

Pinckney Dispatch.

VOL. XXVII.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

No. 28

Do You Wear Tailor Made Clothes?

Clothes that will fit you
Clothes that are lined right
Clothes that are canvased right

Cost No More than the Other Kind.

CALL AND SEE NEW FALL SAMPLES AND GET PRICES

Specials for Saturday, July 17

500 yds good sheeting,	51c	200 Ladies Fine Shoes	\$1.49
7 Spools Thread	25c	Mens Best Lisle Thread	—
Mens \$1 Cotton Pants	82c	Underwear	42c

GROCERY SPECIALS

25c Coffee	20c	50c Tea	42c
1 can Corn, 9c	3 for 25c	1 lb Soda	5c
Yeast Cake	5c	1 pkg Baking powder	4c
	6000 Parlor Matches,	25c	

All Goods Sold For Cash

W. W. BARNARD

F. G. Jackson has an ady in this issue that will interest you. Page 8.

Mrs. Herbert Leon Cope was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Teeple the past week and spent the time at the cottage at Portage Lake.

W. H. Allison of Sioux Falls and J. Nelson and family of Brighton visited the first of the week at Wm. T. Allison's.

Geo. King, president of the Parma Creamery, by the way, the largest "whole milk" plant in the state, was the guest of Earl Day Monday.

The Band Concert Saturday evening was a pleasing affair and the North Lake band made good by making good music. There was a large crowd in town and all seemed to enjoy the change.

The Misses Nellie Reede and Mame E. Hagan of Sioux City, Iowa, were guests of Wm. Doyle the past week. The young ladies are cashiers in department stores in Sioux City and were out for a short vacation.



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

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. J. W. Davis of Howell is spending the summer at Bay View.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Rane of Whitmore lake Friday last an 8 1/2 pound girl.

Miss Helen Green of Stockbridge spent a few days the past week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Green and other relatives here the past week.

Dale Darrow, who was seriously injured at Kalamazoo a few weeks ago, was brought to the home of his parents here last Wednesday. He is gaining rapidly.

A party of four from Saline came over to the Bluffs, Portage Lake, and spent a couple of days fishing the last of last week. They succeeded in luring a few bass and pike from their haunts.

J. A. Cadwell and wife and W. H. Cadwell and wife visited Mrs. Cadwell's sister Mrs. Schenck at their cottage, Cavenaugh lake, near Chelsea, a couple of days last week, making the trip in the auto.

A. J. Presley of Belding spent a couple of days with old friends here the last of last week. Mr. P. was formerly in business here. Of course anyone who knows A. J. would know he had his fishing tackle with him.

W. E. Murphy has his fine new store completed and announces an opening for Saturday of this week, July 17. We believe there is no finer store outside of Detroit than this and the people of the village have reason to be proud of it as well as Mr. Murphy. See the announcement of his opening—fact is you cannot miss it.

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

Rain is needed very badly in this section.

Dr. C. L. Sigler and wife visited friends in Detroit this week.

Mrs. David Van Horn is entertaining a sister from New Jersey.

Mrs. Geo. Green and daughter Gertrude are visiting her parents in Howell.

Miss Bernadine Lynch is visiting Miss Gladys Brown and other friends in Detroit.

C. L. Bowman, wife and son Earl of Charlotte are visiting their son Fred and family here this week.

G. W. Sykes and wife of Detroit are expected here today for a few weeks visit at the old home town.

Floyd Peters, who has been spending several weeks with relatives at Jackson, returned home Saturday.

Ralph, Rex and Clair Reason and Hollis Sigler walked to Lakeland and return, for the fun of it, one afternoon last week.

A. B. Green and wife, Mrs. Estella Graham, Harry Palmer, wife and son, and Ruth Potterton spent a day at the Bluffs, Portage Lake, last week.

The Society of Church Workers will hold their usual tea at the Maccabee hall Wednesday July 31st. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Julia Sigler, Secty.

Mrs. Wm. Kennedy, Jr., who has been spending a couple of weeks with her parents, H. H. Swarthout and wife, returned to Stockbridge last week. We are glad to note that she is much improved in health.

In the Sioux City Daily Tribunal we see the adv of the American Monument Co. and note that Ed. T. Kearney of Jackson, Neb., is its treasurer. Ed still wears "the smile that wont come off" even in the monument business.

The Michigan Agricultural college is waging out a campaign which will be waged against the mosquito, a pest that has a firm hold upon a large area adjoining and upon the college property. These experiments will be watched with considerable interest.

W. H. Cadwell and wife, who have been visiting his parents here for a few days or more went to Boston and other eastern cities the past week on business. They will again visit here on their way home. The boys remained here with their grandparents.

The Missionary society of the Cong'l Church held its July meeting at the Teeple cottage, Portage lake, Friday afternoon. A good program was rendered on their spacious porch after which tea was served in the dining room and the society was enriched by an addition of \$4.70. The meetings for the next two months are scheduled to be held at cottages at the lake.

W. E. MURPHY

Will Open His

NEW STORE

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909

This will be the most Modern and Centrally located Store in Pinckney

Mr. Murphy desires to sincerely thank the public for their very liberal patronage in the past, especially the past six months, during which time he was compelled to carry on his business in an old, poorly located building.

He will be delighted to welcome all his old friends to his New Place of Business where he will have a

Brand New Stock of Goods
on display.

W. E. MURPHY

Pinckney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN
NEW ENGLAND'S VITALITY.

One of the striking features of the revival of business in New England is the great industrial activity in New England. The number of new mills, building or planned, the additions to old mills and factories which are being made, and the general increase in productive resources afford evidence of expanding traffic and greatly augmented wealth. This industrial growth is on a larger scale than it has been for a long time. It is abundant proof that New England is full of vital force, in business and in all productive activities. The greatest gain in the number and capacity of mills is in the textile industry, the field the best part of which superficial observers of business conditions and changes have said the south was fast capturing, says the Cleveland Leader. Southern cotton mills have indeed multiplied rapidly and prospered greatly, but they have merely taken a part of the increase in the vast industry built upon the fiber of the cotton plant. They have not cut down New England's output of cotton goods. They have not even prevented its strong and almost constant expansion. Yankee skill and capital, the experience of New England manufacturers, the prestige of their products and the machinery of distribution in their hands, all unite to defend the cotton industry of that section from injury by competition in the region where the raw material is grown.

Once upon a time, the seasoned gossips of Washington say, you could spot a United States senator at sight. But now, they declare, it is hard to tell a solon of the upper house from a stock broker. It is all in the matter of clothes, says the New York World. The long frock coat, the expansive shirt front and the big, soft black hat of old have yielded to modern business attire. We mention these things because a Washington dispatch stating that 55 members of the house appeared on Monday in wholly new raiment suggests a general thought of the clothes of congress. A British M. P. who visited this country a few years ago remarked that our national legislators did not know how to dress. To which a traveler from home rejoined promptly that they were lucky if they did not know how to dress like members of the house of commons. Be that as it may, what meager particulars we have of the new suits of various representatives indicate that the increased salaries of congress have fallen amid exponents of sartorial progress and good taste. It is likely that all 55 of the freshly clad would pass muster on brightest Fifth avenue.

Sir Robert Bond, former premier of Newfoundland, who has been conspicuous for many years as an opponent of American fishermen who ply their calling in Newfoundland waters, and who has been largely instrumental in inflating the fishing imbroglio to proportions which compelled international consideration and submission to The Hague conference, was badly beaten in the election which took place in Newfoundland. This fact will be accepted as evidence that Newfoundlanders are not opposed to American fishermen, and that they find in the presence of the Americans an element of business which makes for the prosperity of the coast fishermen, who not only work for the American fishing vessels, but also dispose of their fish in a legal manner, under the limitations of the law.

Here is one point on which the immigration laws might easily be strengthened. American citizenship is not a right, but a privilege, and it should be so construed, says the New York Tribune. If the country offers exceptional opportunities to the strong and intelligent of other countries, it is worth their while to prove that they are entitled to share in these opportunities. No one can find any legitimate fault with this procedure, except the criminal and the incompetent, and the American people need consult their wishes only in so far as it may be desirable to find out what they would prefer and then act to the contrary.

That wife who made her husband account for every cent she gave him was only getting back at some husbands.

DOMESTIC STRIFE LEADS TO CRIME

UNHAPPILY MARRIED THE END COMES BY MURDER AND SUICIDE.

CASE VERY GRUESOME.

Grand Rapids Furnishes a Horrible Story, and Lansing One, Both Cases Have Similar Cause.

The coroner's inquest into the deaths of Warren C. Rowland and his wife, Vashti Perry Rowland, who were found late Friday in a vacant house in Grand Rapids, and the autopsy on the remains, revealed the fact that Rowland first stunned his wife by striking her on the head with his wooden leg, which he had removed, then wrecked the gas fixture, permitting the gas to pour into the room, and cut his own throat with a razor.

The woman died from asphyxiation, not from the blow on the head, which, according to the coroner, only stunned her. The man also died from asphyxiation, as the wound in the throat was not deep enough to cause death.

Mrs. Rowland's body was found on the bed, partially dressed, while that of her husband was partially on the floor. The room was full of gas, the key hole, all the cracks in the door and windows having been stuffed up with rags and pieces of clothing. They had evidently been dead nearly two weeks.

Friday afternoon a neighbor notified the local gas office that there was a strong odor of gas coming from the vacant house, and an inspector was sent there to investigate. He inspected the meter in the basement and finally worked to the second floor. He traced the leak to the side room, and when the door was opened a horrible stench arose. The heat of the room was excessive, and the gas was pouring from the open jet. The police and coroner were then notified.

Owing to the stench in the room the officers were unable to make a careful examination till several hours after the bodies were found. Then they discovered the floor and door knob spattered with blood and bloody vest on the floor.

Rowland had a police record and his reputation was bad. Mrs. Rowland was the daughter of Mrs. Flora O'Brien, of Pontiac. Besides her sister, Hazel, she has a brother, Lewis. Mrs. Rowland was married in Grand Rapids four years ago.

Lansing Case.

Charles Thayer, a farmer living south of Lansing, came to town Saturday morning and shot and killed his wife at the house where she was working. Thayer then fatally shot himself. He was enraged because the woman would not live with him.

Thayer went to the door of the house and knocked. As Mrs. Thayer opened the door he snatched and killed her, turning the revolver immediately upon himself.

A GREAT PARADE.

Fine Exhibit of Automobiles in a Street Pageant.

