

# GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Saturday, November 2, 1912

No. 22



## THE BIG FAMILIES

The larger the family, the stronger the reason why each member should be supplied with

## ARMOR PLATE HOSIERY

The saving is greater—no darning worries or annoyances of any kind. ARMOR PLATE wears longer than the average hosiery because of a scientific dyeing process which does not weaken the yarns a particle. Most hosiery is "ruined" that way. Ask us to show you a good number for each of the family. We have them in any weight or any price you name. Don't forget—"ARMOR PLATE."

**AYRAULT & BOLLINGER,**  
GREGORY, MICH.

### EAST LYNDON

Arthur Allyn and wife spent Sunday with her parents in Pinckney.

Lon Clark's new barn is slowly nearing completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gilbert and son of Detroit visited his mother over Sunday.

O. Schweikert visited his home in Lyndon over Sunday.

Chas. Haggerty was in Chelsea Saturday.

Miss Helen Mohrlok called at Chas. Doody's last week.

Henry Gilbert has had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse.

Shack is very scarce this year, but two young men gathered forty bushel of walnuts from under one tree. (This was before they were shucked.)

While coming from Chelsea, Mr. Bennett's Ford machine balked. He summoned Mr. Flintoff from Pinckney by phone, to assist him.

Mrs. George Mutter of Howell is visiting in this vicinity.

Mr. Charles Doody has sold his entire crop of apples to John Wade of Chelsea.

Samuel Shultz, wife, child and mother-in-law made an auto trip to Grass Lake and visited A. C. Watson's new farm formerly owned by G. W. Bowersox who now resides in Jonesville.

Fred Glenn and wife, Herbert Hudson and wife and his father and mother made an auto trip to Lansing, Saturday.

Roy Hatley was in Stockbridge Friday, and purchased a corn husker.

A Suffrage meeting was held at Collins Plains school house last Friday evening and was largely attended. Mr. Colar of Ann Arbor was the principal speaker.

A temperance sermon will be given by Rev. McTaggart, also a program of temperance songs, solos, recitations, and class exercises will be rendered during the Sabbath School hour. Everybody come.

The county and the local physicians are liable to lock horns or let the poor suffer. Some time ago the County Medical society is said to have fixed a rate of 50 cents per mile, one way, for travel and \$1 per visit. All but one or two sent their bill to the county for work for the poor, at that figure. The Board thought 15 cents enough and cut the bills accordingly. A resolution was passed providing that rate with \$1 additional in certain contagious diseases.

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## LOCAL NOTES

Temperance Sunday will be observed here.

Miss Allie Drown was home over Sunday.

L. R. Williams has returned home from Jackson.

A full line of Ball Band Rubbers at Howlett's.

Thos. Harker of South Lyon spent Sunday here.

Thos. Childs of Leslie is working for Mr. Resico.

Mrs. Eva Meabon spent Sunday with her grandparents.

Geo. Drudge of Chelsea visited friends here over Sunday.

Mrs. Marrietta expects her daughter home from Lansing Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Williams visited at the home of Frank Ovitt recently.

Chas. Miller and wife and Mrs. Carl Whited were in Howell Saturday.

Junia, Rae and Beatrice Brotherton were Munith visitors over Sunday.

FOR SALE—19 little pigs. Inquire of Arthur Allyn, Gregory, 2143

Mrs. Mary Daniels and daughter, were Plainfield visitors one day last week.

Mrs. L. Hadley is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. F. Mutter, and children from Howell.

Everyone should come to church next Sunday as a very interesting program will be given.

Lon Worden, wife and two daughters were guests at the home of L. R. Williams Sunday.

W. Blair and wife are spending a few weeks with relatives at Wall Lake. Mr. B. is working there.

Miss Millie VanKeuran is helping Mrs. Elmer VanBeuran with her housework for a couple of weeks.

Mr. W. J. Buhl and family, Mr. John Moore and Mrs. Anna Moore enjoyed an auto ride to Dexter Sunday.

Mr. Jesse of Stockbridge has been selling cabbages and distributing Mail Order House catalogues in this locality.

Ladies! You should visit W. J. Dancer & Co's Cloak room and see the beautiful Printzess Coats, \$10 to \$20.

