

For **Bowman's** For
Price

Baker's Cocoa, 1 lb. pkg. only	15c
Baker's Cocoa, 5 lb. pkg.	30c
Standard Cuts, per c	5c
Yeast Foam, only	3c
Search Light matches, 8 boxes	16c
Egg-O-Rice or Toasted Corn Flakes, 5	25c
Good Smokers' Tobacco, full pound package only	15c
Good fine cut tobacco, 1 lb.	25c
All 10c plug tobacco, four cuts for	30c
Keystone plug tobacco, regular 5c cuts only 8c; full strip of 6 cuts, 17c	

Be sure to visit us every time you come to Howell.
Every day is bargain day

E. A. Bowman's
Howell's Busy Store

COMMENCEMENT RECEPTION

Rev. Fr. Commerford Monday
Opera House

OVER 1,000 PEOPLE WELCOMED

As announced in our previous issue, Rev. Fr. Commerford, who has been spending five months in Holy Land, would arrive here on Monday, June 3, the members of the parish and the citizens of the village were in hand to see that he was given a reception and welcome that he would not soon forget. People began arriving early and by eight o'clock the town was full.

Several priests had also come in from all over the diocese, and as they were sitting on the spacious porch of the rectory about 100 men marched in on them and all went to the opera house which was already crowded. Over thirty priests were present by this time and all were seated on the platform, Rev. Commerford being given the seat of honor in the center.

J. C. Dunn, chairman, made a few very appropriate remarks and then turned the meeting over to Rev. Fr. James Cahalan of Hillsdale, who acted as toastmaster and introduced the speakers. Rev. Fr. Hally of Wyandotte gave the address of welcome from the diocese, and spoke of the high esteem in which Fr. Commerford is held among the clergy. Hon. G. W. Teeple gave the address of welcome from the citizens in a few well chosen words and Rev. Fr. T. E. Slattery, who has had charge of the parish during the absence of Fr. Commerford, gave the welcome in behalf of the parish. He had been in close touch with the members and knew well how to extend his welcome.

At this time Rev. Fr. Command of Trenton was introduced and in his usual eloquent and polished manner spoke of the expressions of welcome that had already been given and also that the presence of so many people showed they were glad to welcome back one whom they must love and respect. These expressions were all good but he had one expression of welcome to extend that might last even after the words had been forgotten. He hereupon tendered Fr. Commerford with a package containing 500 \$1.00 bills, crisp and new.

This, of course, called for a speech from the pastor and, as usual, he was ready for he never lacks for something to say. After thanking the people not only for their gift, but the words of welcome and their presence there to welcome him he gave a very interesting description of his trip to the different places of interest in the old country, especially to Jerusalem and Bethany. His manner of bringing out the the different scenes is excellent and one almost think they can see the things described. Of course he kissed the Blarney Stone and his description of the feat was worth listening to. We have listened to many lectures on the same sights and scenes but nothing better than this one by Rev. Commerford.

At the close of his remarks he came down in front of the stage and every one in the house was given a chance to shake his hand and in this he was assisted by Rev. Fr. Command and nearly 600 people availed themselves of the opportunity.

The Hamburg and Putnam farmers club will not meet the last Saturday in June but will meet July 4 at Island Lake about a quarter of a mile from Lakeland station, for a picnic. Will have the same program we was to have had at Mr. Briggs' May 25 and as many more as will, to help fill out the program. Everyone invited, but bring lunch and dishes. If a cold day the Cady house is open to all.—Pres.

Commencement Presents

We have a fine line of Books
Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets
and other Fancy Articles that
make glad the heart of the
graduate. See our line. . . .

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at

F. A. SIGLER'S

LOCAL NEWS.

Wanted at once—summer.
C. Glenn of Detroit spent the week at his farm, the Glenn farm.
Matt Jeffries is giving Esty's residence a coat of paint.
Miss [redacted] spoke to the people the week.
[redacted] of Stillwater, Minn., [redacted] People's. Mrs. G. Fish and [redacted] same time.
Rev. [redacted] month but wraps have to coats are still in evidence. A [redacted] rain has fallen every day this week but as we go to press Wednesday afternoon it is warming up [redacted].

A. B. Green has been on the sick list the past week.
Rev. A. G. Gates and wife are now nicely settled in the Cong'l parsonage.
Miss Celestia Parshall of Howell was the guest of Miss Mae Reason over Sunday.
Miss Hall of Ann Arbor was the guest of Miss Leona Monks a few days the past week.
Roy Caverly, foreman of the Livingston Republican, visited his parents here Sunday.
James Smith left Tuesday for Detroit, and from there he goes to Cobalt, Canada. His many friends join with us in wishing him success.
W. H. Crofoot, Will Dunning, C. E. [redacted], John White and Fred Teeple were in this section went to Lansing Friday and saw Pres. Roosevelt.

Glenn Mack, one of Howell's popular attorneys, was spending Sunday in North Putnam. Wonder what was the attraction—must have been a suit of some kind. (?)

The item in the Lakeland correspondent last week in regard to Mrs. Hecker having pieplant stolen from her [redacted] must have been a mistake. [redacted] she either lost it or gave it [redacted] she does not know or care [redacted] as she has given away bushels.

No time to change Adv.
this week, am to busy selling
goods advertised before

L. L. Holmes Clothing Co.
Pinckney, Mich.

GASOLINE

RED STAR BRAND

DO NOT SMOKE

ASK YOUR DEALER

The elocutionary entertainment at the M. E. Church last Wednesday evening under the auspices of the W. C. C. was an exceptionally good one and should have been better attended. The show in town that evening took some of the crowd but those who missed hearing Mrs. Rodda missed a treat. Should she ever visit the village again she would be greeted by a full house. The music rendered by the young people was much appreciated. The society took in over \$10.

Will Harris was called to Dexter last Thursday on account of the serious illness of his father.
Rev. D. C. Littlejohn visited the book rooms in Detroit Monday making some additions to his library.
Glenn Richards of Grand Rapids was the guest of his parents, Dan Richards and wife, the past week.
We are obliged to issue a large number of half-sheets this week to supply the demand for extra papers.
Geo. Culy, was called to Hamburg Wednesday to attend the funeral of Henry Hetscheler, who has been ill this winter.
Emil Lambertson left Monday to attend a business college at Lansing. Emil is a graduate of the P. H. S. and here's hoping for his success.
Miss Florence Cook of Brighton is one of the graduates of the high school there this year. Miss Florence spent her first school days here.
C. P. Sykes returned home last Friday and was taken sick. For a time it seemed as if he was in for another run of illness but we are glad to state that he is on the way to recovery.
Rev. and Mrs. K. H. Crase of Hartland are visiting their many friends here. They were for years residents of our village moving away about a year ago on account of Mr. C's health.
Sigler Bros. have their ice cream parlors in fine shape and have a new fountain. So far this season hot coffee would fill the bill better than ice cream although their bread is excellent being home made.

The Alumni of the P. H. S. will meet at the school building Friday evening of this week to make arrangements for their annual meeting. All former graduates of the high school are requested to be present at 7.30.

