

Pinckney Dispatch

VOL. XXII.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1904.

No. 38

THE GREAT SUCCESS —OF— Old Home Week!

GRAND AND GLORIOUS was the sunshine, balmy and refreshing the breezes in Pinckney on August 8 and 4, 1904! Nature seemed a willing coadjutor of the citizens of Pinckney in their tireless efforts to make the home-coming of her self-expatriated sons and daughters the success such an object deserved. And they came—they came by the scores, by the hundreds! And what a splendid array of men and women from the four corners of the earth they were! Old age, middle age, youth and infancy were among the visitors. And Pinckney's people opened their homes and their hearts and bade them welcome. And so they were—each and all of them! They were as glad to be here as we were to have them once more among us. Our town was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, while the word "WELCOME" was prominent everywhere; the homes of our citizens never looked more inviting. Visitors delighted—citizens satisfied. Pinckney's first essay at the entertainment of her children who had made their homes in other places was successfully launched, successfully carried through, and at 12 o'clock on Thursday night, when tired nature demanded a respite from the two days' strain, SUCCESS shone from the eyes and glowed from the faces of all. From the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic and from the Straits to the Mexican Gulf, children of Pinckney had made pilgrimages to do honor to the place of their birth. Some of these pilgrims had prospered in worldly affairs in their new homes. Some are bankers, merchants, lawyers, editors,—but they all met here as the common sons and daughters of a common heritage. They were very much pleased and gratified at the successful efforts of our citizens to give them welcome, and they were not in the least chary in expressing their approval. Farmers and their families from miles around augmented the merry throng. It was estimated that there were 2,000 people at the park on Thursday afternoon. There was no hitch in the proceedings; everything moved along nicely, and all throughout the throng the dominant note was one of gladness.

To the visiting sons and daughters of Pinckney we extend the hand of brotherly love, and bid them remember that in 1906 Pinckney will try to outdo her efforts of 1904.

Wednesday, Aug. 3, the first day of the Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion, was a hummer. The weather bureau favored us with a beautiful day, and the crowd began to gather early. Those who had not arrived previously came in train loads, and by 3 o'clock there was a large crowd and the success of the reunion was assured. Many of the old ones said that every minute paid for all their trouble in trying to come, and all commended the committee on their enterprise in bringing about such an enjoyable occasion.

All found relatives or friends to meet and care for their wants, and at the noon hour many families gathered around the well laden tables and enjoyed a family reunion.

The home-coming of our "old boys and girls" was in the main very pleasant. Of course there were some families where the hand of death had caused heart-aches, but the rejoicing over meeting many living friends overbalanced grief, and all enjoyed the reunion of friends, relatives and schoolmates of the long ago.

In returning to Pinckney they did not find the ruins of a once prosperous village, as is sometimes the case, but they found that the old home town, while it had not grown as rapidly as some others, had enjoyed a healthy growth, and is cleaner, brighter and better than ever. Many of the old landmarks that were remembered by some had been burned down, but all have been replaced by good, substantial brick buildings, and all of them occupied. The residents have always taken pride in their homes, and most of them are freshly painted every two or three years, and there are no "tumble-down shanties" to mar the beauty of the village.

Taken altogether, the "old boys and girls" returned to one of the villages in the state of Michigan, a happy and contented people who were

of Oak Grove arrived, 28 strong, and the music rendered enlivened the day. At 3 o'clock the ball game—Howell vs. Pinckney—took the crowd to Johnson's park, where an interesting game was witnessed, the score being 4 to 4 up to the last half of the ninth inning, when Pinckney made one score, winning the game. Mr. Otis Brown of Idaho, umpired the game in an impartial manner.

The reception in the evening was an event long to be remembered. The opera house was "jammed," and hundreds could not even get inside the doors. An attempt was made to see that all the "old boys and girls" received seats, but even that was impossible.

E. R. Brown, president of the village, presented the key in a pleasant manner, and E. T. Kearney of Jackson, Neb., responded in his usual pleasing style.

PRESENTATION OF VILLAGE KEY.
Mr. Chairman, Old Boys and Girls of Pinckney and Vicinity:—It is very gratifying to me, as well as to those having the arrangements of this affair in charge to see such a hearty response to the invitations sent out in the home-coming of the old boys and girls in this their first attempt at holding a reunion.

You have come here today to renew old acquaintances, to revisit the scenes of your early childhood, and to bring back to your memories some of the most enjoyable years of your lives.

In those early days, and especially in more recent times, it was often necessary that everything should be kept under lock and key, and it was customary for the village officials to present the keys of the village to visiting friends as a testimonial of the welcome that was extended to them on all occasions of this kind.

The time has passed, however, when it is necessary to present village keys. Our village extends to you a hearty welcome, and our doors are open to receive you. We have a key, nevertheless, which has been designed and built especially for this occasion, and it is to be used in all cases of reunion. I trust you will not hesitate



E. R. BROWN.

St. Mary's Annual Picnic.

The annual picnic of St. Mary's parish was held on Thursday last. The rain of the day previous had laid the dust, and Thursday was an ideal day for the event. The crowd was the largest that ever attended the picnic, and all entered into the enjoyment of the occasion with a zest.

There was the usual big dinner, and over 600 sat down at the tables. The speeches were excellent, but the ball game—Chelsea Stars vs. Howell Independents—was the drawing card, and there were over 600 who paid to see the game, which was won by Howell by a score of 9 to 4. The game was clean from start to finish. Umpire, Otis Brown.

The dance at the opera house in the evening was largely attended, nearly 150 tickets being sold.

Taken altogether, it was one of the most successful picnics ever held, and the society took in \$300.

LOCAL NEWS.

Will Dunning and wife visited relatives in Saginaw the past week.

F. J. Wright and wife, of Owosso, were guests of his parents here Sunday.

Brighton is arranging for a carnival or gala day some time the last or this month.

Mrs. W. O. Foot, of Lansing, is spending a few days with her brother, I. S. P. Johnson.

Base ball game at Pinckney, Thursday, at 3 p. m.—North Hamburg vs Pinckney Junior Stars.

The North Hamburg Social Club will have a debate at the Smith home, west of Lakeland, Saturday evening. Everybody welcome.

H. C. Harris and wife returned to Cripple Creek, Col., Saturday evening, after spending several weeks with his mother and other relatives here.

The next meeting of the North Hamburg Literary Society will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Smith Saturday evening, Aug. 20th.

The social at the Thos. Burchiel home under the auspices of the Young Ladies Guild, was a very interesting event. The musical program was especially fine.

Does the local and other news in this issue interest you? So will every other issue for the coming year. Send in your \$1.00 and keep in touch with things at home.

During the storm of Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 10th, the large barn belonging to James Marble was struck by lightning, doing considerable damage to the building besides killing Mr. Marble's best horse.

Miss Maud Cole, of Owosso, spent the past week with her uncle, F. L. Andrews, and family. Miss Cole was on her way home from the summer normal at Ypsilanti to resume her duties as teacher in the Owosso schools.

A party of boys invaded the home of Bert Nash last Saturday evening declaring they had come to help Orville celebrate his 16th birthday. They were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Nash and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

The regular monthly missionary meeting met last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Placeway. The usual number were in attendance, and the free-will offering was one dollar. We feel especially grateful to the ladies who are so faithful to help in this work.

Bill Peck, who started the Linden Leader seven years ago, has sold his right and title to the paper and business to D. E. Blackmer, of Hillsdale county, who has already taken possession. Bill was always identified with everything up to date, and his town will lose one of its "pushers." He was over to our "old boys and girls" reunion, having been born here.

At Detroit, on Aug. 9th, occurred the marriage of one of our most popular and highly esteemed young ladies, Miss Loretta Sheban, and Mr. Edward O'Brien, a very popular and enterprising young man of Ypsilanti, Mich. The bride was handsomely gowned in pearl white crepe de chine trimmed with point lace. The groom wore conventional black. After the ceremony a sumptuous dinner was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kaye, the spacious dining hall of which were tastefully decorated with palms and flowers, the orchid. Mr. O'Brien is a native of Detroit, and is now making Detroit his home.

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F. A. SIGLER.

THE DRUGGIST, Pinckney, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yourand, of Howell, are the fond parents of a seven-pound girl, born Aug. 9. Mrs. Y. was formerly Mabelle Daley.

R. E. Finch has been building a new boat the past week, H. G. Briggs assisting in the work. We pity the fish when Rube takes out his new boat.

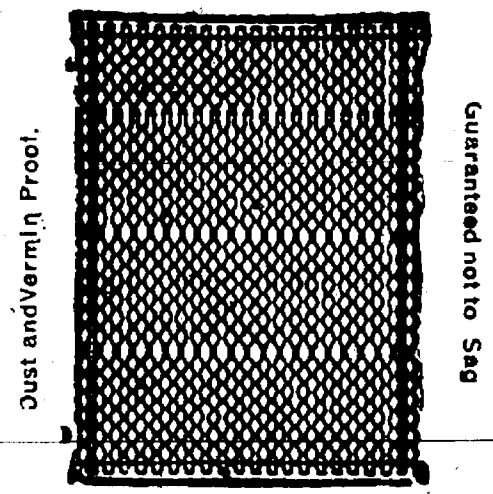
Mrs. Lottie Sweetland, of Detroit, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. E. Reynolds, of Marion, the past week. She returned home Saturday, accompanied by her nephew, Frank Reynolds, who will spend a week in the city.

Miss Winnie Caverly, of Dundee, has been the guest of friends here the past week.

H. G. Briggs and wife, Miss Maud Cole of Owosso, the Misses Edna and Antoinette Willey of Ypsilanti, and Miss Florence Andrews enjoyed Saturday afternoon at Portage lake.

During the last week we have been ably assisted in the mechanical department of the DISPATCH by Robert E. Corcoran, of Dayton, Ohio, who we found to be a competent all-round printer. He left Saturday evening for Lansing.

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NEWS OF THE WORLD

Brief Chronicle of All Important Happenings

THE JAPS WIN.

The Port Arthur Fleet Shattered and Scattered.

Dispatches from various points indicate that the attempt of the Russian Port Arthur squadron to reach Vladivostok failed and that the vessels have become widely scattered.

One torpedo boat destroyer put into Chefoo, where she was boarded and captured by the Japanese.

The battleship Czarevitch, the cruiser Novik and a torpedo boat have arrived at Tsingchou, at the entrance of Kiao Chou bay, the German concession on the southern shore of the Shantung peninsula. According to other dispatches the cruiser Askold is also at Tsingchou, but advice to the German foreign office do not include her.

Other Russian cruisers and a torpedo boat destroyer are reported as near Shanghai and four battleships are off the Saddle Islands, about 70 miles southeast of that port.

Chefoo reports say that one Russian torpedo boat was captured off the Chinese coast, and Tokio hears that a number of the vessels of the squadron have returned to Port Arthur.

The German foreign office has given instructions that the uninjured Russian warships at Tsingchou must leave port within 24 hours.

The Japanese system of communication has heretofore been so perfect that there can be little doubt that the government is thoroughly informed of the position of the various vessels of the escaped fleet and will be able to direct them into neutral ports or capture them with overwhelming

force. Japan has already formally protested to France, through France, against the action of the Japanese torpedo boat destroyers in attacking the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Ryeshitelni at Chefoo and towing her away from that port, and the protest has been communicated to the powers.

If the expedition was a genuine cutting out one, then there is no question in the minds of the officials here that the Japanese have committed an offense against international law, by violating Chinese neutrality and in addition have broken the agreement they entered into at the beginning of the war, at the instance of the United States government, to limit the field of warlike operations to Manchuria and Korea and their waters. Should this prove to be the case, the results probably would be grave and vexatious.

Up Goes Wheat.

Wheat made a big upward flight in Chicago Thursday, soaring 43-8c to 47-8c above the lowest figures of the day. The closing price was within 3-4c of the top and showed a net gain of 27-8c a bushel as compared with yesterday's final figures.

The New York wheat market came in like a lamb and went out like a lion. It began with bear selling right and left on favorable northwest weather news and the satisfactory monthly crop report and ended with bulls conducting one of the biggest stampedes of shorts yet seen on the crop. Early pressure carried September in New York down to \$1.03 5-8; on the late bulge it touched \$1.07 3-8, reaching a new high record for the

year. Lingering for weeks between life and death, former U. S. Senator G. G. Vest passed peacefully away at Sweet Springs, Mo., Tuesday. He had been so near death for the past three days that the end came without a struggle. He was conscious until about 2 a. m. Sunday morning, when he sank into a state of coma from which he never aroused.

AN HEIR.

New Russia Has a Chance to Rejoice.

A son and heir to the Russian throne has been born. The empress and the child are doing well. The event occurred at 12:30 o'clock Friday, the 12th. The child will be christened Alexis.

The christening of the heir will take place in a fortnight. It will be a ceremony of the most elaborate sort. In accordance with Russian imperial law there were present besides the emperor, Baron Fredericks, the master of the ceremonies, and Prince Dolgorouky, grand marshal of the court. Dr. Rott, the emperor's family physician, was in charge, and Dr. Hluch was the surgeon in attendance.

The announcement from Peterhof was immediately followed by a salute of 101 guns from the imperial yacht lying at anchor off the palace, but it was 2:45 p. m. when the guns of SS. Peter and Paul fort, opposite the winter palace here, conveyed the tidings to the people of the Russian capital. The effect was electrical. With the boom of the first gun the people in the streets, who had been momentarily expecting the event for 24 hours, stopped to listen and count the guns. Only 31 are fired for a girl. When the thirty-second boomed and the people were aware that at last an heir to the throne was born there were scenes of rejoicing everywhere, and before the salute was finished the whole city had blossomed with flags and bunting, and the shipping in the harbor was dressed. Then the bells of the churches began to ring wildly.

Turkish Atrocities.

The Tabriz, Persia, correspondent of the London Daily News, in a dispatch dated August 6, says:

"On July 13 a band of Armenian revolutionists appeared near Outchikilissa. Turkish soldiers and Kurds, finding an excuse, attacked and destroyed the villages of Outchikilissa, Koomloubajak, Cougan, Karabazar and Sayto, butchering men and outraging women."

"Two large Armenian bands marching to Sassan to help the insurgent leader Antranik attacked the garrisons at Mossunzory and Goutchagh for revenge on July 25. At dawn bombs were thrown into these places, killing many, and severe fighting ensued."

"A majority of the soldiers were killed and the garrisons resembled graveyards. One band forced its way through the Kurdish tribes towards Arjess. The number of soldiers killed amounted to several hundreds."

Filipinos in White House

Picturesquely, but quite adequately garbed, a party of eight Moro and Igorrote chiefs, constituting a part of the Philippine exhibit at the St. Louis exposition, paid their respects to President Roosevelt at the White House.

The exchanges between the chiefs and the president were informal, but happy in their tone. Through Antero, a bright 15-year-old Igorrote boy, who acted as interpreter, the Moro dattos and the Igorrote chiefs expressed their pleasure at being received by the president and told him he might depend upon their loyalty to the American government.

Following the ultimatum given the packers by the Butchers' union that a general strike would go into effect Wednesday, the order became operative at the time set. The plants affected are those affiliated with the "beef trust." A difference of opinion exists already as to the number of men on strike; the union opinion being that the strike is complete, while the packers state that only about 50 per cent of the men have left, and that these places will be quickly filled.

A SPINSTER SAYS THAT—
Some men believe in luck because they never have any.

Matrimonial matches are often lighted on money boxes.

It isn't what a man owes, but what he pays, that keeps him broke.

The more a man goes around in the world the less cranky he becomes.

A woman laughs in her sleeve when a man begins to talk through his hat.

Nothing takes a man down so completely as to have a woman blow him up.

The sexton rings the church bell after the young man rings the other bells.

When I hear some men talk I wonder if the fool-killer is taking a vacation.

A clever woman knows what a man means when he says things he doesn't mean.

The further back a man can trace his descent the longer he has been on the downward path.

The height of some men's ambition is to be seen on a corner talking to the owner of a saloon.

The sins of omission are probably those a man would have committed had he thought of them.

When the right woman comes down the pike she finds a man's heart strings easier to play on than a hand organ.

No man is so strong or so great that he is not afraid of somebody, and in nine cases out of ten that somebody wears petticoats.

FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT.

A lucky man seldom believes in luck.

Money makes der automobubble go der pace dot kills.

A foolish man is one who thinks he understands women.

Never argue with others if you would avoid that tired feeling.

A sensible man is one who has the commonest kind of common sense.

A man has to be some kind of a shine if he wishes to shine in society.

The man who whistles at his work usually whistles better than he works.

Many a man who isn't quite sure of

himself, has unlimited faith in an almanac.

Churches should put in special entrances for men who have the side-door habit.

Society women who appear in evening dress are candid—at least, they don't try to conceal much.

If a young man would get up with the sun he shouldn't stay up later than 10 p. m. with the daughter.

TWELVE "DON'TS."

Don't show favoritism.

Don't worry the children.

Don't indulge them foolishly.

Don't repel their little confidences.

Don't lose your temper with the children.

Don't leave them too much with the servants.

Don't get impatient at their most unanswerable questions.

Don't give way when you have decided on any plan for them.

Don't forget to encourage them, and praise their little efforts to please you.

Don't worry about them. Guardian angels still exist, even in the twentieth century!

Don't disagree about them. The father and mother should always be in unison in their training.

Don't forget that they are God's children, let to you for a season.—Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

THEIR FAVORITE DISHES.

