

Of Course

some people may think we do not carry any

Holiday Goods.

but we wish to announce that we have the most complete stock of

Silver and Nickel Plated Ware

Carving Sets

Razors and Brushes

Skates and Sleds



that can be found in town.

We guarantee the

Welsbach Gasoline Lamp

to give no trouble and it makes an excellent Holiday present.

G. W. Reason & Son

Edward A. Bowman,

DEPARTMENT STORE

HOWELL, MICHIGAN.

BOWMAN'S

Is the place to buy fancy goods of all kinds.

Art Needle Goods, Fancy China, Albums, Celluloid Goods, Dolls, Toys, Medalion, Stationery etc.

Our prices will save you money.

Trade at Bowman's.

Busy Store,

Howell,

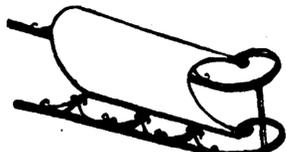
Mich.

Next to Postoffice.

Of Course

There may be some Hardware stores where they do not, but

We Keep Holiday Goods.



We always have a full line of Silverware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Tea Tets, etc. Sleds, Skates, and hundreds of other articles that are useful. Nothing is nicer for a present to wife or mother than a set of silverwear, and we've got 'em.

TEEPLE & CADWELL

LOCAL NEWS.

Tonight At opera house Held by the Enemy Columbian Dramatic Club. Do not miss the play as it will please you. Mrs Flora Grimes spent last week in Detroit. An interesting letter by M. T. Kelly appears on page 5.

J. Swarthout of Williamston is visiting relatives here. Minnie Monks visited friends at North Lake last week.

Cecil Sigler assisted in Jackson's store the past few days. You will read the DISPATCH a day early this week and next.

Next week the DISPATCH starts a new year. Is your subscription paid? Mrs. W. A. Carr is in Detroit caring for Mrs. Earnest Carr who is quite sick.

Leo Monks is better at this writing. He was able to sit up the first of the week.

F. L. Andrews and family spent Xmas as usual with his sister in O-wosso.

Miss Daisy Reason of Jackson is spending the holidays with her parents here.

A steam heater has been placed in operation at the mill to temper wheat before grinding.

Do not forget the play to night at the opera house. The company have it well in hand.

Mrs. F. L. Andrews assisted in F. A. Sigler's store during the rush of the few days before Xmas.

All of those who are attending the different colleges are spending vacation at their different homes.

Jas. A. Greene was in Ann Arbor Tuesday, acting as an attorney on a case, for Dave Kelly of Dexter.

Jas. Smith and one other man took 26 fine fish from the pond in two days this week, fishing through the ice.

Will Devereaux who has been in the civil service in Cuba for some time is spending a few days under the parental roof.

Malachy Roche and wife returned home the first of the week after spending a few weeks with relatives in Waterloo.

While Abel Smith was attending church last Sunday morning his horse got entangled in the shafts of the buggy in such a manner as to completely demolish them.

One evening last week Silas Barton and children were out visiting and on returning found the house full of smoke and a good fire getting started. Prompt work saved the house with but little damage. Insured in Livingston Mutual.

A Costly Frolic.

Geo. W. Larrabee aged 7 years died at his home in Hamburg Saturday from a paralytic stroke, caused by striking his head against a school mate's head and getting a severe blow on the temple. The accident occurred last fall and paralysis developed the day before thanksgiving. This is the second death in that vicinity caused by rough play during recess.

Wireless Telegraphy.

The lecture on the above subject last Thursday evening at the school house was not as well attended as it should have been but those present enjoyed it and were much interested in this, the newest discovery.

Prof. Osborn's explanations of the why and wherefores were excellent and very instructive to the students of the Junior class.

What the U. of M. costs You.

The University of Michigan is supported largely by one-quarter mill tax on the assessed valuation of the state. A man whose property is assessed at \$500, pays for the support of the University 12 1/2 cents a year—a cent a month. If a citizen owns a farm assessed at \$2,000, he pays fifty cents a year to the University. This payment of fifty cents is all it costs him to have at his command for his and his neighbor's children, an education of the best. A man must own property valued by the assessor at four thousand dollars, before he can say he pays one dollar per year, or eight and one-half cents per month, for the support of the University.

Another Mile Stone.

With this issue the DISPATCH passes another mile-stone in its career and as we look back over the past twelve months we are well pleased. While we could have done more work and our advertising patronage could have been better we will not complain for we have enough to live on and if we hold our health will meet our payments as they come due with the help of our many friends in paying up the small amounts due us.

During the year that has passed we have purchased and moved into a home of our own and now are able to meet all of our friends on the ground floor. (Do not forget this when you come to settle your subscription.)

While our advertising patronage has not been any greater than last year, our job department never was so busy as during the year that is just closing. We cannot help but attribute this to our continued reaching out after more work by a liberal use of printers ink in the form of special advertising. We always believed that advertising paid and have proven it true.

Some people may say that it is easy for us to advertise as it does not cost us anything, but we actually pay as much or more in cash for our advertising as any merchant in town, and we are not doing it for fun either—it pays or we would not continue.

While we would be glad for a large increase in this line for the coming year we are thankful for the support given us and wish all of our patrons a Merry Xmas and a Happy, prosperous New Year.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Auntie Sniffin is very ill at the home of her brother, J. Drown.

The scholars are enjoying a two weeks vacation during the holidays.

Guy Teeple and wife of Sault Ste. Marie are visiting their parents here.

The house of J. Brigham burned Sunday morning. Part of the furniture was saved but their clothing and bedding was mostly consumed. Insured—house and contents—for \$1,000.

Vol. XIX No. 52.

What did Christmas bring you?

One more week of the old year.

We will soon have to write it 1902.

Next Wednesday will be New Years.

Ross Read was in Detroit Tuesday on business.

Will Wright and family are spending the holidays with relatives in Webberville.

Alex McIntyre spent the past week visiting friends in and around Jackson.

Miss Nellie Ryan of Silver Lake was home from school for the holidays. She was accompanied by Miss Kate Dolan of Jackson.

Our correspondents responded nobly this week to our call for a day earlier. Thanks. Do so one week more than drop back to the regular routine.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Miss Edith Pierce to a Mr. Craft, to take place at the home of her parents at Chubbs Corners, Tuesday next, Dec. 31.

An interesting letter from Chas. Poole will be found on our inside pages. Mr. Poole is a graduate of the P. H. S. and our readers will be glad to hear from him.

Owing to illness in the family of Herb Schoenhals, the Hamburg and Putnam farmers club cannot meet with them Saturday. As we have been unable to learn any other place of meeting we presume it will be postponed for a month.

Lyle W. Martin and Miss Ella Leonore Bristow, two very estimable young people of the Verde valley were married last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. VanHoutum by Rev. Robert Wright of the Verde valley. The groom is superintendent of the Diamond S Cattle company and the bride a daughter of P. Bristow one of the oldest and most prominent families in the valley. They have a host of friends whose best wishes are extended to them in the important step which they have taken.—Journal Miner, Prescott Arizona.



"Why Should Calamity Be Full of Words?"

The mere saying of words is easy, and some men devote their whole lives to it. They talk rather than act. The calamity howlers in any community are of this kind.

While the unsuccessful business man is talking the successful man is acting. When he speaks he uses words, but he tells facts. He seldom, however, depends upon his own voice.

He brings to his aid the trumpet tongued voice of the press.

He purchases space in the advertising columns of his local paper, and he uses it to good advantage.

This is your local paper. There is space in these columns for use. Are you adding its strength to your voice? Properly used it will aid you.

Brokaw & Wilkinson,

HOWELL, MICH.

Are showing the finest line of Fancy China Glass Ware and Furniture ever brought into Livingston county.

* CUT GLASS and HAVILAND CHINA *

The finest that can be had

FANCY ROCKERS Make the finest Kind of Presents

Do not Fail to Call and See Our Stock.

Kurrah for the Holidays

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR CHRISTMAS.

RIGHT TO THE FRONT of all competition we place our elegant new holiday stock, the best ever shown in this locality.

POPULAR SELECTIONS at popular prices are features of this magnificent stock which particularly recommend it to holiday buyers.

FALL IN LINE all you people who wish to see a bright and beautiful display of charming Holiday novelties for the season of 1901.

F. A. SIGLER.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Softly silver, and golden clear,
The passing bells of the passing year,
Ring out! ring out! O chimes!
A knell for the rose, and the summer
dead,
For the lavish autumn full richly sped,
And the blossomy April times.

Softly silver, O Christmas bells!
Your diaphanous clamor or falls or swells
In a hymn of joy ringing.
Hark! hark! It swells into upper air,
To join the stave, so fine, so rare,
The earth, the heavens, are singing.

Richly silver and high and far,
As the dazzling gleam of a falling star,
Hark to the angels crying:
"Peace upon earth! Good will to men!"
And bells from hamlet, plain and glen,
In high accord replying.
—Frank Leslie's Magazine.

The New Years Ball

"But merciful goodness!" the man cried out, driven to half-crazed desperation. "Don't you understand? Can't you understand? It is ruin! It is complete ruin!"

She stood before him like one of the antique Greek statues that look calmly out from jeweled eyes. Her cold mouth curved a little.

"I suppose you mean that our expenditure has been too heavy; that we must retrench. You are dramatic about it—as you are about everything." She shrugged her shoulders. "And you know that I detest the dramatic."

As he saw that still she did not understand, the moisture came out on his forehead.

"No, I do not mean that we must retrench, as you conceive the word, Rose. I mean that everything is gone."

"Everything!"

"You will not starve. You will have a house over your head. But—"

"Thank you." She smiled ironically. "That is much. Yes, I think I understand now."

She turned to the door. "Rose!" He called her back. His eyes strained out of his ashen face. "If you knew—if you knew—how I have struggled against it! For months it has been coming. But I always hoped that I would retrieve all. One unfortunate investment followed another. Still I would not tell you; I could not—could not! But now I will explain everything."

"Oh, pray spare me!" She drew aside the folds of her house robe, as if his outstretched hand might seize and detain her. "I wish for no explanation of disagreeable events. After our New Year's eve ball I will hear as much of what you may have to say as I care to know—though speech is useless enough now."

"After the ball?" he repeated. "You do not mean—it is not possible—that you think of still giving this New Year's ball?"

"Certainly." She gazed at him coldly. "This ball shall be given. My invitations went out today."

"But it is monstrous!" cried Edwin Thompson. "Do you realize what will be said of us? In a fortnight more the whole world will know that I am a bankrupt. My honor—"

"Your honor!" she interrupted, laughing a little. "A man who marries a girl above him socially, but of impoverished family, under the claim of being wealthy, and who, five years later, announces to her that he is bankrupt, need talk little of his honor!"

She turned away again and finally, as she uttered the words. They had been spoken in her even, clear, cruel voice. Surely in the five years of their married life Edwin Thompson had learned to know those tones well. They had never warmed with love or melted with tenderness. They had remained what they had been when he, a self-made man, a man who had arrived at great riches, despite his youth, had paid his addresses to the daughter of the old Viokas, and had been willing that she should marry him without, as she confessed with explicit calmness, loving him in the least.

Mrs. Edwin Thompson had given her ball and it marked the summit of the holiday season. The early morning hours wore on towards the dawn. The last carriage rolled away. Mrs. Thompson would fall; but it would be a fall enveloped in splendor.

She was about to move past her husband without a word. He checked her. "I have been waiting to see you until the last guest had gone. There has happened one thing of which I wish to speak to you—very briefly. I shall not keep you long. I had a relative—an uncle of my mother. He was an unmarried man, and rich. For years we held no communication with each other. It came to me that I would appeal to him—not for myself—for you."

He paused. She stood, her head half averted, reluctantly waiting. He looked at her. She did not see the glance. He resumed.

"I wrote three days ago. Today I received this letter." He took out a folded sheet. "It is from the old man's lawyer. My mother's uncle died a week ago, and I am heir-at-law of all his property."

The silence that fell upon the great room could almost be heard. Not a muscle of Rose's body moved. Her head was still averted.

