, she was within a few miles of Bernard, and of her legal adviser, Mr. Martineau! Suppose she were to meet them! Her cheeks burned at the thought. Turning, she beckoned to the admiring porter.

"In which direction is Clarisdale from here?" she asked.

"It will be a fine thing for the Umfraville estates," remarked another, and then the voices became indistinct as the party passed on down the lane.

Marguerite stood still. Of course she had known it all before, but it seemed notwithstanding to come upon her with a sudden shock. She bowed her head on the stile, and gave way to her trouble for a time. She did not know how long she stood there; she only knew that what roused her was the sound of more horses' feet. She started and shivered, but it was too late to move. Holding on by the rough wood for support, she saw them ride slowly past—saw Lady Mildred's pale, proud face, noted the downward curve of her expressive mouth, saw Bernard riding close—ah, so close!—but could not catch the low words that he was speaking. So they passed, and it seemed to Marguerite as if the life and gladness of the sunny day passed with them. She waited till the last echo of horses' feet had died away in the distance, and then climbed resolutely back into the lane and continued her journey. She did not care for twenty Daniel Brandons now. Nothing, she thought, could ever stir her emotions again—love and fear were dead together.

"I have lived and loved," she said to herself, "and now it is all over. Others have had harder things to bear. I can bear this."

To be continued.

A FARM JOURNAL Great Offer

From Now to Dec. 1903 NEARLY 5 YEARS By special arrangement with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to ever subscriber who pays for the DISPATCH one year ahead, for only \$1, both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the Farm Journal from now to Dec., 1903, nearly five years. The Farm Journal is an old established paper, enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

UNADILLA FARMER'S CLUB.

Although the weather was hot and the roads dry and dusty, quite a large number were present at the farmer's club held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Arnold, on Saturday last, and an interesting session was the result.

The club was called to order by president Howlett and opened by a song by the club and prayer by Mr. Bigney. The following program was rendered:

Recitation, Ruth Pyper; solo, Henry Arnold; recitation, Pearl Hadley, recitation, Bessie Howlett; song, Mr. Gates. Mrs. L. R. Hadley read an essay on "Agriculture," which went to show that life on the farm was preferable to city life—not only more healthy but more free from moral contamination.

Mrs. Chas. Woodworth gave an essay on farmer's clubs, giving in illustration two meetings, one that was a very PLEASANT affair and a sumptuous dinner, while the other was a very PROFITABLE one with a fine program of papers, music, etc. There was considerable discussion on the essay, most of which was in favor of uniting the two, making it both pleasant and profitable to the physical and inner man. A great trouble seemed to be that they met so late that by the time they had gone through with their program it was time to go home. It was decided to meet earlier and have time for both.

F. L. Andrews of Pinckney was present and read a paper on "The Farmer and the Press." This paper drew out considerable discussion, all of which was in favor of standing by the home paper and devising means to make it of more interest to farmers and more profit to the publisher.

Considerable interest was manifested in a discussion about a seed and plant called "spurry." Some had sown it and found that it was not as recommended by the seedman and others found that cattle ate it with a relish but would not recommend it. It is condemned by the Agricultural college.

Several questions were handed in some of which were of interest to the ladies. "What is the proper way to make crab apple jelly?" Several told how and we give one recipe below: "Can anyone tell how to make lemon jelly?" No one seemed to know but some presumed like any jelly.

How are we to hinder trusts and combines or people from joining capital? There is a great difference between "trusts" and combination of capital. We must have combined capital in order to carry on the great manufactories of today but we can get along with-

out trusts but how to stop them is one of the greatest problems of today.

"What can we do to get our members out to the meeting earlier?" Set an hour to commence and commence at that hour. As well begin at 1:30 as to wait until four o'clock.

"Do you think that the farmer's club can prosper without refreshments?" No.

In the above answers to questions we have only tried to give the drift of the discussion.

After deciding to hold the next meeting at the home of Silas Hemmingway the third Saturday in September and to begin at 1:30 sharp, the club listened to a song by Miss Maude Ward and then adjourned to the dining room where ice cream and cake were served.

CRAB APPLE JELLY:—Quarter and core the apples, place in a stew kettle, cover with water and cook until soft; place in a jelly bag to drain; put back into the kettle and cook twenty minutes then add sugar to taste but must be sweet; cook until it jells.

Any one who has had experience with lemon jelly will confer a favor by sending it to the DISPATCH for publication.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and is able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by F. A. Sigler Drugist.

HAWAII'S OLDEST WOMAN.

Keopolele Apua Recently Died at the Age of 127.

There died here a few days ago a woman of the age of 127 years. The figures have been verified by Prof. Alexander, the historian; A. T. Atkinson, superintendent of census, and Mrs. E. M. Nakuina, a Hawaiian lady of high cultivation, both in English and her own language, says a Honolulu correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The following account of a visit to the old woman three years ago was prepared by Mrs. Nakuina and is cited by Prof. Alexander:

"On entering the house we found her sitting on the floor. She was attended by two women, one of whom was the wife of a grandson. She was very deaf and could not see clearly, though when I presented a dollar to her she held out her hand for it and placed it in her pocket. This was at the close of the interview, but I mention it now to show what the old lady's faculties were:

"Prof. Alexander, after some preliminary remarks, in order not to alarm the old lady, suggested a number of historical questions, which were put by myself. From these we learned that she well remembered the abolition of idolatry and the war in that connection. She stated that she was a married woman and an attendant of Kapiolani I, when that queen descended into the crater of the Kilauea volcano, and broke the tabu against women being in that locality. The old lady said that in consequence of this momentous event her own name was changed by her people from Keopolele to Apua.

"The old lady said that she remembered Keoua being killed at Kawahae. This occurred in 1791, and is described in Alexander's 'History of the Hawaiian People.'

"Becoming interested in the subject of old events the aged woman volunteered the information that she remembered the digging of the well in Kau by Kamehameha I, and that she was a child at that time, running about like a child of 6 or 7. This event occurred in 1781 and is described in For- nander's history.

"I followed up another method of investigation, inquiring how many children she had, tracing their descendants. This I was enabled to do to the fifth generation. Allowing the ordinary thirty years for a generation would give 120 years, and we can easily allow for the fifth enough to bring her out of the age she claims by an entirely different method. We were satisfied

that the old lady had spoken the truth. "What a curious link with the past she is! She must have been a little toddling child when Capt. Cook came to the islands. She saw the monarchy of Hawaii consolidated and she saw it fall. She remained a monument to the past."

The following may be accepted as the history of Keopolele Apua:

She was born at Keahialaka, Puna, Hawaii, and was about 6 years old in 1781. The name Keopolele was that of a high chief of the time. The chief (all) was accused of causing deaths by sorcery and petition was made to the king to have his head cut off, as he was considered an extremely dangerous person. Hence the name Keopolele (the dismembered head). The name Apua means "You will be eaten up," which was the almost universal threat of prophecy when Kapiolani placed the women of Hawaii on a level with men by visiting the sacred precincts of Pele, the fire goddess. At the time this old woman received this second name she was full grown

A Deadly Game.

"Anarchists of the physical force school find it now and again irresistible to bring of the powerful things they have used or are going to use," says a writer in The Ludgate. "We will suppose that some aristocratic person has been chosen as a victim. The exact pattern of his favorite walking stick would be noted as occasion arose and a fac simile of it prepared—that is to say, so far as mere outward appearances were concerned.

"The interior would really be an ingenious machine. Inside the hollow of the stick would be a metal flask, containing a liquid which could emerge from a small orifice at the top of the flask. The flask would be imbedded within a substance which would explode the instant that the liquid referred to came into contact with it.

