

Pinkney Dispatch

VOL. XXVII. PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7 1909. No. 40

Tailor Made Clothes

Are clothes that will fit and keep their shape and you can buy them at home and at the Low Price. Call and see samples. :: :: ::

Bed Blankets this week—Lots of them—Call and see quality and prices

You will buy if you need them

Mens \$2.00 Wool Pants for \$1.49 Saturday. Call and See.

Specials on Groceries for Saturday, Oct. 9

50c Tea 40c 4 Pkgs Mince Meat 25c
Pinckney Cream Cheese 16c Soda 5c Yeast 3c

Commencing Oct. 11 this store will close at 7 o'clock Standard time, Except Saturdays

W. W. BARNARD

BOWMAN'S

EARLY ARRIVALS ARE REACHING US IN

FALL GOODS

Outting Flannels are now on Sale. We have a fine selection suitable for every purpose. A nice line of patterns for

Komonos, Dressing Sacks, Dressing Gowns etc.

Be sure to call when in Howell

E. A. BOWMAN
Howell's Busy Store

Does Your Harness Need Repairing?

We Can Do It

Do Your Shoes Need Fixing?

We Can Do It

Our New Sewing Machine does First Class Work.

Bring Your Work to Darrow's Store

LOCAL NEWS.

Powlerville fair this week. Miss Mabel Sigler is visiting relatives in Detroit.

F. L. Andrews transacted business at the County seat Friday.

Ed. Farnam shipped a car of live poultry to New York last week.

Mrs. Addie Potterton and daughter Ruth, were in Jackson Saturday.

Mrs. Matt Brady and children of Howell visited her mother Mrs. Emma Moran the past week.

Mrs. H. H. Swarthroat returned home this week from a two weeks visit with relatives in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Heddican of Marion were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Briggs Saturday and Sunday.

H. G. Briggs has sold his horse to Jackson parties. We understand that it is to be driven by a lady doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wenger of Pasadena, Cal., are spending a few days with Chas. Stickle and family.

Marcus Crippen and wife were called to Ypsilanti recently to attend the funeral of Mrs. Crippen Younglove a sister of Mr. C.

Mrs. Doty of Niagara Falls has been the guest of her brothers, Stephen, John, and George Teeple and other friends here the past week.

Mrs. Mary Mann and daughter Mrs. Lucy Lyon leave the coming week for their new home in southern California. Mr. Lyons has been there some time.

H. G. Briggs and wife expect to leave for Seattle, Wash., Monday next to spend the winter either there or California. They spent last winter in Florida.

In sending his subscription for the DISPATCH another year, L. F. Rose, of Los Angeles, Cal., encloses a post card of a group of 14 Chinese children which is very interesting.

We notice in the Michigan Christian Advocate of Oct. 2, an excellent article on the "Proper Observance of the Sabbath by Children" from the pen of Miss M. L. Sprout of near this place.

Wm. Kennedy and Sons are working at their hoop business in their building on West Main street. They have timber enough purchased to keep them busy for nearly three years and are doing a big business.

If you have not already purchased your season lecture course tickets, do so at once and give the committee the encouragement of a big sale. The course is a fine one and the citizens are to be congratulated on having some good clean entertainments to attend the coming winter.

A number of the friends of Eugene Harris went to his home Tuesday evening and gave him a pleasant surprise in honor of his 18th birthday. Refreshments were served and the evening was pleasantly spent by every one and at a late hour, the company departed, wishing him many returns of the day.

While working about a machine Saturday morning last, Art Flintoff got a small piece of steel in one of his eyes. A small piece was taken out at the time but the eye kept paining him and Monday a small magnet was arranged and used, drawing out another piece of steel and his eye is doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Richards and son Glenn of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, arrived here the last of last week and we understand that Mr. and Mrs. R. will make it their home with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Richards on East Main Street. Glenn spent a few days shaking hands with old schoolmates and visiting and Monday left for Grand Rapids where he will probably go into business for himself in the Electrical business. He has the best wishes of many an old friend.



Bath Room Toilet Needs

of every description at this pharmacy. Use them and they will add pleasure to the bath, refinement to your personality.

Drug Store Quality at Dry Goods Prices

are features you will appreciate when purchasing your toilet goods here. Try our bay rum, violet water or ammonia, soap, talcum powder, etc. They are simply exquisite.

F. A. SIGLER

Floris Moran spent a few days the past week with Rev. Myne at Lainsburg.

See the adv of the California Car on page 4, and watch for more in our next issue.

Art Flintoff who is putting up a machine shop here, expects to install his machinery within a few days. When completed it will be one of the best in the county.

We never go to Howell without calling on our genial friend of Howell's Busy Store, E. A. Bowman. We always find a welcome and a visit as his bustling business will allow. He has been a constant advertiser in the DISPATCH for the past ten years and says it pays to keep ones name constantly before the people.

The California car has a limited number of the Lucky Sea beans which they give away to visitors as souvenirs. Watch for Sea Bean story next week.

While in Howell Friday we called on V. E. Hill who has just opened a notion store in the Sabin block, next door to Johnsons drug store. He has a clean new stock and seems to be doing a good business. He has secured space in the DISPATCH and for a time at least will keep you informed as to where to look for certain goods.

Exhibit

of Water Color paintings at my home Friday afternoon and evening, Oct. 8. You are cordially invited.
FLORENCE ANDREWS.

JACKSON'S SATURDAY SPECIALS

Special cut prices will be made on our entire line of Ladies fine Shoes All Odds and Ends in Mens fine and heavy Shoes at Mfgs Cost

Best Standard Prints at 6c per yard
12c Linen Crash at 9 1/2c per yard
Mens \$1.00 Dress Shirts at 88c

Just received, a complete line of Ladies Fur Scarfs and Muffs
BEST QUALITY, at Lowest Cash Prices

GROCERY SPECIALS

Corn Flakes,—7c; Yeast,—3c; Soda,—5c; Rice,—5c
Best Salmon,—2 for 25c; Can Peas,—8c Can Corn,—8c
12 Boxes Parlor Matches,—25c Corn Starch,—4c

SALES CASH PRODUCE WANTED

This store will close at 7 p. m. Standard time commencing Monday Oct. 11 Except Saturday

Pinkney Creamery Co., Ltd.

Phone 69

Pinkney, Michigan

TO OUR PATRONS:—

We hand you herewith prices for milk for the next six months and trust that you will find same satisfactory. They are somewhat higher than the dairy farmer has been getting in the past, partly on account of competition and also in regard to the bright outlook of dairy products.

On account of the increasing business, we have decided to make our payments on the 15th of the month instead of the 15 and 30th as heretofore, as it will be more convenient for us and the Bank, as it is no more trouble to make out a months pay roll than two weeks.

We are in shape to handle any amount of milk and our patrons need not fear of overstocking us as we can sell all we make for the next 20 years. If prices keep up we expect to better the prices for March.

October... \$1.50 per 100 January..... \$1.60 per 100
November. 1.60 per 100 February..... 1.60 per 100
December 1.60 per 100 March..... 1.40 per 100

We invite your inspection of our plant at any time, and would be pleased to have you call.

Yours very truly,

PINCKNEY CREAMERY CO. LTD.

E. F. DAY, Manager.

Paint it Now

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

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

SOLD BY

Teeple Hdw. Co.

Pinckney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

CROPS AND COST OF LIVING.

Predictions of cheaper living, based upon ample crops, must be taken with some caution. We are not confronted by the problem of two-dollar wheat, which Mr. Patten probably did not expect when he was predicting it last spring. His prediction served his purpose admirably. Instead of shipping wheat into Chicago and breaking the May market—the sort of thing that has broken nearly every predecessor of Mr. Patten's "bull" operations—the farmers held on to their wheat and waited for that two-dollar quotation, says the Philadelphia Record. The harvest began less than a month after the May option closed, and we now have every assurance that the wheat crop will exceed 700,000,000 bushels, and may reach 735,000,000 bushels. Wheat is selling in Chicago for less than a dollar. Food ought to be, and probably will be, cheaper than it has been lately. But cotton and wool are high and textile prices show no disposition to recede. Most of the prices are rising. Structural steel is not a commodity that the average citizen purchases, but he is affected by its price; and all steel prices are up. Hides are on the free list, but the shoe stores and factories are stocked up with goods purchased before the repeal of the hide duty, and prices are not yet coming down. The most important item of expense is rent, and with the growth of population that tends upward, but the extensive building operations all over the country may keep abreast of the demand.

How much individual credit belongs to Maria Parloa for the improvement which has taken place in American home cooking within the last quarter of a century it is difficult to say. But that, she was one of the foremost of the advocates of a saner diet and that she contributed materially to a culinary reform of which the present generation is enjoying the benefit admits of no question. Miss Parloa was one of the first to apply scientific methods to cooking and to instill the principles of domestic economy in American homes. Through her books and lectures she carried on a propaganda for sound digestion which made her name a household word. Bad cooking has not been abolished. But it is undoubtedly not so prevalent. The frying pan is less and the broiler more in evidence. Breakfasts have grown simpler; they no longer burden the digestion with many kinds of hot breads and meats. More intelligence is put into the preparation of food for the table. The housewife's efforts are now concentrated on dinner, the postponement of which to the end of the day has been a gain for digestion.

A man 90 years of age, who had been sentenced for life, has been pardoned and released from the New Jersey state prison at Trenton. He was committed many years ago, and he comes forth to a world which bewilders him because it is so different from that which he knew. He had never seen a trolley car, the automobile was an undreamed-of machine for general use when he was incarcerated and in many other respects extraordinary changes have been wrought during the term of his imprisonment. Such an incident gives the world itself a little opportunity to note how fast it is going, though very likely the old globe will not take time to give the matter much heed, but will let out another speed notch and hustle on to still greater things.

Signs of progress: Railroads carrying more freight than ever before, although the great grain movement is just beginning. Demand for more rolling stock. Iron and steel mills rushed with orders. Farmers asking for help to gather crops. Wholesale and retail trade improving daily. Money easy and payments prompt. That optimistic feeling all along the line. Get aboard!

The French minister of justice has sent orders to the district attorneys throughout France to prosecute vigorously the cases of cruelty to domestic animals. He adds that the prevalence of this evil is distressing and that it is largely caused by the indifference of the authorities. If officials would heartily co-operated with the anti-cruelty societies here our own streets might be saved some revolting revelations of brutality.

What the flyers need to make them happy is petrol put up in tabloid form

PLUNGED INTO THE OTHER WORLD

THE SUICIDE OF DR. WEBSTER WAS CAUSED BY SHORT FINANCES.

WHERE DID MONEY GO?

The Association Which He Founded Is Short Fourteen Thousand Dollars, It Is Said.

The certainty that Dr. Alfred M. Webster, of Grand Rapids, took his own life when confronting exposure of the fact that he was nearly \$15,000 short in his accounts with the New Era association, the benefit society of which he was founder and general secretary, by no means dispels the mystery surrounding his death. The figures of the alleged shortage are given by Examiner Englehart, whose audit of the association books began shortly after the body of the suicide was discovered in the New Era offices. State Insurance Commissioner Barry was summoned from Lansing, and his statement supports that of the examiner. The note left by Dr. Webster is pointed to as an indication that his mind had been unbalanced. In it he says:

"I have fought a losing fight. I tried to allow no snitch on my good name, but I could not have a home while I was doing so. I fought graft in higher places and all the powers and principalities in the world were against me. I have earned all I ever got from the New Era, and more. I have given honest service, but if there is anything yet due I pay it now with all my heart."

The associates of the dead man are utterly unable to explain what became of the money taken from the association treasury. The new home, nearing completion, that he was building would not represent any heavy share of the amount given, and Webster apparently was not given to any form of dissipation or to squandering money recklessly.

He had been twice married, his second wife being a girl of about 18 when he married recently. Two daughters survive him, one being the wife of C. S. McGuire, of Grand Rapids.

