

# Pinckney Dispatch



VOL. XX.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1902.

No. 3

A bashful Dexter girl went into a drug store to purchase a bath sponge but when the good looking clerk stepped up suddenly to enquire as to her wants she got so rattled that she told him she wanted a sponge bath. And then it was the clerk's turn to get rattled.

### MONEY TO LOAN.

I have money to loan in large or small amounts, and on moderate terms. If you need ready cash to meet your obligations or use for any immediate purpose, you can obtain the same from me and the business will be kept strictly confidential.

James A. Greene.  
Pinckney, Mich.

### 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.

### The Holidays Are Over,

But you can still find us doing business as before and we have bargains to offer in our lines that cannot be duplicated in the county.

We certainly carry the largest, finest and most complete line of Furniture, Cut Glass Lamps, etc., outside of the city.

Do not forget us when in Howell, we would like to show you our goods.

### Brokaw & Wilkinson.

HOWELL, MICH.

### To Our Patrons-

We wish to advise all our patrons and friends who have un-settled accounts and past due notes, to come and settle as soon as possible as we must balance our books at time of inventory.

Thanking all for past favors and wishing you a Happy New Year, we are,

Very truly yours,

TEEPLE & CADWELL

### LOCAL NEWS.

Pinckney is lucky—We have a car of coal.

Elda Kuhn of Gregory was in town Monday.

This cold weather makes one think it is winter for good.

Chas. Ashley, of Pontiac, visited M. Dolan and family over Sunday.

Kee 14 inches thick is being placed in the private ice houses at this place.

Sylvester O'Connor of Detroit spent Sunday with his cousin Dr. J. W. Monks.

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

This week we received special rates from the Michigan Farmer, see adv. in another column.

Marcus Crippen returned Saturday from several weeks visit with friends in Ypsilanti and Dixboro.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the home of Mrs. Thos. Read last Friday afternoon at tea. Covers were laid for ten.

Mrs. Joseph Placewy has something to keep her busy now-a-days; she was the lucky one to draw the large doll at F. A. Sigler's.

One of the finest official Railroad map of Michigan came to our table the past week. Compliments of Ry. commissioner Chas. Osborn.

The Michigan Condensed Milk factory at Howell received 23,607,335 pounds of milk during 1901. At an average of \$1.00 that would amount to \$236,073.35.

Geo. Harrington of Louisville, Ky., a clothing salesman, stopped off here last Saturday morning and spent the day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Harrington, who greatly enjoyed the brief visit.

Word was received here the past week of the death of little John Nichols, of Brights disease, at his home in Mt. Clements. He will be remembered as the little grandson who spent several weeks with Rev. and Mrs. Simpson at this place.

The Misses Maude and Mocco Teeple entertained several of their friends at progressive pedro last Friday evening, which was enjoyed very much by the guests. Dr. J. W. Monks won the first Gent's prize and Mrs. E. R. Brown the first ladies prize.

Mrs. A. D. Bennett expects to leave for Ludington this week to join her husband there where he has a good position on the Ludington Chronicle. A farewell party was given her at the City opera house on Monday evening, which was highly enjoyed by a large company, and all expressed themselves as very sorry to lose these popular young people from our midst, and all will unite in wishing them future prosperity.—Fowlerville Review.

### Fire at Stockbridge.

A disastrous fire occurred Friday morning about 2 o'clock. It started in the bazar of Mills & Fitch, and soon spread to the stores of Milner Bros., furniture and undertakers, and the agricultural store of Reason & Ives. All the buildings were destroyed.

Mrs. Westfall occupied rooms and had a millinery store in one of the stores destroyed, and the KOTM and LOTM lost everything in the hall.

Mr. Mills and wife lived in the rear of the store, and they were awakened by their dog jumping on to their bed and barking. Mr. Mills arose and they had just time to make their escape.

The loss is estimated at from \$15,000 to \$20,000, partially covered by insurance.

### Livingston Mutual.

The annual meeting of the Livingston County Mutual Fire Insurance Company at the court house. President Horton called the meeting and after a few remarks to the meeting proceeded to the election of officers, as follows:

President—William M. Horton, of Handy.

Vice-President—Robert R. Smith, of Howell.

Secretary—William J. Larkin, of Howell.

Director—E. W. Hardy, of Oceola. Upon motion the officers of the company were authorized to adjust losses occasioned by fire from gasoline engines when operated under proper restrictions. Also to strike out the words "engine house" in Article 16 of the By-Laws.

The secretary report at the meeting shows the solid financial condition of the company—Total amount paid out during the past year \$13,102.41.

### How Is It.

A great deal is being said in different papers these days in regard to citizens patronizing their home merchants (and justly said to) and every news paper in the surrounding country have urged the fact upon their readers.

Now, how about the merchant, has he no obligations? Who gives him a nice little puff now and then, is it the firm that furnishes him bill heads with their soap advertisement conspicuous thereon? Who sympathizes with him in his business losses, is it the grocery firm that furnishes him ready printed stationery? Who is it that incites people to buy goods at home, is it the one who gets the printing that should be done at home? Who is it that always pushes every enterprise for the benefit of the town, is it the city papers or periodicals in other towns?

Moral: "Let one hand wash the other." Patronize your home paper.

### Pencil Pushers Outing.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," was fully verified last Monday when the members of the Eastern Michigan Press Association cast work aside for the day to accept the cordial invitation of the Peninsular Paper Company of Ypsilanti to visit their plant and inspect their method of making paper.

The D. Y. A. A. & J. Ry. secretary placed a special car at the disposal of the printers, which left Griswold street, Detroit, at 1:30 p. m. with a joking jolly party of 35. While enroute Mr. W. C. Jupp of the Jupp paper company of Detroit, served a lunch which all seemed to enjoy.

While in Ypsilanti the party not only gave a thorough inspection of the paper mill, but also visited several departments of the Normal. On the return trip a short business session was held.

The day is one that will long be remembered by those who participated in the event.

Miss Mae Reason gave a party to 45 of her friends, Tuesday evening of this week in honor of her sixteenth birthday. All had a good time.

Mrs. Harvey Harrington received word that her youngest sister, Mrs. S. H. Taylor of Cheboygan dropped dead last Sunday morning. She leaves a husband and three grown children.

### A Lecture.

Rev. Fr. Comerford has noticed with regret that the village for the past two years has been without a lecture course. Realizing the necessity of some literary entertainment for the benefit of the people he has prepared a lecture on the life and labor of St. Paul, which he will deliver at the Pinckney opera house, Thursday evening Jan. 23 1902, at 8 o'clock sharp. The lecture is in the nature of an historical review of the life of the apostle of the Gentiles. The idea of the lecture is to present before the people in a more vivid light the details of a man of whom so little is known by the commonality. There is no attempt on the speakers part to develop the Pauline view of the dogmas of christianity, but simply to take St. Paul from the number of historical characters whom we know simply as having lived and died and to cause him to stand before us as a living sentiment being, still teaching the same eternal truths taught two thousand years ago, still ever new, ever breathing the same spirit of the Master.

### Business Pointers.

#### WANTED:

Information concerning the whereabouts of a certain Dr. Gamber who practiced medicine and resided in Pinckney some twelve or fourteen years ago, will be gladly received at the DISPATCH office.

## A Good Time to Buy a Suit Or An Overcoat

#### IN MEN'S OVERCOATS

All \$13.50 Coats at \$9.50.  
All \$12.00 " " \$9.00.  
All \$10.00 " " \$8.50.  
All \$16.00 " " \$11.50.  
All \$8.00 " " \$4.50.

#### IN MEN'S SUITS

All \$7.00 Suits for \$5.50.  
All \$9.50 " " \$8.00.  
All \$10.00 " " \$8.25.  
All \$12.00 " " \$9.50.  
All \$16.00 " " \$12.50.

Boys Suits from \$1.65 to \$4.00—Call and see the Goods.

As we have too many Gloves and Mittens will make cost prices on them the next two weeks.

January 9, 1902.

W. W. BARNARD.

## Well! Well!

We never had such a trade before during the holidays. Some lines of our goods were entirely cleaned up but we still have a few Books Collar and Cuff Boxes left which we will close out at right prices during invoice.

Of course we always have a line of Pencils, Tablets, School Books and Drugs.

F. A. SIGLER.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTIAN COURTESY POINTED OUT.

Discourse Preached from the Words of Peter: "Be Courteous"—The Value of Praise-Giving—Thoughtfulness for Others a Spirit to Be Cultivated.

Copyright, 1902, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Jan. 12.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges thoughtfulness for others and shows how such a benignant spirit may be fostered; text, I Peter ii, 8, "Be courteous."

In an age when bluntness has been canonized as a virtue it may be useful to extol one of the most beautiful of all the royal family of graces—courtesy. It is graciousness, deference to the wishes of others, good manners, affability, willingness to deny ourselves somewhat for the advantage of others, urbanity. Mark you, it cannot be put on or dramatized successfully for a long while. We may be full of bows and genuflections, and smiles and complimentary phrase, and have nothing of genuine courtesy either in our makeup or in our demeanor. A backwoodsman who never saw a drawing room or a dancing master or a caterer or a fold of drapery may with his big soul and hard hand and awkward salutation exercise the grace, while one born under richest upholstery and educated in foreign schools, and bothered to know which of ten garments he will take from a royal wardrobe, may be as barren of the spirit of courtesy as the great Sahara desert is of green meadows and tossing fountains.

Now, you know as well as I do that some of the most undesirable people have been seeming incarnations of courtesy. In our early American history there arose a man of wonderful talent, an impersonation of all that can charm drawing rooms and cultivated circles. He became vice president of the United States and within one vote of being president. Men threw away their fortunes to help him in his political aspirations and to forward him in a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States, he trying to do in America what Napoleon at that very time was trying to do in Europe—establish a throne for himself. But he was immoral and corrupt. He was the serpent that wound its way into many a domestic paradise. He shot to death one of the greatest of Americans—Alexander Hamilton. The world found out long before he left it that the offender I speak of was an embodiment of dissoluteness and base ambition. He was the best illustration that I know of of the fact that a man may have the appearance of courtesy while within he is all wrong.

Absalom, a Bible character, was a specimen of a man of polish outside and of rottenness inside. He captured all who came near him. But, oh, what a heart he had, full of treachery and unflinching spirit and baseness! He was as bad as he was alluring and charming.

I like what John Wesley said to a man when their carriages met on the road. The ruffian, knowing Mr. Wesley and disliking him, did not turn out, but kept the middle of the road. Mr. Wesley cheerfully gave the man all the road, himself riding into the ditch. As they passed each other the ruffian said, "I never turn out for fools," and Mr. Wesley said, "I always do." I like the reproach which a Chinaman in San Francisco gave an American. The American pushed him off the sidewalk until he fell into the mud. The Chinaman on rising began to brush off the mud and said to the American: "You Christian; me heathen. Good-by." A stranger entered a church in one of the cities and was allowed to stand a long while, although there was plenty of room. No one offered a seat. The stranger after awhile said to one of the brethren, "What church is this?" The answer was, "Christ's church, sir." "Is he in?" said the stranger. The officer of the church understood what was meant and gave him a seat. We want more courtesy in the churches, more courtesy in places of business, more courtesy in our homes.

Let us all cultivate this grace of Christian courtesy by indulging in the habit of praise instead of the habit of blame. There are evils in the world that we must denounce, and there are men and women who ought to be chastised, but never let us allow the opportunity of applauding good deeds pass unimproved. The old theory was that you must never praise people lest we make them vain. No danger of that. Before any of us get through with life we will have enough mean and ignoble and depreciating and lying things said about us to keep us humble. God approvingly recognizes a system of rewards as well as of punishments.

When you hear a good sermon, stop after the benediction and tell the pastor, though you never saw him before that day, "Your sermon did me good." When a mechanic does a good piece of work tell him it is well done. When a physician brings you out of a per-

ious illness, stop him in the street and say, "Doctor, you saved my life." When you hear of a business man in some heavy stress of financial weather helping frailer craft into the harbor, go into his counting room and say, "I hear you have been helping your fellow business man to outride the tempest of a panic, and I came in to thank you for the good advice you gave and to let you know that all good citizens appreciate what you have been doing." Go down the street tomorrow and thank somebody. There are hundreds of people who never get thanked at all. Plenty of severe criticism, plenty of faultfinding, plenty of misinterpretation, plenty of depreciation, but as to gratitude—that is a market in which the supply does not equal the demand.

In the cultivation of this habit of Christian courtesy let us abstain from joining in the work of defamation. It is a bad streak in human nature that there are so many people who prefer to believe evil instead of good concerning any one under discussion. The more faults a man has of his own the more willing is he to ascribe faults to others.

What a curse of cynics and pessimists afflicts our time, afflicts all time! There are those who praise no one until he is dead. Now that he is clear under ground and a heavy stone is on top of him there is no possibility of his ever coming up again as a rival. Some of the epitaphs on tombstones are so fulsome that on resurrection day a man rising may, if he reads the epitaph, for the moment think he got into the wrong grave.

There are two sides to every man's character—a good side and an evil side. The good see only the good and the evil only the evil, and the probability is that a medium opinion is the right opinion. Most of the people whom I know are doing about as well as they can under the circumstances.

The work of reform is the most important work, but many of the reformers, dwelling on one evil, see nothing but evil, and they get so used to anathema they forget the usefulness once in awhile of a benediction. They get so accustomed to exhorting public men that they do not realize that never since John Hancock in holdest chirography signed the Declaration of Independence, never since Columbus picked up the floating land flowers that showed him he was coming near some new country, have there been so many noble and splendid and Christian men in high places in this country as now. You could go into the president's cabinet or the United States senate or the house of representatives in this city and find plenty of men capable of holding an old fashioned Methodist prayer meeting, plenty of senators and representatives and cabinet officers to start the tune and kneel with the penitents at the altar. In all these places there are men who could, without looking at the book, recite the sublime words, as did Gladstone during vacation at Hawarden, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ," and from the senate and house of representatives and the presidential cabinet and from the surrounding offices and committee rooms, if they could hear, would come many voices responding "Amen and amen!"