"When an opportunity occurred for the stick to be substituted for its innocent counterpart, the handle would be unscrewed to a slight extent, thus allowing a space for the liquid to flow out, which it would do when the stick was held in a horizontal position. Most men occasionally carry their sticks in this way. So, when the victim took his supposed usual stick from the corner in which it had been placed upright, he might walk about with it for a long period without encountering actual harm, but once let him hold it horizontally or twirl it in the air there would be—well, you can imagine the result."

August Flower.

"It is a surprising fact" says Prof. Houton "that in my travels in all parts of the world for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach and for constipation and I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at F. A. Sigler's. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

Subscribe for the Dispatch.

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COMFORT, SPEED and SAFETY

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FOUR TRIPS PER WEEK BETWEEN Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac. PETOSKEY, "THE BOO," MARQUETTE AND DULUTH.

LOW RATES to Picturesque Mackinac and Returns, including Meals and Berths. Approximate Cost from Cleveland, \$19.50 from Toledo, \$16.25; from Detroit, \$12.75

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE BETWEEN DETROIT AND CLEVELAND Fare, \$1.50 Each Direction. Berths, 75c. \$1. Stateroom, \$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., Sep., Oct. Only

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On a beautifully enameled button, size of this cut, with a one year's subscription to CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL for 50 cents only. CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL is the grandest new monthly in the country. Each issue has 36 or more pages of interesting stories, special departments that will interest you, and new copyrighted sheet music that your music store would sell for 80 cents to \$1.20. Everybody says that CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL is just as good as the \$1.00 monthly, and it costs just one-half. The photo will be returned promptly, post paid, in good order. The button alone is worth more than 25 cents and you get besides CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL for one year for a small sum. Address CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL Chicago.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of the above magazine, so that we can furnish the DISPATCH, Conkey's Home Journal and the photo button, all for

ONLY \$1.35

You get the Farm Journal FREE just the same—all we ask is that you pay in advance.

Fill out the following order and send it in today.

F. L. ANDREWS, EDITOR DISPATCH:

Enclosed find \$1.35 for which please send to the address given below, the DISPATCH one year, Conkey's Home Journal one year, Farm Journal until 1903 and photo button as per above offer. I enclose photo I wish put upon the button.

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Facts to Remember.

The original and genuine Red Pills are Knill's Red Pills for Wan people at 25c box, the woman's remedy. Don't pay 50 cents.

You can work when they work, never gripe or make you sick, Knill's White Liver Pills, Bowel Regulator. Twenty-five doses, 25 cents.

Pleasant, safe and sure are Knill's Black Diarrhoea Pills. Cures summer complaints, dysentery and all pains of the stomach and bowels. Only 25 cents box.

Knill's Blue Kidney Pill cure backache, etc. Only 25 cents box.

Pure, sweet stomachs and breaths are made by taking Knill's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will cure indigestion, correct all stomach troubles, destroys all foul gases for 25c box. Best and cheapest. Guaranteed by your druggist. Will Curlett, Dexter.

W. B. Darrow, Pinckney.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston, s. s. Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Livingston, made on the 16th day of August, A. D., 1899, six months from date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of JOHN MARTIN, 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 16th day of February next, and that such claims will be heard before said court on Thursday, the 16th day of February next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

Dated: Howell, Au., 16th, 1899. t 37 ALBIRD M. DAVIS, Judge of Probate.

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Railroad Guide.

Grand Trunk Railway System.

Time Table in effect, June 15, 1899.

M. A. L. DIVISION—WESTBOUND. No. 27 Passenger, Pontiac to Jacksonconnection from Detroit 9 44 a. m. No. 29 Passenger, Pontiac to Jackson, 6:45 p. m. No. 29 has through coach from Detroit to Jackson. No. 43 Mixed, Lenox to Jacksonconnection from Detroit 4 45 p. m. All trains daily except Sunday.

EASTBOUND No. 30 Passenger to Pontiac and Detroit 5 15 p. m. No. 28 Passenger, Jaxn to Detroit, 11:15 a. m. No. 28 has through coach from Jaxn to Detroit. No. 44 Mixed to Pontiac and Lenox 7 55 a. m. All trains daily except Sunday. No. 30 connection at Pontiac for Detroit. No. 44 connection at Pontiac for Detroit andfor the west on DAN MERR

E. H. Hughes, W. J. Black, A. G. P. T. Agent, Agent, Chicago, Ill. Pinckney



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The Finest Excursion of the Season.

An Excursion with a long return limit to the Muskoka Lakes, via the Grand Trunk Railway system, will be run on Friday, August 25. This is one of the most charming and cheapest trips of the season to the Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay, Muskoka Lakes and Highlands of Ontario, affording an opportunity for one of the finest outings of this year. The rate from Detroit is but \$3.50 and Port Huron \$3 and rates are made from nearly all prominent points in the state of Michigan, ranging from \$3 to \$5. The return limit of tickets is good leaving Muskoka wharf up to and including September 8. No one should fail to take in this excursion which will be the only one to that section given this year.

Ask agents of the Grand Trunk Railway system and its connections for information. Muskoka literature can be had on application to agents and to Ben Fletcher Trav. Pass. Agt., Detroit.

From Incurable Disease.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield Ill. makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own house work, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at F. A. Sigler's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and \$1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

If you want all the news subscribe for the DISPATCH.

HE DOESN'T ADVERTISE

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep.

Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."
—Exchange.

A VENTURE FOR LOVE.

"Oh, me, I am certainly no beauty! It was the gilding which made Vermont swallow such a nauseous pill." In a Venetian mirror was reflected an oval face, pale and sad looking, with dark, liquid eyes, a nose of non-descript order, and a mouth rather large than otherwise. Clarisse, Lady Vermont, turned from the study of her features to take from a table loaded with photographs the portrait of a handsome man. "I am unhappy, for being which I am an idiot," she said, addressing the smiling face which looked at her from out its frame of pierced silver, "and it is all your doing. When you asked me to marry you I did not care a snap of my fingers for you, and I know you did not for me. It was a convenient arrangement; you wanted my money. I your title. How you shuddered on our wedding day over the too-evident rapture of my parents at having a titled son-in-law! I saw it as we stood in the vestry of the church. You put your hands on mine when we were alone in the carriage, but did you for one moment imagine that I thought love inspired the shudder? Not a bit of it, I remembered the shudder too well.

"And then—well, and then I told you you had got what you wanted, the wealth of my Chicago papa, and I had achieved my ambition, I was 'my lady.' For the rest, in the eyes of the world, we were husband and wife, and—that was to be all. If you wished anything different, you did not show it, and I imagined myself content.

She threw the photograph impatiently from her. It was nearly time to dress for dinner, and she went slowly up the stairs. On the landing Lord Vermont's man stood aside for her to pass.

"His lordship dines at home tonight?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady." The servant's footsteps padded decorously down the thickly carpeted staircase.

She passed by the door of her husband's bedroom, then passed on and entered her own. A moment and she was back again and stood within his chamber. His clothes lay ready for him, and on the dressing table a black silk mask, while propped against the looking-glass were two cards of admission to masked balls. One for this very night, the other one for three days hence. She took them up, twisting them nervously round in her fingers. Strange thoughts coursed through her brain. She put the cards down and ran out, coming back a minute later with a needleful of thick blue silk in her hands. She ran the needle in and out along the tail of his coat.

There was a sound of quick footsteps on the stairs. With a whisk she was out of the room and in her own. She shut the door then stole softly to the one which divided her chamber from her husband's. It was locked, as it always was, and the key was stiff in its socket. She pressed her lips against the woodwork. "It is a venture for love," she whispered, and her eyes shone like stars.

"What pretty bird is it that wears a blue tail?"

The words spoken in soft cooing accents struck Lord Vermont's ear as he stood against a pillar of the hall room. He turned sharply. A white clad figure stood by him holding up his coat tail by a thread of blue silk, while behind a white domino dark eyes danced merrily.