The L. A. S. will meet with Mrs. Lillie Burden for dinner, Thursday November 7. All are cordially welcome.

The Misses Eva and Esther Hagman of Howell are spending a couple of weeks with their sister, Mrs. Fred Montague.

Marshall Springer of Plymouth recently arrested 14 train crews for holding crossings in that village longer than the law allows.

A temperance sermon will be given by Rev. McTaggart, also a program of temperance songs, solos, recitations, and class exercises will be rendered during the Sabbath School hour. Everybody come.

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Dick Brearley has a new auto. The church was recently re-shingled.

F. A. Howlett and son were in Detroit last week.

A deputy entertained the L. O. T. M. last Saturday.

Fred Howlett and family were Howell callers Sunday.

Mrs. G. W. Bates called on Unadilla friends last Friday.

O. I. Williams called at the home of A. J. Harker Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Resico October 22, a 12½ lb son.

Beulah and Hazel Bates are spending some time at home.

Fred Howlett and family made an auto trip to Howell Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Daniels has a number of nice solid cabbages for sale.

The Suffragette posters around town are causing considerable comment.

Mrs. Kate Sellers of Indiana is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gertrude Crossman.

Mrs. Mary Daniels and children were Stockbridge visitors last Saturday.

Chinchilles, Boucles and Zibelines in Ladies Coats at Dancer's, \$10 to \$20.

Did you get W. J. Dancer & Co's suit and overcoat letter? It may interest you.

Mrs. Don McCorney spent a few days the past week with her parents near Anderson.

Next Tuesday Nov. 5 is election day. Every voter should exercise his franchise on that day as undoubtedly it is those who stay away from the polls who are responsible for bad government.

### UNADILLA

Mrs. L. Gallup is visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. Vet Bullis spent Saturday in Jackson.

Watch for notice of M. E. Fair in December.

Mrs. Wm. Tyler visited Mrs. Geo. Marshall Tuesday.

The teachers and pupils are enjoying a weeks vacation.

John Dunn of Putnam spent Sunday at Charley Frost.

Band meeting again Saturday evening after a few weeks rest.

Mesdames Jno. and Otis Webb were Chelsea visitors Saturday.

The W. T. C. U. held their Oct. meeting with Mrs. Ida Gentner.

Miss Jennie Watson of Durand is visiting her many friends here.

Miss Jennie Roepoke is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hoffman of Azalia.

Mrs. Jennie Winslow of Chelsea has been visiting Mrs. Wirt Barnum.

Mrs. Ralph Gorton of Waterloo called on friends here one day last week.

Mrs. Jno Webb and Mrs. Glenn called on North Lake friends the first of the week.

A good number attended church last Sunday evening. District Supt. Ramsdell preached.

Eugene Wheeler and family are moving into the Hartsuff house which he recently purchased.

The Unadilla orchestra will play at the Gleaner county Federation at Fowlerville December 4.

Mrs. W. H. Glenn of Stockbridge spent part of last week with her sister, Mrs. John Webb.

The Presby. will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Pickell Wednesday, Nov. 6 for dinner. Everybody come.

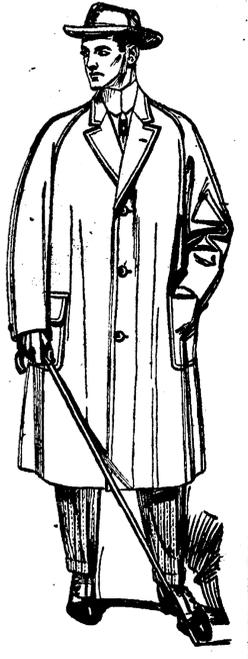
News reached here Wednesday of the death of Elmer Barton a former Unadilla boy. The remains will be brought here for burial.

## To Measure

For a smart overcoat with life and style, as well as wear and comfort, let us send your measure to a tailoring house that has shown itself worthy of regard and confidence—A. E. Anderson & Co., of Chicago.

If you value durability, attractive fabrics and perfect fit, and want a guarantee that you can depend upon, theirs is "The Tailoring You Need." Why not try it?

**F. A. HOWLETT**



## SCHOOL SUPPLIES

We have just about everything needed for any grade of school work. Just such school tools as enable the best school work. From a single pencil to a complete school outfit—come here first and get the best.

