

Pinckney Dispatch.

VOL. XXVI.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1908.

No. 32

During the two days of the Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion August 5-6

We will serve
Sandwiches and Coffee
Ice Cream and Candies
Peanuts and Cracker Jack
Also Anything in the Line of Groceries
Swarthout & Placeway

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Dede Hinchey visited friends at Ypsilanti the past week.

Mesdames E. R. Brown and C. L. Sigler were in Howell Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tupper and son Glenn were in Howell Thursday last.

We issue too early this week to have the DISPATCH filled as usual with local.

Miss Rozella Peters is home from St. Paul visiting her parents in Pottsville.

Mrs. M. Plimpton is spending a few weeks at St. Louis, Mich., as one of the assistants at the Sanatorium.

J. E. Conklin of Detroit is in town to enjoy the reunion. He has not been in Pinckney before in 18 years.

R. Clinton and sons, Mart and Amos went to Jackson last Thursday and came home with a large Jackson auto.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Wright and son Mervyn of Flint are spending a few days with relatives and friends here.

A. K. Pierce was in Linden the past week to play ball.

Miss Florence Andrews visited in Howell the last of last week.

Joe Kennedy of Stockbridge spent Sunday with his parents here.

Miss Winona Hoyt of Fowlerville is staying a few days at the home of Mrs. Marion Reason.

Everett Burchiel and wife of Toledo, visited his parents and other friends here the past week. They enjoyed a few days at the Read cottage, Portage lake.

Chas. Poole of Coburg, Oregon, is visiting his mother near Gregory. He came to attend the old boys and girls reunion. This is the first time he has been home since going west seven years ago. He was a former employee in the DISPATCH office.

Stanley Ruggles of Pontiac, was the guest of his old friends, F. L. Andrews and family last Thursday. Mr. R. is a cripple but has managed to be self-supporting all his life. He is at present agent for a Battle Creek firm taking orders for the manufacture of old carpets into rugs.

Big Time Coming.

Many Old Boys and Girls Arriving.

As we issue a day early this week we give you another call to come to Pinckney to the reunion of the Old Boys and Girls where you may meet the old friends of long ago.

There be a reception at the opera house this, Wednesday, evening where we hope to hear from many of these who helped make Pinckney in early days and others who went out to help make other places. It will be a love feast for all and all are invited.

Thursday will be the big basket picnic in the grove across the pond where we hope to meet many more and renew old friendships. Already there are many of the old 'uns here and word has arrived that others are on the way. Come and help make this third meeting one of the best ever held by the association.

E. T. Kearney of Jackson, Neb., Pres. of the Association, arrived here Tuesday and will preside at the home coming.

E. L. Markey and family of Battle Creek are visiting his sister, Mrs. F. Reason. Mr. M. is Vice Pres. of the Old Boys and Girls association.

Already Oregon, Nebraska, Colorado, Louisiana, N. Y., N. J. and several other states are represented by the old boys and girls and they have not begun to arrive as we go to press.

Dexter, Mich., Aug. 3.

F. L. Andrews,

Dear Sir:—

I enclose one dollar towards a membership and badge.

Though not a Pinckneyite, I have lived so near, though in another county, so long—55 years—I might be classed as one of the "Old Boys."

Yours truly,

T. BIRKET.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that all owners of Dogs must keep the same muzzled during the month of August as provided by village ordinance.

By Order of Council.

Frank Ferguson, wife and Miss Antoinette Willey of Ypsilanti were guests of H. G. Briggs and wife this week.

Mrs. J. L. Payne of Howell and Mrs. Hart of Clarkston were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gillette, the last of last week.

Miss Helen Monks, who was operated on at the sanitarium here a few weeks ago for appendicitis, has so far recovered as to be taken home last Saturday.

Today and tomorrow (Wednesday and Thursday) will be the big days of the reunion of the old boys and girls of Pinckney. The next big event will be the annual picnic of St. Mary's parish at Jackson's grove just south of the village. Bills are out announcing speeches by Frank Shields and R. D. Roche of Howell and Nicholas J. Whelan of Holland. Also the big dinner and the ball game, Pinckney vs. Anderson.

From the way some bill posters scatter the bills promiscuously on our streets, one might think they owned the village. The scattering bills on the streets and nailing them by hundreds to posts to be blown over the streets and lawns and frighten teams, is a nuisance and should be stopped. The village council hire men to gather up the litter and it is not right for them to allow outsiders to come here and litter up the streets. In fact we know that an effort is being made to stop the nuisance but a fine or two would be more effective and furnish money to help clean up.

F. A. Sigler

DEALER IN

**Pure Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery
and Toilet Articles**

All the Standard Patent Medicines and Druggist Sundries

Shelf Paper
both Crepe and Plain

Dainty Lunch Sets
for Parties and Picnics

A Fine Line of Fancy China and Souvenirs.

Frances and Martha Murphy visited friends and relatives in Chelsea and Ann Arbor last week.

E. C. Birney of Durand visited at Wm. Murphys the past week.

Mrs. J. R. Murphy and daughter Ruth of Jackson, Miss Kattie Gibney of Detroit and Miss Jessie Brown of Ithaca are visiting Wm. Murphy and family of west Putnam.

Base Ball Schedule for Home Coming Week.

The series of ball games for Home coming week will be played in the field back of the Cong'l and Methodist churches.

The first game will probably be played with Gregory Tuesday p. m. at 3:15 o'clock sharp.

The second game will be played with Brighton Wednesday p. m. at 3:15.

The third game will be played with Stockbridge Thursday forenoon at 10:00 o'clock.

The fourth game will be played with Stockbridge Thursday the game being called at 4:00 p. m. so as to enable everyone to be there after the picnic.

M. E. Church Notes.

The pastor gave two excellent sermons Sunday and there was a good attendance at both services. It seems that his vacation must have given him new vigor if such were possible.

The prayer meetings are continuing with interest although others should attend. There will be prayer meeting this week as usual. There will be time for the other entertainments but let us get away for a while for the mid week service.

Everyone is cordially invited to attend all the services of the church and especially the old boys and girls who are visiting the old home town.

M. A. Davis and wife spent last week at the Beebe cottage, Long lake. They report a fine week.

Mrs. Wm. Cramer of Marshallville, has 140 canaries mostly all raised during the past season.—Tidings.

J. C. Dunn and J. W. Placeway were in Ann Arbor Thursday last. J. W. went for treatment again.

B. F. Andrews, who has been spending several weeks with his daughter in Flint, returned home this week.

The ball game between Pinckney and Brighton last Thursday resulted in another victory for Pinckney, the score being 7 to 3.

There will be an examination for teachers at the high school building at Howell on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 13, 14, and 15.

The W. I. C. Society will hold an ice cream social at the church and parsonage lawn on next Saturday evening August 8. Everybody invited. Do not forget the date.

BOWMAN'S

Very attractive prices are made on summer necessities as the stock is large and we must make a clean sweep.

Call In and See Us.

Every Day is Bargain Day

E. A. BOWMAN

Howell's Busy Store

Farm Work Made Easy

The successful farmer is always on the lookout for the newest and best in the way of farm machinery. Labor conditions, farm product prices, and many other things all go to make it a necessity for the farmer who would make money to day to fit himself out with the greatest labor saving devices obtainable. Money spent for new machinery is not extravagance; it is a judicious investment.

Come in and look over our things. We have the very best that manufacturers could make, and delight in showing the different machines and implements to interested persons. They are sold at a very close margin, and we offer easy terms for the convenience of our customers.

Teeple Hardware Co.

Quality Wins

at the

Ideal Ice Cream Parlors

Its quality will be maintained.
It can not be improved—such is the case with our

**Extracts, Fruit Juices Ice Cream Cones,
Crushed Fruits and Candies**

Now just remember what we say in the above few lines and during the Old Home Week, after the Entertainment, Ball Games, Etc. and when you feel fatigued, come to the

Ideal Ice Cream Parlor

or to one of our many stands and bring your friends where it takes only a trial to make a customer.

Yours Respectfully,

R. G. Sigler & Co.

Do Not Fail to Hear

The Old Girls of the Town

—in their—

Burlesque Entertainment

The Spinster's Convention

to be given at the Opera House

Thursday Evening, August 6

Tickets on sale at Sigler's Drug Store

At 8 o'clock SHARP

Pinkney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Pub.

PINKNEY, MICHIGAN

Wild Birds and Millinery.

The British parliament will probably not pass Lord Avebury's bill for the protection of wild birds, although the house of lords has passed it to a second reading. There is general agreement as to the need of action and as to the purpose of the bill, but don't as expressed whether the proposed measure is wisely devised. The bill prohibits the importation into the United Kingdom, for the purpose of sale or exchange, of the plumage, skin or body of any wild bird except ostriches, ducks and wild fowl used for food. Specimens may be gathered for museums, but only under special license; and penalties of five pounds for a first offense and £25 for subsequent offenses are provided. To American travelers in England the situation is not so startling as it appears, says the Youths' Companion, for out of consideration for the tastes of foreigners it is provided in the bill that parts of birds not included in the list of exemptions may be worn by those entering Great Britain, provided that a written declaration that the plumage is not for sale shall be given upon request. An understanding of the causes which led to the introduction of this bill ought, however, to restrain every right-minded woman from availing herself of such a privilege. There were sold last year at the London plumage sales the scapular feathers of 190,000 egrets, and the skins of more than 28,000 birds of paradise. The plumes of the egrets are "nesting plumes," that is, they appear only when the birds have young, and of course the young starve when the parents are killed. Another sad feature of the situation is the sale of the tail-feathers of hundreds of lyre-birds, and of quills of the albatross; the one a representative of a single genus of birds, the other a wanderer, which, as Mr. James Buckland puts it, "adds dignity even to the ocean." The woman who goes to church and bows in prayer a head "decorated" at such cost is a fit subject for investigation by the new psychology.

Elevating the Filipinos.

What American precept and example may do in the Philippines is indicated anew by what is going on in Mindanao, regarding which the Army and Navy Journal says the quarters of the army officers there may result in the abandonment by the natives of the nipa huts and the sort of civilization that goes with such primitive structures. The Army and Navy Journal adds: "Gov. Johnson, in installing a stable and practical government over the non-Christian tribes, has arranged, for every family to have its hemp field, and is urging the natives to give up their huts for wood houses. He has used the dwellings of army officers as an illustration of the value of such habitations. The people, who have a high respect for the big American soldier, are abandoning their shacks and building real houses." This marks a long step forward, and assures most gratifying results. The native huts of the old order are not only objectionable as typifying a low order of life, but are too often the breeding-places of disease. The first act when an epidemic breaks out is usually to burn the nipa huts as one of the best means of destroying the deadly germs. The new and better way of living taught by the Americans is certain to add in raising the race to a higher level.

Closer union, indeed the formation of a new dominion by the British South African colonies, has been regarded by far-seeing men as certain to come in time. The time may be nearer than has been generally supposed. Last month delegates of the self-governing colonies met in Pretoria to discuss interstate customs and railway regulations. They took occasion also to pass a resolution in favor of a closer political union. The suggestion was that a convention be called comprising 12 delegates from Cape Colony, eight from the Transvaal and five each from the Orange River colony and Natal, and that these delegates draft a provisional constitution. The members of the customs convention agreed to lay the resolution before their respective governments, and the general belief is that the governments will at least go so far as to approve the convention and appoint delegates although final acceptance or rejection of whatever agreement might be reached will rest with each colonial government.

THE STATE IN GENERAL

A FOOLISH GIRL'S MISTAKE IS THE CAUSE OF A SERIOUS COMPLICATION.

MARRIED, ELOPES, SORRY.

Took an Expert Crackman From the Marquette Prison Just a Few Minutes to Open a Railway Safe.