Washington was noted for his fondness for hickory nuts, and the amount he could consume.

Charles Sumner's private secretary tells of the statesman's sweet tooth for chocolate creams.

Dr. Holmes said of the peach: "When Nature has delivered it to us, in its perfection, we forget all the lesser fruits, and if not found by the River of Life, an earth-born spirit might be forgiven for missing it."

Andrew Jackson surrendered to ice cream at first taste, when Mrs. Alexander Hamilton introduced it into Washington; and swore his usual oath—"By the Eternal"—he would have it at the White House, and he did—at the next reception.—What to Eat.

Does it pay to regain your cheerful personality?

Does it pay to sip power from its very fountain head?

Does it pay to increase your creative power and originality?

Does it pay to get a firmer grip on your business or profession?

Does it pay to regain your lost confidence by rebuilding your health?

Do you want to get rid of the scars and stains of the year's campaign?

Will a fresh, vigorous brain serve you better than a fagged, faded one?

Does it pay to exchange flaccid, stiffened muscles for strong, elastic ones?

Does it pay to get a new grip on life and to double your power to do good work?

Does it pay to renew the buoyancy and lightheartedness, the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth?

Does it pay to put iron into the blood and to absorb granite strength from the everlasting hills?

Does it pay to get in tune with the Infinite by drinking in the medicinal tonic from the everlasting hills?

Does it pay to get rid of your nagging, rasping disposition so that you can attract people instead of repelling them?—Orison Swett Marsden in Success.

THOUGHTS FROM THE ANVIL.

Wise is the man who uses his stumbling-blocks as stepping-stones.

The price of popularity has made bankrupt many a man's nature.

No day is more dangerous than the one that dawns without its duty.

Life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone.

Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

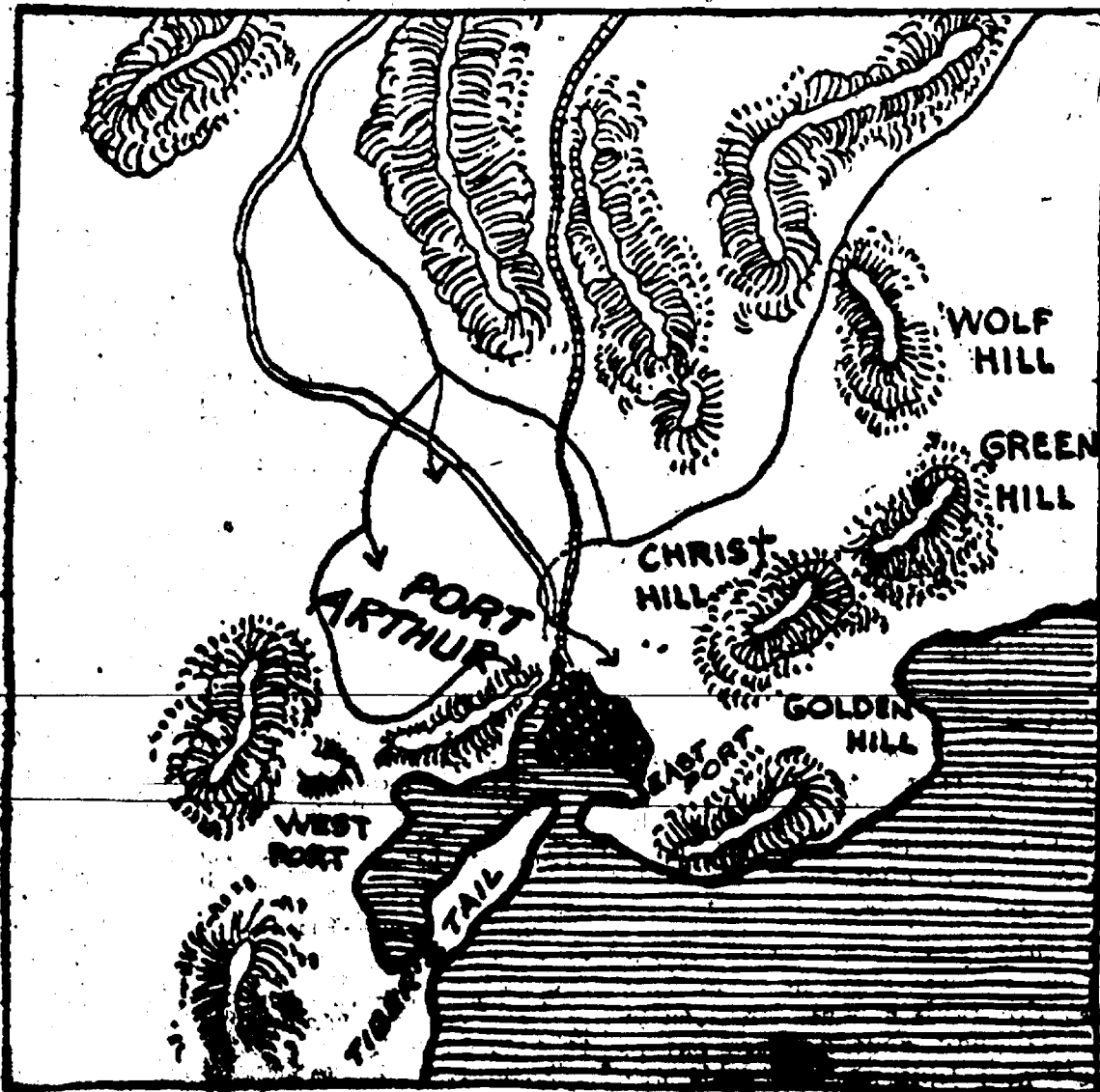
Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.

The man who has never been unfortunate cannot appreciate good fortune.

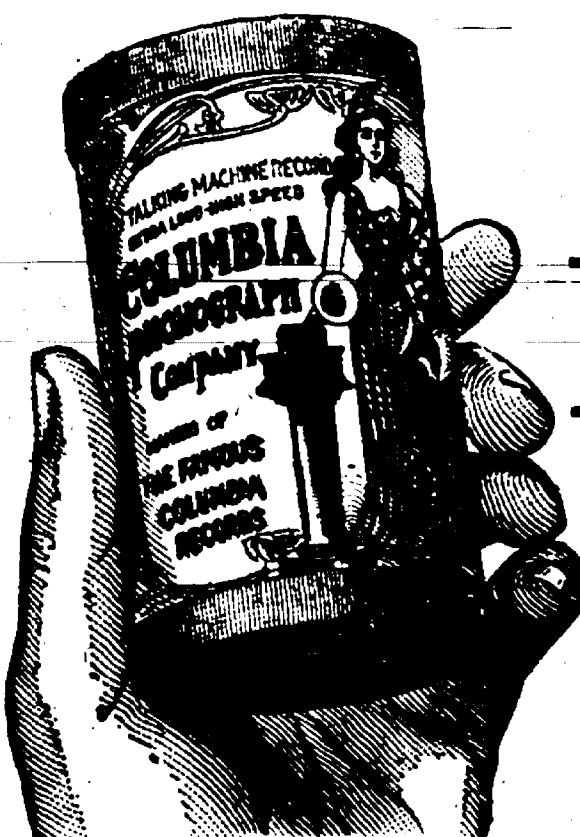
The man who whines out a hard-luck story generally has a leak in his roof.

Poverty is the sixth sense.

SKETCH MAP OF PORT ARTHUR AND ITS ENVIRONMENT, SHOWING HILLS CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE ADVANCE.



Green Hill and Wolf Hill have been taken after desperate fighting, and the Russian line is reported as being broken. Christ Hill, Double Hill and West Hill are still in Russian hands. Lines with arrows point to positions taken by the Japanese during the Japanese-Chinese war.)



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The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1904.

Thanks, "Awfully."

It has required considerable thought, work and planning to issue this souvenir edition, and we are not alone responsible for the success of the scheme. Our thanks are due G. P. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ed T. Kearney, Jackson, Neb.; Prof. W. A. Sprunt, Anderson, Mich.; G. W. Sykes, Detroit, Mich.; H. F. Sigler, Mrs. S. Grimes and Charles L. Grimes, Pinckney, Mich., for assistance in securing facts of interest; Charles J. Teeple, W. W. Barnard and Mrs. H. W. Crofoot for photos from which we had cuts made.

On His 88th Birthday.

DR. WILLIAM H. HAZE, LANSING, MICH.

I now am eighty-eight,
And with the living still,
Wending my weary way
Up life's last rugged hill.

The most have gone before,—
I journey with the few;
I soon shall reach the shore,—
The end almost in view.

I leave my earthly home
With tenderest regret;
Each spot so dear to me
With many a tear I've wet.

The sorrow and the joy,
The sunshine and the gloom,
Have only made more loved
The place I call my home.

But I will leave it all,
And seek my heavenly rest;
Soon will the signal call,—
God knoweth what is best.

The shifting scenes of time
No longer bind me here;
I seek a happier clime—
A home without a tear.

The Great Success of Old Home Week!

(Continued from First Page.)

order that you may know where this key may be found should you wish to use it, I think it proper that a representative of the old boys and girls here assembled should be chosen to have the care and keeping of the same, and I know of no person more fitted to shoulder the responsibilities connected with this duty than Mr. Ed T. Kearney, of Jackson, Neb., who is with us this evening. [Applause.]

In behalf of the residents of this village, I now have the pleasure of placing at your disposal this key, and with it the best wishes of the village officials.

DISPENSE BY E. T. KEARNEY.

I am a happy man,—always have been,—but there never was a time in my life when I felt happier than at this moment, when I can look into the faces of so many of my old friends and companions, and receive the welcome that has been accorded to us as the "old boys and girls" of this beautiful village we used to call home.

I came nearly a thousand miles to greet old friends at this time, only to find that H. C. Harris, coming from the gold fields of Colorado, had gone some several hundred miles better, and Otis Brown capped the climax by coming from Idaho! I am proud that this old home village should have the honor of being among the first to welcome home her sons and daughters, and we appreciate your welcome. The committee having the event in charge are to be congratulated on the success of the undertaking, for it is already a success far surpassing my hopes. I am fully repaid for my trouble and expense in making the trip.

We accept the key of the village, sincerely hoping that the trust given us will not be betrayed, and that it may be returned undiminished by any accident or unforeseen action on the part of any. I thank you for this privilege, and hope that these gatherings may continue from time to time until we meet in the land where parting is no more.

Following the above came a solo by Miss Edith Pinckney of Detroit, great-granddaughter of Mr. Pinckney, who

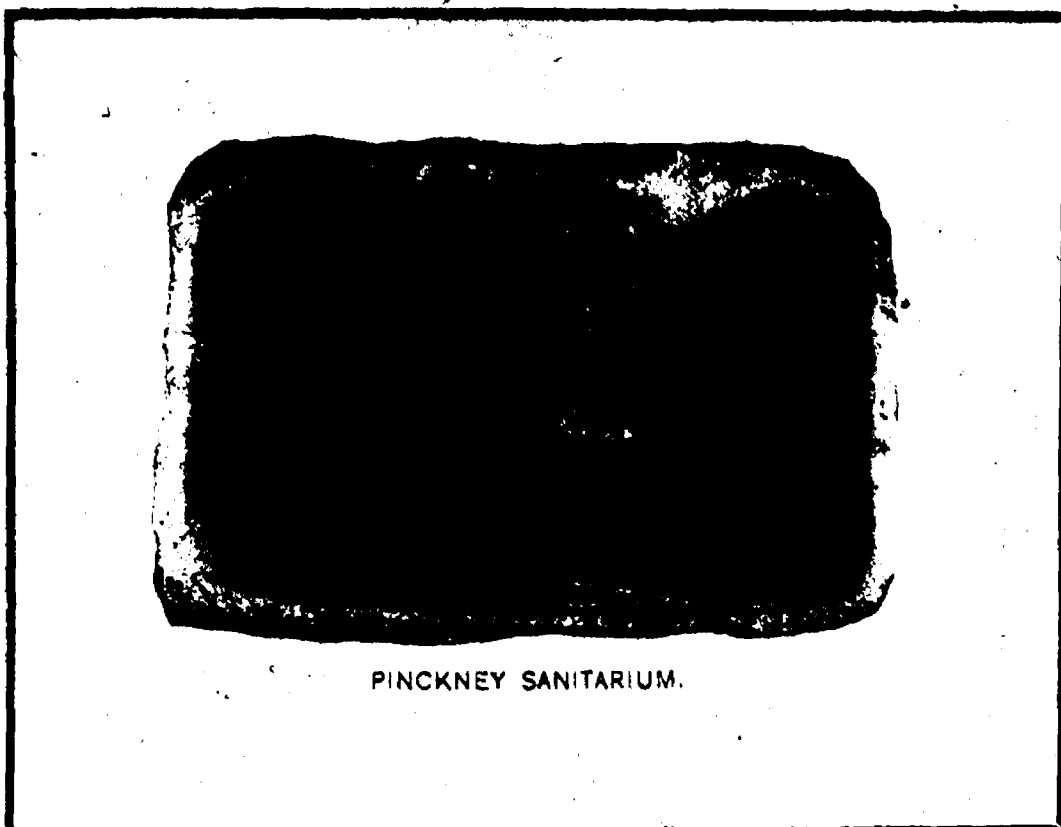


MISS EDITH PINCKNEY.

settled in this county at an early date and from whom the village derived its name. Miss Pinckney has a fine voice, and her singing was cheered to the echoes.

To Prof. W. A. Sprunt fell the task

The Pinckney Sanitarium.



PINCKNEY SANITARIUM.

This institution has just completed its first year of existence. Drs. H. F. and C. L. Sigler are the proprietors, with Miss Etta Stevens as resident nurse and Mrs. N. M. Vaughn as matron. It is a beautiful structure, located on East Main street, and surrounded by spacious and beautiful grounds. The building is fitted with the latest and most approved hospital fixtures, and heated by steam heat. It is strictly a private sanitarium, and the sole object of its owners is to furnish a place where their patients requiring hospital care may be properly taken care of and not



DR. H. F. SIGLER.



DR. C. L. SIGLER.

be subjected to the objectionable features of a general hospital. The past year has been a successful one for the institution, and a great part of the time it has been taxed to its utmost capacity.

of giving the address of welcome, and how well he was able to do the same all may judge, as the speech appears in this issue. We will say, however, that there was no one in the audience who was better prepared or who could so fittingly welcome the "old boys and girls," many of them having been his pupils in the days of yore.

G. P. Brown of Brooklyn, N. Y., read an original poem, which may also be found in full in this issue.

Miss Franc Burch of Detroit gave an original reading and responded to an encore. Miss Burch is certainly deserving of much credit, as she is a reader of the first rank and can hold an audience spell-bound. Pinckney may be proud to number her among her former daughters.

Mrs. Kate Kearney Brown read a poem written by Prof. Sprunt over thirty years ago entitled "The Old Spelling School," which brought to the minds of the older ones those good old days when the battle of words between rival districts taught the youngsters the art of spelling better than any latter-day method, as well as giving them more confidence.

Mrs. Dede Mann also read a poem by the same writer, which was published in the Dispatch many years ago, and was descriptive of the school and pupils that attended at that time.

Miss Pinckney closed with a vocal selection, and the crowd broke up with a Quaker benediction, and the hand shaking was long and extended. The evening had been a bright one in the lives of those present, especially the "old boys and girls," and when they separated it was with the wish that they might meet again in like manner not later than two years hence.

THE EVENTS OF THURSDAY.

Not less than two thousand persons gathered in Haze's Grove on Thursday morning for the picnic. Practically all of these were old boys and girls who frolicked under the branches of the same trees when they were young. Many and many a time had they eaten here and told stories, but never did cold chicken and apple pie taste so good, and never did the voice of friend sound so sweet.

It was one of the most enjoyable occasions Pinckney had ever known. Although everybody had greeted everybody the day before, the hand shake and the "So glad to see you" were as hearty as any that ever passed between friend and friend. The weather was supremely delightful and the food abundant. The soul tingles and the mouth waters as the recollection of it all comes back, for the food and the coffee had their part in it.

Most of the town people and their guests walked to the grove along the banks of the old mill-pond and over the mill-race. Those from out of town came in carriages, and all were there early. No one wanted to miss anybody or anything. Long before noon all were present. Then the stories of the old days which were held in remembrance the night before by the

more formal proceedings were turned loose. No sewing circle of half a century ago ever had busier tongues wagging, but, instead of idle gossip, which often carried the sting of jealousy or hatred, there was the "Do you remember?" sweetened—yes, sanctified—by the honest, hearty laugh, or by other evidence of sincere emotion as the answer was given.

Dinner was served on cloths spread under the trees. The groups, made up of those most intimately acquainted, swapped stories and food with one another, and coffee was served to all from a great cauldron.

Soon after dinner all were summoned to a platform in the center of the grove, where there were many impromptu speeches by the orators among the groups. George Sykes made a capital master of ceremonies. Armed with a neck-yoke from one of the carriages, he quieted the noisy tongues and made clever hits in his introductions of the other speakers. Among the speakers were Eddie Kearney, Frank L. Brown, W. P. Van Winkle, Father Comerford and the venerable Dr. Henry Haze. The remarks of Dr. Haze were of special interest because of his relationship with Dr. Charles W. Haze, who, while living, owned the grove in which the picnic was held, and whose memory is so pleasant to all who have called Pinckney their home. At the close of his remarks he recited a poem which he composed on his 81st birthday, commemorating that event. The speeches of all were reminiscent and full of tender affection for the old town and the good people who were once their elders, and whose precept had made their lives successful and happy.

