

Pinckney Dispatch.

VOL. XXVI.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1908.

No. 40

FREE!

with

Mo-Ka Coffee A Beautiful Plaque

Try our Mo-Ka and be convinced
that it is one of THE BEST
20c Coffees on the market

Once Tried Always Tried

Swarthout & Placeway

LOCAL NEWS.

Our U. of M. students have nearly all returned to their studies.

The Hinchey Bros. have been erecting a windmill on their farm near Gregory the past week.

The common council of Ypsilanti has granted a 20 year franchise to the Washtenaw Light and Power Co. which will build a large plant in that city.

The Howell electric light plant was out of commission a few nights last week owing to the blowing out of the large dynamo. It had been in use however since the plant was installed several years ago.

Miss Maule Sigler who has been visiting several weeks with friends in Detroit, returned home Friday. Her sister, Mrs. E. A. Carr and children, Doris and Donald, returned with her and spent a couple of days.

Mr. Van Winkle was in town Monday and returned home with a load of new boats which he had Bert Thomas build. The boats will be used on Van Winkles lake, formerly known as Reeves mill pond, for the accommodation of fishermen.—Dexter Leader.

Bro. B. K. Pierce of the St. Lyon Herald has just installed a new Chandler & Price job press. Bert not only intends to give the people of our sister village a good paper but look after the job work as well. We understand that he has also added considerable new type.

A number of the subscriptions to the DISPATCH have again expired and you can aid us by calling and renewing soon. Your last receipt will tell you when your time was out and you can govern yourself accordingly. If you cannot find it come and let us write you another.

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 rushing fresh charge.

MANUFACTURED BY

GENERAL ACCUMULATOR &
BATTERY CO.

120 Second Street Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Write for Circulars.

Teeple Hdw. Co. have been unloading and delivering cars of coal the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Henry were called to Sandusky, Ohio, last week to attend the funeral of her sister.

H. G. Briggs and wife, who have been spending a few weeks with relatives in Fenton, Flint and Millington returned home Thursday last.

Word was received from T. J. Gaul of New Baltimore the past week to send the DISPATCH to them there as they desire to keep in touch with the "old home town."

F. D. Johnson returned last week from a visit with relatives in New York. He also visited his daughter, Mrs. T. J. Gaul at New Baltimore, where Mr. Gaul has a position as Supt. of the schools and the county normal.

A stalk of beans was left at this office today by Frank Smith of Isoco which contains 75 pods and averages five beans to the pod, 375 beans. The stalk was pulled on the farm of Azel Stowe east of Parkers Corners.—Fowlerville Standard.

Saturday morning Arthur Swarthout left here for Pensacola, Florida, where he has a position as teacher in the commercial college. Arthur has spent much hard work fitting himself for this position and his many friends here wish him all kinds of success.

One of the Fowlerville papers told of an automobilist who drove into town and when he saw that the road in front of him was blocked said, "I got into this place alright but how in hell am I going to get out." A short time ago Howell was a good deal in the same fix but we have our forty new cross walks all completed.—Republican. Not only are our 'forty walks' done but every walk in town is of cement and will be in good shape as soon as rain settles the dirt.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING.

A cordial welcome is
extended to all the
ladies to attend my

FALL OPENING, Oct. 1-2

Lillian Boyle

Pinckney, Mich.

Entertained 'Bees'.

Thursday last was 'swarming day' for the Lady Macabees of this place and they were visited by swarms from Dexter and Chilson hives, to the number of about fifty. The ladies of this hive had the usual dinner at the hall dining rooms and a social visit.

In the afternoon all went to the opera house where the hive gave an entertainment in the form of music, fancy drill and a light farce. A very pleasant day was spent and although the visitors had a dusty drive all went home well pleased.

School Notes.

Miss Lillian Eber is a new student in the High School.

The following are officers of Senior class: Pres., Gregory Devereaux; Vice Pres., Florence Reason; Secty., Mary Lynch; Treas., Lucille McCluskey.

The first months tests are being enjoyed this week.

The Japanese orator, Mr. Kiyo Sue Inui, of Ann Arbor, called at the school Monday.

The Seniors cleared \$11.50 at their ice cream social last Saturday evening.

Fred and Rex Read, P. H. S. '05, were visitors at the school last Monday.

Chapel exercises in the High School room every Wednesday morning to which everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Congregational Church.

The services last Sunday were well attended and the sermons could not be better. Next Sunday will be the regular communion service. Anyone desiring to unite with the church can do so at that time.

Do not forget the mid week prayer meeting—a cordial invitation to all.

M. E. Church Notes.

The services Sunday were well attended and as usual the pastor gave two excellent sermons. In fact it would be hard to say when he did not give an excellent one.

The register showed that there were 85 present and the collection \$2.66. Next Sunday will be missionary day for the Sunday school. The assistance rendered by classes 4 and 5 in the singing was an inspiration to all.

The choir has been revived and are furnishing special music for which they are receiving congratulations.

There were over 20 at prayer meeting last Thursday evening. The Class room was packed last Sunday morning and there was a blessed meeting. Good. Let us have an overflow meeting next Sunday there is room for all and it will do you good. Remember it commences at 10 a. m.—the first ringing of the bell.

Everyone is welcome to any of the services of this church and the members will try to make you feel at home. The feeling of "good fellowship" and christian spirit was never better than now.

Oscar Clark of Simcoe, Ont., was the guest of his brother, W. H. Clark a couple of days the past week.

The electric light plant was started up the past week and showed up well. Manager, Gardner is now busy wiring residences and will soon turn on the "juice" for good.

The drought was broken Monday when a cold rain fell in considerable quantities and did much good. Tuesday fires were needed and there were flurries of snow, a promise of what is to follow. The cold was not very acceptable although it is time of the year to expect such a change.

F. A. Sigler

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles

All the Standard Patent Medicines and Druggist Sundries

Shelf Paper
both Crepe and Plain

Dainty Lunch Sets
for Parties and Picnics

A Fine Line of Fancy China and Souvenirs.

Another rain Wednesday.

W. C. Buck and wife of Linden were guests of their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Clark over Sunday.

Ernest Carr and Earl Mann came out from Detroit Sunday on the excursion and visited friends.

Miss Blanche Martin was called to Bay City last week on account of the severe illness of her brother-in-law Mont Richards.

The ladies of the M. E. church will serve dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Finch Wednesday, Oct. 7. Everyone cordially invited.

The WCTU will meet with Mrs. Jennie Barton, Saturday afternoon at 3. Every lady interested in temperance is requested to be present.

Bert Roche left here this week for Big Rapids where he will enter Ferris Business college. He will receive the DISPATCH as a weekly letter from his home town.

Edward C. Shields of Howell has been appointed First Assistant to National Committeeman E. O. Wood of Flint of the Democratic party. Mr. Shields left Friday evening for Chicago to meet the National Committee.

The North Hamburg Young Peoples club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Dunning this week Saturday evening, Oct. 3, 1908. A good attendance is desired and all are requested to come early as the program commences at 8:30 sharp.

Ladies, Notice.

When you sort your winter wearing apparel you will find many things too out of date to wear. Think of the many burned out families and bring everything you can spare to Mrs. H. F. Sigler. You will find many comfortable hats that you will never wear again, bring them along and put them into the barrel to be sent away.

FOR SALE!

100 CORDS 4-ft WOOD

\$2.00 per cord in woods
\$2.25 per cord on road

TERMS CASH

Glennbrook Stock Farm

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 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
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, Prop.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

A million for turnpikes, but not a cent for graft.

And these modern days the "raging of the dog star" is not taken seriously.

Castro is defiant. So was the bull that tried to throw the locomotive off the track.

"Some men ought never to have been born," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. How true!

Indiana steer ate dynamite; enraged owner threw a brick at him. Much noise. Result, a bum steer.

The human body is 75 per cent water, says a scientist, the other 25 per cent being spirit, we presume.

Berlin must be getting so used to seeing airships that before long the dirigibles will decline to strain their necks.

A New Jersey man won't pay his bills because his wife is out of work. Some charity organization should look up this pitiful case.

Now it is a revolution which is on the Persian carpet. The movement has just camped, apparently permanently, upon the Turkish rug.

Kermit is sure to bring back some remarkable photographs from Africa, if only he doesn't get so excited that he forgets to snap the shutter.

High winds during the summer have blown enormous numbers of crabs out of the Chesapeake bay into the ocean. Fortunately the oysters are naturally anchored.

Don't misunderstand the announcement that Mr. Edward W. Deming is going to paint the Ojibways in northern Canada. What Mr. Deming really is going to paint is canvas.

Some friend of Castro's should call him up by long-distance telephone and let him know that in this mixup with Queen Wilhelmina the sympathies of all the bystanders are with the royal lady.

By chasing and holding in a team of runaway blooded horses and, saving three lives Kermit Roosevelt is qualifying for shooting lions in Africa. It is strenuous training after his father's own heart.

A West Virginia magistrate prides himself on the fact that he is the only justice of the peace in the state to hold court in his bare feet. In most other places it is the head which counts in the position.

A sober, elderly person certifies in the New York Sun that she has seen old mosquitoes helping or pushing the young ones through the window screens. Could there be a more touching illustration of parental interest?

The retirement of Capt. Watt, commander of the Lusitania and commodore of the Cunard fleet, having reached the age limit, comes opportunely. His ship is at the head of the ocean greyhound class. That's glory enough.

Not one of the 50,000 depositors in 13 banks and trust companies which closed their doors in the panic last fall will lose a dollar. Banking institutions in the United States are evidently conducted on pretty sound business principles.

The chief of the secret service police of Sydney says that no better behaved, manlier lot of fellows has ever come under his observation than the American sailors. The nation is proud of its jolly tars who are so well upholding its prestige.

The formation in Germany of a company, with a capital of more than \$6,250,000, to lay a cable between Germany and South America is, of course, not a violation of the Monroe doctrine, but it suggests that the United States ought to be making efforts to increase and facilitate its business with South America, too.

A Pennsylvania man's horse went lame. When he started to investigate the trouble he found a stickpin with a diamond worth \$150 in the animal's hoof, which had caused the trouble. As the horse showed signs of distress in another foot, that was examined and a five-dollar gold piece extracted. Paradoxically, to pick up gold with one foot and diamonds with the other is anything but a lame performance.

Forest fires are, among the regular annual sufferings of the eastern states. The dry weather this year has made the loss unusually heavy in New England, New York and other states. Not only valuable timber but farm houses, planted fields and precious forest loam have been destroyed. Scientific forestry and fire legislation are necessary to protect our trees against the combined armies of flames, bugs and unintelligent lumbermen.