The parade of automobiles in Detroit on Saturday was both magnificent and wonderful, there being over eleven hundred of these vehicles in line, ranging from the big touring cars to the small runabouts and electric. Many of the cars were sturdily decorated with flowers, and prizes were given for the most striking effects. The parade was a preliminary to the famous garden tour, which started Monday morning at 9 o'clock from in front of the city hall, the sixth annual tour of the American Automobile association, which includes the contests for the Glidden, Hower and Detroit trophies. In all 43 cars started, 31 of which are contesting cars—14 for the Glidden, 14 for the Hower and three for the Detroit cup. In previous years the Glidden trophy has been won on tours through the eastern states, but now the cars are to have a drive of nearly 1,300 miles westward from Detroit to Denver and then 750 miles back to Kansas City, where the tour will disband. The route leads the participants into territory not previously traveled, and there will be many novel features.

Sales of Homestead Lands.

State Land Commissioner Huntley Russell Friday morning stated that he would make an effort to have the land commissioner granted the privilege of holding the sales of homestead and other state lands in the territory in which they are situated, rather than here in Lansing.

There are about 60,000 acres of land situated in Alger, Arenac, Dickinson, Isabella, Roscommon, Saginaw and Wexford counties which will soon be placed on sale, and if the sales are held in those territories many people who have not the money to make the trip to Lansing, as is necessary now, will be able to purchase.

By a peculiar mark upon her arm, Mrs. Hazel Horton, of Benton Harbor, was recognized by her daughter, Mrs. Frank Davis. For 15 years the older woman has been thought dead, and the daughter was reared by other relatives.

STATE BRIEFS.

The blueberry season begins next week, with the largest crop for years. Lapeer county Prohibitionists boosted local option sentiment with a patriotic picnic at Lake Pleasant.

No reason can be found for the act of August Houli, successful Capas farmer, who hanged himself in his barn.

Flint city council will call a special election on the proposition to bond the city for \$300,000 for improvements.

Frank McComb, aged 13 years, of Marysville, may lose three fingers as the result of a premature explosion of a cannon cracker.

Because of stringent pure food ordinance, some dairymen will stop shipping milk into Pontiac, and will send it to Detroit instead.

Henry K. Brummel, wealthy farmer near Zeeland, killed himself with paris green rather than figure in the divorce suit started by his wife.

Howard McGraw, juvenile disorderly, cut a screen and escaped from Flint's police headquarters before the county agent arrived to get him.

The \$240 back pay for services in the civil war sought by David Sly for 40 years, reached Traverse City from Washington the day after his death.

When his mother wouldn't let him join the navy, George Schultz, of Lansing, aged 18, tried to die by drinking a pint of wash blueing. He will recover.

W. E. Halford, English student at a physical culture school in Battle Creek, was stricken with heart disease while swimming, and died in half an hour.

By the premature explosion of a cannon he was firing, 10-year-old Glen Bentley, of Owosso, had an ear torn off and was terribly burned about the head and body.

In a test case, Judge Padgham has decided that the Citizen's Telephone company, of Holland, cannot raise its rates to new subscribers, but must charge all alike.

The local option forces, just organized, will start an educational campaign, holding meetings all over Arenac county, in preparation for a special spring election.

The Ypsilanti Normal college summer enrollment for the first week has reached 1,285, which at the usual rate of later enrollments will mean a probable total of 1,500.

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

Bernard Clark, of Niles, arrested for shooting through a window at his sweetheart because she had another caller, has been bound over for trial in the circuit court.

Harry G. Weaver, of Muskegon, former Annapolis cadet, but expelled a year ago for hazing, rescued 15-year-old Fern Bailey from drowning in the lake and is a local hero.

The 15-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Leeuwen, of Holland, is lying at the point of death as the result of being stung by hundreds of bees.

John Laubenheimer was drawn into a set of rolls at the Menominee & Marinette paper mill, when his clothing caught and he was so badly injured that he died a few hours later.

As the first move in carrying out his promises of economy in the city offices, Mayor Bailey, of Battle Creek, has just abolished the office of plumbing inspector and fired the occupant.

Henry Poaledor, a prominent young farmer near Niles, suffered a sunstroke while working in the field, and though he had apparently recovered from the effects, hanged himself in his barn.

The annual meeting of the missionary council of the fifth department of the Episcopal church, comprising the states of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin, will be held in Grand Rapids October 18, 19 and 20.

The fast pacing stallion Wilkie Alerton, owned by Charles McKenzie the well-known horseman of Alpena and valued at \$5,000, is dead from the effects of poison given, apparently, to prevent the animal from starting in a race.

Judge D. R. Austin, 70, of Toledo was saved from drowning in Sand lake, where he has a summer cottage by employees of the hotel there, who pulled him into their boat. The judge had been fishing and his skiff capsized.

With the mustering in of Co. M Second regiment, M. N. G., Kalamazoo's second military company, Thursday night, the plans for the securing of a new \$30,000 armory for the city are almost sure of being carried to completion.

A. J. Gustafson, supervisor of Ishpeming township, recently brought in the carcass of a big timber wolf which he had shot on the road, and collected the bounty. While the animals are not scarce in this county, they are seldom seen on the roads, especially in the summer.

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.

THE TARIFF BILL UNDER FIRE NOW

THE HOUSE IS WORKING OVER THE SENATE AMENDMENTS. THESE HOT DAYS.

THE WORK IS EXTENSIVE.

The Upper House Made Over Eight Hundred Changes, Which Must Now Be Fought Over.

Bearing the scars of 347 amendments, placed there by the senate, the Payne tariff bill found its way back to the house, exactly three months to a day from the time it was put through by that body. Its reception was hailed with mingled feeling of joy and disappointment by the members on both sides, who, in response to summons from their respective leaders, turned out in great force.

Cheaper cotton and woolen goods and cheaper hosiery and women's gloves—former demanded by the house and the latter by the senate—promise to be among the most stubbornly fought questions in the congressional conference on the bill. At least, that is the way things appeared at the close of the first day's session. Many express the opinion that the house will yield on cotton and wool and the senate on gloves and hosiery in compliance with the protectionists' idea of stand-patism.

Two sessions of the conferees were held Saturday. The first began at 10 a. m. and continued until 1:15 p. m. A recess was taken for luncheon lasting until 2:30 o'clock, when the afternoon session was begun. It was agreed that these hours shall continue through the conference. The afternoon session lasted until nearly 6 o'clock.

When the session closed for the day the conferees had passed through the chemical and earthenware schedules and more than half way through the metal schedule.

The adjustment of the differences between the house and senate will not prove so serious a task as is indicated by the large number of amendments. More than 200 of the amendments consist of changing the phrase "as provided by sections one and two of this act" to read "as provided by this section." These changes were made necessary by the action of the senate in consolidating the dutiable and free lists and making the maximum provision the second section of the bill. Nearly 300 other amendments relate to phraseology—changes which there will be no dispute whatever. Eliminating these it is pointed out that there are less than 400 amendments that represent opposing views.

Few members of the conference committee are willing to place the time necessary for the completion of the bill in conference at less than 10 days, notwithstanding the large number of purely verbal amendments. Some of the conferees place the probable length of the conference at a fortnight or more.

"Questions of importance cannot be disposed of in a day or a week," said one of the conferees tonight. The corporation tax amendment has not been considered by the conferees in any way. Nevertheless it is predicted in congressional circles that the proposed tax on the net earnings of corporations will be reduced in conference from 2 per cent to 1 per cent.

"That has been suggested," said Senator Aldrich, when asked concerning the report that a reduction would be made in the tax. He said he could not say what would be done. It was reported also that the corporation tax provision may be eliminated and the house inheritance tax provision restored to the bill, but no confirmation of this could be had.

Rats Go to Canada.

Consul General John Edward Jones reports that Winnipeg is preparing for an active campaign against rats, which have invaded Manitoba from the south, and are described as "marching on Winnipeg." "The people look with serious concern upon the subject," says Mr. Jones. "Recently the matter was taken before the board of control at Winnipeg with a view to devising ways and means to check the rodent advance."

Western Canada, especially the grain belt, has ever been free from rats, and the farmers are much concerned over their appearance and the threatened destruction of their harvested grain.

"The deputy minister of agriculture is making a careful investigation of the subject along the international boundary, and will shortly make a report to the government."

WIRELETS.

U. S. Senator Clay was unanimously re-elected by the Georgia legislature.

The American Woman Suffrage association decided to establish national headquarters in New York City.

A landslide occurred at the works connected with the new docks, Newport, England, and as a result 40 men were buried alive.

Fire swept 6,000 acres of wheat and barley on several ranches near San Fernando, Cal. The loss is estimated at \$124,000. The fire started in the afternoon and by nightfall great fields of barley and wheat had been laid waste.

THE CEREAL CROP

United States Cereals.

The greatest crop of cereals has been raised in the United States in history, according to the report of the department of agriculture. A gain of 722,000 bushels in all grains over the total of 1906 is promised and the record yield of 1906 will be exceeded.

Corn, for the first time, passed the 3,000,000,000 mark, and will be put at more than 1,000,000,000 bushels. The value of these great farm products, on the basis of probable prices, will approach \$2,500,000,000. The bumper crop closed on the board of trade yesterday at 55 cents, raising the crop at worth 50 cents to the farmer, wheat at 90, oats at 40, rye at 70, and barley at 50, these totals are obtained:

Corn	1,558,000,000
Wheat	628,000,000
Oats	412,000,000
Barley	95,000,000
Rye	21,000,000

Total \$2,709,000,000

The report of the department of agriculture does not indicate that there will be a serious shortage of breadstuffs in this country this year, although the figures to date show a considerable loss in winter wheat as compared with a year ago, the estimated loss in round numbers being 41,000,000 bushels.

To a considerable extent this is offset by a larger acreage and a greater yield of spring wheat which brings the total indicated crop of wheat up to 693,000,000 bushels, as compared with 654,000,000 bushels at the same time in 1906. Some important interests in the trade figure that the consuming demand has grown enough to absorb this difference and that before the entire crop is harvested we will run into a period of actual shortages rather than a surplus. It is also figured that foreign requirements easily will take all wheat which is not needed for domestic purposes as crop conditions are generally understood to be unsatisfactory in most of the old world grain raising districts.

Hangman Shocked Them.