Decree Rendered

The Supreme court has rendered a decree in the Reason vs Peters case but the written decree has not been received here as we go to press it is but little understood and there are several stories.

Upon telephoning for information we find that it can be interpreted in two ways. As we understand it Mr. Peters can leave the water at its present height and ask the court to decide on the amount of damage it is to Mr. Reason's property which he will have to pay together with all [redacted] must lower the water 20 [redacted] time and pay all costs. [redacted] ing has been done either way.

Ice Cream S

Carborated Wetars,
All Kinds on Ice.

NEVER CLOSED

Do You Fish?

If so, You surely should see our fine and complete line of Fishing Tackle; casting rods, baits reels, lures, minnow nets and pails. In fact everything in the fishing line

See our show case—it will fairly make your mouth water.

Teeple Hardware Co

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"Silk Floss"

Carborated Wetars,
All Kinds on Ice.

NEVER CLOSED

C. M. Sigler,

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

By Elsie Carmichael

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It stood over the mantel in the oak-paneled dining-room, a portrait by Gainsborough of a slender dark-eyed girl in a white satin gown, with a necklace of milk-white pearls about her softly rounded throat. She was peeling the petals from a red rose and smiling demurely out of the frame. Her eyes were in love with her own image. I used to spend my afternoons in the manor until my aunt Elizabeth came down to Kersey for week-end parties to see my Aunt Elizabeth. I used to spend most of the time before the great fireplace in the dining-room, looking toward the ceiling and dreaming as I watched Marianne dropping the petals of her crimson rose.

"I am going to have a house party on the 26th of June," wrote my aunt, "and you must not fail me, my dear Reginald. I shall refuse to take you for an answer."

This was the nature of a summons to Windsor castle, and I dared not disobey. Besides, I did not altogether object to a house party at Kersey manor in rose time. However, at the last minute I was delayed, and it was not until the evening of the 26th that I drove up the oak-lined avenue in the soft moonlight. My aunt met me in the great hall.

"They are having tableaux in the music-room," she said. "Will you come there as soon as you have changed?"

The light was turned low as I softly entered and stood unobserved in the back of the music-room. There was a hush over the audience as the curtain was drawn to reveal a lovely picture. My cousin, Jeanne, smiled winsomely out of the frame as the Countess Potoeka in the famous portrait that is familiar to every one. The clapping of hands drowned the little murmur of admiration as the curtain was drawn over it. My cousin, Jeanne, evidently could not endure the order of things and she looked at me with the emerging glaze and a low murmur of conversation was heard.

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to do in the old days, and I gathered her roses. We hung bread crumbs to the trout that rose greedily to snatch them, and we pelted the cross old peacock with flowers, and then we leaned on the sun-dial, and Marianne's taper finger traced the letters of the carved inscription just as I had dreamed of her doing. Her hair curled riotously, bewitchingly about her face that was flushed like the petals of a pink rose, as she bent over the letters.

"Do you know, Marianne," I said, "that this is not the first time you and I have leaned on this sun-dial. Sometimes it has been in the pale moonlight when the garden was turned to silver and the roses, dew-drenched, filled the air with their perfume, and sometimes we have been here in the wintertime when the snow lay deep on the terraces and the quaint bay trees and hedges were all carved from purest Parian marble. Always we have been here together, and always we will lean together on this old dial watching the sunny hours go by, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She blushed ravishly. "But I am not Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, stupid," she pouted. "You are in-



We Leaned on the Sun-Dial.

deed mad, madder than the maddest March hare."

"You may say you are not, but you are going to be," I said emphatically. "You have got to be. I have been in love with Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, since I went to Rugby, a little chap in knickerbockers, and I am in love with you and two things equaling the same thing equal each other."

"Not at all," she said. "It only proves you are a fickle creature. Fancy what a change of heart to admire my great-great-aunt one minute and the next to tell a girl whom you have known only 15 hours that you care for her. How could I ever trust you, Cousin Reggie?"

"As I said before you interrupted me," I went on tranquilly, "I love Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, and I love you, and two things equaling the same."

"Ah, you are getting too mathematical for me," she said, and ran swiftly away down the garden path and I after her.

And then began days of uncertainty. Marianne teased me and tormented me and avoided me, choosing any little insignificant creature that was

thinking perhaps that particular one given me by the negress had some special virtue. Then the ribbon split and I lost it.

"This happened years ago in the south. Last week I got neuralgia again, worse than before, if that could be. I nearly went wild until my wife said: 'Why don't you try another nutmeg?'"

"And I did. With the same result. It wasn't an hour before the pain was gone."

"I can't explain it. I have asked doctors and they say they can't explain it, but they say also that because they can't explain it is no reason they should disbelieve in its efficacy."

Too Much So.

"How did you like that cornetist sent to you?" asked the agent.

"Well, as you said," replied the orchestra leader, "he certainly does play the cornet to beat the band."

"All right, eh?"

"No, he couldn't keep time."

her when I approached. But I discouraged. I had loved her but I did not feel that some day I was to be her husband.

"By great luck one day I found her alone in the library and boldly walked in.

"I want to speak to you about a life matter of business, if you will listen," I said, stiffly to her as she sat at the desk writing.

"Business," she said, coldly. Her lips trembled a bit at the word, as though a smile were passing through. "Well, be quick about it. I am immensely busy." A frown gathered her delicately penciled brows as she leaned her head on her hand and listened.

"It's about the succession and the property," I said, sitting down comfortably in the low chair beside her.

"Is this strictly business?" she asked suspiciously.

"Strictly," I answered. "It is very important. You see I am my aunt's heir and some day Kersey manor will belong to me, and do you know it doesn't seem to me quite fair. You have always been the lady Marianne of the manor, and you know I feel as though I were doing you out of it."

"Oh, not at all," said Marianne politely, half turning back to her letter, as though she wished me to hasten. "I have no claim in any way, you know."

"Well," I said, reflectively, "somehow I feel that it's not fair and I have a proposition to make. I want you to keep on being the lady of Kersey manor."

"Oh, no, March hare," she said. "That would be doing you out of it. No, thanks very much, but I couldn't think of accepting such a present from you." She laughed.

"What does Mme. Grundy say?" A young lady should never accept any gift from a young man, except books, flowers and bonbons, unless—"

She stopped suddenly and blushed adorably up to the little curls on her forehead and down to the collar of her frock.

"Unless what?" I demanded, but she laughed and blushed still more.

"Unless?"

"Oh, never mind," she said.

"I know," I cried triumphantly. "Haven't I studied Mme. Grundy's rules of etiquette? Unless they are engaged or married. Isn't that it, word for word, Marianne? That's the only way out of it," I said. "Come, Marianne, sweet. I have never loved anyone else but you. I have been faithful to my dream Marianne for so long and I waited for you, oh, ages and ages. Pray keep on being the lady of Kersey."

The pink stole up into her face again, her eyes were soft and winsome as she held out both hands to me in sweet surrender.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to, March hare," she said, "since you insist upon it."

Kaiser's Phonograph Clock.

Novel Timepiece Reminds Him of Day's Engagements.