At the close of the speech-making groups were again formed and pictures were taken by W. W. Barnard. Then all went to an adjoining field and witnessed an exciting game of baseball between the Anderson and Ann Arbor clubs.

There was dancing in the evening at the opera house, the objects of which were both pleasure and a benefit from the "old boys and girls" for "Blind Billy" Hoff, who played the violin for them on many such occasions when they were young. The hall was crowded and the program consisted of the old-fashioned dances with which all were familiar. An interesting feature was the part taken by many who had never before danced in a cotillon. Religious scruples and personal choice were relegated to the rear when the welfare of old friends and the success of their reunion were mentioned.

The day ended as it began, beautiful and happy, but richer in realization than it had been in anticipation.

The unprecedented success of the two-days' home-gathering, and the pleasure experienced by visitors and citizens alike, are ample recompense to the committee having the matter in charge, and now our citizens turn to the future, hoping the next meeting will be equal, if not superior, to the FIRST REUNION OF THE OLD BOYS AND GIRLS, held on August 3 and 4, 1904.

THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The work of a committee is always fraught with more or less disappointments and annoyances, as even moderately close observers of human nature will readily understand; but it is with great pleasure that your committee having the old boys' and girls' reunion in charge can point to the fact that, aside from a lack of under-

standing on the part of a few that it was not to be a money-making scheme for a few at the expense of the many, but rather a grand reunion of old friends and acquaintances of earlier days, our work was very pleasant, and the many happy, smiling faces attested to the success of the social features of the reunion. Eight hundred souvenir programs were mailed, mostly to people at a distance. In spite of the hard work by the committee to "dig up" all the names of former residents, we had several omissions, for which we are sorry. We received many answers and regrets from people whose hearts were with us, but who were prevented from attending by unavoidable causes. Quite a number of the invitations were not answered in person or by mail—a breach of good manners too apparent to further mention. The attendance both days was large, and on Thursday the crowd was estimated at 3,000. Our thanks are due Mrs. C. W. Haze for the free use of her beautiful grove, and to the Oak Grove band for the fine music rendered. We may mention here that the band made no charge for their services, but were given their entertainment and the use of the opera house one night. The managers gave the use of the opera house for committee meetings and the reception. The following gave money for the expenses:

H. F. Sigler.....\$5 00	F. E. Wright.....\$5 00
G. W. Teeple.....5 00	G. W. Reason.....5 00
F. L. Andrews.....5 00	J. E. Tuomey.....5 00
W. E. Murphy.....5 00	Floyd Reason.....5 00
J. J. Teeple.....5 00	H. W. Crofoot.....2 00
C. L. Sigler.....5 00	W. S. Swarthout.....5 00
J. A. Crowell.....5 00	George Green.....5 00
F. G. Jackson.....5 00	Village Council.....50 00
F. A. Sigler.....5 00	Licenses.....15 00
W. W. Barnard.....5 00	
Total receipts.....\$142 00	

The following is the expense account:
W. W. Barnard, ribbons, etc.....\$ 6 00
Wm. Going, work.....5 50
Teeple & Co., wood.....50
Wm. Murphy, groceries.....1 55
G. W. Sykes cash expended.....7 98
Mrs. Lynch, board.....25 50
Mrs. Plimpton, board.....4 80
F. L. Andrews, printing, etc.....45 00
Opera House.....12 30
Mrs. Monroe.....1 00
S. A. Barton.....50
D. L. Murta.....2 00
F. A. Sigler, book.....40-\$127 23

Balance in treasury.....\$ 14 77

F. W. CROFOOT,
F. L. ANDREWS,
H. F. SIGLER.

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR THE NEXT MEETING.
The committee appointed to elect officers for the next meeting met at the Dispatch office Wednesday evening, August 10, and elected the following:

President—G. W. Sykes, 1022 Champlain street, Detroit.
Vice-President—E. T. Kearney, Jackson, Neb.
Secretary—F. L. Andrews, Pinckney.
Treasurer—G. W. Teeple, Pinckney.

It was suggested that the first week in August each year be known as "Old Home Week," and all who can do so make it a point to visit the old home that week, when they will stand a chance of seeing many old friends.

The regular meeting of the "old boys and girls" will probably occur every two years. The amount of the annual dues has not yet been decided upon, but will be made known as soon as the officers decide.

The association starts out with some money in the treasury and the best of feeling among all.

Percy G. Teeple.

Mr. Teeple was born in Pinckney, Mich., November 9, 1870. He received his early education



partially in the "old red school house" and later in the new. For several years he was bookkeeper for the Pinckney Exchange Bank. In 1892 he married Miss Ola Love, and for four years Mr. Teeple was bookkeeper in a bank at Newberry, Mich., Upper Peninsula. About 1897 he went to Marquette, where he engaged in the life insurance business for the Northwestern Company, and has risen until he occupies the position of district agent.



RESIDENCE OF DR. C. L. SIGLER.

Robert La Baron.

Dr. Robert La Baron was born in Batavia, N. Y., in 1838. He came with his parents to Michigan and settled in Farmington soon after. At 11 years of age he came to Pinckney to live with Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Haze. Here he spent his boyhood and early manhood. He graduated from the medical department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor in 1861, and the following year left for the war, having been appointed assistant surgeon of the old Fourth Michigan regiment.



At the close of the war he located in Pontiac, where he has remained ever since, and is one of the influential men of the town. He was for many years a member of the school board; he served on the state's pension board, and is at the present time surgeon of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. He has many friends here, as the hearty welcome he received from the "old boys and girls" showed, and we are always glad to see him in Pinckney.

Geo. W. Sykes.

was born in the old mill house Feb. 22, 1850. He worked in his father's carriage shop until 1891, when he engaged in the insurance



business and moved to Detroit. He has been employed by the same firm ever since and lived in the same house. Mr. Sykes was the chief mover in the instituting of the "Old Boys' and Girls'" reunion here, and to him is due much of its success. He is an all-round good fellow, and there are many worse ones in jail.

The grandfather of Geo. W. Sykes, with his family, settled in Putnam township in 1834, just one half mile west of where the village now stands but before there was any signs of a village. His father, Samuel Sykes, was at that time only nine years old. Later Samuel Sykes ran the mill eighteen years and was in the carriage business until his death in 1903.

Reading the Bible.
It was the meeting of the Christian Endeavor society. Near the close the leader suggested that each one should tell what part of the Bible he read the most and give the reason.

The last one to speak was a lad who said, with a little hesitation, that he read the first chapters of Genesis more than any others.

A look of surprise and curiosity was manifest in all the listeners as he went on to give his reason.

"You see I always resolve every new year that I will begin and read the Bible through, but I never get very far, and of course I always have to make a new beginning."

Taken with Cramps.
Wm. Kirmse, a member of a bridge gang working near Littleport, was suddenly ill Thursday night with cramps and a kind of cholera.

His case was so severe that he had to have the members of the crew wait upon him and Mr. Gifford was called and consulted. He told them he had a medicine in the form of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he thought would help him out and accordingly several doses were administered with the result that the fellow was able to be around next day. The incident speaks quite highly of Mr. Gifford's medicines.—Elkader, Iowa, Argus.

The remedy never fails. Keep it in your home, it may save life.

For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Homeseekers Excursions.

The Chicago Great Western railway will on the first and third Tuesday up to Oct. 18 sell tickets to points in Alberta, Arizona, Assiniboia, Canadian Northwest, Colorado, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Saskatchewan, Texas, Utah and Wyoming. For further information apply to any Great Western agent or J. P. Elmer GPA, Chicago Ill.

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.

Foley's Honey and Tar
cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book on how to secure TRADE-MARKS write to
CASNOW & CO.
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COUGHS ARE DANGER
Signals, Stop Them With

Dr. King's New Discovery
For CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c & \$1.00
THE CURE THAT'S SURE for all Diseases of Throat and Lungs or Money Back. FREE TRIAL.

WHY NOT BUY THE BEST?
Surries, Buggies, Road Wagons, &c.
all hung on W. B. Shuler's Improved Patent Spring. These vehicles are guaranteed for the life of the vehicle. We are continually adding new features that make our vehicles attractive. Highest possible value for the price. Good for all seasons. Write for our new and complete catalogue. Agents wanted in all un-served territory.
CHOUTANUMA CARRIAGE CO.,
Amherst, N. Y.

The Fable of the Four Men.
"I got off a street car this morning," said a doctor to me, "and, being in no hurry, I began moralizing on the actions and probable character of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then half-way down the block and was going on with such rapid strides that he had already put a couple of hundred yards between himself and the next man. 'There,' thought I, 'goes a hustler, a man who's bound to succeed in life.' The second man was walking rather slower and impressed me as one who would do fairly well perhaps in this world. But the last fellow was just dawdling along in the most shiftless sort of way. I very quickly set him down for a loafer."

"Just then another idea came home to me. All three were ahead of me!"—Hubert McBean Johnston in Success.

End of Bitter Fight.

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on my right lung," writes J. F. Hughes, of DuPont, Ga. "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler, Druggist. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Shakespeare as an Actor.
About the year 1590 one of the London companies received an addition in the person of a young man who was not only a skilful and useful actor, but who also possessed the accomplishment of being able to adapt older plays to the taste of the times, and even proved to have the gift of writing tolerably good plays himself, though older and jealous colleagues might hint at their not being altogether original. This young man, whose capacities became of no slight use to the company and the theater, was named William Shakespeare.—From "A History of Theatrical Art."

Bring your Job Work to this office

Suicide Prevented.
The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run down system, or despondency invariably precede suicide and something has been found that will prevent that condition that makes suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and nerveine will strengthen the nerves and build up the system. It's also a great stomach, liver and kidney regulator. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by
F. A. Sigler's drug store.

Foley's Honey and Tar
for children, safe, sure. No opium.

STOP THAT COUGH
BY USING
MAY'S Cough Syrup
FOR
Consumption, Coughs and Colds.
PRICE 25 CENTS.
It has cured others, it will cure you. It is the best remedy for all throat and lung troubles. A cold often leads to consumption—a bottle of MAY'S COUGH SYRUP at the right time will prevent this. Your money back if it fails.
Manufactured by
DR. M. C. REEVES,
Clinton, Mich.

He Was a Stayer.
She (desperately)—Don't you believe they will worry over your absence if you fail to return home until such a late hour? He (carelessly)—There's nobody to worry except the landlady, and I make a point to keep her worrying by always owing her a month's board.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Retired.
"Papa," remarked the congressman's daughter, looking at the clock.
"What is it, Lou?" asked papa, who had lingered in the drawing room with the young people.
"It is 9 o'clock. At this time George and I usually go into committee." Then papa retired.

Insulting.
"She's the most insulting woman I ever met."
"I never liked her myself."
"Just think! The last time she visited us she didn't wipe her feet when she came in, but she did wipe them when she went out."

Puts An End to It All.

A grievous ailment comes as a result of unbearable pain from overtaxed organs. Dizziness, backache, liver complaint and constipation, but thanks to Dr. King's New Life Pills they put an end to it all. They are gentle but thorough. Try them. Only 25c. Guaranteed by
F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

World's Fair Excursion
via
Grand Trunk Railway System.

Fifteen and Sixty Day Excursion
Tickets on sale daily, also seven day Special Coach tickets on sale Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week at extremely low fares. Through Coach and Sleeping Cars to St. Louis daily, via Chicago and the Illinois Central R. R. Stopover not exceeding 10 at Chicago on all tickets, except Coach tickets. Send four cents in postage for one of the handsomest publications yet issued on the World's Fair, and consult local agent for particulars, or write to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 137

Mrs. Mollie Allen, of South Forks, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these Tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way.

For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Excursion to Toronto
via
Grand Trunk Railway System.

Single fare, plus 25 cents, for the round trip, from Michigan points, (except Detroit and Port Huron) going dates Aug. 28th to September 7th, inclusive; return limit September 18th, 1904. For further particulars consult local agents or write to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 134

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Annual Excursion to the Picturesque Highlands of Ontario.
Reached only via the **Grand Trunk Railway System.**
Extremely low fares to Muskoka Wharf and return on all trains Aug. 25th '04. Return limit Sept. 5th, '04. Excursion tickets will also be on sale at Muskoka Wharf to any points on Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau or Joseph. For Fares and further information consult local agent or write to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., Chicago Ill. 134

The Death Penalty.
A little thing sometimes results in death. Thus a mere scratch, insignificant out or puny boils have paid the death penalty. It is wise to have Bucklen's Arnica Salve ever handy. Its best salve on earth and will prevent fatality when burns, sores, ulcers, and piles threaten. Only 25c at
F. A. Sigler's drug store.

Foley's Kidney Cure
cures kidney and bladder troubles.

A Strange Accident.
Some time ago a man fell dead in a crowded street of San Francisco. The hospital surgeons were astonished to find that he had died of what appeared to be a bullet wound in his temple. A hundred people who witnessed the accident were ready to testify that no firearm had been discharged at the time. An examination exposed a small pebble in the man's brain. For a long time the case was a mystery, until an ingenious detective solved it with an explanation which he proved by experiment. The wheels of a heavy dray had jammed the pebble against the steel rails of the car track and then discharged it up into the air with such terrific force that it crashed into the brain of the passerby as if it had been a bullet.

Becoming.
"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.
"Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

Cholera Infantum.

This disease has lost its terror since Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy came into general use. The uniform success which attends the use of this remedy in all cases of bowel complaints in children has made it a favorite wherever its value has become known.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

The Pinckney Dispatch.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
Subscription Price \$1 in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Pinckney, Michigan as second-class matter.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Business Cards, \$4.00 per year.
Death and marriage notices published free.
Announcements of entertainments may be paid for, if desired, by presenting the office with tickets of admission. In case tickets are not brought to the office, regular rates will be charged.
All matters 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.
JOB PRINTING!
In all its branches, a specialty. We have all kind and the latest styles of Type, etc., which enable us to execute all kinds of work, such as Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Programmes, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Stationery, Cards, Auction Bills, etc., in superior style, upon the shortest notice. Prices as low as good work can be done.
ALL BILLS PAYABLE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

THE VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

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STREET COMMISSIONER.....D. W. Martin
HEALTH OFFICER.....Dr. E. F. Sigler
ATTORNEY.....L. E. Howell
MARSHAL.....S. Brogan

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. E. L. Cope, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Miss Mary Van Fleet, Supt.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. G. W. Myrnes, pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Rev. K. H. Crane, Supt., Mocco Temple Sec.

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

SOCIETIES.

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

The W. C. T. U. meets the first Friday of each month at 8:30 p. m. at the home of Dr. E. F. Sigler. Everyone interested in temperance is cordially invited. Mrs. Leal Sigler, Pres; Mrs. Ella Durfee, Secretary.

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

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

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

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

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

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES meet every Tuesday and Saturday of each month at 8:30 p. m. at F. A. Sigler's hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. Julia Sigler, Lady Com.

KNIGHTS OF THE LOYAL GUARD
F. L. Andrews, P. M.

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

Violent Attack of Diarrhoea Cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and Pow.

happ's a Life Saved.
"A short time ago I was taken with a violent attack of diarrhoea and believed I would have died if I had not gotten relief," says John Patton, a leading citizen of Patton, Ala. "A friend recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I bought a 25c bottle and after taking three doses of it was entirely cured. I consider it the best remedy in the world for bowel complaints."

For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Hair, Lime, and Portland Cem't

I have purchased and have on hand a car-load of Portland Cement and as there will be more than I need I will dispose of some of it

AT A REASONABLE PRICE
W. H. MORAN.

BANNER SALVE
the most healing salve in the world

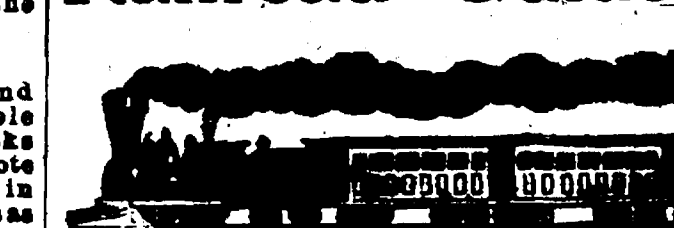
E. W. DANIELS

NORTH LAKE'S AUCTIONEER.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. No charge for Auction bills.

Postoffice address, Chelsea, Michigan Or arrangements made at this office.

Railroad Guide.



PERE MARQUETTE

In effect June 26, 1904.

Trains leave South Lyon as follows:

For Detroit and East,
10:38 a. m., 2:19 p. m., 8:58 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, North and West,
9:26 a. m., 2:19 p. m., 6:18 p. m.

For Saginaw and Bay City,
10:36 a. m., 2:19 p. m., 8:58 p. m.

For Toledo and South,
10:36 a. m., 2:19 p. m., 8:58 p. m.

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

Grand Trunk Railway System.

Arrivals and Departures of trains from Pinckney.

All trains daily, except Sundays.

LAST BOUND:

No. 28 Passenger.....9:06 A. M.

No. 30 Express.....4:00 P. M.

FIRST BOUND:

No. 27 Passenger.....9:58 A. M.

No. 29 Express.....8:15 P. M.

W. H. Clark, Agent, Pinckney

REVIVO

RESTORES VITALITY.

Made a Well Man of Me.

1st Day. 15th Day. 30th Day.

FRENCH REMEDY.