As if the hanging of a murderer in the Stratford, Ont., jail yard was not enough to shock and sicken the citizens of fine sensibilities, Hangman Radcliffe has hammered in the memory of the gruesome event by doing out, in small sections, the rope which the victim was hanged. He has also parted with the black cap which covered the murderer's head. Certain citizens are proudly displaying their bits of hemp and a local plumber has the black cap on exhibition in his store.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Market steady at last week's prices, trade active on good stuff. Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$5.50@6.00; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$4.25@5.25; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.25@5.25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, \$4.25@5.25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, \$3.75@4.75; choice fat cows, \$4.50; good fat cows, \$3.50@4.50; common cows, \$2.50@3.50; canners, \$1.75@2.25; choice heavy bulls, \$3.75@4.50; fair to good bolognas, bulls, \$2.50; stock bulls, \$2.25@3.25; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.00@4.75; feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.00@4.50; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$4.25@4.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.75@4.50; stock heifers, \$3@3.50; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$40@50; common milkers, \$25@35.

Veal calves—Market, 25 to 50c higher; best, \$7.50@8; others, \$4@7; milch cows and springers, steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market good lambs, 25c higher; yearlings, common, sheep, 50c lower; best lamb, \$8@8.50; fair to good lambs, \$7@7.50; light to common lambs, \$6@7; yearlings, \$4@5; fair to good sheep, \$3.50@4.50; culled and common, 2.50@3.

Hogs—Market 10 to 15c lower than last week; grass hogs, very full, quality common. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$7.50@7.75; pigs, \$6.75@7; light yorkers, \$7@7.50; stags, 1-3 off.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Market slow and 25c lower than last week, with a large bunch of medium and common steers left over from Monday's sales. Best steers, \$6.50@6.85; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb shipping steers, \$6@6.50; best 1,000 to 1,100-lb shipping steers, \$5.75@6; light butchers, \$4.75@5.75; best fat cows, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good cows, \$3.50@4; trimmers, \$2.25@2.75; best fat heifers, \$5.50@5.75; fair to good, \$4@4.50; common heifers, \$3.50@3.75; best feeding steers, \$4@4.25; best stockers, \$3.25@3.50; common stockers, \$3; best bulls, \$4.25@4.50; bologna bulls, \$3.25@3.75; best fresh cows and springers, \$40@50; medium cows, \$30@40; common cows, \$20@30.

Hogs—Market higher; heavy, \$8.50@8.80; mixed, \$8.40@8.50; best yorkers, \$8.25@8.45; light, \$7.50@8; pigs, \$7.50@7.75; roughs, \$7.20@7.35; stags, \$5.50@6.25.

Sheep—Market steady; best lambs, \$8.25@8.50; fair to good, \$7@8; culled, \$5@6.50; yearlings, \$6@6.50; wethers, \$5@5.15; ewes, \$4@5.

Calves—Steady; best, \$8@8.25; fair to good, \$6@7.50; heavy, \$4@5.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.35; July opened with an advance of 1/4c to \$1.15 1/2, lost 1/4c and advanced to \$1.16; September opened at \$1.11, declined to \$1.10 1/2 and closed at \$1.10 1/2; December opened at \$1.11 1/2, declined to \$1.11 1/4, and closed at \$1.11 1/4; No. 3 red, \$1.32; No. 1 white, \$1.35.

CORN—Cash No. 2, 73 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 1 cent at 73 1/2c; No. 4 yellow, 1 cent at 73 1/2c, closing at 74c.

OATS—Cash No. 2 white, 53c asked; standard, 52 1/2c asked; September, 40c.

RYE—Cash No. 1, 81c asked.

FLOUR—Cash, \$2.15; October, \$2.04.

LOUISIANA—Brim, October, 100 bags at \$8.95; March, 200 bags at \$7.05; August, 50 bags at \$8.25.

FIELD—In 100-lb. sacks, jobbing lots, \$2.00; 48; coarse middlings, \$2.00; fine middlings, \$2.01; cracked corn, \$2; coarse cornmeal, \$1; corn and oat crop, \$2.90 per ton.

WHEAT—Best Michigan patent, \$7.10; ordinary patent, \$6.85; straight, \$6.85; clear, \$6.75; pure rye, \$5 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

SERIAL STORY

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By

ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by

RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1924, by A. C. McClurg & Co.)

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 drunk 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 wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten-mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting 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 detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake and Miss Leslie turned to stare at the droves of animals moving about between them and the border of the tall grass. Miss Leslie was the first to speak. "They can't be cattle, Mr. Winthrop. There are some with stripes. I do believe they're zebras!"

"Get down!" commanded Blake. "They're all wild game. Those big ox-like fellows to the left of the zebras are eland. Wheel! wouldn't we be in it if we owned that water hole? I'll bet I'd have one of those fat beeves inside three days."

"How I should enjoy a juicy steak!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Raw or jerked?" questioned Blake.

"What is 'jerked'?"

"Oh, no; I mean broiled—just red inside."

"I prefer mine quite rare," added Winthrop.

"That's the way you'll get it, damned rare—Beg your pardon, Miss Jenny! Without fire, we'll have the choice of raw or jerked."

"Horror!"

"Jerked meat is all right. You cut your game in strips—"

"With a penknife!" laughed Miss Leslie.

Blake stared at her glumly. "That's so. You've got it back on me—Butcher a beef with a penknife! We'll have to take it raw, and dog-fashion at that."

"Haven't I heard of bamboo knives?" said Winthrop.

"Bamboo?"

"I'm sure I can't say, but as I remember, it seems to me that the varnish-like glaze—"

"Silica? Say, that would cut meat. But where in—where in hades are the bamboos?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Only I remember that I have seen them in other tropical places, you know."

"Meantime I prefer coconuts, until we have a fire to broil our steaks," remarked Miss Leslie.

"Ditto, Miss Jenny, long's we have the nuts and no meat. I'm a vegetarian now—but maybe my mouth ain't watering for something else. Look at all those chops and roasts and stews running around out there!"

"They are making for the grass," observed Winthrop. "Hain't we better start?"

"Nuts won't weigh so much without the shells. We'll eat right here."

There were only a few nuts left. They were drained and cracked and scooped out, one after another. The last chanced to break evenly across the middle.

"Hello," said Blake, "the lower part of this will do for a bowl, Miss Jenny. When you've eaten the cream, put it in your pocket. Say, Win, have you got the bottle and keys and—"

"All safe—everything."

"Are you sure, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Miss Leslie. "Men's pockets seem so open. Twice I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket."

"Locket?" echoed Blake.

"The ivory locket. Women may be

curious, Mr. Blake, but I assure you, I did not look inside, though—"

"Let me—give it here—quiet!" gasped Blake.

Startled by his tone and look, Miss Leslie thoughtfully laid the object from the side pocket of the coat and thrust it into Blake's outstretched hand. For a moment he stared at it, unable to believe his eyes; then he leaped up, with a yell that sent the droves of zebras and antelope flying into the tall grass.

"Oh, oh!" screamed, Miss Leslie. "Is it a snake? Are you bitten?"

"Bitten?—Yes, by John Barleycorn! Must have been dizzy drunk to put it in my coat. Always carry it in my job pocket. What a blasted infernal idiot I've been! Kick me, Win—kick me hard!"

"I say, Blake, what is it? I don't quite take you. If you would only—"

"Fire!—fire! Can't you see? We've got all hell beat! Look here."

He snapped open the slide of the supposed locket, and before either of his companions could realize what he would be about, was focusing the lens of a surveyor's magnifying-glass upon the back of Winthrop's hand. The Englishman jerked the hand away—

"Ow! That burns!"

Blake shook the glass in their bewildered faces.

"Look there!" he shouted, "there's fire; there's water; there's birds' eggs and beefsteaks! Here's where we trek on the back trail. We'll smoke out that leopard in short order!"

"You don't mean to say, Blake—"

"No; I mean to do! Don't worry. You can hide with Miss Jenny on the point, while I engineer the deal. Fall in."

The day was still fresh when they found themselves back at the foot of the cliff. Here arose a heated debate between the men. Winthrop, stung by Blake's jeering words, insisted upon sharing the attack, though with no great enthusiasm. Much to Blake's surprise, Miss Leslie came to the support of the Englishman.

"But, Mr. Blake," she argued, "you say it will be perfectly safe for us here. If so, it will be safe for myself alone."

"I can play this game without him."

"No doubt. Yet if, as you say, you expect to keep off the leopard with a

torch, would it not be well to have Mr. Winthrop at hand with other torches, should yours burn out?"

"Yes; if I thought he'd be at hand after the first scare."

Winthrop started off almost on a run. At that moment he might have faced the leopard single-handed. Blake chuckled as he swung away after his victim. Within ten paces, however, he paused to call back over his shoulder: "Get around the point, Miss Jenny, and if you want something to do, try braiding the coconut fiber."

Miss Leslie made no response; but she stood for some time gazing after the two men. There was so much that was characteristic even in this rear view. For all his anger and his haste, the Englishman bore himself with an air of well-bred nicety. His trim, erect figure needed only a fresh suit to be irreproachable. On the other hand, a careless observer, at first glance, might have mistaken Blake, with his flannel shirt and shouldered club, for a hulking navvy. But there was nothing of the navy in his swinging stride or in the resolute poise of his head as he came up with Winthrop.

Though the girl was not given to reflection, the contrast between the two could not impress her. How well her countryman—coarse, uncultured, but full of brute strength and courage—fitted in with these primitive surroundings. What was Winthrop—and herself—

She fell into a kind of disquieted brown study. Her eyes had an odd look, both startled and meditative—such a look as might be expected of one who for the first time is peering beneath the surface of things, and

sees the naked realities of life, the real values, based on masking conventions. It may have been that she was seeking to ponder the meaning of her own existence—that she had caught a glimpse of the vanity and wastefulness, the utter futility of her life. At the best, it could only have been a glimpse. But was not that enough?

"Of what use are such people as I?" she cried. "That man may be rough and coarse—even a brute; but he at least does things—I'll show him that I can do things, too!"

She hastened out around the corner of the cliff to the spot where they had spent the night. Here she gathered together the coconut husks, and sealing herself in the shade of the overhanging ledges began to pick at the coarse fiber. It was cruel work for her soft fingers, not yet fully healed from the thorn wounds. At times the pain and an overpowering sense of injury brought tears to her eyes; still more often she dropped the work in despair of her awkwardness. Yet always she returned to the task with renewed energy.

After no little perseverance, she found how to twist the fiber and plait it into cord. At best it was slow work, and she did not see how she should ever make enough cord for a fish-line. Yet, as she caught the knack of the work and her fingers became more nimble she began to enjoy the novel pleasure of producing something.

She had quite forgotten to feel injured, and was learning to endure with patience the rasping of the fiber between her fingers, when Winthrop came clambering around the corner of the cliff.

