

Pinckney Dispatch.

VOL. XXI.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903.

No 22.



JUST NOW

is a good time to select your Wall Paper. Never before have we had a more complete line of up-to-date papers than we are showing right now.

Come in and see them whether you want to buy or not. We're proud of our stock and will gladly show you all the new styles and colorings.

You'll be interested.

F. A. SIGLER.

Edward A. Bowman,
DEPARTMENT
STORE . . .
HOWELL - MICHIGAN.

WE ARE NOW
In Our New Store.

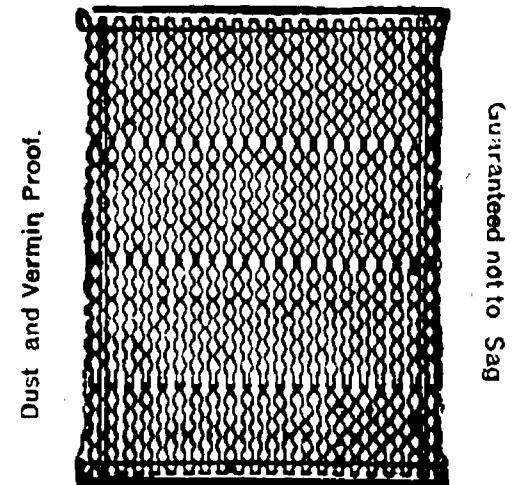
located on the principal street, second door west of the National Hotel, opposite Court House.

EVERYTHING NEW and UP-TO-DATE.

Please call and see us at our new home—as always—GOOD GOODS at LOW PRICES.

E. A. BOWMAN.
The Busy Store.
Howell Mich.

Do You Like a Good Bed?



Dust and Vermin Proof.

Beds of 100 patterns.

The Surprise Spring Bed
Is the best in the market, regardless of the price, but it will be sold for the present at \$2.50 and \$3.00 and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Is not this guarantee strong enough to induce you to try it?

ASK TO SEE OUR NEW IMPROVED.

For sale in Pinckney by

F G. JACKSON.

Manufactured by the
SMITH SURPRISE SPRING BED CO.,
Lakeland, Hamburg, Mich.

Our Store Never Was More Inviting

If you want to buy Furniture
Come and look around
If you want to see what is new
Come and look around
If you do not want to buy no matter
Come and look around

You Are Welcome in Either Case

We Aim to Satisfy All Who Come to Our Store

We Study the Furniture Business

BROKAW & WILKINSON.
HOWELL, MICH.

OBITUARY.

ALPHOUSE CRANE

Alphonse Crane was a Michigan man from birth to death. He was born in Pittsfield, Washtenaw county, Oct. 6, 1848. He was the oldest child of William W. and Rachel Crane, who lived by farming. The family soon after moved to Argentine, Genesee county, and in '54 to Pine River township, in Gratiot county, and in '59 returned to Pittsfield to make no further changes.

It is after this last move that Mr. Crane, then 12 years old, first crossed the threshold of a public or district school. Up to that time his father had been his tutor, from necessity, no school being in his part of Gratiot county. This district school formed all the advantages he ever had of a specific nature for education. Besides that he used books by himself and took lessons in the great school of life. So well did he guide himself that he became a very close reasoner, and as readily followed, a very careful and accurate speaker.

At the age of 19 he was converted and in 1875 he united with the M. E. church and in 1876 joined the Detroit conference and has been a faithful exponent of the word up to his death, which occurred at St. Luke's hospital Marquette, Saturday morning, May 16, where he had been taken for treatment. He had suffered for years from diabetes, from which he died, blood poisoning having intervened.

He was buried not far from his childhood home and birthplace in Anderson, Livingston county, funeral services having been held at Newberry, on Monday and at Anderson on Wednesday.

The funeral services at Anderson were especially impressive there being several ministers present of the M. E., Cong'l and Baptist denominations and each bore testimony in regard to the work of the deceased brother and when the time came six of them bore his remains to the last resting place in the Sprout cemetery.

He was married March 6, 1877, to Miss Eunice E. Sprout of Anderson. The children are Charles Herman, born July, 1878, now a teacher at Carlsbad, Marquette county, Ella May, now Mrs. Cruffman, of the Soo and George a lad of 14 all of whom are left to mourn their loss with a large circle of friends who loved and respected him not only for his sterling character, amiable nature and pervasive good humor, but for that philosophical poise which lifted him above and made him superior to some of the common weakness of men. He despised sham and delighted in reality.

The family has lost a loving husband and father and the conference a loyal member who thought not so much of his own good as that he might bring good to others.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this manner of expressing our thanks to the friends in this vicinity for the sympathy and assistance given us in our recent bereavement. We are especially grateful to the several pastors who spoke so feelingly and to the choir for excellent music.

Mrs. A. CRANE and FAMILY.

The advance agent for the old reliable Whitney Family was in town Friday last billing the place for an exhibition to be given here Friday evening of this week, May 29. Do not forget that it is this week.

The boy that would cheat his employer out of an hour's time is as dishonest as if he took change out of the till. He is not only robbing him of his time but of his confidence in man. Time by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day.
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.

Shoes for Ladies

Shoes for Men

Shoes for Misses

Shoes for Boys

Shoes for Children

A beautiful Glass Medallion

FREE

with every pair of Shoes from \$2.00 and over. Call and see them. A large line to select from.

Specials in For Saturday, May 30.

Best Prints per yd.....	5c.
Heavy Brown Cotton pes yd....	7c.
XXXX Coffee.....	10c.
20c Coffee.....	15c.

W. W. BARNARD.

Mabel Swarthout is much better at this writing.

G. W. Sykes of Detroit visited his mother here the first of the week.

John Brogan of Chelsea is spending a few days under the parental roof, giving a sore hand time to heal.

The Seniors of the Pinckney High School will serve ice cream at the town hall Saturday evening, June 6. Everybody come.

The graduating class of the P. H. S. numbers two this year, Miss Mae Reason and Miss Joie Devereaux. The announcements will soon be out then we will give the full program.

The ladies aid society of the M. E. church will hold their regular monthly meeting at the home of Miss Mary Van Fleet, Wednesday, June 3. Lunch and ice cream will be served from 4 p. m. till all are served. Everyone invited.

A "Memorial" sermon in honor of the soldiers and sailors of the Rebellion and Spanish-American wars, will be preached by the pastor in the M. E. church, next Sunday evening at 7:30, to which all old soldiers in Pinckney and vicinity are cordially invited.

YOUNG MENS CLUB

It is expected that the above will be held on Saturday June 20 instead of the date previously announced.

Congregational Church.

Conducted by Rev. G. W. Myne.

Memorial Day sermon on Sunday at 10:30.

Thursday evening service 7:30, subject "Milk of Human Kindness."

Young Mens club business meeting, Thursday at 8:30.

Preaching at North Hamburg at 3 and 7:30. Evening topic, "Home Life"—to young men.

Mrs. Bertha Poole is quite sick, also one of the children.

Mrs. F. W. Reeve of Munith spent Friday last in town.

Frank Boylan is in the northern part of the state working at his trade, blacksmithing.

Did you say ICE CREAM? Yes—at Macabees hall Saturday evening, by the Young Mens club.

E. Wilson Hardy of Oceola was in town Thursday last on business for the Mutual tire insurance Co.

This section of the country was blessed with a big fall of rain Thursday night and Friday last.

Miss Kate Ruen is organizing a mandolin and guitar class at Stockbridge. Miss Ruen is a success as a teacher of music.

The senior class had a very enjoyable time at their party last Friday evening but owing to the bad weather only twenty couple were out.

Whitneys show, greater, better, more complete than ever will give an exhibition in Pinckney, tomorrow. Lots of fun, good wholesome laughter—do not miss it.

A couple Pinckney ladies were seen one day last week, wading their way to the pond with fishing tackle and bait. After sitting on the bank all the afternoon they were again seen making their way home by the back street with a small string of minnows.

An Ashtabula (Ohio) minister who has doubled the average attendance at his church by advertising every day in the newspapers denies that that method is sensational. "The newspaper" he declares, "is the proper instrument through which to address the people on any worthy subject, whether it be business or religion."

He thinks that he would be remiss if he should fail to use the immense influence of newspaper advertising.

On the Wave of Prosperity

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT rides on the very top of the wave.

It has reached that position because of its great worth and it will stay there.

No other paint does good work so well or so economically. No other paint has gained such popularity.

Color cards on application.

SOLD BY
TEEPELE HARDWARE Co.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
Does he remember how he was last?"

"He declares his men mutinied, because instead of returning to New York, he had taken on a cargo for the East India company, and that the blow was given him by his first or second mate. He vows he will get well and find his ship and the rascals that stole her; and I should not wonder if he does. He has will enough for anything. Madame desires to see you, Cornelia. Can you go there with me in the morning?"

"I shall be glad to go. Madame is like no one else."

"She is not like herself at present. She has but one thought, one care, one end and aim in life—her husband."

