

Pinckney Dispatch.

VOL. 2VIII.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1900.

No. 24.

The -- Surprise Store,

Our stock contains a splendid variety, and has been increased by the addition of many new items. We mention a few:

5 Fish Hooks	1c
2 Fish Lines	1c
6 Sheets Writing Paper	1c
6 Good Envelopes	1c
A Good Thimble	1c
1 Bunch Hair Pins	1c
Beauty Pins	1c
1 Pencil Tablet	1c
Paper Pencil	1c
Pen Tablet	2c
A Good Tooth Brush	5c
Children's Hose	5c
Ladies' 15c Hose	10c
Men's 10c Socks	7c
Handkerchiefs	.5c to 25c
Rising Sun Stove Blacking	5c
Set White Metal Knives and Forks	.75c
China Nest Eggs	2 for 5c
A Good Hammer	10c
Monkey Wrench	.20c to .35c
Lanterns	.45c
Roasters and Bakers	.25c
Machine Thread	.2c
Ladies' Pocket Books	.20c to \$1.50
Curling Irons	.3c
Good Hand Saw	.25c
Files	.5c
Tin Coffee Pot	.10c
Enamelled Tea Pot	.28c
Nickel Tea Pot	.39c
Nickel Coffee Pot	.45c
Extra quality Milk Pans	.6c

Eggs taken in exchange for goods.

R. O. CARLSON, Prop.
Bowman Block, Pinckney.
Successor to E. A. Bowman.

LOCAL NEWS.

John M. Harris drew lumber for a new barn the past week.

Austin Ruh of Unadilla was in town the first of the week.

Wm. Moran and wife visited in Lansing the first of the week.

Ed. Chipman of Plainfield was the guest of H. D. Grieve the first of the week.

A card from Mrs. W. J. Thatcher of Dallas, Texas, asks to have her DISPATCH changed to Bay View Mich.

The Misses Fannie and Mandie Teeple are home from Albion college, having finished their work there in stenography.

Cecil Sigler now drives his Shetland pony to a new buckboard. The rig attracts considerable attention as the pony weighs only a little over 350 pounds.

We are sometimes asked "what we charge for obituary notices." We are always glad to publish such notices free as a matter of news. Cards of thanks are 50 cents and resolutions 75 cents as they are purely a matter of personal interest and not news.

On Saturday afternoon last as Lincoln Smith was working on the roof of the Reason block, a kettle in which he was boiling coal tar boiled over and immediately took fire. An alarm was given and by prompt action a calamity was averted with but little damage.

The citizens of Three Oaks are feeling badly because Admiral Dewey cannot be at that village to assist at the unveiling of the Dewey cannon June 28. However Helen M. Gould has promised her presence and we, personally, would go farther and give more to see this millionaire lady who gives most liberally to all needy objects than to see Dewey. Three Oaks is certainly honored in having her with them.

Belle McIntyre visited in Detroit the past week.

Mrs. Floyd Reason was at the county seat last Friday.

Dra. Milne and Erwin were in Howell last Friday.

Annie Dolan of Jackson spent Sunday with her parents here.

Mrs. Hattie Campbell of Detroit is spending a few weeks here.

Miss Emma Reason visited relatives in Howell the last of last week.

Mrs. Maggie Black spent part of the past week with relatives in Detroit.

R. O. Carlson spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Oak Grove.

Lulu May of Stockbridge spent part of last week with Mrs. J. A. Cadwell.

Robt. Russell of Albion college returned to his home in Marion Tuesday.

Mrs. H. A. Fick, daughter and Miss Chapman of Gregory, were in town Tuesday.

A pleasant party helped E. J. McCluskey dedicate his new house on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. S. P. Young of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. A. Sigler, and other relatives here.

Wm. Potterton of Hamburg is quite ill and Mrs. Stella Graham is there helping her sister care for him.

Mrs. Lee of Dexter, and Mrs. Moore of Detroit, spent the latter part of the week with R. H. Erwin and family.

Some of our Grammer school boys have been enjoying camp life on the banks of Portage creek the past week.

Miss Villa Martin is delegate from the LOTM hive at this place to the state meeting at Grand Rapids this week.

The Misses Minnie Monks and May Brogan spent last week with friends in Ann Arbor, and attended the Faculty Concert at the University School of Music.

Owing to a stormy morning on Friday last there was not as large a crowd as usual on the C. E. excursion, however all report a good time and the society cleared expenses.

The Society of Church Workers will hold their monthly tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Dunning, next Wednesday, June 20. Tea from 5 o'clock until all are served. A cordial invitation to all.

We learn that several young lads are destroying property in the eastern part of the village—breaking windows etc. We are informed that the parties are known and unless depredation ceases trouble will follow.

The new bridge just south of the village is completed and is not only a beauty but is substantial, being a double stone arch. Of course the expense at the start is considerable but now that it is done it will probably never have to have any attention, so will be cheaper in the end.

The Stockbridge and Brighton ball teams are arranging for a game and would like to meet in Pinckney for the same if they could be sure of their expenses. It would seem as if a day of sports might be arranged by our Driving Club for the near future which would give the boys a chance to show their mettle.

The July number of the Legal Information Quarterly, published by W. H. S. Wood of Howell, is worth a great deal to any family and only costs 6½ cents or 25 cents per year. The first issue was well worth the years subscription price and the second is worth much more. We would be glad to take any subscription at this office and forward to the publisher.

A CRY FOR HELP.

Famine, from lack of rain, is now smiting millions of our fellow beings. Thousands are starving each twenty-four hours in India. Face to face with even such horrors still stand countless little children and women and men whom food will save.

What then shall we do? What will you do? For an answer we are clearly responsible to God and man. Ought we not to act quickly? Together and at once let us move to the rescue. We can feed the starving. From two to five cents a day will save a life. There is not a moment to be lost. *

A meeting of the citizens of Pinckney and vicinity will be held at the opera house Saturday evening of this week to see what can be done for the famine sufferers. It is hoped there will be a large turnout as it is a worthy object.

Other towns are contributing—let us do our share.

We will deliver flour direct to the people at

38 cents for a 25-pound sack
75 cents for a 50-pound sack
\$3.00 for a barrel.
10 pounds Graham 15 cents.
10 lbs. granulated meal 10cts

Seed Buckwheat.

Terms, Cash.

R. H. ERWIN.

Specials For This Week:

One lot of Men's Fancy Shirts, price \$1, to close at 50c each
One lot of the Dollar kind to close at 75c each
One lot of Men's Fancy Shirts of the 50c kind to close at 39c
Ladies' Fine Shoes, 2½, 4, to close at 50c per pair

Special Prices on Groceries this Week

Best Crackers	5½c
1 lb Baking Powder,	5c
Armours Key Soap, bar,	2c
1 lb 50c Tea,	39c

W. W. BARNARD.

OUR LADDER TO SUCCESS

- Progressive Methods
- Courtesy
- Cleanliness
- Complete Stock
- Accurate Compound'g
- Pure Drugs
- Facilities
- Experience
- Knowledge
- Skill
- Study

Your Patronage, when in need of Drugs etc., Patent Medicines, etc., is solicited.

Give your
Horse
Spears'
Worm
Powders.
We have
Secured the
Agency
For them.

Prescriptions
Carefully
Compounded.

F. A. SIGLER.
Druggist.

TEEPEL & CADWELL

General Hardware,

Have as complete an assortment of heavy and shelf hardware as can be found in the county, and 1900 finds us more thoroughly equipped than ever before.

Builders Hardware a Specialty.

Doors and Common Sash always in stock.

Complete line of Buggies, Wagons and

IMPLEMENT'S.

Heating Stoves, Ranges, Wood Stoves

Wood and Coal.

Our Specials:

Ladies' Dress Shoes \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3

Men's and Boys, Fine Shoes ranging from \$1.25 to \$3.50

All Odds and Ends in Shoes, regardless of cost

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1

A complete line of Wash Goods consisting of Dimities, Pique's, Organdies, French and Silk Ginghams, and Percales At Popular Prices

Saturday June 16,

Bottle Pickles	8c
Rice.	4c
Canned Pumpkin	7c
Canned Tomatoes	8c
Canned Corn.	7c
Salmon	11c
Full Cream Cheese	9c

F. G. JACKSON

Take Notice
The village roll is now in my hands
and I am prepared to receive taxes
any day in the week at my store in
Pinckney. W. E. Murphy
Village Treasurer.

BLOWN TO ATOMS

BY A GAS EXPLOSION WAS A DETROIT RESIDENCE.

One Person was Slightly Injured but Fortunately no Lives Were Lost—The Weekly Record of the Sickness in Michigan Shows Improvements.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey at Detroit. The hero of Manila bay, Admiral Dewey, and his wife reached Detroit on the afternoon of the 8th. Their arrival at the depot was announced by the shrieking of whistles, booming of cannon and shouts of the people. They were escorted to the Russell house with military honors. In the evening there was a reception to Admiral and Mrs. Dewey at the Fellowcraft club, followed by a \$10-a-plate banquet to the admiral, while Mrs. Dewey went to supper at the Detroit club, tendered her by a number of ladies. On the morning of the 9th a naval parade, headed by the steamer Tashmoo, flying the admiral's flag, lead a fine squadron of vessels to the flats and return; and in the afternoon there was a military and civic parade ashore, which was reviewed and participated in by the admiral, which concluded the public festivities. The event was made a holiday in Detroit, and the greater part of the populace took part.

House Blown to Pieces. As Mrs. Frank Waechter was in the back yard of her home, 479 Wilkins street, Detroit, on the afternoon of the 6th, there was a sudden explosion, and her one-story house was torn to pieces. The next instant Frank Blezinski, who was engaged in making some gas connections, with his clothing on fire, crawled through a hole in the floor and dashed into the street and shut off the gas. The door was ripped up as thoroughly as if the work had been done with a battering ram, and the heavy roof was thrown 25 feet away into the street. The walls were toppling over when the fire department arrived a few minutes later, and it was necessary to pull the front portion down. The Detroit City Gas Co. had been putting in a 4-inch main in Wilkins street and about 50 connections were being made within a few blocks. The gas had been shut off and how an explosion could occur is a mystery to the gas men.

