



Why Not Buy Good Clothes Cheap?

as a special offer

FOR ONE WEEK

I will sell you

Good Tailor Made Suits for \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15

Pants for \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$5.00

Call and See Samples

Our Specials for This Week

Ladies 50c Gingham Aprons	30c	Ladies 10c Hose	8c per pair
Ladies 25c Gingham Aprons	19c	All Ladies Oxfords	At Cost
1 lb 18c Coffee	11c	1 lb 25c Coffee	19c
Yeast Cakes	3c	Soda	5c
1 Bottle Mustard	4c	10 Bars Good Soap	25c

All Goods Sold For Cash W. W. BARNARD

LOCAL NEWS.

H. R. Geer visited friends in Oak Grove last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Aultman visited friends in Pontiac the past week.

Claude Day from Owosso was the guest of his brothers here Sunday.

Leo Nickel of Owosso visited his sister Mrs. Earl Day here the past week.

Merrit Reeves of Lansing is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. C. V. VanWinkle.

The final dividend has been declared in the Glazier bank failure, making in all 21 1/2 cents on the dollar.

Loyal Guards should remember that this is the last week in which to pay the July assessment and dues.

Mrs. Bert Brady and children from Detroit have been spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. P. Blunt.

The many friends of Mrs. Charles Henry will be pleased to learn that she has returned from Ann Arbor improved in health.

Charles VanWinkle and sisters, Madge and Harriet, of Howell, were guests at the home of their uncle C. V. VanWinkle the past week. They came in the auto.

Mrs. S. J. Wallace and daughter Bessie of Hibbing Minn. who have been spending several weeks with her parents, Chas. Reason and wife here, are now in Detroit for a few weeks visiting friends.

Hundreds of bushels of huckleberries are shipped from this place every season, but it is difficult to get enough for home consumption even at 10 or 12 cents a quart. Some one better ship some in from Detroit.

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

Pinckney Leads, Others Follow

There has to be leaders in nearly everything from society to villages, cities and large manufacturing plants. This is a good thing in a community and the business world as without leaders things would not move as well if at all. Pinckney enjoys the distinction of being a leader in many things and others have followed and still desire to follow.

Several years ago Pinckney was the first small village to take up and inaugurate a home coming of the old boys and girls and carry it to success. Since then several of our sister villages have "followed the leader" and found in a good thing for the town as well as a pleasant thing for all concerned.

For more than a year there has not been a rod of wood sidewalk in this village, all being of cement, and the sooner other villages take up the idea the better for them. Of course it is expensive but better than a lawsuit.

Early this spring Pinckney secured a creamery and cheese factory and now there a half dozen started or trying to start in this county or vicinity. Well, it is a good thing and we do not blame our sister villages for wanting such a manufactory. The pay roll here amounts to nearly \$1,000 per week even in the dry time for milk and increasing every week.

The creamery here has been a benefit to the farmers in more ways than simply furnishing a place to sell their product, as Mr. Day, the manager is in touch with all markets, makes a first class product and gets the best prices and then divides the profits with the farmers by paying more for their milk than other concerns have been doing at this time of the year or are doing now although everyone of them has raised the price since the Pinckney creamery started. While some are slow to take advantage of this and seem to stand in their own light, they are coming in more and more every week and we look for the creamery here to be one of the biggest concerns of the kind in the state in the future.

There is so much increase in the business that the company have made arrangements to tear out part of the large office to give them more room.

One of the good things about the factory here is, they pay one price to all whether it is two gallons or ten, ten gallon cans. The man who has milk to sell and brings it to the creamery in a pail gets the same price per hundred pounds as the one who brings or sends in several hundred pounds. This is fair—what more can you ask?

Dropped Dead.

Saturday morning last Marcellus Monks went to the Chalker farm to get a calf and while sitting on a box talking to Mr. Chalker, he suddenly pitched forward and died without a struggle only breathing a few times.

Help was immediately summoned and he was taken to the house where Dr. Chas. Sprinkle, of Bradaer, Ohio, who is camping at Patterson lake, was called but there was no help he having died almost instantly.

A coroners jury was called and after listening to some testimony decided that he came to his death by heart failure. He had not been well for some time and had been under the care of physicians, but there was no suspicion that his heart was in such a condition as to cause sudden death, and it was a shock to the entire community as well as to his family.

Mr. Monks has spent most of his life here and has many friends, who, with his wife and two children, Mrs. Will Moran of this place, and Dr. Will Monks of Howell, mourn the loss of a good neighbor, husband and father.

The funeral was held from St. Mary's church Tuesday morning Rev. Fr. Comerford, his pastor, officiating.



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

Injured in a Runaway.

Tuesday morning while F. W. Allison, of Marion, was driving his team of horses hitched to a lumber wagon, through town and while near W. A. Carr's residence they became frightened at an auto driven by Dr. Buckingham of Stockbridge, and ran south toward the mill. At the southeast corner of the park they turned west turning the wagon clear over throwing Mr. Allison and a young lad by the name of Benedict, who was with him, to the ground and piling the team in a heap as well.

Mr. Allison was badly bruised, and was unconscious for a few minutes but escaped without any broken bones. The boy escaped with only a bruise or two. The horses were practically uninjured, the wagon and harness not being broken. The wonder is that both people were not killed as well as one of the horses, as it was the worse mixup that has ever been seen in Pinckney in years. Mr. A. was taken to the home of C. V. VanWinkle where he was cared for until afternoon when he was able to return home.

William Brogan was over from Howell Tuesday.

C. B. Andrews and wife of Redford were the guests of his cousin F. L. Andrews and family here the past week and spent the time at Clearview cottage, Portage lake.

Mrs. C. P. Sykes, Mrs. J. J. Teeple, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sykes and Carl Sykes visited Frank Brown and wife, of Chicago, at the Beebe cottage Long Lake, near Howell, last Saturday.

OBITUARY.

MRS. WILLIAM STEPTOE

Kate Grace Gearey was born in Canada, April 5, 1857, came to Pinckney, Michigan, when she was about four years old. At the age of twelve years she went to make her home with Mrs. Mary Wheeler and remained there until she was 19 years of age.

She was married to William Steptoe, January 1, 1885. All her girlhood and first years of married life were spent in Pinckney and vicinity. They moved to Webster in 1896, where at her late home she fell asleep, Saturday morning, July 21, 1909. Besides a host of friends she leaves to mourn their loss a loving husband, one niece and two nephews to whom she has given a loving mothers care for sixteen years.

In early life she became a member of the Baptist church. "She hath done what she could," and her works will meet her at the gate.

The funeral was held Monday from the home of F. A. Sigler, Rev. Mumford of Webster, officiating, assisted by Rev. Gates of this place.

Eugene Reason was home from Flint this week.

Will Jones of Detroit, was a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Sophia Blunt, a couple of days the past week.

A card from D. P. Hinchey locates him at Perry where he has gone into the jewelry business. He sends for the DISPATCH to keep him informed of the old town. Here is to your success, D. P.

THE BURDEN OF OUR SONG

Is milk and cream and it is not strange. We buy both all day long and dream of both at night. We are thoroughly saturated with the spirit of our business—the Cream—Creamery business. Things are coming our way and we're

Getting There With Both Feet

There's always "something doing" at the Pinckney Creamery Company's plant, but we intend to make ourselves felt more than ever in the creamery world in the future.

Watch Our Smoke

We Lead

Others Follow

We want MORE Milk and Cream. Highest Prices.

Pinckney Creamery Co., Ltd.

Phone 60

Pinckney, Michigan

Pinckney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

After all, the best way to avoid heat prostrations is to keep cool.

Eminent actresses still insist on losing their diamonds.

Airships and wireless messages are crowding the atmosphere.

Summer began working at the job industriously as soon as it arrived.

Summer-resort mosquitoes have not heard of the war on them.

Some of the flies may have romantic natures, but never mind that.

It appears from official reports that there is also a made-in-Germany deficit.

Be thankful that radium at present prices is not one of the necessities of life.

Those who cannot swim should avoid wading in water more than ten feet deep.

Fish cakes exploded in a New York store and wrecked the place. They were probably made from the torpedo fish.

The best statesmanship these days is exerted not toward getting nations out of debt, but toward getting them deeper in.

Every man cannot join the uplift by ridding the world of African lions, but he can assist at spreading traps for the feet of the nefarious housefly.

Whatever romance there may be in international marriages is removed when the bride's father must settle the groom's debts.

It is announced that the Greek drama is about to become a fad with American theater-goers. It is just an excuse to get women to wear that style of clothes again.

The yellow peril is a literal and menacing fact wherever Sunday schools and well-meaning but worldly-ignorant reform movements subject girls to the sinister association of Chinamen.

A Russian grand duke has sent an order for the American invention of silver forks for corn on the cob and again does the genius of the western hemisphere triumph over the non-resourcefulness of effete Europe.

A man was arrested in New York for kissing his wife in their own home while the shades at the window were up. This is but a step removed from arresting a man for kissing his wife on Sunday, which will probably follow as a blue law not to be overlooked.

Princeton university rejoices in a student who has discovered the first comet seen this year. That young man probably is destined to prominence in the astronomical world. He may not have hitched his wagon to a star, but towed by a comet he may get there just the same.

Friends at Washington of Commander Peary, the Arctic explorer, believe that he has reached the North Pole and the goal of his ambition and has placed the American flag there. This, if verified, will be a crowning triumph for American pluck and perseverance. Incidentally the announcement will also save trouble for a number of other gentlemen headed in the same direction or contemplating a trip to the pole.

A Chicago magistrate has decided that it is no crime for one person to tread on another person's foot, but that neither is it a crime for the downtrodden person to retaliate by smiting the foot-crusher in the eye or on the jaw. If Solomon could revisit the earth and hear some of the judicial decisions of modern life, he would acknowledge the folly of trying to keep the record for freak decisions for an instant.

The mosquito is made almost a bird of prey by the dispatch from Cape Town which states that an overflow of the Orange river due to a heavy rainfall, has bred so many mosquitoes in the Gordonia northern district that three-quarters of the population are affected with malaria, which has been fatal in many cases. In some parts of the world the house screen is a sanitary necessity, both day and night, but the housefly is the chief danger in non-malarious countries.

Chicago's plan for the construction of an auditorium capable of accommodating 45,000 people is interesting. But the architects will have a task in planning a building in which so many can find seating or standing room within ear-shot of speakers. A vast hall in which only a portion of an assemblage can get within hearing distance of the speakers' platform would be disappointing and therefore less desirable than a smaller hall in which all can participate in the "doing."

CONSCIENCE WAS IRRESISTABLE

HENRY KULESH FIRED FRIEND'S HOUSE AND CONFESSES CRIME.

WAS ENRAGED OVER DEBT

Woman and Daughter Were Asleep in the House When the Dastardly Deed Was Committed.

Admitting that he had set fire to a house in which a woman and her daughter were asleep, Henry Kulesh, a Polish laborer, surrendered himself to the Detroit police, Thursday night, when he walked into the central police station and told his story. The house was that of John Karpenski, a farmer in Sanilac county, and Mrs. Karpenski and her daughter were asleep in the house, but made their escape.