Eloping on the day following her marriage five weeks ago to Thomas Trumbull with William Cluque, Mrs. Wealthy Trumbull, a girl of 18, has been brought back to Marquette by a deputy sheriff. Cluque was also arrested with her in a hut near Waters, and is facing several serious charges. Trumbull is an elderly man and the girl married him under the impression that he would give her many luxuries. Disappointed, she left the day after with Cluque, who is not very much older than herself. They hid during the daytime and walked during the night until they had got considerable distance from Marquette. Deputy Sheriff Jarvis, of Emmet county, was recently put on their trail and traced them to Waters. He found the couple in a shack in a secluded spot. The comely girl was grimy with dirt. The hut was bare of furnishings and rushes on the floor formed the only bed. There was no stove and the couple contrived to cook their meals on a piece of sheet iron placed over a fire. The couple had been near Waters less than a week, according to the girl's tale. They would stop in a town for a while and then Cluque would become apprehensive of capture by one of the sheriff's deputies and insist on moving on to another. "I know it was wrong," said the girl, "but I loved him and didn't realize until after the wedding the mistake I had made."

Convict Expert Does Good Job.

That lack of practice has not caused Thomas Leslie, a convict in the Marquette prison, to lose his cunning in juggling with combinations and locks, was quickly demonstrated by him. In response to an appeal to Warden Russell he was taken to Negaunee for the purpose of opening the safe in the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad company's depot. The station agent was unable to unlock it and local experts were also baffled. Leslie, who is spending a considerable period at the Marquette penitentiary for work in the safe-opening line, was taken to the scene in custody of Deputy Warden Catlin, and within a few minutes he had the steel door unlocked. The prisoner is one of the best-liked men at the penitentiary, both among his fellow-convicts and with the officers. He is employed as steward of the hospital department.

Brought Back.

Sheriff Davidson, of Port Huron, returned Sunday noon from Winnipeg with Fred Parker, who was arrested by the Canadian authorities on a charge of assaulting Elizabeth Pilger, a cripple, in her home on White street last April, since which time Parker has been a fugitive. When the sheriff reached Winnipeg the prisoner at first refused to return with him without extradition papers, but later consented to make the trip without causing delay. He will be arraigned Monday morning.

Both Killed.

While the funeral of Mrs. Nellie Sprague, the automobile victim, was being held in Muskegon the report reached the Sprague home that the body of Arthur Sprague had been found in the woods near Lake Harbor with bullet holes through the head. Sprague disappeared about a week ago leaving a note in which he declared he would take his life. He said he was tired of "tea and dancing." Mrs. Sprague was struck by an automobile Friday and died without knowing the fate of her missing son.

All Parties on the Ticket.

Attorney-General Bird has given out several important decisions. He has ruled that all parties must have representation on the fall primary ballots for governor and lieutenant-governor, and it is the duty of election commissioners in every county to prepare ballots regardless of local conditions.

Charles E. White, who would be a candidate against Sam Kelley for the senate, is not eligible unless he resigns as prosecuting attorney of Berrien county.

The offices of county drain commissioner and county surveyor are incompatible and cannot be held by the same man.

The Saginaw Coal Co. is notified it cannot collect a bill for \$232.30 against the employment school for the blind at Saginaw, because James Malcolm, treasurer of the school, is a member of the company.

In answer to a request from James Helm, Mr. Bird states the inheritance tax will not be rendered inoperative by the uniform taxation clause in the revised constitution.

State factory inspectors report a large increase in the number of employees since spring and say the number will be still greater this fall.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

Robert Johnson, aged 50, a Jackson carpenter, died from a fall from a scaffold.

The Calhoun Fulton Lumber Co. of Charlotte, capital \$15,000, has filed articles of incorporation.

Attorney Frank L. Dodge declares he will not enter the race for congress against Sam W. Smith.

While pestering a horse, with a switch, Eli Dalley, aged 4, of Bay City, was kicked in the head and may die.

Because he refused to get out of her cherry tree Mrs. Marion Brown shot a circus hand with a revolver. He was taken along with the circus.

Lost for three days and nights, Mrs. John Smith, aged 70, wife of a McAllister farmer, was found unconscious in the woods from exhaustion.

Scaling the rear wall of the Industrial school, Anna Hull and Mary Fredericks made their escape, but were caught by two Tipton farmers and brought back.

Frank Alors, "king of Crow Island," a despised piece of land in the Saginaw river, which no one else wanted, celebrated his 84th birthday with a dinner to his friends.

Drouth conditions in Galesburg and throughout Kalamazoo county are fast becoming calamitous. Pastures are all dried up and corn and potatoes are in danger of being ruined.

Henry L. Wilson, formerly of Saginaw, sentenced to hang in Duluth for wife murder, has been converted and now spends his time in singing hymns and reading the Bible.

Hurled from his buggy by a collision with an automobile, Dr. J. Henry Riopelle, of Bay City, landed on his feet and dexterously caught his wife in his arms as she came flying after him.

Despondent because his finances were running low, John Marks, aged 32, of Muskegon, attempted to end his life Friday afternoon by swallowing laudanum. The doctors saved him.

Her mother an invalid, the clothes of Anna Wutebenga, aged 14, of Holland, caught fire while she was cooking for the bedridden woman and eight children, and she died of the burns.

Warned that he would be tarred and feathered if he did not move from the vicinity, Theodore Scott, living in Lapeer road near Flint, turned over the threatening letter to Sheriff Zimmerman.

Trying to save two boys who were overcome by gas in an abandoned mine in Lethbridge, Alberta, George Thompson, of Arcadia township, sacrificed his own life. The body was brought home.

Saginaw Valley Lumber Dealers' association adopted resolutions vigorously protesting against the proposed increase in railroad freight rates. The dealers are preparing for a fight if the increase is made.

Edward Shirk, whose wife is in the Detroit House of Correction for operating a resort in St. Clair, has been declared insane and will be sent to Pontiac. He recently returned from serving a term in Jackson.

Chased by a bear, a young deer, apparently about a year old, sought refuge in Calumet Wednesday. It was nearly exhausted and was captured on Lake Linden avenue and turned over to the district game warden.

A miner named Henderson was killed and two companions whose names are unknown were seriously injured Tuesday when the skip in which they were riding fell to the bottom of a shaft at Winona mine, Calumet.

Horse stealing is an epidemic in Coldwater, three having been stolen from different parties within the past few days. The last victim is G. A. Preston, proprietor of the Black Hawk mills, who lost a fine horse last night.

The state game warden's department has received reports from Monroe and Lenawee counties that some unknown cause is killing the fish in large numbers in the Raisin river. A deputy warden has been sent to investigate.

Following their usual custom, the authorities of the Michigan Agricultural college will run excursions from all parts of the state to the college during the month of August. The object is to give the people of the state an opportunity to visit the college and observe the work done by it at a small expense.

The Republican state convention will be held in Detroit September 20. Arthur Smith, aged 35, one of the best known Masons of Michigan and editor of the American Tyler, a Masonic publication, died at his home in Ann Arbor while at lunch. He had been suffering from neuralgia, but his death was unexpected.

The long-continued drouth has lowered the water in the river to such an extent that the Battle Creek board of public works announces that the situation is serious. The water pressure has dropped to 45 pounds and it is said that in case of fire protection would be wholly inadequate. Water in the public parks and fountains has been shut off in the hope of increasing the pressure.

The family of E. S. Morrison, assistant keeper of the Grand Island light, whose body was found floating in a boat on Lake Superior, have received a letter from Prosecuting Attorney Thomas O'Brien, of Algonquin, in which he says that the body of George Genery, the keeper, was never found, as had been reported, and that the mystery of his disappearance and Morrison's death are no nearer solution than ever.

OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION ROUSES THE PRESIDENT'S JUST IRE.

MAKES HOT STATEMENT

A Retrial Will Be Made and the Case Vigorously Pressed to a Conclusion, That's Sure.

President Roosevelt is determined that the case against the Standard Oil Co. will not be dropped, but the retrial ordered by the United States Court of Appeals will be made. Secretary Loeb gives out this statement:

The president has directed the attorney general to immediately take steps for the retrial of the Standard Oil case. The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case, excepting so far as the size of the fine is concerned.

There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendants or of the exceptionally grave character of the offense. The president would regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice if through any technicalities of any kind the defendant escaped the punishment which would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offense.

The president will do everything in his power to avert or prevent such miscarriage of justice. With this purpose in view, the president has directed the attorney general to bring into consultation Frank B. Kellogg in the matter and to do everything possible to bring the offenders to justice.

Coming like a bolt out of the blue sky, the president's pronouncement caused a sensation when it was received. It showed clearly, it was declared, that the president is determined that the Republican nominee for the presidency shall not suffer because of the reversal of the big fine, and that he wants the country to know that the administration has not changed in its feeling toward the Standard Oil Co.

His statement makes it doubly clear, it is pointed out, to those who had thought that, temporarily at least, the president had passed into a quiescent state so far as the corporations are concerned, that President Roosevelt has experienced no change of heart. The pronouncement breathed the same spirit as that which emanated from the White House in the days when the executive chamber echoed with denunciations of Standard Oil and other corporations and "malefactors of great wealth."

The president, it is learned, is greatly wrought up over the decision of the federal judges. He was amazed at their finding and determined at once to take some decisive action. It was to discuss this situation that Secretary Root was summoned to Oyster Bay yesterday. The president, Secretary Root and Wm. H. Taft spent three hours together going over the matter.

The Americans Win.

A total of 15 gold medals, first prize awards for Olympic contests, were handed to American athletes in London by Queen Alexandra late Saturday afternoon. Bronze medals and certificates of merit, bestowed by noblewomen on Americans who finished second and third in their events, made a heaping trophy.

When the distribution was over it was possible at last to make an accurate account of points won in track and field events and show definitely how badly the Americans defeated the pick of the athletic world.

The Americans' total points were 1141.2. Great Britain's total was 851.5, but of these the English, Scotch and Irish societies only got 661.3 points, the Canadians taking 11 and South Africans 8. The British, however, counted colonial athletes with themselves in their attempt to make a showing against the Americans.

The Independence Nominees.

The first national convention of the Independence party finished its labors in Chicago Wednesday after nominating Thos. L. Higen, of Massachusetts, for president, and John Temple Graves, of Georgia, for vice-president, and adopting a platform of principles. The nomination of Higen was reached on the third ballot, with a vote of 831 out of 848 ballots cast. Graves was named for second place on the ticket by acclamation.

John I. Sheppard, of Kansas, who attempted to put W. J. Bryan's name in nomination, had to be given the protection of the entire force of Independence party officials to save him from infuriated delegates. Sheppard was escorted from the hall by a detail of sergeants-at-arms, while the crowd of delegates surged behind, denouncing him as a traitor.

The national committee elected Wm. R. Hearst as chairman; C. F. Neal, of Indiana, and M. W. Howard, of Alabama, vice-chairman and Chas. A. Walsh, of Iowa, secretary.

Cadets Dismissed.

President Roosevelt's summary dismissal from the army of the eight cadets, who are charged with hazing under classmen at the West Point military academy, leaves Secretary Wright no alternative but to issue formal orders of dismissal.

The Quebec Celebration.

In spite of the fact that the prince of Wales fitted with no other Canadian cities, and declined, pressing invitations to go further west, his highness has accomplished, it is felt, anything in stirring enthusiasm or promoting heartier patriotic spirit in conservative Quebec. In this respect, one of the chief objects of his visit to the tercentenary celebration has been a failure. Quebec people live in the history of the past. Nothing but the old French regime appeals to them. Emulating the example of the cautious turtle, they extend their heads and take a telescopic view of the celebration and then retire to the innermost recesses of their shells.

Mack Is Chairman.

After a seven-hour conference with William J. Bryan and John W. Kern, the sub-committee of the national Democratic committee chose Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, N. Y., chairman of the national committee.

TELEGRAPH BRIEFS.

Stephen Bozotovo, a priest of the Serbian orthodox church, is held at Ellis Island as an anarchist.

Norman Mack, chairman of the Democratic National committee, will open a western Democratic headquarters in Denver about Oct. 1.

