



## 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. 16

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

Outing 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 Rugs 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.

F. G. Jackson was in Detroit on business this week.

Tuesday was "Columbus Day" a holiday—who knew it?

Joe Kennedy of the Stockbridge Brief was home over Sunday.

Ruel Cadwell of the Agricultural college was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Vaughn and daughter Norma spent Friday shopping at Jackson.

Several of the ladies of the LOTMM were entertained at Dexter Tuesday by the hive there.

The ladies of the Cong'l church will hold their annual Fair Oct. 29, 30. Watch for further notice.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Noble of Howell were guests of her sister, Mrs. S. Grimes the last of last week.

Do not be disappointed if you do not receive a lucky sea bean from the California cars as they are not all lucky.

This section was visited by a refreshing rain Sunday. More is needed however before we go into winter quarters.

Leo Fobey spent Sunday with his parents on his way back to Marquette from Ft. Wayne, where he had been to attend the funeral of his uncle, P. T. Welsh.

H. G. Briggs and wife of Pinckney and Mr. Hendricks of Hamburg, left Monday for Seattle, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. B. will visit at Eyeretts for part of the winter and then perhaps visit Southern California.

Tuesday was a cold stormy day, part of the time it rained, then snowed and the wind blew a gale. Those who had no heating stoves up hovered over the kitchen fire. Paste this in your hat for reference next year. Ditto for Wednesday with the ground frozen.

## Are You Interested?

Arrangements are being made by the officers of the county association of farmers' clubs for the annual one day institutes and the general two day "round up" at Howell in February.

It is suggested that inasmuch as Pinckney has not had one for about eight years, that we get in this year and secure one of the dates. The matter is taken up early as there is considerable to be looked after by the county officers and they want to know where such meetings can be held at an early date.

Do we want one here or not? This is the question for every business man to answer for himself and if we should make up our minds to have one here let us make it a hummer. As far as we are concerned we believe it would be a good thing as there are no better farmers in any section than here and we can make it a success. Let us hear from you.

## Inspected the Milk.

State Dairy inspector Howe of Lansing was in the county September 27 29 inspecting the milk delivered to the various creameries of the county and milk factory. Samples were taken from a large number of cans and sent to their chemist for analysis.—Tidings

The analysis showed that the milk was not up to the standard and as a result, last week Mr. Howe returned to this county, and swore out warrants for ten of the patrons of the condensed factory at Howell and three patrons of the Pinckney Creamery Co. The cases will come on before Justice Roche of Howell sometime this week.

It is the business of the state commission to look after this and other food adulterations and no local party or firm had anything to do with the matter. We understand he has been working the county for some time and has made other arrests and there are more to follow.



### 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**

Ho! Well, it is October. Gypsies visited the village Monday and as usual plied their trade of fortune telling and begging. The street commissioner is improving the streets by filling and grading the low places made visible by the recent storm. Robert Holmes, wife and two lady friends of Lansing passed through here Saturday last, enroute to Pontiac and Detroit. Leo Monks has resigned his position as teacher in the Harris district in order to accept a more lucrative one as teacher of the Hamburg schools, Geo. Irving, former teacher of the schools of that place, having secured a position in one of the State Institutions at Lansing. Success to you, Leo.

W. E. Tupper and family visited his sister near Pingree last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. VanOrden of Webberville visited Mrs. Sophia Blunt the first of the week. Louis Boucher and wife of Groose Isle were guests of her mother, Mrs. Ann Brady and other relatives here a few days the past week. 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 on page 4. Brock Cole, Fred Patterson and George Allen of Niagara Falls, N. Y. were here a couple of days this week the guests of Wm. Kennedy and enjoyed the time hunting and fishing.

## Just Received at JACKSON'S

**New Furs at Popular Prices**

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**New Underwear                      New Shoes**

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**New Dress Goods—Ginghams, Prints, Flanellettes, and Tennis Flannels, all at the lowest cash prices**

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### Our Saturday Specials

Mens 15c Canvas Gloves,	2 pair for 22c
Mens 10c Canvas Gloves,	3 pair for 22c
Special Cut Prices on Childrens Cloaks	
Special Cut Prices on Ladies Fine Shoes	
Matches, 12 Boxes (6,000 matches)	for 25c

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### GROCERY SPECIALS

Corn Flakes,—7c;	Best Corn,—8c	Best Tea—40c
25c Coffee—22c	Soda,—5c;	Rice,—5c
Best Cheese—16c	Best Salmon,—2 for 25c;	

## 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

Teepie Hdw. Co.

## Pinckney Creamery Co., Ltd.

Phone 69

Pinckney, 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.

WHEN SHOULD GIRLS MARRY?

A grandmother has undertaken to answer the question in the headline in a magazine article. Having had experience, she thinks she knows what she is talking about. It is her opinion that no girl should marry before she is 25 years old. There never has been and never can be any fixed rule for the mating of human beings. Ages ago parents were the sole arbiters of the marital destinies of their daughters. They gave in wedlock when and where and to whom they pleased, and the daughters had nothing to do with the bargain. The matter is one in which there is pretty nearly independence of thought and action on the part of American girls. Parents may try as they will to shape their daughters' love affairs to conform to their own ideas, but it is a rare case in which they succeed—and even then success on the part of the parents is not a guarantee of the girl's happiness. It has been estimated that a woman's chances of marriage begin to diminish at the twenty-fourth year and decline rapidly to the thirtieth year, when they have almost disappeared. The period of greatest expectation is from 19 to 23. It is between these periods that the majority of women must make up their minds, and they do it from the dictates of the heart oftener than from any other consideration.

The frequent assertion that the soils of the United States are wearing out is not conceded by Prof. Milton Whitney, chief of the bureau of soils, United States department of agriculture. He has prepared a bulletin in which statistics of yield since 1867 are carefully compared, and in which he arrives at the following conclusion: "We are producing more crops per acre than formerly." This is undoubtedly due to better and more intelligent cultivation, more and better systems of rotation of crops and in later years to the intelligent use of fertilizers through measures of control in the hands of every individual farmer. Much that has been said on the subject of exhaustion of the soil was alarming and even disheartening. That Prof. Whitney sees no reason for a pessimistic view is reassuring.

The bureau of statistics at Washington reports an enormous increase in building operations throughout the country. This is another sure indication of the revival of business activity in every direction. When financial stress is felt the work of building is one of the first to feel the effects. The Washington statement shows that the value of building permits issued in 100 of the largest cities in the United States for the year ended July 1, 1909, was \$20,000,000 in excess of that for the same period in 1906, when building was at high tide. There have been noticeable gains in other directions, but in building the movement appears to be a veritable boom, owing to the demand for increased accommodations.

Dr. Stiles, chief government zoologist, has just given advice in a department bulletin for the treatment and eradication of the "book worm" or "lazy" disease so prevalent among the poor whites of the southern states. The disease produces an anaemic condition and an utter disinclination for labor. Judging from the latter symptom, it would seem that the "lazy worm" does not restrict its activities to sections south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is hardly less majestic to rise up and assert that it has incubated in the municipal blood, in view of the exasperating delays in various movements planned for Philadelphia.

The sultan of Morocco's picturesque idea of locking the rebellious El Rhogi in a steel cage, strapped to the back of a swaying camel and marched, circus style, through the streets in a free parade, shows an oriental kind of humor hard for the western mind to appreciate. So is his humorous idea of punishment with boiling pitch in it. Somebody ought to remind him that this is sultans' bad day.

It requires some figuring to see how a New York woman could live out for domestic service at \$18 a month while herself keeping a servant at \$22 a month. The answer is that she was lifting jewelry and the like from places where she was employed. After robbing 30 women this kitchen itinerant has gone to a reformatory for three years.

TONING DOWN "BLACK FRIDAY"

WILL THE USUAL BLOODY FRAY MARK THIS HISTORIC DAY AGAIN?

DEAN COOLEY'S ADVICE.

There is an Effort Now to Stop the Rush in Which Many Are Annually Injured at the U. of M.

Dean Cooley met his sophomore classes in the engineering department and gave them a quiet little talk, as one man would talk to another, on the duty they owed to the institution. He said in part: "You are a part of one of the greatest educational institutions on earth, and there is something for you to consider beside your own selfish pleasure. You are one of the university family, look out for the family honor, be careful of the family credit. Have a little pride about your family, and whatever stunt you do, be sure you are doing nothing that you will be ashamed of doing after the excitement of the moment has passed.

"Remember the eyes of the entire state of Michigan are upon the university and you, and that it is not pleasant to have yellow stories circulated about your university. Each do your share toward making these stories impossible. The hazing of some years past has been disgraceful."

Since the posting of the faculty's ultimatum in regard to the annual class rush at the university, many plans have been submitted by students and instructors to give class rivalry an outlet that will be safe from gore. The most acceptable plan presented is that of Dean Cooley of the engineering department, and it bids fair to take the place of the annual Black Friday disgraces.

