Pinckney Weekly Dispatch.

VOL. XXVI. PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, SEPT. 10, 1908. No. 37

Call on

Swarthout & Placeway

when in need of anything in the line of

Groceries
Confections
Toilet Soap
Baked Goods
Ice Cream
Phonographs
Writing Tablets

LOCAL NEWS.

Warm and dry.

Mail carrier, G. Dinkel is taking his vacation this week.

Sheriff Pratt of Howell was in town on businesss Friday last.

F. A. Sigler and wife visited their daughters in Detroit this week.

Mrs. C. N. Plimpton who has been at St Louis, Mich., has returned to her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Richards of Grand Rapids were guests of his parents here the past week.

Fred Hicks and Family of Ann Arbor visited his uncle Geo. Hicks and family here the past week.

Mrs. Bert Pate of Howell who has been at the sanitarium here for several weeks returned home Saturday.

Kenneth and Clifford Teeple returned to their home at Vassar last Saturday after spending a few weeks with relatives here.

Frank Newman has purchased a lot of J. H. Tuomey, just east of Farnams poultry house and has the foundation laid for a 22x32 barn.

Dr. Avery and son of Chelsea, stopped in town Monday morning. They had been spending Sunday with his brother E. L. at Howell and made the trip in his auto.

Mrs. E. P. Campbell who has been poorly for several years, passed away at the home of C. L. Campbell Sunday afternoon. The funeral was held Tuesday. She leaves an aged husband.

The North Hamburg Literary Club will meet Saturday evening of this week Sept. 12, at the home of Miss Clara Switzer. This is the annual meeting and the members are requested to be present.

The Latest in the Automobile Game

The "Centerfire" Plug

The Racing Machine Plug of the day.
The Plug of Clean Combustion.
The Plug of Quickest Action.

Right in the CENTER of Compression allowing the explosion to travel in all DIRECTIONS at the same time. The Plug that is always kept clean by the inrushing fresh charge.

MANUFACTURED BY

GENERAL ACCUMULATOR & BATTERY CO.

130 Second Street Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Write For Circulars.

The Northville Home Coming will be held Sept. 25, 26.

The Democratic county convention will be held at Howell Tuesday Sept. 15.

Vacation is over and the cottages at many of the resorts have a lonesome look.

Miss Jennie Haze leaves this week for Bradentown, Florida to spend the winter.

C. J. Teeple and wife visited in Detroit a couple of days last week and took in the fair.

The Electric Polish Co. are doing quite a business these days and are shipping their goods every day.

Walter Reason left for Milwaukee the past week where he has a position as brakeman on a passenger train.

The picture gallaries in many of the papers through the state will cease for a few weeks or until near election.

Mrs Thos. Pearce and daughter Clara Bell of Oak Grove, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clark the past week.

Mrs. Robert Smith and daughter, Maude of Brooklyn, Mich., are visiting her brother, Daniel Richards and wife

Mrs. Clarence Fenn and daughter, Marion of Fowlerville, were guests of P. W. Coniway and family the past week.

John Van Horn of Howell has sold his house and lot there to Wells Bennett and moved back to his farm near Pettysville.

C. P. Sykes is in Jackson, Chelsea and other places this week for the Furguson Supply Co. looking after the sale of heating plants.

Geo. Reason of Detroit was in town Thursday of last week. He brought a second hand Queen auto with him and before leaving sold it to Chas. Brown.

The Pinckney ball team was defeated in a game at Stockbridge Labor day, score 13 to 6. This makes the fourth game lost out of fifteen played this season.

Mr. and Mrs. David Steddard of Oak Grove spent Sunday with F. L. Andrews and family Mr. S. attended the picnic of the Rural mail carriers at Lakeland Monday, Labor day.

B. K. Pierce of this place, formerly proprietor of the Millington Gazette has purchased the So. Lyon Herald. Bert is a newspaper man of excellent ability and will give the people of our sister village a good paper. He takes possession Monday Sept. 14.

Many of our citizens are taking in the state fair this week. Tuesday was editors day and Mrs. F. L. Andrews of this office was present. The officers of the fair did themselves proud in their entertainment of the editors and their wives. They recognize where they get the advertising that gives them the crowds and gave the pencil pushers a big time.

PINCKNEY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Opened Tuesday with Flattering Prospects.

The school year opened here Tuesday with the promise of a very successful year. For various reasons the board had been in no hurry to engage teachers to fill the vacancies but are satisfied that the ones engaged are fully competant to keep the standard up to its best and elevate it if possible. The following is the corps of teachers which with the exception of Miss Green of the Primary department, are all new teachers in our village, while all come well reccommended and have had experience:

SUPERINTENDANT.

N. J. Robinson of Lake Side, Berrien Co., is a graduate of the State Normal at Ypsilanti and has had eight years experience in the schools of the state.

PRINCIPAL.

Miss H. Esther Crawford, of Port Huron is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary of Mass., which, by the way, is the 3rd oldest institution of the kind in the United States. Miss Crawford is able to teach four languages as well as any of the other branches and comes well recommended.

GRAMMAR.

Miss Jessie Dean, of Fowlerville, is one of the successful teachers of this county, having taught several years near Fowlerville.

INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Josie Devereaux of this place is a graduate of our own school, has taught several years successfully in this vicinity and personally needs no introduction to our people as her life has been spent near here.

PRIMARY.

Miss Jessie Green, who has taught in this same department for many years needs no introduction. She is one of the progressive teachers and not only has she taught here but during the first few years teaching she took up the extra work and graduated with one of the classes from the school where she was teaching.

With the above corps of excellent talent, we speak for a very successful year in our school and it only remains for the patrons to give the teachers their FULL support and it may be the best year the school has ever seen. We believe the teachers will do their part—will you do yours?

There were 100 enrolled in all divided as follows:

High School,	29
Grammar,	22
Intermediate,	20
Primary,	29

If you are to have an auction this fall remember that you can get the bills in short order at this office.

Mrs. Jennie Barton and Esther spent a few days last week in Detroit and in pleasant trips on the water.

LOTMM NOTICE:—Asst. 103 is now due and must be paid before Sept. 30. Grace Crofoot, F. K.

The Ladies of the Cong'l church will serve supper at the hall Wednesday afternoon Sept. 19, from five until all are served. Everybody welcome.

The worthy matron of the O. E. S. requests all members to be present at the meeting to be held Friday night Sept. 11, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. Do not forget that the annual dues must be paid this month.

Rev. G. W. Mylne of Laingsburg formerly Cong'l pastor here announces the death of his mother at Clifton Villa Port Bannatyne, Buteshire, Scotland, Sunday, August 23rd, 1908; the day he preached at Pinckney. She is survived by her husband, one daughter and five sons, two being abroad. Charlie of So. Africa and George of Laingsburg, Mich. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

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

Dainy Lunch Sets for Parties and Picnics

A Fine Line of Fancy China and Souvenirs.

From Ex-President Keaney.

Jackson, Nebr.,
Sept. 1st, 1908

Friend Andrews:—

Been so busy since reaching home, that had no chance to thank everybody for the good times of Old Home Week. Personally speaking, my visit goes down as the best and happiest in Pinckney. I believe that each visitor enjoyed the reunion, and while the attendance could have been larger (especially so had the 'near-bys' come) the enthusiasm and pleasure was all one could ask.

I feel confident that the 1911 meeting will greatly exceed all others, in interest and attendance. The Old Home Week sentiment, is steadily growing throughout the land, and should be fostered. It simply means keeping the good old town on the map of our affections, and with it, the friends of "Auld Lang Zyne"

Let me make a suggestion, that will relieve the Pinckney ladies from a part of the stewing and brewing and cooking for the crowd of relatives and visitors that swarm down upon them. Have the three churches unite in having one or more large dining halls, run not for profit but for common good, where three meals can be served throughout the reunion at about cost —say 10c per meal. In this manner, most of the food could be bought, the labor be divided and made easy for everybody and all, residents and visitors, eat at the dining halls, spend less time in cooking and more in visiting. I sincerely hope that something of this kind will be evolved before 1911, to lessen the work for the home ladies.

Again, my sincere thanks to all who helped make the last reunion a success and my visit, a most pleasant one.

Very truly yours,
Ex-President.

Farms Wanted.

If you have a farm for sale or that you would exchange for first class city property, write us, we are in a position to help you.

Paquette & Slayton

Real Estate and Investments.

508 Spitzer Building.
t36 Toledo, Ohio.

BOWMAN'S

Having purchased the stock of the "Moon Store" at 40 cents on the dollar I have put the goods on sale in my my store.

The stock contains Gloves, Mittens, Underwear, Hosiery, Laces, Ribbons, Embroideries, Notions, etc., etc. Lots of chances to save money.

Every Day is Bargain Day

E. A. BOWMAN

Howell's Busy Store

Paint it Now

If your house needs painting, paint it now—this fall—with THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT. Here are some of the reasons why you should do so.

1. The weather is settled and you don't have to contend with the spring rains.
2. You will protect it against the winter's snows and storms.
3. You will avoid the annoyance of gnats, flies, and other insects sticking to the surface.
4. There is likely to be less moisture in it now than any other time; moisture is what often causes blistering, cracking, and like troubles.
5. S. W. P. costs less by the job than any other paint because it wears longest, covers most, looks best, and is most economical.
6. S. W. P. is best because it's made from best materials—pure lead, pure zinc, and pure linseed oil. It always satisfies; never goes wrong if rightly used.

SOLD BY

Teeple Hardware Co.

Pinckney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Pub.

PINCKNEY, - MICHIGAN

Shattered Nerves.

Many people complain of shattered nerves. Very frequently this malad is caused by the overwork of body an brain. Bad sleep or no sleep at all i one of the prominent symptoms of shattered nerves. A weary and yet restless feeling during waking hours, both day and night, is a similar symptom. Excessive irritability, instead of good temper, is another symptom. A strong tendency to think the worst of everything, rather than the best, is another symptom. A wish for death, rather than life, with such a state of body and mind, is not uncommon. A strong idea that we are somehow wrong and cannot get right, is another symptom. Fear and foreboding of evil is another. What we have indicated as the symptoms will indicate that the mind has a great deal to do with all such cases. Frequently, says the New York Weekly, it is the mere idea, strongly fixed, which works all the harm. If the mind could banish its depression, the same nerves that have been set down as hopelessly shattered may turn out to be quite sound and good by the act of changed thought. But to do good work one must have adequate rest. More and better work is done by a good sleeper, who daily takes at least eight hours of sound sleep, than by one who forces himself to do less. But even if this were not true, it would still be certain that it is ruinous to life's grandest ends to deny the nerve-system that on which its healthy state depends.

Romance got something of a setback the other day when, from the steps of the Royal Exchange of London, the common crier made proclamation that after August 1 the doubloon would cease to be legal tender in the West Indies, including British Guiana. Now the boy who finds a pirate's buried treasure will have to dispose of his Spanish gold at its bullion value. It may console him to know that for some years the doubloon has not been the precious thing it was. In 1730, and for a century after, it was worth eight dollars, "more or less;" but the current doubloon is worth only about five dollars. It has ceased to be coined in its native country, Spain, and now it will soon become unpopular in the West Indies, where it has figured in a mixed circulation embracing British, United States and Spanish coins. In the interest of romance, however, the name at least must survive. It signifies nothing more than that the coin was double the value of a pistole; but "doubloon" was never such a mouth-filling mockery as "pieces of eight," which suggests great riches, but means only Spanish silver dollars, pieces equivalent to eight reals.

So far as experience goes with the Chicago directory it is a painstaking and truth-telling book. The publishers go to large expense to make it so. If John Smith is living at the corner of Southwest street and Northwest boulevard and rumor hath it that he is still there and intends to remain in that spot for the rest of his life, do they take it for granted that such is the case? Not at all, declares the Chicago Daily News. They send a man out to see. That man reports on a specially prepared blank and his work is verified. That being the case, why should we not look on it as a truthful book when it estimates the population of Chicago at 2,425,000? True, the national census will be along in a couple of years and it may call us down, but meanwhile we can have the pleasure of feeling as large as possible. Will the school census please go away back and sit down?