Christian courtesy I especially commend to those who have subordinates. Almost every person has some one under him. How do you treat that clerk, that servant, that assistant, that employe? Do you accost him in brusque terms and roughly command him to do that which you might kindly ask him to do? The last words that the Duke of Wellington uttered were, "If you please." That conqueror in what was in some respects the greatest battle ever fought, in his last hours, asked by his servant if he would take some tea, replied, "If you please," his last words an expression of courtesy. Beautiful characteristic in any class. There is no excuse for boorishness in any circle. As complete a gentleman as ever lived was the man who was unhorsed on the road to Damascus and beheaded on the road to Ostia—Paul, the apostle. I know that he might be so characterized by the way he apologized to Ananias, the high priest. I know it from the way he complimented Felix as a judge and from the way he greets the king, "I thank myself, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews, especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." And then see those words of advice which he gives: "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "In honor preferring one another;" "honor all men."

What a mighty means of usefulness is courtesy! The lack of it brings to many a dead failure, while before those who possess it in large quantity all the doors of opportunity are open. You can tell that urbanity does not come from study of books of etiquette, although such books have their use, but from a mind full of thoughtfulness for others and a heart in sympathy with the conditions of others. Ah, this world needs lighting up! To

those of us who are prosperous it is no credit that we are in a state of good cheer, but in the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred there is a pathetic side, a taking off, a deficit, an anxiety, a trouble. By a genial look, by a kind word, by a helpful action, we may lift a little of the burden and partly clear the way for the stumbling foot. Oh, what a glorious art it is to say the right word in the right way at the right time!

Alexander the Great won the love of his soldiers on foot by calling them fellow footmen. Rehoboam lost the ten tribes through his discourtesy. More thoughtfulness for others—let us all cultivate it.

Many years ago two men entered the largest locomotive workshops in Philadelphia. They were treated in a very indifferent way and were allowed to depart without any show of courtesy. They went into other shops, and no especial attention was given them. After awhile the two men entered a smaller shop, and the overseer took great pains in showing them everything and how they wrought and on what plan the shops were run. The two visitors were agents of the Czar of Russia, and those shops were transferred to St. Petersburg, and that polite man that bestowed such attention was called to build the locomotives for all the railroads of Russia and had fortune after fortune roll in upon him. Courtesy is a mighty force in temporal things as well as in spiritual things.

Let us start each year, each month, each day, with the question, What can I do to make others happy? On our way to office or store or shop or railway let us be alert for heaven descended opportunities.

The time must come when the world will acknowledge international courtesy. Now courtesy between nations is chiefly made of rhetorical greeting, but as soon as there is a difference of interest their ministers plenipotentiary are called home, and the guns of the forts are put in position, and the army and navy get ready. Why not a courtesy between nations that will defer to each other and surrender a little rather than have prolonged acrimony, ending in great slaughter? Room for all nations of the earth and all styles of government. What the world wants is less armament and more courtesy, less of the spirit of destruction and more of the spirit of amity. This century has opened with too many armies in the field and too many men-of-war on the ocean. Before the century closes may the last cavalry horse be hitched to the plow and the last warship become a merchantman.

There is nothing worthy in the thought that the earth will get too crowded with population if vast multitudes are not destroyed by war. When our old world is full of inhabitants, it will have fulfilled its mission, and it will be put aside like an old ship turned into a navy yard and dismantled and the world's inhabitants transferred to some other constellation. The angels in the song celebrated this coming international courtesy when in the Bethlehem starlight they chanted, "Good will to men."

If others lack courtesy, that is no reason why you should lack it. Respond to rudeness by utmost affability. Because some one else is a boor is no reason why you should be a boor.

So I applaud Christian courtesy. I would put it upon the throne of every heart in all the world. The beauty of it is that you may extend it to others and have just as much of it—yea, more of it—left in your own heart and life. It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which, by being divided, were multiplied until twelve baskets were filled with the remnants. It is like a torch, with which fifty lamps may be lighted and yet the torch remain as bright as before it lighted the first lamp.

But this grace will not come to its coronal until it reaches the heavenly sphere. What a world that must be where selfishness and jealousy and pride and ascerbites of temper have never entered and never will enter! No struggle for precedence. No rivalry between cherubim and seraphim. No ambition as to who shall have the front seats in the temple of God and the Lamb. No controversy about the place the guest may take at the banquet. No rivalry of robe or coronet. No racing of chariots. No throne looking askance upon other thrones, but all the inhabitants perfectly happy and rejoicing in the perfect happiness of others. If I never get to any other delightful place, I want to get to that place. What a realm to live in forever! All worshipping the same God, all saved by the same Christ, all experiencing the same emotions, all ascending the same heights of love and exultation, all celebrating the victories. Courtesy there easy, because there will be no faults to overlook, no apologies to make, no mistakes to correct, no disagreeableness to overcome, no wrongs to right. In all the ages to come not a detraction or a subterfuge. A perfect soul in a perfect heaven. In that realm, world without end, it will never be necessary to repeat the words of my text, words that now need off repetition, "Be courteous."

### CONGRESS.

The senate met Monday after a recess of more than two weeks, but no business was transacted on account of the recent death of Senator Sewell. Kean (N. J.) formally announced to the senate the death of Sewell and offered the customary resolutions expressive of sorrow. As a mark of respect the senate adjourned at 12:07 p. m. The seat formerly occupied by Sewell has been assigned to Depew.

In the house the oath was administered to Messrs. Smith, of Iowa, and Weeks of Michigan. Loudenslager, of New Jersey, immediately announced the death of Senator Sewell. The customary resolutions were adopted and the house at 12:10 adjourned.

Over 300 bills and joint resolutions were introduced in the senate Tuesday, among them bills requiring that contractors carrying the mails of the United States shall be able to read the English language; increasing pension ratings on account of wounds, disease or injuries received while in the line of duty; authorizing the carrying of sealed packages through the mails at the rate of one cent an ounce.

A bill granting to Mrs. McKinley the postal franking privilege for all correspondence, was favorably reported by the house committee on postoffices and post roads.

The house committee on census ordered a favorable report on the bill creating a permanent census bureau. Senator Mitchell added several amendments to the proposed Philippines tariff bill. It is provided that Filipino exports or imports from or to the United States shall pay only 50 per cent of the rate charged on articles coming from or exported to foreign countries.

A bill of much interest to ex-confederate soldiers was favorably acted upon by the house committee on war claims, providing for paying former confederate soldiers for horses, bridles, saddles and side arms taken from them in violation of the terms of surrender made by Gens. Lee and Johnston with Gens. Grant and Sherman. The bill was introduced by Rep. Padgett, of Tennessee.

Rep. Hamilton is extremely pleased with the hearing before the river and harbor committee looking toward an additional appropriation for the deepening of the Kalamazoo river.

The senate commerce committee, through Senator McMillan, made a favorable report for an appropriation of \$45,000 for the construction of a light ship on the southeast sibal Point Au Pele passage.

The bill to create a permanent census bureau, after a long debate in the house Saturday, was recommitted, with instructions to report back a bill containing a plan for a detailed organization of a permanent census bureau to include also a provision to place the present employes under the civil service.

During the debate Reps. Corliss and Henry C. Smith seized an opportunity to take shots at the civil service law. Hopkins, the father of the bill, declared that of the 3,480 employes of the present census bureau only 20 had been found incompetent to fill the positions assigned to them.

Rep. H. C. Smith got Hopkins to admit that the census bureau employes had never passed the classified service examination, but were selected by the congressmen and then their fitness for the work was ascertained. This admission Smith declared was the strongest kind of an argument against the classified service plan and he asked if it would not be better to have the congressmen select the employes in all the departments, judging from the results in the census bureau.

Congressman Corliss said the departments were filled with old carbnacles and barnacles.

### Low Calls a Halt.

Mayor Low, of New York, sent his first message to the board of aldermen Monday. It was brief. He said: "If, during the next two years, any citizen or any employe of the city pays money illegitimately, either to avoid injury or inconvenience, or to secure his rights, he will do it because he wants to, and not because he must. No one, from the largest corporation to the poorest bootblack, need pay one dime for protection from harm, or to secure just treatment at the hands of the city government."

### Seventeen Killed.

Two local trains bound for New York—one from South Norwalk, Conn., the other from White Plains, N. Y.—crashed together in the smoke-clouded Park avenue tunnel of the New York Central railroad early Wednesday. Seventeen persons were killed and 40 injured, 12 seriously. The engineer and fireman of the White Plains local and a tower man are under arrest.

### News in Brief.

Schley is visiting Savannah, Ga., for ten days.

B. F. Williams is suing "Healer" Dowle in Chicago for \$50,000 for alienating the affections of Mrs. Williams.

Ex-Aud.-Gen. W. Irving Lattimer, Big Rapids, has been appointed an assistant sergeant-at-arms of the senate.

It is now said that the president will send Dewey and Miles to attend King Edward's coronation in June as chief representatives of the army and navy, and that Rear-Admiral Crowninshield may go as commander of the United States fleet in European waters.

Secretary of War Root says the army is necessary as a moral force to maintain civil administration in the Philippines, and that many Filipinos are idle and conspirators for that reason. Root doesn't think reduction of the military force in the islands will be possible for some time to come.

### FOUND AMERICANS BUYING LAND AT SASKATOHEWAN, WESTERN CANADA.

A Michigan Farmer Bought Saskatoon and is Well Pleas'd.

Mr. E. K. Lent was a delegate sent from the farmers of Allegan County, Michigan, to Western Canada, to report on the prospects for successful settlement. His report is as follows: I went from Winnipeg to Edmonton, thence east one hundred miles by wagon. I found the country in that vicinity a rich, black loam, varying from 12 inches to 3 feet deep; the crops are simply something enormous; wheat and oats by actual measurement often standing five feet in height. I have been a farmer for forty years, and consider myself a fair judge of the yield of grain, and I saw wheat that would yield 50 bushels per acre, and oats that would yield 100 bushels per acre; not one alone, but a good many. As for root crops and garden truck, in no country have I ever seen their equal for all kinds except corn and tomatoes; the nights being too cool for these to ripen well. As a stock country it has no equal. East of Edmonton, on the head waters of the Vermillion River, I saw hay meadows containing from 10 to 100 acres, the grass standing 4 feet high, and would often cut 3 to 4 tons to the acre. From Edmonton I passed through some fine locations, namely, Wetaskiwin, Lacombe and other points.

From McLeod I went to Regina, thence to Prince Albert, 247 miles north of the main line. For the first fifty miles is fine farming country, but the next hundred miles is more of a stock country. Then at Saskatoon, Rosthern and Duck Lake I found some very fine farming country, so good that I found a party of Americans from Minnesota buying land for themselves—one party buying 12 sections, and the other 20 sections of land for themselves, which they proposed to improve at once.

I have traveled over twenty-three different States and Territories in our Union, and never in my life time have I ever seen such magnificent crops and especially as fine a stock country.

### Drive Rheumatism Away

by the use of MATT J. JOHNSON'S OIL. It cures thoroughly and quickly.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

ALWAYS USE RUSS BLEACHING BLUE, acknowledged the leading bluing. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

An insurance policy often makes a man more valuable after death than during life.

### MISS BONNIE DELANO

A Chicago Society Lady, in a Letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Of all the grateful daughters to whom you have given health and life, none are more glad than I.

"My home and my life was happy



MISS BONNIE DELANO.

until illness came upon me three years ago. I first noticed it by being irregular and having very painful and scanty menstruation; gradually my general health failed; I could not enjoy my meals; I became languid and nervous, with gripping pains frequently in the groins.

"I advised with our family physician who prescribed without any improvement. One day he said, 'Try Lydia Pinkham's Remedies.' I did, thank God; the next month I was better, and it gradually built me up until in four months I was cured. This is nearly a year ago and I have not had a pain or ache since."—BONNIE DELANO, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Trustworthy proof is abundant that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves thousands of young women from dangers resulting from organic irregularity, suppression or retention of the menses, ovarian or womb troubles. Refuse substitutes.

### 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.

PISSOT'S CURE FOR...  
Best Cure for...  
ON UMEITION

# Love's Second Degree

By D. H. TALMADGE

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

This is a bit of plain history, and the reader whose mental appetite craves adventures flavored with the essence of heroism and self-sacrifice will save himself disappointment by passing it by. It is, it may be said, the plainest of plain history.

John Delwin, the hero, is a man who sells groceries. Formerly he was an ordinary boy of numerous freckles, then a delivery clerk in the village store of which he was later part owner. His life, so far as his acquaintances can judge, has been a psalm from the beginning.

When he married Emma Minkler he wore the customary black, and the bride was attired in the customary white, and congratulations upon the happy event were many and sincere, just as the village newspaper said. So far as is known no hearts were broken or even bruised in the case. John had no rivals. Nor had Emma. He wanted a good sensible wife. She wanted a good sensible husband. They were married. Everybody was satisfied.

There was the most commonplace of courtings. He escorted her home from church one night, and they stood for a time at the front gate while the little god of love performed his duty. They did not realize the solemnity of the occasion, otherwise he would have talked less fluently of butter and eggs, and she would have subdued her references to the starching and ironing of shirts.

It was fate. John said to himself that there was a girl who was practical, a girl well calculated to comfort a man who worked for his daily bread. Emma said to herself (mark the coincidence) that here was a man who was practical, a man who wasted his brain tissue with no trivial subjects of thought. And from that moment the compact between them was virtually sealed.

A year passed before he asked her to share his fortunes. Scarcely an instant passed before he received his answer. He kissed her then, and they were very happy.

"John," said she, as they parted that night, "engaged couples are different from unengaged ones. Come and see me often, John, for I shall be lonesome without you. Come Monday, Tuesday and the other days."

"I'll do it," said John, trying to remember a couplet he had laboriously committed to memory; "I'll—I'll do it."

"Do," said she.

"O, I will," said he.

Thus it came about that whenever business was a bit slack in the store John girded up his apron, which bore a saleratus brand upon its bib, and went forth to call briefly upon Emma. And he never failed to find her busy with household work, her round white arms bared to the elbows, her fingers often bedecked with dabs of dough, her face flushed by the heat of the kitchen fire. And he said to himself fervently, in much the same spirit that characterizes the stock burst of gratitude in the more thrilling of love tales, "What a prize I've won! What a girl she is! O my!" And he walked upon air in his leaden deliberate way straight to the wedding day.