DISCIPLINE IS EVIDENTLY NEEDED

THE SOLDIER BOYS DO HAZING STUNTS AND INJURE COMRADE.

COURT MARTIAL ACQUITS

How Private Bartell Was Treated Resulting in His Being Seriously Burned at Camp.

The privates charged with hazing Private Fred Bartell, of Owosso, at Camp Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, were acquitted by the court-martial. The charge against them was: "Assault and battery, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline and in violation of the sixty-second article of war."

"Specifications—In that Privates Bailey, Schroeder and Saas did maliciously and feloniously assault Private Fred Bartell, Company H, Third Infantry, M. N. G., by then and there smearing paint on the arms, hands and chest of the said Private Bartell with the intent to seriously injure the said Private Bartell at Camp Harrison, Ind., on the night of September 23."

Capt. F. E. Van Dine, commander of Co. H, who preferred the charges, told the court at the beginning of the trial that he had no witnesses to appear against the defendants. Several witnesses were called and testified that the initiation of recruits had been in vogue for 12 years or more, and until this time there were no serious results from the painting. Maj. M. J. Phillips, inspector of small arms practice on Gen. Bates' staff, who was formerly a member of Co. H, testified that he was initiated in the regular way and later was the chief decorator for the company.

Corp. Van Wagener testified that he was in the tent giving the candidates for initiation cold water baths when Private Bartell entered the tent stripped to the waist, and requested that he be painted. After he had been accommodated, the testimony showed, that Bartell went out to another tent and with several other initiated members of the company attempted to wash the paint off their bodies with gasoline. Bartell's cleaning rag caught fire from a lighted candle and a gasoline explosion followed. With these facts adduced, Judge Advocate Woolfenden asked the court not to consider the charge of assault and battery preferred against the defendants, but he demanded that they be convicted of conduct prejudicial to good discipline, which is in violation of the sixty-second article of war.

Private Bartell's condition still remains critical, according to the report of attending physicians. The result of the court martial will be an order to the Michigan National Guard prohibiting hazing or initiating recruits to company in any manner or form.

Mr. Wade's Case.

The effect on the minds of the people in general of Attorney General Bird's attack on James H. Wade, former secretary of the university, may be judged by the extent to which the regents were influenced by the charges.

"Why did the regents so promptly accept Mr. Wade's resignation?" has been asked many times since.

More than one of the regents admit that in the light of developments the immediate acceptance of the resignation seems to have been hasty, but that the circumstances apparently justified their action when it was taken at that time. The members of the board could not conceive the possibility that Mr. Bird, a lawyer and the incumbent of one of the highest and most responsible offices in the state, would make a serious accusation against any citizen without having taken every precaution against doing an injustice. Then, Mr. Wade's resignation, coming at a time when charges were hanging over him, was regarded then as a sort of admission that there might be something in Mr. Bird's allegations, when, as a matter of fact, it was the man's very innocence, his love of the university and his idea of propriety, that inspired him to take this step. As one member of the board puts it, Mr. Wade was conscientious to an excess that was almost sinful.

Several of the regents agree that if the resignation came before them now it would not be accepted.

Detective Shot.

Carrying out a threat, which he is declared to have made while a prisoner at Marquette, Frank Liska, when about to be arrested Saturday, sent a bullet crashing through the cheek of Detective Frank Wilkinson, one of the most efficient officers of Detroit's force. Detective Wilkinson lies at St. Mary's hospital seriously injured, but has a fair chance of recovery. The entire police force is endeavoring to run down the ruffian, who escaped.

Made Him Crazy.

A man, apparently about 24 years old, believed to be Eugene Richter, of Rochester, N. Y., is in the Grand Rapids detention hospital, suffering from brainstorms which may have been induced by reading Eleanor Glynn's "Three Weeks." After spending the entire day in perusing the much talked of novel, the young man's reason gave way and he was taken to the hospital, raving.

STATE NEWS BRIEFS.

Dejected by a love affair, John Knit, of South Camden, took poison green and was found dead.

Count Yama Moto, of Japan, will enter Hope college. He will study to fit himself as a missionary.

Blisko-Kilish, aged 18, of Calumet, fell 1000 feet in the Tamarack mine and his remains were collected in a basket.

Frank Butterfield, aged about 50, a farmer, committed suicide in the Newark sanitarium, Charlotte, while being treated.

Though local option was rejected in Charlotte when last submitted, prohibition workers are preparing to submit it again.

The heirs of the late Hugh McCurdy, who are trying to break his will, have agreed to fight the matter out in the circuit court.

James Daniels, a Kalamazoo rural mail carrier, substituted a motor cycle for his horse and says he saves three-fourths of the time.

William Stratton, of Pontiac, brought six ducks in from Crescent lake and insists that he brought down the whole bunch at one shot.

John Beland, aged 40, dropped dead of heart disease near Hubbard lake. He leaves a widow and six small children in straitened circumstances.

A black bear has been reported in the woods near Henderson and hunters are after it. It is thought forest fires may have driven bruin south.

In trying to save his hat which blew off, Edward Larkins, an Adrian carpenter, fell from the steps of a Toledo & Western car and was killed.

Kept from a picnic which his 10-year-old brother was allowed to attend, Edward Wittke, aged 16, of Merrill, hanged himself in his bedroom.

With a wedding planned for late this year, John Merrill, a Muskegon sign and landscape painter, fell from a scaffolding in Milwaukee and was killed.

Men, burning stumps on a farm near Greenville found the partly burned body of an infant which had been placed in one of the stumps the night before.

Arthur, Shoberg, aged 14, an inmate of the state public school, was taken to the county jail Monday, violently insane. He will be taken to the asylum at Newberry.

Prof. Henry Daggart, of the U. of M., will attend the international conference on electrical units and standards in London, Eng., as one of the three delegates from this country.

Led by the fire warden, citizens of Luzerne county, Pa., which raged on three sides of the village, succeeded in getting them under control. A fire line was revealed around the village.

In order to sue for divorce in Port Huron Adma G. Gault, formerly of Avon, N. Y., made affidavit that he had been a resident of Holly two years. He has been arrested on a perjury charge.

Mrs. Maud Jones, aged 32, who was injured in the D. U. R. wreck near Jackson July 24 while on her way to become a patient in the state tuberculosis sanitarium in Howell, is dead. She leaves six children.

Charged with attacking Lulu Frazer, a hotel waitress, on a lonely road near the Port Huron tunnel, Wm. Donnelly, Grand Trunk freight conductor, was held for trial. The girl has been in a critical condition but will recover.

Nellie Clair and Kate Weyant, the young girls whose confession prompted Harry Potter, aged 17, of Coldwater, to commit suicide, were arrested on disorderly conduct charges and will be sent to the Adrian school.

Declaring he was John D. Rockefeller, Benjamin Wood, aged 72, once a prosperous farmer, stopped many in Kalamazoo streets and gave them rolls of paper which he said were bank notes. He went to the asylum.

As a proposed addition to the national forest reserve the department of the interior has temporarily withdrawn from sale about 2,000 miles of public lands in Cheboygan, Montmorency, Alcona and Presque Isle counties.

The 5-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jno. O. Butler, of Charlotte, playfully tied a cord around the neck of her 6-week-old sister and then either pushed or attempted to lift the child from the crib. The mother found the infant dead.

John Van Den Broek, son of a Dutch minister, was arrested in Grand Rapids on the charge of burglarizing a store, and Ella Fosket, who had a watch and two bracelets in her possession, is accused of receiving stolen property.

Judge A. J. Mills, president of the board of control of the Kalamazoo asylum, says there will be an investigation into the charge that Daniel Angell, of Dowagiac, cousin of President Angell, of the U. of M., was abused and beaten in the asylum.

A team of horses belonging to Isaac Thompson, a farmer living near Big Rapids, was found Friday afternoon in a dying condition, terribly bitten by flies, and their eyesight almost ruined by the dense smoke from the forest fires, tangled in the underbrush in the woods just outside the city. The horses had been in that condition for six days, with neither food nor drink. Thompson drove the team to town and when he started to drive to his farm fell asleep on the seat. A jolt removed him from his perch, and when he again awoke he was lying in the ditch by the side of the road, and his team was nowhere to be found.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POLITICAL POWER

EVIDENTLY THE CAMPAIGN IS TO BE PICTURESQUE AND WARM.

ROOSEVELT WILL REPLY.

Late Phases of the Political Storm That Has Begun to Rage Are Very Interesting.

It was stated at the White House that the president would issue another statement dealing with certain subjects and persons connected with the political campaign, and Mr. Roosevelt adhered to that intention until late afternoon. When press representatives came in with the information that William J. Bryan was about to publish a reply to the letter which President Roosevelt addressed to him last Wednesday evening, it was announced that the president would withhold any further contribution to the controversial literature of the campaign until after Mr. Bryan was heard from.

Earlier in the day Mr. Roosevelt had expressed much eagerness to hear further from the Democratic candidate. In fact, ever since the publication of his letter on Wednesday the president has been telling his visitors that Mr. Bryan and his doctrines might expect another lambasting at the first opportunity.

He went even further by saying that as often as Bryan should give him "an opening" he would issue public statements intended to help along the campaign for Taft and to discredit the opposition. This manner of procedure, the president has said repeatedly, he is willing to pursue until election day. If there is anything in the theory that Mr. Bryan has hoped to exhaust the president's ammunition by drawing his fire thus early in the campaign he will be disappointed.

Defending his knowledge of Governor Haskell against the charges which have been brought against him "until the charges can be examined in some court where partisanship does not bias," William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for president, on his way from Madison to Milwaukee gave out for publication his reply to President Roosevelt's recent letter, in response to his telegram on the subject.

Mr. Bryan speaks of the election of Mr. Haskell as governor of Oklahoma and says that "the constitution was adopted and Gov. Haskell was elected in spite of the efforts of your administration and in spite of the speech made in Oklahoma by Mr. Taft."

Mr. Bryan charges among other things that the steel trust "with your express consent" purchased one of its largest rivals and thus obtained control of more than 50 per cent of the total output. He asks the president if he will insist "that in permitting this you showed less favor to the monopolistic corporations than I do in opposing it."

Mr. Bryan abruptly charges that Gov. Hughes, quoted by President Roosevelt as having "ridicled the Democratic trust remedy," was himself the beneficiary of the trusts, and cites the campaign contributions to the Hughes election fund two years ago. Among these are J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and William Nelson Crownwell.

Pursuing this subject further, Mr. Bryan says that as the president quotes Gov. Hughes he takes it for granted that Judge Taft has not expressed himself satisfactorily on the trust question.

Mr. Bryan also sharply assails President Roosevelt personally charging him with degrading his high office by using his prestige to aid Taft.