Cornelia was taken to the dim un-canny drawing-room, by Ameer, and left among its ill-omened gods, and odd treasure trove for nearly half an hour. When madame at length came to her, she looked ten years older. Her wonderful dark eyes glowing with a soft tender fire alone remained untouched by the withering hand of anxious love. They were as vital as ever they had been, and when Cornelia said so, she answered, "That is because my soul dwells in them, and my soul is always young. I have had a year, Cornelia, to crumble the body to dust, but my soul made light of it for love's sake. Did your father tell you how much Capt. Jacobus had suffered?"

"Yes, madame."

"Poor Jacobus! Till I be key-cold dead, I shall never forget my first sight of him in that dreadful place—and then she described her overwhelming emotions when she perceived he was alike apathetic to his pauper condition, and to her love and presence. There never came a moment during the whole visit when it was possible to speak of Hyde. Madame seemed to have quite forgotten her liking for the handsome youth, it had been swallowed up in her adoring affection for her restored husband."

One morning, however, the long-looked-for topic was introduced. "I had a visit from Madame Van Heemskirk yesterday afternoon," she said, "and the dear old Senator came with her to see Capt. Jacobus. While they talked madame told me that you had refused that handsome young fellow, her grandson. What could you mean by such stupidity, Miss Moran?"

Her voice had just that tone of indifference, mingled with sarcastic disapproval, that hurt and offended Cornelia. She felt that it was not worth while to explain herself, for madame had evidently accepted the offended grandmother's opinion and the memory of the young Lord was lively enough to make her sympathize with his supposed wrong.

"I never considered you to be a sirf," she continued, "and I am astonished. I told Madame Van Heemskirk that I had not the least doubt Doctor Moran dictated the refusal."

"Oh, indeed," answered Cornelia, with a good deal of spirit, and some anger. "you shall not blame my father."



"I have been thoughtless, selfish—He knew nothing whatever of Lord Hyde's offer until I had been subjected to such insult and wrong as drove me to the grave's mouth. Only the mercy of God and my father's skill, brought me back to life."

"Yes, I think your father to be wonderfully skilful. Doctor Moran is a fine physician; Jacobus says so."

Cornelia remained silent. It made me feel interest sufficient in her affairs to ask for the particulars of one so nearly fatal to her, she determined not to force the subject off. Then Jacobus rang his bell and madame flew to his room to see whether his want had received proper

attention. Cornelia sat still—a few moments, her heart swelling, her eyes filling with the sense of that injustice, harder to bear than any other form of wrong. She was going away, when madame returned to her and something in her eyes went to the heart of the older woman.

"I have been thoughtless, Cornelia, selfish, I dare say, but I do not wish to be so. Tell me, my dear, what has happened? Did you quarrel with George Hyde? And pray what was it about?"

"We never had one word of any kind, but words of affection. He wrote and asked me if he could come and see my father about our marriage, on a certain night. I answered his letter with all the love that was in my heart for him, and told him to come and see my father that very night. He never came. He never sent me the least explanation. He never wrote to me, or spoke to me again."

"If what you have told me be so—and I believe it is—then I say Lord George Hyde is an intolerable scoundrel."

"I would rather not hear him spoken of in that way."

"Very well! I would rather have a man 'intolerably rude' like my nephew Rem, than one like Lord Hyde who speaks well of everybody. Upon my word, I think that is the worst kind of slander!"

"I think not."

"It is, for it takes away the reputation of good men by making all men alike. But this, that, or the other, I saw Lord Hyde in devoted attendance on Lady Annie. Give him up totally."

"I have done so," answered Cornelia. And then she felt a sudden anger at herself, so much so, that as she walked home, she kept assuring her heart with an almost passionate insistence, "I have not given him up! I will not give him up! I believe in him yet!"

CHAPTER XII.

A Heart That Waits.

Late summer on the Norfolk Broads! And where on earth can the lover of boats find a more charming resort? Close to the Manor of Hyde, the country home of Earl Hyde in Norfolk, there was one of these delightful Broads—flat as a billiard table, and hidden by the tall reeds which bordered it. But Annie Hyde lying at the open window of her room in the Manor House could see its silvery waters, and the black-sailed wherry floating on them, and the young man sitting at the prow fishing, and idling, among the lilies and languors of these hot summer days.

An aged man sat silently by her, a man of noble beauty, whose soul was in every part of his body, expressive and impressive—a fiery particle not always at its window, but when there, infecting and going through observers, whether they would or not.

There had been silence for some time between them, and he did not appear disposed to break it, but Annie longed for him to do so, because she had a mystical appetite for sacred things and was never so happy and so much at rest as when he was talking to her of them.

"Dear father," she said finally, "I have been thinking of the past years, in which you have taught me so much."

"It is better to look forward, Annie," he answered. "The traveler to Eternity must not continually turn back to count his steps, for if God be leading him, no matter how dangerous or lonely the road. He will pluck thy feet out of the net."

As he spoke these words Mary Damer entered, and she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "My dear Doctor Roslyn, after death what then? we are not all good—what then?"

He looked at her wistfully and answered, "I will give you one thought, Mary, to ponder—the blessedness of heaven, is it not an eternity older than the misery of hell? Let your soul fearlessly follow where this fact leads it; for there is no limit to God's mercy."

Then he rose and went away, and Mary sat down in his place, and Annie gradually came back to the material plane of everyday life and duty. Indeed Mary brought this element in a very decided form with her; for she had a letter in her hand from an old lover, and she was much excited by its advent, and eager to discuss the particulars with Annie.

"It is from Capt. Seabright, who is now in Pondicherry," she explained. "He loves me, Annie. He loved me long ago, and went to India to make money; now he says he has enough and to spare; and he asks me if I have forgotten."

"There is Mr. Van Ariens to consider. You have promised to marry

him, Mary. It is not hard to find the right way on this road, I think."

"Of course I would scorn to do a dishonorable or unkindly thing. But is it not very strange Willie Seabright should write to me at this time? How contradictory life is! I had also a letter from Mr. Van Ariens by the same mail, and I shall answer them both this evening." Then she laughed a little, and added, "I must take care and not make the mistake an American girl made, under much the same circumstances."

"What was it?" inquired Annie languidly.

"She misdirected her letters and thus sent 'No' to the man whom of all others, she wished to marry."

As Mary spoke a soft brightness seemed to pervade Annie's brain cells, and she could hardly restrain the exclamation of sudden enlightenment that rose to her lips.

"Mary," she said, "what a strange incident! Did you know the girl?"

"I saw her once in Philadelphia. Mr. Van Ariens told me about her. She is the friend of his sister the Marquise de Tournier."

"I am sorry for that unfortunate American girl."

"So am I. She is a great beauty."



Your servant, ladies."

Her name is Cornelia Moran; and her father is a famous physician in New York."

"And this beauty had two lovers?"

"Yes; an Englishman of noble birth; and an American. They both loved her, and she loved the Englishman. They must have both asked her hand on the same day, and she must have answered both letters in the same hour; and the letter she intended for the man she loved, went to the man she did not love. Presumably, the man she loved got the refusal she intended for the other, for he never sought her society again; and Mr. Van Ariens told me she nearly died in consequence."

"And what became of the two lovers, Mary?"

"The Englishman went back to England; and the American found another girl more kind to him."

"I wonder what made Mr. Van Ariens tell you this story?"

"He talked much of his sister, and this young lady was her chief friend and confidante."

"When did it happen?"

"A few days after his sister's marriage."

"Then the Marquise could not know of it; and so she could not have told her brother. However in the world could he have found out the mistake? Do you think the girl herself found it out?"

"That is inconceivable," answered Mary. "She would have written to her lover and explained the affair."

"Certainly. It is a very singular incident. I want to think it over—how—did—Mr. Van Ariens—find—it—out, I wonder!"

"Perhaps the rejected lover confided in him."

"What did Mr. Van Ariens say about the matter? What did he think? Why did he tell you?"

"We were talking of the Marquise. The story came up quite naturally. I think Mr. Van Ariens felt sorry for Miss Moran. Of course he did. Will you listen to Capt. Seabright's letter? I had no idea it could affect me so much."

"But you loved him once?"

"Very dearly."

"Well then, Mary, I think no one has a double in love or friendship. If the loved one dies, or goes away, his place remains empty forever. We have lost feelings that he, and he only, could call up."

At this point in the conversation Hyde entered, brown and wind-blown, the scent of the sedgy water and the flowery woods about him.

"Your servant, ladies," he said gaily. "I have bream enough for a dozen families, Mary; and I have sent a string to the rectory."

(To be continued.)

Good of Municipal Pawnshop. A benefice to the unfortunate in German cities is the municipal pawn shop.

LIVE STOCK



Cattle in the United States.