Emma was not beautiful. She was



"What a prize I've won!"

not witty. She possessed not those qualities which throughout the pages of a questionable literature have made woman at once the despair and joy of the masculine heart. John understood this and gloried in it. He himself had not been a success at holding up one end of even a five minutes' conversation with the more dashing of the girls who attended the church socials. He rather feared these girls. He was never able to quite free himself from the suspicion that they were making fun of him. He pitied the brilliant young chaps whom they married.

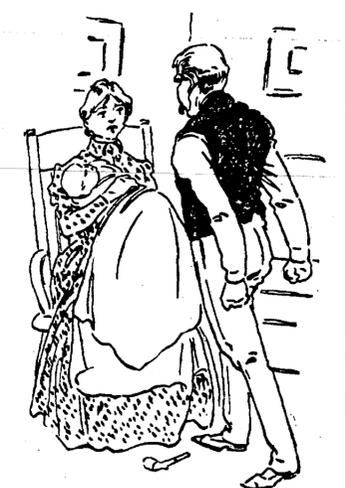
And it was so also with Emma. The brilliant young chaps (judged in the purely complimentary sense) voted her dead dull without a dissent-

ing voice. They said she was a cheese, whatever that may be in the human form. She was utterly without power to set the strings of the gilded male harps in motion. And she snuffed in her sensible solid way, declaring that she hoped the Lord would have mercy on the poor creatures that married them—with the emphasis strongly on the pronoun.

So she was married to John, and John was married to her, and, as has been stated, everybody was satisfied.

Another year passed, during which John builded a square dwelling with no nonsense about it, and set a row of hard naples along the front walk, and purchased a cow. Then he bought a simple wicker perambulator and opened a ledger account with the leading doctor.

Life for the blissful couple was on in



"What! You say that!"

real earnest, and life in real earnest is a pretty serious matter.

It was then that the covering of the ideals began to loosen in places and fall off. By the end of one more year the process was complete. John growled at the cost of living. Emma neglected her back hair. He discovered with a shock that the cooking was badly done and that the house was badly kept. He uttered a hoarse note of complaint, and was momentarily paralyzed by the sight of Emma shodding great soaking tears. He had thought her superior to such petty weakness.

Matters did not improve during the next year. They unimproved. John's business affairs went wrong. It was the year of panic, and collections were difficult to make. Instinct prevented him from groaning in the market place, hence he brought his groans home and discharged them in an avalanche at his wife.

Then John failed. He came home one night, and sat for a long time beneath a cobweb in a corner of the sitting room, staring with wide unseeing eyes at the picture of Garfield upon the wall, saying nothing, heedless of the food upon the table.

Emma sat in the kitchen, rocking ceaselessly, their child asleep in her arms. She knew what had happened. A glance at John had told her all she cared to be told.

So the minutes became hours, and the fire died out, and a chill came into the air. The clock struck nine. John spoke.

"Em," said he, "it's all over."

"I know it," she returned. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm clean discouraged—beat. I'm a poor stick."

"You are," she agreed promptly.

He started violently. "What!" he cried. "You say that? I reckon, madam, I'm as much of a success as you—you that deceived me—that lured me to marry you under false pretenses! You that made out to be helping your ma so good with the housework! You that run whenever you saw me coming and put on your apron and rolled up your sleeves and dabbled your hands with flour or grabbed up a flatiron! You—O, I know all about it! I should think you'd have been ashamed of yourself, letting your ma do all the work while you just lazed round! I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself this minute sitting there on that floor that hasn't been swept for a week! Did you think I wouldn't find you out? O, you deceiver you!"

He arose to his feet, excitedly pacing from one room to the other; then paused, an expression of surprise and bewilderment in his eyes, for Emma was smiling at him through tears.

"John," she demanded, quietly, "who told you that?"

"I overheard your pa telling Squire Wigham," he said, "and they seemed to think 'twas the best joke ever was. But it hurt me fearful and rolled me up. You've no idea how it rolled me up, Em!"

"Yes, I have, John," said she.

"Mercy! Do you think I'm blind and

deaf? But it wasn't so bad as pa made it out to be, honest, it wasn't. Just once I run and put on an apron and rolled up my sleeves to deceive you, and that time 'twas because I'd torn a big hole in the front of my dress and the sleeves were all stained up with raspberry juice. Pa was always teasing me about it afterwards. He thinks he's an awful rich joker, pa does. And as for my failing to keep house good for you, John, there wasn't any trouble till baby came, and then I didn't have time nor strength to do it, and you couldn't afford to hire help, and you wouldn't tell me why, and—O, John!"

She placed the child in its cradle, and with deliberate impulsiveness threw her arms about John's neck. His arm slowly wound itself about her waist.

"We're just as foolish as—the fools, John," she sobbed.

"Fooler," declared he, decidedly. "I hain't given you a fair shake, Em. I'm going to be different."

They were silent for an interval—an interval of close, wordless communion such as in the popular love tales precedes the marital state, but never accompanies it. Emma broke the silence at last with a whisper.

"John, I'm awful sorry about the store."

"Don't you worry about that," said John. "I'm no worse off than lots of others. It don't fret me a mite—not a mite, Em."

Then he turned up the lamp and re-kindled the fire and drew the curtains, and they sat down comfortably with beaming faces to tea and muffins just as the clock struck ten.

## JERUSALEM'S RUINS.

The Remains of a Mediaeval Church Discovered.

The Greek Catholic monks, who are in possession of the chief portion of the church of the Holy Sepulcher, are now going to build a bazaar opposite it, where pilgrims may purchase souvenirs of their visit to Jerusalem. During the process of clearing the site the foundations of an old mediaeval church, forty meters long and thirty wide, with three apses, were discovered. A number of fine capitals, fragments of basalt pillars and bas-reliefs, with symbolic animals, were found, all these remains having, doubtless, belonged to the choir of the church. Last year a valuable silver shrine, containing a piece of the holy cross and relics of the Apostles Peter and Paul—according, at least, to the inscriptions on them—was discovered at the same place. The patriarch of Jerusalem, it is said, is keeping other discoveries secret, owing to his dislike of the Roman Catholic church. Those mentioned above are all the more important as it can be ascertained to what church they belonged. According to the statement of a mediaeval traveler, the hospice and the monastery, which the citizens of Amaf founded about the year 640, as a refuge for Western pilgrims, was situated due south of the Holy Sepulcher, about a stone's throw away. The first church was built in honor of St. Mary de Latins, and the second, the ruins of which have now been found, in honor of St. John the Baptist. The French monk Bernard, who lived there in 870, highly praised the hospitality and the large library of the hospice. A Mohammedan historian says it was destroyed by the Khalif Hakem and rebuilt shortly afterward; while, according to another account, it prospered down to the time of King Baldwin of Jerusalem, from 1100 to 1118, when the two communities of St. Mary and St. John adopted the latter as their joint protector. This was the origin of the Knights of St. John. The remains now discovered, therefore, are the ruins of the cradle of this order. It is most unfortunate that the preservation of these very interesting remains seems impossible, owing to the ill feeling which exists between the Greek and Roman Catholics in Jerusalem.—London Standard.

## Nautical Heir Apparent.

British service papers have noted that the Prince of Wales is the first heir apparent to the British crown to hold an actual commission in the navy, the senior service on their side of the water. Hitherto the heir apparent has been put into the army, and any naval rank he may have held has been purely honorary. The same rule was followed in the case of the sons of the present king; Prince Edward was made a soldier, and died while major in a hussar regiment; Prince George was made a sailor, and has commanded his own ship on a regular cruise. Now, by the death of his elder brother, he becomes Prince of Wales, the first of the line to be a sailor. Hitherto he has been promoted rapidly, but with a decent period of service in each rank, until he now holds the commission of a captain. Hereafter his promotion will be honorary, as it will no longer be advisable for the heir to the crown to go to sea in command of a fleet or to take the risks of a naval officer.—New York Sun.

The price of liberty is eternal vigilance—and it is always payable in advance.

A New Relic of Burns. There has come to light in one of the auction rooms an interesting relic of Robert Burns. It is an ordinary businesslike tumbler, inclosed in an oak case lined with velvet and secured by a Brahmin key. The tumbler has engraved on it the following inscription: "This glass, once the property of Robert Burns, was presented by the poet's widow to James Robinson, Esq., and given by his widow to her son-in-law, Maj. James Robincarn Burns, 1840." The James Robinson to whom Jean Armour gave the relic was a Sunderland gentleman, who became by marriage connected with the Burns family. The box is made from one of the piles of the old London bridge, with some lighter pieces of oak, relics of the Royal George.—The Scotsman.

## Pays for Death of Lenz.

Pittsburg, Pa., dispatch: A case famous in international diplomacy was closed by the payment of \$7,500 damages to Mrs. Lenz, the mother of Frank G. Lenz, an American wheelman who was killed by Turkish officials. The money was turned over by the state department to Attorney John H. Mueller of this city.

## An Important Discovery.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 13.—A sensational statement is made by Mr. Benjamin Major, whose home is at the corner of Jane and Hurlbut Ave., this city.

Mr. Major says that he has found a remedy which will positively cure all Kidney and Bladder troubles. He suffered himself for a long time with these diseases in the most painful form, and during his illness experimented with a great many medicines without getting any relief. Finally he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and to his great joy was cured completely.

The statement he makes seems to have ample confirmation in reports being published every day of wonderful cures by this remedy.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spadara.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have Chilblains, sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Our happiness in this world depends very largely on the affection we are able to inspire.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When you are betting on a sure thing always hold out enough to pay your car fare home.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are easier to use and color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

There is no greater punishment than that of being abandoned to one's self.—Queneau.

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

There is no man easier to be deceived than he who hopes, for he aids in his own deceit.

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

Although Shakespeare was not a broker he furnished a great many stock quotations.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 13, 1900.

He who makes his own God always makes one that never gives him an hour's rest.

# SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢

At all stores, or by mail for the price.

HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

FARMS and Stock Ranches for sale in Iowa, Neb., Minn. and N. Dak. The Union Land Co., 405 Fifth St., Sioux City, Ia.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, given quick relief and cures. Cures. Book of testimonials and 10 DARTS treatment FREE. DR. R. E. GREEN'S SOLE, Sec. R. Atlanta, Ga.

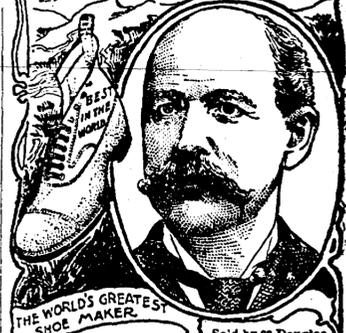
CAPSICUM VASELINE (PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)

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 your 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. CHESBROUGH 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 stock raising they also hold the highest position. Thousands of Americans are annually making this 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. Fedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Grieve, Sault Ste Marie, Mich., M. V. McInnes, No. 2, Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., H. M. Williams, 27 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, or Joseph Young, 51 1/2 State St., East, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

## \$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50 UNION MADE



THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOE MAKER. Sold by 60 Douglas CAUTION: The genuine have name and price on bottom. Notice increase of sales in table below: 1898 = 745,704 Pairs. 1899 = 898,182 Pairs. 1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs. 1901 = 1,566,730 Pairs. Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

THE REASONS: W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two men in the world. W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes placed side by side with \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good. They will outwear 150 pairs of ordinary \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes. Made of the best leather, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Calf, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets and Always Black Hooks and Laces. W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 "Edge Line" cannot be equalled. Shipped by mail 25c. extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 3.—1902

# SALZER'S New 20th Century OATS

BEST YIELD 300 BUS. PER ACRE

**CLEAR THE TRACK!**  
Here's the monarch—nothing like it on earth. Salzer's New 20th Century Oats take the cake, carry first prizes as the biggest yielder everywhere. The fact is, Salzer's oats are bred to produce. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has tested over 400 samples and kinds tested, Salzer's were the best. How do you like that?  
Mr. Farmer: Our new 20th Century Oats is bound to completely revolutionize oat raising in your country. Farmers to report yields in 1902 ranging from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Price is dirt cheap. Buy in the winter and buy this variety this spring to sell to your neighbors the coming fall for seed. It will surely pay you.

**Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre**  
The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop north, east, south, and west and in every State in the Union. We also have the celebrated Macaroni Wheat, yielding on our farms, 60 bushels per acre.

**SPELTZ**  
The most marvelous cereal and hay food on earth, producing from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of rich hay per acre.

**VEGETABLE SEEDS**  
We are the largest growers and our stock of earliest Peas, Beans, Sweet corn and all new and reliable varieties is enormous. Prices are very low. Union Seed 60 cents and up a pound. Catalogue tells.

**For 10c—Worth \$10**  
Our great catalogue contains full descriptions of our best varieties, yielding 100 bushels; our Triple Income Corn, yielding 400 bushels; our potatoes, yielding 800 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixtures, producing 8 tons of magnificent hay; our Pea Oats, with five tons of hay; and Twining with 10 tons of green fodder per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth \$10 to any wife awaits gardener or farmer, with 10 farm seed samples worth \$10 to get a start—sent you on receipt of 10c. postage.

**JOHN SALZER SEED CO., LA CROIX, WIS.**

## The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1902.

### Some Changes in The

#### School Laws.

Several important changes were made in the school laws at the last session of the legislature.

The county school commissioner's term is made four years instead of two. The compulsory school age is in the ungraded districts from 8 to 15.

The February examination is abolished.

Teachers must be at least 18 years of age.

The director must provide the teacher with a copy of the school census, for the district and each month the teacher must report the names of such pupils of school age in the district as do not attend school. (This would probably mean those between the ages 8 and 15 years.)

The truant officer is required to give but one notice to parents whose children are not in school if at any time thereafter the same children are not in school, he may at once proceed against said parents or guardians.

Holders of state certificates must file a copy of the same with the commissioner of the county in which they expect to teach.

Rural high schools may be established in certain townships, which contain no village or city high schools.

Any person who is a graduate of any kindergarten training school approved by the superintendent of public instruction and who holds a teacher's certificate or diploma from any high school having a four year's course shall be legally qualified to teach in kindergarten departments and to draw public money.