Berlin.—It is not generally known the kaiser possesses the most unique clock in the world, a so-called phonograph clock made by a German inventor. The clock reminds the emperor of business and other engagements. When the kaiser, for example, wishes to be at the chancellor's house at ten o'clock in the morning, he speaks into the phonograph the night before, which moves a pointer and is called at the hour indicated. The phonograph graciously announces: "Your majesty, it is now time to call a carriage and go to Chancellor von Buelow's." Moreover, when the kaiser is at breakfast the clock tells him a dozen or more things which he spoke into the phonograph the night before so as not to forget them.

American cities have no troubles—at least, none worth mentioning.

Field of Usefulness AHEAD.

But great as its services have been in the past, the field of usefulness ahead is still larger. Dealing with growing crops, it must hereafter deal also with living men. The government must recognize the far-reaching importance of the social and economic problems of farm life. The social and economic standpoints, and the federal and state departments of agriculture should co-operate at every point, to make loss solitary, fuller of opportunity, freer from drudgery, more comfortable, and more attractive. Such a result, most earnestly to be desired, may be achieved only if the people of the farm be aroused in the children that are born on the farm. All these questions are of vital importance not only to the farmer, but to the whole nation; and the department of agriculture must do its share in answering them. We hope ultimately to double the average yield of wheat and corn per acre; it will be a great achievement, but it is even more important to double the durability, comfort, and standing of the farmer's life.

Need of Co-Operation.

Farmers must learn the vital need of co-operation with one another. Next to this comes co-operation with the government, and the government can best give its aid through the individual farmer, rather than through the individual farmer; for there is no greater agricultural

NEEDS OF FARM HOME

President's Address at Celebration of Founding of Agricultural Colleges in the United States.

TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOR

Callings of the Skilled Tiller of the Soil and the Skilled Mechanic Have Right to Be Recognized as Professions—Need of Skillful Training—Plea for the Too Often Overworked Farmer's Wife.

Lansing, Mich.—At the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of agricultural colleges in the United States, President Roosevelt delivered the address. In part he said:

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this college is an event of national significance for Michigan and the United States in the Union to found this first agricultural college in America. As a people there is nothing in which we take a juster pride than our educational system. They should be trained alike in head and hand. They should get over the idea that to earn \$12 a week and call it "salary" is better than to earn \$25 a week and call it "wages." The young man who has courage and the ability to refuse to enter the crowded field of the so-called professions and to take to constructive industry is almost sure of a good living, in his health, in his opportunity to marry early, and to establish a home with reasonable freedom from worry.

There is but one person whose welfare is as vital to the welfare of the whole country as is that of the wage-worker who does manual labor, and that is the tiller of the soil—the farmer. If there is one lesson taught by history it is that the permanent greatness of any state must ultimately depend more upon the character of its country population than upon anything else. No growth of cities, no growth of population, no growth of loss in either the number or the character of the farming population. In the United States more than in almost any other country we should realize that in every great crisis of the past a peculiar dependence has had to be placed upon the farming population; and this dependence has been justified. But it cannot be justified in the future if agriculture is permitted to sink in the scale as compared with other employments. We cannot afford to lose that permanently active and effective intellectual, political and economic life.

Everything should be done to encourage the growth in the open farming country of such institutional and social movements as will meet the demand of the best type of farmers. There should be libraries, assembly halls, social organizations of all kinds. The school building and the teacher in the country should, throughout the country, be the best of their kind. No one should fit the boys and girls not merely to live in, but thoroughly to enjoy and to make the most of the country. The country church must be revived. All kinds of agricultural machinery, such as the bicycle and the telephone, should be utilized to the utmost; good roads should be favored; everything should be done to make it easier for the farmer to be in touch with the world of intellectual, political and economic life.

But much has been accomplished by the growth of what is broadly designated as agricultural science. This has been done with remarkable rapidity during the last quarter of a century. The benefit to agriculture has been great, as with the services have been in the past, the field of usefulness ahead is still larger. Dealing with growing crops, it must hereafter deal also with living men. The government must recognize the far-reaching importance of the social and economic problems of farm life. The social and economic standpoints, and the federal and state departments of agriculture should co-operate at every point, to make loss solitary, fuller of opportunity, freer from drudgery, more comfortable, and more attractive. Such a result, most earnestly to be desired, may be achieved only if the people of the farm be aroused in the children that are born on the farm. All these questions are of vital importance not only to the farmer, but to the whole nation; and the department of agriculture must do its share in answering them. We hope ultimately to double the average yield of wheat and corn per acre; it will be a great achievement, but it is even more important to double the durability, comfort, and standing of the farmer's life.

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problem than that of the farmer's life. The people of our farming regions must be able to combine among themselves, as the most efficient means of protecting their industry from the highly organized interests of the cities. A vast field is open for work by co-operative associations of farmers in dealing with the relation of the farm to transportation and to the distribution and manufacture of raw materials. It is only through such combination that American farmers can develop to the full their economic and social power.

Practical Education.

Book learning is very important, but it is by no means everything; and we shall never reach the right idea of education until we definitely understand that a man may be well trained in book learning and yet, in the proper sense of the word, and for all practical purposes, be utterly uneducated. While a man of comparatively little book learning may, nevertheless, in essentials, have a good education.

It is true that agriculture in the United States has reached a very high level of prosperity; but we cannot afford to disregard the signs which teach us that there are influences operating against the establishment of a really sound basis. The over-extensive and wasteful cultivation of pioneer days must stop and give place to a more economical system. In our country life there must be social and intellectual advantages as well as a fair standard of physical comfort. There must be in the country, as in the town, a multiplication of opportunities for intellectual advancement and social betterment. We must try to raise the average of farm life, and we must also try to develop it so that it shall offer exceptional chances for the exceptional man.

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Labor on the Farm.

All over the country there is a constant complaint of the hard farm labor. Without attempting to go into all the features of this question I would like to point out that you can never get the right kind of the best kind of labor, you offer employment only for a few months, for no man worth anything will permanently accept a system which leaves him in idleness for half the year. It is very important of us to want to say a special word on behalf of the one who is too often the hardest worked laborer on the farm—the farmer's wife. I emphatically believe that for the greater benefit of our women the really indispensable industry in which they should engage is the industry of the home. As no other learning is so important for the average woman as the learning which will make her a good housewife, we should make this does not mean that she should be an overworked drudge. There is a place for her in the necessary work of acting as a matter how tender and considerate a husband, the wife will have at least her full share of work and worry and anxiety. If the man is worth anything, he will try to take as much as possible of the burden off the shoulders of his helpmate.

Scores Women Who Shirk Duty.

Do not misunderstand me. I have not the slightest sympathy with those hysterical and foolish creatures who wish women to attain to easy lives by shirking their duties. I have as hearty a contempt for the woman who shirks her duty of bearing and rearing the children, of doing her full housewife's work, as I have for the man who is an idler, who shirks his duty of earning a living for himself and for his household, or who is selfish and brutal toward his wife and children. I believe in the best of things, not from the performance of duty, not from the avoidance of duty. But I believe also in being each of us, as strength is given us, to be one another's helpmate; and this especially in our own homes. No outside training, no co-operation, no government aid or direction can take the place of a strong and upright character, of the best of heart combined with clearness of head, and that strength and toughness of fiber necessary to bring success from a rough work-a-day world. Nothing outside of home can take the place of the home. The school is an invaluable adjunct to the home, but it is a wretched substitute for it. The family relation is the most fundamental, the most important of all relations. No one in church or state, in science or art, or industry, however great his achievement, does work which compares in importance with that of the father and mother, who are the first of sovereigns and the most divine of priests.