New line of Post Cards including views of Gregory. New line of every day work shirts warranted not to rip.

## ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

**S. A. DENTON, GREGORY**

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, GENTS FURNISHINGS, FRUITS, NOTIONS, ETC.

We are the local representative for the Star brand of tailor made clothes. Fall samples now on display.

## The First Lesson in Economy

**BUY A ROUND OAK STOVE**

For the Best Dollar for Dollar Value You Ever Saw, Buy the Genuine Round Oak Stove

It burns hard coal with a magazine, soft coal and slack with a Hot Blast attachment, and wood with a plain grate.

**T. H. HOWLETT,**

Gregory, Michigan

General Hardware, Implements, Furniture, Harness Goods and Automobiles

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS** For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder  
Contain no Habit Forming Drugs

**W. E. BROWN**

The Porter Clothing Co. of Howell, Mich. are selling all of their New Boys and Childrens Suits, Overcoats and Slip-on Coat at 40 per cent discount. Call and see them.

## Richard D. Roche

Nominee For Prosecuting Attorney on the Democrat Ticket

## To the Voters of Livingston County:

When you go to the polls on November 5th, you are going to vote for a lawyer to try the criminal cases for this county for the next two years.

You now have but two names upon the official ballot from which to make your choice.

Which shall it be?

One has had TWELVE YEARS EXPERIENCE as COUNTY CLERK.

He left that office less than TWO YEARS ago.

He has drawn in salary and fees approximately EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The other has had TWELVE YEARS ACTUAL EXPERIENCE in the TRIAL OF LAWSUITS.





## Offensive Optimism

By REV. FRANK CRANE, Chicago

## Why People Go Out Looking for Trouble

There is such a thing as a pestiferous optimist. Perhaps it is the mood you are in that makes you sometimes hate the sight of cheerful, bright eyes. The fact is sugar is good, but one can't stand too much of it, and when they put sugar in everything, in the soup, fish, meat and salad, it is rather trying.

We all want pleasure. But there is another want fully as impressive. We want trouble. We may think we don't, but we do.

Tannhäuser by and by could not endure life eternal in the lap of Venus. He longed for suffering and danger and struggle, along with the rest of humankind.

In these piping times of universal peace we should not forget that one of the old inborn tastes of mankind is fighting. Boys fight as the expression of a natural instinct, and girls quarrel in their way, and grown-ups often spoil for a row.

It is quite the fashion these days to tell one another to cheer up, look pleasant, and all will be well. All is good, there is no evil, pain is nix, anguish is all in your eye. Maybe. But it grows monotonous.

It is a relief occasionally to meet the confirmed pessimist. He clears the air. He breathes ozone like a thunderstorm. He is aggressively miserable. That kind of person rouses you. He causes such a reaction in you that you come away glowing with more real cheer than you would gather in a week from a soothing syrup soul.

Optimism inclines one to laziness. Why worry? Then why work? A missionary was urging a lazy native of the Philippines to arouse and do.

"Why trouble one's self?" asked the native.

"If you toil you can make money."

"What for?"

"With money you can buy property, enlarge your business and be a great man."

"What for?"

"Why—why, then you can be happy," said the white man.

"But I'm happy now," returned the heathen.

And the tropics are full of optimism. That's why nothing is accomplished there. There is too much comfort and sunshine. It takes fog and rain and snow to make men hustle.

Pessimism has been peculiarly prolific in literature. There are Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Ibsen and Omar. These fellows flip up like a cold bath. They restore the circulation and make a healthy glow. They stimulate us into a militant, protesting happiness far more active than the all-is-well kind of happiness.

The human heart has strange appetites. It must have its tragedy and tears and bitter herbs.

Like the old woman, we "loves our murders" in the daily papers. It is a mistake to suppose we want to be happy and avoid trouble. We want to be miserable. Happiness is the reaction, pleasant but temporary.

## Man Often Has High Opinion of Himself

By Mrs. R. J. Robinson, Sacramento, Cal.

As a rule man has a pretty high opinion of himself. If then, his wife had the good sense to choose him in the first place should not this be proof sufficient to convince him that she would make an equally good match upon her second venture?