Herman Ridder, editor of the New York Staats Zeitung, and vice-chairman of the publicity bureau of the Democratic national committee, has been appointed by National Chairman Mack as treasurer of the national committee to succeed Gov. Charles N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, who resigned his position after the Hearst charges came out.

Money Will Free Thaw.

With William Travers Jerome practically jockeyed out of the case, Harry K. Thaw is believed to be nearer freedom than at any time since the night of June 25, 1906, when he killed Stanford White.

Following the decision of Justice Mills in White Plains, N. Y., to give Thaw a hearing as to his sanity and his refusal to make New York the place of the hearing, Jerome practically admitted that Thaw would soon be free.

"It looks to me," he said "as if the prediction made when White was shot—that Thaw's millions would save him—is about to become a fact. Without money we cannot produce the evidence to show that this man is a dangerous lunatic."

London's Drunken Riot.

A riot of drunkenness and street brawling reigned in London Saturday night. Thousands of brewery and distillery workers, called to London by their employers to make a public protest against the proposed licensing bill, were given free drinks in all saloons and the biggest debauch that London has seen in years was the result.

A Disastrous Wreck.

One hundred and ten out of a total of 137 persons aboard the Star of Bengal were hurled through the air when the vessel was cut from the hold of protecting tug and dashed ashore at Halm Point at the southeast end of Coronation Island.

The news was brought to Wrangle, Alaska, by the tug Hattie Gage, which reached the Star of Bengal the survivors before leaving the island buried the bodies of 15 white men on the beach and 15 on the ship.

The ship was being towed to sea. Capt. Farrer, of the Gage, said: "As we came within reach of the gale we could see we were making leeway and drifting toward Coronation Island. The kayak was light and could do nothing. The Hattie Gage could not handle the ship alone. At 4 o'clock the Star of Bengal drifted into a narrow light and we could see land on both sides abreast. We sounded and found eight fathoms. We could see the vessel dimly by the phosphorous dark rocks that were all around. We cut the tow line and jumped out into open water, but could not see anything in the driving rain except one blue light burning on the ship. The storm increased and the tug steamed away to Shipley Bay, 26 miles away."

Loves Insane Patient.

Love for a beautiful young patient and a firm belief in her sanity, though the officials of the asylum declare her insane, moved Dr. John Lewin McLeish to give up his position on the medical staff of the Ohio State hospital at Athens. Like the hero, "Durbin," of his novel, Dr. McLeish has chosen to forswear all for the woman he loves.

"I love her. She is as sane as you or I," said the physician, discussing the patient. "I will marry her as soon as I free her from the institution."

The situation in the fireswept districts of northwestern Pennsylvania is daily growing worse.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle.—Market very dull and 10c to 15c lower than last week. Steers and heifers, 1000 to 1200, \$1.00; 1200 to 1400, \$1.05; 1400 to 1600, \$1.10; 1600 to 1800, \$1.15; 1800 to 2000, \$1.20; 2000 to 2200, \$1.25; 2200 to 2400, \$1.30; 2400 to 2600, \$1.35; 2600 to 2800, \$1.40; 2800 to 3000, \$1.45; 3000 to 3200, \$1.50; 3200 to 3400, \$1.55; 3400 to 3600, \$1.60; 3600 to 3800, \$1.65; 3800 to 4000, \$1.70; 4000 to 4200, \$1.75; 4200 to 4400, \$1.80; 4400 to 4600, \$1.85; 4600 to 4800, \$1.90; 4800 to 5000, \$1.95; 5000 to 5200, \$2.00; 5200 to 5400, \$2.05; 5400 to 5600, \$2.10; 5600 to 5800, \$2.15; 5800 to 6000, \$2.20; 6000 to 6200, \$2.25; 6200 to 6400, \$2.30; 6400 to 6600, \$2.35; 6600 to 6800, \$2.40; 6800 to 7000, \$2.45; 7000 to 7200, \$2.50; 7200 to 7400, \$2.55; 7400 to 7600, \$2.60; 7600 to 7800, \$2.65; 7800 to 8000, \$2.70; 8000 to 8200, \$2.75; 8200 to 8400, \$2.80; 8400 to 8600, \$2.85; 8600 to 8800, \$2.90; 8800 to 9000, \$2.95; 9000 to 9200, \$3.00; 9200 to 9400, \$3.05; 9400 to 9600, \$3.10; 9600 to 9800, \$3.15; 9800 to 10000, \$3.20; 10000 to 10200, \$3.25; 10200 to 10400, \$3.30; 10400 to 10600, \$3.35; 10600 to 10800, \$3.40; 10800 to 11000, \$3.45; 11000 to 11200, \$3.50; 11200 to 11400, \$3.55; 11400 to 11600, \$3.60; 11600 to 11800, \$3.65; 11800 to 12000, \$3.70; 12000 to 12200, \$3.75; 12200 to 12400, \$3.80; 12400 to 12600, \$3.85; 12600 to 12800, \$3.90; 12800 to 13000, \$3.95; 13000 to 13200, \$4.00; 13200 to 13400, \$4.05; 13400 to 13600, \$4.10; 13600 to 13800, \$4.15; 13800 to 14000, \$4.20; 14000 to 14200, \$4.25; 14200 to 14400, \$4.30; 14400 to 14600, \$4.35; 14600 to 14800, \$4.40; 14800 to 15000, \$4.45; 15000 to 15200, \$4.50; 15200 to 15400, \$4.55; 15400 to 15600, \$4.60; 15600 to 15800, \$4.65; 15800 to 16000, \$4.70; 16000 to 16200, \$4.75; 16200 to 16400, \$4.80; 16400 to 16600, \$4.85; 16600 to 16800, \$4.90; 16800 to 17000, \$4.95; 17000 to 17200, \$5.00; 17200 to 17400, \$5.05; 17400 to 17600, \$5.10; 17600 to 17800, \$5.15; 17800 to 18000, \$5.20; 18000 to 18200, \$5.25; 18200 to 18400, \$5.30; 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SERIAL STORY

BLINDFOLDED

A Mystery Story
of San Francisco

BY
EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied him 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 to manage with secrecy and protection. 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 Horton, who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the 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 a man. Luella and Giles 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 and begin firing. 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 debacle. 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 Horton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. 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." Tricked again, cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle conscious 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. Mother Horton is found. Barkhouse released. Dudley goes with a messenger to meet the "unknown woman," his mysterious employer. He is amazed to find that she is Mrs. Knapp.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" cried Mrs. Knapp. "There is a weight of anxiety off my mind. Can you imagine what I have been fearing in the last month?"

"I had thought a little about that myself," I confessed. "But we are not yet out of the woods, I am afraid."

"Hark! what's that?" said Mrs. Knapp apprehensively.

The carriage was now making its way through the bad stretch in the lane, and there was little noise in its progress.

"I heard nothing," I said, putting down the window to listen. "What was it?"

"I thought it was a shout."

There was no noise but the steady splash of horses' hoofs in the mud and the sloppy, shearing sound of the wheels as they cut through the wet soil.

As we bumped and groaned again through the ruts, however, there arose in the distance behind us the fierce barking of the dogs, their voices in anger and alarm.

There was a faint halloo, and a wilder barking followed. Then my ear caught the splashing of galloping hoofs behind, and in a moment the man of the house rode beside us.

"They've come," he said, "or, anyhow, somebody's come. I let the dogs loose and they will have a lively time for a while."

A few yards more brought us to the main road, and once on the firm ground the horses trotted briskly forward, while the horseman dropped be-

hind the better to observe and give the alarm.

I leaped out of the window. Only the distant sound of the hoofs of our own horses, the rattling roll of our own carriage wheels, were audible in the stillness of the night. Then I thought I heard yells and faint hoofbeats in the distance, but again there was silence except for the muffled noise we made in our progress.

"Can't we drive faster?" asked Mrs. Knapp, when I made my report.

"I wouldn't spoil these horses for \$500," growled the driver when I passed him the injunction to hasten.

"It's \$1,000 for you if you get to the wharf ahead of the others," cried Mrs. Knapp.

"And you'll have a bullet in your hide if you don't keep out of gunshot of them," I added.

The double inducement to haste had its effect, and we could feel the swifter motion of the vehicle under us, and see the more rapid passage of the trees and fences that lined the way.

The wild ride appeared to last for ages. The fast trot of the horses was a funeral pace to the flight of my excited and anxious imagination. What if we should be overtaken?

At last the houses began to pass more frequently. Now the road was broken by cross streets. Gas lamps appeared, flicking faint and yellow in the morning air. We were once more within city limits. The panting horses never slackened pace. We swept over a long bridge, and plunged down a shaded street, and the figure of the horseman was the only sign of life behind us.

Of a sudden there sounded a long roll, as of a great drum beating the reveille for an army of giants. The horseman quickened his pace and galloped furiously beside us.

"They're crossing the bridge," he shouted.

"Whip up!" I cried to the driver. "They are only four blocks behind us."

The hack swung around a few corners, and then halted.

"Here we are!" cried Dicky Dahl at the door. "You get aboard the tug and push off. Jake and I will run up to the foot of the wharf. If they come, we can keep 'em off long enough for you to get aboard."

The tug was where it lay when we left, and at my hail the captain and his crew of three were astir. It was a moment's work to get Mrs. Knapp and her charge aboard.

"Come on!" I cried to Dicky and his companion. And as the lines were cast off they made a running jump on to the deck of the tugboat and the vessel backed out into the stream.

When the mist and darkness had blotted out shore, wharves and shipping, the tug moved at half-speed down the channel. I persuaded the captain that there was no need to sound the whistle, but he declined gruffly to increase his speed.

"I might as well be shot as run my boat ashore," he growled, with a few seamanlike adjectives.

I did not know of any particular reason for arguing the question, so I joined Mrs. Knapp.

"Thank God, we are safe!" she said, with a sigh of relief.

"We shall be in the city in half an hour, if that is safety," I said.

"It will be safety for a few days. Then we can devise a new plan. I have a strong arm to lean on again."

Returning to the deck I found that the light of the morning was growing. Vessels were moving. The whistles of the ferry boats, as they gave warning of their way through the mist, rose shrill on the air. The waters were still, a faint ripple showing in strange contrast to the scene of last night.

"There's a steamer behind us," said Dicky Dahl, with a worried look as I joined him. "I've been listening to it for five minutes."

"It's a tug," said the captain. "She was lying on the other side of the wharf last night."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Put on full steam, then, or we shall be run down in the bay. It's the gang we are trying to get away from."

The captain looked at me suspiciously for a moment, and was inclined to resent my interference. Then he shrugged his shoulders as though it was none of his business whether we were lunatics or not so long as we paid for the privilege, and rang the engine bell for full speed ahead.

