

Pinckney Dispatch

Vol. XXVIII

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Thursday, October 27, 1910

No. 42

One-Third More Heat From One-Third Less Fuel

The reason JEWEL Baseburners produce more heat with less fuel is due to the improved Jewel Construction.

Jewel Base Burners are different and where they are different they are better. Buy a Jewel and you will get a stove of remarkable fuel economy and wonderful heating ability. You cannot afford to miss the savings or the comfort. Investigate. Come here and let us show you.

WARNING—Others try to imitate Jewel Stoves. Do not be misled. Genuine Jewels bear the trademark printed herewith. Buy from us, run no risk of getting imitations.



Barton & Dunbar

For Quality For Price

Bowman's

When you come to Howell to buy your fall bill, drop in and see us. We can save you money on

Bed Blankets, Outing Flannel,

Underwear, Hosiery, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Mittens.

Every Day is Bargain Day

E. A. Bowman
Howell's Busy Store

Telephone No. 2

This is the Number to call when you want

Good Fresh GROCERIES

Our Line is Complete and we deliver promptly.

Gent's Furnishings

We have the best line of Gent's Furnishings in town. Hats, Caps, Underwear, etc.

Frank E. Dolan

We now have our Steel Feed Chopper in Running Order

and we can do as good grinding as anyone.

We would be pleased to have you give it a Trial.

We are also anxious to have you try our **PURITY FLOUR** as we think there is none better.

Hoyt Bros.

HILL'S VARIETY STORE

is now nicely situated in their

NEW LOCATION

the store recently occupied by Wm. Blumenthal and invite all to come in and see their line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Tin and Enamelled Ware

Our Supply of **5 and 10 Cent Goods** never was better

V. E. HILL,
Howell, Michigan

OLD TAVERN COFFEE

A NEW SUPPLY JUST RECEIVED

After all its the flavor that counts. The flavor of Old Tavern is unexcelled. At the popular price of 25c per lb. it has no equal. You needn't take our word for it, try it at OUR EXPENSE and find out. Get a package, use half it in your home; if it doesn't satisfy you we will pay you 25c for the remainder.

BUTTERNUT BREAD

Represents a great change from the usual methods employed in making ordinary bakers bread. That's why it's a better bread than you ever bought.

Two Sizes 5c and 10c

Best Brand of Cooking Molasses at **MONKS BROS.**

EDWARD PRATT

Candidate for Sheriff on Republican Ticket

Edward Pratt was selected by the people of Livingston county as the nominee for sheriff on the republican ticket and there is one thing left to do and that is to elect him. All indications point to the fact that they are going to do that very thing. Mr. Pratt is no stranger to the people of this county. He has served the county faithfully and well four years as sheriff and the people know the record that he made. Mr. Pratt has no apologies to make, no public acts to cover up, he did the best he could and if re-elected, he promises to do the same thing again. He worked with the prosecuting officer in seeing that all the laws of the county were properly executed and that he will do if he is re-elected sheriff.

Mr. Pratt was born in Deerfield township and has always lived there until elected sheriff. After his term expired two years ago he bought a livery business and remained in Howell to educate his children. He attended the high school at Fenton and a business school and taught several winters working on the farm in the summer. He is well qualified for the duties of the office and is also a man of honor and integrity.—Livingston Republican.

FRANK CRANDALL

Republican Nominee for State Legislature.



A man who has made a success of his own life and business is certainly capable of planning for others. Frank Crandall, Republican nominee for the State Legislature, started in life a poor boy and by his own industry and absolute honesty has become not only a successful farmer and cattle raiser, but has been recognized as such and elected to official positions among his fellows, who appreciate his ability and integrity. He will be a good man to represent Livingston county in the next legislature.—Fowlerville Review.



WILLIAM J. LARKIN

Candidate for Drain Commissioner on Democrat Ticket

Your Support Respectfully Solicited.

Don't fail to read Barnard's big adv. on page eight.

Remember the dance at the opera house this Friday evening, October 28. Everybody invited.

Business-like printing, the plain, neat kind that looks right. At the Dispatch Office.

AUTUMN WEDDING

GEER-STALEY

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Staley, of Oak Grove, was the scene of bright festivity, Wednesday, Oct. 19, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Edna Louise to H. Remington Geer of Pinckney.

When the guests had all assembled to the number of one hundred or more, as the clock struck twelve, Miss Alice Kieckler struck the chords of the Bridal march. Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of Detroit, proceeded to the parlor followed by the groom and his attendant, Claude E. Tyndall, lastly came the bride and matron of honor, Mrs. C. E. Tyndall, who took their places under an arch of lace drapery and wedding bells, where in a few solemn words they were pronounced husband and wife.

The bride was handsomely attired in white satin with lace insertion, and carried pure white roses. The matron of honor wore cream satin and carried pink carnations. The groom and best man wore the conventional black.

After receiving congratulations from their many friends, they retired to the beautifully trimmed dining room where a four course dinner was served.

The presents were numerous and costly, showing their popularity among their many friends. The couple left in an auto amid showers of rice for a wedding trip.

Friends and relatives were present from Ypsilanti, Owosso, Flint, Pinckney, Fenton and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Geer will make their home in Pinckney where the groom is connected with the Bank of that place. Both the contracting parties have many friends in Oak Grove who wish them success, and that their bark may safely glide down the stream of time.

Cong'l Church Notes

A well filled house listened to THE AUTUMNAL LEAF the falling of which is a representation of the human body and soul and an unusual interest was manifested. The pulpit and pews alike were filled with inspiration from that great source from which inspiration comes.

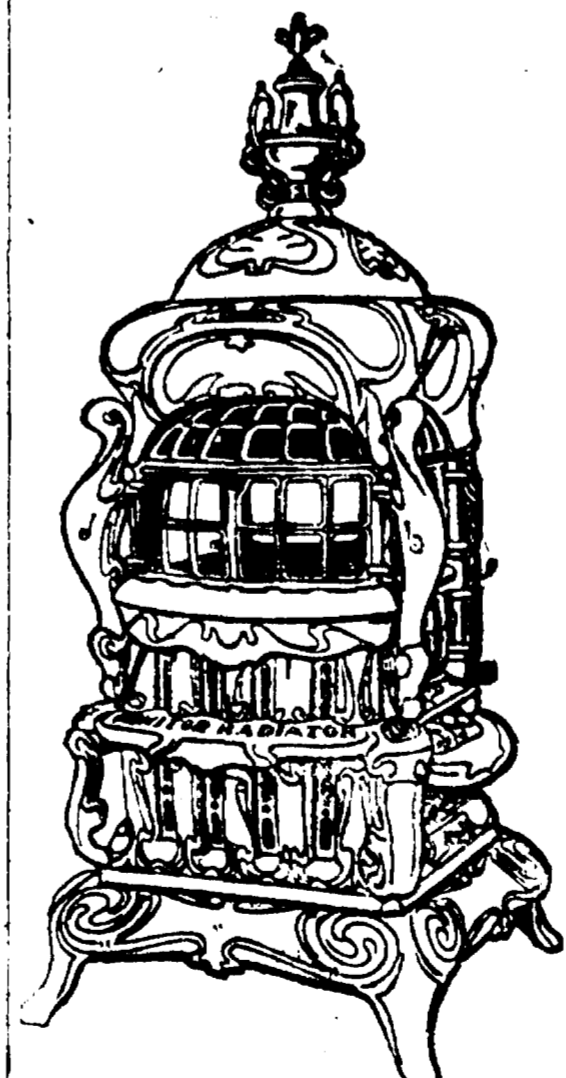
Worship God; he who forgets to pray, bids not himself good-morrow or good-day. We have never known a man who habitually and on principle absented himself from the public worship of God, who did not sooner or later bring sorrow upon himself or his family. What greater calamity can befall a nation than to lose its true and heart-felt worship of the true and living God.

Dear reader, words may fly up and thoughts remain below; words, without thoughts, never heaven-ward go.

Many a man who now lacks shoe leather would wear golden spurs if knighthood were the reward of worth. Visit the churches and hear the best they have to give.

Want a stove that will put all the heat in the house instead of up the chimney?

THE MONITOR RADIATOR produces twice as much heat from the same fuel because it has a long inside draft that makes the fire draw well—and burns up all gases before they are wasted up the chimney.



1683 square inches more heating surface than any other stove built

You can heat your up-stairs rooms by attaching pipes to its patent hot air flue. The patent grate cuts the clinkers and dead ashes from the grate and turns them into the ash pan. Don't need the poker. It will hold fire twenty-four hours without rekindling.

Come Around and Look At It
Teepie Hardware Co.

1874

1910

Drug Department

We boast of having everything fresh and pure—not tied up to any particular line, but always aim to give the best we can produce—at the lowest possible prices.

School Books, Tablets, Pencils, Pencil Boxes, Erasers, Pens and Rulers, Etc.

We have everything needed for school and we are showing the best values this year we have ever shown in Tablets and Supplies.

F. A. Sigler's Drug Store

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

Jacksons Entire Stock Must Be Closed Out By January 1st, 1911

This is one of the greatest sales ever in Pinckney and vicinity for many years. First, the largest stock to select from. Second, because we are going out of business and everything will be sold at cost prices. We wish also to thank the people that this is No. 1 Fake Sale and that we have no incentive to pawn off on the public. This large stock consists of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Etc.

WILL BE SOLD AT COST PRICES

As space will not permit, we will list but a few of the many bargains. Call and be convinced that we mean business.