A suit case containing \$10,000 in stocks and bonds, supposed to have been stolen from John T. Burford in Chicago, has been recovered.

Hazel Drew was slain by a blow on the head and later her body was thrown into Teal pond, a coroner's jury in Troy, N. Y., has decided.

James O'Connell, a workman shocked to death in a manhole in New York, is said to have been Admiral Dewey's chief gunner on the Olympia in the battle of Manila Bay.

The New York court of appeals holds that owners of automobiles are not responsible when their chauffeurs take out their cars, with or without permission, and become mixed up in accidents.

While hanging clothes in her back yard, Angelina Evangelesta, an Italian girl living in Coney Island avenue, New York, fell into a hole 12 feet deep. Quicksand on the bottom pulled her under several feet of water. Policeman Oscar Rothman sprang to her assistance. Both were pulled out, but the girl died.

The thermometer stood at 96 in Menominee Wednesday. Several prostrations were reported and a number of horses succumbed to the heat.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle.—Market 10c to 25c lower than last week; quality very common. Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$2.25@2.40; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$2.25@2.40; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$2.25@2.40; choice steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, \$2.75@2.80; choice fat cows, \$2.75; good fat cows, \$2.50; common cows, \$2.25@2.30; canners, \$1.50@2.00; choice heavy bulls, \$3.50@3.75; fair to good hogs, \$3.50@3.75; stock hogs, \$2.50@2.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.45@4.50; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.75@4.00; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.75@4.00; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.25@3.50; stock heifers, \$2.25@2.50; bulkers, large, young, medium age, \$4.00@4.50; common milkers, \$2.00@2.25.

Veal.—Market 50c lower than last week; best, \$7.00@7.25; middling, \$6.50@6.75; choice, \$6.00@6.25; lamb, \$7.25@7.50; fair to good, \$6.50@6.75; stock, \$5.50@5.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.45@4.50; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.75@4.00; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.75@4.00; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.25@3.50; stock heifers, \$2.25@2.50; bulkers, large, young, medium age, \$4.00@4.50; common milkers, \$2.00@2.25.

Sheep and lambs.—Market 25c lower and sheep 50c lower than last week; best lambs, \$7.25@7.50; fair to good, \$6.50@6.75; stock, \$5.50@5.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.45@4.50; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.75@4.00; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.75@4.00; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.25@3.50; stock heifers, \$2.25@2.50; bulkers, large, young, medium age, \$4.00@4.50; common milkers, \$2.00@2.25.

Hogs.—Market good hogs 10c to 15c lower; pick 50c lower. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$6.00@6.25; pigs, \$4.50@5.00; light Yorkers, \$3.25@3.50; roughs, \$3.00@3.25; stags, 1-3 off.

East Buffalo.—Cattle.—Export steers, \$6.25@6.75; best shipping steers, \$5.50@6.00; best 1,000 to 1,100-lb. steers, \$4.60@5.25; best fat steers, \$3.75@4.00; fair to good, \$3.25@3.50; common, \$2.25@2.50; trimmers, \$2.00@2.25; best fat heifers, \$5.50@5.75; butchers' heifers, \$3.50@3.75; light butchers' heifers, \$3.25@3.50; best feeders, \$3.75@4.00; stockers, \$3.00@3.50; export bulls, \$4.25@4.50; hogs, \$3.25@3.50; stock hogs, \$2.75@3.00; fresh cows steady; good cows, \$4.00@4.25; mediums, \$3.50@3.75; common, \$2.50@2.75.

Hogs.—Lower, heavy, \$6.75@6.90; Yorks, \$6.75@6.90; stags, \$4.50@4.75; roughs, \$5.50@5.80; stags, \$4.50@4.75; sheep and lambs.—Slow; best lambs, \$6.00@6.25; culls, \$5.00@5.25; wethers, \$4.25@4.50; ewes, \$4.00@4.25; yearlings, \$4.50@4.75.

Cattle.—Steady; best, \$7.50@7.75; heavy, \$3.50@3.60.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit.—Wheat.—Cash No. 2 red, 5c; cash, part to arrive, at 92c, closing at 92 1/2c; September opened unchanged at 92 1/2c, advanced to 93c and closed at 92 1/2c; December opened at 94 1/2c, advanced to 95 1/2c and closed at 95 1/2c; May opened at 98 1/2c, advanced to 99 1/2c and closed at 99 1/2c; No. 3 red, 89 1/2c; No. 1 white, 92 1/2c.

Corn.—Cash No. 2, 77 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 3c; cash at 80 1/2c.

Oats.—Cash No. 3 white, 1c; cash at 65c; to arrive, 2c; cash at 64 1/2c; August, 5.00; bid at 46 1/2c; September, 5.00; bid at 45 1/2c.

Rye.—Cash No. 2, 1c; cash at 75c; August, 70c.

Beans.—Cash, \$2.65; October, \$1.85; bid, November, \$1.77.

Cloverseed.—Prime, October and December, \$7.85; March, \$7.95; bid, sample alike, 16 bags at \$8.50, 5 at \$8.75, 7 at \$7.75, 4 at \$7.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

Week Ending August 1.

NEW LAFAYETTE.—New pictures and vaudeville, 5 and 10 cents.

ELECTRIC PARK, Belle Isle Bridge, furnishes entertainment for all. Free vaudeville by high-class talent. A special feature.

Steamers Leaving Detroit.

DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMSHIP CO.—Foot of Wayne St. For Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily 5 p. m. Week end trip, \$2.50.

WHITE STAR LINE.—Foot of Griswold St. For Port Huron and way points, week days at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sundays at 8:00 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. For Toledo daily at 8:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Sunday at 8:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.—Foot of Wayne St. For Cleveland and eastern cities 3:15 at 10:00 p. m. For Mackinaw and way points Monday and Saturday 5 p. m.; Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 a. m.

SERIAL STORY

BLINDFOLDED

A Mystery Story
of San Francisco

BY
EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, who is employed by Knapp, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Horton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Stumbling through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A new formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Becker. Knapp's hated rival, Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Horton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The train had not gathered headway before a man bent beside me, and Abrams' voice spoke softly in my ear. "There are two of 'em aboard."

"Yes? Where did you find them?" I asked.

"In the stoke hole. I hid behind a bench till every one had gone and saw 'em crawl out. They bribed a fireman or deckhand or some one to keep 'em under cover. They got off the boat at the last minute and I sneaked after 'em."

"And they're on the train?"

"Yes, three cars back—next to the sleepers. Shall we chuck 'em overboard as soon as we get out of Oakland?"

"Not unless we are attacked," I returned. "Just sit down by the rear door and give the signal if they come this way. There'll be no trouble if they are only two."

We reached Livermore at near 11 o'clock, without further incident than a report from Abrams that the spies of the enemy got off the train at every station and watched for our landing. Yet when we stood on the platform of the bare little station at Livermore and saw the yellow cars crawling away on their eastward journey, we looked in vain for the men who had tracked us.

"Fooled by thunder!" said Fitzhugh with a laugh in which the others joined. "They're off for Sacramento."

"They'll have to earn their money to find us there," said Abrams.

The gray day had become grayer, and the wind blew fresh in our faces with the smell of rain heavy upon it as we sought the hotel. It was a bare country place, yet the trees grew by the hotel and there were vines climbing about its side and it looked as though we might be comfortable for a day, should we have to stay there so long.

"Plenty of room," said the landlord, rubbing his hands.

"We wish a large room, you know, where we can be together," I said, "and sleeping rooms adjoining."

"Here's just the place for you," said the landlord, taking the way to the end of the upper hall and throwing open a double door. "This is the upstairs parlor, but I can let you have it. There's this large bedroom opening off it—the corner bedroom, sir—and this small one here at this side opens into the parlor and the hall. Perhaps you would like this other, too."

"This is enough for our comfort," I assured him.

"There'll be a fire here in a minute," said the landlord, regarding the miserable little stove with an eye of satisfaction that I attributed to its economical proportions.

"This is good enough," said Lockhart, looking about approvingly at the prim horsehair furniture that gave an awesome dignity to the parlor.

"Beats our quarters below hollow," said Fitzhugh. "And no need to have your gun where you can grab it when the first man says boo!"

"Don't get that idea into your head," said I. "Just be ready for anything that comes. We're not out of the woods yet, by a long way."

"They've gone on to Sacramento," laughed Fitzhugh; and the others nodded in sympathy.

"Indeed?" I said. "How many of you could have missed seeing a party of nine get off at a way-station on this line?"

There was silence. "If there's anyone here who thinks he would have missed us when he was set to look for us, just let him speak up," I continued with good-natured rally.

"I guess you're right," said Fitzhugh. "They couldn't have missed seeing us."

"Exactly. And they're not off for Sacramento, and not far from Livermore."

"Well, they're only two," said Lockhart.

"How long will it take to get a dozen more up here?" I asked.

"There's a train to Niles about noon," said one of the men. "They could get over from there in an hour or two more by hard riding."

"The Los Angeles train comes through about dark," said another.

"I think, gentlemen," said I politely, "that we'd best look out for our defenses. There's likely to be a stormy evening. I should judge."

"Well," growled Wainwright, "we can look out for ourselves as well as the next fellow."

"If there's bloody crowns going round, the other gang will get its share," said Fitzhugh. And the men about me nodded.

I was cheered to see that they needed nobody to do their fighting, however advisable it might be to do their thinking by deputy.

"Very good," I said. "Now I'll just look about the town a bit. You may come with me, if you please, Fitzhugh."

"Yes, sir."

"And Abrams and Lockhart may go scouting if they like."

Abrams and Lockhart thought they would like.

"Better keep together," I continued. "What's the earliest time any one could get here?"

"Two o'clock—if they drove over."

"I'll be around here by that time. You, Abrams, can look out for the road and see who comes into town."

"All right, sir," said Abrams. "There won't anybody get in here without I catch sight of him."

Lockhart nodded his assent to the boast, and after cautioning the men who were left behind we sallied forth.

The town was a straggling, not unpleasant country place. The business street was depressing with its stores closed and its saloons open. In the residence streets I was better pleased. Man had done little, but nature was prodigal to make up for his omissions. The buildings were poor and flimsy, but in the middle of December the flowers bloomed, vines were green, bushes sent forth their leaves and the beauty of the scene even under the leaden skies and rising gale made it a delight to the eye.

"Not much of a place," said Fitzhugh, looking disdainfully at the buildings. "Hello! Here's Dick Thatcher. How are you, Dick? It's a year of Sundays that I haven't seen you. This is—er—a friend of mine, Thatcher—you needn't mention that you've seen us."

"We needn't be strangers to Mr. Thatcher," I laughed. "My name is Wilton. Of course you won't mention our business."

"Oh, no, Mr. Wilton," said Thatcher, impressed, and shifting the quid of tobacco in his lantern jaws. "Of course not."

"And you needn't say anything of our being here at all," I continued. "It might spoil the trade."

"Mum's the word," said Thatcher. "I'll not let a soul know till you say 'Let 'er go.' O Lord! I hope the trade goes through. We want a lot more capital here."

Mr. Thatcher began to scratch his head and to expectorate tobacco juice copiously, and I suspected he was wondering what the secret might be that he was not to betray. So I made haste to say:

"Is this stable yours?"

"Yes, sir," said Thatcher eagerly. "I've been running it high on two years now."

"Pretty good business, eh, Dick?" said Fitzhugh, looking critically about. "Nothin' to brag on," said Thatcher disparagingly. "You don't make a fortune running a livery stable in these parts—times are too hard."

And then Mr. Thatcher unbent, and

between periods of vigorous mastication at his cud, introduced us to his horses and eagerly explained the advantages that his stable possessed over any other this side of Oakland.

"Very good," I said. "We may want something in your line later. We can find you here at any time, I suppose."

"O Lord, yes. I live here days and sleep here nights. But if you want to take a look at the property before it gets a wetting you'll have to be pretty spry."

My suggestion of a trade had misled the worthy stableman into the impression that I was considering the purchase of real estate.