We had just come out of the Oakland Creek channel and the mist suddenly thinned before us. It left the bay and the city fair and wholesome in the gray light, as though the storm had washed the grime and foulness from air and earth and renewed the freshness of life. We had come but a few hundred yards into the clear air when out of the mist bank behind us shot another tug.

At the exclamation that broke from us our captain for the first time showed interest in the speed of his boat and whistled angrily down to his engineer.

"We can beat her," he said, with a contemptuous accent on the "her."

"That's your business," I returned, and walked aft to where Mrs. Knapp was standing, halfway up the steps from the cabin.

"Can they catch us?" inquired Mrs. Knapp, the lines tightening about her

mouth.

"I think not—the captain says not. I should say that we were holding our own now."

At this moment a tall, massive figure stepped from the pilot house of the pursuing tug and shook its fists at us. The huge bulk, the wolf-face, just distinguishable, distorted, dark with rage and passion, stopped the blood and I felt a faintness as of dropping from a height.

"Doddridge Knapp!" I cried.

Mrs. Knapp looked at me in alarm and grasped the rail.

"No! no!" she exclaimed. "A thousand times no! That is Elijah Lane!"

I gazed at her in wonder. Not Doddridge Knapp! Had my eyes played me false?

"Do you not understand?" she said in a low, intense tone. "He is Elijah Lane, the father of the boy. An evil, wicked man—mad—truly mad. He would kill the boy. He killed the mother of the boy. I know, but it is not a case for proof—not a case that the law can touch. And he hates the boy—and me!"

"But why does he want to kill him?"

"You do not understand. The boy inherits a great fortune from his mother. Mr. Knapp and I are left trustees by the mother's will. If he had control of the boy, the boy would die; but it would be from cruelty, disease, neglect. It would not be murder in the eyes of the law. But I know what would happen. Oh, see the wretch! How he hates me!"

I was stunned with the words I had heard. They made much plain that had puzzled me, yet they left much more in darkness; and I looked blankly at the figure on the other tug. It was truly a strange sight. The man was beside himself with rage, shout-



ing, gesticulating and leaping about the deck in transports of passion. He showed every mark of a maniac.

Suddenly he drew a revolver and sent shot after shot in our direction. We were far beyond the reach of a pistol bullet, but Mrs. Knapp screamed and dodged.

"How he hates me!" she cried again.

When the last shot was gone from his revolver the man flung the weapon in frenzy, as though he could hope to strike us thus.

Then a strange thing happened, whether due to the effort he had made in the throw, or to a lurch of the tug in the waves we left behind us, or to a stumble over some obstruction, I could not say. But we saw the man suddenly pitch forward over the low bulwarks of the tug into the waters of the bay.

Mrs. Knapp gave a scream and covered her eyes.

"Stop the boat!" I shouted. "Back her!"

The other tug had checked its headway at the same time, and there was a line of six or seven men along its side.

"There he is!" cried one.

The captain laid our tug across the tidal stream that swept us strongly toward Goat Island. Then he steamed slowly toward the other tug.

"He's gone," said Dicky.

The other tug seemed anxious to keep away from us, as in distrust of our good intentions. I scanned the waters carefully, but the drowning man had gone down.

Then, rising not 20 feet away, floating for a moment on the surface of the water, I saw plainly for the first time, the very caricature of the face of Doddridge Knapp. The strong wolf-features which in the King of the Street were eloquent of power, intellect and sagacity, were here marked with the record of passion, hatred and evil life. I marveled now that I had ever traced a likeness between them.

"Give me that hook!" I cried, leaning over the side of the tug. "Go ahead a little!"

One of the men threw a rope. It passed too far, and drifted swiftly behind.

I made a wild reach with the hook, but it was too short. Just as I thought I should succeed, the face gave a convulsive twitch, as if in a parting outburst of hate and wrath, and the body sank out of sight.

I stood half-bowled, with a

bursting sense of relief, by Mrs. Knapp. At last she took her hands from before her eyes and the first rays of the sun that cleared the tops of the Golden Gate hills touched her calm, solemn, hopeful face.

"A new day has dawned," she said. "Let us give thanks to God."

CHAPTER XXX.

The End of the Journey.

For a few minutes we were silent. Water and land and sky started into new glories at the touch of the rising sun. The many-hilled city took on the hues of a fairy picture, and the wind-drows gleamed with the magic fires that were dashed back in greeting to the god of day.

It seemed scarcely possible that this was the raging, tossing water we had crossed last night. And the fiery scene of passion and death we had just witnessed was so foreign to its calm beauties that I could believe it had happened elsewhere in some dream of long ago.

I was roused by the voice of Mrs. Knapp, who sat at the head of the cabin stairs looking absently over the water.

"I have not dealt frankly with you," she said. "Perhaps it is better that you should know, as you know so much already. I feel that I may rely on your discretion."

"I think I can keep a secret," I replied, concealing my curiosity.

"I should not tell you if I did not have full confidence." Then she was silent for a minute. "That man," she continued at last, with a shudder in her voice, "that man was Mr. Knapp's brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEARED FOR NIECE'S FUTURE.

Peculiar Bent of Child's Mind Dismayed Uncle.

"I hate to think it," grimly said Uncle Timrod Totten, "but I am mightily afraid my little 10-year-old niece, Luella, is going to cause a great deal of worry and unhappiness in the world when she grows up." "What makes ye think so?" asked old Squire Belcher, who had come over to borrow a whiffetree. "She seems to be a real nice, thoughtful, good-tempered child now." "Well," was the explanation, "rather day, our gray gander got tangled up in a discussion with the shepherd pup, and when the fracas was over there was skurcey a feather left on the fowl. And little Luella took and dyked him out in a pair of draw-pantaloon and a chim-slip, I mean—of white cloth sewed by her own fair hands. And, somehow, I can't help fearing that when she attains an appropriate age she will wear nose-glasses and several double-chins, and go crusading against all the common and unimportant indelicacies that he man flesh is heir to."—Exchange.

ICE HAD PRESERVED MAMMOTH.

Remarkable Discovery Made in Frozen Siberian Bog.

Sixty-one years ago a young Russian engineer, Benkendorf, saw the River Lena in Siberia release a dead mammoth frozen ages ago in the bog. There had been exceptionally warm weather in the north of Siberia, and the river, swollen by melting snow and ice and torrential warm rains, swept out of its old channel and carved a new one, carrying to the sea vast quantities of its former banks and furrowing up the thawing bogs over which it raced. As he made his way in a steam cutter against the current Benkendorf saw the head of a mammoth appear above the flood. Rush upon rush of water more and more released the body. Its hind legs were still imbedded when he saw it, but 24 hours liberated these. The mammoth had sunk, feet first, into a bog. The ooze had frozen over it; successive tides had heaped soil and vegetation upon it. Bone and flesh and hair were perfect. They secured it; they cut off its tusks; they dissected it and found in its stomach the last meal it had eaten, young shoots of the fir and pine and masticated fir cones. They were still at work when the river, spreading farther, engulfed them. The men escaped, but the waters surged over the mammoth and carried it for carrion to the sea.

Violin as a Hair Restorer.

It is now a scientifically proved fact that music exercises a great influence on the growth of the hair. It is with good reason that great musicians, such as Paganini, Listz and Paderewski, are represented with a growth of hair which Absalom might have envied. Science has proved that stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments act in the opposite direction. Every one has probably observed that a bald violinist is as rare as a bald horn player is common. Wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced influence either way.

The Appraiser.

Owner—"My house is burning down." Incendiary—"I know it, my friend; but if it awakens the approved brand of civic manhood I shall count the cost small."

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

LEFT IT TO MRS. BROWN.

Reverend Gentleman Very Willing to Evade Responsibility.

The trust and dependence which characterized Rev. Mr. Brown's attitude toward his wife's judgment in all practical affairs were sometimes touching, but occasionally they were amusing.

"I'm sorry you've been troubled with the toothache," said the family dentist, when Mr. Brown appeared in his office one day. "I gave you the first minute I had free after receiving your wife's telephone message. Let's see, which tooth is it that's troubling you?"

"M-m, it's not aching just at present," said Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, during which he made a cautious investigation with his tongue. "Didn't Mrs. Brown mention to you which tooth it was? I always rely on her in such matters."—Youth's Companion.

GOOD ADVICE.



She—When you are gone I shall pine away.
He—O, spruce up.

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

Development.

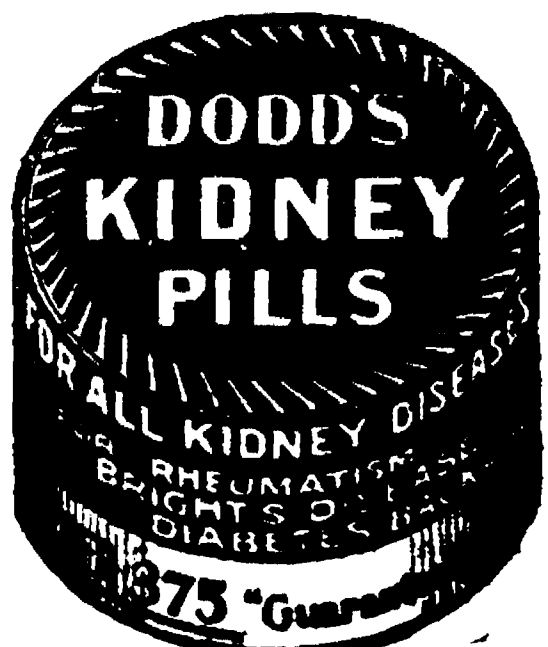
"Remember," said the earnest inventor, "it ain't so very many years since the telephone caused laughter." "That's true," answered the man who has trouble with central. "At first it caused laughter; now it causes profanity."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can aspire.—Emerson.



The Pinckney Dispatch.

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1908.

Make Your Choice.

Below we give the nominees for the November election. Of course your choice is here and we will keep them here for you to look at from week to week until after part of them are elected.

REPUBLICAN.

President, William H. Taft
Vice President, James S. Sherman
STATE.
Governor, Fred M. Warner
Lieut. Governor, Patrick H. Kelly
Congress, Samuel W. Smith
State Senator, Francis J. Shields
Representative, Chas. L. Johnson

COUNTY.

Judge of Probate, A. A. Montague
Sheriff, Electus Hadden
County Clerk, Willis L. Lyons
County Treasurer, Charles F. Judson
Register of Deeds, A. D. Thompson
Prosecuting Atty., D. D. Harger
Drain Commissioner, Frank E. Mowers
Superintendents of Poor, H. H. Wines
J. H. Gambel
C. E. Dunston
School Examiners, H. C. Durfee
G. G. Irving
Circuit Court Com., Glenn H. Mack
Surveyor, Grant Dunning

DEMOCRAT.