His plan is to have a pole rush as in previous years. At a sufficient distance from the pole, to prevent the congregation of the defenders, a strong fence should be built to prevent an assault by a massed horde of the attacking party, which in past years has been the most dangerous feature of the rush. The offensive party must obtain the flag within a limited time.

The contest is to be held on the afternoon of a day still to be known as "Black Friday," either on the campus or in an adjoining field. The fence shall be a permanent structure upon which it shall be the sole privilege of the victorious party to roost. "I hope a healthy sentiment will be built up around this fence," concludes Dean Cooley.

The sophomore class at a meeting pledged itself as a body to allow no more hazing of freshmen until the day of the Black Friday rush, and to do none thereafter. If the significant glances that passed around as this measure was adopted mean anything, Black Friday will be a memorable day to any freshman who doesn't lock himself in his room on that day.

The day after President Hurley of the student council issued the order that all freshmen should wear the traditional gray caps, there was a land-office business in local clothing stores. Eight hundred of the lids were sold in one day. Now practically every freshman seen on the campus wears one.

Denied Place in Parade; Ends Life.

Forced out of the big parade during home-coming week in Kalamazoo, which he has made his home practically all of his life, William Nye, a veteran of the civil war with an honorable record, worth more than \$50,000, but the city scavenger, grieved himself into despondency and committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. The deed was done at the Nye home and in the presence of the dead man's daughter.

Both Engineers Killed.

Engineers of two fast freights on the Detroit-Bay City division of the Michigan Central, both of Detroit, were killed and one fireman, two brakemen and a conductor were injured in a head-on collision in front of the station at Carpenter's, between Lapeer and Columbiaville, Tuesday morning. The north-bound freight, with Engineer Albert Weismiller driving it, pulled up and stopped at the station at Carpenter's. The south-bound train crashed into it and both engines were reduced to a scrap heap. Eight or ten cars were smashed. Engineer Weismiller was pinned under the wreckage and instantly killed, while Tucker died shortly after being pulled from the debris, with his hands and arms injured.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

Dependent over recent business reverses, Philip Hoas, a former well-to-do business man of Menominee, hanged himself in his barn.

Bert H. Haddall, an Owasco tinner, has fallen heir to \$25,000 bequeathed him by his aunt, Mrs. Carrie Payne Eiler, the Manistee philanthropist.

A reckless bicycle rider ran down 7-year-old Beatrice Dickinson, of Owasco, on a sidewalk, badly bruised her and then heartlessly kept on his way.

The Haskell Home for Children, Battle Creek, which burned last February, is to be rebuilt at once with the \$3,000 still in the treasury as a starter.

Thomas Rathbun, the oldest Odd-fellow in Michigan, celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday at Quincy Sunday, which was the occasion of a family reunion.

"I'll be ripe when I come out, judge," joked Stephen S. Pangburn when he was sentenced to serve from 20 to 40 years in Marquette prison for killing his wife.

The Eastern Michigan Edison Co. of Detroit has completed the purchase of practically all water power rights on the Huron river between Lake Erie and Zurkey lake.

A new counterfeit \$5 silver certificate, bearing the Indian head, series 1899, has appeared in Michigan, and the secret service has issued a warning to the public.

A small boy found Henry Goeppert, aged 79, in a dying condition in two back rooms of a house in Bay City. Running out for help, he returned to find the old man dead.

Coming to Cadillac expecting to marry John Raabe, Mrs. Belle Dorsey, with her four young children, is stranded far from their Indiana home. Raabe failed to appear.

Harry Ulrich donated a valuable water power rights to the Little Muskegon Power Co., while other residents of Mecosta county received payment for similar rights.

The first sale of state tax lands ever held away from the capital took place at Muskegon Thursday when the public domain commission sold Muskegon county lands.

F. Bruce Smith, Saginaw's blind newspaper man, has been appointed by Gov. Warner a member of the board of the state employment institute for the blind in Saginaw.

Bay City health officers say they have traced the epidemic of scarlet fever which caused 68 cases and two deaths last week to the home of Charles Friebe, a milk dealer.

George Brown, aged 46, a wealthy stock farmer, blew out the gas in his room at a Port Huron hotel when he retired and was found nearly asphyxiated the next afternoon. He cannot live.

Drug store local option whisky was given a black eye when a Pontiac doctor ordered a bottle and specified that it must be "good whisky, not the diluted and covered-with-caramel kind."

Paris township farmers patrolled a swamp while Fred Thompson, an escaped inmate of the asylum for the criminally insane at Ionia, shivered in it all day. He was finally captured.

The 17-months-old son of G. H. Rambo of Saginaw, fell out of a swing, caught his head in the rope and was strangled to death. His mother found the body hanging from the swing.

Roy Cole and James Munson of Bay City, returned to their room after a spree, blew out the gas and went to bed. Both are in the hospital and Munson may die from asphyxiation. Cole revived.

The combined efforts of the Women's League and the Women's Athletic Association of the U. of M. have resulted in the securing of \$5,000 to apply on the Sleepy Hollow athletic field mortgage.

Lee Hunt, aged 17, a Battle Creek cripple, has disappeared from home and left a note saying his life was useless and he could bear it no longer. It is feared he has drowned himself in Goguc lake.

Mrs. W. B. Scott, of Bay City, who was found hung up by the wrists Sunday, has charged her husband with the deed. According to his statement to the police, Mrs. Scott has left home and gone to live with a daughter.

Though Clare Poits, of Cadillac, forged an order for only \$1, while Lewis Lane tried to secure \$200 by the use of another man's name, each was sentenced to from two to fourteen years in the Ionia reformatory.

Pitiful in the extreme was the parting between Henry Smith, Pontiac's Jean Valjean, and his wife. Smith went back to Ionia to serve the remainder of a five-year term after having been at liberty for 11 years. His wife remained behind, heartbroken.

The news of Gov. Warner's commutation of the sentence of Henry Smith, Pontiac's Jean Valjean, who was arrested by Sheriff Harris Monday, after an escape from Ionia reformatory 11 years ago, has been gladly received in that city, not only by Smith's friends and relatives but by citizens generally.

The Manton grange has adopted resolutions condemning the action of Fred C. Wetmore relative to the mineral tax bill. The resolution reads in part: "Be it further resolved, that the experience is convincing that professional failures prove poor material to legislate for the interest of the tolling taxpayer of a great state."

AVIATORS WILL SOAR LIKE BIRDS

WILBUR WRIGHT GIVES FIRST REAL INTERVIEW—TALKS AT LENGTH TO WRITER.

TALKS OF AEROPLANES

In Simple Phrases the Conqueror of the Air Tells How He Succeeded and Why—Telling of the Advantage of His Machine.

To the public at large the Wright machine and its simple mechanism has been a hidden mystery. Its very simplicity has been charged with the mysterious, to the layman mind. Reporters have vied with each other in vain to penetrate the Wright mind and extract from the Wright voice the intimate details of his aeroplane, and particularly his own opinion as to its achievements and future possibilities. What is in the mind of Wilbur Wright and what he himself thinks of his own work has not hitherto been revealed to the public. Inspired by the spirit of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, and by the few who have been closely in touch with him during his almost close confinement on Governor's island, has opened his mind on the question of aerial flight and his own accomplishments in this line as never before.

"Do you think any of the machines that have been built in Europe are equal to your own aeroplane?" he was asked.

"No," with drawn, tense lips, Mr. Wright remarked significantly, with a semi-amused expression on his face. "They have all copied us as much as they could, but as yet they still use twice the power, and even then they are not able to produce results equal to ours."

Much surprise was expressed in this country because the Wright machine did not win in the race at Rheims. Mr. Wright's attention was called to this fact, and he was asked why he had not been successful against the other aviators.

"If I wanted to build a machine for racing I would build one different from the one which I have here, and—I think I shall probably do so in a few years," he remarked. "The type we have now is not designed for racing purposes. Our machine is designed for general, practical use. It is not a freak machine," emphatically emphasizing the fact that his machine was not of the racing class or built with that view.

In view of the recent accidents to Selfridge and Lefebvre, who were killed, Mr. Wright was questioned as to whether his type of machine was not equally unsafe, if not more so, than other aeroplanes, and whether or not the chances which he took were not equally as great as those which cost the lives of other daring aviators.

"No," he answered, in his quiet, effective manner, "the control of our machine is so perfect that unless carelessness or structural defects occur unforeseen, which is carelessness, no accident can happen to our machine. The Selfridge accident was due to the structural defect of the propeller, which should have been foreseen; the Lefebvre accident to unwarranted carelessness."

"In view of the universal interest in your machine, would you give some details as to the structure and mechanism upon which you rely for efficiency and safety of your machine, or for the great efficiency which you claim?"

Then followed a series of talks with Mr. Wright—who never has given a detailed explanation of his aeroplane—in which he revealed all of the crucial points of the Wright machine, the theories upon which he has worked, and he gave this technical and general explanation in a very simple and clear way.