Body Found Between Lumber Piles. Robert Black, of Black & Fox, Bay City, made a startling discovery on the morning of the 4th in their lumber yard. The body of a man was lying between two piles of lumber. The police and coroner were notified and the body removed to the morgue. No one in the crowd that congregated could identify the deceased. A timebook found in one of the pockets indicated that he had once been employed in the Estey organ factory at Owosso. A letter directed to Thomas O'Connor, Owosso, was taken to belong to the deceased. It was written by Miss Maggie Curtin, from St. John's January 25, 1896. It was concluded from the contents of the letter that the deceased lived in the vicinity of St. Johns. The body is that of a man probably 40 years of age. With no evidence to the contrary, it is supposed that O'Connor climbed upon a lumber pile on the night of the 2d or 3d and rolled off between two piles and broke his neck.

Ran Down by a Freight Train. A fatal accident occurred on a railroad crossing three miles east of Schoolcraft on the morning of the 4th, when two 16-year-old Schoolcraft boys, Clifford Cole and Roy Cobb, while driving home from Vicksburg, were struck by an east-bound Grand Trunk freight. The Cole boy receiving injuries from which he died two hours later. Young Cobb had both legs broken above the knees, besides receiving other serious injuries about the head and body. He was still alive at last accounts, but the chances for his recovery were considered slim. The rig was completely demolished, the horse being carried about 30 rods and run over and horribly mangled. It is supposed the boys had fallen asleep, as approaching trains, where the accident occurred, can be plainly seen.

Fire Still Raging. The temperature of the burning shaft in the Calumet & Hecla mine shows little variation and the fire is evidently raging unchecked thousands of feet underground. Gas escapes in large volumes through numerous cracks in the earth, and a large force of men and teams are constantly employed covering the vents with dirt. Workmen are frequently overcome by gas and one party of eight men narrowly escaped asphyxiation, it being necessary to take the entire party to the hospital.

Disease in Michigan. Reports to the state board of health show that rheumatism, neuralgia, bronchitis, tonsillitis and influenza, in the order named, caused the most sickness in the state during the past week. Cerebro-spinal meningitis was reported at 5 places; smallpox, 9; diphtheria, 24; whooping-cough, 26; typhoid fever, 27; scarlet fever, 63; measles, 93, and consumption, 107.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS.

Battle Creekites will stop Sunday base ball.

Seventeen couples were made happy at Michigan's green on the 10th.

Manistee has issued \$10,000 in bonds to extend her water works system.

Monroe has a new paper—the Monroe Record—Republican in politics.

A genuine case of smallpox has developed in the business portion of Jackson.

The public schools at Tustin have been closed on account of diphtheria in the village.

By the will of the late David Ward, of Pontiac, each of his 14 grand-children gets \$12,000.

Bronson's two free rural mail delivery routes are a success. A third route may be established.

The fire insurance company organized by the grangers of Sanilac county has received its charter.

Daily shipments of strawberries at St. Joe now average 15,000 crates. This will be doubled shortly.

Lapeer county veterans of the rebellion will hold their annual reunion at Metamora on June 21 and 22.

The Spanish cannon will be unveiled at Three Oaks on June 28. Miss Helen Gould will be the guest of honor.

Port Huronites who desire to explode fireworks on the Fourth must secure a permit or spend some time in jail.

It is announced that the American Bicycle Co. will close its branch factory at Grand Rapids, July 1. They employ 250 men.

Gov. Pingree has re-appointed Jerome W. Robbins, of Pontiac, a member of the state board of mediation and arbitration for three years.

Within the past two months the number of granges in Ingham county has doubled. The farmers there apparently know a good thing when they see it.

The report that the Henderson-Ames Co., of Kalamazoo, would move out of the state is without foundation. A reorganization of the company is on foot, however.

An outbreak of smallpox has been reported to the state board of health from Huron township, Wayne county, and cases of suspected "Cuban itch" from Flint.

Wheat fields in Calhoun county which two weeks ago promised a fair crop are now considered worthless, as a result of the industrious work of the Hessian fly.

Ionia supervisors have wound up their work. The total increase in valuation over 1895 is \$604,270. The increase in realty is \$131,153, and in personal \$163,115.

Enos Kewaygeskick shot a magnificent black bear two miles west of Petoskey on the 7th. It weighed 385 pounds, the largest ever known in that region and the first for many years.

The late Mrs. Justin R. Whiting, of St. Clair, in her will, leaves an estate of \$60,000 to her husband during his lifetime, after which it goes to the children then living.

On the 4th while scouting in the vicinity of Santo Tomas, province of Neuva Ecija, two Americans were wounded.

Three Killed and Several Wounded.

Sunday, the 10th, was one of the most eventful and bloody days since the great strike on the St. Louis Transit lines began more than one month ago. There were numerous encounters between strikers and other individuals and the constituted authorities, resulting in three deaths and the wounding of five or more persons, mostly strikers. One of the latter will die. The day was quiet until the afternoon, when the police were taken off a number of street car lines for the purpose of giving them a rest and to test the ability of the Transit Co. to operate without further friction.

During the day several hundred striking street car men had gone to East St. Louis to attend a picnic given for their benefit. Towards evening they began returning home. No serious trouble occurred until a company of nearly 150 street car men in uniform and headed by a drum corps marched into the city carrying banners bearing the words: "Union or nothing; liberty or death." When they reached the barracks occupied by the sheriff's posse, they became somewhat hilarious, and the sheriff's men rushed out into the street and ordered the men to immediately disperse. Some one in the crowd fired a shot, and the deputies then turned loose their repeating shot-guns loaded with buckshot. As far as could be learned only four in the strikers' ranks were hit, and not even one of the deputies was wounded. As soon as the firing ceased 20 of the strikers were arrested.

Geo. S. Bennett, of Coldwater, who was arrested at the instance of President Campbell, of the state tax commission, on a charge of tax dodging, pleaded guilty and was fined \$500 by Judge Adams on the 5th.

John Goslin, of New Baltimore, was attacked by a sea serpent while out fishing recently, and after a 15-minute battle succeeded in killing it. The snake was brought to land and measured, and found to be 16 feet long. Its body was four inches in diameter.

Gysbert Van Kreiken, of Kalamazoo, received word on the 4th that he had fallen heir to a fortune of nearly \$200,000 by the death of a rich relative in the Netherlands. Mr. Van Kreiken is a celery raiser and a comparatively poor man. He will leave at once to claim the windfall.

Two shafts at Hecla, which were closed because of the mine fire, were opened on the 10th and little gas was found. Other shafts at the north end of the mine will be opened at once and a large force of men, who were out of work because of the fire, will be started again.

The amount of personal property assessed in Holly township this year is \$307,825, which compared with \$165,750 assessed last year, makes a gain of over 140 per cent. Many people whose names never appeared on the tax rolls before are down for sums exceeding \$10,000.

WAR NOTES.

Naval Constructor Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, now at Manila, has been found unfit for duty because of his physical condition. He will be given a leave of absence and another constructor will be detailed to fill his position temporarily. Constructor Hobson has been at Manila for some time engaged in superintending the raising of the sunken Spanish warships. His disability is not believed to be at all serious, but simply the result of a close application to his duties in a tropical climate. A short rest in all probability will restore him to health.

Maj. Johnson, with two companies of the 29th infantry and 25 men of the 18th infantry, sailed from Romblon to the neighboring island of Tablas, where they disembarked simultaneously in four columns, converging upon a central point. The Americans encountered about 60 rebels, who retreated, and they captured 40, including all the officers, together with 10,000 rounds of ammunition and 14 rifles. Forty men of the 29th regiment, with a lieutenant, were left as a garrison, the others returning to Romblon.

A special from Havana says: Gen. Maximo Gomez will engage in an active campaign for the presidency of the Cuban republic. An intimate friend says if the political parties refuse to combine he will organize a "Cuba Libre" party of his own. For this purpose it is claimed he has been pledged a fund of not less than \$500,000 by a number of wealthy Americans, including a United States senator, whose name is not given.

Considerable interest is being taken in naval circles in a plan to authorize the North Atlantic squadron to use one of the civil war monitors as a target for the rapid-fire guns of Rear-Admiral Farquhar's vessels. The monitors are of very little value, and the loss would not be great, while the information that could be obtained would be of great value.

Troop G of the 4th cavalry, Co. C of the 34th regiment and Co. A of the 22d regiment are pursuing the captors of Chas. D. Roberts, who was taken by the Filipinos while scouting near San Miguel de Mayuno, May 29. It is reported that the Filipinos have separated among the trackless forest.

American scouts have destroyed the camp of Gen. Mascardo. The natives report that Mascardo, with 200 men and 500 rifles will surrender if given assurances that they will not be imprisoned.

Forty rifles, with artillery and a considerable quantity of ammunition, have been captured by the Americans in the mountains back of Dunaluan. Three Filipinos were also taken.

Capt. Abbott of the 42d regiment recently met 250 ladrone near Sinacion. One American was killed and the Filipinos had eight men killed and four wounded.

A dispatch from Manila dated June 9 announced that Gen. Pio del Pilar, the Filipino leader, had been captured near Manila.

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\$45,000,000 OUR TRADE WITH THE NEW POSSESSIONS

CUBA'S EXPORTS

Will Amount to \$31,000,000 Against \$15,000,000 in 1898—Despite the War Conditions Our Exports Will Exceed That of any Year Since 1894

Trade With Our New Possessions

Facts that are figures for commercialists appear in the latest output of statistics from the treasury bureau devoted to that art. In the collation of figures relating to exports from the U. S. to Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Hawaiian and Philippine islands, it develops that the sum total for the fiscal year ending with the present month will reach \$45,000,000. This will be more than three times as great as in 1896 and more than twice as much as in any year of American commerce with those islands, except 1892-3-4, when reciprocity greatly increased exports to Cuba and Puerto Rico.

To Cuba the total for the fiscal year seems likely to be fully \$25,000,000, against \$7,530,000 in the fiscal year 1896 and \$24,157,000 in the great reciprocity year 1893, when exports to that island were more than double those of five years earlier.

To Puerto Rico, the exports of the year will be in round terms \$2,630,000, against an average of \$2,750,000 in the reciprocity years 1892, 1893 and 1894, when exports to that island were double those of earlier years.

