

Pinckney Dispatch

VOL. XXVIII.

PINCKNEY, LIVINGSTON CO., MICH., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1910.

No. 34

LOCAL NEWS.

A nice shower Monday night. Assessment No. 169 KOTMM due August 31st.

Carl Sykes is working in the Carter-car garage in Detroit.

W. E. Murphy and family made a trip to Niagara Falls last week.

Romina Placeway went to Ypsilanti last Friday for several weeks stay.

Mrs. C. P. Sykes visited a niece who is sick in Leslie, the last of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Cook of Brighton are visiting their many friends here.

Miss Mae Teeple is entertaining her friend Miss Jessie Leeman of Pine Lake.

Miss Carrie Taylor is taking a weeks vacation from F. G. Jackson's store.

Miss Margaret Bradley of Lansing is visiting at the home of Dr. H. F. Sigler.

Mrs. Jennie Barton and daughter Esther were Ann Arbor visitors Friday last.

Bert Nash and sons purchased a Continental auto of Geo. Reason, Jr. last week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Sigler and Miss Florence Andrews were Detroit visitors Monday.

Mrs. Frank Sigler is entertaining her sister Mrs. Jennie Sigler of Stillwater, Minn.

W. E. Tupper, wife and daughter Blanche were guests of Mason relatives the past week.

Mrs. Samuel Grimes attended the funeral of Mrs. Sarah Beebe in Fowlerville last Thursday.

Special Communication Livingston Lodge No. 76, Thursday evening Aug. 25. Work in FC degree.

Mrs. Cora Wells and daughter Marjorie of Philadelphia are guests of her cousins, Rev. A. G. Gates and wife.

LOTMM must bear in mind that all over 50 years must have their transfer papers made out before Sept. 1, 1910.

Mrs. Ida R. Coleman and daughter Zoe of Grand Rapids were guests of Chas. Love and family part of last week.

C. V. Van Winkle and wife attended a family reunion at Wolf's Lake last week. They also visited relatives in Lansing.

Mrs. Sarah Marble and granddaughter, Miss Beulah Morton of Bay City, were guests of F. D. Hall and family last week.

Mrs. H. D. McDougall and daughter Hazel returned home the past week after spending several weeks in Dundee and New Boston.

Henry Padley enjoyed a few hours visit with his brother Thomas of Toledo, Iowa, one day last week. They had not met for seven years.

Saturday next Aug. 27 the Pinckney Ball team will meet the Iosco team on the home diamond at Monks' park. A good game is promised. Come.

H. B. Gardner of this place, and son, Dr. C. B. of Riverdale, who have been spending the past two months in Europe, have returned home. They report a fine trip.

Mrs. Jacob Mack, who underwent an operation in Ann Arbor recently and who has been very ill, was able to return home Tuesday. Her many friends here hope for her speedy recovery.

A number from here attended the Farmers picnic at North Lake last Wednesday. The Pinckney Ball team met and defeated the Chelsea Cardinals by the score of 8 to 6. A general good time is reported.

LeRoy Lewis, expert Ann Arbor optical specialist, was very busy when here a few weeks ago. He will again return next Monday. Office as usual at Hotel from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m.



"FILLED"

Yes, many a prescription has been filled that has caused death to the patient.

Our Bottles contain only Pure Drugs

A prescription compounded here does the work the doctor intends.

Drugs Here Are Fresh.

Prices Uniformly Low.

F. A. SIGLER.

When you buy
.PAINT.

Look into it



SEE The PAINT Itself

Investigate Before Painting
It's cheaper than afterwards

Barton & Dunbar

Highest Market Cash Prices

PAID FOR

Poultry, Butter and Eggs

TUESDAY, at the GRAND TRUNK Ry., PINCKNEY

We will be at the Grand Trunk freight house every Tuesday morning, until further notice, to take in produce.

We will pay for next Tuesday's delivery

14 cts per lb. for Broilers, live weight, averaging 2 pounds
Fowls 12 cts Fresh candled Eggs 18 cts Butter 20c

Farmers, give us a share of your patronage. Encourage competition—it is always to your advantage.

E. G. Lambertson, Agt.

For H. L. WILBAMS, Howell, Mich.

Mynd Telephone No. 47, 113 s, Pinckney Ex.

This Week Saturday Aug. 27

JACKSON will offer

Ladies Muslin Underwear		At Cost
500 yds Challis		per yd. 4½c
1000 yds Best Dress Gingham		per yd. 10½c
60 pairs Men's 72c Overalls		per pr. 63c
Ladies', Misses', and Children's Low Shoes		At Cost

5 lbs. Best Lard for	75c	3 cans Tomatoes for	22c
5 lbs. Rice for	23c	50c Brooms for	42c
3 Cans Peas for	25c		

Above Prices for Cash and for Saturday only

August 15, '10
We respectfully ask all that are owing us on account or note, to call and settle same September 1st. Thanking all for past favors we remain

Resp'y Yours,
Teeple Hdw. Co.

H. P. HOYT
We are now
Open To The Public
and expect to keep
All Kinds of Feed
We do all kinds of Feed Grinding
Try Our PURITY Flour
Hoyt Bros.
E. E. HOYT

For Quality For Price
BOWMAN'S
Our Stock of Summer Dry Goods is very complete. We not only show nice variety and up-to-date goods, but name prices that are as low as can be found anywhere.
Hosiery, Corsets, Summer Underwear, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons and small wares in the Dry Goods line. :: ::
EVERY DAY IS BARGAIN DAY
E. A. BOWMAN
Howell's Busy Store

Who's Your Tailor

Call and see Samples Mens' Line for Fall. **\$10.50 to \$40.00**

Special on Corsets This Week

I have a good line New, Long Hip Corsets, sizes 18 to 25, price 75c This Week **Only 49c**

Special on Groceries

FOR SATURDAY, AUG. 27

Corn Flakes	7c	Yeast Cakes	3c
12 Bars good Soap	25c	Can Peas and Tomatoes	8c

W. W. BARNARD

When in need of
**Staple or Fancy Groceries,
Baked Goods, Candies, Cigars,
Tobaccos, Ice Cream,
Soft Drinks, Phonographs and
Records**

kindly make me a call

Will pay Market Price for Butter and Eggs

Leo A. Monks

Little Rose

By Fredericka Hoffman

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The afternoon sunlight fell aslant the professor's desk. He was a scholar of no mean reputation, distinguished among men of letters, a rigid student and a master of the arts; yet, even now, within the professor's deep gray eyes, there was a gleam of something, savoring not at all of sociology nor the science of the people, suggesting no whit of dust thick volumes, remote from classroom dictates and the rule of college council. Was it that the professor smiled?

He held a manuscript, sent him for correction, a review of his latest book, accompanied by a brief biographical sketch. The professor was reading:

"It is noticeable that, from the first, Dr. Carl Sternbaum, our eminent scientist, was attracted toward the study of human nature in all its varied phases. A boy of sixteen, he ran away from home and joined a band of wandering gypsy tramps, ostensibly to make personal observation of the peculiar habits of this people."

It was at this point that the professor laid down the paper and the suggested gleam of humor took possession of his features.

Yes; he had run away. Who would not have run away from the stern discipline of a moody foster-father and the continual nagging of a stern-faced aunt? Had his mother lived he would have scorned this thing, but when she died all sympathy and love went with her and he fought his way unchampioned and alone.

He recalled again that day in early spring—a Saturday half-holiday it was—and yet he sat alone within the barren spare room, swinging his legs, dejected and distressed. What business had Aunt Maria to treat him so? He was no child, though he was frail and slender for his age. He was sixteen, and because she had discovered him buried deep in a volume of history at a time when he should have been drawing water from the well without, she had sent him peremptorily into the cheerless room, there to await his father's later judgment. Sixteen—was he not a man? She was but a woman! A man is always greater than a woman, and his inmost soul rebelled.

Again the professor seemed weighed down, as on that day, by the oppressive tick-tock-tick of the moon-faced clock, looming time's tyrant in the corner. Tick-tock-tick! It was very damp and still. But what was that?

Down the road, far out beyond the garden's whitewashed wall, and the rows of nodding daffodils, came a sound suggesting to the boy many things. At first it was but a vague and formless tinkle, then the clear echoing of numerous bells, laughter and shouts, the rumbling of many wheels. There was a sudden call to halt, the hoof beats paused awhile, and above the clatter of the rest, one voice shrieked, "Fine lace for sale!—your kettles we will mend!—your fortune while you wait!"

With the last blithe statement the sound ceased. Aunt Maria came, raging from the kitchen, "Away," she scowled, "you good-for-nothing beggars—away from our clean streets! Go on to the Black Forest whence you come."

A gay laugh was the answer to her ranting and the band went jangling on.

But the gray eyes of the boy within grew wide with sudden question. The Black Forest? There would be forgetting there of stringent tyranny! There he would be free and gay. Why not? The window sash was open. Already it was dusk. A moment's final argument, and he had dropped upon the new soft grass, was down the road, away to gypsy-land.

They welcomed him, those artless gypsy wails, made much of him and claimed him one of them. From the first, he was useful in countless ways. He had a head for figures and balancing accounts, and saved the lawless band many a scrape. They were kind enough, but he, too, did his part.

Yet what had kept him there, enduring hardships of summer drought and winter frostiness, uncomplaining, with brave grace? Was it that inner sense of scholarly investigation subtly asserting itself? Was it the mere obstinate braggadocio of a boy, misunderstood at home? Or was it something else?

Little Rose was a fragile thing, blue-eyed and flaxen-curl, startlingly unlike the other children of the camp. The boy watched her wonderingly and used to ponder deeply on her parentage. Being wise beyond his years, and knowing the unconformity of gypsy wanderers, he asked no

pointed questions. However, he was sure, though she, herself, could tell him nothing of her early life, that the frail girl had been stolen from her home in hope of rich reward. Yet, she was happy here, rejoicing in the flowers and the sunlight.

The boy, lying beside big, swarthy Joe, the chieftain's oldest son, night after night, stared at the stars through a rift within the tent, dreaming of this child. After many months of joyous comradeship, of care-free life in sun and wind, the great terror came. They were riding along through the valley, up hill and down dale, thinking no harm, imagining no evil, when the deep fear burst full force upon them. The Rose and Carl were loitering behind the vans, singing, when suddenly the girl raised her flower-crowned head, and the boy's gaze followed hers.

A gentleman on horseback, having ridden for some time unobserved, was close upon them now. It was up into his eyes that the girl was staring with that startled apprehension. The boy saw, in a flash, the clue to her strange loveliness; the kinship was past question. It was self-evident the man had likewise seen it. He sat, rigid, thunderstruck, his hands clutching the pommel of his saddle, his keen eyes wild.

"Help," he gasped, "help," and Carl caught him as he fell.

Little Rose brought water from a neighboring spring and restored him. He said nothing, offered no explanation, did this distinguished gentleman, but when he handed Carl a tiny gold case, the boy, with the opening of the tiny clasp, knew all. The eyes of little Rose gazed out from a tangle of golden curls, even if the low-cut velvet gown and the twisted strings of pearls seemed far remote from what he knew of her.