"Our machine is superior to all others," he said. "The Wright biplane is efficient not only in its economic use of power, but also in its maneuvering qualities. The biplanes of Voisin and Farman are about the same size as ours. It is noticeable, however, that they use double the power and travel at less speed. In flight, the Voisin and Farman are sluggish, slow, and lacking in precision of movement, while the Wright is the 'true bird,' quick in its action, maneuvering with promptness."

The Chart Peary Made.

This is what Boatswain John Murphy of the Peary ship Roosevelt says: "The commander (Peary) took Cook's two 'huskies' on board and questioned them about where Cook had been. Now an Eskimo knows as much about a chart or a map as a passed mariner, and while they talked they took pencils and showed on the chart just where they had been with Cook.

"They say he made a two days' journey toward the north and then camped. At the end of the first day he had cached a heavy gun. At the end of the second day he ordered one of the huskies to go back and get that gun. Dr. Cook waited two days for the man to come up with the gun and then the three men turned westward, and that was as far north as they ever got. The commander has those marked charts now."

FREED AT LAST

From the Awful Tortures of Kidney Disease.

Mrs. Rachel Ivie, Henrietta, Texas, says: "I would be ungrateful if I did not tell what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. Fifteen years kidney trouble clung to me, my existence was one of misery and for two whole years I was unable to go out of the house. My back ached all the time and I was utterly weak, unable to walk without assistance. The kidney secretions were very irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health, and I am able to do as much work as the average woman, though nearly eighty years old."



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

True Representative of Race.

Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg may claim this distinction, that he is the first German chancellor to wear a beard. Bismarck hastened to shave his off when he entered upon diplomacy, and showed his rivals and enemies a massive jaw and clear-cut chin; and he shaved to the end, with an interval enforced by neuralgia in the early '80s. As a soldier, too Capriivi shaved, all but his mustache, and so did Hohenlohe and Bulow. But Bethmann-Hollweg is gaunt, rugged, hirsute, pan-Germanic.

And There Are Others.

The cook had been called away to a sick sister, and so the newly wed mistress of the house undertook, with the aid of the maid, to get the Sunday luncheon. The little maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee mill that would not work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Pearl. Go on with the coffee and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do they keep the soap?"

Proper Love for Wife.

"When a man really loves his wife he ought to combine all his nicest sentiments toward other women into one big sentiment for her.

"He should show her the respect he feels toward his mother, the politeness he shows other women and the responsibility he feels toward his sister.

"To all of that he should add the great love he should feel for a wife."

The American Cat-Tail.

The cat-tail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is no longer used for making paper, as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair-bottoms and the like.

Secret of Happiness.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth—you cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them going.—Adam Clark.

FOOD QUESTION Settled with Perfect Satisfaction by a Dyspeptic.

It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time as every housewife knows.

And when the husband has dyspepsia and can't eat the simplest ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

An Illinois woman writes:

"My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed.

"He was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a few weeks. He suffered severely with stomach trouble.

"Tired of everything I had been able to get for him to eat, one day seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and tried it for breakfast the next morning.

"We all thought it was pretty good, although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts.

"It was the same next day and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs.

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?'"

"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts." Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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.

# SERIAL STORY

## INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1908, by A. C. McClurg & Co.)

### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, stunned 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 surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, kindling a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. 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 discovered a cave. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrop stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time. Winthrop was badly hurt.

### CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! build a fire! It may be, some hot broth—" "Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrop, there's no use lying about it. You're going out mighty soon. See if you can't die like a man." "Die! Gawd, but I can't die—I can't die—Ow! It burns!" He flung up a hand, and sought to tear at his wounds. "Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching the hand in an iron grip. Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cover the wretched man into a state of abject submission. "S'elp me, I'll confess!—I'll confess all!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I 'ad to take 'em hout of their settings, and melt up the gold." He paused, and a cunning smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet plays the gent, an' they never 'as a hinkling! Mr. Cecil Winthrop, hif you please, an' a 'int of a title—wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you're a gay 'oaxer! Wot a lark! wot a lark!" His voice shrilled out in quavering appeal: "Don't—don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East End—out of that hell—and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings—out of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet—his grace's valet, and I a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you?" Blake's deep voice, firm but strange—husky, broke in upon and silenced the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough." "Enough—and last night—My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!—God ha' mercy—" Again came the gasping rattle; this time there was no rally. Blake thrust himself between Miss Leslie and the crumpled figure. "Get back around the tree," he said harshly. "What are you going to do?" "That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning glass into her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff." "You're not going to—You'll bury him!" "Yes. Whatever he may have been, he's dead now, poor devil!" "I can't go," she half-whispered, "not until—until I've learned—Do you

—can you tell me just what is, pneumonia?" Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head. "Near as I can say, it's softening of the brain—up there."

"Do you think that—" she hesitated—"that he had it?"

Again Blake paused to consider. "Well, I'm no alienist. I thought him a softy from the first. But that was all in line with what he was playing on us—British dude. Fooled me, and I'd been chumming with Jimmy Scarbridge—and Jimmy was the straight goods, fresh imported—monocle even—when I first ran up against him. No; this—this Hawkins, if that's his name, had brains all right. Still, he may have been cracked. When folks go dotty, they sometimes get extra 'cute. The best I can think of him is that losing his savings may have made him slip a cog, and then the scare over the way we landed here and his spells of fever probably hurried up the softening."

"Then you believe his story?"

"Yes, I do. But if you'll go, please."

"One thing more—I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal and you—

you quarreled with him?"

Blake reddened and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"

"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care

it, and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

Having started her fire and set on a stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slit in the torn flag. While she worked she sat on a shaded ledge, her bare feet toasting in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smear'd moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared, the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?—the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. Old staff's carried clean away."

"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please. What have you done with—with it?"

Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You have carried him up on the cliff?"

"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over—But, I say, look here."

He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his finger and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea.

"O-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm.

He drew it back and carefully thrust it again into its pocket.

"That's one," he said. "There's another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag—dozens of them: He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's—or, more like, the duchess' jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and—"

"I cannot—I cannot touch it!" she cried.

"Say, I didn't mean to—It was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?"

"Of course! It was only the—the thought that—"

"No wonder. I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the thing all right."

Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it, and filled it to the brim with sticky mud.

"There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-class sparklers! Will you mind its setting in the cave after things are fixed up?"

"No; not as it is."

He nodded soberly. "All right, then. Now I'll go for the new flag-staff. You might set out breakfast."

She nodded in turn, and when he came back from the bamboos with the largest of the great canes on his shoulder, his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him, and turned to go again to her sewing.

"Hold on," he said. "This won't do. You've got to eat your share."

"I do not—I am not hungry."

"That's no matter. Here!"

He forced upon her a bowl of hot broth, and she drank it because she could not resist his rough kindness.

"Good! Now a piece of meat," he said.

"Please, Mr. Blake!" she protested. "Yes, you must!"

She took a bite, and sought to eat; but there was such a lump in her throat that she could not swallow. The tears gushed into her eyes, and she began to weep.

Blake's close-set lips relaxed, and he nodded.

"That's it; let it run out. You're overwrought. There's nothing like a good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and I guess ladies aren't much different from women when it comes to such things."

"But I—I want to get the flag mended!" she sobbed.

"All right, all right; plenty of time!" he soothed. "I'm going to see how things look down the cleft."

He bolted the last of his meat, and at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of the signal.

His first concern was for the barricade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches which he had gathered with so much labor were scattered to the four corners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but he did not swear, as he would have done the week before. Presently his face cleared, and he began to whistle in a plaintive minor key. He was thinking of how she had looked when she darted out of the tree at his call—of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrop, she had called him Tom!

After a time he started on, picking

up the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

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**The life of the balloonist or the aviator is one of "ups and downs."**

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.

**Pearys reception proves he would have been warranted in coming home in his furs.**

**Frightful Fate Averted.**

"I would have been a cripple for life from a terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Disbury, Kelliber, Minn., "without Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me." Infallible 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.

**Some Men under the lamented Governor Pingree, served six years in Jackson prison for grafting. Are we as a state becoming lax again?**

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.

The papers are telling of a minister who said he could not remain in the ministry and retain his honesty. He did well to resign, for there are plenty of men who can.—Fowlerville Review.

**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, Lizemore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c.

Sold by F. A. Sigler, Druggist.

Peary hasn't much of an eye for business. Why doesn't he get into the game with a lecture on "How Cook Didn't Get to the Pole."

**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 predicted that Miss Mary Harriman will be another Helen Gould. Here's hoping it may be true.

**Money Comes In Bunches.**

to A. A. Chrisholm, 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." Infallible for Stomach, Liver Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c at F. A. Siglers.

Subscribe for the Pinckney Dispatch. All the news for \$1.00 per year.

**ADDITIONAL LOCAL**

Miss Florence Andrews is spending a few weeks with friends in Detroit. Remember if you receive a lucky sea bean watch your luck afterwards.

According to statistics compiled by auditor general Fuller it costs \$18,670.90 per day to run this state.

Circuit court for this county convenes at Howell Monday next, Oct. 18. D. H. Mowers is the juryman drawn from this township.