Shoes Shoes

Closing Out Bargains in Mens, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Shoes

Mens \$2.75 Dress Shoes	\$2.00
Mens \$3.50 High Top Shoes	\$2.75
Mens \$4.00 Pat-Kill Shoes	\$3.00
Boys \$2.50 Heavy Shoes	\$2.00
Misses \$2.00 School Shoes	\$1.00
Ladies \$4.00 Dress Shoes	\$3.00
Ladies \$3.50 Dress Shoes	\$2.00
Ladies \$2.00 Dress Shoes	\$1.00
Ladies 15c Hose, per pair	11c
Ladies 12c Hose, per pair	9c
Mens 25c Hose, per pair	21c

Odds and Ends in Shoes Reduced to Cost

Dress Goods and Silk Bargains

50c Wool Dress Goods, per yard only	\$1.25
\$1.00 Dress Goods, per yard, only	\$1.00
\$1.25 Dress Goods, per yard only	\$1.00
\$1.75 Silk—We will put on sale 60 yards of 1 yard wide black silk, fully guaranteed, suitable for skirts and waists. The rusting kind, \$1.75 value at per yard, only	\$1.25
Yard wide Black Taffeta, made to sell at \$1.25, per yard	90c
Best colored Tennis Flannel, per yard, only	80c
Best standard Prints, per yard, only	50c
Best Challies, per yard, only	40c
Childrens \$5.00 Cloaks	\$3.00
Childrens \$4.00 Cloaks	\$3.00
Childrens \$2.25 Cloaks	\$2.25

Bed Blanket Specials

The 65c Quality	50c
The \$1.00 Quality	85c
The \$1.50 Quality	\$1.10
The \$1.50 Quality Comfortables	\$1.10

Groceries

Best Lard only	15c	Best Teas only	40c
Best Crackers, pound	7c	Good Rice, pound	40c
Corn Flakes, only	7c	Soda, only	7c
Yeast, only	3c	Raisins only	7c
Corn, only	7c	50c Matches	30c
Mens 75c Overalls	60c	

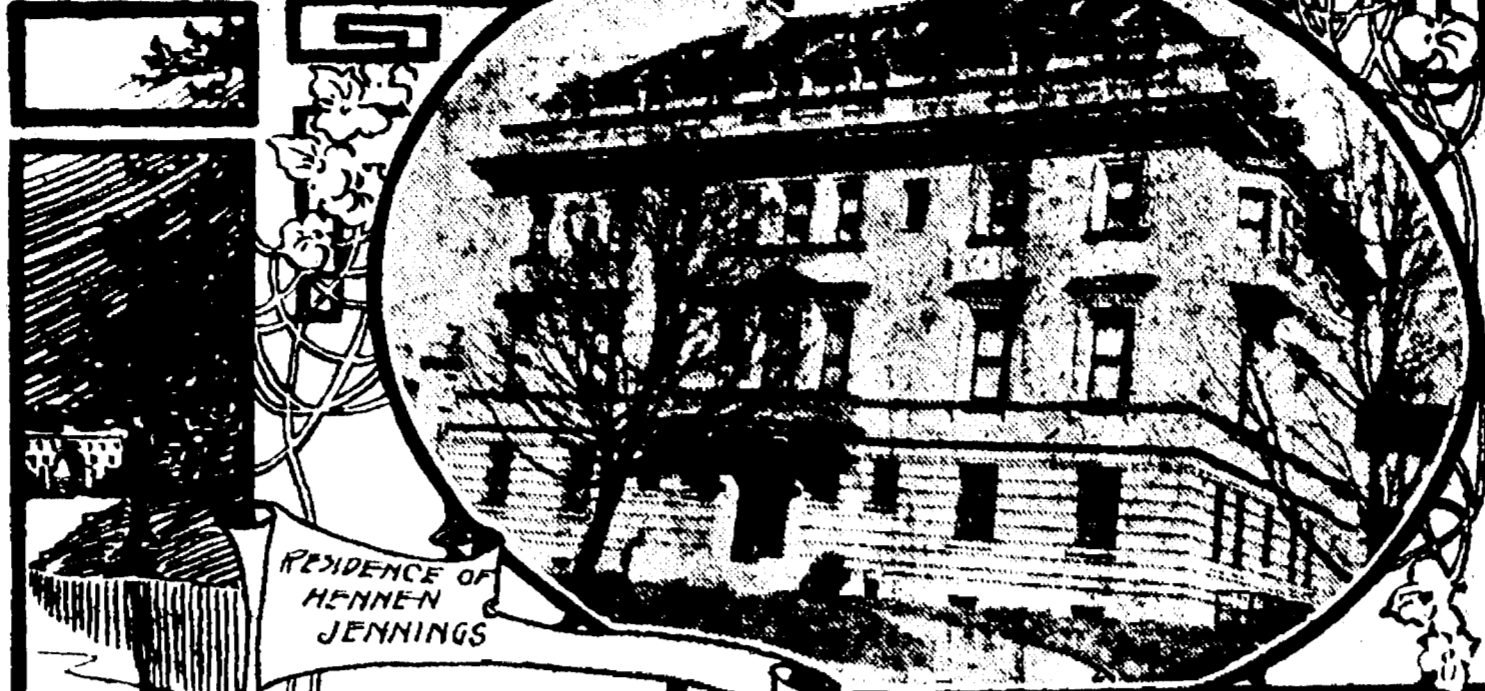
All Furniture Will Be Sold at Cost

F. G. JACKSON

NOTABLE NEW MANSIONS AT WASHINGTON

FROM time out of mind the public has been wont to think of the city of Washington as gaining its greatest distinction from being the seat of our national government—certainly honor enough for any community. Within the past few years, however, the city on the Potomac has come to have another significance. It is rapidly taking rank as the foremost residential mecca of the wealthy leisure class in America—even surpassing Newport in that respect. During the past decade wealthy men and women have been flocking to the District of Columbia from all parts of the country, and these wealthy invaders are erecting magnificent mansions that are coming to vie with the government buildings as objects of interest to the tourists and sight-seers who journey to Washington each year.

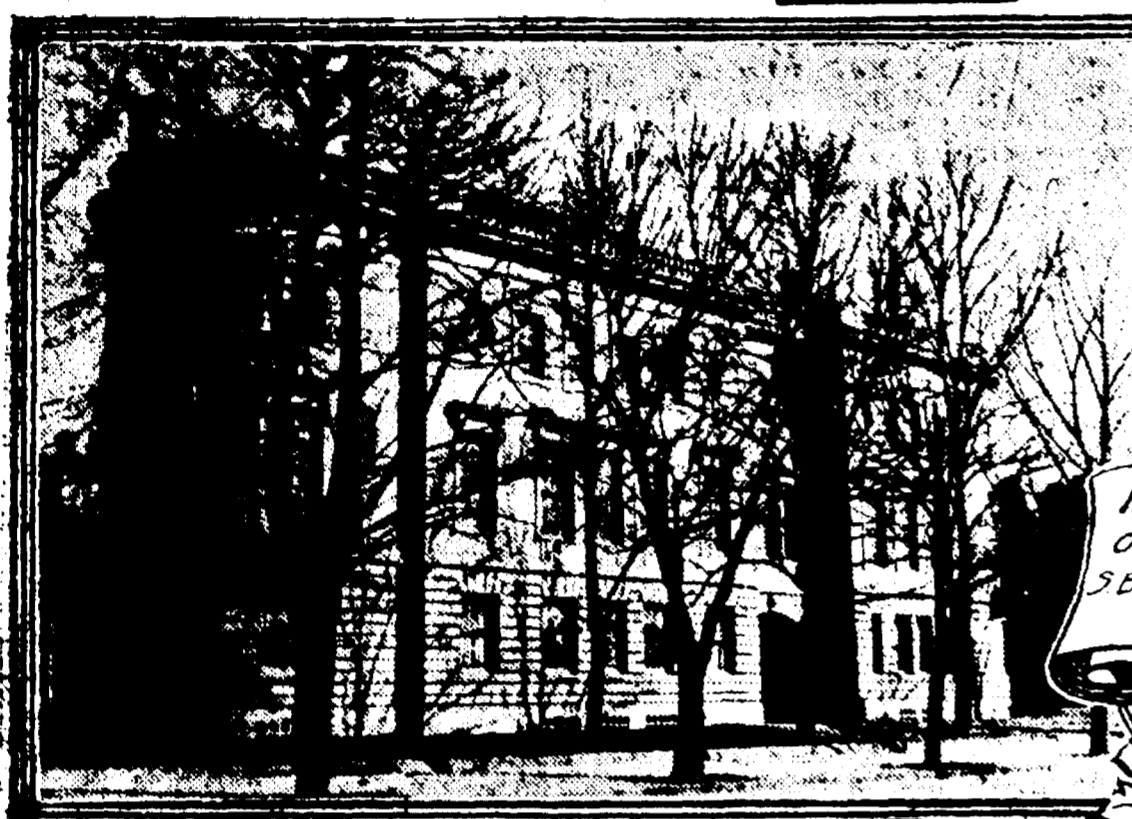
The moneyed folk who are taking up their residence at the capital of the nation are distinctly of the leisure class. No multi-millionaire would think of settling in Washington primarily for business reasons. There is practically no manufacturing and no extensive commercial interests