"I did it to get even with them," said Kulesh in his confession to the police. "It burned to the ground. My conscience has worried me. I didn't know whether the women were burned up or not, so I want to give myself up."

It seems from Kulesh's story that he had loaned \$75 to Karpenski and when the farmer did not pay it back when he wanted it, he became angry. He went to Chicago and a few days later came back to Port Huron. He says that he bought some oil and took it with him to the farmhouse. He got a ladder and climbed to the second floor and sprinkled it around and then set it afire. He says he then ran to the woods nearby and watched the house burn. He didn't know whether the women got out.

"I have been in hell since," he told Lieut. Walpole, "and I want to be locked up."

Kulesh and Karpenski were boyhood friends in the old country and it is said that Karpenski, who came to this country first, sent Kulesh money with which to come to America. He came and went to work in the beet fields for his friend. Last summer Karpenski borrowed \$75 from Kulesh and when Karpenski was unable to repay it upon Kulesh's demand the latter became angry and planned his revenge, which took the form of burning his friend's house.

CHURCH ROW.

The Attack on Father Nowakowski in His Home.

Details of police and deputy sheriffs guard St. Mary's Catholic church, school and the residence of the priest, Fr. Nowakowski, of Alpena. Another police guard protects the priest himself, at the residence of the pastor of St. Bernard's church, and still more policemen are guarding Miss Marie Nowakowski, sister and housekeeper of the priest.

Phillip Kanlecki, the parishioner who was shot during the riot at St. Mary's church house Sunday, is in a serious condition and may not recover. The bullet shattered his lower jaw and lodged in the throat. Twelve pieces of the jawbone were removed by the surgeons.

The feeling against the priest involves a majority of the parish. Bishop Richter was asked by the church trustees a year ago to remove Fr. Nowakowski, but he refused. Sunday afternoon, when the bishop had conducted confirmation services at the church and had gone to the priest's house with Frs. Nowakowski, Flannery, O'Toole and Strosses, a committee from the church, accompanied by the trustees, forced their way into the house and renewed the demand for the priest's removal. The bishop refused to give a definite answer, and the fight ensued. The priest was struck several times by the angry committee men and his sister was struck in the face, blacking both eyes.

Then the young woman secured a revolver and fired two shots, one striking Kanlecki. Michael Kanlecki, a brother, was injured in the first fight, although not struck by a bullet. The police spirited the priest, Miss Nowakowski and another sister out of the back door to safety, while the mob in front were yelling, "Lynch him!"

Miss Nowakowski was arraigned on a charge of assault with intent to commit great bodily harm. She was released on bail. The unpopular priest will be transferred to another parish to save his life.

A Live Ghost.

The "Rev. Carmichael ghost," which terrified Adair folk after it was seen through the window of the dead preacher's former home by Peter Burgett, turns out to have been a flesh-and-blood creation, after all. It transpires that the kneeling man in black was Rev. J. G. Rutledge, of Port Hope, who was being shown through the tenanted parsonage and knelt in the former study to offer a prayer for the former occupants. Rev. Rutledge resembled the dead pastor somewhat, and when Burgett saw him and heard his voice in prayer faintly through the window it took little imagination to believe it was Carmichael's ghost.

With the possible exception of apples, the Holland fruit crop will be a record-breaker.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

The Traverse City chair factory was badly damaged by fire, the second within eight months.

Big Rapids is trying to secure the new branch pottery of the Owen China Co., which is expected to employ men.

A jail romance ended when former Sheriff George Bruer, of Pontiac, married Mrs. Allie Owen, former jail matron.

John Bradshaw, aged 39, of Flint, hurrying home from Colorado to die, lost his race with death. He died on the train.

Three stolen horses and buggies have been recovered and a man named Smith arrested as the thief by Allegan county officers.

While using a telephone during the storm, Mrs. Ira J. Nixon, of Flint, was knocked to the floor unconscious by a bolt of electricity.

James Bessey, of Big Rapids, a G. R. & I. engineer, was stricken with paralysis while working on his engine and died six hours later.

Levi Snyder, a Holland cripple, has arranged to have his body given to an Indianapolis medical college in the interest of science after his death.

Capt. John Q. Anderson, who headed the Saginaw company in the Spanish war and afterward, is dead from fever contracted in the Cuban service.

Levi Rogers, probably the oldest man in the northern peninsula, is dead. Rogers was 105 years of age and came to Escanaba 60 years ago.

Charlie Green, aged 12, and son of a Pere Marquette engineer, is dead of lockjaw, the result of injuries to his foot received while playing in the Saginaw railroad yards.

Grand Rapids business men active in the anti-saloon movement complain that they are being boycotted by "wet" sympathizers and that unless the ban is raised they will be ruined.

Joseph B. Kemp, of Ann Arbor, has just received a medal of honor awarded him by congress shortly after the battle of the Wilderness in 1864, upon the recommendation of Gen. Meade.

Jackson officials are endeavoring to find where Charles Crowley, 17, secured the whisky which nearly killed him. He fell on the street writhing in agony and nearly died in the hospital.

The big Milwaukee brewers and those in Escanaba are engaging in a price war, and as a result citizens are buying the Wisconsin beer for \$4 per barrel, \$2.50 below the regular price.

In the death of Levi Rivers, of Cook's Mills, Schoolcraft county, the state of Michigan has lost its oldest citizen. The deceased was 105 years of age. He came to the region more than sixty years ago.

The supreme court has failed to hand down a decision setting aside the Sanilac county local option election because the county clerk failed to sign the supervisors' records in time. The county will remain dry.

F. W. Schroeder, of Traverse City, laughed at a funny story told him by a companion Friday and his jaw was dislocated. It required the efforts of a physician and two strong men to put the jaw back where it belonged.

Mrs. Charles Cote, of Muskegon, had her right leg and four ribs broken and sustained severe internal injuries, and her mother, Mrs. Joseph La Chappelle, was badly bruised and cut, when they were run down by an automobile.

Wakefield, a village of 1,300, on the Gogebic range, is having built a high school costing \$50,000 in place of the one burned last spring. It will be 80x192 feet with 14 school rooms, a domestic science room, manual training room, gymnasium and laboratory.

The oldest living U. of M. graduate has been found again. This time he is Rev. Theodore Romeyne Palmer, of National City, Cal., who graduated in 1847. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Thirteenth Michigan in the civil war.

Harrison F. Strong, aged 50, a Michigan Central conductor, is in the county jail in Jackson and will be examined to decide as to his sanity. The man became violent at his home, it is alleged, and threatened members of his family.

The first Chinese baby has been born in Upper Michigan. It is a boy, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hum Din, of Escanaba. Its mother was formerly Miss Mary Cyr, a French girl, of Escanaba, who married A. Hum Din a year ago.

Hillsdale is suffering from an epidemic of the measles. Over 40 families are afflicted and in these families from one to four and five children are suffering from the epidemic. It is believed that the total number of cases will exceed 175. There have been no fatalities.

James Mennie, of Bay City, is in jail for 30 days, because he did not know that two Flint boys were only jesting when they talked roughly to each other. The youngsters were in swimming and Mennie rushed into the water and struck Hiram Barnes, who was doing most of the talking, on the head with a stone.

William Drumm, who disappeared while agent of the Grand-Trunk road at Davisburg and was said to have stolen cash and express orders, has been located at Grand Rapids. He has made his peace with the railroad company and asked for a job in a "dry" county, where he can break himself of the drink habit.

CONGRESS BEGINS TO LOOK TAFTWISE

FRIENDS ASSURED TAFT THAT TARIFF BILL WILL SUIT HIM.

FLIES ACROSS CHANNEL.

Latest Current Events Gathered From All Sources and Told Briefly.

Assured by his callers that the final form of the tariff bill will be a measure made to his own order, the president Saturday night was greatly pleased with the success that he believes is now about to end his efforts to incorporate into the measure some few at least of the principles of general downward vision.

The men who saw him and told him he had won the fight and that the conference report will be completed at once were Senator Crane, of Massachusetts; Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts; Senator Borah, of Idaho; Chairman Payne, of the house committee on ways and means, and Rep. Dwight, the Republican "whip" of the house.

The assurances these gentlemen gave Mr. Taft, when summed up in brief, are as follows:

Free hides, free oil, five or 10 cents a ton on iron ores, reduction on boots and shoes, lumber at \$1.25, coal at 45 cents.

Hosiery and gloves at the senate rates instead of the higher rates in the house bill.

Reduction in the rates on the low grades of cotton goods.

Aeroplane Makes Great Flight.

Louis Bleriot successfully landed at Dover after a flight across the English channel from Calais in his monoplane. He landed on the cliffs of Dover, and is reported to have been slightly injured.

Bleriot started at 4:35 a. m. The weather was fine and no wind was stirring. A torpedo boat destroyer followed the aeroplane at full speed.

M. Bleriot has for several years been an active aviator in France and is said to have had more miraculous escapes in his career than any other aeronaut. He made a cross-country flight from Tours to Arthenay, France, on March 31, 1908, in a monoplane. His latest achievement, prior to crossing the channel, was a flight on July 13 from Etampes to Orleans, a distance of 25 miles. He made a successful landing, covering the distance in 56 minutes, 10 seconds, including a stop of 11 minutes near Tours to examine his aeroplane. By this achievement he won the French aero club prize of \$2,800.

Wright's Air Voyage.

Orville Wright at Fort Myer Saturday evening surpassed all previous performances of the Wright aeroplane in the matter of speed and in the sharpness of his turns.

Wilbur Wright, who closely watched his brother's flight during every inch of his progress, calculated his average speed, with and against the wind, at 47 miles an hour.

One of his circles at full speed was estimated to be within a diameter of 150 feet—an automobile could hardly do better than that at the high rate of speed.

The aerial navigator remained aloft at Fort Myer a little over 20 minutes, and then at a signal from his brother, Wilbur, made a swift and safe landing. With this flight the preliminaries to the official trials may be said to have been concluded.

Lock Builder Roach Dead.

Patrick E. Roach, 82, designer and builder of the first lock at Sault Ste. Marie to accommodate the lake freighters bound from the lower lakes to Superior ports, died Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harry A. Verhage, of Branch Hill, a suburb of Cleveland.

Roach was among the best known engineers in the country in the early days. The firm of Boyle & Roach secured the contract from the government for constructing the initial lock in the St. Mary's river and Roach in person engineered the work. Later Roach worked among the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee blasting out right of way for the railway lines. In railway work he was especially prominent. The funeral will be held tomorrow.

An Eccentric Spinster.

Elizabeth Diefendorf, a wealthy and eccentric spinster of good family, died at her home in Fort Plain, N. Y., Saturday, aged 77. Fifty years ago she closed her house to her friends, and up to the time of her death was seldom seen even by her neighbors. Thirty years ago a local newspaper criticized the seating accommodations of an assembly hall in what was then the biggest and best building in Fort Plain. Miss Diefendorf owned it. The hall was closed the next day, the tenants' leases were not renewed and the building has stood ever since, heavily taxed, but dusty and vacant.

Miss Diefendorf leaves an estate valued at about \$1,000,000, mainly in western real estate. She left no will.