JOURNEY OF A TREE ROOT.

Eucalyptus Sends Shoots Up Over a Wall to a Sewer.

From Santa Barbara, Cal., there comes a story of a most interesting freak of vegetable life which is strictly vouched for.

Through a certain garden there ran, some years ago, a sewer made of red-wood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall four feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer which it closed tightly, while the outer sewer ended abruptly against the wall.

The outside sewer casing had a course of time decayed and a eucalyptus tree, standing some 60 feet away, had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible.

Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could. At last it came to the wall, which shut off its course, and it could go no farther, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evidently knew how to get through the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again and followed it along as formerly.

How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? How could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food, just as the eucalyptus tree did.

The Pinckney Dispatch

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907.

Everybody in Ohio wants "harmony" but every one wants his own brand of the article.

Remarkable Rescue.

The truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Fedora, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c. and \$1. at F. A. Sigler's Drug store. Trial bottle free.

"Money is a drug on the market" says a New York daily. But unfortunately the drug trust has not been busted.

According to his friends Taft has every state but Oklahoma. And if a certain set of men can prevent it Oklahoma will not get into the Union in time to count either way.

According to an exchange Secretary Taft is interested in every fat remedy he hears about. If we are not mistaken he will have found a sure one before the Presidential nomination comes off.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man to-day. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by F. A. Sigler, Druggist. 50c.

An Automobile magazine asserts that "the possession of a motor car is not necessarily the proof of great wealth." And the fact is that the possession of one is sometimes the cause of great poverty.

Emily Lambertson closed a successful years school in the Hick district last Friday. This is his second year in the same school. One of his pupils, Glenn Fisk, has neither been absent or tardy during the entire year.

A Very Practical Christian.

A benevolent old man who lived on his farm in Iowa never refused shelter to any who might ask it of him. His many friends remonstrated with him about this characteristic, knowing that these unscrupulous hoboes would avail themselves of the opportunity and that there was great danger of the old man being robbed. To these remonstrances the old man replied that he believed in "practical Christianity." "But," said one of his friends, "this seems very impractical. Suppose one of these men took it into his head to rob you one night?" "My dear young friend," was the reply, "I bid all enter in the name of God, but I prove my belief in practical Christianity by locking up their pants during the night."

There is no case of indigestion, no matter how irritable or how obstinate, that is not immediately relieved by the use of Kodol. The main factor in curing the stomach of any disorder is rest, and the only way to get rest is to actually digest the food for the stomach itself. Kodol will do it. It is a scientific preparation of vegetable acids containing the very same juices found in a healthy stomach. It conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Frank Peterson, Jackson and Ann Arbor friends here this week.

Miss Martha Murphy and Helen Dunn spent the week in Lansing and Jackson.

Farmington is to soon have a sewer system—\$6,000 being the amount voted to start with.

After being closed a few weeks, the So. Lyon hotel will again be opened to the public this week.

Mrs. Leal Sigler is visiting friends and relatives in Lansing. She attended the jubilee there.

Paul Brogan, who has been spending several months in Nebraska, returned home the past week.

Here's the latest conundrum: "Why is the year 1907 like a lumber wag on?" No spring to it.—Milford Times.

Miss Florence Andrews attended the closing day of school in the Cady district last Friday, visiting her former pupils.

Conger, the Detroit weather man, predicts warm weather from now on. If his predictions prove false he wants to go into hiding.

Edwin Hewitt, foreman on the Ann Arbor R. R. at Hamburg, has resigned to accept a similar position on the Air Line at a higher salary.—Times.

The DISPATCH does not make much blow but when you are in a hurry for a job, stationery, cards, books, briefs, or anything remember we make a specialty of "rush jobs."

The weather man broke the record again this year in giving us a fair day May 30. However the spring had been so backward that there were few flowers to decorate with.

The officers in Ypsilanti took out a slot machine the other pay and dumped the thing into the river and never even took out the lead of nickels. It still lays there in 20 feet of water.

The supreme court holds that marriage license records in the county clerk's office are public documents and as such must be open to inspection of any one who asks to see them; they cannot be suppressed.

Fowlerville people are not taking much interest in the lecture course and there is a chance that that village goes without this season. They should not drop the course if it is possible to keep it up. They are a good thing for a town.

Many purely agricultural towns make the mistake of thinking they have a great future before them along manufacturing lines, when if they would devote their entire energies to the betterment of the produce market of the town and in every way possible make the farmer see that it was his interest to come to that town to buy and sell, there would be no necessity for factories, the town would be one of the most prosperous in the state.

When you feel the need of a pill take a DaWitts Little early Riser. Small pill, safe pill, sure pill. Easy to take—pleasant and effective. Drives away headaches. Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

GRAND EXCURSIONS

TRUNK to Railway Norfolk, Virginia. System 60 Days and Season Tickets. Daily up to Nov. 30. VARIOUS ROUTES. SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. July 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 - Knights Templar. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. May 30 to June 3 - American Med. Ass'n. LOS ANGELES, CAL. June 10 to 14 - National Med. Ass'n. Going one route, returning another. PHILADELPHIA, PA. July 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 - B. P. O. BOSTON, MASS. July 25, 26, 27 and 29 - N. E. Old Home Week.

Special inducements in low round trip rates to the West and Northwest. Round trip Summer Tourist tickets to Principal Canadian and New England points on sale daily after June 1st. Return limits, October 31st. Liberal stop-overs. Full particulars at local ticket office.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

Two Sides of a Stock Jobbing Operation

(Original.) One afternoon a gentleman left his office near the New York Stock Exchange, stepped into a cab and directed the cabman to drive to his home in town. Having started, he pulled down the curtains, took a revolver from his pocket and placed the muzzle against his temple.

Albert Mesereau had followed a continued "bulling" of the N. Y. and P. railway and had thereby been ruined. The published statements of the road showed that their earnings would enable them to pay a 10 per cent annual dividend on their common stock, though they paid nothing. They were spending their profits on the betterment of the road. Mesereau had kept "long" on the stock with a view to reaping a rich harvest when the directors should cease this outlay and begin to give the surplus earnings to the stockholders. But year after year passed with no change in the financial policy of the company. Mesereau's margins were finally absorbed, and on the afternoon mentioned a slump in the market had placed him heavily in debt.

As he was about to pull the trigger the face of his wife came up before his mental vision—a face that had always been cheery, helping him to bear his continued disappointment, his perpetual sinking to ruin. Now it was inexpressibly sad. His brain, temporarily unbalanced, righted itself, and he resolved to live for the sake of the woman who loved him and whom he loved.

Nevertheless that night some of his clothes were found on the deck of a Hudson river ferryboat, and Mesereau had disappeared.