Man should give to her the credit she deserves—accredit her with the cool, calm, sense of sound reasoning, that broadens and develops with age and experience. Taking for granted that a man has married a reasonably intelligent woman—a natural mother—there need be no

cause for worry. The whole world knows that a natural mother will never desert her offspring.

If, however, a man feared adventures he could set aside a certain amount for each child, should he have any, and leave the remainder to his wife without terms or conditions.

Having provided for his family to the best of his ability he has done all that mortal man can do and it then becomes the wife's duty to use it wisely and well.

As for asking his wife to remain single. Does this not seem selfish? He is asking her more than the sacred rites—"until death do you part."

"As man's control stops with the shore," so ought he be willing to yield his control when death calls him and leave his wife free as the ocean.

Of all human vices and weakness, selfishness seems to be the one most common to all and were I a man I would not want to go to my grave carrying the sin of selfishness far beyond it.

## Common Sense Needed With Marriage

By A. B. Richmond, San Francisco

Whom shall we marry, the young or the old? Just as if we women could pick and choose as we wish. Is it not for the man to woo and win? And the woman? She has no right to refuse. In those enlightened times, when women are racing equally with men in all paths of life, a woman considers when a proposal comes. Love is a beautiful thing, is it not? But alas! were it not for the practical side of life, and were women free to choose, how many different marriages there would be!

The old saying is "An old man's darling or a young man's slave." Not having tried both, I presume I am not capable of answering which is preferable, but this much is true: an older man makes less demands on a young woman than a young man. Naturally he sees life in a different way. He is more lenient, not so exacting, far truer, and he tries to live up to the marriage obligation far more than the average young man.

For those who are brave enough to say "All for love and the world well lost" I would say, choose the young man, because he would be brave enough to face all the trials and troubles and sacrifices, of which there will be many. But is it always worth while?

For those who prefer life with some of its burdens shaken off, who look at life in a philosophical way, choose the older man and you will not go amiss.

# SCOTLAND YARD'S MOST FAMOUS CHIEF RETIRES



LONDON—"I can tell you this," said "Big Bill" Pinkerton, raising a heavy forefinger to emphasize his words, "that the whole tribe of American crooks—big and little—will breathe easier when they hear that this man has quit the detective business for good."

Superintendent Frank Frost of Scotland Yard, the "man" in question, smiled benignly. His name (which is pronounced to rhyme with "ghost") is almost as well known in the United States as it is in this country, where he is regarded as the greatest living detective.

The superintendent is most famous as the man who tracked Jabez Balfour of "Liberator" fame to the Argentine, and after nearly a year's hard work finally succeeded in luring him on board a British vessel and there arresting him, but perhaps his biggest "coups," apart from this have been made against American crooks and bad men who will not bellow his passing.

To him also was given the job of arresting Dr. Jameson for his participation in the raid on the Transvaal. No man outside the United States knows the American brand of criminal better or has been up against it oftener. Frost has fought the Yankee thug hand to hand and brain against brain, and generally he has beaten him.

Debonair is the word that best describes the superintendent. The iron strength and bulldog grit that have carried him—not without some nasty stabs and slashes—through life and death tussles with thieves, murderers and maniacs are masked behind the sleek, well-fed appearance of a jovial clubman, and this effect his dancing blue eyes, which, however, can harden pitilessly, his cocky little mustache and his closely shaven cranium combine to heighten. Yet it is wrong to say that "Frankie" Frost's air of an out-and-out "good sport" is deceptive, except as appearing to indicate a soft-living man who would be easy to get the upper hand of, or even the big, bad men he has landed in "quod" will tell you that he is one of the best.

Never Shirked Danger. My, the fights the man has had! The tough customers who have had to knock under to his Porthos-like strength! He finally put the bracelets on one man after a titanic struggle all over a first-class compartment of an express train, and even after he was handcuffed this thug managed to raise an iron foot warmer between his manacled wrists and tried to brain the detective with it. Perhaps the liveliest fight of Frost's whole life, however, was against an American cowboy who already had six murders to his credit and who did his level best to make the killing of Frost constitute a seventh.

This bad man's name was Kuhne, and he hailed from Primrose City, Wis. The murders he was wanted for were particularly brutal ones, and after committing them Kuhne signed on a cattle boat bound for Liverpool. At Queenstown Frost, who then was unknown to fame, put off in a small boat, met the cattle boat and climbed up over her side. There were men on deck and one of them was a giant, inches taller than Frost, who is not much over medium height.