The Book-keeper for October has several leading and excellent articles among them being one on "New Yorks Fight for Supremacy;" another, "Personal Efficiency in Corporations;" "Organization is Building the Panama Canal" and others that are well worth reading.

A woman has just died in Chicago who remembered seeing the first horse car put in commission there. And today, in Chicago, notwithstanding the advance in street car traction and its wonderful cheapening, the people are paying the same price for a ride in the street car this old woman paid for her first ride.

Mr. Bruce Shear and Miss Clara Weeks, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Weeks, both well known young people of New Hudson, were united in marriage at the M. E. Parsonage at South Lyon, Saturday evening, Oct. 2 by the Rev. S. Scofield. The ceremony was performed in the presence of Carl Davis and Millie Rogman and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tapp. They will make their home at New Hudson where Mr. Shear is employed as cheese maker. They have the best wishes of a host of friends both in New Hudson and South Lyon.—South Lyon Herald.

**Fowlerville Fair.**

The Worlds fair held at Fowlerville last week was the usual big success and this year was even better attended than before, the gate receipts being many dollars ahead of last year. The managers spare no pains for the comfort and entertainment of the patrons and their patrons come from the entire county, Ingham county coming in for a large part also.

The different exhibits were well represented. There was considerable fruit and vegetables of a fine quality. Among the stock, Holstein cattle and coarse wool sheep predominated. There were also some very fine driving teams and single drivers.

There was quite a showing of farm implements, engines, cream separators etc., and of course the farmer of today is much interested in these.

Besides the usual run of free entertainments given at these fairs, the ball games proved the most interesting and helped largely in drawing the crowd.

Taking it altogether the management have every reason to be congratulated. The danger signal which some disgruntled parties tried to spring that Fowlerville was quarantined on account of small pox and diphtheria came too late to cause the disaster to the association they had hoped for.

Although close to the line of a wet county there was very little if any drunkenness and it was just as well for the officers were prepared to look after that special difficulty. However they had little to do and there was no quarreling but all passed off in a very pleasing manner to the satisfaction of all.

There were 72 automobiles counted on the fair grounds at Fowlerville last Thursday and possibly a few got away at that. The automobile has come to stay. It is neither a fad nor a craze, and the near future will see many more hundreds in use than at the present time.

**Organization is Building Panama Canal.**

President Taft was the man who gave this project the title of the "greatest constructive work" and indeed it is a fitting term when one makes a study of what has been done since the United States took it up and what is actually being done today. It is useless to compare what has thus far been accomplished with the results obtained under the French regime. The contrast is really too great for comparison. The operations of the French were like child's play contrasted with what American humanity and American mechanism are doing today. One may go the length of the great ditch, and see the steam shovels tearing a hole through the Onlebra hills and dredges sucking out the bottom of the canal, doing work which is beyond the possibility of hand labor. But what is of intense human interest is the creation of a model community out of a plague spot and a breeding place for revolutions. There are the towns with their model homes and buildings, their improved streets, efficient sewerage, with public parks and halls for the people where but a few years ago were settlements unfit for humanity to occupy. The civilizing of the Panama Zone in itself has been a great "construction work" but in this case as in the engineering features the success can all be traced back to organization.—Day Allen Willey, in The Book-keeper for October.

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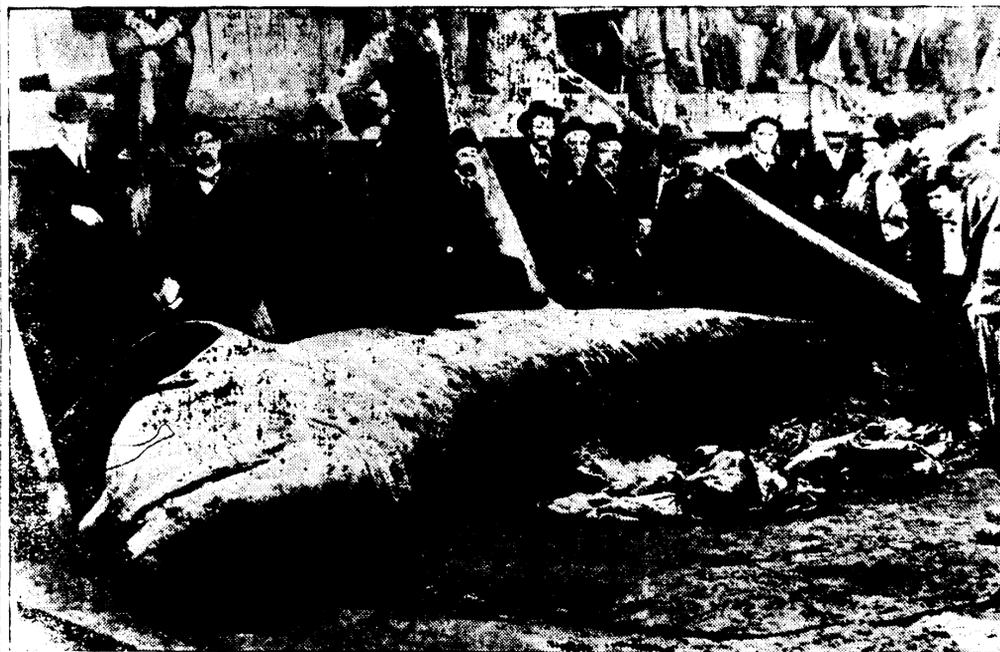
**LUCKY BEAN SAVED SAILOR.**

Providence Placed Tallman in His Hand When He Was Thrown Unconscious Among Cannibals.

Of all the many mysterious products of the ocean, none can compare with the sea-bean. Scientists are divided as to its origin, as no one has ever seen the shrub or vine on which it grows, and it is never found save when the bosom of the deep has been rent by a hard storm, when the sea-beans, cast forth from some mysterious depth, are found scattered along the beach, derelicts of the tide. (There are numerous varieties, large and small, and some are very rare, especially the large liver bean, and the banded bean. The savage tribes which inhabit the South Seas regard them as almost sacred, and look upon the lucky possessor of one of the rare varieties as particularly favored by the gods. Dusky belles, having in their possession these rare products of the deep, will fight for their treasure against all comers, as they believe that the sea-bean gives them unusual power, especially in love, and that any man on whom their affections are set, must yield to their charms if they but touch him with the lucky bean. One touch of the bean binds their lover to them forever.

Mr. Leak, manager of the county exhibit cars from California, is the fortunate possessor of a rare specimen which has a thrilling history which would seem to prove the superstition of the savages of the South Sea Islands. It was given to him by a sailor friend, who was wrecked in a mighty storm which swept the tropical seas. The sailor, unconscious and nearly dead, was washed ashore on an island, and when he recovered his senses he found himself surrounded by a crowd of savage men and women. They were cannibals, and his fate would undoubtedly have been a horrible one, but suddenly a native saw grasped in the sailor's hand, one of the rarest of the sea-beans. Where it came from and how it happened that he held it when he was cast upon the beach he never knew, but the superstitious natives looked upon him as one especially protected by the gods, and he was protected to him a lucky one indeed for it undoubtedly saved him from a terrible fate. Some years ago Mr. Leak befriended this old sailor in San Francisco, and as a reward this lucky bean was presented to him, and he values it highly. "I am not superstitious," said Mr. Leak in speaking of this bean, which he has had made into a watch charm, "but I have not had any very bad luck since I was presented with the lucky bean by my old sailor friend Seth."

**COMING!**



The Monster Shark, on Beach at Monterey, California.

Livingston County residents will be given a chance to see this Monster of the deep by visiting the two beautiful, electric lighted cars of the North of Bay Counties, California, which will be stationed at the Grand Trunk yards

**PINCKNEY  
OCTOBER 20TH, 1909**

One Car is devoted to the Agricultural Products of the five counties of Senoma Naya, Lake, Mendocino and Marin—in which the finest fruits and vegetables are produced without irrigation. The second car contains a Monster Shark, 36 feet long, weighing 10,383 pounds, a number of man-eating Sharks, Devil Fish, Sea Turtle, and over a thousand other curious specimens from land and water.

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HUGH SLOAN, Poynette, Wis.

A sign of poor blood circulation is shortness of breath after walking, going up stairs, sweeping, excitement, anger, fright, etc. The quickest and safest thing to do is to take Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

It is so sure to help you that it is sold under a guarantee that if the first bottle does not benefit the druggist will return your money.

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

A few of the many testimonials we have received:

Mrs. Dell Arevill, Madison, Wis., writes: "Your Nerve Alga Headache Powder has entirely cured me of Sick Headache."

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

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

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Every practical farmer should have one. A power so handy and so easily managed, so ready and so inexpensive, finds so many duties on the average farm that it is likely to be in operation for at least part of almost every working day in the year. Does not require a skilled operator. Any man or boy of ordinary intelligence can operate one of the Globe Gasoline Engines.

The design of the Globe Engine is simple and compact, and admirably adapted to the resistance of strain. The material and workmanship are the best. Absolutely reliable. Economical in fuel consumption. Can be run with perfect safety. A full guarantee accompanies each engine.