Meanwhile there were rumors in the street that N. Y. and P. railway common stock was shortly to be put on a dividend basis; but, since these rumors had been rife for several years, no one paid any attention to them. The stock fluctuated as usual, and though rather high for a nondividend paying stock, was considerably below par.

One day a director of the road called his valet into his private room at home and said to him:

"Dennis, some one has been opening my letters."

"I hope ye don't mane to accuse me o' doin' sich a thing, sir," replied the man.

"I do, and I'm going to hand you over to the officers of the law on a charge of theft."

"I steal, sir?"

"It is to my interest to shut you up for a week. If you will consent to be made a prisoner in my house under lock and key for that time, I will make no charge. Otherwise I will put you behind bars perhaps for years."

"I am innocent of anything the law will punish in that way."

"The law is money. I, having money, am the law. Which do you choose, a voluntary imprisonment for a week or to go to jail?"

The gentleman stepped to the telephone and took down the receiver.

"Don't call the police. You may shut me up here."

"Very well. Follow me."

He led the way to a back room in an upper story. There were two windows, but they were small and near the ceiling. The valet entered, and his master, locking the door, took the key.

Several days later a maid in the hall made sufficient noise with her buckets and brooms for the prisoner to hear her.

"Kate," he called, "is that you?"

"Good gracious! Where do the voice be comin' from?"

"Come here, Kate—to the door. I'm Dennis. I want to speak with you. Don't make a fuss."

The girl approached the door, and Dennis whispered to her through the keyhole. Then she went away.

Mrs. Mesereau, lying awake—she slept but little since her husband's disappearance—thought she heard the telephone bell ringing on the floor below. She listened and heard it again, this time surely. Getting out of bed and pulling on a wrapper, she went down and answered the call.

"Is that you, sweetheart?"

"Great heavens, it's Bert's voice!"

"I must be quick. Go to Bunker's office in the morning. Tell him I'm alive; have been in the service of a director of the N. Y. and P. railway. At the stockholders' meeting in a few days a 7 per cent dividend will be declared. First make contract for half his profits, then give the information. Goodby."

The next morning the supposed widow was in the office of her husband's former broker, was closeted with him and when she emerged had a written contract signed by him that he should form a syndicate to buy 100,000 shares of N. Y. and P. common stock to be held at least sixty days, half the profits (on condition the information proved correct and the stock advanced) to go to Albert Mesereau. Within two hours the syndicate had been formed, and during the afternoon and the next morning 100,000 shares had been picked

up without raising the quotation points. Two days later the directors met and put the stock on a 7 per cent dividend basis.

Mesereau, alias Dennis, having been let out of his cell by the maid and coached by telephone, least his flight change the plans of the N. Y. and P. Railway company, returned to the office and was only released from it a few hours after the announcement of the dividend. The next morning he appeared again in Wall street. Meanwhile the price of the stock went up by jumps, and his profits were enormous. EDWARD COLEMAN.

A prompt, pleasant, good remedy for coughs and colds, is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for babies and children, but good for every member of the family. It contains no opiates and does not constipate. Contains honey and tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Paid in Full.

Two young ladies, evidently stenographers, were having an animated discussion while on their way to work the other morning in a Market street car. The discussion revolved around the question as to the best method to impress their respective employers as to the value of their services.

"Do you know," said the smaller of the two, "my former employer was the worst old granny. He could not spell the simplest words correctly, and he couldn't pronounce them. One day I thought I would impress him with the value of my services. He gave me a letter to typewrite, and I just went along and copied it as he handed it to me. Then I made a second copy with all the misspelled words corrected. With beaming countenance I handed him both copies."

"What did he do?" breathlessly asked her friend, forcing the conductor to hold his car so that she might alight at her corner and at the same time hear the answer.

"He fired me," was the reply.—Philadelphia Record.

He Fired the Stick.

"I have fired the walking-stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C. Guaranteed for Piles, Burns, etc., by F. A. Sigler, druggist. 25c.

The Tip Randolph Wanted.

Can you put me in no way to become a successful rogue to an amount that may throw an air of dignity over the transaction and divert the attention of the gaping public from the enormity of the offense to that of the sum? From a Letter of John Randolph of Roanoke to Dr. John Brockebrough.

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodale of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex. says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and as a laxative I ever before tried several actually dispose of malaria and of indigestion. They don't grind, and cost 25c. Sold by F. A. Sigler's drug store."

AN ASSIZE OF BREAD.

Moblie's Regulation of Bakeries Early in the Last Century.

In the latter half of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries the regulation of the price of bread by public authority was a familiar principle in the English colonies of America. In New Haven, for instance, the weight of the penny loaf was regulated by law about 1660, and in 1693 the Massachusetts general court also provided a regular assize, fixing the weight of the loaf according to the price of flour. At various times during the first quarter of the eighteenth century the selectmen of Boston likewise performed this duty.

It is interesting, however, to note survival or perhaps a revival of this principle as late as the nineteenth century in the town of Moblie, whose economic history is marked by many peculiar features. After fifty-two years of French, seventeen years of English and thirty-three years of Spanish rule Moblie came under the control of the United States government in April, 1813, and was included in the Mississippi territory. On Jan. 20, 1814, by an act of the territorial legislature the town received a charter of incorporation, and at two meetings of the inhabitants, on March 11 and 14, the municipal government was organized and the charter publicly read in English and in French. The population at this time was composed of French, English and Irish elements. On April 4 following, three weeks after the organization of the municipal government, a "tariff for bakers," or assize of bread, was drawn up by the commissioners (the governing body of the town) and proclaimed in English and in French. This fixed the weight of the loaf for the ensuing month in accordance with the price of flour. Instead of changing the price of bread it was more convenient to make the loaves lighter or heavier as the price of flour rose or fell. On May 2, 1814, the weight of the bit loaf (the bit being a coin worth 12½ cents) was fixed at twenty-eight ounces, and the weight of the half bit loaf was fixed at fourteen ounces.

On July 8, 1815, Mr. Martin, the baker, appeared before the board and paid the sum of \$10, a fine imposed on him for having his bread too light, the amount of which sum was paid by the municipal officer. On Jan. 24, 1827, a regular scale of weights for the bit loaf was adopted.

Beginning May 3, 1817, the assize of bread was proclaimed weekly, of monthly, as before, and this was continued for a little more than two years. The records do not show that the assize was proclaimed after 1819, but the town continued to exercise a control over the business of baking. Every baker was required to procure a license and to register his trademark, which was stamped on his loaves. A public bakehouse was also established and seems to have been managed in the same way that municipalities control public markets, the bakers renting the stalls from the town and being subject to inspection. As late as 1826 in the annual statement of the city clerk the following entry occurs in the statement of receipts during the year: "Sales of condemned bread, \$1.87."—Quarterly Journal of Economics.

For scratches, burns, cuts, insect bites and the many little hurts common to every family, DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve is the best remedy. It is soothing, cooling, cleansing and healing. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by F. A. Sigler's drug store.

