

Pinckney Dispatch



VOL. XXVII.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

No. 26

ONLY 25 RUGS LEFT

out of One Hundred and Fifty. Your last chance to secure one

For 99c

with \$2.00 worth of trade.

Special for Saturday July 3.

1000 yds Good Brown Cotton for 5¢
Mens Work Shirt 42c

Best Prints for 5¢
Mens Overalls 42c

Groceries

1/2 lbs. Good Baking Powder	4c	25c Coffee	20c
8 Bars Soap	25c	Can Best Peas	9c
Can Best Corn	9c	4 pkg Mince Meat	25c
Soda	5c	Yeast	3c

W. W. BARNARD

LOCAL NEWS.

Sunday next is the Glorious Fourth Monday is the legal holiday.

Ralph and Rex Reason are spending vacation with their grandparents here.

Mrs. Clarissa Kirk of Howell visited her sister, Mrs. H. G. Briggs a few days the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert LeBaron of Pontiac spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sigler and Mrs. W. O. Haze.

Miss Clara Dunn who has been teaching in the schools of Chicago, returned home for the summer vacation the past week.

The Pinckney Base ball team will play the Stockbridge team on the diamond at Stockbridge next Saturday at the celebration.

Miss Lela Monks is visiting Miss Mabel Moorehead at Erie, Pa. Miss Moorehead was Principal of the school here a few years ago.

Mrs. Kate Fitzpatrick, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. P. Farnum for a couple of weeks, returned to her home in Detroit Saturday.

Miss Lola Placeway of Ames, Iowa, teacher in the Agricultural college is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Placeway.

Miss Leah Thompson of Durand has been spending a week with her cousin Miss Orpha Hendee, and of course attended the wedding of Miss Hendee Wednesday.

Having finished her school year here, Miss Gladys Brown left Saturday morning for Detroit where of course she will live with her parents who moved there a couple of months ago. Miss Brown will be missed by her many young friends.

BOWMAN'S

Everything here for your summer needs.

Croquet Sets,
Steel Express Wagons
Summer Toys, etc.

Best Silkalines per yard,	10c
Cloth Window shades, only	19c
Brass curtain rods, only	3c
Cottage curtain poles, complete	
only 10c, 3 for 25c	

Plenty of Chances
to Save Money

Every Day is Bargain Day

E. A. BOWMAN
Howell's Busy Store

Thos Read was in Detroit on business Monday.

Miss Irene Dannis of Detroit is visiting friends here.

Born to Percy Swarthout and wife Sunday morning, a son.

Mrs. Matt Brady of Howell is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Emma Moran.

Little Miss Anna Wilcox is spending the week with her aunts Eleanor and Edith Clark.

This is the week we are sending in the Loyal Guard report. Members please take notice.

Miss Katy Lamborn of Isoco underwent an operation on her ear at the Sanitarium here one day last week. She is getting along nicely.

The Hamburg Mite society will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wirt Beermann Thursday, July 8, for tea. A cordial invitation to all.

The Misses Hoff attended the graduating exercises at Dexter Friday evening when Miss Norma and Paul Curlett were members of the class.

Miss Grace Barton returned from Ypsilanti the last of last week after graduating from the Teachers Piano course at the Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. B. Lynch, daughter Margaret and son John attended the graduating exercises at Dexter Friday evening. Amos Clinton took them over in the auto.

Floyd Reason, wife and son Clare and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Markey spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Rane at Whitmore Lake. They made the trip in the auto.

Livingston Tidings started in on its fourth year this week and although its death was predicted about 4 years ago, it is still quite healthy, thank you, and still growing.

Ralph Woodard of Cripple Creek, Colo., who has been visiting at the homes of Mrs. J. W. Harris and Jas. M. Harris for the past three weeks, returned to his home last Friday.

Martin Clinton, who graduated from the U. of M. dental department, is in Detroit taking charge of M. C. Ruebs parlors while "Mike" takes a much needed vacation by a trip east.

Certain Marion parties are alleged to have chipped in a purse and jointly ordered liquor. Reports are that they meet Sundays to drink. The matter has been brought to the attention of officers and the game will stop or there will be something doing.—Tidings.

The Putnam and Hamburg Farmers Club will hold a basket picnic on the banks of Rush Lake, Saturday July 3. Instead of the usual all day picnic they will meet for supper. Everybody cordially invited to come and help make it a good time. Games and speeches are being prepared.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peters Sunday a daughter.

Miss Electa Mortenson of Toledo spent a few days the past week with relatives here.

Morley Vaughn and Gale Johnson have been camping the past week at Birketts on Portage Lake.

Mrs. Chas. Judson of Ypsilanti visited her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Vedler on the Clark farm south of town, over Sunday.

Stockbridge celebrates the Fourth with a big demonstration Saturday. Many are making arrangements to go from here.

Miss Caroline Ayers of Detroit is spending her vacation at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. M. Nash and other relatives and friends.

R. G. Sigler has finished his course in the dental department of the U. of M. He will take a short vacation before opening parlors for work. He is taking his vacation here and has opened the parlors over Siglers drug store and will do all dental work.



Recovery is Doubtful

As far as lies in your power to make the recovery of the sick positive. Pure Drugs that do just what they are intended for put many a sick one on the

High Road to Recovery.

We consider our highest duty to mankind is the filling of doctors prescriptions with just what they call for. To substitute one article for another may indeed make "recovery doubtful."

Buy Your Drugs of Us.

F. A. SIGLER

JULY MILK \$1.10 PER 100 LBS.

We have accepted a contract to ship a car of cheese a week to a large southern buyer at attractive prices. If we can get the supply of MILK we will pay \$1.10 per 100 for July and will give the Farmer the advantage of these good prices and **WE WILL BE SATISFIED WITH OUR ONE SMALL PROFIT.** This CONTRACT is

FOR 5 YEARS

and We can offer attractive prices for Milk for the Future. **WE WILL CONTRACT YOUR MILK FOR 20 YEARS AT GOOD PRICES.** We operate our factory EVERY DAY in the year except Sunday. Our winter prices are as good as the best.

Your Money twice a month,

Honest weights, good prices, and fair treatment. What more can you ask? These prices are for immediate acceptance as we wish to fill contract at once.

Call And See Us.

Talk With Us over the Telephone.

Write Us

We will buy Milk Anywhere Within a Distance of 25 Miles from Pinckney.

Pinckney Creamery Co. Ltd
Pinckney, Michigan

Pinckney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

SEEK HIDDEN TREASURE.

A romantic story of supposed hidden treasure, quite in the style of Edgar Allan Poe, comes from Choenberg in Moravia. The tower of the ancient Rathaus, despite the protests of the Vienna Conservatives, was lately demolished, as it was declared to be unsafe. As the rubbish was being removed a document was found in a hollow stone stating that during the thirty years' war the town funds were bricked up in a certain part of the Rathaus. The place could be seen when at a certain hour on a certain day the shadow of the Rathaus spire fell upon it. The town council has resolved to find the shadow by building a scaffold of the same height and form. Much excitement prevails, and many bets are being taken. Some people suppose that the document was inserted by a workman, and they believe that after the war the treasure was recovered.

The success of a wireless transmission experiment at Omaha, where 4,000 lamps at the electrical show were lighted for four hours by a current sent to them without wires is something to cause uneasiness among the holders of shares in electric lighting companies, and carry a feeling of satisfaction to municipalities which have refused to be tempted into street lighting ventures.

A queer complaint, made by a citizen of Los Angeles, emphasizes the march of progress in this age. The complaint is to the effect that owing to the popularity of aviation in the city, appropriately named of the Angels, the sand from balloons is thrown down over the lawns and freshly-painted flats, instead of in the garbage cans provided for city refuse.

Says the New York law under which the chauffeur was convicted after killing the boy: "The killing of a human being by an act imminently dangerous to others, and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design, is punishable by a verdict of murder in the first degree." That seems to fit the case very nicely.

Boston women are discussing the question of whether beauty and brains go together. Ancient history lends its aid to modern gallantry to make the answer easy. Of course they do. The Greeks were noted no less for their art and philosophy than for their physical graces. Beauty and brains are natural affinities, as much as pork and beans.

There are torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers for warfare on the sea. And now Japan is credited with having devised an airship destroyer for use in the event of flying machines being utilized for fighting purposes. Invention matched against invention leaves the world very uncertain as to what will come next.

A man who shot the Niagara rapids five times and went over the Horseshoe falls in a barrel died lately of a cold contracted from sitting in a draught. To go through such almost certain perils unharmed, merely to succumb to a trivial cause, is but another illustration of the grim irony of fate.

Putting poison about in places, especially parks, aside from the question of its legality, is a very dangerous practice, as small children are quite as likely to get hold of it as the animals. Poison is a thing which no circumstances will excuse in any but a very safe and secluded place.

Though the present national administration is determined to secure financial economies it will not reduce the number of feathers in the tail of the American eagle on our justly celebrated gold coinage.

What an awkward situation it must have been for the countess of Granard when she found her sky-piece too large to get through the doorway of the royal box to shake hands with the prince of Wales!

It is said that a great deal of the hair used in building the present elaborate coiffures of women is imported from China. In that case, it is not easy to see how it suits so well with the "rats."

PRISONER MAKES DEADLY ASSAULT

INSANE CONVICT SLASHES THE HALLMASTER OF JACKSON PRISON.

DIFFICULT TO SUBDUED.

Had Been in Asylum at Ionia for Two Months and Was Returned to Prison "Cured."

Hallmaster Thompson, of the state prison at Jackson, who was attacked by Charles Morris, a convict from Detroit, and badly gashed with a knife about the face and head, after the man had unsuccessfully tried to brain Keeper Larmie, when the latter handed him his dinner, probably will recover, although he is weak from loss of blood.

Larmie was felled with a blow over the head from the cane he had on his arm and which was suddenly seized by the maddened prisoner. Morris then darted down the corridor and up the stairway to the guard room, where Hallmaster Thompson saw him and grappled with him. The convict used his knife wildly on Thompson, who did not give up in spite of his wounds, until he had overpowered Morris. Keeper Larmie escaped with a scalp wound.

Morris has once been sent to the asylum for criminal insane at Ionia. This was on October 19, 1908. They kept him there only two months and sent him back. Some weeks ago Dr. Pray noticed that Morris' condition of mind was becoming bad again, and he was ordered placed in a detention cell, where he was yesterday at the time he assaulted Keeper Larmie.

Fighting a Booze Parlor.

Coral village is all wrought up over the saloon question. So interested are the citizens in driving out the solitary rum shop, the only one in commission there in 25 years, that it is said most of the men forget to go home to meals, and the women forget to cook for those who do remember. It now looks as though there would be no celebration for July 4, as the other question is taking all the attention of those who in other years have arranged for the jubilation. It's all because Harry Pickens started a saloon and was forced to close it after three days' business, as several of the citizens had it declared a nuisance. Pickens is inclined to fight and the battle promises to be a long one.

The Rifle Shooters.

It is expected that Capt. William B. Kaimback, of Co. B, will be among the first 15 men to be selected from the best rifle shots at the Michigan National Guard "shoot" at Bailey park, to represent them at Camp Perry.