"I tell you this, because it is you—"

not I—who hereafter will own this fortune. That is all."

When she turned sharply he was gone. The blood surged to her cheeks, and left them again deadly pale. Was it true? Yes; she knew that it was. She might taunt him with having won her by false claims, but she knew, in her soul, that falsity and he could not together be mentioned. His word was never doubted. What did he mean, then, by saying that his fortune, which had fallen to him in the hour of direct need, like rain from the clouds, was to be hers, not his? Gathering up the long, rustling train of her ball-dress, she mounted the stairs, pushed open the door of his dressing room—

"Edwin—my God!"

The cry broke from the lips that had grown stiff and still. She crept forward. Her white arm and wrist struck against his uplifted hand.

"Edwin! Why did you do this? You were about to take your life! Why? Why?"

Her hands closed upon his wrist. The vice-like pressure recalled him from the trance in which he had stood until then.

"Why not?" He spoke hoarsely. "Can you love me? Can anything recall the words you uttered two weeks ago?"

"Edwin! Forget them! Forget!"

"I thought I knew you," he went on as before. "I thought I knew you as cold—but not—not as you revealed yourself that day. I always hoped, hoped for your heart some time. That afternoon I saw you and your heart as they were. You have what you wish—a fortune. Me you will not need."

"I do!" she cried. "You must listen to me. You must understand me, though I scarcely understand myself. My heart was cruel and cold because it had never been awakened. I never knew you as you are—as the man you are!"

Edwin Thompson and his wife have been abroad two years. Theirs is a harmonious household. Their fortune generously expended draws society about them. But Mrs. Thompson has ceased to be a "society woman."

"Since when have you so changed, Rose?" asks her friends.

She smiles in a sad yet happy way and replies:

"Since my last New Year's ball."

How the Boys View It

"Say," said one small boy the other afternoon, "has your mother begun to hurl the Santa Claus gag into you yet?"

"Aw, sure," was the reply. "I bin gittin' that for a couple o' months now. Ev'ry time I make a break she points her finger at me and tells me Santa Claus ain't a-goin' to bring me nothin' 'f I don't get next t' m'self."

"What'd ye do then?"

"Aw, what else would I do but let her go on thinkin' that I b'lieve in Santa Claus?"

"That's right, all right," said the other boy. "Y' might jes' as well let 'em keep on thinkin' you believe in the old fake. It makes 'em feel good, an' you get more w'en they think you b'lieve in Santy, too."

"Sure thing. An', say, it's a good game to write down on a piece o' paper what you want th' old dub t' chuck in your stockin', an' han' th' list t' your mother. She wants you t' keep right on b'lievin' in his old whiskers, an' she don't want t' disappoint you, an' she's lib'le t' put mos' o' th' things you ask for in your sockin'."

"Oh, I always work that old one," said the other boy, and then they went on playing shinny.

And a man who had overheard the conversation strolled away with a feeling that the world is growing a bit hoar and sad.—Chicago Chronicle.

In Tennessee Mountains

The residents of the East Tennessee mountains celebrate Christmas day with a barbecue. An ox or steer is prepared for roasting, the interior is filled with chickens, ducks, wild turkeys and birds, and the whole is suspended over a huge wood fire which is built in some convenient outdoor locality.

The guests come from adjacent counties in great wagons covered with cornstalks, from beneath which black jugs are drawn and their contents sampled.

There are side-issues in the shape of small fires at which the boys roast the fat coons captured in their coon hunts, and there is a fiddler who no sooner starts up "The Arkansas Traveler" than old and young begin to dance.

Ice cream there is none and bonbons are unknown, but cider and gingerbread abound. Often girls, escorted by their admirers, will walk seven miles to attend.

For this remarkable feast of Christmas of the olden time a favorite English dish was plum porridge. The Englishmen of the early centuries ate his plum porridge with a zest he might well have saved for the more elaborate dishes. After such a bowl of porridge as he considered his portion there is erason to wonder where he found place for his after-course. In the centuries long-gone plum porridge was always served with the first course of the Christmas dinner.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

In an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering, gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little more than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin around the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door; it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you tonight, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to.

"Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself, which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and can't admit folks tonight."

"Gone to bed at 8 o'clock?"

"Yes; I'm ill."

"I will give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you want to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes around the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and there's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you. The last sweepstake you got into—"

The man lifted his face and burst forth with such eagerness that the stranger could only arrest his own words and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it, and I drew the right horse and was shuffled out of the gains and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I have been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some"—the stranger coughed—"friends of mine were in it, also," said he; "and they lost their money."

"Everybody lost it; the gettens-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! Just take a sight of me! There's an arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection; it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively toward his own pocket.

"I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Some't nigh akin to it."

A pause of unsuspectance and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of a salt spoon after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"Well, we'll talk about the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell.

"I thought that was over and done with all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just beginning. The bracelet is found and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of

you at the time; I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly in your proper clothes? not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian."

"My men are in their proper clothes," returned the equable officer, "and you will have the honor of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay! but you were powerful once and ferocious, too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And all for nothing. I don't know about any bracelets."

"Don't trouble yourself with inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls, too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to incaution. "She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer. "If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sex, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to the coat. "But it's a relief now I'm took, it's a weight off my mind; I was always expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey at any rate."

"Ah," said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrance and particulars.

"Don't say anything to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It came along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. "I have never had a happy hour since; I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I had wished, thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of molten fire. Our folks had taken a house in the neighborhood of Ascot for the race week, and they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen maid, and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders afore they returned, and I had druv it off till the Thursday evening, and out I got on the balcony, to begin with the back drawing room."

"What did you say you got out on?"

"The balcony. The thing with the green rails around it, what encloses the windows. While I was leaning over the rails afore I begun, I heard something like click—click agolng on in the fellow room at the next door, which was Colonel Hope's. It was like as if something light was being laid on the table, and presently I heard two voices beginning to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened—"

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe!" interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening, but it was awful hot, a standing outside there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. Bit by bit I heard what they were talking about—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one was worth 200 guineas. Thinks I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After awhile I heard them go out of the room, and I thought I'd have a look at the rich things, and I stepped over slanting ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balcony, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of the balcony—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir!"

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer. "There wasn't fur to fall if I had fell, only on to the kitchen leads under; but I didn't fall, and I raised myself on to their balcony, and looked in. My! what a show it was! stunning jewels, all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside it must have struck all among 'em; and the bend prompted me to take one. I didn't stop to look; I didn't stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest, and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I

clutched it and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got into your own balcony."

"Yes; but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset like by what I had done, and I think; if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder leather, and then in a sheet of paper, and then I put it up the chimney in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore 5, and I cleaned my winders; I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day towards evening you called sir, and asked me some questions—whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such like. I said, as master was just come home from Ascot, would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah," again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kep' it by me for a month or two, and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady—and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. Thirty-four pounds, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took an oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genus," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to somebody else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't honestly or dishonestly; it seems all one; nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policemen, and consigned the prisoner to their care.

So Gerard was innocent!

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel! I was thrown off. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off; she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough since she only remained outside the door and could answer for it that no one had entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw the very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service 15 months, and, as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt, and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk; and, in short, I have played the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is, doubtless, in your heart and hands, colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the colonel.

(To be continued.)

Automobile Poachers.

A Paris correspondent tells of some wholesale poaching of automobilists, who used their "car" as a trap for the game and made off with enormous "bags" of plunder while the gamekeeper slept. The trick was so clever that, barring the feelings of the birds who failed of being "preserved" for the guns of sporting owners, the automobile poachers must be congratulated on accomplishing their purpose. They pretended to have broken down while driving along the high road, and told the peasants and the gamekeeper, with many lamentations, they would be forced to remain all night in the field adjacent. The gamekeeper, though he says it was against his will, aided the men in moving the car to a place of safety until certain repairs could be effected. These "repairs" were made in the dead of night by robbing the preserves of nearly every partridge and quail they contained and making off with the booty.

HER HAPPY HOME.

I hear the cold rain beating
On sodden roof and lawn;
But the hearth is sweet and garished,
The curtains all undrawn;
The merry Yule fire flickers,
The mellow lamp-light falls
On softly tinted carpets,
And gayly festooned walls.

Without, the night is black and shrill,
The homeless winds complain;
But the cheerful light of the fireside
Streams far thro' the falling rain;
Down the garden, across the lawn,
To the dull, deserted street,
We have laid a shining pathway
For the homeward wandering feet!

For God hath blessed us richly
With health and goodly cheer;
And this is the happy Christmas night—
The best night of the year!
And tho' there are vacant chairs, ah me!
At hearth and board to-night,
Their cups are filled and garlanded—
Their places warm and bright!

And I sit among the children,
(Too tired to romp or tease)
And over the pretty golden ring



Of heads about my knees—
While the night and the rain grow wild—
I watch and listen and wait,
For a step on the shining pathway—
A hand at the garden gate!

For now is the holy, happy time
When strife and rancor cease,
And the Messenger Angel bringeth
To all "Good Will and Peace!"
And, oh! if his loving hand should bind
Of the silver threads of rain
Some strong, bright clew to lead the lost
And wandering home again!



Welcome its responsibilities. Heavy though they may be, they but strengthen mind and muscles for the coming fray. They are the skirmishes in the battles, the campaigns that make soldiers of us, and teach us how to buckle on our armor and gird ourselves for the fight.

Welcome its trials. For out of them we come purified and refined, as the gold that is freed from the dross and impurities that belong to its crude and natural condition and cling to it until they are purged away.

Welcome its crosses and losses. For they but emphasize and punctuate the story of regeneration and the heroic careers of those who kept straight on in their path of duty, never hesitating, never tiring aside, never holding back their hands from doing that "next thing" that the faithful look upon as the point gained in the daily warfare of life.

Welcome its sorrows and bereavements. They teach us to look upon this world as not our permanent abiding place, but that we have a home not made with hands eternal in the Heavens, whither our loved ones have gone before, and from the windows of which they are beckoning to us to come up higher.—Rev. John Hall.

UNHAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY.



Mrs. F. (petulantly)—"You never kiss me now."
Mr. F.—"The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed. One would think you were a girl of 18."
Mrs. F. (suspiciously)—"What do you know about girls of 18?"
Mr. F.—"Why, my dear, weren't you 18 once yourself?"

Bestow Happiness.

In the year just dawning take note of the good things as well as the ill. I have heard it told of a bright old lady that all her life she kept a book she called her "pleasure book," and that she always found, on looking over it at each year's end that no day had passed without carrying in its train some little mite of happiness.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

It is pure.
It is gentle.
It is pleasant.
It is efficacious.
It is not expensive.
It is good for children.
It is excellent for ladies.
It is convenient for business men.
It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.
It is used by millions of families the world over.
It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians.
If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because

Its component parts are all wholesome.
It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects.
It is wholly free from objectionable substances.
It contains the laxative principles of plants.
It contains the carminative principles of plants.
It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.
All are pure.
All are delicately blended.
All are skillfully and scientifically compounded.
Its value is due to our method of manufacture and to the originality and simplicity of the combination.
To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

San Francisco, Cal.
Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

NEW BOOK ON THE GRAND CANYON.

The Santa Fe has in preparation, to be published some time in December, a new and magnificent book on the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The publication comes at a fitting time, as travel to the Canyon has greatly increased since the opening of the new railroad to the Rim, and a commodious Harvey hotel is in process of erection at the head of Bright Angel Trail. The book will commemorate these events—events of vast importance in that land of silence—and will be worthy of its theme if the ablest pens in America can make it so. It will contain about 128 pages of matter. Among the authors represented—most of whom wrote contributions especially for this work—may be mentioned: Hamlin Garland, the distinguished author of "The Eagle's Heart" and other popular books; Charles F. Lummis, editor of "Out West," and the chosen prophet of Adobeland; David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University; John L. Stoddard, the lecturer; Charles Dudley Warner, up to the time of his death the dean of American authors; Major J. W. Powell, the daring explorer who led the first expedition down the Colorado, passing through the entire length of the Grand Canyon; Harriet Monroe, the poet and journalist; "Fitz Mac," of Colorado Springs; Prof. R. D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago; Prof. Beecher of Yale, and Charles S. Gledit, the eminent Kansas lawyer. These and many others have made the book the finest of its kind. The exact date of publication has not yet been decided, but it is expected to appear before the end of 1901.