To the Hawaiian islands the total for the year will be about \$15,000,000, or five times as much as in 1893, nearly four times as much as in 1896, and more than double the total for 1898.

To the Philippines the total for 1900 will be about \$2,500,000, or more than in the entire five years since 1885, the date of which the first record of our exports to the Philippines was made by the treasury bureau of statistics.

To the Samoan islands, the exports of the year will be about \$125,000,

or nearly as much as in all the years since 1896, at which date the official records of our exports to those islands began.

On the import side, Cuba begins to show something of her old-time strength as an exporting island, as the total imports into the U. S. from Cuba for the full year will show a total of \$31,000,000, against \$15,000,000 in 1898 and \$18,500,000 in 1897, though they still are less than half the average for the reciprocity years 1892, 1893 and 1894, when our imports from that island averaged over \$75,000,000 per annum.

From Puerto Rico the imports of the year will be \$1,350,000, which is less than the total for any preceding year since 1890, and is presumably due to the destruction by last year's tornado of the crops which supply Puerto Rico's chief articles of export.

From the Hawaiian islands the imports for the full fiscal year will be \$21,000,000, or double the average annual importation for the period prior to 1896, and 20 per cent higher than in any preceding year, while from the Philippines, despite the war conditions which reduce producing and exporting power, the imports will be larger than in any year since 1894.

St. Louis Street Car Strike Still On.

The strike situation at St. Louis, Mo., has assumed such a serious phase that on the 5th 50 prominent citizens united in a telegram to Gov. Stephens asking him to call out the militia for the protection of life and property.

Negotiations between the strikers and the St. Louis Transit Co., looking to a settlement of the strike, are off for the present, and probably will not be resumed until the strikers agree not to demand the discharge of the men now in the employ of the company in order that they may regain the positions they gave up when the strike was declared.

The company sticks by its position that it will not discharge any of the men now in its employ.

Severe Wind Storm in Kansas.

A severe wind storm swept over a portion of Kansas on the 7th, doing much damage to buildings, fences, trees and growing crops. The clock tower of the M. K. & T. station was damaged and the elevator at St. Paul, Kan., 12 miles north of Parsons, was destroyed.

At Emporia, Kas., the Crown Point Milling plant was badly damaged by wind and lightning.

Many elevators and smokestacks of crushing mills blown down. The storm also struck Miami, I. T., wrecking a livery stable. Thomas Skinner was blown against a tree and killed.

\$400,000 in Gold from Alaska.

The stern-wheeler City of Seattle has arrived from Alaska with \$400,000 in gold dust and 260 passengers, most of whom are from Dawson. Thus far five boats have reached the lakes from Dawson and the rush for the states is fairly on. Among the returning Dawsonites are many women and children. Up to May 28 it is stated the clean up had reached \$18,000,000. The season opened from three to four weeks earlier than on any previous year.

BRIEF NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

Owing to bubonic plague quarantine, the prices of all kinds of food have nearly doubled in San Francisco's Chinatown. The available supply of rice, it is said, has been cornered by a few Chinese.

Terry McGovern, the featherweight champion, will have another battle with George Dixon. They have been matched to meet in a six-round bout before the Tattersalls Athletic club, of Chicago, on June

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The doctor, in answer to his unspoken appeal, goes with him to the hall. "Are they going to arrest me?" George whispers hoarsely, looking grey and haggard.

"Yes, they've got a warrant! George, you are innocent, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am innocent," he returns, in a dull sort of way. "My poor mother, you'll stand to her, doctor?"

"George! oh, my son!" His mother's arms are round him. She has heard every word. Her voice is full of agony—an agony that is like a sword in her heart.

"Mother, my poor mother!" The man's face works as he holds her to him tight.

"God bless my soul!" shouts the doctor, "what are we coming to when a man like Saville can act on a trumped-up pack of rubbish? My dear Mrs. Bouverie, don't let this worry you, it is all a wretched mistake!" George, man, say you can set it right!"

There was no shame in the eyes of George Bouverie. A kind of proud light leaps into them for a moment; then he puts his mother gently into the doctor's arms, saying softly:

"Whatever happens, believe I am innocent." Then he turns to the sergeant. "Now, then, I am ready to go with you."

Mrs. Bouverie does not see the crowning act of disgrace as her son walks out of his own home a prisoner into the godly light of the setting sun. She has fainted, and lies back with closed eyes, unconscious of the young golden head, that, for the first time in his life, George bows with shame.

He gets up on the car, with white lips and a stony face. His eyes are fixed and show no wavering. And, before night falls, all Portraven stands at its doors discussing the bank robbery and the arrest of Mr. Bouverie; while the cashier lies in his lodgings, and turns his face to the wall, a limp heap of shuddering humanity.

His landlady hurries to tell him that Mr. Bouverie has been taken. Mr. Grey only shivers and buries his chattering teeth and leaden face in the bedclothes.

It is Doctor Carter who, with tears in his eyes, breaks to Mrs. Bouverie the terrible intelligence that her son has been brought before the magistrates and committed for trial on the charge of robbery and murderous assault.

"He never did it," sobs the old man; "but it looks very black against him. Poor lad! He wouldn't say where he got the money—he was wiring off to that scoundrel, the bookmaker, and that went dead against him; and that fellow Grey stuck to his story. He swore it was George who attacked him—he swore it through thick and thin. On the face of evidence like that the magistrates had nothing to do but send the case for trial; but I can't believe it of George—I can't indeed!"

Yet the doctor is wavering. Facts are stubborn things and honorable men have become thieves and criminals before now. Mrs. Bouverie lies worn out with grief and anxiety.

"Would I had died for thee, my son!" she moans, as David did, and can take no comfort. Her boy, her idol, sent to prison, condemned already in the eyes of the world. Yet her faith has never wavered. George said he was innocent, and God in His own good time will make that innocence clear.

"Then there was that awkward bit of evidence about the chloroform," the doctor goes on, examining and sifting every bit of evidence. "Dale, that chemist, swore that George had bought that chloroform for the destruction of a diseased cat."

"That was true." Mrs. Bouverie lifts her heavy, tear-wet eyes for a second.

"Yes; but George couldn't say he had used the chloroform, and that told against him. Saville jumped at that point."

"My poor cat died. She was a pet, and she was caught in a trap. To spare my feelings, George said he would give her chloroform. She was dead before he got back from Portraven, and afterwards he said he had thrown the bottle away. Oh, Doctor Carter, you know my boy is innocent! These hideous doubts must be dissolved! I feel so weak, so heartbroken, so friendless!" sobs the poor lady; "and my poor George was so happy just before this happened—engaged to Barbara Saville, and looking forward to going out to Tasmania."

The doctor draws a long whistle.

"That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut—that sour-visaged Saville means to marry the girl himself. It

is as plain as daylight now. That is why he is so dead against George!"

Mrs. Bouverie clasps her trembling hands and bows her grief-stained face.

"George in prison! Doctor Carter, God only knows my agony! My poor, poor boy, weak as he may have been, but criminal never!"

Doctor Carter tries to comfort and console her.

"There, there, let it come to a trial; I have secured Jarvis for George. If any man can ferret out the truth he can, and we've not long to wait. By the by, did you hear that Phillip Saville is dead in Tasmania? He was killed—kicked by a horse; and that poor girl Barbara will only have to turn round and come home again. I met Sebastian on his way to send her a telegram."

"Poor child, poor Barbara! and she has to have married George!" sighs Mrs. Bouverie.

"So she will, so she will," Doctor Carter says abruptly. In his heart he thinks: "That poor lad will get his five years as sure as God made little apples; and Barbara isn't likely to stick to a man with the taint of prison on him!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The assizes are going on, and the county town is full of barristers and attorneys; and all interest is centered on the Portraven bank robbery case, for the man to be tried is a gentleman, a member of one of the oldest families in the county.

Mrs. Bouverie is staying in the same hotel as the judge who is to try her son. She will stay near George to the last; and Doctor Carter, fuming and fussy, has taken up his quarters at the Royal Arms too. He is beginning to lose heart. The evidence is so dead against George, and the great counsel engaged can wring nothing from the silent lips of the prisoner. With a sad, stern face of George confronts him, but refuses to speak—refuses to account for the money that had been in his possession that day. He will make no defense whatever, beyond declaring his innocence. His counsel is in despair. Without doubt the jury will bring in a verdict of guilty.

Worn out with great anxiety, Mrs. Bouverie lies on a sofa in a private room of the hotel. In the garden below the windows great bunches of lilacs scent the air, and the light breeze rustles the golden sprays of laburnum; but the mother's eyes see them not. She can only think of her boy within the cold, gray walls of the jail waiting for his trial. Mr. Saville is in the town too, with a look of satisfaction on his face; also Mr. Grey, the cashier, who, they say, has never recovered from the shock of the assault on him. He starts at every shadow, and looks a miserable, haunted individual.

In vain Dr. Carter tries to persuade Mrs. Bouverie not to attend the trial. It will only be needlessly distressing, he urges. And his inmost conviction is that George will be found guilty. Mrs. Bouverie is firm. "My place is beside my son," she says, struggling for calmness.

So the warm spring days go by, with the world flooded with sunshine, and every field and tree in its new dress of vivid green, everything bright and beautiful; only the stern, unhappy face of the man awaiting trial, while mother prays to Him who pities this sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, taking her trouble to the foot of the cross and laying it there. Oh, the shame, the misery, and the pity of it all!

And the day dawns for the trial of the bank robbery. Dr. Carter makes one more desperate effort.

Mrs. Bouverie, you are not strong enough to stand this. I promise to send you word every half-hour as the case goes on. Besides, it would only distress poor George to see you."

"Dr. Carter, you mean well, but I must go. I will be very brave," Mrs. Bouverie says, looking at the doctor's kindly face with eyes that are dim with tears and want of sleep.

"It will kill her, poor soul!" Dr. Carter says, half aloud.

Crowds are flocking to the courthouse. It is an exciting case. The counsel retained for George is in the depths of despair. He cannot see the chance of an acquittal unless some wonderful evidence turns up, which is not likely, at the eleventh hour.

Mr. Grey, the cashier, is prepared to identify George Bouverie as the man who attacked and drugged him.