The district board shall provide water supply for pupils.

**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.

There are many citizens who have relatives in Germany who do not know that the United States have a parcel post arrangement with that country. Parcels of merchandise to the weight of 11 pounds can be sent at the rate of 12 cents a pound. No fractions of pounds are considered, any fraction being charged as a full pound. The package must not be sealed. It would be well for every one who sends a package to get specific directions at the post-office before doing it up. By this rate a package can be sent to Germany cheaper than to Ypsilanti. This parcel post will give many an opportunity to send their friends Christmas presents.

**Stop the Cough and work off the Cold.**

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

"This is Elmer Winston, en route from Jackson, Mich., to Denver, Colo. His mother will meet him at the Denver depot. Her name is Mrs. Chas. Winston. Conductors will please care for him." With this note pinned to the lapel of his coat and with twenty pennies tied up in a handkerchief, a five-year-old boy arrived at the Rock Island depot in Chicago Saturday night. Policeman Nicholas Martin took charge of the lad until his train arrived, and then gave him, into the care of the conductor for a thousand mile trip.

### Those Big Lumber Mills.

While in Cadillac, business called us to Cummer & Diggings "big mill," and finding much there that was new and interesting to us thought it might prove interesting to our readers.

Inquiring the shortest way to "big mill" we were told to go to the small mill, take first tram-way and follow it up which we did for nearly one-half mile, when we came to a big mill and found it nothing but a planing mill but on a big scale as here they make all the mouldings, beaded lumber etc. and drew all lumber. Much of the lumber goes from the planer to the car never leaving the shelter of the building as it is big enough to accommodate, on one side, 8 or 10 cars at a time. However a great deal is stored in sheds but all under one roof.

Here we showed our ignorance of such matters by asking if this was the "big mill" but were informed that it was not but to go right through the planing mill and follow the tram-way. After another half-mile walk we began to hear the harsh noise of the saw and on reaching the building were surprised to find that at present the mill is running full force, full time, making chiefly—wood. Lumber is only a minor production at the mill as timber for lumber purposes is getting scarce in these parts of Michigan as elsewhere.

Being interested in following a log through the mill we went to where the logs were being dumped from the cars into the water to be floated to the carriers or slide. Here the old saying: "Basswood, birch, beech and maple, all begins with a," came to us, for not only does the man of the "big mill" consume all of the above but, pine, hemlock, ash and nearly every kind of known wood is taken in at one end and discharged at the other in nearly every conceivable shape from 16-inch wood at 80 cents a cord to 16-foot boards at \$35 per thousand, and before we had time to watch our log from the water through the mill more than a thousand feet of lumber had been cut trimmed and sorted and 200 cords of wood cut and loaded into cars or on trucks, and no one touched a hand to it until it came to piling—all logs, lumber and wood being handled entirely by machinery even to putting the wood into the car and the lumber onto trucks.

All saws used for sawing of logs are band saws, part of them cutting both ways so that the saw cuts when the carriage is coming back as well as going forward, thus saving time, and time is certainly money here. Of course these saws need sharpening and one man assisted by three others looks after this and all is done by machinery—an emery wheel being used and when started the saw goes automatically until sharpened. It is then placed upon another machine which sets the teeth in the same manner.

We can not explain the machine they call the "nigger" which rolls and handles the log on the carrier—it has to be seen to be appreciated. More than once we laughed to see the almost human action of the machine even to appearing out of patience because the log would not go right. We presume the man who had hold of the lever had something to do about the impatient actions of the "nigger."

Of course we made inquiry about the cutting of so much wood and found that the company owns large tracts of land from which the best timber has been taken and which is covered with a lot of trash which, good, bad and

indifferent they are having shipped to their mill where they claim that they can make it into wood at a cost of ten cents per cord. We thought of the people in our vicinity who were offering 50 and 60 cents per cord and then could not get it cut.

Our next inquiry was "what do you do with the wood?" We found that the best of it—several car-loads per day—was shipped to citizens and sold while a great deal was worked up in a new plant they have recently established for the manufacture of wood alcohol and we will give a short account of that enterprise in another letter.

EDITOR.

### Brain-Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Greene's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. G. Greene's reliable remedies at F. A. Sigler's drug store, Pinckney. Get Greene's special Almanac.

### An Owl's Toes.

It is alleged that taxidermists are careless in the mounting of owls. In museums and elsewhere our wise eyed friends are set up with three toes in front of and one behind the perch on which they are seated. One who has observed the habits of the booters maintains that this is incorrect and that no living owl ever places three toes in front of his perch. How is this?—New York Press.

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 10-cent box. All druggists.

### Quite Loud.

Tudor—Harris gets all his clothes ready-made now.  
Sutton—So he told you too?  
Tudor—He told me nothing. He didn't have to.—Boston Transcript.

### 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. 123  
Will B. Darrow.

### Nearing the Finish.

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger who had wandered into the church and sat down away back.  
"About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew.  
"That being the case," rejoined the stranger, "I guess I'll stay. He must be nearly done."—Chicago News.

### Strange Misapprehension.

Borus—How do you like that last poem of mine?  
Naggus—First rate. It's so restful, so soothing, don't you know.  
Borus—Restful! Great Scott, man! It's an epic!  
Naggus—Good heavens! I thought it was a lullaby!—Chicago Tribune.

### His Good Wife.

Dr. Price—Your husband's trouble is melancholia. Now, you'd help him materially if you'd only arrange some pleasant surprise for him.  
Mrs. Sharpe—I know! I know! I'll tell him you said he needn't bother about paying your bill till he feels like it.—Philadelphia Press.

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

## CUPID'S ODD PRANKS.

### WHY SOME WOMEN FELL IN LOVE WITH THEIR HUSBANDS.

**Peculiar Reasons That at Times Influence the Fair Sex in Matters of the Heart—The Woman Who Won and Wedded a Woman Hater.**

If there is one question more than another to which it is difficult to get or give a satisfactory answer it is surely this: "Why did you fall in love with your husband?" In 19 cases out of 20 women would probably confess candidly that she did not know or else she would declare conclusively that she did because she did, and that ought to end the matter.

In the rare cases where the lady condescends to declare her reason the answers are both interesting and instructive.

"Whatever made you marry the prisoner?" a London magistrate asked a woman whose face bore "striking" evidence of her husband's affection. "Because he punched all the other fellows' heads," she answered, "and nobody else dared make love to me."

Another good lady confessed that she fell in love with her husband because he was the "only man who ever dared to snub her." While other men were stumbling over each other to pay her court and attention, he always treated her with absolute indifference and even rudeness.

The consequence was that she determined to bring him to her feet and his knees. She succeeded, but lost her heart in the attempt.

"I fell in love with my husband," one lady recently declared, "because he was the only man about whom no one was ever heard to say an unkind word. Even the women, although he paid them no special attention, were agreed that he was 'a darling,' and, although he was plain, almost to ugliness, and old enough almost to be my father, I loved him and determined to marry him long before he had any such thought of me."

Not long ago a Yorkshire lady of wealth and beauty shocked her friends by marrying a poor cripple. It had come to her ears that he had long loved her in silence and had counted each day happy if he only caught a distant glimpse of her. She discovered that he was a devoted son and brother and a man of unusual gifts and culture for his humble position, and, moved by one of those sudden, generous impulses to which some women are liable, she sought an interview with him, told him that she had learned his secret and offered him her hand and fortune. This may appear a strange and improbable thing, but thousands know that it is literally true.

Another lady whose marriage resulted from a similar impulse gives this explanation of it. Among the friends of her family was an old bachelor with a reputation for crustiness who had known her from a child and had often nursed her in early days. To her he had always been gentle and kind, and she had loved him "in a way" as long as she could remember.

One day she said, "Why have you never married, Mr. —?"  
"Marry, my dear? Why, no one would ever marry a grumpy old man like me!"

"Of course they would!" she answered indignantly. "Why, I would marry you myself!"  
"Thank you, my dear!" came the unexpected answer. "Then we'll consider the matter ended."

In spite of her surprise and misgivings the girl loyally kept her promise, and she has never had reason to regret her "moment's indiscretion."

A lady friend of the writer married her husband for the very illogical reason that he was an avowed woman hater. He made no secret of his aversion to the fair sex and declared it so constantly that, as she says, "I vowed I would convert him and make him change his mind, at least so far as one of my sex was concerned." He was not difficult to convert, for within 12 months he had forsworn his creed so far as to conduct one of the "hated sex" to the altar, and now he declares that he "loves them all."—Tit-Bits.

### THERMOMETER TUBES.

**Process of Their Manufacture at Jena. In Germany.**

A most interesting account is given in The Idler of the wonderful state aided industry at Jena where glass and lenses are made for scientists. The industry has been built up by Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott, and has throughout been conducted by scientists whose efforts have made Jena famous among scientific men the world over. One of the most picturesque features of the Jena glassworks is the great corridor where the thermometer tubes are blown and drawn, says a correspondent.

We saw this glass in process of manufacture. A boy workman caught a bit of molten glass from the furnace on the end of a blowpipe. It was hardly larger than a walnut, but by twirling and blowing and molding it grew to the size of an orange, with the shape of an orange. More glass was then added, and there was more rolling and blowing, and when the proper stage was reached the blowpipe was passed

quickly to the brawny master workman.

He, in his turn, added glass, blowing from time to time with cheeks out-puffed until it seemed as though they must burst, and then rolling the great ball of glass on his iron kneading board until it looked like a huge yellow gourd. Faster and faster he worked, keeping the ball always symmetrical and yet white hot. At length he lifted the glowing mass quickly in the air, and a second workman attached the blowpipe at the bottom. Then the two men ran in opposite directions, twirling the pipes and blowing lustily from time to time. From a thick, partly yellow globe the glass thinned out quickly as the men ran apart, until it became a dull red tube not larger than a man's little finger and nearly 300 feet long. Sometimes in drawing these tubes one of the blowers would not only run the length of the corridor, but far outside on the hill.

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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.  
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## Railroad Guide.



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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., 6:20 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, 9:29 A. M.  
No. 20 Express, 3:16 P. M.  
No. 44 Mixed, 7:55 A. M.  
WEST BOUND:  
No. 7 Passenger, 9:57 A. M.  
No. 29 Express, 6:48 P. M.  
No. 48 Mixed, 4:45 P. M.  
Nos. 28 and 29 has through coach between Detroit and Jackson.  
W. J. Black, A. Pinckney

**It is curious,** says the London Chronicle, "how St. Paul's, although the first cathedral church in England that was built actually for the observance of the Anglican ritual, managed nevertheless to retain something of a foreign and a Catholic nature in the way it offers shelter to the tired passer-by. Apart from the restless groups of sightseers, there are always plenty of people there who have gone in solely for the sake of its wonderful peace and quiet."

"They would have found neither, by the way, in old St. Paul's of the fifteenth century, for while mass was being said in one chapel, a funeral service in another, and so on, all sorts of commerce was carried on in the middle aisle, from the hiring of servants to the transaction of legal business."

"We have altered all that nowadays, and St. Paul's is the quietest spot in the noisiest city in the world."

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The DR. K's, either by regular doses, or secretly through the urine, must be stopped—the NERVES must be built up and invigorated, the BLOOD must be purified, the SEXUAL ORGANS must be vitalized and restored, the URINE must be nourished. Our New Method Treatment provides all these requirements. Under its influence the brain becomes active; the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and dependency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full of a clear, energetic glow; the body, and the mental, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all disease-causing and more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and healthy. We invite all the afflicted to call and consult us confidentially and free of charge. Cures Guaranteed or no Pay. We treat and cure: Varicose, Blood Diseases, Stricture, Gleet, Emissions, Urinary Brains, Spermatorrhea, Unnatural Discharges, Itchy and Bladder Discharges.

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**Men and Beasts.**

I once had a trainer, an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the show arena than I have ever seen done by tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that in half playful-ness.

One day he got very drunk. I had never known him to transgress before. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers tried to take him out of the cage, but to have done so would have meant a bitter and bloody fight with the three striped ones. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. The next time he put them to work, however, they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them. They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness when it was at an end completely.—F. Bostock in Frank Leslie's.

**Trouble For the Tourists.**

The poor Saxon "towrist"—what he may suffer in the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from the race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and the three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said:

"Pat, have you got th' tickets?"

"What tickets? I've got me loffe! I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Molke?"

"O! Begorrah, I haven't!"

"Oh, we're all done for, thin!" said the third. "They'll charge us roight from th' other side of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said:

"You are quite safe, gentlemen. Wait till we get to th' next station."

As soon as the train pulled up and came back with three first class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said: "Whist, I'll tell you how I did it! I went along th' thrain. 'Tickets, please; tickets, please!' I called, and these belong to three Saxon towrists in another carriage."—Harry Furniss in Strand.

**Ahead There.**

"I hope," said the drummer, "you were quite satisfied with my report for the past month."

"Well," replied the head of the firm, "there was one part of it that really exceeded our expectations."

"And what was that?"

"Your expense bill."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**A Scott Pun.**

Calling one day on a Miss Ferguson and observing a fine honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, Sir Walter Scott congratulated his friend on its appearance. She spoke of it as trumpet honeysuckle.

"Weel," said Scott, "ye'll never come out o' your ain door without a flourish o' trumpets!"

**The Manner.**

A German professor who is given to great deliberation of speech and has never been known to increase its speed under the most compelling circumstances had an amusing experience in a restaurant not long ago.

The waiter had brought him raw oysters, and, to his dismay, he saw that the professor had apparently no intention of tasting them.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the German slowly, without raising his eyes to the anxious waiter. The waiter seized the plate and bore it out of sight in an instant. He was a new waiter, and it was with much trepidation that he laid the second supply of oysters before this discriminating patron.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the professor after one glance at the plate which had been set before him.

"I—I think you'd find them all right, sir," faltered the waiter. "I don't think there's anything wrong about them, sir." He looked miserable, having been told that the German was a frequent and valued patron of the restaurant and must be well and quickly served.

"I cannot eat these oysters," announced the professor for the third time, with the calmness of chorus in a tragedy, "because as yet you have furnished me no fork."—Youth's Companion.