"Is your name Kuhne?" said Frost to the big man, drawing his bow at a venture.

"What?" was the answer. "Oh, no!" But Frost saw that he had got his man. "I'm a police officer," he snapped, and instantly the giant drew a bowie knife and jumped at him. Over the deck they rolled, clamped together, struggling furiously. Up and down they went, the cowboy jabbing his knife through the detective's clothing and trying to grip his throat. But gradually the Scotland Yard man's iron strength wore down his man and that's why there isn't a seventh

notch in the hilt of the "sticker" that new lies on Frost's mantelpiece.

Known in United States.

Frost has made three visits to the United States and means to pay another after his retirement, in the next month. He first went across in 1884, having been "borrowed" by the United States government in connection with the prosecution of William Lord Moore. By this time his name was well known, chiefly as a result of his smart solution of a big mystery which he unraveled with the aid of a photograph he had stolen—yes, stolen deliberately from a matrimonial agent whom he visited and sent out of the room on some pretext, the while he purloined the picture from his desk. He got a lot of praise for his work in this case, and followed it up by exposing a lawyer from the Midlands named Marshall, who declared that \$80,000 had been stolen from his room in a London hotel. Frost demonstrated that the money had not been stolen at all, but had been appropriated by the lawyer, and the latter went to "do time."

William Lord Moore was the author of the biggest series of next-of-kin frauds ever perpetrated in the United States. His invariable bait was an alluring sum of millions awaiting American "heirs" in England. The millions-in-chancery myth is one that dies hard at home, and Moore found dupes by the thousands. These he bled white and then vanished. He was the leading lawyer in the state of Tennessee when this bright idea struck him and a pillar of the church. "But he was an Englishman by birth," said Frost, adding, "Have you read Ouida's novels?"

"Only 'Under Two Flags,'" was the reply.

Splendidly Equipped for Crime.

"That's all you need to have read to see Moore," said the detective, "for he was for all the world like the hero of that novel—the beautiful Life Guardsman, you know. He stood over six feet and must have weighed seventeen stone, though he hadn't a bit of a paunch. He had a magnificent tawny beard, a thing you rarely see in the states, and his manners were those of a nobleman. He came over here, and I went to see him, more on principle than with any definite object, and then I looked him up a bit. Finally, when your government decided to stop his game for good and all they sent for me. It took three trials to convict him—the first two juries were fixed, sure—the last being held at Jackson, Tenn. And do you know," said Frost, "even after I got home I got letters from hundreds of people in America asking me to find out if there really weren't a few millions belonging to them over here."

It was in the United States, too, and in the service of the American government, that Frost first went up against Tom O'Brien, who eventually came over from Paris to London with the express purpose of murdering the Scotland yarder, William Pinkerton described the big American crook's career from his beginning as a newsboy on the trains between Albany and New York to his end in the French convict settlement at New Caledonia. He was in Frost's den in the yard. He told how he began to go wrong by selling ten-cent shipplasters to rubes for ten-dollar bills, and how he climbed up to the big bunco steerer—"the king of them all," said the head of the Pinkerton agency.

End of Tom O'Brien.

"Tom O'Brien never asked for anything easy," said Pinkerton. "He was a game man and he wanted the hardest there was, and got away with it until 'Frankie' here landed him, and now you kept him from putting a bullet in that fat stomach of yours. I don't know," finished the American

detective admiringly, beaming on his famous friend.

To let daylight through Frost was precisely what O'Brien had planned to do, when, after escaping from custody in the United States, he took refuge in Paris. "He had never forgiven me," said Frost, "for getting him at Albany, and he was in London before I knew it, and two English pals of his have told me that they stopped him from finishing me in Regent street by pushing him into a doorway. After that I got busy and dropped on O'Brien while he was tackling a good English porterhouse steak and chips in Gatti's restaurant in the Strand. He saw me coming," added the detective, "and got out quick, and he thought he'd given me the slip, but I was behind him in the street before he knew it, and, as we were too many for him to have any chance in a fight, he threw up the sponge. That's his pistol over there. Yes, a wicked gun."