The tide of immigration to the United States is waning. A falling off of 23,369, approximately 20 per cent, is noted in alien immigration for the month of June as compared with May.

WIRELETS.

Missouri wants immigrants to cultivate 1,000,000 acres of uncultivated tillable land in the state. The Missouri immigration commission will establish a bureau for this purpose.

Harry Orchard, murderer of former Gov. Steiengberg, of Idaho, according to his confession, was kept at the penitentiary. The service was performed by Elder Stewart, a Seventh Day Adventist.

Capt. Peter C. Hain, sentenced to a term in Sing Sing for the murder of William E. Annis, is busy inventing a new street cleaning device in prison. His case is soon to come upon appeal in the appellate division.

Charles W. Elliot, president emeritus of Harvard, in an address before the Harvard summer school of theology, prophesied the advent of a new religion with no dogma or creed, whose reliance would be placed on the laws of nature.

Cornelius P. Shea, ex-president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and long a prominent labor leader, has been convicted in New York of an attempt to murder Alice Walsh, a former Chicago waitress, with whom Shea is alleged to have lived. The maximum penalty is 10 years.

The fact that Mrs. Honora Tully is 105 years of old has not prevented her from enjoying a lobster salad. In fact, when she attended a wedding celebration at the home of her grandson in Brooklyn, N. Y., she remained up until after midnight bidding the last guest good-bye, and throughout the evening enjoyed all the games and gaieties as much as anyone.

Galveston Repairing Damage.

Galveston on Friday began rebuilding the structures raised in Wednesday's storm. Wires are down, but later reports from the interior show greater damage and loss of life than were sustained in that city. With six known dead on Tarpon fishing pier, the list of supposed 11 victims has been cut down. Five were rescued from the bay alive. The sixth was dead when taken from the water. Fourteen others are missing, and damage to property is estimated at \$750,000. Twenty-three deaths are known to have occurred.

The missing are members of the families of three brothers Abernathy, who left High Island Tuesday for Sabine pass. They traveled by wagon and were to have camped out on the beach Tuesday night. Part of their equipment has been found.

Graphic tales are told by those who were swept from the Tarpon fishing pier, off Galveston, into the gulf and rescued, clinging to bits of wreckage along the beach near Morgan's point.

Ray C. Teetsborn, of Houston, says that it was seven hours after the first real alarm that the pier gave way and a party of 10 was cast into the water.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Dry-fed steers, \$5.25 @5.50; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$4.50 @4.75; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, \$4.50 @4.75; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, \$3.50 @3.75; choice fat cows, \$4 @4.15; good fat cows, \$3.50; common cows, \$2 @3.15; canners, \$1.75 @1.25; choice heavy bulls, \$3.75 @4; fair to good hogs, \$3.50; stock hogs, \$2.50 @3; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4 @4.50; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.50 @3.75; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.50 @4; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$3 @3.25; stock heifers, \$3; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$4 @5; common milkers, \$2 @3.

Veal calves—Market steady at last week's prices; best, \$7.50 @8.25; others, \$4 @7; milch cows and springers, steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market 50c to 75c lower than last week; best lambs, \$4.50 @7.75; fair to good lambs, \$3.50 @7.25; light to common lambs, \$5 @5.25; yearlings, \$5 @6; fair to good sheep, \$3.50 @4.25; culled and common, \$2.50 @3.

Hogs—Market steady at last Thursday's prices. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$7.75 @8; pigs, \$7 @7.50; light Yorkers, \$7.50 @7.80; stags, 1-3 off.

East Buffalo—Cattle—The desirable grades sold about steady at last week's prices. The best fresh cows and springers were active and sold from \$4.50 to \$4 per head higher. The common kind sold about steady. Best export steers, \$4.50 @6.75; best, 1,200 to 1,300-lb shipping steers, \$4 @5; best, 800 to 1,100-lb shipping steers, \$3.50 @4; light butcher steers, \$4.50 @5; best fat cows, \$4.50 @4.75; fair to good, \$3.75 @4.25; trimmers, \$2.35 @2.50; best fat heifers, \$3 @3.75; fair to good, \$2 @2.45; common heifers, \$4 @4.25; best feeding steers, \$4 @4.25; best stockers, \$3.50 @3.75; common stockers, \$3 @3.50; best bulls, \$4.25 @4.50; bologna bulls, \$3.50 @3.75; best fresh cows and springers, \$4 @5; medium cows and springers, \$3 @4; common cows and springers, \$2 @3.

Hogs—Market lower; heavy, \$8.40 @8.55; Yorkers, \$8.20 @8.40; pigs, \$8 @8.15; roughs, \$7.15 @7.30; stags, \$4 @4.75.

Sheep—Market lower; best lambs, \$8 @8.25; fair to good, \$7 @7.75; culled, \$5 @5.50; yearlings, \$4 @4.75; wethers, \$5.25 @5.50; ewes, \$4.50 @4.75.

Calves—Steady; best, \$8.75 @9; heavy, \$4 @5.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.25 @1.25; July opened unchanged at \$1.18 and declined to \$1.15. September opened at \$1.12 and declined to \$1.09. December opened at \$1.11 1/2 and declined to \$1.09 1/4. No. 2 red, \$1.22; No. 1 white, \$1.25.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 73 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 1 car at 74 1/2c.

Oats—Cash No. 2 white, 1 car at 54c; standard, 1 car at 53c; September standard, 41 1/2c; sample, 1 car at 50c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, \$2.40 @2.45.

Beans—Cash, \$2.40; October, \$2.

Cloverseed—Prime October, \$7; March, 100 bags at \$7.10; August, Alaska, 50 bags at \$5.

Flour—100-lb sacks, Jobbing lots: Bran, \$28; coarse middlings, Jobbing lots, \$31; middlings, \$31; cracked corn, \$22; coarse cornmeal, \$31; corn and oat chop, \$29 per ton.

Wool—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

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake shunned 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. That night attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roaring 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. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The hot ashes flew up in her face and powdered her hair with their gray dust; yet she persisted, blowing steadily until a shred of bark caught the sparks and flared up in a tiny flame. A little more, and she had a strong fire blazing against the tree trunk.

She rested a short time, relaxing both mentally and physically in the satisfying consciousness that Blake never should know how near she had come to falling in her trust.

Soon she became aware of a keen feeling of thirst and hunger. She rose, piled a fresh supply of sticks on the fire, and hastened back through the cleft toward the spring. Around the baobab she came upon Winthrop, working in the shade of the great tree. The three leopard skins had been stretched upon bamboo frames, and he was resignedly scraping at their inner surfaces with a smooth-edged stone. Miss Leslie did not look too closely at the operation.

"Where is he?" she asked.

Winthrop motioned down the cleft.

"I hope he hasn't gone far. I'm half famished. Aren't you?"

"Really, Miss Genevieve, it is odd, you know. Not an hour since, the very thought of food—"

"And now you're as hungry as I am. Oh, I do wish he had not gone off just at the wrong time!"

"He went to take a dip in the sea. You know, he got so messed up over the nastiest part of the work, which I positively refused to do—"

"What's that beyond the bamboos? There's something alive!"

"Pray, don't be alarmed. It is—or it's all right, Miss Genevieve, I assure you."

"But what is it? Such queer noises, and I see something alive!"

"Only the vultures, if you must know. Nothing else, I assure you."

"Oh!"

"It is all out of sight from the spring. You are not to go around the bamboos until the—that is, not to-day."

"Did Mr. Blake say that?"

"Why, yes—to be sure. He also said to tell you that the cutlets were on the top shelf."

"You mean—?"

"His way of ordering you to cook our dinner. Really, Miss Genevieve, I should be pleased to take your place, but I have been told to keep to this. It is hard to take orders from a low fellow—very hard for a gentleman, you know."

Miss Leslie gazed at her shapely hands. Three days since she could not have conceived of their being so rough and scathed and dirty. Yet her disgust at their condition was not entirely unqualified.

"At least I have something to show for them," she murmured.

"I beg pardon," said Winthrop.

"Just look at my hands—like a servant's! And yet I am not nearly so

ashamed of them as I would have fancied. It is very amusing, but do you know, I actually feel proud that I have done something—something useful, I mean."

"Useful?—I call it shocking, Miss Genevieve. It is simply vile that people of our breeding should be compelled to do such mental work. They write no end of romances about castaways; but I fail to see the romance in scraping skins Indian fashion, as this fellow Blake calls it."

"I suppose, though, we should remember how much Mr. Blake is doing for us, and should try to make the best of the situation."

"It has no best. It is all a beastly muddle," complained Winthrop, and he resumed his nervous scraping at the big leopard skin.

The girl studied his face for a moment, and turned away. She had been trying so hard to forget.

He heard her leave, and called after, without looking up: "Please remember. He said to cook some meat."

She did not answer. Having satisfied her thirst at the spring, she took one of the bamboo rods, with its haggled blackening pieces of flesh, and returned to the fire. After some little experimenting, she contrived a way to support the rod beside the fire so that all the meat would roast without burning.

At first, keen as was her hunger, she turned with disgust from the flabby sun-seared flesh; but as it began to roast, the odor restored her appetite to full vigor. Her mouth fairly watered. It seemed as though Winthrop and Blake would never come. She heard their voices, and took the bamboo spit from the fire for the meat to rool. Still they failed to appear, and, unable to wait longer, she began to eat. The cub meat proved far more tender than that of the old leopard. She had helped herself to the second piece before the two men appeared.

"Hold on, Miss Jenny; fair play!" sang out Blake. "You've set to without tooting the dinner-horn. I don't blame you, though. That smells mighty good."

Both men caught at the hot meat with eagerness, and Winthrop promptly forgot all else in the animal pleasure of satisfying his hunger. Blake, though no less hungry, only waited to fill his mouth before investigating the condition of the prospective tree ladder. The result of the attempt to burn the trunk did not seem encouraging to the others, and Miss Leslie looked away, that her face



By Evening She Had Her Tree-Cave in a Habitable Condition.

might not betray her, should he have an inkling of her neglect. She was relieved by the cheerfulness of his tone.

"Slow work, this fire business—eh? Guess, though, it'll go faster this afternoon. The green wood is killed and is getting dried out. Anyway, we've got to keep at it till the tree goes over. This spring leopard won't last long at the present rate of consumption, and we'll need the eggs to keep us going till we get the hang of our bows."

"What is that smoke back there?" interrupted Miss Leslie. "Can it be that the fire down the cleft has sprung up again?"

"No; it's your fumigation. You had plenty of brush on hand, so I heaved it into the hole and touched it off. While it's burning out you can put in time gathering ring grass and leaves for a bed."

"Would you and Mr. Winthrop mind breaking off some bamboos for me?"

"What for?"

Miss Leslie colored and hesitated. "I—I should like to divide off a corner of the place with a wall or screen."

Winthrop tried to catch Blake's eye; but the American was gazing at Miss Leslie's embarrassed face with a puzzled look. Her meaning dawned upon him, and he hastened to reply.

"All right, Miss Jenny. You can build your wall to suit yourself. But there'll be no hurry over it. Until the rains begin, Win and I'll sleep out in the open. We'll have to take turnabout

on watch at night, anyway. If we don't keep up a fire some other spotted kitty will be sure to come nesting up the sulky."