"It was her mother," said the gentleman. "It seems she's come again."

Her mother! The boy's heart leaped with sudden buoyant gladness and then went black within. Her mother! It was like the wondrous fairy tales, the romance of the folk lore, this uniting of the lost and wronged! But, O, it meant the severing of the friendship! Her mother! Yes, and her father, too!

But even now, the band would reach them in a minute, threatening, aggressive and at war. In a moment they would claim their own and vanish, lost in the circling mazes of the hills. He had but to call, and Little Rose and old freedom and old dreams were his again.

But Joe, the big Indian, stealing on their path, had witnessed all the scene, and guessed at once its full and striking purport.

He spoke with all the conviction of a king. "You go at once," he said. "You go unharmed. But if you follow or make cry of this, the worst will come. You know us and our ways!"

O, the bitter nights the boy lay tossing on his bed, arguing with himself, endeavoring to forget. To forget that it was his inability, his indifference, his callous selfishness that had cheated this brave father of his right. But, thanks to the stern Teuton of his character the best in him prevailed, and, traitor to the camp, he restored the girl to her own.

It was while traveling through the Rensenthal that above an entrance to a vast estate he associated the engraved coat-of-arms with perfect surety with the delicate tracery of the miniature. "Baron von Stroben's lands," one said, and now the way was clear.

The professor's eyes, still soft with old day dreams, came back from the still deepening of the dusk, and he fingered thoughtfully the manuscript. Yes; he had proved loyal to his trust, had given up the Little Rose and bowed his head to right. The conflict had been fierce and long, but he had won!

There was a rustling of the curtains at the door, but still the man dreamed on. It was only when two hands closed over his eyes that suddenly he raised his hands to silver curls above him and smiled in new content. "Dear Little Rose—my wife. I've been thinking of you."

Agreeable Change.

"Yes," said the meek little man at the quick lunch counter, "I take my meals at a restaurant every chance I get."

"Prefer restaurant cooking to the home brand?" queried the big fellow on the adjoining stool.

"No; can't say that I do," replied the meek little man. "But I can give order at a restaurant."—Modern Society.



ORIGIN OF STYLES

AMERICANS TAKE THEIR IDEAS FROM PARIS.

Fashion Must Be Followed Even Though the Styles of Gowns and Millinery Cannot Be Made to Look Attractive.

BY FRANCES GROSVENOR.

All at once, from the quarters of the compass, comes an inquiry into the origin of the styles with which American women are blessed—or afflicted—in the fashioning of their clothes. It seems that our apparel, especially in the matter of millinery, has not only failed to please our men folks (who fain would worship at the shrine of beauty adorned), but has provoked a revolt on the part of many women during the past year.

The "Merry Widow" and the "Peach Basket" (alluring names for hats), called down the wrath of our male relatives, made us the sport of the caricaturist in the daily press, and even provoked a revolt on our part.

How did we come by such atrocious millinery? Mr. Boh tells us it was foisted on us by the French, in whom we have had such faith for so long a time. All this commotion served as advertising, and thousands of us went on our way—not serenely—getting in everybody's else way with our "merry widows," and resembling toadstools under our "peach baskets," defeating our own efforts to look attractive and meriting the settled conviction in many minds that women are hopelessly foolish when it comes to following the fashion.

Our conglomeration of models comes to us through many channels and "It is the style," or "They are wearing this" are bound to cease to be a big stick. We are destined to become more independent in our



choice of styles and to wear millinery of which even our male kin will be compelled to admit "It is beautiful" and "It is suited to you." We will not care a fig about who is wearing it or whether somebody else made it the style or not. It will be in the trend of fashion, otherwise our menfolk would pronounce it too conspicuous, and everybody will be happy when everybody is suited.

DRESS DETAILS IMPORTANT

Attention to Little Things Will Raise the Hat or Gown Above Mediocrity.

In dress, as in other things, the importance of the attention to little things is essential. If this be done, the big effect will take care of itself. A gown, hat or wrap can be raised from a plane of mediocrity to that of distinction by the introduction of little details of ornamentation that are decidedly successful in the attainment of that end, yet are within the reach of most fingers.

A hat that in itself is the duplicate of hundreds of others can be treated to a peculiar binding or an unusual adjustment of ornaments. The binding, by the way, offers wide field for differentiation from the usual hat velvet facing. Fringe in silken or linen form is distinctive, if used as an edging for the turned-down rim. Silk or velvet can be puffed or shirred over the edge, while a rose quilling is the

FOR THE SMALL GIRL



Sky blue zephyr is used for this simple little dress, which has a plastron front put on with a wrapped seam; the material which is set to this is pleated; a band draws the pleats in at the waist; the collar and cuffs are just stitched at the edge.

Hat of soft straw trimmed with ribbon.

Material required: 3 1/4 yards, 36 inches wide.

newest trimming for that part of the hat.

Then, again, color in the form of beads, silk or velvet can be used with a discreet eye for unusual combination of tones. In other words, the unusual but approved alliances of shades make for the distinctive. A detail perhaps that many women overlook is the question of hatpins. Just as soon as one considers these ornaments of utility (and dangers) to form a part of the hat scheme there will be added effect. Do not choose promiscuously the pins, each of which is very beautiful, but in the relation to others detracts from the whole. Surely, the immense discs should be made to contribute to the headgear.

In dress the details are extremely important. Little pleatings that are for the most part hidden, applications of tiny buttons or narrow braid, hidden bands of color under lace and the wonderful attention to hooks, loops and buttons at all fastenings are the factors that produce a successful whole.

Motifs not applied by the machine but by hand, and buttonholed in such a way that the material melts into the edging are extremely effective. Piplings of two or three colors form tiny lines of contrast on unexpected places, while a piece of embroidery or chintz that many of us would consign to the scrap bag can be made important as a decorative agent.

Last of all, let there be paid a careful attention to the accessories with which woman adorns herself. With a red dress use the jewelry that best harmonizes with the shade. Black and white are more friendly to the jewel casket, but the rule of one color scheme is the best to be observed.

Handkerchief Case.

A novel handkerchief case consists of two squares, a little larger than a folded handkerchief, of cardboard, padded and covered outside with cretonne and inside with silk, with a buttonholed edge or a band of gilt galloon. The handkerchiefs go between these, and the case is held together by a claret of silk rubber with a lace edging.

This case is very convenient for traveling, as it holds a number of handkerchiefs and does not take up the space of the ordinary handkerchief case.

Flower Friezes.

A pretty English idea lately come to America is the application of a frieze, consisting of a canvas or paper border of flowers with the background cut away with a sharp pair of embroidery scissors, to the white or green painted walls of a bungalow. The dado or ceiling border thus formed is very effective and may be applied to every room in the cottage with a differently tinted wall and a different choice of flowers appropriately distributed for each. Try it on your summer bungalow.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW LIVER PILLS

I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-Paw Liver Pills. I guarantee they will purify the blood and put the liver and stomach into a beautiful condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will refund your money. — Munyon's Homeopathic Remedy Co., 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Run-Down?

Tone the nerves, strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and get a fresh grip on health by taking

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In bottles 10c. and 25c.

LOTS OF THEM.



The Englishman—Your country is fine, old chap; but it's too deucedly new. Why, you haven't any fairy tales or—

The American—Haven't we? Well, you just come with me and look at some of the tablets on our monuments.

Hard to Convince.

Little Tommy (eldest of the family, at dinner)—Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel?

Mamma—Ladies must always come first.

Tommy (triumphantly)—Then why was I born before Ethel?—TIT-BITS.

Her Rest.

"How do you expect to spend your summer vacation, Mrs. Brown?"

"Frying fish for the men as usual, I suppose."

An Operatic Expletive.

"Bifferton is awfully gone on grand opera, isn't he?"

"I should say he is! Why, he even swears by Gadski!"

Cut Out Breakfast Cooking Post Toasties

are in the pantry ready to serve right from the package. No cooking required; just add some cream and a little sugar.

Especially pleasing these summer mornings with berries or fresh fruit.

One can feel cool in hot weather on proper food.

"The Memory Lingers"

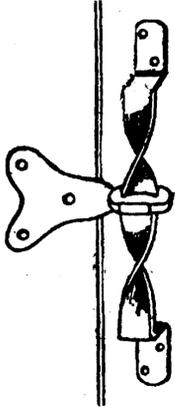
POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.



EXCELLENT SPRING FOR DOOR

Spiral Hinge Makes Door Close of Its Own Weight—Clears Carpets and Rugs.

By taking advantage of the law of gravity, a Washington (D. C.) man has invented a hinge which also acts as a spring. Spiral strips of metal are screwed at top and bottom and middle of the door casing. Other



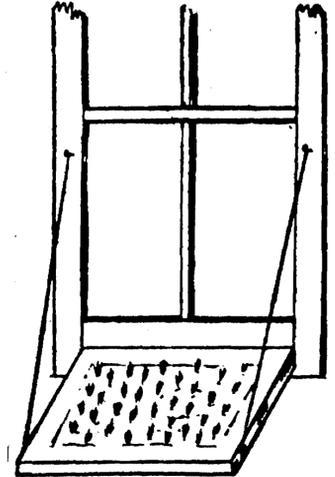
Novel Door Spring.

metal strips, with slots for the spiral to pass through, are fastened to the door at corresponding distances and form the hinges. When the door is opened it rides up on the spirals, clearing rugs, carpets, mats or whatever else may be at the bottom. Then, when the pressure on the door is released it settles of its own weight and closes slowly and gently as the inclosing strips slide down the spiral. There is no necessity to have a pneumatic device attached to prevent the door from closing with a bang, as is the case with many other spring doors.

HANDY TABLE FOR WINDOWS

Device Arranged for Flowers, Etc., Either Inside or Out Where Space Is Small.

The device shown in the illustration makes a handy table for flowers, seedlings, etc., either outside or interior, where space is small, says Farm Press. It is made by securing a plank of serviceable size to the wall



Window Table.

or window casings; by utilizing a couple of strong hinges on the underside of said plank; further support is given by large wires held by screws to table and so on.

Rotation of Crops.

Wheat grown at the Minnesota experiment station continuously on the same plot since 1894 shows an average yield of 18.6 bushels per acre since 1900. Grown in the three-year rotation since 1900, the average yield has been 20.6 bushels per acre. No manure being given the plot, the increase must be charged alone to rotation, the seed and other conditions being substantially the same. In a five-year rotation with manure well applied, covering the same period, the yield has averaged 26.6 bushels per acre, and the conclusion at the station is that more grain can be grown in three years of rotation than in four years of continuous cropping.

Capacity of the Toad.

The federal department of agriculture, investigating the toad, discovers the startling fact that in 24 hours the insect food consumed by one toad equals in quantity four times the capacity of its stomach, which is practically filled and emptied four times every 24 hours.

ACREAGE DEVOTED TO HEMP

Increase in Importation Offers Market for Larger Home Production of Fiber.