Cattle other than milch cows, in the United States on January 1, 1901, were as follows, according to a report of the United States Department of Agriculture:

Maine	128,677
New Hampshire	101,198
Vermont	225,893
Massachusetts	98,400
Rhode Island	10,875
Connecticut	88,877
New York	955,408
New Jersey	82,890
Pennsylvania	823,143
Delaware	21,806
Maryland	133,992
Virginia	449,679
North Carolina	307,772
South Carolina	171,459
Georgia	623,038
Florida	544,298
Alabama	399,319
Mississippi	436,219
Louisiana	421,818
Texas	8,007,910
Arkansas	455,305
Tennessee	442,405
West Virginia	359,593
Ohio	1,190,024
Kentucky	508,918
Michigan	736,441
Indiana	913,860
Illinois	1,700,716
Wisconsin	1,148,698
Minnesota	1,002,668
Iowa	3,574,012
Missouri	1,405,081
Kansas	2,741,236
Nebraska	2,403,999
South Dakota	1,456,291
North Dakota	570,956
Montana	1,048,559
Wyoming	796,060
Colorado	1,286,300
New Mexico	872,471
Arizona	551,328
Utah	254,326
Nevada	364,165
Idaho	362,089
Washington	309,909
Oregon	570,044
California	1,111,767
Oklahoma	1,312,620
Indian Territory	1,187,399
Total	44,659,206

Seth Adams Memorial Building.

Seth Adams was the first man to introduce Merino sheep into the United States. His first importation was made in 1801. Mr. Adams lived a large part of his life in Ohio and was a great breeder and distributor of Merinos. He died in 1852 at the age of 84 years. Ever since his day Ohio has been the leading state in the production of Merinos. Ohio sheep breeders are now planning for the erection on the grounds of the State university of a building to be known as the "Seth Adams Memorial building," which will contain a lecture room, sheep judging auditorium, library of sheep literature and a Seth Adams Memorial room in one part, with wool rooms, shearing room, dipping room, hospital and feeding paddocks in another part, the latter to be connected with the farm fields. This building may be used free of charge by all sheep organizations in Ohio in annual or special sessions. Ohio sheep breeders are asked to contribute 1 cent per sheep toward the cost of erecting this building.

BALANCE THE CORN RATION.
At the Missouri station some experiments were made in balancing the corn fed with other feeds to ascertain if the cost of producing pork could thus be reduced. The results were in the affirmative of that proposition. The pigs fed corn and blue grass required 5.2 pounds of corn for one pound of gain; those fed corn and green clover made a pound of gain on 4.29 pounds of corn; the pigs fed corn and green alfalfa made a pound of gain on 3.97 pounds of corn; those given corn meal and rape made a pound of gain on 4.82 pounds of corn; and those fed corn and skimmilk made a pound of gain on 2.44 pounds of corn. Reduced to dollars and cents we have the following as the cost of making 100 pounds of gain:

Corn and blue grass	\$3.92
Corn and rape	3.49
Corn and clover	3.20
Corn and alfalfa	2.96
Corn and skimmilk	2.84

The so-called "Canadian" horses are of Norman descent, their ancestors having been brought from France to Canada in an early day. For many generations in Canada they were bred pure, but in later years have been crossed with other breeds.

Budding consists in introducing the bud of one tree with a portion of bark and a little adhering wood, beneath the bark of another, and upon the face of the newly forming wood.

The tendency is more or less common with all plants, when successively produced from seed, to depart from the character first stamped upon them.

Bad Luck.

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The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903.

MARION FARMERS CLUB

The Marion farmers club will meet at the home of Simon Dickerson at 1 p.m. Thursday, May 28. It is hoped that Mr. Dickerson's house will be filled to overflowing as this is a final "at home" before starting for a year's absence from Marion. The following is the program:

Music by Club Prayer
Secretary's report and general business
Pathmakers and their duties—

H. M. Padley
Music—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Phelps, Mrs. Cora E. Drew and daughter, Miss Lila. The years outlook from the farmers stand-

point—Andrew VanPatten
Discussion led by John E. Clements
Recess

The Garden and its possibilities—

Mrs. E. S. Nash
Breaking colts—F. W. Allison

Music—Misses Grace Hoagland, Prudence and Augusta McDowell

Report of Viewing Committee

Question Box

Recitation—Miss Bessie Dickerson

REWARD.

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

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

Decoration Day Excursions Via

Grand Trunk Railway System.

Single fair for the round trip to any point on the Grand Trunk Railway System on the connecting Lines within a radius of 150 miles from selling station except that tickets will be sold into Canada. Going dates, May 29 and 30th, 1903. Valid to return to and including Monday, June 1st, 1903. For further particulars consult Local Agents or write to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T., Chicago, Ill.

The Wastes Of The Body

Every seven days the blood, muscles and bones of a man of average size loses two pounds of wornout tissue. This waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion. When the stomach and digestive organs fail to perform their functions, the strength lets down, health gives away, and disease sets up. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It is an ideal spring tonic. Sold by all Druggists.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

MEMORIAL DAY, SATURDAY,
MAY 30, 1903.

One fare for Round Trip to all points within 150 miles of selling stations. Tickets on sale May 29 and 30, good to return including June 1. Ask agents for particulars. t-22

Mr. Joseph Pominville, of Stillwater, Minn., after having spent \$2,000 with the best doctors for stomach, without relief, was advised by his druggist, Mr. Alex. Rickard, to try a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He did so, and is a well man today. If troubled with indigestion, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite or constipation, give these Tablets a trial, and you are certain to be more than pleased with the result. For sale at 25 cents per box F. A. Sigler.

Poley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.

IN KANSAS.

G. W. BLACK.

Ottawa, Kan., May 28, 1903.
Editor DISPATCH;

In order to let my friends know where I am I will drop you a few lines. We left Anderson Monday, May 18, and arrived in Ottawa Tuesday night making good connections straight through. We got in Chicago at 9:50 p.m. and left at ten; that took through Ill. in the night. We crossed the Missouri river at Ft. Madison, Iowa at daylight, run across the corner of Iowa into Missoula crossed the Mississippi into Kansas City at eleven and left 2:35 arriving at Ottawa at four.

What we saw of Mo. was not very good country. It was very hilly, with quite a growth of small timber in the eastern part and looks as though it would be hard work to farm it. The middle part of the state is perfectly level—the western is hilly again. On the whole I took it for a poor state.

The soil is a heavy black clay and very sticky. They have had lots of rain and the roads are bad. I noticed a wagon with the wheels solid with mud half way to the hubs. They use little scrubby mules instead of horses and it made me feel glad I didn't shoe them.

The buildings are poor material one story, and it looks as if they had set them in the ground like a fence post instead of putting them on a wall, some were set up a foot or so on posts or blocks and open underneath.

I like Kansas better than Mo. There is more of an air industry about it, the farms and buildings are better. I rode out in the country yesterday about eight miles with a friend and I never saw any nicer farms in my life.

The ground is rolling enough to give good natural drainage and of a good quality. They do not raise any wheat here mostly corn and flax; in the middle of the state go in more for wheat. I saw in one drove over two hundred hogs all belonging to one man, mostly ready for market and it is nothing to see one man feeding from one to three hundred head of cattle.

Ottawa is a city of 23,000, and is a nice city but don't look much like our eastern cities—I do not think there is a three story building here. It has rained every night since I came here. I think this town can boast of the most shade trees of any town I ever visited. Vegetation is fully three weeks ahead of Michigan, trees have been in full leaf for some time, corn and potatoes are getting their first cultivating.

To be Continued.

W. C. T. U.

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

NEW FAST TRAINS

Between Detroit and Grand Haven. Commencing Sunday, May 3rd, 1903. The Grand Trunk Railway System will operate two new fast daily trains between Detroit and Grand Haven in connection with the Crosby line steamers to and from Milwaukee, affording daily service to Milwaukee and the northwest.

East bound train will leave Grand Haven 6:30 a.m. stopping only at Grand Rapids, Ionia, St. John's, Owosso, Durand, Holly and Pontiac, arriving Detroit 11:40 a.m. West bound train will leave Detroit 5 p.m. making the same stops arriving Grand Haven 10:30 p.m. For further particulars consult Agents or write to G. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T., A. Chicago Ill. 19-26.

When you want a pleasant physick Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, they are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

WANTED—The Subscription due on the DISPATCH.

BANNER SALVE

the most healing salve in the world.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Howell, on Monday the 18th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

Present, Eugene A. Stowe Judge of Probate, in the Matter of the Estate of

CATHARINE MORGAN, Deceased.

Now comes Geo. W. Teeple, Executor of the estate of said deceased and represents to this court that he is ready to render his final account in said estate.

Thereupon it is ordered 'that Friday, the 14th day of June next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at said Probate Office, be assigned for the hearing of said account.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the PINCKNEY DISPATCH, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing 21 to 28 EUGENE A. STOWE, Judge of Probate.

SATE OF MICHIGAN. The Thirty-fifth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Livingston, in Chancery, at Howell Michigan, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1903.

CHARLOTTE CELISSA CORSON, Complainant,

v.

EDGAR CORSON, Defendant.

In this case it appearing that defendant, Edgar Corson, is not a resident of this state but is a resident of the city of Seattle in the state of Washington; on motion of William P. Van Winkle, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered that the defendant enter his appearance in this cause on or before four months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the PINCKNEY DISPATCH, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

STEARNS F. SMITH, Circuit Judge.