It is stated by the company officers that the shortage in Webster's accounts will in no way affect the association or its policyholders. There is enough money on hand in the local banks to pay every claim and have some \$18,000 left over, it is said. Webster was, moreover, under bond and was himself insured for \$5,000 in the organization.

Great Sugar Crop.

The annual campaign for the making of beet sugar started in Bay City Monday. The German-American factory was the first to commence slicing beets, and the West Bay City and Bay City factories follow toward the end of next week.

Beets give promise of being the best crop ever this year, from the tests of those already placed in factory sheds. The yield is large and the sugar percentage heavy, so that the farmers will reap good profits. The local factories will pay out close to \$1,000,000 for beets.

Two Terms to Serve.

E. O. Mills and his son Harvey were convicted in Flint of assaulting Deputy Sheriff Howard on a F. & S. Interurban car, and the father was sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit house of correction. The son drew ten days in the county jail. When E. O. Mills finishes his term in the Detroit prison he will probably have to serve out a five-year sentence for grand larceny, from which he was paroled last May, after having served 17 months.

A Weak Title.

After about \$60,000 has been expended in establishing and maintaining a state reforestation reserve in Crawford and Roscommon counties, it develops that through the failure of the defunct forestry commission to have deeds to the reserve placed on record the state has a weak title to part of the big reserve, and the new public domain commission faces the task of settling with tax title speculators to procure a clear title to the property.

Never Awakened.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Krueger, aged 86, died Wednesday morning of last week after being in a comatose state for three days. The death occurred in her home three miles west of Ecorse. She was comparatively well Saturday night, when she attended the marriage of her daughter. Next morning she was found in a sort of trance, from which she never awoke.

The cause of her long sleep is not known.

Both Were Killed.

Their rig struck by Michigan Central fast mail train No. 31 at the intersection of Cross street and the tracks, Wednesday afternoon. Andrew A. McAdoo, 45, was instantly killed and his mother, Mrs. Eliza McAdoo, 70, was so badly injured that she died 15 minutes later. They lived on the Hammond farm, two miles south of Ypsilanti, and were to catch the train that killed them, the old lady contemplating a trip to Detroit.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

A. F. Harding, sewing machine salesman, of Grand Rapids, fell dead in the street, near his home, of heart trouble.

J. W. Loomis, well-to-do farmer, has been convicted in Battle Creek of cruelty in beating a 13-year-old boy with a plank.

The state tax commission will, in all probability have to reassess Bay City property. According to Chairman Hoyt the assessment was unfair.

Conductor Frank Cady, of a Grand Trunk freight train, was run down and killed in the Port Huron yards. He lived at Battle Creek, was married and 45.

The petitions for a new option election have been signed by more than half the voters of the county, apparently ready to vote Oakland "wet" again.

After being tenantless since Aug. 24, the Charlevoix jail is now entertaining Otto Christman and John Hall, charged with stealing fish nets from Lake Michigan.

Allan McFadden, a Flint fireman, pulled the fire alarms on his off duty days to see the other firemen hustle. He was arrested, confessed, released, and fired from his job as fireman.

James S. Macard, 87, decided he had a few years left to live and that he wanted to die in his old home in Battle Creek. He caught cold moving back and died a few days later.

Edward Payne, 22, burglar, was sentenced from two and a half to five years in the Ionia reformatory in Saginaw. No burglaries have been reported since Payne has been put away.

Jackson officials have notified billiard hall and cigar store owners that the law concerning students will be strictly enforced. They can't play pool, buy cigarettes or smoke in public.

Herbert Cross, 13, of Wayne, has been missing from his home for two weeks. The boy's father is a teamster. His mother died some time ago. Cross, Sr., is anxious to locate his son.

Saginaw police, summoned by neighbors, found Mrs. Thomas Nash, 38, helplessly ill and her six children on the verge of starvation. Nash, a painter, deserted the family ten days ago.

Three large barns owned by Andrew Spring, of Jedd, were destroyed by fire last week. One of the barns contained a quantity of wheat that had just been threshed. The total loss is \$2,000.

John Freemyer, sent from Benton Harbor to serve time in Jackson for shooting a man, will probably be freed by the confession of his former pal, James Notter, that the latter is the guilty party.

Patrick O'Leary, Flint harness-maker, came to Durand, picked up a couple of strange friends, drank with them and bought their dinner. In return they beat, bound, gagged and robbed him in the railroad yards.

George West, 14, escaped from the Lansing reform school, went to Alpena, and robbed a store of a revolver and fishing outfit, and was arrested while shooting ducks on the river. He was sent back to Lansing.

Mrs. Adeline Sutherland, late of Saginaw, dead at the age of 84, was a grandniece of the "boy governor," Stevens T. Mason, first executive of this state, and the daughter of one of the organizers of the Michigan Central railroad.

Lee J. Rivett, ex-convict jailed for assisting James Cusway to escape from Jackson prison, has been released, the law providing no way of punishing him for the assistance he rendered Cusway after the latter had left the institution.

Joseph Goble, a young St. Joseph farmer, was struck by a Pere Marquette train late Sunday and lay beside the track all night unconscious. When he was discovered the next morning he was rushed to the hospital, but he died en route.

Charles Lee Sears, formerly of Saginaw, died in Jersey City. Sears was a well known railroad construction engineer and assisted in the construction of the Ludington division of the Pere Marquette, the old Holly, Wayne and Monroe road.

H. G. Ridgeway, night telegraph operator, and C. G. Neff, night baggageman, are being held on suspicion of being implicated in the robbing of a money drawer at the G. R. & I. railway depot in Kalamazoo. Over \$100 was taken from the till.

The National Croatian society is going to build a college for their people only, and has decided to raise \$100,000 for that purpose. The Croatians decided this in convention at Calumet and have re-elected Paul Hadjic, of Chicago, as their president.

Raymond Remington, 28, of Battle Creek, is dead of suffocation, caused by smoking cigarettes. The case is declared unique, the valve of the man's heart through which the blood was returned to that organ having been practically destroyed, according to the doctors.

Arrested on a charge of stealing a \$5 bill from the till of Thomas R. Donohue, a saloonist, Charles Brown, a Saginaw character, "stood for" a search in the police station Saturday night and came off almost victorious, as no money was found on him. Just as he was about to leave the station a free man a \$5 bill was found on the floor under the chair on which he had been sitting, and he is now in a cell awaiting arraignment.

THE PRESIDENT TALKS FREELY

TAFT WILL URGE SHIP SUBSIDY BELIEVING THE COUNTRY IS READY.

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA

Openly Declares For Aid For the Merchant Marine in His Seattle Speech.

Speaking before the largest audience he has faced since his trip began—a crowd that overflowed the natural amphitheater of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, with its seating capacity of nearly 20,000—President Taft Thursday announced that he would urge in his coming message to congress the enactment of a ship subsidy law. He declared that the country was ready to make such experiment, and that something must be done to build up an American merchant marine.

When the president turned to Alaska and declared that he was opposed to granting a territorial form of government to that far-off possession, the statement was received in silence. As the president proceeded, however, and outlined the policy for the upbuilding of Alaska, of recommending government aid in the construction of railroads, of a local government by a commission of five or more members, appointed by the president and co-operating with the governor, and when he told of the great possibilities that lie in Alaska, he plainly caught the favor of his hearers and was loudly cheered.

"We earn a profit from our foreign mails of from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 a year. The appropriation of that amount would be quite sufficient to put on a satisfactory basis two or three Oriental lines and several lines from the east to South America. Of course, we are familiar with the argument that this would be a contribution to private companies out of the treasury of the United States, but we are thus contributing in various ways on similar principles in effect, both by our protective tariff laws, by our river and harbor bills, and by our reclamation service. We are putting money into the pockets of ship owners, but we are giving them money with which they can compete for reasonable profit only, with the merchant marine of the world."

The president pointed out the perilous position of the United States in the event of a foreign war, when we should have to buy vessels from other countries to use as coilers for our fleets—a proceeding which in view of the international neutrality laws would be exceedingly undesirable.

Peary Becomes Reticent.

An animated conference, lasting nearly an hour, between Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, and Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard, president of the Peary Arctic club, was held in the big train shed of the Union station.

Hubbard was on his way from Bar Harbor to New York. Peary was at the station to meet Hubbard. After a hearty shake of the hand, the two men paced up and down the train shed in earnest conversation. At one of the pauses the explorer unbuttoned his navy blue sack coat and from the inside pocket pulled forth what appeared to be a bulky white envelope. Shortly after, he made several notes on a small piece of paper and handed it to Hubbard. The general put both into his inside pocket.

Finally the west-bound train began to move. Hubbard grasped Peary's hand cordially and, with a few words of parting, stepped aboard the express.

"I have no remarks to make," said Peary, as he started to return to his hotel. "Hubbard and I had just had a very pleasant conference. I do not care to state what we talked about. I understand that the Peary Arctic club intends to make a public statement some time next week."

Peary said he and Mrs. Peary would go to their home on Eagle island, Casco bay.

"A Colossal Bluff."

The Rhenische Westphalische Gazette, an industrial paper in Rhineland, takes a surprising view of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. It declares that the whole thing is "a colossal American bluff organized by Mayor McClellan for the benefit of Tammany political wire pullers. The committee has persuaded the whole world to support the bluff. That the German government, the government of a country of poets and philosophers, was not aware of the real purpose of the celebration is incredible."

The Gazette discovers that President Taft went west in order to avoid taking part in the celebration.

Some High Flying.

Orville Wright, the American aviator, broke his own and all other records for high flying in Pottsdam on Saturday. He reached the unprecedented height of more than 1,600 feet, although an official measurement was not taken.

He had a red letter day in a double sense, taking up Crown Prince Frederick William as a passenger, and more than doubling the altitude that he made recently over the same field.

MORE TROOPS.

The Spaniards Find the Flego Moors Active Foemen.

Details of the engagement fought last week in Morocco between the Spaniards and the Moors have been received in Madrid. The Spaniards lost a total of 225 men killed and wounded, including Gen. Dies Vicario, who lost his life. A single battalion of chasseurs had 19 officers and 80 men wounded. The Spanish expedition was reconnoitering in the direction of Sokel Jemis.

The Moors at first retired before the Spanish advance, which was sustained by artillery, but they gradually reformed behind the heights of Argan and Mont Milon and when the Spaniards entered the rocky defiles below their position, where the horses hardly could keep their footing, they were attacked furiously. The column under Gen. Vicario, which was in the advance, received orders to retire and the movement was being accomplished in good order under cover of the field guns when Gen. Vicario was shot dead and fell from his horse. Gen. Tovar then took command and after fierce fighting, the Moors were beaten off. The entire expedition retired to Zeluan.

Infante Don Carlos is going to Melilla at the head of a cavalry brigade, of which he is the commander.

WIRELETS.

Former State Senator James H. Vahey has been nominated by Massachusetts Democrats for the governorship.

The state of Oregon will collect from the estate of the late E. H. Harriman approximately \$500,000 as an inheritance tax.

Henry Van Wormer, a prominent member of the New York bar several years ago, committed suicide in Denver by hanging.

Walter C. Clark, of Connecticut, recently appointed governor of Alaska, took the oath of office last week. Before his appointment Mr. Clark was a newspaper man.

All Nova Scotia celebrated last Friday the 159th anniversary of the province's legislative existence. Nova Scotia is the oldest self-governing colony in the British empire.

Floretta Whaley, the New York girl who eloped with the Dev. J. K. Cooke three years ago, and who fell heir to \$10,000 under her father's will, has just been made heir to \$5,000 more under the will of her uncle, Anthony Whaley.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$5.25@8.25; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$4.25@5; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$4@4.65; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, \$4@4.85; grass steers, \$3.50@4.50; that are fat, 500 to 700, \$3.50@3.85; choice fat cows, \$3.75@4.10; good fat cows, \$3.25@3.50; common cows, \$2.50@3.00; canners, \$1.50@2.25; choice heavy bulls, \$3.75@3.85; fair to good boloxnas, \$3.25@3.60; stock bulls, \$2.50@3; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4@4.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.50@3.85; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3@3.25; stock heifers, \$3; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$4@5.00; common milkers, \$2@2.50.