The bluegrass region of Kentucky, in the center of which lies Lexington, raises about 20,000 acres of Cannabis sativa from which hemp is procured. The acreage devoted to hemp in other parts of the United States is very small—perhaps 600 acres around Lincoln, Neb., and an equal number in the lower Sacramento valley in California, with small experimental plantings in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Arkansas.

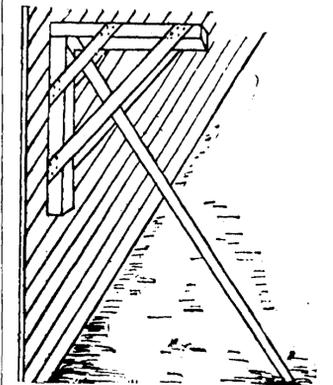
Russia produces more for export than all other countries, but Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany, France, Belgium, Turkey, China and Japan grow it commercially for fiber.

All the hemp fiber produced in this country is used in American mills, and as increasing quantities are being imported, a market for a larger home production is offered. Therefore, the circular recently issued by the United States department of agriculture on the cultivation of hemp in the United States, in which climate, soil, sowing, harvesting the plant, and methods of preparing the soft gray or yellow bast fiber are described and explained, should prove of interest to farmers in those sections of the country outside of the recognized hemp growing region where soil and climate seem to offer a prospect favorable to its production.

STAGING BRACKET FOR FARM

Illustration Shows Plan of Getting at Small Jobs With Very Little Expense.

There are many jobs on the farm where it is necessary to have staging or scaffolding. Accounts kept by one doing repair work show that on an average it takes double the amount of



Staging Bracket.

time to erect scaffolds that it does to do the work on small jobs. A very convenient movable bracket is made of 2 by 4 inch scantling, nailed to form a right angle and braced with boards. A 2 by 4 is then inserted and the bracket slid up the side of the building with the staging boards on it. The foot of the 2 by 4 is then staked to prevent slipping. Often there are odds and ends about the farm buildings that may be substituted for the 2 by 4s, using the above plan for the staging bracket.



Cauliflower seed are still brought from Denmark.

Intensive farming means more than double cropping.

The present day farmer is a specialist in the true sense of the word.

Potatoes are continuing to absorb quite a good deal of the trucker's attention.

Leaving plant root exposed to the sun and wind is like leaving a fish out of water.

Old, stale vegetables will hurt your trade. Feed them to the pigs, cows or poultry.

The three important leaf troubles of cucumbers are powdery mildew, downy mildew and anthracnose.

In applying manure with a spreader it is put on uniformly, and all parts of the field are equally benefited.

It is seldom, if ever, necessary to inoculate land for alfalfa when it has been well enriched with manure.

Peas of the extra early sorts are sown thickly along the furrows in rows two and a half to three feet apart.

The United Kingdom seems to be able to produce more wheat from an acre of land than any other country.

If the melon vines are rusty pulled them up and burn them. If only wilted you may find a borer about the roots.

Every farmer's garden should contain all the good fruit and vegetables that the soil and climate will grow. They make up a great part of the actual living, and they are the most healthful foods that can be eaten.

TRY PULLED BREAD

GREAT LUNCHEON OR TEA DELICACY, IN ENGLAND.

Pleasant Variation on Usual Loaf or Biscuits on Breading Days—Crisp, Brown morsels Go Well With Tea.

On breadmaking days a pleasant variation on the usual loaf or biscuits is "pulled bread." This is a great delicacy in England, used for luncheon or tea. Crisp, delicately browned and toothsome, it is just the thing to serve with a bit of cheese and a cup of tea.

To make "pulled bread" take a loaf of freshly baked bread from the oven and, while it is still warm and rather underdone, pull the inside out of it in irregular pieces about the size of an egg. Put these in a good oven and bake a delicate brown.

Tempting breakfast rolls, light and white as snow, are made according to this southern recipe: One cup of sour milk, two-thirds of a cup of cream, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of salt, flour to make dough stiff enough to drop from spoon. Bake in moderate oven.

Huckleberry tea cake is, as its name implies, a dainty concoction for the supper table. The recipe for it follows: One-half cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, one beaten egg, one-half cup milk, one cup berries, one cup flour with 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder.

Rather a companion dish to the huckleberry tea cake is the blueberry shortcake. This is made as follows: Two-thirds cup sugar, one-fourth cup butter, one egg, one cup milk, two cups flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, a little salt and 1 1/2 cups blueberries. Bake in a hot oven. To be eaten hot with butter. I have made this with preserved blueberries by draining off the juice and using less sugar, as the berries were sweet.

These, it appears, are "our salad days." Let us not be "green in judgment" as regards salad dressing. A good dressing will make a poor salad presentable, but a poor dressing will ruin the best salad ever invented. Here are two tried recipes for dressing. The first, for mayonnaise, is as follows: Yolks of two eggs, one-half teaspoonful salt and dash of cayenne; beat until it thickens, then add oil, a few drops at a time, still beating. Thin down with the juice of a lemon and add the whites beaten to a froth.

The second runs like this: Scald one cup of vinegar, butter the size of a walnut, add two tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of salt, one tablespoon of dry mustard, stirred together with one egg. Cook until thickened. When cool whip one cup of cream and add. This can be kept several days if cream is not added until ready to serve.

Gooseberry jelly is an unusual, but very appetizing delicacy. To five pounds green fruit add one pint of water and boil until the skins crack open. Drain the juice in a cheesecloth bag made double. Measure and return juice to the kettle and boil 20 minutes rapidly, or half an hour if not rapid boiling. Measure sugar, a pint for a pint of juice, and have the sugar thoroughly heated, add to juice and boil five or ten minutes.

Chopped Pickles.

One gallon of green tomatoes, chopped fine; one gallon cabbage, one-half gallon onions. Everything measured after chopping. Two dozen large green peppers, one dozen large red peppers, also chopped. Put all together in a vessel; cover with salt and water; about one pint of salt; let it stand over night; next morning put all in a bag and drain 24 hours. After draining add one pint white mustard seed. Boil one gallon vinegar, with one and three-fourths pounds of brown sugar. While boiling hot pour over chopped ingredients. Put all on stove together and cook a few minutes.

Rolled Jelly Cake.

Beat the yolks of three eggs light, add a teaspoon of confectioner's sugar or very fine powdered sugar, two tablespoonsful of water, a pinch of salt and a little vanilla if desired. Next stir in gradually a teaspoonful of flour in which has been sifted a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and bake in a greased pan in a moderate oven. Turn out on a damp towel or a bread-board, cover with jelly and roll up while warm.

Ham and Pickle Sandwiches.

Ham and pickle sandwiches are appetizing. Chop cold boiled ham quite fine, mix with a little melted butter and made mustard, add some finely chopped cucumber pickles and spread between thin slices of bread and butter.

Daily Thought.

To have a friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can bring. To be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of soul from day to day.—Anna Robertson Brown.

TERRIBLE CASE OF GRAVEL

Baker City, Ore., Man Suffered 25 Years.

Charles Kurz, 1618 Center St., Baker City, Ore., says: "For 25 years I suffered agony from gravel. So intense was the pain when the stones were passing, that I had to lie on my back and brace my feet, often being forced to scream. On one occasion two stones became lodged and I could not pass the urine for two days. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief. At last I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the only remedy that wards off these attacks."

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

RECKONING DAY AND HOUR

Workman's Thoughts Not Altogether Fixed on What Might Be Called Higher Things.

Mayor William S. Jordan, at a Democratic banquet in Jacksonville, said of optimism:

"Let us cultivate optimism and hopefulness. There is nothing like it. The optimistic man can see a bright side to everything—everything."

"A missionary in a slum once laid his hand on a man's shoulder and said:

"Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of that clock? Tick-tack; tick-tack. And oh, my friend, do you know what day it inexorably and relentlessly brings nearer?"

"Yes, pay day," the other, an honest, optimistic workman, replied."

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR

Few parents realize how many estimable lives have been embittered and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings dispelled.

To this end, nothing is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as the constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free 32-page Cuticura Book, telling all about the care and treatment of the skin.

Rockefeller's Hard Shot.

John D. Rockefeller tried a game of golf on the links near Augusta. On a rather difficult shot Mr. Rockefeller struck too low with his iron, and as the dust flew up he asked his caddy:

"What have I hit?"

"The boy laughed and answered: 'Jaw-jah, boss.'"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 2c a bottle.

Lots of us never put off till tomorrow what we can have done for us today.

WESTERN CANADA'S 1910 CROPS

Wheat Yield in Many Districts Will Be From 25 to 35 Bushels Per Acre

Land sales and homestead entries increasing. No cessation in numbers going from United States. Wonderful opportunities remain for those who intend making Canada their home. New districts being opened up for settlement. Many farmers will net, this year, \$10 to \$15 per acre from their wheat crop. All the advantages of old settled countries are there. Good schools, churches, splendid markets, excellent railway facilities. See the grain exhibit at the different State and some of the County fairs.

Letters similar to the following are received every day, testifying to satisfactory conditions; other districts are as favorably spoken of:

THEY SENT FOR THEIR SON. Maidstone, Sask., Canada, Aug. 25th, 1910. "My parents came here from Cedar Falls, Iowa, four years ago, and were so well pleased with this country they sent to them a letter for me. I have taken up a homestead near them, and am perfectly satisfied to stop here." Leonard Douglas.

WANTS SETTLER'S RATE FOR HIS STOCK. Stettler, Alberta, July 31st, 1910. "Well I got up here from Forest City, Iowa, last Spring in good shape with the stock and everything. Now, I have got two boys back in Iowa yet, and I am going back there now soon to get them and another car up here this fall. What I would like to know is, if there is any chance to get a cheap rate back again, and when we return to Canada I will call at your office for our certificates." Yours truly, H. A. Wik.

WILL MAKE HIS HOME IN CANADA. Brainerd, Minn., Aug. 1st, 1910. "I am going to Canada a week from today and intend to make my home there. My husband has been there six weeks and is well pleased with the country. So he wants me to come as soon as possible. He filed on a claim near Landis, Sask., and by his description of it it must be a pretty place."

Send for literature and ask the local Canadian Government Agents for Excursion Rates, best districts in which to locate, and when to go.

M. V. McINNES, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO.

(Incorporated)

DOWN TO HARD FACTS.



The Dreamer—Ah! Faith will move mountains.

The Schemer—Yes, but the owner of a furniture van demands spot cash.

There is in every man's heart, as in a desk, a secret drawer; the only thing is to find the spring and open it.—Anon.

The entire nature of man is the garden which is given him to cultivate.—W. E. Gladstone.



Hot Sun—Dusty Roads

By the time you reach town and light you'll be hot and tired and your throat dry with dust and dirt. Hunt up a soda fountain and treat yourself to a glass or a bottle of

Just as cooling as the bottom step in the spring house. You'll find it relieves fatigue too, and washes away all the dust, and thirst as nothing else will. It touches the spot.