"There must also be hoas in the vicinity," added Winthrop.

Miss Leslie said nothing until after the last pieces of meat had been handed around and Blake sprang up to resume work.

"Mr. Blake," she called, in a low tone; "one moment, please. Would it save much bother if a door was made and you and Mr. Winthrop should sleep inside?"

"We'll see about that later," replied Blake, carelessly.

The girl bit her lip, and the tears started to her eyes. Even Winthrop had started off without expressing his appreciation. Yet he at least should have realized how much it had cost her to make such an offer.

By evening she had her tree-cave—house, she preferred to name it to herself—in a habitable condition. When the purifying fire had burnt itself out, leaving the place free from all odors other than the wholesome smell of wood smoke, she had asked Blake how she could rake out the ashes. His advice was to wet them down where they lay.

This was easier said than done. Fortunately the spring was only a few yards distant, and after many trips, with her palm-leaf hat for bowl, the girl carried enough water to sprinkle all the powdery ashes. Over them she strewed the leaves and grass which she had gathered while the fire was burning. The driest of the grass, arranged in a far corner, promised a more comfortable bed than had been her lot for the last three nights.

During this work she had been careful not to forget the fire at the tree. Yet when, near sundown, she called the third meal of leopard meat, Blake grumbled at the tree for being what he termed such a confounded tough proposition.

"Good thing there's lots of wood here, Win," he added. "We'll keep this fire going till the blamed thing topples over, if it takes a year."

"Oh, but you surely will not stay so far from the baobab to-night!" exclaimed Miss Leslie.

"Hold hard!" soothed Blake. "You've no license to get the jumps yet a while. We'll have another fire by the baobab. So you needn't worry."

A few minutes later they went back to the baobab, and Winthrop began helping Miss Leslie to construct a bamboo screen in the narrow entrance of the tree-cave, while Blake built the second fire.

As Winthrop was unable to tell time by the stars, Blake took the first watch. At sunset, following the engineer's advice, Winthrop lay down with his feet to the small watch-fire, and was asleep before twilight had deepened into night. Fagged out by the mental and bodily stress of the day, he slept so soundly that it seemed to him he hardly lost consciousness when he was roused by a rough hand on his forehead.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"'Bout one o'clock," said Blake. "Wake up! I ran overtime, 'cause the morning watch is the toughest. But I can't keep 'wake any longer."

"I say, this is a beastly bore," remarked Winthrop, sitting up.

"Um-m," grunted Blake, who was already on his back.

Winthrop rubbed his eyes, rose wearily, and drew a blazing stick from the fire. With this upraised as a torch he peered around into the darkness and advanced towards the spring.

When, having satisfied his thirst, he returned somewhat hurriedly to the fire, he was startled by the sight of a pale face gazing at him from between the leaves of the bamboo screen.

"My dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! Is he asleep?"

"Like a top."

"Thank heaven! Good-night."

"Good-night—er—I say, Miss Genevieve—"

But the girl disappeared, and Winthrop, after a glance at Blake's placid face, hurried along the cleft to stack the other fire. When he returned he noticed two bamboo rods which Blake had begun to shape into bow staves. He looked them over, with a sneer at Blake's seemingly unskillful workmanship; but he made no attempt to finish the bows.

CHAPTER XI.

A Despoiled Wardrobe.



SOON after sunrise Miss Leslie was awakened by the snap and dull crash of a falling tree. She made a hasty toilet and ran out around the baobab. The burned tree, eaten half through by the fire, had been pushed over against the cliff by Blake and Winthrop. Both had already climbed up and now stood on the edge of the cliff.

"Hello, Miss Jenny!" shouted Blake. "We've got here at last. Want to come up?"

"Not now, thank you."

"It's easy enough. But you're right. Try your hand again at the cutlets,

won't you? While they're frying we'll get some eggs for breakfast. How does that strike you?"

"We have no way to cook them."

"Reck 'em in the ashes. So long!"

Miss Leslie spoke; breakfast over the watchfire, for the other had been scattered and stamped out by the men when the tree fell. They came back in good time, walking carefully, that they might not break the eggs with which their pockets bulged. Between them, they had brought a round dozen and a half. Blake promptly began stowing all in the hot ashes, while Winthrop related their little adventure with unwonted enthusiasm.

"You should have come with us, Miss Genevieve," he began. "This time of day it is glorious on the cliff top. Though the rock is bare, there is a fine view—"

"Fine view of grub near the end," interpolated Blake.

"As, yes; the birds—you must take a look at them, Miss Genevieve! The sea end of the cliff is alive with them—hundreds and thousands, all huddled together and fighting for room. They are a sight, I assure you! They're plucky, too. It was well we took sticks with us. As it was, one of the gannets—boobies, Blake calls them—caught me a nasty nip when I went to lift her off the nest."

"Best way is to kick them off," explained Blake. "But the point is that we've hopped over the starvation stile. Understand? The whole blessed cliff end is an omelette waiting for our pan. Pass the leopardettes, Miss Jenny."

When the last bit of meat had disappeared, Blake raked the eggs from the ashes and began to crack them, solemnly sniffing at each before he laid it on its leaf platter. Some were a trifle "high." None, however, were thrown away.

When it was all over, Winthrop contemplated the scattered shells with a satisfied air.

"Do you know," he remarked, "this is the first time I've felt—er—replenished since we found those coconuts."

"How about one of 'em now to top off on?" questioned Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW BEETHOVEN BECAME DEAF.

Injured in Excess of Anger Caused by Importunate Tenor.

Beethoven gave the following account of how he became deaf to Charles Neate:

"I had to deal with a tiresome and capricious tenor. I had already written two great arias to the same words, neither of which pleased him, and also a third, which he did not care for the first time he tried it, but which he took away with him. I was thanking heaven that I was rid of him and had settled down to something else when in less than an hour I recognized his knock at the door.

"I sprang up from my table in such a rage that as the man came in at the door I flung myself on the floor as they do on the stage I fell on my hands, and when I got up I found I was deaf. The doctor said I had injured the nerves."

Lovers of the great master can occupy themselves thinking of things they would like to do to the luckless tenor.

Rare Gases in the Air.

Samples of pure air from a height of eight and one-half miles have been collected by Teisserence de Fort, the French investigator, in his observations on the rare gases, especially argon, neon and helium. The collecting apparatus—a vacuum tube drawn out to a fine point at one end—was carried up by a large sounding balloon. At the desired height an electromagnetic device operated by a barometer broke off the point admitting the air, and a few minutes later a second contact sent a battery current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All samples thus obtained show argon and neon, no helium being found in air from above six miles.

Why Musicians Wear Long Hair.

"Why do musicians wear long hair?" said the barber. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that. They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the mane of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite halfback."

Law.

Of law there can be no less acknowledgment than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as feeling from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Richard Hooker.

COULDN'T GET SI TO ENTHUSE

Hired Man's Remarks Could Hardly Be Said to Be in Nature of Compliment.

The young lawyer, having been nominated for the office of county attorney, thought to surprise an eccentric genius by the name of Si who was working as a hired man on the young lawyer's father's farm.

"Well, Si, what do you think?" the young man began.

"Sometimes one thing, Lonny, an' sometimes 'nother."

"But, Si, they have nominated me for county attorney."

"They might 'a done worse, Lonny. Howsomever, don't holler till you're out of the woods."

The young attorney was duly elected, and on his next visit to the farm announced the fact unctuously to Si, who was at the woodpile, saw in hand.

"Well, Si, I am elected by a large majority. What do you think of that?"

"Well, Lonny, down in our parts where I was raised, when we wanted a stopper 'n' hadn't any cork, we generally took a corn cob.—Youth's Companion.

THE OBJECT HE HAD IN VIEW

Farmer Had Not Much Expectation of Turkeys, But He Was Not Losing Anything.

A Rhode Island farmer set a bantam hen on 14 turkey eggs, and great was the scandal thereof throughout the neighborhood. Friends from far and near dropped in for to see and for to admire the freakish feat.

"Sa-ay, Silas," asked envious Hiram Haggars, "haow many turkeys 'd yew call'ate ter git outer them aigs?"

"Oh, shucks!" Silas answered. "I ain't call'atin' 't git many turkeys. I jest admire 't see that pesky little critter a-spreadin' herself."—Harper's Weekly.

COMFORTING.



Man in the Water—Help! Help! I'm drowning!

Droll Gent—What! you don't need help to drown, man.

How an Angry Woman Looked. The other day we saw an angry woman in a street car and her face was anything but a pleasant picture. She was angry at the conductor, entirely without cause, and that made her look more terrible than if she had had a real grievance.—Nebraska Journal.

Eloquence.

Kutcher—Do people hang on his words?

Bocker—As though they were ear straps.

SURPRISED HIM

Doctor's Test of Food.

A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says:

"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food.

"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavor, and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it.

"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him.

"An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail.

"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day 'Why doctor I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.'

"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 22 pounds in two months which at his age is remarkable.

"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

These senators who have had a hand in making the tariff laws have certainly put their foot in it too.

Tortured on a Horse.

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

John D. Rockefeller is determined that no one shall go hungry for the lack of education, while Andrew Carnegie is feeding libraries to the starving.

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 Throats, Colds, obstinate Coughs, and prevent Pneumonia, its the best medicine on earth. 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler. Trial bottle free.

It is not surprising that the determined stand which President Taft has taken in favor of tariff revision should have commanded the respect and approval of the entire country.

For weak back, headache, 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.

There are of course many statesmen and politicians who question the loyalty of the President to the protective policy, but we venture to believe that such men are short sighted.

A Night Riders Raid

The worst night riders are calomel croton oil or aloes pills. They raid 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. Siglers.

In several sections of the south the good roads movement is being stimulated by the fact that existing roads are so bad that they break a large percentage of the jugs hauled over them.

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.

Over in China when a man begins to howl for reform they kill him. In this christian country they simply laugh at him and pass flippant remarks about a disarrangement of the machinery in his head.

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

Some people even yet decline to take the Egyptian moth seriously. Twenty-five acres of oak woods in Massachusetts is to be burned in order to destroy the mighty army of these pests recently mobilized there. In all the tract there is not a twig or leaf which does not swarm with the destroyers.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

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

GREAT RACING AT THE FAIR.

Fastest Animals in the World Will Meet September 2-10.

No single feature of a State Fair attracts more people on its own account than the racing. If it is of sufficient merit. That this fact is well known by the powers that have been and those that are in the Michigan Agricultural Society is shown in the completeness of the department. The steel grand stand, the magnificent mile track, the spacious and healthful stables, representing in all an outlay of over \$100,000, show what is thought of the harness horses at the Michigan State Fair.

There is no more complete plant down the line of the grand circuit than that just outside of Detroit, where the big fair is held each year. The track was rebuilt last year at a cost of \$10,000 and now presents the composite surface, so successful at Memphis, the pattern after which other tracks are cut.

The fact that at the State Fair of 1908 no less than nine horses beat 2:10 in winning heats on the track and at the blue ribbon meeting that year a number of world's records were demolished shows what a fast track Michigan has. It is the talk of the country among racing men, and is one of the only cases where the same track is used for the State Fair and the grand circuit, affording the fairgoers an opportunity of seeing horses race on the fastest piece of dirt out of doors.