Training Russian Policemen.

It is not generally known that in St. Petersburg there exists a special school where young men are trained for police service in the two capitals. In consequence of the numerous outbreaks and the growing necessity for a more efficient and well-trained police force, the minister of the interior has resolved to open a second policemen's training school for service in the provinces. The school will have several courses of lectures and practical drill for officers and men. During their training the young men will be used occasionally for actual service in the capital, so as to give them practical experience in the discharge of their duties. Who can help admiring the painstaking care and foresight of Russian autocracy in defending its own precious existence?

A Christmas Dinner That Was Not Eaten because of indigestion! This sorry tale would not have been told if the system had been regulated and the digestion perfected by the use of Nature's remedy—Garfield Tea. This wonderful herb medicine cures all forms of stomach, liver and bowel derangements, cleanses the system, purifies the blood and lays the foundation for long life and continued good health. Garfield Tea is equally good for young and old.

Of 67,000,000 rays of light and warmth radiated by the sun only 1-300,000 fall on the planets of the solar system.

Wish All a Happy New Year! The happiness that comes with good health is given to all who use Nature's gift—Garfield Tea. This Herb Cure cleanses the system, purifies the blood and removes the cause of disease.

The devil almost gains our consent to stay, when he proves that nobody else is doing anything to make him go.

ALWAYS USE RUSS BLEACHING BLUE. It is the leading leading blue. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

We often call upon God to take away our trials, when what He wants is to give us grace to stand them.

Buy American Submarine Boats.

Three more Holland submarine torpedo boats may be sold to a foreign power, says the New York World. Capt. V. Geelmyrden of the royal Norwegian navy has been sent by his government to buy, if possible, that many destroyers. Capt. Geelmyrden has just had a conference with Vice-President Elihu B. Frost of the Holland Torpedo Boat company regarding the matter. Two of the boats have already been sold to Japan and several to Russia. A test will be made for Capt. Geelmyrden at New Suffolk, Peconic bay. The test will consist of diving and running the boat three miles at a depth of fifteen feet.

What is the use of employing some one to do your dyeing for you. If you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES you can do it just as well as a professional. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

St. Louis, Mo., dispatch: Joseph J. Novak, living at Ingleside station, in St. Louis county, editor of the Bohemian Hlas (Voice) is a victim of the present cold snap. His frozen body was found in a vacant lot near the Wash tracks in Baden.

A Good Way to Begin 1902. Cleanse the system, purify the blood and regulate the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels with the Herb medicine, Garfield Tea, thus insuring happiness and health for the New Year.

The preacher often needs a change of people as much as the people need a change of preacher.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold Laxative Bronch Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

There are men who hope to get to heaven simply because they have never been in jail.

It is permanently cured. Points of nervous system. First day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KING, 110, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When an orator is "full of his subject" it is time for people to be getting away from him.

Pain, suffering, Wizard Oil could not live together, so pain and suffering moved out. Ask your druggist about it.

The people who live in the dark are not those whose hearts are full of God's promises.

Rheumatism cured promptly by the use of MATT J. JOHNSON'S OESS. Try it. All druggists.

Too many people never recognize a good opportunity until they have seen its back.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There is no promise in the Bible for the man who wants to eat bread without earning it.

BE MEN. Zookisoo, the great inventor, acts at once. Sent for \$14 postage paid. Address Zooki Co., 1101 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

WHEN YOU GO TO BUY BLEUING. Ask for Russ Bleaching Blue. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

The man who loafs when he should be at work, will have to work when he might rest.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1902.

Don't give a gift as an "investment."

HOMICIDE IN AMERICA.

Startling Figures, Show Increasing Disregard for Human Life.

A Louisville preacher has recently made the startling assertion that "home life is safer in the dominions of the ameer of Afghanistan than it is in Kentucky. There are more murders in Louisville with 200,000 people than there are in London with its 7,000,000. There are more murders in Kentucky with its 2,000,000 people than in Great Britain with a population of 40,000,000. Finally, there are more murders in the United States than in the whole of Europe, with Italy and Turkey left out and Russia included." The Nashville American says—and who can deny—that "this statement is true." The American asseverates that "no other civilized nation approaches this in the question of murder, and those which come nearest to it are such countries as Italy and Turkey, where the assassin's knife is freely used and where men allow their anger and hate and disgraceful passions to rule their conduct. This nation has a red record of which it should be heartily ashamed."

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Bridge Falls with Train.

A freight train on the Philadelphia and Erie division of the Pennsylvania railroad went through the bridge spanning Locoming Creek, between Williamsport, Pa., and Newberry, at 6 o'clock Sunday morning. Three lives were lost.



Everybody

Who suffers from Bodily Aches and Pains, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Headache, Pleurisy, Sciatica, Sprains and Bruises

Should Use

St. Jacobs Oil

It Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 50c.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE

PICO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

The maximum age assigned to the pine is said to be 700 years; to the red beech, 245; to the oak, 410, and to the ash, 145 years.

The Riches of Spindle Top are Fabulous. A full appreciation of the facts is beginning to dawn upon the investors of the world. Oil is liquid energy, and the fuel of the future. Pamphlets give valuable information mailed on request. Address, Kansas City Oil and Rice Land Co., 300 New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

How much we would have lost, had God made the sun so that it could never leave us in the dark.

General Health.

Gentlemen!—I used two bottles of Baxter's Man rake Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of general health. I took it for digestive troubles and was much pleased with the result. G. A. Botsford, Onaway, Mich.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY. gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. E. GRAY'S SOFT. Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

Astrology!

A horoscope which shows your Disposition, Personality, What Best Adapted For: Where you should locate; as regards Marriage, Health, Traveling; the good and evil periods of the coming Five Years. Send the Year, Month, day of Month, hour of Day; place born and the sex. Costs but One Dollar. Address: William C. Pratt, Box 520, Manhattan, Kan.

SELTZ'S RAPID GROWING SEEDS
What is it? Call for it!
SALTZ'S SEEDS NEVER FAIL!
1,000,000 Customers
Product record of a 7 seedman on earth and yet we are reaching out for more. We desire, by July 1st, 30,000 more and hence this unprecedented offer.
\$10 WORTH FOR 10c
We will mail upon receipt of 10c in stamps our great catalogue, worth \$10.00 to any wide awake farmer or gardener, together with many farm seed samples. positively worth \$10.00 to get a box of seeds with upon receipt of but 10c in stamps. 35 pages. earliest possible. \$1.00
Please send this ad. with 10c to Seltzer.
Catalogue sent at once.
JOHN SALTZER SEED CO., LACROSSE, WIS.

CAPSICUM VASELINE

(PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)
A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all of our preparations." Price 15 cents. at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

WESTERN CANADA'S

Wonderful wheat crop for 1901 now the talk of the Commercial World is by no means phenomenal. The Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta are the most wonderful grain producing countries in the world. In their stock raising they also hold the highest position. Thousands of Americans are annually making their home, and they succeed as they never did before. Move westward with the tide and secure a farm and home in Western Canada. Low rates and special privileges to homeseekers and settlers. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply for rates, etc., to F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Griev, Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich., M. V. Moines, No. 3 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., or Joseph Young, 514 State St., East, Columbia, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 52.—1901

When answering Ads. please mention this paper

The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1901.

Every two years a valuation of the property of the U. of M. is made by Treasurer Soule, of the University, and filed in the state treasurer's office at Lansing. The last valuation was \$2,158,725.29.

TO Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The law library of the U. of M. has just come into possession of a relic of the law practice of Abraham Lincoln. It is a declaration drawn by Mr. Lincoln in the earliest days of his experience at the bar.

Saw Death near.

"It often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Throat and Lung diseases. 50c and \$1.00 at F. A. Sigler's. Trial bottles free.

Christmas and New Years Holiday Rates Via Grand Trunk Railway System.

Round trip tickets will be sold at rate of one and one-third fare, between all points on lines west of the Detroit and St. Clair rivers and to certain other territory, particulars of which can be obtained from any agent. Selling dates Dec. 24-25 and 31, 1901 and Jan. 1, 1902. Good returning to leave destination until Jan. 2, 1902.

Cheap holiday excursion rates will also be made from Detroit and Port Huron to all points in Canada, full particulars of which can be obtained on application to agents. t-52

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her family doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney remedy. Cures Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite. Try it. Only 50c. Guaranteed. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

LAUNDRY LINES.

If coffee is spilled on linen, the stains can be removed by soaking the part for 12 hours in clear cold water to which a little borax has been added.

After you have washed and ironed your ribbons draw them swiftly under the flatiron, holding it on one edge. Do this two or three times and your ribbon will not be stiff, but soft and pliable.

To wash very yellow or grimy things make an emulsion of kerosene, clear linewater and turpentine in equal parts. Shake them together until creamy, then add a cupful to a boilerful of clothes and boil for half an hour.

Acetic acid (concentrated vinegar) will restore colors that have been injured by the alkali in soap or by soda, ammonia or substances of a similar nature. Conversely stains made with acids, which are hostile to some dark colors, may be removed with dissolved soda.

Food Changed to Poison.

Patrefying food in the intestines produces effects like those of arsenic but Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poisons from clogged bowels, gently, easily but surely, curing Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Fevers, all Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. Only 25c at F. A. Sigler's.

W. C. T. U.

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

The following custom has sprung up in many of the villages of Austria, where numerous temperance societies have been formed: The peasants bury a small cask of brandy, and raise a mound with a cross on it having this inscription: "To remind us for all time that we have promised to drink no more brandy."

Prof. Huxley, one of the ablest and most profound thinkers of the last century, in a letter dated April 9, 1899, states his opinion in regard to the use of alcohol in brain work. In answer to the inquiry of a gentleman he writes: "Speaking for myself, I can say without hesitation that I would just as soon take a dose of arsenic as I would alcohol, under such circumstances. Indeed, on the whole, I should think the arsenic safer, less likely to lead to physical and moral degradation. It would be better to die outright than to be alcoholized before death."

The Russian government is encouraging temperance societies, having appropriated large amount to aid in the prosecution of their work. The appropriation for 1900 was \$1,290,719. It is expected that by the end of 1902 every one of the 78 provinces of Russia, including Siberia, will have been included in the sphere of activity of these societies. The leading newspaper of Russia has repeatedly stated that the most important impediment in the way of Russia's rapid progress lies in those "twin relics of barbarism"—illiteracy and intemperance among the peasant classes, which comprise 75 per cent. of the population.

Says He Was Tortured.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by F. A. Sigler. 25c.

A City of Boiling Springs.

Carlsbad has been humorously described as being built on the lid of a boiling kettle, which is almost literally true, as it stands on a crust of comparative thinness through which rise several mineral springs. The most abundant and most used of these springs is the Sprudel, which discharges 130,000 gallons a day of various temperatures. The water of the hot springs has been famous for more than a century as a "cure" for various complaints, and the town can nearly always boast of its royal visitors during the season from May 1 to Sept. 20.

As Usual.

"What has society done for us?" "Increased the number of our inferiors."—Brooklyn Life.

Stop the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

Wagner and the Player.

When Richard Wagner was conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden, the orchestra of that institution, though one of the best in Germany, was far from being as good as it is now, and Wagner had a good deal of trouble in making it follow his intentions. Some years later, when he was living as an exile in Zurich, he undertook to train the local orchestra. After a few attempts he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have just given me a great pleasure; you have played exactly as badly as the Dresden orchestra."

The Zurich players laughed, and the idea that they might play better than the royal musicians in Dresden so fired their zeal that they actually succeeded in doing it.

E. W. Grove
This signature is on every box. The genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

From Oklahoma.

Pawnee, O. T.
Dec. 11, 1901.