"I'll see about it," I said. "There's a big rain coming on, sure," he said warningly, as we turned back to the hotel.

It was a little after 1 o'clock, but as we approached our quarters Lockhart came running toward me.

"What is it?" I asked, as he panted, out of breath.

"There's a special train just come in," he said; "an engine and one car. It's at the station now."

"So? Did any of our friends come on it?"

"Abrams has gone down to find out."

"Come along then," said I. "We'll see what is to be seen."

CHAPTER XXIII. A Piece of Strategy.

A few idlers were on the platform of the station as we approached with much apparent unconcern, our hands in our overcoat pockets where the weapons lay.

"Where's the train?" I asked, looking at the bare track.

"Yonder," grunted a native, pointing his thumb lazily up the road where the engine lay by the watering tank, slaking its thirst.

"Well, just let me and Lockhart walk ahead," said Fitzhugh gruffly, as we started along the track. "I shouldn't have the first idea what we was here for if you was to be knocked over."

Fitzhugh could not be much more in the dark on this point than I, but I let



him have his way. If some one was to be shot, I was ready to resign my claim to the distinction in favor of the first comer.

There were perhaps a score of people about the car.

"There's Abrams," said Lockhart. "There's no danger, then," said Fitzhugh with a grin. "See, he's beckoning to us."

We hastened forward eagerly.

"What is it?" I asked.

"There's no one here," said Abrams, with a puzzled look.

I went forward to the engine. The engineer was as close-mouthed as a plough and words were going at a dollar apiece and the market bounding upward. When I tried to question the fireman the engineer recovered his tongue and had so many orders to be attended to that my words were lost in a rattle of coal and clang of iron.

And the engine, having drunk its fill, changed its labored breathing to a hissing and swishing of steam that sent the hot vapor far on both sides, and then gathering speed, puffed its swift way back the road by which it had come, leaving the car deserted on a siding.

"Here's a go!" cried Fitzhugh. "A regular puzzler!"

"The first thing is to visit the telegraph office at once," said I. The operator was just locking his little room in the station as we came up.

"No, sir, no telegrams," he said; "none for anybody."

"That is a new way of running trains," I said with a show of indifference, nodding toward the empty car.

"Oh, there was a party came up," said the agent; "a dozen fellows or more. Bill said they took a fancy to get off a mile or more down here, and as they were an ugly-looking crew he didn't say anything to stop them."

"I don't see what they can be doing up in this part of the country," I returned innocently.

"I guess they know their business—anyway, it's none of mine," said the agent. "Do you go in here, sir? Well, it will save you from a wetting."

We had been walking toward the hotel, and the chatty agent left us under the veranda just as the light drops began to patter down in the dust of the road, and to dim the outlines of the distant hills.

The home guard of our party received the news calmly.

Wainwright had established a modus vivendi with his young charge and I saw that he managed to get a word out of him now and then. I had to abandon the theory that the boy was dumb, but I suspected that it was fear rather than discretion that birded his tongue.

"Do you think the gang have got into town?" asked one.

"They'll have wet jackets if they are on the road," I returned, looking at the rain outside.

"Haden't we better find out?" inquired Wainwright.

"Are you in a hurry?" I asked in turn. "The landlord has promised to send up a good dinner in a few minutes."

"But you see—"

"Yes, I see," I interrupted. "I see this—that they are here, that there are a dozen or more of them, and that they are ready for any deviltry. What more can we find out by roaming over the country?"

Wainwright nodded his agreement with me.

"And then," I continued "they won't try to do anything until after dark—not before the middle of the night, I should say—or until the townspeople have gone to bed."

"You're right, sir," said Abrams. "A dark night and a clear field suits that gang best."

"Well, here's the dinner," said I; "so you can make yourselves easy. Porter, you may keep an eye on the stairway, and Brown may watch from the windows. The rest of us will fall to."

In the midst of the meal Porter came in.

"Darby Meeker's in the office below," he announced.

"Very good," I said. "Just take Fitzhugh and Wilson with you and ask Mr. Meeker to join us."

The men looked blank. Porter was the first to speak.

"You don't mean—"

"I mean to bring him up here," I said blandly, rising from the table. "I suppose, though, it's my place as host to do the honors."

"No—no," came in chorus from the men.

"Come on, Porter—Fitzhugh—Wilson," I said; and then added sharply, "sit down, the rest of you! We don't need a regiment to ask a man to dinner."

The others sank back into their seats and the three I had named followed me meekly down the hall and stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIRLS KEPT IN WOODS BY BEAR.

Two Young Women Are Scared by Animal and Lose Their Way.

Lock Haven, Pa.—Two young ladies, one from this city and the other from Williamsport, spent a night of terror in the Clinton county mountains in the vicinity of Hyner. The ladies were in search of game, became frightened by an ugly bear, lost their bearings and were not found until Sunday morning by the searchers who scoured the mountains all night with flaming fagots of pitch pine.

G. A. Simpson, of Williamsport, is the superintendent of the Hyner Railroad company, which is operating in that vicinity. His daughter, Miss Muriel, accompanied by Miss Levina Emerick, of this city, started on a hunting expedition, intending to return to camp before dark. In their explorations they encountered a fierce black bear who thoroughly frightened the girls, who made a hasty retreat and in doing so lost their way and were compelled to spend the night in the dreary mountains.

They were afraid to lie down or even stop to rest and continued walking, and traveled across three mountains and were far from their starting point when found by a searching party. They were assisted to the railroad by their rescuers, placed on board the train and taken back to camp.

Watching the "Kids."

A sign displayed in front of a New York department store is the delight of mothers and incidentally the innovation has increased the rush at the store's bargain counters. The store employs a fatherly-looking man to stand outside and watch the young hopefuls while the mothers wage battle with each other in front of the counters. The scheme has proved a great success.

Longfellow's School Days.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, received his early education in a school in Portland, Me. He was pronounced by the master to be "one of the best boys in school." He was a studious child and preferred the company of books to lively companions. He passed the entrance examination to Bowdoin college at 14. He graduated fourth in his class in 1825.

WRECKED BY A DOG

COUPLE'S HAPPINESS A THING OF THE PAST.

Junior Clerk's Wedding Present Turned Out a Thing of Dire Omen—Now Dear Mother-in-law is with Him.

"Because I'm-m-m Married-d-d-d-d Now-w-w," the office boy was near-singing, and the noise caused the junior clerk to turn uneasily on his high stool.

"Regular Italian, always harpin' on something," he muttered; "wonder you can't let up on something once in a while." The office boy changed the tune and began to whistle, but the junior clerk's temper became no better.

"Well," the office boy said, "loosen up an' get it out of your system. There's somethin' comin'. Might as well tell it—it'll worry you if you don't."

"We've busted up housekeepin'—for the present," the junior clerk said. "An' right after we'd started, too. You know Emaline an' I got one o' these foolish fats—one of that kind that you gotta go into sideways an' then slide out again to turn around, one of that kind where you can sneeze in the kitchen an' ruffle th' curtains in the parlor at th' same time. Well, as I was sayin', we moved in an' then Emaline started lookin' over her weddin' presents. Honest, never saw so much cut glass an' all that kind of junk—mista been a carload. Well, Emaline gets it all out an' piles it on the dinin' room table an' just about that time I remembered I hadn't bought her any present."

"Be back in a minute," I says as I jams on my hat an' starts out. Got down th' street a little way an' somebody stops me.

"Wanta buy a dog?" he asks, pointin' to the worst lookin' bulldog I ever saw.

"Just what Emaline wants," I thought. "I'll get it; 'Gentle' I asks."

"Gentle as a flock of lambs," th' guy said, "lessen you grab 'm by th' shoulders an' point 'm where you want him to bite. He'll get it all right."

"I forked over \$3.92 an' started home with the insect."

"Emaline was still a-fussin' with th' cut glass an' the hand-painted china when I blew in with Xenophon."

"Who's Xenophon?" the office boy inquired.

"The dog—think it was a box car? Yessir, Emaline was just dippy about th' thing. Looked at him for a minute an' then asks if he'll bite."

"Will he bite?" I asks, "all you gotta do is grab him like this an'—"

"Y-a-a-a-h-h-h," Emaline yells an' starts for the parlor an' the dog right after her. He thought I'd "sliced" him an' he certainly was goin' the limit. I tried to hold on to the chain, but that brute sure was strong. Jerked me off my feet an' dragged me along just as if I wasn't anything at all. Emaline dodged 'round the table an' the dog went right after her, chewin' air at every jump. Got me tangled up in the table an' the next thing I knew I was trying to swim out of two wagon loads of broken glass an' china. Emaline rushed into the bathroom an' shut the door. But that didn't stop Xenophon. He butted the door like a goat an' pulled me through after him.

"Bout that time one of Emaline's shoes came off an' Xenophon grabbed it. He swallowed it whole an' that's just what saved us. Thing got stuck in his throat an' choked him to death."

"Bigamist!" Emaline yells when it's all over. "Tired of me already! Wanta kill me an' marry again!"

"An' I suppose she's gone home to mother?" the office boy interrupted.

"Worse'n that, worse'n that," the junior clerk murmured sadly. "She's goin' to bring her mother to live with us."—Kansas City Star.

Many-Sided Genius.

Sir Walter Parratt, the newly appointed professor of music in Oxford university, is an enthusiastic chess player. On one occasion he undertook to play two men at once, and at the same time play on the pianoforte from memory pieces selected by those present from any of the classical writers for that instrument. He not only played brilliantly during the games—never once looking at the chess board—but conversed with several persons, who did their best to distract him. The game lasted an hour, and Sir Walter was the victor. His pianoforte selections while the game was in progress came from such giants as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, and he afterward explained that for the greater part of the hour he had been intensely interested in the efforts of a fly to disentangle itself from a spider's web.

For Lack of a Better Reason.

It's likely that many a fellow who is scarcely able to take care of himself marries a girl on the theory that she will be able to help him do so.—Topeka Journal.

The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1908.

The Pinckney Dispatch.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
FRANK L. ANDREWS & CO.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Subscription Price \$1 in Advance

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

Advertising rates made known on application.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."

De Witts Little Early Risers, safe, easy, pleasant, sure, little liver pills.
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Are you doing something yourself to bring back prosperity or are you just watching to "catch it when it comes around again."

There are many imitations of De Witts Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve but just one original. Nothing else is just as good. In list on Dewitts. It is cleansing, cooling and soothing.
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Prosperity with us is nothing but the result of industrial energy caused by an active exchange of commodities between producer and consumer.

When the body is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little one in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates.
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Beecher.

Does your back ache? Do you have sharp pains in the side and the small of the back? This is due, usually to kidney trouble. Take DeWitts Kidney and Bladder pills. They will promptly relieve weak back, backache, rheumatic pains and all Kidney and Bladder disorders. Recommended and
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Take your choice. Some say that Judge Landis handed out a political opinion. Some say that Judge Grosscup did the same. One can avoid contempt of court by keeping still.

Excellent Health Advice.

Mrs. M. M. Davison of 379 Gifford Ave., San Jose, Cal., says, "The worth of Electric Bitters as a general family remedy, for headache, biliousness and torpor of the liver and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those seeking relief from such afflictions. There is more health for the digestive organs in a bottle of Electric Bitters than in any other remedy I know of." Sold under guarantee at F. A. Sigler's drug store. 50c.

Last year about a billion and a half dollars was spent in this country for liquor and half a billion for life insurance. That shows that we seem to care three times as much for the questionable pleasures of drink as for the unquestionable benefits of family protection.

For Sore Feet

"I have found Bucklens Arnica Salve to be the proper thing to use for sore feet, as well as for healing burns, sores, cuts, and all manner of abrasions," writes Mr. W. Stone, of East Poland, Me. It is the proper thing too for piles. Try it! Sold under guarantee at F. A. Sigler's drug store. 25c.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

The dry weather cut the bean and corn crops short thousands of bushels in this section.