"What is it?" she exclaimed, springing up and hurrying to meet him. He was white and quivering, and the look in his eyes filled her with dread.

Her voice shrilled to a scream: "He's dead!"

Winthrop shook his head. "Then he's hurt!—he's hurt by that savage creature, and you've run off and left him—"

"No, no, Miss Genevieve, I must insist! The fellow is not even scratched."

"Then why—?"

"It was the horror of it all. It actually made me ill."

"You frightened me almost to death. Did the beast chase you?"

"That would have been better, in a way. Really, it was horrible! I'm still sick over it, Miss Genevieve."

"But tell me about it. Did you set fire to the bushes in the cleft, as Mr. Blake—"

"Yes; after we had fetched what we could carry of that long grass—two big trusses. It grows 10 or 12 feet tall, and is now quite dry. Part of it Blake made into torches, and we fired the bush all across the foot of the cleft. Really, one would not have thought there was that much dry wood in so green a dell. On either side of the hill the grass and brush flared like tinder, and the flames swept up the cleft far quicker than we had expected. We could hear them crackling and roaring louder than ever after the smoke shut out our view."

"Surely, there is nothing so very horrible in that."

"No, oh, no; it was not that. But the beast—the leopard! At first we heard one roar; then it was that dreadful snarling and yelling—most awful squalling! The wretched thing came leaping and tumbling down the path, all singed and blinded. Blake fired the big truss of grass, and the brute rolled right into the flames. It was shocking—dreadfully shocking! The wretched creature writhed and leaped about till it plunged into the pool. When it sought to crawl out, all black and hideous, Blake went up and killed it with his club—crushed in its skull—Ugh!"

Miss Leslie gazed at the unnerved Englishman with calm scrutiny.

"But why should you feel so about it?" she asked. "Was it not the beast's life against ours?"

"But so horrible a death!"

"I'm sure Mr. Blake would have preferred to shoot the creature had he a gun. Having nothing else than fire, I think it was all very brave of him. Now we are sure of water and food. Had we not best be going?"

"It was to fetch you that Blake sent me."

Winthrop spoke with perceptible stiffness. He was chagrined, not only by her commendation of Blake, but by the indifference with which she had met his agitation.

They started at once, Miss Leslie in the lead. As they rounded the point she caught sight of the smoke still rising from the cleft. A little later she noticed the vultures which were streaming down out of the sky from all quarters other than seaward. Their focal point seemed to be the trees at the foot of the cleft. A nearer view showed that they were alighting in the thorn bushes on the south border of the wood.

Of Blake there was nothing to be seen until Miss Leslie, still in the lead, pushed in among the trees. There they found him crouched beside a small fire, near the edge of the pool. He did not look up. His eyes were riveted in a hungry stare upon several pieces of fish, suspended over the flames on spits of green twigs.

"Hello!" he sang out, as he heard their footsteps. "Just in time, Miss Jenny. Your broiled steak'll be ready in short order."

"Oh, build up the fire! I'm simply ravenous!" she exclaimed, between impatience and delight.

Winthrop was hardly less keen; yet his hunger did not altogether blunt his curiosity.

"I say, Blake," he inquired, "where did you get the meat?"

"Stow it, Win, my boy. This ain't a packing house. The stuff may be tough; but it's not—or—the other thing. Here you are, Miss Jenny. Chew it off the stick."

Though Winthrop had his suspicions, he took the piece of half-burned flesh which Blake handed him in turn and fell to eating without further question. As Blake had surmised, the roast proved far other than tender. Hunger, however, lent it a most appetizing flavor. The repast ended when there was nothing left to devour. Blake threw away his empty spit and rose to stretch. He waited for Miss Leslie to swallow her last mouthful and then began to chuckle.

"What's the joke?" asked Winthrop.

Blake looked at him solemnly.

"Well now, that was downright mean of me," he drawled; "after robbing them, to laugh at it!"

"Robbing who?"

"The buzzards."

"You've fed us on leopard meat! It's—It's disgusting!"

"I found it filling. How about you, Miss Jenny?"

Miss Leslie did not know whether to laugh or to give way to a feeling of nausea. She did neither.

"Can we not find the spring of which you spoke?" she asked. "I am thirsty."

"Well, I guess the fire is about burnt out," assented Blake. "Come on; we'll see."

The cleft now had a far different aspect from what it had presented on their first visit. The largest of the trees, though scorched about the base, still stood with unwithered foliage, little harmed by the fire. But many of their small companions had been killed and partly destroyed by the heat and flames from the burning brush. In places the fire was yet smouldering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CUPID MUST FIGHT RED TAPE.

Ludicrous Mistake in French Law Hard to Correct.

Curious difficulties occasionally beset young people who wish to marry in France. A young Frenchman proposed recently to a Miss Eugenie, and was accepted. The parents began collecting the mass of legal papers required for French marriages. Among the first to be obtained was Miss Eugenie's birth certificate, and when they got it they found that she was registered a boy. She is put down in the big book as a male, and a male she remains legally and administratively.

Her parents pointed out first, that she was obviously, de facto, a girl; second, that the Christian name of Eugenie entered in the register was feminine; and third, that if she had been a boy she would already have been called up for the conscription, being of age. The authorities replied that none of these arguments were legally and administratively valid, and that she continued to be a boy.

Administrative reports, procedure, and a decision of the courts, all at the parents' expense, will be required before the law acknowledges Miss Eugenie to be of the feminine sex and allows her to marry.

Canal That Russia Needs.

Russia's ministry of ways and communications has appointed a board of engineers to make preliminary surveys for the long-projected canal to connect the Baltic with the Black sea. The canal, in the making of which several rivers will be turned to account, will have its northern end at Riga on the Gulf of Riga, 309 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, while the southern end will be Kherson, on the right bank of the Dnieper, and 92 miles east-northeast of Odessa. When this project is completed Russia may move her own ships to and from the Black sea without asking permission.

Things Have Changed.

No longer do a ring, a thimble, and a piece of money answer for a fortune-telling card for girls. No, indeed! The day is long past when marriage, spinsterhood and rich inheritance were the only careers open to the sex. A twentieth-century cake must have a tiny glass bottle standing for either a doctor or a trained nurse, a little china doll meaning a teacher, and as many other symbols as the ingenuity of the hostess may devise.

Peril in Rainy Winds.

That rainy winds have a marked effect in consumption has been proved by 20 years of observation in Dartmoor and North Devon, England. The death rate from this disease is much less in the sheltered places than in exposed localities.

No girl ever sees a good-looking young man without speculatively wondering whose sweetheart he is.

NEW SENSATION FOR DOBBIN

Come to Think of It, He Would Have Felt Funny Sitting in the Position Indicated.

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choo-choo cars, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the plush cushions.—Woman's Home Companion.

STOPPED HER SONG OF JOY.

Slight Forgetfulness That Marred the Full Appreciation of the Welcome Rain.

"Isn't that a lovely shower?" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldenglows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not?"

"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!"

—The Circle.

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

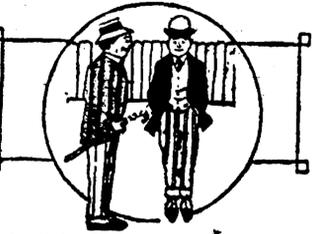
Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Missionary's Wife Made

Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

WELL DEFINED.



De Quiz—What's your idea of the difference between optimism and pessimism?

De Whiz—O! the optimist says it is spring when it isn't and the pessimist says it isn't when it is.

Mother Bird Drove Boy Away.

People on Main street, Dallastown, Pa., witnessed an amusing sight the other morning, when a curious small boy who climbed into a maple tree for a closer inspection of a nest of young robins was put to flight by an angry mother bird. Discovered by the old bird after he had clambered into the tree the youngster was savagely attacked. The bird pecked viciously at his bare hands and face, causing him to retreat to the ground, and then driving him home.

The Facts.

"Do poets ever really starve?" "Well, maybe not. But we seldom ever get a chance to overeat."

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

It is right to look our life accounts bravely in the face now and then, and settle them honestly.—Bronze.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

The good times we long for will not come in the guise of 48-cent watches.

Our Trucking Dispatch

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

The prison board of control should remember that while it hesitates over the appointment of a warden, there is a lot of grafting being left undone.

Tortured on a Horse.

"For 10 years I could not ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. St. Napier, of Rutgers, 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 rheum, Corns. 25c. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler.

The new cents bearing the portrait of Lincoln will be sought for as curiosities. American coins bearing the portrait of some real person will be as agreeable as novel.

If you improve your roads the tide of population will set in from the city instead of to it, buyers will be more plentiful, farm labor more plentiful, tourists and cash more plentiful.

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. King's 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, it's the best medicine on earth. 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler. Trial bottle free.

Congress refused this year to make any appropriation for military aeronautics, although European countries during the past year and this year have been spending large sums in this direction.

France spent over \$288,000 last year for flying machines, dirigible balloons, etc., Germany nearly \$669,000, and Great Britain over \$26,000; and about \$1,315,000 was raised in Germany by private subscription for the Zeppelin Airship.

For weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder and rheumatic pains there is nothing known that is better for prompt relief than DeWitt's 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.

It is understood that officers of the signal corps have under consideration the feasibility of issuing proposals for bids for an aeroplane capable of fulfilling even more rigorous requirements than those which the Wright brothers are under contract to meet.

No one questions the statement that good roads have a high money value to the farmers of the nation, and it may be said that this alone is sufficient to justify the cost of their construction as rapidly as practicable under an efficient, economical and available system of highway improvement.

Good Roads.

The United States can boast of her superiority over other nations in everything but the matter of roads. In this one thing at least there is hardly a civilized nation on earth but has better roads than are to be found here, and we are inclined to think that Michigan ranks lowest among the states.

It is a mistake that is costing the state and nation millions of dollars annually in the transportation of her crops to market and wear and tear on teams and vehicles to say nothing of the price of the land. When there are good roads the adjoining farms are worth all the way from \$5 to \$20 per acre more at the same distance from market.

There is always a "kick" on the highway tax but there is less enough on wear and tear and the fact that crops cannot be marketed when at the best price owing to the condition of the roads, to pay the road tax twice over and still we lug on over gravel bills and sand ravines which a little work and know-how-tive-ness would make into good highways.

Not content, in this state and vicinity with not making good roads, we allow the road makers of our sister state, Ohio, to come in and ship car load after car load of our best gravel onto their roads while we remain asleep to the fact that we are a "lack number" as far as good roads are concerned.

It is high time that we awoke and put our highways in shape so that foreigners when they visit us will not laugh at our highways.