The equipments are perfect. Such is the growth of the popularity of the sport of the sulky that each year sees additional demand for stabling, and this summer a new barn with a capacity of fifty has been completed. In all 300 horses can be housed in roomy box-stalls in the speed barns, and because of the general desire to stroll down and take a look at them the directors of the society have had laid a continuation of the concrete walks, which now run past the cattle, sheep, swine and speed barns—an excellent idea.

In the past the fair has been fortunate in attracting a good class of horses, and there are reasons why there will be an improvement this year. A new fair at Kalamazoo opens on August 30, and in connection with it there will be a big race meeting. The Kalamazoo stakes have attracted an unusual number of horses, and from that city the horses will come to Detroit, where the State Fair race program opens September 6 and continues for five afternoons. The State Fair is a member of the Michigan circuit; other states will contribute, so from all sources it promises to assemble a lot of fast and clever race horses.

In addition to the fifteen races scheduled for the five afternoons there will be a great attraction on September 8. Dan Patch, 1:56, the unbeaten champion of the world, will race against Minor Hair, 1:59 1/2, his most formidable rival. They will go one heat, the idea being to lower the world's record in less than two minutes, which the trainer of the horses says he will be able to do if the weather and track are right. It will be the most spectacular event ever known to

the light harness turf, solitary exhibitions against time fading to a shadow in comparison with this struggle from wire to wire.

The program, with the added attraction, is one of the greatest ever offered by a state fair and will serve to keep Michigan's yearly outing in the forefront. The regular race card for the fair is as follows:

Monday, September 6—2:10 pace, \$500; 2:18 trot, \$500; 2:14 pace, \$500.

Tuesday, September 7—2:30 pace, \$500; 2:12 trot, 500; 2:22 pace, \$500.

Wednesday, September 8—2:21 trot, \$500; free-for-all pace, \$500; 2:30 trot, \$500.

Thursday, September 9—2:24 pace, \$500; 2:16 trot, \$500; 2:13 pace, \$500.

Friday, September 10—Free-for-all trot, \$500; 2:19 pace, \$500; 2:25 trot, \$500.

Women Indispensable.

"I'm the president of the Progressive Woman's league," said the spare female with stern features as she grabbed the London bus conductor by the sleeve and made him register over again one of the fares he had just collected.

"I can't help that, ma'am," replied the conductor in a rather short tone.

"Nobody asked you to," she went on, "I'm gathering statistics, and I spent twopenny just to get on this bus to interview you. The statement has been made in some newspapers, in an attempt to prove that our sex is incapable of handling the reins of government, that one woman gives more trouble in a public conveyance than a dozen men."

"Well, ma'am"—

"Perhaps I'd better put it more plainly," she said, interrupting him. "Let me ask you as a conductor, would you find your work easier if no woman at all rode in the omnibuses?"

"It might be a little easier, ma'am," he replied, "but I don't see how in the world we would ever get along without them."

"Hold on!" she cried joyfully. "Let me write down every word you've said. Once more, I see, we will be able to silence our enemies. Now, my good man, tell me why female passengers are indispensable."

"Because, ma'am," returned the conductor, "if it wasn't for the women we could never get rid of all this bus money we happen to take."

PATENTS

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D. SWIFT & CO., PATENT LAWYERS, 303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

The talk of an electric line, a spur of the D. U. R., from Manchester to Dexter, is being revived again.

The publishers of the Linden Leader are having a two weeks vacation, only being at the office two days each week to run the paper and get it into the post office.

One of the Howell papers clipped our Chilson cor. verbatim last week and in another place gave credit to one item from the cor. Good news all of it, wasn't it Bro. Critt.

It would be a good thing if some autoists (and some others too) would send to the secretary of state for a copy of the motor vehicle laws. Some changes will be of especial interest to owners and drivers of machines.

Many drivers of automobiles have been put into the ditch, run into a rut or stuck in the sand because there are a number of people not familiar with the state law in regard to one vehicle passing the other on the highway.—Chelsea Tribune. Drop a card to the secretary of state and ask for a copy of the motor vehicle laws.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston

Probate Court for said county. Estate of THOMAS FARRELL, 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 24th 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 24th day of September, A. D. 1909, and on the 25th day of November A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day at the store of T. Henry Howlett, in the village of Gregory, in said county to receive and examine such claims.

Dated: Howell, Mich. July 24, A. D. 1909.

Fred C. Montague } Commissioners on Claims

Fred Howlett }

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 25th day of July A. D. 1909. Present, Arthur A. Montague, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of VALENTINE WIRGAND, deceased.

Catherine Wiegand having filed in said court her final account as administratrix of said estate, and her petition praying for the allowance thereof. It is ordered that Monday the 23rd day of August A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the FINCKNEY DISPATCH, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE, Judge of Probate.

SANITATION OF THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

The State Fair officials are making every preparation to protect the exhibitors of live stock at the 1909 meeting which opens Sept. 2. They have made arrangements for the complete sanitation of the live stock and, in fact, the entire show buildings and grounds during the Fair time.

Before any animals are brought into their quarters, all stables, barns, etc., will be thoroughly cleaned of any refuse that may have accumulated there, and then they will be thoroughly and completely disinfected so as to prevent any possibility of disease being acquired from the condition of the grounds before the live stock arrives.

During the entire time of the Fair a constant attendance of a corps of expert assistants will be continuously disinfecting all the live stock and buildings, so that it will prevent any possible outbreak of contagious diseases while on the grounds.

Arrangements will be made for parties who wish to have their stock sprayed before entering the grounds, and the fact that Messrs. Parke, Davis & Company will have this matter in charge, and will use the disinfectant Kresol for the purpose, is sufficient to know that it will be done properly and effectively.

This firm has taken care of over 200 large exhibitions of this description, and by using Kresol have prevented any outbreak of disease; this is certainly a safeguard against any such troubles that otherwise might arise.

Rheumatism

"My mother is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills is the only remedy that relieve her."

MRS. G. DAVENPORT, Roycefield, N. J.

For the pains of rheumatism there is nothing that can equal

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

They overcome that nervous irritation, relieve the pain and swelling, while they have a tendency to allay fever. If taken as directed they are invaluable to chronic sufferers, as the weakening effect of pain is lessened. Try them—your druggist sells them.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

FRANK L. ANDREWS NOTARY PUBLIC WITH SEAL

Invest in Timber

A VISIBLE INCREASING SECURITY

20% Earnings

THE MICHIGAN PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY

Commenced operations April 1st, and reports are received from the Camp regularly. Logs are now being delivered to the mills at the rate of 150,000 feet daily at a profit of \$6.00 per thousand feet; \$900 per day, or \$300,000 per year. These are facts, not estimates. The Company will market 300,000 feet daily next year—figure for yourself what the profits will be. At this rate it would take twenty-five years to cut the timber.

If you are interested in learning how money is made from operation in Timber, write us for copies of the reports as they come from Camp.

PROPERTY

50 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 19 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

BUY NOW. DON'T WAIT.

If you are not familiar with the standing of our House, ask your Banker.

E. B. CADWELL & COMPANY, INVESTMENT BANKERS.

770 PENOBSCOT BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

See Our Fine Line of Post Cards

In Which Yellow Wins

By Will Levington Comfort

(Copyright, by J. E. Lippincott Co.)

You would have to see McConachie to catch the power of the saying that he was just as mean as he looked. He had a head like a guanine capsule, and as full of gall. His skin was grayish-brown; his eyes were like dead clingers if you let him alone, but they blew red when his temper was turned on. A wild-cat had got the back-thresh on his other features, so you needed a field glass to pick them out. The rest of McConachie was about shape and gorilla arms. We Sodom folks haven't got any feeling against a man's looks if his heart is God's little garden, but McConachie's wasn't.

For ages and ages the Mammon Canyon and Sodom had known this eye-warmer. The old river-mother loved him, if we didn't, and had shown him her choicest streaks of yellow for years. He was richer than anybody in our part of Arizona, and no bank, Min. circus, or bar ever profited a smile's worth from the turnings of his pick. We all believed that McConachie took his winnings back to nature, cached them somewhere in the gorge or under his shanty. He never got drunk nor married, and the cache didn't leak. Maybe we were rough on McConachie at times.

One blazing noon when Sodom was scratching away at the claims and meditating on the soothing night of seven-up at Blinkey Gile's red-eye fountains, there came a sudden boom from up the gorge, and the shiver of air which dynamite always pushes through the cut. This was nothing, for McConachie had a way of using powder when things were slow; only, Bertie Coctton came in to dinner with the word that McConachie's cabin would know the sputter of bacon no more—unless somebody else moved in. Bertie furthermore testified that a cursory search here and there about the late McConachie's claim had un-



"Look Thar!" He Whispered.

covered bits of pulp that had a human look to the extent that the late McConachie was human.

The mourning was brief and then all Sodom descended on to Mac's claim and started plugging for the cache—all except Thigley, the saint of Sodom, the only living monument of Peter Dudd's gospel. Thigley, untouched by the epidemic, was gathering up the fragments. Presently he began intoning mercy on the remains. Those were doleful doings in the red rock cut, with Mother Mammon tinkling and Sodom's gentle villagers changed to a pirate crew. It all made me feel as if I was far from home, and headed wrong.

"D'ye member, Wesley, how we rode old Mac out o' town on a broom handle for kickin' Tom Steep's dog?" Diddy questioned.

"Yep," I said. That reminded me that the dog referred to had been absent from our midst for several days.

"And how we doctored his bacon and plug tobacco with capsicum while he was down to Socoro?"

"Mac?" I said. "We sure was ongentle to old Mac. Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' blowed his head off this way?"

Thigley praying so close brought out these reflections. "Ye sure wasn't neighborly," I said. A full hour passed before Diddy broke out again. Thigley was quiet. Sodom was turned loose on Mac's claim like a nest of demons. There wasn't any love running out of our hearts.

"Do you s'pose folks are all dead when they get splintered like old Mac—ghost and all?" Diddy questioned.

"I s'pose a deep sea craft on metaphysics," I said. "If Thigley wasn't so ignorant, he might enlighten us on things not of the flesh."

"I was thinkin' Wesley, 's'pose old Mac's ghost was here, he'd be lookin' at the stones, leap the fence and go

all the sins, 'o- and com-mission,' as Thigley says, he suffered at our hands. Only, it would sure make his ghost squirm some and make signs a whole lot—if any of us got warm to the treasure cache."

It was full dark when we quit. Bertie Cotton was still threatening away in the ruins of the shanty, and had dug a trench and various cisterns on the premises.

"Button, button, who's got the button?" Diddy called as we passed.

The little man swore unctuously. A minute later he called after us in the dark: "I hope you had a pleasant funeral, playmates."

Sodom was raw that night; new as a wilderness and bad—bad as hell. Mac's gold had spun and frazzled our nerves generally. Drink and hate came in. It wasn't like old Sodom.

"We'll get out at dawn in the mornin'," Wesley—an early start," Diddy suggested. It was midnight then, and Blinkey Gile was as busy serving as the Kicking Horse Rapids.