WILLIAM P. VAN WINKLE, Solicitor for Complainant.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT FOR CONSTIPATION

Constipation is nothing more than a clogging of the bowels and nothing less than vital stagnation or death if not relieved. If every constipated sufferer could realize that he is allowing poisonous filth to remain in his system, he would soon get relief. Constipation invites all kind of contagion. Headaches, biliousness, colds and many other ailments disappear when constipated bowels are relieved. Theford's Black-Draught thoroughly cleans out the bowels in an easy and natural manner without the purging of calomel or other violent cathartics.

Be sure that you get the original Theford's Black-Draught, made by The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Sold by all druggists in 25 cent and \$1.00 packages.

Kingsbury, Ark., May 25, 1903.
I cannot recommend Theford's Black-Draught too highly. I keep it in my house all the time and have used it for the last ten years. I never gave my children any other medicine. I think I could never be able to work without it on account of being troubled with constipation. Your medicine is all that keeps me up.

C. R. McFARLAND.

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION
COUGHES and COLD

Price 50¢ & \$1.00

A Perfect For All Throat and
Cure: Lung Troubles.
Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

Railroad Guide.

ANN ARBOR RAILROAD

AND STEAMSHIP LINES.

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

W. H. BENNETT,
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PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Oct. 12, 1902.

Trains leave South Lyon as follows:

For Detroit and East,
10:36 a.m., 8:58 p.m.

For Grand Rapids, North and West,
9:26 a.m., 6:19 p.m.

For Saginaw and Bay City,
10:36 a.m., 8:58 p.m.

For Toledo and South,
10:36 a.m., 8:58 p.m.

FRANK BAY, H. F. MOELLER,
Agent, South Lyon. G. P. A., Detroit.

Grand Trunk Railway System.
Arrivals and Departures of trains from Pinckney
All trains daily, except Sundays.

EAST BOUND:
No. 28 Passenger..... 9:06 A. M.
No. 30 Express..... 5:15 P. M.

WEST BOUND:
No. 27 Passenger..... 9:58 A. M.
No. 29 Express..... 8:08 P. M.

W. H. Clark, Agent, Pinckney

FREE To Lovers of GOOD MUSIC

A book called "An Introduction to the Latest Piano Music." It contains, in reduced size, the first page of each of the following wonderfully successful pieces:

Mississippi Rose March

Waving Plumes March

Nourhalma Waltzes

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Euphonia (Intermezzo)

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Imozetta (Mexican Dance)

South Carolina Sunshine

Antics of the Ants

Story of the Flowers

Love of Liberty March

Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)

Dream of the Ballet

Return of Love Waltzes

Jules Levy's Stella Waltz

The Eagle's March

Every pianist will find something in the above list of great interest. Send a postal for the book. It's free. All above compositions are entirely new. On sale at your local dealer.

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LOW RATES

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Home Seekers' Excursions leave Chicago first and third Tuesdays of each month.

For information apply to

A. W. NOYES, Trav. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Or J. F. ELMER, G. P. A., Chicago

Echo Dell.



Brown Horse, 16½ hands high, splendid action and fine disposition.

Sired by Ambassador, he by George Wilkes, he by Hambletonian 10. Ambassador's dam was by American Clay 34.

Carlotta, dam of Echo Dell, is by Tremont, a sire of speed, he by Belmont, 64; he by Alexander's Abdallah 15, he by Hambletonian 10. Carlotta is also dam of Gertude A. 2:17.

Echo Dell's grand-dam, Belle Boyd, is by Louis Napoleon, he by Voluntneer, he by Hambletonian 10. Belle Boyd is the dam of White Oak 2:21. May Watson, 3d dam of Echo Dell is the dam of Aurelian 2:33, who sired Last Hope 2:11.

Echo Dell's sire was a sire of speed, while Echo Dell's first, second and third dams were all producers of speed. He is bred in the purple and has size, style and action.

Echo Dell is proving himself by his get to be one of the very best sires in Michigan of high action and splendid style, large size and superbly finished colt.

Will make the season of 1903 at the proprietor's stables, West Putnam

TERMS:—\$10.00 To Insure Mare in Foal.

Buckley Dispatch.

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Pub.

PINEKNY, MICHIGAN

Even then, living at 10 cents a day would be dear in some places.

Since the advent of the auto even the French duelist is becoming fatal.

Sir Alfred Austin certainly ought to rhyme a rhapsody on the kissing of the kings.

"That which wins a man will wear him," says a current novel. Not if it was good cooking.

Miss Babie Sugar of Kirkville, Mo., is going on the stage. She is saved the trouble of thinking of a name.

Policy King "Al" Adams in Sing Sing is said to feel his disgrace keenly. Well, that's what Sing Sing's for.

Wonder if William W. Astor also secured a quit claim deed from the family ghosts when he bought Never castle.

Hetty Green says every woman ought to know how to keep house. Does knowing how to keep house do Hetty any good?

If it were not for the general interest in baseball, some men would make a very poor showing at a conversazione.

Someone asserts that eating early strawberries causes mental depression. It is certain that pricing them usually does.

King Edward kissed the king of Italy repeatedly, both at meeting and at parting. He hasn't visited Queen Wilhelmina yet.

A New Jersey woman has been sent to jail for husband-beating. Did the court consider the probability of his having needed it?

A pair of shoes can be made in a Lynn, Mass., factory in thirteen minutes; that is, as fast as a 13-year-old boy can wear them out.

Every time the merry yachting season rolls around the need of a comprehensive dictionary of yachting terms becomes more and more apparent.

There is a minister in Middletown, N. Y., who claims that he lives comfortably on \$12 a month. We would like to know where he buys his coal and meat.

Whitaker Wright's claim that he would have been worth \$50,000,000 if he had operated in this country is a tribute of which America has reason not to be proud.

Parents may die of despair in Lime stone, Me., but the race is not in danger of suicide there. Three sets of twins and one of triplets came to that town in five days.

A Chicago girl has written to Postmaster General Payne that she would "like to look into his lovely brown eyes." Let us hope she is not knocking the Chicago men.

An Omaha man worth \$40,000 killed himself for loneliness. There are scores of people pining for the company of the dollars which the Nebraska suicide left behind.

"Never marry a woman with an artistic temperament," advises a New York Sunday school superintendent. Possibly he would not object to a woman who is an artist at making bread.

Monday is the day of the week when the entry in the tired housewife's diary takes the same concise form as that of the small boy in the story, namely: "Got up, washed went to bed."

The eastern man who is growing fish scales on his body has been told by physicians that he has dermatitis exfoliativa universalis, and he cannot imagine where he caught such a terrible thing as that.

The big steamship trust has decided to take more time hereafter in conveying the mails between New York and London. This, however, is about the only particular in which the trust intends to "go slow."

A Bayonne (N. J.) man who has seven children is unable to rent a house in that town because of the size of his family. The thing for him to do is to take the obvious hint and move out into the country.

An Irish setter committed suicide in New York the other day by jumping from the roof of a flat house, rather than live in it. But this is not the first instance on record where a dog has shown almost human intelligence.

THE MICHIGAN NEWS

What Is Doing In All Sections of the State

Marshall Storm Torn.

Marshall was struck by a wind storm Saturday afternoon, the worst storm the city has ever experienced, culminating in a cyclone which wrought thousands of dollars worth of damage to buildings, and tore up by the roots hundreds of shade trees. Several people were injured, but no one was killed, escape from death seeming almost miraculous. The damage to buildings is roughly estimated at \$50,000, while that to hundreds of beautiful shade trees cannot be figured. The Dulcina home for aged and indigent women, valued at \$35,000, is minus the roof and a large veranda, the rear half of the building is nearly in ruins, and the walls are seamed and cracked. Some residences were torn to pieces and so fierce was the force of the storm that not a piece of timber in them was left, the whole mass being broken, torn, and twisted to splinters. The Catholic cemetery is a mass of tangled trees, and the beautiful spot is nearly ruined. Several monuments are tipped over, and other damage done. Telephone, telegraph and electric light service was utterly stopped and the city left in darkness.

A Treasurer's Shortage.

Mongagon township has a sensation which has greatly stirred that quiet subdivision of Wayne county. Township Treasurer Frank Parent and Deputy Treasurer Walter F. Sanders handed in their resignations to Supervisor Jones, with the statement that there was a shortage of between \$3,000 and \$4,000 in the accounts of the office.

Parent at the same time turned over deeds to all his property, consisting of a saloon, boathouse and some real estate in Trenton, telling Supervisor Jones to use the property to liquidate as far as possible the defalcation. Parent is also under a small bond that it is expected will be sufficient to cover up any difference between the amount of his property and the shortage in the funds. Deputy Treasurer Sanders, although in entire charge of the affairs of the office, was under no bonds.

A Senseless Strike.