The case is not very exciting after all. In vain Mr. Jarvis cross-examines

Mr. Grey; he sticks to his statement without wavering. Limp and ghastly looking he is, but firm; and yet he never once looks at the pale, set face of the man in the dock, who holds his golden head up bravely. Once once, when the judge says:

"Edward Grey, look at the prisoner in the dock. Do you swear that is the man who attacked you in the Portraven bank?"

"Then only the witness looks for a second into the steady eyes of George Bouverie—eyes that look true as steel.

"That is the man," he says, with such conviction that George Bouverie's counsel groans.

Mrs. Bouverie sits immovable, her hands in her lap, a small, pitiful figure crushed to the earth with a sorrow that is so terrible and so strange.

Mr. Saville, with an assumed air of reluctance, steps into the witness box, but every word he utters tells dead against the prisoner. It is he who brings to light George Bouverie's financial difficulties and racing propensities, and the jury prick their ears, and into their twelve intelligent faces comes a look that shows they have found out the reason why. There is not one of the 12 good men and true who has the faintest doubts of their verdict when Mr. Sebastian Saville, still with the manner of one having done an unpleasant duty, steps down from the witness table.

George gives him one look—a look of deep and bitter anger and contempt.

Mr. Dale, the chemist, adds his quota to the mass of evidence, and the chloroform is accounted for.

The crowd of persons listening to the case come to the conclusion that George Bouverie must be a very wicked young man indeed, in spite of his noble figure and kingly head. He is nothing better than a common thief. And public sympathy goes with the bank clerk, whose nervous system has been shattered.

Truly it had been a bold robbery indeed, and an example should be made! To walk boldly into the bank, choosing a moment when there was no one present but the cashier, and to immediately chloroform him and make off with a hundred pounds was the act of a villain!

Dr. Carter's face grew longer and longer as the case proceeds. Mr. Jarvis makes but a lame defense. Mrs. Bouverie turns an agonized face on the doctor, and whispers, with white lips:

"It is going against him, and yet he is innocent."

Dr. Carter is trembling visibly.

"Let me take you away, Mrs. Bouverie. My dear lady, be guided by me. I'll let you know the instant it is over."

But she shakes her head, her poor, sad eyes seeing only the figure in the dock, the man with the handsome, miserable face, that gets paler and more desperate as the case goes on. He glances at his mother once, with a world of sorrowful pity in his gaze, and his self-control deserts him for a moment.

The judge is summing up, and every sentence, every clear-cutting word tells against the prisoner. It is a scathing speech, in which the jury are entreated to lay aside any thoughts of the prisoner's position, of his youth, only to remember that a hideous crime has been committed; and he begs them to do their duty fearlessly, conscientiously before God, and faithfully between the Crown and the prisoner at the bar.

Saville draws a long breath as the judge sits down. George Bouverie is as good as condemned; there is not a chance of an acquittal now. The jury file out of the box.

(To be continued.)

Breaking Horses in South Africa.

The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practiced in any other country, says a writer. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the "schoolmaster" is first mounted, and then another man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away, on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and, no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened out until at last it can be taken off altogether.

Crowds are flocking to the court-house. It is an exciting case. The counsel retained for George is in the depths of despair. He cannot see the chance of an acquittal unless some wonderful evidence turns up, which is not likely, at the eleventh hour.

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TO CHECK THE NOSEBLEED.

Useful Hints That May Be Valuable in an Emergency.

Nosebleed is so common in childhood that little account is ordinarily made of it. Where it occurs repeatedly without apparent provocation, however, effort should be made, not only to check the immediate attack, but to ascertain the cause of the trouble. It is well known that heart disease, congestion of the liver and other conditions affected by, or affecting the circulation of, the blood predispose to nosebleed, and considerable anxiety is frequently felt lest the nosebleed of childhood may be the result of serious constitutional causes.

Most commonly the cause is local. The best means of checking the immediate attack is pressure with the finger on the upper lip, just beneath the nostrils. A small pad of absorbent cotton or a piece of handkerchief may be placed inside the lip and tightly pressed against the gum from without, thus compressing the two small arteries of the upper lip that supply the nose. These can ordinarily be felt pulsating in this locality.

If the bleeding is profuse or prolonged the child should be placed in a restful position, but with the head elevated, while ice may be held to the forehead or the back of the neck. To decrease still further the blood pressure within the vessels of the nose a mustard foot-bath is of service. In the meantime blowing the nose must be avoided.

Plugging the nostrils both in front and back is a last resort to keep the sufferer from actual peril. If the trouble is due to systematic weakness attention is to be especially directed to an improvement of the general condition while if the lungs are themselves weak repeated attacks of nosebleed are sometimes indications of the need of a change of climate or of proper physical exercises at home. The formation of scabs or crusts, often attended in childhood with picking of the nose, must not be overlooked as a cause of nosebleed.

Watchfulness may be required to prevent the formation of an unfortunate habit, but the affected spots must also be treated with ointment or other simple means of healing.

—*Medical Journal.*

Straight Road

To Health

Is by the way of purifying the blood. Germs and impurities in the blood cause disease and sickness. Expelling these impurities removes the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this and it does more. It makes the blood rich by increasing and vitalizing the red globules and giving it power to transmit to the organs, nerves and muscles the nutriment contained in digested food.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

Chevy Excursions to Colorado, Salt Lake City, and Ogden, Utah, will leave Chicago, June 20; July 9 and 17, and August 1st, via GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. Rate of one regular fare, plus \$2, for round trip. Return limit October 31st, 1900. Special trains one night to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, will leave Chicago at 4:45 p. m. Tickets will also be good on regular trains. For full information and free book, "COLORADO THE MAGNIFICENT," address John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

Be sure you are right, then let the girl go ahead.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts. The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 385 pages, with engravings, 25 cts., paper cover, cloth, full gilt, \$1, by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old. A million copies sold. Address The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cts for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health, vigor, success and happiness.

A polished hat doesn't go well with a shiny coat.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Love is defined as measles of the heart.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at $\frac{1}{2}$ the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Everyone Can't Go to Paris.

Those that can go, will. It is hoped, travel via the "Northwestern Line," but to those who can not, we recommend some of the many American resorts, reached via the "Northwestern Line."

Hot Springs, South Dakota.

To the invalid, the tired person and to the young people, and others out for a good time, this resort offers attractions not found elsewhere, and the trip is not long or interesting.

Take train on the FREMONT, ELKHORN & MISSOURI VALLEY R. at almost any prominent Nebraska town and your route will then be through the northern part of Nebraska, known as the "Elkhorn Valley."

Every Nebraskan will tell you that the "Elkhorn Valley" is the best farming portion of the state, year after year; then you pass through the grazing portion of Nebraska, where cattle, sheep and goats are fed in small and large herds.

You cannot visit Hot Springs without visiting the

Black Hills.

because the Hot Springs are in the Black Hills—southern portion—in a valley sheltered by surrounding hills or mountains. You will be surprised to find the delightful climate, the warm, natural water baths—no artificial heating necessary—scenery beautiful, imposing; hotels, all kinds, from the large modern and fashionable to the cosy cottage or private boarding house.

Within 100 miles of Hot Springs, in the upper portion of the Black Hills, is Deadwood, Lead City and the rich gold mining camps, attracting so much attention just now. Look up the standing and outburst of the celebrated "Homestake" operating daily with several years' supply of ore in sight.</

The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS - EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1900.

ANDERSON FARMERS' CLUB.

On Saturday last the Anderson club met the home of D. B. Smith and held their June meeting. In the absence of the president R. G. Webb called the club to order and proceeded to listen to the Program. It was moved to hold the next meeting in August and then have a picnic which was carried. The first was a recitation by Miss Eva Wellman. R. G. Webb then read a paper "Farm Management." The successful man is the one who watches the management closely. Different soil requires different tilling and the farmer must learn to use his own judgement. A man must have system—he must plan and then execute those plans. There is no reason to work 12 or 18 hours per day in order to bring about results but it is necessary to study, use judgement and watch the small details.

It is a mistake to think that the farmer does not need papers, books and music in his home—they are almost as essential as the tools to work with as they serve to lighten labor.

The company then listened to a recitation by Edna Webb and music by Misses Hoff and Gardner also little Alice Smith. This closed the program after which all partook of sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake, and adjourned until the August picnic.

A Good Cough Medicine.

It speaks well for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy when druggists use it in their own families in preference to any other. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the past five years with complete satisfaction to myself and customers," says Druggist J. Goldsmith, Van Etten, N. Y. "I have always used it in my own family both for ordinary coughs and colds and for the cough following la grippe, and find it very efficacious." For sale by F. A. Sigler druggist.

THE ASSEMBLY OF 1900.

A Fine List of Attractions Offered the Public the Present Season.

The Lake Orion Assembly of Orion, Michigan, is again on deck with a new smile that indicates not vanity, but just pride. New attractions and accommodations are added to the ample provisions of last season. The new electric railway is sure to prove a mighty accessory and with its extensions to Flint and Almont and connections with other projected lines, the very best kind of an assembly constituency will be reached.

New cottages are now being erected and a large athletic field is added to the equipment. Mr. Brewer, the professor of Athletics in Albion college, is under contract for five years to take charge of all kinds of athletic games and base ball. Croquet, golf and lawn tennis are sure to provide ample amusement and exercise. A fine Assembly Nine of base ball players will be on the ground to meet contesting teams. Send challenges for match games to Prof. Brewer, Albion Mich.

Want of space forbids mentioning all of the star attractions on the program for this season. The camp meeting, July 13 to 23, will take on features entirely new. Daily lectures on "Bible Study," "Methods of Christian work," by Mr. W. R. Newell of Chicago and Mr. H. B. Gibb of Mass., with religious exercises in charge of E. J. Baskerville of Detroit, are some of the rare features.

An Eyworth League Day with Secretary Thirkield, and July 14 and 15 with Bishop C. C. McCabe, whose eloquence charmed so many last year, are a few more treats.

The Assembly, July 28 to Aug-
ust 19, will be full of humorous, instructive and helpful things, beginning with the world-famous Sam Jones of the South, and including renowned religious leaders: Dr. J. H. Potts, August 4, 5; Dr. J. M. King, August 11, 12; Dr. A. J. Palmer, August 18, 19.