"That would be telling," he answered, "but I think I'll shed my gay plumage," twisting to get hold of the thread.

"And I think I'll keep it, Sir Bird," drawing it out and winding it in and out of the lips of a gold chain that

held her long cloak together. "We will reverse the old order; the lady shall wear her knight's colors. Doth it please you, Sir Bird?" She dropped him a courtesy as she spoke and a faint scent of white violet came to him, along with the silver chiming of bells.

"Are we to dance?" he questioned. A slight movement of her hooded head and his hand slid around her waist beneath the cloak. For a space neither spoke. He felt her violet scented breath coming in little quick gasps, and the music of her silver anklet bells seemed to his heated fancy to beat out the words: "Love, love!" to the measure of her footsteps. He breathed some tender words in her ear, and felt her whole frame quiver. A moment and she had drawn herself from him, and, lifting her head, let her glowing eyes rest on his face.

"In truth, fair maiden, it does," he answered, "but it would please me still better if you would dance with me."

The eyes behind the white domino had lost their merry look, but that which had replaced it made the blood beat quickly in his veins, as, without a word she yielded herself into his arms. He felt her slight form tremble in this clasp as they glided around the room.

"Are you tired?" he whispered.

"No, no, my knight."

He bent again and whispered some tender words in her ear; the scent of her violets, the chiming of her bells, had intoxicated him. They neared the entrance.

"I am tired now," she whispered, and before he realized her intention, she had slipped from him and fled. Something white lay at her feet. He stooped to pick it up; it was a slip of paper, violet scented. "Three nights hence I shall be here again," was written on it. He put it away in his pocket and left the building.

"It will depend on Lady Vermont whether I come again or not," he said to himself. I've tried to keep straight, but I'd be hanged if I can go on with this arrangement at some much longer. I was a fool to begin with it, but I felt I owed so much to her that I did not like to oppose her wishes. Who would have imagined such a strength of cold purpose behind those eyes of hers?" He bit off the end of his cigar viciously, baited a hansom and was driven homeward. He tried to think of his wife, but the jingle of the horse's bells recalled too vividly the girl in the white cloak. She had cast a spell over him which Lady Vermont's coldness—more pointed than ever during the next day or two—was calculated to loosen.

Lord Vermont found himself on the night of the second masked ball dressing eagerly; he even ran up to his room at the last moment with a thread of blue silk, purloined from his wife's work bag, and with clumsy fingers inserted it in the tail of his coat. He would lose no chance of being recognized by his sorceress.

It was hours before he saw her white-cloaked figure drawing near him through the crowd of dancers, which he had watched with all the weariness of home deferred. She did not speak, but slipping one white rounded arm from the shelter of her cloak, laid it on his.

"My knight," she whispered, "dare I say an revoir?"

"Do not go," implored Lord Vermont, stretching out his hand to catch, not her cloak, but a little slip of paper. He stood looking at it suddenly long after the chiming of bells, which marked her flight, had ceased. "Little witch, let her go," he muttered, but untwisted the paper all the same.

"What impertinence! Well, I'll be hanged! So this is some scheme of her ladyship's; thinks to entangle me with this young woman? that she may be free to carry out some little game of her own. I wonder what she will say to this revealing of her plot, H'm," reading the note. "All Ameri-

cans are not as cold as you deem your wife to be; go home and ask her who I am; she knows." He smoked no cigar on the homeward drive on this night; his temper was too ruffled. He meant to have it out with his wife; despite the lateness, or rather earliness of the hour; such affairs as this were better gone into at once. She would have to get herself into a dressing gown and come down to her boudoir, or else give him, for once, access to her bedroom. He went with no light footsteps up the stairs, and paused at her door, which was on the latch.

"Vermont, is that you? Push open the door a bit. I want to tell you something; I have had a letter from papa; he has just made a big thing over some railways; that means more dollars for you some day. Good night; shut the door now, and firmly, please."

Lady Vermont's voice was hard and cold; he shuddered at it. For that moment he was disposed to go and let matters drop; then some faint scent of violets which doubtless still hung about his coat sleeve altered his purpose. He took a step or two into the room.

A rose colored satin curtain hanging down at right angles from the fireplace shut out his wife from his sight, but beyond its edge protruded a little Moorish stand on which were set a coffee equipage and cups for two. A quaint shaped liqueur carafe and glasses were also on the tray.

"You here!" he cried. "Where is my—where is Lady Vermont?"

"She is"—tumbling for one moment with the mask which the next moment lay on the floor—"she is here."

She sprang to her feet as she spoke and stood facing him, the cloak with its gold clasp threaded through with the strand of blue silk, hanging back from her white shoulders.

"Clarisse, why, what does it mean?" he asked, gaspingly.

"It means"—she put out her hands imploringly—"it means—oh, don't you see? It was a venture on my part, a venture to gain your love."

He let her stand there a full minute, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her dark eyes misty with unshed tears. He had never been a quick thinker, and he was fighting now against the prim prejudices of generations.

"Have I failed?" There was a heartache in each word. He felt the pain of them.

"No," he cried; "come!" and with a little shiver of gladness she let herself be caught in his outstretched arms.—Frank Douglas.

Business Pointers.

The new book of poems "Rounsbouts" by W. H. S. Wood, the attorney at Howell, will soon be issued from the N. York Press. Cloth \$1.00. The DISPATCH is \$1.00 a year, and we have made arrangements so we can give the book and one year's subscription to the DISPATCH for \$1.65.

For Sale or Exchange.
A \$140.00 organ very cheap. Will take butter, eggs, oats, hay, or anything I can use. Will take same in installments. Percy Swarthout, Pinckney, Mich.

For Sale.
House and two lots for sale. Mrs. E. A. Mann.

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.

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NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to refund the money on two 25 cent bottles or boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommended. It is highly recommended as a spring tonic and blood purifier. Sold liquid in bottles, and tablets in boxes. Price 25 cents for either. One package of either guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. F. A. Sigler. Will B. Darrow.

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 such cases tickets are not brought to the office, regular rates will be charged.
All matter in local notice column will be charged at 5 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 accordingly. All changes of advertisements MUST reach this office as early as Tuesday morning to insure an insertion the same week.

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Rev. Chas. Simpson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Friday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. F. L. Andrews, Supt.

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Rev. C. W. Rice pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. R. H. Teeple, Supt. Ross Road, Sec

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. M. J. Cומרford, Pastor. Services every Sunday. Low mass at 7:30 o'clock every mass with sermon at 9:30 a. m. Catechism at 3:00 p. m., vespers 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 Tuomey and Mike Kelly, County Delegates.

EPWORTH LEAGUE. Meets every Sunday evening at 6:00 o'clock in the M. Church. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone, especially young people. Mrs. Stella Graham Pres.

THE W. C. T. U. meets the first Friday of each month at 2:30 p. m. at the home of Dr. H. F. Sigler. Everyone interested in temperance is cordially invited. Mrs. Leal Sigler, Pres; Mrs. Etta Durfee, Secretary.

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 MAJACABEES.
Meet every Friday evening on or before full of the moon at their hall in the Swarthout bldg. Visiting brothers are cordially invited.
Chas. Campbell, Sir Knight Commander

Livingston Lodge, No. 74, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before full of the moon. Alexander McIntyre, W. M.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR meets each month the Friday evening following the regular F. & A. M. meeting. Mrs. Mary Reed, W. M.

LADIES OF THE MAJACABEES. Meet every 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m. at K. O. T. M. hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. Lila Conroy, Lady Comd.

KNIGHTS OF THE LOYAL GUARD. meet every second Wednesday evening of every month in the K. O. T. M. Hall at 8:00 o'clock. All visiting Guards welcome.
E. G. Jackson, Capt. Gen.