He has been the most consistent performer of the nine members of the Grand Rapids battalion, who have now, at the close of the preliminary round, a score of 248. Lieut. W. H. Comboy, of Cheboygan, who made the record score of the first day's shooting, also was high score man of yesterday, making nine out of 10 bulls-eyes at 800 yards. The elimination trials have been completed and all except the highest 35 men will be dropped. This leaves out, as well, those who did not succeed in running up a score of 248 for the preliminaries.

Damage by Cloud Burst.

Breaking over Grand Rapids with a tremendous crash of thunder, early Saturday night, the worst cloudburst the city has seen in 20 years wrought havoc with basements and street pavements. Three inches of water fell inside of an hour, breaking all local records for June precipitation.

Sewers backed up all over the city and overflowed the streets, the water rising as high as three and four feet in some of the lower districts of the west side. In some places passage was possible only by boat. Street cars were stalled, basements in all parts of the city flooded with two and three feet of water and much damage to property was done.

A number of washouts have been reported on the steam roads leading to that city. A house was struck by lightning and a 13-year-old girl rendered unconscious by the lightning bolt.

A Great Shake.

Because he came in contact with a wire carrying about 450 volts of electricity, Leo Haley, of Flint, will have some dental work done. Three gold fillings which were in his teeth dropped out when he received the "jolt." Besides this, Haley complains of severe pains in his stomach and a bad burn across the neck, but physicians say there will be no serious effects from the experience.

The body of Harold Laxey, the 10-year-old boy who was drowned in Thread creek, near Flint, Saturday night, was recovered Sunday morning.

Unable to secure whisky or beer in the down town saloons of Bay City Sunday because of the tightness of the "lid," George Carroll, a one-legged shoestringer and pencil merchant, procured a bottle of raw alcohol, which he drank and is now dead.

STATE BRIEFS.

In a collision in the fog off Thunder bay island Tuesday morning, the steamer W. P. Thaw was rammed by the big steel steamer Livingston and sank in 30 minutes.

Flint authorities have arranged for a county stone pile, and in the future lodgers at the jail will be allowed a few hours' exercise in the making of good roads each day.

Minutes of Gen. Russell A. Alford were presented to the people of the city by the members of his family, as unveiled on the grounds of the high school at Munising.

Judge Frank E. Knappen, of the U. S. district court, Grand Rapids, has permanently enjoined the city from enforcing the ordinance which required all city printing to bear the union label.

As an encouragement for hoboes to stay away from Big Rapids, a chain gang has recently been organized. The first batch of eight of the travelers was set to work on the city and county buildings.

Charles Basick was drowned while learning to swim at Negaunee. James McAuliffe, well known football star, risked his life repeatedly in a fruitless attempt at rescue, but each time Basick slipped from his grasp.

Charity lodge of Calumet was awarded the prize in the degree team contest of the Knights of Pythias lodges of northern Michigan in annual meeting. Only two points separated the winner from the lowest team.

"Dutch" Miller, of Detroit, was held for trial on a charge of robbing a fur store at Athens, in the circuit court at Athens, Tuesday. He was unable to furnish bail, although it was reduced from \$2,000 to \$1,000.

While Miss Clara Carson, of Owosso, was being married at noon Thursday to R. G. Leland, of Mendon, who graduated this year from the U. of M., her sister Lucy, was being united to Thomas Hardy, of Ashland, Ore., in that city.

Saying that he was going to gather the eggs, Ransom Asbecroft, 66, a well-known Manistee county farmer, left his house and a short time later was found hanging in the barn by his wife. He had suffered a stroke of apoplexy recently and was despondent.

The pulpits of 12 Port Huron churches were occupied Sunday by that number of prominent "dry" orators of the state, who opened the local option campaign which is expected to result in the question of liquor traffic being submitted to the people at the next election.

Word has reached Berrien Springs of the marriage, in Covington, Ky., of Mrs. Phoebe Gillis, and Arthur J. Murphy, an armless and legless actor, whose home is in Portland, Ore. The affair was an elopement, it is said, the parents of Murphy, who lost his limbs in a western blizzard, objecting to the match.

When his horse ran away and crashed through the gates at the Spring street crossing of the railroad in Hilldale, Charles Warren was thrown in front of a switch engine. He was run over and received injuries which a few hours later caused his death. Warren was a teamster and is survived by a widow and two small children.

Walter O'Brien went to Rockwood from Detroit and engaged in a quarrel with his wife, who is seeking a divorce. Meeting his wife on Front street, O'Brien is alleged to have drawn a revolver and threatened to kill her. She ran into the home of Charles Chamberlain and later went to Wyandotte, where she swore out a warrant for O'Brien's arrest.

Harry O'Hare, a local character, was arrested in Flint three weeks ago for drunkenness, and received permission to hunt up bondsmen. He was not seen again till he walked into the jail and announced that his search for financial assistance had taken him to Cornua. There he secured another load and was sentenced to 20 days, returning to Flint as soon as released.

George Hamilton, a carpenter, and Ida Bartles, a waitress, who first met in the Grand Rapids pesthouse, where they were confined several weeks with smallpox, were married Thursday by Police Justice Frank A. Hess. All the arrangements for the wedding were made in the house, and Hamilton, who was released more than a month ago, waited impatiently for his bride, who had a more severe case.

The Detroit naval reserves will leave August 8 on their annual cruise on the Don Juan de Austria. The boat will proceed directly to Thunder bay, where it will join the reserve boats from other states. The squadron will then cruise to South Manitowish island, Lake Michigan, where about four days will be spent in drills. On the last day a sham battle will be fought on the island. The fleet will break up at Mackinac island, the Detroit reserves arriving home August 18.

While standing on the river bank watching the drowning struggles of his son, Ray, Paul Randall, an old-time printer, suffered an attack of heart failure. The accident occurred near the Bailey Springs rifle range where militiamen were holding a rifle contest, and Private Barnes and Lieut. Lyman, the latter a doctor, saved the boy by pulling him into a rowboat which they had secured and gone to the rescue. Lyman had his hands full for a few minutes in reviving the two patients, who were a short time later declared out of danger.

FUGITIVE BROKER'S BRUTAL CRIME

THE MURDER OF MRS. GILBERT WOODHILL TO SECURE MONEY.

A NIGHT OF WILD ORGIES

The Case Has Many Remarkable and Mysterious Features and Some Shocking Details.

Following the news of the murder of Elsie Sigel, by the Chinaman Leon Ling in his room in New York, with the ghastly details, comes that of Mrs. Gilbert Woodhill in the Broad Creek bungalow, near Easton, Md., of Robert E. Eastman, a fugitive broker. There is a mystery about the life of the woman whose husband is ill in Los Angeles. She had told friends that she was born in Minneapolis about 20 years ago. Her mother, who called herself Mrs. Ames, died when she was about 3 years of age, leaving her in utter ignorance of her parentage or forbears.

Mrs. Charles H. Thompson, of McDaniel, Md., then took her and brought her up, telling her that she (Mrs. Thompson) was her mother's intimate friend, but never disclosing to her the name of her father.

When she was about 12 years of age they went to Washington, where they lived for some time in the house of Lyman J. Gage, who took a great interest in her. When she was about 15 he sent her, with Mrs. Thompson, to Paris, where she studied music, Mr. Gage paying all expenses.

On her return from Paris she went to Boston to complete her studies, and while in Boston she was married to a Mr. Caswell, who was an osteopath. When she was about 17 she came to Baltimore to continue her studies at the Peabody conservatory, leaving her husband. She was known here as Miss Edith Thompson, concealing her marriage from all but a few intimate friends. In a very short time thereafter she entered suit against Dr. Caswell for a divorce.

She left Baltimore on Easter a year ago, being engaged at the time to Harry Adams, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. After a brief stay in New York she went to California, where in less than 30 days after her divorce from Dr. Caswell, she married Gilbert Woodhill, of Los Angeles. It has also been rumored that in her early youth Charles Thompson, the son of her foster mother and father, being a rejected suitor, committed suicide on her account.

During her residence in Baltimore Mr. Gage sent her checks continually, some of them amounting to \$1,500, and when she was married to Mr. Woodhill, he gave her \$5,000. At the time of her death Mr. Gage was building her a house in Los Angeles, with the understanding that he was to come to live with her and her husband.

All of these facts, it is asserted, were stated by Mrs. Woodhill to friends in Baltimore prior to her death.

There was a wild orgie at Eastman's bungalow, participated in by men and gay women, a debauch in which drunkenness was a prominent feature, followed by the murder of Mrs. Woodhill undoubtedly by Eastman, who had induced her to join the party, his purpose being robbery. That he was guilty his suicide just as he was to be taken into custody plainly indicates. It is practically an established fact that "Lame Bob" Eastman murdered the protegee of Lyman J. Gage, Edith May Thompson Woodhill, with his own hands, robbing the dead woman of a large amount of money and jewelry and planned cunningly to throw the crime on New York friends who knew him in his prosperous days and visited him Saturday a week ago. Eastman's intricate scheme to involve others and save his own neck if possible is being exposed hour by hour.

There was a gay party at Eastman's bungalow, on the shore of Broad creek, where he hid for five months from the New York police, but every scrap of information that the police of three states can gather points to the fact that Eastman was alone with young Mrs. Woodhill when she came to her death. The very cunning and crooked broker used to cover the girl's death is being analyzed bit by bit, every lie, trick and stratagem indicating that Eastman alone was guilty.

Murderer's History.

Robert E. Eastman, known as "Lame Bob," failed in the brokerage business in New York last year, was arrested twice in Chicago last August for grand larceny, and since that time has been a fugitive from justice.

"Wall street never witnessed a more complete ruin than I," Eastman is quoted as saying in New York.

Vinnie Bradcombe, the woman to whom Eastman wrote his version of the tragedy at St. Michaels, admits that she was Eastman's wife.

The young woman lives with her mother and sister. She is an actress, but has not played since eight months ago.

Their marriage, she said, took place January 28, 1908, about two years after she first met Eastman.

The Gruesome Guinness Case.

After a lapse of eight months digging was resumed Saturday on the Guinness farm in order to settle positively as to whether bodies of the more victims of the great famine were in the place buried ground from which 10 had already been taken.

No success attended the efforts of Asie E. Heiglein, of Aberdeen, S. D., Mrs. Emma Larsen, of Chicago, and Attorney Olof E. Ray, of Chicago, who conducted the digging.

Heiglein, brother of Andrew Heiglein, the last known victim of Mrs. Beila Gunnas, Mrs. Larsen, sister of Mrs. Gunnas, and Attorney Ray are present for the trial this week of the case of the Andrew Heiglein estate against Wesley Fogie, executor of the will of Mrs. Gunnas, for the recovery of the \$2,900 which Mrs. Gunnas is alleged to have obtained from the South Dakota ranchman before she killed him.

Mrs. Larsen and two sisters in Norway of Mrs. Gunnas will inherit her property, the Norwegian Orphanage in Chicago having refused a bequest made in the woman's will on the ground that it is blood money.

Those Honest Japs.

Japan is now in the throes of one of the most sensational scandals in the history of the empire. In connection with it more than a dozen members of the imperial diet, including representatives from all political parties, have been placed under arrest on the charge of receiving bribes.