Some years ago Canada decided to observe Thanksgiving in October instead of November, as a more cheerful month for the family gathering and a more suitable time for a harvest festival. The day of the week, however, was Thursday, as in this country. But now still another shift is to be made, by which Thanksgiving will hereafter come on Monday. This is in order that commercial travelers, students away from home and business men who live remote from their place of birth may have a longer time for the family reunion. The inclusion of Sunday in the holiday may also safeguard the sacred character of the festival. The Monday plan offers so many advantages that the Canadians are to be congratulated upon the change, and Americans ought not to be too conservative to adopt it.

DIRECTORS ARE SEVERELY SCORED

YOUNG CASHIER OF ATHENS IS NOW CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

DIRECTORS WERE LAX

Young Man Seems to Have Made Same Bad Loans and Did Business Very Carelessly.

While Harry G. Lewis, the 23-year-old cashier of the closed Athens State & Savings bank, sat sobbing in the circuit courtroom Friday, Deputy Attorney General Henry M. Chase arraigned the directors for permitting so much responsibility to rest on a youth and then announced that it would be necessary to place Lewis under arrest.

A specific charge of issuing $1,400 forged note, signed J. A. Stanton, was made and Lewis was arraigned before Justice Batdorff. W. M. Albertson, the aged director who was forced to make out the complaint, wept as he did so. Bond was furnished by R. H. Lewis, father of the cashier and a stockholder in the bank.

"You directors may be honest," said Chase, turning to them in the court, "but you have hopelessly neglected your duty in shoving responsibility on a 23-year-old boy."

Chase declared the bank was entirely insolvent and that traces of perjury, forgery and false entries had been discovered. The bank case was adjourned and the directors believe they can furnish proof of the bank's solvency.

President I. E. Wells, of the bank, declared Saturday that the bank's failure was due to loans upon insufficient security and made entirely against the orders of the directors. He said that in his opinion every depositor will get dollar for dollar, and that none of the business men of the village have shown any alarm over the matter.

The township, village and school district's funds were in the bank and many depositors, both large and small, had all of their world's goods in savings accounts.

Cashier Lewis has made a complete statement to the prosecuting attorney of the conditions that exist. It is simply a case of too much responsibility being placed on young shoulders. Lewis lacked the ability to say "no" when asked for accommodation by customers of the bank and before he knew it he had made loans that would be classed as illegal on account of their amount.

When Lewis discovered that he had gone too far and placed the bank in a position where it would fail to pass muster at the bands of the state banking commissioner, he concealed those notes and others of a similar nature and issued forged notes, also making a statement that the bank had $12,000 in reserve banks, when the amount was in reality only $3,000.

The remarkable feature of the frenzied financiering of young Lewis is the fact that loans aggregating $35,000 were made, mostly by the cashier without knowledge of the bank officials. One loan of about $15,000 Attorney Wm. E. Ware, representing the bank, claims is secured by individual indorsement and another for $10,000 will be paid before Thursday, by which time he expects to prove the bank's solvency.

The apparent shortage of the bank is $17,000, but the cashier claims no real shortage as the assets he has concealed because of excessive loaning will balance that. The note upon which he is claimed to have committed the forgery is for $1,400, made supposedly by John A. Stanton, of Athens.

Her Pitiful Story

Tenderly fonding the soft little garments her baby had worn the last time she saw it alive, her love turning to revulsion for the man she accused of being its father, and moving the lawyers and audience to sympathy with her pitiful but bravely told story, Myrtle Lennon uncovered before the law her wretched past in all its nakedness and in graphic detail related the incidents of the night of August 5, when her month-old infant struggled out its tiny life in the waters of Saginaw river.

Over the objections of the attorneys, she branded the mark of Cain upon another, declaring near the close of her recital, which told of committing the child to the care of Duffy, "I believe that he went to the river and drowned my baby."

Not once did she falter, not once was she tripped, not once did she contradict herself. In the trying ordeal on the stand, she clung to her story that on the night of the tragedy she committed her infant to Duffy on his assurance that he had secured a home for it.

"And we agreed when we parted that night," she testified, in a voice shaking with emotion, "that we would go to the house together the next Sunday and see our baby."

The witness cried softly as she told of her love for the boy and her hope he would grow to manhood.

Sold Out and Died.

Twelve hours after he had sold the store that he had operated for half a century, intending to retire from active business life, Gerritt Wagoner, aged 80 years, died at 2 o'clock Saturday morning. He resided in Muskegon 54 years and leaves a son, C. E. Wagoner, of Detroit, besides several other children and a widow.

STATE NEWS BRIEFS.

The potato crop in Osceola county is being ruined for want of rain, none having fallen in several weeks.

The L. O. T. M. have purchased for $60,000 a corner lot in Detroit on which to erect a headquarters building.

Henry Wilson, the Saginaw man who slew his wife in Duluth, has been sentenced to life imprisonment in that city.

His mind unbalanced by excessive use of liquor, L. N. Thatcher, a farmer living near Caro, shot and killed himself.

Before his 12-year-old son, Joseph Allie, aged 58, of Houghton, shipyards employe, fell from a dock and was drowned.

A committee of bondholders is expected to buy the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Detroit electric railway at the public sale, October 12.

Henry Van Dyke, a youth, was arrested at Reed's lake by a blundering officer for hugging his own sister. He was released at the jail.

A gang of gold thieves is burglarizing the dentists' offices in Kalamazoo. Sheriff Shean has offered a reward for their capture.

Cornelius Herman, a Coldwater lad, tried to drive a nail through a stick of dynamite, thinking it was wood, and his left hand was mangled.

Claims against the city for $11,775 in damages alleged to have been sustained from defective sidewalks have been filed with the city clerk.

Judge Wisner allowed a final accounting by the Detroit Trust Co. and discharged it as receiver of the Detroit, Flint & Saginaw railway.

While turning on an electric light, Fred. Lundstrom, aged 20, of Marquette, received the full power of the current and was instantly killed.

George H. Groh, the engineer scalded in the explosion on an Ann Arbor railroad engine, may die. Prosecuting Attorney Sawyer is investigating the accident.

Eluding the nurses while in a delirium, Mrs. Wm. Carler, aged 40, leaped through a wire screen of a Grand Rapids hospital, and died a few hours afterwar l.

After writing a note to his sweetheart, Herbert Lampman, aged 21, of Lake City, clerk in a local restaurant, shot and killed himself. He had been in ill health.

After consorting with a stranger in Kalamazoo saloons, Edward Roberts, of Allegan, was found robbed, bound and his skull fractured, in a lonely spot. He may die.

Circuit Judge Knappen held constitutional the act of the last legislature providing a municipal court for Kalamazoo. The law does away with five justices of the peace.

John M. Moore, missing salesman of Bay City, was arrested in Ohio, charged with embezzling several hundred dollars from his firm. He was located by a letter written to his wife.

Suspended on an electric light pole 40 feet from the ground, Frank Stillwell, aged 20, of Ludington, came in contact with a live wire and was electrocuted. His lifeless body fell to the ground.

Escaping from a Battle Creek hospital, where he was a delirium tremens patient, Bert Mahoney was caught on the street by officers in an almost nude condition. He thought he was going fishing.

The badly decomposed body of a Soldiers' home veteran was found in Grandville road, south of Grand Rapids. It has been impossible to identify him thus far. Death was from natural causes.

Because his 6-months-old baby awakened him by its crying, Bert W. Warren, a Lansing molder, beat it until it was black and blue. He was arrested. Unless he pays $19.65 he will serve 70 days in the Detroit house of correction.

Determined to make her suicide sure, Mrs. Jacob Russell drank chloroform, took Paris green and bound a cloth saturated with chloroform over her nose. She was found in bed and hurried to a hospital, where her life was saved.

Mrs. Lena Anderson and Mrs. Lena Leckstrom, widows of two men drowned in the Grand river, sued Wm. Ronan and Burt Puttee, saloonkeepers, for $5,000 each. They allege their husbands lost their lives while intoxicated on liquor sold by the saloon men.

Frank McGlynn, the eastern college football player, who was found wandering in Grand Rapids with his mind a blank, has recovered his reason. He went to sleep Wednesday afternoon, and when he awoke declared that he had recovered his faculties. He will return to his home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Directors of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co. have continued to reduce the dividend rate established early in the year by a declaration of a quarterly dividend of $5 a share payable September 29 to stockholders of record on September 3. With the payment of this dividend stockholders will have received $107,350,000 in dividends, paid without interruption since 1871.

James Mill, a well-known resident of Standish, and his hired man, while cutting hay at Shepard's marsh, were suddenly surrounded by forest fires. They dropped their tools and ran for their lives. Their tents and clothing were burned. They were badly scorched and nearly choked by the smoke and flames in getting out. Several camp houses, etc., have burned in that section.

THE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE

VOTE FOR STANDARD BEARER SHIFTING AS RETURNS COME IN.

WARNER OR BRADLEY?

Returns of the Vote at Tuesday's Primaries Seem to Look Like Warner for Governor; But—

Returns Thursday afternoon on the state primary put Gov. Warner in the lead over Dr. Bradley. Whichever way the final count goes there will probably be a recount on the state vote. Sanilac county going to Warner by 1,000 and Emmet by more than 500 put the governor in the lead. At 2 o'clock Warner had 86,927; Bradley, 85,853. Warner's plurality, 1,074. There is no question but that when the official count is in the difference between Warner and Bradley will be less than 500.

Returns which came to Lansing on Thursday indicated that Dr. Bradley in no event will have a majority of more than 100 or 200 over Gov. Warner and there was a possibility that the precincts unheard from would give Gov. Warner the lead.

The heavy vote for Dr. Bradley in Kent and Saginaw and Detroit and the big pluralities given Gov. Warner in Sanilac and Huron counties are unprecedented and there is much discussion about the capitol in regard to the returns, especially when there have been charges of the use of money by both sides in Detroit and Grand Rapids as well as Muskegon.

While the returns seemed favorable to the governor Thursday afternoon they did not prove conclusively that he was nominated. Mistakes discovered Thursday in the first returns printed by counties show that between 400 and 500 more votes were credited to Bradley for several counties than he actually received. Warner was credited with about 100 more than he actually received.

Mistakes the other way deprived each of about 100 more than they actually received. These mistakes, however, were presumably clerical errors.

The G. A. R.

In his annual report at the annual meeting in Toledo Charles G. Burton, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., said in part:

"On December 31, 1906, the members in good standing numbered 229,932. On December 31, 1907, the number was 225,157, a net loss in membership during the year 1907 of 4,775.

"During 1907 our loss by death was 10,242, partly offset by 5,467 members added to our roll by muster-in and reinstatement. The 'suspended list' is very large and I suggest that whenever it is apparent a comrade cannot pay his dues, his post remit them."

Quartermaster-General Charles Burrows reported that $16,000 in U. S. bonds owned by the G. A. R. had been taken over by the committee of three trustees having charge of a permanent fund. In addition a $1,000 gift from Mrs. Helen R. Blackman, widow of a deceased commander-in-chief, was added to this fund.

Great Destroyers.

Bids for the construction of 19 torpedo boat destroyers, at least four knots faster than the Lusitania and equipped with apparatus for burning oil as well as coal, and which are to be the largest ever built for the American navy, were Tuesday opened. These vessels are to cost $800,000 each and for every knot lost on any of their trial trips under the contract speed the builders will have to forfeit $50,000 of the contract price to the government.

Plans and specifications are being kept secret by the navy department, and were submitted in confidence to the bidders.

It is known, however, that vessels must have a trial displacement of at least 742 tons, and must attain a maximum speed of 29 knots an hour, a speed that will make them among the fastest war craft ever constructed in this or any other country.

To Raise Ducks.

Three hundred square miles of favorite hunting grounds for water fowl will be converted by the National Association of Audubon societies into a protected home for the numerous breeds gradually undergoing extermination for commercial purposes. Two tracts presented by the government for this purpose are in Oregon and California, about the Klamath, Malheur and Harney Lakes. Whole races of the wild fowl, persecuted by seekers after plumes and food for the markets, will be restored on the preserves.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Of the 1,000,000 immigrants in the last fiscal year all but 209,000, about one-fifth, have returned home, according to the report of the department of commerce and labor.