Veal calves—Market steady. Last week's prices; best, \$9@9.50; others, \$4@8.75; miltch cows and springers, steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market active, last week's prices on government country grades trifle lower; best lambs, \$6.50@7; fair to good lambs, \$5@6; light to common lambs, \$3.75@4.75; yearlings, \$4.25@5; fair to good, \$3.25@4.25; culls and common, \$2@3.

Hogs—Market very dull on common grades and 25c lower on all grades than last week. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$8; pigs, \$7@7.10; light yorkers, \$7.25@7.75; stage, 1-3 off.

East Buffalo—Cattle: The general market was 10@15c higher than last week. The demand for stockers was better today and they sold from 15c to 25c higher. Good fresh cows and springers were in good demand and sold from \$2 to \$3 per head higher than a week ago. At the close the yards will be cleaned up. We quote: Best export steers, \$6.75@7; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb. shipping steers, \$5@5.25; best 1,000 to 1,200-lb. shipping steers, \$5.50@5.75; medium, 1,050 to 1,150-lb. steers, \$5@5.25; light butcher steers, \$4.50@4.75; best fat cows, \$4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, \$3.75@4.25; light heifers, \$4.75@5.25; fair to good, \$4@4.25; common, \$3@3.75; best feeding steers, \$3@3.50; 900-lb. dehorned, \$4.25@4.50; 700 to 750-lb. dehorned stockers, \$3.75@4; 600 to 650-lb. dehorned stockers, \$3.25@3.50; little common stockers, \$3@3.25; best bulls, \$4.25@4.50; boloxna bulls, \$3.50@3.75; stock bulls, \$3@3.25; best fresh cows and springers, \$4@5; fair to good cows and springers, \$3.50@4; common cows and springers, \$2.50@3.

Hogs: Medium and heavy corned, \$6@8.80; light yorkers, \$4.25@5.50; Michigan, \$6.50@8; high yorkers and pigs, \$7.85@7.75; roughs, \$7@7.40.

Sheep: Active; best lambs, \$7.50@7.60; fair to good, \$6.50@7.40; culls, \$5.25@5.75; yearlings, \$5.25@5.50; wethers, \$4.75@5.25; ewes, \$4.50@4.75.

Calves: Steady; best, \$9.50@9.75; heavy, \$4@5.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash No. 1 car at \$1.17 1/2; December option, cheapest at \$1.18 1/2 and declined to \$1.18; May opened at \$1.20 and declined to \$1.19; No. 1 white, 5 cars at \$1.17, closing at \$1.14 1/2.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 66c asked; No. 2 yellow, 66 1/2c asked.

Oats—Standard, 1 car at 42 1/2c, 5,000 bu at 42 1/2c; No. 3 white, 1 car at 41 1/2c, 1 at 42c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, 74c.

Beans—Cash, \$2.10; October, \$2; November, \$1.95.

Clovered—Prime spot, 20 bags at \$9; October, 100 bags at \$9.30, closing at \$9.25; March, 400 bags at \$9.40, 100 at \$9.30, closing at \$9.25; sample, 25 bags at \$9.75, 15 at \$9.25, 14 at \$8.10; \$7.50; prime clover, \$8.25; sample alskite, 15 bags at \$7.50, 5 at \$6.75.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 75 bags at \$1.75.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$2.25; coarse middlings, \$2.25; fine middlings, \$2; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, \$2; corn and oat chop, \$2.25; pea, \$2.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, \$5.25; ordinary patent, \$5.50; straight, \$5.00; clear, \$5.25; pure rye, \$4.25; spring patent, \$5.25 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, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. 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. Blake recovered his survivor's magnifying glass, thus insuring the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Mr.—Mr. Blake, pray do not get excited—I—I mean, please excuse me. I'm—"

"You're coming down sick!" he said.

"No, no! I have no fever."

"Then it's the sun. Yet you ought to keep up there where the air is freshest. I'll make you a shade."

She protested, and withdrew, somewhat hurriedly, to her tree.

In the morning Blake was gone again; but instead of a note, beside the fire stood the smaller antelope skin converted into a great bamboo-ribbed sunshade.

She spent the day as usual on the headland. There was no wind, and the sun was scorching hot. But with her big sunshade to protect her from the direct rays, the heat was at least endurable. She even found energy to work at a basket which she was attempting to weave out of long, coarse grass; yet there were frequent intervals when her hands sank idle in her lap, and she gazed away over the shimmering glassy expanse of the ocean.

In the afternoon the heat became oppressively sultry, and a long slow swell began to roll shoreward from beyond the distant horizon, showing no trace of white along its oily crests until they broke over the coral reefs. There was not a breath of air stirring, and for a time the reefs so checked the rollers that they lacked force to drive on in and break upon the beach.

Steadily, however, the swell grew heavier, though not so much as a cat's paw ruffled the dead surfaces of the watery hillocks. By sunset they were rolling high over both lines of reefs and racing shoreward to break upon the beach and the cliff foot in furious surf. The still air reverberated with the booming of the breaker's. Yet the girl, inland bred, and unversed in weather lore, sat heedless and indifferent, her eyes fixed upon the horizon in a vacant stare.

Her reverie was at last disturbed by the peculiar behavior of the seawall. Those in the air circled around in a manner strange to her, while their mates on the ledges waddled restlessly about over and between their nests. There was a shriller note than usual in their discordant clamor.

Yet even when she gave heed to the birds, the girl failed to realize their alarm or to sense the impending danger. It was only that a feeling of disquiet had broken the spell of her reverie; it did not obtrude upon the field of her conscious thought. She sighed and rose to return to the cleft, idly wondering that the air should seem more sultry than at mid-day. The peculiar appearance of the sun and the western sky meant nothing more to

her than an odd effect of color and light. She smilingly compared it with an attempt to sunset, painted by an amateur of the impressionist school.

Neither Winthrop nor Blake was in sight when she reached the baobab, and neither appeared, though she delayed supper until dark. It was quite possible that they had eaten before her return and had gone off again, the Englishman to doze and Blake on an evening hunt.

At last, tired of waiting, she covered the fire and retired into her tree-cave. The air in the cleft was still more stifling than on the headland. She paused, with her hand upraised to close the swinging door. She had propped it open when she came out in the morning. After a moment's hesitation, she went on across the hollow, leaving the door wide open.

"I will rest a little, and close it later," she sighed. She was feeling weary and depressed.

An hour passed. An ominous stillness lay upon the cleft. Even the cicadas had hushed their shrill note. The only sound was a muffled reverberating echo of the surf roaring upon the seashore. Beneath the giant spread of the baobab all was blackness.

Something moved in a bush a little way down the cleft. A crouching figure appeared, dimly outlined in the starlight. The figure crept stealthily across into the denser night of the baobab. The darkness closed about it like a shroud.

A blinding flash of light pierced the blackness. The figure halted and crouched lower, though the flash had gone again in a fraction of a second. A dull rumbling mingled with the ceaseless boom of the surf.

A second flash lighted the cleft with



"I Know Already—I Know All."

its dazzling coruscation. This time the creeping figure did not halt.

Again and again the forked lightning streaked across the sky, every stroke more vivid than the one before. The rumble of the distant thunder deepened to a heavy rolling which dominated the dull roar of the breakers. The storm was coming with the on-rush of a tornado. Yet the leaves hung motionless in the still air, and there was no sound other than the thunder and the booming of the surf.

The lightning flared, one stroke upon the other, with a brilliancy that lit up the cave's interior brighter than at mid-day.

In the white glare the girl saw Winthrop, crouched beneath her upswung door; and his face was as the face of a beast.

CHAPTER XX.

The Hurricane Blast.

FOR a moment that seemed a moment of eternity she lay on her bed staring into the blank darkness. The storm burst with a crashing uproar that brought her to her feet with a shriek. Her giant tree creaked and strained under the impact of the terrific hurricane blasts that came howling through the cleft like a rout of shrieking fiends. The peals of thunder merged into one continuous roar, beneath which the solid ledges of rocks jarred and quivered. The sky was a pall of black clouds, meshed with a dazzling network of forked lightning.

The girl stood motionless, stunned by the uproar, appalled by the blinding glare of the thunderbolts; yet even more fearful of the figure which every flash showed her still lurking beneath the door. A gust-borne bough struck with numbing force against her upraised arm. But she took no heed. She was unaware of the swirl of rain and sticks and leaves that was driving in through the open entrance.

On a sudden the door shook free from its props and whirled violently around on its balance-bar. There was a shriek that pierced above the shrill-

ing of the cyclone—a single human shriek.

The girl sprang across the cave. The heavy door swished up before her and down again, its lower edge all but grazing her face. For a moment it stopped in a vertical position and hung quivering, like a beast about to leap upon its prey. Too excited to comprehend the danger of the act, the girl sprang forward and shot one of the thick bars into its socket.

A fierce gust leaped against the outer face of the door and thrust in upon it, striving to burst it bodily from its bearings. The top and the free side of the bottom bowed in. But the branches were still green and tough, the bamboo like whalebone and the shrunken creepers held the frame together as though the joints were lashed with wire rope. Failing to smash in the elastic structure or to snap the crossbar it were as if the blast flung itself alternately against the top and bottom in a fierce attempt to again whirl the frame about. The white glare streaming in through the interstices showed the girl her opportunity. She grasped another bar and shot it into its socket as the lower part of the door gave back with the shifting of the pressure to the top. It was then a simple matter to slide the remaining bars into the deep-sunk holes. Within half a minute she had made the door fast from the first bar to the sixth.

A heavy spray was beating in upon her through the chinks of the framework. She drew back and sought shelter in a niche at the side. Narrow as was the slit above the top of the door, it let in a torrent of water, which spouted clear across and against the far wall of the cave. It gushed down upon her bed and was already flooding the cave floor.

She piled higher the coconuts stored in her niche, and perched herself upon the heap to keep above the water. But even in her sheltered corner the eddying wind showered her with spray. She waded across for her skin-covered sunshade, and returned to huddle beneath it, in the still misery and terror of a hunted animal that has crept wounded into a hole.

During the first hurricane there had been companions to whom she could look for help and comfort, and she had been to a degree unaware of the greatness of the danger. But in the few short weeks since she had caught more than one glimpse of Primeval Nature—she of the bloody fang, blind, remorseless, insensate, destroying, ever destroying.

True, this was on solid land, while before there had been the peril of the sea. But now the girl was alone. Outside the straining walls of her refuge, the hurricane yelled and shrieked and roared—a headless, formless monster, furious to burst in upon her, to overthrow her stanch old tree giant, that in his fall his shattered trunk might crush and mangle her. Or at any instant a thunder-bolt might rend open the great tower of living wood, and hurl her blackened body into the pool on the cave floor.

Once she fancied that she heard Blake shouting outside the door; but when she screamed a shrill response, the blast mocked her with echoing shrieks, and she dared not venture to free the door. If it were Blake, he did not shout again. After a time she began to think that the sound had been no more than a freak of the shifting wind. Yet the thought of him out in the full fury of the cyclone served to turn her thoughts from her own danger. She prayed aloud for his safety, beseeching God that he be spared. She sought to pray even for Winthrop. But the vision of that beastly face rose up before her, and she could not—then.

Presently she became aware of a change in the storm. The terrific gusts blew with yet greater violence, the thunder crashed heavier, the lightning filled the air with a flame of dazzling white light. But the rain no longer gushed across on the spot where her bed had been. It was entering at a different angle, and its force was broken by the bend in the thick wall of the entrance. After a time the deluge dashed aslant the entrance, gushing down the door in a cataract of foam.