**The Public Taste.**

Several kind Workers pooled their efforts to insure the Waifs a happy Holiday. They rounded up the little Hickeys at a Mission and gave them a Free Show. Every Swipes in the Place was a Monday Night Gallery God, so the Church Talent was going against a knowing Proposition.

A pale young Man with amber Fire Escapes sprang a line of Parlor Magic that would have queered even a Supper Show. The Bunch advised him to back off the Dump. When a Young Lady with Glasses tackled "Stabat Mater" on the Violin they broke her up with Cat Calls and told her to tear off some Rag Time. They bleated at the Amateur Elocutionist and acted Rowdy when a Stout Woman got up to read a Fairy Tale from Hans Christian Andersen. Then they began to yell for Mulligan and Hicks to come on and save the Show. Whereupon two pug faced Kids came forward and did a Hottentot Song and Dance with a Buck and Wing finish that killed them dead.

Moral.—The Waifs cannot be expected to lift themselves many Notches above the Public Taste.—New York Herald.

**A Testimonial Worth Having.**

An inventor, having produced a wonderful hair invigorating fluid, sent a case of bottles to a bald editor, with a request for a testimonial. He got it in these terms:

"A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid penwiper at a small cost. We applied the lather to a twopenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest shaving brush you ever saw, with beautiful, soft hair growing from the end of it some five or six inches in length."

"Applied to doorsteps, it does away with the use of a mat; applied to the floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a shed makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside or anywhere that luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes."—Collier's Weekly.

**A Change.**

"We must economize," he said emphorically.

"I'm so glad!" his wife exclaimed.

"You take the announcement more good naturedly than usual."

"Yes; it's pleasant to hear you use the plural pronoun. Ordinarily, when there is any economizing needed, you expect me to do it all."

**Nelson B. Hadley and H. C. Chapin, examiners from Lansing, were in Ann Arbor recently and made a thorough examination of the books of Miss Emma E. Bower, great record keeper of the Ladies of the Maccabees. They verified the annual statement made by Miss Bower to Commissioner of Insurance James V. Barry, also examined the records for the present year. The gentlemen congratulated Miss Bower on the management of the office and the excellent condition in which they found things. Few realize the large business done by the order. Miss Bower employs a force of nine clerks and distributes a large amount of business in the city. To remove the office from Ann Arbor would mean a great loss to the city.**

**Got His Price.**

"Away over on the east side of the city," said a New Yorker, "lies the shop of a well known butcher, who rejoices in the euphonious and suggestive name of 'Four Cent Miller.' He sells meat in smallest quantity to his customers, and, as the coin of the realm in that locality is principally conspicuous by its absence, there is a constant effort to beat him down in price. The other day Miller and a would be customer all but came to blows over a pound or so of pork chops, and the discussion finally culminated in Miller irately demanding:

"Well, why don't you go to Smith (a rival butcher) if you can get them cheaper?"

"Because," explained the customer, "Smith hasn't got any."

"Oh," said Miller, "is that so? Well, when I haven't got any my price will be 4 cents, too, but while I have they cost 7 cents. See?"

"The customer saw and purchased."

—New York Tribune.

**Alaska's Inhospitable Interior.**

In the vast and almost unknown interior of Alaska the climate is arctic. The winter is of eight months' duration, dry and, excepting certain restricted localities, entirely free from wind. The temperature descends as low as 80 degrees, with a mean of perhaps 40 degrees. Ice forms in the rivers and lakes to a thickness of eight feet and more. Summer extends over four months. During its earliest month high winds prevail. The balance of this short season is mild and the temperature pleasant, rarely exceeding 80 degrees. The snow and rain annually precipitated is about 12.9 inches.—Era.

**Africans Wash, but Never Wipe.**

Great attention is given in most of the African tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleansed with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together one within the other, as with us, but by a straight up and down rubbing, such as is given to the other limbs. This manner of washing is so characteristic that an African might be distinguished by it from a European without reference to the color. The sun is their only towel.

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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,

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

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

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Rev. 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. Astor Hall. John Tuomey and M. T. Kelly, County Delegates

**EPWORTH LEAGUE.** Meets every Sunday evening at 8:00 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. Pres. Mrs. Miss L. M. Coe; Secretary, Miss Mattie Carpenter

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

The C. T. A. and B. Society of this place, meet every third Saturday evening in the Fr. Astor 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

**LIVINGSTON LODGE, No. 74, F. & A. M.** Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before the full of the moon. Kirk VanWinkle, 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 Maccabee hall. C. L. Grimes V. C.

**MADES OF THE MACCABEES.** Meet every 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m. in 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.

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**OFFICE at MILL, PINCKNEY**

# Pinckney Dispatch.

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.  
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

These ride women are flching from man his most dramatic pose.

Baseball wars are becoming almost as common as the South American brand.

While other states are in constant fear of the octopus, it apparently looks good to Texas.

Until after Senator Sewell's death it was not generally known that he was born in Ireland.

Medicine Hat appears to be the source of our cold waves. They usually end in Medicine Chest.

When you begin to doubt the eternal fitness of things, take a pill; when you begin to dispute it, take two.

Recent meteorological events prove that it is not always fair weather when good fellows get together.

Here's hoping that Mr. Whitney's colt Nasturtium will turn out to be the prize flower of the British turf.

The czar's conferring of a royal order on his dentist may be said to put the latter gentleman in the upper set.

And now American capitalists are acquiring vast mineral properties in Siberia or are taking Steppes in that direction.

Until Signor Marconi removes one of his transatlantic signal stations from Cape Cod the public will continue skeptical.

Maybe there is some hope of the new postmaster general removing from newspapers the undeserved stigma of "second-class matter."

There seems to be a large and an increasing demand for college presidents in this country. A hint to the boys should be sufficient.

Senator Clark of Montana holds one record. He wanted some paintings, and selected \$300,000 worth in one hour and thirty-five minutes.

If some of our advanced scientists who are looking for absolute zero would call up Medicine Hat they might learn something to their advantage.

A reckless New York man stole the crape off a mourner's doorknob, and pleaded before the court that he was cold and wanted a muffler. Fifteen days.

An explanation of the exodus from Finland is found in the statement that the governor general has recently introduced the Russian language into the country.

Representative Cushman introduced a bill for the adoption of a universal language. Congress received it in universal silence and sympathetically tapped its universal head.

Anaconda Standard: Notwithstanding Mr. Marconi's trans-Atlantic achievement, for some years yet the submarine cable may be of greater utility to mankind than the submarine boat.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The fact that our nation is importing potatoes from half a dozen foreign countries seems to indicate that a lot of irrigation is needed in Uncle Sam's obstinate potato patches.

Among the effects which were burned in one of the apartments of a New York hotel through the carelessness of one of the hotel employes, the full value of which has been recovered in the courts by the occupants of the apartment from the hotel proprietor, were three short stories, which were scheduled at \$50 each. The verdict reminds us of the literary genius who once confided to us the information that the only successful novel he ever wrote was burned up in a fire just prior to its publication. The contemplated edition was thus entirely exhausted, and it was fully insured.

It would be interesting to hear further from Prof. Scott on the subject of hated words in the English language. In his paper treating of these words, read before the Modern Language Association, he said that the word which he had found, after extensive inquiry, to be the most hated was "women," while "woman" was rated popular. While there should be this popular discrimination between the singular and plural of the same word is something inexplicable to the ordinary mind, unless it is based on the same sort of prejudice as that described by Hawthorne, when he tells how likable he found an Englishman and how unlikable he found Englishmen.

## WHAT'S DOING IN MICHIGAN

### Michigan Central to Commence a Suit Against the State.

### THE NEGAUNEE MINE HORROR.

The Lawyers Look for a Great Legal Battle in the Case of the Michigan Central Against the State for \$5,000,000 for Repealing its Charter.

**The Central's Suit.**  
The report that the Michigan Central Railway Company will commence suit against the state for \$5,000,000 damages for the repeal of its charter in the United States courts causes some surprise, inasmuch as the law passed preliminary to the repealing statute giving the railroad companies whose charters might be repealed the right to sue the state provides that such suits shall be commenced either in the Circuit Courts of Wayne, Ingham or Kent counties. If the Michigan Central Company intends to begin the trial of the case in the United States courts it evidently intends to disregard the provisions of the Michigan statute if not to assail its legality, and there is said to be a very nice question wrapped up in this proposition. The state will, of course, be prepared to contest the right of the company to avail itself of the United States courts in the trial of the case, and it will be contended that the railroad company has no right to commence suit against the state except under the conditions which the legislature has provided.

Lawyers are looking forward to one of the greatest legal battles of the age when the questions at issue are tried out in the courts, and the question of jurisdiction is one that will probably first be considered.

### The Negaunee Mine Horror.

Negaunee mine is badly wrecked as a result of the cave-in. Ground is still dropping and water is rising in the drifts. From the present indications the old shaft may go altogether, causing great loss to the corporation. All the extra pumps necessary to free the workings of surplus water are not yet in operation. Meanwhile the old portion of the mine continues to fill with water, causing the timbers to loosen and ground to fall. The opening caused by the cave-in is growing larger and by the time the workmen can get down to the level where the bodies are, an enormous mass of debris will have fallen. The blacksmith shop, which stood on the bank of the opening, fell away at an early hour Thursday morning and it is likely the dry house will also go down. A large quantity of timber dumped into the hole at the time of the cave-in last fall has disappeared from view, and is down in the drift where the men met their fate. Advice from the mine are that the bodies of the victims cannot possibly be recovered inside of two weeks.

### A Great Ditch.

The Tekonsha creek ditch has just been completed. It extends through four townships, Clarendon and Tekonsha in Calhoun county, and Butler and Girard in Branch county. It is about six miles long, is spanned by six iron bridges, costing \$6,000, and will reclaim thousands of acres of hitherto useless land. Besides the great improvement in appearance, owners of land drained by the big ditch are jubilant over the valuable addition to their properties.

### More Homestead Lands.

Auditor-General Powers is now dealing to the state land commissioner the delinquent tax lands in Crawford and Roscommon counties, of which it is estimated there are 75,000 acres. These lands will eventually be subject to homestead entry.

### MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Harry Dunbar, of Corunna, is said to have been killed in a mine in Colorado.

Owosso has five rural free delivery mail routes and will soon have another.

The schools of Rogers City have been closed on account of diphtheria in the village.

Amelia McConnell has been appointed postmistress at Grange, vice Simon Robson, removed.

Middleville can now boast of one of the neatest, best equipped postoffices in the state.

Sheriff Stiles, of Menominee, has in custody a demented man who was caught in the woods.

Four of the largest mercantile establishments in Litchfield are owned and run by women.

Provisions have become so dear that the Hillman house has decided to serve no more meals.

Chas. Flowers, of Detroit, has asked Jackson for a franchise for the Yaxan system of heating.

The circuit court of Baraga county has but one case on the January docket, and that a civil suit.

The suit of William Duncan against the St. Clair Tunnel Co., for \$20,000, has been settled for \$300.

Cadillac's new handle factory began operations with sixty men employed. This number will be doubled shortly.

Alfred M. Perrin, one of the victims of the collision in the New York city tunnel, formerly lived in Bay City.

The 4-year-old son of Samuel Rusky, of Iron Mountain, tripped over a pile of boiling water, and was scalded so badly that he died a few hours later.

A warrant is out for the arrest of A. R. Harrington, who disappeared from Bay City and left a wife and family in destitute circumstances in Durand.

E. O. Mains, of Lowell, who was arrested for alleged bigamy on a telegram from Los Angeles, Cal., turned loose, court refusing to hold a man on a telegram.

Joseph Strehl, 20 years old, an Owosso farmer boy, has patented a beet weeder for which his attorneys have offered him \$2,000 and royalties. He will sell.

John Leblime, aged 20, who came to Ludington three months ago from Sweden, cut his throat with a razor and will die. It is believed his mind was affected.

A colored man by the name of Crosby, while out chopping in the woods near Salline, had his eyeball cut open by being struck by a chip. He may lose his eyesight.

Charlotte local option petitions are alleged to contain enough names to insure a vote on the proposition. Saloon men alleged to be not valid, and will fight the matter.

A book auction concern has pulled up stakes in Benton Harbor and gone to Elkhart, Ind. The \$90 a week license for itinerant concerns was more than it could stand.

William Perhaps stabbed Vern Links, his nephew, in a drunken row near Hart, and Links may die. Perhaps is in jail, pending the demise or recovery of Links.

O. C. Tewksbury, a Middleville laborer, who has a wife and four children, has been arrested charged with rape upon his eldest daughter, who is under 16 years of age.

Deckerville's new school building is almost finished, and will be occupied about the first of next month. The structure is an up-to-date one with all conveniences, and cost \$10,000.

Walter Smith is under arrest at Lorain, O., for being, as alleged, responsible for the cause which led to the death of Nettie Lukens, daughter of Sheriff Lukens, of Grand Haven.

A large quantity of counterfeit dimes and quarters have been put into circulation at St. Joseph in the past ten days. The coins are made of lead and zinc and are easily detected.

Bertrand township will hold a special election Jan. 20 to vote on the proposition to pay \$2,500 for their share of the expense of a new bridge over the St. Joseph river at Bertrand.

Millan Lodge No. 188, K. of P., sent a letter of sympathy and a basket of fruit to Bert Farrington, in jail for shooting and killing Jesse Hooker, the man who broke up Farrington's home.

An agent of the state military board will go to Copemish and ascertain the actual damage perpetrated by the famous national guardsmen, and the guilty soldiers will be compelled to pay pro rata.

The criminal business of Kalamazoo county for 1901 was larger by 50 per cent than that of any equal period of time in the history of the county. There were 827 criminal cases prosecuted.

The Anti-Saloon league has issued a call for a mass convention in Lansing Feb. 10, to discuss the question of a local option for the submission of a prohibition amendment to the constitution.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers, of Gaines, are looking for their daughter Addie, who they believe to have eloped with a young man named Frank Judson. Addie is 16 years old and Judson is 26.

The Olds Motor Works, recently established in Lansing, is now employing 100 men and will double the number at once. The first automobiles from the Lansing factory will be turned out about Feb. 20.