Progress in Cuba.

With the beginning of the present fiscal year the Republic of Cuba established a Bureau of Information, Pres. Gomez appointing Leon J. Canova an American newspaper man, who has resided in Cuba 11 years and has a wide acquaintance with the Island, as its director.

Parties wishing information of any nature concerning Cuba can obtain same free of charge, by writing to Leon J. Canova, U. and I. Bureau, (Utility and Information Bureau) Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, Havana, Cuba.

An Auto Club. Why not?

There are plenty of autoists in this vicinity to form a club which would be of benefit to themselves in many ways if they were organized.

We would like to hear from some of them through the columns of the DISPATCH in regard to their views of the matter.

All She Wanted.

The Debutante—The man I marry must be rich, handsome, good, generous, intellectual—
The Man About Town—My dear young lady, you will have to have him made to order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston
Probate Court for said county. Estate of GEORGE BLAND, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed, by Judge of Probate of said county, commissioners on claims in the matter of said estate, and four months from the 2nd day of July, 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 2nd day of September, A. D. 1909, and on the 3rd day of November A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day at the late residence of George Bland, deceased in the township of Putnam, in said county to receive and examine such claims.

Dated: Howell, Mich. July 2nd, A. D. 1909.

William Chambers } Commissioners on Claims
John Carr }

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 2nd day of July A. D. 1909. Present, Arthur A. Montague, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of CHARLES BARBER, Deceased.

Clara C. Hillier having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate, be granted to J. L. Kisby or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 30th day of July A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

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 PINEKEY DISPATCH, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE
Judge of Probate.

LOCAL NEWS.

Farmers have been too busy the past week to come to town—haying.

One of the best ways of keeping cool, let us suggest is to just keep cool.

Wanted, at the Director's office cherries or other small fruit on subscription.

Prosecuting Atty. W. E. Robb in making his first semiannual report to the Attorney General, reported 120 prosecutions, 114 convictions, four acquittals and two dismissed.—Republican.

Taken all-in all, the three days celebration of the Fourth this year in Michigan was less destructive of human life and eyesight and fingers than celebrations of other years lasting but a single day.—Ex.

Eugene Mercer has severed his connection with the Western House and N. H. Caverly is now sole proprietor. Mr. and Mrs. Mercer left town last Wednesday and will probably return to his father's farm.—Brighton Argus.

The new law requiring a doctor's prescription before the drug store can sell whisky goes into effect August 19. Some drug stores in the state say they will throw up their government license and sell no whisky at all.—Republican. Well we can get along without it.

Fresh water sponge is a rare specimen in these parts, but when carpenters began work in the pit at the Brighton mill, which is undergoing repairs, they found quite an abundant growth. It is very similar to the salt water sponge, only is more tender and several curiosity hunters have visited the mill and made a collection of the sponge.—Brighton Argus.

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. t 29

The State Fair of Today.

The state fair has become recognized as an auxiliary in helping to build up the general agricultural interest of the stock and agriculture districts. The incentive of exhibition contest and healthy competition at the Michigan State fair, which opens September 1st and continues until September 10, will stimulate and encourage in the minds of Michigan stockmen and agriculturists to double the following year to do something better.

The fair influence is not confined to one line or one branch of agricultural industry, but extends to every department of home life, farm and industrial enterprise. It is sufficiently broad to take in every feature of manufacture and production, even to the educational accomplishments of the public schools of the state.

The Michigan State fair has become the great clearing house institution as it were, for the breeder, the feeder, the producer, the scientist, and in fact every branch of industry to be introduced to an intelligent and appreciative public. It is here where the wide-awake producer brings the best, the choicest of his herd, the pick of his product of whatever nature, to test the merit and its value when placed in comparison with the work and efforts of others. The State Fair is an educational institution and a means of congregating into one systematically arranged exhibition, the best of everything the state has produced.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the change in my mother's appearance," writes Mrs. W. L. Galpatrick of Danforth, Me. "Although past 80 she seems really 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. Sigler's.

It did not take so long to get Armstrong into prison after his appointment as it does now after his indictment.

DeWitt's Carbolic 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 DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve. Recommended and Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Heart Trouble.

"I suffered with heart trouble from the side. Eleven bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy removed all these troubles, and brought complete recovery." MRS. H. C. CRUSE, San Francisco, Calif.

The life of the body is in the blood. It runs on and on, carrying nourishment and gathering up impurities as long as life lasts—the heart makes it go. When the heart is weak it cannot do this and the body suffers. Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is doing its work imperfectly.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy strengthens the heart, nerves and muscles, and restores normal action to the heart.

The first bottle will soothe your nerves, your drooping will return your money.

A Burly Stork.

It was Tommy's first visit to the zoo.

"And what is that, mamma?" he asked, pointing to a queer looking animal on the edge of a big pool.

"Why, my dear, that is the big hippo," explained his mother.

Tommy stared in wonder at the cumbersome little creature and then said:

"Mamma, the next time you want the piano moved why don't you engage the same stork?"—Kansas City Independent.

Venus.

Inhabitants of Venus, if there are any, must find it extremely difficult to establish units of time. Venus always turns the same face toward the sun, so the planet has no day, and the lack of a moon deprives it of a month. Finally it has no year, for its axis of rotation is perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, and the latter is almost circular.

A Night Riders' Raid.

The worst night riders use cod liver oil or aloes pills. They rob your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing colds, Headache, Constipation, Malaria. 25c at F. A. Sigler's.

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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

60 square miles—
2,580,000,000 feet of Timber—
On tide water—30 miles from market—
Value today as standing Timber \$2,000,000.
Bond issue represents but 10-1-2 cts. per thousand.
Capitalization less than actual value.

We have purchased \$500,000 of the first mortgage 6% bonds on this property, together with a large block of the capital stock and are now offering same to our clients, and the Michigan public generally. We bought these bonds and stock last fall when logs were selling at \$8.50 per thousand feet. They are now worth \$11.50 and will sell much higher. To purchasers of bonds we extend the privilege of buying a like amount of stock. As often as \$50,000 of the bonds are sold, the price of the stock will be advanced until it is selling somewhere near its value. It is listed on the local Detroit Exchange where a ready market is obtainable. Watch the daily papers for quotations and

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The Methods of Josephine

By Ella Middleton Tye

(Copyright by J. B. Tye)

I think I can truthfully say that the first time Josephine awakened any real interest in my heart was when I discovered she was in love.

One afternoon she returned with the usual bunch of violets and a most unusual expression. The instant I saw her I knew a crisis was at hand, and rose to the occasion as a cork rises to the surface of the water—lightly, buoyantly, yet determinedly.

Josephine went at once to her room and closed the door with decision. I hovered on the stairway, palpitating with uncertainty, and the affectionate solicitude which is so far removed from mere vulgar curiosity. Finally, mustering all my resolution, I turned the knob of the door and entered with quite a jaunty air, carelessly humming a tune.

Josephine lay face downward on the bed, the violets crushed and broken, and the heels of her patent leather shoes sticking pathetically outward. A choking, gasping sound revealed that she was crying into the counterpane. Gently murmuring an endearing epithet, I laid my hand upon her head.

"Oh Aunt Gertrude!" sobbed Josephine. "Aunt Gertrude!"

"Poor child," I returned, responsively. "I understand—I understand."

"O, no, you don't," she interrupted, ungratefully. "You—you can't."

"Josephine," I said, kindly but firmly, "you are engaged to be married—and to a man."

It was evident she was astonished at my perspicuity, for she raised her head as though listening and nodded assent.

"Furthermore," I continued, following up my advantage and speaking with conviction, "you are unhappy."

Down went her head again, and the sniffing into the counterpane recommenced.

"Dear," I whispered with unalloyed sweetness, "is he worthy of these tears?"

No reply.

"Do you love him," I continued, "deeply, truly, everlastingly?"

Josephine sat upright and pushed the hair out of her eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Gertrude," she gasped, "it isn't him—it's them."

"Them?" I hazarded, faintly.

"Yes," said my niece with the calmness of despair, "that's the trouble. I'm engaged all right—but there's two of him."

"Tell me about it," I suggested, chiefly because I felt something was expected of me.

"Yes," she agreed quickly, "I might just as well. I've got to tell somebody."

"I ignored the last clause and composed myself to listen. Her story was briefly thus:

Being unable to withstand the fascination to two callow youths, and finding it impossible to preserve the peace between them, Josephine had formulated the scheme of taking them on alternate days, like two varieties of pills, as it were. She remarked casually that she had stopped their visits to the house, as she disliked to see them glare at each other, and, moreover, her evenings were thus left free for others. She did not explain this, however, but insinuated parental opposition and daily persecution of herself, borne with angelic sweetness.

Gently, but decidedly, I laid the facts of the case before my niece. I told her that, as she could marry but one man, it was manifestly improper to be engaged to two.

"You must now," I continued, ignoring her remark, because I could not help comprehending that such a situation might be agreeable, albeit sinful—"you must now, dear child, make your selection. Which of your suitors do you love the better?"

"Yes," said Josephine miserably, "it's up to me to choose, and I've done it."

"Let your heart guide you," I advised gently.

"That's just what I tried to do," returned Josephine, confusedly, "but the old thing wouldn't work. So I tossed up a penny—heads for Ned and tails for Harry. It came down tails."

"And," she continued, quietly, "I'm going to elope with him tonight."

"Tonight!" I ejaculated, aghast.

"And he's waiting on the corner by Trinity church," she sobbed; "he said he'd wait till I came. And it's raining. And he has a cold. And I simply can't go marry him. And he's bought the ring. And I think Harry's such a hideous name. And he'll wait till I come, and—"

Josephine suddenly sat upright and grasped my hand.

"You go," she said, "you go, and explain things."

It is needless to recount the argument that followed. Enough to say that I finally agreed to go and tell the man waiting to marry my niece that, after all, she preferred some one else.

Josephine produced a long, light cloak and wrapped me in it; she also adorned me with a large hat loaded with plumes, because, she explained, Harry would be looking for just that costume. Over the hat and face she tied a thick veil, remarking that no one could possibly tell who was inside it, and perhaps Harry would marry me in spite of myself, as he was very impatient. Then she giggled hysterically.

Secure in the consciousness of my rectitude, I compressed my lips and drew on my rubbers.

It was not a pleasant evening. A fine, sleety rain fell steadily, turning



"You Go and Explain Things."

the pavements into shining sheets of glass, over which I shuffled carefully.