The miners employed in the Handy Bros. Mining Co.'s two shafts are out on a peculiar and apparently senseless strike. About two-thirds of the men live in West Bay City and have been going to the mines, about seven miles west, on the Michigan Central trains. The charge for the round-trip was 45 cents, of which Handy Bros. paid 30. The firm recently completed its own road to the mines and commenced running a passenger train, on which the men were charged 15 cents for the round trip. The first day the train ran they demanded free transportation of the company and refused to go to work. At a meeting held to consider the proposition the men decided by a vote of 68 to 64 to remain out, but it is believed a majority will be ready to return to work by the end of the week.

Masonic Temple Burned.

Masonic Temple, the handsomest building in Bay City, was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday evening, entailing losses aggregating \$100,000.

While a banquet was being spread for members of the Scottish Rite bodies, which during the afternoon began a three days' session in the temple, smoke was discovered coming from apertures in the walls and ceilings.

Before streams could be laid the fire ran between the walls to nearly all parts of the structure, and though the full fire fighting force of the city was called out, they were unable to control the flames. The building was of ancient Moorish design and said to be the handsomest of its kind in the country. It was built in 1891 and a debt of \$10,000 still existed. The directors say they will rebuild, but on a smaller scale.

The Battle Creek Fires.

Firemen and police searching the ruins of the Battle Creek sanitarium Tuesday morning found the remains of J. B. Paul, aged 66 years, a sanitarium patient from Kansas, lying face downward under the debris. Paul was here for eye treatment, and slept in the barn because Caretaker Marsh was an old friend. He had evidently tried to crawl out. Marsh escaped in his night clothing. The number of horses burned to death was 13, all very valuable. Everything points to incendiarism. It is conceded that the Review and Herald fire was incendiary, and it is known that the Sanitarium health food fire was also, and it is now thought the destruction of the sanitarium and other buildings might have been the work of some crank.

Another Warning.

Prophetess Ellen G. White has issued another warning to the Seventh Day Adventists, which was published in the Review and Herald of Battle Creek Wednesday. She informs them that God's judgment has fallen upon the institutions in Battle Creek, and that other calamities are impending if the warnings continue to be disregarded.

The frequent fires, which have resulted in a loss of over \$1,000,000, are some of the judgments to which she refers. Some of the leading Adventists have expressed opinions that Mrs. White is a doubtful prophet and do not hesitate to attribute the fires to incendiary origin.

Among the State.

Fire destroyed the shingle mill in Perronville with a loss of \$20,000.

A big new clock has just been installed in the tower of the courthouse at Allegan.

Casper Schalling, of Lansing, has been appointed deputy game warden for Ingham county.

The new Elks' temple in Lansing, one of the finest in the state, will be dedicated May 28 and 29.

Mrs. Mary Bell, of Traverse City, crazed by insomnia, drowned herself in Boardman lake at midnight.

Grant, Newaygo Co., will have a canning factory and a salting station for a pickle factory this summer.

R. L. Butler's house in Merritt was burned Wednesday night and his daughters, aged 4 and 6, lost their lives.

The Grand Trunk and the Ann Arbor railway will give \$5,000 each for a R. R. Y. M. C. A. building in Grand Rapids.

It has been found necessary to order another shipment of street cars for Battle Creek, to be rushed as soon as possible.

One easy mark lost \$25, and many others smaller sums in a shell game operated in connection with a circus in Adrian.

Three Rivers will make a hot fight for the new normal school. Committees of prominent business men have the matter in hand.

Mendon citizens will not have ice this season. The local ice men quarreled last winter instead of putting up ice and the people are lamenting.

After drilling to depth of 285 feet near Lake Goguac, Battle Creek's water supply hunters have struck a flow of petroleum instead of pure water.

A. T. Moyer's drug store in Quincy was set on fire, with a loss of several hundred dollars, as the result of an explosion of carbolic acid, which wrecked a lighted gasoline stove.

J. E. Leland, alias Brown, a safe cracker, convicted, who blew up and robbed a safe in a store at Champion, this county, has been sentenced to eight years in the Marquette penitentiary.

Eight head of cattle, worth \$150, the property of Supervisor McKillip, of Burlington township, were killed by lightning conveyed to them along a barbed wire fence from an oak tree that was struck.

Gov. Bliss, having signed the bill creating the village of Marlborough, where the Great Northern cement plant is located, the election of village officers will take place on the first Monday of June.

Bay county's four smallpox contract surgeons have absolute charge of all contagious diseases, taking such cases directly out of the hands of the city and township health boards. The only fixed thing about their services is their salary.

Emery Shiellett, a well-known young man of Essexville, died at Mercy hospital, Bay City, after an operation for appendicitis. A sad feature of the case was the fact that his marriage was to have occurred in a few days.

After a long and bitter legal contest the estate of George Hirst, of Byron township, was settled and the three heirs received \$2 to divide among them. The entire estate amounted to \$1,038.77, but the heirs could not agree on a division.

James Brown, coal miner at Bay mine No. 2, was married last Monday and Thursday he was arrested for an assault alleged to have been made February 14 on a miner named Charles Swanson. Swanson exhibits a broken jaw and a badly battered body.

Garrett Psoman, of Kalamazoo, aged 12, may lose his life as the result of a peculiar accident. While he and a companion were spinning the Michigan Central roundhouse table he fell with his right leg across a steel rail, breaking the limb below the knee.

James Irwin, a wealthy capitalist of Grand Rapids, Mich., died in Nevada, Mo., Saturday, at the Hotel Loehr. Death was caused from a breakdown of his health after being robbed at Poala, Kas., October last, of considerable money and \$20,000 worth of negotiable notes.

Andrew J. Ward, of Flint, shot himself 42 years ago, some shot being left in his arm. Recently the arm has been painless him, and he applied poultices. As the result of the applications a No. 4 shot was drawn out. The shot was still bright after so many years in his body.

Jake, the 18-year-old son of Ernest Bauer, living near Reese, Conn., was accidentally killed yesterday afternoon, while playing in a barn. A heavy overlay attached to a swing fell, striking him across the chest. A blood vessel was ruptured and he bled to death before a doctor could reach him.

Ex-Ald. Chester Sisson and family, wanted for obtaining money under false pretenses, were brought to Battle Creek from Denver, Colo., after a delay of nearly a month. They were arrested in April, but faulty requisition papers made it impossible for them to be brought away from Denver.

WHAT IS DOING ON

The singular state of mind of the townspeople of Kishineff, Russia, is described in a letter from a Jewish German, Dr. Odessa, who writes: "The leaders of the bands, robbing Jewish dwellings, often addressed the occupants good merrily saying: 'Poor brethren, we must kill you. It is so ordered.'

"The state of terror of the Jews of Kishineff continues. A fresh massacre is reported there and the Jews of Odessa and all large towns of Bessarabia are living in hourly dread of death. The whole province seems to be in a state of fanatical fury agains the Jews. The excitement is intensified through proclamations distributed in the streets and the tone of the daily anti-Semitic newspapers. The Russians say:

"It is the czar's will that the Jews be everywhere robbed. Orders have been given that we start again at Pentecost."

"Unless the St. Petersburg government develops a more energetic policy, the events at Kishineff will undoubtedly be repeated in other towns."

Oppressed Jews Coming.

To Chicago alone it is said 6,000 persons from Kishineff and other stricken towns in Bessarabia will come, that number of tickets having been sent from here by friends and relatives of the Jews there. Although the public relief funds raised in this city have been remarkably large, having reached about \$9,000 on the west side and \$10,000 at the Lakeside club, inquiry among Russian Jews in the ghetto has shown that perhaps even more money than they have contributed to the public funds has been sent privately in the form of tickets to this country and postal remittances. A careful estimate of the amount that has been expended privately has been made by several leaders among the Jewish people in the ghetto, and it is believed to amount to \$150,000.

Cuba Celebrates.

The celebration of Cuba's independence day, the first anniversary of the establishment of the Cuban republic, began Tuesday at midnight with the illumination of the fronts of the principal clubs, the sending up of rockets, and the screaming of steam whistles. Business was completely suspended and the streets were thronged with people. President Palma is elated with the progress made by Cuba.

Mendon citizens will not have ice this season. The local ice men quarreled last winter instead of putting up ice and the people are lamenting.

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Ex-Ald. Chester Sisson and family, wanted for obtaining money under false pretenses, were brought to Battle Creek from Denver, Colo., after a delay of nearly a month. They were arrested in April, but faulty requisition papers made it impossible for them to be brought away from Denver.

Immigration continues on the increase. For the 17 days of May, this year, 50,077 aliens passed through Ellis Island, as against 45,480 last year and 36,371 in the same period of 1901. This is an increase of 4,591 over the same period last year and 23,000 are expected this week. It is predicted that the month will show fully 100,000 as against 81,000 last year.

Killed His Tormentor.

Francis Thill, of Six Mile Creek, was accused of shooting, charged with the murder of Frederick Marker, New Haven, Conn. Thill is 21 years old; the victim 29. The crime is the result of a long persecution of the old man on the part of half a dozen young men, who lives in a miserable shack which he has occupied since 1890. The residents of but one town, 250 houses—all his houses, and stands near the bank of the Saline River, six miles north of Mendon, on a main traveled road. Thill's story is that the young man, with others, forced him to admit them at 11 o'clock Monday night, when they proposed to annoy him, and became intoxicated became abusive. To defend himself he struck Marker on the head with a club. Marker was hastily picked up and driven to his home, two miles away. He regained consciousness and was apparently better until Sunday morning, when he failed rapidly. It was found that trephining was necessary, and the operation was performed. However, Marker continued to sink until Tuesday.