Another interval, and the driving downpour no longer struck even the edge of the opening. The wind was veering rapidly as the cyclone center moved past on one side. The area of the hurricane was little more than thrice that of a tornado, and it was advancing along its course at great speed. An hour more, and the outermost rim of the huge whirl was passing over the cleft.

Quickly the hurricane gusts fell away to a gale; the gale became a breeze; the breeze lulled and died away, stifled by the torrential rain. Within the baobab all was again dark and silent. Utterly exhausted, the girl had sunk back against the friendly wall of the tree, and fallen asleep. She was awakened by a hoarse call: "Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny, answer me! Are you all right?"

She started up, barely saving herself from a fall as the big unhusked nuts rolled beneath her feet. The morning sunlight was streaming in over her door. She sprang down ankle-

deep into the mire of the cave floor, and ran to loosen the bars. As the door swung up, she darted out, with a cry of delight: "You are safe—safe! Oh, I was so afraid for you! But you're drenched! You must build a fire—dry yourself—at once!"

"Wait," said Blake. "I've got to tell you something."

He caught her outstretched hands, and pushed them down with gentle force. His face was grave, almost solemn.

"Think you can stand bad news—a shock?"

"I— What is it? You look so strange!"

"It's about Winthrop—something very bad—"

She turned, with a gasp, and hid her face in her hands, shuddering with horror and loathing.

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "I know already—I know all!"

"All?" demanded Blake, staring blankly.

"Yes; all! And—and he made me think it was you!" She gasped, and fell silent.

Blake's face went white. He spoke in a clear, vibrant voice, tense as an overstrained violin string: "I am speaking about Winthrop— understand me?—Winthrop. He has been badly hurt."

"The door swung down and struck him, when he was creeping in."

"God!" roared Blake. "I picked him up like a sick baby—the beast!—stead of grinding my heel in his face! God! I'll—"

"Tom! don't—don't even speak of it! Tom!"

"God! When a helpless girl—when a—!" He choked, beside himself with rage.

She sprang to him, and caught his sleeve in a convulsive grasp. "Hush, for mercy's sake! Tom Blake, remember—you're a man!"

He calmed like a ferocious dog at the voice of its master; but it was several minutes before he could bring himself to obey her insistent urging that he should return to the injured man.

"I'll go," he at last growled. "Wouldn't do it even for you, but he's good as dead—lucky for him!"

"Dead!"

"Dying. You stay away."

He went around the baobab and a few paces along the cleft to the place where a limp form lay huddled on the ledges, out of the mud. Slowly, as though drawn by the fascination of horror, the girl crept after him. When she saw the broken, storm-beaten thing that had been Winthrop, she stopped, and would have turned back. After all, as Blake had said, he was dying—

When she stood at the feet of the writhing figure, and looked down into the battered face, it required all her will-power to keep from fainting. Blake frowned up at her for an instant, but said nothing.

Winthrop was speaking, feebly and brokenly, yet distinctly: "Really, I did not mean any harm—at first—you know. But a man does not always have control—"

"Not a beast like you!" growled Blake.

"Ow! Don't hit me! I say now, I'm done for! My legs are cold already—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORRIED THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Lack of "Progress" Might Have Proved a Serious Thing.

"When people in our part of the country select a family physician they stick to him," says an Illinois physician. "If he goes away they won't call in some one else if they can possibly help it. They have faith in nobody but their own man, so long as he manages to be fairly successful. Last spring I went up to Chicago for a few days, much to the distress of a young mother in our town, who expects me to inspect her only baby every other day at least. The second day of my stay she telegraphed me to come home at once. Baby was sick—she told me the trouble—she didn't know what to do. It wasn't an urgent case, I knew, so I wired back a reassuring message, told her to give the baby a dose of some medicine she had at hand, and to fill out the ten words I put in 'Prognosis admirable.' I always like to use large words when I'm telegraphing—makes me feel that I'm getting the worth of my money, you know. When I got home two days later I went to see the baby.

"She's all right now," the mother told me, but we were awfully worried. We had to rely on the medicine you left, though. The boy at the drug store didn't have a bit of prognosis in the place."

Man Owns Wife's Dresses.

The question of who owns the dresses of a wife came up in the Brompton county court of Maryland recently and the judge decided that the husband is the owner. The man held that he had given the wife the money to buy the dresses in dispute and although they were not paid for it was decided that they belonged to him.

Some men seem to extend a staid offer to the public to sit down on them.

Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. Besides the regular size packages Quaker Oats is packed in large size family packages, with and without china. 5

HAVING FUN WITH A BANKER

Practical Joke That Doubtless Was More Appreciated by the Player Than the Victim.

Councilman F. A. Drew is fond of playing practical jokes on William H. Lee, president of the Merchants-Laclede National bank. Mr. Drew was for years a director in Mr. Lee's bank.

While the bankers were waging their recent war upon prohibition, Mr. Drew late one night rang up Mr. Lee at his home and represented that he was a reporter assigned to get Mr. Lee's views on the situation.

Mr. Lee complained somewhat bitterly on being called out of bed at that hour of night to give an interview, but finally got warmed up to the subject and for 30 minutes pictured the desolation that would result in St. Louis if Missouri went dry.

"Let me see," said Mr. Drew at the conclusion of the interview, "you are Mr. William H. Lee, whisky man, aren't you?"

"No," snapped Mr. Lee. "I am Mr. William H. Lee, the banker."

"Oh," said Mr. Drew, apologetically. "I am very sorry, but I wanted to talk to Mr. Lee the whisky expert, and not Mr. Lee the financier."

Mr. Drew hung up the receiver before the explosion occurred on the other end of the wire.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Foker Finance.

Mose Coonley (a winner)—Guess I'll cash in, boys.

Abe Mokeby (also to the good)—Guess I'll do same.

Jefferson Yallery—Me too!

Bill Bingy (the banker, a big loser)—Well, I guess yo' eac' done got an uddeh guess a-comin', gen'lemen!

Owain' to dis heah attempted an' un-called-fo' run on de bank, de instertion am now suspended an' won't resume oppyrations till de panicky feelin' bab fully subsided an' de foolish depositahs continues doin' business as fohmahly. And it's youah deal, Mose Coonley!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

On a Time Limitation.

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Prof. Jowett of Oxford was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied undergraduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

CHILDREN SHOWED IT Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'"

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavour. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

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

Sue Pinckney Dispatch

F. L. ANDREWS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1909.

A chicken has no real friends until after the cook gets through with it.

Frightful Fate Averted.

"I would have been a cripple for life from a terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Disbury, Kelliher, Minn., "without Buckle's Arnica Salve, which cured me." Infalible for wounds cuts and bruises, it soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, boils, skin eruptions. Worlds best for Piles. 25c.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Halley's comet is coming and Congress forgot to put a tariff tax on it. What an oversight.

Take Kodol at the times when you feel what you have eaten is not digesting. Kodol digests what you eat so you can eat sufficiently of any good wholesome food, if you will just let Kodol digest it. Sold by all druggists.

Commander Peary seems more intent on proving that no one else reached the North Pole than proving that he did.

The Red Rock of Success

lies in a keen clear brain backed by indomitable will and resistless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. Kings New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Lizmore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Standard oil has gone up several notches the past year and people are wondering if John D. is not getting ready to buy up the whole United States.

The best remedy we know of in all cases of kidney and bladder trouble and the one we can always recommend is DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder pills. They are antiseptic and at once assist the kidneys to perform their important work. But when you ask for these pills be positive that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder pills. There are imitations placed upon sale to deceive you. Get DeWitt's. Insist upon them, and if your dealer cannot supply you—refuse anything else in place of them. Sold by all dealers.

It would not be surprising at any time now to hear that one of those "record breaking" ocean liners had meet herself going back.

Its a Top Notch Doer.

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. Kings New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs and colds and la grippe vanish. It heals cough racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N. C., writes "it cured me of lung trouble pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c, \$1. Trial bottle free.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

It is generally conceded that there are four "Express" reasons why a parcels post law will not be enacted by Congress. They are: (1) Adams Express Co., (2) The Southern Express Co., (3) Wells Fargo Express Co. and (4) The United States Express Co.

Money Comes In Bunches.

to A. A. Christolm, of Treadwell, N. Y., now. His reason is well worth reading: "For a long time I suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipation nervousness and general debility," he writes. "I could not sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition, grew weaker every day in spite of all medical treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve bottles restored all my old time health and vigor. Now I can attend to business every day. It's a wonderful medicine." Infalible for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c. F. A. Sigler.

Automobile delivery of rural mail is not an improbable addition to the postal service. If country life is not rapidly approaching the ideal in this country, we should like to know the reason why.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Overcoats and wraps have been in use the past week.

The American has three national stuffing days—Thanksgiving and Christmas, and one a week, on Sunday.

Between two-thirds and three fourths of the great number of automobiles used in the United States are manufactured in Michigan.

If that Cleveland man who says he fasted fifty days in succession comes through all right, there will be a great chance to simplify the fight against the food trusts.

Howell is beginning to agitate the matter of a home coming and have it in connection with the annual pioneer meeting. A good idea and one that the whole county should be interested in.

Game Warden Pierce has received a report of the conviction of a Springport man for killing two fox squirrels out of season and it cost him \$25 each. A hotel keeper in Luce county paid \$40 and costs for serving venison out of season. Must have tasted pretty strong.

Next week, Oct 13, 14, 15, and 16 the business men of Fenton give a big carnival in that village. There will be free entertainments, etc., that will make big days for the business men and furnish amusement for the people. The merchants have issued a fine book 10 1/2 inches by 15, advertising the affair and their business and it required an even ton of paper to do the job, which was done in the job rooms of the Fenton Independent.

Electroplating Without Immersion.

It is sometimes desirable to electroplate a part only of some object, or the character of the object is such that it is impracticable to immerse it in the solution. The "sponge plater" makes this work easy of accomplishment and the result is very satisfactory.

The device consists of a split anode holder in a glass tube, a sponge being inserted in the open end of the tube and the other end of the tube bearing a rubber bulb with which to produce suction in the tube.

Will He Have Hoofs and Tail?

Medical experts of this city predict that civilized man will have hoofs, instead of feet, in 1,000 more years. No less personages than Dr. David D. Scannell, surgeon and ex-Harvard athlete; Lewis F. Small, an orthopedist, and Dr. L. R. G. Cranston and Dr. E. H. Bradford, both of the Harvard Medical school, see this probability. Dr. Cranston says the human foot has become a hind foot or hoof in use, if not in actual form. Dr. Small says the civilized races are slowly reverting to hoofs, and that we must go to the Japanese to learn how to walk. Foot troubles are unknown among them.

Densest Form of Matter.

The densest form of matter is now understood to be neither continuous nor homogeneous, but full of holes. In a late Royal Institution lecture, Sir James Thomson showed how hydrogen can be passed into a vacuum tube through an incandescent platinum window; and the passage of sodium through glass in a similar manner is utilized in the manufacture of high-vacuum tubes as a means of absorbing the traces of oxygen that cannot be pumped out. An Italian physicist has passed hydrogen through iron even when cold.

A Chance to Get Even.

"There's one coming feature about all this," chuckled the broad-shouldered individual who had just been turned away from the pearly gate. "Now I'll have a chance to meet those sons-of-guns who invented cigar bands, barbed-wire fences and wooden pillowsham holders."

Cost of Building in United States.

The total cost of the buildings erected in the principal cities of the United States in 1907 was \$861,076,286, a net decrease of \$17,834,683 from the figures of 1906, but an increase over those for any previous year. The unit cost of building, however, increased in the past year, for there were some 184,055 permits issued in 1907, as against 181,174 in 1906. In the cities showing a decrease in building New York takes the lead, with a falling off of \$41,591,982, or 26.84 per cent.

Dickens Family Lost Big Fortune.