Produces the above results in 30 DAYS. It acts

powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others

fail. Young men and old men will recover their

youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly

and surely restores from effects of self-abuse or

excess and indiscretions Lost Manhood, Lost

Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost

Power of either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting

Diseases, Insomnia, Nervousness, which unless

one for study, business or marriage. It not only

cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a

Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Building

and restores both vitality and strength to the

muscular and nervous system, bringing back

the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the

fire of youth. It wards off insanity and Con-

sumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail, \$4.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$24.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money on every package. For free circular address

Royal Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. SIGLER Druggist.

WORLD'S FAIR FAR BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Verdict of a New York Writer Who Spent a Week at the Exposition at St. Louis in July.

The World's Fair at St. Louis is now in the midst of its splendid season. Colossal, complete, cosmopolitan, it commands the attention of the world as no other enterprise of the present year. From all nations there are pilgrims coming to this shrine, and from all our states and territories there is a constantly growing throng of visitors. United States Senators, Governors of States, men eminent in science, art and letters—all express unqualified admiration for the Exposition and free acquiescence in the oft-repeated statement that this is by far the greatest and best universal exposition ever held.

During July a well-known magazine and newspaper writer from New York, Mr. Addison Steele, spent a week at the World's Fair, inspecting the grounds, buildings and various attractions as thoroughly as was possible in that limited period. Returning home, Mr. Steele published in Brooklyn Life the following appreciative comments on the Exposition:

In the expressive language of the day, St. Louis "has the goods." I had expected much of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for I had kept in touch with the making of it from its very inception, five years ago; but after nearly a week of journeying through this new wonderland I must confess that in every essential particular it is far beyond my expectations. The biggest and best it was meant to be and the biggest and best

ent parts do justice to their nobility of architecture and general grandeur. Then again in the ground plans and bird's-eye sketches—the only possible manner of showing it—the fan-shaped arrangement of this group looked stiff and unsatisfying. Far from that, it is quite as remarkable in its way as the famous Court of Honor of the Columbian Exposition. In one respect it is even more notable, for instead of two grand vistas it offers a dozen. The main vista is, of course, the one looking up the Plaza of St. Louis—whose crowning feature is the great Louisiana Purchase Monument—and across the Grand Basin to the Cascade Gardens. On the right are the Varied Industries and Electricity buildings and on the left Manufacturers and Education, these—with Transportation and Machinery still further to the right and Liberal Arts and Mines beyond at the left—making up the body of the fan. For its handle the fan has the Cascade Gardens—rising in a grand terrace to a height of sixty-five feet above the floor level of the buildings mentioned and crowned by the great Festival Hall, the Terrace of States and the East and West Pavilions—and the Fine Arts building directly behind.

The Pike has in the Tyrolean Alps the finest concession that I have ever seen. There is a great square with many quaint buildings, a little village street, and above the snow-clad mountains—which look very real as the

infinite variety, and as a rule the full money's worth is given. The enormous Jerusalem and Boer War concessions are not on the Pike.

It is a case of dine at the German Pavilion and die at the exposition. In a beautiful Moderne Kunst building adjoining Das Deutsche Haus the best food and the highest prices on the grounds are to be found, the table d'hôte lunch and dinner costing two and three dollars, respectively. There is also a la carte service. Everything considered, the prices are not excessive, and at least one meal should be taken there for the experience. Another should be taken at the Tyrolean Alps, either outdoors or in the gorgeous dining-room in the mountain-side. The best French restaurant is at Paris, on the Pike. Lower in prices and in every way admirable are the two restaurants conducted by Mrs. Rorer in the pavilions of Cascade Gardens. The east one has waitresses and no beer and the west one waiters and beer. For a bit of lunch Germany, France and England all offer delicious pastry in the Agricultural building. These are not free, but time-saving tips for the traveler. There are no end of restaurants to fit all purses on the grounds. I tried nine of them and nowhere found the prices more than they ought to be. As a matter of fact, for neither food nor lodging no one need pay any more at St. Louis than he feels that he can

THIS END WAS QUERIED

Youthful Disposition Got Nasty Out of Tight Place.

"Ned was 7, Budge was 4. They had the small boy's propensity for playing every day out that came in their direction, without drawing any line of color or antecedents. The grown-ups had 'protected' without avail and nearly every day found an additional half-starved kitten running about the place. At last the boys' father had an inspiration.

"See here, boys," he said. "I am altogether too poor to feed any more kittens. I simply cannot afford it.

Now, if you really want to keep this last little yellow kitten you have brought in you will have to buy milk for her with your own pennies. But, remember, she must be well fed and the first time I find her crying for something to eat she will have to go."

The boys talked the matter over and readily agreed to this arrangement. The following day, however, the yellow kitten was crying piteously for food when the father came home. Only one of the culprits being present the vials of wrath broke on his head.

"Budge," he said sternly, "didn't I tell you boys that the first time I heard that cat yelling around here she would have to go?"

"Yes, papa," Budge replied hastily. "But you see, I only own half the cat and it isn't my end of the cat that eats."

ENGINES TESTED IN SHOP.

Ingenious Arrangement for Giving Locomotive Its Trial Trips.

One of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill is to be found at the Great Western railway works at Swinton, England, where an ingenious contrivance for giving a locomotive its trial trip without leaving the scene of its construction is in operation. The feature of the testing plant is that the engine, after being placed on the machine, runs on wheels fitted with tires which correspond to the trend and section of the permanent way. A clever braking arrangement secures a representation of the difficulties encountered in running on the metals and all the tests usually made on a trial trip can be conducted inside the works with all the appliances at hand. The dangers of a breakdown and subsequent blocking of the main line are thus obviated and the work of experimenting is simplified. This machine is the invention of the locomotive superintendent, J. G. Churchward, and is said to be the only one in Europe.

Landseer's Luggage.

Sir Edwin Landseer had a man servant who evidently looked upon his master as the greatest man in the world, and even when Prince Albert called, which he did occasionally when riding up to St. John's woods, he would be told that "Sir Edwin was out," because the faithful "Cerberus," as he was called, thought his master did not want to be disturbed. There were other amusing stories about the same valet. On one occasion, when traveling to the north with Sir Edwin, he was very anxious about the luggage, and kept getting out whenever the train stopped to see if it was all right.

"What do you want?" said the guard.

"How about the luggage?" said Cerberus.

"What luggage?"

"Why, two trunks as black as hink and marked with hell."

"Marked with what?"

"Why, hell for Landseer, of course."—From S. A. Storey's "Sketches from Memory."

Admiring the Mower.

I love the swish of the gleaming blade. The thump of the lusty tread. Where the timothy stalk is lowly laid And the daisy bends its head.

There's freedom here in the mighty sweep Distilling the bay's perfume; There's freedom here in the hands that reap And conquer the clover bloom.

Here toil is king, and the bearded brow Seems never a wrinkle with care; Here work is play—or it seems somehow To me it is—but there,

But there where the lusty mower goes With a strenuous stride along— Perhaps he'd sing, if he could, who knows.

A different sort of song? For here I loiter in the shade immense, With my old muse on the run; I loiter this side of the zigzag fence— He broils there in the sun.

Protected the Judge.

After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve went right to the point by saying: "That thar Pike Muldrow orter to be convicted on gen'ral principles. He's bad as they make 'em."

As the hum of approval went around a weezened little juror said: "I heard that Pike guy it out that he'd go gunnin' fur us, if we sent him up, jes' soon's he got out, an' fer the judge, too."

"We must protect the judge," they agreed, and the verdict was "Not guilty."—Detroit Free Press.

ACHES IN EVERY BONE

Chicago Society Woman Who Was So Sick She Could Not Sleep or Eat, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.



Mrs. Marion Ashland, 28 M. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Orator of the West Side W. & S. Club, says: "This winter when I started to use Doan's Kidney Pills I ached in every bone and had intense pains in the kidneys and pelvic organs. The urine was thick and cloudy and I could barely eat enough to live. I felt a change for the better within a week. The second week I began eating heartily. I began to improve generally and before seven weeks had passed I was well. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not help me, but \$6 worth of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to perfect health."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50c.

BOOKS NOT IN DEMAND.

English University Students Evidently Are Not Literary.

At the English universities the libraries are so little used that they have become famous as places of unbroken solitude. One yarn told to illustrate this is to the effect that an elderly fellow of Calus college, Cambridge, got tired of life and determined to put himself quietly and unostentatiously out of the way, so that the world in general and Calus college in particular should know him no more. Being a man with a great love still for his college, he made up his mind that no scandal should be caused by his sudden departure. So he debated in his mind on the ways and means. His decision was an inspiration. He bought a decent length of rope and hanged himself in the college library. But his hopes were doomed to disappointment. He was discovered a year and a half later.

Farmers Have Advantage.

The Rev. J. R. Lawrence, United States government expert potato grower, North Middleboro, Mass., believes that "there is more room in the world for a farmer who can preach than there is for a minister who had to farm to get a living."

Spins and Sews Its Nest.

The little tailor-bird not only sews but spins, weaving raw cotton into thread for its own purposes. With this thread it sews with actual stitches a sack of leaves in which to rear its young.

JUST ONE DAY

Free From the Sluggish Brought Out a Fact.

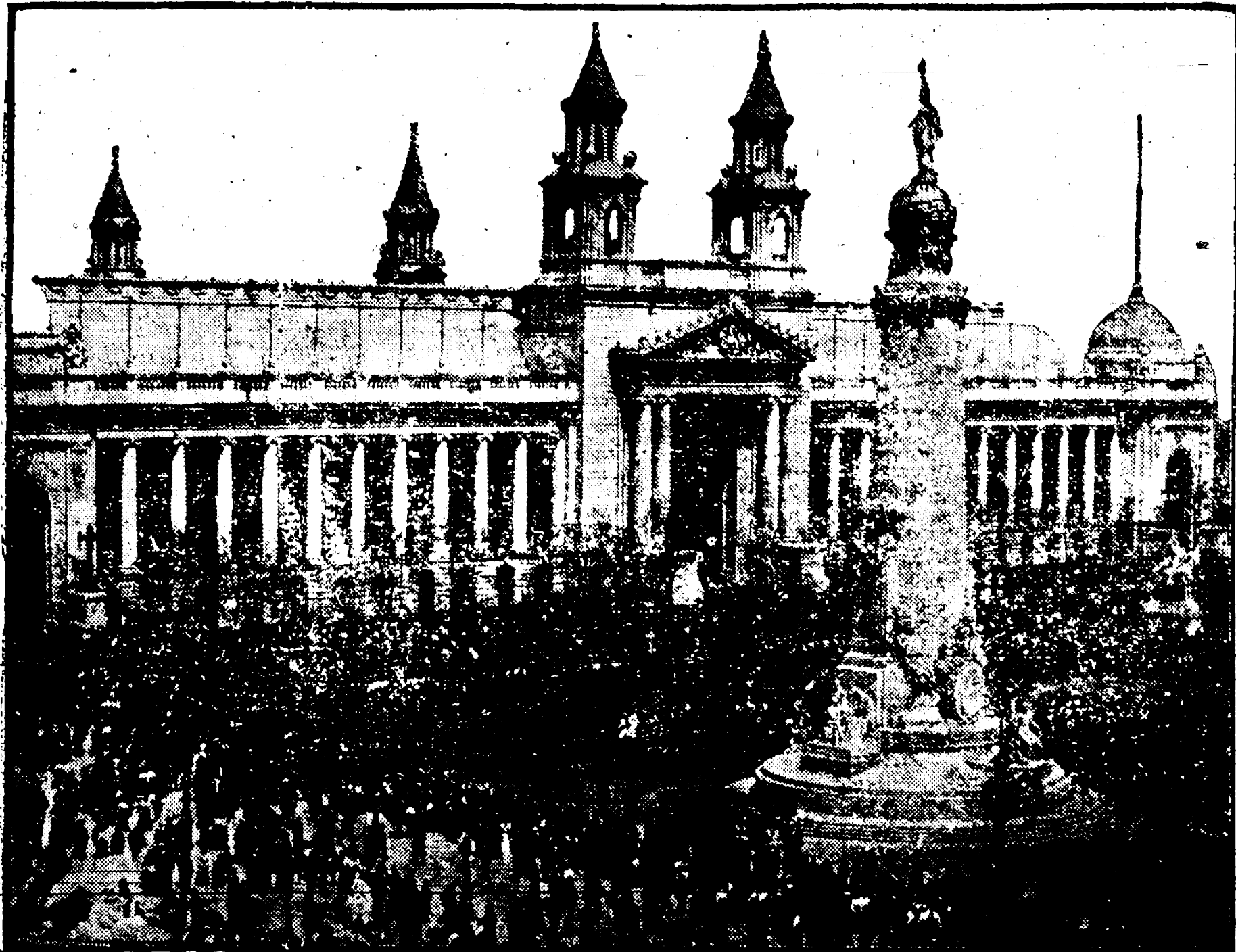
"During the time I was a coffee drinker," says an Iowa woman, "I was nervous, had spells with my heart, smothering spells, headache, stomach trouble, liver and kidney trouble. I did not know for years what made me have those spells. I would frequently sink away as though my last hour had come."

"For 27 years I suffered thus and used bottles of medicine enough to set up a drug store—capsules and pills and everything I heard of. Spent lots of money but I was sick nearly all the time. Sometimes I was so nervous I could not hold a plate in my hands! and other times I thought I would surely die sitting at the table."

"This went on until about two years ago when one day I did not use any coffee and I noticed I was not so nervous and told my husband about it. He had been telling me that it might be the coffee but I said 'No, I have been drinking coffee all my life and it cannot be.' But after this I thought I would try and do without and drink hot water. I did this for several days, but got tired of the hot water and went to drinking coffee and as soon as I began coffee again I was nervous again. This proved that it was the coffee that caused my troubles."

"We had tried Postum but had not made it right and did not like it, but now I decided to give it another trial so I read the directions on the package carefully and made it after these directions and it was simply delicious, so we quit coffee for good and the results are wonderful. Before, I could not sleep but now I go to bed and sleep sound, am not a bit nervous now, but work hard and can walk miles. Nervous headaches are gone, my heart does not bother me any more like it did and I don't have any of the smothering spells and would you believe it? I am getting fat. We drink Postum now and nothing else and even my husband's headaches have disappeared; we both sleep sound and healthy now and that's a blessing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.



LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT AND PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES.

It is. The exposition, rumors notwithstanding, is quite finished.

One of the greatest, and certainly one of the most agreeable, of my many surprises was the extreme beauty of the main group of buildings. For the simple reason that the camera does not exist which could take in the vast picture as the eye sees it, the early views of the group—a bit here and a bit there—gave a scant idea of the scheme as a whole. Nor did the early views of the ten individual buildings which make up its composition.

Bavaria Takes Step Forward.

Miss Dixie Lee Bryant, the first woman to receive such an honor, has been made a doctor of philosophy by a Bavarian university. Miss Bryant is a member of the faculty of the state normal and industrial college at Greensboro, N. C., being professor of biology and geology in that institution. She has been on leave of absence for three years, studying in Germany, where she has just taken her doctor's degree. She is a native of Kentucky and graduated with the degree of bachelor of science in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1901.

Church and School for Indians.

Mother Katherine Drexel of Philadelphia, founder and head of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, composed of nuns who devote their lives to the uplifting of the Indian and negro, has offered \$500,000 of her own private fortune with which to build a church and school for the Indians of the Winnebago, Neb., reservation. The only condition is that the Indians consent, and this Father Schell of Roset, Neb., has obtained.

evening falls. The best scenic railroad yet devised affords several fine glimpses of the Alps and there is a very graphic exposition of the Oberammergau passion play in the little church. The Cliff Dwellers' concession also looks very realistic at nightfall. It is elaborate in arrangement and the courting, snake and other dances by the Southwestern Indians make it another of the Pike shows which should be taken in by all. In Seville there is an amusing marionette theater and some genuine Spanish dancing. For the rest the Pike offers

How the Waiter Lost a Tip.

At one of the Kansas City hotels where the colored waiters give especially good service, but always expect adequate remuneration for the same from the guests, a waiter was especially officious the other day in serving a man from whom he expected a liberal tip. When the meal had been served and he was standing off at one side, eagerly looking for an opportunity to be of service, he said to the guest:

"Didn't yo' have a brothah beah last week, sah?"

"No," said the one addressed, "I believe not."

"Well," continued the waiter, "thet was a gem'man beah at mah table what looked ve'y much like you, and he was so well pleased with the service that he gave me 50 cents when he left."

The guest had by this time finished his meal, and as he arose he said to the expectant servant:

"Come to think of it, Sam, that was my brother that was here, and I guess he paid you for the whole family. I may be back again in a week or two."—Kansas City Journal.

afford, and yet be well fed and housed, if he will use ordinary common sense in making a selection out of the abundance offered.

Hot? Yes, but on the two hottest days of the summer at St. Louis I suffered no more from the heat than in New York before leaving and after returning. Every day of the seven there was a breeze at the fair grounds and it was always possible to find a shady spot. The nights were cool and comfortable.

ADDISON STEELE.

Ancient Phases Corrupted.

Ancient Picts in England were called by the Celtic word "pehta" or fighters. This was Latinized into Picti. So, too, Barbary of the ancient maps is a monument to the miscalling of the Berber tribe by the Greek word signifying "barbarian." Even the legend of the victory of Guy of Warwick over the dun cow is assailed by ruthless etymologists, who insist upon its derivation from his conquest over the "Dena gau," or Danish settlement, at the champion's gates. The Celtic words "alt maen" are responsible for many "old man" crags upon sea coasts and among mountains. They mean, however, "high rock."