Reunion of the Thirty-first

Every member of the Thirty-first Michigan Infantry in attendance upon the annual reunion of the regiment in Lansing was distinguished, by the red bandana handkerchief necklace which he wore. The reunion was an enjoyable success in every respect. The members turned out well, it being estimated that 400 soldiers of the regiment were here. By far the larger number came from Jackson, Adrian, Ann Arbor and Mason, although the three Detroit companies and the company from Monroe were well represented. Every company had its members in the line.

Ranching in Michigan.

IN MEMORIAM

"He took his life
Just capable of one heroic aim, and
threw it in the thickest of the fight.
What matter? Since Aurora failed
him first!"

E. B. Browning.

Jean Charteris, stepping out into the pearl and silverness of dawn and dew, sighed—and then smiled at sight of the riches spread before her.

Again it was Decoration Day, an occasion which in this little western town was one almost of festivity, so great was the gathering from the surrounding farms, so gay the girls in their new summer finery, so stirring the martial music of the local band. Even the pathetic sight of the handful of old soldiers, marching in depleted ranks to the cemetery on the hillside, but emphasized the pleasure of the young, who found in the holiday enjoyment at once innocent and reverent.

Miss Charteris walked down the prim gravel walk between the low green barberry hedge. She held daintily aside the skirt of her crisp, white wrapper, lest it be touched by the wet twigs on either side. Her spirited gold brown head turned to left and right as she mentally calculated the floral wealth of her little garden. None would have dreamed that over that same radiant head thirty summers had passed, so girlishly slender was the erect and graceful figure, so smooth the white brow, so luminous the long, pansy-purple eyes under the slim black brows. She had swung the basket from her arm and was snapping from the great snowball bush at the end of the path its first contribution, when a voice came piping to her from over the gate.

"Mis' Char'tris, you got ma's dress done?"

"Just finished it at 12 last night, Billy!" She smiled at the freckled faced boy as she moved to go back to the house. She returned, carrying a bundle wrapped in newspapers. "There—don't crush it, laddie!"

The boy lingered, shame-facedly. He was not a bad looking boy, barring the freckles. He kept casting furtive glances at a second-story window in the little cream-colored cottage, where the blinds were still drawn.

"Is—is she—" a jerking thumb indicating the house, "goin' with you to the cem'try?"

"Rosine?" Miss Charteris was ruthlessly snipping off every robin which had presumed to show its blue head in the long bed border. "O, she will go! Her mother is buried there, you know. Rosine will go with me."

"I'm goin', too!" blurted Billie. Then, as though overwhelmed by the magnitude of the admission, he skipped away, his mother's dress crushed recklessly against his throbbing heart, and his bare feet, as yet guiltless of tan, kicking up a dust which hid his fiery blouses. "An I'll wear my new clothes," chanted Billie. "I'll wear my best clothes—an' a collar!"

It was a royal burden Jean Charteris had gathered when at last she laid the shears in the basket brimful of blooms. There were trailing sprays of white and gold spring stars, peonies, pink and crimson, and white; honeysuckle, amber and rose, and carmine; blush roses, pale and velvety; sweetbriar, delicately, yet intensely fragrant, and many a single flower which, courier-like, had blossomed in prophetic beauty. Back of the glittering window glass of the little home she approached



were the glowing house plants which were soon to be transferred to the garden. These, rising tier on tier, glowing geraniums, fragrant heliotrope, brilliant hibiscus, golden mignonette, were destined with their harder brethren to yield tribute to death.

"Aunt Jean—Auntie Jean!" rang a fresh young voice. "I'm dressed—Nora dressed me! O, may I help you fix the flowers? And how soon may we go on the hill?"

Jean laid her basket on a hall chair just in time to catch in her outflung arms the slim little white figure flying down the stairs.

"You shall help me, my precious!" she promised. And she touseled the clustering curls on the dark little head and pressed with her own the rosy lips that were ripe for kisses. Breakfast over, the two settled to work, for Rosine had decided views of her own as to the relative merits of set designs in contradiction to the preference of Miss Charteris for less formal symbols. And all the time the hazel eyes sparkled and the restless little tongue talked trippingly on.

"You have to work awful hard, don't you, Auntie Jean? Did you get Billie's mother's dress done? Did Billie come for it? I'd like Billie—if he wasn't freckled. Nora says you used to be rich. She says you lived in that big stone house with the fountain in the yard. She says my mamma was rich, too, until after my papa went away and left her. And then she came to live in this little weeny house with you. And then God wanted her. What made you and my mamma get poor? And why doesn't my papa come back? And why wouldn't God let my mamma stay here? And does she know when we put all these pretty flowers on her grave?"

So for the two in the bright little room, plain to severity save for its books and "green things growing" and air of indefinable refinement, the perfect day wore on. If now and then Jean's sweet face paled and her sensitive lips quivered, these the absorbed little maiden did not notice at all. How should a prattling child, busy with a wreath, dream that her words might wound?

They stood at the gate to see the procession wind by—the hobbling veterans, the women of the Relief Corps, the townspeople in vehicles and afoot, the uniformed band, the excited children running at either side. But the sun had gone down in a splendor of scarlet and gold, the streets were being fast deserted, and all the air was still steeped in amber brilliance, when Jean Charteris and the little girl carried their treasures between them up the green velvet sward of that sloping hill, sacred to silence and to sweet, safe slumber.

The grave yard knew now no presence save their own. On several graves were flags—on the greater number flowers. But some were bare of bloom. And from one to another of these the late-comers moved, leaving some sprays on each. Then they sought a certain corner, where a simple stone recorded briefly a young wife's death.

"You shall place them all," said Jean Charteris. She gave Rosine the basket, and stood leaning against the marble shaft, her black, trailing gown outlining her slender form, her head drooping as though in weariness.

With unconscious elation the child went about her task. And afar in the road Billie watched her. Billie, stiff in his best Sunday suit, tortured by new shoes, agonized by an unaccustomed collar. So absorbed was he in following every movement of his idol he did not hear the step approaching. He turned with a hasty exclamation at a touch on his shoulder—turned to confront a man who was decidedly a stranger.

The latter pointed to the dark figure by the stone.

"Who," he asked, "is that?"

"That's Miss Charteris. She lives in the little old Chilton cottage now. She makes dresses."

"My God!" the man murmured.

"Has it come to this with Jean?"

Conscious of the boy's sharp scrutiny the man took from his pocket two pieces of metal—one brass, one silver.

"Here take these down to the agent. Give him the check and tell him to send my trunk to the hotel. You may keep the dollar!"

Billie grabbed the money and simultaneously uttered a yell.

"Ro-sine!" He was valiant enough in this plutocratic hour. "Ro-sine! Come on! I'm goin' to buy candy!"

A final placing of the last wreath, an eager question, an answering nod from the bowed head—then the child was flying toward the road through the mellowing radiance of the fading light, shouting questions to Billie as she came. Something in the skimming flight of the agile little body, in her voice, in the shape of the curl-clustered head, caused the stranger to put out a detaining hand.

"What," he cried, "is your name, little one?"

"Rosine!" She wrested herself free. "Let me go with Billie. My name's Rosine—Rosine Raymond!"

Then she was dashing down the hill after the fortunate Billie.

The man, tall, straight, and soldierly, with prematurely silvered hair and dark mustache, went striding across the green space that intervened between him and that quiet woman by the white shaft.

"Jean!" he cried hoarsely. "Jean Charteris!"

A low, shivering cry broke from the woman. She stiffened erect—stood as if frozen.

"Tell me," he begged, "about that child! She says her name is Jean, is she—"

The shock of his coming had left her weak and shaking. It was with an effort she spoke.

"Yes—she is your child. Do you learn it now for the first time?"

"God help me—yes. I did not dream there might be a child. When a few months after our marriage I learned how Rose had deceived me I was furious. I had confided in her. I told her how I loved you. And she—she spoke of your engagement to Will Clement. Her sympathy was sweet. There was no question of a heart being caught in the rebound. Never save for one woman has my heart beaten a pulse the faster. She knew this when we were married. But she hoped—until the day some months after our marriage when a chance word during a chance meeting with Clement, brought the whole truth out. You had refused him. And this Rose knew when she told me the contrary. I settled everything I possessed on her and went away, vowing never to look upon her face again!"

The weary, bitter voice ceased.

"We shall speak of this now," said Jean Charteris, slowly, "and then—never again! The bank in which you had deposited was the same which controlled my father's business. When the defalcation came Rose's money and ours was sucked down in the whirlpool. Father did not long survive the blow. Rose could do nothing. She had been brought up in idleness—in luxury. Besides she was ill—and miserably unhappy. So—I was always clever as a seamstress—she came to me, and we were comfortable—quite comfortable together. Two years ago a sharp attack of pneumonia ended—all! Rosine was then 4."