Dickens was one of the most successful financially of all authors. His was no case of genius starving in a garret. "Pickwick" placed him above want at 25, and for a period of 26 years following its publication in 1836-7 he received a princely income from his writings. His American tour brought him \$50,000. His estate at his death in 1870 was estimated at \$400,000. That his grandchildren should now be in need of the trifling pension bestowed on them is a painful illustration of the vicissitudes of family fortune.

Clocks and Watches.

There is no record showing who was the inventor of the present form of clock, which was the successor of the water clock, which was a domestic use in the east for 1,000 years and which was improved by the Greeks and Romans. The Saracens are credited with substituting a weight for water to turn the wheel of a clock that recorded the time. The invention of an escapement is attributed to Gerbert about A. D. 1000. Mechanical improvements have been made since then. The first watches were made early in the sixteenth century by Peter Hele, a clock maker of Nuremberg.—Boston Globe.

Exception to General Rule.

Lowell says: "The very gnarliest and hardest of hearts has some musical string in it," yet we are told that Dr. Johnson had no love of music, and that upon being told that a certain piece of music was very difficult, he expressed regret that it was not impossible. But Dr. Johnson was a human contradiction.

Robert the Wonder of the World.

Little Gophers are the cause of endless trouble for the Southern Pacific company, and cost a large expense, especially in the Willamette Valley, where the land is rich and the gophers and moles like to live and dig. The gophers burrow holes under the track, carrying the earth out to the right of way and neighboring property. Thus undermined, the track gradually sinks. During January and February section crews continually work on the mushy spots in the track caused by the little underground animals.

Wasted Friends' Time.

A young American matron living in London recently wrote home for socks for her oldest, of a kind which she could not find over there. After several days of shopping, or rather questioning without result, the kind desired was found, and stamped on each were the words "Made in England."

Old Treasury Official Dead.

William MacLennan, for 40 years chief of the division of bookkeeping and warrants in the treasury department, died recently after an operation for cancer. In May, 1908, he was sent by the treasury department to Honolulu to settle and pay off the public debt of Hawaii, assumed by the United States at the time of annexation. He again went to Hawaii in 1903 to liquidate claims for fire losses sustained in combating the bubonic plague in Honolulu in 1899 and 1900, the United States having undertaken the payment of such claims amounting to \$1,000,000.

Aches and Pains

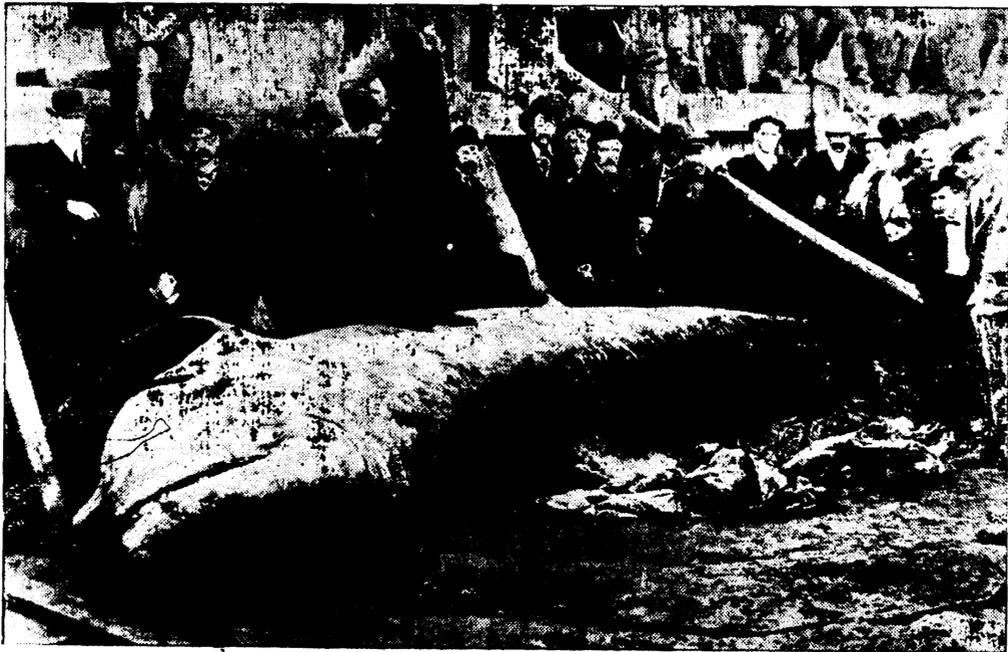
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The Violin
 By M. F. Willock.

Back in the little salon, with its polished table and plaque-adorned walls, Marie Labarthe flung up her hands and let them fall hopelessly at her sides. She felt the timeliness of the flat, the furniture of which he had so proudly chosen two years ago.
 Yet across the tiny hall, under a red duvet, lay baby Maurice, taking his morning nap with forefinger tucked in his mouth. What did that matter when at the far corner of the salon lay the cause of the trouble—the violin, so tenderly packed in its case?
 Marie was a housebred woman; but in her rage she crossed the room with the step of a prairie wolf, and, unclasping the case, flung it open. It was the work of a moment to snatch up a penknife and hack the strings of the hated thing that had taken her place in her husband's thoughts.
 Night after night he came back from his office to this, instead of to her. There were no Sunday trips now; no flowers, no boxes of chocolate, no love à la Menier, as he used to call it.
 Half an hour later the front door closed on an elegant woman in black and orange, with a veil tied as they tie them across the Channel—to ravish hearts. The lady carried a violin case, and walked fiercely, like a grande dame in a passion.
 Pictures of the future came where the dismal pictures of the past had been. She would go back to the life she had left for a husband—to her painting, to her student friends. For Jacques and Maurice she had toiled and slaved. Now she was free—and, backed and mutilated, down the Seine should go the fiddle.
 Artist as she was, she instinctively sought rest in the garnered beauty of the past; for in picture galleries one could rest and get courage—for the night's work.
 Cold and shivering at last, she walked between the trees of the Luxembourg gardens, where the fauns peeped at her from their pedestals. They, like the Monna Lisa, could mock and torture, heartless in the perfection of their strength.
 In the warm rooms of the Luxembourg she sank with a half sob on a cushioned seat. She had taken nothing but a little soup all day and physical fatigue was racking her. Jacques would soon be coming back to the flat now—to the child, to the warmth of the cozy stove, to the scent of coffee. He would miss it; her lips curled under her veil as her hands clasped and unclasped above the violin case. He would care for the loss of that.
 Then her eye caught the great modern incarnation of passion, the Baiser of Rodin. She understood; but it seemed merely like a horrible chasm that opened before her feet, and she rose to leave this last shelter.
 Opposite to her, as she raised her eyes was a bronze group—a man and a woman. Of no large, lovely life, these two, far removed from human pain, but ill-clad, ill-fed, bowed with toil and grief, they still clung to one another in the sorrow of a common loss borne together.
 As she gazed they seemed to breathe. And Marie understood; for even the babe at the breast of the bronze figure could not make the mother forget the other child she had lost.
 It was Le Peuple Pleure, the most wonderful modern statue of the pity of the sorrowful earth. As Mme. Labarthe seemed to see the child move its tiny hand a panic descended on her. For baby Maurice had been alone without her all the long hours of this miserable day.
 It was quite dark in the hall, and from the salon came the sound of a child's sobs and a man's voice soothing the babe ineffectually. She pushed open the door, and her husband turned from the red glow of the stove with Maurice in his arms.
 "Give him to me," she cried, pushing up her veil and holding out her arms. To the cool freshness of the outdoor air on her face the child held up his hot lips, and, cuddling his feet in her hands, she comforted him. Nothing hurt now, not even the mutilated violin. She nodded curtly toward the case and said, "Open it and look; I did that. And I'm not sorry. You starved me. You cared for nothing but it. I was an artist once; and that's why I understand how it had taken my place with you. I hated it."
 "Why did you come back?"
 "To get Maurice," she said. "He cried for me. He's quiet now. He wants me." She was blindly making her way to the door.
 "So do I," said her husband quietly. "The violin is nothing—let it go." He pushed it till it fell with a thud from the table.
 She darted forward as though to lift it. "Ah, Jacques, you have hurt it more than I did. For the strings could be repaired."
 "So you do care," said he. "I thought

you despised me, for I was not brilliant, I could not talk. But I had one talent, and I worked to make you think something of me. Look"—He threw open his desk. It was full of manuscript music. "I tried to compose—for you. But I wanted you—always."
 "Jacques!" she cried.
 Maurice snuggled cozily in his sleep. And an hour later, fed, warmed and infinitely content, madam sat making a silk case for the music. But the fiddle has two big dents on its polished surface to-day; for madam was very human—and not at all great.
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Beyond the Pale

By George Brydges Rodney

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"Yes, sah; I've seen bad men— plenty of 'em, in the early days, before this yere country was a white man's country past disputin'. I've seen 'em ride into a settlement, an' jest natchally hold up the whole bloomin' outfit. I've seen men what was shot, an' men what died o' thirst; an' onct, when I was a boy, I seen a man—a maverick— what the Mescalero Apaches 'd staked out over a ant-hill. It was bad—rotten bad. The ways o' rough men is some queer, but they can't touch the devil's tricks, but they teach in civilization. I seen one o' them onct that fer clean devilment would ha' put the everlastin' kibosh on even o' Cochise, an' he was some bad."

I asked a question.
"Yes, I'll tell you. Wait till I ketch up the burros, or they'll wander off into the brush an' 'll be the Lord only knows how fur off by mornin'."
"Twenty-five year ago I was manager of one over in the Progresso country—a good ranch, with two hundred thousand head on the runs. It was owned by a New York company—Bar Lazy O, they called it. I started in as herder till I near went loco from loneliness. I was there for ten year, and when the old company sold out, young Mr. Hirtton, the treasurer of the new outfit, offered me the place as manager, an' I jumped at it, 'cause, you see, I'd been waitin' fer a chance fer money, an' two thousand a year is wuth some waitin'. Mr. Hirtton come out every summer fer three or four months; he was a lunger, you know. His sister come out an' kept house fer him. She sure was a good-lookin' girl—tall and straight, an' eyes blue'n ever I seen, an' hair like the bottom of a new copper kittle when the sun shines on it."

"One day she says to me: 'Mr. Connor, my brother expects two gentlemen out here next week, an' I'd like you to go to the railroad to meet 'em, if you can.'
"Sure I can," says I.
"So when the time come I hit out in a buckboard fer the railroad. 'Twas a three days' trip an' rough ridin', an' I was durned glad when they shoved them two tenderfeet off 'n the train an' dumps about four trunks around 'em."

"One of 'em was a feller about twenty-six, built from the ground up, name o' White. The other was a man of about forty or forty-five, clean-shaved, wearin' specs, an' mighty keener in his dressin'. Perfesser Cringle was his name, an' I found out later he was a bugologist fer some museum in Chicago."

"Course I was makin' bets with myself all along that both of 'em was after Miss May. I never yet seen two men what'd travel three thousand miles to see a lunger."

"It turned out that I was half right, fer White had knowed Miss May fer about six year, but the perfesser was a man Hirtton picked up in Chicago, an' got him interested in loco weed, an' he come out to investigate it. He'd never met Miss May. But that didn't make no difference, there's got to be a first time to all things, an' pretty soon things was gay on that ranch with the two men tryin' all kind o' ways to git a corner on Miss May's time. She liked White—anybody could see that—an' o' Cringle wasn't even an 'also ran'."