President, Wm. Jennings Bryan
Vice President, John W. Kern
STATE.
Governor, Lawton T. Hemans
Representative, Edwin Farmer

COUNTY.

Judge of Probate, Wm. P. VanWinkle
Sheriff, William Stoddard
Clerk, Clark H. Miner
Treasurer, Edward B. Millette
Register of Deeds, James Stackable
Prosecuting Atty., Wm. E. Robb
Com. Schools, Wm. Grocinger
Drain Com., George Horn
School Examiner, Glenn Grieve
Supts. of Poor, Daniel Reiz
N. G. Swarthout
E. W. Kennedy
Circuit Court Com., R. D. Roche
Surveyor, John McCreary

At any time when your stomach is not in good condition, you should take Kodol, because Kodol digests all the food you eat, and it supplies health and strength for the stomach in that way. You take Kodol just for a little while when you have slight attacks of indigestion and you take it just a little longer in order to get rid of severe attacks of indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia. Try Kodol today.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

The power of money was again demonstrated when a Pennsylvania man knocked out a footpad by striking him on the head with a small bag of change.

Kodol is a combination of the natural digestive juices and digests all classes of food and every kind of food, so you see it will do the work that the stomach itself does. The only difference between it and the stomach is the stomach can get out of order and Kodol cannot, but Kodol can put the stomach into good order. Buy Kodol today. It is guaranteed.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

It is said that on the average three thousand letters daily fail to reach the persons to whom they are addressed. It seems to us that the 'please remit' kind come very often and never go astray.

Had a Close Call.

Mrs. Ada L. Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom hotel, Vaughn, Miss., says, "For several months I suffered with a severe cough, and consumption seemed to have its grip on me when a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles affected a complete cure." The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer is world wide. Sold at Siglers drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A Tuberculosis Congress is in session at Washington and distinguished specialists from all parts of the world are in council of war against a disease that makes Waterboos and Sedans appear small in their comparative slaughter.

Would Mortgage a Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklers Arnica Salve cured the two worst sores I ever saw, one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage the farm to get it." Only 25c at Siglers drug store.

"The American ladies are slow to accept change," is the declaration of the president of the Dress-makers Association. This remark will be controverted by most husbands who have their pockets turned wrong side out.

Where Bullets Flew.

David Parker of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the Civil war, who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says, "The good Electric Bitters have done is worth more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic, and they keep me strong and well." 50c at Siglers drug store.

Some people do not believe in local option and they have just as good a right to their honest opinions as any of the rest of us, but the argument that local option means that more whiskey will be sold in a county than will be sold under a license law seems absurd, for if that were true it seems as though all liquor interests would be at work for local option, for the object of those engaged in the traffic is to do all the business that it is possibly able to. Don't such a statement look absurd to you.—Fowlerville Review.

A Healthy Family.

"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett of Rural Route 1, Gifford, Maine. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25c at Siglers drug store.

Birds That Play.

Some birds, like all children, like to play, and Australia and New Guinea produce the "bower bird," which builds regular playhouses. These houses are not a part of their nests, but are constructed usually in the shape of covered archways of little boughs two or three feet long, eighteen inches high and about as wide. They use these houses simply for their games, as if they were clubhouses. Generally these playhouses are decorated with bright colored shells and feathers, just as children decorate their playhouses.

Lucky Future Generations.

There is a saying of Carlyle that the greatest hope of our world lies in the certainty of heroes being born into it. That is indeed a glorious certainty, but the reference might be enlarged. Birth itself, we venture to say, not of heroes only, but of the generations in their succession, is the infinitely hopeful thing. It is the guarantee that the world will never grow old; that it will never stand still; that no halt is to be called in its eternal progress.—Christian World.

Sure Sign.

"Don't sell that man another drink," ordered the boss.
"He's all right," argued the barkeep.
"He ain't full."
"No; but he's beginning to tell what a nice family he comes of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Burns, bruises and scratches, big and little cuts or in fact anything requiring a salve, are best and quickest soothed and healed by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel salve. The best salve for piles. Be sure you get DeWitt's.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

The Squatter.

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

One day when Pop Jackson, the squatter, was sitting in the sunshine with his back against the wall of his pole cabin an event happened. Events had happened in his life before, but nothing to compare with this. A gang of half a dozen men were crossing his land. He had squatted on the land twenty years before and therefore called it his. One of the men was squinting through a surveyor's instrument, others were using a chain, and still others were cutting down brush and driving stakes. Pop got to his feet and rubbed his eyes and scratched the back of his head. Then he exclaimed to himself, "Dawg gone my cats!" and sauntered down to the strangers and asked of one of them:

"Now, then, what you all doin' yere?"

"Surveying," was the brief reply.

"What fur?"

"A railroad."

"One o' them things that hoots and draws kyars behind 'em?"

"Yes."

"Then git off'n my squat! You all can't build no railroad yere. I don't want the hootin', and I won't have it."

The men laughed at him, and he went to the cabin and got his gun and threatened them. For this he was arrested and given three months in jail. His old wife and his son Joe took it philosophically.

"Got him in jail, hev they?" queried the wife when she heard the outcome of the trial. "Waal, he won't git his feet wet in thar, and mebbe the whiskey 'll be better."

When Pop came out of jail they were building the roadbed across his land. He sat down in his old place in the sunshine and glowered and muttered, and his son Joe came along and said:

"No use, Pop. Them railroad folks are too hefty fur you. That hooter's bound to cum along fur shore."

"But have I ever done anything to the railroad?" demanded the father.

"Reckon not."

"Then what do they want to come along yere bustin' up my peace o' mind fur?"

"Can't say, pop, only they are comin'."

"Not if I know it, Joe; not if I know it! I'm a man as has got to have a chance to think, and how 'm I goin' to think with a hooter a-hootin' along yere? I'm a-tellin' you, my son, that it's got to be stopped."

"You hain't hefty 'nuff, pop." Pop went down to where they were laying and spiking the rails and said that if work did not cease at once he would kill a man. A constable was at hand to arrest him, and he was taken to town for another trial. This time he got a year in jail.

"What fur?" he asked the judge.

"For interfering with the railroad and making threats."

"But didn't the railroad interfere with me first?"

"As to how?"

"As to bustin' up my chance fur thinkin', Judge, I'm a man what thinks. I've got to think. I've got to sot down with my back to the cabin and think a mighty heap. I've allus had to do it, and now if this dinged hooter is comin' along yere to bust me up I might as well hang myself."

"What do you think of?"

"Of how to git whiskey and terbacker and bacon and meal."

When the boy came home from the trial the wife and mother asked no questions for an hour. Then she carelessly queried:

"How much this time?"

"A year."

"Shool Pop is gainin' on it."

When pop had served two months of his sentence he broke jail and came home. He arrived at night. As he entered the cabin his wife awoke and called out:

"That you, pop?"

"Yep."

"What ye doin' outer jail?"

"Busted out."

"Goin' to hide away in the woods?"

"Can't say. Don't talk to me any mo', fur I'm dog tired."

"Powerful hefty fur your size, pop," said Joe as he awoke, "but ye hain't hefty 'nuff. Better let 'em alone."

When morning came pop ate his breakfast and said little. Then he departed for his thinking log in the woods. It was almost noon when he returned to take down his rifle from its hooks.

"Better let it alone, pop," cautioned Jim.

"Shoo, but how cantankerous!" whispered the wife.

Pop walked down on the tracks on which trains were running regularly. He took his stand between the rails in full sight of the cabin, and his wife and son came out to see. No word was spoken between them. After ten minutes they heard a passenger train whistling at the highway crossing a mile below. Then came the rumble of wheels and a sight of the train itself. As it came into view pop drew his

rifle to his face and stood like a rock. The "hooter" hooted at him. As the engine drew nearer the engineer whistled for brakes. The train had only slightly reduced its speed when pop was struck and hurled thirty feet high and off to one side. The mother and son walked down to the spot as the train passed on. When they gathered about the old man the mother said:

"Dawg gone it, but why didn't he have sense?"

"Mighty hefty man, but not hefty 'nuff fur a railroad!" added Joe as he turned to look after the disappearing train.

M. QUAD.

A Model Hotel "Boots."

It was in a Dublin hotel, and as I closed the bedroom door, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian, I noticed that the end of one of my boot laces was inside the room, the boot to which it was attached having been placed as usual outside. When I awoke next morning the boot lace end was still there, and I opened the door expecting to find that the boots had not been cleaned, but I was wrong. A very careful hotel servant, a very model among "boots," had found the lace tightly gripped by the door and rather than disturb me had carefully removed it from the lace holes and carried away the boot. Presently I heard a quiet noise outside the door. The model boots had brought my boots back again and was industriously relacing that one which he had unlaced.

Cheese In the Middle Ages.

Cheese must have been a rather dear or scarce article of food in 1502, for it is recorded in the "Black Books" of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn that at Easter term, 1502, it was "agreed by the governors and benchers this term that if any one of the society shall hereafter cut cheese immoderately at the time of dinner or supper or shall give cheese to any servant or to any other or shall carry it away from the table at any time he shall pay 4 pence for each offense. The butlers of the society shall present such defaulters weekly under pain of expulsion from office."—Law Times.

Her Test.

"When a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaplain.

"But I go one better, auntie," twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

Not Very Funny.

"I did my best to be entertaining," said the young man in a voice of sorrow.

"Did you succeed?"

"I'm afraid not. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. She looked at me reproachfully for several seconds and then exclaimed, 'I don't think that's very funny.'"—London Telegraph.

His Conscience.

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"Apparently it usually tells him what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Where She Gets Her Ideal.

She—I wonder if you are just the kind of man I want. He—What kind of man do you want? She—I can hardly describe him to you. He—Don't try. What's the name of the book?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To Hold Him.

Nan—That's a beautiful solitary Dick gave you. I wonder if you know what a fickle young man he is? Fan—Indeed I do! That's why I made him give me such an expensive one.—Chicago Tribune.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, sure, safe pills.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Slightly Mixed.

They had just set up housekeeping and were working on the plan of economy. The bathtub needed a coat of varnish. He promised to attend to it if she would order the varnish.

"You'll find the varnish in the closet with the groceries, dear," she said a day or so later, "and the can opener in the knife drawer."

He opened the can and, according to his contract, applied the coat of varnish and then left it to dry.

The soup for dinner that day had to be abandoned, for somehow it possessed a peculiar paint shop odor that was not eating. After dinner he took her to inspect his work on the bathtub. Now that it had dried it had a completely unnatural appearance. The top and sides were streaked, and here and there little lumps clung to it.