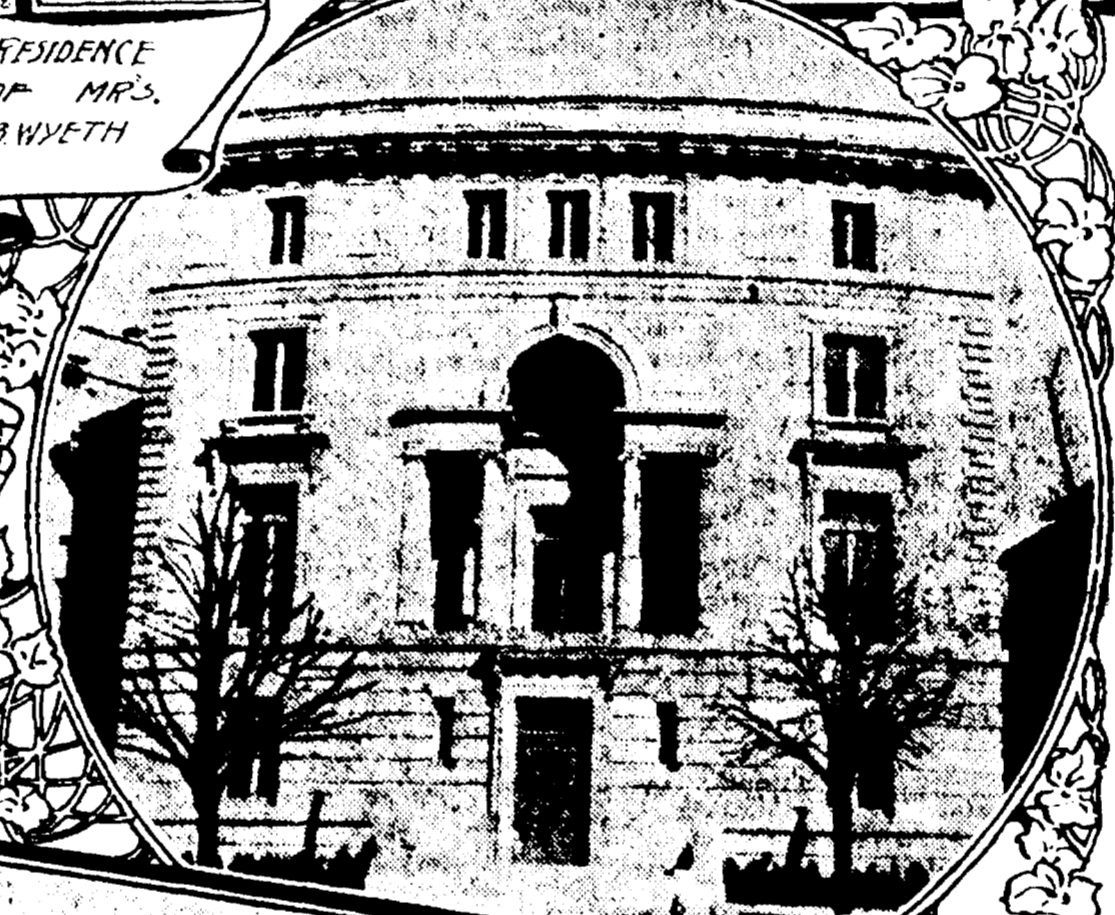
RESIDENCE OF HENNING JENNINGS



RESIDENCE OF MRS. S. B. WYETH



MANSION OF HERBERT WADSWORTH



MANSION OF LIEUT. BEAL, U.S.N. RETIRED



RESIDENCE OF GEN. CHARLES L. FITZHUGH

in the city—none of the ordinary channels of wealth production for Americans. However, it is just this absence of the commercial atmosphere combined with the mild and delightful winter climate of Washington that is attracting so many of the well-to-do. Having made their money elsewhere, they are eager to enjoy life in a place where almost everybody has more or less leisure; where there are infinite opportunities for amusement; where the climate is conducive to out-of-door sport all the year, and where, finally, there is ever to be witnessed the spectacle of official life with its parades, ceremonies and picturesque social functions.

Whole "colonies" of wealthy folk have migrated from different cities to Washington, notably from Chicago, Pittsburg, New York and Boston, and to some extent these colonies have congregated in certain districts in their adopted city. A most interesting group of multimillionaires the members of which have lately built handsome mansions in Washington is made up of what is known as the "South African millionaires"—men who acquired the bulk of their fortunes in the gold mines and the diamond mines of the Dark Continent. Among these men who are now enjoying life at Washington are Hennen Jennings, Gardner Williams, who was for a long time manager of the famous De Beers diamond mines, and John Hays Hammond, chief of President Taft and the highest salaried mining engineer and expert in the world.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the invasion of Washington is found in the number of famous and successful men who have taken up their abode in the city. Among the well-known widowers who have "adopted" Washington are Mrs. Thomas M. Prinnan, widow of the founder of the automobile car company; Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. William H. Taft, Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney, Mrs. R. R. Hill, Mrs. "Phil" Sheridan, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado mining king; Mrs. Mary Scott Townsend, who inherited many millions made in Pennsylvania coal and oil interests; Mrs. Slater, who requires 18 servants to minister to her lone comfort in a mansion mansion and a number of others.

The influx of wealthy householders has caused the price of real estate in Washington to advance by leaps and bounds in those favored sections of the northwest portion of the city which is being to a considerable extent monopolized by the fashionable. Land that a few years ago sold for \$1 to \$2 per square foot has jumped within a few years to \$10 per square foot, and in some exclusive neighborhoods it is almost impossible to secure a large building site for love or money. The mansions which have been erected have cost all the way from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 each and some of them have stables and garages that have cost as much as \$25,000 each.

The two principal hubs of this new moneyed colonization of the most beautiful city in the world are found in the two little circular parks or piazzas known respectively as Dupont circle and Sheridan circle—so named because statues of those heroes grace these bits of greenward. Around Dupont circle are grouped the stately mansions of L. Z. Leiter and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson of Chicago, the Herbert Wadsworth of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman and their daughter, Miss Mabel of Red Cross fame; Mrs. J. C. Cleveland of New York; and the new mansion of Perry Belmont of New York

and the home of George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer of Pittsburg. Encircling Sheridan circle are the mansions of Hennen Jennings, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. S. B. Wyeth of Philadelphia—another famous widow; Mrs. F. B. Moran, Gen. Charles L. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Sheridan, widow of the general; Lieutenant Beale, a wealthy retired officer of the United States navy, etc. The new mansions in Washington are notable not less for their magnificent architecture than for their spotless appearance. Washington being the cleanest of cities, it has been possible to make use of marble, terra cotta and delicately tinted mosaics on the exteriors of the residences and to have them retain indefinitely their pristine beauty.

Pathetic Case

Not so long ago the writer heard a little parting talk between a married couple. It wasn't a case of cavorting, because the conversation was right there to be necessarily overheard. The man was over forty and his wife was pretty close to forty herself.

"Well, you look pretty good to me, now that you're hiking off, young feller," he said to her, sort of sneaking his hand over her shoulder to get hold of hers. "Look pretty middling good to me any old time, when it comes to that. It begins to look to me that I'm mashed on you beyond all redemption. If it does you any good to have your man make that kind of a fool schoolboy speech after all our years at the matrimony thing, why, you're welcome, kid, that's all."

"Well, I'll take mine out in thinking, dear," she replied, "and I'll write all of my foolish things in my letters. Now, you're honestly going to remember to feed the canary every day, aren't you? The maid can attend to cleaning the cage, but you yourself will feed Little Dickie every

single day, now won't you? Promise me again, so I can feel comfy about it."

"Sure, I'll feed the bird. Say, I've just been noticing those hazel eyes of yours. You've sure got 'em all skinned forty ways from the jack when it comes to the brown lamps, and—"

"Such silliness!" she interrupted him, looking pleased. "Now, dearie, listen. You won't be getting poor old Mellina to cook you those dreadful messes—things with horrid cheese in them—that you're so crazy over and that make you sick, will you? Promise me solemnly once again, now, won't you?"

"Nix on cheesy things, as solemn as you want it," said he. "Going to be a mighty dreary, dismal old imitation of a flat without you in it, sis; and don't you ever forget that. It sure does get me gully around the glue works to see you going off, and I find that it's getting harder every time you go away for a little trip to see your folks. One of these old days I'm going to pour an awful gob of grief all over you by going along with you when you go away."

"Now listen, Jim; I darned up all your socks day before yesterday, but I forgot to put them in your drawer, and you'll find them in my work basket, and my work basket is in the box couch in the sitting-room, and for mercy's sake, Jim, please remember this so you won't pull the whole flat to pieces looking for your socks, won't you? Now, there you are, with a faraway look in your eyes, and you're not hearing one single, solitary word that I'm saying to you."

"G'way, I've heard every word you've said. You said you sewed some buttons on the box couch in the spare room, and that—"

"Now, just listen to that! Listen to me, sir—stop looking at those crazy skylarking dogs on their way to the baggage car, but listen to me. I said socks. Socks in the work basket, in box couch. Repeat the words after me, sir, just like this: Socks in work basket in box couch."

"Socks in work basket in box couch—say, hun, I haven't time for any such fool things as socks. It's your going away that's got my goat. Doggone it, can't I stand here and mutter my thinks to you without your ringing in work couches and socks and birds and cheese puddings and such junk on me?"

Most husbands are pretty good fellows, when it comes to all that. Dub along, most of 'em, and do the best they can, considering that they're ordinary he-creatures. And most of 'em, despite the old funnysitical gag, just natchually HATE to see their wives go away.—Washington Star.

ONLOOKER HOW SISTER HOBBLED THEM



When sister got her hobble skirt
The family assembled;
Papa's remarks were very curt;
With high disdain he trembled,
Aunt Julia sniffed and raised her hands,
Grandmother almost fainted,
And said: "Be seen in that? My lands!
I'd rather that she painted!"

Then mother shook her head and sighed
And said: "Disgraceful, surely!
It isn't fifteen inches wide,
Besides, it fits you poorly.
No child of mine shall walk the street
In such a bold invention!
Why, look! It calls your—well, your
feet—
To every one's attention."