The state Sanatorium near Howell is doing a good business if the letters by those who have been treated there are any criterion. At present every bed is taken and the work of extinguishing the 'white plague' goes on.

The rapidity with which the worms are increasing on fruit, ornamental and other trees, something stringent will have to be done or the trees will be entirely destroyed. The government may have to take charge of the destruction as they have of other pests.

Grand Final of the Pinckney home coming will be a swell dancing party Thursday night, August 6. Everybody come. Music by Martyns orchestra.—Livingston Herald. The Committee has nothing to do with the grand windup; their duties cease at 6 o'clock Thursday night.

The following clipped from the Fowlerville Review speaks for itself: "J. Frank Cook was arrested and fined here one day last week for being drunk and disorderly. He was born in this village in a home of affluence and is the product of the American saloon. It saddens the hearts of the older residents to see a bright little chap running about the streets in youth, develop into a wreck in early manhood. Home gone, manhood gone principals gone, everything gone that goes to make up life. Boys against dollars and dollars win out in the continuation of the awful whiskey business."

The little attacks of stomach disorders and stomach trouble will undoubtedly lead to chronic dyspepsia unless you take something for a sufficient time to strengthen the stomach and give it a chance to get well. If you take Kodol in the beginning the bad attacks of Dyspepsia will be avoided, but if you allow these little attacks to go unheeded it will take Kodol a longer time to put your stomach in good condition again. Get a bottle of Kodol today.
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

STATE FAIR RAILROAD RATES.

The Michigan Passenger Association, which governs the granting of special rates on all railroads, has decided that the rate of fare this year for the state fair at Detroit, Sept. 3rd to 11th, will be one and two-thirds one way fare. That means that if the regular railroad fare from your station to Detroit and return is \$3 (seventy-five miles), the rate to the state fair this year will be going \$1.50 and returning \$1, or \$2.50. Last year the rate was three cents per mile on most of the roads, and the railroads gave a rate of one-half fare, which for the distance mentioned above the fare would have been \$2.25 for the round trip, and in order to get that rate it was necessary to buy a state fair ticket at fifty cents, which was attached to the railroad ticket. It may be seen that the rate is twenty-five cents higher this year, but the state fair coupon will be eliminated from the railroad ticket.

Admission tickets to the state fair will be placed on sale in most of the newspaper offices in the state at the rate of thirty-five cents each, or three for \$1. These will go on sale early in July and will be withdrawn Aug. 25th.

This is the first time in the history of the state fair that tickets have been placed on sale out in the state at reduced rates. Orders for tickets, if received prior to Aug. 25th, will also be filled by mail on receipt of the above price by I. H. Butterfield, secretary, Detroit, Mich.

How James Lee Got Well

Everybody in Zanesville, O. knows Mrs. Mary Lee, of rural route 8. She writes, "My husband James Lee firmly believes he owes his life to the use of Dr. King's New Discovery. His lungs were so severely affected that consumption seemed inevitable, when a friend recommended New Discovery. We tried it and its use has restored him to perfect health." Dr. King's New Discovery is the king of throat and lung remedies. For coughs and colds it has no equal. The first dose gives relief. Try it. Sold under guarantee at Sigler's drug store. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.



TWO OF THE BEAUTIFUL HORSE BARN AT THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS, DETROIT.

NEARLY KILLED THEIR KEEPER.

One of the best Midway attractions at the state fair last year was the Mundy animal show, which is the second largest independent animal show in the country. The second day of the fair, while trying to separate two of his lions engaged in a fierce fight, Prince, his largest lion, turned on Mr. Mundy, sinking his fangs deep into his thigh and left arm. The fight was fierce, and, having only a small whip at his command, he was unable to cope with the enraged beast. While pinioned on the floor of the cage, with the fangs of the lion imbedded in his right hip, he was handed a chair, but the lion broke this in an instant. An iron bar was thrust at the lion, prying his jaws apart, and Mr. Mundy was liberated, removed from the cage and taken to the hospital. His recovery was very slow, and he was laid up for five months. Today he carries a useless left arm, and on his right hip is a deep pit, as large as a teacup, as a result of the attack.

Mundy has two wild animal shows on the road. Last year his small show was on the Midway. This year he has contracted with Manager Slocum for his big wild animal show, and he will be first on the Midway. Mr. Mundy will be in charge.

Summer complaints and other serious ailments common in hot weather can be traced to the stomach nine times out of ten. Keep the stomach in good order right now by keeping a bottle of Kodol handy in the house all the time but especially during this month. Take Kodol whenever you feel that you need it. That is the only time you need it, then you will not be troubled with sour stomach, belching, gas on the stomach, bloating, dyspepsia and indigestion.
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

\$2,000 EACH NIGHT.

Pain's Great Display of Fireworks and War Spectacle.

One of the principal attractions at the coming state fair in Detroit, Sept. 3rd to 11th, is the great Pain's fireworks and spectacle and Manhattan Beach display of fireworks.

"Sheridan's Ride and the Battle of Cedar Creek" is the most stupendous, thrilling and realistic war spectacle ever presented by the great fireworks king, Henry J. Pain. The characters represented are: General Sherman and General Wright, U. S. A.; General Lee and General Early of the Confederate army, staff officers, signal corps, civilians, etc. The synopsis and incidents are: Camp Fire—Negro melodies and special diversions. Discovery of spy; papers found. Signals from the mountains. Distant firing. Signaling. Confederates open fire on buildings. United States troops move forward. Papers found. Despatch of messenger. Troops retreating. Artillery in distress. Distant movements. All is life and animation. "Sheridan is coming!" Sheridan and staff dash on; the rout is turned into victory. Final, tableau.

The history of this great battle is well known to many of our readers, and no doubt many will witness its repetition in fireworks at the coming state fair.

In speaking of this great spectacle as produced at Manhattan Beach, the New York World says:

"Pain's great war spectacle, 'Sheridan's Ride' depicting in a thrilling and truly realistic manner the 'Battle of Cedar Creek' between the Union and Confederate armies, opened last night to 15,000 delighted spectators in a blaze of glory and gunpowder. With the early dawn comes the Gen. Early Confederate troops. They sweep down from the mountain sides, and crush the unsuspecting Federals as they sleep. Then follow the most terrible, realistic scenes of the demoralization in war. The terror-stricken soldiers are rushing in the rear with but few men among them to try and stem the tide. All is retreat. Just when the distraction seems complete, Gen. Phil Sheridan dashes among the fleeing soldiers—having mailedly dashed to his stricken army from Winchester, twenty miles away. 'Come on boys, we're going back.' Wild cheers greeted this command. Before nightfall the battle had been fought and won by Sheridan's boys in blue."

Every performance of Pain's spectacle of "Sheridan's Ride" will be followed by a gigantic \$1,000 program of Pain's Manhattan Beach fireworks.

Revenge a wrong by looking it.—French Proverb

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage whereby the power thereof contained to sell has become operative, executed by Zebulon Drew and wife then of Howell Michigan, to Monroe Drew, then of New Scotland, New York, dated the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1892 and recorded on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1892, in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Livingston, Michigan, in Liber 78 of mortgages, on pages 404 and 405 thereof and upon which mortgage there is due at the date of this notice the sum of five hundred dollars and twenty-five cent (\$500.25), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the debt, now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on Saturday, the 12th day of September, A. D., 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the west front door of the court house, in the village of Howell (that being the place of holding the circuit court in the county, 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 necessary to satisfy the amount, with interest and an attorney fee and all other legal costs. That is to say, Village lot number twenty-seven (27) on Cowdry's addition to the village of Howell and lot one (1) on Craue and Brook's plat of the village of Howell according to the record plat thereof; excepting from the said two lots all lying north of a line commencing at a point in the easterly line of said lot No. twenty-seven (27), twenty-two (22) feet southerly from the northeast corner thereof and running westerly parallel to the northerly line of said lot, number twenty-seven (27) to McCarthy street in the village of Howell in the county of Livingston, state of Michigan; the mortgagee intending to convey by the mortgage all pieces or parcels of land owned by him at its date in connection with the piece on which his residence now stands in the village of Howell.

Dated June 2nd, A. D. 1908.

Wm. P. VanWinkle,

Attorney for Mortgagee.

Monroe Drew,

Mortgagee

Mortgage Sale

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by the mortgage dated the 22 day of April in the year 1895, executed by Jane Lebbin of Tyrone township, Livingston county, Michigan, to James M. Fikes of Fenton, Genesee county, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Livingston, in Liber 70 of mortgages, on pages 248 and 249, on the 23 day of April 1895, at one o'clock p. m. And whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said James M. Fikes to L. L. Holtforth, by assignment bearing date the 11th day of November, 1905, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said county of Livingston on the 27th day of May 1908, at 9 o'clock a. m. in Liber 97 of mortgages, on page 60, and the same is now owned by him. And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of the notice is the sum of \$1,902.50 dollars of principal and interest and the further sum of Fifty dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit at law having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in Howell, in said county of Livingston on the 28th day of September 1908 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day; which said premises are situated in the township of Tyrone, Livingston county, Michigan and described as follows in said mortgage, to wit: The south one third (1/3) of the northwest quarter and the south one third (1/3) of the west half (1/2) of the northeast quarter both on section twentyseven (27,) also the south half of the northeast quarter of the south east quarter of section twentyseven, (27) also the south half of the north west (1/4) quarter of the south west quarter of section twenty six, (26) all in town four (4) north of range six (6) east.

L. L. HOLTORTH,

Assignee.

Hicks & Doty,
Attorneys for Assignee.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels.

Relieves coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

For BACKACHE—WEAK KIDNEYS Try DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe
Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottle Free

McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee

If you are satisfied with the coffee you are now using—don't change—for most people find it hard to get good coffee. BUT if you are not satisfied—try

It is a good coffee, and if you give it the "Square Deal" of a fair trial, paying a fair amount of attention to the cooking, you will have a good, clear, bracing cup of coffee that is all coffee.

XXXX Coffee is prepared to get your favor, and to hold it. Sold by

MURPHY & COLAN
W. W. BARNARD
P. M. WILLISTON

XXXX COFFEE CHUMS

TRUE AMERICAN PRINCESSES

LAST OF THE TRIBE OF MASSASOIT FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS



MASSASOIT'S SON, KING PHILIP

If America can lay claim to any royalty it must go back to the original possessors and rulers of this country, and find in the descendants of the red man those who are entitled undisputedly to the distinction and honor. Two princesses of royal blood of the American brand are to be found in New England, and only two, and the fact that these two are not living in regal state or are not accorded any of the honors and distinction consonant with their high birth, brings them into notice especially so as at the present time these princesses have fallen upon evil days and are likely to lose the little land they now possess out of all the vast country to which their regal ancestor, the great Indian king, Massasoit, laid claim. With all the glory of the past only a disturbing memory and with poverty pressing them upon every side, Teweeleema and Wootonekanuske are living on the shores of Lake Assawampsett, in Massachusetts where once their kingly forefathers ruled supreme.

With only a few acres remaining of a heritage which in the time of the Pilgrim Fathers comprised whole states the aged are facing possible dispossession. They are subjected to numberless persecutions of a petty sort; but then they have grown used to that. For as their mother once said during a recital of the wrongs of her race: "There seems to be no law for the Indian."

"They have left us little," says Princess Teweeleema. "They have made us fight steadily for what we have kept, and now they want the little that we have."

An effort is being made to secure for these last of the royal blood of the Wampanoags a material recognition of their rights and of the services which their ancestor, the mighty sachem, Massasoit, performed for the pioneers of New England. For without Massasoit's friendship and protection the struggling colonists would have been swept from the land.

The royal Wampanoags lived continuously on the tract about Lake Assawampsett from the time Tispaquin, the Black Sachem, son-in-law of Massasoit, set aside about 500 acres for his heirs, until 40 years ago, when Mrs. Zerviah Gould Mitchell, the mother of the princesses, moved to Washington that her children might be educated in the white man's way. As the place was left without a caretaker, it was gradually encroached upon; and the neighboring whites finally went so far as to sell portions of the tract.