"The man said that was the best varnish," she explained, taking up the can of varnish for an examination. "but—why, dear, you have varnished the bathtub with the ox tail soup!"

"Then it was the varnish we ate, dear!" he added, horror-stricken. —Epiphonette.

Tired mothers, worn out by the preevish, cross body have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ill so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

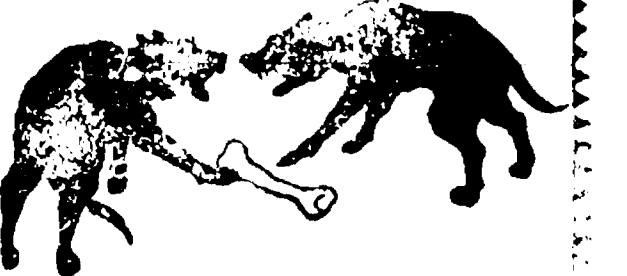
For Weak Kidneys

Inflammation of the bladder, urinary troubles and backache use

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

A Week's Trial For 25c

E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sole by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.



"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.

Fully Roasted— Properly Blended

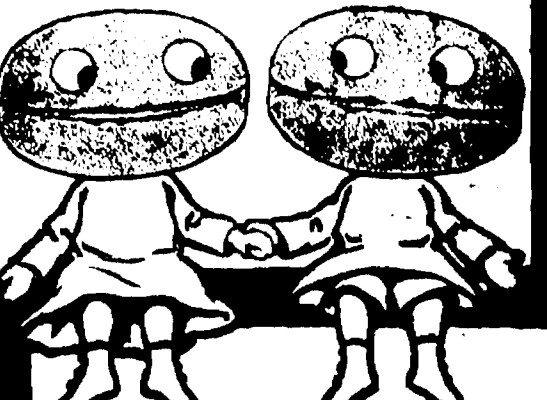
delicious in aroma and taste, and fully up to the standard—that's

McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee


Every package contains one full pound, and comes to you in air-tight, dust-proof packages, which keep it fresh, rich and clean.

McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee is sold by

Murphy and Dolan
W. W. Barnard
H. M. Williston



XXXX COFFEE CHUMS



A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and Kindred Diseases.

GIVES QUICK RELIEF
Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewster, Wis., writes:
"I had been suffering for a number of years with Lumbago and Sciatica in my legs and arms, and tried all the remedies that I could get from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief I desired. I finally tried S-DROPS, and lo! my rheumatism and kindred diseases were cured."

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 pain. I treated her with S-DROPS, and lo! she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe S-DROPS for my patients and use it in my practice."

FREE
If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "S-DROPS."

PURELY VEGETABLE
"S-DROPS" is entirely free from opium, cocaine, mercury, alcohol, kerosene and all other similar ingredients.
Large Size Bottle "S-DROPS" (50 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 48, 175 W. 2nd Street, Chicago.

Heaton Placket Closure
Made from soft, pliable material. NO METAL. Secured around the waist by a strong cord.

Soft, Sure, Reliable.



No thought about the Placket opening while walking or sitting. Get your dealer for it. If he hasn't it send us his name and 25 cts. for one by Mail. TRY ONE and it will please you.

HEATON MFG. CO., - Providence, R. I.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS
COLD, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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THE DOBEL SHOE TREE

Easily adjusted. Light, ventilated, indestructible, sanitary. All sizes. Made of metal. Lengthens life of shoes and keeps them in perfect shape. Dobel Shoe Trees are also indispensable to a person whose feet perspire. Moist shoes are sure to curl or wrinkle up when drying out, and are hard and lumpy when put on again. Let them dry on a pair of Dobel Shoe Trees and notice the difference; instead of being shrivelled up, hard and lumpy, they are smooth and in perfect shape.

Send for circular and price list.
For sale by dealers.

THE CONTINENTAL NOVELTY MFG. COMPANY,
1483 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



The Chimney.
Where wood is much used as a fuel, according to Suburban Life, considerable soot collects in the chimneys, and it is a source of many fires. The chimney should be burned out once a year at least and the work done on a damp day, or it may be swept out. A chimney is burned out by placing a bundle of straw or similar material in the bottom of the flue and firing it. To sweep out a chimney a small metal ball about four inches in diameter is hung on a thin rope and pulled up and down in the chimney until it is clean. When not too high, the chimney can be cleaned by a brush on a jointed pole.

CITY OF MICHIGAN. The Probate Court for the County of Livingston.
At a session of said court held at the Probate office in the village of Howell, in said county, on the 11th day of September A. D. 1908.
Present, Hon. Arthur A. Montague, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
PATRICK O'CONNOR, deceased,
John P. Denehy having filed in said court his petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.
It is ordered, that the 12th day of October A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
And it is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Pinckney Dispatch, a newspaper, printed and circulated in said county.
ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE,
Judge of Probate.

Mortgage Sale.
Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date November 9th, A. D. 1905 made by Daisy Drev as Administratrix of the estate of Archie Drev 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 628 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 1/4, 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 (3) 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 1/4, quarter of said section four (4); thence north sixty (60) rods to the place of beginning; excepting therefrom the west ten and two thirds (10 2/3) in width thereof, and containing in the piece hereinafter described twenty-nine and three fourths (29 3/4) 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 1/4, 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 (6 7/8) 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.

A Forbidden Inquiry.

(Original.)
The last bell rang for the passengers who were on board to bid friends goodbye to go ashore.
"Adieu, sweetheart. I shall count the hours till you return."
"Are you sure?"
"Certain."
"And suppose I never return."
"I will go and weep over your grave."
"You won't have to go. I have no mind to be buried over there. I made my will yesterday and gave directions that if I die abroad my body shall be sent home to lie in the family lot at Avondale."
"Then I will weep there."
"How long?"
"For my lifetime."
He hurried ashore and stood looking from the end of the dock up at her, throwing her kisses which she threw back at him.

A month later word was cabled from abroad that she had died suddenly of heart disease while climbing a mountain in Switzerland. He remained for three days in a stupor, then was about to go abroad, where her mortal part was, when he remembered her farewell words. As soon as the cool weather set in an oblong box was received from Switzerland and buried in Avondale cemetery. He was not notified of the burial by her splinter cousin, her only relative; who gave as a reason that it would be better he should not be present. But as soon as he learned of the fact he went to the cemetery and stood uncovered by her grave, tears rolling down his cheeks. He had brought some plants to set out where their flowers the next spring would hang over her grave. Some one had been there before him on a similar errand. Flowers were strewn over the mound so fresh that they must have been cut but a few hours.

He spoke of these flowers to her cousin and asked if she had placed them. She had not and seemed surprised.
He was troubled. It is singular that we should be jealous in case of the dead.
Every Sunday afternoon he went to the cemetery, and every time he found fresh flowers on the grave. They must have been placed there in the morning. The next Sunday he went at dawn and waited and waited till 10 o'clock for this rival for the dead. At that hour a young girl came and strewed flowers on the grave. A great relief came to him. He advanced and addressed his fellow mourner. She had been a friend of his former fiancée.

Every Sunday morning these two met at the grave of one for whom they had a common love. He grew to look forward to the meeting not so much as a melancholy event as a reunion with one who was filling the void in his heart, a void which, if filled at all, can be done only by a living person. But this girl of flesh and blood was from the first constrained, and her constraint had grown on her. When they met her eyes would brighten; but, looking down on her friend's grave, she seemed moved by some inward emotion.

When winter came their visits were omitted by mutual consent till the spring should come. Their meetings were not, as before, on Sunday mornings, but on Sunday afternoons, and were often prolonged until late in the evening. It was pleasant to sit by a warm fireplace than stand out in the cold cemetery, where the winds shrieked through the leafless branches.

He besought her to marry him. She refused. From the expression on her face his words seemed to have had the effect rather of clouds falling on a coffin than of a great comfort.

When the crocuses were springing up she proposed that they go again to the cemetery. He sighed and consented, but at the appointed time he made excuses. She said, though with evident reluctance, that she would go alone. So he went with her. On the way she was silent and melancholy. To see her one would have thought she was going to her own funeral.

He carried the flowers to the grave, while she stood at the gate of the enclosure. He had strewed them when, looking up, he saw a figure coming down the roadway. Shading his eyes with his hand to see more distinctly, he staggered back against the iron rail. The woman over whose grave he had strewed flowers—his lost love—was coming.

She advanced with a slow step, a serious expression on her face. There was nothing ghostly about her. On the contrary, she was plainly mortal. What astonished her betrothed most was that her friend appeared in no way surprised at this return from the dead to the quick.

"This is a wrong I have done you," said the returned one, "and I regret it, but I laid the plan long ago and resolved that I would carry it out. When we parted I began a brooding over your words that you would 'weep over my grave.' Then I became possessed with a desire to learn how long you would weep for me or if you would be faithful to my memory. I gave out that I was dead and caused an empty box to be buried here. More than

that I arranged for her," pointing to his fellow mourner, "to come here to meet you. I have learned what it is better I should not know—that the dead have no place in the hearts of the living that cannot be easily occupied by another."

These were the only words spoken. What else was there to say? The three left the cemetery by different routes and never met again.

How far the mortal heart reaches into immortality is one of the hidden secrets of Providence which it is dangerous to attempt to solve.

HELEN V. WEED.

Kennedys Laxative Cough Syrup is used nearly everywhere, because it not only heals irritation of the throat and stops the cough, but it drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principal by assuring a free and gentle action of the bowels, and that is the only way to cure a cold. You can't cure it as long as you are constipated. Insist upon Kennedys Laxative Cough Syrup.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. J. C. Littlejohn, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Miss Mary VanFleet, Supt.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. A. G. Gates, pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Percy Swarthout, Supt., J. A. Caldwell, Sec.

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

SOCIETIES.
The A. O. U. Society of this place, meets every third Sunday into 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, meet every third Saturday evening in the Fr. Matthew Hall. John Donohue, President.

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

Livingston Lodge, No. 75, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before full of the moon. Kirk VanWinkle, W. M.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR meets each month on the Friday evening following the regular F. & A. M. meeting. Mrs. Nettie 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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POSTAL & MONEY, Prepare.

WASHINGTON'S NEW STATION



Entrance to New \$4,000,000 Railway Depot Recently Completed at Washington, D. C.

The Company Feud

By William H. Wassell, U. S. A.

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When Private Murphy of F company was backed up by his followers to race with Private Johnson of E company, no one dreamed of the complications that were to follow. For a long time Johnson had been the fastest man in the garrison, and E company had gloried in his powers. They boasted about him; they smiled indulgently when a man of another company was spoken of as a runner. They said that E company was the best company in the regiment, and as there was some foundation for their claim, the boasts ruffled the spirits of the men of F company, because they also laid claims to superiority.