Then each took turns while sister stood
And heard how they condemned it;
They said the style was far from good—
O, how they hawed and hemmed it!
When they were through then sister took
An album from the table—
And showed them in that olden book
Such things—believe me, Mabel!

First, grandma in her widespread hoops—
The style of 1850,
When Grecian bonds and soulful droops
Were thought to be quite nifty,
Then with a smile that seemed to say:
"Once more I'm glad to fool you,"
A "pull-back" costume, tight and gay,
She showed on good Aunt Julia.

Dear mother rose to seize the book
And they had quite a tussle,
But sister held it and cried:
"Here's mother with her bustle!"
Then father in apron-bottom pants!
My sister's wise selections
Of father's, grandma's, ma's and aunt's
Old styles hushed their objections.

In Plain English.
"Woodman, Spare That Tree" is a highly idealized version of an attempt at applied conservation. The principal character comes upon a man who is chopping down a tree, and says to him:
"Don't cut down that tree."
"What?" asks the lumberman.
"You let that tree alone. I knew it when I was a little boy. I used to play numblepeg under it and I have a sentimental attachment for it, so I would kindly request that you let it stand as it is."
"Do you own this timberland?"
"No, but I—"
"Well, don't pull any of that Gifford Pinchot talk around here, young feller. The big road for yours, see?"
Which shows us that conservation and conversation are entirely different propositions.



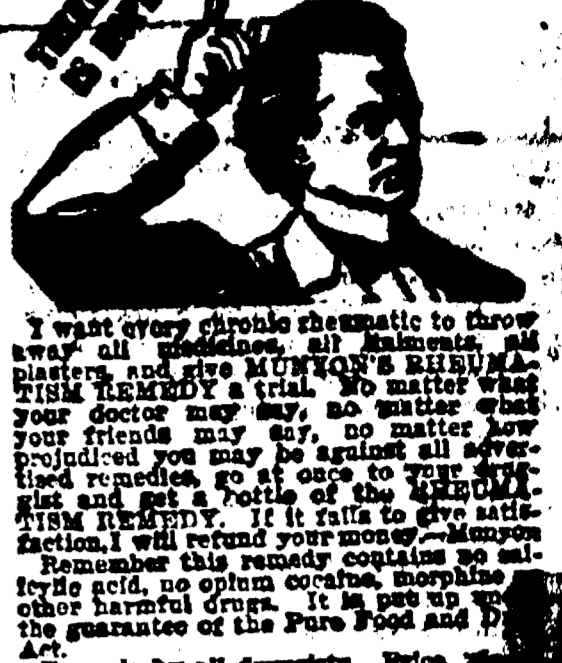
Two of a Kind.
"Must be something wrong with the organ bellows," whispered the man to his wife at church.
"What?" she asked.
"The organ bellows," he repeated.
"Hump!" So does the frump who is trying to sing soprano."

Those Dear Women.
"When my husband won't buy me what I want," confides the first woman, "I cry. Then he will agree that I may have it, just to get me to stop crying."
"I have a better plan than that," says the second woman. "When my husband thinks I shouldn't have a new hat or dress, I smile. That works better than tears in my case."
"But," sweetly says the first woman, "my husband thinks I am so pretty when I smile that he will not do anything to get me to stop."
After thinking the matter over that evening the second woman concludes that the first is a hateful thing.

Discreet Bird.
"Sing, sweet brr-r-r!" Sing, sweet brr-r-r!" caroled the damsel young and fair.
But the sweet bird, concealed in the bosky verdure, or words to that effect, merely twittered to itself.
"Not much. They want to ring me in on their concert and then blame me for its failure."

When It's "What for Breakfast?"
Try Post Toasties
Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "ripping" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.
"The Memory Lingers"
Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

RHEUMATISM



When the Liver is Out of Tune
the whole system is off the kilter—stomach upset, bowels sluggish, head heavy, skin sallid and the eyes dull. You cannot be right again until the cause of the trouble is removed. Correct the flow of bile, and gently stimulate the liver to healthful action by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the bile remedy that is safe to use and convenient to take. A dose or two will relieve the nausea and dizziness, operate the bowels, carry new life to the blood, clear the head and improve the digestion. These old family pills are the natural remedy for bilious complaints and quickly help the liver to

Strike the Key-note of Health

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

REMEMBER PISO'S for COUGHS & COLDS

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

HARDY.



Mr. Heavyweight—Well, Willie, why do you look so stolidous?
Willie—I was wonderin' if you ever married sis, if I could be able to wear yer cast-off clothes.

So They Say.
Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links?
Caddie—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—Scottish American.

Beware of taking kindness from others as matters of course.—Gladstone.

A stitch today may save a patch tomorrow.

When It's "What for Breakfast?"
Try Post Toasties
Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "ripping" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.
"The Memory Lingers"
Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Pinckney Exchange Bank

Does a Conservative Banking Business

3 per cent paid on all Time Deposits

Pinckney Mich.

The Pinckney Dispatch

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ROY W. CAVERLY, PROPRIETOR.

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

LOCAL NEWS

Pony Coats at Dancers.

Ralph Miller of Ann Arbor visited relatives here over Sunday.

Underwear headquarters at Dancers—Stockbridge. They pay your fare on all \$15 purchases.

Geo. Musch of Genoa bought a fine four-cylinder Cartercar last week.

Mrs. A. K. Pierce visited at the home of F. A. Sigler Friday and Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Sigler and Miss Martha Nichols were in Detroit last Thursday.

Mrs. Adda Granger of Williams-ton visited at the home of Mrs. H. F. Sigler, the past week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Talcott of Crystal, Mich., has been visiting her brother, Alden Carpenter.

Mrs. A. H. Gilchrist and her son spent Sunday with her parents near Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Randall and G. H. Randall spent Sunday at the home of M. Lyons in Marion.

Mrs. Harry Warner of Jackson, visited her parents S. G. Teeple and wife and other relatives over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Sigler was called to Detroit Monday to assist in the care of her grandson Robert Rea-son, who has diphtheria.

Mrs. Donn F. Fiedler of Detroit has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Burchiell and other relatives here the past week.

Mrs. D. Roberts and grand-daughter, Lorna Roberts of Iosco, visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Webb, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Willoughby, who has been spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Fred Hemmenway returned to her home in Veda-burg, Mich., Monday.

Mrs. John Shehan will sell her personal property on the farm five miles southeast of Pinckney, Friday November 4, 1910, beginning at ten o'clock sharp. See notice in another column.

A pleasant event occurred at the home of Mrs. Ada Wyott of Saginaw, Thursday October 20, when her sister Miss Minnie Woodard was married to W. B. White of Pinckney. Mr. White is well known here and has many friends who extend congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. White will be at home to their many friends after November 1st at 227 Deyo St., Jackson, Mich.

It's the Worlds Best
No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Buck-lers Arnica Salve. It's the one per-fect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, warts, boils, ulcers, eczema, salt rheum. For sore eyes, cold sores, chapped hands, or sprains it's supreme. Available for pills. Only 25c at F. A. Myers.

Fred Read of Detroit was home over Sunday.

Miss Mae Teeple was home from the U. of M. over Sunday.

Have you noticed the fur advertisement of Dancers?

Henry Rolison visited friends here a few days last week.

Mrs. M. C. Wilson of Flint, is visiting at the home of W. E. Tupper.

Miss Mae Smith of Durand visited her sister, Mrs. Roger Carr, over Sunday.

Charlie Kennedy of Stockbridge visited friends and relatives here the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cadwell and son Ruel of Ann Arbor spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Glenn Gardner has the contract for installing a street lighting system, similar to the one here, for Davison, Mich.

Miss Lela Monks of Lansing, was an over Sunday visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Monks.

Don't forget the Dance Friday evening Oct. 28 at the Pinckney opera house. Come and bring your friends.

W. E. Murphy and Jas. Smith were in Chicago last Thursday and attended the third ball game of the worlds series between Chi-cago and Philadelphia.

Rev. G. W. Mylne of Lainsburg, who was pastor of the Cong'l church here for several years, has resigned his pastorate at Lains-burg to accept one in New York City.

Brayton Placeway who has been the past year in the United States Navy returned to his home here last Thursday morning. He was on the battleship Minnesota and was discharged on account of sick-ness. After visiting here Thurs-day and Friday he left for Mil-waukee where he will travel on the road for a large tanary there.

Glenn Gardner and wife moved their household goods to Stock-bridge Monday, where they will live for the winter. It will be re-membered that Mr. Gardner and J. A. Cadwell are establishing an electric lighting plant for that vil-lage and they have informed us that the building is completed and that all other arrangements will be finished in about eight weeks.

Mrs. Geo. Wright, Secy. and Mrs. R. C. Reed, Treas. of the W. C. T. U. of Livingston county, accompanied by Mrs. Donald Mac-Intyse, visited the Board of Sup-ervisors of Livingston county in session at their rooms in Howell Saturday October 15, in the inter-est of the pressing need of more room at the County Farm. When visiting the home a short ago the inmates spoke in highest terms of both Mr. and Mrs. Beurmann but they are seriously handicapped for want of room and suitable con-veniences in caring for the in-mates, especially the sick, in those small rooms little or no better than prison cells.

READ!

Our quotations each week. It will pay you because they are always the highest the market affords. We take in produce here every week just south of the Grand Trunk depot. Next Wednesday morning we will pay the following cash prices.

Fowls 10c Chickens 11c
Ducks 11c Turkeys 15c
Geese 8c Best Veal 8c
Fresh Eggs 26c

H. L. WILLIAMS
E. G. LAMBERTSON, Agt.

Mrs. H. M. Colby is on the sick list.