The eldest princess is suffering from consumption. She is practically helpless, and upon Princess Wootonekanuske falls the care of the household and of the invalid.

She accepts the hardships that have followed their later life as a matter of course; she regards them as part of the blight that has pursued her race and has doomed it and fears them all

as part of the great tragedy. Not so the elder sister. There is in her a flash of the old haughty spirit of her ancestors, some of the unconquerable pride of race which made Massasoit the autocrat of warring tribes and spurred King Philip to a hopeless struggle that swept the length and breadth of New England with death and flames. When Princess Teweeleema speaks of her wrongs and the injustices of the white intruders, her aged eyes regain their youthful fire, her gestures take on the simple grandeur of her illustrious forbears.

The town of Warren, R. I., has done something toward the memory of the sisters' ancestor, Massasoit. On October 10, 1907, a tablet was unveiled over the spring which has always been known by the name of the mighty Indian sachem. It bubbled near his forest home and the Massasoit Monument association walled it up and improved the surroundings that the spring might run for all time as a reminder of the white man's indebtedness. On a huge stone was placed the tablet and on the tablet is this inscription: "This tablet placed beside the gushing water known for many generations as Massasoit's spring commemorates the great Indian sachem Massasoit, 'friend of the white man,' ruler of this region when the Pilgrims of the Mayflower landed at Plymouth in the year of our Lord, 1620."

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America Massasoit's empire extended from Cape Cod to the Narragansett. Thirty villages owed him allegiance; 30,000 Indians obeyed his word. But a furious plague broke out and when the white men met with the sachem his people had been almost exterminated; whole tribes had been decimated. The early historians say that the savages "died in heaps," and only a remnant of about 300 warriors was left to the ruler in his lodges about Massasoit spring.

It was on Thursday, March 22, 1621, only 101 days after the Pilgrims had landed on the new continent, that Massasoit met them formally for the first time. He had previously given an audience to two of their emissaries, one of whom was Edward Winslow, and had expressed friendliness for the white man. So to this meeting he came in all good faith, accompanied by his half-brother, Quadequina, and 80 of his warriors, all armed with bows and arrows; their faces painted. "Some had skins on them and some naked; all strong, tall men in appearance."

The Indian chief appeared dramatically on what is now called Watson's hill, and lined up his men, making an imposing array. To them came Edward Winslow, carrying a pair of knives, a chain and a jewel for the chief sachem; also a pot of strong water, with some blacuit and butter for a treat. Winslow stayed with the Indians as a hostage and Massasoit, followed by 20 of his warriors, descended the hill toward the Pilgrims. Capt. Standish met him with a file of six musketeers and gave him a salute, afterward escorting the chief to a hastily erected building, furnished with a green rug and three or four cushions.

Here a treaty was made and signed between Massasoit and the Pilgrims. Winslow offered himself as a hostage for the keeping of the agreement; Massasoit declined. A regulus as to honor himself, he scorned to accept a pledge. Honor was to him as the breath of life, and for 50 years he kept the treaty to the letter and the spirit; until his death, in fact. It was the Pilgrims themselves who violated it. The great Indian's fidelity to this agreement made the American colony possible.

Several times during his rule, Massasoit prevented raids by warlike tribes upon the almost helpless colonists. For years he held the Narragansetts in check. He died in 1661; and his death spelled disaster to the colonists.

WAITING FOR A FORTUNE.

Mr. Blinkey Not Worrying Over It, Not the Least Bit, But Ready for It.

Like many another man, Mr. Blinkey is always hoping that something will turn up. He's an intelligent man and he knows perfectly well that there isn't one chance in seven hundred and eighteen thousand billion that he'll ever get a dollar that he doesn't work for and earn; and still he's always hoping and thinking that something might happen.

And so when he gets to the office in the morning he looks in the letter box there, not really with the expectation of finding a fortune, but nevertheless thinking that there might be something; not disappointed if there isn't but wishing that he might find there a check for a million dollars, from somebody or somewhere, or notice of some fortune that had been left to him that he was now to come and claim.

It's just the same when he goes home at night. He's been away all day, time enough for 40 things to happen, for 40 fortunes to come in, and he knows there hasn't any come, and still it is not an absolutely impossible thing, and so he's always kind of hoping that he'll hear some good news when he goes home.

He never does, he finds everything going along there placidly; there hasn't been any fortune sent in or brought in by Uncle Sam, and he knows they'd speak of it if there had been; but sometimes he says to Mrs. Blinkey, jokingly:

"Anybody leave us \$2,000,000 today?"

"No," says Mrs. Blinkey, smilingly.

"One million?"

"No."

"Half a million, maybe," says Mr. Blinkey.

"No, nor half a million," says Mrs. Blinkey.

"Perhaps it was a hundred thousand dollars. We could do with that."

"No, nor a hundred thousand."

"Not a dollar?" says Mr. Blinkey.

"No, not even a dollar," says Mrs. Blinkey.

"Well, then," says Mr. Blinkey, "I guess I'll smoke my pipe," and he does this right cheerfully. But he's always hoping.

Twain Emancipated.

Oxford university is not the only seat of learning that has conferred an honorary degree on Mark Twain. A similar tribute was paid to the famous humorist and philosopher not so many years ago by a humble institution at a sleepy Missouri village that had known him when he was playing Tom Sawyer there in real life.

It happened that the degree-conferring ceremonies took place one lazy day in June when newspapers generally were suffering from a total collapse of everything in the way of news.

One Park Row news editor raked the land with a figurative fine-tooth comb and got a dry haul for his pains. Then, recalling that Mark Twain was getting his honorary degree that very day in his native hamlet it occurred to him that a message direct from the famous author might relieve the situation in the news. After much scratching of the editorial idea factory he evolved this query, which was transmitted to Mark Twain by wire:

"How does it feel to be a doctor of laws? Please wire answer at our expense."

After a wait of several hours this characteristic response came hot over the wire from Missouri:

"It feels like emancipation from ignorance and vice. MARK TWAIN."

Parting of the Ways.

A few more ticks of the clock and they were due to part forever.

"You have broken my h-heart," sobbed the summer girl.

"And you," rejoined the young man who was scheduled to resume his position behind the ribbon counter on the morrow, "have broken my pocket book."

And the clock ticked on.

Few Are Buying Pearls.

The pearl trade of Bombay has depreciated in value in the last season. It is there that the pearls are finally collected by the jewel merchants. Most of them are sent to Paris, and many are purchased there by wealthy Americans, most of whom, however, have bought sparingly this year. Pearls in Paris are now selling at a third of the usual price, and jewelers have canceled their orders for further consignments from Bombay.

Favors Woman Suffrage.

In Holland where qualified women have long had municipal suffrage, the committee on revision of the constitution has reported in favor of giving women proportional representation and making them eligible to parliament.

The Sympathy of Friendship.

It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not re-enforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or this, I know it was right.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

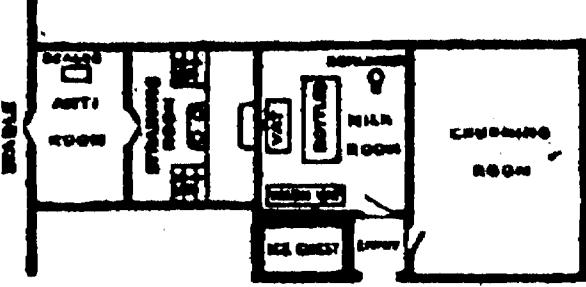


THE DAIRY

What the Massachusetts Agricultural College is Doing for Dairy Interests.

The new dairy barn at the Massachusetts agricultural college is equipped with a stable and milk house designed with a view of producing milk as nearly pure as it is possible to make it under ordinary stable conditions. The stable shown in the photo is equipped with steel partitions, which are fixed in concrete, so that the entire stable can be cleaned with water daily. The ceiling is plastered and painted until there are no chances for dirt to collect.

Ventilation is provided by the King system, combined with window openings.



Plan of Model Milk House.

ing arrangements, and a steam heating plant is also included to keep the temperature even in severe weather.

This barn is far too expensive to be duplicated under average farm conditions, and is designated to test the possibilities of high-grade milk production, and is not presented as a model for farm dairies.

The milk house is separated from the stable by an ante-room thoroughly ventilated, through which the milkers pass in taking milk from the stable to the milk room. Through this ante-room they pass into a straining room, where the milk is poured into a tank and runs through a strainer and a small opening in the wall into the separator room adjoining.

There is no direct connection between this receiving room and the separator, so that the latter is not exposed to the dirt of the stable. A refrigerator is attached, into which bottled milk can be placed as soon as prepared and kept at a low temperature until delivered.

A butter-making room is also provided, equipped with all modern machinery, but the principal object of the building is the preparation of pure, whole milk.

There are three points about this dairy that are worthy of note by practical farmers: First, that the milk house be separate from the stable; second, that the milkers do not enter the separating room, and, third, provision should be made for cooling the milk immediately after it is strained and bottled.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

The Cans for the Creamery Milk Must Be Clean.

The can must be sweet and clean in order to keep the milk sweet. That same milk can must be emptied out as it comes from the factory at noon, so you can have it ready for the evening milk. Don't let it stand out by the road until you are ready to milk. I have seen a good many places where the patron will empty the can and clean same out with cold water if they have no warm water handy. It is no wonder some patrons get the milk back the next day because the can had no chance to air out and was not fit to use for milk.

Empty your cans out as soon as you get them back; rinse them with cold water, then boiling hot water. Use a brush to wash them; never take a rag and think that will do the work. It will not; a brush will find every hollow place in the can and do the work better than anything else you can get. Then after the can is washed, lay it down in a place where the fresh air will blow and let it lie there for about three hours. Then you will have a can that is ready and fit to receive the milk.

That is the most trouble in the summer season. The cans are not properly cared for. And that is the reason the creamery man always gets more or less sour milk, so be sure and take care of your milk cans.

After the milk is placed in the can do not do like some farmers do—let it stay in the barn over night—for it will absorb all the stable air, and when the milk comes to the creamery and you take the cover off the can the creamery man thinks he is close to a cow stable instead of running a creamery.—P. C. Flasegard.

Cultivate Frequently.

Frequent cultivation is not only best for the young orchard, but also for young evergreens set out for a wind-break. Sod-bound trees of whatever kind bake and dry out in the July and August sun.

IMPROVING DAIRY HERDS.

Many Theories as to What Are the Best Methods.

There are as many theories as to the breeding of dairy cattle as there are different breeds of cattle. Where one succeeds another fails and results are often found to be contradictory. No problem in the live stock industry is more perplexing to the breeder. With thousands of babies being fed upon milk it is essential that only the best should be supplied, and the supply can only be obtained from the best breeds of dairy cattle.

Mr. L. P. Bailey, president of the Ohio state board of agriculture, says in speaking of improving the dairy herd:

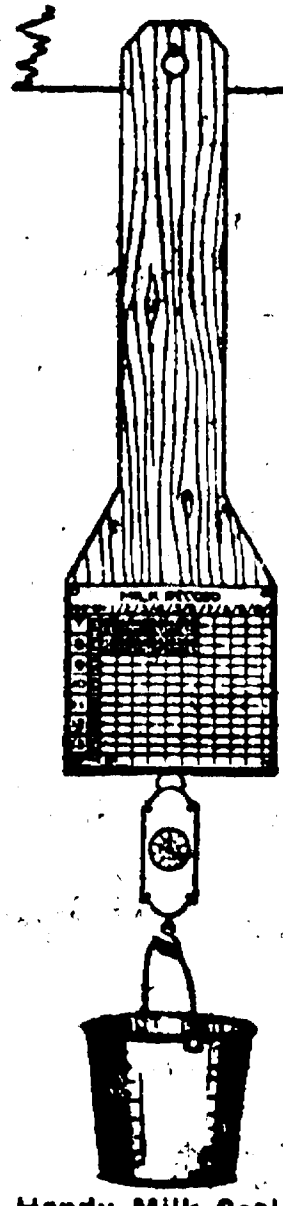
"My experience teaches me there are two ways by which a breeder can improve his herd. First, he must have in mind his individual ideal type, which he should always aim to attain; this can only be done by selection and proper mating of both sire and dam. In selecting a sire for my herd, I insist on seeing personally the dam. She must be of dairy form, according to my own idea—tests above medium size, udder running well forward and straight down behind, extending out past the curve in ham or legs. The above conformation is of greater value to me than any great phenomenal milk test she may or may not have made; I also insist on seeing the ancestors as far back as possible and knowing to a certainty, as near as possible, that they are meritorious animals. I believe there is no rule in breeding better established than that 'like produces like,' yet we all know that even with the best of mating we sometimes get inferior animals. This is mostly caused by some inferior ancestor, perhaps several generations back.