Mrs. Paula Chaves de Mendez, wife of a planter living near Moralla, Mexico, has given birth to her sixth set of triplets. She is 38 years old and has had 30 children, all living.

Five men were killed, another fatally hurt, and five seriously injured in a collision at the Warrior Run colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal company, near Wilkesbarre, Pa.

WIRELETS.

The geographical commission appointed by the Mexican government seven years ago to map all the towns of the country has reported that they have discovered 7,674 towns not officially known to exist before. Many are of considerable size, population ranging from 5,000 to 20,000.

Samuel Brackett, of Trenton, N. J., said to be the oldest office boy in the world, is 89 years old. He is employed in the office of the Anvil works of Mfg. Clark, Fisher and is known as an "heirloom" of the family, having been in its employ for the last 69 years. He occupies the same position he did when he first went to work. He has not been office boy all the time, however, merely returning to that position when age unfitted him for work in the shop.

A case of tetanus in advanced stages, has just been cured in St. John's hospital, Brooklyn, through the use of sodium chloride. The patient was Allen Kollock, 15, of Woodhaven, L. I., and he became infected three weeks ago. He was first treated for rheumatism but one day his jaw set tightly. The injured toe was amputated and a 25 per cent solution of sodium chloride was injected directly into his spinal cord and in a few days he began to get better.

The condition of the natives of an Aleutian Indian village in Akutan harbor, Bering sea, is most deplorable, according to the report of Dr. Robert Olsen, assistant surgeon on the revenue cutter McCulloch. The people have little to eat and to wear, and no idea of cleanliness. The dwelling places are half under the ground, covered with straw and sod, with little or no ventilation. They smell worse than dog kennels. The place is lined with decaying remains of birds and fish.

Fighting Cannon.

In all Methodist churches in Nebraska tomorrow a letter will be read from the pulpit denouncing Speaker Cannon for his attitude toward temperance legislation, and for snubbing a committee from the general conference that called on him at Washington in the interest of such legislation.

The letter recites that all of the Republican congressmen from Nebraska favor the legislation desired, and urges that all Methodists insist upon pledges from them that they will not vote to re-elect Cannon.

THE MARKETS.

Detoit.—Cattle.—Market dull at last week's prices; fair demand for stockers; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, $4@4.50; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, $3.50@4; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, $3.50@4; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, $3.25@3.50; choice fat cows, $3.75@4; good fat cows, $3.25@3.50; common cows, $2.50@3; canners, $1.50@2; choice heavy bulls, $3.25@3.50; fair to good bologna, bulls, $3@3.25; stock bulls, $2.50@3; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $3.75@4; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $3.50@3.75; choice stockers, 500 to 700, $3@3.25; stock heifers, $2.50@3; milkers, large, young, medium age, $40@50; common milkers, $20@35.

Veal calves—Market 25c to 35c lower than last week; best, $7.75@8; others, $3.75@7.50; milch cows and springers strong.

Sheep and lambs—Market 25c lower than last week; best lambs, $5@5.50; fair to good lambs, $4.50@5; light to common lambs, $3.50@4; fair to good butcher sheep, $3@3.75; culls and common, $2@3.

Hogs—Market steady, last Thursday's prices. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $6@6.50; pigs, $5@5.50; light yorkers, $6@6.25; roughs, $4@5.50; stags, 1-3 off.

East Buffalo—Cattle: Market 10@20c lower; best, export steers, $5.75@6.50; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb. shipping steers, $5@5.75; best 1,000 to 1,100-lb. do, $4.40@4.90; best fat cows, $3.75@4.25; fair to good, $3.25@3.50; common, $2.25@2.50; trimmers, $2; best fat heifers, $4.25@4.75; butcher heifers, $3.50@3.85; light stock, $4@4.35; dehorned stockers, $3.40@3.70; common stockers, $3@3.25; export bulls, $3.75@4; bologna bulls, $3.25@3.50; stock bulls, $2.75@3.50. The good cows sold about $2 per head higher; other kinds unchanged; best cows, $45@55; medium, $35@42; common, $20@28.

Hogs: Market strong; good corn mixed and heavy, $7@7.30; yorkers, $6.60@7.25, according to quality; pigs, $6@6.25, as to weight; roughs, $5.60@5.90; stags, $4@4.50.

Sheep: Market active; top lambs, $8@6.25; culls, $4.25@5; wethers, $4.75@5; ewes, $4.25@4.50; calves, $8.75@9; medium to good, $6.50@8.80; heavy, $3.50@5.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit.—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 2 cars at 96½c, closing at 97c; September opened at 96½c, advanced to 97¾c and declined to 97c; December opened at 98c, gained 1¼c and declined to 98½c; May opened at $1.01½, advanced to $1.02¾ and declined to $1.02; No. 3 red, 94c; No. 1 white, 96c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 82c bid; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 83½c; sample, 1 car at 83c.

Oats—Cash No. 3 white, 1 car at 51½c, 2 cars at 52c; September, 5,000 bu at 51½c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 2 cars at 75c.

Beans—Cash, $2.40; October, $2.12 bid; November, $2.03 bid.

Cloverseed—Prime October, 100 bags at $5.20; March, 200 bags at $6.10; sample, 40 bags at $5.75, 35 bags at $5.50, 25 bags at $5.25, 10 bags at $5; sample alsike, 12 bags at $8.50, 5 bags at $8, 10 bags at $7.50, 4 bags at $6.50.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 100 bags at $1.65.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $26; coarse middlings, $27; fine middlings, $29; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $34; corn and oat chop, $31 per ton.

Flour—Michigan patent, best, $5.25; ordinary patent, $4.75; straight, $4.65; clear, $4 per bbl. in wood.

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. Fort Port Huron and way ports, week days at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sundays at 9:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. For Toledo, daily at 8:15 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and 5 p. m.

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO—Foot of Wayne St. For Cleveland and eastern points daily at 10:30 p. m. For Mackinaw and way ports: 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

(Copyright 1909, the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

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, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton 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. Slumming tour 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 newly 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 Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton 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. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang," including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

There was none of the sounds of riot I had expected to hear as we drew up before it. The lantern blinked outside with its invitation to manifold cheer within. Lights streamed through the window and half-opened door, and quiet and order reigned.

I found the explanation of the change in the person of a policeman, who stood at the door.

"Has there been trouble here, officer?" I asked.

"Oh, is it you, sor?" said Corson's hearty voice. "I was wondering about ye. Well, there has been a bit of a row here, and there's a power of broken heads to be mended. There's wan man cut to pieces, and good riddance, for it's Black Dick. I'm thinking it's the morgue they'll be taking him to, though it was for the receiving hospital they started with him. It was a dandy row, and it was siventeen arrists we made."

"Where is Mother Borton?"

"The ould she-divil's done for this time, I'm a-thinkling. Whist, I forgot she was a friend of yours, sor."

"Where is she—at the receiving hospital? What is the matter with her?"

"Aisy, aisy, sor. It may be nothing. She's upstairs. A bit of a cut, they say. Here, Shaughnessy, look out for this door! I'll take ye up, sor."

We mounted the creaking stairs in the light of the smoky lamp that stood on the bracket, and Corson opened a door for me.

A flickering candle played fantastic tricks with the furniture, sent shadows dancing over the dingy walls, and gave a weird touch to the two figures that bent over the bed in the corner. The figures straightened up at our entrance, and I knew them for the doctor and his assistant.

"A friend of the lady, sor," whispered Corson.

The doctor looked at me in some surprise, but merely bowed.

Mother Borton turned her head on the pillow, and her gaunt face lighted up at the sight of me.

"Eh, dearie, I knew you would come," she cried.

The doctor pushed his way to the bedside.

"I must insist that the patient be quiet," he said with authority.

"Be quiet?" cried Mother Borton. "Is it for the likes of you that I'd be quiet? You white-washed tombstone raiser, you body-snatcher, do you think you're the man to tell me to hold my tongue when I want to talk to a gentleman?"

Mother Borton had raised herself upon one elbow; her face, flushed and framed in her gray and tangled hair, was working with anger; and her eyes were almost lurid as she sent fierce glances at one after another of the men about her. She pointed a skinny finger at the door, and each man as she cast her look upon him went out without a word.

"Shut the door, honey," she said quietly, lying down once more with a satisfied smile. "That's it. Now me and you can talk cozy-like."

"You'd better not talk. Perhaps you will feel more like it to-morrow."

"There won't be any to-morrow for me," growled Mother Borton. "I've seen enough of 'em carved to know when I've got the dose myself. Curse that knife!" and she groaned at a twinge of pain.

"Who did it?"

"Black Dick—curse his soul. And he's roasting in hell for it this minute," cried Mother Borton, savagely.

"Hush!" I said. "You mustn't excite yourself."

"There's maybe an hour left in me. We must hurry. Tell me about your trouble—at Livermore, was it?" said she.

I gave her a brief account of the expedition and its outcome. Mother Borton listened eagerly, giving an occasional grunt of approval.

"Well, honey; I was some good to ye, after all," was her comment.

"Indeed, yes."

"And you had a closer shave for your life than you think," she continued. "Tom Terrill swore he'd kill ye, and it's one of the miracles, sure, that he didn't."

"Well, Mother Borton, Tom Terrill's laid up in Livermore with a broken head, and I'm safe here with you, ready to serve you in any way that a man may."

"Safe—safe?" mused Mother Borton, an absent look coming over her skinny features, as though her mind wandered. Then she turned to me impressively. "You'll never be safe till you change your work and your name. You've shut your ears to my words while I'm alive, but maybe you'll think of 'em when I'm in my coffin. I tell you now, boy, there's murder and death before you. Do you hear? Murder and death."

She sank back on her pillow and gazed at me with a wearied light in her eyes and a sibyl look on her face.

"I think I understand," I said gently. "I have faced them and I ought to know them."

"Then you'll—you'll quit your job—you'll be yourself?"

"I can not. I must go on."

"And why?"

"My friend—his work—his murderer."

"Have you got the man who murdered Henry Wilton?"

"No."

"Have you got a man who will give a word against—against—you know who?"

"I have not a scrap of evidence against any one but the testimony of my own eyes," I was compelled to confess.

"And you can't use it—you dare not use it. Now I'll tell you, dearie, I know the man as killed Henry Wilton."

"Who was it?" I cried, startled into eagerness.

"It was Black Dick—the cursed scoundrel that's done for me. Oh!" she groaned in pain.

"Maybe Black Dick struck the blow, but I know the man that stood behind him, and paid him, and protected him, and I'll see him on the gallows before I die."

"Hush," cried Mother Borton trembling. "If he should hear you! Your throat will be cut yet, dearie, and I'm to blame. Drop it, dearie, drop it. The boy is nothing to you. Leave him go. Take your own name and get away. This is no place for you. When I'm gone there will be no one to warn ye. You'll be killed. You'll be killed."

Then she moaned, but whether from pain of body or mind I could not guess.

"Never you fear. I'll take care of myself," I said cheerily.

She looked at me mournfully. "I am killed for ye, dearie."

I started, shocked at this news.

"There," she continued slowly. "I didn't mean to let you know. But they thought I had told ye."

"Then I have two reasons instead of one for holding to my task," I said solemnly. "I have two friends to avenge."

"You'll make the third yourself," groaned Mother Borton, "unless they put a knife into Barkhouse first, and then you'll be the fourth belike."

"Barkhouse—do you know where he is?"

"He's in the Den—on Davis street, you know. I was near forgetting to tell ye. Send your men to get him to-night, for he's hurt and like to die. They may have to fight. No—don't leave me now."

"I wasn't going to leave you."

Mother Borton put her hand to her throat as though she choked, and was silent for a moment. Then she continued:

"I'll be to blame if I don't tell you—I must tell you. Are you listening?"

Her voice came thick and strange, and her eyes wandered anxiously about, searching the heavy shadows with a look of growing fear.

"I am listening," I replied.

"You must know—you must know—I must tell you. The boy—the woman is—"

On a sudden Mother Borton sat bolt upright in bed, and a shriek, so long, so shrill, so freighted with terror, came from her lips that I shrank from her and trembled, faint with the horror of the place.