Trinity church is situated on a side street entirely off the main thoroughfare, where it is very quiet and secluded. I paused as I reached the corner and laid my hand on my bosom, a little to the left of the breast bone, as described in physiologies when locating the heart. Its throbbing was very evident.

Summoning all my fortitude, I looked in the direction of the church. There, beside the lamppost, stood a manly form, and drawn conveniently close to the curbing was a heraldic cab.

Suddenly an arm appeared about my waist, a face was pressed close to mine, and I distinctly felt the pricking of a mustache. I blushed beneath the veil and was glad the street happened to be dark and quiet.

I found myself gently but forcibly propelled towards the cab, the door of which stood invitingly open. Twice I strove to articulate, but both times my voice failed me.

"I'm going on the box with the cabby," he continued, cheerfully, "to make sure he gets the right place. It won't do to have any mistake, you know. Now, then, in you go."

And I found myself picked up bodily

and deposited in the cab. The door slammed and we were off.

I was sleeping.

My first impulse was to scream, but this I resisted firmly; my second, to draw the laprobe closer about me, and to this I yielded and resigned myself to the inevitable.

The cab stopped abruptly and the cab door was swung eagerly open. Strange undulations traveled up and down my spine.

We were in the chapel by this time, and the clergyman in his robes was waiting for us with two witnesses—everything very proper and legal. As I could not trust my voice I began to fumble with my veil; at least I could uncover my face.

"Let me help you," he said, gently, and untied the knot.

I turned and faced him, and for a moment we stared at each other as though petrified.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, very rudely, I thought.

I made a gigantic effort to speak. "My dear young friend," I said in a voice which sounded weak and automatic to my own ears, "I fear my presence may be somewhat of a disappointment as well as a surprise."

But I got no further, for he turned helplessly to the clergyman as though terrified.

"Take her away," he gasped, "there's some mistake. Let me out of this!"

But the minister lifted his hand solemnly.

"There seems to be some strange misapprehension," he said, sternly; "let us get to the bottom of this matter at once. Did you expect to marry this gentleman, madam? Pray explain."

And I explained as well as I could. When I reached home—a long time after, for the distance was great and the street cars slow—I found my wrapper and slippers laid out in my room and Josephine hovering anxiously about the window watching for me.

I told her the whole story, and she laughed in a way I thought ungrateful and unappreciative.

"Josephine," I said solemnly, "I shall never recover from this night's experience. I hope you will always remember all I have done for you."

"Oh, well," returned Josephine carelessly, "of course it was awfully good of you, but do you know, Aunt Gertrude, I think you bungled the thing most awfully."

Her Native City.

The misapplication of words in ordinary conversation is one of the positive and peculiar traits of a large proportion of the negro race, due in a measure to their desire to appear "educated" beyond their fellows.

An example of this characteristic occurred recently at Birmingham, Ala., when a group of elaborately attired negroes were leisurely sauntering along the handsome streets of that bustling southern city showing the sights to a young woman of the party who resided in another part of the south. Discussing the various attractions of Birmingham, a dusky beau remarked that "Miss Pearl Lucile was very much delighted with our town, on this her first visit."

Promptly, Pearl Lucile, in all the bravery of fashionable garb and fortified with the knowledge that she was esteemed a "star" guest, replied: "Of course I am. I like this town so much I intend to make it my native city."—The Bohemian.

Quite Expensive.

"That singer has a very high voice, hasn't she?"

"I should say so! You can't hear her decently under five dollars."

Too Particular.

"You say Mr. Wadley is a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed. So particular he won't lend me a penny."

Local Option.

Stranger—Is this a "dry" town?
Citizen—Are you a stranger here?
Stranger—I am.
Citizen—It is.—Puck.

Mother's Cares Never Over

Her Responsibilities and Worries Greater Than Those of Any Member of the Family.

There is no one in the average family, says O. S. Marden, writing in Success Magazine, the value of whose services begins to compare with those of the mother, and yet there is no one who is more generally neglected or taken advantage of. She must always remain at home evenings, and look after the children, when the others are out having a good time. Her cares never cease. She is responsible for the housework, for the preparation of meals; she has the children's clothes to make or mend, there is company to be entertained, darning to be done, and a score of little duties which must often be attended to at odd moments, snatched from her busy days, and she is often up working long after everyone else in the house is asleep.

No matter how loving or thoughtful the father may be, the heavier bur-

dens, the greater anxieties, the weightier responsibilities of the home, of the children, always fall on the mother. Indeed, the very virtues of the good mother are a constant temptation to the other members of the family, especially the selfish ones, to take advantage of her. If she were not so kind, so affectionate and tender, so considerate, so generous and ever ready to make all sorts of sacrifices for others; if she were not so willing to efface herself; if she were more self-assertive; if she stood up for and demanded her rights, she would have a much easier time.

Turpentine from Rosinous Wood.

In Vancouver, B. C., turpentine is now being obtained from resinous woods by an electrical process of distillation.

Fourth of July Casualties.

Each American Fourth of July costs approximately 800 lives; with injuries to 4,000 other merry-makers.

FARMER WILKS' BEARD

WHISKERS MEASURED 10 FEET 9 1/2 INCHES FROM FACE TO TIP. NOW THEY ARE MUCH SHORTER, AND HE WILL BE FORCED TO SPEND MANY WEARY MONTHS ON HIS IOWA FARM REPAIRING THE RAVAGES OF THE HAMMERSTEIN GOAT.

New York.—Last in the odd tale of the lost whiskers of Farmer Wilks.

Those who have wandered upon the roof of the Hammerstein theater know Wilks, the man who draws a comfortable salary simply because he has the longest beard under cultivation in the world. At least, that's the advertisement.

At night when the vaudeville performance is given up in the air Farmer Wilks is quite the most prideful thing on the Little Hammerstein farm. Until the accident his whiskers measured 10 feet 9 1/2 inches from face to tip. Now they are much shorter, and he will be



Farmer Wilks Awoke with a Cry of Pain.

forced to spend many weary months on his Iowa farm repairing the ravages of the Hammerstein goat.

The goat has always been jealous of the whiskers of the Iowa farmer. The goat has whiskers only ten inches long and time after time his goatlets has been seen gazing enviously at the farmer and then look down despairingly upon his own short and foolish looking beard.

Farmer Wilks drooped into a sound slumber after the intermission.

The jokes on the stage did not arouse him and the songs did not have the slightest effect upon his sleep. He dreamed of whiskers 40 feet long as he lay on the rug on which he exhibits his whiskers.

The few who sat at the tables back in the farmyard paid no attention to the farmer or the whiskers, and they did not heed the goat.

But the goat was busy. Softly he crept out of his stall and approached Farmer Wilks. Then he began to browse upon the beard.

Farmer Wilks awoke with a cry of pain. The goat had swallowed a part of the beard and was nibbling away at the rest.

Farmer Wilks beat at the goat with his bare hands, crying piteously in a way that attracted the attention of Harry Mock. Harry Mock drove the goat away and rescued what was left of the whiskers.

It was impossible to determine the extent of the loss, but it is believed that the goat ate off at least two feet of beard.

CAT MATCH FOR AN EAGLE.

Big Angora Feline Carried Off by Giant Bird, Returns, Though Worse for Wear.

Valdez, Cal.—Another instance showing how the cat comes back has been demonstrated here. A few days ago Mme. Grimalkin, a big Angora, mascot and pet of the Standard Cooper Company at Landlock, lay quietly sunning herself on a rocky pinnacle 2,220 feet above the sea level and near the mine works, when a bald eagle swooped down and carried her away.

The mine foreman was a witness to the abduction and intently watched the eagle and its prey as they soared over the mountain tops. The sad fate of the cat was discussed in the bunkhouse for three nights, when the sudden jangling of the telephone bell announced from a distance a little more than two miles that the cat had come back.

Mme. Grimalkin was a sorry-looking sight. Her long hair was disheveled and in spots her mutilated skin was bare. How far she was carried and how she escaped her captor she can not tell. It may be she killed the bird when the eagle swooped down and carried the cat away the mine foreman asserts both cat and eagle must have gone 20 miles, for both were lost to view only on account of the failure of vision to follow.



Quick Relief

is necessary in cases of Cramps, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera, Malaria, Cholera Infantum and Diarrhea.

Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam

is the quickest acting and most reliable remedy known for these ailments. It stops pain immediately, and in almost every case brings about a speedy recovery. Keep it handy for the children's sake.

Sold by all druggists—per bottle, 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vegetable is an excellent tonic to overcome the exhaustion consequent upon a severe attack of Dysentery.

Next Best.

A certain young minister in Philadelphia, recently ordained, is still very nervous and sometimes his remarks do not convey exactly the meaning he intended. A few Sundays ago he rose, fumbled with the papers on his desk, blushed, and then said:

"My Friends: I—I am sorry to say that I have lost the notes for my sermon, and I therefore cannot deliver it. I will have to do the next best thing, therefore, and read a few chapters from the Bible!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Hospitals a Benefit to Property.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation, which shows that 67.5 per cent. of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 62 per cent. of the sanatoria the presence of the institutions has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

Royal Great-Grandmother.

The birth of a son to the youthful duke and duchess of Sudermania gives to royal Europe what it has not had for more than ten years, namely, a great-grandmother. The lady to whom this honor has come is the Grand Duchess Constantine Nicolaievitch; who was, before her marriage, Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg.

ORIGIN Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of the great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. It contains the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked alertness and marked activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion.

Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a stimulant but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its favour is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.

Look in bags for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason..."

TIMES ALL THE TIME

Larger, listless, nervous, spirits, loss of energy, loss of sleep, pain in the back, sides, head, backache, urinary disorders are sure signs of the kidney need. Doan's Kidney Pills are the only remedy.

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBury Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PLAIN TALK



"I think she's double-faced!"
"Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N. J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."
—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."
—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 89, Gardiner Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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gives immediate relief. Sold by all retail druggists, dealers and leading druggists in United States and Canada. Catalog, price list and particulars mailed on application.

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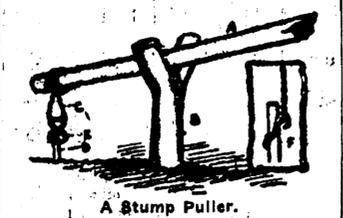
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ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

HOME-MADE STUMP PULLER.

Contrivance for the Extraction of "Corks" of all kinds, from Big Pine Down.