Prominent political and public names: Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, August 4; Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo, August 11; and others to be secured.

Eminent educators: Presidents Angell, Ashley, Bruske, Slocum, Sperry, etc., from all our Michigan colleges together on the platform for "Education Day," August 18.

Live lecturers: Prof. H. V. Richards, popular science; Col. P. E. Holp, humorous popular; Rev. A. F. Ferris, Prof. S. F. Goodrich, Col. Bain.

The last attraction secured is a lecture on the "Boer-British War," by Eugene Cushing of Chicago, who has just returned from an eight months' visit in Africa, bringing with him numerous thrilling views and war scenes which will be presented by one of the finest instruments in the land, giving both moving pictures and showing color with marvelous effect.

The Summer School, July 12 to Aug. 15, has ten regular departments, and will add a finely equipped institute for teachers under eminent instructors like Prof. P. C. Davis, Prof. O. L. Bristol and Principle Houghton of the Detroit Eastern High School. Students are offered fine accommodations for board, lodging, etc. For circular and any information regarding the summer school write to Rev. E. B. Bancroft, Flint Mich.

For information as to camp meeting, tenting, etc., write Rev. C. H. Morgan, Cass City, Mich., and for full program of season's work in all departments and all general information address Rev. J. C. Haller, room 16, 29 State street, Detroit, Mich. The latter being the address of the Association's headquarters prompt attention will be given to inquiries.

You may as well expect to run a steam engine without water as to find an active energetic man with a torpid liver and you may know that his liver is torpid when he does not relish his food or feels dull and languid after eating, often has headache and sometimes dizziness. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will restore his liver to its digestion and make him feel like a new man. Price, 25 cents. Samples at F. A. Sigler's drug store.

An important element of the voting population of the cosmopolitan city of Buffalo is composed of the Polish voters.

The superintendent of a children's home in Cincinnati refused to send any children to Kentucky for adoption, because of the bad record of that state.

A movement is on foot in Hamburg to unite the various scientific institutes in the city into a sort of university.

Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Winterset, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ, that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the druggist here and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is again at his work." For sale by F. A. Sigler druggist.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

At

The RACKET

For the

Month of June.

OUR MOTTO:

Good
Goods
and
Low
Prices.

We watch every market and sweep every bargain, so we are therefore better prepared to give better bargains than ever before on many articles, and will quote prices less than Mfg. prices of today. Read our price list carefully over, then come and examine the goods and we are sure you will find our prices are far cheaper than any other house dare quote prices on the same goods.

Remember, our stock consists of Notions, Dry Goods, Shoes, Hosiery, Underwear, Clothing and Tinware. We **Guarantee** both price and quality. We will first quote a few Sledge-Hammer prices on notions:

1 Tea or Coffee pot Knob 1c	Pair gold plated Link Cuff Buttons 5c
Paper of pins 1c	Pair Pulley Belt Buckles 10c
Box Mourning Pins 1c	Ladies' Pearl Shirt Waist set 15c
25 Needles 1c	Beauty Pins each 1c
Spool 3-cord Thread for machine 2c	Talcum Face Powder 5c, 10c and 15c
24 sheets Note Paper, good quality 1c	Best Quadruple Perfume in bulk
Box Note Paper, 24 shts. paper, 24 env. 4c	30c and 40c per oz.
Bottle of Ink 2c	These are the best goods made—try a sample.
Bottle of Sewing machine Oil 3c	A good 5c Ink Tablet 2c
3 Lever Collar Buttons celluloid back 5c	

We have a nice assortment of Cashmeres and thin Dress Goods, Duck Dress Goods, Cambries, Ginghams, Prints and Muslins and many of these goods we can quote prices from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cheaper than others ask for the same goods. We invite you to look these goods over and compare them with the prices you have been paying:

Prints 3c, 4c, 5c and 6c per yard	Fine Cashmere Dress Goods ranging in price from 10c up to 25c
Lot 1—500 yards Alpine Lawn 4c	All-wool Dress Fancies from 25c to 68c
Lot 2—500 yards Scotch Lawn 5c	Albatross Dress Goods 28c
Lot 3—500 yards 15c quality Dimities 6c	Duck Dress Goods all colors 10c
Lot 4—500 Batiste Cloth in the latest spring shades and worth today 17c, this lot 10c	Brillanteen, 1½ yards, fine as silk only 68c

We still take the lead in Shoes both in price, quality and style. We have

A Balkin Shoe as stylish as any \$2.00 shoe we sell these at \$1.10	We have better grades that we will put up with any \$3 or \$3.50 shoe on the market, and our prices are \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.69
Ladies' Dongola Shoe. This is an all solid Shoe for \$1.25	You run no risk in buying these shoes as every pair is warranted by us.

We also have a fine line of Men's and Boys' Shoes. Men's shoes ranging in price from \$1 to \$3, but for lack of space it is impossible to explain their merits but are sure we can save you from 25c to \$1 per pair and every pair as represented.

We are almost daily receiving some splendid values in Men's Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, and the prices are always right, but dare not quote prices as they go so fast that they are gone before our customers can get here for them.

We are closing out our Men's Clothing **AT COST.**

Tinware has advanced so we cannot quote you prices on many articles, but our prices are as low as any firm dare sell them. For a short time we will sell

A 10 qt Tin Pail, 9c	We have Tea Cups and Saucers Handled per set 40c
Wash Basins 4c	Un-handled 35c
Galvanized Wash Tubs 50c, 55c and 60c	Plates per set, 35c
Vegetable Graters, each 4c	Wash Bowl and Pitcher 55c
Oil stove Tea Kettle 13c	Chambers open, 30c
Meat Forks 2c	Deep Dishes, Bowls very cheap
Square Dinner Pail, 3 departments 23c	Fancy Cups and Saucers, each 10c
Tea or Coffee Pots 8c and 10c	Silver steel Tea Spoons per set, regular 25c goods, only 8c.

Yours,

McComb & Co.,
EGGS TAKEN.
Howell, Mich.

QUESTION ANSWERED.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom herd of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Sample bottle at F. A. Sigler's.

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Removes Black-heads and Pimples.

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Cures all Corns, Bunions, and Callous places.

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Railroad Guide.

Grand Trunk Railway System.

9:44 a. m.; Jackson, Detroit, and 9:18 a. m.	6:45 p. m.; Intermediate stations 9:15 a. m.
6:45 p. m.; Intermediate stations 9:15 a. m.	mail and exp.
Jackson, Lenox, and Plymouth.	4:45 p. m.; Intermediate stations 7:55 a. m.

The 9:16 a. m. and 6:45 p. m. trains have through coaches between Jackson and Detroit.

W. J. Black, Agent, Pinckney

ANN ARBOR RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP LINES.

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

W. H. BENNETT,
G. P. A. Toledo

PERE MARQUETTE

Railroad, May 19, 1900.

GOING EAST	a m	p m	p m
LV Grand Rapids.....	7 10	12 05	5 30
Ionia.....	7 40	12 20	6 00
Lansing.....	9 04	1 45	7 27

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D.R.S. K. & K.
The Leading Specialists of America
20 Years in Detroit.
250,000 Cured.

WE CURE STRicture

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twitting stream sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of a sexual disorder. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Falling Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Impotency, Impairment of Vision, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicose, Shrunken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRicture may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Dr. W. C. T. U., of Pinckney. He has made a name for himself. His NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

CURES GUARANTEED

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MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Michigan Ave. and Madison Street, CHICAGO

W. C. T. U.

Edited by the W. C. T. U. of Pinckney

Whiskey Deadly in Alaska.

The Christian Work publishes that in a recent interview in Chicago Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has spent some time in Alaska, said: "To use intoxicants in Alaska is fatal. No one can use stimulants without serious results. Even coffee is not necessary to the habitual coffee drinker. Tea is the proper beverage there, and that is the popular drink. Whisky is deadly thing to the Indians, and they are perishing in Alaska very rapidly."

And this is the Alaska where the last Congress set the licensed grog shop going again.

Why I Wear a White Ribbon.

All the golden glory of a southern sun was darkness to a tender mother's heart, for baby had disappeared. Two hours of most thorough searching had failed to find him in house or grounds, and hope had given place to agony of fear.

We were hurrying through the crowded street, bent on errands for the King, when our progress was suddenly stopped by such a tiny speck of manhood. Baby feet, little first pants, halo of golden hair—this was the vision that flung itself upon us to arrest our attention, and then, with great tears making mud furrows down the rounded cheeks, and many sobs choking the little voice, he said, "I'm all—all lost, please. My mamma wears that little white ring"—pointing a chubby finger at our white ribbon. "Will—will 'oo find me to her?"

We gathered the little mite in our arms and in the name of our snow-white bond of union, promised to find "him to her," but in spite of multiplied questions and undivided attention two full hours passed before we were able to put lambkin in his mother's arms, and then—joy!

He had been taught fear of the police, but had learned confidence in ribbon because "mamma" wore it.

Dear hearts, perhaps some other mother's grown-up boy may be lost to-night, and the sight of that little blood-washed life-line may bring him safely into port. "For God and homes" keep your white ribbons in sight.

Pinckney Flour at 38c per sack at the mill.

Call at F. A. Sigler's drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are an elegant physic. They also improve the appetite, strengthen the digestion and regulate the liver and bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

Edited by the W. C. T. U. of Pinckney

Sept. 4, 1897. 10:30 A. M.—Just now, when I took dad to his cup of coffee, I found him poring over a bill, and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that the "Weekly Wag" is wagging all the wrong way, and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it.

In a word the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded, bitterly.

As I came upstairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial, there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to make the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I were whiling away an hour in the British Museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile relaxed for the moment his clean-shaven, inscrutable face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dad. I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained, as we passed on into another room.

Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a celibate as well as a celebrity. But he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in its columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of the Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Clive Lodge. So to-morrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897. 11:20 P. M.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning, directly the dear unsuspecting dad had started for the city, I put on my sailor hat and sailed forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Clive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my fingers. You are a little simpleton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre instead of a wit," I said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card, I subsided into an easy chair. As I did I caught sight of myself in a pier glass and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self-possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and the celebrated Mr. Rutland entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel-gray eyes as they alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two evils" would rather deal with the lesser! Producing the current number of the Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture.