It appears that these men accepted enormous sums of money from the directors of the Dai Nippon Sugar company on condition that they, as members of the imperial diet, would undertake to induce the government to grant rebates and monopolies to the sugar company. Money belonging to the shareholders to the extent of hundreds of thousands were paid in bribes to the politicians; but the government finally rejected the scheme, and only when it fell through and the Dai Nippon Sugar company was left practically bankrupt, did the unpleasant revelations come to light.

WIRELETS.

The Cunard Line steamer Mauretania has clipped another 50 minutes off the best previous record, which also is her own.

John Mitchell has been appointed by Gov. Hughes, of New York, as a member of the state commission on unemployment and employers' liability.

In an effort to beat the ride of former President Roosevelt and the officers who accompanied him, when they made about 120 miles in a day, Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, of Avon, leader in Washington society and personal friend of the Roosevelts, rode 150 miles in 16 hours.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle.—Market 10c to 15c lower than last week. Common cows stuff, very dull and hard to sell. We quote dry-fed steers and heifers, \$5.50 @ 6; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$4.75 @ 5.25; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.25 @ 5; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4 @ 4.40; choice fat cows, \$4.25; good fat cows, \$3.75 @ 3.90; common cows, \$2.75 @ 3; calves, \$1.75 @ 2; choice heavy bulls, \$4 @ 4.25; fair to good bullocks, \$3.75 @ 3.85; stock bulls, \$3.25 @ 3.50; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.25 @ 4.75; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$4 @ 4.25; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4 @ 4.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$3.50 @ 3.85; stock heifers, \$3 @ 3.50; milkers in calf, young, medium size, \$4 @ 4.50; common milkers, \$3 @ 3.50.

Veal calves.—Market 25c to 35c higher than last Thursday; quality better. Best, \$7 @ 7.50; others, \$4 @ 6. Milch cows and springers.—Steady. Sheep and lambs.—Market good steady; all kinds of sheep very dull; old sheep not wanted. Best lambs, \$7; fair to good lambs, \$6.50; light to common lambs, \$5 @ 6; spring lambs, \$3 @ 3.25; fair to good sheep, \$4 @ 4.25; culls and common, \$2.50 @ 3.

Hogs.—Market 25c to 35c lower than last Thursday. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$7.40 @ 7.60; medium to good butchers, \$7.40 @ 7.60; light to good, \$6.50 @ 6.75; light yorkers, \$7 @ 7.25; stags, one-third on.

East Buffalo.—Cattle: The general market was about steady with last week on everything except bulls, which were strong, 25c lower, and the common milkers and springers, which sold some lower. The best fresh cows and springers sold about steady. Best export steers, \$6.75 @ 7.10; best 1,200 to 1,500-lb shipping steers, \$6.50 @ 6.80; best 1,000-lb shipping steers, \$6.50 @ 6.80; light butchers, \$6.50 @ 6.75; best fat cows, \$4.75 @ 5; fair to good, \$4 @ 4.25; trimmers, \$2.50 @ 3; best fat heifers, \$5.75 @ 6; light fat heifers, \$4.50 @ 5; best fat calves, \$4.50 @ 4.75; best stockers, \$4.25 @ 4.50; common stockers, \$3.50 @ 4; best fresh cows and springers, \$4 @ 4.50; medium, \$3 @ 4; common, \$2 @ 2.50.

Hogs: Market 5c lower; medium and heavy, \$8.25 @ 8.35; mixed, \$8.10 @ 8.30; best yorkers, \$8.10 @ 8.30; light yorkers, \$7.40 @ 7.80; pigs, \$7.25 @ 7.35; roughs, \$7.10 @ 7.15; stags, \$5.50 @ 6.

Sheep: Market active; best spring lambs, \$8.50 @ 9; fair to good, \$8 @ 8.25; culls, \$6 @ 6.5; yearlings, \$7 @ 7.25; wethers, \$5.50 @ 5.75; ewes, \$4 @ 4.50.

Calves: Steady; best, \$8 @ 8.25; heavy, \$4 @ 5.

Grain, Etc. Detroit.—Wheat.—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.43 asked; July opened without change at \$1.14; declined to \$1.13 1/2 and closed at \$1.14; September opened at \$1.10 1/2, declined to \$1.09 1/2 and closed at \$1.09 1/2; December opened at \$1.10 1/2, declined to \$1.09 1/2 and closed at \$1.10 1/2; No. 3 red, \$1.40; No. 1 white, \$1.42.

Corn.—Cash No. 3, 75c; No. 3 yellow, 77c.

Oats.—Cash No. 3 white, 1 car at 60c; September, 44 1/2c.

Rye.—Cash No. 2, 92c.

Beans.—Cash, \$2.50; October, \$2.65.

Cloverseed.—Prime, October, \$7.85; March, 50 bags at \$7.

Feed.—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$20; coarse middlings, \$30; fine middlings, \$21; cracked corn, \$32; coarse cornmeal, \$31; corn and oat chop, \$20 per ton.

Flour.—Best Michigan patent, \$7.10; common patent, \$6.50; straight, \$6.85; clear, \$6.15; pure, \$9; \$5 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

Hay.—Car lot prices, tracks, Detroit: No. 1 timothy, \$13 @ 13.50; clover, mixed, \$13 @ 13.50; ryegrass, \$10 @ 10.50; wheat and oat straw, \$9 per ton.

SERIAL STORY

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

Illustrations by **RAY WALTERS**

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wanted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thrust attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed rooting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detected on account of his roughness they established a home in some cliffs.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as to the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seaweal.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seaweal and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Broddingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland. As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season

had matted over the sandy soil were now matted and broken by the heat of the dry season. Beneath the thorn scrub the half-bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shade-side, and began to strip. In quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn scrub had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Club Age.



It was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up and peered around through the half leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the seafoal.

In marked contrast to this scene the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Other-



"You Beastly Cad!"

wise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta. Is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season—Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that stoffy and her ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrop lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Off Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrop was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fancy she won't be for long."

He would have passed on, but Winthrop stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrop hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an

answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes; I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrop's plump face turned a sticky yellow.

"I—ah—valet?—What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained anger: "You—you boulder—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British lion r-r-r-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrop with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrop's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blot any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrop only drew back a step farther and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking leer. "You'll learn, Pat, me by. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—president, congress and supreme court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrop.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd and runs things to suit themselves. But here we're sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the coconuts?"

Winthrop picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrop, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrop hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the coconuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrop could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two

men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Someday, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrop?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrop.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fustily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat overassiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrop, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should he climb?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with seaweal. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT.

Listener Kindly Supplied Most Important Part of Story.

"Then," said the teller of the thrilling war story, "the intrepid general swung himself on his trusty steed."

The listeners leaned forward.

"And plunged through fire and smoke onward where duty called him."

The suspense began to grow breathless.

"About him scores of men dropped dead or wounded."

The suspense finished growing breathless.

"But still he galloped onward, erect and fearless. At last he reached the front ranks. He waved his sword. With a wild cheer the shattered ranks closed up. Led by that intrepid man, they advanced. Everywhere the enemy gave way before him. The day was won. He had snatched victory from defeat."

"I beg your pardon," remarked one of the audience.

"How's that?"

"You mean from 'the jaws of defeat,' don't you?"

"I do. You are quite right. I thank you for the correction."

And the stickler for correctness in metaphor leaned back in his chair, well satisfied with himself.

ACT AS SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's.

Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself in her eyes in some magnificent way—to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe.

This instinct remains with men until they die, just as girls from the cradle or inspired by love seek beauty to appear lovely in the eyes of their adorers.

And the masculine pride and prowess and strength are what the wise girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak.

Nagging drives such men into the depths. Every look of derision, snub, insult, sinks the iron deeper into their souls.—Exchange.

Now He Could Die Satisfied.

The dying Englishman laughed, faintly and reservedly, as became his race.

"What ails the man?" asked the vicar, the heir, the younger son in the army, the younger son in the church, the keeper of the lodge and the stolid barrister.

"It is the joke he heard in America in his youth," whispered the nurse. "He has just grasped the significance."

Fear God; fight to a finish.

"I love you" lasts longer when it grows from "I like you."

STILL LOOKING FOR LIGHT.

Strangely Enough, English Firm Failed to Understand Letter from its Japanese Agent.

An English firm, whose shipment of goods was delayed in reaching Japan, received the following communication from their newly-appointed Japanese agent: "With regard to the matter of escaping the penalty for non-delivery of this—there is only one way. We must make a stir or strike occurring in our factory. Of course big untrue. I place my presence on inclosed form of letter and believe this will avoid the trouble of penalty of same. As Mr. — is most religious and competent man, also heavy upright and godly, it fears me that useless to apply for his signature. Please therefore attach same at Yokohama office, making hope. But no cause for fear of prison happenings, as this often happens by merchants of high integrity. But if this involves that your honor look mean and excessive awkward for business purpose, I think more better a little serpentine wisdom of polite manhood and thus found good business edifice." The firm knows as much now about the delay as it did before.

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.

A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. This I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, '08." Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.



Saphedd—I'm rather dull this evening. I feel a little down in the mouth, don't you know.

Miss Cutting—O, impossible! Why, it is not a sixteenth of an inch long!

His Stomach Rebelled.

A dyspeptic Atchison man went into a restaurant the other day and ordered fried catfish. "Fried cat!" bawled the waiter to the cook. Instantly the weak stomach rebelled. "Cancel that order," the customer said, "and give me an order of country sausage." "Sidetrack the cat and make it dog!" yelled the waiter, and he is wondering yet why the man grabbed his hat and left.—Exchange.

What Did He Mean?

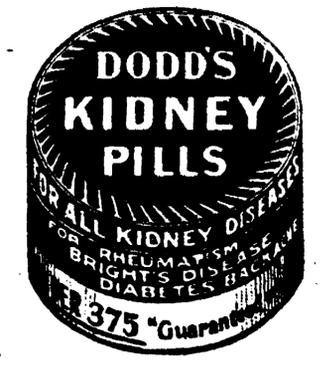
Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion's cage. "John," said Mrs. Brown, "if these animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?" "Me," answered John, without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

That Wheezy Sound.

"Say," inquired the boy next door of the little girl whose father suffered from asthma, "what makes your father wheeze so?" "I guess it's one of his inside organs playing!"—Puck.



Tortured on a Horse.

"For 10 years I could not ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier of Rugless, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infallible for piles, burns, scalds, cuts, boils, Fever Sores, eczema, scald rhenm, Corns. 25c. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler.

Announcement is made that another Democracy has been born in New York city to combat Tammany Hall and restore Jeffersonian principles. Whatever may be accomplished in the first named field of endeavor will be of benefit to the public. To destroy Tammany is of far greater importance than to vindicate Jefferson.

Life 100,000 Years Ago.

Scientists have found in a cave in Switzerland bones of men who lived 100,000 years ago, when life was in constant danger from wild beasts. To day the danger as shown by A. W. Brown of Alexander, Me., is largely from deadly disease. "If it had not been for Dr. Kings New Discovery, which cured me, I could not have lived," he writes, "suffering as I did from a severe lung trouble and stubborn cough." To cure Sore Lungs, Colds, obstinate Coughs, and prevent Pneumonia, its the best medicine on earth. 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler. Trial bottle free.