"You took her into your home and your life," said the man in a voice that though low—shook with passion. "You supported her and her child! If

you had known her treachery—"

"Hush!" The soft word was impulsive. She pointed to the flower-strewn mound below. "Hush! She is here! Besides—I did know!"

"You knew it? When—how?"

"The day you went away. Rose came to me. She told me—the truth."

The last gleam of sunset had faded. Amethystine shadows crept up the draws. But in the clear afterglow they saw each other quite distinctly—the two who stood in silence there. When he spoke it was in a voice that thrilled her—the voice of the lover of her youth.

"Jean—will you come to me—now?"

She answered: "First say to her, I forgive you, dear!"

For an instant he stood irresolute. Then slowly he sank on one knee—bowed his bared head over the masses of perfumed bloom. When he rose and held out his hand she laid her own within it, and thus they walked to the gate and down the road toward the village, where the lights were beginning to gleam.

"You are tired," he said, and slipped his arm around her. "I have made a new fortune in a new world, Jean. You shall work no more."

Rosine and Billie were feasting merrily in the cottage when the two turned in at the garden gate.

"To think," said Jean, as they went up betwixt the low barberry borders dewsilvered in the moonlight, "that it was only this morning I walked here alone—and so sad—save for the child!"

"Ah, the child!" he said, softly—hungrily. "Much may happen in a day, my Jean!"

"Somewhere," she said, lifting a face still glowing from his kisses, "I read this: 'Between Calvary day and Easter day—earth's saddest day and gladdest day—lay but one day!'"

"My beloved!" he murmured. Then as Billie fled laughing by them they passed into the purple gloom of the porch, toward the open door, from which the lamplight streamed, making a path of white loveliness for their feet!

Memorial Day Song.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the G. A. R.)

Where sleep in honor martyrs for our nation,

Lend, O ye flowers, lend your decoration;

While to Old Glory, giving salutation.

Sing we our choral lay.

Hail, O Columbia! Like the morning glowing.

May radiant freedom, light on thee bestowing.

All lands illumine, and still brighter growing.

Shine on to perfect day.

Hail to the People, who a trust receiving From patriot fathers, liberty achieving. For all in bondage sore oppressed and grieving,

Will not their trust betray.

Hail to the Banner, freedom's fairest token.

Flag of a union that can ne'er be broken.

While hearts heroic, strong as bulwarks oaken.

Guard it on land and sea.

Rest, O ye heroes! Not in vain your dying:

For, sons and daughters, on their God relying,

Pledge like devotion: with you nobly dying

In love and loyalty.

Hail, O, Columbia, every heart enslaving!

Hail ye, your Country, in her peril saving!

Hail, peerless Banner, in all breezes waving!

Flag of the brave and free!

—Christian Intelligencer.



Value of Pasture for Pigs.

A recent bulletin of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture quotes G. W. Waters as follows:

"We will now state two propositions bearing on economy of production. First, while the pig is not considered primarily a grazing animal, from the fact that he cannot be expected to make gains and grow fat if turned onto common pasture grass like cat-tail, sheep or mules, yet, as a matter of fact the pig will make better returns for the amount of grass eaten than any other farm animal. Moreover, the pasture will increase the efficiency and value of the grain fed in connection with it. The second proposition is this: The pig is a grass feeder and will eat too much of rich feeds, as grain, more than he can use economically, more than he can digest well, consequently greater gains from a given amount of corn are obtained if the pig is fed less than he can or will eat. This statement applies with especial force in cases of a long feeding period. The two propositions just announced, are brought out in the following report of tests made at the Wisconsin station, six lots of pigs being used:

"Lot 1, full fed, in a dry lot, gained 1.15 pounds per day and used 537 pounds of corn in making 100 pounds of gain."

"Lot 2, full fed, on clover pasture, gained 1.30 pounds per day, and used 417 pounds of corn in making 100 pounds of gain."

"Lot 3, three-fourths full, on clover pasture, gained 1.20 per day and used 377 pounds of corn in making 100 pounds of gain."

"Lot 4, one-half full, clover pasture, gained .87 pounds per day and required 352 pounds of corn to make 100 pounds of gain."

"Lot 5, one-fourth full, clover pasture, gained .64 pounds per day, and required 243 pounds of corn to make 100 pounds of gain."

"Lot 6, no gain, clover pasture, gained .36 pounds per day."

"In lot 2 there is a sudden drop over lot 1 in the amount of corn required. But in lot 3 there is a still larger drop. Nearly three bushels less of corn is required to produce 100 pounds of gain over dry lot feeding. For growing hogs a still larger reduction of corn is advisable. The rate of gain is slower, but it is vastly cheaper. It is however wise practice to full feed for the last 30 days before marketing."

A Requisite in Poultry Raising.

All classes of people may go into the raising of poultry and do it successfully. Sex is no bar to success. In fact very many of our most successful poultry raisers are women.

Some are semi-invalids who have given up the great lines of business and have been told by their family physician to get into something where they can be out of doors a great deal, but where the amount of manual labor will not be large. These and others may succeed, but there is one requisite for all and that is interest in the business.

The writer has known of people intending to go into the poultry business, when they hated the sight of a live hen. Asked as to their reason for making the venture they replied that they had been told there was money in it. The invariable advice given by the writer in such cases is for the would-be investor to keep out of the business.

Longfellow says "the heart giveth grace unto every art." The person that has a deep interest in poultry can make a success of raising any kind of fowls, for he will not be stopped by the obstacles that are certain to be discovered in the way.

The number of people that dislike to have poultry around is very large. But there are those that find great pleasure in caring for fowls. Sometimes it is one breed that strikes their fancy and sometimes another, but whatever it be, they can see beauty in it.

The man that has a real interest in fowls will make a success of raising them, if conditions be at all favorable, but the fowl-hater is about sure to fail.

Warm Shoes.

From the Farmers' Review: Women suffering from cold feet could make for themselves warm and comfortable footwear by getting boy's felt boots and then purchasing broad soled slippers to fit over them. Usually it is necessary to split the slipper down to the toe, then make holes with an awl and lace with a shoe string. The slipper should be 1/4 size larger than the shoe. For wear away from home, get an arctic one-half size larger than the shoe. Warm feet are essential to health and happiness and would lengthen the lives of many women who suffer from cold, especially those afflicted with lung troubles.—Mrs. Axell.





COSCO
Mrs. Herman Peters is still very low.

Mrs. Mary Harford is on the sick list.

Miss Lavonia Miller is working at Frank Vandekle.

Mrs. Amelia Noble of Morris is visiting relatives here.

L. F. Peet spent part of last week at Long lake, Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller are visiting their daughter at Millington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Haviland visited in Eaton county part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Gardner spent the last of last week in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Younglove of Marion, visited their daughter, Mrs. L. C. Gardner one day last week.

WEST PUTNAM.
Mable Monks was in Howell Saturday.

Wellington White was in Howell Saturday.

Wm. Kennedy of Stockbridge called on friends here Friday.

Mrs. Sweeney who has been ill for several weeks is much better.

Kirk Van Winkle and family spent Sunday at James Marble's in Anderson.

The Misses Mame and Julia Brady, attended the teacher's Association at Howell Saturday.

Mrs. David Chalker and children of Jackson are here to spend the summer with her father Mr. Brink.

Mrs. Lynfred Whited and children of Pinckney are spending a week with her parents, G. W. Bates and wife.

From A Cat Scratch
on the arm, to the worst sort of a burn sore or boil, DeWitts Witch Hazel Salve is a quick cure. In buying Witch Hazel Salve, be particular to get DeWitts—this is the salve that heals without leaving a scar. A specific for blind, Bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Sold by all Drug-gists,

GREGORY.

Miss Pearl Hartsuff is very low with Pneumonia.

Miss Grace Blair is recovering from an attack of measles.

Miss Katie Gibney visited friends in Detroit over Sunday.

There will be a box social held at Mr. Reid's, of North Lake, on Friday evening or this week.

Quite a number from here attended the box social at E. L. Glenn's new barn last Thursday evening.

The Livingston Mutual Telephone Co. are busy placing the poles, for the new line that will be in operation soon.

While out bicycle riding Sunday afternoon Miss Cora Cone met with quite a serious accident. She fell from her wheel in such a way as to throw her knee out of joint and badly twist the ligaments.

Strength and vigor of good food duly digested. "Force", a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

HAMBURG.

Mrs. J. L. Kisby is visiting her sister in Salem.

Tom Featherly is home from the hospital for a few days.

Mr. Elias and Chas. Root and Wm. Bladé were called to Ann by the illness of Jim Bladé.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shuart of Dixboro spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Martha Schalhorn of Ann Arbor visited her Aunt Mrs. Lore Brown Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Osborne of Grayling is visiting her mother Mrs. Wm. Ball of this place.

Mr. Fred Holmes of Milford and Miss Carrie Williams of Detroit visited friends here the past week.

Miss Jessie Fleury who has been spending the past two weeks in Mt. Pleasant returned home Sunday.