"One evenin', while I was a-settin' by the bunk-house a-smokin' before turnin' in, I heered the front door shut in the big house, 'n' I looks up an' sees Miss May 'n' White standin' on the porch in the moonlight. The vines was all about 'em, an' by an' by I heered the murmur o' the voices like that water yonder, 'n' then I sees White hold out both arms to her. She kin' o' wavered fer a minute, like a young cottonwood in a breeze, an' he catches her, an' then on a sudden I seen the curtain go up about two inches in the settin'-room winder, an' I seen the gleam o' the light on a pair o' specs, an' a minute later o' Specs comes out by the back door. He didn't see me a-settin' by the bunk-house in the shadder, so he passes over an' stands there, within ten feet o' me, his hands in his pockets, a-watchin' the two on the porch. Then he says soft-like: 'It is not good fer man to live alone, but ye're not goin' to marry him. No, ye're not. Fate has reserved fer ye the constant influences of a man o' science. I'm older 'n him, 'n' I know more, an' he shan't have ye, any way,' he says, gazin' at 'em till I thought he'd lose his sight."

"The nex' mornin' 'bout daylight o' Specs comes up to me in the corral. He was always politeful to me, an' he says: 'Mr. Connor, will you step over to the chicken yard? There's a strange animal there that I don't know.'"

"Skunk, maybe," says I, follerin' him.

"There," says he, pointin' to a bushy tall a-stickin' out from the coop. 'Wait till I ketch it,' he says."

"You let that alone," I hollers. 'It's a hydrophobia skunk. If it bites you, it's sure death,' an' I pulled my gun an' plugged it."

"O' Specs jumped fer it. 'Mephisto hydraulics,' says he."

"Mephitis mephitica hydrophobia," I suggested, brushing some hot cigarette ashes from my blanket.

"Aye, that's it. I thought he was swearin' in bug Latin. O' Specs jumped fer it like a duck fer a June bug."

"I've heered of 'em, Mr. Connors," says he, 'but I never seen one before. I allus thought it was a yarn like you western men give to a tenderfoot,' he says."

"Yarn hell! One bit Mallory last year when he was roundin' up cattle in Tonto basin, an' he went out sudden."

"One day Mr. Hirtton come to me and says: 'Connor, how would you like to put in six weeks hunting mountain sheep.'"

"Fine!" I says. 'Up near the line there's lots of 'em.' There was no fine in them days fer killin' 'em."

"Mr. White an' the perfesser would like to go," he says, 'so fix up fer all of ye to go to-morrow. Ye can take Smith to help with the packs.'"

"We finally hit the foothills of the White Water Range, after about two weeks' traveling, an' made up near the head of the canyon. I'd seen some o' them durned hydrophobia skunks loafin' around the camps, an' every night I'd take my beddin' roll an' prop up the edges o' the canvas with sticks or sling it up between two trees."

"Specs wasn't much on huntin', 'ceptin' bug huntin', so he says, 'You folks go hunt yer sheep, an' I'll lie around camp an' git my game here,' he says. So he generally had grub fixed fer us in the evenin'."

"One night when we come in I went up the stream to catch some fish, an' about a half-mile up the stream I seen a empty on the bank with slats nailed over it, an' inside it was one o' these yere animals. 'Specs got a pet,' I thinks, an' I meant to josh him about it. But when I went back to camp I fergot all about it."

"Next night I moved my beddin' roll an' hung it up between two trees away out from the fire, an' lay there a-watchin' Specs chop up a squirrel he'd shot. White had turned in, an' presently Specs goes down to wash his hands in the stream. When he come back he come by the rear of the tent, an' got in on the side away from me."

"I turned out at daylight, an' while I had my face in the creek I heard a yell up in camp that made me jump; then a shot, follered by two more. I made one jump an' lit by the fire. White was standin' by the fire with his gun in his hand, his face whiter'n chalk, an' at his feet was a hydrophobia skunk—dead."

"What's the matter?" says I.
"One o' them varmints was in White's boot, an' bit him on the hand," says Specs. 'Heat a knife,' he says."

"The fire was out, an' it took about twenty minutes to start it an' get a blade hot. We done the best we could by tyin' a string 'round the arm an' cuttin' into the hand."

"That broke up the party. We got the packs ready to pull out after dinner, an' I went up-stream to catch some fish. 'I'll jest go up an' look at Specs's pet,' thinks I, an' when I got up-stream to where he had it, I seen the box, but there wasn't nothin' in it."

"Wonder how he got out? thinks I, an' the fust thing I seen was that there wasn't no hole in the box, but the top slat was knocked off. Now, there ain't no animal livin' what'll knock the top slat off'n a box to git out."

"We pulled out after dinner, an' I never want to see a worse trip. White was nervous an' worried, an' would look fer hours at his hand. After four or five days it turned red an' angry-lookin', an' White got mighty irritable, an' his eyes was bloodshot, an' he had the meanest grin on his face that I ever seen. Old Specs was devotin' all his time to him, even makin' poultices fer him out'n rattlesnake weed. "One night after we'd hit the back trail fer about three weeks we camped fer the night. I handed White his tin cup full of coffee. He took it, an' I seen him strain an' strain, an' the big swellin' muscles on his throat stand out, but he couldn't drink. He says to me quiet-like: 'Connor, I guess I'm all in.'"

"I says, 'Nonsense, White! Buck up. It's all fancy.' There wasn't no Pasteur treatment in them days."

"The next night we had to tie him. He was foam'n' at the mouth."

"'God! what a awful sight!' says Specs."

"I took my gun an' spun around the cylinder, an' says: 'No law runs west of the Colorado line, but them animals is sure bad medicine. There may be some things around to-night that need killin'."

"Specs looks queer, but says nothin'." "That night about moonrise I heerd a shot, an' come out o' my beddin' roll all standin'. White was layin' by the fire with his feet in the ashes his revolver in his hand, an' a tin cup half full o' water beside him. His head was — Well, there was a letter lyin' by him, writ on a label o' a tomato can, an' Specs was a-leanin' over him. He says: 'God fergive him, poor devil! What do ye make of it, Connor?'"

"I says nothin', but looked at him. "It like to 'a' broke Miss May's heart when Hirtton told her about White's death."

Connor lapsed into silence.

"What became of Specs?" I asked incautiously.

"I put rocks over him," said Connor "so the coyotes couldn't dig him up; fer, after all, he was a white man."

Uphill Electricity.

Do electric currents naturally run up hill? So it would seem from recent observations at some of the mountain observatories in France. Stated more technically, the discovery is that of two stations on a mountain side the lower is always at a higher electric potential, so that an earth current flows from below upward. Thus the electromotive force between Puy-de-Dome and Clermont is sufficient to maintain a current equal to that given by 1.7 volts in an ordinary telegraph line. A curious fact is that when these uphill earth currents run east and west they are steady, where as those that run north and south vary greatly in different parts of the day. M. Brunhes, the Puy-de-Dome observer, says that the fact may be stated as a tendency of negative electricity to fall downward, which may be objected to as suggesting an unproved analogy with gravity. Apparently the cause of the phenomenon remains obscure.

Conception of Divinity.

How many men in all countries and all ages have been called atheists, not because they denied that there existed anything beyond the visible and the finite, or because they declared that the world, such as it was, could be explained without a cause, without a purpose, without a God, but after because they differed only from the traditional conception of the Deity prevalent at the time, and were yearning after a higher conception of God than what they had learned in their childhood.—Max Muller.

America and China enjoy a monopoly of alligators.

CHASING THE COUNTERFEITER

How the Secret Service Discovers Makers and Circulators of Bogus Money.

After a counterfeit is detected a description of it is widely circulated through the newspapers and publications whose subscribers are chiefly bankers and cashiers, and then the service begins the work of discovering the makers and circulators of the bogus money. Sometimes the paper used by the counterfeiter may afford the clue which leads to his undoing; sometimes purchases of the peculiar shade of green ink that is used in the printing of the backs of the notes may be traced, for the legitimate users of these materials are all known in the trade, and outsiders who purchase such things are apt to be remembered by the salesmen who keep in constant touch with the agents of the service. It has happened that information from these sources has led to the discovery of a counterfeiting plot before a single note has been issued, but this is a rare

bit of good fortune. Later on there came the photo-mechanical process where the camera was employed to lay the pattern down on a metal plate and etching fluid took the place of the graver. Inasmuch as camera and acid lack individuality, the difficulty of identifying the engraver was increased tremendously. There are thousands of photo-engraving establishments in the country, each one of which is completely equipped with the apparatus and materials needed in the making of a counterfeit, and yet you can count on the fingers of one hand the cases where the equipment and technical skill of these places have been used illegitimately. And that I think is a pretty fine tribute to the innate honesty of the craft; at any rate, it goes a long way in sustaining one's faith in human nature.—National Magazine.

Women Invent Safety Razors. At a recent exhibition of women's work in London there were exhibited five safety razors invented by women.

"HELPI" WIRES MAN; TRAINS RUSH TO AID

THIRSTY OPERATOR IN "DRY" TOWN CREATES COMMOTION WITH MESSAGE.

Conde, S. D.—A lone operator in Cresbard, a town of 200 inhabitants 50 miles west of here in the center of prohibition South Dakota, thrilled alarms for help the other afternoon throughout the 200-mile-long Conde division of the Minneapolis & St. Paul railroad. Along the line 10,000 men caught the cry, rushed armed aboard improvised trains wherever they could be found, and within ten hours filled every available track of the Cresbard yards with puffing engines.

Dozing operators were roused by such calls as:

"Help, for God's sake. The station has been attacked and the agent killed. People of the town have been driven from their homes!"

This cry was heard at Conde and Division Superintendent H. E. Jones hur-



Stealthily Approached the Building.

riedly made up a train of three cars, called upon all able-bodied citizens to get aboard with guns and started at record speed for the scene.

In the meantime the operators along the line, acting on orders, had got busy with the telephones and alarmed the whole countryside.

By the time the special from Conde pulled onto the siding at Cresbard a band of country people had surrounded the depot five deep, but no one ventured within.

At the alarming situation presented Mr. Jones, flanked by picked braves of the waiting rescuers, armed like battleships, stealthily approached the railway building. Peering cautiously within, the body of the operator was seen reclining at full length upon the floor.

No other person being visible, the committee, after consultation, entered and examined the prostrate man for death wounds.

The operator rolled over and sleepily inquired if some one wouldn't give him a drink. He explained that his whisky had run out. That was why he wanted help. The next morning the sobered operator wired his resignation to the headquarters at Minneapolis. The reply came while the wire was open:

"You are thirty hours late."

BATS CAUSE BOARDERS' PANIC

Scare Dozen Girls, and One Bites Only Male Boarder—Crowd Watches the Combat.

Philadelphia.—A swarm of bats invaded the boarding house of Mrs. John Bellam and threw 12 girl boarders into a panic, several of them having fainted before the bats were driven off or killed. William Leyhe, the only male boarder, in his fight against the winged intruders, was bitten on the hand, the bat's teeth sinking into the bone. He was treated at the Pennsylvania hospital.

Miss Agnes New, who occupies the third-floor front, was first to discover the bats. They swarmed through her window, flapping their wings and extinguishing the gas. Screaming with terror, the girl tried to reach the door, but was unable to find it. Her cries aroused the other occupants, who ran to her room and opened the door. The bats burst through the opening and flew in the faces of the other 11 girls, who were gathered in the corridor.

The dozen girls' shrieks aroused the entire neighborhood. A crowd gathered about the house, while Leyhe, who had come to the rescue, attempted to fight off the intruders. He succeeded in killing two and driving off all the others but one particularly ferocious animal, which darted about him and finally succeeded in biting him. Leyhe disregarded his wound, and after a chase killed the animal, which measured 16 inches from one wing tip to the other.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."
—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

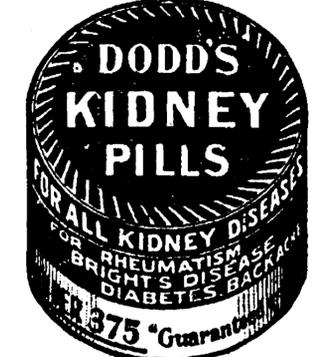
Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."
—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE DIAGNOSIS



"Anything really serious with my eye, Doc?"
"No, no—simply a pig-sty."