Dear Sir:

As a great many of your readers are acquainted with the trip to Chicago I will not say anything about that part of the journey. I arrived in Chicago on Tuesday morning at about eight o'clock and as I could not leave until six p. m. I had a good chance to visit interesting parts of the city, which I did.

Chicago was a very interesting city to me as I had never been there before. Some places of interest were the stock show and yards, the grand and large buildings on State St., the docks, train yards, and another interest were the pickpockets which were numerous. I believe had I not been warned by a gentleman who knew the ways of them I should have been in the city without a cent, before night. They will do anything, you will think they are going to be a very accommodating friend and will show you all around the city but before you are aware of it you are among 15 or 20 rogues who are going to have what valuables you have.

My journey the remaining distance was very pleasant. I left Chicago on Tuesday at six p. m. on the Santa Fe R. R. The train I came on contained three baggage, two smokers, eight day coaches and five sleepers. Each car was full as could be.

The first sight in the morning was the Mississippi River at Ft. Madison.

The river at this place is, I was told, one mile in breadth and the railroad bridge which spans it is a little more than a mile long. The river is very deep, and the water is quite dark and muddy. Through the state of Missouri to the Missouri river the country is about the same all the way, it is rather rolling with low hills.

The crops are rather poor corn being the principle crop, very little of it is cut nearly all picked. There were many fields, I could safely say, contained 100 acres of corn; the rows go as far as the eye could see, and as straight as a line could be drawn. Most of the fields were level, the rough land not being worked at all. There is but little timber, the largest being about 18 to 30 inches in diameter.

The Missouri river was one of the greatest of sights I have seen. It is crossed six times by the railroad before reaching Kansas City Kan. The river bed is from 40 to 160 rods in width and at this time of the year, the part I saw contains very little water.

I have seen as high as six streams in the river bed, the remainder of the bed is clean white sand and is used by many as a wagon road this time of the year.

The railroad along the river is very crooked and in some of the curves you can look nearly directly down and see water.

This is in western Missouri the river bottom—as it is called—is a level valley sometimes only three or four miles in breadth, others as far as the eye can see and on each side is a bank from 20 to 200 feet high, in places very steep, nearly straight up and often rocky.

The Santa Fe railroad most of the way is south of the river and on the river bottom. The river is very crooked and runs first on

one side then on the other of this river bottom. Nothing grows in here except what farmers raise—except a very few weeds and very seldom a tree. On the north side of the river in the bottom is another railroad and you can see it sometimes. When I come there was a train on the road and it was in sight all the time sometimes very far off.

Kansas City Mo. is a very interesting city, it contains very large buildings and is very hilly. The city centre being about 600 feet higher than the train yards. In the outskirts of town I saw hundreds of cattle penned up and a great many train loads on their way to market.

I reached Lawrence Kan. at 11:20 Wednesday a. m. This town is about the size of Ann Arbor and has the U. of K., Haskell Institute and Indian school. A very interesting place.

CHAS. POOLE.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Booschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. G. G. Greene's reliable remedies at F. A. Sigler's drug store, Pinckney. Get Greene's Special Almanac.

BOUND FOR THE FRONT.

An Incident Showing the Military Courage of the Montenegrin.

In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby boy is, "May you not die in your bed" and to face death is, to man or boy, only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman in his "Autobiography":

I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire deliberately leave the trenches and climb the breastwork, only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Orabuk, awaiting the opening of the campaign in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince, when a boy of 16 or 18 approached us, cap in hand.

"Now," said the prince, "I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters, that the family might not become extinct."

The boy drew near and stopped before us, his head down, his cap in hand. "What do you want?" asked the prince.

"I want to go back to my battalion." "But," said the prince, "you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother."

The boy began to cry bitterly. "Will you go home quietly and stay there," said the prince, "or will you take a flogging and be allowed to fight?"

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin. "Well," he broke out, "since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged."

"No," said the prince, "you must go home."

Then the boy broke down utterly. "But," he cried, "I want to avenge my father and brothers!"

He went away still crying, and the prince said: "In spite of all this he will be in the next battle."

His Favorite Dish.

"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpew of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not. "Eat the contribution plate," answered the Rev. Longface absently.—The Home Journal.

All diseases start in the bowels. Keep them open or you will be sick. CASCARETS act like nature. Keep liver and bowels active without a sickening griping feeling. Six million people take and recommend Cascarets. Try a 10c box. All druggists.

Polished Furniture.
When a polished table is stained by a hot dish, one restoring process is to use first wood alcohol and then linseed or olive oil. This treatment is excellent for keeping any polished furniture in order and is one of the few things for which wood alcohol may be used. The latter is cheaper than the pure and for certain domestic uses is quite as good.

A Card.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Greene's Warranted 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.

t28

Will R. Darrow.

The Home Correspondence School

Brings a Successful College Training to your own Home, HAS 16,000 STUDENTS Now Taught by Mail.

Howell, Nov. 20, 1901.

Mr. A. R. Crittenden:
Dear Sir:—It gives me no little pleasure to say a word of commendation to be half of Corresponding Schools. For some time I have been acquainted with such a work carried on by Pres. W. R. Harper, of the Chicago University. Its results are beyond expectation. Many young men and women have been fitted for good and honorable positions by such schools. In this day and age, there is no need of anyone being without a good education. Wishing you the best of success I remain
Yours Truly
L. J. CROSBY,
Pastor Baptist Church.

If you or your friends are interested let one of us know and we will call and tell you all about it.

A. Riley Crittenden, Organizer.

HOWELL, MICH. CLUB RAISERS:
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Railroad Guide.



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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,
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PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Nov. 3, 1901.

Trains leave South Lyon as follows:
For Detroit and East, 10:36 a. m., 2:24 p. m., 8:58 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, North and West, 9:45 a. m., 2:08 p. m., 8:20 p. m.
For Saginaw and Bay City, 10:36 a. m., 2:24 p. m., 8:58 p. m.
For Toledo and South, 10:36 a. m., FRANK BAY, H. F. MOELLER, Agent, South Lyon. G. P. A., Detroit.

Grand Trunk Railway System.

M. A. L. DIVISION,
Arrivals and Departures of trains from Pinckney. All trains daily, except Sundays.

EAST BOUND:
No. 28 Passenger.....9:39 A. M.
No. 30 Express.....5:15 P. M.
No. 44 Mixed.....7:55 A. M.
WEST BOUND:
No. 17 Passenger.....9:37 A. M.
No. 29 Express.....6:45 P. M.
No. 43 Mixed.....4:45 P. M.
Nos. 28 and 29 pass through south between Detroit and Jackson.
W. J. Black, A. Pinckney

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CANDY CATHARTIC
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Winning the Game.
 "When that great playman J. B. Hickok, better known as 'Wild Bill,' came east on what he called a 'red-hot trail' to learn something, he stopped one Saturday night at a hotel in Portland, Me.

When he went to his room to seek rest, he found that the adjoining room was occupied by a company of fashionable and rich young sports of Portland who, it did not take him long to discover, were playing an interesting game of poker for high stakes. In vain did he try to sleep. He could not do so, and after an hour arose, dressed himself and knocked on the door.

Instantly all was silent; but he inquired politely that as they would not let him sleep would they let him come in and watch the game?

They did so and were impressed with the appearance of the man and asked if he would join them.

"I will if you will post me; but, you know, I'm a tenderfoot east," he replied.

They were willing to "post" him, and, playing awkwardly, making blunders and asking questions, but seemingly greatly interested, he continued to play until daylight, when he put his winnings, some \$1,500, in his pocket.

"I thank you, gentlemen," he said, "and I'm rather glad you would not let me sleep. I'll be here until tomorrow, so keep me awake some more."

But the players did not appear again. —Detroit Free Press.

Borrowing Habits of Poets.

On Tennyson's habit of failing to recognize clearly his own borrowings from the classical poets, Mr. Lang observes that the poets have always had a kind of regal indifference to their own lighter productions. Mr. Lang says: "Scott did not care; no, not when he found that he had unwittingly taken a line from a poem by the valet of a friend. In the preface to a little collection of verses from the novels he frankly declares that he cannot pretend to be certain which are of his own composition and which are not."

"To take an example from the level at the foot of Parnassus, I once read, in an American paper, some lines attributed to Mr. Austin Dobson. 'Not bad for Dobson,' I said freely to a friend. But it was proved on me that the rhymes were my own! A bard who forgets his own verses may be pardoned for remembering those of other people and mistaking a half line of somebody else's for his own. I dare say that Tennyson did this occasionally, but he could hardly say that 'the sun sets' without being accused of unconscious borrowing."

A Special Occasion.

First Tramp—You orter see Bill go in over de fence wit' de bull after him.

Second Tramp—Must have been wuth lookin at.

First Tramp—Say! It wuz de only time I ever seen him when he didn't look tired.—Puck.

The total number of timber rafts on all the rivers of European Russia is said to be more than 80,000 yearly, with a total of some 25,000,000 logs.

**This is the Month
 To Pay Your
 Subscription.**

An Interesting Letter.

Editor Dispatch:

As you requested me, I gladly give those notes of my visit to Chicago and St. Louis and how they appeared to me:

I gained a fair idea of Chicago about the time of the World's Fair, living there about 18 months and the interval of eight years has not changed my memory but has merely added to the greatness of the place in every way, fine office buildings, great stores, an improved lake front, elevated railroads, a new drainage system and so on. Chicago's "I will" has been in operation.

The street cars come and go morning and evening apparently crowded as ever; well, the service is improved, but, besides, there are four L roads equipped with electric traction and all joined by a loop they all appear to be filled.

The steam roads are elevating their tracks too, and in time there will be no more grade crossings. I presume, when I was in Chicago last there was but one L road in operation and only the J. C. had elevated its road bed.

If Chicago could only provide pavements that would keep down the everlasting, miserable, sticky black mud, then a visitor would naturally say, "this is a great and beautiful city."

If it had the harbor of Detroit and the surface of St. Louis, Chicago would be a favored city indeed. Of all the change though the sight of the river with good, live yellow water in it, with a partly lively current and running away from the lake was certainly not the least to me.

One splendid institution in particular I want to speak of is the public library on the lake front. I saw the corner-stone laid. It is finished some four years. The art museum near by I had visited often. These buildings would ornament any city.

All eyes will turn to St. Louis for a while. I'd like to describe the city to you, but will only say it is a fine town, partly western, partly southern in appearance, with clever hospitable people who appear to be well satisfied with their city and proud to live in it.

When you visit St. Louis for the fair, the first admiration you express, I warrant, will be for the Union Station. It is by all odds the finest I have seen.

When I was leaving it, with no great load about me, and not far to go, the first citizen to address me was a young colored man with "grip carried boss" and I couldn't but think, I am further south than ever before. Now I've an idea if he were in Chicago he'd be too conceited for that. They tell me they are fewer here than in Chicago, but you will surely think there is plenty of them.

Here, for the first time I saw teamsters riding the near wheeler in a saddle and driving the lead mule with a single line, the "jerk line." That's a trick I'd like to see tried on South Water st. Another thing seen the first time, a sternwheel steamboat, a boat with a wheel standing up out of water and looking like a picture of an old fashioned mill wheel.

I saw only one public park in St. Louis, the La Fayette. Passing through it I noticed a fine statue, a man standing in an attitude of speaking. On the front of the pedestal this inscription: There is the East.

There is India.

At once I thought, this is an Englishmen's monument, what is it for? I went back of it and there was the name "Benton" on the back of the pedestal and certainly I thought they chose well. But what does that motto mean? Speaking of statues, I missed two in Chicago, that of Columbus, on the lake front and the Policemens monument in the Haymarket. I didn't learn what became of them someone said, though that they threw the Columbus into the lake. Maybe Art is picking up in Chicago.

About the fair: It's going to be America's greatest so far. Friday the 20th is "ground-breaking day" when President Frances takes a very ornamental shovel and digs up the first sod, that is, if a crowbar isn't better.