In an address last week before the Michigan State Pharmaceutical association Harry Mason of Detroit warned his fellow business men to heed the local option movement. "Too many are now branded as saloon keepers in disguise," he said. "The recent victories for the 'drys' is the handwriting on the wall. We must punish the saloon druggists and we must restrict the druggist saloon keepers."

For weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder and rheumatic pains there is nothing known that is better for prompt relief than DeWitts Kidney and Bladder Pills. These famous pills have been giving such universal satisfaction throughout the country that they are rapidly becoming known as the leading and most effective Kidney and Bladder Pills. There is no doubt about what they will do and you will find the truth of this statement verified in a short time after you have been using them. Recommended and Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

While certainly no one shall cavil at that which is done for charitable purposes nor complain because the demand of charity may sometimes prove inconvenient, there is certainly a question whether or not those who seek to acquire funds for charitable purposes do not exceed the bounds of propriety. There is at present a wave of enthusiams for play grounds in the larger cities and it is doubtful if young people of leisure could devote their energies to a more worthy purpose, but is not the effect upon young girls, who approach strange men and seek by methods wholly proper perhaps among their friends, to secure donations worthy of serious consideration? Are the few dollars which young girls collect by these means worth the boldness which such methods engender? Is the chance acquaintance thus made with an utter stranger in a business office or a railway station not likely or at least possible to develop into a flirtation which may entail everlasting sorrow?

Revival of the Lumber Trade on the Pacific Coast

Officials of the Michigan-Pacific Lumber Co. looking for an early Resumption of Business

British Columbia the first to profit.

With the arrival home of the officials of the Michigan-Pacific Lumber Co., from their long trip to their property on Vancouver island, comes the news that mills in British Columbia have been resuming operations rapidly during the past month or so.

From Seattle, under date of June 11, now comes the welcome news of what local lumbermen predict is the first step in the big revival of the lumber trade in the Pacific coast states south of the Canadian boundary line.

On June 11 specifications were received from the east for 12,000,000 feet of lumber for bids to be opened July 10th. The specifications come from car shops in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis. The Chicago and Milwaukee shops are asking tenders on 10,000,000 feet and the St. Louis shops on 2,000,000 feet. The material according to advices received here, is to be used in the construction of a large number of refrigerator cars for the Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

The receipt of these specifications today, coming closely upon the letting of a contract to Oregon mills for 8,000,000 feet by the Pullman company, causes local lumbermen to believe that from now on the revival of the lumber trade will be rapid.

Mr. Charles A. Phelps, of Grand Rapids, treasurer of the Michigan-Pacific Lumber Co., states that they are putting in at the present time about 100,000 ft. of logs per day which is netting \$11 at the mill. "While these prices are very much lower than prevailed in 1906," said Mr. Phelps, "they are very satisfactory to us in view of the fact that all our estimates on our property were based on logs at \$9.50. We look for considerably higher prices within the next few months and are storing our logs at the present time rather than to market our full production at present prices."

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems ready to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure Liver and Kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c at F. A. Siglers.

The Fungous Plant.

All the members of the fungous plant kingdom are distributed to the production of spores for propagating its kind. The spores are often almost invisible. You have doubtless observed that the common puffball when mature is filled with a fine dust, and this consists entirely of spores corresponding to seeds, which are eventually diffused in the air by the bursting of the puffball. In a single puffball more than 10,000,000 of them have been counted, and when these minute bodies are once set afloat in the atmosphere they are distributed abroad over an indefinite space, being so small that it is difficult to conceive of a place from which they could be excluded. Their astonishing fertility and rapidity of growth are among the most remarkable characteristics of this vegetable tribe.

LOCAL NEWS.

Refreshing rains the past week—they were needed.

Doris Carr of Detroit is spending the vacation with her grandparents here.

Miss Jessie Green is attending the summer Normal at Ypsilanti for her vacation.

Mrs. Theron Arnold of Three Rivers visited her sister Mrs. G. A. Sigler the past week.

Miss Mae Smith of Durand is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. J. Carr, and other friends here.

F. A. Sigler spent three days last week in attendance at the Druggists Convention in Detroit.

Pauline Swarouth is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mabel Surdam of Detroit. She will spend several weeks there.

Wirt Hendee and family attended the graduating exercises at South Lyon Thursday evening of last week, when a cousin graduated.

Mrs. Mary Henry, who has been poorly for some time, went to Ann Arbor the past week and will remain there for some time for treatment in a hospital.

Jas. Markey and wife of Port Huron visited their daughter, Mrs. Floyd Reason the past week. They of course attended the graduating exercises as their grand daughter, Florence Reason was one of the graduates.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Clinton attended the U. of M. graduating exercises last Thursday when their son Martin graduated from the Dental dept. at that place. Miss Mable Clinton also graduated from the Ypsilanti Normal last Wednesday.

Do You Fish?

If so, you should not be without Heddon's "DOWAGIAC" Minnows, the most popular and successful lures for catching Bass, Pike, Muskallonge, and all species of game fishes.

Wonderful catches of fish are made upon these Minnows, as the editor of this paper can testify.

If you will write to Heddon and Sons, Manufacturers, Dowagiac, Michigan, they will send you free of charge a handsome catalog showing these Minnows printed in colors and telling you also how to use them.

Vacation is here—in the most of it, 'twill soon be over.

Mr. Brower of Onaga, Neb., was the guest of the water, Mrs. Henry Knickerbocker, the past week.

We have been using Mounobile oil in our auto for some time and find it the best we ever used—less smoke and practically no soot or charring. See adv on another page.

M. E. Church Notes.

Sunday was a very warm day but there was a good attendance at the services. The new plan of blending the morning service into the Sunday school without intermission and closing promptly at 12 o'clock, proved a good thing and all expressed gratification at the results. Some of the preliminaries were done away with so the sermon and lesson received the usual attention. Remember this is the plan for the rest of the summer at least and come out to help make it a success. Every scholar in church and every church attendant in Sunday school.

Next Sunday will be the fourth of July, and there will be a patriotic sermon and special music. Let everyone come out as this will be the last sermon before the pastor takes his vacation.

Finest in the County.

W. E. Murphy will not be able to open his new store July 1, and if he keeps putting on the 'finishing touches' it will be a week or more before he opens it, but it is a marvel of beauty.

The ceiling and walls have been under the expert hands of L. E. Smith decorator, and they show his craftiness and neatness as well. W. H. Harris and Joe Blades have done the carpenter work which will also speak for itself. The entire store will have to be seen to be half appreciated and we think we are not out of the way when we say it is the finest in the county.

DeWitts Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve is good for little cuts or big ones. It is healing cooling and soothing. There is just one original and many substitutes. Be sure you get the original DeWitts Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve. Recommended and Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

LaGrippe Weakness

"After a spell of La Grippe I was so weak and exhausted I could hardly stand. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and was soon better in every way." MRS. F. J. NORTON, Fremont, N. T.

La Grippe seems to wrench every particle of vitality from its unfortunate victims. That's where the principal danger lies; because it leaves the system in a weakened condition which invites more serious diseases. During convalescence Dr. Miles' Nerve should be taken to restore nervous energy, and overcome this weakening influence which is the most serious effect of La Grippe. The first bottle will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

Real Indian Village.

The American Indian is gradually disappearing and his mode of life is becoming more interesting each day, to the general public. The management of the Michigan State Fair, realizing the educational features that life in the Indian village, has secured an attraction of this sort, which is promised to be one of the leading features of the Midway at the coming State Fair, September 2 to 30.

This is a real Indian village and consists of "Chief Two Stars" and his followers, consisting of one hundred persons.

The Indians will live at the Fair grounds in tepees, in the same wild style that existed on western plains fifty years ago.

These Indians will eat, sleep and appear in a semi-barbaric style that will be interesting to every visitor at the grounds. This attraction will be as fascinating to adults as to the children. The Indians will execute war dances, shoot with arrows, ride bucking broncos, rope cattle and do everything that is so common on the western reservation.

Night Riders Raid

The worst night riders a real cabinet croton oil or aloes pills. They raid your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr. Kings New Life Pills. They never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing colds, Headache, Constipation, Malaria. 25c at F. A. Siglers.

FRANK L. ANDREWS
NOTARY PUBLIC
WITH SEAL
AT DISPATCH OFFICE

Invest in Timber
A VISIBLE INCREASING SECURITY
20% Earnings
THE MICHIGAN PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY
Commenced operations April 1st, and reports are received from the Camp regularly. Logs are now being delivered to the mills at the rate of 150,000 feet daily at a profit of \$6.00 per thousand feet; \$900 per day, or \$300,000 per year. These are facts, not estimates. The Company will market 300,000 feet daily next year—figure for yourself what the profits will be. At this rate it would take twenty-five years to cut the timber.
If you are interested in learning how money is made from operation in Timber, write us for copies of the reports as they come from Camp.

PROPERTY
80 square miles—
2,680,000,000 feet of Timber—
On tide water—30 miles from market—
Value today as standing Timber \$2,000,000.
Bond issue represents but 19 1-2 cts. per thousand.
Capitalization less than actual value.

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THE GIBBES PORTABLE SHINGLE MACHINE

WITH OR WITHOUT BOLTING ATTACHMENT.

This Machine will cut 10,000 to 12,000 shingles per day. Carriages made from selected hard wood. Track is solid rolled steel. For cutting shingles requires 4 to 5 H. P. For bolting 6 to 8 H. P. Weight 550 lbs.

Equipped with the bolting attachment it is a complete shingle outfit in itself. Can be adjusted for any desired taper or thickness. For cutting the round log into shingle lengths, we manufacture a high grade, low priced drag saw machine. Send for circulars & special net prices.

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Engines, Rollers, Saw Mill Machinery, Etc.

Kodol

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2 1/2 times as much as the small bottle.

Kodol is prepared in the laboratories of C. B. W. & Co., Chicago.

ALL DRUGGISTS

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

We are in receipt of the Adrian Telegram which gives an extended write up of their fourth home coming. The judge in the Howard Gould divorce case gave Mrs. G. a bill and she is to receive \$86,000 per year or \$100 per day and thinks she can "worry along with that amount."

The legislature has passed a new law which provides that township treasurers, highway commissioners and other township officers must publish financial statements in newspapers.

Home grown strawberries have been plenty on the market the past week and the price reached the low mark of 7 cents per quart. This is cheap for Pinckney seeing they have seen so low as 5 cents in many places.

Friday about noon a large swarm of bees alighted under the outside stairway of the G. W. Reason block, occupied by the meat market, and proceeded to go into the wall under the ceiling. The outcome will be watched with interest.

Chelsea citizens have finally voted to build a new school house near the old one and voted \$25,000 for that purpose last week. The fight over this building and its site has been the "bone of contention" in that village for over two years.

Livingston Tidings is striving hard to get the board of supervisors or some of Howell's people to place seats on the court house square. We all know that Kiley would not get much time to sit on them himself but he is looking out for those who have time. A good thing Bro. Ed., keep pushing it along.

We received word here the past week to change the address of N. D. Wilson from Missouri to Manchester, Iowa. Mr. Wilson was one of the first graduates of the P. H. S. and later took up a course of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., and has now located at the first named place where he will practice. He has many friends here who join with us in wishing him the best of success.