One day a recruit came to F company. He was a well-built fellow, and it soon leaked out that he was fleet of foot. F company took him out on the prairie, measured off a hundred yards, started him with a blank cartridge, and timed him with the best watch in the company. Then they danced back to the barracks and laughed E company in the face. And E company jeered back at them, and sent F company a challenge—the men to run for all the money the two companies would draw on their next pay day. This was more than F company had bargained for, but they had confidence in their man, and the challenge was accepted.

The garrison never forgot that race. Like unleashed hounds the two runners shot from the mark; not a breath was drawn by either E company or F company as the contestants tore down the track side by side. Then a mighty cheer went up from E company, as, at the finish, their man forged ahead and won by a yard! How they screamed and hugged each other! And they carried Private Johnson back to barracks; they thought too much of him to allow him to walk.

The cinder track origin of the feud had been all but lost in a larger and more comprehensive rivalry, when one fine morning the colonel's pretty niece arrived at the post for a visit. Twenty-four hours after her arrival her heart, hand, and dainty smile were all violently besieged by the respective second lieutenants of companies E and F.

And then the company fight found a fresh inspiration, and was waged for all it was worth.

When the F company second lieutenant was allowed to take her sweetness to the first post hop following her arrival, the hearts of the men who slept on iron bunks in F company were full of rejoicing.

When the second lieutenant of E company stood highest in favor, E company at once proceeded in a body to the canteen as a consequence.

But this is not a story of the loves of two second lieutenants. Absorbing as was the competition into which these officers of E and F companies respectively had entered, and ardent as was the passion that inspired it, neither had more than an incidental interest in this tale.

One October morning, the sentinel

in rear of officers' line saw flames bursting from the roof of the colonel's quarters.

"Fire, number three!" he yelled, at the same time firing his rifle.

The stillness of the autumnal morning was gone. Bugles blew, the reveille gun was fired, soldiers tumbled out of barracks, officers dropped their cards or their babies. The deserted parade was at once alive with men and littered with fire buckets, with hose carts and with ladders.

The second lieutenants of companies E and F rushed out of the colonel's house together. Between them was Miss Wilkens, but which one carried her, or whether neither or both of them enjoyed this privilege, was not known.



Fainted in the Arms of Both Second Lieutenants.

lege, not even the colonel's cook could tell. They left her reluctantly on the sidewalk, and each, with a parting look of undying love, fairly flew across the parade to conduct his own command to the scene of danger. The first sergeants met them half way with the hastily formed companies, and back again they madly raced to the burning house, easily beating all competitors in a dead heat for first place.

In every well-conducted garrison each company is assigned a fire duty. Some bring the ladders, others the hose, and others, still, fire buckets. For the latter duty were detailed Companies E and F; but finding no water for their buckets, they were ordered into the quarters to carry out the colonel's belongings. With a

company rushed its second lieutenant. A moment later he hurried forth bearing a divan pillow under each arm, and his eyes caught the second lieutenant of E company not only calmly standing on the sidewalk with Miss Wilkens, but actually wrapping his cape around her. A moment later the girl's pretty shoulders were covered with another second lieutenant's cape, and from that time on companies E and F worked without their junior officers.

The colonel's quarters were old, and the puny streams of water that were thrown upon the blaze seemed but to double the anger of the flames. The little tongue of fire on the roof grew in spite of all effort to subdue it, until the attics were a seething mass. Black clouds of smoke poured from the second story windows, and a regiment of men stood by, anxious, willing, yet powerless—Company E and Company F close to the building, each longing for a first chance at anything.

Among Miss Wilkens' possessions was a maid, and just as the second lieutenants of Companies E and F simultaneously asked to be allowed to do something—anything—in her behalf, Miss Wilkens suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, where's Baker? Where's Baker?"

"Miss Wilkens' maid!" chorused the second lieutenants.

That was enough for F company, and more than enough for E company. With just a second's start E company rushed again into the burning building, up the stairway, through a rain of water from the hose that could attain no greater height, to grope through the smoke and flame for the missing maid. Having started ahead of F company, they blocked the doorway and packed the stairway so that not a man of that hated body, except little Dorgan, the recruit, could get into the house.

The smoke was suffocating, and E company gasped for breath, but manfully held to its task. Flames darted out from all parts of the second floor, but E company gave no thought to its singed hairs and blackened faces. But where was the girl? Was all their search to be in vain?

"Where is she? Which is her room?"

And as the flames raged with an ever-increasing ferocity, the waiting crowd of soldiers felt the premonition of death in their hearts.

Suddenly a cheer broke from some one in the burning building. They had found her! The hoarse, smoke-choked cheer ran through the men on the stairway, swelling louder and louder, until the outsiders caught it and sent it back to the rescuers—a roar of applause for their bravery.

Ever so gently the sweaty arms on the stairway stretched out to receive the unconscious form, thoughtfully wrapped in woollen blankets; carefully yet quickly, they passed her down.

"Was she burned? Where was the doctor? Give her air. Get her away from that building."

And another cheer was given, a cheer for E company. And to their lasting credit be it said that F company started the cheer.

As the last six bearers with their unconscious burden reached the sidewalk, Miss Wilkens glanced away from the fire up along the line of officers' quarters. Then she gave a little shriek: "There's Baker!" She wasn't in the fire at all! and promptly fainted in the arms of both second lieutenants.

At the same moment there was a lively scrambling in the woollen blankets. A second later, little Dorgan, the F company recruit, was sprinting across the parade as though the legions of Satan were after him.

"Much obliged to E company!" he yelled as he ran. "I knew she wasn't in the fire! I knew it all the time! But much obliged to E company for carrying an F company man so nice!"

Little Dorgan got six months in the guard house, but he is F company's hero. A week after the fire, a tall "cit" came out from the east. He did not know the difference between "four right" and "four left," but he knew how to put a solitary ring on the proper finger of Miss Wilkens' pretty left hand. The second lieutenants of Companies E and F simultaneously applied for leaves of absence.

A laugh is better than all else, so to be laughed at is worse than all else; therefore F company came out of the company feud with flying colors.

His Act.

"Father," said young Si Cornsilk, "I have long desired to go on the stage, and now, with your permission—"

Hosea Cornsilk thoughtfully stroked his flame-colored chin beard.

"All the world's a stage, my son," he said, gently. "Take that hoe and dig up the potatoes in the half acre field behind the hog pen."

Modest Precaution.

"Why do you insist on so much red tape in your department?" "Because," answered the official, "we're only human and liable to make mistakes, and we want to put 'em off as long as possible."—Exchange.

Character Told by Thumb.

If the thumb be supple, jointed the individual is easy-going, spendthrift, careless of time, money, energy, opportunity and all things. If it be firm jointed he is cautious, watchful, keen, diplomatic, tireless in planning, confident in the future of success, self-reliant, and self-protecting.

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The greatest of all horsemen, says: "In my 40 years' experience with horses I have found SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE the most successful of all remedies for the horse. It is the greatest blood purifier." Bottle 50c and \$1.00. Druggists can supply you, or manufacturers, agents wanted. Send for free Book, Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Every woman knows she is shrewd enough to manage successfully any kind of business she cares to engage in.

If Your Eyes Bother You

get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

To plead that anything is excusable is to admit that it is wrong—Singles.

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

If you have anything to do, do it; don't loaf on the job.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. 25c at your Druggist's. Put A. S. Allen's, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

One cannot quarrel if the other will not.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

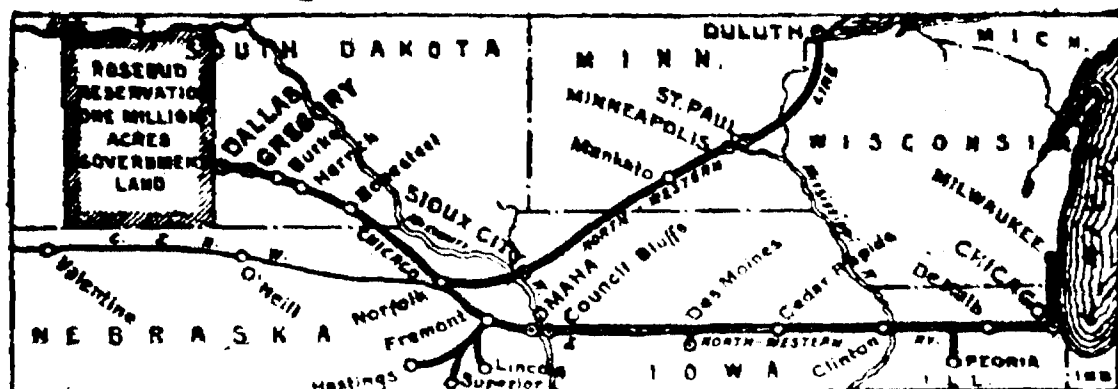
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that 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.

ROSEBUD GOVERNMENT LANDS

BEST REACHED FROM DALLAS

Dallas and Gregory, S. D., are reached only by the Chicago & North Western Railway. They are the only towns on the reservation border. Dallas and Gregory are the main registering points. President Roosevelt has designated Dallas for the final drawing October 19, 1908.



The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only all-rail route to the reservation.

A million acres of fertile agricultural and grazing land in the great Missouri Valley Corn Belt is to be opened to Homesteaders October 5 to 17, 1908.

For information about how to get a homestead with details regarding rates, train schedules, address



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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve troubles from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Fails in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Genuine Must Bear Face-Smile Signature. **Carters' Little Liver Pills**. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

looks better—wears longer—and gives more bodily comfort because cut on large patterns, yet costs no more than the just as good kinds.

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Clears and beautifies the hair. Promotes its natural growth. Never Falls to Rusty Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases. Hair falling out, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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If afflicted with eye troubles, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 40, 1908.

Among Our Correspondents

UNADILLA

Ralph Teachout of Iosco spent Sunday with Ray Hadley.

Miss Clara Hill began her school last week near Howell.

Miss Clarice Watson of Chelsea spent a couple of weeks at A. C. Watsons.

Mrs. Janet Webb of Merricourt, N. Dak., visited at John Webbs last week.

Mrs. Ebb Hill is spending some time with relatives and friends at Breckenridge.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson and Miss Ruby Watts of Dexter spent Saturday at Jno. Webbs.

Jno. Webb and wife attended the Golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glenn of North Lake Wednesday Sept. 30.

NORTH HAMBURG.

Mrs. Lizzie Kice of Jackson is visiting at the home of Jacob Kice.

Florence Kice returned to her studies in Music at Ann Arbor Monday.