Delicious - Refreshing - Wholesome
5c Everywhere

Our Free Booklet
"The Truth About Coca-Cola" tells all about Coca-Cola—what it is and why it is so delicious, wholesome and beneficial. It gives analyses made by scientists and chemists from coast to coast, proving its purity and wholesomeness. Your name and address on a postal will bring you this interesting booklet.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga. 3-5

Wherever you see an arrow think of Coca-Cola

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
Genuine Signature

Warranted

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 35-1910.

Star Dispatch

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
F. A. ANDREWS & CO., PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1910.

Subscription Price \$1 in Advance

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

A distinguished statesman to-day is one who has always voted with and been controlled by the "interests."

Staggars Skeptics.

That a clean nice fragrant compound like Bucklens Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut scald wound or piles, staggars skeptics. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felons, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25c at F. A. Sigler's.

The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, Glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one.—Robert J. Burdette.

Life on Panama Canal

has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and acute, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "3 bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," says Wm. A. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cure stomach, liver and kidney troubles and prevent Typhoid. 50c. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler.

The saloon in Ohio made a great reputation for itself through the Newark incident. It gave there an illustration of its legitimate fruit which may cause some men to die in the electric chair and others to spend their lives in imprisonment. Fifteen men with the charge of murder staring them in the face is a result of saloon lawlessness which will add greatly to the grievance of the whole American people against the liquor traffic and its inevitable operations.

The Best Hour of Life

is when you do some great deed or discover some wonderful fact. This hour came to J. R. Pitt of Rocky Mt. N. C. when he was suffering intensely as he says, "from the worst cold I ever had I then proved to my great satisfaction, what a wonderful Cold and Cough cure Dr. King's New Discovery is. For after taking one bottle I was entirely cured. You can't say anything too good for medicine like that." Its the surest and best remedy for diseased lungs, hemorrhages, la grippe, asthma, hay fever—any throat or lung trouble. 50c. \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. A. Sigler.

The Patriot of Jackson, one of the largest cities of our state not possessed of a single open saloon, editorially declared a few days ago that "the friends of local option will have some strong cards in their hands when the question of saloons or no saloons is to be voted on again in Jackson county. The prediction of calamity to business upon which the opponents of local option based their campaign have been absolutely disproved. Merchants have been more prosperous perhaps than at any time in the cities history and there has been a most gratifying growth in manufacturing institutions. The calamity howl will be useless next spring as a saloon argument."

Side Trips in Georgia

One of the pastimes while camping was the side trip of a day or half day. There were many interesting ones. One could visit the mines spoken of before in an hours walk but as they were idle, nothing could be seen but the excavations and closed mills. We went to Dukes creek several times fishing but were not rewarded very largely. We managed to catch enough however for the camp for a couple of meals. The fish caught were cat (similar to our bullhead only smaller) suckers, and small bass. There were trout in these streams but we did not get any. Up farther in the mountains the streams contain the brook trout but we did not try for them—it was too far to walk and they are too wary for us. Of course one of the side trips was up Mt. Youah which by mistake was published July 28, the first of the series.

TRIP TO THE MOUNTAIN MILL.

Some of the men about us were talking of going to mill one afternoon and asked us to go along if we did not mind the walk of 3 1/2 miles thru the mountains. We were in for just such a trip and about noon left our shack for a milling trip that we had often read of. The two men who made the trip were laborers and wanted some corn ground for bread. Each man took a "poke" or sack with about a bushel of shelled corn on their back and set out over the trail, for such it was most of the way although many teams made it at times. The trail was about as crooked as the one that led up Mt. Youah but not quite so steep. One of our northern men would hardly think he could carry a bushel of corn 3 1/2 blocks to the mill but these men, tho small, did not mind the trip. It was a fine walk and we could grab handfuls of blackberries on the way without even stepping out of the track and when we say handfuls we mean from 3 to 6 or 8 large berries at one "grab."

On nearing the mill we could hear the mountain stream hurrying over the rocks to get to work making corn meal and flour for the hungry. Of course we had seen these mills at a distance while traversing the mountains on a train but when we came out of the woods there set one of the most quaint structures we had ever seen altho it was quite well equipped inside. The dam is built between the rock sides of the stream, and a long flume carries the water to a large wheel on the outside of the mill known as the "over-shot" wheel. This wheel is about 4 feet broad and 18 or 20 feet in diameter, the rim being arranged with plank buckets which fill with water and the weight of the water causes the wheel to turn, each bucket being of course emptied at the bottom. A little more than one half of the wheel is full at one time. The power is communicated to the mill by a series of large cog wheels, and the mill is started or stopped by raising or lowering a gate in the flume by a lever on the inside of the mill.

On the inside we found some wheat being ground by a three roll series and very fine flour is made from the quality of wheat they get. Corn is what they grind the most and that for table use is ground on a regular old-fashioned stone mill, and there were two set in this mill. It is not bolted but runs direct from the stone to a box and is shoveled into the poke with a flat hand shovel. There were others to mill

some on foot and some with one or two mules.

The day they go to mill is quite a day as each one has to wait his turn and get his own grist. They unhitch their mules and feed them in a box and some even unharness them if they have much to be ground. While the grinding is being done, all enjoy a visit and "swap" news from their different sections and there were represented that day, men from the other side of the mountain range, over 12 miles away so there were at least 15 miles difference in those present. Our friends were lucky and got their grists soon and we started on our homeward trip, striking a little different trail part of the way. Mr. Glenn brought some meal to our shack and we enjoyed some very fine Johnnie cake as the result of our trip to the mill.

Another Side Trip.

Having nothing better to do one day, E. C. Glenn and myself started for a visit to the beautiful Nacoochee valley and the little resort town in the mountains by the same name, Nacoochee. It was a walk of about 14 miles in all but worth the effort. It was only a repetition as regards to road and trail, wading in and out fording the many little spring branches on stepping stones, crossing the greater branch, Dukes creek, on a swinging foot bridge, but vehicles have to ford the streams perhaps 3 rods wide and 2 feet deep at the deepest point in dry weather. After a storm of course it is much deeper and after some storms impassible for a few hours.

The next stream was the Chattahoochee river which is quite a torrent even in dry weather, and tumbling down over the rocks in a fall of at least one foot to 10 or 15 feet can be heard for a long ways off. On our trip out we crossed it on a foot bridge at what is called the ford but the ford is not used as much as formerly as one mile farther up there is a large covered wooden bridge. It makes the road a little longer but time can be saved by going this way to Nacoochee and taking this route the only place that would give the "ice wagon" or any other auto any trouble would be at the ford at Dukes Creek where most spark plugs would get wet; even the mountain "plugs" driven up here get a severe wetting.

The Nacoochee valley spreads out for miles in length and from 1 to 3 miles in width and is very fertile. All kinds of crops are raised here and acres of the finest corn was in sight. In the valley is located the Dr. Hardiman Sanitarium, a beautiful place surrounded by a large grove of tulip trees. The building overlooks the valley, river Chattahoochee and Indian mound, a large mound erected years and years ago by the tribe that made this fertile valley their home and on which a small open like structure has been erected and can be seen for miles along the valley and from the mountains that surround it.

We took dinner at the Alley House, a large roomy structure well situated on a rise of ground overlooking the valley and Mt. Youah. The hotels here are all run the summer months when the "low-landers," many of them come to the mountains for a few days or weeks. We found 58 guests already here and the proprietor turning away 75 per week on account of room. As we only wished dinner we got it but were informed they had no room to spare. One of the main articles of diet throughout the south is chicken

and this one little house consumed on an average, 40 per day. It required one man on the road all the time buying them. Here is a suggestion for some one who wants to raise chickens in the sunny south and where there is a market in one hotel for at least 3500 per season of three months and many more during the year.

There were at least 5 other hotels in the place and all busy. By the way, we found a place called the Glenn house but not until we had registered at the former hotel.

It was a very common occurrence to find the name "Glenn" attached to some town or farm and near Cornelia we found one that bore the name "Glennbrook."

On the way home we passed the Dr. Hardiman herd of Jersey cows nearly 100 in all, 58 of which they were milking. They were making butter and shipping it to Augusta. The herd was very fine many of them being registered and all high grades.

We took our time both coming and going and the walk was not fatiguing even to one who is little used to it. We were very much pleased with what we saw and shall always remember it.

Continued Next Week.

Lady Wanted.

To introduce our very complete line of beautiful wool suitings, with fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, hdkts, petticoats, etc. Up to date N. Y. City patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. If others can make \$10 to \$30 weekly you can also. Samples, full instructions in neat sample case, shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply. Standard Dress Goods Co., Dept. 500 Binghamton, N. Y.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

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McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy. McCall Patterns will enable you to make your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue. We will give you five presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer. THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

DR. HOLLAND'S MEDICATED STOCK SALT

This preparation is the most wonderful worm destroyer on the market today. Feed it to your sheep and lambs with-holding all other salt. The lambs will pay for the salt. There is no doubt about it. We believe it a safe statement to make that there is not a flock of sheep in the state of Michigan today that is free from worms. You will find our goods at the Pinckney Flouring Mills. Please call and examine them and get our booklet. It will tell you just what we expect to accomplish when our goods are fed as directed. Our guarantee protects you.

The Holland Stock Remedy Co., Wellington, Ohio

..The Paragon..

High Grade Lubricating Oils, Compounds and Greases for Automobiles and Motor Boats

Petrolene Oil for High Power, Water cooled Motors. Best oil we make for combustion motors.	Paragon Gear Oil For sliding transmissions.
Motor Oil A heavy body oil for air cooled motors.	Paragon Special Auto Oil An oil of quality, light bodied, double filtered.

May be ordered from Paragon Refining Co., Toledo, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.—The Robert A. Pott Oil Co., Lansing and Bay City, Mich.

The Carter Car

There is None Better None Quite so Good

Call at the Garage and Let us Tell You Why

A. H. FLINTOFT
General Machinist, Pinckney, Michigan

Pinckney Dispatch

FRANK L. ANDREWS, Publisher.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN
LARGE AND SMALL FAMILIES.

Where the population is largely agricultural and isolated, and where labor is scarce, the husbandman is proud to raise a large family, for the boys in time will help to lift the labor from his shoulders, and also there is always plenty of work for the girls to do about the farm. Moreover, food is plentiful and other desires are few. But no such stimulus for a large family exists in urban life, where it is often necessary to live in a flat, the very limitations of which point to the inadvisability of a numerous progeny, says Indianapolis Star. Moreover, as the individual rises in the social scale former desires become present needs. The coming of numerous children would mean the sacrifice of these needs by the parents, the descent to a lower standard of living, and the parents will not consent. Finally science has shown that a small family well taken care of makes a better showing in future generations than a large family poorly looked after. The fewer children of the well-provided-for family will actually show a more numerous progeny in the third generation than will the underfed and neglected children of the larger family. Eugenics is a big question, and a conscientious investigation of it will convince anyone that dogmatic assertion in that field is a hazardous performance. It is a general rule in biology that species with the most numerous offspring are those that bring fewest perfect and efficient individuals to maturity.