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DRS. SIGLER & SIGLER,
Physicians and Surgeons. All calls promptly attended to day or night. Office over Matuser Pinckney, Mich.

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DENTIST—Every Tuesday and Friday
Office over Sigler's Drug Store.

Funeral Director and Embalmer. Residences connected with new state hospital. All calls promptly answered. Office over the Grand Village. J. G. SAYLES.

The Best Hotel in Detroit

Can do no more for you in the way of comfortable beds and good meals than the Franklin Hotel, 25 and 27 Larned Street. Rates are \$1.25 to \$2.50 a day. American plan. We have a new dining room and are only a block away, with easy access to the city. Excellent accommodations for travellers.
H. M. JAMES & SON, Proprietors
Larned and Larned Sts., Detroit, Mich.

Winckney Dispatch.

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

The man who has injured you will be the last to forgive you.

A physician says the only wholesome part of the old-fashioned doughnut is the hole.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against the ill-manners of other people.

Men who live on little are called economists and men who live on nothing are called tramps.

As a rule shallow men are despised, but all the same they don't require as much watching as deep ones.

Leading musicians are in favor of a lower musical pitch. Patrons of the opera are also in favor of a lower scale of admission.

Mayor Jones of Toledo has adopted "The Man with the Hoe" as the sign militant of his political career. When the mayor has hoed his way to Columbus under that sign he will probably appreciate it better.

Commissioner of Immigration Powderly has issued an order excluding from this country a number of Filipinos who were being brought here for exhibition purposes. Probably he thinks the best thing for one to do who is pining for a sight of these people is to shoulder a musket and join some regiment destined for service near Manila.

The admission fees to a recent prize-fight in New York exceeded \$85,000, the largest amount ever received for any single performance. This has been cited as a startling commentary upon the times. Bloody noses and cracked crowns, however, are not the delight of the vast majority of our people, nor are bounce and bluster yet widely accepted as the principal virtues of the world.

The city of New York, now second only to London in its volume of trade, had but a slow growth for more than a century and a half after it was settled by the Dutch. President Low of Columbia university cites a prediction uttered more than 150 years ago, and then regarded as rash, to the effect that the port at the mouth of the Hudson might in time become the commercial rival of Newport, R. I., which had grown rich by the African slave trade.

The conscienceless land dealer seems to have turned his attention to Alaska farming properties. The Juneau Miner calls attention to the fact that the papers of the central west are publishing advertisements of an Iowa man who proposes to sell at \$5 per acre "a soil of very deep, dark loam, will grow all kinds of vegetables, grain, hay in abundance; climate splendid; crop failure unknown; adapted to the raising of cattle, sheep and hogs, dairy and poultry industries." This, the Miner says, is nothing less than a fraud on the public, and that it is "criminal to hold out inducements to 100 families that they can find government land in Alaska upon which there has been no failure of crops." We hope the unwary will take note of this caution.

The popular impression of the effect of cold on disease germs has been made the excuse for gross carelessness about cleanliness in domestic and public processes and places. A low temperature has been considered a release from sanitary precautions. With the error, truth has had an unequal struggle. An account of experiments with liquid air ought to open the eyes of the sanitarily blind. The temperature of liquid air is over three hundred degrees below zero, and the bacillus of diphtheria and the bacillus of typhoid fever exposed to such freezing conditions were neither killed nor checked in growth. The specialist who made the experiment declares that so far as our present knowledge permits of its application, cold cannot be relied on as a disinfectant.

Consular reports tell us that there is an opportunity for American windmill makers to secure a market for their product in Greece. According to these reports the islands and mainland of Greece possess innumerable small farms, laid out in vineyards, vegetable gardens and orange and lemon groves. The soil is rich, but the important question is that of water, which, when found, is near the surface and supplied to the land by means of wells worked by machinery with mule or horse-power. Many of the land proprietors are well-to-do and could afford windmills. Greece is so cut up by the sea that there is hardly a day in the year without a breeze. A mill so constructed that it will work either in a light or strong wind is needed. It would also take quicker if it could perform services other than the mere drawing of water, such as grinding grain.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CHRISTIANITY AS A DELUSION" THE SUBJECT.

From the Text, Ezek. xli, 21, as follows: "He Made His Arrows Bright, He Consulted with Images, He Looked in the Liver."

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopfch.)

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God: He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them together, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text, "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of the vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forward to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ, Apollonius was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to tradition, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection. The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. A general coming forth to battle consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle in such words that if you put the comma before the word "never" it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never" it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the general was, "Go forth, returned never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle.

So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829, a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and played his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his keeping. And so in all ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been occurring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and seated not long before his death at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die of a fever in a foreign hospital.' 'Oh, no!' I said, 'father, I will not be that. I will tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.' 'No, David, my father said, 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter-deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then: 'I will change; I will never swear again; I will never drink again; I will never gamble again.' And gentlemen, by the help of God, I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion, There goes Saul of Tar-

sus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him; they tried to scare it out of him; they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity—it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost"? One of the fools who believed in the Bible—John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript, and never let it go into type; and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals he left, and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, was enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man, surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, cried out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head—David Brewster saying, "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me—a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath, and often at the invitation of the rector read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

The cannibals in south sea, the bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams and the three thousand missionaries of the cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, tolling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchers. What a delusion!

Yes, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to those who are in trouble. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous; but this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: "You will be well again after a while; you are going into a land where there are no coughs and no pleurisies and no consumptions and no languishing; take courage and bear up." Yes, this awful chimera of the gospel comes to the poor and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft and it talks of reunion before the throne, and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then, to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes! Shovel him under! That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under! The goal is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul dis-

integrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank, obliteration! Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying, instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life, until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy that they could only look ecstatic. Palace gates opening, they thought—diamond coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable, they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother, catch me; I am coming."

The strong conclusion of every reasonable man and woman is that Christianity, producing such grand results, cannot be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, a hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. There are many who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you in the Lord's house today? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one, about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving their experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you, "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say: "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer meeting when he said: "On my way here tonight I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to a prayer meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion—that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Don't you see me?' 'Yes, of course I see you.' 'Now, the time was when everybody in this town knows if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me; you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion now.'"

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yea, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnight or midnight!

Photographs of Postmasters. Chicago Record: Postmaster Gordon has presented to the Chicago post-office a collection of photographs of the postmasters of Chicago, accompanied by a biographical sketch of each. The only photograph missing is that of Jonathan Nash Bailey, Chicago's first postmaster, who, as far as can be learned, never sat for a picture. The pictures are thirteen by eleven inches in size, and, with the sketches, fill a frame five and one-half by seventeen feet. The art work is sepia, and the frame is made of mahogany from the old postoffice. The first postmaster of Chicago was appointed in 1831. In the 68 years since 22 men have filled the place, including the present incumbent. A majority of them have been military men, and several prominently identified with the newspaper business.

STOMACH-LIKE STEEL

HAD AN APPETITE FOR HARDWARE.

Ate Nails, Wires and Knife Because He Liked Them—He Also Had a Craving for Hairpins and Tacks—Finally He Died.