"They come—there, they come!" she cried, and throwing up her arms she fell back on the bed.

The candle shot up into flame, sputtered an instant and was gone. And I was alone with the darkness and the dead.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Link in the Chain.

I sprang to my feet. But before I had covered the distance to the door, it was flung open and Corson stood on the threshold. At the darkness he wavered and cried:

"What's the matter here?"

"She is dead."

I shuddered as I stood beside him, and brought the lamp from the bracket in the hall.

Mother Borton lay back staring affrightedly at the mystic being who had

come for her, but settled into peace as I closed her eyes and composed her limbs.

"She was a rare old bird," said Corson when I had done, "but there was some good in her, after all."

"She has been a good friend to me," I said, and we called a servant from below and left the grewsome room to his guardianship.

"And now, there's another little job to be done. There's one of my men a prisoner down on Davis street. I must get him out."

"I'm with you, sor," said Corson heartily. "I'm hopin' there's some heads to be cracked."

I had not counted on the policeman's aid, but I was thankful to accept the honest offer. In the restaurant I found five of my men, and with this force I thought that I might safely attempt an assault on the Den.

The Den was a low, two-story building of brick, with a warehouse below, and the quarters of the enemy, approached by a narrow stairway above.

"Step quietly," I cautioned my men, as we neared the dark and forbidding entrance. "Keep close to the shadow of the buildings. Our best chance is in a surprise."

There was no guard at the door that stood open to the street, and we halted a moment before it to make sure of our plans.

"It's a bad hole," whispered Corson.

"A fine place for an ambush," I returned dubiously.

"Well, there's no help for it," said the policeman. "Come on!" And drawing his club and revolver he stole noiselessly up the stairs.

We were not two-thirds the way up the flight before a voice shot out of the darkness.

"Who's there?"

There was no more need for silence, and Corson and I reached the landing just as a door opened that let the light stream from within. Two men had sprung to the doorway and another could be seen faintly outlined in the dark hall.

The two men jumped back into the room and tried to close the door, but I was upon them before they could swing it shut. Four of my men had followed me close, and with a few blows given and taken the two were prisoners.

"Tie them fast," I ordered, and hastened to see how Corson fared.

I met the worthy policeman in the hall, blown but exultant. Owens was following him, and between them they half-dragged, half-carried the man who had given the alarm.

"Aren't there any more about?" I asked. "There were more than three left in the gang."

"If there had been more of us, you'd never have got in," growled one of the prisoners.

"Where's Barkhouse?" I asked.

"Find him!" was the defiant reply.

We began the search, opening one room after another. Some were sleeping rooms, some the meeting rooms while the one we had first entered appeared to be the guardroom.

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed Corson, tapping an iron door, such as closes a warehouse against fire.

"It's locked, sure enough," said Owens, after trial.

"It must be the place we are looking for," I said. "Search those men for keys."

The search was without result.

"It's a sledge we must get," said Owens, starting to look about for one.

"Hould on," said Corson, "I was near forgetting. I've got a master-key that fits most of these locks. It's handy for closing up a warehouse when some clerk with his wits a-wandering forgits his job. So like enough it's good at unlocking."

It needed a little coaxing, but the bolt at last slid back and the heavy door swung open. The room was furnished with a large table, a big desk and a dozen chairs, which sprang out of the darkness as I struck a match and lit the gas. It was evidently the council room of the enemy.

"This is illigant," said the policeman, looking around with approval; "but your man isn't here, I'd say."

"Well, it looks as though there might be something here of interest," I replied, seizing eagerly upon the papers that lay scattered about upon the desk. "Look in the other room while I run through these."

A rude diagram on the topmost paper caught my eye. It represented a road branching thrice. On the third branch was a cross, and then at intervals four crosses, as if to mark some features of the landscape. Underneath was written:

"From B—follow 1½ m. Take third road—3 or 5."

The paper bore date of that day, and I guessed that it meant to show the way to the supposed hiding-place of the boy.

Then, as I looked again, the words and lines touched a cord of memory. Something I had seen or known before was vaguely suggested. I groped in the obscurity for a moment, vainly reaching for the phantom that danced just beyond the grasp of my mental fingers.

There was no time to lose in speculating, and I turned to the work that pressed before us. But as I thrust the papers into my pocket to resume the search for Barkhouse, the elusive memory flashed on me. The diagram of the enemy recalled the single slip of paper I had found in the pocket of Henry Wilton's coat on the fatal night of my arrival. I had kept it always with me, for it was the sole memorandum left by him of the business that had brought him to his death. I brought it out and placed it side by side with the map I had before me. The resemblance was less close than I had thought, yet all the main features were the same. There was the road branching thrice; a cross in both marked the junction of the third road as though it gave sign of a building or some natural landmark; and the other features were indicated in the same order. No—there was a difference in this point; there were five crosses on the third road in the enemy's diagram, while there were but four in mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WILLIAM KNEW HIS FAULT.

But Perhaps the World Might Not Agree With Him.

In a certain village of New Hampshire there is a quaint old character known as Boss Mellin, keenly alive to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." Mellin's gift in this respect approaches genius, though he was fully aware of what he deemed his shortcomings therein.

Mellin used to make mattresses for a living. One day a native of the place entered his shop and asked, "Boss, what's the best kind of a mattress?"

"Husks," was the laconic response of Boss.

Twenty years later, so runs the tradition, the same man again entered the shop, and again asked, what, in the opinion of Mellin, was the best kind of a mattress.

"Straw," said Boss.

"Straw? You told me husks was the best!"

Boss Mellin emitted a sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin'," said he.—Harper's Weekly.

India's export trade in spices amounted last year to over $46,600,000.

A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD IN BUYING PAINT.

Everybody should know how simple and easy it is to avoid all uncertainty in buying paint materials. There are many so-called white leads on the market, which contain chalk, zinc, barytes, and other cheap adulterants. Unless the property owner takes advantage of the simple means of protection afforded him by reliable white lead manufacturers, he runs great risk of getting an inferior and adulterated white lead.

It is to protect the paint-buyer against fraud and adulteration that National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, place their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark on every keg of their product, an absolute guarantee of its purity and quality. Anyone who wants to make a practical test of white lead, and who wants a valuable free book about painting, should address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York, and ask for test equipment.

CARRIED GESTURE TOO FAR.

Boy's Action Possibly Appropriate, But Somewhat Unnecessary.

Vivian Burnett, the original of the still-remembered Little Lord Fauntleroy, at the Chicago convention discussed with a reporter a certain party maneuver.

"They went too far there," said Mr. Burnett. "They made themselves ridiculous by their excess. Do you know what they reminded me of? They reminded me of a juvenile elocutionist my mother often tells about.

"This lad, at a school treat, got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious; he wished to make a great success of his piece; and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of elocution was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture.

"The opening line of the boy's selection was 'The comet lifts its tail of fire.'

"The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position."

No Automobiles There.

"There are no automobiles on the golden streets of heaven," says the Whitsett Courier, "but they're giving lots of folks a chance to walk those golden streets. One of the contraptions arrived in town last week and during the first spin the owner took in it it pitched a blind mule on top of the town hall, with the man that was ridin' the mule. The mule was so mad it kicked the town clock to pieces, likewise kickin' a hole in the roof an' fallin' on the mayor, just as he had took his seat an' called council to order. Having landed in the midst of them, the mule walked slow and dignified to the front door an' then took to the woods."

Ethergram.

Language grows apace with the victories of applied science. Consider for a moment how many words in the ordinary work-a-day vocabulary were unknown a quarter of a century ago and are the natural product of discovery and invention. With the perfection of wireless transmission of intelligence there obviously came need of a word designating a message conveyed by the new method. "Ethergram" has been suggested and, in fact, is being used in Great Britain. If not, why not?

MOTHER AND CHILD

Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts.

The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals.

It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the grains, which Nature uses to build up brain and nerve cells.

Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

"After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as I did not have nourishment for her, besides I was too weak.

"He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I.

"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition. I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Reason."

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

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

The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10, 1908.

The primaries are over, now the candidates can get to work in dead earnest.

They Take the Kinks Out

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for many years, with increasing satisfaction. They take the kinks cut of stomach, liver and bowels. without full or friction,' says N. H. Brown, of Pittsfield, Vt. Guaranteed satisfactory at F. A. Siglers drug store. 25c.

The lighted match test for gasoline is always infailible and frequently fatal.

Kodol will, in a very short time, enable the stomach to do the work it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When the stomach can't do it Kodol does it for it and in the meantime the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular natural work again Kodol digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

If we believe half what we hear the next six weeks, the country will go to the dogs anyway.

A Paying Investment.

Mr. John White, of 38 Highland Ave., Houlton, Maine, says: "Have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised remedies, but the cough continued until I bought a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery; before that was half gone, the cough was all gone. This winter the same happy result has followed; a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at F A Sigler's drug store. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free

It is estimated that over 400,000 people in this nation alone, die each year from carelessness.

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by cosgtipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. This is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded. It does not constipate like most of the old fashioned cough cures but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritations and allays inflamation of the throat.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

The returns show that a lot of Bradleys friends thought that he could win at the primaries without their help.

Kodol will without doubt, make your stomach strong and will almost instantly relieve you of all the symptoms of indigestion. It will do this because it is made up of the natural digestive juices of the stomach so combined that it completely digests the food just as the stomach will do it, so you see Kodol can't fail to help you and help you promptly.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

The Detroit Times says that the receipts in the internal revenue office show that the manufacture and output of liquors and tobaccoes has decreased. This is an echo of the recent temperance wave.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

All the news for $1.00 per year.

A Strange Elopement.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

I was mate of the American brig Homer Lee, commanded by Captain Saunders, and we had been lying in the pool at London for forty days to get a cargo for some port in the United States. The captain was the sole owner of the brig, and as he was not a wealthy man and as the preceding voyages had been without profit it began to look as if it were the end of his mercantile career. On the fortieth day, when things seemed to have reached their worst, a waterman rowed a gentleman out to the craft.

We spotted the man to be a gentleman and some one not at all interested in shipping as soon as he came aboard. I believe to this day that he was a man of title and wealth, though I haven't the faintest idea of his name. He asked to look the craft over, and our first idea was that he was looking to buy a ship. The Lee had a fine cabin and staterooms, having once been a passenger packet to South American ports, and after an investigation the stranger, who gave the name of Montgomery and who was a man about forty years old, announced himself as satisfied and then desired to charter the brig for New York. The story he told was that his wife was in poor health and that the doctor had recommended a slow sea voyage. He did not want other passengers aboard, nor did he want to wait for cargo. He offered a much higher price for the passage of the two than we could have got from an average cargo and would furnish all the cabin stores in addition. One of the stipulations made was that we were to engage a cook above the ordinary and carry a steward. Another was that the two were to dine by themselves.

We began engaging a crew and taking stores aboard the next day, and in four days we were ready. No merchantman sailing the seas ever took such cabin stores aboard. The wines alone would have lasted half a dozen people for a voyage of sixty days, while the provisions were what any rich man would have ordered for his pantry. Montgomery himself came aboard at least an hour before the lady did. She waited for darkness, and as soon as ever her feet touched the deck she went to the cabin, and a tug took our line and started down the river.

It was at breakfast next morning, and we were well down the channel and had cast off the tug, when there was a row in the cabin. We could catch nothing that Montgomery said, but the voice of the lady could be heard through the open skylight to the foremast. She surely had a tongue on her. As a matter of fact, she swore like a trooper, and the man could not quiet her. She called him a rascal, a rogue, a liar and many other things and ended up by throwing crockery at him. The captain and I heard it all and were amazed. For a sick wife the lady seemed very vigorous. It was not for us to interfere, however. In about half an hour Montgomery came on deck for a smoke and a promenade. He seemed to think some explanation due, and he said that his wife was a quick tempered woman and was blaming him that mail had not been provided for her. She did not show herself during the day, and we heard no more rows. That night we had something of a gale that remained with us for three days and brought her seasickness, and none of us heard anything from her. Montgomery attended her and had very little to say.