I look a ride out there so I can say I've been on the grounds. It was called Forest Park. They had the wood cut, piled and sold they said, for souvenirs to visitors and I don't fancy the supply will fail either. The grounds are in the west part of the city and one fare carried to them. The buildings and grounds of Washington University will also be used during the fair.

So much for St. Louis.

I'd willingly stay longer, but I wasn't sorry to come away for to my surprise I found it unpleasantly damp and cold, so much so that I had a dreadful cough. I had heard so much of the water that I was agreeably disappointed to find it entirely good, only a little richly colored.

I had a fine ride out on the Alton, they give better car service

than our road in Michigan but makes slower time.

While in Chicago I heard the Irish envoys, Redmond and his colleagues at the auditorium. I would gladly hear Bonke Cockran plead for the Boers but was unable to go.

Speaking of the Boers, why haven't they met with the sympathy of Americans seeing they contend for self-government? But that is another matter.

Yours Truly,
 M. T. KELLY.

MONTHLY REPORT

Of the Pinckney Public Schools for the month ending Nov. 20, 1901.

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Whole number of pupils	39.
Total days attendance	584.
Average attendance	29.
Aggregate tardiness	35.
Number of days taught	20.
PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY.	
Ellery Durfee.	Ethel Durfee.
Rex Read	Fred Read.
Fannie Murphy	Florence Andrews
Ethel Graham	Laura Doyle
S. R. Sprout	B. H. Glenn
Mae Reason	Millie Gardner
Eugene Reason.	

FOR THE TERM:
 Rex Read Fred Read
 Ethel Durfee Ellery Durfee
 Mae Reason.
 STEPHEN DURFEE, Supt.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Number of pupils	14
Total attendance	262
Aggregate tardiness	9
Daily attendance	13.1
Number days taught	20
PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY.	
Ruel Cadwell	Leon Graham
Nellie Bowers	
C. L. GRIMES, Teacher.	

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Whole number of days taught	20
Total number days attendance	627.5
Average daily attendance	31.63
Whole number belonging	36
Aggregate tardiness	40
PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY.	
Lucy Jeffreys	Lucy Cook
Lloyd Grimes.	Orpha Hendee.
Florence Reason	Magolla Smith
Mary Lynch	Helen Reason
Mary Jeffreys	Glendon Richards
FOR THE TERM:	
Mary Lynch	Lloyd Grimes
Orpha Hendee	
Mrs. J. A. GREENE, Teacher.	

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Whole number of days taught	20
Total number of days attendance	653
Average daily attendance	32.65
Whole number belonging	36
Aggregate tardiness	30
PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY.	
Gladys Brown	Bernardine Lynch
Theo Coste	Claude Black
Florence Cook	Agnes Guinon
Charles Kennedy	Alice Roche
Myron Duaning	Ona Campbell
Walter Reason	Kathleen Roche
FOR THE TERM:	
Gladys Brown	Theo Coste
Bernardine Lynch	
JESSIE GREEN, Teacher.	

WANTED—The Subscription due on the DISPATCH.

REWARD.
 We the undersigned drugists, offer a reward of 50 cents to any person who purchases of us, two 25c boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters Tablets, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommended. Price 25 cents for either tablets or liquid. We will also refund the money on one package of either if it fails to give satisfaction,
 F. A. Sigler,
 W. B. Darrow,

The Pinckney Dispatch.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
FRANK L. ANDREWS & CO
 EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Subscription Price \$1 in Advance

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

Advertising rates made known on application.

Business Cards, \$4.00 per year. Death and marriage notices published free. Announcements of entertainments may be paid for, if desired, by presenting the office with tickets of admission. In case tickets are not brought to the office, regular rates will be charged.

All matter in local notice column will be charged at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Where no time is specified, all notices will be inserted until ordered discontinued, and will be charged accordingly. All changes of advertisements MUST reach this office as early as Tuesday morning to insure an insertion the same week.

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

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CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
 Rev. H. W. Hicks, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. CHAS. HENRY Supt.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
 Rev. C. W. Rice, pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Mrs. Thos. Read, Supt., Mocco People Sec.

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

SOCIETIES:

The A. O. H. Society of this place, meets every third Sunday in the Fr. Matthew Hall. John Tuomey and M. T. Kelly, County Delegates

EPWORTH LEAGUE. Meets every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock in the M. E. Church. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone, especially young people. F. L. Andrews, Pres.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.—Meets every Sunday evening at 8:30. President Miss L. M. Coe; secretary, Miss Hattie Carpenter

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

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

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

Irvington Lodge, No. 7, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before the full of the moon. Kirk Van Winkle, W. M.

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

ORDER OF MODERN WOODMEN meet the first Thursday evening of each month in the Maccabees hall. C. L. Grimes V. C.

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

KNIGHTS OF THE LOYAL GUARD meet every second Wednesday evening of every month in the K. O. T. M. Hall at 7:30 o'clock. All visiting Guards welcome. F. L. Andrews P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. MONKS.
 DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY
 PINCKNEY, MICH.
 OFFICE OVER SIGLER'S DRUG STORE.

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

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 VETERINARY SURGEON.
 Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, also the Veterinary Dentistry College Toronto Canada.

Will promptly attend to all diseases of the domestic animal at a reasonable price. Horses teeth examined Free.
 OFFICE at MILL, PINCKNEY

BLOOD POISON

On account of its terrible effects, blood disease is called the king of all diseases. It may be either hereditary or contracted; so while it may not be a crime to have the disease, it is a crime to permit it to remain in the system. It may manifest itself in the form of Scrofula, Eczema, rheumatic pains, stiff or swollen joints, itching of the skin, eruptions or blotches, ulcers in the mouth or on the tongue, sore throat, falling out of hair, disordered stomach, and a general depression of the system. If you have any of these symptoms don't neglect yourself. You have no time to lose. Beware of "old fogey" treatment—beware of mineral poisons—beware of Quacks and Patent. **OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT** is guaranteed to cure this disease, never to return. Bank Bonds will protect you. Our treatment is not injurious in any way, but reaches the very root of the disease and eliminates all poison from the system. The symptoms of disease gradually disappear. The blood becomes pure and enriched, the whole system is cleansed and purified, and the patient feels prepared anew for the duties and the pleasures of life. **CURE GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. 25 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.**

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ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF
DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE
 by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.
HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.
 F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Baltimore, Md., March 20, 1901.
 Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.
 About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.
 I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.
 I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,
 F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.
 Examination and Advice Free. **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal cost.
INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Pinckney Dispatch.

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

If congress builds the Nicaragua canal Uncle Sam will find some way to take care of it.

Sir Robert Ball says the earth is moving slower, but it is still going fast enough for most of us.

Max O'Reil says girls shouldn't flirt, and that when they do they deserve all they get. Also all they fail to get.

Europe's encounter with the great North American shoe has all the poignancy that one would naturally expect.

There will probably be no Christmas in Columbia this year. They have already shot up all their fireworks down there.

The director of the mint says the country needs more small coin. It isn't hard to find people who need other kinds also.

Harvard's basket ball team ends the season with a deficit of 25 cents, but the football treasury is ahead by \$36,122.41 for the year.

Wouldn't it be well to terminate the Colombian revolutionary war by inaugurating a continuous train service across the field of battle?

There is something wrong in the man who can look into a Christmas toy window without wanting to plunder the whole of it for his own hopeful.

Now comes the groomless marriage to rhyme with the horseless carriage. At a Tioga, Pa. wedding a photograph was used to represent the man in the case.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is now almost as frequently pointed out from the galleries as Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna of Ohio used to be.

In case of war between the United States and a foreign power, the latter would not be inclined to place too much confidence in the neutralization of the isthmian canal.

The Christmas tree, the lighted candle, and the cotton-trimmed amateur Santa Claus form a combination that is beginning to worry the fire insurance agent just now.

The bones of a mastodon recently found in Missouri indicate that the beast had a throat six feet in diameter. And just to think that they had no free lunch counters in those days!

Perhaps there is a close connection between Nordica's wish to play roulette for a while and her suit against the government for \$4,000,000. If she follows her plan of resting she may need the money.

In offering free vaccination with every subscription a Boston editor seems to have hit upon an original idea. And yet the scheme is quite likely to make each new subscriber feel pretty sore for awhile.

Why should the Philadelphia North American press the administration to tell how much of England's friendship is sincere and how much false pretence? It is probably as sincere as ours is—enough to work in harmony until some issue arises worth fighting for.

The London press solemnly asserts that the United States, having enunciated and stood on the Monroe doctrine, must bear the burden of keeping international traffic on the isthmus open. If the editors of the London papers will cast an eye over in that direction they will observe that this country is accepting the task and performing it with a thoroughness that should satisfy all parties.

A student at the state university in Washington starved himself to death and left a wife and baby destitute that he might secure an education. This is a practical demonstration of the often-stated fact that knowledge is not confined to the schools. This man should have learned first of all that he was responsible for the welfare of his wife and baby, and that the stomach, as well as the brain needs feeding.

The court decision in England that out of the Winans estate of something near a dozen millions in Yankee money more than a million must be paid in death duties to the British exchequer ought to encourage rich Americans to die here rather than abroad. In this country the imposts upon big estates are by no means modest, but the tax collector in Great Britain is more exacting and pertinacious in life and after death than he is in this republic.

WHAT'S DOING IN MICHIGAN

An Adrian Lad Poisoned By Laudanum.

A SEBEWAING MINE CAVES IN.

The Story of Two Wabash Victims—Loss of Life and Property on the Lakes—Major and Minor Happenings in the State.

The Noted Phisicator Case.
The jury in the noted Phisicator case trial in St. Joseph, after seven hours' deliberation, gave a verdict against the Baroda gold king, which means that Phisicator will pay to Joseph Coveney, the plaintiff, \$7,500. This suit was brought by Coveney to obtain \$7,000 in gold dust which Phisicator had once paid him for alienating his wife's affection, but which had been obtained again by Phisicator under duress. Phisicator had paid Coveney \$2,500 to stop a damage suit threatened when at a country ball Phisicator helped Coveney's wife out of a window. The \$7,000 afterward paid was when Phisicator and Coveney's wife registered at the Palmer house, Chicago, as "F. Johnson and wife." Following Phisicator to the Yukon valley for more money the tables were turned on Coveney, and after many weeks in jail he gave up his \$7,000 in gold dust to gain his freedom. Aside from the return of the \$7,000 obtained under duress, the court allowed Coveney \$500 interest. Joseph Coveney is a farmer living near Baroda. He owns forty acres of land, but with the exception of his wife, who did not appear in court, has no heirs. Frank Phisicator, a three times millionaire, is at Hot Springs, Ark., and did not appear in court. It was shown by the agreement read in court that Jas. O'Hara, of this city, Coveney's attorney, would reserve as his fee for prosecuting this case half of the money for which the suit was brought, \$3,500.

Hardwood Lumber Combine.
A big combine of hardwood lumbermen has been effected, making the most important step ever taken in Michigan in those interests. It means the incorporation of a company to absolutely control the hardwood lumber market in this state, and all the mills on the Michigan side of the great lakes. The prime movers in the organization of the combine are Henry W. Carey, of the Peters Salt and Lumber Co., of East Lake; W. T. Culvert, with Justus S. Stearns, of Ludington, and William H. White, of William H. White & Co., of Boyne City. They are members of the committee on plans for organization, which submitted the arrangement to-day. Such big concerns as Oberaur & Johnson, of Alpena; H. M. Loud & Son, of Au Sable; Buckley & Douglas and the Butters Salt & Lumber Co. are going into the combine. The men are to be stockholders in a state company, which will control the output of all their mills. An agreement will be made as to the amount of money each mill shall receive for its output, and then the state company will sell for what it is able on the open market, the profits to be divided among the stockholders who are the owners of the mills.