Joshua Davis, a patient who died recently at the State Hospital for the Insane at Mendota, across the lake from Madison, Mo., had an insatiable appetite for hardware and lived nearly a year with half a pound of nails, knife blades, hairpins, tacks and pieces of wire of various lengths in his stomach and intestines. Physicians say that Davis' case was the most remarkable that has ever come to their knowledge. He was committed to the asylum from Sauk county, having been picked up by the police in Baraboo on account of his queer actions. He was received at the asylum early last August after having spent a couple of weeks in the Baraboo jail. Shortly before he died he told the hospital physicians that while in the jail he had swallowed all the nails and wire he could get hold of, partly because he had an uncontrollable appetite for them and partly because he wanted to kill himself. The physicians would not believe him and, being accustomed to hearing all sorts of strange stories, attributed his odd tale to his diseased mind. It was only after he became so emaciated that he could not walk that the physicians began seriously to consider his confessions regarding the hardware within him. Finally a careful examination of Davis' body was made and the outline of the nails within the intestines was detected through the abdominal wall. The foreign substances in the stomach and intestines had disturbed digestion slightly during the first few months of Davis' confinement in the hospital, and this fact, with the remarkably rugged constitution of the patient, made the physicians discredit his story about having too much iron in the system. However, when the doctors became convinced that there were some foreign substances in the abdomen they determined on an operation. It was performed by Dr. William B. Lyman, superintendent of the hospital, and his assistants, Drs. M. F. Clark and Eugene Chaney. They performed what is known as the operation of gastronomy, the stomach being opened at the pyloric extremity. The revelations of the surgeons' knives were simply astounding. There, in folds of the stomach and intestines were imbedded two dozen nails of all sizes, from a tack to a twenty-penny spike, ten pieces of wire of different sizes and lengths and two pocketknife blades. The spike, which was six inches long, had passed out of the stomach and lodged crossways in the intestines, causing the latter to adhere to the abdominal walls and forming a sort of dam which prevented the smaller nails and pieces of wire from leaving the stomach. The stomach and intestines were perforated by the nails, the pressure from the sharp pieces of iron causing an advanced state of ulceration. Though Davis had told the doctors he had also eaten some pebbles, none were found. The terrible condition of the stomach and intestines indicated that the man had slight chance of recovery. After taking out the nails and other pieces of iron, the doctors stitched up the stomach, but Davis never rallied and died about eight hours later. The body was buried in the potter's field, near the asylum. Davis had been on a prolonged debauch just before his arrest at Baraboo. It was while he was in this condition that he was arrested and thrown into the Baraboo jail, thus being deprived of any chance whatever of getting what his system most craved. The first day he was in jail he happened to pick up an old rusty nail and put it into his mouth. The taste of the corroded iron seemed to have a pleasant and soothing effect and finally Davis swallowed the piece of metal. This relieved him for a short time, but the old craving returned and Davis hunted up another nail. This he also ate, with twenty-two others, at intervals later. Running out of nails, he began to swallow short pieces of wire, the next best thing. His supply of wire also gave out, and at last he took a small pocketknife and breaking out both blades swallowed them. This completely swallowed his supply of metal, he afterward confessed to the doctors, and he went to eating small pebbles and pieces of plaster. No traces of these, however, were found in his body when the autopsy was made.

Just Another Excuse. "My dear," said Dawson the other evening, looking up from his paper, "here is an article from the pen of an eminent physician, in which he says sleeping in the day time is very injurious to the health." "Well, that's just like a man," answered Mrs. Dawson. "They are always trying to trump up some excuse for staying away from church."

Averies is a skin disease—Galveston News.

Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

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Ancient American Sleeping Cars.

L. Xavire Eyma, a Frenchman, who came to this country in 1847, wrote an article in L'illustration of Paris, published July 22, 1848, giving his experiences on the railroads of the United States. He says that at that time the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had a length of seventy leagues and that the cost of the road was 4,116,744 francs, the receipts 3,988,456 francs and expenses 1,964,741 francs. He also gives considerable space to the interior arrangements of the sleeping cars used at that time and says that, "they are actually houses where nothing is lacking for the necessity of life and are divided into compartments and sleeping rooms, some for men and some for women." Each room held six beds or rather little couches in three tiers along the sides. He winds up his account by saying that values were not particularly well taken care of, as in America there "were no such things as sneak thieves."

In the 'Good Old Days.'

The fashionable folk at the court of King Edward IV. of England rose with the lark, despatched their dinner at 11 o'clock, and shortly after 3 were wrapped in slumber. In the Northumberland House Book for 1512 it is set forth that the family rose at 6 in the morning, breakfasted at 7, dined at 10 and supped at 4 in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted. In 1570, at the University of Oxford, it was usual to dine at 11 o'clock, and sup at 5 in the afternoon. The dinner hour, which was once as early as 10 o'clock, has gradually got later and later, until now it would be thought very eccentric in the fashionable world to sit down to table earlier than half past 7 o'clock, while others extend it to 9.

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In the matter of inducing sleep much depends upon the individual. One person will find a hearty meal before bedtime conducive to sleep, while another thinks that an empty stomach is the best plan in order to obtain sleep. A cold bath, rubbing the hands in cold water, a wet towel applied to the temples are all helpful to a good night's rest. Some persons think that the only way to insure sleep is to fix the mind upon some real or fancied object, while others think that to count from one upward endlessly will weary the brain so that sleep will come.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, **SYRUP OF FIGS**, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

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A FORTUNE TELLER'S CAVE.

(By Jean Middlemass.)

"Well, children, would you like to go tonight to the Salon Blanc?"
"Yes, yes, papa; how delightful!" shouted a chorus of merry voices.
"And you, Claudine, will you come?" And the father of the family turned to his eldest daughter, a bright-looking brunette of 18, who had been crossed in love.

"I should like very much to go to the Salon Blanc," much to his surprise. And then she ran up stairs after the others to wrap up.

Claudine was only 18; thus alacrity about a fete ought not to have surprised any one; but she was what is called "crossed in love," and for the last three months had taken no interest in her surroundings.

M. Bertel, who was a retired lawyer, and very well off, objected to a young man called Louis Gavron, to whom Claudine had given her heart, simply because he had artistic proclivities.

Snow had fallen all over Belgium, but in Brussels for two days the air had been clear and frosty; the snow in the park having become quite hard, a snow fete for the poor had been organized—a night fete, too, and in the open air.

"Claudine, I am glad we came," he cried. "Yes, children, of course you can go on the ice; no fear of falling in. Ha! he. Only leave us in peace to look at the groups. Ah, you are looking at the cave with the fortune teller, Claudine, and the young beauty coming to learn her fate. Excellent, most excellent! I declare it is the best of all."

"The sculptor who is responsible for that cave has received the gold medal," announced a voice just behind them.

M. Bertel looked around and saw one of his most intimate friends.

"Well, he deserves it. Who is he? I should like to make his acquaintance," he said.

"Louis Gavron," replied the other, briefly.

"Impossible! That young fool who—no, I cannot believe it. And the medal, too? No, no; you are playing a practical joke on me, Devoost."

"Not I. Young Gavron has an immense amount of talent, if you would only believe it."

"Louis Gavron—the gold medal!" repeated M. Bertel. It was the gold medal that overcame him. He turned to see what Claudine thought of the matter, but Claudine had disappeared. "She is talking to my wife—at least."



"THIS IS THE WAY YOU BEHAVE WHEN I AM ABSENT," she was a second or two ago," said Devoost.

And then he inveigled M. Bertel into an animated discussion on the politics of the country.

Louis Gavron was his cousin, and Mme. Devoost's companion when she met Claudine was Louis Gavron himself. He had stood carefully in shadow so as not to be recognized by M. Bertel. Meantime, not a word of the old man's eulogies on his work had escaped him. Dearly as Louis Gavron prized the gold medal, he prized those words of praise from Claudine's father ten times more.

"Ma chérie, my beautiful one," he murmured; "did you hear what your father said about my work?"
"I am so glad you have that gold medal, Louis. Father will think so much of it. It will almost make him—well, I dare scarcely hope, and yet I do. Oh, blessed Salon Blanc, not only will it benefit the poor, but the poor in heart, like ourselves, will be rejoiced."

"Dearest!"
They walked along for a few seconds. Then Louis Gavron whispered: "My cousin Devoost has promised to put in a good word for me with your father."