A fine program is being prepared for Decoration Day services to be held Friday p. m. at the M. E. church Elder Coffin of South Lyon will deliver the address.

Mr. Rex Burnett of Ann Arbor and Geo. Burnett of Fowlerville and Miss Winnie Burnett and Howard Ball of Webster visited their Aunt Miss Celia Burnett Sunday.

NORTH PUTNAM

Will Bland sports a brand new carriage.

Will Brogan was home from Pinckney Sunday.

John Dinkel has almost a new buggy—a little fresh paint instead.

Clyde Line is so as to be out again after a scrap with the measles.

Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Dinkel called on friends in Unadilla Sunday.

Miss Cressa Abbott of Gregory, spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Miss Florence Hoff of Gregory, called on friends here the first of the week.

Fred Burgess and family took dinner at Geo. Bland's the first of the week.

Miss Luella Caskey of Plainfield, called on Cressa and Lulu Abbott Sunday.

There is some prospects of a telephone line here soon, poles are being drawn.

Several from here attended church at the Wilson school house Sunday evening.

John Dinkel finished painting H. T. Love's house the first of the week and is now trying his luck on Wm. Dunning's barn. What next John?

The best physic: Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take; pleasant in effect. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Crossing the Bar.

Tennyson's famous poem, "Crossing the Bar," was written, says the present Lord Tennyson, in the poet's eighty-first year, "on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Faringford. Before reaching Faringford he had had the 'moaning of the bar' in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out." "That is the crown of your life's work," said his son, who was the first man after the poet to read "Crossing the Bar," and who passed the first criticism upon it in such fitting and generous language.

"It came in a moment," said the poet, and he explained the pilot as the Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us. A day or two before he died the poet, calling his son to his bedside, said, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

Rice Paper Not Made From Rice.

Rice paper is not made from rice nor from rice stalks, nor has it any connection whatever with rice. It is of Chinese manufacture and is made from the pith of a certain tree resembling the elder. The pith is extracted from the tree in large cylindrical masses, and with sharp knives the Chinese pare off the cylinder till instead of a cylindrical form they have a large flat sheet. This is pressed and other sheets added until the required thickness is secured. The paper is then rudely sized and is ready to use. It was called rice paper under the supposition that when it was first introduced into Europe it was made from rice stalks, and the name has never been changed.

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Additional Local.

Ray Kennedy is now janitor at St. Mary's church.

Miss Tillie Hale was the guest of Mrs. H. F. Sigler one day last week.

Dr. Hollis F. Sigler, Hollis Jr. and Guy Teeple took a business trip to Jackson Tuesday.

Geo. Reason Jr. and Richard Clinton were in Ann Arbor Tuesday and each purchased a Heller piano of the Ann Arbor Music Co.

Brocton Cole and wife of Niagara, Falls and Wm. Hesslar and wife of Detroit, are guests of the ladies' parents, Wm. Kennedy and wife.

Mrs. O. W. Haze has so far recovered from her severe illness, that she visited her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Sigler on Tuesday—the first time in five months.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the tea at Will Dunnings Wednesday last. Croquet helped to pass the time while waiting for supper. Nearly 100 partook of bountiful supper.

The Sunday school classes of Mesdames Jackson and Sykes of the Cong'l Sunday school will serve ice cream at the town hall Saturday evening, June 13. All are invited.

The continuation of the letter, "Three Days on the Great Northern Flyer," failed to arrive before we went to press. However we have one from G. W. Black which is on that page.

The West Marion ladies aid society will serve tea at the home of Mesdames Harriet and Etta Bland, Thursday afternoon, June 4, to which the gentlemen of the neighborhood are especially invited.

The vesper service at the Cong'l church Sunday evening was under the auspices of the Young Mens club. Eighteen members were present and a large audience of representative citizens, who listened with evident appreciation to the sermon on "Athletics." Pastor Mylne gave an excellent address which should have been heard by every young person in this vicinity.

Hamburg and Putnam Farmers Club.

The above club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schoenhals on Saturday, May 30, at 1:30 p. m. The following is the program:

Music by Club
Secretary's report
Appointing of committees
Recess
Music by Club
Reading Mrs Jas. Nash
Duet Mr. and Mrs. A. Schoenhals
Reading Miss Margaret Van Fleet
Solo Willie Nash
Reading Mrs. A. Schoenhals
Recitation Sadie Swarthout
Duet Mr. and Mrs. S. Swarthout
Report of committees
Question box
Music by Club

Bring lap boards and dishes.

Whales In the Thames.

In former times the appearance of a whale in the river Thames was considered ominous. One was caught off Greenwich three months prior to the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the common opinion was expressed by Heath in his "Flagellum." "It pleased God," he remarks, "to usher in his end with a great whale three months before, June 2, that came up as far as Greenwich and there was killed." Evelyn, in his "Diary," under the date of June 3, 1638, mentions that a whale was killed off Greenwich and that it drew an infinite concourse to see it by water, horse, coach and on foot from London and all parts." According to Robert Hubert, in his "Catalogue of Natural Rarities," the tongue of this whale was exhibited daily for some time at the "Miter," near the west end of St. Paul's church."

In February, 1857, another whale was caught in the Thames, and in the Times of that month appeared an advertisement for a piece of ground, some 40 feet by 60 feet, "on which to exhibit a whale." The piece of ground advertised for was found in the Mile End road, and the whale was exhibited until March 14. In the same month—namely, on March 21—expired the house of commons, which had been elected in 1852.

In April, 1857, another whale was caught in the Thames, and in the Times of that month appeared an advertisement for a piece of ground, some 40 feet by 60 feet, "on which to exhibit a whale."

The piece of ground advertised for was found in the Mile End road, and the whale was exhibited until March 14. In the same month—namely, on March 21—expired the house of commons, which had been elected in 1852.

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Jim Dunge had scarcely slept a wink,
All night he'd toss about and think.

But that's all past—he'll ne'er endure

Insomnia. He's found a cure!

Tis "Force." At night, when lights are dim,

It soothes the nerves of "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
makes one chummy with good sleep.

Wouldn't Believe at First.

"I wouldn't believe it till I tried it, but 'Force' is a cure for insomnia. I used to stay awake night after night. Now I eat a big bowlful of 'Force' just before going to bed, and sleep and I have become good friends again."

"L. L. Evans."

W-4

Business Pointers.

For Sale.

Choice Yellow Dent seed corn.

C. V. Van Winkle.

Farm for Sale.

Farm of 80 acres 2 miles south of Pinckney, good house, grainery, well, nice orchard. Terms reasonable. Inquire of Edward Burt. t 46

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Sealed bids for furnishing the Village of Pinckney with Red Star Oil for one year will be received by the Village clerk on or before Monday June 1 1903. Bids to state price per gallon. E. R. Brown Clerk.

For Sale

Rural New York seed Potatoes N. P. Mortenson.

For Sale Cheap.

20 Swarms of Bees with all necessary supplies. Will sell one swarm or more to close out business.

C. V. Van Winkle.

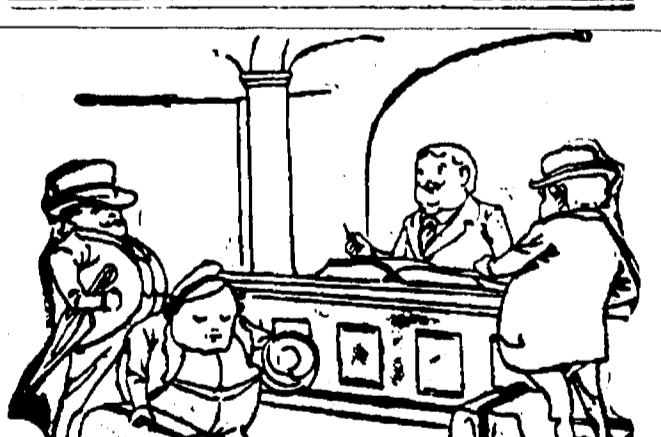
WANTED:

100,000 feet 1½ inch seasoned beech or maple. State quantity on hand and price. Address The Smith Surprise Spring Bed Co. Lakeland Hamburg Mich.

For Sale.

Silver Laced Wyandotte eggs for sale—50c per setting of 13. V. G. Dinkel.

WANTED—YOUNG Men to prepare for Government Positions. Fine Openings in all Departments. Good Salaries. Rapid Promotions. Examination soon. Particulars Free. Interstate Cor. Inst., Cedar Rapids, Ia. t 33



Our Spring Wheat Blend.

is giving the best of satisfaction and to all who are not using it we will say, try sack and if not perfectly satisfactory take it back and your money will be refunded, or we will bring it direct to your house, if living in the village and if not entirely satisfactory we will get it as cheerfully as it was delivered. Our flour will always be sold under this guarantee. We have the machinery and equipment to do the best quality of work but must of course have good material in the shape of wheat which is hard to get this year, for this reason we got the mill in shape to properly blend spring wheat.

PINCKNEY FLOURING MILL.

HOTEL CAVERLY

Is the place to get Good Meals at Right Prices.

Try