"Frankie here sent O'Brien back to Paris," said W. A. Pinkerton, "and there, you know, he killed another American crook named Reid Waddle at the north station, and they wanted to behead him, but the authorities there decided that as he had merely wiped out another bad man he'd only get a 'lifer,' so they sent him to New Caledonia."

Success in Two Lines of Work.

As a fact, Frost's admirers do not know which to admire most, his strength or his shrewdness. "The secret of detective work," he said to me, "is the elimination of the unnecessary," and like Roulettable in "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," he always has taken hold of "the right end of his reason." It was under his direction that Scotland Yard drew the net of evidence tight around Crippen, another American, by the way, and of the scores of stories they tell of his shrewdness one may be recalled because it is rather funny.

Near a bungalow in the country a man was found dead, head down in a water butt. There was an ugly bruise on his forehead, and as the local police believed there had been foul play, Inspector Frost, as he was then, went down to investigate. He looked over the scene and his eyes twinkled. "This is not a case of murder," he said. "That man was a tramp. He hurt his head in climbing through the fence—he probably was going to break into the house—and went to bathe it in the water butt. As he put his head down he slipped and fell in."

It was like Sherlock Holmes lecturing Lestrade and Gregson, but one of Frost's hearers was not convinced. "Impossible!" he cried, and to prove that it was impossible he leaned over the water butt. A second later his heels were in the air, there was a splash, and if Frost had not fished him out promptly he surely would have proved the superintendent's theory to be right.

Master of Disguise.

In his "active service" days Frost was a master of disguise and make-up, and could dress any part at a few moments' notice from peddler to priest, such a priest, too, as would convince the pope himself of his innate saintliness. Since then he has trained many a pupil, and from the big red building on the Embankment you will see go forth at various times "city" men in silk hats, carpenters, racing touts, and men who look like doctors—all of them the superintendent's henchmen, and each playing his part in the unending fight with crime, while up in his office sits Frost, like Bunty, "pulling the strings."

When he quits, definitely, next month, he is going to take a pleasure cruise to the West Indies, and then will look in on you in "God's country" for a bit, visiting his friend, "Big Bill" Pinkerton, and perhaps Colonel Little of Baltimore, Md., with whom he worked in the Moore case, and who still writes to him at the beginning of every new year. After that he is coming back to settle down in the West Country and, in the season, indulge in his favorite hobby, which is shooting (in preference to being shot at). Meanwhile he will rest—which he has a right to do if ever a man had.—Hayden Church.

Corners All the Dollars.

Each man who gives a silver dollar to the bride at a Hungarian wedding gains the right to dance with her. Boris Michael attended the festivities following the wedding of John Wallish and Mary Stokes here, with 27 silver dollars in his pocket, having cornered the market in that particular coin. As a result he danced with Mrs. Wallish nearly all night, and he is a mighty unpopular person among the other guests.

Boris had a motive in taking up the bride's attention, for he used to be one of her suitors. When the invitations were sent out for the wedding Boris decided that for one evening Mary Stokes should be his partner, and he set out to collect all the silver dollars in the village.—Jacksonville (N. J.) Telegram to the New York Sun.

Plenty of Deer and Moose.

Deer and moose are reported to be extremely plentiful in the Maine woods this year. Maine guides who have been cruising in canoes over the lakes and streams of the wild lands are sending word to city sportsmen that they have seen more deer this summer than for some seasons past and advising them to be on hand October 1, when the law goes off.

One party who spent a month canoeing and fishing in Maine this summer reported that they had seen 167 deer in that period. In a six day trip down the Alleghash a party of five canoeists saw 28 deer.—Fall River Line Journal.

## CAMP FIRE STORIES

### SECRET SERVICE IN SOUTH

One of Original "Boy Scouts" Relates How Knowledge of Telegraphy Aided the Federals.

The small boy fond of juvenile detective stories could ask for nothing better than a biography of John N. Stewart, past vice-department commander of the G. A. R. of Illinois, who lives at 425 West Sixty-first place, Chicago. Mr. Stewart was one of the original "boy scouts" of the Civil war. At the age of fifteen he started out from Washington on the first of his many journeys as a spy in advance of the Union armies.