KI-A-WAH

The Reliable Blood Purifier

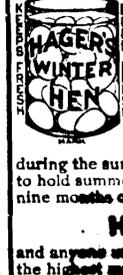
I am for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN



Instant relief to sufferers of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Disorders.

Get a bottle to-day. Is purely a vegetable compound. Mild in effect but one of the most effectual remedies known for restoring the entire system. It is derived from nature, not compound of drugs and chemicals that only allay the pain, but cures to stay cured after all so-called "scientific" treatments have failed.

For sale by druggists. Send for circulars. Address, INDIAN MEDICINE CO., Milford, Ohio.



More Money for Eggs

under most any conditions. There is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by careful testing with

HAGLER'S EGG PRESERVATIVE

and anyone using this Preservative need never sell a dozen eggs for anything but the highest market price. Send for Sample and Circulars telling you all about it.

HAGLER'S EGG PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.

FRIDAY

THE BIRD

Copyright, 1914, by Thomas W. Lawson



CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Well, sir, I should feel much better if I could go over there into the swirl and smash it out for myself. You see if I could win out alone and pay back the seat price, and then make a pile for myself, if you felt later like giving me another chance to come into the firm, then I should not be laying myself open to the charge of being a mere pensioner on your friendship. You know what I mean, sir, and won't think I am filled with any low-down pride, but if you will let me have the price of a stock exchange seat on my note, and will give me the chance, when I get the hang of the ropes, to handle some of the firm's orders, I shall be just as much beholden to you and Jim, sir, and shall feel a lot better myself."

I knew what Bob meant; so did father, and we were glad enough to do what he asked, father insisting on making the seat price in the form of a present, after explaining to us that a foundation stock exchange rule prohibited an applicant from borrowing the seat price. Four years after Bob Brownley entered the stock exchange he had paid back the fifty thousand, with interest, and not only had a snug fifty thousand to his credit on Randolph & Randolph's books, but was considered a man who had made a year's earnings in a single instance put in his pocket.

"I may say in passing that a man's pocket man's notch would make twice six thousand yearly earnings cast an uncertain shadow at Christmas time. Bob was the favorite of the exchange, as he had been the pet at school and at college, and had his hands full of business 300 days in the year. Besides Randolph & Randolph's choicest commissions, he had the confidential orders of two of the heavy plunging cliques.

"I had just passed my thirty-second birthday when my kind old dad suddenly died. For the previous six years I had been getting ready for such an event; that is, I had grown accustomed to hearing my father say: 'Jim, don't let any grass grow in getting the hang of every branch of our business, so that when anything happens to me there will be no disturbance in 'the Street' in regard to Randolph & Randolph's affairs. I want to let the world know as soon as possible that after I am gone our business will run as it always has. So I will work you into my trusts in those companies where we have interests and gradually put you into my different trusteeships."

Thus at father's death there was not a ripple in our affairs and none of the stocks known as "The Randolphs" flattered a point because of that, to the financial world, momentous event. I inherited all of father's fortune other than four millions, which he divided up among relatives and charities, and took command of a business that gave me an income of two millions and a half a year.

"Once more I begged Bob to come into the firm.

"Not yet, Jim," he replied. "I've got my seat and about a hundred thousand capital, and I want to feel that I'm able to kick my heels until I have picked together an even million all of my own making; then I'll settle down with you, old man, and hold my hand at the show, and if some good girl happens along about that time—well, then I'll be 'An ivy-colored cot' for you."

He laughed, and I laughed, too. Bob was looked upon by all his friends as a bad case of woman-shy. No woman, young or old, who had in any way crossed Bob's orbit but had felt that fascination, delicious to all women, in the presence of:

A soul by honor schooled,
A heart by passion ruled—
But he never seemed to see it. As my wife—for I had been three years married and had two little Randolphs to show that both Katherine Blair and I knew what marriage was for—never tired of saying, "Poor Bob! He's woman-shy, and it looks as though he would never get his sight in that direction."

"I know, Jim," he continued in a tone of great seriousness, "there's a little secret that would let even you into the truth, but it's not safe yet—not safe to speak of the old house of Randolph & Randolph. Yes, you will laugh—you who are, and always have been, as staunch and steady as the bronze John Harvard in the yard, you who know Monday mornings just what you are going to do Saturday nights and all the days and nights in between, and who always do it, Jim, I have found since I have been over on

the floor that the southern gambling blood that made by grandfather, on one of his trips back from New York, though he had more land and slaves than he could use, stake his land and slaves—yes, and grandmother's too—on a card game, and—lose, and change the whole face of the Brownley destiny—those same gambling microbes are in my blood, and when they begin to claw and gnaw I want to do something; and, Jim"—and the big brown eyes suddenly shot sparks—"if those microbes ever get unleashed, there'll be mischief to pay on the floor—sure there will!"

Bob's handsome head was thrown back; his thin nostrils dilated in thought there was in them the breath of conflict. The lips were drawn across the white teeth with just part enough to show their edges, and in the depths of the eyes was a dark-red blaze that somehow gave the impression one gets in looking down some long avenue of black at the instant a



"Jim if Those Microbes Ever Get Unleashed, There'll be Mischief to Pay on the Floor."

locomotive headlight roams a curve at night.

Twice before, way back in our college days, I had had a peep at this gambling temper of Bob's. Once in a poker game in our rooms, when a crowd of New York classmates tried to run him out of a hand by the sheer weight of coin. And again at the Pequot house at New London on the eve of a varsity boat race, when a Yale crowd shook a big wad of money and taunts at Bob until with a yell he left his usually well-lead feet and frightened me, whose allowance was dollars to Bob's cents, at the sum total of the bet cards he signed before he cleared the room of Yale money and came to with a white face streaming with cold perspiration. These events had passed out of my memory as the ordinary student breaks that any hot-blooded youth is liable to make in like circumstances. As I looked at Bob that day, while he tried to tell me that the business of Randolph & Randolph would not be safe in his keeping, I had to admit to myself that I was puzzled. I had regarded my old college chum not only as the best mentally harnessed man I had ever met, but I knew him as the soul of honor, that honor of the old story-books, and I could not credit his being tempted to jeopardize unfairly the rights of property of another. But it was habit with me to let Bob have his way, and I did not press him to come into our firm as a full partner.

Five years later, during which time affairs, business and social, had been slipping along as well as either Bob or I could have asked, I was preparing for another sit-down to show my chum that the time had now come for him to help me in earnest, when a queer thing happened—one of those uncountable incidents that God sometimes sees fit to drop across the life-paths of His children, paths heretofore as straight and as smooth visible as

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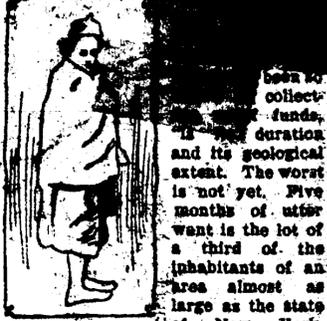
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WORK

CHINA'S FAMINE

Some Facts About the Awful Starvation of the People.



Over 400,000 have already been sent from America to relieve the famine sufferers in China.

been to collect funds, the duration and its geological extent. The worst is not yet. Five months of utter want is the lot of a third of the inhabitants of an area almost as large as the state of New York.