This part of Michigan is yet new, so we have a great many stumps to deal with, of all kinds and sizes, from the monstrous pine down to the small hardwood, or "gruba," as the latter are called here. The illustration shows the general construction of a kind of machine which is in general use here for pulling stumps, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker. I cannot give sizes, because they are made in all sorts to suit the work they have to do. The timbers for legs, etc.,



A Stump Puller.

do not need to be sawed or hewed, a round pole will do as well, if it is only stout enough. A blacksmith can make the irons, and any farmer who is handy with tools can put one up, the one thing important to know being that every part must be very strong and rigid, as the strain is something immense. The tackle block at the bottom (on the "above") is single; the others may be double, triple or even quadruple, according to the power needed to do the work. The large clevis, hanging from the lever, can be changed to different holes, as shown, to give more or less power, as needed. The tackle blocks should be iron or steel, and a half-inch wire cable is much better than a hemp rope. The way to use the apparatus will readily suggest itself from the picture.

DESTROYING THE BUGS' NESTS

Contrivance for the Destruction of Plant-Destroying Insects and Their Nests.

Take a piece of tin or sheet iron and make it into a sort of funnel; the wider the opening at the top the better it will be. Fasten this funnel to any pole of sufficient length to reach the caterpillar webs, and drive a wire nail up through the pole at A so that the sharp end projects an inch or two into the funnel. This is to hold the oil-saturated corn cob which is used to burn the nests.

Now, when your machine is complete, light the fire, hold the fire and funnel directly beneath the nest to be burned, and the rest is evident. The great advantage of this device is that the funnel catches all caterpillars which fall. Max M. Lutton.

Scarcity of Farm Help.

The great problem of farming communities to-day is the scarcity of farm help, which makes it increasingly difficult for the farmer to leave home. It hardly seems possible that within a few hours' ride of our great cities, help cannot be secured, but our farmer friends assure us that it is easier to pick bank notes off blackberry bushes than to find a man to milk cows and take care of stock on the farm—and yet there are thousands in the cities who are serving long hours at unwholesome work for the merest pittance, who might regain health and manhood by taking up country work.—National Magazine.

PROPER CARE OF HORSES.

Many horses are ruined by being brought into the barn too hot and left to stand in a cold draught or hitched to a post to stand. A good currying occasionally does not make a sleek horse. It takes every-day grooming to open the pores, soften the skin and produce a good, healthy, sleek coat.

The colt's training must begin shortly after birth. A halter should be put on so he can be caught and handled every day. Never tease him.

Regularity of work counts in everything, and especially in the handling of animals.

The horse that is worked regularly acquires strong muscles and tough shoulders.

Many farmers allow their work horses to remain idle for several days or weeks at a time, and then immediately put them into hard service.

It is a better plan to arrange some work for the horses daily. In this way their bodies never become soft and weak, hence they seldom become ill or injured and are always in training for efficient service.

NEW KINDS OF VEGETABLES.

Delicious Radishes of Unusual Size the Result of Long and Careful Experiments.

(Copyright 1904.)
About three years ago the United States department of agriculture, introduced a new radish from Japan, which immediately made its way as something both striking and valuable. It is an enormous white-skinned radish with leaves two and three feet long. The seed looks like that of the common radish, only considerably larger. This radish is known by several names, the most common of which is Sakurajima.

It is claimed to reach the weight of 30 pounds in Japan. The heaviest one they were able to grow at the Rhode Island station weighed 18 pounds, and in various tests with seed secured from various places it averaged 15 pounds, which made a pretty good sized radish.

It grows about a foot and a half long, and about eighteen inches through. Its leathery skin is easily removed, revealing beneath a crystal whiteness, very solid, and in texture like an extremely fine apple. It tastes like our earliest radishes of the highest quality. It has the rare merit of being free from rankness or biting character even in the heat of summer or fall. It never grows corky or pithy and grows equally well in every kind of soil.

The Sakurajima may be eaten in many ways. It is sliced and eaten raw, or may be boiled and served very much as we cook turnips; in China and Japan it is sliced and sprinkled with salt and allowed to stand for about twenty-four hours, then washed and served. The leaves also are edible. They may be cooked as greens, are far more delicate than kale, and are finer for this purpose than any of the well-known greens used in different portions of the country.

Unlike the smaller members of the great radish family, Sakurajima is at its best in the summer time, when all other early radishes have become unpalatable. Pulled the last of November, after several hard freezes, it proved sweet and palatable.

Sea kale is not what can be termed a new garden vegetable, but it is classed among the "fancy" vegetables. It is not common, because an idea has prevailed that it cannot produce results worth while in less than four years. This has recently been proved an erroneous idea. It is a most delicious vegetable, combining as it does the flavors of asparagus, cauliflower and celery. The edible portions are the naked leaf stalks, which are forced and bleached.

They look at first sight like celery stalks, but have a distinctive taste of their own unlike any other vegetable.

It may also be cooked and served with drawn butter, in which form it resembles stewed celery, tastes something like blanched asparagus, but has withal a special and delicious flavor all its own.

Good Hay for Horse.

Many farmers still have the notion that clover hay is not fit to feed work horses. It is one of the best of hays for horses. It contains good muscle and energy-producing materials. It is almost twice as rich as timothy, hence a less amount is needed. A good way to use clover with horses is to feed it half and half with timothy. Clover hay is a good bowel regulator, and is generally beneficial if fed with caution.

Money in Farm Animals.

Live stock of all kinds is now on a high basis and no doubt will continue so for some time to come. There is money in growing farm animals, both for the animals themselves and for the good they do in producing fertilizer at home. Keep all young stock growing on pasture, and do not be afraid to feed a little grain to supplement the grass ration.

Take Care of the Colts.

Don't let the colts go out into pasture skin poor. Keep them in good flesh with hay and grain foods. Corn and clover hay are about the best feeds for these young animals, and they will eat them all the year round. Dry clover hay is relished by all cattle and horses even when on good summer pasture, and it is a good thing to give them a daily feed of it.

A Good Rotation.

A good rotation for mixed farming is wheat, clover, meadow one year, cow pasture for one year, corn and oats one year. This makes a six-year rotation. Where there are permanent pastures on the farm one year can be cut out by not pasturing the clover the second year.

Asparagus Seed.

Asparagus seed is slow to germinate but it will nearly all grow, nevertheless. It will start quicker if it is first soaked in warm water. Radish seed mixed with it will mark the rows so a cultivator can be used.

DOAN'S

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promote's Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL DOAN

Purgin Seed -
Rhubarb -
Senna -
Licorice -
Cinnamon -
Ginger -
Mint -
Peppermint -
Sage -
Cloves -
Nutmeg -
Anise -
Fennel -
Mustard -
Sulphur -
Castor Oil -
Hydrogen Sulfide

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. H. H. Doan*

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK.

100 months old
35 Doses 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK OFF.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
Shake Into Your Shoes

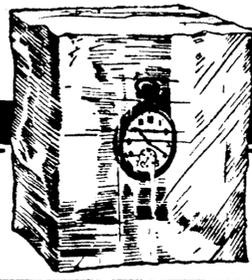
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TODAY.** Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Do not accept any Substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

A Jewelry Store

Is the Only Place to Buy a Watch



For a competent jeweler is "on the ground" to properly adjust the watch to your own individual needs. And that's the only right way to buy a watch—never by mail.

For no matter how good the watch—or how well known the maker—it can't keep accurate time unless personally adjusted. A

South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

A South Bend—acknowledged by authorities to be the peer of all in every grade—would fail as a perfect time-keeper unless it was adjusted for the one who is to carry it.

A South Bend Watch is never sold by mail—only by the best jewelers. Ask your jeweler to show you one. And write us for our free book showing how and why a South Bend Watch keeps accurate time in any temperature.

South Bend Watch Company
South Bend, Ind.

The Same Old John L.

Old John L. Sullivan always had a fine Irish wit, and it remains with him in his advanced age. Not long ago he was appearing in a Baltimore theater and the manager, for business reasons, introduced him to a wealthy youth of the town. The youth was a typical chollyboy, the sort of a specimen that old John abhors. Sullivan was washing his face in the theater dressing room when the two arrived, and they waited patiently until he had finished his ablutions. When John had dried his countenance he gave the dude one look, and then said to the manager: "Well, I congratulate you, Jack, is it a boy or a girl?"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES

375 "Guaranteed"

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 29-1908.

No Mixing

Ready for use. Ham and milk leave no strong food for it. Do not use soap or hot water. Dry, clean, never leaves a mark.

Rat Bis-Kit

All Druggists—15 cents a box.
THE RAT BIS-KIT CO.
48 N. Limestone St.
Springfield, O.

LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good, that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Basinet,
Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

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

DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
Preparatory and Manual Training School for Boys. Now building new 107,000 sq. ft. building. Enrollment increasing. Good, reliable, and healthy. Tuition free. Free catalogue. Catalogue upon request. Write to: DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 107,000 sq. ft. building, 107,000 sq. ft. building, 107,000 sq. ft. building.

Long Distance Correspondents

WEST FURNAN.

Thomas Cooper and family of Jackson visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. Mildred Backus and daughter Corinne of Lansing are home.

Ernest and Ben White of Pinckney spent Sunday with Wellington White.

John Duppe has improved his residence by a coat of paint, H. L. Isham doing the work.

Eunice Gardner who has been spending a couple of weeks at her home returned to Lansing Saturday.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Ida Bates was in Stockbridge Saturday night.

Mrs. W. VanCamp of Leslie is visiting her brother B. Bates.

Mrs. Bates and son Lester were in Stockbridge last Saturday.

A little babe came to live with Will Comé and wife Saturday night.

T. Harker and wife called on Mr. Livermore and wife Monday.

Several from this place attended the Aid Society at Ollie Brearly's.

Emma Reithmiller spent the 4th at her home near Stockbridge.

T. Harker and wife, and L. R. Williams and wife called on Nelt Bullis and family and Frank Ovitt and wife last Monday.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

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.

FOR SALE.

12 pigs, 8 weeks old. Chester white. t 28 M. B. Mortenson

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

Motor in good Running order. t 27 M. B. Markham

FOR SALE.

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

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

A Twenty-four Hour Romance.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. C. McClure.)

It is only the solemn truth to write that Miss Sarah Bingham was thirty-seven years old and unmarried and that she had resigned her soul, but it would be ungentlemanly to add that she was in the matrimonial market and had been ever since she arrived at the age of twenty. She had simply waited. She could afford to wait and persisted in giving her age as twenty-five right along and making herself believe that time was standing still on her account.