There was manufactured and chewed in the United States last year 14,962,256,763 sticks of gum. Inasmuch as it requires five minutes to chew each stick it is shown that enough power was used in chewing gum to grind into wood pulp 765,655 cords of wood which in the average forest covers 65,456 acres of ground and requires in the aggregate a little less than ten centuries to grow.—Ex. Oh! My!

The perfecting of the aeroplane possibly may mean more than many can at present conceive. It means that the whole country will be subject to destruction and that great armies and navies can be wiped out by simply dropping explosives from the aerial navigator and there will be no defense against such an attack. Such machines in the hands of a single nation could dominate the world. The possibilities are even beyond comprehension. The present generation may be able to find some consolation in the fact that the machines are yet a long way from perfection.—Fowlerville Review.

Wants More Milk and Cream.

The Pinckney Creamery Co. are anxious to secure more Milk and Cream regularly as the capacity of the Creamery has not been reached as yet although they are making from 25 to 30 large cheese per day and over 1000 pounds of butter per week. There are those near here who should give the Creamery their support and help make it a larger success.

We understand that the Company are offering a good price for July milk and are willing to give prices six months ahead and a contract to take all the milk but still some hold off. The Company are bound to have the milk to utilize their full capacity and may ship in some.

The Company have accepted a contract to ship a car of cheese a week to southern parties and are very anxious to have a large supply of milk at once and hereafter so are making an extra offer in the adv this week for

July milk. They not only want the milk for July but for all time to come and are willing to pay the price. Why ship your milk out of the county when you can get better prices right at home and your money twice per month? You have the factory right here at home that can take all the milk raised within twenty-five miles. Do not be a knocker but "boost."

So far everything has been humming and success is written all over their efforts and the demand for the output is greater than they can supply twice over. Now then, farmers what is the reason you are standing in your own light. Get into the band wagon and help yourself as well as your home town.

DeWitts Little Early Risers are safe, sure, little pills with a reputation. They are the best pills made. Be sure you get Early Risers. Recommended and Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

The Pinckney Dispatch

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
Subscription Price \$1 in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice at Pinckney, Michigan as second-class matter.
Advertising rates made known on application.

FRANK L. ANDREWS & CO.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. A. 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. C. Littlejohn, 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. Mrs. Grace Crofoot, Supt., J. A. Cadwell, Sec.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. M. J. Commerford, Pastor. Services every Sunday. Low mass at 7:30 o'clock. High mass with sermon at 10:30 a. m. Catechism at 8:00 p. m., vespers at 8:00 p. m.

SOCIETIES:

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

The W. C. F. 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 building. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. C. V. VanWinkle, Sir Knight Commander. M. P. Mortenson, Record Keeper. F. G. Jackson, Finance Keeper.

Livingston Lodge, No. 78, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before the full of the moon. F. G. Jackson, W. M.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR meets each month the Friday evening following the regular F. & A. M. meeting. Mrs. Nettie Vadum, 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. in K. O. T. M. hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. LILA CONWAY, Lady Com.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. F. SIGLER M. D. C. L. SIGLER M. D.
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STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston.
Ses. Probate Court for said county. Estate of
BETH V. PERRY, deceased.
The undersigned having been appointed, by Judge of Probate of said county, commissioner on claims in the matter of said estate, and four months from the 14th day of June, A. D. 1909, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in which to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1909, and on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day at the residence of the late Beth V. Perry in the township of Hamburg, in said county to receive and examine such claims.

Dated: Howell, Mich. June 14th, A. D. 1909.

Fred Temple }
Arthur Sheehan } Commissioners on Claims

STATE 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 14th day of June, A. D. 1909.

Present: ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
BENJAMIN F. ANDREWS, deceased.

Frank L. Andrews having filed in said court his final account as executor of said estate, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof. It is ordered that Friday the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account.

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.

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The Best Made

Ask Your Dealer For It.

NO MORE HEADACHE. SALLADÉ'S Nerve-Alga

Gold and Silver Headache Powders.

A positive and permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia. Is compounded by one of the best chemists in the United States. Positively has no morphine or dangerous opiate in its composition and will cure the most violent headache caused by biliousness or nervousness in ten minutes if used as directed.

It leaves the head clear and bright, and the strength renewed. There is nothing "just as good." Can be taken by an infant and leaves no after effects.

A few of the many testimonials we have received. "Mrs. Dell Averill, Madison, Wis., writes: 'Your Nerve Alga Headache Powders have entirely cured me of Sick Headache.'"

Mrs. Wm. Filmore, Albany, N. Y., writes: "Nothing like your Nerve Alga Headache Powders. They have cured of Periodical Headaches. Would not be without them."

Mr. W. B. Pearl, Waseca, Minn., writes: "We could not be without your Nerve Alga Headache Powders."

25 cents a box at all druggists. Write for free sample.

SALLADÉ CHEMICAL CO.,
Fond-du-Lac, Wis.

GUARD YOUR KIDNEYS

Does your back ache? Is your skin leathery and yellow? Is your urine murky? These symptoms are sure signs of the dreaded kidney trouble. Nine out of ten persons have kidney trouble. They don't always have it bad. That's why they neglect it. The kidneys have few nerves. They are a long time before the terrible pain begins. In fact, kidney trouble may be well advanced before you feel it.

That is why it is so necessary to notice the slightest irregularity. If anything is wrong with your kidneys it should be attended to at once. Don't take strong, drastic drugs. They are dangerous.

You will be perfectly safe and sure of a permanent cure by taking

DR. THACHER'S LIVER & BLOOD SYRUP

This great home remedy cures kidney trouble by removing the cause and driving the inflammation and the disease out of the affected organs.

All Dealers Sell 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

THACHER MEDICINE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Fourth of July Obstacle Race

AND HOW INDEPENDENCE WAS DECLARED

IN MY young days," said Grandaunt Mary, "girls didn't want to go in with the boys to play games." Grandaunt Mary shook her head and rocked peacefully, looking over her spectacles at Grandniece Mary, who was doubled up in a discontented heap in a corner of the rose-scented veranda.

"It isn't the games," wailed Mary, disconsolately. "It's a race—a Fourth of July race that I want to go in."

"Dear, dear child, you'll get yourself all heated up if you flounce about like that, and so you would in a race. We'll go and see the boys, and you can wear your pretty new white dress," commented Grandaunt Mary, calmly, with no idea of further rebellion, which she was arousing in her greatniece's breast.

"I don't want to be dressed up," Mary was beginning in a still greater outburst of revolt, when she was interrupted by a new arrival—a thin girl with bright blue eyes and bright red hair, who dashed around the corner of the veranda, as if it weren't a very hot third of July indeed, and the hottest part of the afternoon.

"Oh, Mary!" cried the red-haired girl.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Mary, "have you heard about it? These hateful boys aren't going to let us be in the races. They say they don't want girls on the program at all. And with our records, too!"

"Who told you?" demanded Bunny.

"Tom," said Mary. That settled it. The news was evidently authentic, for Tom was Mary's brother, and both girls knew his word was not to be doubted. Besides, he was chairman of the committee on Fourth of July sports, which the boys of Douglaston were going to hold at the village school grounds. An admission of 25 cents for grown-ups and ten cents for children was to be charged, and with the proceeds new suits were to be bought for the junior ball team. Of course, in some places the girls wouldn't have thought of having a part in so important an event, but the girls of Douglaston and their summer visitors were very fond of all sorts of sports, and Bunny and Mary were members of a small group of girls who had come from big schools where athletics and gymnastic work were a most important part of the course. Consequently, they felt deeply aggrieved at being debarred from participating in the Fourth sports.

"And it would be much more interesting if they had at least one girls' race," wailed Mary, bursting forth again with her complaint. "Everybody is always more interested in girls' events than in boys. I'm sure more people would go."

Bunny suddenly sprang into the air and began clapping her hands in the wildest fashion. "Mary, you're a dear, a dear," she cried. "I've thought of something and we'll do it, too. Bring your gym bloomers and come over to my house right after tea and tell Susie and Evelyn. I'll tell the rest of the girls."

"There, now," said Aunt Mary, "what is that child going to do?"

"I don't know, but Bunny does. Bunny's found a way," carolled Mary joyously, and she ran gayly off to look up her gymnasium suit.

Tom stood spellbound a second. Then he turned and ran straight for the house of his chum, Johnny Driscoll. He stopped only a moment, and that was to gaze over into the Evans meadow. Preparations for the afternoon's event were already in progress. A group of girls were sitting on the benches for the obstacle race, and his

own sister was twining a hurdle with red, white and blue garlands.

"And they're going to do it up fancy like girls do," groaned Tom to Johnny a few moments later, in reference to the paper garlands.

"They'll get all the crowd," said Johnny dolefully.

"Sure, thing," acquiesced Tom. "Judge Evans' man had a dozen banners to put up, and everybody'll see them."

"There's only one thing in our favor," he declared, "and that is the openness of the meadow. Anybody can see the races there without paying admission, and, of course, some people will be mean enough to do it. So if they want to make money they'll have a hard time, while, of course, there's a fence around our place. Not that that will do us any good if the folks can find something else to see that's just as lively and that they don't have to pay for if they don't want to."

"The only thing for us to do," said Johnny, firmly, "is to get all the fellows together."

It was rather a sheepish lot of boys who later marched two by two up to the Evans place. The Evans meadow was by this time assuming a decidedly gala appearance, with its abundance of flags and garlands flying from fence posts and trees.

Tom as leader of the opposition called a parley. His overtures were responded to with suitable reluctance by Bunny as queen of the Amazons. "You know," said Tom, "you only asked for one obstacle race, and we're willing to let you girls have half the events if you'll only combine with us. You can't make much money here, anyway. You can only keep us from making any at all, and we'll give you half the proceeds."

Now there was one very good thing about Bunny, which was that she knew when to make concessions. So she hesitated only long enough to tell the other girls that they ought really to forgive the boys, and then she straightway sent the judge's man to tack the following addendum to the white banners:

"The girls' sports will be held in combination with the boys' at the school field."

And the girls didn't take advantage of Tom's offer, either, for they didn't really want half the events. All that they wanted was a fair representation on the straightaway races and an opportunity of enjoying that fascinating sport, the obstacle race. They didn't make quite as good time as the boys, for, after all, boys are pretty good at some things, but when Grandniece Mary came in in the lead of all the girls after having undergone the perilous adventures of the high fence, the fence to be crawled under, the low fence, the hurdle and the barrel with both ends out, even Grandniece Mary dropped her knitting bag in her excitement and said she wished they had done such things when she was a girl.

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Tom as leader of the opposition called a parley. His overtures were responded to with suitable reluctance by Bunny as queen of the Amazons. "You know," said Tom, "you only asked for one obstacle race, and we're willing to let you girls have half the events if you'll only combine with us. You can't make much money here, anyway. You can only keep us from making any at all, and we'll give you half the proceeds."

Now there was one very good thing about Bunny, which was that she knew when to make concessions. So she hesitated only long enough to tell the other girls that they ought really to forgive the boys, and then she straightway sent the judge's man to tack the following addendum to the white banners:

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THE FOURTH OF JULY

THERE'S a look of joy on the face of the boy who is counting his nickels and dimes. For the Day draws near—'tis nearly here—The happiest of happy times.