Sodom was sick and old the next morning. Mollie Burns' breakfast languished. The gorge was filled with dead, sticky heat, and Mac's memory was blackened considerable for his genius in hiding gold. An idea came to me.

"Diddy," I said, "Bertie isn't making it at the shanty, an' we all are scraping virgin rock here. We're on the wrong hump. I'll bet Mac used his old claim up the river for a cache." "If you're so sure, why in thunder don't you go there and find it?" Diddy snapped.

"I guess I will—if that's the way you feel about it," I said, cold and ragged.

But I didn't go up the river. I went to Blinkey Gile's, feeling mean and savage and empty. A half-hour later, sitting in Blinkey's, I heard a shot in the gorge; then another. In a few minutes they brought up Andy Craig with a couple of bullets in his shoulder. Andy had expressed an opinion in personal terms displeasing to Tom Steep. Hidden treasure garished with red-eye is the most simple and direct brain-poison known in or out of doors.

"Sodom is sure renewing her youth," I remarked.

"She'll renew it on Mammon water, if she don't behave," Blinkey observed. "She's gettin' so you can't trust her with likker."

As I look back on the next five days, I always wish I had a better forgettery. Every little while faithful Memory hands me a fresh episode from that cluster of sorrows, and I see my bright companions and self rushing to and fro in the ways of darkness. The spirit of brotherhood was as missing from Sodom in those days as Tom Steep's Mexican poodle. Every dewy eve I would vow to search no omre for the corrupting lucre, now to go back to peace and my played-out claim, picking up my old warm relations with Diddy on the way; but the gold would clutch me fresh in the pearly morn, and the madness thereof.

That fifth noon there was a yell from Tom Steep. He had had a dream in the night. Tom's soul is on the surface, any way. Like a pack of starved dogs, we piled on to him, lustful to get our fingers in the gold—mad devils all: Diddy and I at war; Andy Craig groaning unattended in a shack up the trail; Mollie Burns cooking grub which nobody had time for; and Blinkey Gile discriminating as to who was fit to take his drink. Poor Sodom!—we weren't true to her those five days!

Ghosts of the Churchyard

The Wraiths That Gather on the Headstones of the Graves in Old Trinity at New York.

The ghosts in Trinity churchyard stir on gusty nights. If one stands before the iron palings of the fence and looks across the dark graveyard to the black skeleton of the elevated structure, he sees them on these nights of squalls skipping from stone to stone, nodding from the blackness of the shrubs and winging their way eerily up into the buttressed shadow blocks of the chuch.

Occasionally a lusty wind will come tumbling up Rector street and high aloft along the dark sides of the Empire building a newcoming ghost will waver and flop, settling, soaring and scuttering from window sill to window sill until on a tangent course it sails over to settle among the headstones. Often a ghost will rise from the ranks of the stones, leap the fence and go

galloping with the wind down into the canyon of Wall street. Some of the thin, spidery ghosts roost in the branches of the trees and send out fluttering fingers that search the winds, finding nothing. These restless spirits that whisper through the aisles of stones and fly where darkness shields are only the discarded waifs of the city's streets, after all—newspapers and tangled skeins of ticker tape snatched by the wind from ash can and gutter where they were thrown.

Because the churchyard is hedged about by piles of stone and brick, it is the gathering place of the vagabonds. Every wind of the four leaves its freight there. Until the sexton's men can come around in the morning and clean up the old graveyard remains the trysting place of these homeless wraiths.—New York Sun.

Women who shine in society seldom shine in the kitchen.

KILLS BIG BEAR IN HARD FIGHT

FARMER CAUGHT BY ANGRY MOTHER CARRYING OFF CUB IN HIS POCKET.

YOUNG ONE SAVES HIS LIFE

Bruin Ceases Mugging When She Discovers She Is Hurting It, Allowing Hunter to Use Knife and Save His Life.

Bangor, Me.—Maine's rocky sheep pastures have been filled with great flocks of Southdowns and Shropshires ever since the heavy tariff duties on wool and woolen goods.

George Archer's wife recently went to the barn to feed her hens and found a good-sized bear making a dinner off the carcass of a fat ewe he had just killed. Though Mrs. Archer is Boston bred and had never seen a wild animal bigger than a gray squirrel, she looked at the twin lambs whose mother was rapidly disappearing down the bear's throat, and being an orphan herself, caught up the pitchfork and prodded the bear so vigorously that he made a hasty retreat.

The next morning Sam Penny found a dead sheep in his yard and plenty of bear tracks. Thomas Hussey lost two sheep the same night, and Joseph Chick four pigs.

Fifty hunters surrounded Chick's Hill, where the bear was supposed to be in a cave, and began to smoke him out. The wind spread the flames until the whole hill was in a blaze. By the time the fire was put out they had forgotten about the bear and were glad to go home.

Early the next morning, while the hunters slept, a she-bear broke into the sheep pen of George Patten, killed a fat sheep and dragged it off to the woods. A mile from Patten's place she was joined by two cubs and the family sat down to breakfast.

Believing the bear would come back to the repast the following night a party of six hunters concealed them-



Picked Up the Pitchfork and Prodded the Bear.

selves and waited. About ten o'clock they heard her on the hillside above. She would come down almost within gunshot, when her cubs would cry and she would hurry back.

Jack Gilpatrick made a wide detour and came upon the cubs when their mother was away. Catching up one and putting it in the pocket of his hunting jacket, he started full speed down the hill away from the men on guard, the cub squealing at full lung power. The mother with a plaintive cry started in pursuit. As he entered the open pasture land he turned about, rifle in hand, ready to shoot the old bear if she came out. Something hit his arm, whirling his rifle a rod away, and he was gathered into the great hairy arms of mother bear.

They fell, the bear on top, biting holes through Jack's cap and taking up a furrow of scalp with every nip. Jack freed his right arm and caught her by the throat. The cub, squeezed nearly to death by mother's hugs, was yelling lustily, which made his parent furious. She clawed a wide rent in Jack's canvas coat, digging deep into the flesh of her offspring. Jack says he owes his life to this act of fury, for no sooner had she discovered she was hurting the cub than she ceased hugging.

Having both arms free Jack pulled his hunting knife and cut her throat. Jack placed the badly squeezed cub under its mother's nose. She gave a glad cry of recognition, and licked it fondly until she expired.

With the wounded orphan in his arms Jack found the other cub, and, bleeding and sore from many flesh wounds, limped off to find his fellow hunters.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAK, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

WHY, OF COURSE.

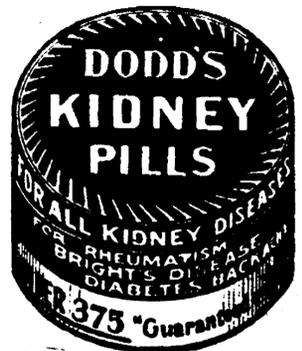


"Farmer, which of those cows of yours gives the buttermilk?" "None of 'em. The goat."

Tuberculosis Conference. Under the auspices of the Swedish National League Against Tuberculosis, the International Tuberculosis conference held its annual meeting in Stockholm July 8 to 10. Among the American speakers on the program were Dr. Hermann M. Biggs of New York and Dr. John C. Wiles, medical director of the United States navy, who was the official representative of this country. Two subjects of special interest discussed were: "Care of Tuberculous Families, Especially of Healthy Children," and "Tuberculosis and the Schools."

Law of Attraction. The attractions of men to women and women to men are full of the most perplexing inconsistencies and contradictions imaginable. It is, for instance, a physical law that magnetism is not simple attraction of one thing for another, but the difference of two opposing forces of attraction and repulsion, of which the former is the greater. The same law holds in relation to the attraction of men and women for each other, in which, as a rule, the masculine is the superior force.—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

"A Cheap Skate." "Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlantian, "used to write comic newspaper editorials. Sometimes he made fun of other editors in them, too." "Simon Simpson, a rival editor in Mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rage: 'Joel Harris has been getting off some cheap wit at our expense.' "Joel, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off, quick as a flash, for next day's issue: 'It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense.'"

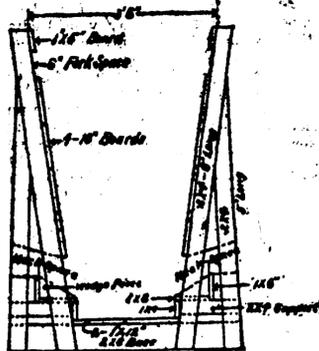


LIVE STOCK

FEEDING RACK AND TROUGH.

Years of Experience Leads Colorado Feeders to Use Device as Shown Below.

The accompanying illustrations of self-feeding hay rack and invertible sheep feeding trough represent types now commonly found in use in the sheep feeding sections of Colorado.



End View.

Years of experience have led the feeders of this section to adopt these types of feeding devices, writes H. M. Bainer of the Colorado Agricultural college in Breeders' Gazette.

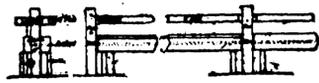
The construction of the hay rack is such as to save all the hay. Experiments conducted by the feeders themselves have proved that there



Side View.

is a saving of 25 per cent in the amount of hay fed in one of these racks as compared to any other form of rack that has been used in this section.

The bottom of the rack is of tight construction. The neck space is wide enough to admit the sheep's head, but does not permit it to pull out



End and Side View.

hay and waste it. The hay settles in the rack and needs very little pushing down. The grain trough being double or reversible makes it possible always to have clean feeding conditions. It is found far superior to the single upright trough and is but slightly more expensive.

Bokhara Sheep.

The department of agriculture is seriously considering the introduction into this country of Bokhara sheep, from which comes the fur called Persian lamb. All astrakhan fur is now raised on territory tributary to the Caspian sea. The best fur is taken from the lamb when it is only four or five days old. The Bokhara sheep also makes good mutton.

Don't Pasture Too Soon.

There is always a temptation to turn the stock on pasture before the grass has had a chance to get a start. At this time the animals will get little good from the pasture, and they are likely to do much damage in tramping wet soil. Let the ground get solid and the grass a good start before they go on it.

When Pigs Cough.

Hogs not living in dusty houses that have persistent coughs are, as a rule, suffering from worms. An excellent remedy is to dissolve one-half pound of coppos in warm water and mix in the slop for 100 head of pigs. This dose should be given for three mornings; then wait a few days and repeat if necessary. For a smaller number than 100 head give a good dram to each head.

Prevent Lice on Hogs.

It is a mark of poor farm management to allow any animals to become infested with lice. Hogs cannot thrive when their vitality is sucked away by these insects. There are several good dippings on the market and heretofore and grease, mixed warm, are a good common remedy.

Watering Horses.

Watering a horse before he has waited till a horse is almost choked and then letting him have all he can drink. Many horses are spoiled by the latter method, while no one ever hurt a horse by frequent watering.

SUMMER FEEDING OF SWINE.

Spring Shoats Should Be Put on a Good Grass and Clover Pasture.