Miss Sarah was feeling in this serene and optimistic mood when she was invited by friends to be their guest at a summer hotel on the banks of a lake. They didn't consult her romance as much as their own interest. They had two children and a dog, and they figured on making the old maid work for her board and lodgings. She fell into the trap, but not to her detriment. One of the male guests of the hotel, who might not have noticed her in any other walk, saw her as nurse and dog guardian and made advances. This guest was darkly supposed to be an actor—an actor who played great parts and made a great success of his job, but who was rather incoherent, and wished to remain so. The other guests were respecting this wish, but following him about with bated breath.

Actors sometimes get queer notions into their heads, and Mr. Melnotte got one into his. It was that Miss Sarah would make the greatest Juliet he ever saw on the stage. She had the form, the voice, the eyes, the nose, the chin and the toes. All that was lacking were cash and a manager and the removal of just one tiny doubt—a doubt no larger than the head of a brass pin. Did she have the necessary romance? If she did, then all was well; if she didn't, then alas! It has been stated that Miss Sarah did have romance and doted on it, but the next thing was to prove it to the actor. She took two days to cogitate and then went ahead. The hotel was surrounded by woods on three sides. One morning Miss Sarah left the whinnying dog and the howling children behind and started for the green wood and was soon lost to sight. She would be missed, searched for, found and be talked of as romantic.

Miss Sarah was missed. The idea was that she had been drowned. More than half the guests turned out to drag the bottom of the lake. The actor was not one of them. Coincidentally with the alarm he had been told by a fat woman that Miss Sarah hadn't a dollar to her name.

One woman asserted her belief that the missing female had eloped with a tin peddler that had been seen driving past the hotel at an early morning hour, and in her excitement another woman said that any young lady that would leave a dog and two children to weep and wail by themselves should be severely dealt with on her return, dead or alive. These opinions were expressed to the actor for the purpose of drawing him out, but he refused to be drawn. He had just sat down to a mint julep with two straws in it, and why worry?

Miss Sarah had entered the wood with her heart aflame with romance. She hustled her way along for half a mile and then halted for the actor to arrive at the head of a rescuing party. He didn't arrive. She waited for an hour and then started to walk back. Her feelings were hurt, and she lost the points of the compass and became lost for good. When she discovered this fact she called and screamed, but only the chipmunks and the woodpeckers answered. She ran this way and stumbled over roots. She ran that way and went splashing into a creek. There was romance in the greenwood, but it was farther on. All that long, long day Miss Sarah was lost in the depths.

It was almost sundown when her good genius finally guided her to a clearing with a log cabin in the midst of it. Seated at the door of the cabin was a middle aged man in homespun. He rose up and addressed her as "marm" and wanted to know all about it. When he had been told he declared that it was the romanticist thing he had ever heard of. In her wanderings she had walked seven miles. She had escaped bears and "Injuns" and wildcats, and if she wasn't what they called a heroine then he didn't know a turnip from a "tater bug."

Miss Sarah was tired, and she rested. She was hungry, and he fed her on pudding and milk. She wanted to get back to the hotel and enjoy her triumph, and he yoked up his oxen to the lumber wagon and drove her there through the moonlight. The guests saw her coming and got ready to receive her. There was icy frigidty. There was a general attitude of doubt and suspicion. There were sneers at romance. When the humiliated and embarrassed maiden looked at the actor in an appealing way he turned his head aside and made it very plain that she would never pry nose around behind the footlights with his con-

ance. The farmer had waited for the heroine, and he saw that there were none coming to her. He saw her crushed instead, and he stepped forward and touched her on the arm and said:

"Say, gal, they don't 'pear to appreciate heroines here. Come and be my heroine. I'll drive over ag'in tomorrow for your answer."
And he did, and he got it, and then the guests were all jealous because a romantic young lady had struck a good thing instead of drowning herself in the lake or starving to death in the wood.
M. QUAD.

Ben Franklin's Trick.

Benjamin Franklin once wrote this letter to a man to whom he was lending some money:

"I send you herewith a bill for 10 louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum; I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country you cannot fall of getting into some kind of business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case when you meet with another honest man in similar distress you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able and shall meet with another opportunity. I hope it may then go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with little money."

What a Memory!

One rainy day in spring an old Yorkshire fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife. Entering without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his dirty clay pipe and nodded jerkily to "t'owd woman."
"Mornin', Maria," he said, with affected unconcern.

She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure, but it would not come.

"Ben," she said instead, once more summing her wits, "bring the sen to t' fire an Ah'll darn that hole in thy jersey. Ah meant doin' t' day Ah went away, but summat put me off!"—London Answers.

Customs in Public Dining Rooms.

"Have you ever noticed persons enter a restaurant—how the women invariably select a center table, while a man will linger or glance about in the hope that he may find a comfortable seat in some corner or against the wall?" said a proprietor of a fashionable restaurant. "It's almost always so and is almost amusing. The women like to show their gowns, while the men—well, my theory of it is that the habit is a relic of the cave days, when a man preferred a position against the wall so he could fight his enemies to advantage."—New York Herald.

Not Caused by the Hat.

"How do you like my hat?" she asked.
"Why, to tell the truth," replied her dearest friend frankly, "I don't like the effect very well. It seems to me it gives you a rather cross look."
"Oh, that isn't the hat," she responded cheerfully.

"No?"
"Oh, not at all. That comes entirely from the fact that I have just seen my husband and he had just seen the bill."—Chicago Post.

Wordsworth's Joke.

"I never made a joke but once in my life," confessed Wordsworth, and the rest of the story leaves one in doubt whether he knew a joke when he saw it. "Meeting a peasant neighbor one day, he asked me, 'Ha' ye seen my wife, Meester Wordsworth?' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'I didn't so much as know that you had a wife.'"

Truth or Fiction?

"Ah, what a difference there is," remarked the cynic wearily, "between courtship and marriage! Courtship is made up of soft nothings—marriage of hard facts."

And he broke the world's record for a sigh.—New York Times.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

July is half gone.

Arthur Ward of Detroit is visiting his uncle, R. E. Finch.

John Shehan is suffering with rheumatism and using a crutch.

Farmers are busy this week. Our correspondents must be busy also as only one reported.

Miss Beth Ely of Toledo is the guest of Miss Andrews at Clearview cottage, Portage lake.

The Misses Ruth Potterton, Josie Culhane, Laura Burgess and Hazel Peters spent Wednesday at the Bluff, Portage lake.

Jackson's Four Specials

For Saturday, July 17

- No. 1 7 Spools Best 8 Cord Cotton Thread for 25c
- No. 2 All Lawns, Dimities, and Organdies at Cost.
- No. 3 Ladies' Muslin Skirts and Gowns, the \$1.25 Quality to close Saturday at 88c
- No. 4 All Groceries and Shoes at Special Prices

Good Rice, 5c; Raisins, 8c; Corn Flakes, 7c; Pkg Oat Meal, 22c

Produce Wanted

Sales Cash

Mrs. N. P. Mortenson and son Leslie spent the first of the week with her daughter Mrs. Robert Grice of Ypsilanti.

One point in favor of aerial navigation is the fact that no matter how far he goes up, one is always sure of getting back.

The postoffice at South Lyon was broken into Monday night the safe blown open and \$500 in stamps and about \$150 in cash taken.

H. G. Briggs and wife and H. D. Mowis and wife spent a couple of days at the Andrews cottage, "Clearview" at Portage lake this week.

The Pinckney Creamery Co. have been putting in a cement floor in their engine room and building a large coal bin of cement blocks. They received a car of coal the past week.

Mrs. Julia Mooney died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Peter Kelly, Tuesday evening July 6th, after suffering for weeks with asthma and heart trouble. The remains were taken to LeRoy, New York, Thursday by her son John and the funeral was held from St. Peters Roman Catholic church Saturday morning. She leaves eight children, a brother and a sister besides a large number of friends to mourn her loss.

We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the first annual reunion of the Welcome Home Club of South Lyon which will be held in our sister village Thursday and Friday, Aug. 19 and 20. They are making arrangements for a big time and our opinion is that, if nothing happens and the weather man is with them, it will be the biggest time that So. Lyon has ever seen and one that they will never forget.

While watering his team Tuesday noon one of the horses kicked I. S. P. Johnson, breaking the left arm and otherwise injuring him so that he was unconscious for some time. He was using his own and Mr. Hendees horse together and it is likely that the horse kicked at the other as neither horse is vicious or kicks. His many friends will be glad to know that he is able to be out although he has a broken arm and a black eye.

M. E. Church Notes.

There will be the usual prayer meeting this evening and Sunday school Sunday at the usual time. There was a fairly good attendance last Sunday although many were absent as there was no preaching service at the church.

FOR SALE.

(Man or Woman)

A 320 acre South African Veteran Bounty Land Certificate.

Issued by the Department of the Interior, Government of Canada, Ottawa, under the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908. Good for 320 acres of any Dominion land open for entry in Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba. Any person over the age of 18 years, MAN or WOMAN, can acquire this land with this Certificate without further charge. For immediate sale, \$300. Write or wire, L. E. Teiford, 181 Shutter Street, Toronto, Canada. t 81

Lecture Course.

As mentioned in our last issue this village is to have a series of lectures and entertainments the coming season and we think the committee have done well in the selection of the course. They purchased of the Midland Lyceum Bureau which has the name of being the largest in the world. The following is the list of attractions and the probable order in which they will come but the dates have not been arranged as yet:

- Midland Jubilee Singers
- Dr. James Hedley
- Midland Opera Quintette
- Dr. Elliott A. Boyd
- Emily Waterman Concert Co.
- L. W. Ford.

Now, do not wait for the committee to call on you but let them know at once how many season tickets you will want and be sure you get enough for the whole family as they will all be interested. Season tickets will sell for \$1.

Postmasters Meeting.

The members of the Livingston Co League of first class Postmasters of fourth class offices will meet in their annual meeting at Hamburg on Tuesday, July 20, 1909, for the election of Officers, for the election of delegates and alternate delegates to the State Convention yet to be called, and for the transaction of all business that may come before the meeting. Every first class Postmaster and every Assistant or Deputy Postmaster of Livingston County, whether a member of the County League or not, should make an effort to be present at that meeting and take an interest in the Postal affairs, so everyone turn out.

Hon. S. W. Smith, our Congressman and Hon. F. G. Roberts, Post Office Inspector of this District, have promised to be present at that meeting, nothing preventing, and let us show that we appreciate their courtesy.

J. L. KISBY, Pres.
F. C. REIMANN, Sect.
t 28
Above meeting will be held at Lakeland instead of Hamburg.

THE FREEPORT HOOK

A SCIENTIFIC FISH HOOK



(Patented 1904-1908)

A sure-catch fish-hook. A bait 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.