"Never allow the calf to get fat in the sense that the beef breeder would desire. Keep it in good thrifty, growing condition, teach it to eat a maximum amount of roughness, such as clover hay and stlage, and a minimum amount of grain. Continue this method until within three or four months of cowhood, then feed proper concentrates liberally so as to develop the milk secreting organs for service after the birth of the calf. I prefer the heifer being about 30 months old before coming into milk. With proper kind of feed, care and regularity in the rearing of dairy cattle, there will be overcome a vast amount of ignorance in breeding, and the owners will receive profitable results whether they understand the laws of mating and reproduction or not."

MILK SCALES AND RECORDS.

Suggestion for Handy Arrangement for the Dairy.

In circular 115, issued by W. J. Trauer of the Illinois experiment station, a good idea of the method of rigging a



Handy Milk Scales.

board to support scales and milk record is illustrated. The accompanying illustration is reproduced from this circular and gives a good idea of the plan. The general detail is quite clearly brought out.

Stuff the Cow.

An institute speaker said: "There is a saying: 'Stuff the steer and starve the cow.' In some cases I would change it to read, stuff the cow and starve the steer, is others; starve the steer and starve the cow. But if you want to be a Christian you will stuff the steer and stuff the cow. If they are worth it; if not, consign them to the sausage mill. Don't feed any dried bread nor all pie and cake. Give her a variety."

With good management a sow should produce two litters a year and two of three sows will save as many pigs as the average farmer cares to fatten.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.



The Hunter—Ain't it a shame, Fido! It says here dat mountain lions are rapidly becoming extinct. I bet we'll never get a chance to shoot a single one.

IT SEEMED INCURABLE

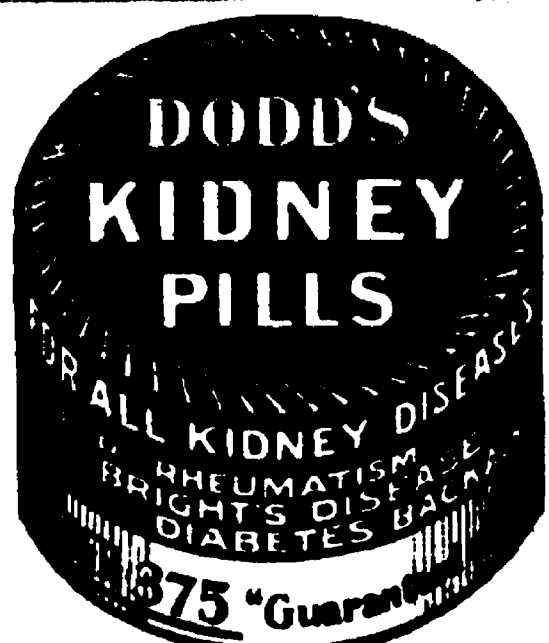
Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospital as Hopeless—Cuticura Remedies Cured Him.

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Camblewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

Waste not the remnant of thy life in those imaginings touching other folk, whereby thou contributest not to the common weal.—Marcus Aurelius.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 2c package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

Even a drunken man doesn't care to be held up by a footpad.



Libby's Food Products

Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles

That firm, crisp quality and delicious flavor is what you get when you insist on Libby's Mixed Pickles at your dealers. They are always the finest and never disappoint. It's the same with Libby's Sweet Gherkins and Sweet Midgits. Ask for them.

Libby's Olives

The cultivation of centuries marks the olive groves of Spain as the world's best. Libby's Olives are imported from the oldest and most famous of these groves. The result is a rare product, delightfully appetizing. Try one bottle and you'll buy more and never be without them.

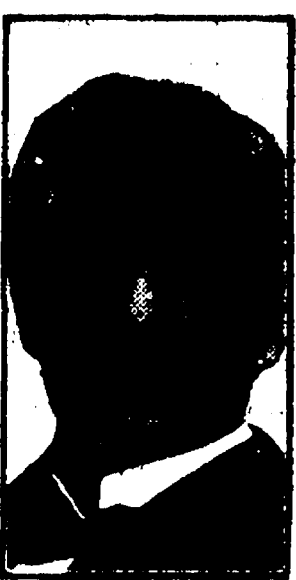
Libby's Preserves

Pure, ripe fruit and pure sugar in equal parts, cooked just right and timed to the second, in Libby's Great White Klitch-ee, is the secret of the extreme superiority of Libby's Preserves. There's none as good at any price. Grocers and delicatessen stores carry all of Libby's Food Products. They are warranted the best to both you and the dealer.

Write for free booklet—How to Make Good Things to Eat. Ask for Libby's at your dealer's. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

GOSPEL IN THE OPEN AIR

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D., Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's) Church, Chicago.



The time for open-air work has come, and every healthy Christian should take part in it. It is the only way to reach with the gospel the unchurched masses of our cities, and may be useful even in smaller towns. The Bible is an open-air book. The great revival under Ezra began in the open air, as from his pulpit of wood he read the Scriptures and expounded their meaning. Christ preached his great sermon in the open air and proclaimed the gospel to the woman by Jacob's well in the open air. Most of his miracles and teaching took place in the open air. His disciples were chosen in the open air. The Apostle Paul was converted in the open air, and no wonder he became all through life an open-air preacher, proclaiming from Mars Hill Jesus and the resurrection, and pressing into the market places where the people thronged. Jesus was crucified in the open air, and from the top of Olivet he ascended in the open air. Its History.

The first mention of church houses is found in the writings of Tertullian at the end of the second century. Justin Martyr was converted by the testimony of an old man preaching in the open air. Augustine preached to King Ethelbert of England in the open air. Wycliffe's poor priests carried on their ministry almost exclusively in the open air. Peter of Bruys would not preach under a roof. Arnold of Brescia stood among the people in the open air and preached until he was thrown into a dungeon, from which he went to a martyr's glory. Peter Waldo and the "Poor Men of Lyons" were open-air preachers. The Franciscan, the Dominican and the Cistercian monks preached to the people constantly in the open air. In 1382 there was presented to the parliament of England by the clergy a complaint against street preaching. John Huss, driven from his pulpit, began the Bohemian reformation in the open air. The Methodist Revival.

The preaching of Whitefield at Kingswood colliery is familiar to every student of the great Methodist revival. Wesley believed that everything should be done decently and in order, and he first thought that preaching in the open air might bring the movement into disrepute; but when he saw the power of the gospel upon these colliery people he yielded and began himself to preach in the open air. When Whitefield left Kingswood for London his brethren urged him not to carry this innovation with him into the city. He knelt down and asked God to keep him from doing anything rash or unwise; but when he reached London he could not restrain the fire that burned in his soul, and he was soon standing among the thousands at Moorsfield, preaching to them in a voice of thunder. Better Than Policemen.

The burgomaster of The Hague is reported to have said: "One street preacher is worth ten policemen." St. Mary's church, in Whitechapel, London, has a pulpit built in the corner of the outside, from which the preacher reaches more people than he can induce to come within. The open-air mission, known as Carubber's Close, in Edinburgh, has resulted in the conversion of thousands. The pastor of the Samarstown church, in London, declares that two-thirds of his 1,000 members were converted in the streets. One of the presbyteries of Great Britain requires that all its ministers shall preach several times during the year in the open air. Bishop Aldheim, of the seventh century, finding that he could not draw the people to his church, took his harp, and, standing on the corner, played sweetly enough to draw the crowd and then preached to them the sweeter message of grace. If his spirit should seize the pastors of our city churches and send them out in pleasant weather to their front doorsteps or to an adjoining vacant lot they might increase their audiences ten-fold.

It is evident that the Holy Spirit who came at Pentecost as a rushing, mighty wind would lead us into the open air with the message of salvation for lost sinners. Yield to his drawing and let your voice be heard this summer in song and testimony in the open air. If our churches, Sunday schools and missions should organize for an open-air evangelistic campaign covering Chicago this summer, might we not preach the gospel to every person in this great city?

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

LEAP-YEAR LAUGH.



"You look worried, old man!" "Yes. Had three proposals last night and I don't know which one I ought to accept!"

Near Dead.

The ship doctor of an English liner notified the deathwatch steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeked into the room and found that the body was still there. He called the Irishman's attention to the matter, and the latter replied:

"I thought you said room 26. I went to that room and noticed wan of thim in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.' So I buried him."—The Wasp.

How It Was Done.

Three-year-old May had a penchant for cutting every thing in sight, when she could get a pair of scissors. One day, being left alone with her curly headed baby brother, she promptly cut every curl from the back of his head.

When the nurse discovered the damage, she said:

"Oh! May, how dare you cut baby's curls off?" "He cut them himself." "How did he reach the back of his head?" "He stood on the stool."

A Good Reason.

"Why was Mrs. Smithers so violently opposed to the marriage of one of her twins?" "I think it was because of her being such a very particular housekeeper." "What on earth had that to do with it?" "You see, she hated to break a set."

WONDERED WHY Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak. About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Ville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

OLE MIS' MOON WITH TREM

No Change of the Visitors Being Homesick in the City.

Mme. Fairfax was wont to stand on the porch of her old Virginia home and rejoice on moonlight nights in the beauty, says the Youth's Companion. "There's my moon," she would say, as it rose from behind the eastern hills. "Look, Dahlia, see how beautiful it is," and her tiny colored maid, who was ever at hand with shawl or fan for her beloved mistress, would answer, enthusiastically: "Your moon certainly *do* look pow'ful handsome to-night."

When Mme. Fairfax journeyed to the city to visit her son, Dahlia, looking out of the window with wondering eyes on the first evening of her life away from home, exclaimed, in a voice of mingled astonishment and relief: "Well, I declare to goodness, if ole Mis' Moon ain't come along to Washington with me, *engle* *engle* I can't be homes' nohow, wif ole Mis' Moon shining on us."

SAVED AT THE CRISIS.

Delay Meant Death from Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Herman Smith, 901 Broad Street, Athens, Ga., says: "Kidney disease started with slight irregularity and weakness and developed into dangerous dropsy. I became weak and languid, and could do no housework. My back ached terribly. I had bearing down pains and my limbs bloated to twice their normal size. Doctors did not help, and I was fast drifting into the hopeless stages. I used Doan's Kidney Pills at the critical moment and they really saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

All the Difference.

Wrathy Constituent—What do you mean by betraying our interests this way, and voting for the corporations all the time? You said on the stump before you were elected that you would fight predatory wealth.

Wise Legislator—Yes, I did then, but I've got some of it now.—Baltimore American.

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 *Wm. H. Stearns* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The next best thing to knowing how to get a thing is knowing how to get along without it.

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

A man isn't necessarily a wood saw-ver because he says nothing.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death.

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured.

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

ALL RUN DOWN.

Mrs. Della Strober, who had Com-
pletely Run Down, Found
Relief from Peruna at Once.

Read What She Says:

MISS DELLA STROBER, 710 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "For several years I was in a run-down condition, and I could find no relief from doctors' and medicine. I could not eat my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes. "My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in run-down condition."

Peruna Did Wonders.