At this moment they came upon the family party. M. Bertel's brow contracted when he saw by whom his daughter was accompanied, but he said, a little stiffly:
"I must congratulate you, M. Gavron, on your success. The medal you have gained is, I hope, only the first of a long series of art triumphs."

Louis Gavron bowed and thanked him, and then the Bertels went home, never a word more being said about

Louis Gavron or their meeting with him.

About 10 o'clock the next day Devoost arrived.

"Hurray for the Salon Blanc!" he shouted. "May they have one every winter if it brings about such good results."

"Why, Devoost, what has happened?" asked M. Bertel. "Have the poor got a bigger sum than you expected?"

"Confound the poor—no, I didn't mean that; but Louis Gavron's fortune is made. Two orders, mon cher, and big ones, too, all owing to the fortune teller's cave. Look here, Bertel, don't you be the only blind-folded individual in Belgium."

"What can I do? I am not rich enough to order a statue."

M. Bertel knew quite well what was expected of him, but to pretend to do so would be to give up without a struggle. He gave up the fight, however, when Claudine threw herself on his neck and kissed him as she whispered:

"Father, now you have seen he can work you will no longer refuse your consent?"

"Of course he won't," cried Devoost. "Come and kiss me, too, Claudine, and receive my congratulations."

An hour or two later, when Claudine was alone, there was a very different expression on her face to the sorrowful one that had lingered there of late.

Even while she was thinking of this there was a light footfall on the stair. "Louis! You here? How did you know that you might come?"

He laughed.
"Good news flies swiftly, you see, M. Devoost said that you had something to tell me."

"M. Devoost is a dear. If it had not been for M. Devoost I doubt if even the fortune teller's cave would have done any good."

"He is a true friend as well as a relative," said Louis. "Is it through his influence that I have got two important orders, and he told me only this morning that as he has no children of his own, he looks on me as his son and will meet M. Bertel's views in the matter of an allowance."

"Oh, Louis!"
And so overcome by emotion was happy Claudine that she looked as if she were going to faint. This, of course, necessitated that Louis should take her in his arms, and there she was when the door unexpectedly opened and her father came into the room.

"So, so. This is the way you behave when I am absent. 'When the cat's away' etc."

But though he tried to speak sternly there was a break in his voice. He, too, had seen Devoost that morning, and they had come to terms on the subject of ways and means. It amused him, then, rather than angered him, to see the frightened, shy manner in which the lovers rushed away from each other, looking imploringly at him the while, as though to beg for forgiveness.

The ordeal did not last long, for Claudine noticed a glimmering twinkle in his eye and instantly took advantage of it to kiss him and tell him that he had promised her to accept Louis for his son-in-law.

And so, even the contratemps of darning to make love before M. Bertel's formal consent had been given was at last overcome, and among all the people who visited the Salon Blanc on that crisp January night there was not a happier couple than brown-eyed Claudine and Louis.—Lloyd's Weekly.

The First Silk Hat.

In an English newspaper of the date of Jan. 18, 1797, appears the following: "John Hetherington, haberdasher, of the Strand, was arraigned before the lord mayor yesterday on the charge of breach of the peace and inciting a riot, and was required to give bond in the sum of £500. It was in evidence that Mr. Hetherington, who is well connected, appeared upon the public highway, wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (which was offered in evidence), a tall structure having a shining luster and calculated to frighten timid people. As a matter of fact, the officers of the crown stated that several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs yelped, and a young son of Cordwainer Thomas, who was returning from a chandler's shop, was thrown down by the crowd which had collected and had his right arm broken. For these reasons the defendant was seized by the guards and taken before the lord mayor. In extenuation of his crime the defendant claimed he had not violated any law of the kingdom, but was merely exercising a right to appear in a headdress of his own design—a right not denied to any Englishman."

Deadly Enemies.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other! Yet this is the case with two well-known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

Weekly Crop Bulletin.

According to the weekly report of the Michigan weather bulletin the temperature for the state during the past week was 68 degrees, or one degree above normal; the average total precipitation 0.44 of an inch, or 0.06 of an inch below normal; and the sunshine averaged 62 per cent of the possible amount. Generally the weather has been dry and hot. The lack of moisture has been felt the most in the southern counties, where pastures are rapidly drying up and corn has rolled considerably. In these counties also the ground has been too dry for fall plowing. Corn, beans and late potatoes are, however, in generally good condition and have made fair progress during the past seven days. The present condition of corn indicates that it will be safe from frost about Sept. 10 in the southern counties, and about Sept. 15 in the central and northern counties. Beans are beginning to ripen. The oat harvest is very near completion in most counties, and the bulk of the crop has been well secured. Sugar beets continue to grow finely and are in promising condition.

The Tri-State Band Convention.

The Tri-State Band association, including Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, held their annual convention in Detroit on Aug. 16th and 17th. Nearly 75 bands from the above states and Ontario made music galore while in the city. It was a big event for Detroit, and in addition to the music makers the printers from all over the U. S. were there, the florists were there, and many visitors from far and near were there. The bands gave concerts at the various parks about the city on the afternoon and evening of the first day, and on the second day occurred the parade, in which all the bands unitedly played familiar airs, making noise enough to be heard for miles. After the parade the balance of the day was spent at Belle Isle park, where thousands listened to a fine musical program.

Man and Wife Terribly Whipped.

Peter Larsen and wife, of Lee township, Midland county, started a suit for damages at Midland on the 12th by swearing out warrants for 11 of their neighbors charging them with assault. It is charged that some time in April a party composed of the 11 for whom warrants were issued and others went to Larsen's house and took him and his wife out and gave them a terrible whipping with blue beech whips. The reason for whipping them is the alleged actions of Mrs. Larsen.

Havana Mob Sought a Wife-Beater.

A small riot occurred in Havana on the 17th, growing out of an attempt to lynch one Villegas, a former lieutenant of police, who had ill-treated his wife in the most atrocious manner. He had been in Viva, the Tombs of Havana, for several days and on the above date wife died, and shortly after sundown a crowd of 1,000 people met on the Plaza and after listening to fiery addresses; began to march on Viva. A detachment of artillery met the mob and the latter promptly dispersed.

BASE BALL.

Below we publish the number of games of ball played by the Western and National Leagues, giving the number of games won and lost, together with the percentage of each club to date, Thursday, August 17th:

WESTERN LEAGUE STANDING.				
Clubs	Games Played	Won	Lost	Per Cent.
Indianapolis	94	60	34	.638
Minneapolis	102	61	41	.598
Grand Rapids	100	53	47	.530
Detroit	93	50	43	.505
St. Paul	101	48	53	.455
Milwaukee	95	43	52	.453
Buffalo	100	45	55	.450
Kansas City	99	39	60	.384

NATIONAL LEAGUE STANDING.				
Clubs	Games Played	Won	Lost	Per Cent.
Brooklyn	101	67	34	.662
Philadelphia	101	64	37	.621
Boston	102	63	39	.618
Cincinnati	100	60	40	.600
Baltimore	100	56	44	.560
St. Louis	102	55	47	.539
Chicago	100	53	47	.530
Pittsburg	102	51	51	.500
Louisville	101	45	56	.446
New York	98	43	55	.439
Washington	102	35	67	.343
Cleveland	103	17	86	.162

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.				
	New York	Chicago	Detroit	Buffalo
Best grades	4 25 25 90	4 75	4 75	4 75
Lower grades	2 42 4 4	3 00	3 50	4 50
Chicago				
Best grades	5 00 25 20	4 75	6 50	4 80
Lower grades	4 00 25 25	4 50	5 50	4 45
Detroit				
Best grades	4 00 25 00	4 30	5 75	4 75
Lower grades	3 50 25 75	3 25	4 50	4 40
Buffalo				
Best grades	3 50 25 40	5 15	6 50	4 90
Lower grades	3 00 25 30	4 40	5 75	4 75
Cincinnati				
Best grades	4 60 25 40	4 25	6 75	4 75
Lower grades	3 75 25 65	3 80	5 25	4 50
Pittsburg				
Best grades	4 90 25 25	4 80	6 00	4 90
Lower grades	2 50 25 40	4 20	4 00	4 50

GRAIN, ETC.