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They 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.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



No Mixing
Rat Bis-Kit
All Druggists—15 cents a box. The Rat Bis-Kit Co., 62 N. Livingston St., Springfield, O.
Send for Free Sample of Cheney's Medicated Cream. Cures Piles, Fissures, Hemorrhoids, etc. Quickly and Effectively.
Your Cheney's Medicated Cream has cured me. I have suffered for years with Piles and never found relief before.
"C. A. RODDERS, Bradford, Tenn."
F. J. CHENEY & CO., 124 Adams St., Toledo, O. MANUFACTURERS OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE

ROAD AND BARN IMPROVEMENT

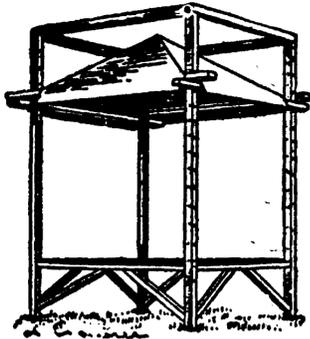
USE FOR OLD HAY BARRACKS

Wisconsin Hog Raiser Employs Them for Field Sheltering of Pea and Barley Feed.

A Wisconsin swine breeder, Mr. L. F. Martiny of Chippewa Falls, has found a new use for the old-fashioned hay barracks which the modern barn with its spacious mows nearly crowded out of existence. He uses them for the field sheltering of pea and barley hay for winter hog feeding. He prefers pasturing or field-feeding his herd on pleasant winter days, thereby requiring the brood sows to take their needed exercise.

Each season he puts up a stack of field peas and barley upon some protected and sunny slope in the hog pasture and at some distance from the pens and sleeping quarters. The sows are given a regular feeding of this mixture each day and spend considerable time in rooting over the straw to get at the grain which easily shells out and rattles to the bottom of the litter. The straw and grain are perfectly cured and preserved, having been well protected from the weather, and make excellent feed for any class of stock.

Such a stack shelter as this breeder uses is easily constructed and at a very low cost. Four straight poles



Stack Shelter.

from 20 to 25 feet in length are squared and otherwise made ready for setting in the ground. One-inch holes are bored in all the poles, from 12 to 18 inches apart and from the top down to within five or six feet from the ground. Necessarily these holes have to be bored carefully, the posts set at equal depth in the ground and perfectly plumb. Otherwise roof will only be raised with great difficulty and will not rest even above the stack. The posts are generally set from ten to twelve feet apart thereby allowing the building of a square stack of good size. The roof, preferably made of matched lumber, is supported by four 2x4s which rest upon the iron eye bolts passing through the eye holes. It is always better to have the roof project a foot or so beyond the corner posts to better protect the stack from the weather. Care, however, should be taken to keep the roof sufficiently light for easy raising.

Weed the Garden.

Begin to weed the garden as soon as the plants are large enough to tell what they are and keep it up during the entire summer. If you do not the weeds will crowd out your pet plants and eat up the nourishment that would go toward making the garden beautiful.

Excellent Pasture Crops.

There are a number of excellent crops that may be grown to supplement the pastures, but alfalfa, red clover, oats and peas and sweet corn are the most profitable and nutritious of forage crops for dairy cows.

American Farm Tools.

American plows and cultivators are turning up the soil in more than 70 countries and colonies of the world—in Japan in 1908, \$22,000 worth; in Asiatic Turkey, \$14,000; in New Zealand, \$50,000; in British South Africa, \$22,000; in Portuguese Africa, \$31,000; in Cuba, \$85,000 worth, while Argentina took in 1908 \$780,000 worth; Canada, \$474,000; Russia in Europe, \$250,000, and Asiatic Russia, \$750,000 worth.

Make Notes.

Carry a notebook as you go through the garden of your friends. When you see a rose bush or a particular flower that appeals to you have not only its name, but the nature of the plant, written down. Such a list will be valuable as mere book knowledge never can be.

Stacking is Better.

Between the semi-weekly rains and heavy dews every morning, the farmer threshing out of the shock has little time for the work. After all, stacking is better.

HAY IN STACKS FOR YEARS

Illustration Showing How it Can Be Done Better Than in a Barn.

The pictures in the article show how to stack hay so it will keep better than in a barn and be far sweeter even for three or four years.

Grain in the straw may be stacked in the same manner. As long as the air gets underneath it will keep all right, and by stacking as shown in the sketches of the pictures it will al-



Side View.

ways keep perfectly dry. The thatch or roof is much larger than the base and the water runs off like running off a house.

The pillars can be made of wood or stone. They should be 18 inches high, although 12 inches would do. Lay the timbers from pillar to pillar and cover with round poles, and over this put boards or brush. Tramp down the hay solid, and while building the stack use poles to prop up the sides.

After three or four days when the hay has settled, remove the side props and mount a ladder, and commencing in the eaves, pull out all the hay you can with your hands down to the bottom. Always commence at the top and work to the bottom. Finish with a hand rake, always raking downward. Use straw as straight and long as possible and lay two or three inches thick and evenly.

Commence at the eaves and overlap your straw, shingle fashion, as you would boards, only with longer laps.

I have found that hay or grain stacked in this way keeps better than in a barn, as it retains its sweetness and is more relished by the animals. This method is used exclusively in England and each farmer there tries to outdo his neighbor in making the largest and best-shaped stack.

Over there they make both oblong, square and round stacks. I have seen some stacks of hay and grain from



End View.

60 to 80 feet high built in this manner and have known them to stand for years in perfect condition.

In Yorkshire, Eng., hay is seldom used until it is two or three years old, and a good horseman will never feed his horses new hay, as it may cause heaves and good old hay will not.—A Threapleton.

Apple Juice Cistern.

The business men of Columbus, O., have completed a cement cistern with a capacity of 100 barrels which will be filled with apple juice this fall. A pump will be inserted and the liquid will be free to all.

Overripe Crimson Clover.

A farmer reported the other day the loss of a fine \$350 mule as a result of eating crimson clover cut after the blooms had become too mature, says Progressive Farmer. This will make it plain why we have consistently advised against the feeding of overripe crimson clover hay to horses, green sorghum to cattle, or cottonseed meal to hogs. The loss of one animal will overbalance the gain derived from a large quantity of either feed. It is better in such cases to stay on the safe side.

Beet Pulp for Fattening.

Beet pulp is used extensively in sugar factory districts for fattening hogs, sheep and cattle. The illustration shows the flume which carries the beet pulp from a sugar factory to the point where it is loaded on wagons. Running water in the flume acts as the conducting force. The sugar-beet pulp mixed with alfalfa, makes an invaluable food product for live stock.

The automobile is adding slaughter to the list of Sunday casualties.

WHERE THEY LEARN ECONOMY

Matron Knew What She Was About When She Went to Engage Maid.

The manager of the employment agency was used to hearing women in search of queer questions, says the New York Tribune, but this matron made him mildly curious. Of 14 girls in turn she had inquired: "Have you worked in a minister's family?" None of them had. "Too bad," said the matron to the manager. "None of these girls will do."

"May I ask," said the manager, "why you are anxious to know if these girls have worked in ministers' families?"

"Why, the fact is, we're very hard up just now," said the matron, candidly; "I want a girl who knows how to economize, and those who have worked in clergymen's families, I've discovered, have learned that lesson."

CHILD ATE CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers—Not the Least Injury Resulted.

Cuticura Thus Proven Pure and Sweet.

A New York friend of Cuticura writes:

"My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the state-room and located a box of graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin or youngest infant. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

And He Suffered.

Little Willie, suffering from an attack of toothache, had paid his first visit to the dentist, accompanied by his mother. Father, on his return from the office that evening, was naturally much interested.

"Didn't it hurt?" asked father. "Sure, it hurt," replied Willie. "Weren't you scared when the dentist put you in that big chair and started all those zizz-zizz-zizz things?"

"Oh, not so much."

"That was a brave boy. But, surely, you suffered?"

"Of course I suffered. But I just kept repeating over and over the golden text we had in Sunday school last Sunday."

"The golden text? What was it?"

"Why, 'suffer little children to come unto me,'" replied Willie, glibly. "I kept saying that over and over to myself, and the first thing I knew it didn't hurt any more."

Weakened by Alcohol.

Dr. Bertillon, the eminent French vital statistician, has shown that tuberculosis is twice as prevalent among the retail liquor dealers of France as among other shopkeepers. He attributes it to the fact that the alcohol which they handle and use all day long weakens their bodies and thus renders them more susceptible to the disease germ.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Beginning Hostilities.

Mr. Perkly—Oh, if you could only learn to cook as my first wife did!

Mrs. Perkly—If you were as smart as my dear first husband was you'd be rich enough to hire the best cook in the land.

The 800-foot bridge over the Yellow river at Lanchowfu, in the province of Kansu, is nearing completion. All materials had to be conveyed nearly 1,000 miles in Chinese carts.

No matter how long your neck may be or how sore your throat, Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure it surely and quickly. It drives out all soreness and inflammation.

Ancestral pride is the safest thing in the world. Our ancestors are too dead to kick about the liberties we take with them.

When a woman has occasion to loaf, she calls it either shopping, visiting or entertaining.

Some men never do anything on time except quit work.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Stomach, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief.

Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

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

Ours and Theirs.

"A play on names unconsciously perpetrated by my youngest son was very funny," said a Flatbush man the other day. "We live next door to a family named Feitenour, and the other night while my family was busy reading in the library we heard a racket on the back porch. My son went out to investigate, and on his return my wife, always inquisitive, asked what had caused the noise."

"Nothin' but a couple of cats," Jim told her, and then I heard her ask: "Did you see whose they were?"

"Yes; one was ours and the other was Feitenour's."

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

Gossip has a thousand tongues—and they all work overtime.

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

Gossip has a thousand tongues—and they all work overtime.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine, CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 41-1909.



COLT DISTEMPER

It is Not Enough to Buy Good Paint.

YOU must also buy the paint or varnish that is suited for the purpose you have in mind. A paint may be good for the outside of the house, and yet not suitable for use on a wagon. A paint for stovepipes would not make a good floor paint, and so on. To get perfect satisfaction you must buy the special paint or varnish for the work you intend to do.

The Sherwin-Williams Co. specializes. They make a good quality paint, varnish, stain or enamel for every purpose about the home or farm. All makers cannot do this. They lack either the experience or the facilities. When you buy, ask for Sherwin-Williams. If your dealer does not handle, write us.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Write for Booklet. 601 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

For the baby often means rest for both mother and child. Little ones like it too—it's so palatable to take. Free from opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.



Neglected Colds and Coughs

are the cause of many cases of Pneumonia and Consumption. No matter how aught your Cough or Cold may be, cure it before it has a chance to do any harm.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

is the oldest and best known medicine in the world for relieving and curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Croup, Whooping-Cough, and diseases of this class. Your druggist will supply you. In three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c. and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is an excellent tonic for both adults and children. It is also a safe worm medicine.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION
354 W. Adams St., Chicago

DYOLA DYES

16 fast, beautiful colors, 10c per package at dealers. If not in stock, send us the staining color desired.

ONE DYE FOR ALL GOODS

Color card and book of directions free by writing 177-18, Burlington, Vermont.

DYOLA DYES

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 41-1909.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how exposed, kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c a bottle; \$1.00 and \$2.00 doses of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturer. Cut shows how to pollize horses. Our free booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Electrologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

It is Not Enough to Buy Good Paint.

YOU must also buy the paint or varnish that is suited for the purpose you have in mind. A paint may be good for the outside of the house, and yet not suitable for use on a wagon. A paint for stovepipes would not make a good floor paint, and so on. To get perfect satisfaction you must buy the special paint or varnish for the work you intend to do.

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Write for Booklet. 601 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

Work While You Sleep

Millions of people have CAS-CARETS do Health work for them. If you have never tried this great health maker—Get a 10c box—and you will never use any other bowel medicine.