It was on the fifth morning after leaving London and we were well out on the Atlantic when Captain Saunders was called into the cabin by the woman. To his great surprise, he found her a person at least fifty years old. She was not even commonly good looking. On the contrary, she would have been called homely anywhere, and the wrinkles in her face betrayed her age. She began abusing Montgomery as if he had been a pickpocket. She called him hard names, and she swore. She declared that she would go no farther in his company and must be transferred to the first craft bound for London. Montgomery at first tried to soothe her, but she yelled and screamed and finally would have used her nails on his face had not the captain interposed. The woman denied that she was his wife and said that he had grossly deceived her into the situation, and she offered Captain Saunders $100 to transfer her that day. Montgomery finally told her to go if she so desired, and that settled it. Within an hour we raised a lumber vessel coming from the American coast. The woman was informed as to what sort of craft it was and that the accommodations would be very meager, but she insisted on being transferred. She offered the other captain $100 to receive her and was duly landed on the lumber laden decks. Neither she nor Montgomery had had a word in farewell. Of all her baggage she would take only one single trunk, telling Captain Saunders that he could have the rest for his wife.

Montgomery made no explanations after the ships parted. Indeed, it did not seem as if there was anything he could say. He simply read, smoked and walked the decks, and three days later he was also transferred. In going he presented the captain with a trunkful of fine clothing and all the cabin stores. We had been paid a good price for the run, and with these things on top of it the Lee made one of the most prosperous runs in her history. As to the elopement, for I feel sure that it was one, I never heard further. I was at pains to keep track of the London papers for weeks afterward, but they contained no mention of it.

M. QUAD.

The Wooer.

[Original.]

I met Miss Evelyn Briggs at a sociable of our church during the winter, and it occurred to me that she was the girl I had been looking for. She didn't give me any encouragement; but, you know, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and I concluded when the spring came on to go down to the Briggs' country place and call on her. I sent up my card, and she obliged me to wait some time before she made her appearance, but when she did she was quite cordial. I took courage at this, because, you see, I hadn't had an invitation. Besides, Miss Briggs' father is a lawyer, and a well to do lawyer, standing high in his profession, while I am foreman in a children's waist factory. Besides, Miss Briggs is highly educated and intellectual, while I don't make any pretense at that sort of thing. I know my business, and that's all I want to know. I can take hold of a sewing machine and do more work on it in a given time than any trio of operators in my department.

Well, we hadn't been chatting but a few minutes when Miss Briggs looked absorbed in something passing in her mind. Presently she said: "Mr. Beadle, I'm in a peck of trouble. Next week we're to have the house full of guests, and when we came down this summer we found the rats had got into our linen closet and made havoc of our sheets and pillowcases. We have the material for new ones, but the woman we expected to make them up has disappointed us. I was trying to do some of the work when you called, but there's something the matter with our sewing machine. I wonder if you could fix it for me."

"I should smile," I said, pleased to have an opportunity to be of service; "that's just in my line. There isn't a part of a sewing machine that I don't know all about. I can put your machine in order and then make her hum."

She took me upstairs to a sewing room. There was a machine at one end of it, and the rest of the room was taken up with white goods. It looked to me as if there were a thousand yards. I sat down at the machine and started it up. It went very slick.

"Why, the machine's all right," I said.

"Is it? Well, you might try it on one of these pillowcases."

She handed me the top one on a big pile, and in a few minutes I had finished it. She moved the pile up where I could reach it and said:

"I must run downstairs for a little while. Mother's not well, and I have to go into her room occasionally to see that she doesn't want for anything."

She gave me an encouraging smile and went out. I looked around at the piles of cotton and linen all ready to be sewed and remembered the princess to whom the bad fairy gave impossible tasks. I had often boasted of my practical knowledge of my business and the amount of work I can do in a given time, but I had never calculated on anything like this. I thought I would be good natured about it and let Miss Briggs see by the time she came back how many pillowcases I could turn out.

She didn't come back. I worked about an hour when, getting tired, I concluded to make an excuse to stop. I broke the needle. Going downstairs, I met Miss Briggs coming up. I told her why I had to stop, but she said there was no need to give up for a little things like that, since there were plenty of needles in the house. She got me another. I put it in and went to work again reluctantly.

Miss Briggs stayed with me a little while, chatting pleasantly, and I was getting satisfied with my work when her mother called her, and she skipped out again. I expected she'd be back soon, but she didn't come. An hour passed, and I began to think up another excuse for stopping work. This time I concluded to break something that couldn't be fixed. I took a stout brass rod out of a window curtain and, inserting it in the curved arm that holds the needle, broke it off. Then I sat still awhile. I knew when Miss Briggs heard the machine stop she'd come up, and she did. When she saw the damage that had been done she looked grave for awhile. Then she smiled. I looked ruefully at the broken arm.

"Sorry," I said. "There's no way of repairing that damage. I'm afraid I can't help you any more this afternoon. There must have been a weak place in the arm. I don't like this kind of machine anyway. We never use it at the factory."

"Don't disturb yourself in the least," she replied amiably. "But I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to excuse me, for mother is worse and needs my attention every minute."

We walked out of the room together and downstairs. At the door she said:

"Goodby, Mr. Briggs. I'm ever so much obliged for your kind effort to help us out, and I've no doubt you'd have done a lot more if the machine hadn't given out."

"I could have cleaned out all the work in the room before 6 o'clock," I said in a disappointed tone.

"Well, don't worry. When you come again we'll have something else for you."

"Do," I replied. "I'll show you what I can do."

"I've been thinking what I shall do to follow up my affair. I've placed Miss Briggs under a slight obligation in the work I did, but women are ungrateful creatures. And if I go again she'll feel that she must give me another job by which I can show what I can do. It's a puzzler."

EUGENE HOLMES BURT.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

The Man That Made Niagara.

When the first suspension bridge was thrown over Niagara there was a great and tumultuous opening ceremony, such as the Americans love, and many of the great ones of the United States assembled to do honor to the occasion, and among them was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling was one of the most brilliant public men whom America has produced—a man of commanding, even beautiful, presence and of perhaps unparalleled vanity. He had been called (by an opponent) a human peacock. After the ceremonies attending the opening of the bridge had been concluded Conkling, with many others, was at the railway station waiting to depart; but, though others were there, he did not mingle with them, but strutted and plumed himself for their benefit, posing that they might get the full effect of all his majesty.

One of the station porters was so impressed that, stepping up to another who was hurrying by trundling a load of luggage, he jerked his thumb in Conkling's direction and—

"Who's that feller?" he asked. "Is he the man as built the bridge?"

The other studied the great man a moment.

"Thunder! No," said he. "He's the man as made the falls."—H. Perry Robinson in Putnam's Magazine.

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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, Genessee 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 an 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 (⅓) of the northwest quarter and the south one third (⅓) of the west half (½) of the northeast quarter both on section twentyseven (27,) also the south half of the northeast quarter of the south east quarter of section twenty seven, (27) also the south half of the north west (¼) quarter of the south west quarter of section twenty six, (26) all in town four (4) north of range six (6) east.

L. L. HOLTFORTH,
Assignee.

t 38

HICKS & DOTY,
Attorneys for Assignee.

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DR. S. D. BLAND

Of Brewton, Ga., writes:

"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my aforesaid legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from '5 DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

DR. C. L. GATES

Hancock, Minn., writes:

"A little girl here had such a weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they put her down on the floor she would scream with pains. I treated her with '5-DROPS' and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe '5-DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."

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Envious of the Immune.

Little Henry (at the table, to the visitor)—I wish I were like you. Visitor (flattered)—Why, little man? Little Henry—Because no one boxes your ears when you eat with your fingers.—London Opinion.

Flowers.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven, the poetry of the Creator written in beauty and fragrance.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date November 9th, A. D. 1905 made by Daisy Drew as Administratrix of the estate of Archie Drew deceased (by order of the probate Court) to T. P. Stowe, Trustee then of Howell, Mich., and recorded in the office of the register of deeds in the county of Livingston, State of Michigan, on the 15th day of November A. D., 1905 in liber 81 of mortgages, on page 626 and which mortgage was duly assigned by T. P. Stowe, trustee, to Henry T. Love, trustee of estate of Clara Love, which assignment was duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds aforesaid in Liber 90 of mortgages at page 518 thereof.

By the nonpayment of interest thereon the assignee has by the option in said mortgage expressed, has declared the whole amount to be due and payable and thereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due for principal and interest the sum of Five hundred seventy two and thirty one-hundredths dollars ($572.30) and an attorney fee of Twenty five dollars ($25) as therein provided and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the amount now declared to be due, and remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby given that on Saturday November 14 at ten o'clock in the forenoon there will be sold at the westerly front door of the Court house in the village of Howell, County of Livingston, and State of Michigan, (the Court house being where the Circuit court for the county of Livingston is held) at Public vendue to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage as above set forth with interest thereon and the attorney fee and costs and expenses allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage; said premises being situated in the township of Marion, County of Livingston and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit A piece of land commencing on the North line of section four (4) and fifteen (15) rods east of the Northwest corner of the east half of the North east Frl. quarter of said section: thence east on Section line to a point twenty-four (24) rods east of the north west corner of section three in said township, thence south parallel to the section line sixty (60) rods: thence west parallel with township line to a point fifteen (15) rods East of the west line of the east half of the north east frl. quarter of said section four (4): thence north sixty (60) rods to the place of beginning: excepting therefrom the west ten and two thirds (10⅔) in width thereof, and containing in the piece herein described twenty nine and three-fourths (29¾) acres:

Also a piece commencing at a point in the north line of section number three [3] township aforesaid, thirty-four [34] rods east of the Northwest corner of said section three, thence east on section line nine [9] rods, thence south parallel with the west line of said section three [3] seventeen [17] chains and eighty-four [84] links; thence west nine [9] rods; thence north parallel to the west line of said section three [3] to place of beginning and containing four [4] acres more or less.

Also a piece commencing thirty four [34] rods east of the northwest corner of the northwest frl. quarter of section three [3] township aforesaid; thence south parallel with west line of said section three [3] seventeen [17] chains and eighty-four [84] links; thence west thirty four [34] rods; thence north to a point sixty (60) rods south of the north line of said section three; thence east parallel with south line twenty four (24) rods; thence north at right angles with said south line to north line of said section three; thence east ten [10] rods to the place of beginning containing six and seven eighths [6⅞] acres of land more or less.

Dated Howell, August 15, A. D. 1908.

Henry T. Love, trustee,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Wm. P. VanWinkle,
Attorney for Assignee. 1 47

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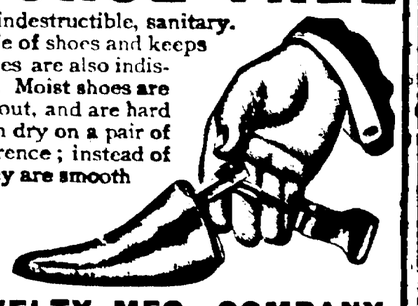

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THE CONTINENTAL NOVELTY MFG. COMPANY,
1453 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

His First Detective Case.

[Original.]

I met my old friend Billy Sweetzer the other day, whom I hadn't seen for several years. "Hello, Billy," I said. "The last time I saw you you were just going into the detective business. I suppose by this time you can tell by the kind of a hat a man wears whether he is innocent or guilty."

Billy smiled—a rather sickly smile, I thought and told me the following story:

"Yes, I went into the detective business and got a position with a leading agency. I reported at the office every day for a week before I was given a case. Then a man whom the police were looking for had been captured and in the hope of light treatment had volunteered some information. He had a pal who was to rob a country place near the city where there was a lot of fine jewelry. The name of the family to be robbed was Wetmore. The robbing was to be perpetrated on a certain night at a certain hour. The chief told me that this was a simple case suitable for a beginner and directed me to trap the burglars.

"Taking a man in plain clothes with me, I went to the house designated and lay in waiting behind a hedge. The hour given me was 11 p. m., but that hour came and passed without any developments. It was nearly 12, when I was about to give up the job, that a carriage turned in from the road, drove up the entrance way and stopped under the porte-cochere. I couldn't see how this could have anything to do with a robbery, but determined, of course, to wait and see. Tom Green, the man I had with me, who had been long connected with the agency for subordinate work, seemed to think that the carriage had a great deal to do with it, but I didn't pay much attention to his opinion.