When bombs far things balloons take wings And fireworks light the sky, The boy is there with his annual scare—He's in charge of the Fourth of July.

Since Liberty's bell first pealed the knell Of the chains that monarchy cast, The boy has raised Cain, has caught the refrain Flung on from the mirrored past.

The day has been his, without query or quill, It has echoed his loudest hicks. Young South, young North whooped up the Fourth In the spirit of Seventy-six.

We've all been boys, and we love the noise Of the nation's natal day; Our hearts go out to the riotous rout And the smoke of the mimic fray.

So we yield the stage to the younger age, On this day of no restraint; 'Tis the boy's own day, we bow to its sway— The Fourth and its patron saint.

Valley Forge Restored

INDEPENDENCE day, 1908, sees blood-stained, historic Valley Forge restored, and not only restored, but greatly beautified, improved and turned into a public park for the enjoyment of the people.

It is a fortunate thing that the time has passed when the pilgrim to Valley Forge in search of sights and relics of the historic camp, perhaps the most hallowed of our revolutionary reminders, was obliged to tramp over fields of none too friendly farmers and be constantly annoyed by signs warning off trespassers. Apart from which, the fatigue of such a trip was great, as there were no roads leading over the camp ground and no signs marking the way to the historic spots, only fields of waving grain or woodlands overgrown with underbrush. Consequently the hardest kind of walking over the steep hills was required to view but a few of the sights.

Through the untiring efforts of a number of patriotic men, all this has been changed and the state of Pennsylvania has been induced to assume and complete a task which was first offered and refused by the federal government, although the undertaking was clearly within its province, as the camp ground of Valley Forge is a relic which should belong not only to Pennsylvania, but to the entire nation, as every patriotic American must wish for its preservation and would feel proud in being part owner.

But whether by Pennsylvania or the national government, it must be at least gratifying to the nation to learn that the neglect of a century has been atoned for, and under the able and enthusiastic direction of the Valley Forge Park commission, a work of almost incalculable historical value has been done on the bleak heights above the Schuylkill, to which Washington's barefoot army crawled when the defeat of Germantown left them no other refuge.

Fort Washington and Fort Mifflin have been restored. An iron tower 105 feet in height for observation purposes is being finished on Mount Joy, and from this tower not only a birdseye view of the entire camp ground and beautiful surrounding country can be had, but also Philadelphia, 20 miles distant, can be made out. A beautiful commemorative chapel of the Episcopal church has been built on the spot where Washington, in his direst hour of distress, knelt in prayer. The headquarters of the commander in the Isaac Potts house have been purchased, completely restored and turned into a revolutionary museum. Roads have been built which make possible quick communication between all points of the park, besides which, lawns and flower beds have been laid out and planted and even a guard house has been built to further heighten the park effect.

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THIS MAN TAKES MEDAL FOR GALL

FINDING HOTEL UNOCCUPIED, HE GAINS ENTRANCE AND LIVES IN IT FOR TWO WEEKS.

ALSO SELLS THE FURNISHINGS

Passes Himself Off as Watchman—Keeps Late Hours and is Living Like King When Owners Arrive and He is Arrested.

New Orleans.—For brazen effrontery and unadulterated gall, Robert Simms, alias Simmonds and Summer, stands in a class by himself, say the police. To carry away fully \$2,000 worth of furniture, paintings, statuary and works of art, two wagon loads, in the heart of the city, in broad daylight, is not by any means an easy job, yet thus far Simms appears to the police as the only one engaged in the work.

Messrs. George St. Paul, Emil Kuntz, son-in-law of the late F. P. Herwig, and Girault Farrar discovered the theft when they visited the premises known formerly as the St. Charles mansion, but latterly as the Hotel de Leon. The house and contents were owned by Mr. Herwig and were part of the estate left by him.

About three weeks ago, Simms, who before he became a thief, was a very shrewd and well educated man, a railroad clerk, was in a magnificent establishment, and was furnished, and no one occupying it, found the back gate unlocked. He opened the gate and walked in. Ascending to the upper floor, he selected the most comfortable bed and slept that afternoon and night undisturbed.

During the two weeks of his unalloyed comfort and luxury, Bob, a stout, portly kind of fellow, good-natured and jovial, amused himself in strutting in front of his hotel, to the astonishment of the neighbors. To these he introduced himself as the watchman, and the neighbors looked on his as one of the most faithful watchmen they had ever seen, for he was there night and day.

On two occasions furniture carts entered the driveway, and each time



Large Vases and Statuary Were Carried Off by Bob Himself.

came out with large loads of furniture. The very finest suites in the house were on these wagons, and Bob superintended the loading and directed the men where to take the stuff, said the neighbors.

Large Japanese vases and mirrors and statuary, they assert, were carried off by Bob himself. Bob was lord of all he surveyed. He had plenty of money, plenty to eat and drink and a magnificent bed to sleep in, and a lordly mansion all his own.

Then came a climax. Bob had retired in the early morning, for he kept fashionable hours, and long after the noon hour snored peacefully in his fine bed. Three men called. To his surprise they found a key sticking in the door and could not open it. Then they forced an entrance.

Almost everything was missing. Finally they entered the room where Bob lay snoring peacefully. They aroused him, and Bob awoke angry. "What are you fellows doing here?" he asked. The men inquired of Bob what he was doing there. "I'm the night watchman," said Bob.

The police were telephoned for, and Bob was locked up in the central station. Most of the property has been recovered from second-hand dealers.

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES

It is a Warning That the Kidneys are Ailing.

A bad back makes every day a dull round of pain and misery. It's a sign the kidneys are sick and cannot keep up their never-ending task of filtering the blood. Lame back, backache, dizziness, spells and urinary disorders are warnings that must not be overlooked. A. G. Smith, 405 E. Mills St., Liberty, Mo., says: "I was racked with pain, stiff and lame, had dizzy spells and a terrible condition of the kidney secretions. I got so miserable I went to bed, but the doctor did not do anything for me and no one expected me to recover. Doan's Kidney Pills first relieved, then cured me, and I have had no kidney trouble for seven years since."

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

GRATIS.



Youth (at a bun emporium)—I say, you know, this milk is sour. Sweet Thing—Well, there's plenty of sugar on the table, ain't there?

Beginning Right.
"Your folks must be mighty exceptionally fond of eggplant," remarked the grocer's clerk to the deacon's son when the two met after the church services one Sunday. "Your father ordered two dozen of 'em yesterday."

"Oh, that's easily explained. You see dad's been reading about the latest methods of chicken-raising, and he decided to try the business. Although the books advised beginners to purchase adult fowls, dad decided it was better to start with the eggplant."

—Harper's Weekly.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Accounted For.
She—Do you know, dear, I had my heart set on ice cream to-night.
He—I thought you seemed rather cold-hearted!

TUMOR OF FOUR YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindley, Ind. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They said that only an operation could help me. I am very glad that I followed a friend's advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it has made me a strong and well woman, and I shall recommend it as long as I live." — Mrs. MAY FRY, Lindley, Ind.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give confidence and hope to every sick woman.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

GIRLS' FOURTH OF JULY SPORTS.
This afternoon, between the hours of two and five o'clock the girls of Douglaston will compete in racing, jumping and basketball on Judge Evans' meadow. Admission 25 cents for adults, 10 cents for children. LEMONADE FREE.

Tom stood spellbound a second. Then he turned and ran straight for the house of his chum, Johnny Driscoll. He stopped only a moment, and that was to gaze over into the Evans meadow. Preparations for the afternoon's event were already in progress. A group of girls were sitting on the benches for the obstacle race, and his



The Professor—Let me see! What day of the month is this?

The Fourth of July!

The Psychosis of a Hamper

By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

(Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Mrs. Blander, accompanied by a pretty young woman, entered the window-ward room of a department store. A number, learning her name, summoned with a benign forbearance a little man who announced stolidly in every line of his well-nourished body.

"Mr. Blander, this lady would like to look at Hampers. Understand, Mr. Blander, hampers, and do your best in the matter."

"What style would you like, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Blander, solicitously.

"Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Blander, "you cannot expect me to describe it to you? I have but a nebulous picture in my mind, and rely on visualization. You will have to show me your complete assortment, as I wish to make use of an important function, the power of selection. You see, Clarissa, I endeavor to psychologize each situation, thus developing nascent qualities or stimulating matured ones. In other words—indicating Mr. Blander with a serious look—"I try to get the wings of every occasion."

Blander cried, joyously: "The Parthenon, Clarissa. It really does. It's strange how these suggestions come to me, transcendent illuminations that open wide the windows of my being, and register ineffaceable impressions. That's just the way I felt when I saw this splendid hamper. 'Parthenon!' something seemed to whisper; and Parthenon it will always mean to me. So austere, yet so satisfyingly beautiful! How does it appeal to you?"

"Of course, dear," modestly responded Clarissa, "I'm not clever like you, and never have occult intimations, so, to tell the truth, it merely seems to me the biggest and baldest hamper I ever saw. You'll forgive me, Apollonia!" she concluded, humbly.

"I'm disappointed in you," Mrs. Blander replied, palpably ruffled. "It's humiliating to know that my companionship has done so little for you, and that this hamper is to you nothing but a hamper. I hope you"—turning to Mr. Blander—"can see in it something beyond the material."



"Intuit, sir, intuit."

Mr. Blander was astonished.

"Do I understand you, ma'am to say that you'd just like to look at—"

"Hampers, hampers," interrupted Mrs. Blander, firmly. "I fear their purchase is entered into too impulsively. You have before you the opportunity of ennobling this neglected field, for you may inform yourself not only as to their physical certainties, but their higher significance as well, thereby acquiring the right to take each customer by the hand and lead her gently but compellingly."

Mr. Blander flushed modestly and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"If only you could tell me," he said, feelingly, "if you'd like a large one or a small one or a medium-sized one or—"

Mrs. Blander fixed him with an outraged eye.

"Size?" she inquired. "You ask me what size? That, sir, is a minor issue. It may be as large as a bed of the Napoleonic era, and, so its lines bespeak art, I will receive it, allowing its unfilled interior to testify to my spiritual consistency. Or, if you show me nothing that will satisfy the demands of beauty save small ones, I will purchase several, placing them here and there, like Grecian urns. And if, perchance, you have one of precisely the proper circumference and height; with Beauty shaping its outlines, then would I say it was Art's reward for a disciple's adherence to its laws."

Mrs. Blander was lost in thought. Mr. Blander seemed to be experiencing vertigo. Then he pulled himself together.

"Now, that's not a bad idea, ma'am, about having several of 'em. You could have one for handkerchiefs, one for towels, another for sheets, and another for—"

Mrs. Blander raised a tremulous hand.

"Spare me this ignoble differentiation. There is no need to dwell upon their functions, for we all know that as mere utilitarian objects they are degrading."

Poor Mr. Blander, coughed guiltily because of his identification with the hamper department. He was clutched by a feeling of helpless criminality.

"Furthermore," continued Mrs. Blander, "according to higher interpretation, you misuse the word 'idea.' But, to revert to my proposed purchase, I have resolved to eliminate from the transaction all the sordid, as anything for use in the home, that shrine of the heart, must have a spiritual meaning."