Over One Hundred Years.
Louis Rock, a French-Canadian, who lived in Geo. Washington's time, passed away at his home in Ludington Wednesday at the advanced age of 107 years. Rock's first and last sickness was nothing more than a mild case of grippe, death resulting more from old age than anything else. Mrs. Rock died three years ago at the age of 85. To them 13 children, 29 grandchildren and 31 great grandchildren were born. Louis Rock was born at sea while his parents were crossing the Atlantic ocean in the year 1794. During his younger days he spent many years with the Indians in the west and is said to have been the first white man who entered Yellowstone park. Endowed with a constitution which never knew fatigue, Rock endured untold hardships during his long frontier career and until ten years ago worked in a sawmill every day.

Burned to Death.
Mrs. Thomas B. Southworth, an aged resident of Ovid, met a tragic death early Sunday morning in a fire which destroyed her home. Mr. Southworth and a daughter, Mrs. Eaton, barely escaped with their lives. Mrs. Southworth had been in the habit of walking about the house at night, carrying a lighted lamp, and it was during one of these rambles that the fire was started. Being nearly blind, she was unable to grope her way out, and was burned to a crisp. The deceased was 80 years of age. She leaves three sons, H. E. and Isaac, of Owosso, and Lorenzo, of Custer.

Salt Production.
The state salt inspection shows that for the year ending November 30, 1901, Michigan's 65 salt blocks have an annual capacity of 9,500,000 barrels annually. Of these 62 were operated last year, and they produced the following amounts of salt by districts: Manistee, 2,076,000; St. Clair, 871,915; Mason, 656,689; Saginaw, 537,138; Wayne, 414,937; Bay, 371,482; Midland, 26,604; Iosco, 17,182, the whole being a total of 5,580,101 barrels, 348,016 more than were inspected last year. Michigan has now produced up to date a total of 66,063,384 barrels of salt.

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Mason is talking sugar beets. Benton Harbor votes Jan. 7 on a \$75,000 street paving bond proposition. Lake Linden people are again talking of installing a municipal lighting plant.

Pauline Westcott, graduate of the Durand high school in 1895, is to go to China as a missionary.

The Port Huron common council has decided to purchase the right of way for the long-talked-over sanitary canal.

Police Commissioner Dennis Campbell, of Grand Rapids, appointed by Mayor Perry a year and a half ago, has resigned.

The Lansing, St. Johns & St. Louis Electric railway will follow the original plans and be built beyond St. Johns to Maple Rapids.

The threatened danger of a coal famine at the State Industrial Home for the Girls is past, relief having come in the way of five carloads of coal from Ohio.

Andrew Carnegie, who gave Iron Mountain \$15,000 for a library, has added \$2,500 to his gift upon request. The library will be opened in about a month.

Depositors of the defunct Central Michigan Savings bank, in Lansing, will get a dividend this week of a fraction less than 5 per cent. The bank failed in 1893.

Archie C. Steinborn, of Port Huron, gets a pension. He is 22 years old and enlisted in the navy in 1898. Fever caused paralysis. His income will be \$30 per month.

Leo Arnold, 19 years old, was crushed to death between the cars at Powers Wednesday night. He was a brakeman in the employ of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad.

Clerk C. C. Hopkins, of the Supreme Court, has completed the docket for the January term, the smallest January docket in at least ten years, containing only 132 cases.

The Great Britain Insurance corporation of London, England, is the latest addition to Insurance Commissioner Barry's list of concerns not authorized to do business in the state.

Albion farmers have decided to operate a co-operative creamery and have subscribed \$4,800 of stock. Only one share of stock has been sold to an individual. The plant will cost \$4,350.

The city of Ludington will have two big conventions next summer. The Christian Endeavorers will be there from July 22 to July 25, and the Epworth League from July 31 to Aug. 3.

The city of Coloma has granted a private company a franchise allowing the use of the public streets and alleys, public parks, etc., for the purpose of establishing a lighting plant to begin operations before Sept. 1, 1902.

John M. Swift, of Lapeer, condemned to pay Horace Pettingill, traveling man, \$684 for an assault, goes to jail rather than pay. Pettingill will have to pay his board, \$3.50 per week, and keep him in nine months.

A spasm of reform is sweeping over Marquette, and the mayor has issued an ultimatum to saloon keepers stating that they must close their places of business promptly at 11 p. m., and also that the slot machines must go.

The family of Geo. Smith, of Greenville, who were poisoned by something they ate for breakfast Sunday morning, are out of danger and will recover. It is thought belladonna was used in mistake of vanilla in flavoring fried cakes.

There is much concern at Grand Haven over the condition of the bar at the mouth of the harbor. The water over the bar is said to be growing shallower with every storm, and promises to delay the boats more or less all winter.

The trustees of Olivet college are considering measures for increasing the endowment fund of that institution. One gift of \$50,000, one of \$25,000 and several of smaller sums have been offered provided the remainder of \$200,000 is raised.

The home of Henry Hill, of Goodland township, is without a mistress, and Hill charges Dan Hall with eloping with his wife. He says he traced the couple to Smith's Creek, where he says they are living as man and wife. He wants Hall arrested.

Edward Ronan pleaded guilty in Port Huron to a charge of criminal assault on Mrs. Robbins, an aged lady who, while walking along the railroad track, was outraged by an unknown man. Suspicion pointed to Ronan, and he was located at Plymouth.

The dairy barns of Scott H. Rora-beck burned with its contents, 20 cows and a span of horses, belonging to the Armstrong Music Co., of Lansing, J. J. Wheeler's mail wagon and cutter, and about 20 tons of hay. Loss \$2,000; \$1,350 insurance. Tramps' work.

Secretary of State Warner believes that he has saved the Michigan stockholders of the Michigan Savings & Loan association of Detroit about \$100,000 by a discovery which he made while in Texas examining into the assets of the concern located there.

Mrs. Frank Gifford, wife of an Anarellus farmer, left home a few days ago and her whereabouts is unknown. She left a letter to her daughter in which she avowed her intention of leaving, and told the girl to keep on with her school work until she heard from her again.

Fenton Delaney and Charles Neumann, the old men who were found frozen to death Saturday in Williams and Portsmouth townships respectively, have no known relatives in this country. Neighbors are taking care of their live stock and other property until the Probate Court can make disposition of it.

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

Both Schley and Sampson Make Protests.

THE CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

A Remarkable Suicide in Columbus—An Active Boer General Captured—Happenings and Delays all Over the World.

Schley and Sampson Protest.
Rayner has finished the draft of the formal Schley protest against the majority finding of the court of inquiry, and after he and Schley have conferred over it a copy will be sent to Secretary Long. First of all the protestors will claim the findings of the majority should be set aside on the broad ground that they are not in accordance with the evidence, and following this each point in the report, such as the charges of dilatoriness, disobedience of orders, the sending of misleading dispatches, the controversy with Lieut. Hodgson, the famous loop, etc., will be touched on in turn and the salient features of the evidence disproving these charges pointed out. Practically the protest will be a review of the evidence in the case, submitted in such a way that Secretary Long will have the opportunity to pass on the whole controversy.

Stayton & Campbell, attorneys for Sampson, are drawing up a formal protest against the minority finding of Admiral Dewey in the Schley inquiry.

A Quadruple Suicide.
Pearl Warner, aged 28, cook; Lou Klune, 18, cook; S. Lothouse, cab driver, and J. Jacobs, cook, were found dead in a Columbus, O., boarding house Tuesday night, a case of suicide. The two couples went to the boarding house Sunday, and secured adjoining rooms, claiming they were married. Tuesday nothing was seen of them, and though the rooms remained locked, and no response could be secured to repeated calls, suspicion was not aroused until night. Finally the doors to the rooms were forced, and the occupants were discovered lying on the beds dead. The keyholes and cracks around the doors had been closed with rags, and the fumes of chloroform filled the rooms, disclosing the cause of death.

For Industrial Peace.
The general committee which was chosen by the conference called to consider plans for healing the differences between the capitalistic and labor interests of the country was organized with Mark Hanna, chairman, and Samuel Gompers, first vice-chairman. The statement issued expresses a determination to strive for industrial peace, to aid in establishing right relations between those who toil and their employers, to confer and advise with employers and employed when in conflict, to encourage agreements under which labor shall be performed and to arbitrate disputes when both sides to the dispute shall ask for such mediation. A determination to avoid discussion of abstract industrial problems was avowed.

Murdered by Robbers.
The body of James B. Hay, secretary of the Pacific Lumber Co., of Salt Lake, was found buried in a shallow trench alongside the Rio Grande tracks, Monday night Hay called at the home of Peter Mortensen, a contractor, and collected \$3,800 which Mortensen owed the Pacific Lumber Co. Since that time nothing had been seen or heard of him until the body was found. The money was gone and in the back of Hay's head was a great jagged wound. The police believe some one who saw Hay receive the money from Mortensen, murdered him and buried the body in the hastily dug trench.

A Cabinet Change.
Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, has tendered to the president his formal resignation as postmaster-general, to take effect early in January, and Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, vice-chairman of the Republican national committee, has accepted the tender of the office, to which he will be nominated immediately after the holiday recess. Smith has agreed to remain until after Jan. 15, if necessary, but will return immediately thereafter to resume the editorship of the Philadelphia Press.

Considered Comes Back.
James Considine, a Detroit-bred crook, returned to Cincinnati Thursday to give himself up to the federal authorities, and in all probability will be sent back to the Ohio penitentiary to complete his term of five years for being an accomplice in the robbery of the postoffice in Granville, O., two years ago. Considine came without urging or advice by his friends or relatives, and carrying his head high in the air. No one knew he was coming, not even the officials to whom he surrendered.

An Important Capture.
It is announced that Commandant Kritzinger, the famous Boer commander, has been captured, badly wounded, by Gen. French. Kritzinger was trying to break the blockhouse cordon at Hanover road. Commandant Kritzinger has been described as a leader of exceptional ability, not second even to Christian Dewet. He has long been hotly pursued, but has always succeeded in escaping through some gap in the British line.

The disposition of the senate is to do very little business beyond acting upon the Hay-Pauncefote treaty before adjournment for the holidays. The treaty will be voted upon before the senate adjourns. Senator Teller will make the first speech. The opponents of the treaty admit there is no doubt of ratification.

On Tuesday, the announcement of the changes in committees will be made, and there is a probability that after this announcement the senate will adjourn until Thursday, when the adjournment for the holidays will take place extending to Jan. 6.

The house this week will pass the bill to provide temporarily revenues for the Philippine islands which was reported from the ways and means committee. Under the agreement made general debate will extend until 4 o'clock Wednesday, when a vote will be taken.

The senate late Monday ratified the Hay-Pauncefote isthmian canal treaty, 72 to 6. The vote was reached a few minutes before 5 o'clock, after almost five hours' discussion behind closed doors. The debate was confined exclusively to discussion of the merits of the agreement and the policy of its provisions. The principal speech was made by Senator Teller, in opposition to the treaty.

The senate Monday confirmed the nomination of Hon. Philander C. Knox to be attorney-general of the United States.

The bill to provide revenue temporarily for the Philippine islands passed the house by a vote of 163 to 128. The bill imposes the Dingley rates on goods entering the United States from the Philippines and the rates established by the Philippine commission on goods entering the Philippines from the United States. It also provides for the collection of tonnage taxes on vessels plying between the United States and the Philippines, and that foreign vessels may ply between these ports until January 1, 1905. The duties and taxes collected under the provisions of the bill shall go into the Philippine treasury, to be expended for the use and benefit of the islands.

Representative Wood, of California, has introduced a bill to establish a department of mines and mining.

Chairman Ray, of the house committee on judiciary, has introduced an anti-anarchy measure, which probably will be the basis of legislation on that subject in the house. The measure provides the death penalty for assaults on the president or other executive officers. It is made a felony to advise or teach the overthrow of the government or any interference with government officers. The death penalty also is provided for conspiracies in this country leading to the killing of a foreign king, emperor, president or other ruler.

Mercer, of Nebraska, introduced a bill appropriating \$2,000,000 for the proposed new building for the department of agriculture.

A bill introduced by Senator Pease provides for levying a duty of 25 per cent ad valorem on all importations of unmanufactured silver.

Most members of congress left for home over the holidays Thursday. So Friday's sessions were very thinly attended. Both houses adjourned until Monday, January 6, 1902.