German Crown Prince Coming.

There has been some little stir over a rumor that the kaiser intends that the crown prince shall visit America this autumn. The date of the departure from Germany has not yet been arranged, but from other whispers there is some probability that the first stop of the prince, who will make an all-around-the-world cruise in a warship, will be at Newport, and the date of the visit September.



G. P. BROWN.

Mr. G. P. Brown was a farmer's boy, and the early part of his life was spent on the farm acquiring the best preliminary education the world can give—that of industry, honesty and self-reliance. He was born Oct. 29, 1848, on the old homestead of Dr. Isaac Brown, his grandfather, two miles east of Pinckney. His father was Mr. G. W. Brown, who died some years ago. His mother, Mrs. Sarah Brown, lives in Pinckney and is in good health.

Mr. Brown taught his first school when he was 17 years old. He was afterward principal of Pinckney public school and of that at Union City and principal of the high school at Pontiac. He received part of his early education in Pinckney under the painstaking guidance of Prof. William A. Sprout, and he graduated from the University of Michigan with the class of 1877.

It was his intention to follow teaching, but chance threw him into the vortex of daily newspaper work, and he remained in it. He is now the New York representative of the editorial department of the Chicago Chronicle.

He married Miss Emma Sigler, the daughter of John Sigler, who belongs to the ranks of the "old boys and girls." They studied afterward together and taught together. They have two children: Miss Mabel, who has acquired considerable skill as an artist, and Harold, who has recently graduated from the Brooklyn high school and will enter college this

When We Were Boys and Girls.

Composed and Read at the Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion Wednesday Evening, August 3, 1904, by G. P. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I sit musing in the twilight,—
In the evening's fading glow,—
And in vision pass before me
Days and years of long ago.

You and I again are living
In a world that knows no care,—
In the tender age of childhood,—
All our sweetest memories there.

We are dancing in the sunlight;
We are laughing in the rain;
Weary only, or unhappy,
When o'ercome by sleep or pain.

Flowers, birds and sparkling sunshine,
As we frolic in the fields;
Toys and games for indoor play
When to night the daylight yields,—

All are grouped within this picture
Which our memory paints so clear,
And a halo hovers near them
As though heaven itself were here.

If a cloud obscures our pleasure
In its passing now and then;
If a tear reveals a sorrow
Caused by whim, perchance by pain;

Cloud soon passes, and the tear drop
Leaves no line upon the face,
For a mother's love has dried it
Ere it finds a resting place.

Precious childhood! Where the artist
Who but faintly can reveal
The sweet innocence, the virtues,
Of a life which is ideal?

Where the writer and the language
To portray the faith and trust
Of a child in all things living,—
In a fate, perhaps unjust?

Childhood passes, and new voices
Now are calling us away
From our paradise of pleasure,
From our aimless, idle play.

Youth, they tell us, as we listen,
Shrinkingly, in fear and doubt,
Now demands of us endeavor,—
Now requires our earnest thought.

Out into the world we venture,—
Oh, how wide and long it seems;
Far surpassing all the pictures
Of our fancies, of our dreams.

Overwhelmed with sense of vastness,
As though plunging into space,
We direct our footsteps school-ward,
Where begins life's long, long race.

Like a haze in Indian summer,
All that passes on that day
When we first sit on the benches
And forget our childish play.

Clouds our minds and we remember
Little else than that the soul
Is now struggling for its freedom
From restraint, for self-control.

Oh, the cheerless, old red schoolhouse!
Just four walls, a roof and doors;
Grimy windows, tottering chimney,
Whittled desks and creaking floors.

Long and low, it is unsightly,
Squatting in a patch of green,
In a rough and barren common,
As though fearing to be seen.

Not a map or cheering picture
Hangs upon the dingy wall;
Neither globe nor compass aids us
To remember half of all.

That is taught us of this puzzling
Round old world that goes spinning
Off through space as though quite heedless
Of its ending or beginning.

No artistic crayon pencil
Writes our problems on the board,
And no polished felt eraser
Does our humble school afford.

What we proudly call our blackboard
Is a board and nothing more,
Blackened once with paint, but later
Gray and greasy as the floor.

Dim the figures, blank the writing,
Oftentimes, we try to place
On the rough and fading surface,
On this relic of a race

That existed in past ages,
And had used it,—there's no doubt,—
In the caves it called its dwellings,
Barring storms and wild beasts out.

Crude and cruel are the benches
Where we sit from day to day;
Short legs dangling, long ones curling,
As the floor gets in the way.

Is it wonder that we harbor
Deep resentment, and employ
Our old jackknives in the carvings
Which time only can destroy?

Stand we now before the teacher,
Dumb with awe at all he knows;
Trembling lest his deep displeasure
We incur and feel his blows.

For we know by intuition,
Or from tales by children higher,
That the slightest deviation
From the rules provokes his ire.

Drawing out in listless manner
Letters "A" and "B" and "C,"
As directed, but not knowing
What their use may ever be.

We receive our first day's lesson
And are profited, 'tis clear,
Much as parrots are repeating
Words and phrases which they hear.

Our first lesson! What a picture!
Straight we stand at teacher's knee,
Open mouthed and all expectant,
Trembling like an infant tree.

At the foot of some majestic,
Gnarled old oak, as gentle breeze
Which the parent heeds not, feels not,
Seems its very life would seize.

What is learning? Do we need it?
Will it make us large and strong
Like the man who sits before us?
Will our lives be good and long?

If we listen and remember
All the names of those queer signs
He calls letters? How their angles
Seem to fascinate our minds!

Soon the alphabet is mastered
And our proudest day has come,
When we read and write and figure
On our first bewildering "sum."

Harsh the methods of our teachers
In these early days of school,
With mind training less important
Than observance of a rule.

For a whisper to our neighbor,
Though it be as soft and low
As the breath of summer evening,
Brings us punishment, we know.

Still we whisper, taking chances,
Not because of innate sin,
But because our youthful spirits
Will not stay locked up within.

Oft the drudgery of the school room
Is relieved by harmless pranks,
For which, speaking mildly, do we
Hardly get the teacher's thanks.

Thus from boys of little stature,
And from girls of slighter build,
With our minds just budding shyly,
In a soil but poorly tilled,

We soon grow to adolescence,
To the life that has new charm,
When we find our tasks grow lighter
If we bear them arm in arm.

So we tell a comrade shyly,
He or she of other sex,—
In a note in secret posted,
How our problems tease and vex.

And the answer is so helpful
That we write and write again,
But not always of our studies,
It is very, very plain.

From the missive of the school room,
From the gentle word expressed
Of the sympathy and favor
Of mere boys and girls confessed,

Oft springs the love which binds them
In a comradeship for life,—
Boy and girl who trust each other
May become the man and wife.

Charmed the days we spend in study,
Poring over books that tell
How to make our lives more useful
And bring happiness as well.

True, our school work is machine like,
As we figure, write and read
To fulfill the old-time maxim
That the "R's" are all we need;

But the cravings for more knowledge
Than these elementals bring
Soon transforms the lifeless text-book
Into active, living thing.

Like a friend with hand extended,
When his help we sorely need,
Is the dear old thumb-worn school book;
It is more than friend, indeed.

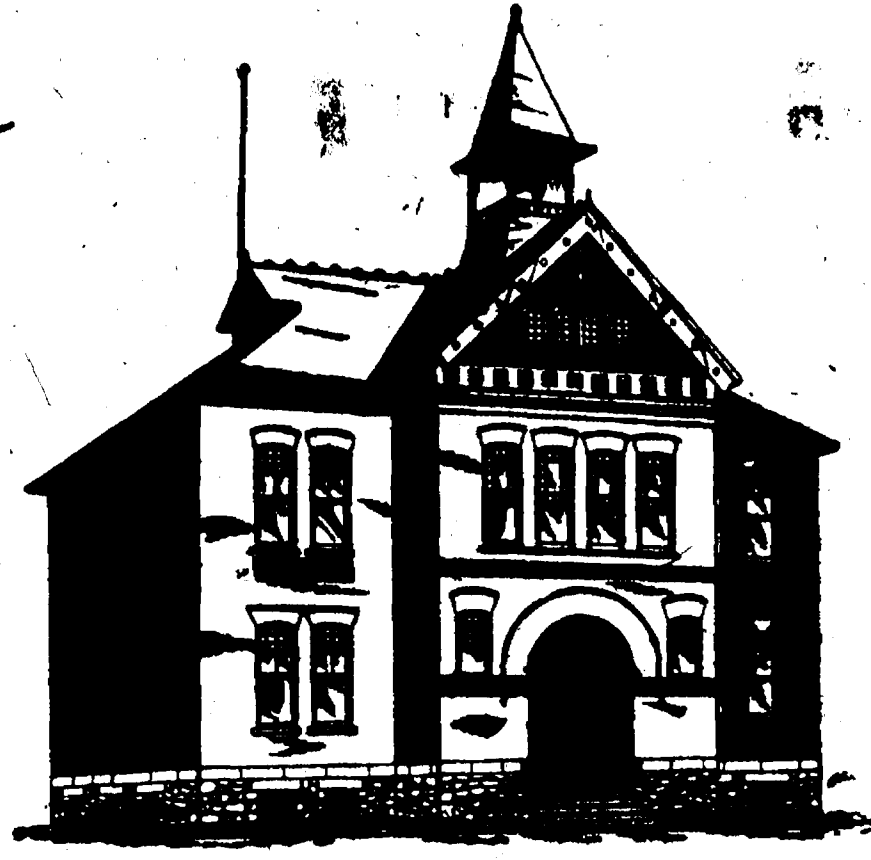
School days are not all for study;
Recreation claims its share,
And our whole-souled youthful pastimes
Rob our lives of useless care.

Not in all the wide world over
Are there brighter scenes than these,
When we gather for our dances
In the summer 'neath the trees.

Or in winter at our firesides
To the dancing add the games
Which bring hands and lips together,
Prompting hearts to make their claims.

School room now is closed forever;
Books are hidden deep in dust,
And the last word has been spoken
To the friends we love and trust.

With our hearts at point of breaking
And our eyelids wet with tears,
We behold the last of all this
Long procession of the years,—



THE PRESENT HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

Sighing for the sweets of pleasure
Which they brought us day by day,
Grieving that we disregarded
Much of good along our way.

If we only might look forward,
As we now have seen the past,—
See the pitfalls, know the dangers,
Find true friendships,—at the last,

When the final page is written
Of the story of our lives,
There might then be something worthy
Of the praise for which each strives.

In this retrospect 'tis fitting
That we linger for a word
In remembrance of the comrades
Who, while sleeping, have not heard

The glad summons to reunion
Of the town's old boys and girls.
Though they come not, we forget not.
As time ever onward whirls.

Much we owe among our elders,
Who long since have passed away,
To one grand and noble spirit,
Whose sweet influence will stay

To inspire us, to protect us,
Until death has claimed us all,—
Whose deep sympathy and counsel
Have saved many from a fall.

Epitaphs are written only
After men are dead and gone.
And the tombstone is the witness
Of the good which they have done.

Would it harm them if they, also,
Knew while living what the world
Has been tardy to acknowledge,—
If to them it were unfurled?

Let us try it. On this platform,
In our presence, is a soul
Which is shining like a beacon
At our final, happy goal.

Leads it now, as it has ever,
On and upward, straight and true.
Have we followed? Shall we follow?
It will neither wreck nor rue.

Teacher, friend, and kind companion;
Honest, faithful, ever true;
All his life an inspiration;
All his faults both small and few.

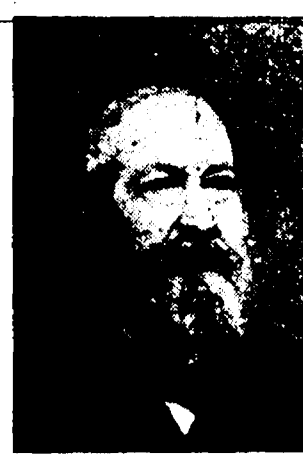
Profit we by his example,
More than ever can be told.
So we honor and we bless him,
Aye, we crown him, not with gold.

Nor with laurel, which would cover
Brighter crown of silvered hair;
But with deep and true affection,
Such as kings may never wear.

All the past is now behind us;
Soon tomorrow will appear;
Then another, and another,
Till the last of all is here.

Let us hope that day is distant,
And will find its journey long,
While we often lift our voices
In reunion's happy song.

An Octogenarian Pinckneyite.



JAMES B. EAMAN.

In acknowledging the receipt of our invitation to the reunion, James B. Eaman of Benton Harbor gives us a little of Pinckney's early history. Although over 86 years of age, his letter shows that he still has a clear head, and, were he a little stronger bodily, nothing could have kept him away from the reunion. He says:

"I can think of no one now that knows more of the first settlement

of Pinckney than I do. My father and I went up to the Marble farm a year or more before the village was laid out. We owned the Charlie Wood farm at the time. We went to Pinckney to live in the spring of 1843. Pinckney has had some distinguished citizens. Professor Kirkland and his wife, the author of "The Home in the West," came from the presidency of a female seminary in Detroit and afterward had charge of a like seminary in New York. Judge Stansbury, a New York lawyer, and Dr. Stansbury, a New York physician, who were brothers of Mrs. Kirkland. Mrs. Stansbury was a Scottish music teacher in York. So you see Pinckney was founded and settled by highly educated and distinguished people."

A Few "Yarns,"

Spun by Old Boys and Girls.

While listening to some of the old boyspin yarns, we heard something like this:

"Do you remember how when a youth you filled your old hat full of water at the spring, and, standing with one toe in the sand and the other on a flag stone, threw back your head and imbibed your fill of the sweetest nectar in the world? Of course it spoiled the shape of your hat, but, if we could go back to that period of bare feet and tumble bee sting, we would drink from our Sunday life if we had to break into society wearing a skull cap. We have tried 'em all ways, with the cherry and without, but never yet have we tasted beverage that delighted the palate and satisfied thirst as did that ambrosia beside the bubbling spring."

"How well do I remember when coming out from the 'old swimming hole,' finding my clothes tied up in knots so I would be a half hour in dressing, while the mischief maker enjoyed the fun. Those were 'good old days.'"

We also listened on the quiet to some of the "old girls," as they told of some of their fun, and that most graphically described was that of sliding down the straw stack, and as we listened we tried to think how barren of frolic must the life of the girl have been who was born and reared without having slid at least once from the top of the stack and landed her plunk in a bed of chaff! We pity the youngster who has not enjoyed the sport.

Could we publish half of the yarns we heard spun during the reunion we could furnish our readers with interesting reading for years, and it illustrated would put Buster Brown's and Simple Simon's escapades in the shade.



MAIN STREET, PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, IN THE SIXTIES.

Through the courtesy of P. G. Teeple of Marquette, who sent us the photo, we are enabled to give our readers a view of the main street of Pinckney as it appeared during the sixties, and many of our readers will recognize the street scene when these were the business place, and, instead of a fine cement walk down Main street past the opera house and dance office, a path answered the purpose.

That the village at that time with no sidewalks answered the purpose goes without saying, but "things do move," and in the course of human events it became necessary to expand, and now we have a beautiful main street with cement walks. We give a picture of Main street as it appears today, looking west from Dr. H. F. Sigler's residence.

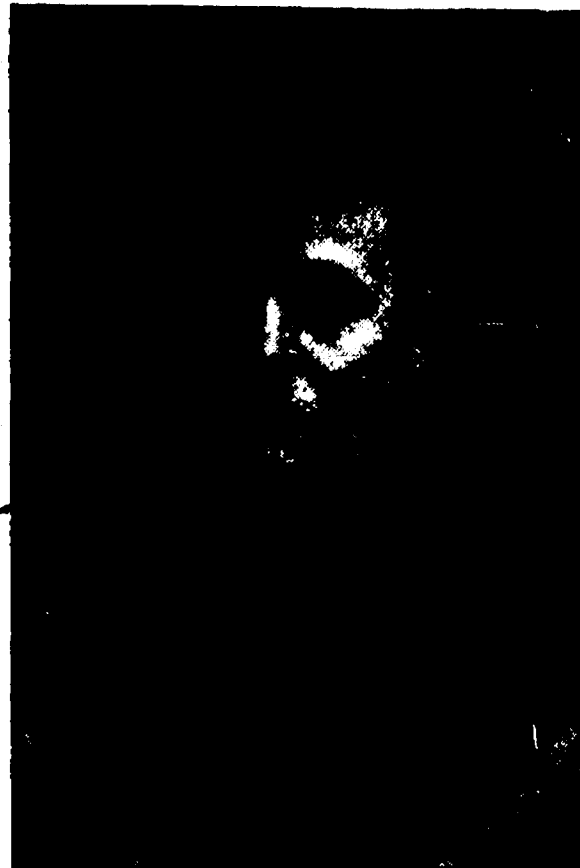
Or in winter at our firesides
To the dancing add the games
Which bring hands and lips together,
Prompting hearts to make their claims.



MAIN STREET, PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, 1904.

Pinckney's Oldest Citizen.

While the memorable events of the past week are yet uppermost in our thoughts—events which brought once more to our village so many old boys and girls to visit again the scenes and associations of years gone by—it is



MRS. SAMUEL GRIMES.

indeed most fortunate and fitting that we are able to present to our many friends and readers a sketch of Pinckney's oldest citizen, not in years, but oldest in point of residence.