"This is a most preposterous request young lady. It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of the Weekly Wag!"

The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glances he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having troubled you with this 'preposterous request,'" I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could command. At the same moment the door was hastily opened, and a startled vision of a tall, straight figure in a tall, straight, flannel-clad figure of my tear-blurred vision hurried toward me.

Following his cap, the young fellow held the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought,'" I reflected bitterly, as I descended the steep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was not due for fifteen minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the flaunting posters of many a prosperous competitor of the luckless little weekly. I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning to my preambulation I was surprised to see the flannel-clad figure of my tear-blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig had repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought haughtily.

iy, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of the cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made. "I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles non-sense, my uncle is a savant and only writes for the scientific publications."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But, really, I suppose you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have great expectations in that quarter, and have kept my frivolic talent a dead secret from him," he replied with a whimsical smile.

"Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said, impulsively.

I should certainly have rued it greatly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to the Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks, the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight I helped him to improve our menu and then hastened to make my dinned toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and more distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1898. 10:45 p. m.—My weddin eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the spur given it by Rolf's pen, the Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again.

"But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Chicago News.

Cheap Rates Via Grand Trunk Railway System to Chicago, Milwaukee and Philadelphia.

Carnival at Milwaukee, June 24, 25, 26. One fare for round trip (berths on steamers extra). Tickets good going June 24, 25, 26, valid to return up to July 1 inclusive.

National Prohibition Convention at Chicago, June 27, 28.—One fare for round trip, good going 26, 27, valid to return up to June 29 inclusive.

Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, June 19.—One fare for round trip tickets, sold for trains of June 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, valid to return up to the 26 inclusive.

Daily Service to Milwaukee.—Commencing with Sunday, June 17, the Det. & Milwaukee Div. will run its Steamboat express trains daily in connection with the large, fine fleet of steamers of the Crosby Transportation Co. This daily service will give passengers direct service every day between Detroit and Milwaukee leaving Detroit 4:05 p. m. reaching Grand Haven 11:00 p. m. and Milwaukee 6:30 next morning. From Milwaukee steamers leave 9:15 p. m. arrive Grand Haven 5:30 a. m. connecting directly with fast steamboat express and arriving Detroit 11:50 in the morning. Berths to passengers holding regular tickets will continue to be free. The popular buffet cars as well appreciated by the public will continue to be run on the steamboat express trains.

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"The old bigwig had repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought haughtily.

Train will leave South Lyon at 8:00 a. m. returning to Grand Rapids at 6:30 p. m., Grand Ledge 3 p. m. Rate to Grand Ledge \$1.75, Grand Rapids \$1.60.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Grand Ledge & Grand Rapids Sunday, June 10.

Train will leave South Lyon at 8:00 a. m. returning to Grand Rapids at 6:30 p. m., Grand Ledge 3 p. m. Rate to Grand Ledge \$1.75, Grand Rapids \$1.60.

A Sprained Ankle Quickly Cured

"At one time I suffered from a severe sprain of the," says Gen. E. Cary, editor of the Guide, Washington, Va.

"After using several well recommended medicines without success, I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and am pleased to say that relief came as soon as I began its use and a complete cure speedily followed." Sold by F. A. Sigler druggist.

"The old bigwig had repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought haughtily.

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Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, also of the Veterinary Dental College.

Toronto Canada.

Will promptly attend to all diseases of the domestic animal at a reasonable price.

Horses teeth examined free.

OFFICE, MILL, PINCKNEY.

NOTICE.

We the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Down's Elixir if it does not cure any cough, cold, whooping cough, or throat trouble.

We also guarantee Down's Elixir to cure consumption, when used according to directions, or money back.

A full dose on going to bed and small doses during the day will cure the most severe cold, and stop the most distressing cough.

F. A. Sigler,
W. B. Darrow,

Pinckney Dispatch.

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

If the surface of the earth were perfectly level, the waters of the ocean would cover it to the depth of 600 feet.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as B. C. 700. They were made by priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,000 miles have been constructed.

The "terrible interviewer" is not half as bad as the man who holds up the interviewer to tell him all the news that the "terrible interviewer" collected, wrote up and published the day before.

In this country placing the thumb to the nose and extending the fingers is a sign of derision. Among certain hill tribes in India it is the most expressive manner of showing respect.

Pekin, China, has a tower in which is hung a large bell, cast in the fifteenth century, and another tower containing a huge drum, which is intended to be beaten in case a great danger should threaten the city. No one is allowed to enter these towers.

The revelations made at the ecumenical conference on foreign missions concerning the services of missionaries in extending education, trade and civilization, as well as the doctrines of the Christian religion, are a strong reminder that civilization does often move forward in other ways than "on a powder-cart."

The people of Porto Rico were astonished to see their first American governor come among them in plain clothes, and with no pomp and circumstance. They had been accustomed to bad government with endless "fuss and feathers." They ought easily to be reconciled to the change, so long as the quiet man in plain clothes gives them good government.

Must the Japanese "go," too? Ten thousand of them are said to have landed on our Pacific coast during the first three weeks of April, and for several months they have been arriving at the rate of a hundred thousand a year, ten times the normal immigration. Some are known to be contract laborers and will be deported; others, later on, may wish they, too, had been sent back. It is suggested that many of them flee to this country because they fear war.

India is a country not half so large as the United States, with four times its population. These 300,000,000 people must be fed from their own crops, as there is, relatively, no manufacturing resource to buy food with, says the Review of Reviews. There are parts of India with a population of 1,000 people to the square mile, and there are millions upon millions of farm laborers, vagrants, gypsies and nondescript classes, whose means of living, even in times of plenty, are inscrutable.

Near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam, is a curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed by a double row of immense tree-trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile broad, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around. Tame elephants are employed to lure wild ones into the trap. Having reached the inner end of the labyrinth, the tame elephants are allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, as the enraged elephants sometimes crush their would-be captors under their feet.

The Indian girls of the Chickasaw nation seem to be "up-to-date." The evils arising from the marriages of white men with Indian girls have become notorious. Usually the unions were sought by whites of worthless character, merely in order that they might get possession of the valuable lands allotted to the brides. In view of this a law was enacted by the Indian legislature establishing the marriage fee in such cases at \$1,000. As a remedial measure, much was expected of the law. It has just come into effect, and at Ardmore, Indian Territory, recently, some thousand or more Indian girls, in meeting assembled, indignantly "resolved" that the law and the instigators thereof were intolerable interferers with woman's inalienable right to marry whom she would. And the end is not yet!

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOR.

The Path of Least Resistance Is the Best One in Which to Perform Good Works — Rough Places in Life's Journey.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)
Text, Mark 39. "And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

Here in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! I can understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

"It is not that the wild gazelle Comes down to drink thy tide, But he that was pierced to save from hell Oft wandered by thy side."

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet, Thou calm, reposing sea, But, ah, far more the beautiful feet Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

I can easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. This lake, in Christ's time, lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, groved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake and countrymen in fishing smacks coming down to drop their nets pass each other with nod and shout and laughter or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret. But there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock and, by the gentleness of the motion, putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate and his head touched the pillow than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Coming of the Storm.
Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen and in the strong wind crack like pistols; the smaller boats, like petrels, poised on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto him, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward, he cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, he says, "Be still!"

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get frightened. In the tones of these

disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures. Look at the various errors going over the church of God. We are going to founder. The church is going to perish. She is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text! Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering his paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping. He rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight. He does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his roar he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ. He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord. He will never come forth again upon the nation. Christ is overcome forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off vicer.

Seeking God's Help.
There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat and the long boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for a time; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat!" And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds sweep down and the sea was tossed into wrath, when they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it.

Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then these men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing.

Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in a fire; Hugh McCall in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say?

Not Always Smooth Sailing.
A young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity! the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad and say, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution. If you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. But be not disheartened! Take courage! You are in a glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials, and he will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get frightened. In the tones of these

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

One Way of Settling the South African War — An Absent-Minded Beggar — Flotsam and Jetsam From Funny Papers.

Going to Headquarters.
The little ones are often unconsciously sacrilegious. A few days ago a 5-year-old boy in North Omaha rushed into the house and excitedly rang up "central."

"Number, please," said the girl in the central office.
"Jus' gib me Dod," lisped the little fellow.

"Central" grasped the situation and said, "All right," waited a moment and then asked in a changed tone of voice:

"Well, my little friend, what is it?"
"Say, Dod, dem Smith chilluns across ze street keep tomin' over here an' stealin' my playin's, an' you has jus' got to put a top to it!" shouted the angry lad.—Omaha World-Herald.

One Way.



Oom Shultz—Wouldn't it be a great joke unt a great saving of life if der Queen Victoria unt Oom Paul would git married, ain't it?

O'Grady (who has domestic troubles)—Dade an' it would that, an' thim they could foight it out at home.

A Bitter Spell of Hatred.
"Gambridge is such a friend of the Boers that he goes to almost any length to show his hatred of the British."

"What's his latest effort?"

"He spells English with a small i."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Insinuation.
He—I make it a rule to never speak unless I know what I am talking about.

She—Aren't you afraid of losing your voice from want of practice?

Chicago News.

Domestic Repartee.
She—I always speak out when I have anything to say.

He—Yes, but the trouble is that you do not limit yourself to speaking out when you have anything to say.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Diplomatic.
"Mrs. Dudd seems always to have her own way."

"That's because when she can't have it she pretends that the other way is her's."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Speaking of Lawyers.
"What sort of a legal light is a pettifogger?" asked Dimling, when a discussion arose about lawyers and law.

"A pettifogger is a legal lightweight," replied Larkin.—Detroit Free Press.

About the Size of It.
The Maid—Oh, what a grand thing it must be when husband and wife are of one mind!

The Wife—Well, that depends a great deal on whose mind it is.—Chicago News.

THE LOVES AND THE IMMORTALS.

He was the bust of Apollo, which stood on top of the piano. She was the plaster cast of the East Wind which hung on the wall opposite. And they had somehow managed to fall in love with each other. Perhaps they had imbibed something of the general atmosphere of the apartment. It was inhabited by three pretty bachelor maidens, each and every one of them sworn never to fall in love or marry—and each and every one passing through that stage of their evolution when one learns that it is really nobler to own one's self mistaken and one's views rather than to wreck the happiness of a fellow creature, even if he is only a man. So much lovemaking, open and covert, went on under the eyes of the amorous plaster casts that they were certainly excusable in learning to conjugate the moods and tenses of the tender passion also.