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## Women Suffer Agonies from Diseased Kidneys

### And Most Women Do This Not Knowing the Real Cause of their Condition

These poor, suffering women have been led to believe that their misery of mind and body is entirely due to "ills of their sex." Usually the kidneys and bladder are responsible—or largely so. And in such cases, the kidneys and bladder are the organs that need and must have attention.

Those torturing, enervating sick headaches, dragging pains in back, groin and limbs, bloating and swelling of the extremities, extreme nervousness or hysteria, listlessness and constant tired, worn-out feeling—are almost certain symptoms of disordered and diseased kidneys, bladder and liver.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have, in thousands of cases, been demonstrated as remarkably beneficial in all such conditions of female organism—affording the most prompt relief and permanent benefit.

As an illustration of what these Pills will do, Mrs. P. M. Bray of Columbus, Ga., writes that she was very ill with kidney trouble, and that she is now well—and that these Pills are what cured her.

They are very pleasant to take and can, in no case, produce any deleterious effects upon the system—no syrup, alcohol, opium preparation.

**ALL DRUGGISTS**

### To Become Manufacturers.

We clip the following from the Des Moines, Iowa, Capital. The men interested are Pinckney boys and our readers will be glad to learn of their success:

"Negotiations have been closed by which Lucius Wilson, secretary of the Greater Des Moines committee, secured control of the Diamond Engine company and the lease on the present quarters of the company at 115 South west second street. Sam Wilson, a technical and civil engineer, who recently came here from Cuba, where he was in the government service, will manage the plant.

The engine which it is proposed to manufacture has already been designed by expert engineers and the patents have been applied for. It will be a one and one fourth horse power, two cycle engine.

Mr. Wilson will remain as secretary of the greater Des Moines committee.

### Teachers Examination.

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

W. M. GROINGER, County Com. of Schools.

### Post Cards Free.

Send me six cents in stamps and I will send you postage paid, free 10 beautiful Remembrance Post Cards printed in many colors. This offer good only to farm folks. Address Jas. S. Brown, 940 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

### State of Michigan, the probate court for the county of Livingston.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Howell, in said county on the 11th day of October A. D. 1909. Present, Hon. Arthur A. Montague, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of FRANK A. GARDNER, deceased. LYNN C. GARDNER, having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to himself or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the 5th day of November A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing and decision.

It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day in the HOWELL FREE PRESS AND DISPATCH, a newspaper published in the county of Livingston, Michigan.

ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE, Judge of Probate.

## The Lure of a Hammock

How Wigtree Was Caught

"Good evening, Miss Carraway."

"Good evening, Mr. Wigtree."

And as these salutations of convention echo themselves away into the cold and barren limbo of potatoes, prunes and prisms, let us take a pinch of the snuff of true philosophy and see if any joy remains in a little rumination.

Time: Eight o'clock in the evening. Scene: The country on a balmy night in June—a vine-sheltered veranda. Above: The moon and stars. Below: A man and a maid.

Let us therefore look at the man.

Whereupon we will turn and regard the maid and immediately we know that joy remains. She had a complexion like strawberry and vanilla, and the sweetness of her ruby lips no mortal tongue could tell. Wherefore we will tell it. Take a barrel of sugar and concentrate all its sweetness into two small pieces, shaped like a little lady's lips. Take a quart of honey, if you please, and refine it into two drops; place a drop on each of those two little sugared lips.

Take a bouquet of lilies, a bouquet of violets and a bouquet of heliotrope; extract the scent from each, distill it, place it in an atomizer and spray those two little sugared lips aforesaid. Take a bottle of the strongest rum, a bottle of brandy and a case of vinegar wine. Distill them into two drops of concentrated intoxication and delight and place a drop on each of those same two little sugared lips. Take a lambent flame and turn it down to a glowing sensation of warmth; take the velvet from a thousand red roses, and place them all upon those two ravishing little sugared lips, and there—and there you have the sweetness that no mortal tongue can tell.

"You are just in time, Mr. Wigtree."

"Just in time for what, Miss Carraway, may I ask?"

"Just in time," she answered him, "to help me put up the hammock. One end has to be tied here and the other end there, but it has to be done awfully strong or else it comes down when you try to sit in it. So perhaps we'd better leave it—"

"O, I think I can do it, Miss Carraway," said he, and he squared his shoulders until one could scarcely see the tips of his ears. "I'm not so terribly weak, you know," he added.

"Dear me," she said, "I never knew you had such broad shoulders!"

Even the tips of his ears disappeared from view.

"Why!" she said. "They're immense!"

And as for Mr. Wigtree, Mr. Wigtree began tying the hammock into place with such a simulation of strength that one instinctively knew that if Hercules had ever tied a hammock in place he would have tied it in just that way.

"There!" he said. "That's one end!"

"If you can only tie the other as strong as that!" she exclaimed.

"There!" he said. "Now if that isn't up to stay I don't know what is."

And he drew a chair along the veranda and sat down with a manner like that of a man who has already earned his entertainment.

"Can I sit in it now?" she asked.

"You certainly can," said he.

"I feel so nervous," she cried.

But, gathering her skirts about her, nevertheless, she sat down in the hammock, through in a tentative way and with the appearance of a girl who fears the worst.

"Are you sure you've fixed it good and strong, Mr. Wigtree?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," said he.

"And it won't break?"

"And it won't break?"

"Not even if I swing my feet!" she whispered.

(Very dark it was behind those vines, and very snug. A single moonbeam stole its way in beneath the leaves of the vines and kissed her sweetly—sweetly on the lips).

"Not even," said he, "if you swing your feet."

She swung her feet and one of the ropes creaked.

"There!" she said, stopping.

"That's nothing," he assured her, goodnaturedly; "that's only a rope creaking."

"Yes," she cried. "And, first thing I know, it will let me down!"

"Why," he said, "it would hold a dozen!"

"I don't believe it would," she said. "I don't believe it would even hold two. If Annie Smith were only home I'd call her over and show you."

"Wait," said he, "and I'll show you myself."

He arose from the chair (nothing warned him) and walked over to the hammock. She made room for him.

"There!" he said. "Now do you believe?"

"I don't believe you dare swing it," she said.

They swung it.

"O, well," she said, "just for a little

while it may be all right, but after a minute or two—"

And so they continued to swing it. Suddenly she nearly fell out backward. He caught her.

"There," he said. "Now you can't fall out!"

"No," she laughed, and after a time she placed her mouth against his ear and whispered, "Where are you going on Sunday?"

"I don't know," he whispered back, a premonition striking him when it was all too late.

"Well," she whispered again, "what do you say 't we go to Coney Island?"

DeWitt's Little Erly Risers, the pleasant, safe, sure, easy little liver pills. A salve you may always depend upon in any case where you may need a salve, is DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel salve—especially good for piles. Sold by all druggists.

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Rev. A. G. Gates, pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Mrs. Grace Croton, Supt., J. A. Cadwell, Sec.

**S. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.**  
Rev. M. J. Commorford, Pastor. Service every Sunday. Low mass at 7:30 o'clock high mass with sermon at 10:30 a. m. Catechism 12:00 p. m., vespers at 6 o'clock at 7:30 p. m.

### SOCIETIES.

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

The W. C. T. U. meets the second Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m. at the homes of the members. Everyone interested in temperance is cordially invited. Mrs. Ed. Sigler, Pres. Mrs. Jennie Barton, Secretary.

The U. C. A. and B. Society of this place meets every third Saturday evening in the hall of the U. C. A. John Tuomey, President.

**K NIGHTS OF MACCABEES.**  
Meet every Friday evening on or before the first of the month at the hall in the Swarthout block. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. C. V. VanWinkle, Sir Knight Commandant. N. P. Mortenson, Record Keeper. F. G. Jackson, Finance Keeper.

Livingston Lodge, No. 17, F. & A. M. Regular Communication Tuesday evening, on or before the first of the month. F. G. Jackson, W. M.

**ORDER OF EASTERN STAR** meets each month the Friday evening following the regular F. & A. M. meeting. Mrs. NETTE VAUGHN, W. M.

**ORDER OF MODERN WOODMEN** Meet the first Thursday evening of each month in the Maccabee hall. C. L. Grimes, W. M.

**LADIES OF THE MACCABEES** meet every 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m. in E. O. L. M. hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. LENA CONWAY, Lady Com.

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# SENOR JIM

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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Let us be commonplace for a minute and begin with appearing night and a college campus, garnished with moonlight, maple-buds—and a man and a maiden standing closely together.

"But, Nettie, if you don't think Jim worth waiting for, I'm sure I don't know what to do about it," the man said solemnly.

"You are worth waiting for, Jim," was the soft answer. "I believe in you and like you—better than anybody I ever knew; but, Jim, you know you are slow."

"Yes, there seems to be a general agreement on that; but you wait two years, Nettie, and I'll go out into the southwest and make a bunch of money and come back and marry you. In two years—"

"But how are you going to make this bunch of money?" she asked, with sweet skepticism.