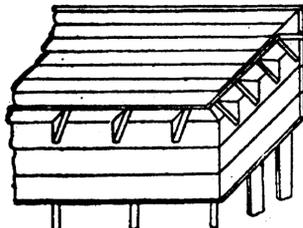
Spring pigs intended for the late fall and early winter market should be put in good grass and clover pasture, says a writer in the Baltimore American. Have a stout hog-proof wire netting fence built around the pasture lot, and nothing is more annoying than to have the hogs breaking out and getting into the corn and grain fields just in the busiest time of day. Examine the fence carefully before turning the hogs in.

If of a good grade the shoats will keep in good condition on clover and one pint of shelled grain to each per day. The corn may be gradually increased if they are to be marketed in October. For family pork the corn may be omitted. Give fresh, clean water daily. Feed half corn in the morning, the other half at night. Spread it in a long row on clean sod. There is no better or cheaper way of making pork than with clover pasture and a medium amount of sound corn.

WELL-MADE FARROWING PEN.

One Provided with Fenders to Prevent the Sow from Injuring the Little Pigs.

The illustration shows a view of the corner of a farrowing pen. It is provided with a fender around the inside



Well Designed Farrowing Pen.

of the pen which keeps the sow from lying up against a partition and killing young pigs, which a large sow will often do. The fenders should project at least eight inches into the pen and allow eight inches clear between the fender and the floor.

LIVESTOCK NOTES.

A damp nest often gives rheumatism.

It's poor economy to feed lice upon hogs.

Skimmed milk finds its best market in the pig pen.

Next year's grain feed should be planned for now.

The dairy hog has helped raise many a mortgage.

Crowded sleeping quarters often cause disastrous results.

The hard coal ashes can be dumped into the hog pen to good advantage.

A dollar invested in live stock is worth \$50 invested in mining stocks.

Breed straight and improve your stock. Don't be led away by some cross-breeding that looks good to you.

A short-sighted policy of using a scrub ram is the cause of the inferiority of the average flock on our farms.

Winter butter sells at a fancy price, but not when the milk and cream are allowed to collect kitchen and cellar odors.

One cross may answer, but in the end cross-breeding becomes a very complicated affair and has ruined more than one flock of sheep.

Muzzle the horses and pad the outside portions of whiffletrees and harrow when cultivating the orchard; thus avoiding all bruised and "barked" trees.

One great value of sheep on the farm is that they destroy brush and sprouts and reduce the crop of weeds. It will almost pay a farmer to keep a small flock of sheep simply to keep down underbrush vegetation.

Parasites on Sheep.

Some authorities claim that sheep ought not to be pastured on land more than one year before it is plowed and reseeded, owing to parasites, but it has been shown that sheep have been kept free from parasites by the use of tar, turpentine and salt. Bore two-inch holes in a pine log, fill with salt and smear tar around the top, and sheep will tar their noses while eating salt. Sheep soon learn to eat tar. One sheep raiser keeps it mixed with turpentine and salt, where it is accessible at all times. About one-half pint of turpentine to one peck of salt is the proper proportion.

CARE OF HORSES.

Keep the collars clean and dry.

Keep the collars' feet level by rasping.

Do not use grease or blacking on the hoofs to close the pores, and prevent the entrance of moisture.

It is better never to let horses run on both sides of a wire fence, especially if there is a barb wire at the top. They are very apt to fight through or over it and are pretty sure to get hurt.

VERY ABRUPT.



Spring Post—Yes, sir; I can write about anything, sir.
Irate Editor—Well, then, suppose you just right-about face and head for the door.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED.

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scatched Constantly.

Cuticura's Efficacy Clearly Proven.

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

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

Best Clubs for a Youth.

They tell a story in Wall street that Mr. Morgan once replied to a young friend, who had asked him what were the best clubs to belong to in New York. "Young man, the very best clubs to devote your time to are Indian clubs."

Some are vocal under a good influence, are pleasing whenever they are pleased, and hand on their happiness to others.—R. L. Stevenson.

CALLING DOWN THE BOASTER

Good LITTLE Story Told by William Dean Howells as a Rebuke to Spread-Eagleism.

"It was William Dean Howells," said a Chicago editor, "who first rebuked us Americans for our spread-eagleism, for our foolish boasting. I see that Mr. Howells has just joined a men's society for the promotion of woman suffrage. Trust him to be in the forefront always."

"I once heard Mr. Howells deliver a fourth of July oration in Maine. The orator preceding him had boasted a good deal. Mr. Howells showed that some of the man's boasts were even impious."

"He said that these spread-eagle boasters deserved the rebuke that the little child administered to the cackling hen that had just laid an egg. The child, angered by the hen's continuous caw-caw-caw, caw-caw-caw-caw, shook his little finger at her and said:

"You think you're smart. But Dod made dat egg. You touldn't help but lay it!"

Have No Use for Pins.

All American exporters concerned are warned by Consul General Denby that they'll never get rich by selling pins to the people of Shanghai. "The Chinese have no use for pins," he says, "strings and knots and loops meeting every requirement of male and female, young and old, to keep his or her garments securely and neatly fastened."

A Natural Selection.

"What do you suppose would be an aeronaut's garden choice?"
"I don't know, but I would suggest an air plant."

It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlin's Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.

When a fellow begins to feel that he couldn't live without a certain girl, he ought to marry her and see.

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

Gifts to God can never make up for thefts from men.



A Tonic For The Whole Family

This splendid tonic will keep every member of your family in good health. Adults suffering from dyspepsia, or indigestion, general exhaustion or breakdown will find in this natural tonic renewed health and strength. Delicate, rapidly growing children will find in this tonic the assistance their digestive organs need to get the proper nourishment and strength from their food.

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

acts directly on the stomach and other digestive organs, toning them up and enabling them to do their work properly. In this way it brings about permanent health and strength. On the other hand, ordinary tonics, which give artificial strength by stimulation and by supplying food materials, are only effective as long as they are taken.

Sold by All Druggists—50c a bottle, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Take Dr. D. Jayne's Remedy if you want to get rid of your Cough or Cold.

LIVE STOCK AND ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by WESTERN ELECTROTYPING CO., 15 W. Adams St., Chicago

DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
Preparatory and Manual Training school for boys, new building, dormitory, shops, laboratories, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic field. Strongly recommended by faculty. College certificates accepted. Chinese and Japanese application. Those addressing Secretary, 120 Congress Street, Detroit, Mich., will receive illustrated book.

DEFIANCE STARCH
Send to work with and starches clothes almost.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 31-1909.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mezerol.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WELLS
Pumpkin Seed - 1/2 lb
Licorice - 1/2 lb
Rhubarb - 1/2 lb
Sassafras - 1/2 lb
Sulphur - 1/2 lb
Mint - 1/2 lb
Cinnamon - 1/2 lb
Cloves - 1/2 lb
Nutmeg - 1/2 lb
Peppermint - 1/2 lb
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK
416 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Foot of

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 11 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

SICK HEADACHE

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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Refuse Substitutes.

DEFIANCE STARCH—15 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Rat Bis-Kit
No mixing. Ready for use.
All druggists—15c a box.
The Rat Bis-Kit Co., 41 N. Limestone St., Springfield, O.

SEE THE GREAT Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition
Come to the Fair; you'll like it.
FINE ALBUM OF PLATES OF THE EXHIBITION—\$1.00 sent for \$2.00 Money Order
And another of the City of Seattle, the "Gem of the Coast"
Very Fine, for \$1.00, postpaid
Dividing plates
417 Sullivan Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Lock Box 1912

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable Cascara and I find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."—Edward A. Marx, Albany, N. Y.

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

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE
PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS
DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS
PLANTEN'S BILIOUSNESS REMEDY

Among Our Correspondents

WEST PUTNAM.

Plummer is on the sick list. Elinor Dyer of Detroit, is assisting Mary E. Doyle. Mrs. Emma Smith is entertaining friends from South Lyons. Grace Gardner visited her sister, Mrs. Otis Webb in Unadilla, last week. Miss Minnie VanBlaricum was home from Ann Arbor a few days last week. Cards are out announcing the marriage of Glenn Gardner and Miss Florence Sprout, August 4, at the home of the bride's parents in Anderson.

SOUTH IOSCO.

Clarabelle Harrington is visiting her sister Mrs. Joe Roberts. Miss Annie Berry of Fowlerville is visiting her friend Julia Ruttman. Percy Carson and wife spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Messenger. Mrs. McCormick and sons left Monday for San Francisco after spending some time with her parents. The friends of Kathrine Lamborn were pleased to hear she was able to return home Saturday of last week. Mrs. Geo. Mowers and daughter, Mrs. Jesse Henry and son visited at L. T. Lamborn's the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wainwright, and mother of Webberville spent Sunday and Monday with Bert Roberts and wife.

CHILSON

Wheeler Martin is again able to be out. Miss Clara Dunn is visiting at her uncle Robert's. Mrs. Clarence Stackable has gone home for a short visit. Mrs. Conrad Schoenhals and little daughter are visiting relatives in this vicinity. Mrs. Will Appleton and children of Owosso, are being entertained at J. D. Appletons. Mrs. M. A. Davis spent last Wednesday with F. L. Brown and wife of Chicago, at the Beebe cottage, Long lake. James Stackable and wife of Gregory, are spending a few days under the parental roof, and picking huckleberries between showers. Fred Bivens, locomotive engineer at the sand sifter has severed his connection with that concern and Gus Schmidt has taken his place.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch.

Business Pointers.

FOUND.

On the road between Portage lake and Dexter, a cloak, owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

NOTICE.

The tax roll is now in my hands and I am ready to receive taxes at any or all times. The village is in need of money and it is desired that the taxes be paid in as soon as possible. The time limit is August 20, 1909. J. C. DUNN, Village Treasurer.

Farmers were too thankful to grumble last Thursday, when a much needed rain stopped the hum of the binders, and thoroughly soaked the ripened grain.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Ida Bates was home over Sunday. Jennie Vosta and daughter visited in Gregory last week. Mrs. Blair visited Mrs. D. Wright last week while Will was in Jackson. A correction from last week—The little daughter of Thomas Gaukroger has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Gaukroger, also Mrs. Ovitt. She returned to her home in Jackson Saturday accompanied by her grandmother.

ANDERSON.

Work has been resumed on the Anderson drain. Mr. James Eaman of Detroit, spent Sunday with friends here. Eugene McClear and family visited friends in Gregory Sunday. Peter Poole and wife spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Elmer Book. Miss Mabel Bowen and friend of Gregory, visited at Charles Bullis' Sunday. A. S. Williams of Cass City, visited his sister, Mrs. Fred Mackinder last Friday.

The Indian Experimented.

A missionary in charge of a small church on the Indian reservation at Onondaga held evening services for his people at which subjects upon which were not strictly religious. When the little building was full of braves and their squaws he described the solar system and told them that the earth revolved about the sun and also turned over once in every twenty-four hours. Early the next morning the priest was awakened by a knock. He opened the door to find a big Indian wrapped in a blanket standing on the porch. "Why, Obaga!" he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?" "Missionary lied," grunted the Indian. "Lied? What do you mean?" "Missionary say world turn over every night. Injun go home, set up stick, put apple on stick. If world turn over, apple fall off. This morning apple on stick. Missionary lied. Huh!" And with this parting grunt he strode down the path, unheeding the priest's calls.

Lawyers on Strike.