Thus far the deaths from starvation have been comparatively few—only a matter of a few thousand at the outside estimate. Most of these have been complicated by disease or cold. From the standpoint of the native, the mortality has not been great. The grim reaper's greatest harvest is still to come.

Writing from one of the great famine camps, a correspondent of the North China Herald says that some of those who die of starvation are so emaciated that the ribs literally protrude through the skin, which is cracked, and the body is practically fleshless. Of the multitudes congregated in these camps, a very large proportion have been either compelled or persuaded to return to the villages whence they came, and there the final tragedy must be worked out. Those who remain are housed in mud huts, closely packed together.

government. Sale of 20,000,000 (about 200 million) of dollars' worth of grain, and through the crowds of barrows laden with pennies. As soon as a section of made the people grain market, where the corn and other foodstuffs of the Shanghai market were sold at the lowest possible figure.

Every speck of grain is eagerly with hungry, wailing lest it spill on the ground and be

Student Recruits Movement

Every year during the Christmas holidays the Young Men's Christian associations in the universities and colleges of California invite to hold a religious conference for students at Pacific Grove. At the last holiday season the conference developed a new movement very analogous in its origin and its purpose to the student volunteer movement which came out of a like conference of eastern universities at Northfield in 1891. The students at Pacific Grove, after their formation of the "Student Recruits Movement." Those present subscribed a pledge form reading: "I purpose, if God permits, to become a minister of the gospel." They bound themselves to solicit other "recruits." A loose organization was formed of Carl E. Mortenson of San Francisco, and others.

Long Eastern Trip

Dean Bosworth, D. D., of Oberlin Theological seminary, has sailed from San Francisco for an eastern trip of about four months, mainly under the auspices of the World's Student Federation.

New French Bible

There has recently been put upon the market in France a new translation of the Bible "par" Abbe N. Crampon. Edition revisee par des Peres de la Cie de Jesus. The publishers are the well-known firm, Lefebvre et Cie who are the pope's own printers in Paris. The work, revised, as will be seen, by the Jesuits, was put upon sale simultaneously in Paris, Rome and Tournay. One bookseller in Paris in the first few days disposed of 10,000 copies. The version is so thoroughly satisfactory that the French Protestants accept the volume with eagerness.

Extending Railroad Work

The progressive men of the railway department of the Young Men's Christian association are turning their attention to the needs of the men employed on electric railways. At Rochester, N. Y., and in several Southern states local associations have been formed and work begun. Every man who is disposed to be decent, whether he be Jew or Gentile, and has a belief in religious things or otherwise, is welcome to membership.

CHURN FOR A HEAD PIECE.

Piece of Mischief That Might Have Had Fatal Results.

Nearly everyone has heard of the man whose dog got his head caught in a pitcher into which he had thrust it after a taste of the milk at the bottom. The man cut the dog's head off to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the dog's head out. An incident with almost similar features occurred in the little village of Stanton, N. C., the other day. The children of Mr. Uriah Bumgarner were playing on the porch of their home when a small daughter picked up a churn, one of the old-fashioned kind with a large bottom and a small opening, and in a spirit of mischief placed it upside down over the head of her two-year-old brother, who was sitting on the floor. The little girl accidentally dropped the churn and down it went over the head of the child, who began to yell. The father and several neighbors ran up and found that the boy had turned his chin upward and the churn could not be removed. The upturned bottom of the churn finally had to be sawed off before the child could be released, and the little chap emerged from his unique head covering almost dead from fright.

The Fox as a Decoy.

Some 30 years ago a tame fox was kept at the Berkeley Castle duck decoy in Gloucestershire, England. This animal understood the whole art of decoying wild-fowl, and showing himself to the duck, widgeon, and teal on the decoy lake, used, by waving his tail and moving gently to and fro, to attract the attention of the curious fowl. The birds were frightened by the fox's motion, and they flew up to the decoy pipe, and were shot by the decoy man. It is a well-known fact that the fox is invariably secured, if they were able, a red dog, as near in color to a fox as possible, for the difficult part of decoying duck from the pool to the netted pipe.

Forrest's Principle.

Here is a brief summing up of Gen. N. R. Forrest: "He was a man of humble birth and little education, a trader in slaves and mules, grave, silent, unobtrusive, but possessed of military genius of a high order. As a leader of cavalry he was unequalled and knew no fear. During his service he was destined to take part in 123 actions, and to have 27 horses shot under him. In one terse sentence he summed up his art of war: 'To get that first with the most men.'—From the 'Appeal to Arms and the Civil War.'"

"Pilgrim's Progress" on Stage.

A dramatic version of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been presented at the Imperial theater, London. The ten scenes, which are said to have been finely staged, were accompanied by old English music, and the whole production was a great success.

Foolish Question.

A magazine writer asks: "Why do men wear suspenders?" Well, in odd cases, perhaps, they feel a whole lot better than a rope.

Correspondents

WEST MARION

Mrs. H... in Chelsea... Miss Elva... will attend the Summer Normal at Ypsilanti.

Harvey White and wife of Pin-gree attended the funeral of a friend at Williamston Sunday.

There will be a school picnic at Cedar Lake Friday, June 7 for the schools of Miss Wellman, Miss Wood and Mr. Reed.

A number of friends and neighbors gave Mrs. A. M. Roockwood a pleasant surprise last Friday afternoon, as a birthday. Many presents were given her, after partaking of refreshments of cake and ice cream they returned home, wishing her many happy returns of the day.

HOWELL

The dog poisoner and the burglar are working here. One is as bad as the other.

The Alumni of the Howell high school is to be awakened after a sleep of several years.

Coal ought to be plenty here next winter—there are to be four coal pits in the village.

Best Barber of Howell... Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which are unequalled for Backache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder and urinary troubles. A weeks treatment for 25 cents.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

All the news for \$1.00 per year.

Business Pointers.

FOR SALE

Various Hot Small potatoes. J. Mackinder.

FOR SALE

Two good fresh, Jersey cows. J. J. Teeple.

FOR SALE

House and lot on Unadilla street, Pinckney. Mrs. Carrie Wilson, Flint, Mich.

Grand Trunk Railway System.

East Bound from Pinckney No. 25 Passenger Ex. Sunday, 9:38 A. M. No. 30 Passenger Ex. Sunday, 4:35 P. M. West Bound from Pinckney No. 27 Passenger Ex. Sunday, 10:01 A. M. No. 29 Passenger Ex. Sunday, 8:44 P. M. Solid wide vestibule trains of coaches and sleep ing cars are operated to New York (and Philadel- phia) via Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk-Le. High Valley Route. W. C. Clark, Agent.

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LAKELAND

C. G. Smith is much busy with this writing.

Elva Black is a little busy with this writing.

The Spencer show at Owasco was a fake.

Frank Wallace has returned from a visit at Owasco.

Wm. Blade and family at C. B. Weller's Sunday.

Mrs. Ray Tompkins and friends at Pinckney of the week.

Chas. Samson and wife are entertaining their cousin, L. Gilks and wife of Howell.

Rex Bennett and wife visited the latter part of the week and Mrs. John Bergin.