Mason's board of supervisors cut the claims of physicians of the county about \$2,000, claiming, in effect, that typhoid fever is not a communicable disease. The question may go to the Supreme Court.

A. T. Bliss Bell is a brand new baby at Blissville, Ark., where the governor's western lumbering interests are located. Baby Bell is the first white child born in the place. Gov. Bliss sent him a nice present.

There is a prospect that a spur of the Grand Trunk Western railroad will be built south from Pavilion to Fulton before long. The company asks the people of Wakeshina township to contribute \$11,000.

An explosion at the Arcadian mine, eight miles from Cabnet, resulted in the death of Isaac Sarala and probable fatal injury to Andrew Laru. While drilling they encountered an unexploded charge of dynamite.

In digging a ditch the other day, Wm. Van Nocker found several frogs that had stowed themselves away for the winter. He brought them home and they croak away with great joy in a pail beside the kitchen fire.

While walking the length of Donnelly's millinery store in Adrian, Thursday morning, Mrs. Mary Rolka, a woman of 71, accidentally fell down an open trap door. Her neck was broken. She was instantly killed.

Sam Beach was beaten by a mob in Leroy township last year when he was accused of taking improper liberties with a young girl. He now seeks to recover \$1,500 damages from the county under the Dickinson law of 1899.

Whether to bond the city for \$75,000 for a gas plant, or to grant a franchise to some corporation to establish and operate such a plant is the question which the voters of Holland will decide at the polls in April.

The contractors have completed the new double cottage at the industrial school for boys in Lansing and have turned it over to the board of trustees. At present there are 706 boys at the institution, the largest enrollment in its history.

Fire burned for 12 hours in a pile of about 5,000 tons of soft coal owned by the Fletcher Paper Co., in Alpena, and which was lying on their dock at the mill. A close estimate of the loss cannot be made, but a large amount was destroyed.

Berrien Springs Electric Light & Power Co. and the Berrien Springs Water Co. are fighting before the board of supervisors, the one to retain and the other to wrest away, the franchise to build a dam and power house near Berrien Springs.

The state auditors had before them a claim of \$1,200 from Ralph Stone as his 5 per cent commission on the \$24,000 of the Michigan war claim recently credited the state. As the sum has not been received into the treasury the claim was held up.

The state board of health has sent Inspector Ranney to Onaway to investigate an alleged outbreak of smallpox in three townships of Presque Isle county. The doctors have disagreed as to the diagnosis, and it is said that there are fifty cases.

Word comes from Los Angeles, Cal., of the death of Col. I. E. Messmore, a native of Michigan, aged 80 years. His wife died last Monday, and they were buried in a common grave. Col. Messmore served in the civil war with a Wisconsin regiment.

Sparks from a locomotive set fire to the Michigan Central warehouse and grain elevator in Mattawan. No fire protection, and buildings were burned. Loss, \$9,000. M. Kent & Co. and W. R. Beebe, of Kalamazoo, also lost \$5,500. Partly covered.

William A. Boland, of New York, head of the Detroit-Chicago electric road, declares that cars will be running between Battle Creek and Jackson in June. Rails are already being unloaded for the stretch of road between Jackson and Abdon.

Chas. H. Thompson, claim agent of the Hammond Packing Co., was arrested Tuesday in Kalamazoo on a charge of bribery, in the way of stopping prosecutions of his company for selling oleomargarine. Developments are expected to be startling.

The Supreme Court convened for the January term Tuesday morning, Justice Frank A. Hooker presiding as chief justice and former Chief Justice Montgomery taking his place at the foot of the list, having just entered upon his second term of 10 years.

The case of E. S. Ross, the Kalamazoo lawyer, who is cited to show cause why he should not be disbarred because of his connection with the military frauds, will be taken up by the supreme court, January 28. The state cases are set for hearing February 6.

Eastern capitalists have purchased large tracts of clay land in the vicinity of Sherman, Wexford Co., together with a bed of marl, which they will use in connection with the clay in the manufacture of pottery. A large plant will be established in the village next summer.

The village of Three Oaks has in its public park the famous Dewey cannon, representing the great naval victory by Admiral Dewey at Manila. It is now the desire of the Three Oaks people to place in the park a Schley cannon, representing Schley's victory at Santiago.

The Detroit United Railway has inaugurated an express service between Flint and Detroit. After laying over all night at Rochester, the car will reach Flint at 10 o'clock next morning. On its return it will leave Flint the same day at noon and get to Detroit in the afternoon.

Miss Nettie Lukens, daughter of Chief of Police Lukens, of Grand Haven, died at Lorain, O., under sorrowful circumstances. She was supposed to have had bowel trouble, but a post mortem revealed a different cause. An investigation is under way. She was generally respected.

Orville Mattiford, of Miles, who enlisted with the British Second Imperial Light Horse Guards in the South African war a year ago, has just broken a long silence by writing home to reassure his friends. His time expires this month and he will start at once for America and home.

The badly decomposed body of Andrew D. Adeock was found in his room in the Grand Central hotel, Bay City, Monday night. Adeock was about 70 years old, and spent his time between the hotel and the home of his children, which accounts for his not being missed at the hotel sooner.

V. F. Chappell, former county treasurer of Schoolcraft county, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling public funds during his two terms of office. An examination of his books shows a shortage of \$7,300. Chappell claims poor bookkeeping is the cause of the apparent discrepancy.

According to a statement made by Thos. F. McGarry, of Grand Rapids, he has not yet engaged counsel to defend him in his bribery trial, which is now scheduled for Monday, Jan. 20, a week's extension of time having been granted at the request of the defendant.

The jury in the Hrdlicka case, in which Anton Hrdlicka, of St. Joseph, met his death two weeks ago, rendered a decision that the victim came to his death by arsenical poison administered by someone unknown to the jury. This is the case in which it was first suspected that the husband had been poisoned, but afterwards developments substantiated the theory of suicide.

## THE NATION AND THE WORLD

### Smallpox May be a Factor of the Coronation.

### EMPEROR WILLIAM'S TELEGRAM

Conscription for the English Army in Sight—Schley to Appeal to the President—The Chinese Court Returns to Peking.

### Emperor William's Yacht.

Emperor William has telegraphed President Roosevelt in English regarding the christening of his yacht as follows:

"I am most gratified by your kind permission for Miss Roosevelt's performing the christening ceremony of my yacht. It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that I have ordered my yacht, Hohenzollern, to cross over and be present at the ceremony. My brother, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, will appear as my representative and will be able to express to you once more my sincere feelings and friendship for the United States and their illustrious head.

(Signed) "WILLIAM, R. I."

President Roosevelt replied as follows in German:

"Your majesty's intention to send over your yacht, the Hohenzollern, to attend the christening by my daughter of your new yacht is the source of great pleasure and satisfaction to me. I can assure you a hearty welcome for your brother, Admiral Prince Henry, to whom I shall personally express my sincere feelings of esteem for your majesty, as well as my best wishes for the welfare of the German people.

(Signed)

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The yacht is to be launched Feb. 20.

### Smallpox and the Coronation.

The manager of one of the largest trans-Atlantic lines was asked if he expected an unusual number of Americans to be present in London at the time of the coronation of King Edward. He said:

"No. By May I fear we shall have such a smallpox scare and epidemic that London will be quarantined when King Edward is crowned."

That this is by no means a pessimistic forecast is evidenced by the fact that the line referred to began this week to have the crews of its ships vaccinated prior to leaving London for New York. Other lines are following its example, fearing that, any day, the American authorities may place London shipping under an embargo on account of smallpox. The vaccination of the crews is only a preliminary to the same operation in the case of passengers.

### The Coronation Representative.

President Roosevelt is considering the advisability of sending his brother-in-law, Commander William S. Cowles, U. S. N., as the representative of the United States at the coronation. This is evidently put forward as a matter of public sentiment. It is suggested that one reason for this selection is the fact that Cowles has a personal acquaintance with King Edward. There would be many heartburnings in the naval circle if all the officers of higher grades were passed over and one who has not reached a captain's rank selected. Cowles and the president are very intimate, and their families are often seen together.

### Schley to Appeal.

The object of Rear-Admiral Schley's visit to the White House Monday was to request the president to entertain and consider an appeal for the reversal of the action of Secretary Long and the disapproval of the majority judgment of the court of inquiry. The interview was satisfactory, the president granting the rear-admiral's request. Messrs. Rayner and Tongue will assist Schley in the preparation of the appeal. The new appeal will be different from that submitted to the navy department, bringing out some new facts which have an important bearing on the controversy.

### The Return to Peking.

The empress dowager and emperor of China have returned to Peking. The emperor, the empress dowager, Prince Chun, the empress and several princes were borne in yellow chairs, their escort carrying hundreds of gay banners and silk umbrellas. The troops of Gen. Yuan-Shih-Kai, governor of Peking, preceded the emperor. The foreign community assembled on top of the Chien gate. The emperor and empress dowager entered the temple in the gate and burned incense. The dowager empress on emerging from the temple saw the foreigners peering down and bowed.

### They Do Not Volunteer.

The British war office is confronted with a serious condition of affairs. Its call for volunteers to relieve the regiments at the front has, so far, met with absolutely no response, and has served to intensify the widespread indignation existing among all the volunteer regiments. In the first place volunteers answering the call would only receive a shilling per day, while the reomanry, in which many volunteers have already enlisted, receive 5 shillings per day. The only solution for the deadlock appears to be for the war office to introduce conscription or withdraw the new regulations.

Dr. John P. Wood, of Coffeyville, Kan., Saturday celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary.

# An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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## CHAPTER I.

### JACK, FROM BOHEMIA.

Famous old Big Ben had boomed out the hour of 3 one afternoon in May, when Jack Overton, who had recently shaken off the dust of the Bohemian Latin quarter in Paris, debouched from one of the numerous courts branching out from the Strand, London, and strolled along this great thoroughfare.

Overton was a man of possibly twenty-five. His form was well built and athletic, his countenance, while not wholly handsome, worthy of deep study—an expert at physiognomy would have gloried in reading the potential features so plainly marked, and his verdict must have been that while the young man had not yet awakened to the resistless and dominant power that slumbered within his grasp, the force of circumstances would sooner or later bring it to the fore.

For some time he had drifted along in his studies—a faint gleam of success had begun to brighten the eastern skies—there was a promise of his latest picture being accepted for the Salon, when his future could be looked upon as assured.

It was at this critical juncture in his affairs when a little more resolute work would have landed him well on the road to success, that fortune, and a woman, brought about a crisis which threatened his bark with disaster.

This accounted for the eagerness with which he scrutinized the inmates of the various vehicles moving hither and thither along the Strand. Finally his kindling gaze was glued upon a dashing equipage, evidently headed toward Rotten Row, and particularly upon the beautiful woman who sat there nonchalantly holding a lace-trimmed parasol above her dainty head, and occasionally addressing some word to her elderly gentleman companion, whose bronzed face and air of distinction marked him as a traveler or man of note in Her Majesty's colonial empire.

Jack held his breath and gritted his teeth as he looked. He loved, aye, worshiped this radiant creature. He, a poor, unknown artist, dared to raise his eyes to such a beautiful bird of fashion.

Why not—who had a right one-half so strong? Time was when he knew Fedora as a modest little English girl with a passionate desire to study art, when he had given innumerable opportunities to stand between her and insult, to soften the rough places for her dainty feet, to assist her in the work she had chosen while his own lay neglected in his garret studio.

Yes, they had become such great friends in Bohemia that it ripened into love, though on Jack's part he fairly adored the girl from the hour they first met.

Thus vows were exchanged, and for months they drifted along in a fool's paradise. Then Jack, poor fellow, insisted on endeavoring to open communications between Fedora and the grim old English grandfather who had exiled his daughter for marrying against his august will.

The negotiations succeeded all too well, and one day there came a dolorous scene when Jack and his betrothed separated, she to go to her new English home, he to work feverishly on the great picture that was to make such a sensation in the Salon—the face of Fedora, created by a hand inspired by the divine passion—and bring him the fame and fortune which he longed to lay at her feet.

At last it was finished, all but a few touches. He had for some time been on the verge of distraction. Stray rumors that Fedora had forgotten him. He, faithful to death himself, believed steadfastly in the woman he loved, and indignantly chased all satanic doubts headlong from his mind. Still, they crept back in spite of him, and when existence finally became unendurable away from the atmosphere she breathed, he had brought his treasured canvas to London.

Never had he suspected the full extent of her radiant beauty and her queenly manner until the moment his eyes fell upon her in the vehicle that rolled toward Rotten Row. Could such a prize be for him?

Then came a revulsion of feeling. She belonged to him—she had again and again vowed no power on earth but death could take her from him. More than that, did he not owe her his life? There had been a fire, and Jack, overcome in his sleep by smoke, might have perished but that some girl dared death to run in and drag him to the open air. They told him

it was Fedora, and although she had always in her modesty, appeared confused when he spoke of the subject, yet he never doubted.

At this day Overton had not learned what a mighty influence Moloch had upon the average human heart, nor the winning power of Gold. The time was coming when he would discover these things through bitter experience that would warp his nature and change his disposition.

It was his desire to notice what effect his presence might have upon the beautiful girl in the landau. When her wandering gaze suddenly fell upon him she gave a perceptible start, and the color left her cheeks only to immediately return, and as the vehicle passed he was quick to discover the card, which she had dextrously tossed out apparently unseen by her escort, flutter to the asphalt.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MEETING ON THE STRAND.

Jack lost not a second in capturing the bit of pasteboard. It was simply a carte de visite, and gave the address of her grandfather's city house.

Overton made up his mind that come what would that night should see him at the address she had given, to hear from her own lips his doom. Until that had been pronounced he could not and would not believe that she meant to cast him aside.

As he swung down the crowded Strand he was suddenly aware of a gentle pull at his sleeve, a modest little jerk, entirely lacking the assurances that might suggest a bold seeker after alms.

"Oh, Mr. Jack!" said a quick voice in accents of eagerness.

An when Overton looked down from his six feet, and saw the girl's rosy face half shrouded in a blue hood, he experienced such genuine pleasure that the haunted, devil-may-care expression gave way to a glow of sincere satisfaction as he caught the hand she had laid on his own and squeezed it in his own broad palm. If he hurt her the girl gave no sign.