Another Railroad Horror.
Failure on the part of a conductor to obey orders is supposed to have been the cause of a head-end collision on the Illinois Central between Irene and Perryville, Ill., Sunday morning. The two trains were the east-bound passenger train, and a through freight from Chicago going west. As a result, eight people are dead or missing, and eleven injured. The trains met in a slight bend in the track, both running at full speed. The smoking, express and baggage cars were piled on the locomotives, piling in the occupants of the smoker. Only three of the half dozen in that car escaped. The others, if not instantly killed, were roasted to death and their bodies, with those of the engine crews, were entirely consumed. All efforts of the survivors to reach the victims were unavailing.

Pennsylvania Storm-Swept.
A storm, which for severity and destructiveness, has not been equaled for 25 years, visited eastern and central Pennsylvania Sunday night, causing almost unprecedented damage, and resulting in the loss of at least four human lives. The havoc in the coal regions is enormous, and the loss to railroad and mining companies will amount to millions of dollars. The Schuylkill, Lehigh, Susquehanna and Juniata rivers have risen as high as 15 feet above their levels, and all of their tributaries have overflowed, inundating the surrounding country in more than a dozen counties. Innumerable washouts have occurred on the Pennsylvania, Philadelphia & Reading, Northern Central, Lehigh Valley, New Jersey Central and Lackawanna railroads. Bridges were carried away and traffic is at a standstill.

Nine Men Killed.
By an explosion of gas in the Soho furnace of Jones & Laughlin in Pittsburgh Thursday morning, nine men were burned to death and five others were more or less injured. The damage to the plant will amount to \$20,000. The men were at work at the top of the furnace, 120 feet from the ground. They were employed as fillers and were just getting ready to quit work, being members of the night crew, when gas, which had accumulated in the furnace, exploded and tons of molten metal, cinders and slag were thrown over the unfortunate men to the top of the structure.

A lone bandit got \$7,000 from a bank in Springdale, Ark.



TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSE APPROPRIATE FOR THE PRESENT HOLIDAY SEASON.

Subject is the Nativity—How God Honored Childhood—Motherhood for All Time Consecrated by the Scene in the Humble Stable at Bethlehem.

(Copyright, 1901, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Dec. 22.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the nativity and appropriate for the holidays; text, Luke 11, 16, "And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the hallelulah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshiped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and, though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night in the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the magi. Correggio needed to do no more than his Madonna to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the old book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot go into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cowpen, not a freight car in summer time bring the bees to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry: Look out how you strike the rowl into that horse's side; take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth; remove that saddle from that raw back; shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food; forget not to put water into the cage of that canary; throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency; arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three; rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing a butterfly and grasshopper; drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown and in this marvelous Bible picture of the nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs and a child's dimpled hand and a child's beaming eye and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God, may the reflect-

ion of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces!

Enough have all these fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A unique, a crowd, a scepter, a kingdom, under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star and ages quadriennial. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor or looking through the window or seated on the lap gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility.

A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields when if the old road had been followed the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child!

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boor, not ignoramus, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes and all the Leyden jars and all the electric batteries and all the observatories and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like James Y. Simpson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the gospels, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem.

Behold also that on the Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Savior to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers on the morning of December 26 awoke, by divine arrangement and in some unexpected way the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother. St. Bernard had a good mother. Samuel Budgett a good mother. Walter Scott a good mother. Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Do you not see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in

his Madonna make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ.

The first wife a child utters is apt to be "Mother!" and the old man in his dying dream calls, "Mother, mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city and in an affluent home and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life or whether she wore the old time cap and great round spectacles and apron of her own make and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace, with great backlogs ablaze, on a winter's night; it matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, in these Christmas times and take your old place and as ten or twenty or fifty years ago come and open the old Bible as you used to, read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray and look upon us as of old when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough and aches enough and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet. Slow footed years! More swiftly run into the gold of that unsetting sun. Homesick we are for thee, Calm land beyond the sea.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem, and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are. Come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none has a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Savior's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wisecracks that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes, the fields were honored.

The old shepherds, with plaid and crook, have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing on our United States pasture fields and prairie about 42,000,000 sheep, and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text and all those who toll in fields—all vine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history, God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln and McKinley, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will while the world lasts continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's ax and ox's yoke and sheaf binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.



Estelle, Maude and May Robbins stood in the window with their heads close together.

"I am so sorry," whispered Estelle. "I do so want to make mamma and papa a New Year's present and I have spent all my money—every cent."

"So have I," said Rosy, "and I have not kept even a piece of ribbon or an ounce of worsted."

"It is too dreadful," Maude whispered. "If that horrid Miss Croker had not insisted upon our buying those little books at the fair we would all have had plenty of money. I wonder now long she is going to stay. She is so fussy," said Maude. "Nothing suits her. Sometimes she says: 'This egg is too soft, Lizzie; take it away and bring me another.' Then Lizzie makes up a face and I have to laugh."

"Well, but Maude," said Estelle, who was the eldest, "that is wrong. The girl who is hired to wait on the table should never make faces, no matter what happens; and you must never laugh at her again. I am sure Miss Croker saw you this morning."

"But she is fussy," said Ray, "and I wish she would go home."

"Mamma likes her," replied Estelle. "You know she was mamma's teacher once and some one left her a big fortune and so she stopped teaching."

"And mamma says, too, that she is very charitable and gives heaps and heaps to the poor people," put in Ray.

"Then I wish she had bought those books herself instead of making us spend all our money," grumbled Maude.

"If we had been honest and said right out, 'I want all my money for



"AND THE PINK FOR LITTLE ROSY RAY."

myself,' perhaps she would," said Estelle.

"Tomorrow is New Year's day. It is too late to get anything now," sighed Ray.

"If we only had some of that lovely wool Miss Croker has been winding for the last three days, we could knit mamma some beautiful mats for her dressing case. I could knit one before dark," said Estelle, mournfully.

"Could you, my dear?" said a voice close behind them.

The three children turned and saw Miss Croker sitting in a rocking chair just behind them. They did not know how long she had been there or how much she had heard, but she had three large balls of brilliant colored wool in her lap.

"Are you sure, Estelle, that you could make a mat before dark?" said Miss Croker, looking over her spectacles at the three blushing faces before her. Maude and Ray answered "Yes," very shyly.

"Then," said the lady, "sit down there on the sofa and I will give you each one of these balls of wool."

"You are very kind," said Estelle.

"Thank you, Miss Croker," said Maude. But Ray, remembering that Miss Croker must have heard her say she wished she would go home, wanted to hide herself. However, she came out from behind the curtain and seated herself close to Estelle. Miss Croker then gave them each a crochet needle. "This blue ball is for you," she said, placing the wool in Estelle's lap. "The mauve for you," and she dropped another ball in Maude's hands, "and the pink for little Rosy Ray."

The children laughed merrily, but at the lady's last words their faces grew very long. "Now, girls," "I want three mats for my dressing case at home and I know you will be delighted to make me a present before I go, which will be very soon now." She looked at Ray while she spoke and then left the room.

"Horrid thing!" said Ray, as the door closed. "I won't knit a mat for her. I thought she meant to give us the wool."

"It just serves us right for talking about mamma's friend as we did," replied Estelle. "We will have to knit them. Come, Ray, I'll begin yours, and Maude, don't you remember? Make a chain of three stitches and the next row plain."

They were all three fond of this kind of work and presently forgot their disappointment.

The sun was just setting when Estelle said: "There, that's the last of the wool and my mat's done. But just see what a big wad of paper Miss Croker rolled her wool upon." She tossed the paper under the grate and fastened off her knitting neatly.

"And mine's finished," said Maude, and here is another great roll of paper, and there is something hard in it. Maude opened it slowly, laughing as she did so. A bright five dollar gold piece.

"Oh, look! Just look! I wonder if Miss Croker meant to put it there!"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Estelle, but wait until Ray has finished her mat then we will go and ask her."

"It is done," said Ray, "and here is another five dollar gold piece. Estelle, you'd better get a poker and pull out that paper you threw under the grate."

Estelle soon had the paper in her hand, and sure enough, there was a third gold piece hidden away in it.

"She must really intend them for us," said Ray. "I feel so ashamed because she heard me say, 'I wish she would go home.'"

While the three girls with the money in their hands and the mats in their laps were wondering what they ought to do, Miss Croker walked in.

"So I see my mats are finished," she said. "They are very pretty and I will keep them always in remembrance of my three little friends."

Estelle held up the shining coin. "I found this in my ball," she said.

"I put it there as a little surprise for you," replied Miss Croker, "and now I hope you can buy some small gift for your mamma and papa. Then she added, "Come, children, hurry on your wraps and I will take you down town to choose your presents."

Never did three little girls dress in such short time.

Miss Croker took them to such wonderful stores and was so pleasant and kind that the three little girls never forgot that New Year's Eve.

The gifts that they carried home to their parents, which were selected under Miss Croker's advice, were really very pretty.

Brace up! Acquit yourselves like men; Swear off! And don't swear on again. —L. A. W. Bulletin

Notice to Our Correspondents.

A next Wednesday is New Years we desire to issue the DISPATCH a little earlier next week so as to be able to celebrate Xmas. Will our correspondents please take notice and mail their news at least one day earlier than usual for the next week.

WEST MARION.

Merry Christmas.

Frank Plummer spent last week visiting friends near Milford.

Judging by the number of loads of grain going to market, it must be about tax time.

F. A. Ferrington was in Howell Friday to see a horse farrier—two sick horses.

Mrs. Thos. Hartford of Iosco visited her son and family the last of the week.

Mrs. Geo. Bland Jr. and Miss Una Ferrington will spend the holidays with their sister Mrs. Nicholas at Corunna.

UNADILLA.

Mabel Hartsuff is working at Edd Cranna's.

Gertrude Mills is visiting relatives in Iosco.

A. C. Watson was in Detroit one day last week.

Mrs. Maime Weston is visiting relatives in Dexter.

Born to Edd Cranna and wife on Sunday Dec. 22 a boy.

Robt. Bond and children are visiting relatives in Canada.

Wm. Pyper and wife were in Stockbridge one day last week.

Fannie Laverock of Owosso is visiting her parents at this place.

Mrs. Z. A. Hartsuff and daughter Pearl were in Chelsea last Saturday.

Daniel VanBuren of North Stockbridge visited at this place Sunday.

Lee and Alice Barton of West Putnam visited at Jas. Barton's Sunday.

We are glad to see Harry Heatly able to be on our streets after his long illness.

Louise and Anna Stevenson of North Lake visited Mrs. Janett Webb last Sunday.

Alex Pyper and wife of Grand Ledge is visiting his parents and other relatives here.

Myrtle Smith was the guest of Alice Barton of West Putnam the latter part of last week.

The Farmers club at Thos. Howlett's was largely attended and a good time was had.

Mesdames Kittie Budd and Mima Watson were the guests of Mrs. Cora Marshall one day last week.

Harry V. Heatley taught Friday in Dist. No. 10, Lyndon, while Cora Devereaux was home visiting her brother Will, who is home from Cuba.

UNADILLA FARMER'S CLUB.

The December meeting of the Unadilla farmers club was held at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Howlett, Saturday afternoon Dec. 21. The club was called to order by Pres. E. L. Glenn, and all joined in singing "Work for the Night is Coming." Prayer was offered by Rev. P. P. Farnham and minutes of last meeting were read followed by instrumental music by Vina Woodworth; we then listened to a duet by Anna Belle Mapes and Lottie Farrell, "Mother Grinding Coffee." Next came a recitation by Bessie Howlett, "Christmas is Coming;" a solo by Francis Farnham. Wm. Pyper, in his paper. "Club

Work," thought that so far, our club had been a success, and his idea to make it a success and keep up the interest, was for every one to do their part when asked. The paper was discussed by several, and A. C. Watson being present with his new graphophone, gave several selections which were enjoyed. We then listened to an instrumental duet by Lulu Marshall and Mina Watson and more music from the graphophone.