A Rhode Island traveling agent who was disappointed in the demand in a certain section for the fireless cookers which he was offering, discovered that the farmers of "Little Rhody" have taken to the use of their incubators for summer cooking. Like the discovery of roast pig in China, this utilization of the incubator was the result of accident. A husband who had forgotten to put on the pork and beans in accordance with a promise to a wife "out shopping," dashed the beans into an incubator, thus saving his bacon at the expense of a few chicks which were called out to death in a fervent pork-and-beans atmosphere. The idea of both raising and cooking chickens in incubators is depressing to the manufacturers of fireless cookers.

President Taft has signed orders which provide for the further withdrawal of coal lands from entry and appropriation for mining purposes. The aggregate of such withdrawals now reaches over 71,500,000 acres. This means that the enormous area in question is to be preserved by the government for disposition in the future and that it is not to fall into the hands of grasping monopolists, says Troy Times. Coal lands may be open to agricultural entry, but the rich deposits underneath are to remain public property, subject to such arrangement as may be made in the general interest.

The ramming of the gunboat Castine which as a result lies on the beach at Provincetown, Mass., full of water, was due to a miscalculation in mimic warfare similar to that which caused the sinking of the French submarine Pluviose and the drowning of her entire crew. But in the case of the Bonita, which struck the Castine, the mistake was made in the line of duty, whereas the loss of the Pluviose was due to a "fool trick" on the part of her commander, who miscalculated when attempting to dive under a passenger steamer merely for spectacular effect.

The first sham battle in the air is reported from Vincennes, France, where balloons carried guns to the height of 325 feet and discharged them. One of the contending balloons was compelled to retreat, and both balloons happily outlived the sham battle, which was remarkable chiefly for this latter denouement.

Congress is to have another prince as delegate from Hawaii, but neither he nor his country can be superstitious, for his name is Jonah. It does not follow, however, that his entrance into our national deliberations will be followed by a wall.

A physician says that going on the stage is a sure cure for the blues. Somebody ought to protest against this prescribing for the individual at the expense of the public.

USES PRISONERS TO BUILD ROADS

KALAMAZOO COUNTY KEEPS AT WORK PETTY OFFENDERS INSTEAD OF IN JAIL.

EXPERIMENT IS PROVING A COMPLETE SUCCESS AND THE COUNTY GAINS THEREBY.

Since Last Spring Nearly 32 Miles of Good Gravel Roads Have Been Completed.

Drunkards, vagrants and petty criminals have nearly completed building 32 miles of good roads for Kalamazoo county. The work was started early last spring, and with excellent weather conditions the road commission has been able to push the improvement with great rapidity. This is the only county north of the Mason and Dixon line using county prisoners on public improvements and the scheme is only being tried here as an experiment. So far, according to members of the road commission, it has worked out much more successfully than anticipated. Men formerly sent to jail to serve from five to 20 days for drunkenness or vagrancy are now sentenced to serve on the road gang for a week or two. Officers do not find it difficult to keep from 20 to 30 men on the gang all the time. In fact, if drunkenness among the local lumberjacks falls down for a week or two, and dry county visitors become scarce, the railroad yards are usually raddled and a dozen or so hoboes picked up and sentenced to work on the road.

Detroit Census Figures.

The greatness of Detroit and its enormous increase in population in the last 10 years, as proved by the census figures just made public at Washington, have created a country-wide sensation.

That Michigan's metropolis could leap from a population of 285,704 in 1900 to 465,766 in 1910, a gain of 63 per cent, has evoked exclamations of wonder from New York to San Francisco. Before the figures had been published six hours letters of query and congratulations began to arrive. Hundreds of presidents and general managers of big manufacturing plants in other cities wrote to ask what extraordinary advantages caused this growth; others who knew Detroit and who had long predicted that her star was ascending wrote to say: "We told you so," and "What will it be in 1920?"

From coast to coast all the big dailies carry today leading stories on Detroit's sensational development. It is the biggest feature of the entire census report.

The U. P. Enrollment List.

From the upper peninsula is coming the "explanation" that the enormous enrollment figure up there is to be accounted for by the "fact that the lists have not been revised, and includes dead men and men who have moved away."

Deputy Secretary of State Mills thus explains the explanation: "The 58,000 enrollment given out here is a corrected enrollment. We take great pains to keep the figures straight. When we have reason to believe that the township clerks are not taking proper care of the rolls and striking out the names of the dead or those who have moved from the territory, we call their attention to this in a letter. In this manner we are enabled to keep a fairly accurate list.

"There may be a few names—very few—in the enrollment that belong to dead men, but if such names are on the list, we do not know it."

Survived With Neck Broken.

William Spaulding, the man who was so terribly burned last week and was not expected to live, is recovering, and physicians state that he will recover. Spaulding seems to bear a charmed life. When a boy living in Milo he was thrown from a horse and his neck was broken. For weeks he lingered near death, but eventually recovered. Doctors state that his recovery from the burns received in the gasoline explosion is just as marvelous as his recovery after having his neck broken.

Enrollment Very Heavy in U. P.

The Republican primary enrollment this spring in the upper peninsula, as filed in the office of the secretary of state, shows the total for the 15 counties to be approximately 58,135. The total vote of all parties in that section of the state in 1908 for governor was 51,283, and the three candidates for the Republican nomination for governor that year received a total of 19,616 votes at the primary election.

Politicians are indulging in much speculation over the probable great increase in votes as shown by the enrollment for the upper country.

Through information furnished by County Agent Baker, of Muskegon, Lewis Morris, who was separated from his family when a child, has been reunited with his brother, Frank, who lives only a few miles from Lewis, whose home is in Standish. Mother and a sister of the brothers died some time ago.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

Eight candidates appointed at a mass meeting will revise the Traverse charter for \$1 each.

Because of a shortage in the hay crop, alfalfa is being imported from Kansas to meet the demand for fodder.

Eleven deer have been taken to Isle Royale as a "starter" for the state game preserve there, by State Game Warden Pierce.

Thomas Harrison, 60 years old, is dead at his home in Mason. He had been a resident of Michigan since 1846 and is survived by a widow and foster daughter.

Joseph Shimon, of Humbolt, was shot from ambush while on his way to the American mine, Tuesday, and will probably die. Three suspects have been arrested.

David Lauder, aged 73, a pioneer citizen of Port Huron, dropped dead after proudly displaying a string of fish he had just caught. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons.

Leon Andton's motor crashed into the plate glass front of N. E. Roby's drug store, in Coldwater, when he lost control of it, and pushed the glass back two inches without breaking it.

The Robert Gage Coal Mining Co has abandoned its shaft near Owosso. A three-foot vein of good coal was found at 100 feet, but crumbling slate above made it useless to attempt to mine it.

Daniel Douglass, son of a Houghton real estate dealer, was instantly killed when his auto upset in a ditch, 16 miles north. Three other members of the party escaped with severe bruises.

Lansing police are of the opinion that the fire in the storeroom of George Deck, a few days ago, was set by his enemies and they claim to have enough evidence to warrant an arrest.

Walter Scott, of Lansing, 19 years old, found a torpedo while walking along the railroad tracks, placed it on the rail and hit it with a piece of cement. Doctors think he will lose one hand.

The alarm that the plant of the Summers Fiber Co., at Port Huron, was on fire was spread by a passing steambot, which tooted its whistle and attracted attention of employees. Loss \$20,000.

Claud B. Kellogg, of Kalamazoo, 27 years old, drank carbolic acid in the presence of his wife, and died a few hours later. Kellogg had quarreled with his wife because she had chided him for drinking.

Running away from his home in Poland two months ago to avoid joining the Russian army, only to meet death in the Flint river, is the fate that has befallen Pawel Ocha, 20 years old, who was drowned Wednesday.

In a fit of melancholy induced by fear that she might share the fate of her sister, an asylum inmate, Miss Arvilla Dockstetter, of Livingston, committed suicide by taking strychnine at the home of her brother.

Ed. Jones is under arrest at Charlotte charged with beating his landlady, Mrs. Harriet Story, 70, and being an habitual drunkard. He secured six quarts of alcohol from a mail order house and got drunk on it.

Walter Powley, aged 11, is in the hospital as the result of a bullet in his abdomen from a gun fired by his brother, Willie, aged 13. The boys were playing Indian in a vacant building and did not know the gun was loaded.

Sparks from a passing locomotive started a blaze which burned the Richville elevators, 150,000 bushels of grain, and three car loads of soft coal. Employees were at dinner when the fire started. The loss will be at least \$15,000.

Mrs. Joseph Cedarette, 46, of Saginaw, became so excited over the marriage of her daughter, Edith May, to Alexander Hamlin, of Montreal, that she succumbed to heart disease at the wedding breakfast and died shortly afterwards.

Herman Keraman, of Hubbell, brought nine potatoes from Finland three years ago, and expects to harvest a crop of 300 bushels this year. The Finnish tubers are smaller than the American potato, and he has not found a bug on them.

John Ford, of Owosso, sat up six nights with his 3-year-old daughter, and then, supposing she was better, left her to go to work on an ice wagon. The child was suddenly taken worse and died before her father could return to the house.

Mrs. O. Bendickson's reward for the honesty of a little girl who returned her pocketbook containing \$300 in cash and a \$1,000 check, to a storekeeper, after finding it in an alley, was \$1. Mrs. Bendickson is the wife of a farmer living near Lansing.

The largest attendance in the last 10 years marked the sixteenth annual encampment at Hastings of ex-soldiers and sailors of Barry county. Officers of the reunion association for the ensuing year are: Frank Pierce, president; I. N. Winters, secretary, and Friend Spiles, treasurer.

Hillsdale residents are somewhat alarmed over the spread of a strange disease which has caused the death of four or five children during the last two weeks.

THE MUCH TALKED OF OYSTER BAY MAN

ROOSEVELT RESERVES RIGHT TO RUN IN 1912 IF HE FEELS LIKE IT.

THE BREAK WITH TAFT MENDED BY A MOLLIFYING DENIAL, SO IT'S SAID.

The Late Political Dope Comes From New York and Chicago Newspapers.

Former President Roosevelt remains silent as to whether he will enter the lists for the presidential nomination in 1912, neither affirming nor denying the report that he may be found opposing President Taft in the next national contest. The following statement emanating from the colonel is wired as the final word on the subject:

His close friends are the authority for the statement that Col. Roosevelt has never indicated by the slightest word what his intentions are with regard to 1912. The colonel, however, has always said that he reserves the right to engage in any situation at any time whenever he feels that his policies demand it.

Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft have not come to the parting of the ways, says an Oyster Bay dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, which continues:

"Events in Oyster Bay and in Beverly emphasized the fact that the New York newspapers which declared that a break had come between the president and his predecessor had jumped at conclusions.

"It is believed here by those close to Col. Roosevelt that while it is possible he may eventually break with the administration, the fact remains that he has not yet done so, and it is declared he will not do so in any event until after the November election.

"Col. Roosevelt has been assured that Mr. Taft favored him for temporary chairman of the New York convention, and had no understanding with the machine leaders in the state. This assurance is said to have averted a breach between the two chiefs."