"Bless me, Mazette, this is a pleasure now. Fancy our meeting in the crowded streets of London. How do you get on? Has fortune looked your way? I hope and trust those divine little miniature portraits on ivory bring you in a fair income among these people of your blood."

Thus he chattered on. Mazette looked up to the long-legged, big-hearted American as a prince of men. Secretly she adored him, but no one ever knew that his face was the shrine at which the modest child of nature worshipped, for, like most girls of the present day, Mazette refused to wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at.

"What brings you here, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

Overton winced as he remembered the nature of his hasty jump from Paris. Then he made up his mind to unburden his soul, and having resolved to make the plunge, he started in with an impetuosity that startled his demure little companion.

If Jack had been able to look under that blue hood while he poured out his passionate story he might have received something of a shock. Most certainly poor Mazette was experiencing one.

"It is hard to give advice, Mr. Jack. She has not thrown you over yet," she said.

"You know Fedora so well, you should be able to judge what she will do—whether or not the glitter of gold would tempt her to give up the man to whom she swore deathless fealty. Tell me truly, little friend, although I would bless you for words of comfort, still I only desire to know what you believe—the truth, even if it kill me."

"You must be calm, Mr. Jack. Even though you lost Fedora, there are other things in the world worth living for," she began, slowly, painfully.

He uttered a hollow groan.

"Ah, money is very powerful, Mr. Jack. It makes the strongest weak. You must not think too harshly of her if the temptation proves irresistible."

"Already you fear the worst," he exclaimed. "God help me if it proves to be so. You would never condemn the man you loved, Mazette; sell him for filthy lucre."

"Thanks for your good opinion. No one may ever know how strong they are until the temptation has come," she replied, steadily, but deep down in her heart the little artist girl was saying over and over again: "Not for all the gold in the world, nor for precious stones, would I sell his love if it were only mine."

Mazette adroitly changed the con-

versation, and endeavored to cheer him up.

"You must be sure to drop in to see us very soon, and take tea with aunt," she said at length, as they were about to separate.

"I promise you," he replied quickly. God bless you for a true-hearted comrade, and may you in the years to come never know the agony of mind and heart that threatens me now."

"I shall endeavor to avoid that by never allowing myself to fall in love," she replied, a little hysterically, offering him her hand.

"What, your left hand, Mazette. Pardon me, did I hurt the other, brute that I am? No, then surely you have been in an accident since last I saw you, else why should your arm hang so helplessly at your side? Tell me, is it not so?" with anxious solicitude that was not at all affected.

The girl looked either vexed or frightened.

"It is nothing. Long ago I had an accident, and when I use the arm steadily I feel it. Of late I have been unusually industrious. That is all, believe me, Mr. Jack. You will come—soon?" as she moved off.

"Surely," was his reply.

As Mazette hurried on, her heart throbbing with conflicting emotions, she was saying to herself, almost hysterically: "He must never, never know what a weak little fool I am, or why this poor arm sometimes hangs useless at my side. That is my secret, and it shall die with me. But I fear Fedora is lost to him forever—that gold has won her heart."

## CHAPTER III.

### DECLINED, WITH THANKS.

Somehow Overton felt better after this little chat with the miniature painter. True, in her candor and knowledge of Fedora's weakness she had not been able to give him much encouragement. In fact, she seemed to accept it as a settled fact that the girl he loved would sacrifice him on the altar of Mammon, but the very contact with such a cheery nature as that of Mazette was bound to exert a helpful influence upon him.

He was standing at the corner of Chancery Lane, debating the momentous question as to where he should bestow the favor of his patronage for supper, when he was given something of a staggering shock, for there, within ten feet of him, seated in a hansom, and evidently trying to attract his attention, was the identical bronzed and bearded gentleman whom he had seen some hours before at Fedora's side in the handsome turnout, bound for Rotten Row.

In this distinguished personage Overton at once and instinctively recognized the rival whom he had to meet on uneven terms.

The gentleman had now a fair look at his face, and immediately jumped out of his cab.

"Pardon me," said he, in a deep voice that somehow grated on Jack's ears, perhaps because he had already conceived a deadly feeling of enmity toward the other. "Pardon me, but I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. John Overton, late of the Latin Quarter, Paris?"

Overton answered stiffly: "That happens to be my name, sir."

"Allow me to introduce myself."

Overton looked at the card and deliberately looked at the inscription. "Captain Maurice Stanton Livermore," The Horseguards."

It was a name known far and wide—a name that had been carried to remote places in the Dark Continent—a name mentioned with especial honor in descriptions of English operations on the borders of India, where only valor counts, and men carve out reputations with the sword in a desperate duel with savage tribes.

Jack knew it well. The name is not unfamiliar to me. In what way can I be of service to you, sir?" he said with an effort at diffidence.

"You are an artist, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, I aim to be."

"I am greatly interested in art, and desire to have some commissions executed. Having heard you favorably mentioned I would like you to join me at dinner where we can doubtless find an opportunity to reach an agreement."

It was on the tip of Jack's tongue to coldly decline the invitation. Prudence—policy if you will—checked his disdainful tongue in time.

"I accept your invitation, sir, without in any way committing myself to any policy you may suggest, or compromising myself in the least," he said quietly.

The other looked grimly pleased. They walked along together as well as the crowded condition of the street would permit, until finally they reached a notable restaurant, into which the strangely matched couple plunged.

As Overton sat there in the cozy room, vis-a-vis with Captain Livermore, somehow he was reminded of a man whom the irony of fortune had seated above a volcano or a powder magazine liable to explode at any moment.

(To be continued.)

## Fire at Stockbridge.

A disastrous fire occurred at Stockbridge Friday morning. It started in the bazaar of Mills & Fitch, and soon spread to the stores of Milne Bros., furniture and undertakers, and the agricultural store of Reason & Ives. All the buildings were destroyed.

Mrs. Westfall occupied rooms and had a millinery store in one of the buildings. The Macabee hall was over one of the stores destroyed, and the K. O. T. M. and L. O. T. M. lost everything in the hall. Mr. Mills and wife lived in the rear of the store, and they were awakened by the dog jumping on to their bed and barking, trying to arouse them from the danger that was so near. Mr. Mills arose and made the discovery, and they had just time to make their escape. Nothing was saved from this store, but a large amount of goods was saved from the other stores. The loss is estimated at from \$15,000 to \$20,000, partially covered by insurance.

## For Michigan Office Holders.

Estimates of pay for customs collectors and subordinates in Michigan for the year beginning next July, have been submitted to congress. In the Detroit district \$3,789.00 is asked for the salaries of collectors, and \$68,088 for 62 employes. In the Port Huron district \$3,234.04 is named for the collectors and \$49,944.04 for 52 employes. In the Marquette district \$2,500 for collectors, and \$20,901 for 35 employes. In the Grand Haven district \$2,500 for collectors, and \$4,779.50 for 16 employes. At Grand Rapids the surveyor of customs will get \$3,432.88, and his assistant \$1,400. Collectors at Detroit and Port Huron will receive fees from the sale of manifest blanks and some other things of which the government keeps no record.

Secretary Smith, of the Michigan Pan-American commission, expects that the commission will be able to return \$11,000 to the state treasury.

The secretary of the navy has prepared for submission to congress a bill providing for the establishment of a naval training station on the great lakes.

An effort is being made to have the sentence of Morris Garnsey, of Battle Creek, who was sent to the state prison at Jackson by Judge Wisner on a charge of larceny, commuted from four to two years.

Kalamazoo is after an appropriation to dredge the river there, and the river and harbor committee of the house has promised to give a few citizens of the Celery City a hearing. Monroe also desires a similar appropriation.

Mrs. Burt Farrington, wife of the man who killed Jesse Hooker, still remains at the Hooker home in Adrian, and seems to be entirely welcome there. The prosecuting attorney informs her that the statutory charge will not be made against her unless her husband makes the complaint.

In response to the request of the city of Lansing, forwarded a few months ago through official authorities, Andrew Carnegie offers to give \$35,000 for the erection of a new public library building provided the city will provide the site and expend \$3,500 per year for the maintenance of the library.

## AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

WEEK ENDING JAN. 18.  
DETROIT OPERA HOUSE—"Florodora"—Evenings at 8; Wednesday and Saturday Mat. at 2.  
LYCEUM THEATER—"The Heart of Maryland." Matinees, 2c; Evenings, 15c, 25c, 50c and 75c.  
WHITNEY GRAND—"One of the Bravest"—Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00.  
WONDERLAND—Afternoons, at 2 and 4; 10c, 15c and 25c. Even., at 7:30 and 9:15; 10c, 15c and 25c.

## THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle.—Good 1,000-pound steers, \$4.50@5.00; good butchers, 700 to 800 pounds, \$3.50@4.00; milkers, same as last week. Veal calves—Active, \$5.75 per 100 lbs. Sheep—Culls to common, \$2.12@2.50; fair to good, \$2.75; yearlings, \$4.50; top lambs, \$5.00@5.75; extra fine, \$6.00. Hogs—Prime mediums, \$3.10@3.20; Yorkers, \$3.25@3.50; pigs, \$2.50@2.75 per cwt.  
Buffalo.—Cattle.—Common to good, \$4.12@4.50; choice to fancy, \$4.75@5.00. Hogs—Heavy, \$3.50@4.00; mixed packers, \$3.40@3.60; pigs, \$3.00@3.25; roughs, \$3.00@3.25; stags, \$4.75@5.00. Sheep—Top mixed, \$4.25@4.50; culls to good, \$2.50@3.00; wethers, \$4.50@5.00; yearlings, \$4.75@5.25; top lambs, \$5.00@5.50; others, \$4.25@4.50.  
Chicago.—Cattle.—Good to prime, \$6.00@7.00; poor to medium, \$4.00@5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.25@2.75; cows, \$1.25@1.75; heifers, \$2.50@3.00; canners, \$1.25@1.50; bulls, \$2.75@3.00; calves, \$3.00@3.50. Texas fed prime, \$3.50@3.75; Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$3.60@3.80; good to choice heavy, \$3.80@4.00; rough heavy, \$3.90@4.20; bulk of sales, \$3.60@4.00. Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$4.75@5.00; western sheep, \$4.75@5.00; native lambs, \$3.00@3.50; western lambs, \$3.75.

## Grain, Etc.

Detroit.—Wheat.—Cash No 2 red, 93c; May, 92c; July, 88c; No 3 red, 91c; mixed winter, 87c; No 1 white, 95c asked. Corn: Cash No 3, 65c; No 3 yellow, 66c; No 4 yellow, 65c; sample, 1 car at 66c. Oats: Cash No 2 white, 50c; No 3 white, 49c; rejected, 1 car at 48c.  
Chicago.—Wheat.—No 2 spring wheat, 80c@81c; No 3, 78c@80c; No 2 red, 87c@89c; No 2 oats, 47c@48c; No 2 white, 48c@50c; No 3 white, 46c@48c.  
Grand Rapids.—Wheat: 87c per bu; oats, 45c; rye, 55c; buckwheat, 55c.

## Produce.

(Detroit Market.)  
APPLES—Best winter, \$4.50; common, \$2.50@3.00; snow, \$2.50@3.00 per bb.  
DRESSED CALVES—7c@8c per lb.  
CHEESE—Michigan full cream, 11c@12c per lb.  
EGGS—Candled, 23c@24c; regular receipts, 18c@19c per doz.  
DRESSED HOGS—Light, \$7.50; medium, \$6.50@7.00; heavy, \$5.50@6.00 per bb.  
ONIONS—Michigan, \$1.01@1.25 per bu.  
POTATOES—Home-grown, 70c@75c in car lots and 7c@8c per bu in store. Bermuda, \$3 per bu.  
BUTTER—Creameries, extra, 24c@25c; firsts, 22c; fancy selected dairy, 18c; common, 14c@15c per lb.  
HONEY—Comb, No 1 white, 15c@16c; light amber, 10c@14c; dark amber, 9c@10c; extracted, 7c per lb.  
LIVE POULTRY—Hens, 7c; spring chickens, 7c@8c; turkeys, 9c@10c; ducks, 9c@10c; geese, 8c@9c per lb.  
DRESSED POULTRY—Hens, 8c; fancy spring, 10c; hen turkeys, 12c@13c; young gobblers, 11c; old heavy gobblers, 10c@11c; ducks, 11c@12c; geese, 10c@11c per lb.

## ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE

Which the Doctors Failed to Cure, or Understand.

A Medical man as a rule dislikes to acknowledge the value of a proprietary medicine—in fact, professional etiquette debar him from doing so. Yet there are many eminent physicians, those most advanced in their professions, who give full credit to the great curative properties of Vogeler's Curative Compound, from the fact that it is manufactured by an old and reliable company, proprietors of St. Jacob's Oil, from the formula of a brother physician, who to-day stands in the front ranks of the most eminent medical men in London, and on account of its intrinsic merit, it is largely prescribed by the medical profession; but, in the case which we are about to relate, the attending physician called it "rubbish," but, as it turned out, Mrs. Nettleton tells the doctor that "rubbish or not, it saved her life."

Mrs. Nettleton graphically relates the particulars of her own case, which will doubtless be of interest to many of our lady readers:

"I had been an intense sufferer for many years from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, when a little pamphlet was placed in my hands, and, although at that time I had been bed-ridden for more than six months, I determined, after reading some of the wonderful testimonials therein of cases similar to mine, which had been completely cured by the timely use of Vogeler's Curative Compound, to try some, especially as my doctors failed to even benefit me, and I had almost given up all hope of ever being well again. It is most interesting, and, in fact, marvelous to relate, that the very first dose of fifteen drops relieved me. It was not long before I was able to get up and about; three months from taking the first dose I was enjoying better health than I had been for fourteen years. I continued well until a few months back, when I was taken ill again, my troubles being dyspepsia and constipation. I had a doctor attending me for a month, but continued to grow worse, until I again found myself bed-ridden, when I bethought myself of my old medicine, Vogeler's Curative Compound, which I immediately sent for and took in place of the doctor's medicine; at that time I had not had a movement of the bowels for five days, but Vogeler's Curative Compound soon put me on my feet again—in fact, completely cured me a second time, but, of course, this attack was not as bad as the first, yet I fully believe I should not have been alive today had it not been for Vogeler's Curative Compound. If I had only thought to have taken it when my last illness took place, I should not only have been saved much suffering, but a \$75 doctor's bill."