IOSCO.

Etha Smith was home from Howell over Sunday.

E. W. Acker has been on the sick list the past week.

Hazel Stowe and Gladys Gorton returned to Ypsilanti to school Saturday.

The evening service at the M. E. Church has been changed to afternoon.

Mrs. Alice Hoyt has been having a severe time with inflammation in her eyes.

Gale Peterson and family visited friends in Jackson the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oakley are the proud parents of a son who came to live with them Friday Sept. 15.

Mrs. J. W. Green and Uncle Hiram Parker of Petoskey visited friends at Stockbridge and Gregory Thursday and Friday.

WEST PUTNAM.

H. B. Gardner transacted business in Detroit Monday.

Miss Hackett of Detroit is visiting friends and relatives here.

Nellie Gardner and Miss Russell of Ann Arbor spent Sunday at D. M. Monks.

John White and family of Pinckney spent Sunday with his mother here.

Chas. Holmes and family of Lansing visited at Kirk Van Winkles last week.

Bessie McQuillan of Howell was a guest at the home of Robt. Kellys last week.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Mrs. Sheets is confined to the bed.

Mrs. W. Marsh is getting some better.

It is nice to see it rain and have it cooler.

Mrs. J. Daniels is not very well at this writing.

Mrs. Clara Hoyland returned to her home near Howell last Thursday.

Mrs. L. R. Williams is entertaining her brother, V. O. Prichard from Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Bush of Plainfield who is not very well, is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Kuhn.

The surprise for Mr. and Mrs. Stowe last Thursday was a grand success. They are going to move to Detroit. What's our loss is someone's else gain.

D. Wright has his home up and nearly enclosed.

Mart Kuhn has improved his store by giving it a coat of paint.

Haskel Worden went Monday to take the examination for the Navy.

Woman's Curiosity.

"Woman's curiosity," said Mr. Fletcher, "is a quality of mind beyond human understanding."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher. "What made you think of that?"

"The fool actions of a woman that I saw downtown today. She followed a man ten blocks just to get to read a placard that was fastened to his back. She spotted him at Thirty-fourth street. That was really the end of her trip. I made that out from something she said to another woman who was too fat to join in the chase—but when she caught sight of that flaming red poster tied to the man's back her curiosity got the better of her and she set out after him. He led her quite a chase across town and downtown and back again, but she never weakened. She tagged faithfully along in his wake, and finally she got close enough to read that notice."

Mrs. Fletcher reflected a moment. "What did it say?" she asked.

"It advised her to get her teeth pulled somewhere on Sixth avenue."

Mrs. Fletcher thought again. "Where were you all the time she was trying to find that out?"

"Me?" said Fletcher. "Oh, I was following the woman. I wanted to see if she finally caught up with the man."

—New York Times.

The Porcelain Secret.

The porcelain industry of Germany is comparatively young, says the Berlin Morgen Post, and its development was rapid. Although it is generally believed that the Chinese kept their processes of manufacture secret, Julian's translations of their voluminous encyclopedia show that this is not true. All who could have read the work might have known also the porcelain secret. But evidently no German fathomed the mechanical mystery until the apothecary's apprentice Boettger, 200 years ago, made the first German porcelain at Dresden. Some years before he had attracted attention by proclaiming the discovery of a method of changing base metal into gold. King Frederick I. gave him orders for the precious metal, which the sixteen-year-old inventor could not execute, and in fear he fled to Dresden and became a subject of King August the Strong. While endeavoring to make gold he discovered the porcelain secret and inscribed his door thus: "Into a potter was changed by Almighty God a man who thought he could make gold."

A Puzzle in Figures.

Take any number of three different figures, as 471, under it place the same figures in reverse order, subtract the lesser number and you will find that the middle figure of the result is invariably 9. Why it is so is something that only the most learned mathematical scholars can explain. Here is our case worked out:

Taking any number, say..... 471

Reversing figures..... 174

Subtracting, we have..... 297

Further still, we can now reverse this number 297 in the same way and add the two numbers and the result will always come 1089. Thus:

Taking..... 297

Reversing..... 792

Adding, we have..... 1089

Why should the answer always come out the same? Here's something for you to work over.

One Good Feature.

"I am not adroit. Each day I do something that makes me worry."

"That's bad."

"Well, each new worry makes me forget the worry of yesterday. It might be worse."—Kansas City Journal.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

The pickling concern at Howell has paid to the farmers of this county over \$60,000 for cucumbers this season.

Rex Read of Detroit spent a few days with his parents here this week. He has been having a vacation and just returned from Denver, Colo.

Dan Fisher holds the medal for growing the banner carrot. Tuesday he exhibited one of the white variety, total length of which is 46 inches, root 22 in., circumference 18 in. and weight 12 pounds. — Fowlerville Standard.

Ed. Daniels of North Lake while at the state fair, purchased the grand champion yearling Shropshire ram that was awarded the first premium this year. Mr. Daniels received the animal Thursday. — Chelsea Standard. Mr. Daniels is the popular auctioneer whose card appears in the Dispatch.

Montgomery Ward & Co. of Chicago are starting in their fall and winter campaign of advertising by sending their catalog free throughout the U. S. The merchant who does not advertise and let people know what he has to sell, has no "kick" coming if he sees goods coming into town from mail order houses who have built up their business by a liberal use of printers' ink.

Attorney, Wm. P. VanWinkle, of Howell was the guest of his brother C. V. of this place Tuesday night and also transacted business. Mr. Van is the democratic nominee for Judge of Probate in this county. He needs no introduction to the people of this vicinity as he was a former Pinckney boy, born, raised, educated and commenced the practice of law here. For the past twenty or more years he has been one of the rising lawyers of the County Seat and has made many true friends by his fair and candid opinions.

Representative.

Edwin Farmer, democratic candidate for Representative has always worked hard for the interests of the people. In the office of Supervisor of Unadilla township, which he held for four years; as chairman of the board of Supervisors; as representative of the county before the State board of Equalization and as member of the Legislature from Livingston County you have always found him working for the welfare of his people.

Judge of Probate.

We clip the following from the Brighton Argus: "Practically all of the nominations have been made for the different offices, and while it is yet early in the campaign, it is well to consider the qualifications of the nominees of their respective offices.

For the present we wish to call especial attention to the office of Judge of Probate. This office requires a man with a keen sense of justice, a knowledge of humanity, and absolute honor, coupled with an inclination and ability to do the right thing at the proper time. Mr. A. A. Montagne, republican candidate can in our opinion meet all these requirements and we would be more than pleased to see him win at the coming election."

A NICE BIT OF ... NECROMANCY.

(Original.)

The first prestidigitator to attract wide attention in America was Signor Blitz half a century ago. Blitz was giving exhibitions all over the United States, and since amusements were then by no means as common as today all heard of him if all did not see him. After having exhibited everywhere in the eastern states he decided to go overland to California. Loading his contrivances in a couple of "prairie schooners," as the plains wagons were called, he set out from the Missouri river to cross the Rocky mountains.

One day the little caravan came upon a man who was crazed with distress. He had been traveling with his wife and two children in a single wagon. For some reason he had left them for a few hours and when he returned found his wagon plundered of its contents, his stock run off and his wife and children missing. He knew they had been carried away by the redskins.

The next day Indians were seen at a distance. Blitz told the man, whose name was Rodman, to ride out and tell them a great medicine man traveling across the country would like to give them a display of his powers. Of course to go to the Indians was the next thing to going to certain death, but Rodman was in hopes that Blitz might help him to regain his family and took the chances. He learned while among the savages that they held his wife and children captives, though the savages did not know they belonged to him. The marvelous will always interest the superstitious, and the Indians sent Rodman back to invite Blitz to their camp.

Blitz improvised a stage with the necessary appurtenances, and the redskins squatted before it. An interpreter stood ready to repeat the sorcerer's words in their own language. Blitz took a small iron cube with a ring for a handle and lifted it with his little finger. Then he said that he possessed the power of depriving a man of his strength and invited any savage to come up on to the stage and submit himself to this test. The chief himself, the biggest and strongest Indian present, stepped up, evidently confident that no man could take away what he was so proud of. Blitz asked him to lift the iron weight. He did so, giving a grunt, as much as to say: "Do you make sport of me? Give me something heavy to lift." He set the weight down. Blitz made a few passes along his arm and told him to lift again. This time the Indian failed to move it. He struggled desperately, all the blood in his body getting into his face, but to no purpose. The weight was immovable. Then he turned away muttering and did not stop till he had got behind the awe stricken Indians.

The weight was connected by wires with a powerful magnet, the current being turned on or off by a key under Blitz's foot.

Blitz next took up a pistol and invited the chief to come back and kill him with it. The chief, in hopes of redeeming himself before his warriors, returned. Blitz offered him a cup with leaden bullets in it and asked him to take out one and mark it so that he would know it again. The redskin did as he was told. Blitz took the bullet, put it in the pistol, cocked the weapon, handed it to the Indian, stood off at the other end of the stage and told him to fire. The Indian took a sure aim and fired. Blitz put up his hand, caught the bullet in his fingers and tossed it back to the man who had fired it. The chief, astonished, stood mute, but when Blitz told him to look at the mark on it and he saw that it was the bullet he had chosen he was dumfounded.

This is a common trick, the bullet put in the pistol being of clay ground up powder by ramming it down. It is substituted for the leaden one by sleight of hand.

Then Blitz told the chief he could shoot his blood on to a board without hurting him and fired a wax bullet at him filled with his own blood. It broke against the board, splattering the blood.

By this time Blitz was a wonderful medicine man to the savages and was ready for the business he had come for. An assistant bandaged his eyes, and Blitz told the audience that he saw in one of the tepees a white woman and two children. He ordered them to bring forth their prisoners at once or he would call down fire from the clouds to consume them. The chief called a powwow of his principal warriors. The white men saw them arguing and gestulating, but could not understand what they said. Some were doubtful of Blitz having this power, while others claimed that a medicine man who could do what he had done could do anything. While they were consulting Blitz discharged electricity, making a brilliant flash. Away scampered the Indians to the tepee where Rodman's wife and children were held prisoners and brought them to Blitz.

Blitz had told Rodman to keep out of the way lest if his family recognized him it might destroy the Indians' faith in his miraculous power. When the ter-

ror stricken woman and her children were brought forward and surrendered to white people their astonishment was as great as the savages' at Blitz's medicine work. Blitz would have frightened the Indians into paying for Rodman's property, but they had no money, and what property they could give was of little value. So the sorcerer decided to get the captives away without delay. He gathered his contrivances, put them in his wagons and drove off, the savages watching him in wonder. It was not till they were out of sight that Rodman was permitted to embrace his family.

F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

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