Firing of Cannon.

Reflecting the views of the administration, it is generally believed, Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, has given out a statement in which he says he will never support Speaker Cannon again and that he does not believe Mr. Cannon ever can be re-elected. This is regarded as the actual beginning of the real fight on Mr. Cannon.

It had been regarded as a significant fact that Mr. Longworth had been called into all the recent conferences of a political character held by President Taft. Mr. Longworth was present when the president and vice-president talked together. It was reported then that a statement adverse to Mr. Cannon was being prepared in quarters close to the administration and it was also intimated that Mr. Sherman, who, like Mr. Longworth, has always been a supporter of Mr. Cannon, has become reconciled to the fact that Mr. Cannon must go.

Speaker Cannon, when shown the dispatch regarding the statement by Rep. Nicholas Longworth, said:

"Mr. Cannon declines to answer any statement which Mr. Nicholas Longworth may or may not have made until he sees it. I do not answer any statements which I believe to be fakes that mischievous parties make.

"It is time enough for me to answer the president of the United States if he has any statement to make touching on the Republicanism of the speaker of the house of representatives when he makes that statement under his own hand. I will not fight windmills filled by breezes blown from lungs of political or personal enemies or cowards."

Shock Killed Him.

His death brought on by the shock of seeing Mayor Gaynor pierced by an assassin's bullet, President Pedro Montt, of Chile, died in Bremen Tuesday, shortly after the arrival from New York of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

President Montt for some time had suffered from heart trouble and was on his way to Europe to recuperate when the attack upon New York's mayor was made on the deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm last week Tuesday. Senator Montt had just finished speaking to the mayor when Gallagher's shot was fired, and the smoke swept the face of the Chilean president as it drifted from the muzzle of the assassin's revolver. The shock of Mayor Gaynor's narrow escape from death caused a recurrence of heart trouble, from which President Montt was unable to recover.

Wholesale thefts of woolen cloth from the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. and from various Massachusetts woolen mills, amounting to \$50,000 or more, are disclosed by the arrest of John J. O'Neil and William Potter, both of East Boston.

TROOPS IN COLUMBUS.

Gov. Harmon Takes Personal Charge of the Strike Situation.

Gov. Harmon personally assumed charge of the car strike situation in Columbus. Without consulting Mayor Marshall or the sheriff, he ordered a force of 1,000 state troops in the capitol yard and they were encamped there, including the First regiment of Cincinnati, part of the Third regiment of Dayton and Troop B and Battery C of Columbus. Tonight the governor is in charge of the troops and his adjutant-general gives the orders. The troops were not placed about for patrol service, but were held in state house grounds.

It is evident that there may be friction when the military authorities under Gov. Harmon and the police and deputy sheriffs under Mayor Marshall meet to quell rioting. The military officers are planning to assume charge of things when they are called out. To an impartial observer it looks as if the governor has about made up his mind to lift the management of the situation entirely out of the mayor's hands. Predictions are freely made that in the event of serious trouble the governor will not hesitate to remove the mayor from office.

Gov. Warner Reviews Lake Brigade.

The Naval Reserve fleet of the great lakes, consisting of six ships and 800 reserves, from four states, was inspected at Detroit by Gov. Warner and his staff of aides.

The vessels in the fleet are: The Wolverine, official flagship; the Dorothea, manned by Cleveland reserves; Gopher, Duluth reserves; Nashville, Chicago reserves; Yantic, Hancock and Marquette reserves; Don Juan de Austria, Detroit reserves.

Just Escaped Cremation.

Recovering after being stunned by a bolt of lightning while asleep, Calvin Davis found the bedroom of his house aflame. Seizing his wife and 2-year-old baby, likewise stunned, Davis bore them to safety in the storm.

The flames meanwhile had obtained such a start that the house was destroyed.

The Davis home was on a farm three miles northeast of Buckley in Grand Traverse county.

The Retired Generals.

With the retirement of General Bates, brigade commander, at the end of this year there will be 11 brigadier-generals on the retired list of the Michigan National Guard. The names: Fred W. Green, Ionia; L. R. Boynton, George H. Brown and Joseph Walsh, Port Huron; John E. Tyrrell, Jackson; C. R. Hawley, Bay City; Frank B. Lyon, Calumet; Fred B. Wood, Adrian; O'Brien Atkinson and C. W. Harrah, Detroit, and Robert J. Bates, of the Soo. Quartermaster-General Kidd and Col. Cox, the latter of the adjutant-generals department, will probably also retire at the end of the year, and both being civil war veterans, they can do so at one grade higher than they now hold.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle: Steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$5; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, \$4.50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, \$4; choice fat cows, \$4.50; good fat cows, \$4; common cows, \$3.50; canners, \$2.50; choice heavy bulls, \$3.75; fair to good heifers, \$3.50; stock bulls, \$3.50; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$4.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.50; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.25; stock heifers, \$3.25; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$4.50; common milkers, \$2.50.

Veal calves—Market, best grades, 75c to \$1, and heavies \$1.50 to \$2 lower than last Thursday; best \$8.50; others, \$3.00.

Milk cows and springers—Steady. Sheep and lambs—Market, 50c to 75c lower than last week at opening. Best lambs, \$6; fair to good lambs \$5.75; light to common lambs, \$4.50; fair to good sheep, \$3.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$2.50.

Hogs—Market steady; last Thursday's prices. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$8.90; pigs, \$8.90; light porkers, \$8.75; heavy, \$8.50; stags, 1-3 off.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat: Cash No. 2 red, 2 cars at \$1.01, closing at \$1.01; 1-2; September opened without change at \$1.02 1-4 and closed at \$1.02 1-2; December opened at \$1.06 3-4, declined to \$1.05 1-4 and advanced to \$1.06 3-4; May opened at \$1.11 1-4, touched \$1.10 3-4 and advanced to \$1.11 1-4; No. 1 white, 2 cars at \$9 1-2.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 65 1-2; No. 2 yellow, 67 1-2; No. 3 yellow, 67c.

Oats—Standard, 9 cars at 36 1-2; September, 36 1-2; No. 3 white, 1 car at 36c.

Rye—Cash and September No. 1, 74c; No. 2, 73c.

Beans—Cash, \$2.35; October, \$2.10; November, \$2.05.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, \$5.00; October, \$4.60; March, \$4.60; sample, 10 bags at \$4.25; prime alike, \$4.50; sample, 24 bags at \$4.25, 20 at \$4.37 at \$7.50, 5 at \$6.00, 4 at \$6.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 75 bags at \$2.85.

Feed—In 100-lb. sacks, jobbing lots; Bran, \$23; coarse middlings, \$24; fine middlings, \$27; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, \$27; corn and oat chop, \$24 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, \$5.10; ordinary patent, \$4.90; straight, \$4.80; clear, \$4.60; pure rye, \$4.50; spring patent, \$5.90 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

Christ Joehnek, district manager of the Saginaw Sugar Co., fell down a scaffolding at Henderson, where the new weigh station is being built, and drove a big nail completely through his hand. Prompt attendance has prevented blood poisoning.

The Man in Lower Ten

By Mary Roberts Rinehart
Author of
The Circular Staircase

Illustrations by M. J. KETTNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to take the deposition of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the latter's house the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. Standing in line to buy a Pullman ticket Blakeley is requested by a lady to buy her one. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his bag and clothing missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. It is learned that the dead man is Simon Harrington of Pittsburgh. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected of the murder.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Then you haven't heard the rest of the tragedy?" I asked, holding out the case. "It's frightfully bad luck for me, but it makes a good story. You see—"

At that moment the conductor and porter ceased their colloquy. The conductor came directly toward me, tugging as he came at his bristling gray mustache.

"I would like to talk to you in the car," he said to me, with a curious glance at the young lady.

"Can't it wait?" I objected. "We are on our way to a cup of coffee and a slice of bacon. Be merciful as you are powerful."

"I'm afraid the breakfast will have to wait," he replied. "I won't keep you long." There was a note of authority in his voice which I resented; but, after all, the circumstances were unusual.

"We'll have to defer that cup of coffee for a while," I said to the girl; "but don't despair; there's breakfast somewhere."

As we entered the car, she stood aside, but I felt rather than saw that she followed us. I was surprised to see a half dozen men gathered around the berth in which I had awakened, number seven. It had not yet been made up.

As we passed along the aisle, I was conscious of a new expression on the faces of the passengers. The tall woman who had fainted was searching my face with narrowed eyes, while the stout woman of the kindly heart avoided my gaze, and pretended to look out of the window.

As we pushed our way through the group I fancied that it closed around me ominously. The conductor said nothing, but led the way without ceremony to the side of the berth.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. I was puzzled, but not apprehensive. "Have you some of my things? I'd be thankful even for my shoes; these are confoundingly tight."

Nobody spoke, and I fell silent, too. For one of the pillows had been turned over, and the under side of the white case was streaked with brownish stains. I think it was a perceptible time before I realized that the stains were blood, and that the faces around were filled with suspicion and distrust.

"Why, it—that looks like blood," I said vacuously. There was an incessant pounding in my ears, and the conductor's voice came from far off.

"It is blood," he asserted grimly. I looked around with a dizzy attempt at nonchalance. "Even if it is," I remonstrated, "surely you don't suppose for a moment that I know anything about it!"

The amateur detective elbowed his way in. He had a scrap of transparent paper in his hand, and a pencil.

"I would like permission to trace the stains," he began eagerly. "Also—to me—if you will kindly jab your finger with a pin—needle—anything—" "If you don't keep out of this," the conductor said savagely, "I will do some jabbing myself. As for you, sir—" he turned to me. I was absolutely innocent, but I knew that I presented a typical picture of guilt; I was covered with cold sweat, and the pounding in my ears kept up dizzily. "As for you, sir—"

The irrepressible amateur detective made a quick pounce at the pillow and pushed back the cover. Before our incredulous eyes he drew out a narrow steel dirk which had been buried to the small cross that served as a head.

There was a chorus of voices around, a quick surging forward of the crowd. So that was what had

scratched my hand! I buried the wound in my coat pocket.

"Well," I said, trying to speak naturally, "doesn't that prove what I have been telling you? The man who committed the murder belonged to this berth, and made an exchange in some way after the crime. How do you know he didn't change the tags so I would come back to this berth?" This was an inspiration; I was pleased with it. "That's what he did, he changed the tags," I reiterated.

There was a murmur of assent around. The doctor, who was standing beside me, put his hand on my arm. "If this gentleman committed this crime, and I for one feel sure he did not, then who is the fellow who got away? And why did he go?"

"We have only one man's word for that," the conductor snarled. "I've traveled some in these cars myself, and no one ever changed berths with me." Somebody on the edge of the group asserted that hereafter he would travel by daylight. I glanced up and caught the eye of the girl in blue.

"They are all mad," she said. Her tone was low, but I heard her distinctly. "Don't take them seriously enough to defend yourself."

"I am glad you think I didn't do it," I observed meekly, over the crowd. "Nothing else is of any importance."