"The carriage had hardly got into position when a man and a woman, the man carrying a suit case, came out of the house, went to the carriage, got in and were driven away. They passed by where we were crouching, and both of us caught on behind. I had consulted a time table and, knowing that a train was due at the station in a few minutes, felt sure they would go there. And so they did. At the station I surprised the man by handing him out of the carriage and surprised him still more by clapping a pair of bracelets on his wrist. Green took care of the woman, putting another pair on her. There were protestations usual in such cases, but I was rather surprised when the girl turned upon the man angrily and said:

"'You have led me into some trap. I shall be disgraced for life. You know I protested against this elopement. Father, mother, everybody, warned me against you.'

"'Never fear, sweetheart,' the man replied. 'These gentlemen have made some kind of a mistake. But when they are convinced they will not trouble us.'

"Then, turning to me, he told me that if their elopement were discovered it would lead to disastrous results; that he hadn't time to explain and implored me not to detain them. Just then a man, who said he was the station master, came up to us and asked what was the matter. When informed he asked me what place I had been told would be robbed. I told him the name was Wetmore. 'I reckon you're mixed, my good man,' he said. 'I know this young lady to be Miss Ditmar. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he's been going back and forth to the city with her for a long while.'

"'Where is the Wetmore place?' I asked.

"'Over there,' pointing in a different direction from the place I had watched.

"Just then there was a locomotive whistle that indicated the approach of the train the two had come to the station to take. The girl fell on her knees before me, took my hands, covered them with tears and kisses and implored me not to bring on a complication that would ruin her whole life. 'It will go hard enough with me for the elopement,' she said, 'but if I am arrested father will kill me.'

"Meanwhile the train rolled up to the station. It was a trying time for me. I whispered to Green, asking him what he thought about the matter. He replied that he thought it was a game. Just then the conductor of the train cried 'All aboard!' and the girl went into hysterics. Her moans were too much for me. I unclasped her nippers and those of the man. They rushed, with the suit case, to the train and were helped on as it moved out.

"Green deserted me, jumping on the train. I didn't want to do that because it was going from the city, and I wanted to go to the city. I felt very uncomfortable, I can assure you. However, I took the next train back and reported what I had done. The chief heard me through, then handed me a telegram from Green, stating that he had bagged the culprits with a suit case full of stolen jewelry.

"I never felt so crestfallen in my life. The man in the case was the one we had been informed would commit the robbery; the girl was a lady's maid, who was to share in the plunder, and the station agent was not connected with the railroad company at all, but a confederate on hand to post them if the coast was clear of danger. They were all arrested, $20,000 worth of jewelry recovered and the three sent to do time behind bars.

"The chief laughed at me heartily, but attributed my failure to inexperience. He offered to give me another trial, but I was so discomfited that I gave up the business and went into another line." CHAUNCEY WARDWELL.

How to Get Strong

P. J. Daly, of 1247 W. Congress St. Chicago, tells of a way to become strong: He says: "My mother who is old and was very feeble, is deriving so much benefit from electric bitters that I feel it's my duty to tell those who need a tonic and strengthening medicine about it. In my mother's case a marked gain in flesh has resulted, insomnia has been overcome, and she is steadily growing stronger." Electric Bitters quickly remedy stomach, liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at F. A. Sigler's drug store. 50c.

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SOCIETIES:

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

THE W. C. T. U. meets the second Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m. at the homes of the members. Everyone interested in temperance is cordially invited. Mrs. Leal Sigler, Pres. Mrs. Jennie Barton, Secretary.

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

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

Livingston Lodge, No. 76, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before the full of the moon. Kirk VanWinkle, W. M.

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

ORDER OF MODERN WOODMEN Meet the first Thursday evening of each Month in the Maccabee hall. C. L. Grimes V. C.

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES. Meet every 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m. K. O. T. M. hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. Lila Conway, Lady Com.

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

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Ancient Waterworks.

Hezekiah, king of Judah, who reigned in the years 717 to 688 B. C., was a pioneer in constructing a system of waterworks, bringing water into the city of Jerusalem. In the holy book we read: "He made the pool and conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works." From the "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, water was conveyed to Jerusalem, a distance of six or seven miles, through a conduit of earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter. The pipe was incased within two stones, hewn out to fit it, then covered over with rough stones cemented together. Even in those days "boil the water" was a well known injunction.

A Sure-enough Knocker

J. C. Goodwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns etc. 25c at F. A. Siglers drug store.

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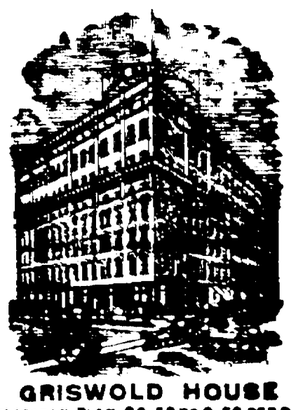

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AMERICAN PLAN, $2.50 TO $3.50 PER DAY
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Strictly modern and up-to-date hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Ave., only one block from Woodward Ave. Jefferson, Third and Fourteenth cars pass by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House.

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Just Suppose.

"S'pose the old man don't get the office he's a-runnin' for?"

"Well, he says that'll be a calamity to the state, but ef the state won't let him save it, it'll only have its fool self to blame. Ef they turn him down, his responsibility ceases!"—Exchange.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Labor rids us of three great evils; poverty, vice and ennui.—Voltaire.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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SKIN HEALTH

Promoted by Exercise and Cuticura Soap

In the promotion of Skin Health, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, is undoubtedly superior to all other skin soaps because of its influence in allaying irritation, inflammation, and clogging of the pores, the cause of disfiguring eruptions. In antiseptic cleansing, in stimulating sluggish pores, in emollient and other properties, they have no rivals.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Post-free, Cuticura Book on Care of the Skin.

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

"THE HEART KNOWETH."

Sometimes my little woe is lulled to rest,
Its clamor shamed by some old poet's page—
Tumult of hurrying feet, and battle rage,
And dying knight, and trampled warrior crest.
Stern faces, old heroic souls unblest
Eye me with scorn, as they my grief would gage,
A mere child, schooled to weep upon the stage,
Tricked for a part of woe and somber drest.
"Lo, who art thou," they ask, "that thou shouldst fret
To find, forsooth, one single heart undone?
The page thou turnest there is purple wet
With blood that gushed from Caesar overthrown!
Lo, who art thou to prate of sorrow?" Yet
This little woe it is my own, my own!

—Charlotte Wilson, in McClure's.

THE MAN WHO DID THINGS TWICE

By DON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Of commanding figure and soldierly bearing, with deep-set eyes, hollow, cadaverous cheeks, and mustache and hair an intense blue black, his singular personality alone had anywhere and at all times attracted special attention to the man; but coupled with this distinguished personality, and singling him out as remarkable in the highest degree, was the fact that he lived in duplicate.

Thus—if on Monday he arose early, breakfasted on coffee, toast and eggs, afterwards retired to his rooms to occupy himself until noon at his desk; then, after partaking of lunch, quit his rooms to ramble about the city, giving alms to the old blind organ woman, going up and down particular streets and through particular quarters, thence back to his hotel, to his dinner, to his desk after dinner, and finally to bed—on Tuesday he would go through precisely the same regime.

On Wednesday he perhaps would spend the day quite differently, arising late, going out on horseback for the entire day, attending the theater at night, and to bed at midnight or later; but howsoever he spent Wednesday, Thursday—or the day following—was sure to be a repetition down to the smallest detail.

Friday would see commenced a new series of action for Saturday to duplicate.

He was the echo—as it were—of himself, and a consummate echo at that, for time and time again he had been watched to see whether he would not make some mistake or fail in his series of duplication, but whenever it was possible for an act to be duplicated he never had been known to fail in its duplication; and, indeed, he had grown so shrewd in the matter that he never did on one day what could not reasonably be duplicated upon the next—if that succeeding day was to be a duplication of the preceding one, and not the beginning of a new series of action.

Living his own life in his own reserved way, cultured and studious, troubling no one, offending none; doubly liberal in his expenditures and never pressed for means, steadfast in his chosen eccentricity—if such it were—and in his face and manner no questioning doubt of himself, perhaps in time Henry Hobart had been accepted like any other man, the curious had ceased to be curious, and his mysterious character, without any further or deeper scrutiny, had become one of the mysteries of human life, had not the man been suddenly struck down as by an invisible hand and the appalling mystery of his death heightened tenfold the mystery of his life.

On a Tuesday morning, at 15 minutes of ten o'clock, an attendant was summoned by the call-bell to room 63 of the Sumner house, and upon obeying the call found Henry Hobart struggling in the throes of a strange and unnatural death.

The Man Who Did Things Twice, half dressed, standing in the center of his outer room, was battling with the invisible air about him for breath, or, as the attendant put it later, "Like he was fightin' with something that weren't there."

The hotel was aroused, Dr. Thiel was hastily summoned from his office on the next floor, and everything was done that science could suggest or despair persuade, yet in less than ten minutes Henry Hobart lay dead on the floor, within his stilled brain hidden the profound mystery of his life, and still echoing in the death room his one strangled cry ere death sealed his blue lips—"To-morrow!"

It was a strange case, a questionable case, a frightful case, but beyond all it proved a baffling case, for the police came, removed the body to the morgue, intimating death by poison or other foul play, and examined the rooms and overhauled the possessions of the dead man, but who the deceased was, who his kindred or what his former residence, or the cause of his death, they could not discover. The scholarly tomes that filled his shelves bore no signatures or bookmarks, and private papers of any kind there were none. The autopsy made the same day—afternoon—upon the body of the deceased failed to discover any poison, and Dr. Thiel's belief that the man had been strangled seemed without support, as no foreign substance or growth of any kind was found in the windpipe or air passages.

One thing only seemed certain, one thing only was undisputed—The Man Who Did Things Twice, with severed windpipe and autopsy-marred body, would not duplicate his own death upon the morrow. He had come to his death on a Tuesday, a Tuesday with which—had he lived—he would have begun a new course of action to be duplicated on Wednesday. But he had died, and now for once The Man Who Did Things Twice would fail in his eccentricity. Perhaps for that his spirit would be troubled.

Next morning, while the attendant who had been first on the death scene of the previous day was holding forth at length on the tragedy with certain servant-cronies, the call-bell suddenly rang and the hand of the call dial spin around and pointed to number 63.

There in the Middle of the Room Was the Man Who Did Things Twice.

The man hastened to obey the summons, not noticing that the hands of the hall clock pointed to 15 minutes of ten, nor delaying to recollect what guest occupied room 63. The tragedy of the preceding day had been the event of his life, and he had not as yet descended to the trifles of his daily routine.

As he tapped briskly at the door of room 63 and put his hand upon the knob to enter, it suddenly came over him that he had done precisely such a thing before. That at about that time of some other morning he had been summoned by the call-bell to room 63—had knocked, turned the knob, entered—and—a loud cry, a shout thick with horror, broke from the man's lips, and he reeled back into the hallway.

There before him, in the center of the fateful room, half-dressed, battling with the invisible air, with blue lips and protruding eyes, stood The Man Who Did Things Twice.

The ominous, ghostly hush that followed the frightened attendant's cry was quickly broken by the hurry of many feet, and soon again the hotel was aroused and again Dr. Thiel bent over the prostrate and dying Henry Hobart.

Outside and distinctly could be heard the clang of the fire-bells, but in the room of death all was sudden silence, all were hushed by the frightful, ghostly thought that the scene before them had been enacted before—the dying man with his discolored face and struggling hands, the physician bending over him, the alarmed, pitying faces of the gathered guests, and the frightened servants huddled in the background. And the man must die—die as he had died!

They looked on, and waited. Then the end came, and Dr. Thiel, arising, said: "He is dead!" He had uttered those words once before and under like conditions. And the guests and the servants spoke together in horrified whispers, as they had done before; then the assembly broke up and the hall way was cleared as before!

There was something immeasurably painful about it all, to live a thing over in that frightful way, to be, as it were, mere puppets at a show, and one day to be to another day as a reflection in a mirror.