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more people brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all items. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—New York, N. Y. Putnam Dyeing Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Hill's Variety Store

New Store,
New Goods,
Come and
See Some
of the Bar-
gains in

YINWARE, DRY GOODS, UNDER-
WEAR, HOSIERY, ETC.

V. E. HILL

Next to Johnsons
Drug Store

Howell, Mich.

Among Our Correspondents

SOUTH MARION.

Andrew Greiner of Detroit is at home for a short visit.

Will Roche of Anderson is cutting corn for D. J. Hath.

Mrs. C. Brogan and Miss Mae Brogan spent Saturday in Jackson.

I. J. Abbott entered some fine Dorset sheep at the Fowlerville fair this week.

Mrs. Caroline Carr is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Irving Hart, of North Marion.

Several from this vicinity attended a party Tuesday evening given for Eugene Harris.

Albert Dinkel of Detroit is a guest at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Dinkel.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Mrs. Frank Bates is visiting in Leslie.

Lizzie Denton was in Pinckney last Monday.

Mr. Spaulding and family now ride in a bright rig.

Business Pointers.

I am in the market for well assort-
white potatoes.
t41 Thos. Read.

WANTED—A good reliable man to
buy poultry, eggs and veal.
H. L. Williams, Howell, Mich.

FOR SALE.

The corner lot east of my residence
in the village of Pinckney. Inquire of
40tf MRS. ADDIE POTTERTON.

FOR SALE.

Haines square piano, \$65, payable
\$2 per month, if you call for it at T.
D. Howitts, Hamburg.

NOTICE

The Stockbridge Elevator Co., And-
erson will buy your Beans, Grain,
Hay, Straw and Seeds. Send bill to me
here. W. H. CASKEY 38tf

For Sale

Sow and eight pigs, sow and ten
pigs, sow due soon. Durocks.
Frank Mackinder.

Ready For Business.

The cider mill at Pettyville is
ready for business as usual at this
time of the year. Apples are scarce
this year but are worth saving.
36tf W. M. HOOKER.

NOTICE!

Having rented the Perry Blunt
Shoe shop and purchased all his stock
of leather and tools am better pre-
pared to do Boot and Shoe repairing and
also harness repairing on short notice,
all work strictly first class. Gasoline
stoves cleaned.
H. KNICKERBOCKER.

Lawrence McCleer was in Jack-
son last Thursday.

Mr. Marsh has improved his
residence by a coat of paint.

Mrs. Tom Gankroger of Jackson
visited relatives and friends here
last week.

This town is quite lively for one
of its size. Moving, building,
painting and dancing will be the
order for October.

Dan Wright has moved to his
new house and Carl Ballenger
occupied the house that he vacat-
ed. Geo. Come has moved to
Sam Gankrogers house.

WEST MARION.

Mrs. W. B. Miller spent Friday
afternoon at Mrs. Catrells.

Mrs. P. H. Smith and sister
Eva, were in Howell Friday.

Silo filling was the order of the
day last week, there being four
new ones to fill this fall.

John Dinkel of Pinckney is
painting the church and the resi-
dence of H. W. Plummer.

Geo. Bullis wife and daughters
spent the last of the week at the
home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Hutson of Iosco.

Octavius Rockwood was born
at Granger, Medina county, Ohio,
November 8, 1841, and died Sept.
18, aged 67 years, 10 months, 20
days. He was united in marriage
to Addie M. Barber, April 19,
1866. To this union were born
two children, Eddie M. Rockwood
having preceded fourteen years
ago, and Mrs. Mirtie Miller of
West Marion. He leaves a wife,
one daughter, a daughter in law,
two grand children and a host of
friends. The funeral services
were conducted by Rev. M. R.
Saigeon at the M. P. Church at
Plainfield. Interment was made
at Plainfield.

PLAINFIELD.

Ruth VanSyckel has been on
the sick list the past two weeks.

Lottie Brearly returned to the
school of music at Ann Arbor last
Friday.

Mrs. Viola Wasson will enter-
tain the WFMS Thursday after-
noon Oct. 7th.

Mrs. Ethel Lillwhite is recover-
ing slowly from a recent opera-
tion for appendicitis.

Mrs. S. G. Topping and Mrs. R.
G. Chipmann made a business
trip to Jackson last Friday.

Mrs. R. G. Chipmann is prepar-
ing for a trip to California soon to
visit her brother, who is in very
poor health.

Miss Luella Caskey returned
home Sunday after spending a
couple of weeks at Anderson and
Hamburg.

Rev. Ostrander of Millville a
former pastor of this place, is ex-
pected to preach here next Sun-
day evening.

The M. P. Ladies Aid will serve
dinner at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. J. M. Crossman on Friday
Oct. 15. All are most cordially in-
vited.

A good attendance is requested
at five 511, Oct. 13th. If your
birthday is this month be sure
to furnish something for the good
of the order.

CHILSON

J. D. Appleton is driving a fine
4 year old colt.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Russel have
returned to Owosso.

B. T. Gartrell transacted busi-
ness in Dexter last Saturday.

Mrs. A. M. Clark is the guest of
her sister, Mrs. T. B. Gartrell.

Henry Keller and two gentle-
men friends from Toledo, spent a
day this week fishing at Crooked
Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wirt Beurmann
are spending the week in Lansing.

Blacksmith Boylan is planning
for a pleasure trip the last of this
week.

N. E. Baker of Canastota, N. Y.
is the guest of his sister Mrs. Wm.
Peters.

The Genoa Farmer's Club will
meet at the home of Mrs. A. Lat-
son, on Saturday Oct. 9.

Mrs. M. A. Davis has been un-
der the doctor's care for a week.
Some better at this writing.

The school social held at the
home of Burt Beurmann netted
the district \$16. Ice cream and
cake were served.

Wesley Morris' bean thresher
is moving rapidly thru this local-
ity and it would seem will soon
be but a sight. Beans are a good
price and many farmers are draw-
ing them to market, making more
room in their granaries and less
their pocket books.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Several of our citizens are attend-
ing the Fowlerville Fair.

W. E. Murphy is taking in the ball
game at Pittsburg this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert of Nevada are
guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sigler.

E. L. Markey of Battle Creek, visit-
ed his sister, Mrs. Floyd Reason, here
the first of the week.

If kitchen stores could only be made
to look like chafing dishes, perhaps
more girls would be willing to learn
to cook.

Between two-thirds and three
fourths of the great number of auto-
mobiles used in the United States are
manufactured in Michigan.

Special communication of Living-
ston lodge No. 76, F A A M, Tuesday
evening, Oct. 19. Lodge will call at
7:30 p. m. Work in M. M. degree.

The many friends of Mrs. Floyd
Reason will be pleased to learn that
she is doing as well as could be ex-
pected since her operation. She will be
removed to her home this week from
the sanitarium.

Little drops of water poured into
the milk, gives the milkman's daugh-
ters lovely gowns of silk. Little grains
of sugar mingled with the sand,
makes the grocers assets swell to heat
the band. Little bowls of custard,
humble tho they seem, help enrich the
fellow selling pure ice cream. Little
rocks and boulders, little chunks of
slate make the coalman's fortune
something fierce and great. Little ads
well written and printed nice and neat,
give the joyful merchants homes on
easy street.—Ex.

Teachers Examination.

A special examination of applicants
for second and third grade certificates
will be held in the high school build-
ing Howell Oct. 21 22. Examination
booklets which may be procured at
the book stores will be used.

t41 Wm GREGGGER,
County Com. of Schools

NOTICE

L. O. T. M. M. The second meet-
ing of each month will be held in the
evening. Next regular meeting Oct.
16, at seven o'clock p m standard
time. Record Keeper.

M. E. Church Notes.

The Sunday services were well at-
tended. The new pastor, Rev. E. W.
Exelby delivered two good sermons
that were well received and he was
given a royal welcome. The services
will be continued as formerly, the
Sunday morning service being blend-
ed right into the Sunday school with-
out intermission.

The attendance at the Sunday school
session was 111 and the collection
\$1.65. If you are not attending some
Sunday school there is room in the
classes for you and you will be made
welcome. Come.

Prayer meeting at the usual hour
Thursday evening.

The parsonage is being wired for
electric lights. It will not be fully
lighted at present, however.

American Sweeping Compound

A Granulated Dust-collecting Sweep-
ing Compound for sweeping dustless-
ly, Carpets, Linoleum and wood
floors :: :: :: ::

Non-Injurious, Hygenic and Sanitary
Try It—only 25c per can

J. C. DINKEL & CO.

C. V. VanWinkle and wife returned
home from their western visit, this
week, and were very much pleased
with their trip.

Wm. Kennedy & Son have bought
from Mrs. Walter Miller of Iosco the
piece of Timber land formerly belong-
ing to the Hunt estate.

Will Whitacre and wife, of Howell,
were guests of E. J. Briggs and fam-
ily Sunday. They also call on Mr.
Butler at the Sanitarium.

Miss Elva Black who has been
spending the summer in the northern
part of the state was a guest of her
cousin, Mrs. John Martin the past
week.

The North Hamburg Ladies Mite
Society will meet with Mr. and Mrs.
Ralph Bennett Thursday, Oct. 14, for
dinner. Everyone cordially invited to
attend.

Through the courtesy of Casper
Culhane we received this week a copy
of the Telluride, Colo., Daily Journal.
We presume that Mr. C. has been in
stalling linotypes in the office of the
paper and giving instructions in the
handling of the same. Casper got his
start in the office of the DISPATCH

School Notes.

Glendon Richards was a caller at
the High School Thursday afternoon.

Miss Crawford treated the English
Literature class to a test Thursday.
The Latin and German classes were
there also Friday.

The Seniors are preparing to give
a Halloween social at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. Perry Towle the last of
this month. More Later.

The Current event class in the High
School every week is proving very
interesting as well as helpful.

The first month of school closed Fri-
day.

Two High School boys, Roy Moran
and Myron Dunning, seemed to be
rather excited Monday morning. (?)
However they got through the day
without any serious accidents.

At a meeting of the school board
Monday evening, Miss Hinchey was
hired for the Grammar Department in
place of Miss Reader, who resigned on
account of ill health.

Miss Norma Vaughn, P. H. S. '07,
visited the High School Monday. Miss
Beulah Burgess visited there Tuesday.

The Junior class organized Sept. 5,
1909. Class was called to order by
Prof. McDougal and the following
officers were elected:

Hazel McDougal, Pres.
Thomas Moran, Vice Pres.
Mary Fitzsimmons, Secy.
Veronica Brogan, Treas.
Mary A. McCluskey, Edna Webb,
Eva Docking, Cora Frost and Lucy
Cook compose the remainder of the
Junior class.

Grand Concert and Ball

The Auditorium Association of How-
ell has closed a contract with the
Troubadours Amusement Company of
Chicago for their appearance at How-
ell Monday evening, October 25th at
the auditorium.

This company is composed of an
orchestra of four pieces; two violins,
harp and flute, and an impersonator.
They will give a concert from eight
o'clock to half past nine, and furnish
music for dance from half past nine to
two o'clock the following morning.

The concert will be public, a nomi-
nal charge will be made for admission.
Invitations will be issued for the ball.

NOTICE

DEAR FRIENDS:—

I take the liberty to
inform you that I
understand Shoe
and Harness Repair-
ing and can do it OK
My prices are rea-
sonable. I worked
for Sam'l Gilchrist
when he was in the
Harness business.
Hoping to get your
work, I am

YOURS TRULY,

Jacob Bowers

PINCKNEY.

MICHIGAN

Water Color Exhibit

Friday Afternoon, and Evening

Oct. 8, 1908

I have arranged for an exhibition of my
Water Color work at my home in Pinckney
and you are invited to attend. I will take
orders at that time for pictures and Hand-
Painted Stationery for Christmas or other
gifts.

Don't Put Off Ordering Too Long.

Miss Florence Andrews