The conductor had pulled out his note-book again. "Your name, please," he said gruffly.

"Lawrence Blakeley, Washington."

"Your occupation?"

"Attorney. A member of the firm of Blakeley & McKnight."

"Mr. Blakeley, you say you have occupied the wrong berth and have been robbed. Do you know anything of the man who did it?"

"Only from what he left behind," I answered. "These clothes—"

"They fit you," he said with quick suspicion. "Isn't that rather a coincidence? You are a large man."

"Good heavens," I retorted, stung to fury, "do I look like a man who would wear this kind of a necktie? Do you suppose I carry purple and green barred silk handkerchiefs? Would any man in his senses wear a pair of shoes a full size too small?"

The conductor was inclined to hedge. "You will have to grant that I am in a peculiar position," he said. "I have only your word as to the exchange of berths, and you understand I am merely doing my duty. Are there any clues in the pockets?"

For the second time I emptied them of their contents, which he noted. "Is that all?" he finished. "There was nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"That's not all, sir," broke in the porter, stepping forward. "There was a small black satchel."

"That's so," I exclaimed. "I forgot the bag. I don't even know where it is."

The easily swayed crowd looked suspicious again. I've grown so accustomed to reading the faces of a jury, seeing them swing from doubt to belief, and back again to doubt, that I instinctively watch expressions. I saw that my forgetfulness had done me harm—that suspicion was roused again.

The bag was found a couple of seats away, under somebody's raincoat—another dubious circumstance. Was I hiding it? It was brought to the berth and placed beside the conductor, who opened it at once.

It contained the usual traveling impedimenta—change of linen, collars, handkerchiefs, a bronze-green scarf, and a safety razor. But the attention of the crowd riveted itself on a flat, Russia leather wallet, around which a heavy gum band was wrapped, and which bore in gilt letters the name "Simon Harrington."

CHAPTER VII.

A Fine Gold Chain.

The conductor held it out to me, his face sternly accusing.

"Is this another coincidence?" he asked. "Did the man who left you his clothes and the barred silk handkerchief and the tight shoes leave you the spoil of the murder?"

The men standing around had drawn off a little, and I saw the absolute futility of any remonstrance. Have you ever seen a fly, who, in these hygienic days, finding no cobwebs to entangle him, is caught in a sheet of fly paper, finds himself more and more mired, and is finally quiet with the sticky stillness of despair?

Well, I was the fly. I had seen too much of circumstantial evidence to have any belief that the establishing of my identity would weigh much against the other incriminating details. It meant imprisonment and trial, probably, with all the notoriety and loss of practice they would entail. A man thinks quickly at a time like that. All the probable consequences of the finding of that pocket-book flashed through my mind as I extended my hand to take it. Then I drew my arm back.

"I don't want it," I said. "Look inside. Maybe the other man took the money and left the wallet."

The conductor opened it, and again there was a curious surging forward of the crowd. To my intense disappointment the money was still there. I stood blankly miserable while it was counted out—five \$100 bills, six

twenties and some fives and ones that brought the total to \$650.

The little man with the note-book insisted on taking the numbers of the notes, to the conductor's annoyance. It was immaterial to me: Small things had lost their power to irritate. I was seeing myself in the prisoner's box, going through all the nerve-racking routine of a trial for murder—the challenging of the jury, the endless cross-examinations, the alternate hope and fear. I believe I said before that I had no nerves, but for a few minutes that morning I was as near as a man ever comes to hysteria.

I folded my arms and gave myself a mental shake. I seemed to be the center of a hundred eyes, expressing every shade of doubt and distrust, but I tried not to flinch. Then some one created a diversion.

The amateur detective was busy again with the sealskin bag, investigating the make of the safety razor and the manufacturer's name on the bronze-green tie. Now, however, he paused and frowned, as though some pet theory had been upset.

Then from a corner of the bag he drew out and held up for our inspection some three inches of fine gold chain, one end of which was blackened and stained with blood!

The conductor held out his hand for it, but the little man was not ready to give it up. He turned to me.

"You say no watch was left you? Was there a piece of chain like that?"

"No chain at all," I said sulkily. "No jewelry of any kind, except plain gold buttons in the shirt I am wearing."

"Where are your glasses?" he threw at me suddenly; instinctively my hand went to my eyes. My glasses had been gone all morning, and I had not even noticed their absence. The little man smiled cynically and held out the chain.

"I must ask you to examine this," he insisted. "Isn't it a part of the fine gold chain you wear over your ear?"

I didn't want to touch the thing: The stain at the end made me shudder. But with a baker's dozen of suspicious eyes—well, we'll say 14—there were no one-eyed men—I took the fragment in the tips of my fingers and looked at it helplessly.

"Very fine chains are much alike," I managed to say. "For all I know, this may be mine, but I don't know how it got into that sealskin bag. I never saw the bag until this morning after daylight."

"He admits that he had the bag," somebody said behind me. "How did you guess that he wore glasses, anyhow?" to the amateur sleuth.

That gentleman cleared his throat. "There were two reasons," he said,



"I Don't Want It," I Said.

"for suspecting it. When you see a man with the lines of his face drooping, a healthy individual with a pensive eye—suspect astigmatism. Besides, this gentleman has a pronounced line across the bridge of his nose and a mark on his ear from the chain."

After this remarkable exhibition of the theoretical as combined with the practical, he sank into a seat near by, and still holding the chain, sat with closed eyes and pursed lips. It was evident to all the car that the solution of the mystery was a question of moments. Once he bent forward eagerly and putting the chain on the window-sill, proceeded to go over it with a pocket magnifying glass, only to shake his head in disappointment. All the people around shook their heads, too, although they had not the slightest idea what it was about.

The pounding in my ears began again. The group around me seemed to be suddenly motionless in the very act of moving, as if a hypnotist had called "Rigid!" The girl in blue was looking at me, and above the din I thought she said she must speak to me—something vital. The pounding grew louder and merged into a scream. With a grinding and splintering the car rose under my feet. Then it fell away into darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Second Section.

Have you ever been picked up out of your three-meals-a-day life, whirled around in a tornado of events, and landed in a situation so grotesque and yet so horrible that you laugh even while you are groaning, and straining

at its hopelessness? McKnight says that is hysteria, and that no man worthy of the name ever admits to it.

Also, as McKnight says, it sounds like a tank drama. Just as the revolving saw is about to cut the hero into stove lengths, the second villain blows up the sawmill. The hero goes up through the roof and alights on the bank of a stream at the feet of his lady love, who is making daisy chains.

Nevertheless, when I was safely home again, with Mrs. Klopton brewing strange drinks that came in paper packets from the pharmacy, and that smelled to heaven, I remember staggering to the door and closing it, and then going back to bed and howling out the absurdity and the madness of the whole thing. And while I laughed my very soul was sick, for the girl was gone by that time, and I knew by all the loyalty that answers between men for honor that I would have to put her out of my mind.

And yet, all the night that followed, filled as it was with the shrieking demons of pain, I saw her as I had seen her last, in the queer hat with green ribbons. I told the doctor this, guardedly, the next morning, and he said it was the morphia, and that I was lucky not to have seen a row of devils with green tails.

I don't know anything about the wreck of September 9 last. You who swallowed the details with your coffee and digested the horrors with your chop, probably know a great deal more than I do. I remember very distinctly that the jumping and throbbing in my arm brought me back to a world that at first was nothing but sky, a heap of clouds that I thought hazily were the meringue on a blue charlotte russe.

As the sense of hearing was slowly added to vision, I heard a woman near me sobbing that she had lost her hat pin, and she couldn't keep her hat on. I think I dropped back into unconsciousness again, for the next thing I remember was of my blue patch of sky clouded with smoke, of a strange, roaring and crackling, of a rain of fiery sparks in my face and of somebody beating at me with feeble hands. I opened my eyes and closed them again: The girl in blue was bending over me. With that imperviousness to big things and keenness to small that is the first effect of shock, I tried to be facetious, when a spark stung my cheek.

"You will have to rouse yourself!" the girl was repeating desperately. "You've been in fire twice already." A piece of striped ticking floated slowly over my head. As the wind caught it its charring edges leaped into flame. "Looks like a kite, doesn't it?" I remarked cheerfully. And then, as my arm gave an excruciating throb—"Jove, how my arm hurts!"

The girl bent over and spoke slowly, distinctly, as one might speak to a deaf person or a child. "Listen, Mr. Blakeley," she said earnestly. "You must rouse yourself. There has been a terrible accident. The second section ran into us. The wreck is burning now, and if we don't move, we will catch fire. Do you hear?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"IS" OR "ARE" THE QUESTION

Professors of English Differ Widely as to Some Correct Forms of Speech.

That grammar "knows how even to control kings," was asserted some time ago by Mollere; but Mollere, it appears, is out of date. At least Prof. Melville B. Anderson of the English department at Stanford university is authority for the statement that grammar, far from controlling kings, may itself be controlled by such humble things as states of mind, the San Francisco Chronicle says.

Prof. Anderson's views were called out by a question which was submitted to him and also to Prof. Charles Mills Gayley, the latter of the English language and literary department of the University of California.

Which, it was asked, is correct—"The strength and the position of the bank is well known," or "The strength and the position of the bank are well known?" Prof. Anderson answered offhand that "are" should be used, while Prof. Gayley replied that "is" is the correct form in grammatical society.

The difference of opinion between the two authorities was disconcerting to the layman who had sought the information and at clubs on both sides of the bay the matter has been discussed with increasing interest during the last two or three days. "Is it is, or are it are?" has become a question second only in importance to that as to what Mayor McCarthy will do next.

The Worst Ever.

"Is our new congressman homely? Well I should say! Did you ever see a photograph of him?"

"Why, no, but I've seen caricatures of him."

"Oh, they flatter him; you should see one of his photographs."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The forest service has turned 300 Angora goats loose on mountain slopes in western states, as an experiment to keep the weeds from the fire breaks.

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A Sage's Summer.

Solomon sighed.
"Think of the number of plants I have to remember to water while they are all away for the summer," he cried.
Herewith he doubted his title to wisdom.

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"And what am I going to wear this summer? Kilts?"

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Wille—We were playing insurance company at school today and the boys treated me mean.
Mama—How?
Wille—I was the president of the company, and before I could resign they fired me.

Thinking of Curtain Lectures.

Mrs. Peck—I see the Maine Agricultural college proposes to establish lectures especially for country pastors.
Mr. Peck—What's the matter, ain't none of the parsons up there married?

Deduction in a Street Car.

The Heavyweight—Pardon me, did I step on your foot, sir?
Coogan—If yez didn't, begorry, then the roof must hav fell on it.—Puck.

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For right living.

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Says an eminent writer—

"Wrong living

"And but one cure—

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Among Our Correspondents

SOUTH GREGORY.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton visited in Leslie over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Bates is not very well at this writing.

Mrs. F. Oritt visited at L. R. Williams last Tuesday.

Quite a crowd attended the Gleaner picnic at Lowe Lake last Thursday.