For a time those who had witnessed both tragedies seemed to live in a kind of trance, and moved about and whispered together like beings in a dream; but finally the natural reasserted itself, and then curiosity seized them.

What was the meaning of it? Henry Hobart had died and his body had been mutilated by the surgeon's knife. How, then, had he died a second time and his body shown no marks of the knife? Had they been deceived by a ghost? No; there in room 63 lay the dead man—flesh and blood—and seven blocks away, resting on a marble slab, with the water dripping continually on it, lay the other body of Henry Hobart—The Man Who Did Things Twice.

A sudden doubt came into the mind of Dr. Thiel, a misgiving that frightened him. Was that other body—that autopsy-marred body—still resting quietly on its slab at the morgue? Or—

Hastily quitting the hotel, he hurried towards the morgue, and suddenly came up against an insurmountable blank wall of mystery. The morgue was a heap of charred ruin and smoldering, steaming ashes, and if the autopsy-marred body of Henry Hobart had been lying on its slab during the period of the fire, then it had been totally consumed, and that other body up at the hotel was that of a second Henry Hobart; but, if the autopsy-marred body of Henry Hobart had not been lying quietly on its slab during the raging of the fire, then, in God's name, who and what was he who had died up at the Sumner house that morning?

Colors of Lakes.

Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The lake of Geneva is azure hued; the lake of Constance and the lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.

Mother-in-Law for Sale.

A mother-in-law has been put up for auction in the streets of Belfast by a well-known local man, named O'Hare. He cleared the house of furniture in spite of the protests of the mother-in-law, raised her on a table, and offered her to the highest bidder, but there were no offers. She subsequently went to the police office and obtained a warrant for assault, but O'Hare had disappeared.

Parisians Stick to the Horse.

While New York and London are talking about the displacement of horses in the city streets and the possibility of their final disappearance from the cities through the growing use of electricity and of automobiles, the number of horses used in Paris grows at a rapid rate.

Principle.

Miss Sweetly—Why, Miss Scrawny! I thought you said fishing was cruelty.

Miss Scrawny—So it is. I'll give every fish I catch his liberty.—Puck.

Japanese Lads have British Instructor

One of the most important officials on board the Japanese training ship Taise Maru, and one in whom is reposed a great part of the responsibility of the training of the marine cadets, is E. A. Phillips, a British master mariner specially commissioned by the government to instruct the young sailors in up-to-date methods of navigation from the English standpoint.

Phillips possesses master's certificates and is a man of ability. He is the grandson of a distinguished English army officer. He has three medals one of which was received for gallant service during the Boer war.

While sailing into a Japanese port some years ago he was marked as just the man needed to fill the position of English instructor. He speaks most highly of Capt. C. Furuya and the officers who command the ship, as well as of the seafaring sons of Nippon.

A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery, with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

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

AND SHE LEFT HIM GUESSING.

Woman's Directions of Little Help to Traveling Lawyer.

A New York lawyer was called recently to a hamlet in Berks county, Pennsylvania, in the interest of a large coal corporation, and now he is telling this story on himself:

He was driving along a country road and feared he might have lost his bearings. The village he wanted to reach seemed elusive, so he halted in front of a farmhouse to make inquiries.

"Madam," he called out to a broad German woman, who stood looking at him from beneath a "poke" bonnet, "can you tell me how far it is to the next village?"

"Oh, yust a leedle vays," came the response.

"But, my good woman, how far is it? Is it two, four, six or eight miles? That's what I want to know."

"Yah, I tinks so."

And the Wall street lawyer drove on a wiser man.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

POINTER BY THE PICKPOCKET.

Best Method for the Protection of a Diamond Stud.

"An acquaintance of mine had a queer experience the other day," said a man who has not much faith in anything. "A short time ago he was introduced to a pickpocket by a friend. The pickpocket is one of the best in the business.

"My friend didn't think anything more about him, but the other night he was in a saloon, after he had been celebrating most of the day. He was pretty happy and the pickpocket came in. My friend had a diamond stud in his tie with a screw attachment. The pickpocket walked up.

"'You may not remember me,' he said, 'but I met you the other night with so and so. Take a bit of advice from me. You may lose that shiner of yours if you're not careful.'

Then the pickpocket looked at the diamond. He said the screw attachment wouldn't stop a good thief from getting the diamond, but he could fix it. He reached around in his pockets and produced a rubber band, which he tied around the screw.

"Now," he said, 'they can only get your stone by biting it off.'"

ON THE MOVE.

Timid Bard—Does poetry go around here?

Cruel Editor—Some of it does. That last batch you submitted just went out of the window.

HOUSE WORK

Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

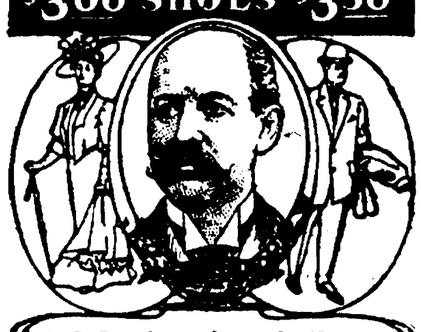
"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it.

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.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOES $3.50



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.

Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price. W. L. Douglas $3.50 and $3.00 shoes are the best in the world.

Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

Take No Substitute. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Catalogue free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

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Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

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WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS **ELECTROTYPES**

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., 78 W. Adams St., Chicago.

HAD TO SURRENDER

YOUNG MAN'S STRENUOUS WOOING IRRESISTIBLE.

As Mr. Johnson Himself Said, When He Had His Mind Made Up There Was Nothing That Could Stop Him.

"Have you ever experienced the feeling, Mr. Johnson," said a young lady, softly, "that some great opportunity was within your grasp, but you had hardly the presence of mind, the—the courtesy, as it were, to avail yourself of it?"

"Why—er—yes, Miss Stevens. I have at times had that kind of feeling."

Miss Stevens sighed dreamily, and then there was a pause, during which the young couple sat in the semidarkness of the parlor in profound silence. He sat down and looked helplessly at the glowing coals in the grate, with the feeling that every breath he drew was a mortifying and ghastly blunder.

"As you were about to say, Mr. Johnson," resumed the young lady, "there are times when it seems to all of us we must speak what is in our minds."

"Yes," vaguely answered the bewildered youth, as he tried to remember when he had begun to say anything of the kind. "Yes, of course."

"And while I am not so sure I ought to listen to you, Mr. Johnson," she said, with downcast eyes, "when you speak to me in this—this personal matter, yet—"

The young man could feel his pulse beat a tattoo on the drums of his ears, but he sat like a boy with his master's eye upon him and said nothing.

"By the way," exclaimed Miss Stevens, presently, "I have a new book of engravings, Mr. Johnson, that I am sure you will enjoy seeing. It is a large book, and you'll have to move your chair. Yes, you can sit here with me on the sofa. I never thought of that."

The pictures danced before the eyes of the young man in blurred, confused images.

"Isn't this engraving of the 'Courtship of Florence Dombey and Walter Gay' perfectly lovely?"

"Wh-which is Walter?" he gasped.

"There! Look closer! Don't you see him?"

"Wh—who's he courting?"

"You'll have to come closer, Mr. Johnson. I declare, though"—and she looked archly at the trembling youth—"I am almost afraid to let you come any nearer. You look exactly like Walter in the picture."

And then the arm of the helpless young man stole in a timid, apologetic, sneaking way round the waist of the charming Miss Stevens, her head sank upon his shoulder and the book of engravings fell neglected to the floor.

"Samuel," she said an hour later, as she toyed with the button of his coat, "you bold boy! How on earth did you ever muster courage to ask me to become your wife? You know well enough I never gave you a particle of encouragement."

The young man patted her condescendingly on the head, and then said proudly with the voice of an Ajax defying the lightning:

"When I make up my mind to do anything, Selina, no obstacle on earth can stop me."

They were married just three months after this glad and joyful night; and, we are pleased to add, are very happy together.—New York Telegraph.

Just What He Meant.

"Yes," said Popely, "my baby's got hair like I'm pretty sure to have some day."

"Ha! ha! You mean the baby's pretty sure to have hair some day like you've got."

"I mean what I said. The baby's bald."

The Hope of It.

"It is true dat Jordan is a hard road ter travel," said Brother Williams, "but dar's dis consolation: We kin all lay down our burdens on de green banks er de river an' go in swimmin' w'en we gits dar!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Nobility of Labor.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Optional.

Professional Wanderer—Sonny, is this here town one o' them local-option towns?

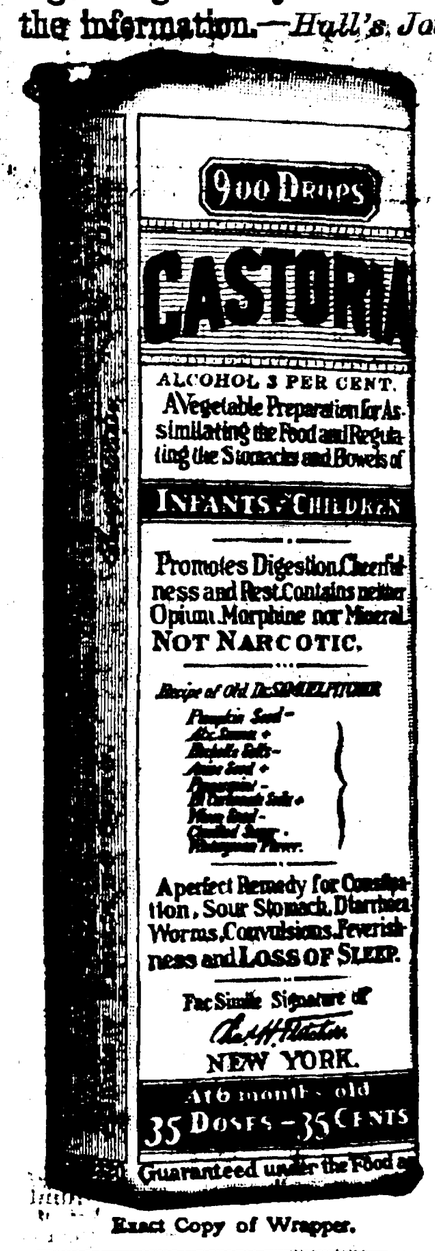
Boy—Yes, sir; I guess so, sir. You can get it either at the drug store or the grocery.—Hellman.

Text from Brother Dickey.

"It's one thing ter talk 'bout havin' de patience er Job, an' another ter suffer de misery dat made Job howl fer a hurricane ter blow him ter nuthin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless: *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food: *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ills., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J McGrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

The Professor—How remarkable! I can distinctly see a man in the moon. What an exceedingly plain person.

Your Druggist Will Tell You

That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes, Makes Weak Eyes Strong, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

Pretty teeth are responsible for a good many smiles.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder

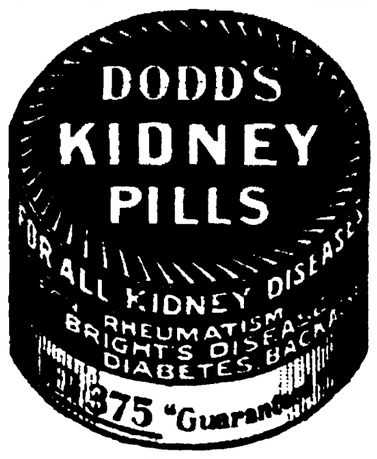
For swollen, sweating feet. Gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at all Druggists.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.—Jefferson.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The man who pays his debts is true to his trust.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 37, 1908.

District Manager wanted who can handle local agents to sell our sick, accident and natural death benefit policy. Costs only $1 per month. Exceptionally liberal contracts to industrial life men. Traders & Travelers Accident Co., 59 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

Shortest Line to Rosebud Reservation

The opening of the Rosebud Reservation, October 5 to 17, next, will give over 5000 people each a choice farm in Tripp County, South Dakota, for a small sum per acre. 838,000 acres will be opened. People drawing one of these farms must pay $6.00 an acre: one-fifth down, balance in 5 years. Chamberlain and Presho, South Dakota, are places of registration. Both are located on the shortest line to the reservation from Chicago—the

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

The best of these lands are located in the northern part of Tripp County, easily reached from both Chamberlain and Presho. All persons, except certain soldiers, must be present in one of these towns for registration. Presence at the drawing is not required. Those who draw one of these farms will be notified by mail. Rosebud folder, containing map, and giving full particulars free on request.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent,
Chicago.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Stain Goods. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Among Our Correspondents

UNADILLA.