Mrs. Nettleton said: "I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound for indigestion and eczema, and in every case it has proved a cure beyond a doubt. Mr. Swinbank, our chemist, has sent me the names of no end of people who have been cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound. By the way, the proprietors have so much confidence in this great London physician's discovery, that they will send a sample free to any person sending name and address and naming this paper." St. Jacob's Oil Co., 205 Clay Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Nettleton is a confectioner, in the Brighton Road, where she has been established many years, and is honored and respected by all classes. Her statements as regards Vogeler's Curative Compound may, therefore, be regarded as reliable evidence of its great value. The public, however, may look upon this remarkable statement as one of the many which we are constantly receiving from grateful people all over the world, who have been cured of various maladies by the use of this wonderful remedy, which is the result of an eminent physician's life-long experience. These people are nearly always representative and well-known citizens.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.  
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Traud, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself and the man who has only made his money.

## Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 80,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit makes it a pleasure.

When in doubt use Wizard Oil for pain; both suffering and doubt will vanish. Your doctor and druggist know it.



#### PLAINFIELD.

Rev. Dailey of the M. P. church has launched out on a second series of revival meetings here this winter. He is a very earnest worker and does not wait for people to come to the church to seek salvation, but goes out daily and labors in the home, and much good is being done. Rev. Cooper, of Stockbridge, is assisting him this week.

#### WEST PUTNAM.

Born to H. L. Isham and wife, last Thursday, a son.

A farmer wood bee was held for Richard May last Saturday.

Mrs. O. P. Noah, of North Lake visited at Wm. Gardner's Tuesday.

Miss Susie Kennedy of Pinckney, visited at Patrick Kennedy's last week.

Misses Fannie Monks and Nellie Gardner were in Howell on Thursday last.

Miss Ethel Graham of Pinckney, spent a few days last week with Miss Alice Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marble visited their daughter, Mrs. Kirk Van Winkle last Friday.

Wm. Ivory of North Lake, transacted business in this locality the first of the week.

#### Thousands sent into Exile.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be anxiously when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles at F. A. Sigler's. Price 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

#### IOSCO.

C. O. Dutton is able to walk to his barn and view his stock once more.

Mr. Hayner will move his family from the H. Mapes' farm this week.

Will Plummer of Iosco, and Miss Boyce of Plainfield are reported to have been married the past week.

E. E. Hutson wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mapes, and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gardner spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Philips.

#### It Girdles the Globe.

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Felons, Aches, Pains and all Skin eruptions. Only infallible Pile cure. 25c a box at F. A. Sigler's.

#### SOUTH MARION.

Floyd Durkee visited his mother Sunday.

Lulo Abbott is under the doctor's care at this writing.

A number in this vicinity are suffering with the mumps.

Horace Williston was in Howell on business last Saturday.

I. J. Abbott and wife transacted business in Gregory last Wednesday.

Frank Jewett and wife, of Eaton Rapids, visited N. Pacey and wife a few days.

The Lyceum commenced at Chubb's Corners last Wednesday night. They will meet every two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Glenn, Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Dinkle were guests at Horace Williston's last Thursday.

#### PARSHALLVILLE.

Jay Cole of Durand made a short visit to his mothers one day the past week.

The ladies aid of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Jennie Wight Wednesday Jan. 22.

Old Mrs. Preston living just north of the village fell recently and broke her hip. She is 83 years of age and very feeble and it is not expected that she will last very long.

#### Blown to Atoms.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded; for Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure Constipation and Sick Headache. Only 25c at F. A. Sigler's drug store.

#### ANDERSON.

Miss Lenna White, of Milford, is visiting Mrs. Will Durkee.

Mr. Closs and Charles Hoff were at the county seat Saturday.

Mrs. E. J. Durkee visited Mrs. Nancy May, in Lyndon, last Friday.

The county School Commissioner, Mr. Knoonizer visited our school Friday.

Will Singleton and wife are moving in part of Mr. Birnie's house this week.

A small pedro party was given at A. G. Wilson's Saturday night. All report a good time.

Dave Smith and wife, of Iosco, attended the Anderson Farmers Club at L. Roys last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phelps, of Stockbridge, is spending a few days with Eugene Smith and wife.

The meeting of the Anderson Farmers' Club at Mr. and Mrs. L. Roys was well attended. A short program was given, and an exceptionally good time was enjoyed.

#### A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such trouble. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phebe Oberley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and although 73 years old, I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes Constipation, improves Appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at F. A. Sigler's drug store.

#### UNADILLA.

S. G. Palmer visited relatives at Pine Lake last week.

Miss Vina Barton visited at Stockbridge last Sunday.

Geo Kuhn is sick with the mumps at his uncles, S. G. Palmer.

A number from this place gave Ed May a pleasant surprise last Friday.

Donald Harris has gone to Pontiac where he has a position in the insane asylum.

A. C. Watson and family visited in Chelsea the latter part of last week and the first of this.

Next Friday evening, Jan. 17, the Gleaners of this place will hold public installation of officers, a program and supper at Presbyterian hall. Every one come and have a good time. Bill 10c.

Roy Palmer who has been visiting friends at Morley and Pine Lake the past four weeks, has returned home, accompanied by his cousins, George and Trixy Kuhn, of Pine Lake, who will spend several weeks.

Miss Ina Smith spent the latter part of last week with her aunt, Mrs. L. K. Hadley, of Lyndon.

The Unadilla Farmers' Club have postponed their annual meeting in the basement of the M. E. church until Saturday, Jan. 25. All members are requested to be present as the election of officers take place. An oysters dinner will be served.

#### Additional Local.

Mrs. Gus. Smith is quite sick.

Mrs. F. L. Andrews was in Detroit the first of the week.

Miss Gertrude Snedcor, of Howell, is a guest of Mrs. George Green.

The ice laborers at Zuky lake from this place went on a strike this week. Have you learned the secret of how to get a silk vest free. See K. H. Crane's "adv."

The lecture to which all are invited will take place Thursday evening Jan. 23. Admission 25cts.

Mrs. H. J. Scoville, of Flint, is in town making arrangements to present a cosmorama at the opera house in the near future, under the auspices of the LOTM and KOTM.

The L. O. T. M. of this place will hold their installation of officers Wednesday evening Jan. 22. They will also receive a school of instructions. Light refreshments will be served.

It is a general report from merchants that the holiday trade has been the best they have ever had. We noticed that more business firms have used printers ink more extensively than ever this year, and perhaps this accounts for the increase in business. "In union there is strength."

Amos Winegar, Supt. of Poor, of Howell, took the train here Tuesday for Coldwater with three Pixley children whose home was in Howell.

The relatives of the children were willing for them to go but when the time came the grandfather interfered with a revolver. The authorities thought best for them to be taken to the home as the father had deserted them and the mother was unable to care for them.

#### A Change.

It is announced that after Jan. 1 no round trip tickets will be sold in the territory of the Michigan passenger association. All persons traveling in this state will be able to purchase one way tickets only. This action was brought about by the fact that on that date the passenger fares on the Michigan Central, Lake Shore and the Wabash railroads are to be reduced from three to two cents per mile to conform to the conditions of the law recently passed by the Michigan legislature. All Michigan roads are affected by this action at competitive points and therefore the agreement to do away with the round trip ticket was made.

An old Maryland colored man was summoned to court by the controversy over the ownership of a mule.

"Who bought the mule?" demanded the judge.

"Clem Smith and I each bought half of him," said the old man.

"Where is he now?"

"He isn't neither one down yit, sah. He went to every his half when his half was in a bad humor. Now Clem's children wants to get deb father's half away from my half, on deb half am dess half."

"Stop!" roared the judge. "Dismiss the case."—Chicago News.

**Pena, Paper and Royalty.** Whenever the signature of an English king or queen is required in a visitor's book or elsewhere it is customary to provide a new pen, which is not used by the hosts or the other guests unless it be handed them by the royal visitor. Another point of etiquette connected with pens and paper is that a letter to a sovereign is written on thick white paper, on one side only, and is placed in an envelope large enough to contain the letter unfolded.

**A Distinction.** "I am told," said the friend, "that the manager you have left was paying you a fabulous salary?" "No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but fabulous; imaginary."—Exchange.

## Who Finished The Game?

(Original.)

There is a dispute about a certain feature of the Yale-Harvard football game back in 1893—that is no nearer a settlement than it was an hour after the game was finished. All the men who were engaged in it have left college long ago, but the matter has been handed down to the undergraduates and serves for a subject of perpetual wrangling. The trouble was that in those days they played the game too late in the day, and before it could be finished it was so dark one could scarcely distinguish one side from the other.

The dispute in question could not have arisen except for this cause. The game was played on Thanksgiving day, very nearly the shortest in the year. This particular Thanksgiving was cloudy; consequently the darkness came on earlier than usual.

The way of it was this: Bannard was the center rush for Yale, and it wasn't known till the game began that he was suffering from some heart complication, probably brought on at practice the day before, when he suddenly fainted after a hard scrimmage. His doctor forbade his going into the Thanksgiving game, but he was loyal to his college, and he knew it would lose without him. At any rate, there was a consultation on Thanksgiving eve, and when the boys appeared from behind locked doors it was announced that there had been a mistake about Bannard's heart trouble and he would take his place in the team next day.

Everything went straight enough till near the end of the first half. Bannard shouldered the principal work, as he had always done, and Yale had scored more points than Harvard, but toward the end of the half Bannard began to look queer and let Sampson of Harvard right past him with the ball, thereby losing a touchdown. Sampson kicked the goal and tied the game. After the next lineup Bannard during a scrimmage fell over in a faint, and that let Harvard in for another touchdown and a goal. Bannard was carried off the field.

Well, it began to get dark, but was not so dark when the men lined up again but that I could see Bannard in position. But somehow he looked taller than usual, and there was a peculiar motion about him that I had never noticed before. After a half hour of the second half all one could see of the players was a lot of dark figures on a dark ground. Bannard's tall frame loomed up above the rest like the specter of the Broken. Great guns, how he did play! He was at the front, at the flank, in every scrimmage. In short, he was carrying the game far better than he had ever done before. Then came that celebrated run in which he dodged six men and, unguarded, carried the ball over the line twenty yards in front of his nearest follower for a touchdown. I watched to see him kick his goal, and what was my surprise to see another man do it for him. I asked what it meant and was told that he had gone under again.

The game now was tied. When the men lined up again, I watched for Bannard. Sure enough, he was there, and after the kickoff did the same astonishing work as before. He scored two touchdowns, but by this time it was so dark that I could not see who kicked them. However, they both failed, on account of the darkness, I suppose, leaving Yale ahead in the game. Before any more points could be scored Bannard suddenly disappeared from the field, and a substitute appeared in his place, a slow, bungling fellow, who lost for his college enough points to put Harvard again even with Yale.

There remained but five minutes of the three-quarters of an hour allowed for the half. At the kickoff Bannard, who was in his place, jumped fully ten feet, caught the ball and ran with it straight through the Harvard lines.

It has been said that no human being could have got through that line as it was placed. Every gap was closed. One Harvard man greets that Ban-

nard passed him and as he seized the giant around the waist he missed air. Another declares that the man wasn't Bannard at all, though he was enough like him to deceive his own mother. Be this as it may, the game was won for Yale. I waited to see Bannard kick for goal, but waited in vain. Somebody told me that it was so dark he couldn't see the posts and that the game was won anyway for Yale. There was a hubbub among the players of both sides, who were huddled in two groups near the center of the gridiron. One of them, a Harvard man, shouted "Foul!" and I saw the Yale captain go to him and shake his fist in his face, but I could not hear what he said for the commotion.

What do you suppose I saw in the death notices of the newspapers the next day—"Died, on Thursday, the 29th of November, Archibald Theodore Bannard, in the twentieth year of his age."

At what time a day did he die? No one knows; at least no one will tell, though it is generally conceded that when he was carried off the field at the end of the first half he never went on it again. If so, who was in his place? One report said that he had a twin brother—the black sheep of the family, never spoken of—who returned just before the game, and it was agreed beforehand that if Archie Bannard broke down this brother should take his place. This is the explanation of some Harvard men, but I have met one man of their team, a superstitious sort of fellow, who declares that Bannard died at the end of the first half, and his death was kept a secret. He wouldn't go off to the other world without seeing his college win.

Anyway there's a lot of loyalty at Yale.

ROGER T. HOWELL.

#### The Scales on the Hair.

If you look at a human hair under the microscope, you will find that its surface is formed of successive overlapping scales. The bristles of the hog bear much resemblance to the human hair, though their diameter is greater and the like scales are much finer. Sheep's hair has much coarser scales. It is owing to the existence of these scales that a schoolboy is able by a peculiar process to tell which is the tip and which the other end of a hair rolling it between his finger and thumb. Thus manipulated, the hair always travels in the direction of the base because the edges of the scales prevent it from going the other way.

#### Canada's Banking Business.

The banking business in Canada is on a different plan from that in this country. The headquarters of most of the banks throughout the Dominion is in Ontario, either at Hamilton, Kingston or Toronto. Each bank has its central office, generally in one of the cities named, and as many branches as it cares to maintain in different parts of Canada, some of these branches being as far distant as Dawson.

#### Time's Changes.

"Diogenes was a great man," said the contemplative person, "and yet he had no use for money. He was content to confine his possessions to a single tub."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "a tub might have been all right in those days, but what a man wants now is a bar'l."—Washington Star.

#### There Were No More Complaints.

A certain Benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behavior. "Really, this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day, on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints I will disinherit her."—London Telegraph.

#### A Hustler.

Junior Partner—I see you have engaged a new assistant. Is he a good salesman?

Senior Partner—Good salesman! Great snakes! I had to send for the police to prevent him from talking me into taking him into partnership!

## Farmers

We can furnish you the Michigan Farmer for two years for \$1.00.

## Read

carefully the conditions:—pay all back subscription and one year in advance for the

## Dispatch

together with \$1.00 extra and we will send you the Farmer two years.