Ruth Whitehead visited at home last week and took in some of the picnics.

Several from here attended the Farmers picnic at North Lake and also the Baptist S. S. picnic at Johns Lake last week.

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 19th day of August A. D. 1910. Present, Arthur A. Montague, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of **Sarah A. Sigler, deceased**

Hollis F. Sigler having filed in said court his petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to himself or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the 18th day of September A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

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

ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE,
Judge of Probate.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. F. SIGLER M. D. C. L. SIGLER M. D.
DRS. SIGLER & SIGLER,
Physicians and Surgeons. All calls promptly attended to day or night. Office on Main street Pinckney, Mich.

J. W. BIRD
PRACTICAL AUCTIONEER
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
For information, call at the Pinckney Dispatch office. Auction Bills Free. Bell and Webster Rtrial Phones. Arrangements made for sale by phone at my expense. Oct 07
Address, Dexter, Michigan

ANDERSON.

Bert Hoff of Lansing is home for a weeks visit.

Mrs. Elmer Book spent several days visiting friends in Jackson.

Wirt Barton and lady friend of Byron visited his parents here Sunday.

Mrs. Friend Williams and son Carl of Stockbridge visited at Fred Mackinders Saturday.

Miss Gladys Poole is quite sick with quinsy at the home of her sister Mrs. A. H. Gilchrist of Pinckney.

Miss Edna Mackinder is spending a couple of weeks with her grandmother Mrs. J. O. Mackinder of Hamburg.

Miss Mollie Wilson returned to Iowa Tuesday after spending several weeks with her parents and many friends here. Her father and mother accompanied her home and will visit their sons in the west for a couple of weeks.

EAST PUTNAM.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hicks spent Sunday at James Fitch's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hicks were in Jackson the first of the week.

Rachael Fitch has been spending a few days with friends in Hartland.

Wm. Fisk was under the doctors care the last of last week but is better now.

Mrs. Lucy Hendee is visiting relatives in Fowlerville and Bancroft at present.

Mayme Fish leaves this week for Coruna where she will teach the coming year.

Myra Hall is expected home from Bay View this week where she has been spending the summer.

Mrs. Frank Tiplady and Miss Edna Tiplady of West Putnam visited at Lewis Shehans Sunday.

Monday evening a party of friends and neighbors of Fred Fish gave him a surprise just to remind him of his birthday. Refreshments were served and the pleasant evening was soon over, when all returned home wishing Fred many happy returns of the day.

PLAINFIELD.

R. G. Chipman is running his threshing outfit.

Edith Lillwhite spent last week with friends in White Oak.

Misses Beulah Smith and Hazel Fineout spent Sunday at Mr. Lillwhite's.

Gertrude Chipman was taken seriously ill last Saturday but is some better at this writing.

Blauche Harford has returned to her home in Stockbridge to prepare for this years school work.

The WFMS will hold their Sept. tea at the home of Mrs. Henry Huson Thursday Sept. 1st. All are invited.

There was a good crowd at the cemetery meeting here last Saturday and the cemetery shows a great improvement since these yearly meetings are held.

SOUTH IOSCO.

Mrs. Watters entertained relatives from Jackson over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Calkins called on Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller Friday.

Miss F. Beatrice Lamborn is spending some time with her sisters in Pinckney.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller spent the last of the week with friends in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harford visited B. W. Harford and family of Stockbridge Friday.

R. D. Mitchell and Edna Foster called on Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roberts Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pipher of Webberville visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roberts Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Wainwright, and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Roberts and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Caskey of Anderson Sunday.

CHILSON

Elroy Spicer is visiting his parents.

Darwin Briggs has a position in Detroit.

Bert L. C. Nash has bought an automobile.

Mrs. C. E. Gearhart is helping Mrs. B. Y. Gartrell with her housework this week.

Henry Dammann had the misfortune to lose a fine colt injured by barbed wire last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. King, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Westphal took advantage of the excursion Sunday.

Mrs. Dora Briggs and three sons are visiting the old home.

Threatening clouds have scared us for the last time—we carry an umbrella no more.

Wm. B. Sopp and son went to Laingsburg Saturday where they will visit friends this week.

Thomas H. Sweet and wife are spending a few weeks in Pennsylvania, the guests of his brother and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Nutting broke camp Saturday and are spending a few days with friends in Ann Arbor.

For State Senator.

One of the many candidates who is conducting a hustling and business-like campaign is Leonard Freeman, of Fenton, who is seeking the office of State Senator in the 13th district.



LEONARD FREEMAN

That his efforts are proving successful is assured by the fact that a host of admirers are pledging their support to him. Mr. Freeman claims to be tied up to no factions whatever and if nominated and elected to the office of State Senator his only thoughts will be for the peoples interests, first, last, and all the time. Mr. Freeman has been very successful in business, and is thoroughly competent to fill the office for which he aspires in a manner that will be a great credit to himself and district. His host of friends with him are putting up a strong campaign and they all predict him a winner at the Primaries on Sept. 6—The Montrose Record.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Loyal Guards, notice—assessment now due.

Mark Swarthout and family of Dexter were in town Tuesday.

Steve Jeffreys left Monday morning for Lansing here he has a position.

Miss Lola Moran was the guest of Miss Hazel Merrill of Hamburg a few days last week.

Miss Edith Allen of Howell visited her many friends here and in this vicinity this week.

Mrs. Beal and daughter of Ann Arbor, were guests of Mrs. Geo. Green and daughter this week.

Mrs. F. E. Romine and daughter and son of New Boston were guests of Mr. and Mrs. McDougall this week.

Miss Viola Peters returned home from Pontiac Monday, accompanied by her friend Miss Juanita Young.

Mrs. Emma Moran and daughter Lola are spending a couple weeks with her daughters in Hamburg and Howell.

Are you going to the campers and farmers picnic on the Cobb farm at Portage Lake today? A big crowd expected.

The ladies of the M. E. church are requested to meet with Mrs. H. F. Sigler Friday afternoon of this week. Important business.

Mail carriers, H. H. Swarthout and Frank Newman are taking their vacations. Louis Monks and Wales Leland are filling their places.

Geo. Sykes is reported much better but not able to leave the house. His many friends here hope his accident will not prove any more serious.

Samuel Wheeler had the misfortune to lose the second horse of his span of blacks last Saturday night the other one dying less than a year ago.

NOTICE.

The tax roll of the village of Pinckney for the year 1910 is now in the hands of the village treasurer at the Pinckney Exchange Bank for collection. No taxes received after banking hours.
H. R. GEER,
Village Treas.

Howell's Home Coming

August 31 - September 1, 1910

will be the biggest celebration in the history of the village.

Workmen are now erecting over Grand River and other streets, arches for an electrical display whereon more than six hundred electric bulbs are being put in place. In fact the whole town will be decorated and in holiday attire for the occasion.

Five bands have been employed to furnish music, four cornet bands and one marshall band, aggregating in all seventy-five men, making a musical combination never before seen in Howell. The Midland Jubilee Singers a company of five men and two women, said to be the best company of colored singers in the United States, will be in attendance both days and evenings.

The Hon. George D. Allen, one of the very best Lyceum orators on the American platform, will deliver an address each afternoon.

Miss Carrie Porter, Howell's most noted vocal soloist, will appear each afternoon.

There will be two performances each day on a flying trapeze by two experts in this line.

There will be a balloon ascension with parachute drop each day. The man making the ascension and drop will be shot from a cannon tube into midair and, developing into a parachute, make the ascent a feat new and novel in aerial maneuvers.

Wednesday is called Grand Army day and Thursday Pioneer day and both days a grand Home Coming, to which every one is invited.

Many former residents of Howell have already promised to be present and take part in the different features of the programs. Among these are Hon. Rollin H. Pearson of Lansing, and Hon. Fred H. Warren of Detroit, and many others.

All these attractions and all programs are open air and free to every one.

The entertainments will open Wednesday morning at eight o'clock with a grand concert on the Court House square and continue without interruption except for eating and sleeping until nine o'clock Thursday evening. Thursday afternoon there will be a grand parade of automobiles floats, bands, etc. This will indeed be a home coming to meet and greet your friends and in addition entertainment furnished for every waking moment of the time during the two days and evenings.

Make your plans now. Everyone come early Wednesday morning and stay until late Thursday night. Cultivate the social nature, enjoy the feast of reason and of pleasure, and return home with health and spirits renewed, wiser, better, happier and richer than you came.

To this Home Coming, Howell invites you most cordially and will welcome you most sincerely.

Obituary.

Mrs. Sarah S. Beebe died at her home in Harbor Springs, Mich., Aug. 15, 1910, of paralysis. Mrs. Beebe, whose maiden name was Sarah S. Grimes, was married to Levi H. Beebe Feb. 24, 1848. To them were born four children, Elizabeth M. Pullen who died July 17, 1888; A. J. Beebe of Fowlerville; T. G. Beebe of Harbor Springs, Mich., and Viola M. Wood of Boyne City, Mich.

Deceased was a member of a family of four girls and three boys, all of whom have preceded her to the world beyond except one brother, Samuel Grimes of Pinckney, who still survives her, but being in poor health was unable to attend her funeral. Deceased was a Baptist, having lived in that faith all her life.

The remains were brought to Fowlerville for burial. The funeral services were held at the residence of A. C. Spencer at 10:30 o'clock Thursday Aug. 18, Rev. A. A. Rose officiating. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.—Fowlerville Review.

Pay your subscription this month.

F. L. Andrews is still under the doctors care.

Quite a few people came up from Detroit Sunday.

Judge Leland of Ann Arbor visited his cousin Mrs. J. Parker Tuesday.

Will Kennedy Jr. was killed by Battle Creek Tuesday by the severe illness of his brother Joe who is reported having appendicitis.

Amos Musselman, republican candidate for the nomination of Governor, arrived here late Tuesday and only a small audience heard him speak.

Call next Monday and see the fine array of optical instruments I use in testing the eyes. They were purchased for your benefit as well as mine. Lefty Lewis, at Hotel parlors next Monday.

TO RENT.

Rooms to rent in my residence.
185 Mrs. ADDIE POTTERTON

A Home Coming Dance at Howell

A Home Coming Dance will be given at the Howell Auditorium both evenings of the Howell Home Coming, August 31 and Sept. 1. Yourself and ladies are cordially invited to dance on the largest dance floor in the county. Music will be furnished by an orchestra of eight or ten pieces.

COME!

LADIES!

Here is something to Interest You.

..Dinner Ware..

We have just put in this line and have a brand new decoration in a dainty rose cluster, and the shapes are new and artistic.

We have the sets made up in 42-piece, 57-piece, 100-piece, or 112-piece, or you can make up your own set and pick out whatever you want at the same proportionate prices.

We think we have a good thing, equal in appearance and wearing qualities to the very best, and yet the prices are nominal. The ware is sold also by the single piece, so you can secure a full set by small installments. And you can match or fill in at any time, as the pattern is guaranteed for a term of years. Come in and look at it.

C. S. LINE

"The Home Goods Store"
HOWELL, MICHIGAN