Miss Bessie Burt of Durand visited Mrs. Mable Cope over Sun-day.

Paul Curlett of Dexter is visit-ing at the home of the Misses Hoff this week.

The Fowlerville agricultural so-ciety cleared \$450.00 on the fair this year.—Fowlerville Review.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Larsen vis-ited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Carr a couple of days last week.

Wm. Grocinger, candidate for county school commissioner on the democrat ticket, was in town one day last week.

Miss Alma McCluskey left Tuesday morning for an extended visit with friends and relatives in Chicago.

Miss Mabel Brown returned last Saturday to her home in Brooklyn after visiting for some time with her uncle, Geo. W. Teeple.

Remember that local news will be found on pages 1, 4, 5, and 8. Read every page and you wont miss any of the great amount of news which we endeavor to give our readers.

The second of the series of dan-ces to be given by the Bachelor Club of this place will be held Friday (tomorrow) evening Octo-ber 28 at the Pinckney opera house. Fisher's orchestra of Ann Arbor will furnish the music. Bill 75c. A good time promised.

WILLIAM E. ROBB



It is important that the man elected for prosecuting attorney should be a good trial lawyer as the entire county has an interest in this office. The Democratic candidate has run a law office for seven years and has made a splen-did record in the trial of law suits. He is strong and vigorous and has been successful in the examination of witnesses and in making an ar-gument to the court or jury. He belonged to the literary and de-bating society in Ann Arbor and won the contest and was placed on the Cap Debating team in the University of Michigan. He has also made many speeches in the county and he is able to make a strong plea before the jury. Dur-ing his first year out of 150 cases which went through his office in the justice and circuit court all resulted in a conviction. He has lost no criminal case before a jury in the circuit court started during term of office.

He has a good library, has kept a stenographer and has been well prepared to look after the county business. In fact, his record in looking after the county affairs, in trying the criminal cases and cut-ting down the expenses of the county about forty per cent ought to insure his re-election for a sec-ond term.

His opponent received his sec-ond term as county clerk and four terms thereafter or twelve years. He has been well used by the peo-ple of Livingston county and can afford to wait. In fact, Montague Shields, Howlett, VanWinkle, and Green were all given a second term and it is only fair and prop-er that the Democratic candidate should be elected for a second term according to the custom of the county.

FURS

Fur Scarfs

Fur Muffs

Fur Coats

On Friday and Saturday of this week (October 28-29) Mr. Clarence Fields will be here with a line of Furs of all kinds fresh from a large wholesale fur house.

That

You may find exactly what you want in the fur line is left without ques-tion when you are informed that Mr. Fields has with him over \$3000 worth.

That

The prices will be cheaper than ordi-nary is due to the fact that we do not have to purchase these furs out-right but only buy as fast as they are sold, thus taking no chances of left over stock.

Friday and Saturday This Week
28th and 29th

THAT \$3000 LOT OF FURS

W. J. DANCER & CO.

STOCKBRIDGE, MICH.

Carpets

Fur Coats

Remember we pay your fare on all \$15.00 purchases

Subscribe for the Dispatch.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Carpenter visited at the home of their daughter Mrs. Fred Lake Tuesday. In a number of neighboring towns the merchants have agreed to close their places of business at 7:30 o'clock every night except Saturday night during the winter months. A good idea.

CLARK H. MINER

Democrat Candidate for County Clerk



Clark H. Miner, nominee for County Clerk on the Democratic ticket was born in Cohoctah and has always been a resident of Liv-ingston County. He made the race two years ago for the same office under very adverse condi-tions and having a strong oppo-nent was only defeated by the small majority of fifty-two.

For the past twenty years Mr. Miner has conducted a General Store at Cohoctah Center. He has a wide experience in dealing with public affairs, having held nearly all the offices of importance in his township and is at present Vice President of the Livingston County Mutual Telephone Co.

Mr. Miner desires to extend to the voters of Putnam and vicinity his sincere thanks for the very liberal support given him two years ago and earnestly solicits the same on Nov. 8, 1910, and if elected will certainly prove an efficient officer for Livingston county.

Business Pointers.

WANTED—Pupils in voice and piano. 43t3* Florence B. Kice

WANTED—A cord or two of wood on subscription at the Dis-patch office.

FOR SALE—Pure bred R. C. R. I. Red Pullets, 75c to \$1.00 each, also Gray African Geese. 43t4 Mrs. Ella Cartrell, Pinckney

\$80 per month straight salary and expenses to men with rig, to introduce our poultry remedies. Don't answer unless you mean business. Eureka Poultry Food Mngf. Co. (Inc.) East St. Louis, Ill. 42t4

Farm For Rent

Old Cobb Farm at Portage Lake. Address or see Portage Lake Land Co., Ypsilanti, Mich., or S. B. Nights, Ann Arbor. t44

We Sell Your Farm Without Expense To You

Our advertising reaches ninety per cent of the post offices in the middle west. Don't delay, but write

Chamberlain Realty Co. Both Phones Howell, Mich.

For Sale!

..Millinery Store..

Doing good business and the only one in town. Can be bought cheap if taken at once

Mrs. Mable Cope
Pinckney, Mich.

Wanted—

AFTER NOVEMBER 1st

...RAW HIDES...

We will pay the High-est Market Price.
Bell Phone No. 32

....Sylvester and Bert Harris....

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

.Auction.

Having decided to discontinue farming, I will sell at Public Auction on the John Shehan farm 5 miles south and east of Pinckney and 1 mile north of Base Lake on

FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1910

At 10 O'clock Sharp LUNCH AT NOON

5 Horses
12 Head of Cattle
Farm Tools
Corn, Oats, Etc.
Household Arti-cles

TERMS:—All sums of \$5 and under, Cash. All sums over that amount a credit of 1 years time will be given on good bank-able notes bearing 6 per cent interest.

Mrs. John Shehan

More Friends Every Year
 We'll soon count you among them. It's just a matter of time. More and more housewives are giving up the old-style, high-priced, Trust-made Baking Powders. Thousands are turning to **KC BAKING POWDER**. One trial does it. You'll never go back. Speak to your grocer. Lighter, sweeter baking or money refunded. Far better. Costs much less. You won't believe it till you try for yourself.

25 Ounces for 25 Cents

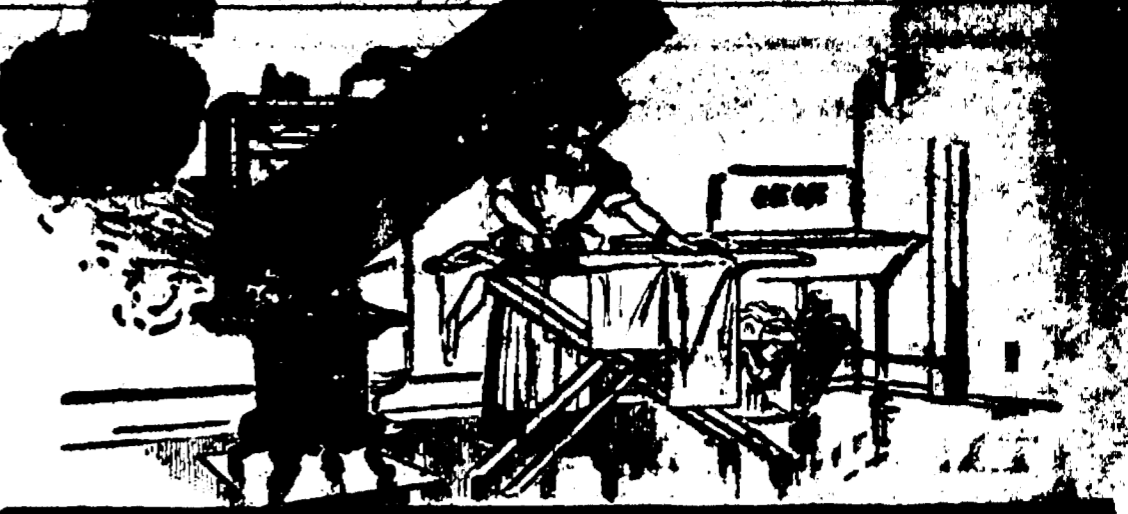
Jacques Mig. Co. Chicago

WE GROINGER
 Democrat Nominée For Commissioner of Schools

Wm. Groinger the democrat nominée for commissioner of schools, was born in the township of Grass Lake, Jackson county. His parents having both died before he was two years of age, he was placed in the home for dependent children at Coldwater. At the age of seven years he was taken from this institution by Joseph Chamberlin, a pioneer farmer of Deerfield township, Livingston county, and given the early training customary in a progressive farm home. He had been in this home but four years when Mr. Chamberlin died. The widow, unwilling that the boy should again become a state charge, kept him with her and encouraged him in his work at the rural schools. After completing the course offered in the rural schools, he passed several years in working on the small farm left as a lease to his foster mother, and taught in the rural schools winters until he earned enough to gain his high school education which he received at Howell. After teaching for several years more and feeling the need of a higher education for more efficient service, he entered Kalamazoo college, where he remained for two and one half years. He was compelled to go to work again to earn more money to finish and later entered the State Normal college at Ypsilanti, from which institution he took a life certificate in 1908.

ORVILLE PHILLIPS
 Nominée for County Clerk on Republican Ticket—A Good Man for the Place.