	Wheat	Corn	Oats
No. 2 red	88 1/2	No. 2 mix No. 2 white	28 1/2
New York	77 1/2	38 1/2	28 1/2
Chicago	70 1/2	34 1/2	19 1/2
Detroit	76 3/4	34 1/2	24 1/2
Toledo	71 1/2	33 1/2	21 1/2
Cincinnati	69 1/2	32 1/2	21 1/2
Pittsburg	78 3/4	36 1/2	26 1/2
Buffalo	77 1/2	35 1/2	25 1/2

*Detroit—Hay, No. 1 timothy, \$10.00 per ton. New Potatoes, 30c per bu. Live Poultry, Spring chickens, 90c per lb. fowls, 84c; turkeys, 10c; ducks, 7c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 18c per doz. Butter, best dairy, 17c per lb; creamery, 20c.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,649]

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—MRS. DELLA REMICKER, RENSSELAER, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

TO BE WELL DRESSED
consult our
HAND BOOK OF FASHIONS
Containing
Over 100 Photo-Engravures of the Latest Styles in
LADIES AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS
for Fall and Winter Wear
MAILED FREE
BOSTON STORE
State and Madison Sts.
CHICAGO, ILL.

1,000 NEWSPAPERS
Are now using our
International Type-High Plates
Sawed to
LABOR-SAVING LENGTHS.
They will save time in your composing room as they can be handled even quicker than type.
No extra charge is made for sawing plates to short lengths.
Send a trial order to this office and be convinced.
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, DETROIT, MICH.

TOURIST SLEEPERS TO CALIFORNIA
VIA
WABASH
You will practice good economy in writing
C. S. CRANE, C. P. & T. A., St. Louis,
for particulars.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.
Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES
THE ONLY W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom.
Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue A. Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
REGULATE THE BOWEL

CARTER'S INK
Is what all the GREAT railroads use.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.
31 Main Street, New York, N. Y.
If advised with
Bov's Eye Water, Thompson's Eye Water.

W. W. U. -- DETROIT -- NO. 32 -- 1899
PISO'S CURE FOR
CANCER WHICH ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Pleasant Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

UNADILLA.

The Anderson S. S. held a picnic at Joslin lake last Friday.

Emma and Jennie Richmond started Tuesday for Bay View.

Gertrude Mills was home from her work a few days last week.

John Watson and wife of Chelsea, are visiting relatives at this place.

Mrs. Flora Watson made a business trip to Detroit Tuesday of this week.

Gilbert Stock spent a few days last week on the shores of Pleasant lake.

Griff Palmer and family spent a few days last week in camp at Pleasant lake.

Holden DuBois has gone to Leslie and will work for his cousin in his store.

Edwin Nutting of Howell, is spending the week with friends in and around town.

Milford Milana and Horace Miller of Iosco, built the wall for the mill last week.

Gene May and Lon Lane of Stockbridge, are home from their work for a few days.

Wirt Barnum and wife visited relatives in Munith Thursday and Friday of last week.

Richard and Flora Miller spent Sunday with Friend Williams and family near Stockbridge.

J. D. Coulton of Jackson, is spending a few days with Mrs. Flora Watson at this place.

L. W. Allyn and wife visited relatives and friends in and around Howell the past week.

Nancy May of this place and Mrs. Belle Cherry of Chicago, are spending a few days with Wm. May of Bellaire.

Remember the social at Wm. Collins' on Friday, Aug. 25, for the benefit of the Christian Endeavor society. Supper 10 cents.

The people in this vicinity are sorry to hear that Frank Voegts, the harnessmaker of Gregory has sold out and is going to Belvidere Ill.

A letter received from George May, who went to Grand Rapids last week, states that he has secured a job in a lumber yard at that place.

Homer Ives has purchased a farm near Chelsea so as to get the benefit of the school at that place, and Harrison Bates will work the old homestead at this place.

Working Night and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that was ever made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by F. A. Sigler, druggist.

PARSHALLVILLE.

Mrs. Kate Chambers of Chicago is visiting relatives here for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. E. Marvin of Port Huron, is spending a few weeks with C. B. Marvin's family.

Rev. J. L. Walker's brother and son from Chatham, Canada, is spending a week here.

Elmer Preston has rented the hotel in Bancroft and will move there the first of October.

Grace Brock, aged 17, died at her home in Rochester last week Thursday and the remains were brought here and buried in the Smith cemetery.

Last week Thursday occurred the Kirk family reunion at the old homestead, now owned by Arlington Kirk. There were 48 present and all enjoyed a very pleasant day. Those from abroad were,

The WCTU meet with Mrs. C. B. Marvin on Friday afternoon of this week.

Mrs. Kate Chambers of Chicago, and W. E. Marvin and wife of Port Huron.

GREGORY.

Frank Williams has purchased the stock of the harness shop of F. J. Voegts, who goes to Ill. Success to both of them. The village will miss with regret, both F. J. and his estimable wife.

The "Birthday Party" for the benefit of the Baptist church was a success, netting \$36.36. Miss Sherman, an elocutionist, and Miss Fick, pianist, particularly pleasing the audience; while Miss Wasson, Miss Pipher and Mrs. Fick gave excellent vocal solos, and Mr. and Mrs. Denton, on violin and piano, were very much appreciated.

Red Hit From the Gun

Was the ball that hit G B Steadman of Newark, Mich in the Civil War. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Ten Bucklen's arnica salve cured him. Cures cuts, bruises, burns, boils, felons, corns and skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by F. A. Sigler, druggist.

ANDERSON.

Miss Maggie Birnie Sundayed with her parents here.

Mrs. J. R. Dunning has been quite sick the past week.

Several from here attended the picnic at Joslin lake on Friday last.

Miss Belle Birnie is at work in the home of Henry Howlett of Gregory.

Wm. Daley and wife visited at the home of Geo. Collins, near Dexter, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins of this place are entertaining relatives from Ann Arbor.

Orra Smith and Glen Hagerty spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Ann Arbor.

Austin Walters who has been working near Howell, shook hands with Anderson friends the last of last week.

SILVER LAKE AND BIRKETT.

Thos. Birkett was in Ann Arbor two days last week.

It has been the hottest weather the past week that has been known in years.

Lou Straith and wife who have been visiting his uncle here, returned home Monday.

People in this vicinity are cutting corn—the hot dry weather having ripened it prematurely.

It has been report that there were several cases of scarlet fever here but it seems a false report.

A slight rain here Sunday evening—scarcely enough to lay the dust—it cooled the air however.

Mr. Howard had the bad luck to break through a bridge with his engine Saturday night. The engineer jumped and saved himself.

A young man named Giggley, who has been working with Mr. Howard with the thresher, fell on a pitchfork handle Saturday noon, running it nearly through him. He was taken to the hospital at Ann Arbor but died.

HAMBURG.

Our boys play ball at the farmer's picnic Saturday.

Chas. Clark and Ella Carne, of Brighton, called on friends here Monday.

Miss Bernice Greer entertained a few of her friends at her home last Friday evening.

Carl Giresbrook of the M. A. C. visited with his sister, Mrs. A. B. Greer, for the past two weeks.

Edgar Bennett started last Sunday for Iowa where he will attend school the coming year. He will be greatly missed by the ball team as he was their best player.

The school house has been repaired and school will begin next Monday, Miss Nellie Powers of Brighton will teach the coming year. There is some talk of a union school for Hamburg.