Mrs. Judge J. P. Boyer, 121 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by
CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS. They relieve Dis-
tension, Dyspepsia, In-
digestion and Too Heavily
Feasting. A perfect rem-
edy for Biliousness, Nap-
tose, Drowsiness, Bad
Taste in the Mouth, Coated
Tongue, Pains in the
Side, TORPID LIVER.
They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS. Genuine Must Bear
Fac-Simile Signature
Wm. D. Carter
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FOR SUN



BLEMISHES

As well as for the preservation and purification of the skin no other skin soap so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as Cuticura. For eczemas, rashes, inflammations, chafings, sunburn, wind irritations, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to outdoor sports, for the care of the hair and scalp, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura are unrivaled.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and may be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Deposits: London, 37, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 2, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co.; Sydney, India, B. K. Paul; Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokyo, Russia, Peretz, Moscow; Africa, London, Ltd.; Cape Town, etc., U.S.A., Foster (Ink) & Chem. Co., Sole U.S. Agents, Boston and Post Free, Cuticura Booklet on the Skin.

KNOWN AS THE MOST RELIABLE
PLANTEN'S
C & C **BLACK**
CAPSULES
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY AFFECTIONS
DRUGGISTS, RYAN, MALE, AND EIGHT NEIGH-
BORHOODS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 25c and 50c bottles.

WIDOWS' NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

It is limited with Thompson's Eye Water

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes alike.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32, 1908.

OLD BOYS' and GIRLS'

Arrangements have
been made for the

Biennial Picnic

to be held as before at

HAZE'S GROVE

Across the pond, where
you spent many happy
hours in childhood's days,

Thursday, August 6

A BIG TIME BRING YOUR BASKET

Bring All Your Neighbors

EVERYBODY WELCOME

Among Our Correspondents

ANDERSON.

Will Caskey spent Sunday with Plainfield friends.

All roads lead to Pinckney on Wednesday and Thursday.

Chas. Pool of Oregon is visiting friends and relatives here.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Daley at Gregory Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bullis visited at Joe Bowens on Sunday.

Lucius Wilson and family and Miss Mollie Wilson are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wilson.

Mrs. Frank Hanes and Mrs. Jennie Perry of Hamburg spent several days last week with Eugene Smith and family at Cavanaugh Lake.

WEST MARION.

This is a very busy week.

Mrs. Julian of Detroit is visiting friends here.

Mrs. W. B. Miller was in Howell Monday.

Howard Duart visited his parents Sunday.

Miss Alta Clark is very sick with appendicitis.

Will Bland and wife were guests of P. N. Smith Sunday.

Walter Collins spent the last of the week with friends near Pinckney.

Mrs. McCormick and two sons of Bloomington, Ill., are visiting friends here.

Fred Gartrell came nearly getting bitten one day last week by a rattlesnake which had 14 rattles.

Misses Laura, Ruth and Retta Collins attended services at East Marion Sunday. A Chinaman spoke.

IOSCO.

N. E. Walters lost a good horse recently.

Mrs. Lottie Smith is under the Dr's care.

Mrs. S. Glover is spending a few weeks with her daughter Mrs. N. E. Walters.

Miss Edna Kern spent last week with Mrs. F. A. Gardner.

C. O. Dutton who has been in poor health all summer was not so well last week.

Ebb Smith is getting around on crutches. After the social at Plainfield last week he stepped in to a hole and the horse stepped on him.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

A Shadowy Lover.

[Original.]

She was a girl of great depth of feeling. Her sense of duty was of the highest. So intent within herself was she that her friends never got very near her. Among men the feather-weights—i mean mentally—let her alone from choice, the heavyweights because she was not of easy approach. She was twenty-five before she received a single offer of marriage; then it came from a practical, common sense man of business. He was temporarily thrown into intimate association with her and discerned a great deal in her. When he proposed she took time before giving him his answer, then gave it in this wise:

"Some years ago I received a letter from a man who was dying. He told me that he had loved me without being known by me. Being afflicted by a lingering disease, he had never sought me with a view to declaring his love. Since it gave a dying man comfort to tell me of his devotion, he hoped I would not blame him for doing so. He carefully concealed his identity, and I have never discovered it.

"I have since been unable to shake off a sense of being appropriated. I know this is unwise, but I can't help it. I have analyzed my feelings for you and cannot tell whether or no I should marry you. I am, however, willing to throw the responsibility on you and become your wife if you say the word."

He told her that he fancied marriage to be practical sentiment. Her feeling for the dead was sentimental sentiment. The first pertained to the highest of all human institutions, the family; the latter was simply a canker-worm feeding on emotion. He would have her marry him, trusting to the great unbreakable bond, family affection, to absorb all other sensations.

They were married. The wife for a time appeared to be contented and happy, but after awhile showed that she was brooding. Her husband noticed the change, but did not refer to it. He knew that her "sentiment" was with her and that it could not be driven away by open interference. He did not consider his wife responsible for its presence. He knew that it came from some mental condition the nature of which he could understand, though he had not experienced it. He concluded to wait for it to disappear. Doubtless the first child would drive it away, as the sun will dissipate a cloud.

But children did not come. There was still this intangible, psychological freak between the two to keep them in a measure apart. It was never referred to by either, but both knew of its existence. It was endured by both, for the wife felt that it was wronging her husband, and the husband felt that it was sapping the happiness of his wife as well as his own.

One day while searching in a desk of his wife for a paper he came upon the note that had been written her from her dying lover. Its finding brought about a singular act. Taking note of the handwriting, he wrote a letter in the same chirography to his wife purporting to come from the man who had written the original. It stated that he had unexpectedly recovered and had since prospered; that he knew she was married, but in spirit she belonged to him. Did she reciprocate this feeling? If so, let her defy the world and he would come to her.

When the wife opened this forged letter one morning at the breakfast table, the husband saw her turn pale. That evening when he came back from business his wife said to him that something had happened. She had debated with herself whether she should tell him or not and had decided that it was better that she should not. He replied that he had full confidence in her judgment, and this was all he said about the matter.

After this the wife showed plainly that she was under the influence of some powerful emotion. Her husband meanwhile wrote her another forged letter from the same correspondent. She was informed that her lover could no longer endure the strain of separation. He must see her. He begged her to send her husband away for a certain evening, during which he would call and they would concoct a modus vivendi. He asked for this one interview only, after which, if she so wished, he would never see her again. Simultaneously with his sending this letter the husband informed his wife that he must be away on business on the evening he had appointed. His wife clutched her fingers spasmodically, which he pretended not to see, and left her.

At 5 o'clock on the evening he went home and was packing a valise preparatory to his departure when his wife came to him trembling and, throwing her arms about him, begged him to take her with him. He had accomplished an object, but he did not yet feel sure that it was accomplished for all time. He told her that it would be inconvenient for him to take her, but she begged so hard that he consented. They dined together and after dinner took a train. The husband kept his own counsel.

The wife during the journey one evening announced that she desired his assistance on a matter that was distressing her. Then she confessed to the letters she had received from her supposed to be dead lover and asked him to devise some plan to get rid of him without hurting his feelings. The husband took her in his arms and confessed that he had written the letters. From that time there was no shadowy lover between the two, and soon after children came on to strengthen the union between husband and wife.

J. ANTHONY TWING.

In the Jaws of a Lion.

A lion comes at its enemy at full speed, galloping low, and dashes a man standing upright to the ground by the full impact of its body. Major Inverarity states that "the claws and teeth entering the flesh do not hurt as much as you would think," but that the squeeze given by the jaws on the bone is really painful. When knocked over he was still keenly conscious and felt none of the dreamy sensations experienced by Livingstone.

Major Swaine, struck down by a lioness going full gallop, was unconscious for some minutes and did not know what had happened till he found himself standing up after the accident. "I felt no pain," he writes, "not, I believe, owing to any special interposition of Providence, but simply that the shock and loss of blood made me incapable of feeling it. There was no pain for a few days till it was brought on by the swelling of my arm on the twelve days' ride to the coast."—London Spectator.

A Woman Governor.

Queens have ruled many nations, but Pennsylvania is the only one of the United States that ever had a woman for governor. A passage unearthed from Amos's "Governors of Pennsylvania," page 128, says:

"On the 30th of July, 1718, William Penn died, at the age of seventy-four. By his will his wife, Hannah, was made his sole executrix and assumed the management of colonial affairs, executing this difficult task with rare tact and business capacity. 'She became,' says Watson, 'in effect our governor, ruling us by her deputies or lieutenant governors during all the term of her children's minority.'"

A Persistent Friend.

Mr. George Weir, an English actor, in his early days appeared one night in the role of Hamlet in an improvised theater at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, and suffered much embarrassment from the demonstrative attentions of an enthusiastic former schoolfellow, who sat in the front of the tent and kept up a running comment on the performance. "That be Gargy Weir," exclaimed the admirer. "I knows Gargy! I used to go to school along w' he." After many expostulations the interrupter was turned out, and all went well until the audience was hushed to deadly silence while Hamlet was going through his soliloquy. Then suddenly a still, small voice came cheerfully from the back row of seats, "Gargy, I be in again!"—Bellman.

Kaffirs' Courtship.

The Kaffirs are a very light hearted people and do not worry about the future. As soon as the girls have finished their work they may take up the igubu, which is an elementary musical instrument, consisting of a taut bow fixed to a gourd, and march across country twanging the string with a little piece of reed. The instrument, as a rule, gives but one note, but to the girl's sweetheart such music is "the food of love."—World's Work.

What's the Use?

"Does wealth bring real enjoyment?" "Naw. They won't let you eat the grub you like or wear the clothes you consider classy or listen to the music you understand or even put a cast iron dog on the lawn."—Kansas City Journal.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Mrs. Chas. Morse of Napoleon is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. Grimes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lavern Reason of Pontiac are spending the week with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. Bush of Wales Center, N. Y. and Mrs. Diamond of Detroit visited Mrs. G. A. Sigler last week.

The W. I. C. took in over \$12 at their ice cream social on the parsonage lawn, Saturday evening.

One does not know how much (if) his work is appreciated until he begins to work for the public good without remuneration.

The young peoples class of the M. E. Sunday school took in \$10 at their social at the home of Miss Mary Sprout, last Thursday evening.

Jacob Volmer of Delta, O., and Geo. Volmer of Waseon, O., are guests of their brother Casper near here. They say that the weather has been dry there as here.

The old hotel property known as the Riverdale hotel at Riverdale has been sold. Dr. C. B. Gardner of Riverdale is the purchaser. Dr. Gardner has made no announcement of his intentions but it is assumed he will repair it and occupy it as a private residence and office in connection with his practice. There are five acres of land that go with the property. The land is admirably situated and will make desirable building lots should the owner decide to put them on the market. —Alma Record. Dr. Gardner is a former Pinckneyite.

North Hamburg Literary Club

About 35 of the members and friends of the North Hamburg Literary club met at the home of Frank and Joseph Mackinder, Saturday evening, Aug. 1, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present. The meeting was called to order by the president and opened by singing "The Old Oaken Bucket. The Secretary being absent, Mrs. Geo. Van Horn was appointed secretary for the evening.

A select reading, St. Peter at the Gate, by Miss Mae Van Fleet and a recitation, Hornets, by Master Clyde Bennett was much enjoyed. Reading, Banford's Burglar Alarm, by Miss Una Bennett was followed by a song, Old Kentucky Home. A recitation, A most obliging little sister, by Miss Marguerite Mackinder and a reading, A Pike Country Wedding, by Mrs. Geo. Van Horn brought forth much merriment.

A reading, Barney O'Lynn and the Leeches, by Frank Mackinder and a song, Old Folks at Home closed the program.

After spending a most enjoyable social hour the club adjourned.

Tax Notice.

The Village Tax Roll is now in my hands and taxes can be paid at any time at our store. Must be paid before Aug. 15.

J. A. CADWELL, Treas.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

Cement Blocks

8 CENTS EACH

New BRAND-HARD ROCK

CEMENT

\$1.50 per bbl.

W. T. MORAN,

Pinckney, Mich.