Two years ago some objection was made to the nomination for county clerk on the republican ticket because he had held the office for a number of years, although not a word was said against the excellent manner in which the



This Cooking Range and Heater Makes Work a Pleasure

We have pleasure in calling your attention to this new improved range. You will thank us for selling you **Cole's Patented High Oven Range** if you once use it. Its scientific construction insures its success—the heat raises—and by means of the draft and flue construction—all heat circulates around the oven. This makes it a quick, economical baker. The thin, sensitive, quick-heating lids are made of annealed (malleable) Coleized steel—the quickest heating range top you have ever used. The two back lids heat first, leaving the two front lids for immediate use—This feature adds to the convenience of the range—You do not have to reach over vessels which are steaming hot—easy to regulate. The air-tight base construction of this range and the Patented Hot Blast Draft gives a perfect combustion of the fuel. The saving of fuel (soft coal) will about pay for Cole's Patented High Oven Range in 2 or 3 years use. No stooping or lifting while baking—allow us to show and explain this range to you.

Barton & Dunbar
 Pinckney, Mich.

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 Rr. Phones. Arrangements made for sale by phone at my expense. Oct. 07
 Address, Dexter, Michigan

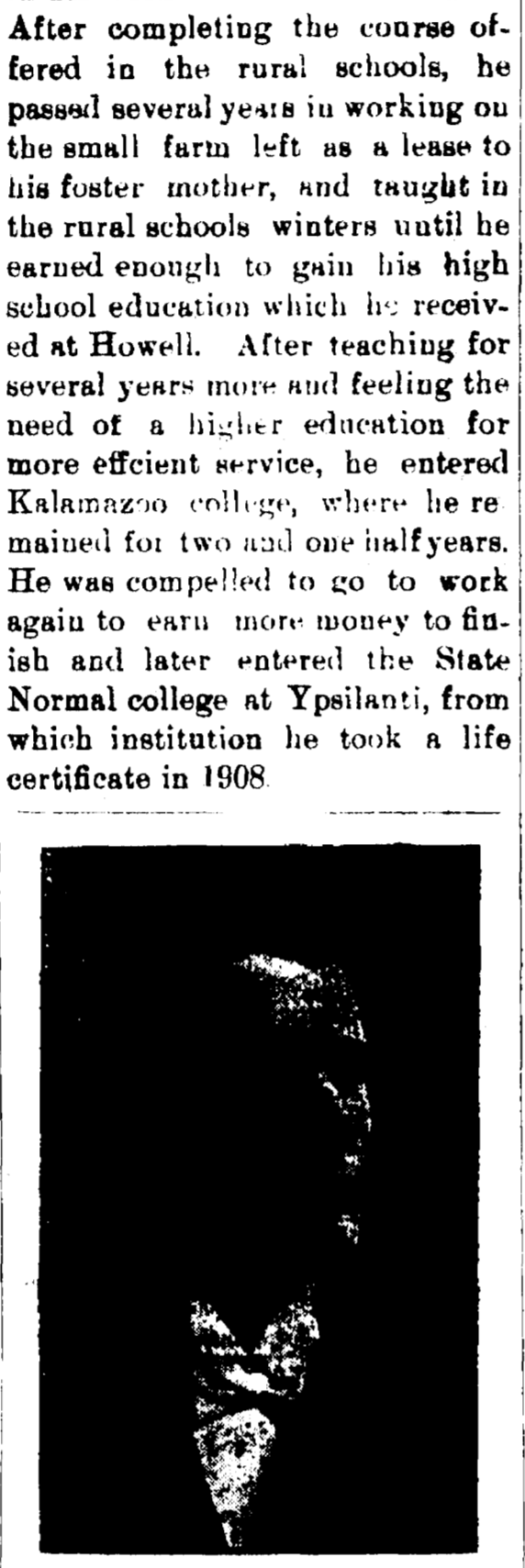
Legal Notices
 STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the county of Livingston.
 At a session of said court held at the Probate office in the village of Howell in said county, on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1910.
 Present, Hon. Arthur A. Montague, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of **Thomas Farrell, deceased**
 T. H. Howlett having filed in said court his final account as administrator of said estate and his petition praying for the allowance thereof. It is ordered that Friday the 11th day of November A. D. 1910 at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate office be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account.
 It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Pinckney Dispatch a newspaper printed and circulated in said county. 144
ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE,
 Judge of Probate.

E. N. Brotherton
 ...FUNERAL DIRECTOR...
 Lady Assistant in Attendance
 Calls Answered Day or Night
 Gregory Telephone—6, 11-18
 Gregory, Michigan

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the county of Livingston.
 At a session of said court held in the Probate office in the village of Howell in said county on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1910.
 Present, Hon. Arthur A. Montague Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of **Patrick McWize, deceased**
 Eida A. Kuba having filed in said court his petition praying for license to sell at private sale the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described. It is ordered that the 11th day of November A. D. 1910 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.
 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. 144
ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE,
 Judge of Probate.

R. CLINTON
 AUCTIONEER
 Pinckney, Michigan
 If you are contemplating having an auction, let us know by mail or Mutual Phone No. 42. Satisfaction guaranteed. Caps furnished free.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the county of Livingston.
 At a session of said court held in the Probate office in the village of Howell in said county on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1910.
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 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. 144
ARTHUR A. MONTAGUE,
 Judge of Probate.



Mr. Groinger has gained the position which he now holds, not because he had money, but because he had the will and the power to do, and also, because he has a large number of friends who are confident of his ability to successfully carry on and build up the important affairs of rural education.

In his work as commissioner so far he has given general satisfaction. He is becoming more acquainted with the condition of affairs pertaining to his work and is without question in better preparation to render efficient work the next two years than any other man in the county.

work of the office had been conducted. This year the republicans have nominated a young man, Orville Phillips of Fowlerville, who has never held a county office but who is perfectly competent to do so. He has proved this as clerk of Handy township. Handy township, by the way, is considered a democratic stronghold. In the nomination of Mr. Phillips the republicans of the county believe that they have secured a candidate who is not only thoroughly competent but who has the honor, integrity and business ability to maintain the high standard of the past. Mr. Phillips was born on a farm in Conway, the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Phillips and has the sturdy qualifications that life on the farm implies. Six years ago he was married to Miss Spencer of Fowlerville and for the past four years has been in a drug store. He is an excellent penman a good bookkeeper and has all the qualifications necessary for an A Number One county clerk. No one will regret having cast his vote November 8 for Orville Phillips, Mr. Phillips too is a young man without means just starting in life, but ambitious to improve his condition. Give the young man a chance.—Livingston Republican.

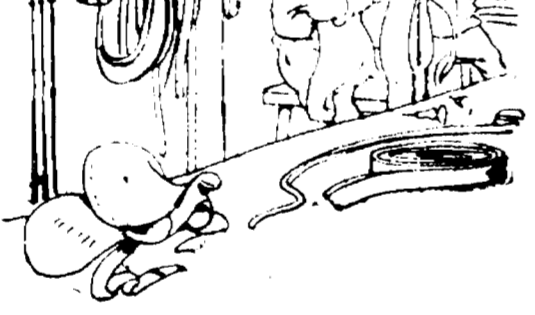
Kills a Murderer
 A merciless murderer is appendicitis with many victims. But Dr. Kings New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver, and bowels, preventing that elongating that invites appendicitis, curing constipation, headache, dizziness, chills 25c at F. A. Siglers.

JOHN MCGIVNEY
 Nominée for County Drain Commissioner on the Republican Ticket.

John McGivney of Oceola, nominée for drain commissioner on the republican ticket, is a farmer, a good farmer and a man of good judgement and broad views. As supervisor of his township Mr. McGivney has shown his ability in handling public affairs and his tact in dealing with accounts both for and against the county. Mr. McGivney knows a farm when he sees one and knows whether it needs draining or not. It is the farmers of the county who are interested in this drain question and they know very well that they can trust Mr. McGivney to look after their rights in the matter. No, he does not believe in paying unjust assessments, neither does he believe in making unjust assessments for others to pay and that is just what the farmers of Livingston are looking for in this problem. No, the voters will make no mistake in trusting this matter in the hands of "John," as he is known to his many friends.—Republican.

Reaching the Top
 In any calling of life, demands a vigorous body and a keen brain. Without health there is no success. But Electric Bitters is the greatest Health Builder the world has ever known. It compels perfect action of stomach, liver and kidneys, bowels, purifies and enriches the blood, tones and invigorates the whole system and enables you to stand the wear and tear of your daily work. "After months of suffering from kidney trouble" writes W. M. Sherman of Cushing, Me. three bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." 50c at F. A. Siglers.

Electric Bitters
 Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. **FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE** it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.



Harness Repairing
 Done in a neat and satisfactory manner. Prices reasonable.

Shoe Repairing
 The cold, wet days of fall and winter will soon be here and you need to have your feet protected. Our stock and work is guaranteed.
JACOB BOWERS
 Pinckney, Mich.

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PATENTS
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 Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
 Branch Office, 62 F St., Washington, D. C.

Grand Trunk Time Table
 (For the Convenience of our readers.)

Trains East	Trains West
9:04 A. M.	10:11 A. M.
4:35 P. M.	8:43 P. M.

HOTEL GRISWOLD
 Grand River Ave. and Griswold St. Detroit, Mich.
Postal Hotel Co.
FRED POSTAL, Pres. M. A. SHAW, Manager
 Now being Expended in Remodelling, Furnishing and Decorating

We Will Have
 Two hundred rooms all with baths. New Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cafe. New Grill for Gentlemen. New Hall, with seating capacity of 400 persons, for Conventions, Banquets, Luncheon, Card Parties and Dances. Six Private Dining rooms for Clubs and After Theatre Parties. Private Parlors for Weddings, Receptions, Meetings, Etc. Our facilities for high class service are exceptional and similar to the best hotels of New York. Business now going on as usual.

Club Breakfast, 25 Cents and up
Luncheon, 50 cents
Table d'Hotel Dinner, 75 cents
Also Service a la Carte

Rates (European) \$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day.