About noon Wednesday of last week fire was discovered in the attic of the residence of Mr. Beach. No one was near at the time but Mr. Beach and the fire, aided by a strong east wind soon enveloped the building and nothing but a few chairs were saved. By one o'clock the fire had burned out and the crowd were congratulating themselves that the icehouse was safe when suddenly smoke was seen issuing from the roof and in an instant the entire structure was a mass of flames. So rapidly did it burn that the men who were up on ladders had to jump to save their lives. The cause of the fire in the residence is not known; the ice house probably caught from the other. The loss is covered by insurance.

MORE LOCAL.

E. W. Kennedy was at the county-seat Friday.

The drought is getting to be a serious matter.

John Martin and wife were in Howell last Friday.

Marshal Brown is the owner of a large bloodhound.

Cyrus Gardner was in Howell on business, Monday.

Albert Jackson, who has been very sick is much better.

Orville Tupper visited relatives in Howell over Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Donaldson, who has been quite sick, is much better.

Do not forget the lawn social at W. A. Carr's Saturday evening.

Miss Bertha Donaldson spent a few days with Marion friends the past week.

About a dozen from Pinckney attended the teacher's examination in Howell last week.

Miss Sarah Bradshaw of Ann Arbor and Miss Grace Pool of Gregory, are spending a few weeks at the home of J. A. Donaldson.

We are glad to report that the cases of scarlet fever are much better and it is hoped the disease will not spread as school begins the 5th of Sept.

Chas. Bennett died at his home in Lansing Monday and was brought to this place for burial Wednesday. He was a son-in-law of Mrs. John Martin Sr.

The following from here went to Bay View Tuesday and are enjoying the balmy breezes of the north: C. L. Campbell and wife, Eugene Campbell and family, the Misses Myrta and Nettie Hall, Maude Culy, Kittie Grieve, Nora Henry and Florence Andrews, and Mesdames H. D. Grieve, H. G. Briggs, John Sweeney, F. L. Andrews. The party were joined at Howell by Mrs. N. P. Kirk and lady friend.

He Fooled the Surgeon

All doctors told Kemick Hamilton of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's arnica salve the surest pile cure on earth and the best salve in the world; 25c a box and sold by F. A. Sigler.

LUCK OF LOTERIES.

SOME STRANGE FEAKS OF DAMN FORTUNE

How Luke White Rescued His Lucky Tickets—A Wicked Trick Which Fortune Played on a Lady—A Happy Inspiration of a Young Lieutenant

Fortune is never so capricious as when she is turning a lottery wheel, and a whole library might be written of the strange pranks she has played with those who have wooed her in this guise. She was in a strangely capricious mood, says Tit-Bits, when it pleased her to convert a Dublin shop assistant into a man of fortune and the founder of a noble family.

Luke White, the father of the first Lord Annaly, was a poor Manxman who had drifted to Dublin to serve behind the counter of a bookseller's shop. In the hope of adding to his scanty earnings he bought a number of lottery tickets for sale, but found himself unable to dispose of them all. At the last moment he decided to send the unsold tickets to Belfast, in the hope of finding a better market there; but when the coach had been a day on its journey he received a letter informing him that the despised tickets had won valuable prizes.

Although the news came in the dead of night, Luke White got up immediately, saddled a horse, and raced madly in chase of the coach. He rode through the night and the whole of the following day, and overtook the coach within a few miles of Belfast. He rescued the bundle of tickets and, returning home, exchanged them for prizes of the value of \$100,000.

An amusing story is told of a wicked trick which fortune played a short time ago on a lady. The lady and her husband, who were traveling, called at the shop of a country draper to make a few purchases. They were about to leave the shop, when an attractive bonnet arrested the lady's attention, and she induced her husband to buy it for her.

When it came to payment, however, the husband found, to his dismay, that he had not sufficient money to pay for it. In this dilemma he offered the draper an eighth share ticket in a German lottery which he had in his purse, and finally induced him to accept it in part payment. A few days later the lady learned, to her disgust, that the lottery ticket had won an eighth of \$75,000, and that her "darling bonnet" had thus cost her the record price of nearly \$9,500.

It was a happy inspiration that tempted a young lieutenant on the Italian battleship Lepanto to turn his attention to the Spanish Christmas lottery a couple of years ago. The ship was cruising off the coast of Spain, and it occurred to the lieutenant to induce all on board, from captain to cabin boy, to join in purchasing a lottery ticket. The ticket was bought, and, to the delight of all, was fortunate enough to win the first prize of \$165,000, which was divided among the lucky owners on Christmas Day.

A very curious piece of good fortune fell last year to the lot of a poor widow who kept a small shop in a suburb of Berlin. One evening as she was serving a customer a working man stepped into the shop and begged permission to light his pipe. Drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, he twisted it up, lit it at the gas jet, and after lighting his pipe, threw down the spill and walked out with a word of thanks.

When sweeping the floor the next morning the widow took up the charred paper out of idle curiosity, and, unfolding it, saw that it was a lottery ticket, only a fraction of which had been burnt. She folded it up, put it away in her pocket, and had almost forgotten it, when the result of a large lottery drawing caught her eye in the paper. She then remembered the crumpled ticket in her pocket, and, on producing it, found to her amazement and delight that the rejected ticket had won a prize of \$50,000. She claimed the prize, and although she advertised widely for its original owner with the intention of sharing it with him, she has been left in undisturbed possession of her fortune.

Workhouse for Aged Animals

The Englishman (Calcutta) contains a most interesting account of the workhouse or asylum for aged and infirm beasts and birds that was established some thirteen years ago by a society of influential Hindus. It is near the Sodepur Station, about ten miles from Calcutta, and is under the control of a manager, with a staff of eighty servants and an experienced veterinary surgeon. In the place at present there are 979 paupers—to wit: 129 bulls, 307 cows, 171 calves, 72 horses, 13 water buffaloes, 69 sheep, 15 goats, 141 pigeons, 44 cocks and hens, 4 cats, 3 monkeys, and 5 dogs. This remarkable asylum is described as being managed most systematically and mercifully. The cow paupers have especially a good time of it, inasmuch as on the occasion of the "mela" natives go from far and near to decorate and worship them.

Formerly One Man could buy all the goods the Busy Bee Hive sold

Now Four Buyers have been kept busy in New York for ten days looking and Fighting and Sweating to make the Cash Dollars go as far as possible in buying our early Fall Stock, and you can depend upon it we are getting a GREAT READY for the Fall Trade of 1899.

ALREADY ARRIVED and in stock, the New Flannelettes; good qualities and very nice styles, 6 1/2 8 1/2 and 10c.

Some extra heavy ones for Men's Shirts at 12 1/2c
New Fleeced Wrappers in the new Ruffled Skirts.
New Fall Suits in the latest styles.
New Fall Jackets, sweet and stylish.

Basement Buyer-Bringers.

Bee Hive Toilet Paper, 10 rolls for 25c.
Table Tumblers, 1c each.
White Handled Teacups and Saucers, 35c set.
Nicely Decorated Lamp and Shade, 89c each.
100-piece Decorated Dinner Sets, \$5 each.
12-quart Wood Fiber Pail, 21c each.
Toilet Sets from \$1.38 up.
Best Clothes Wringers \$1.09, \$1.29, \$1.67, \$1.98, and \$2.47.
Food Universal Choppers, \$1.47 each.
Headquarters for Tinware, Granite Iron and Wooden Ware and House Furnishing Goods.

You are the Losers who do not visit Our Basement Department.

Yours respectfully,

L. H. FIELD.

Jackson, Mich

Is Baby Thin

this summer? Then add a little SCOTT'S EMULSION to his milk three times a day. It is astonishing how fast he will improve. If he nurses, let the mother take the Emulsion. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.