Phyllis Forester was the prettiest and sweetest of the bachelor maidens, or, at least Angus Macneil believed so. And Phyllis invariably sat in the big Morris chair just in front of the head of Apollo when she was entertaining company. The big Morris chair formed a beautiful frame for the adorable little Phyllis. Perhaps that was why she so often sat in it, although Angus Macneil didn't think so. He believed that she was fond of occupying the big chair because she fancied her insignificant height and extreme slenderness were less noticeable than when she sat up straight.

Angus himself almost always sat upon the Turkish stool just opposite the big chair. Sitting on this stool gave him an opportunity of leaning forward, and thus bringing his eyes a few inches nearer Phyllis. He often found himself dreaming as he sat there of the longed-for time when he should dare to lean still a little farther forward and clasp the little hand which rested so idly in Phyllis' lap. Phyllis never embroidered or did fancy work as other girls do, at least not in the evening. Her companions in the apartment declared that this was so be-



cause Phyllis was too idle. Phyllis herself declared that her hands were not pretty enough to bring them into prominence by contrasting them with bits of dainty needlework, whereas the other girls laughed scornfully. Angus Macneil thought her hands adorable anyway, and rather preferred that they should be idle. The chances of by and by taking them prisoner seemed somehow increased so long as she did not work.

Seated thus Phyllis naturally took frequent note of the East Wind. Sometimes when she found it advisable to become unconscious of the adoring gaze of her lover, she studied the cast with much earnestness. At such times she was almost ready to declare that the plaster face was smiling at something or somebody. Angus, for his part, had strong suspicions that the plaster Apollo winked now and again. One evening he mentioned these suspicions to Phyllis, and after that—well, the plaster casts fared beautifully.

There was no light in the room but that of the open fire and the East Wind and the Apollo were flirting openly and undisguisedly. Angus looked up suddenly and caught them at it.

"That fellow is very fond of winking," he remarked, smiling at Phyllis. Phyllis smiled almost as sympathetically as the East Wind she was looking at.

"And do you know, I have been thinking that the East Wind is smiling," she returned. Angus swung around and looked at the pretty feminine head, with its long hair flying forward, and with deep, unfathomable eyes. Then he looked back again at the pretty feminine head with wavy hair caught up neatly, and with eyes which were also unfathomable. He smiled as though a pleasant thought had struck him.

"Perhaps she's smiling at Apollo. Perhaps they love each other," he suggested, while the East Wind blushed in the firelight to have the secrets of

her plaster heart thus disclosed. Phyllis blushed also, from mere sympathy, of course. Then the East Wind, torn between maidenly shyness and a desire to prove to Apollo that the words of these mortal lovers were true, swayed on the wire which suspended her so eagerly that the wire gave way and she fell violently forward. Had not Phyllis sprung up quickly and caught her she would have been dashed to pieces on the floor. As it was she lay motionless in the kind arms which had saved her, no longer blushing, but quite white and still. Apollo, on top of the piano, flushed more vividly than ever as Macneil took his beloved away from Phyllis. And he fairly beamed down on the human lover as his idol was placed by his side, leaning right against him.

"Old" fellow looks pretty happy," ventured Angus, calling the attention of Phyllis to the satisfied air which dwelt in the attitude and expression of both casts. Phyllis nodded sweetly, but said nothing. Macneil drew a little nearer and looked down at her silently—for so long that Phyllis became nervous.

"I wonder what you are thinking of," she blurted out suddenly. Macneil swept the Turkish stool over the carpet with a movement full of haste and determination. Once more Apollo winked at the beautiful face beside him, no longer coldly beautiful with the icy loveliness of plaster, but glowing and warmly radiant in the light of the fire—and love. Apollo knew what was going on far better than the mortals themselves. And lovemaking in the room below him seemed quite in keeping with the old-new thrills of passionate admiration and worship which were pulsating through his breast of tinted plaster. He even went so far as to smile kindly and in knowing fashion when the human lover scolded himself on the Turkish stool and made bold to take possession of his sweetheart's hand.

"Phyllis," said the human lover softly, "Phyllis, dear, I was thinking how very much I love you. It—doesn't please you—that I should be thinking such things, my darling?"

"No," signaled Apollo and the East Wind together from their station on top of the piano. Phyllis was silent and her lover drew both the little hands into his own.

"What are you thinking of, my dearest?" he asked, as the girl remained speechless.

"I am thinking that—that—I love you, too," was the answer which he divined rather than heard, and the East Wind and Apollo craned their heads so far forward to see what was happening that they nearly came to an untimely end by dashing themselves down to destruction upon the keys of the piano. And after that—well, when next morning came and the other pretty bachelor maidens would have separated the plister lovers and put the distance of the room between them again Phyllis wouldn't hear of it.

"They look as if they were making love to each other," she explained, blushing, "and—well, I like to see them do it!"—Chicago Tribune.

WANDERING IN DREAMLAND.
She tried to pay her fare with samples of foulard.

The young woman's mind was probably 'way off in the land of fictions, and yokes, and flirtings, and plaitings, and applique, and ruffles, and things like that, whatever they may mean. Anyhow, when she got on an uptown Ninth street car the other afternoon, she dreamily opened her pocketbook when the conductor came around for her fare, stuck a gloved finger and thumb into one of the compartments of the same, extracted a couple of foulard samples, and, with that far-away expression still in her eyes, handed them to the conductor. The conductor was a middle-aged man. He smiled and waited for the young woman to come out of her trance. But she held the foulard samples out to him, with her eyes on vacancy, until the conductor, still grinning, had to fetch her back to earth. "Yes, they're pretty, miss," he said, "and I'd like to get my wife a dress off that piece on top, but she's—" The young woman blushed like a red-hot stove-lid, dug into another compartment of her pocketbook for a car ticket, and she looked real embarrassed when the brutal male persons across the car aisle grinned, so she did.—Washington Post.

Drawing Parallel Lines Rapidly.
Parallel lines can be rapidly drawn on a blackboard by a new chalk holder, which has a wooden stock provided with transverse grooves, in which the crayons are inserted, being held in place by a flat spring crossing them at right angles, with a spring grip to be held in the hand.

Cat Farm in Oregon.
There is a large cat "farm" in Lincoln county, Oregon, and the residents in the vicinity have obtained the consent of the postoffice department to the christening of their postoffice by the name of Angora. The first postmaster of Angora, singularly enough, is Thomas Tom.

TRANSVAAL WAR ITEMS.

The following dispatch from Lord Roberts, dated Pretoria, June 3, has been received at the London war office: "I regret to report that the 13th Imperial Yeomanry had to surrender to a very superior force of the enemy on May 31, near Lindley. On receiving information of the battalion being attacked I ordered Methuen to proceed with all speed to its assistance. Methuen was then on the march, on the Heilbron side of Kroonstad, and, half an hour after the receipt of my telegram on June 1, he started off. By 10 a.m. of the following day he had marched 24 miles in 23 hours, but he was too late to rescue Col. Sprague's Yeomanry. Methuen attacked the Boers who were between 2,000 and 3,000 strong, and after a running fight of five hours completely routed the enemy. It is a very regrettable circumstance, but I trust it will not be very long before the Irish Yeomanry are released from captivity."

After sharp fighting, which raged all day on the 4th and was resumed on the 5th, the Union Jack now flies over the Transvaal capital, Pretoria. It is now

only a little over eight months since the declaration of war was announced and Roberts has entered Pretoria, fulfilling the promise he made to the guards at Bloemfontein, that he would lead them into the capitol of the Transvaal while Britain was celebrating the event with wild enthusiasm. Great rejoicing was manifested throughout England and Canada when the news of the fall of Pretoria was received. At many places schools were let out, and the children paraded the streets singing the national anthem; factories were closed down; parades, speeches and other evidences of patriotic enthusiasm followed.

The executive offices of the Transvaal government are in a railway car, which is shunted on a switch at Machadorp station. President Kruger caused the interior of the coach to be reconstructed some time ago with a view to contingencies that have now arrived.

According to the reasons why he left Pretoria, Mr. Kruger said: I was not foolish enough to be taken prisoner. I provided this means of locomotion precisely for the same reason as our burghers supply themselves with horses when they take the field. It is necessary that I should be able to move quickly from place to place. By and by this car will take me back to Pretoria.

The Boers have torn up 21 miles of

Lord Roberts' vital line of railway between America siding and Roodeval. It is a bold raid and vexatious, but it does not disquiet the military authorities as yet, for they expect Gen. Kelly-Kenny to drive off the marauders and reopen the line.

Gen. Buller has at length taken the offensive and, by maneuvering, has secured a position west of Laing's neck, by which he believes he can make the Boer positions untenable. Presumably he will immediately follow up his success.

Gen. Hunter's advance column occupied Ventersdorp on the 7th, the Boers quietly surrendering in small bodies. Considerable looting had been done. Gen. Mahon's column has rejoined Hunter.

Twelve British subjects have been imprisoned in Panama, Colombia, without trial.

BASE BALL.