"Oh, the southwest, you know. They're rushing out there. I'll hustle."

Nettie was silent for a moment. It is possible that she was trying to conjure to her brain a picture of big Jim Quest in the act of hustling.

"Yes, dear," whispered Jim; "I'll think of you always out there while I'm banging about, piling up dollars."

And so it came about that Jim gritted his teeth at the southwest, vowing to manhandle the same out of a competence for two.

After many days he strolled over into Mexico and discovered Corazel, which was concealed like a yellow-brown chameleon on the yellow-brown sand. The day was shaking down her shadows when Jim Quest came and the little people were awake. Because he was a-hungered and very hot and weary, the people ministered unto him—brought him milk and choice portions of goats, fragrant bouquets of red wine and coffee black.

One lithe-fingered, marvel-eyed maiden rolled cigarettes for him, as you would imagine Mother Nature would make roses if she set about doing a half-dozen blossoms a minute. And another girl—so wondrous that Jim thought she must be a mirage at the edge of the sunset, until he heard her voice—swung a hammock for him at the window of the house.

"I knew it—I sure knew it," murmured Jim. "If you keep on going, you're bound to find something to do. I think I am going to like this."

It transpired that he was in the house of Quesada, to whom all Corazel bowed. A very old Spaniard was the senior, with some riches, caprices, venoms and affections. When the last century was in its high noon, Quesada had come over from Spain into Mexico. He had found silver, and it was a stately tradition in Corazel and the province that the old man had a paper which pointed out the mouth of the Lost Lode, a tooth of almost solid silver, known to be somewhere among the Diablo peaks, though lost for decades. Senor Quesada also possessed two daughters: Magdalena, who swung Jim's hammock, and whose beauty would have startled Madrid; and Juanita, the little sister, who loved to roll Jim's cigarettes and serve in the shadows.

Quesada and his family treated the American with great deference, until Jim began to believe that he was a Messiah long expected. Without stirring from his hammock, he could learn Spanish. There was infinite peace in the prospect of the wilderness of mountains to the south and east. Plainly Corazel was his destiny; for, as he had proved, there were no fortunes to be made behind.

Jim filled some great need and had not the heart to depart. Weeks elapsed and his Spanish permitted him to learn the manner of his service. Senor Quesada, dim of mind and dismantled of body, bent over the young man's hammock one morning and bade him follow. They mounted horses in silence and rode out into the tinted mountains together, where the old Spaniard showed him his secret silver mine filled with wealth untold.

Now, just here the plot bears down. Jose Costa coveted not only the possessions of Quesada, including the map to the Lost Lode, but he had looked upon the elder daughter, Magdalena, and ridden away with a star in his eyes. In the falling brain of the old Spaniard, the length and breadth and thickness of our Jim were adjusted to a design. He was to act as a moral force to the existing defenders of Corazel in the event of a raid; and also, by his considerable presence, he was to act as a preventive against any extreme measures on the part of Jose Costa.

But, alas, days and weeks of unvarying sunlight and eternal stars faded the realism into a vague,

mythical story. The morning ride to the Lost Lode, the ardor of the toil of defense, and even the existence of Jose Costa, partook at last of the hush of dream-stuff. But the wines of Quesada were not dream-stuff, nor the eyes of Magdalena, nor the memory of Nettie in the blowing campus—Nettie, to whom he surely must write presently—nor the smiles of Juanita from the shadows, as she poured his wines and toyed with her miracles of cigarettes. The serenity drew on and on. Then came the morning that Senor Quesada screamed.

The Spaniard was sitting upright in the bed from which he had not moved since Jim placed him there, after the ride from the Lode. Just now, as the American answered the call, the vacant eyes rekindled. The daughters drew back into the midst of the foliage of the court. Quesada picked at his throat, and a paper shook in his hands.

"Listen, big man," came harshly from the gray visage. "All this is yours—only kill Jose Costa when he comes, and you marry my daughter, Magda—"

"But—" Jim began.

The old man fell back and heard, nor was heard again. Death crept upon him from beneath and silently—as a spring fills its basin in a rock.

From the paper which made him rich, Jim glanced out into the court where the fountain tinkled. He met the eyes of Magdalena there. Somehow, he thought about that breezy night in the campus, and how Nettie's eyes were lit. Presently he dropped into his hammock, and his mind played with the puzzle, until slumber drew on apace. When he awoke he wrote to Nettie. Here is part:

I've got a world of money in a silver mine, but I don't see how I can keep it. The old man who left it to me wasn't right uppearily, and I think I'll negotiate the stuff and turn it over to the daughters. Sit tight, little girl; I'll get a hold of another fortune somewhere. Don't forget that I'll happen in upon you one of these Sundays with a preacher and a coupling-pin; also finances for two. I've been thinking about you every minute. Yours until life's sunset.

After this heavy effort, Jim meditated a long time. The paper covering the possessions of Quesada was made out to him, so he couldn't turn it over to the daughters just as it was. He must go to Amadillo and sell the Lode, dividing the proceeds between the Sisters Quesada. He wished that the old man hadn't gone crazy at the last. He didn't see how he could very well reimburse himself for his services as the chief of staff of Corazel's defenders, at the expense of the girls. It would be holding out on the defenseless. But there was no need to hurry. The days were very hot for travel, and so he put off his journey to Amadillo. He was vaguely sorry to keep Nettie waiting. Her answer came at last. Here, in full, is the intelligence it bore:

Why, you dear old Delayer, I'm married and have a baby. Nobody but Evangelina could wait forever without any help from the postal service. I don't mind telling you, Jim (if you'll burn this letter), that I might have waited a bit longer, except that there is no redemption for a woman when she begins to reflect the glow of "life's sunset." It isn't mean to tell you that I'm happy, because I know you are. Jim Quest couldn't help being happy.

Yours on the other side of sunset,  
NETTIE HOLDING.

Jim drew out his match box, scratched a Vesuvian, and dutifully ignited the letter. "It's a fact," he reflected. "I suppose I should have written to her. After all, Jerry Holding is a good fellow."

Magdalena came with broom and dust-pan and swept up the charred paper from the floor. How simple and restful it would be now, with Nettie dead to him, to carry out the wishes of Senor Quesada! What a gorgeous creature Magdalena was!

The next day he set out upon his journey. Word that the Lost Lode had been found startled the sleepy city. An expert and a representative of capital accompanied Jim back to the mountain treasure. All that Quesada had dreamed was true. With a sum of money that would cause certain men to turn a foe to their race, Jim rode into Corazel one jeweled dawn after an absence of four days. It was right good to be home again.

The natives gathered about his pony near the edge of the village, and it was gradually borne to Jim that Jose Costa, bandit and son of a bandit, had descended while he was away, and that Magdalena was gone.

"Do you mean that you allowed that robber to come in and loot the town of its lady?" Jim questioned reproachfully. Spanish was of course being spoken.

"But, Senor Jim," they told him breathlessly, "Senor Jose did not enter Corazel. He remained with his men out on the mesa and whistled. It

was in the dusk, and long after he had ridden away we found that Senorita Magdalena was gone, with her entire torso."

"Hub—torzal!" Jim repeated dully. His little Spanish dictionary gave light in the word "trousseau." "I'm afraid I should have done no better than you did, neighbors," he declared at length, spurring on toward the case of the late Senor Quesada.

"I guess I'll have to go down deeper into Mexico," he muttered. "Corazel is getting too heady and tumultuous for me."

Some one was standing in the doorway of the Quesada house—a figure with which his mind had grown unfamiliar in the late furious days. Since the old Spaniard died, this figure had kept to the farthest shadows. Because there was no other, strange, shy little Juanita came forth to welcome him. She ran to get him wine, as she used to, and swung his hammock in the coolest shadow, giving commands to the servants meanwhile.

"It's a terribly hot morning, and I've ridden long, cara mio," he said at last, "but if I put it off until next Sunday, some earthquake or volcanic visitation will get you first. Won't you please go to church with me?"

That night they stood together in the moonlit court. Through the gate of the patio they could see the southern mountains, white like the castles of Spain.

"There's only one cloud in the world ahead," Jim said softly. "I've got to find that interesting bandit—"

"But you would not kill poor Magdalena's husband?" Juanita implored.

"Gracious, no!" said Jim; "but half of all this money belongs to Magdalena."

Carries His Own Calls.

"Want to have a call?" inquired David Mills, proprietor of the Hotel Mills, as the old traveling man gathered up his grips and started to the elevator.

"Nope," replied the guest. "I quit leavin' calls at hotels some 20 years ago. I found that it was a lot handier and a lot more certain to carry my own calls. Lookee here!" He unfastened a large grip and pulled out a shining 65-cent alarm clock. "That beats depending on any night clerk or telephone girl to call you at the right time," says he.

"There's another advantage in carrying my own calls," he added, "and that is that if I happen to change my mind about getting up in the morning I can go on to sleep. Most of the hotels call you on the 'phone nowadays, you know, and they keep on a-ringin' until you get out of bed and answer the 'phone. Then you can't sleep any more. It's a blamed nuisance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

World's Foremost Empire.