Try a Dispatch Want Ad.
Cole's Hot Blast Heater is Guaranteed to be a Money Saver
 It is guaranteed to save a third in fuel over any lower draft stove of the same size, and we have a letter from the Cole Manufacturing Co. to this effect. Besides this, Cole's Hot Blast burns any kind of fuel, soft coal, lignite, hard coal, crushed coke, wood or cobs. Don't wait until the season is well on and the cold weather is here before investigating the merits of this remarkable heater. We have them on hand and will be glad to show them to you. The price runs from \$12.00 up. (R-14)

Livingston Tidings
 Three Times a Week
 Published at Howell on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week and gives you the news of Livingston county as it happens. No wait of a week to learn what is taking place in the County Seat. Tidings comes to you, bringing the news while it is news.

LIVINGSTON TIDINGS Both Papers \$1.50
PINCKNEY DISPATCH one year for

The Detroit Times
 Is a great city daily, giving the news of all the world every day. To those who want the general news as well as the county news, we make a liberal clubbing offer.

All Three Papers One Year For \$3.00

Orders will be received at the Dispatch, Pinckney or at the Tidings, Howell. Cash with order. Call or write. **AND DO IT NOW.**

To Know What Is Going on in the World, Read the Newspapers

The great city dailies give the news of the world at large, but to get the local happenings, the doings of your community, the comings and goings of you and your neighbors, your local achievements and aspirations, you must read the local papers.

Pinckney Dispatch
 Published at Pinckney every Wednesday afternoon as has this last week been enlarged to a six column paper in order to cover the great amount of news in the southwest corner of Livingston county, which it does thoroughly. It comes to you a bright, newsy, readable paper and should at least be in every home in Pinckney and vicinity.

Livingston Tidings
 Three Times a Week
 Published at Howell on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week and gives you the news of Livingston county as it happens. No wait of a week to learn what is taking place in the County Seat. Tidings comes to you, bringing the news while it is news.

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 PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or description for examination and free report. Few advice, how to. Also patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., in all countries. Business direct with W. C. CASNOW saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 513 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WANT TO
LOWER TEN
BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER
COPYRIGHT BY DODD - MEAD COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whom the millionaire explains to be his daughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakes in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. When he is lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. Blakeley becomes attracted to a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions irritate the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen gold. Blakeley learns that a man named Sullivan leaped from the train near M... and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While making inquiries at Carter's, Blakeley finds Allison and Klaus here.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the Table Next.
McKnight and Hotchkiss were sauntering slowly down the road as I caught up with them. As usual, the little man was busy with some abstract mental problem.
"The idea is this," he was saying, his brows knitted in thought, "if a left-handed man, standing in the position of the man in the picture, should jump from a car, would he be likely to sprain his right ankle? When a right-handed man prepares for a leap of that kind, my theory is that he would hold on with his right hand, and alight at the proper time, on his right foot. Of course—"
"I imagine, although I don't know," interrupted McKnight, "that a man either ambidextrous or one-armed, jumping from the Washington Flier, would be more likely to land on his head."
"Anyhow," I interposed, "what difference does it make whether Sullivan used one hand or the other? One pair of handcuffs will put both hands out of commission."
As usual when one of his pet theories was attacked, Hotchkiss looked aggrieved.
"My dear sir," he expostulated, "don't you understand what bearing this has on the case? How was the murdered man lying when he was found?"
"On his back," I said promptly, "head toward the engine."
"Very well," he retorted, "and what then? Your heart lies under your fifth intercostal space, and to reach it a right-handed blow would have struck either down or directly in."
"But, gentlemen, the point of entrance for the stiletto was below the heart, striking up! As Harrington lay with his head toward the engine, a person in the aisle must have used the left hand."
McKnight's eyes sought mine and he winked at me solemnly as I unhesitatingly transferred the hat I was carrying to my right hand. Long training has largely counterbalanced heredity in my case, but I still pitch ball, play tennis and carve with my left hand. But Hotchkiss was too busy with his theories to notice me.
We were only just in time for our train back to Baltimore, but McKnight took advantage of a second's delay to shake the station agent warmly by the hand.
"I want to express my admiration for you," he said beamingly. "Ability of your order is thrown away here. You should have been a city policeman, my friend."
The agent looked a trifle uncertain. "The young lady was the one who told me to keep still," he said.
McKnight glanced at me, gave the agent's hand a final shake, and climbed on board. But I knew perfectly that he had guessed the reason for my delay.
He was very silent on the way home. Hotchkiss, too, had little to say. He was reading over his notes absently, stopping now and then to make a pencilled addition. Just before we left the train Richey turned to me. "I suppose it was the key to the door that she tied to the gate?"
"Probably. I did not ask her."
"Curious, her locking that fellow..."
"It may depend on it, there was a reason for it all. And I wish it wouldn't be so suspicious of motives, Rich," I said warmly.
"Only yesterday you were the suspicious one," he retorted, and we lapsed into strained silence.
"It was late when we got to Washington. One of Mrs. Klopston's small tyrannies was exacting punctuality at meals, and, like several other things, I respected it. There are always some concessions that should be made in return for faithful service."
So, as my dinner hour of seven was long past, McKnight and I went to a little restaurant downtown where they have a very decent way of fixing chickens a la King. Hotchkiss had departed, economically bent, for a small hotel where he lived on the American plan.
"I want to think some things over,"

he said in response to my invitation to dinner, "and, anyhow, there's no use dining out when I pay the same, dinner or no dinner, where I am stopping."
The day had been hot, and the first floor dining room was sultry in spite of the palms and fans which attempted to simulate the verdure and breezes of the country.
It was crowded, too, with a typical summer night crowd, and, after sitting for a few minutes in a sweltering corner, we got up and went to the smaller dining room upstairs. Here it was not so warm, and we settled ourselves comfortably by a window.
Over in a corner half a dozen boys on their way back to school were ragging a perspiring waiter, a proceeding so exactly to McKnight's taste that he insisted on going over to join them. But their table was full, and somehow that kind of fun had lost its point for me.
Not far from us a very stout, middle-aged man, apoplectic with the heat, was elephantinely jolly for the benefit of a bored-looking girl across the table from him, and at the next table a newspaper woman ate alone, the last edition propped against the water bottle before her, her hat, for coolness, on the corner of the table. It was a motley Bohemian crowd.
I looked over the room casually, while McKnight ordered the meal. Then my attention was attracted to the table next to ours. Two people were sitting there, so deep in conversation that they did not notice us. The woman's face was hidden under her hat, as she traced the pattern of the cloth mechanically with her fork. But the man's features stood out clear in the light of the candles on the table. It was Bronson!
"He shows the strain, doesn't he?" McKnight said, holding up the wine

glass. "Who's that?" asked McKnight under his breath.
"That?" It formed a little with my eyes rather than said it. McKnight's eyebrows went up and he looked with increased interest at the black-gowned figure.
I ate little after that. The situation was rather bad for me, I began to see. Here was a woman who could, if she wished, and had any motive for so doing, put me in jail under a capital charge. A word from her to the police, and polite surveillance would become active interference.
Then, too, she could say that she had seen me, just after the wreck, with a young woman from the murdered man's car, and thus probably bring Allison West into the case.
It is not surprising, then, that I ate little. The woman across seemed in no hurry to go. She loitered over a demi-tasse, and that finished, sat with her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, looking darkly at the changing groups in the room.
The fun at the table where the college boys sat began to grow a little noisy; the fat man, now a purplish shade, ambled away behind his slim companion; the newspaper woman pinned on her business-like hat and stalked out. Still the woman at the next table waited.
It was a relief when the meal was over. We got our hats and were about to leave the room, when a waiter touched me on the arm.
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but the lady at the table near the window, the lady in black, sir, would like to speak to you."
I looked down between the rows of tables to where the woman sat alone, her chin still resting on her hand, her black eyes still insolently staring, this time at me.
"I'll have to go," I said to McKnight hurriedly. "She knows all about that affair and she'd be a bad enemy."
"I don't like her lamps," McKnight observed, after a glance at her. "Better jolly her a little. Good-by."

CHAPTER XX.

The Notes and a Bargain.

I went back slowly to where the woman sat alone. She smiled rather oddly as I drew near, and pointed to the chair Bronson had vacated.
"Sit down, Mr. Blakeley," she said, "I am going to take a few minutes of your valuable time."
"Certainly," I sat down opposite her and glanced at a cuckoo clock on the wall. "I am sorry, but I have only a few minutes. If you—"
She laughed a little, not very pleasantly, and opening a small black fan covered with spangles, waved it slowly.
"The fact is," she said, "I think we are about to make a bargain."
"A bargain?" I asked incredulously.
"You have a second advantage of me. You know my name"—I paused suggestively and she took the cue.
"I am Mrs. Conway," she said, and flicked a crumb off the table with an overmanicured finger.
The name was scarcely a surprise. I had already surmised that this might be the woman whom rumor credited as being Bronson's common-law wife. Rumor, I remembered, had said other things even less pleasant, things which had been brought out at Bronson's arrest for forgery.
"We met last under less fortunate circumstances," she was saying. "I have been fit for nothing since that terrible day. And you—you had a broken arm, I think."
"I still have it," I said, with a lame attempt at jocularity; "but to have escaped at all was a miracle. We have much, indeed, to be thankful for."
"I suppose we have," she said carelessly, "although sometimes I doubt it." She was looking soberly toward the door through which her late companion had made his exit.
"You sent for me—" I said.