In 1789 John Scott, earl of Clonmell, who was lord chief justice of Ireland, made some insulting remarks from the bench to Mr. Hackett, a member of the bar, who was conducting an argument before him. A general meeting of the bar was called, a severe condemnation of his lordship's conduct voted with only one dissentient and an unprecedented resolution passed that until his lordship publicly apologized no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the king's bench or sign any pleadings for the court. This strike experiment was actually made. The judges sat, but no counsel appeared, no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their lordships had the court all to themselves. There was no alternative, and next day Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology by advertisement in the newspapers and made it appear as if written on the evening of the offense and therefore voluntary.—London Law Times.

Sneezing.

The custom of saying "God bless you" after sneezing must be at least as old as the fifteenth century, as a reference to it appears in the first edition of Caxton's "Golden Legend." After describing a certain malady which broke out among the early Christians, the result apparently of their intemperate habits, Caxton proceeds, "In this manere somtyme they deyd, so that when any persone was herd sneezing anone that were by said to hym, God helpe you, or Cryste helpe, and yet endureth the custome." A curious superstition with regard to sneezing still lingers in the villages of Devonshire. It has found expression in the following couplet: Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting. You'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting. In the highlands of Scotland it is believed that a *weyboon* child is under the thrall of the *faeries* until it sneezes.

He Got Even.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Off Rio de Janeiro a dozen or more sailors were looting on the forecastle. It was a still, clear night, and the full moon made all nearly as light as day. "I seen more light one night," said one with rings in his ears. "Oh, come, Philosopher Jack. Is this a starter for one o' your spooky yarns?" "There's some as knows so much," the philosopher retorted contemptuously, "as y' can't tell 'em nothin'. What's this yere earth a-hangin' to? Can y' tell me that?"

There was a silence, denoting that the question was above the audience. Philosopher Jack continued: "Til spin y' a yarn as is a yarn, an' if y' can explain it when I git through I'll turn y' over my grog an' duff for the rest o' the cruise. Y' don't know what the earth's hangin' on to, an' y' don't know what becomes of us when we go aloft."

"The cap'n o' the Clara Keep was the worst tyrant that ever walked a quarter deck. We was in Bering sea for seals an' not gettin' any. This made the cap'n wose'n ever. He did nothin' but cuss us from sunup till sunset an' durin' the night, too, when he was on deck. There was one o' the men, Tom Blake, the cap'n seemed to hate wose'n the rest o' us, a lean, corpse-like lookin' feller with great big eyes that stared like the blinkers o' a dead man. We couldn't make out whether the cap'n hated Tom wose'n or was afraid o' him wose. Leastways, Tom would look at the cap'n out o' them great eyes o' hisn, an' the cap'n would git into a passion with him at once. But I always noticed that he trembled in his rage."

"One day the cap'n ordered Tom to go aloft. The mercury stood 20 degrees below zero, the ship was a-rollin', and the spray was makin' ice high upon the ratlines, even on to the spars."

"I'm so cold," said Tom, "that I couldn't git up there, an' if I did I couldn't hold on."

"You git up there," yelled the cap'n, "seizin' a belayin' pin, or I'll brain y'!" "Tom went on to the ratlines, an' when he got a little ways up he looked down at the cap'n, an' he said, says he:

"I'm goin' to my doom, but I tell y', Cap'n Tomkins, some day I'll git even with y'!"

"He climbed on up the ratlines an' crawled out on to the yard, where the cap'n had ordered him. A big wave struck us, there was a cloud o' icy spray, an' when it cleared Tom was nowhere."

"I couldn't make out whether the cap'n was satisfied at gettin' rid o' Tom Blake or whether he felt in the dumps about it. Leastways he didn't cuss us so much after that an' was kind o' cringin'-like."

"After spendin' a good while in Bering sea we passed through the straits. One night we was beatin' northward into the Arctic ocean. Our latitude was som'eres about 67 degrees north, longitude 170 west, midway between Point Hope and Cape Serdze. Well, that's the night I was referin' to a spell ago. I never seen such an aurora in my life before. It was a-fashin' an' a-flickerin' an' a-futterin', sometimes like a million o' little white flags or straight searchlights shootin' up to the sky. The cap'n was on deck, an' it seemed to kind o' terrify him. You see, although it was so light, we couldn't make out nothin'."

"I believe the devil's tryin' to wreck us," he said, an', coming down off the poop deck, he went for'ard an' stood on the bowsprit so's he could see better."

"There seemed to be a white cloud ahead. Leastways it looked like a cloud, but with the Aurora dancin' about it wasn't always there. The cap'n stared at it, tryin' to make it out. I stood down on the fo'castle lookin' too. First thing either of us knowed we heard a grind, the bowsprit snapped, an' a lot o' ice fell on the deck. One chunk that must 'a' weighed a ton struck the cap'n an' knocked him overboard."

"We didn't all of us hear it. Bill O'Brien said he did, but Pete Gallows, who was standin' near as any of us, says he didn't."

"What, the ice comin' aboard?" "The ice, no! Out o' the misty lookin' mass it was an iceberg we struck. I heard as plain as I ever heard anything the voice o' Tom Blake sayin' softlike:

"I'm here, Cap'n Tomkins."

The speaker paused. Not a word was spoken by his listeners for some moments, awed as they were by the story, when Philosopher Jack continued:

"It wouldn't make any difference to me if I was the only one as heard it, but some o' the watch did besides me. I thort o' that poor feller slippin' into the icy sea, an' somehow I knowed he'd get even."

"We expected to find a hole in our

bottom, but we didn't. The bowsprit was the only thing damaged. We turned about, passed back through the straits and continued on home. Now, you fellers as knows everything, how y' goin' to explain what I've been tellin' y'? D'ye think there's reward an' punishment in the other world without a poor devil bein' able to git a little revenge here? Not much."

Whether or no there was anything of value in this argument, it was spoken in such a tone of authority and the men had such unbounded admiration for their philosopher's wisdom that not one dared to gainsay it or cast a doubt upon his story.

HAROLD OTIS.

A Peg Too Low.

A tankard was made of precious metals, of pewter or of wood. Among the most ancient specimens are the "peg tankards." These are said to have been introduced by St. Dunstan as a check on the intemperance of his day. Pegs marked the tankard at intervals, beyond which the drinker was not to go, else he had more than his comrades. But, curiously enough, this device proved, the means of aggravating the evil it was intended to remedy, for as a refinement on St. Dunstan's simple plan the most abstemious drinkers were required when the tankard went round to drink precisely to a peg indicated, whether their heads could stand the amount of such "distemp'ring draft" or not. Thence comes the phrase, "He is a peg too low."—London Spectator.

They Do Their Share.

Milton complained of his wife that she did not talk to him enough. Three hundred years have wrought a change. When Matthew Arnold visited this country a woman with more zeal than discretion asked him:

"Mr. Arnold, will you tell me what is the most novel impression you have received in the United States?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied, with perfect English suavity. "The women do all the talking."—Youth's Companion.

A Spool of Thread.

"But for Napoleon," said the spool, "I, like the Arc de Triomphe, would never have existed. In Napoleon's time thread was made only of silk and of wool. Napoleon to ruin the English silk thread trade destroyed the world's silk stock, which lay at Hamburg. In this crisis the Paisley spinners turned to cotton. After tremendous labor they at last made cotton thread. Cotton thread is the world's chief thread today."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only His Share.

"George," said the maiden aunt reprovingly, shaking her finger very solemnly at her small nephew, "there were two mince pies on the larder shelf this morning, and now they have disappeared. I didn't think it was in you."

"Tian't all in me," blubbered the wee boy. "One o' 'em is in Gwennie."

The Butterfly's Eye Spots.

What do the eye spots on butterflies' wings mean? The naturalist, says Mr. Percy Collins, must answer frankly, "I do not know." It is thought that they have some utilitarian application, and they form one of the most intricate of all natural designs. The fact that butterflies have been captured with their eye spots pierced, as if from attack of birds, has been used as an argument in favor of the view that they may be "protective markings," imitating eyes, because birds strike at the eyes of their victims. But this suggestion is hardly regarded as satisfactory. Among butterflies the most striking examples of eye spots are found on the under-surface of the wings.—Youth's Companion.



"A Fly is as Untamable as a Hyena."

To advertise successfully may not be easy but it is not half so difficult as the taming of a fly. So far as this community is concerned the advertising problem is simple. Here is the plan:

Secure space in these columns
Write ads that are plain and straightforward
Change them often
Keep at it persistently

AMERICAN LOCAL

Mrs. Robert Grice of Ypsilanti, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Mortenson the past week.

H. G. Briggs and wife, and grand daughter, Doris Briggs, are visiting at the home of Frank Ferguson in Ypsilanti.

E. J. Briggs started work in his cement plant again this week, making a few thousand blocks of all kinds and descriptions.

Mr. and Mrs. O. I. Golden and family, of Elsie, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Crippen, returned to their home the past week.

Several weeks ago we mailed a good many statements of subscription accounts. Nearly all have responded, but there are a few from whom we should hear soon. Please bear in mind that the postal laws compel us to send statements and collect promptly.

A July Wedding.

Married July 21, 1909, at St. Mary's church, at eight o'clock a. m., Miss Mae Jeffreys of this place, and Mr. Raymond Chandler of Kalamazoo, Rev. M. J. Comerford officiating. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Mary Lynch while Mr. William Jeffreys, brother of the bride, acted as best man.

After the wedding ceremony a bountiful breakfast was served to the immediate relatives, after which the happy couple left on a west bound train for Kalamazoo and other places.

They will be at home to their many friends after August 1st. at 1001 St. Joe st., West Lansing.

M. E. Church Notes.

Rev. Littlejohn delivered one of his excellent sermons Sunday morning, and another in the evening, after enjoying a three weeks vacation.

There was \$93 in Sunday school and a collection of \$1.97. This is an excellent record for vacation time. Get busy now, as the remainder of the year must be a hummer.

At the close of the morning service the collection for conference claimants was taken and \$43 dollars was raised. Some were absent and the pastor hopes to bring this up to \$50—have you helped?

The Soldiers and Sailors Association of this county has selected Thursday, August 12, for its reunion this year. It will be held at Fowlerville, and a good time is being arranged for. Bring your basket—hot coffee will be furnished to all. t 31

FOR SALE.

Miss Lillian Boyle, on account of Sickness is obliged to sell her fine stock of millinery. A fine opening, nice location and the only millinery store in the town. A fine chance for the right person and a bargain if sold for cash at once.

For further particulars write Miss Lillian Boyle, Pinckney, Mich.

PUTNAM AND HAMBURG FARMERS' CLUB.

The Putnam and Hamburg Farmers Club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Briggs in Pinckney, Saturday afternoon, July 31. Bring lapboards and dishes.

PROGRAM

Instrumental Solo	Ruth Frost
Reading	Mrs. Will Nash
Recitation	Harold Grieve
Inst. Duets	Kitsey Allison, Fern Hendee
Reading	Mrs. John Chambers
Recitation	Zelma Nash
Recitation	L. J. Hendee
Music	Male Quartet
Paper	Fred Mackinder
Recitation	Clyde Bennett

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.