Below we submit the official standing of the clubs of the National and American leagues, up to and including Sunday, June 13th:

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Philadelphia.....	25	14	.641
Brooklyn.....	22	16	.579
Pittsburgh.....	23	20	.535
St. Louis.....	21	19	.513
Chicago.....	21	21	.488
Boston.....	17	20	.439
Cincinnati.....	15	23	.385
New York.....	14	23	.378

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Below we submit the official standing of the clubs of the National and American leagues, up to and including Sunday, June 13th:

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Indianapolis.....	28	10	.737
Cleveland.....	21	20	.485
Milwaukee.....	23	20	.535
Cleveland.....	21	20	.512
Minneapolis.....	23	22	.511
Kansas City.....	23	13	.500
Baltimore.....	15	27	.357
Detroit.....	13	28	.312

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

New York—Cattle Sheep Lambs Hogs

Best grades... \$4.625 50 89.50 88.50 88.75

Lower grades... 2.25 2.24 2.20 3.50 3.40

Chicago—

Best grades... 5.00 5.25 5.80 6.50 5.25

Lower grades... 3.75 4.25 4.75 5.00 4.00

Detroit—

Best grades... 3.75 3.25 4.50 7.00 5.33

Lower grades... 2.50 2.25 3.50 5.00 3.13

Buffalo—

Best grades... 5.75 6.25 5.00 7.75 5.45

Lower grades... 4.00 4.25 4.50 5.00 3.33

Cincinnati—

Best grades... 4.75 5.25 5.80 7.25 5.25

Lower grades... 3.25 3.50 4.00 5.00 4.00

Pittsburg—

Best grades... 5.25 6.25 4.85 7.00 5.25

Lower grades... 3.50 4.00 4.00 6.00 3.00

Buffalo—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Chicago—

Best grades... 8.00 8.50 4.00 12.50 8.00

Lower grades... 5.00 5.50 4.00 9.00 5.00

St. Louis—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Baltimore—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

St. Louis—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Baltimore—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Baltimore—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Baltimore—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Baltimore—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.00 7.00 4.00

Baltimore—

Best grades... 7.00 7.50 4.00 11.00 7.00

Lower grades... 4.00 4.50 4.0

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
UANDI TEA
SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.
IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY—PURE AND FRAGRANT.
"IT COSTS NO MORE—TRY IT"



EAST PUTNAM.

E. W. Kennedy was in Howell Friday of last week.

Geo. Hicks and wife visited their sons in Jackson County recently.

F. K. Boylan, wife, and little daughter were guests at W. H. Placeway's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fitch of Stockbridge were guests of their daughter here on Sunday last.

The Misses Nettie and Flo Hall spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Williamston.

Eugene Allison's family of Iosco were entertained in the home of N. N. Whitecomb on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lake are enjoying a two weeks visit with their son at Forest Hill, also with friends at Ithaca, St. Johns and Durand.

A Card.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warrented Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. I also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

Will B. Darrow.

PETTYSVILLE.

James VanHorn was in Ann Arbor one day last week.

John VanHorn and family ride in an elegant new surrey.

Art Flintoff and wife attended the circus at Ann Arbor Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McCluskey gave a social dance in their new house Tuesday evening which was largely attended.

Miss Lela Menks closed a very successful term of school in the Cordley district last Friday and the children were treated to ice cream and cake by the ladies of the district.

Those interested in the Whitcomb cemetery are requested to meet at the cemetery Saturday afternoon, June 16 at 1 o'clock sharp. Let all come out as there is business to be transacted.

Trustees.

NORTH HAMBURG.

Bean planting is nearly through in this vicinity.

Strawberry venders have started on church street.

Mrs. Stewart is entertaining a niece from the South.

Children's day exercises will be held at the church next Sunday.

Mrs. E. Drewery of Howell, is spending a week at her old home.

The North Hamburg Endeavor society will be held Tuesday evening instead of Sunday.

Geo. VanHorn visited the County seat Monday and saw Dewey. He says he is only a man.

UNADILLA.

Mrs. Silas Richmond is on the sick list.

Herman Reed visited friends near North Lake Sunday.

Pat Clark attended the circus at Ann Arbor Thursday last.

Robt. Bond transacted business in Ann Arbor last Thursday.

Mrs. Janet Webb called on friends in North Lake Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Secor and children visited relatives in North Lake Sunday.

Miss Pearl Smith of New York, is spending a week with Miss Emma Pyper.

Miss Georgia Gardner is working for Mrs. Hattie Stowe for a few weeks.

Mrs. Wm. Laverock is spending a few days with friends in Pittsfield and Eaton Rapids.

Mrs. Kasie Smith and children of New York, are visiting her mother, Mrs. L. W. Allyn.

Children's day exercises at the M. E. church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Everybody invited.

Unadilla played ball in Stockbridge last Saturday. Score:—Stockbridge, 20; Unadilla, 6.

S. L. Bignal and party from Fowlerville, spent a few days last week fishing in the lakes in this vicinity.

Quite a number from here attended the Children's day exercises at Gregory and North Lake last Sunday.

Mrs. Flora Watson is moving into her recently purchased home in Chelsea—Gertrude Mills will accompany her.

Geo. Hoyland, who has been spending a few weeks with his daughter at this place, returned to his home in Howell last Wednesday.

Jas. Hoff was at the county seat Tuesday.

N. D. Wilson made a quick trip to Dover Tuesday.

A. T. May of Lyndon called on friends here Tuesday.

Harry Moore and wife of Howell spent Sunday here.

Miss Elva Hoff of Howell spent Sunday with her parents here.

A. G. Wilson sold a valuable horse recently to Detroit parties.

Several from here attended the Children's day exercises at Gregory Sunday.

Robbie Hoff and Burr Smith attended Field Day exercises at Howell Friday.

Miss Grace Drew of Howell visited at the home of S. Placeway the first of the week.

Miss Ella Murphy closed a successful term of school in the Sprout district Friday.

Thany and Nora Durkee spent Monday with their aunt, Mrs. Nancy May of Lyndon.

Several from Anderson took advantage of the C. E. excursion and seen Admiral Dewey.

H. W. Whipple of the county seat shook hands with Anderson friends the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dailey are entertaining their friends, Miss Lydia Sack and brother Richard of Detroit.

The Anderson aid society met at the home of Mrs. C. E. Bullis Tuesday. Strawberries and cream were served.

Mrs. Samuel Wilson returned Thursday after spending a few days with her grand daughter, Mrs. L. E. Howlett at Howell.

Ice cream will be served from five until all are served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Smith on Saturday evening of this week.

J. T. Eaman of Detroit, spent the latter part of last week visiting old friends in Anderson. He returned home Monday accompanied by his wife.

A company to the number of about 30 gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hinckley on Thursday last and reminded Percy of his thirteenth birthday. An excellent supper was served and a pleasant afternoon spent.

Mark Allison and wife of Iosco, Willie Smith and wife of Marion, Jas. Marble and wife of this place spent Wednesday of last week fishing at Reeves'. Mrs. J. R. Dunning returned home with Mrs. Allison to spend a few days.

Flour at 38c per sack at Pinckney mills.

MORE LOCAL.

Ice cream Saturday night.
R. D. Roche, of Howell was in town Wednesday.

Another shower visited this place Wednesday afternoon.

R. H. Erwin and wife spent Tuesday with friends in Dexter.

J. A. Cadwell has been treating his residence to a new coat of paint.

Baccalaureate address at the M. E. church Sunday evening by Rev. C. W. Rice.

Miss Lela Monks was in Detroit the past week to attend the funeral of a cousin.

Mrs. Geo. Reason and daughter Daisy, called on friends in Howell last Saturday.

We understand that Henry Cobb has engaged to work for H. F. Sigler for one year.

Don't forget the meeting at the opera house Saturday evening. See notice on page one.

Miss Mame Sigler spent several days the past week with Mrs. Yonckers at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Genevieve Baker visited her cousin, Miss Jessie Tupper, in Howell, the last of last week.

There will be ice cream and cake served in the town hall Saturday evening for the benefit of the school.

Graduating exercises at opera house Thursday evening, June 21. Have you secured your reserved seat? On sale at F. A. Siglers.

Will Monks returned from the U. of M. Tuesday, having finished his second year in the dental department. Will finishes his course next year.

The Supervisor of Putnam finds this year \$148,865 of taxable personal property against \$61,820 in 1899, or an increase of \$82,045. More than double.

The little son of James Doyle, who has been sick for so long, died the first of the week. The father and mother have the sympathy of the entire community.

The Sunday school at Wright's school house, near Chubb's Corners, contributed \$3.28 to the India relief fund, on Sunday last, at a regular session. This was certainly a very creditable act.

A Pinckney Boy Honored.
WASHINGTON MAY 19, 1900.

W. C. Devereaux, of Rutledge, Minn., has been appointed an observer in the weather Bureau.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

We join with W. C.'s friends in wishing him success in his new employment. It is a scientific position in the Agricultural Department, and the wages are at the rate of \$840 for the first six months and \$1,000 per year after that with good prospects of promotion. His address is Atlanta, Ga., U. S. Weather Bureau.

While enroute for Grand Rapids, Monday a. m., Admiral Dewey's train halted at Howell and he made a short address. He was greeted by the band and 600 school children besides 1,500 citizens of the county seat.

Come to the
Dispatch Office
Pinckney, Mich.

For
Letter Heads,
Envelopes,
Cards, Etc.

Prices Right.

This
Entire
Space
For sale at a
Reasonable Rate.

What a Good
Farmer Friend Said

Mrs. Welloff, who lives on a very nice farm a few miles from here, was in the store last week. We tried to make her feel at home with us, and took a great deal of pains to see that everything was to her satisfaction, as we always do with all customers from out of town. We hadn't seen this lady in the store for several years. When she got through trading she said. "Well I used to trade always with Mr. Field when he was in the smaller store down the street, but when you moved to this big store the folks out our way thought you were stuck up and didn't feel at home in such a big store. Now I'm going home and tell my neighbors how nice the farmers get treated at the Bee Hive, and I'll trade here after this."

For Saturday, June 16

2,000 Yards

of 10c a yard wide percale,
and wide Ginghams, on Saturday

5c a yard

Ladies' Black Hose, double Heel and Toe, 2 pair for 25c.

Ladies' Black Hose,

3 pair for 25c.

Boys' Bicycle Hose, 2 pair for 25c.

Girls' Fine Hose, double thread,

15c per pair.

Men's Fancy Hose, blue, red and black, 2 pair for 25c.

Men's Mixed Stockings,

5 pair for 25c.

Basement
Bargains.

Enterprise Food Choppers, 3 knives, \$1.19.

Child's painted table trays, with attachments, 15c.

24 pound Standard Scales, weighs by ounces, guaranteed correct, 98c.

Full sized wash-boards, 9c.

Galvanized wash-tubs, 47c.

10-quart retinned dishpans, 18c.

Side lift lanterns, 39c.

100 piece decorated dinner set, \$4.98.

50 foot clothes line, 7c.

Table tumblers, 1c.

Tin covered jelly tumblers, 2c.

Yours respectfully,

L. H. FIELD.

Jackson, Mich.