The president's journey will cover 13,000 miles, all under one flag. It was an Englishman who after traveling from New York to St. Louis was asked in the latter city if he was going west. "Heavens, what a country! Here I am, a thousand miles from the sea, and I'm asked if I'm going west!" It was an American, who, alighting in San Francisco from a trip across the continent, grasped his friend's hand at the station and exclaimed with pride: "What an empire, where a man, though moving all the time, can be 25 hours late on a railroad train!"

It is an empire, and powerful as vast.

Baby's "High Treason."

A little five-year-old girl was arrested recently for an "act of high treason" at Brad, in Transylvania, for having worn a tri-colored hair ribbon and sash—the national colors of Roumania. The child was out walking with her nurse when a policeman took her into custody. She was brought before a magistrate, who said by wearing the Roumanian colors the child was guilty of inciting the populace against the Hungarian state. Her father was fined \$20, sentenced to five days' imprisonment and dismissed from his post in the civil service, and the mother and the nurse who had tied on the offending sash and ribbon were also fined and imprisoned.

Clever "Holdup" Trick.

A "Koenplick" trick was successfully carried out in a coffee house in Budapest one night recently. About 20 persons were gambling when the place was surrounded by 11 men, who entered the room with loaded revolvers. The leader shouted: "No one move; hands up!" and he then informed the coffee house keeper that they were detectives, and that all the money in the room would be confiscated. Two of the band then went round, took the names of the players, and relieved them of the money in their pocket-books, as well as that on the table. Subsequently it turned out that the police knew nothing of the matter.

His Motive.

"That old villain has gone and married his cook. I wonder at it, for her cooking is miserable."

B.—That's all right. He has now got her out of the kitchen and hopes she will hire a cook that will suit him.—Flegende Blaetter.

NOT-A-FAIR QUESTION



Mrs. Henpeck—John, what's your honest opinion of my new hat?

Mr. Henpeck—Don't ask me, Mary. You know you're much bigger and stronger than I am!

TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR.

Seemed imminent—Scalp Was Very Scaly and Hair Came Out by Handfuls—Scalp Now Clear and

New Hair Grown by Cuticura.

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being scaly. Shortly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still scaly. I started to use dandruff cures to no effect whatever. I had actually lost hope of having any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. I was afraid to comb it. But after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas I had my mind made up to be bald. W. F. Steese, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, 1908."

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

Against Pretenses.

Away with all those vain pretenses of making ourselves happy within our selves, of feasting on our own thoughts, of being satisfied with the consciousness of well-doing, and of despising all assistance and all supplies from external objects. This is the voice of pride, not of nature.—Hume.

Demoralization.

"What makes the parrot so profane?"

"Well, mum," answered the sailor man, "I s'pose it's part my fault. Every time I hear him speak a bad word it makes me so mad that he gets a chance to learn a lot of new ones."

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Farmer's Summer Trials.

"What do you find the hardest work connected with farming?"

"Collecting a board bill from you city chaps when it's due!"

Instant Relief for All Eyes.

That are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

If a man's wife cuts his hair he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

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

Smith—So the will was read?  
Jones—Yes; but the air was blue.

LATER REALIZATION



"I don't see why you make such a fuss over every little bill I run up. Before we were married you told me you were well off."

"So I was. But I didn't know it!"

Quaker Oats

is the perfectly balanced human food

China for your table in the Family Size Packages



Brighten Up

FIX things up around the house. A little time and a little money spent in paints and varnishes will work wonders in the appearance of things. Old furniture can be made to look like new. Worn floors to look bright and clean. Shabby buildings freshened up and protected against the wear and tear of the weather.

There is a Sherwin-Williams Paint and Varnish for every use about the home or farm. Ask your dealer for Sherwin-Williams' and the results will be satisfactory.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

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

Libby's Food Products  
RECEIVED THE ONLY  
GRAND PRIZE  
(HIGHEST AWARDS)

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

AGAINST ALL COMPETITORS ON  
PICKLES—OLIVES—CONDIMENTS—CALIFORNIA ASPARAQUS—PRESERVES—JELLIES—SALAD DRESSING—CONDENSED MILK—EVAPORATED MILK—CALIFORNIA FRUITS

CANNED MEATS  
CORNED BEEF—SLICED DRIED BEEF—OX TONGUE—VEAL LOAF—HAM LOAF—VIENNA SAUSAGE

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS WE LEAD

Your Grocer Has Them—Insist on Getting Libby's  
LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

FOR PINK EYE  
Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy; 10 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.  
SPOHN'S MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN  
THE OIL THAT PENETRATES



# Hill's Variety Store

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

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

V. E. HILL

Next to Johnsons  
Drug Store

Howell, Mich.

## Among Our Correspondents

### SOUTH GREGORY.

Williams Bros. will start bailing hay this week.

Frank Ovitt and wife attended church at Unadilla Sunday morning.

There were quite a few attended the Fowlerville fair from this way.

There was quite a good attendance at the Baptist church Sunday.

The Woodmen will give a dance at Gregory Oct. 15. Everybody invited.

Mrs. Jno. Marsh of Stockbridge visited her sister Miss Edna Daniels Saturday.

The young lady that has been visiting at Sam Dentons has returned to her home in Greenville.

Do not forget that the big shark will be exhibited in this place next Wednesday, Oct. 20. See adv. on page 4.

## Business Pointers.

For Sale  
Fine wool ram also 8 breeding ewes  
S. G. TRIPLE & SON.

### TO RENT.

To rent part of my house to small family.  
MRS. POTTERTON. t48

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

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

### Ready For Business.

The cider mill at Pattysville is  
ready for business as usual at this  
time of the year. Apples are scarce  
this year but are worth saving.  
38tf WM. HOOKER.

## NOTICE !

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

### UNADILLA.

Ed Cranna is having his house  
repainted.

Roy Parlmer was in Iosco a  
couple of days last week.

Bernice Harris of Chelsea spent  
Sunday at her home here.

Mrs. Fred Marshall has been on  
the sick list for a few weeks.

H. V. Watts of North Lake  
spent Sunday at Jno. Webbs.

W. T. Barnum and wife were in  
Stockbridge last Wednesday.

Z. A. Hartsuff is moving from  
his farm to his home in the vil-  
lage.

Rev. Stowe and wife of Detroit  
spent last week with their son  
Will and wife.

J. D. Coltan and wife of Chel-  
sea spent Saturday and Sunday at  
A. C. Watsons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoard spent  
Friday and Saturday with rela-  
tives in Dexter.

Mrs. Ruth Chapman of Greg-  
ory is spending a few days with  
Miss Anna Gilbert.

Miss Jennie Ives of Chelsea  
spent Sunday with her brother,  
W. T. Ives and family.

A number from this vicinity at-  
tended the Fowlerville fair last  
week. All reported a fine time.

The LAS of the M. E. church  
will serve dinner with Mr. and  
Mrs. V. Bullis Wednesday of this  
week.

Mesdames Cora Marshall, Fan-  
nie Ives, Nettie Goodwin and Mi-  
ma Watson spent Tuesday after-  
noon at the Old Peoples home in  
Chelsea and presented the inmates  
with two nice comfortable fur-  
nished by the Aid society of this  
place.

### WEST MARION.

Quarterly meeting was held  
here Saturday and Sunday, Rev.  
Ostrander assisting.

The ladies aid will meet at  
the home of Mrs. P. H. Smith  
October 21st. A picnic dinner  
will be served.

H. W. McCluer and daughter  
of Jackson and R. D. Rockwood  
of Williamston were guests of W.  
B. Miller the last of the week.

### SOUTH IOSCO.

Miss Edna Ward is under the  
doctors care at present.

John Roberts and family visit-  
ed at David Roberts Sunday.

Miss Anna Nowlen of Webber-  
ville is the guest of Gladys Rob-  
erts.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ward and  
family spent Sunday with Gilbert  
Munsell.

Miss Ila Ward is visiting her  
grandparents Mr. and Mrs. L.  
Demerest.

Miss Grace Lamborn is sewing  
for Mrs. R. G. Webb of Pinckney  
at present.

Mrs. Eliza Kuhn returned home  
last week after caring for Mrs.  
Homer Wasson of Plainfield.

David Roberts met with a ser-  
ious accident last Thursday when  
his team ran away throwing him  
from the buggy cutting his head  
open so that four stitches were  
taken.

### Handicapped.

"Precocious children do not always  
grow up to be geniuses." "No," an-  
swered Miss Cayenne. "Sometimes  
they are kept so busy thinking up odd  
things for their fathers to tell down-  
town that they neglect the ordinary  
branches of education."—Washington  
Star.

### New and Strange Affliction.

Cement-makers' itch, one of the  
latest diseases due to occupation, is  
an intense itching resembling true  
itch, but instead of being caused by a  
parasite, it results from some chemi-  
cal or mechanical action on the skin  
not yet understood.

### WEST PUTNAM.

Miss Mabel Monks was in How-  
ell Friday.

Mary E. Doyle spent last week  
in Fowlerville.