"I Beg Your Pardon, Sir; the Lady in Black, Sir, Would Like to Speak to You."

list as if he read from it. "Who's the woman?"
"Search me," I replied, in the same way.
When the chicken came, I still found myself gazing now and then at the abstracted couple near me. Evidently the subject of conversation was unpleasant. Bronson was eating little, the woman not at all. Finally he got up, pushed his chair back noisily, thrust a bill at the waiter and stalked out.
The woman sat still for a moment; then, with an apparent resolution to make the best of it, she began slowly to eat the meal before her.
But the quarrel had taken away her appetite, for the mixture in our chafing dish was hardly ready to serve before she pushed her chair back a little and looked around the room.
I caught my first glimpse of her face then, and I confess it startled me. It was the tall, stately woman of Ontario, the woman I had last seen covering beside the road, rolling pebbles in her hand, blood streaming from a cut over her eye. I could see the scar now, a little affair, about an inch long, gleaming red through its layers of powder.
And then, quite unexpectedly, she turned and looked directly at me. After a minute's uncertainty, she bowed, letting her eyes rest on mine with a calmly insolent stare. She glanced at McKnight for a moment,

"Yes, I sent for you." She rose and moved toward me, and sat erect. "Now, Mr. Blakeley, have you found those papers?"
"The papers? What papers?" I parried. "I needed time to think."
"Mr. Blakeley," she said quietly, "I think we can lay aside all subterfuge. In the first place let me refresh your mind about a few things. The Pittsburgh police are looking for the survivors of the car Ontario; there are three that I know of—yourself, the young woman with whom you left the scene of the wreck, and myself. The wreck, you will admit, was a fortunate one for you."
I nodded without speaking.
"At the time of the collision you were in rather a hole," she went on, looking at me with a disagreeable smile. "You were, if I remember, accused of a rather atrocious crime. There was a lot of corroborative evidence, was there not? I seem to remember a dirk and the murdered man's pocket-book in your possession, and a few other things that were—well, rather unpleasant."
"I was thrown a bit off my guard."
"You remember, also," I said quickly, "that a man disappeared from the car, taking my clothes, papers and everything."
"I remember that you said so." Her tone was quietly insulting, and I bit my lip at having been caught. It was no time to make a defense.
"You have missed one calculation," I said coldly, "and that is the discovery of the man who left the train."
"You have found him?" She bent forward, and again I regretted my hasty speech. "I know it, I said so."
"We are going to find him," I asserted, with a confidence I did not feel. "We can produce at any time proof that a man left the Flier a few miles beyond the wreck. And we can find him, I am positive."
"But you have not found him yet?" She was clearly disappointed. "Well, so be it. Now for our bargain. You will admit that I am no fool."
"I made no such admission, and she smiled mockingly.
"How flattering you are!" she said. "Very well. Now for the premises. You take to Pittsburgh four notes held by the Mechanics' national bank, to have Mr. Gilmore, who is ill, declare his indorsement of them forged."
"On the journey back to Pittsburgh two things happen to you: You lose your clothing, your valise and your papers, including the notes, and you are accused of murder. In fact, Mr. Blakeley, the circumstances were most singular, and the evidence—well, almost conclusive."
"I was completely at her mercy, but I gnawed my lip with irritation.
"Now for the bargain," she leaned over and lowered her voice. "A fair exchange, you know. The minute you put those four notes in my hand—that minute the blow to my head has caused complete forgetfulness as to the events of that awful morning. I am the only witness, and I will be silent. Do you understand? They will call off their dogs."
My head was buzzing with the strangeness of the idea.
"But," I said, striving to gain time. "I haven't the notes. I can't give you what I haven't got."
"You have had the case continued," she said sharply. "You expect to find them. Another thing," she added slowly, watching my face, "if you don't get them soon, Bronson will have them. They have been offered to him already, but at a prohibitive price."
"But," I said, bewildered, "what is your object in coming to me? If Bronson will get them anyhow—"
She shut her fan with a click and her face was not particularly pleasant to look at.
"You are dense," she said insolently. "I want those papers—for myself, not for Andy Bronson."
"Then the idea is," I said, ignoring her tone, "that you think you have me in a hole, and that if I find those papers and give them to you you will let me out. As I understand it, our friend Bronson, under those circumstances, will also be in a hole."
She nodded.
"The notes would be of no use to you for a limited length of time," I went on, watching her narrowly. "If they are not turned over to the state's attorney within a reasonable time there will have to be a nolle prosequi—that is, the case will simply be dropped for lack of evidence."
"A week would answer, I think," she said slowly. "You will do it, then."
I laughed, although I was not especially cheerful.
"No, I'll not do it. I expect to come across the notes any time now, and I expect just as certainly to turn them over to the state's attorney when I get them."
She got up suddenly, pushing her chair back with a noisy grating sound that turned many eyes toward us.
"You're more of a fool than I thought you," she sneered, and left me at the table.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Led by the Nose.
An analytical chemist was retained as a skilled witness some years ago, where there are questions of analytical chemistry. There was one case where a farmer had bought some artificial manure, and he was being sued for the price of it. He resisted payment on the ground that the material had none of the qualities of manure at all. The expert chemist was one of the witnesses, and had stated that, although the substance had the smell, it had none of the chemical qualities of manure. Under cross-examination he was asked, if that was so, how did he account for hundreds of the best farmers having taken the manure for many years. "They must have been led by the nose," returned the witness.

PAT PUTS ON STYLE
ASTONISHED SPOUSE BY PURCHASE OF SUIT OF PAJAMAS.

Indignant Irishman Berates Merchant Who Failed to Explain How Night Garments Were to Be Worn.

When Pat McCaffery got a boss' job he thought it due to his advancement in society to sport a new suit. While at the men's furnishing store he noticed some pajamas.
"An' w'at be ye askin' fer thim summer oigin' suits?" he asked the clerk.
"Those," smiled the young man, "are the latest style in pajamas."
"Pajamas, is it? An' w'at bes the use at thim?"
"Why, gentlemen who pretend to any fashion wear them when they retire."
"Retire fr'm bizness, ye mane?"
"No. When they retire for the night. Go to bed."
"Ah-h, me young feller, that's it, is it? Well now, Patrick McCaffery's 'not goin' short anything av a fashionable way av shlapin'. O'll take a suit av 'em."
"Yes, sir. What size of shirt collar?"
"Sixteen an' a half."
So the clerk put up the purchases and Mr. McCaffery went happily home. He had a little scheme to astonish Mrs. McCaffery. Going straight upstairs, he put on his new suit, hid the pajamas in the closet, and went down stairs again, where he displayed the new clothes to the delight of Catherine.
"Ah-h-h, but," thought Pat to himself, "wait till ye see me pajamas."
A little before his usual hour for going to bed Pat said: "Well, Katie, darlint, O'll go upstairs and lay away me garments."
Mrs. McCaffery finished the socks and mittens she was mending, and then followed Pat. When she got to the bedroom door it was fastened.
"Pat w'at bes ye doin' w' th' dure locked?" she called.
"Whisht, Katie, O'll ye in in about a minit. O'm gettin' up a little 'sprise fr' ye."
Two or three minutes passed but Pat did not open the door. Katie got impatient and thumped on it. "Pat McCaffery, let me in. What divilint are ye up to, anyways?" A smothered voice spoke from within: "Just wan moor second, Katie."
Another minute passed, then Katie kicked the door and shouted: "Patrick McCaffery, is it crazy ye are? Open th' dure, or O'll schrame fr' an' orficer!" The door was opened, and there stood Pat. He surprised her all right. The pajama trousers had fallen down over his feet, he had on his nightshirt, and the pajama shirt over that. His hair was in his eyes and his face red with anger.
Mrs. McCaffery screamed, "Howly hivens, Pat! Are ye havin' a fit?"
"Fit, is it? Divil a fit can O' get. The dommed little Jew niver towled me if the pajamas go on over th' night-shirt, or v'arsa v'ersy."

Queen's High.

"Does Higgins ever bluff when he plays cards?"
"Never until he gets home and explains where he has been."
Pettit's Eye Salve Restores.
No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Both Unpardonable.

"Agnes says she will never have anything more to do with Gladys."
"Which did Gladys recommend? A dressmaker or a summer hotel?"—Harper's Bazar.

Easy for Her.

An extremely corpulent old lady, entertaining her granddaughters, soon when she found them demanding the little girl's food on the tablecloth.
"You don't see grandmamma taking anything on the table," she said.
"Of course not," replied the child; "God gave you something in front to stop it!"

She Probably Couid.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislator who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust: 'One of those land lobbyists approached me today with another insulting proposition.'"
"The wife, a young and pretty woman, clasped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can have that sable stole after all, can't I, dear?'"

Fable of Pan of Biscuits.

A Vassar girl married a Kansas farmer.
Two weeks later a cyclone made the happy pair a friendly call.
It cavorted around the premises, ripping up the fences, scattering the haystacks and playing horse with the barn, but when it looked through the open window it drew back in alarm.
There lay the bride's first pan of biscuits.
"I ain't feelin' very strong this morning," murmured the cyclone.
And with another glance at the terrible pan it blew itself away.

WISE WORDS.
A Physician on Pajamas.

A physician, at a dinner, has views about pajamas. He says: "I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws."
"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food equal to Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefits this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence."
"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work."
"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food."
"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it."
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page, "There's a Reason."

REST AND PEACE.

Fall Upon Distracted Headaches When Cuticura Externally.

Sleep for skin tortured, babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, eczema, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail. Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

Her Tribute.

Randall—How did you like the military parade, Ida?
Miss Rogers—Glorious! I never saw enough men in all my life before.—Harper's Bazar.

"SPOHN'S."

This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves, and the like among all ages of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or send to the manufacturers, \$30 and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book, Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

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