Mrs. Blander glanced triumphantly from Clarissa to Mr. Blander, and though she rightly read the face of one to mean awe, she mistook the struggle of the other to indicate an awakening soul. With a thrill of joy she seated herself and cordially motioned to her auditor to do the same.

Clarissa, of course, obeyed, but Mr. Blander dug his heels firmly in the ground and faced her standing.

Blander was inclined to sulk, his habit being strong upon him, marshalled one symbol after another before his soulful customer, who rejected them solemnly, almost sorrowfully, as though mourning the existence of so much of the unbecoming. Finally he rolled into place a hamper so huge that it looked capable of accommodating the horse of Troy.

The instant Mrs. Blander saw it she exclaimed, gracefully: "That is an exponent of a most charming type! Pray rest from your labors, while I meditate upon it. See, Clarissa, how noble are its proportions, how chaste its design, how Doric its atmosphere! Do you know what it suggests to me, dear?"

Clarissa couldn't guess, so Mrs.

you didn't," he recklessly retorted. "You called out—'Intuit, sir, intuit,' and if that ain't plain English I'd like to know the reason why."

Once again Clarissa jarred upon Mrs. Blander's nerves, and with a sweeping gesture the latter waved away the hamper.

"Ain't you going to offer it, after all?" asked disappointed Mr. Blander, loath to recede from his labors.

"Never!" cried Mrs. Blander. "Not after it has been depreciated by ridicule and inhibited by ignorance."

Mr. Blander quailed before her eye and embarrassedly trundled away the classic pile.

It was not until all of the stock had been paraded before her that Mrs. Blander decided upon a medium-sized hamper that bulged in the middle, had outspreading handles and a magenta band near the top.

"The magenta border is a blow to me," she explained to Mr. Blander, "as the room in which it is to be placed is in ethereal blue, and I fear a subtle antagonism between the two."

"The price of this—," began Mr. Blander, pencil in hand, glad to be on the ground he comprehended.

But not so. Mrs. Blander raised a supplicating hand as she said: "Do not name the price, I beg of you. I make it a point never to sully an object at the time of purchase by identifying it with the cost. If, when it is delivered, I find it beyond what I can afford, I simply return it. In this way I contribute my mite toward spiritualizing trade. Now let us go, Clarissa, and as we go let us cast frequent glances at the new symbol, for I wish to carry away a distinct picture, unconfused with environing objects."

So Mrs. Blander glided from the room, part of the time backward, looking out of half-closed lids at the receding lines of the hamper and its magenta border.

"She forgot to give me her address," malignly chuckled Mr. Blander, beginning to recover his spirits.

What Not to Read.

But admirable as is the effort to mark the best, it is not a sufficient method of charting the vast sea of literature. The lighthouse is not placed in the middle of the channel, but on the dangerous reef. The mournful bell-buoy tells the mariner where not to go. For purposes of instruction in literature, the reefs and shoals should be properly marked. It seems strange that those who are interested in the study of literary style have not given more attention to the work of compiling lists of the hundred worst books.

Here is a fascinating field for difference of opinion; and the debates can be carried on without acrimony. There is something unseemly in the controversies over the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, especially when, for chronological reasons, Bernard Shaw must have the last word. It is different when two deservedly obscure writers contend amiably for the lowest seat. No ill-feeling can be provoked when each bows to the other and says: "After you."—S. M. Crothers, in Atlantic Monthly.

Valuable information.

A—I used a word in speaking to my wife which offended her sorely a week ago. She has not spoken a syllable to me since.

B—Would you mind telling me what it was?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Horticulture.

"Who is this wizard fellow, Luther Burbank, any way?"

"Why, he's the chap that's all the time getting up new trimmings for women's hats!"—Puck.

Fame.

"Pa, what is fame?"

"Fame, my boy, is an inducement that employers always hold out to a man when they want him to work for small wages."

HAPPENING AT 'POSSUM TROT

Old Lem Harkins Tells of Little Flurry Between Himself and the "Hightowehs."

Ople Read told this one not long ago:

"Old Lem Harkins of 'Possum Trot had come into the county judge's office. The judge said:

"Why, hello, Lem."

"Howdy, judge."

"Anything going on over at 'Possum Trot?"

"Nuthin' wuth dividin'."

"That so?"

"Yeh, nuthin' wuth dividin'." Then, after a pause: "Me an' them Hightowehs ain't been gittin' along right good fer a spell."

"No?"

"Nah, not right good." After another long, expectation-punctured pause, the old man leisurely continued: "Tothet night about chicken-roostin' time I was a-settin' in th' house a-readin' uv my Bible when I

hears some shootin' outside. The ol' woman was out thah a-feedin' th' chickens. I ain't paid no 'tention t' thah thah shootin'. Putty soon th' ol' woman comes in, lookin' kind o' pale an' nahvous.

"'What's th' matteh, ol' woman?" I says.

"'A lot o' them Hightowehs is out thah a-shootin' at me," she says.

"'Now, I don't like that, judge, shootin' 'round about my house an' skeerin' up all them chickens when they orto be a-goin' t' roost, an' maybe killin' a calf-critter or somethin'." So I lays down my Bible an' I goes ovah in th' cooneh an' picks up my Winchester an' I looks out th' windeh. Thah stands five o' them Hightowehs outside my fence, with their guns. I jes' draps a few bullets amongst 'em an' goes back t' my readin'."

"'Next mornin' I goes out an' looks whah them five Hightowehs had been a-standin' an' they was all gone but fo'."—Chicago News.



REVENGE.

The Professor—I've been a vegetarian all my life; from now on I'll eat nothing but beef!

A Tall Bear Story.

"Why, once, do you know, I found a bear inside a hollow log. Well, of course, I couldn't get at him to shoot him, and the log was too heavy to move. I didn't know what to do. So at last I thought of cutting four holes in the log, about where the bear's feet must be, and I got his paws through slick. Then I tied a rope about the log and made him walk with it into camp. And—would you believe it?—we had all our food and all our fuel for the winter out of that one deal!"—Outing.

Consumption Permanently Cured.

That consumption can be permanently cured is demonstrated by some figures published by Dr. A. Van Breden of Belgium, who says that 75 per cent. of the patients treated in the Bourgoimont sanatorium in 1903-4 have continued, four years after treatment, to improve, and are in a condition to return to their regular occupations.

Scoring a Point.

"I thought Jenks had made a mistake in that story, so I just nailed him down."

"Well?"

"And found, as I expected, that he was on the wrong tack."

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

He is a man of power who, when all his fellows are swayed by some ambition or passion, remains calm and unmoved.—Creston.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

You cannot build a frame house unless you have the rocks.

A Friend In Need

There is absolutely nothing that gives such speedy relief in Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera-Infantum, Colic and Cramps as

DR. D. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

It is a friend in need, and you should always keep it in your house. Its valuable curative properties have made it a necessity for both adults and children.

Sold by all druggists at 25c per bottle

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 27-1909.

Never Buy a Watch by Mail

No one can sell a watch by mail that will give satisfaction— for the watch that keeps accurate time in your pocket, looks or feels as another man's pocket.

Even the finest watch will fail as a pocket time-keeper unless it is adjusted to meet the individual requirements of the person who is to carry it.

A South Bend Watch

Proven in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

All the skill and facilities that money can buy go toward the construction of each South Bend Watch, and grade for grade it is superior to any other watch made.

Yet even a South Bend must be adjusted to the one who is to carry it.

South Bend Watches are sold only by reliable jewelers who properly adjust them to the individual. You cannot buy one from any mail-order house. Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch.

South Bend Watch Co. South Bend, Ind.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must-Bear Face-Smile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 527

Readers

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

Buy a Wabash Wagon

Get from your dealer or direct from our factory 40 styles and sizes for boys and girls of all ages from babyhood up, and heavy Handy Wagons for men. Illustrated price list FREE. WRITE FOR IT! WABASH MANUFACTURING COMPANY 75 E. 10th St., Wabash, Indiana

DEFIANCE STARCH

16 ounces to the package—the package other starches only 12 ounces—and price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

750,000 Acres Indian Land Open to Settlers

Under homestead laws. Land lies in the Flathead Reservation, Montana; Coeur d'Alene Reservation, Idaho, and Spokane Reservation, Washington. Some of the choicest land in the Northwest is contained in these tracts. Some is agricultural land, some grazing land, and there is some very valuable fruit and timber land. Prices will range from \$1.25 to \$7.00 per acre.

Register July 15 to August 5

at Kalispell, Montana; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and Spokane, Wash., all reached by fast trains of the Great Northern Railway. Low round trip fares every day this summer. Stop over and register en route to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Send for illustrated book describing the country, and giving details about When, Where, and How to register. Enclose four cents for postage

E. B. CLARE General Agent 710 Majestic Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Abbott-Dillingham.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Abbott in Marion, Wednesday, June 23rd, when their daughter Lulo Aenes was united in marriage to Roy C. Dillingham of Conway in the presence of about forty guests.

At one o'clock, to the strains of Medeholm's wedding march, played by Mrs. L. H. Newman, the bridal party accompanied by Edna G. Abbott sister of the bride, as bridesmaid, and Don Dillingham as groomsmen, took their places at the arch formed of ferns and pond lilies where Rev. D. C. Littlejohn of Pinckney united them in the Holy Bonds of matrimony. After congratulations were received, a four course dinner was served at the close of which Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham departed amid showers of rice for a short wedding trip.

The bride and bridesmaid were tastily dressed in white, carrying white and pink bouquets while the groom and groomsmen wore suits of navy blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham are well known and highly respected by all. Mr. Dillingham, who is graduate from Fowlerville high school and one of Livingston county's efficient teachers, is at the present time taking a course in the Lansing Business College. Their many friends extend congratulations and wish them a long and happy life. They will be at their home in Lansing after September 1st.

School Closed.

Last week was commencement week in the P. H. S. and the program as published in the Dispatch was carried out in full. Thursday afternoon there were the class exercises in the school building and they were good and well attended.

Friday evening was the regular graduating exercises at the opera house and although it was a very hot night there was a good crowd out and the entertainment was excellent. Miss Florence Reason gave the salutatory and Miss Mary Lynch the address to the Juniors which was responded to by Fred Swarthout in behalf of the Juniors. Miss Ella McCluskey had the history and prophecy and Gregory Devereaux the Valedictory.

This closed another successful year for the P. H. S. and four more young people start out on life's battle with as good an education as possible to receive at their home school. Just what each intends to do the coming year we have not yet learned.

Proof Positive.

A certain prominent and excellent lawyer of Chicago, but one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, steals around noiselessly, with his hands meekly clasped on his breast and a serene and perpetual smile. A beam at his expense is told of the late Emory Storrs, a brilliant advocate and an exquisite wit. He went to the lawyer's office and inquired for him, but was informed that he was out. "Oh, no; he isn't," he replied. "I know that he is in." "But I assure you, Mr. Storrs, he is not in." "Now," responded Mr. Storrs, "I know better. He must be in. It is so still in there!"

Notice.

I am prepared to do shoe repairing now, and if in need of your shoes requiring half soles in first class shape, call at H. KNICKERBOCKERS, either blacksmith shop or residence.