We question whether it has ever before been the privilege of any village or city to boast that, sixty-seven years after its birth in the wilderness, it could number among its active and leading citizens the first child born in the village, and, further, that the life of that child was exactly co-incidental with the life of the village.

Such is the remarkable fact concerning the life of our respected citizen, Mrs. Samuel Grimes, oldest child and daughter of Leonard and Annie Noble, who was born in Pinckney Aug. 1, 1837, the very year and month which gave our village its birth, and here, within three blocks of the house where she was born, she has lived her entire life of sixty-seven years.

Frances Noble, the subject of this

sketch, was born in the house which hundreds of present and former citizens remember as the Pickett house, which for many years stood on the south side of Main street, a few feet east of Percy Swarthout's home. This was the first frame dwelling house built in Pinckney, Mr. Noble moving into his new home several months before the so-called "first house," built by William Kirtland, was completed. A part of the old home remains today in a good state of preservation, it being the back of the building just south of the hotel, nearly hidden from sight by ivy vines.

Frances Noble was the first child to be enrolled in the Presbyterian church, the first church organized here, and was always closely identified with that church, as she has ever been and is today identified with its successor, the Congregational church. Of the original membership of this church but one person besides Mrs. Grimes is now living.

The oldest of a family of eight children, seven of whom are living, she alone has spent her life in the place of her birth. On June 7, 1854, she was united in marriage with Samuel Grimes, and the fifty years of their married life they have lived in the same block where they still live.

Visitors during the past week have noticed many changes in the old town during ten or twenty years' absence. What a panorama of life and its changes has it been the privilege of our oldest citizen to witness! As one passes up and down our streets, with its neat homes and substantial buildings; as we wander through the cities of the dead, on the banks of our beautiful lake and gaze upon the hundreds of tombstones, all of which have been erected within her recollection, we form a slight conception of the multitude of changes wrought by the hand of time within the limits of even this little community. May she, who has been a witness of every event in the life of our village, be spared for yet many years of usefulness, is the wish of all who know her.

A Few Facts.

From the diary of Leonard Noble, who left Connecticut in 1836, and, after a journey of nearly two months by wagon, following the "blazed trail" through the forest, located here and built his home, these interesting facts were taken:

At the beginning of 1836, within the present limits of Pinckney, there were but three houses, all built of logs.

The first frame building erected was the blacksmith shop built and for many years run by Mr. Noble. The shop stood by the mill stream a few rods west of the mill. The lumber was sawed at a mill near the Huron river. In this shop, Nov. 15, 1836, the first horse shoe was set.

The frame of the flouring mill was raised Sept. 20, 1836. Its four big mill stones and the machinery were hauled from Detroit by horses. The first grist was ground April 26, 1837.

The first postoffice was kept in a bureau drawer in Benjamin Weller's boarding house.

When I Go Home.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low,
When the black, uncertain shadows
See wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsing vein
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;

I know there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again!

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away,
And it seems that the band of angels
On mystic harps at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording,—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the plash of the autumn's rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—Eugene Field.

A Couple of Letters.

The following letters received by members of the committee express the feelings of many who enjoyed the reunion:

ANDERSON, Aug. 5, 1904.—F. L. Andrews, Pinckney, Mich.—My Dear Sir: I think the one thing most conspicuous in the "old boys and girls' days" doings was the gratification, the pleasure, the perfect abandon of delight shining from every face.

I fancied I had heard old Gabriel's tramp, and that the resurrection morn was upon us, and that the good had just entered paradise.

I want to make a proposition to the people of Pinckney, and to all who sympathized with or had any part in the home-coming movement, and that is that all the old tomahawks, big and little, of whatever name or nature, that we have been hacking at each other with, be buried, and buried so deeply that all the earthquakes of all the ages can never uncover them again. Let an era of good feeling be inaugurated. Let us, with clean hearts, lofty aims and charitable feeling, start in the race anew. It will give us a new lease of life and a new hold on heaven. For peace and fellowshipship.

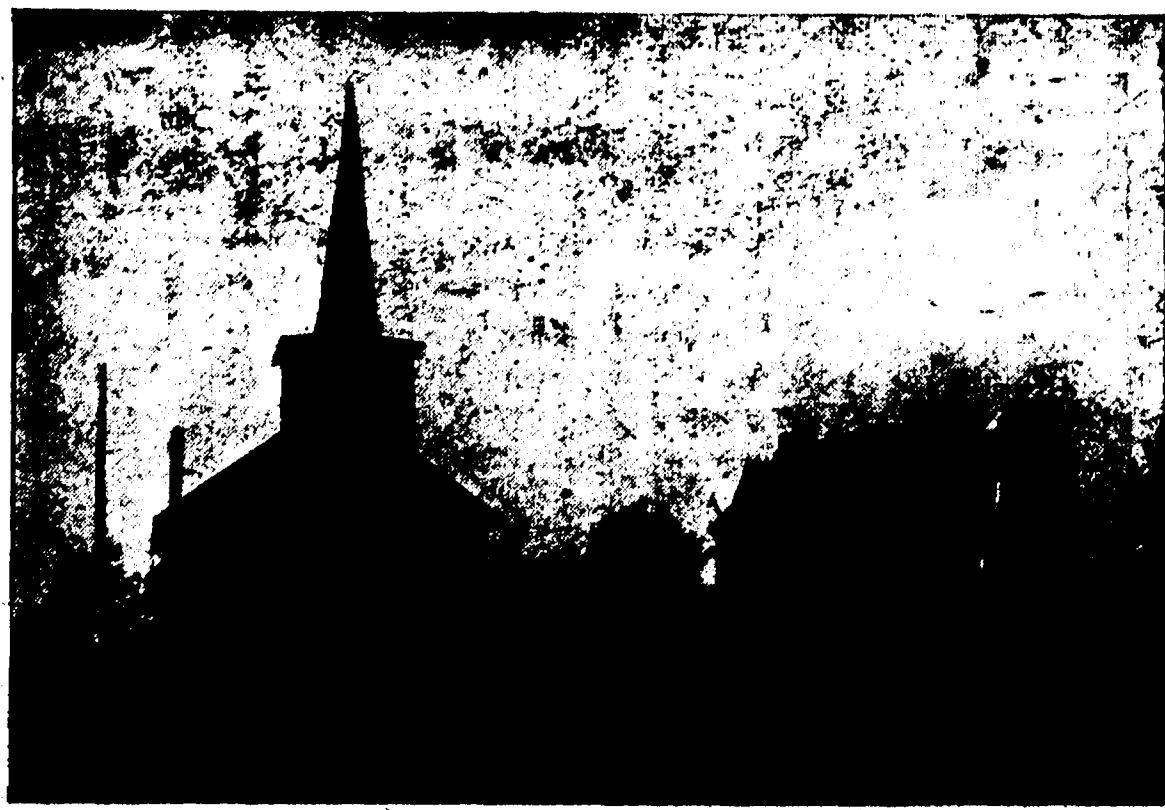
W. A. SPRUNT.

St. Johns, Mich., Aug. 5, 1904.—

Friend C. L. Grimes, Pinckney, Mich.

—Dear Sir: Arrived home yesterday afternoon all safe and sound, after having spent two of the most pleasant days in my life. Pen and ink cannot express the kind feeling and thanks I have for you and others who worked so hard and faithfully to bring about the pleasant gathering we all enjoyed so much. Only hope the "meetings" were as pleasant to all as they were to me. Again kindly accept my thanks. Yours respectfully,

W. J. BLACK.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE—REV. M. J. COMERFORD, PASTOR.

Echoes of the Reunion.

Yes, we must gather again.

Everybody was young again.

Two of the happiest days of my life!

Those who did not come will be sorry.

We were so glad to see one another.

I have enjoyed every moment of the time.

Even the "old girls" led in the cotillon.

How often would you hear "Do you remember?"

I met many whom I never expect to see again.

I would not have missed the reunion for anything.

The time was too short; it was so full of enjoyment.

It makes me think I am back in the old care-free days.

Even the babies came in for their share of patronage.

No marshal was needed for the "old boys' and girls' day."

A grander crowd never congregated in our village before.

Distance could not keep me from meeting with the old boys.

Though a stranger, I enjoyed seeing the "old boys and girls" visit.

I enjoyed it as well as those who came back to visit the old home.

In the evening—what a crowd on the street, and what a refused gathering!

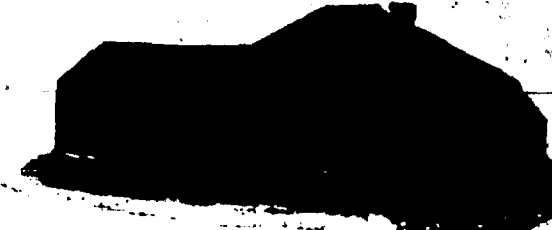
The Pinckney people are to be congratulated on the success of the reunion.

The Romeo and Juliet act was in evidence everywhere; nothing secret about it.

Statesmen, orators, lawyers, professional men, laborers, all met as in the days of the old red schoolhouse.

A Pioneer Building.

This, the first frame dwelling house commenced in Pinckney, was erected by William Kirtland in 1836. The building was



begun in early summer but for lack of material was not completed till late in the fall of above year. The owner material was prepared at the saw mill situated on Foxage river, and the shingles, glass and nails were brought from Detroit by wagon. In this house Mrs. Kirtland wrote the book, "A Home in the West." The old house still stands, one of the landmarks of Pinckney's early history.

An Old Lease.

Mrs. S. Grimes brought to this office this week the "Agreement of Lease" between her father and mother, Leonard Noble and wife, to School District No. 2, Putnam township, for the school site which was near the present home of A. B. Green. The lease was only to last while the land was used for school purposes, and, when the present site was chosen, reverted back to the owner. The lease was given the 3d day of October, 1839, and was signed by Leonard Noble, Anna Noble, William Stevens, Wm. Stansbury, district board; F. G. Rose, notary; E. Barnard, register of deeds.

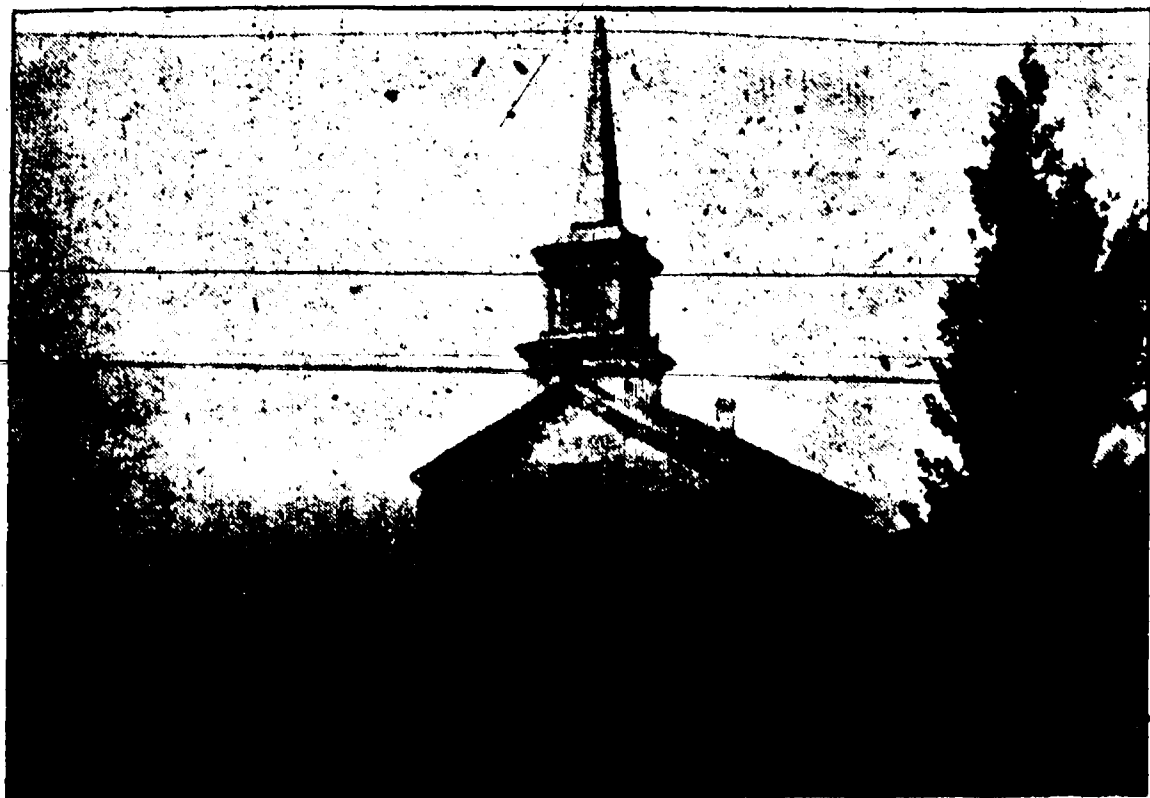
Daniel P. Markey.

Daniel P. Markey, oldest son of James and Catherine Markey, was born in the township of Bunkerhill, Ingham Co., Mich., on June 27, 1857. In 1865, when but 7

er of the Maccabees of the World in 1891 and has been unanimously re-elected at each Review since that time and still occupies that position.



years old, his family moved to Pinckney where they resided until 1892. "D. P.," as he is generally called, therefore spent his boyhood days in this village, attended our public schools, and graduated (?) under the tutelage of Prof. W. A. Sprunt. He spent part of his time as a clerk for Mann & Teeple, F. A. Decker, and N. G. Beebe. Taught school in the Cady district, at Pottsville, at North Lake, and in the Harris district south of town. Was married January 12, 1878,

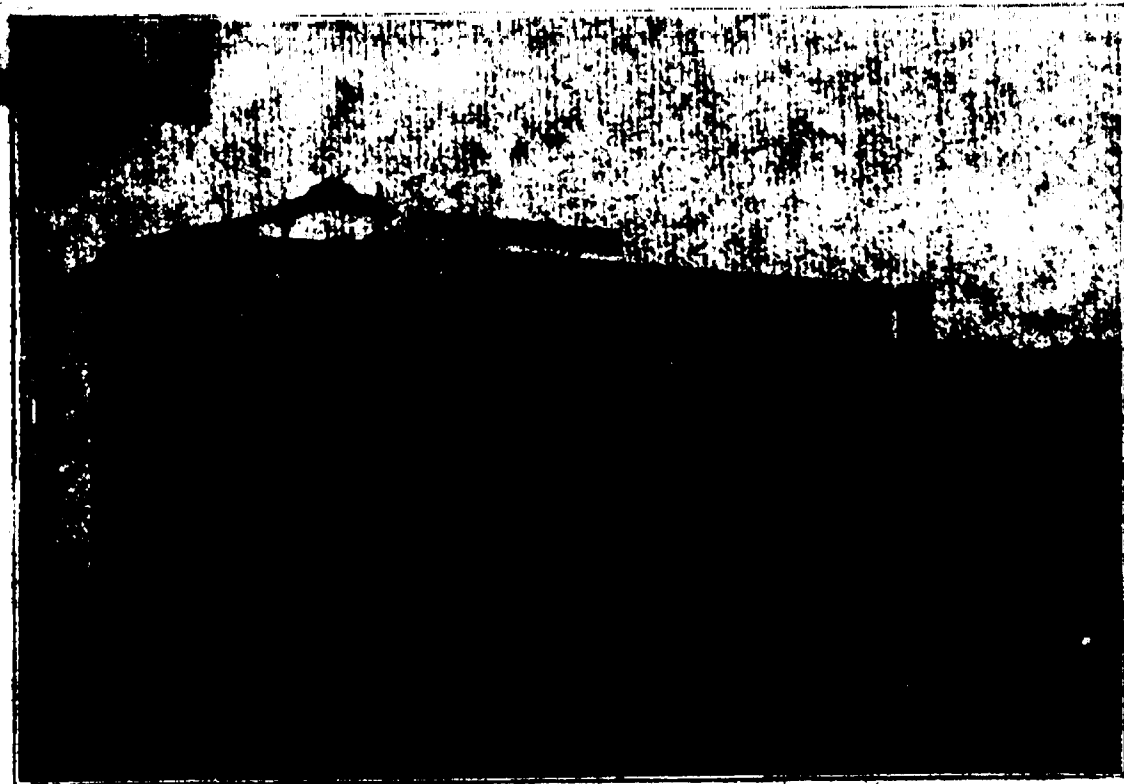


FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—REV. A. W. MELNE, PASTOR.



CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE.

Your Old Home Paper.



HOME OF THE PINCKNEY DISPATCH

THE PINCKNEY DISPATCH was launched in 1883 by Jerome Winchel, and at once was received by our villagers as a welcome addition to the industries of the town. In 1884 it passed into the hands of J. L. Newkirk, and in 1886 A. D. Bennett purchased the plant. He sold the same to J. T. Campbell in 1887, and a year later bought it back. In June, 1890, the present owner, F. L. Andrews, purchased a



F. L. ANDREWS.

half interest in the plant the same of Bennett & say of the next year, purchased the entire business ever since taking Mrs. Andrews the firm name of F. L. Andrews. Three years ago the corner of Main and Mill for a home for the **DISPATCH** and converted into a residence as well.

The aim of the **DISPATCH** has always been, and is now, to further the interests of Pinckney and her citizens, and to this end the proprietors were strong movers and spared neither time, work nor money to make the "old boys' and girls'" reunion a success, and cannot help but feel proud at the outcome of the venture. The work had been arduous, but all felt well paid in seeing the happy faces that they were instrumental in bringing together.