The club then adjourned to meet the third Saturday in January for their annual banquet and election of officers the place of meeting to be decided later.

Cor. Sec.

IOSCO

Asel G. Stone has charge of the canvassing of Iosco for local option.

C. O. Dutton who has been confined to the bed for the past six weeks is slowly improving.

Mrs. R. G. Gardner suffered a severe attack of rheumatism the past week but is much improved in health.

Glady's Mapes of the Chelsea schools and W. J. Wright of the MAC are home for the holiday vacation.

PLAINFIELD.

The Maccabees are preparing for a masquerade New Years eve.

The M. P. donation for Rev. Daley last Thursday evening netted \$108.

Hiram Collard and wife of New Lathrop are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

During the past two weeks nine persons have been taken into membership in the M. P. church and eight of them baptized.

Edgar VanSyckle and son F. M. recently sold to the Ann Arbor milling Co. 1,200 bu. of shelled corn and 500 bu. of oats and enjoy the reputation of furnishing the first car load of corn ever shipped from Gregory.

PETTYSVILLE.

Vacation this week.

Fannie Teeple is home from Jackson for the holidays.

Iva Placeway is home from Oceola for a weeks vacation.

Bessie Cordley is home from the M. A. C. for the holidays.

P. W. Coniway and wife were at the county seat Thursday.

Chas. Smith is enlarging his bed spring factory at La keland.

Will Cady, who recently lost his house by fire has a new one erected.

S. G. Teeple and wife left today for a visit with their son at Vassar.

Peter Coniway and wife entertained a young lady relative of Webster last week.

A nice baby girl came to make her home at Lawn Flintoff and wife last Wednesday.

The church fair held at James Nash's last Friday evening was well attended and a neat little sum realized by the society.

PARSHALLVILLE.

Mrs. Bryant has gone to York State to spend the winter with relatives.

Christmas exercises to be at the M. E. church instead of Baptist as reported last week.

Sad accident at Hartland Friday about 1 o'clock. Jesse Parshall drove up to the mill with a grist. He had on top of the bags a gun. Geo. Elliot the miller in taking it off discharged it, the charge struck him in the side killing him instantly. Funeral Monday at 1 o'clock.

Another old resident of Tyrone gone. Lon Cornell died quite suddenly. Funeral last Thursday.

Rev. E. Pearce ships his goods today to Harriman Tenn. He will preach his farwell sermon next Sunday morning.

Report of the Adjourned Meeting of the Liv. Co. Association of Farmers Clubs.

An adjourned meeting of the association was held in the court house at Howell Saturday Dec. 21.

After listening to the reports of the secretary and treasurer of the association also several of the reports of the secretaries of the local clubs of the county in regard to their individual club work the association elected officers for the ensuing year with the following result: Pres., H. E. Reed, Marion club; Cor. Sec., Mrs. R. R. Smith, Howell club; Rec. Sec., Carrie Francis, Genoa club; Treas. L. K. Beach, Marion club. The following vice Pres. were elected:

- S. M. Yerkes Howell club
- S. Woodworth Genoa Club
- Frank Backus Marion "
- Chas. Dunstan Conway & Handy
- H. F. Maltby Green Oak
- H. B. Thompson Hartland & Highland
- E. W. Kennedy Hamburg & Putnam
- C. B. Marvin Tyrone
- J. L. Payne Deerfield
- J. W. Hilton Brighton

Oceola and Unadilla were not represented and during the election of vice Pres. they were overlooked. Desirous of having all clubs named in the annual meeting we have taken the liberty to name Roy Hardy for the Ocoola club and Z. A. Hartsuff for Unadilla. If this is not satisfactory to all concerned. It can be remedied at the next meeting of the association which will be held the last Thursday in February.

Mrs. R. R. Smith, Cor. Sec.

Greek and Roman Stoves.

Warm as Greece and Rome and Egypt are, stoves were made there in the dim and misty vistas of the past. It was not just the pattern used at present, but was a metal basin in which charcoal was burned. It sat in the middle of the room, and as the resulting smoke was of the slightest no opening in the roof or elsewhere was necessary. The same implement, still called by its old Greek name of brazier, is now employed in many portions of continental Europe, where it is utilized for heating as well as cooking. But the progressive Romans improved on that and made a hypocaust. It was the germ of the present furnace. It was made under the house in a little cellar prepared for it, and the heat was conducted to the rooms and baths through crevices left in the floor and lower portions of the wall. Later flues were provided, conducting heat to any portion of the house. In some of the old Roman villas in England the remains of these old time furnaces are still found.

Origin of the Clearing House.

In 1775 the bankers of London rented a house in Lombard street and fitted it with tables and desks for the use of their clerks as a place where bills, notes, drafts and other commercial paper might be exchanged without the trouble of personal visits of employees to all the metropolitan banks. Transfer tickets were used, and by means of this simple plan transactions involving many millions were settled without a penny changing hands. The Bank of England and every other important bank in London are members of the Clearing House association. The first clearing house in the United States was established by the associated banks of New York in 1853.

Her References.

Mrs. Hiram—And have you any references?
Applicant—(No, mum; Oi tored 'em up!
Mrs. Hiram (in surprise)—Tore them up? How foolish!
Applicant—Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seen 'em.—From "Recollections of Mrs. Minnie E. Leo."

An Indian Belief.

There is a belief prevalent in India that if a man be sleeping, no matter where, and a Shesh Nag come and sit beside him, with a hood spread over the sleeper's face, the latter is sure to be a son of fortune. Popular tradition assigns the same reason to the rise of Houda All of Mysore from a common soldier.

A BOY'S VOW

"Mr. Wingrove, you haven't asked about Claire. Don't you ever speak of her?"

"Never; on my honor."

"Oh!"

"My dear Mrs. Kingston, this is scarcely reasonable. Of course I had a great deal of—respect for your daughter, and so on, but she threw me over for that other fellow, and I went to the Cape. I tried not only to forget my trouble, but to forget her as well. That was the only thing to do. Wasn't it?"

"Did you succeed?"

No answer.

"Have you quite forgotten, Mr. Wingrove?"

"Well—of course—that is—yes!"

"Then why have you come to see me?"

"Surely we are old friends. Remember how kind you were to me when I was a student at Heidelberg. Your house was a home to me at a time when I most needed good influences, and when she joined you and I began to love her I don't know whether you saw how things were going, but you were so kind and helpful that my time there was the best and happiest I have ever known. And then, when it all turned out wrong and everything seemed going round, your gentle sympathy steadied me, and I got through somehow."

"I was so sorry for you, poor boy!"

"You have always been good to me, and, though goodness knows I'm nothing to boast of, if it hadn't been for you I don't know where I should have landed. A fellow doesn't forget these things, Mrs. Kingston, though at the time he may not quite understand them."

"By the way, Mr. Wingrove, do you still care for Claire?"

"Mrs. Kingston, what a question!"

"Do you?"

"Really—but, hang it all—you must not ask me that. It isn't right—indeed it isn't."

"Don't you know? Didn't they ever tell you? She's a widow, Mr. Wingrove."

"Claire a widow! But how? When?"

"He died more than a year ago; influenza—quite unexpected. It was so sad!"

"And I have been away all this time without knowing a word about it! Heavens! I don't care who hears it now. I may speak. I love her just as much as ever, and, by Jove, she must marry me! Claire free!"

"Hush, Mr. Wingrove. I am very sorry I spoke about it, but I thought—I hoped—you had really forgotten her. Oh, why did you come back just at this moment? Claire is not free."

"I—don't—understand."

"She is going to marry John Mearsdale. He was one of your rivals, you will remember, and, though I don't think she ever liked him in the way she did you, he pleaded so hard and was so devoted that at last she took him. You know what an extraordinary fascination she has over men. Ever since I can remember, even when she was the merest schoolgirl, they have come round her and liked to look at her and hear her talk. There is something magnetic about her. I suppose, but where she gets it from?"

"Who knows better than I how hopelessly irresistible she is? But never mind that now. What I want to know is why didn't you or somebody let me know what had happened and give me another chance. I know she liked me better than Mearsdale. She often told me so. After all that there was between us, was it fair or kind to leave me sticking out there while he had everything his own way here?"

"But, my dear boy, how could we write to you after that vow you took?"

"Vow! In heaven's name, what vow?"

"Can you have forgotten?"

(Opens an escritoire and produces a manuscript.)

If you are true, no love more true Than mine shall be bestowed on you; But if you're false, then go your way And trouble not goodly to say. For this I vow, by all most dear—I will not give you one poor tear, One moment's thought, one slight regret, But hasten to unlearn—forget.

"Mrs. Kingston, you don't mean to say that that absurd jingle prevented you from writing to me?"

"You signed it, Mr. Wingrove."

"Signed it! I've signed a thousand idiotic things that ought never to be made binding on me. Why, I was about nineteen when I wrote it—a mere irresponsible boy. Look at it. Wretched stuff, such as all boys write when they're in love for the first time, which ought to be swept together and burned by the common hangman. She can't have believed it."

"She did, though, and so did I. You were always so earnest in what you said and did. I remember her telling me after you had given it her that she felt quite certain that if, after all, she did not marry you, you would never come near her or think kindly of her again."

"Oh, but women are impossible. When you tell them all day long that you love them they won't believe you, and then they go and put all their

cairn in a miserable bit of paper like this. (Throws it savagely into the fire.) There! It's done its mischief now. But for that I might have been the happiest man in the world, and now—"

"My poor, poor boy, I am so sorry for you. What will you do?"

"Oh, let me go away! I am the biggest of fortune's tools."

But it Availed Him Not. Nurvy—Say, old man, lend me a hundred, will you?
Turvy—What? Why, you must have lost your senses.
Nurvy—Not all of them. I've still got the sense of touch, you see.—Falls deluged Pissas.

CAPTURING A PASSENGER.

The Hackman Tried Many Plans, the Last a Funny One.

"I like perseverance in a man, even in a hackman," began Peterson, "and there is one particular jehu doing business in Washington who possesses that quality in the superlative degree."

"When I visited the Capital City, I had my mind fully made up to have nothing to do with the hackmen, so when I stopped off the train and a crowd of these gentry began shouting at me I simply shook my head and passed on. One of them, however, was not to be thus easily disposed of. Dangling around in front of me so as to block my progress, he vociferated:

"Hack, mister? Take you to the Washington monument or the capitol? Only half a dollar!"

"Again I shook my head.

"Smithsonian institution or treasury building? Take you to both of 'em for 75 cents!"

"Still I shook my head.

"Arlington and Fort Myer? Drive you over and back for \$2!"

"As before I responded with a shake of the head.

"Navy yard or Soldiers' home? Either place for a dollar."

"Another shake of the head.

"Want to go to the White House and see the president? Drive you right there for 50 cents!"

"More head shaking.

"Patent office or state department? Same price as the White House!"

"Another shake. Mind you, all this time I hadn't opened my mouth or uttered a word, and from the puzzled look on the hackman's face I thought I had him about discouraged. But as I shoved past him, thinking to make my escape, his countenance suddenly brightened up and I heard him mutter:

"By George, I've hit it now! I'll try him just once more!" And then, running in front of me again, he spelled out on his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which I chanced to be familiar, "Deaf and Dumb asylum? Take you right to the door for a quarter!" — Woman's Home Companion.

Business Pointers.

For Sale. House and lot in east part of town. Enquire of Mrs. B. Eagan, t-2

For Sale. A farm of 100 acres in the township of Marion would like to sell as soon as possible for distribution of estate. LEWIS LOVE, t 11 Administrator.

For Sale. New milch cow—inquire of Will Dunning. t f

Notice to Taxpayers. I will be at the town hall in the village of Pinckney, every Friday during December to collect taxes for Putnam Township. PERCY SWARTHOUT, Treas.

FOR SALE. A few thoroughbred Golden Wyandotte cockrels, also some two-year-old Rice pap corn. Inquire of H. G. Burges, Pinckney.

These cool days remind us that winter is approaching and our wood supply is low. Any of our many subscribers who wish to help us out along this line we would be pleased to have them do so immediately.

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