Business Pointers.

NOTICE.

The tax roll is now in my hands and I am ready to receive taxes at any or all times.

J. C. DUNN, Village-Treas

For Sale

Binder in good Running order.

M. B. Markham

FOR SALE.

We have made up a quantity of receipt books and have them on sale at the DISPATCH Office.

Among My Correspondents

NORTH PUTNAM.

Orla Glenn is at home for vacation.

Mrs. Erving Hart visited her mother, Mrs. Carr Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Hath visited relatives at Gregory last week.

Miss Anna E. Lennon visited Catherine Brogan the first of the week.

Mrs. Farrington and Mrs. Geo. Bland visited at C. Brogan's last Tuesday.

Wm. Docking had the telephone installed in his residence last Saturday.

Miss Alma Sharp of Howell spent last week at the home of Thomas Richards.

Mrs. Wm. White entertained a number of the ladies of this neighborhood last Friday.

Walter Glover and wife of Fowlerville visited at N. Pacey's the last of last week.

A number from here attended the commencement exercises at Pinckney Friday night.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Ida Bates was home Sunday.

Mrs. Anne Moore is entertaining company.

Miss Emma Reithmiller was in Jackson last Thursday.

Stanley Marsh, wife and baby have returned to their home in Chicago.

Last Thursday was Maccabee day and one lady was initiated. Ice cream and cake were served.

Mart Kuhn went to Big Rapids last week when his son Kenneth graduated, and also visited his brother.

Lester and Ida Bates and L. R. Williams and wife attended the Maccabee anniversary at Plainfield last Tuesday and report a splendid time.

ANDERSON.

George Crane is spending the week at Frank Bartons.

Mrs. Harry Williams spent the first of the week at Stockbridge.

Mrs. Norman Wilson and children are visiting at Albert Wilsons.

Chas. Bullis and wife visited at Ben Montagues at Chubbs Corners Saturday.

Bert Hoff arrived home from Lansing Saturday night for a visit with friends here.

Mrs. Lynford Whited and children of Mason are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bates.

Miss Frankie Placeway and niece, Miss Frankie Wood, spent the past week at South Lyon and attended the commencement exercises at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barton attended the graduating exercises at Ypsilanti last week. Their daughter, Grace was one of the graduates, and her many friends extend congratulations.

IOSCO.

Mrs. Martha Haviland is visiting her sister in Charlotte.

Mrs. F. A. Gardner returned last Thursday from a visit at Harvey, Ill.

Mrs. Blanche Harford is assisting Mrs. C. O. Dutton with her housework.

M. Smith entertained his nephew Andrew Rorrabacher of Shiawassee Co., last week.

Geo. Younglove of Marion called on his daughter Mrs. L. O. Gardner one day last week.

The C. E. Sweet family now ride in a new surrey.

Mrs. Walter House is visiting her brother in Chicago.

Ebb Smith and wife called on Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Smith Sunday last.

Mrs. N. E. Walters spent part of last week helping care for her niece Eva Canfield of Hardy, who is very sick.

WEST PUTNAM.

Mrs. Wm. Gardner was in Jackson Monday on business.

John Quillets of Canada is a guest at the home of Jos. Monks.

Miss Sadie Harris is entertaining Miss Irene Dupuis of Detroit. The past few weeks have brought many campers to Patterson Lake.

George Dardy of Dundee was a guest at the home of John M. Harris last week.

Miss Eunice Gardner of Lansing is spending a two weeks vacation at her home here.

The Misses Sadie and Joie Harris and Miss Dupuis spent Sunday at Chris Brogan's in Marion.

Fred Chappel and Chauncy Watters of Parkers Corners spent Friday and Saturday at Wm. Gardner's.

Leam Ledwidge of Anderson has been engaged as teacher of the Pond View Academy for the coming year.

Bessie Murphy who underwent an operation on her arm Monday, under the supervision of Doctor Brogan of Stockbridge is reported as doing nicely.

The Popcorn Seller.

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Several brides were telling each other where and how they first met their husbands. Finally one told her experience in a story as follows:

"Last summer," she said, "we spent as usual at our place, Ferncliff, in the mountains. We had a house full of guests, as usual, and one of the men—I consider it a breach of confidence for any girl to reveal the name of a suitor, so I will call him Mr. Beach—was devoted to me."

"I see," remarked the other, "you wish to conceal the denouement. To call your lover by his real name would spoil your story. Go on."

"I liked Mr. Beach very much, but he seemed rather prosaic. I wished for something more showy. Mother said that a practical man would wear better than a showy one, and I have found since my marriage that she was right."

"Oh, dear, why didn't you make it more of a mystery?"

"One day a circus came to town. We young people agreed that we would attend a performance, and all went to the tent in a body. We climbed the board seats to a convenient height, sitting in a bunch, Mr. Beach being beside me. We were much too early for the show, but enjoyed ourselves watching the country people come in. Near us a young fellow was arranging his wares, consisting of popcorn cakes. As soon as he had them laid out on his table, or rather, board, he took up some packages and, holding up one, passed around the ring, dragging one leg after the other, the way circus people do, drawing:

"These celebrated popcorn cakes are made of popcorn grown in the vale of Cashmere under the glow of the radiant faces of the most beautiful women of the world. Only 5 cents a package. Warranted fresh and luscious to the taste."

"What do you know about the vale of Cashmere?" called Mr. Beach, buying a package of the popcorn.

"Mother's got a book of poems by a Mickey called Tom Moore," said the fellow, handing up the change. And he strutted up with, 'Here's your celebrated popcorn cakes grown on the fertile plains of Palestine,' etc.

"The audience began to guff him good naturedly, but he smiled at any one doing so with a bewitching smile. Indeed, every one was watching him and wondering where next his celebrated popcorn would come from. He continued his rounds till there was a flourish of half a dozen dingy brass instruments, and the performance commenced.

The only attractive feature of the show was that the actors were all looking young men. They seemed rather amateurish, their performance consisting principally of gymnastic stunts. We stayed till the end, however, the girls of our party being interested in the fine appearance of the young Ajaxes.

"We had gone home, and I was dressing for dinner when, looking out of my window, I saw a young man dressed in the height of fashion coming up the walk. In a few minutes Susan handed me a card and a note of introduction from my friend, Adele Perkins. As soon as I had finished my toilet I went down into the drawing room to greet the caller.

"I never was so puzzled in my life. I was sure I had seen the man before, but where I could not tell. I was looking at him, trying in vain to place him, when his face lighted up with a smile. Then the truth—the undeniable truth—broke in upon me. He was the popcorn seller of the circus."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the listener, raising her hands.

"There he stood, evidently enjoying my surprise, while I, who had extended my hand, drew back.

"I haven't come," he said, "to sell you a cake of the celebrated popcorn from the sunny land of Brazil. I have come to call upon the friend of my cousin, Adele Perkins. But before asking to be treated as a guest I will explain that the company of performers you saw today are all fellow students of mine at college. They need what they make in this manner to enable them to pursue their studies. I, on the contrary, have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth. But I am a practical chap, and my father, being of the same mind as myself, prefers that I shall work my way through college as a preparation for the duties that are expected to fall to me when I have finished my education. I have therefore joined my chums as popcorn seller and make bold to say that I keep up my end of the profits."

"My dear, you can imagine my astonishment at hearing this howling swell tell how he came to be a member of a circus company. I invited him to dinner, but he declined because if he accepted he would be too late for the evening performance. After dinner I returned to my room, feigning a headache, and, taking a maid, slipped out a back door and went to the circus. We had barely got seated when the popcorn seller strutted by. I was curious to hear where his popcorn would come from this time."

"Where?"

"From the shining hills nestling about the south pole."

"And the denouement?"

"I never could banish the popcorn seller's smile."

"And where did Mr. Beach come from?"

"He didn't come in at all; he went out."

ADELAIDE RUTH HILL.

An Eccentric Doctor.

Dr. Zaharin was one of the most famous as he was also the most eccentric of physicians in Russia. Even when he was summoned to attend Czar Alexander III, in his last illness Dr. Zaharin required the same preparation for his visit to the palace as to any of his patients' homes—that is to say, all doors had to be kept out of the way, all clocks stopped and every door thrown wide open. Following a process of gradual undressing, he left his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his galoche in the third and, continuing, arrived at the bedside in ordinary indoor costume. This was only one phase of Dr. Zaharin's golden theory that "you should take a rest before you are tired." Accordingly he sat down after walking every few yards and every eight steps in going upstairs. From the patient's relatives and every one else in the house he required absolute silence until he spoke to them, when his questions had to be answered by "Yes" or "No" and nothing more. To the actual patient, however, he was courteous and consideration in the highest degree.

Reduced Price on Feed

FARMERS—We have reduced the price of Bran and Middlings making them the

Cheapest Feed on the Market

We also have for sale choice of 2 Good Cows

Pinckney Flouring Mills

F. M. PETERS, PROP.

Commercial Local

The Pinckney Mill Team played the Brighton team at Brighton, Wednesday.

The council are trying to enforce some of the old ordinances and are finding hard work of it. Some of them they find have flaws and others do not seem to enforce.

Geo. Barber of Hamburg, for years car repairer on the Grand Trunk, this section, while in Toledo Sunday went to catch a train home, slipped and was run over and killed. He was well known all along the line and had many friends.

The report from Dale Darrow of Kalamazoo, who was badly injured a couple of weeks ago in that he is doing as well as can be expected and there are hopes of his recovery. They are taking skin from other parts of his body and grafting on to the wound, having already taken over 40 pieces.

Two wedding parties make merry today, Wednesday, as we go to press. One at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hendee when their daughter, Orpha and Emil Lamert were married. The other at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Mortenson when their daughter Maude and Mr. Grieco of Ypsilanti were married. More next week.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston.

Probate Court for said County. Estate of JOHN BURKS, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed, by the Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioners on Claims in the matter of said estate, and four months from the 15th day of June A. D. 1908 having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in which to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 16th day of August A. D. 1908, and on the 18th day of October A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock A. M. of each day at the store of J. L. Kieby in the township of Hamburg in said County, to receive and examine such claims.

Dated: Howell, June 15, A. D. 1908.

W. A. Shaffer } Commissioners on Claims

J. L. Kieby }

Square Deal Hatchery

PINCKNEY, MICH.

CAPACITY, 1000 EGGS

Pure bred Barred Plymouth Rock baby Chicks, 1 to 10 days old

10 cents Up

Pure Bred Sickle Comb Brown Leghorn Baby Chicks, the laying kind, 1 to 10 days old

10 cents Up

Sickle Comb Brown Leghorn Eggs for hatching,

15 Eggs, 50c

30 Eggs, 80c

More in Proportion

CASH WITH ORDER

G. Albert Frost

THE FREEPORT HOOK

A SCIENTIFIC FISH HOOK

(Patented 1904-1908)

A sure-catch fish-hook. A b-saver. It is perfectly weed proof and snag proof, when properly baited. It has the only scientific color lure. It will not kink, bind or ride, in fact a real scientific ally constructed fish hook for casting or trolling for both deep and surface fishing.

Write for "A Little Book About A Hook"

Ask your dealer for it, or address Louis Biersach, DISPATCH BLOCK, Freeport, Ill.