This issue of the paper has cost plenty of cash, as well as hard work, but the editors feel that it will be appreciated, and, like the "Pink Edition" of 1896, will be preserved among the keepsakes of our subscribers long after the writer has laid down the pen.

Hon. G. W. Teeple.

George W. Teeple was born in Steuben county, New York, Aug. 18, 1848, and came to Michigan



with his parents in 1859. He served his clerkship in the store of W. S. Mann, and upon the death of Mr. Mann he became the business manager. In 1884 he established the Pinckney Exchange Bank, doing business in the rear of the Mann store. Later he built a fine brick bank with the

best of appliances, and still continues the business.

Mr. Teeple has held many offices of trust, from town-clerk to state senator, to which honor he was elected in 1896. His strict attention to business and honest dealing has enabled him to go from the little desk in the corner to his present commodious quarters.

Dr. William Henry Haze.

Dr. Haze was born near Port Hope, Canada, April 13, 1816. He moved with his father soon after to Niagara county, New York. They came to Oakland county, Michigan, in 1837. Dr. Haze graduated in medicine at Cleveland, Ohio. From 1847 to 1849 he practiced at Pinckney with his brother, Dr. C. W. Haze. He was married in 1840. In 1864 they moved to Lansing, where they have since resided. Dr. Haze served two terms in the legislature, was at one time mayor of the city, and has been connected with many enterprises in the city. He has always been an earnest, prominent member of the Central M. E. church.

Dr. Haze was present at the old boys' and girls' reunion, and, although sightless and partially

deaf, enjoyed the occasion to a marked degree. He was assisted to the platform at the grove, and for a space of fifteen minutes held



DR. WILLIAM HENRY HAZE.

the vast crowd in close attention while he made a few touching remarks and repeated a couple of original poems that were excellent and very appropriate.



RESIDENCE OF DR. H. F. SIGLER.

My soul looks up in voiceless praise
Beside the tranquil sea,
While visions rare of other days
Come drifting back to me.
Sweet echoes of the olden songs
I sang the wide lands through,
To lonely hearts and hungry throngs,
Return with meaning new.

E. T. Kearney.

The subject of this sketch, and whose "physiognomy" we present, was born in Pinckney March 23, 1861.



He received all of his schooling in the "old red schoolhouse." At the age of 11 he began clerking for Jerry Dunn, afterward clerking three years for Sigler Bros.

In the spring of 1881 he went to Sheldon, Iowa, where he had a position in the postoffice and general store for five years. He then became assistant postmaster at Yankton, S. D., where he remained three years.

April 14, 1886, he established the Bank of Dakota County at Jackson, Neb., which he now owns. He was admitted to the bar of South Dakota and Nebraska in 1890, but does not lay much stress on being a lawyer. However, he is the proud owner of the Ideal Stock Farm, stocked with 150 short-horn cattle and as many more Poland-China hogs.

June 8, 1887, he married Miss Clara Miner, and is the proud father of three girls—Helen, aged 16, who is in Pinckney; Gertrude, aged 12, and Editha, aged 9. He is well and happy (always was), prosperous in a small way, and nearly tickled to death to have been present at our homecoming week. Anyone who ever stayed over a night in Pinckney will have a right royal welcome if they call on Mr. Kearney at his place of business in Jackson, Neb., and will be given a drink of milk from the Ideal Stock Farm.

"Old Home Week"

gives renewed courage to the people of the towns, the general uplift, and spurs them to improve their conditions in order that they may each year greet their returning sons and daughters with renewed zest and show them the improvements made in their little towns during the year.

No matter how long a man has lived in a new place, his ties are closest with the place of his childhood. It does him good to go back there and to keep in touch with the town or village of his youth; and, more than that, it does his old neighbors good to see him and to know that, though he has prospered in a new country, he still keeps an interest and a love for the old.

Miss Franc Adele Burch.



Miss Franc A. Burch was born a few miles from our village and received her early education in the "Old Red Schoolhouse."

When eight years of age she played little Mary in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," going with the Pinckney "troupe" to Howell, where the play was given two evenings. Her father died when she was fourteen years of age, and two years thereafter she began her school teaching career, the last two years of which were in the Intermediate Department of the Pinckney schools. During the five years of school teaching she studied vocal and piano music under several good teachers.

Then followed a course in the Detroit School of Elocution, from which Miss B. was graduated in

time. Since then she has taught elocution and given public readings in the States and Canada.

Last year she gave, with marked success, that popular story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Miss B. has always been a hard worker and has known what it is to drink deep of the cup of sorrow in the loss of father and mother, and the necessary contact with the world.

She has never despised any kind of honorable labor, and is proud to say there is no kind of housework or sewing that she does not understand and has done. She believes the supreme work of life should be character building, and that woman's greatest and best work is in the home.

"Old Home Week"

Is Pronounced a Good Thing.

"Old Home Week" is fast becoming an institution in the United States. It was first started in New Hampshire by Governor Rollins in 1898, and was such a success that other states have taken it up, until now many states have their "old home" reunions. In most states the event has been launched by the metropolis, but in Michigan it was left for the smaller towns. Last year Paw Paw had a very successful "home week," and this year Pinckney gives the ball another push, and now all along the line villages and cities are taking up the "old home week" idea. Even Detroit talks of following in our footsteps.

I know not when the sun may dip
His forehead in the foam
And beckon to my tide-rocked ship
To seek the Isles of Home;
I know not when my sails may glide
Behind the sunset hills,
But peace—to manhood's prime denied—
My being ebbeth and thrill.



RESIDENCE OF J. A. CADWELL.



RESIDENCE OF J. J. TEEPLE.

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY L. GRATTAN DONNELLY.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

He turned to Radaloff and was about to speak when a servant appeared. "An imperial messenger seeks immediate audience with the minister of police!"

Karsicheff turned pale. Nicholas, deeply agitated, placed his hand on his mother's arm.

Katherine, with an undefined dread of something, breathed heavily in convulsive gasps.

Another second and the imperial messenger entered the room. Going directly to General Karsicheff, he handed him a large envelope of an ominously official appearance.

The minister, taking the envelope, opened with feverish anxiety, and looking heart and burning eyes at the following:

Constantine Karsicheff, Minister of Police.

"SIR: His Imperial Majesty has been graciously pleased to make the following orders:

"I. Constantine Karsicheff is hereby removed as Minister of Police and deposed from all other authority heretofore vested in him as such minister.

"II. Paul, the Count Nazimoff, is hereby appointed Minister of Police to succeed Karsicheff, deposed, and will take possession of the official seal and assume all powers of such ministry at twelve o'clock this day, precisely.

"III. Constantine Karsicheff will, without delay, proceed to Siberia, to act as civil and military governor of the province of To-bolsk in the name of His Imperial Majesty."

"Given under the great seal of the Chancellerie, Gortschakoff, Prime Minister."

With a deep groan, Karsicheff dropped the paper.

"Good God, it is the blow I feared," and he sank back in his chair.

Nicholas picked up the paper. "Give it to me," said the countess, as she almost snatched the document from his hand. A glance told her its contents. She looked at the clock. It wanted but ten minutes of the time—the hour of noon.

"His excellency, Paul, Count Nazimoff," announced a servant. Katherine stood erect in a moment. She would give no sign of her bitterness of heart, however deeply she felt the blow.

Count Nazimoff entered the room. He was dressed in full uniform.

Karsicheff half arose and then sat back.

Count Nazimoff approached and extended his hand. "Believe me, my dear Karsicheff," he said, "I was not desirous of this position. But his majesty having sent for me and having proffered the honor, it was not to be refused."

The suggestion of a smile passed over the pale face of the deposed minister. "I am quite sure the position cannot be in better hands," he said.

Katherine looked at the clock. It was within five minutes of noon.

She looked at her husband and he understood the meaning.

"I have finished my work," said Karsicheff, turning to Count Nazimoff again, "for, as you doubtless know, I have succeeded in capturing the lead-

with a file of four soldiers guarding him another prisoner was brought in and placed in position before the minister of police. Count Nazimoff took a seat by the side of Karsicheff and gazed curiously at the scene.

"This is another of the vile gang of conspirators captured this morning," said Karsicheff to the count, and then, turning to the prisoner, whose face was concealed by the hood of his greatcoat, he assumed a tone of judicial severity, and said: "Drop your hood, prisoner. What is your name?"

The prisoner dropped the hood and stood like a statue as he answered, "Alexis Nazimoff!"

"Alexis Nazimoff!" was repeated by all in the room—all save Ivan and Ilda.

With a cry of bitterest anguish from his breaking heart Count Nazimoff staggered to his feet. For a moment he vainly essayed to speak, but his tongue refused to utter a sound.

"Oh, my father!" The cry was wrung from the surcharged heart of Alexis as he stretched out his shackled hands.

Paul Nazimoff, weak and trembling, found his voice at last. "Alexis, my son, my boy," he cried in anguished tones, "what does this mean? Oh, my God, my God!"

He pressed his hands first to his heart, then to his throbbing brain.

"Father!" said Alexis.

"Speak, speak out! Oh, God, speak out!" cried the stricken count. "You, you, my boy here—charged with crime—with plotting the assassination of your sovereign! Speak, Alexis; say that it is false! Don't you see my heart is breaking?"

"I swear to you, father, it is not true. I am innocent."

"You hear," faltered Count Nazimoff, looking wildly around. "You hear—he is—"

"He is guilty whoever he may be," spoke up the officer in command, "for I myself found concealed on his person, in his cigar case this sign—the sign of the assassin chosen to kill."

He held up his hand!

The Red Rouble!

"My God!" Paul Nazimoff fell back and buried his face in his hands.

The clock showed that it wanted but a minute of the hour.

"Quick," said Katherine, rushing to her husband's side. "You have ample proof of his guilt. Sentence him to Siberia—it will bring him and Olga together."

Karsicheff sat stunned!

The terrible disclosure of Alexis' identity had shaken him.

"Quick," urged Katherine, "it is your last chance!"

The iron will and relentless purpose of his wife swayed Karsicheff now as they had often swayed him before. It nerved him to a deed that, left alone, he would never have dared.

"Alexis Nazimoff," he said, "there can be no doubt of your guilt with this damning evidence of your unholy purpose found in your possession. You have forfeited your life, but my last act shall be merciful. I spare your life. I sentence you to twenty years in the mines of Siberia!"

Karsicheff rose from his desk. The clock began striking twelve, and as the strokes rang out they fell like a knell on the ears of nearly all present. Turning to Paul, Count Nazimoff, Karsicheff, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, said, "My work is finished. Count Nazimoff, to you I resign my seal, my keys, my powers. I have done my duty to the end—the rest is yours!"

Radaloff approached Count Nazimoff—Count Nazimoff, the new minister of police—and as he passed the countess he gave her one look that repaid all the insult she had heaped upon him less than an hour before.

"What is your excellency's command regarding the other prisoners?" he asked, saluting Count Nazimoff.

"There is one more to be disposed of. She says she is the wife of that man," and he pointed to Ivan.

Katherine caught the word. His wife! Ilda's brother's wife. She too must suffer. None of them must escape.

"Count Nazimoff," she said, "my husband laid down his work while engaged in meeting out justice to this gang of assassins. There is one more—that man's wife. She too should be punished here and now."

Paul, Count Nazimoff, looked up slowly. He had aged ten years in less than two minutes.

"Not now," he said faintly; "not now. We have had enough of—"

He could say no more.

Katherine spoke again.

"It will become the minister of his sovereign to show his weakness at such a time as this," she exclaimed.

"My husband, at the expense of his feelings, nerved himself to do his duty—now do yours. Russia needs an example now!"

Almost involuntarily Count Naz-

moff raised his hand. It was to beg Katherine to forbear.

Radaloff saw the motion and interpreted it to mean that he should produce the prisoner.

In another moment he had left the room and a second later re-entered it with a heavily draped figure clinging to his arms. He had to support her, she would have fallen.

Katherine pointed to the trembling figure supported by Radaloff.

"She is the wife of that man," exclaimed the countess, indicating Ivan.

"There can be no excuse for delay. She was captured with the rest—is it not so?" and she turned fiercely to the officer in command.

"It is so, madame, and she was arrested while standing by the printing press, upon which we found this proclamation."

As he spoke he displayed the placard in red.

"You see—you see, Count Nazimoff," exclaimed the countess, "there can be no doubt. Act—and a heavy sentence too."

"Poor girl," the count glanced at the veiled and shrinking figure before him. "She may be innocent. She—"

"She cannot be innocent with the

proof of her guilt in that treasonable proclamation," shouted Katherine "Sentence her!"

"What is your name?" asked Paul Nazimoff in a faint voice.

The girl said nothing. She seemed to shrink still more.

"Speak, girl—your name! You are that man's wife; do not deny it," said Katherine.

"My name is—"

The veil fell, and the pale face was exposed to the gaze of all present, as Olga stood forth with trembling form and fainting heart.

"Olga!"

Above the exclamation of horror, surprise and amazement with which the name was spoken by all, there rang out a wild shriek of anguish and despair as Katherine Karsicheff recognized her daughter.

"Olga!"

Again the shriek echoed until it struck terror to all within hearing.

"Olga—my daughter—his wife—that man's wife—no! no! no! Oh, God, Count Nazimoff, you do not believe this, you cannot believe this. My daughter, the affianced wife of your son—she here with these—that man's wife! It is not so—my God, my God, I swear it is not so. Do not sentence her! Spare her! Spare her. Here on my knees at your feet, I beg, I implore you, by the love you bore your dead wife, have mercy on her, on me—on all—have mercy, have mercy!"

Count Nazimoff raised his head. "You have urged my duty well, madame, I must perform it."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy!" screamed Katherine, fairly groveling at his feet.

"I sentence her," said Count Nazimoff, "to Siberia—with her parents!"

CHAPTER XIV.

On the Road to the Mines.

Three days after the events narrated in the preceding chapter the doors of the great prison of Petropavlovsk in St. Petersburg swung open. The entrance was guarded by a squadron of Cossacks, and a line of prison vans stood near, ready to move at the word of command with the first detachment of political prisoners from among the hundreds arrested during the wholesale raids of the police made by order of the minister.

Of the prisoners arrested in the Nihilist rendezvous, four—Oraminsky and Hersy being two—were sentenced to death; the others, without exception, to exile in Siberia for terms ranging from ten years to life.

Kirabkin's fate alone was undecided. He had made a full confession of all he knew, and it was determined to keep him in St. Petersburg in hopes that he could furnish the authorities with still fuller details of the great conspiracy.

Two by two, heavily shackled, the prisoners moved slowly from the prison and took their places in the waiting vans.

(To be continued.)

WOLF HUNTING IN LAPLAND.

Natives Run Down Animals on Skis and Dispatch Them With Spears.

The most northern point of Scandinavia or Finland is inhabited by Laps. The latter live in the valleys and are employed chiefly in agriculture; the former keep to the mountains and they are very wealthy, owing to their immense herds of reindeer, which graze summer and winter in the open.

If the snow is very deep in winter the herds are brought down to the more sheltered valleys. In spite of constant watchfulness they are even there not safe from the invasion of wolves, whom hunger drive down to the lowland from the forests.

The mountain Laps in consequence organize wolf hunts during the winter. They pursue the animals on skis, or snowshoes, and owing to the great speed at which they can get over the frozen snow they soon overtake the flying beasts and kill them. The huntsmen carry nothing but a short heavy spear, which they drive home with a practiced hand. Only when wounded do the wolves attack their pursuers, otherwise the cowardly brutes seek safety in flight.

Letter Writing a Lost Art.

To one who closely studies human nature letters constitute the best literature. They reveal the little idiosyncrasies which go to make up character. They expose the heart, especially if written without the thought of publication. Sometimes, as in the case of the correspondence between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, it seems a sacrifice to lay bare to the world so much of private confidence. In other instances, as in the letters which Liezt and Wagner wrote to each other, the world is the distinct gainer by the publication. In fact, so rich is English literature in epistolary wealth that we hate to regard letter-writing as a lost art. The truth, however, forces itself upon us and we must accept it, endeavoring to console ourselves with the thought that what we have lost in genuine correspondence we may have gained in other things.

Voice From Arkansas.

Cleveland, Ark., August, 15 (Special).—Nearly every newspaper tells of some wonderful cure of some form of Kidney Disease by the Great American Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this part of Arkansas is not without its share of evidence that no case is too deeply rooted for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure.

Mr. A. E. Carille, well known and highly respected here, tells of his cure after nearly a quarter of a century's suffering. Mr. Carille says:

"I want to let the public know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I think they are the best remedy for sick kidneys ever made."

"I had Kidney Trouble for 23 years and never found anything that did me so much good as Dodd's Kidney Pills. I recommend them to all sufferers."

There is no uncertain sound about Mr. Carille's statement. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills rescued him from a life of suffering and he wants the public to know it. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

Gold Watches in Lake.

From the bottom of Lake Como a case of 1,700 gold watches, which was accidentally dropped there by a steamer porter, has been fished up.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A drop of blood which might hang from the point of a needle contains about 1,000,000 red flattened corpuscles.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Russia by this time has got over the notion that it can smack Japan with one hand tied behind its back.