Rev. P. J. Wright attends conference at Calumet this week.

Miss Nelia Huddler of Jackson is visiting her grandmother here.

Avis Barton returned to her school work at Stockbridge Monday.

Olin Marshall and wife have returned from an extended wedding trip.

Rev. Armstrong and wife have returned from a three weeks vacation.

P. W. Watts of Webster spent Sunday with his sister Mrs. Jno. Webb.

The Village school opened last Monday with Miss Grace Lane as teacher.

Mrs. Obert of Durand is spending a time with her sister, Miss Jennie Watson.

Mrs. S. G. Palmer spent Friday and Saturday with her daughter near Stockbridge.

Misses Kate and Florence Collins who have been spending the summer at Benton Harbor returned home this week.

Everyone welcome to the M. E. social at Lester Williams Wednesday evening, a special musical and literary program is being prepared.

ANDERSON.

Kirk VanWinkle and family spent Sunday at James Marbles.

A number from here attended labor day at Stockbridge Monday.

Mrs. Pangborn returned home after a few days visit in Detroit and Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hoff entertained friends from Handy the last of the week.

Sanford Reason had the misfortune to loose a good work horse one day last week.

Miss Flossie and George Smith of Cavanaugh Lake spent several days with Anderson friends.

Mr. Hicks thrashed over thirty bushel of clover seed for Fred Mackinder the first of the week.

Mrs. Friend Williams and daughter, Myra of Stockbridge spent last Friday at Fred Mackinders.

Mrs. Eunice Crane and Mrs. Beatrice Sprout and daughter Ethel visited at Frank Bartons last week.

NORTH HAMBURG.

Bert Nash is enlarging his front porch.

Rev. Gates gave an interesting talk Sunday.

Florence Kice spent Wednesday in Ann Arbor.

Mae VanFleet spent part of last week with friends in Genoa.

Jacob Kice was agreeably surprised Saturday by relatives representing four generations who came to celebrate his ninetieth birthday. Among those present were: Mrs. F. Drouillard, Windsor, Ont.; Louis Rolison and family, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Smith, Lakeland; Mrs. John Strain, Nashville Tenn.; Miss Margaret Vansickle, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Drewry, Howell. All of Mr. Kice's children were present except the oldest daughter, Mrs. Brown of Oklohoma. Letters of congratulation and a postal shower from N. J. added much to the pleasures of the day. These were from the only living brother, two sisters-in-law, nieces, and great nieces, nephews, great nephews and great great nephews.

SOUTH IOSCO.

Miss Elva Caskey started school at Fowlerville Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mowers visited her parents Sunday.

Geo. Harford attended the State Fair the first of the week.

Chet Briggs and wife of Webberville visited at Joe Roberts Sunday.

Miss Jennie Ward, who has been on the sick list the past week is improving.

Although the weather was rather cool, the social at Mr. Jensons was well attended.

S. W. Tompson and son Ray of Fowlerville visited at L. T. Lamborns Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller entertained Miss Rose Harris of Unadilla last week.

Chas. Harrington and daughter, Bertha of Webberville called on Mrs. Joe Roberts.

Mrs. Wm. Caskey accompained her cousin Mrs. Maggie White to Pontiac to see the latters brother.

L. T. Lamborn spent the first of the week visiting his brother in Detroit and attending the State Fair.

Miss Maude Ward started to her school near Bryon, Saturday, where she will teach the coming year.

Miss Lizzie Monk started for Flint Monday, where she has accepted a position as teacher in the Normal.

In place of the regular services at the M. E. church next Sunday a speaker will give a talk of China and its people.

The litttle son of John Roberts is suffering from a severe attack of hooping cough. Also the infant daughter of J. B. Buckley.

WEST PUTNAM.

Mrs. Emma Smith is on the sick list.

Mack Martin was in Dexter Monday.

School began Tuesday with Miss Moore of Dexter teacher.

H. B. Gardner and wife spent Monday at O. W. Webb's in Unadilla.

Miss Joie Harris left last week to accept her school duties at Dundee.

Wellington White and John Dunne are attending the state fair this week.

Wm. Ledwidge and family and Eugene McCleer of Anderson visited at D. M. Monks' Sunday.

The Misses Sadie and Joie Harris enteriained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon.

IOSCO.

C. O. Dutton is slowly improving in health.

Amasa Ward and family spent last week in Lansing.

Geo. Dutton of Laingsburg visited his brother here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Longnecker are caring for a new baby boy.

Mrs. Lucy White of Collins is visiting her brother N. E. Watters.

C. E. Sweet and Wm. Greening spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the state fair.

WEST MARION.

School began Monday with a full attendance.

Mrs. P. H. Smith entertained a sister from Iosco last week.

W. B. Miller and wife are spending a few days at the state fair.

Mrs. F. L. Merrill returned Monday from a week's visit in Toledo Ohio with her sister Mrs. Dr. McCormick.

NORTH PUTNAM.

A number from here are attending the state fair.

Wm. Brogan and family visited at Chris Brogans Sunday.

Miss Veronica Brogan is attending school in Pinckney this year.

Mrs. Wm. Chambers entertained company from Pinckney last week.

Edna Abbott spent last week near Fowlerville visiting friends and relatives.

School began in the Dunning district Monday with Miss Edna Abbott teacher.

Mildred and Gertrude Hart spent a few days with relatives in Gregory last week.

The Misses Beulah and Florence Burgess visited relatives in Gregory the latter part of last week.

Chris Brogan and wife spent a very pleasant day at Dexter Labor day attending the annual picnic there.

A few of the young people of this neighborhood went to Stockbridge to attend the sports day on labor day.

SOUTH GREGORY.

No school Monday—labor day.

Mrs. Marsh is slowly recovering.

Henry Bowman was in Chelsea sports day.

Monday was labor day and a nice day too.

Mrs. Sheets is a little better at this writing.

Williams Brothers had hay balers Monday.

Arthur Bates is helping Williams Bros. bale hay.

There was quite a number took the train Monday for Lakeland or Detroit.

Anna Moore has returned home after visiting her daughter Agnes for a time.

G. W. Bates and wife were in their old neighborhood Sunday calling on the sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker and daughter of Gregory called at L. R. Williams Sunday.

Lester Bates, mother and little brother visited at G. W. Bates' Sunday and called on friends.

The Unadilla band played at Gregory Saturday night. That was a good thing for the town.

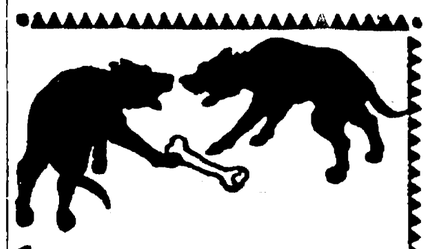
ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

A good rain is much needed—the dust is something 'fierce.'

A person does not have to have an auto these days to raise a dust.

Miss Blanche Martin was the guest of Pacie Hinchey a few days last week

Morley Vaughn is making arrangements to enter the medical department of the U. of. M. this year.



"Two Dogs over One Bone Seldom Agree."

When two merchants are after trade in the same community and one advertises and the other doesn't, the advertiser gets the bulk of it.

This is assuming that his ads are well written and placed in the medium that best covers the ground.

This paper is the medium for this community. If you have difficulty with your ads consult us. Perhaps we can aid you. We are willing to.

Mrs. Addie Granger of near Williamston is the guest of Mrs. H. F. Sigler.

B. F. Andrews does not seem to improve from his stroke of paralysis. His age—79—is against him.

The smoke of the north woods fires has been prevading this section the past week, some of the time bad enough to be uncomfortable.

We learn as we go to press that as Geo. Burch was coupling cars at Jackson Monday he had a hand badly injured but will not lose any of the fingers.

Mrs. Carrie Nation of Kansas who has a national reputation as a temperance worker will speak at the Howell opera house Sunday afternoon at 2:30 Admission 10 cents.

The Glazier Stove Co. property at Chelsea will be sold at auction at Ann Arbor, Friday, Sept. 18. The sale embraces everything that had to do with the manufactory of stoves there.

Last Sunday six persons attended the Cong'l church and as it happened sat together. One of them informed our reporter that the average age of the six was over 78 years, and they ranged from 66 to 85.

The Fenton Independant of last week contained among many others: a picture of Frances Shields of Howell who is the nominee for state senator in this district, which embraces Genesee as well as Livingston.

M. E. Church Notes.

Sunday was a fine day and there was a good attendance at both morning and evening services. Rev. Littlejohn preached two excellent sermons which many said was the best he had ever delivered which was saying a good deal. This was the last Sunday before conference and all were heard expressing themselves in favor of his returning for another year.

At the close of the service he gave a short report of the moneys raised since he was sent here and many were amazed when they heard that it had been over $3,000. Not only has the church building and parsonage been been improved but the people have been built up in faith and spiritua lity His pastorate has been a success.

While there will not be preaching next Sunday there will be the other services as usual. Class meeting and Sunday school at the usual hours.

Come to the class meeting at the first ringing of the bell and then there will be time to attend the preaching service at the Congregational church then Sunday school. Help keep up these services.

The Prohibition Convention.

At the prohibition convention held held at Howell last Friday there was an unanimous vote on the motion "In view of the contemplated effort to be put forth this year for local option by the best element of all parties, we deem it advisable not to place any county ticket in the field at this time."

Of course this will stand it in hand for the nominees of the other parties to make their claims of temperance principles so as to win the vote of the prohibs.

F. E. Mowers, a Competant and Careful Official

In the renomination of Frank E. Mowers for County Drain Commissioner Republicans of the county chose very wisely.

Mr. Mowers is a Putnam township man and has made many friends by his gentlemanly manner and methods of doing business during his present term in office.

The new state law governs the actions of the drain commissioner to such an extent that he is but the servant of the people and simply does their bidding on petition of the majority and that is just what anyother commissioner would have to do.

The office has been well conducted during Mr. Mowers first term and he will do well with it for another, dealing fairly and impartially as he has in the past two years.—Tidings.

Cong'l Church Notes

Rev. Gates has returned from his vacation. The sermon he gave Sunday morning was very appropriate and much appreciated. He took for the text, The harvest is past, the summer is ended, while this is true let us not feel that the work is done and we have nothing to do but fold our hands but let us show our gratitude for all blessings we receive from day to day. And let this be our Motto "Forward, Onward, upward, work while the day lasts.

The evening subject was Christs Jewels. It was clearly set forth that earths most beautiful gems are not to be compared with Christ's Jewels. Let everyone feel it a duty to attend the mid-week prayer meeting discharge that duty and you will receive a blessing.

Everybody welcome to all the services of this church.

Have you seen those Fine New Souvenir Post Cards at the DISPATCH office? Six views on one card, (real photograph) only 5 cents.

A certain doctor wishing to make a good impression on a German farmer, mentioned the fact that he had received a double education, as it were. He had studied homeopathy and was also a graduate of a "regular" medical school. "Oh! dat vas nodings," said the farmer, "I had vonce a calf dot sucked two cows, und he made nodings but a common schteer."

Business Pointers.

FOR SALE.

A small organ also some second hand furniture.

t 38 MRS. GRAHAM.

FOR SALE.

Cider vinegar.

t 39 MRS. MAUDE CARPENTER,

Cider

We are ready to grind your apples at our mill in Pettysville.

William Hooker.

NOTICE.

The Detroit Times from now until January, 1910, for only $2.00 on Rural Routes.

GEO. MCQUADE.

Leave order at DISPATCH office. t37

CLOTHES

Pressed and Cleaned

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Clothes left at Darrow's Drug Store will be Promptly Attendee to.

CLYDE DARROW

PINCKNEY, - MICHIGAN

For Sale

CHEAP

A Furman Boiler suitable for a Steam or hot Water

Heating Plant

Will sell cheap for cash and quick sale. Reason for selling—am putting in larger plant. Call and see at the

Dispatch Office