Joie Harris of Dundee was  
home over Sunday.

A number from here attended  
the Fowlerville fair last week.

John White and family of Pin-  
gree visited John Harris Sunday.

Wales Leland and family are  
entertaining friends from Webber-  
ville.

Katie and Bertha VanBlaricum  
are spending a few weeks in Ann  
Arbor.

Matt Brady and family of How-  
ell spent Saturday and Sunday at  
Mrs. Ann Bradys.

Dr. J. W. Monks of Howell  
spent Sunday with his mother,  
Mrs. Marcellus Monks.

Wellington white and Mrs.  
Emma Smith visited their broth-  
er John in Pingree last week.

Nellie Lavey of Parkers Cor-  
ners was the guest of her friend  
Sadie Harris the first of the week.

### Shoup Statue in Capitol.

Idaho is the fourth state west of the  
Mississippi river to avail itself of the  
privilege of placing a statue of one of  
its distinguished citizens in Statuary  
hall of the capitol. The memory of  
George L. Shoup, who was a pioneer  
of the state, the last territorial gov-  
ernor, the first governor after the  
state was admitted, and who was one  
of the first two United States sena-  
tors, will be perpetuated in marble.  
His statue has reached the capitol  
from Rome, Italy, and is now await-  
ing erection in Statuary hall.

### For the Bathroom.

A small quantity of kerosene oil  
kept convenient in the bathroom will  
be found invaluable in removing all  
discolorations and sticky substances  
from lavatory, bath tub, and all nickel  
fixtures. Wet a sponge or soft cloth  
kept for this purpose with the oil and  
wipe over the stained or soiled parts.  
Then wash with clean cloth and  
soapy water to remove all odor of the  
oil.

### Had No Use for the Scythe.

Daniel Webster's father meant him  
for a farmer. Taking him out in the  
hay field, Daniel just tinkered with his  
scythe—it hung too far out, it hung  
too far in, and no matter how the fa-  
ther fixed the scythe, it did not hang  
so suit Daniel, until in despair the  
father cried: "Daniel, get out of  
his field and hang the scythe to suit  
yourself." Daniel hung it on a tree,  
with the remark: "There it hangs to  
suit me."

### A Great Character.

A great character, founded on the  
living rock of principle, is, in fact,  
not a solitary phenomenon, to be at  
once perceived, limited and de-  
scribed. It is a dispensation of Provi-  
dence, designed to have not merely  
an immediate, but a continuous, pro-  
gressive, never-ending agency. It  
survives the man who possessed it;  
survives his age—and perhaps his  
country, his language.—Edward By-  
rrett.

### Expensive Foundations.

The cost of foundations for new  
buildings in New York runs at times  
to very high figures. The contract  
or the foundation work of the new  
15-story municipal building to be  
erected at the Brooklyn bridge en-  
trance has just been let to the founda-  
tion company for \$1,443,147. The  
aissons must be carried down below  
the subway station to rock, which lies  
in places 80 feet below street level.

### Beware of "Tonic."

As a matter of fact, a "tonic" is  
nothing as a tonic. The only thing  
there are stimulants, which merely  
make energy; the only thing is a  
manifestation of energy. The purpose  
of the stimulant is to give energy  
from "to-morrow's" standpoint, and when  
to-morrow comes? The man borrows  
again. And again, the man's reserve  
of vitality is exhausted, and that  
means collapse.—Exchange.

### Origin of Sailors' Collars.

In the course of an after-dinner chat  
recorded in Sir Algernon West's "Re-  
collections," the late Admiral Sir  
Harry Keppel, who served in the navy  
under four sovereigns, said the blue  
collars worn by sailors had their ori-  
gin in the dressing of the pigtails—  
which Sir Harry recollected being in  
use—when a blue cloth was put on  
the men's shoulders to keep the  
grease off their jackets. The pigtails  
disappeared, but the collars remain  
to this day.—London Globe.

### ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Fowlerville bit up the right week  
for their fair.

Remember if you receive a lucky  
sea bean watch your luck afterwards.

Luke Cole of Flint is the guest of  
his uncle, F. L. Andrews and family.

There are some people mean enough  
to lay this cold weather to the visit  
of Dr. Cook to Detroit.

According to statistics compiled by  
auditor general Fuller it costs  
\$18,670.90 per day to run this state.

Mesdames C. V. VanWinkle and  
Nettie Vaughn are in Saginaw at-  
tending the grand-chapter of the O.  
E. S.

E. J. Briggs is shipping about 1,000  
cement blocks to parties at Stock-  
bridge. They commenced loading  
Wednesday.

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

The many friends of Mrs. F. G.  
Jackson will be pleased to learn that  
she is able to get out again after hav-  
ing been confined to the house for  
some time.

An eel about 40 inches long and  
weighing 6½ lbs passed down through  
the feed pipe into the village sprink-  
ler while it was being filled Saturday.  
—Dexter Leader.

You may all laugh at luck and  
think it funny but many a man and  
woman are wearing lucky sea beans  
as watch charms, which they got from  
the California Cars and are trying  
them.

Miss Lillie Hale of Williamston  
who was operated on at the Pinckney  
sanitarium one week ago last Tuesday  
seems to be making a good recovery.  
For several years the lower outlet of  
her stomach has been closing up so  
that she was able to take but little  
food and that little caused severe pain.  
The lower portion of the stomach and  
some of the intestine was removed  
and a new opening made. She is now  
able to sit up a part of the time and  
feels very comfortable. Her physi-  
cians report her in good condition this  
morning.

### LOST.

A buff rock pullet with black feath-  
ers on neck. Anyone knowing any-  
thing about its whereabouts, please  
notify Mrs. H. F. Sigler.

### 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.

### Grand Concert and Ball

The Auditorium Association of How-  
ell has closed a contract with the  
Trobador's 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.

## A HALF-TON SHARK.

Will Be an Exhibit at the Pinckney  
Station Wednesday Oct. 20.

The North of Bay Counties Exhibit  
cars will reach Pinckney over the  
Grand Trunk Wednesday, Oct. 20 and  
will exhibit here just one day. Cars  
will be open from 8:30 a. m. to 9:30 p.  
m.

They have two cars, one devoted to  
the products of the counties and the  
other contains a monster elephant  
shark 36 feet in length, 460 years old  
and weighed 10,383 pounds when cap-  
tured, a wonderful specimen from the  
ocean. They also have a large octopus  
or devil fish the rarest of natures cur-  
iosities from all over the world.

Harry Rose and family of Ann  
Arbor spent a few days the past week  
visiting at the home of Claude Reason.

So far Pittsburg and Detroit have  
broken even at the games for the na-  
tion-championship. What they do  
today and tomorrow may settle it, but  
it they break even again then they  
will have to go elsewhere for the sev-  
enth game.

### School Notes.

Meet me at the Social.

Leo Lavey gave us a short call Mon-  
day.

The 12th grade have organized a  
Review class.

Lucille Brogan visited friends in  
the Grammar room Monday.

Allura Erelby entered the Primary  
dep't Monday, making the enrollment  
48.

We all celebrated Columbus Day  
Tuesday by going to school. Had a  
fine time, too.

Mary Lynch and Florence Reason  
visited the different departments Mon-  
day.

"Education lies in action" so Roy  
Moran and Claude Monks took in the  
Fowlerville fair Friday.

Miss Marguarite Brogan visited in  
the High School Tuesday afternoon.

Coming—What? Hallowe'en Social  
and supper. When? Friday evening  
October 22, 1909. Where? At the  
home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Towle.  
By whom? By the P. H. S. Seniors.  
How much? Only 10 cents. Why  
not? Come and bring your friends.  
Dandy program.

Miss Florence Reason had charge of  
the Intermediate room Friday, in the  
absence of Miss Devereaux, who was  
attending the Fowlerville fair.

Prof. Leo Monks called at the High  
School Friday. Mr. Monks is a gradu-  
ate of the P. H. S. and has resigned  
as teacher of the school south of town  
to take charge of the Hamburg schools  
with considerable increase in salary.  
Congratulations.

### M. E. Church Notes.

There was a good attendance at the  
morning service and a good sermon.  
In the evening owing to the rain there  
was not as large a number out as  
there would otherwise have been. The  
sermon however was worthy of a  
larger attendance and could very well  
be repeated. The attendance at Sun-  
day school (67) was not as large as  
common but the interest good. The  
collection amounted to \$1.33.

Prayer meeting this Thursday even-  
ing as usual. At the close of the  
prayer service it is desired that all  
members of the official board be pre-  
sent and organize for the year and also  
to transact some business. Be prompt  
and the work can be quickly done.  
Please remember this.

The monthly tea of the ladies aid  
for this month was in charge of Mes-  
dames Geo. Bland and F. L. Andrews.  
The two ladies took it into their heads  
to ask a treat will offering from the  
members of the society and thus all  
escape the work for a month. The  
offering amounted to an even \$10 in-  
stead of the usual \$6 or \$7 and the  
ladies were very well satisfied.

# 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