FITZPATRICK'S Cough Cure. No. 100 or 1000 capsules. Sent for FREE on 10 trial bottles and treatment. Dr. J. C. Watson, Ltd., 25 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Man's recuperative power after an injury is in an inverse ratio to his social advancement.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children, teething, colic, diarrhea, inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

In the great coal mines of Bohemia the average wages inside for nine hours is 86 cents.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brian, 222 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1924.

The value of the high school property in the United States is \$125,000,000.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman. Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers Club.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced."

\$1,200 to \$3,000 A YEAR

Is being made by graduates of the Western Veterinary College practicing and in government positions. Catalog free. Dr. J. M. WATLINS, 1120 Madison St., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

Portraits and Frames. Frames, 12x, 15x, 40x and up. Portraits 30c, 50c and up. Catalogs and Samples Free. HUDSON FRUIT CO., 1206 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

\$400 for \$100 Do you want it. We have \$200 for \$50. You get it. Opportunity soon ends. \$100 for \$25. Applications accepted in order received until all taken; balance of money sent will be returned. Amounts from \$10 to \$100, none larger to one name. This is your opportunity to make money in an honest and safe way. No money lost. You get value received and share profits equally. Do it now. THE BURNAL, Box 22, Denver, Colo.

Prominent Physicians Declare Meat Injurious

Just Try

Mapi-Flake

WHOLESALE-DELICIOUS

THE DAISY KILLER

destroys all the flies and house-in-dwelling insects and affords comfort to every one. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If you have any dealers send them for 25c. HALL'S FLYING, 125 South Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It's a "DAISY"

In Name Style Quality and Finish

A Shoe for Women at \$2 Made in Viol Kid and in Girls' Sizes too

Ask your dealer for the "DAISY" Booklet Free

SMITH-WALLACE SHOE CO., CHICAGO

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 34—1904

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NORTH HAMBURG.

Mrs. Fletcher, of Mason, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. Weller.

Dave Bennett and family visited at Ralph Bennetts Thursday.

Mrs. I. W. Bennett and son, Adelbert, of So. Lyon, are visiting friends at this place.

Rev. and Mrs. Stephens, of Plymouth, called on John VanFleet and wife, Wednesday last.

A lawn social and musical for the benefit of Rev. G. W. Myline, will be held at the Wegand home Pettyville, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 24th. The committee urge the attendance on this occasion of all friends of the pastor and the church. The following program will be given:—Inst. solo, Lulu Benam; Solo, Henry Kice; Solo, Bert Benam; Inst. Solo, Mrs. Bert Appleton; Solo, Rev. Myline; Solo, Florence Kice.

Wednesday the Aid were very nicely entertained at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Smith, of Lakeland. The meeting was called to order by our president, Adda Kice, and opened with an instrumental solo by Lulu Benam; all joined in singing from C. E. hymn book followed by scripture reading by Mrs. Chas. Rollison; prayer was offered by Mr. G. W. Myline. The secretary being absent the report was omitted. Hazel Benam gave a pleasing recitation about "The Ministers visit at their House," which was heartily enjoyed; two choice select readings were given by Mrs. Chas. Switzer and Mae Van Fleet. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in a social way.

MARION.

Bernard Murningham is having a new house built.

Miss Clara Love, of Howell, is visiting her brother Henry.

Joe Turner an inmate of the County House died last week.

Willis Smith is preparing to have an addition put on his barn.

Mrs. Len Parks is entertaining her brother Amos, and wife from Chicago.

Mrs. Robt. Ruess and daughter, of Jackson, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Tkamus.

Mrs. Lillian Walker (nee Dickerson) and children, of Republic, are visiting friends and relatives around her old home.

WEST PUTNAM.

Will H. Gardner is suffering from sun-mac poison.

Mrs. Ray Backus, of Marion is visiting her parents.

H. B. Gardner who has been quite sick is some better.

Miss Mae Hackett of Detroit, is visiting at D. M. Monk's.

Miss Ella Murphy is entertaining a friend from Jackson.

Wellington White is enjoying a weeks outing at Portage lake.

Edward Spears spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. William Doyle.

Mollie Kelly, of Ann Arbor, is enjoying a vacation with her parents.

Chas. White and family, Frank Smith and wife, Sundayed at Mrs. L. B. Whites.

Mrs. Mary Ketchene, of Monette, Mo., is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk VanWinkle and family, spent Sunday at James Marbles' of Anderson.

PETTYVILLE.

Steve VanHorn is plastering his new home this week.

Ed Mercer and wife, of Toledo, visited his parents here the past week.

Ruben Gannon, of Toledo, formerly of this place, spent Sunday with James Van Horn and family.

WEST MARION.

Geo. Bullis is painting his barn.

Randolph Corndorfer is building a silo.

The busy hum of the threshing machine is again with us.

Ernest Schooley, of Fowlerville, is spending a few days at A. B. Farringtons.

W. B. Miller and wife spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Allen.

Mrs. Will Allen and Miss Myra Woodworth are soon to visit friends at Traverse City.

The LAS will meet with Mrs. Henry Smith September 8. A cordial invitation to all.

The friends of John Heffernan are sorry to hear of his poor health, and hope his stay at the sanatorium will prove beneficial.

UNADILLA.

Geo. Stowe has bought the Quilt place. Wm. Pyper was in Fowlerville one day last week.

Miss Myrtle Smith is visiting relatives in White Oak.

Fred Williams, of Danville, visited at Perry Mills Sunday.

Pearl and Edith Hadley, of Detroit, are visiting relatives here.

Eugene Joslyn, of Howell, visited his father here the past week.

Geo. May and wife, of Stockbridge, visited relatives here Sunday.

Miss Vina Barton was the guest of relatives in Pinckney last week.

Holden DuBoise and family have moved into the John Marshall house.

L. M. Harris is visiting his mother and other relatives in New Jersey.

Miss Rose Harris is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harley Andrus, in Pontiac.

Nelson Bullis and wife, of Gregory, called on relatives in Iowa Sunday.

Miss Bernice Harris spent last week with Sidney Collins and wife of Lyndon.

Mrs. John Watson and daughter spent the last of last week with her mother in Dexter.

Lee Barton, of Pinckney, was the guest of his cousin, Warren Barton, Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Sarah and Grace Hudler, of Munith, are guests of their sister and other relatives here.

The Unadilla Sunday school will join the surrounding schools in a picnic at North Lake, Tuesday Aug. 23.

Eva and Raymond Staphish returned home Sunday from a weeks visit with their sister, Mrs. John Watson of this place.

Miss Erma Pyper returned home last week from a three weeks visit with her brother Alex. and wife at Grand Ledge.

Dr. DuBoise and wife after spending two weeks in Petoskey returned home last week. The Dr. is much improved in health.

Fred Densmore who was severely kicked by his horse, two weeks ago, was able to be taken to his home in Danville last Sunday.

Rev. Geo. E. Sharp, of the Greenwood ave. M. E. church, Jackson, will assist the pastor at Quarterly meeting services at the M. E. church here next Sunday morning.

The Grange and Farmers Club picnic at North Lake last Saturday was largely attended, and a good program was rendered. The ball game score was 9 to 5 in favor of Chelsea.

PLAINFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Chipman visited in Jackson the last of last week.

Mrs. Harris, of Lansing, has been visiting relatives here the past week.

Owing to poor health Harvey Ostrander has been obliged to give up farming.

Miss Margaret Wasson is spending a few days in New York visiting friends there.

Communion services next Sunday morning at the Presbt. church, Rev. Jones pastor.

The Misses Elsie and Jessie Wellhusen, of St. Johns, are taking an outing at Portage lake with their cousin, Bula Baughn.

Remember the picnic at the grove near Lamereaux lake, Iosco, Aug. 26—held under the directions of the Iosco and Plainfield Granges.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church will hold an ice cream social at the home of Mrs. Andrew Jackson, on Thursday evening, Aug. 25. This being their first effort since organizing, let all turn out and help them make the social a grand success.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Vacation is almost over.

Some refreshing rain this week.

W. E. Murphy, Gale Johnson and Marion Reason are spending the week at St. Louis taking in the World's Fair.

The L. A. S. of the Lakin appointment will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bland, Thursday, Aug. 25. Every body cordially invited.

The many friends of Wirt Barton will be glad to learn that he has been promoted by the Anketell Co. to a position in their bank at Sanilac Center.

Morley Vaughn returned Monday from Vassar where he has been spending a week with his aunt, Mrs. Ella Teeple. He reports "the time of his life."

About fifteen of the little friends of Walter Reason gathered at his home Monday, to help him celebrate his nineteenth birthday. Of course they had a big time.

The city of Paw Paw are in the throes of their second "old home week." This city started the ball rolling in this state last year with such success that they make it an annual affair.

Mamie and Blanche Ruess, of Chicago, are visiting their grand parents here.

Chas. J. Teeple and wife are spending a week or more in Buffalo and at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Floyd Reason and daughter Florence, and son Clare, are visiting her parents in Port Huron.

Does the local and other news in this issue interest you? So will every other issue for the coming year. Send in your \$1.00 and keep in touch with things at home.

We have added a few names to our subscription list the past week but will be glad to add many more. You certainly want your home paper to keep in touch with matters at the old home.

The Young Peoples Church Benefit Society gave Miss Eva Grimes a very pleasant and farewell surprise, Tuesday evening, as she is about to leave town for an extended time. The amusements were of the most diverting kind, and refreshments excellent.

Bills were issued the past week announcing an auction sale of household goods at the Congregational parsonage Tuesday, Aug. 23d. Stephen Durfee and family, being about to move to Texas, desire to sell their household goods. Sale begins at 1 o'clock p. m.

James Burden of Gregory, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, could not withstand the shock and passed away Tuesday morning. Mr. Burden was well known by a large circle, having been a stock buyer among farmers for many years and had won many friends. He will be sadly missed in his home town where he is best known.

Error Corrected.

In the write-up of St. Mary's picnic the amount at the end was left blank to be filled at the last report but by error went to press without the correction. The amount was \$525.00.

Letter of Acceptance.

DETROIT, MICH., AUG. 16, '04.
Mr. F. L. Andrews, Pinckney, Mich.

My Dear Andrews:
Yours of the 15th inst. at hand notifying me of your "Old Boys and Girls" committee action in selecting me to act as your President. While I feel there are others who would fill the position with far more credit to the association, I want you to know that I very much appreciate the honor conferred upon me, and will do my level best to make the homecoming of the Old Boys and Girls such an occasion that not one will miss coming with us to the biennial reunion in 1906.

Thanking your committee for the honor shown, I remain, yours truly,
GEO. W. SYKES.

M. E. Church Notes.

No prayer meeting tonight.

During the time required to renovate and beautify the church, services will be held in the Opera House at the usual hour. There will be no preaching service next Sunday morning as Rev. Cope will hold communion services at Unadilla.

Sunday school will be held in the Opera House at 11:30. Preaching in the evening at 7:30, Rev. G. E. Sharp of Jackson will preach. Everybody welcome.

Quarterly meeting services last Sunday; Rev. Grey, of Brighton, Rev. H. Palmer, of Whitmore Lake, assisted the pastor.

Congregational Church.

Conducted by Rev. G. W. Myline.

Sunday 21st August—morning service as usual, and sermon by the pastor. In the evening he will preach at the M. E. church, Hamburg, by request.

This church extends a special invitation to strangers and casual visitors to make it their Sunday home.

The Ladies of the M. E. church will hold a tea at Mrs. R. E. Finch's Friday evening, Aug. 19, from 5 o'clock until all are served. Everyone cordially invited.

"The Bank That Treats You Right."

To My Old Friends, New Friends and Wished-For Friends:

Hail, greeting and farewell after the joyous week, and a word to remind you that in Jackson, Neb., I have "the bank that ALWAYS treats you RIGHT," which is always hungry for more business. We pay 4 per cent. interest on time deposits, have depositors in Pinckney and seven other states, and will keep your money absolutely safe for you if favored with your business. The bank is eighteen years old past, with its total losses less than fifty dollars and not a penny of bad debts. May we number you among our customers? Write, and see how easy it is and how pleased I will be. Sincerely,

ED T. KEARNEY,
Cashier Bank of Dakota County, Jackson, Nebraska.

(The oldest bank in the county.)

A Handy Household Tool.

We received this week from Luther Bros. Co., of North Milwaukee, Wis., one of their "Fire Fly" sharpeners, and to say that we are well pleased hardly expresses it. It will grind perfectly the lightest tool as well as an ax. To the housewife, carpenter, butcher, mechanic or any one by whom tools are used the "Fire Fly" is indispensable. It is built for utility and convenience. Quickly and easily attached or detached from work bench or table. The sharpening wheel is made of that marvelous substance, "Carborundum." Write them for particulars of the little wonder. We soon found it indispensable in the printing office.

Business Pointers.

There will be an all night hop at the Dexter opera house, Monday evening, Sept. 5. Dance bill 50 cents; refreshments, a-la-carte. Good music—Chamberlain & Lennon, Mngs. t35

LOST.

On the streets, last Wednesday, a dark cane mounted with a lovers knot of silver. Valued very much as a keepsake. Please leave at this office.

FOR SALE.

A thorough-bred Short-horn bull calf 4 months old. ROBT. KELLY. t34

R. CLINTON auctioneer—farm property a specialty.

Lyndilla Phone. Can be reached from anywhere on the line.

Pinckney, Mich.

Percy Swarthout Funeral Director

AND EMBALMER

ALL CALLS ANSWERED
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MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage whereby the power therein contained to sell has become operative, made by Julia A. Mountain in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, to William P. Van Winkle of Howell, Livingston County, Michigan, dated September 12, A. D. 1902, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Livingston, State of Michigan, September 13, 1902, in Liber 92 of Mortgages, on page 164 thereof, an undivided one-half interest in which mortgage was duly assigned on September 13, 1902, by the said William P. Van Winkle to Frank Bailey of Howell, Michigan, which assignment was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds on the same date last aforesaid in Liber 90 of Mortgages on page 156 thereof, it being expressly provided in said mortgage that should any default be made in the payment of the interest or any part thereof on any day when the same is made payable by the terms of said mortgage, and should the same remain unpaid and in arrear for the space of thirty days, then and from thenceforth, that is to say, after the lapse of the said thirty days, the principal sum mentioned in said mortgage, with all arrearage of interest thereon, should, at the option of the said mortgagee, his executors, administrators or assigns, become due and be due and payable immediately thereafter and default having been made in the payment of three installments of interest of eighteen dollars (\$18.00) each, by the terms of said mortgage, became due and payable on the twelfth day of March, 1903; on the twelfth day of September, 1903, and on the twelfth day of March, 1904, respectively, and more than thirty days having elapsed since each of said installments of interest became due and payable, and the same or any part thereof not having been paid, the said mortgagee and assigns, by virtue of the option in said mortgage contained, do consider, elect and declare the said principal sum of three hundred dollars (\$300.00), secured by said mortgage and remaining unpaid, with all arrearage of interest thereon, to be due and payable immediately. There is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred thirty-five dollars and seventy-seven cents (\$335.77), and no proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on Friday, the fourth day of November, A. D. 1904, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the west front door of the Court House in the village of Howell, in said county, that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for the County of Livingston, in which said mortgaged premises to be sold are situated, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale at public vendue to the highest bidder of the premises contained in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be required to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, with interest and legal costs, including an attorney fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) provided for in said mortgage, that is to say, the lands, premises and property situated in the Township of Howell, County of Livingston and State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: The undivided one-seventh interest in the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest fractional quarter and the west half of the east half of the northeast quarter of section number thirty (30); the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the southeast-quarter of the southwest fractional quarter, the east half of the northeast quarter of the southwest fractional quarter and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section number nineteen (19), all in township number three (3) north, of range number four (4) east, and containing in all two hundred sixty-eight (268) acres of land, more or less, the whole of said above described premises being occupied, mortgaged and used as one parcel and farm.

Dated at Howell, Michigan, August 8, A. D. 1904.
WILLIAM P. VAN WINKLE,
Mortgagee.
FRANK BAILEY, Assignee.
WILLIAM P. VAN WINKLE, Attorney
for Mortgagee and Assignee. t 44

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage whereby the power therein contained to sell has become operative, executed by JACOB D. GALE and SARAH GALE his wife, of Genoa, Livingston County, Michigan, to MORRIS E. VAN HORN then of Marion, Livingston County, Michigan, now deceased, dated the fourth day of February, A. D. 1887, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Livingston, State of Michigan, in Liber 66 of mortgages, at page 182 thereof; there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Twenty-seven hundred and Sixty dollars, (\$2760.00) and no proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given, that on Saturday, the third day of September, A. D. 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the west front door of the court house in the village of Howell, in said county, (that being the place of holding the circuit court for the county of Livingston, in which the mortgaged premises to be sold are situated), the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale at public vendue to the highest bidder of the premises contained in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be required to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, with interest and legal costs including an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars provided for in said mortgage; that is to say: The northeast quarter of the south east quarter of section number twenty-four (24) township two north of range four (4) East Michigan containing forty acres. Also the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section number twenty-five (25) township two north of range four East Michigan, containing forty acres. Also the west half of the northwest fractional quarter of section number thirty (30) in township two north of range five East Michigan containing ninety four and eighty-two one-hundredths (94 82/100) acres by Government survey thereof.

Dated, June 4th, A. D. 1904.
JANETTE VAN HORN,
Executrix of the last Will and Testament
of MORRIS E. VAN HORN, deceased.
WILLIAM P. VAN WINKLE,
Attorney for Executrix. t 35