Clyde Smith and Ann Arbor spent the last of the week with his parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith.

Miss Jennie Peters of Ypsilanti visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Peters part of last week.

Madames James Henry, Jesse Henry and Wm. Cady spent last Thursday at Howell visiting relatives.

Mrs. Eugene Wines of Ann Arbor spent the last of the week visiting her mother, Mrs. George Blade.

O. Toncray of Durand was visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. Sampson and shaking hands with old friends last week.

Next Friday being the last day of school Miss Beatrice Lamborn, teacher, will have a picnic at Van-Horn's grove for the little folks.

A STORY OF ... THE LAW.

(Original.)

Among the many advantages of concentration of thought is one disadvantage. Such concentration leads the thinker to place an undue relative value upon the subject of his thought. A specialist in throat diseases is apt to refer all the ills man is heir to to the throat. The professor of ancient languages cannot understand how a man can be properly equipped for any profession without a knowledge of Greek and Latin. To the merchant the chief end of man is to buy cheap and sell dear.

In the legal profession this species of monomania tends to make the courtroom a tournament of lawyers. The real object of a court, to do justice, is buried under a rank professionalism that has grown up like weeds in a flower garden.

Edward Avery, a brilliant young lawyer, was especially under the influence of this professionalism. Having been elected state attorney, he considered it his duty to convict alike the innocent and the guilty. As soon as his duty to the state had ended and he became an independent attorney he considered it his duty to secure the acquittal of any client, whether innocent or guilty. His friends used to remonstrate with him on the want of elasticity of his principles, but without avail. He was intensely logical and could give the best of reasons for his deductions. He forgot that logic is but a machine which will grind out anything that is put into it.

One day while Avery was practicing on his own account a man whose trial for burglary was to come off immediately sent for him and asked him to make his defense.

"But I know nothing about the case." "Don't want 'y' to know nothin' about the case. The more you know about it the worse for me."

Avery's fancy was tickled at going into court to conduct a case he didn't know anything about. He prided himself on his readiness and resource. He would add another to his already large number of stories that he was used to telling his friends illustrative of these faculties. The accused man had but \$5 to give him for a retainer, but Avery was not after money. His object was to have an opportunity to show what he could do impromptu.

The case came off the same afternoon. Avery was somewhat surprised to see in the courtroom several of his chums, mostly of the legal profession, and asked why they were there. He was told that they had heard he had taken a case he didn't know anything about, and they were curious to see how he would handle it. Avery was pleased. This meant that they were

Some to witness...

Avery in custody lived in a house some suburban residence. In winter he went to the city and lived in a house up till spring. When the case was brought into court and the witnesses were got together, the counsel for the defense was surprised to find among the latter faces of his neighbors in the country. But what was his astonishment when the prosecution brought out the fact that the robbery had been committed in his own home.

Avery's friends were watching him, and when this fact dawned upon him they chuckled. The young attorney was at once that they had placed him in a position to defend his client from robbing him: But he was game. Not the slightest change of countenance indicated that his professional equanimity had been disturbed. He listened calmly to the evidence against his client, while the expression of his face and quick flashings in his eyes told that he was straining his brain to find some weak spot in the prosecution, some technicality by which he might secure the acquittal of his client.

The burglar had been seen descending a trellis from an upper window of a man with whom Avery was well acquainted. He had been chased, but on the way had contrived to get rid of some valuable articles. When apprehended, he had nothing on him to convict him of theft. Of course the jury were entirely ignorant of the situation that had been brought about by Avery's friends. When the prosecutor's evidence was all in, Avery took the witness who had seen the burglar descend the trellis and asked him how he knew the prisoner was the same person. The witness could not swear that he was. He had seen him run, and he had been followed by a policeman and several citizens, but the witness had merely seen a man descend the trellis. What man he did not know. Avery trapped him into saying what threw doubt on the fact of the identity between the man who had descended the trellis and the prisoner, then showed how easy it would be for the one to be mistaken for the other. He closed by a powerful argument against ruining a man's life by evidence that was defective and a pathetic appeal for the prisoner. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

There was a dinner served that night at the bar association club rooms, given by those who had played the joke on Avery. He revealed the fact that he had lost articles that had been in his family for 200 years by securing the acquittal of his client, but that he would rather have suffered the loss than do so unprofessional an act as to turn against a client. He thanked them one and all for having given him an opportunity to prove that even under the severest temptation he could not be recreant to his duties as an attorney. All of which is very fine, but it does not add to securing the object for which courts are organized—justice. P. B. ANDERSON.

Clever With the Cards.

Some years ago a certain county jail was undergoing extensive alterations, during which time a gang of pickpockets, four in number, were arrested one market day. Owing to the alterations the lot were confined for a time in one cell, but were placed under strict surveillance, the care of them being specially intrusted to the sergeant. The day after during his rounds he spied them playing cards, when he promptly opened the door and summoned a fellow constable, on whose arrival the cell and the prisoners were most carefully searched, but no cards were found. However, the card playing still continued until the day on which the pickpockets were to be sent to the assizes for trial. Then the superintendent, a very kind man and a great favorite with every one, asked them as a favor to tell him where they had hidden the cards. They told him that as soon as the sergeant and his comrade entered their cell they stuck the pack in his pocket and picked it again before he left, as a proof of which they presented him with the much used pack.—Pearson's Weekly.

The first excursion of the season to Jackson over the M. A. L. occurs Sunday, June 9, train leaving Detroit at 7:30 a.m., Pinckney 10:10, arriving at Jackson at 11:15. Fare from Pinckney, round trip, 50 cents. Returning train leaves Jackson 7 p.m.

Some to witness...

The Anderson family... Saturday, June 8 for supper.

Owing to the inability of the... who is to deliver the graduation... dress on the date set, it has been changed to Monday evening, June 11. The cards will be issued this week.

Tuesday evening the children and grandchildren of M. and Mrs. John Mortenson went to their home and gave them a surprise to remind them of their 45th anniversary. The people were in bed; but when they got up, had supper.

Notes

Service of Mrs. McKimley Sunday-morning was very interesting. Rev. R. H. Crane was the pastor and offered prayer. A trio of male voices sang Lead Kindly Light. The pastor pictured the life of Mrs. McKimley briefly but beautifully to a large and appreciative audience. "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and "Nearer My God to Thee" were sung, as these were favorite hymns of President and Mrs. McKimley. The pictures of the Martyred President and his beloved wife were just back of the pulpit. The evening service was very interesting.

The increased attendance each Sunday is very noticeable and helpful to the pastor.

Next Sunday is Childrens Day. In the evening the topic will be "Paying the price." Everybody welcome.

M. E. Church Notes.

The services Sunday were largely attended and the pastor gave two excellent sermons.

There were no services Sunday morning. Owing to the fact that the Sunday school, the Epworth League exercises will be held Sunday evening.

The Epworth League showed to be growing in interest among the young people. The meetings at 7 o'clock every Sunday evening.

All chairs are free in the church and you are welcome to every service. If you are not already an attendant some church come with us and do all of us good.

Do not forget the prayer meeting this evening.

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