"I became interested in telegraphy when I was a boy in Cleveland," said Mr. Stewart, "and I soon became an expert operator. In 1862 a place was found for me in the military telegraph service at Washington, and I went east. From there I was sent out on secret service. I would go out in advance of an army, sometimes with a cavalry escort and sometimes alone, often making a telegraph station in a tree top, cutting into a passing wire with my pocket instrument, or quietly and unobserved getting within hearing distance of some Confederate telegraph station, usually manned by an operator who read the 'Morse code' from paper only. Information thus secured often proved valuable in locating camps and marching bodies of the enemy.

"One of the most interesting of my experiences was in connection with a conspiracy in Indiana, engineered by the Knights of the Golden Circle, the secret society of the south that had branches through the northern states. A banker in Indiana had a country place where the meetings of the conspirators were held. I got chummy with the banker's son, let him learn that I knew something about telegraphy, and so got into the conspiracy. I did not learn all their secrets, but I learned enough. They were going to assassinate Gov. Morton of Indiana and blow up the capitol buildings at Indianapolis. They had gunpowder secretly stored in the building and it was to be put in electrical connection with some remote point. They got me to show them how to make the connections, after explaining and making diagrams of about how the thing could be done. I, for my part, neglected several essential points necessary to their success. The night of execution arrived, but of course the thing failed to work. Soon thereafter the government officials jumped on the bunch, and some of them were sent to military prisons or through the lines to their southern friends.

"Later in the war I and a man by the name of Catlin, who said his home was in or near Buffalo, N. Y., were started south from Washington. We were to precede Sherman's march to the sea and report what force he would encounter on the memorable campaign. We went dressed as 'natives' and aroused comparatively little suspicion. On the way I became separated from Catlin and went on alone in Savannah. There I went to the telegraph office as if curious, boy fashion, to investigate the mysteries of the telegraph. The operators received the dispatches on strips of paper, and only one or two of them knew even the 'signal' (used in calling their office) by the sound of the instrument. I made myself useful thereabouts for a day or so as a sort of a general 'lackey' and was allowed to sleep at night on the soft side of the office floor. Several times the 'signal' sounded and I nearly betrayed myself. In my desire that the operator promptly answer so that I might catch what the 'other fellow' had to say, I shook the town as soon as I could safely do so, and made my way north to the federal lines, then somewhere in the vicinity of Aiken, on the Southern railroad."

The military telegraph system, with which Mr. Stewart was at first connected as an operator, was finely organized in the first years of the war. Batteries were carried with the marching armies and the currents thus supplied carried messages over wires temporarily stretched between strategic points.

Only One Like Him.

A friend who "dropped in" on President Lincoln, in speaking of a certain general, said that he was not worth the powder to blow him up. "He's a mighty thinker," the president returned. "He has formed an intimate acquaintance with himself, and knows what he is and it fitted for. This war has not produced another like him."

The friend was surprised at this encomium. "Greatly to my relief and the interest of the country," continued the president, "he has just resigned."

Make Them Fit the General.

When several brigadier generals were to be selected Lincoln maintained that "something must be done for the Dutch," and suggested Mr. Schlimmelpenninck.

"But this Schlim—what's his name—has no recommendation and can't speak English," insisted the headstrong Secretary Stanton. "That doesn't matter," said Lincoln, "we will find some soldiers who can understand him, whatever language he speaks."

# The Corrector of Destinies

Being Tales of Randolph Mason as Related by His Private Secretary, Courtland Parks

## A St. Valentine's Adventure

By Melville Davison Post

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On the night of the 14th of February, I came to New York from Philadelphia. The fast train from the south was late and did not arrive until nine o'clock. It was very cold, the windows of the cars were incrusted with ice, there were miniature snow drifts across the vestibules, and the steam pipes smoked. I was exceedingly hungry. The dining-car had been cut off at Philadelphia and my hope of dinner was beyond me, in New York. When the heat which carried us across from Jersey City to the Twenty-third street ferry touched the dock, I jumped off and ran into the checking room to give directions about the transfer of my luggage. I was delayed by the oriental leisure of the man in charge. When I got out, finally, into the street not a cab was to be seen. "The wind was driving past every moment with increasing fury; the frozen snow flakes cut one's face. I started to cross the street to a waiting street car. I had hardly stepped out from the ferry house when a handsome pulled up and I hailed it.

As I put my foot on the cab step, I heard behind me a little smothered cry of disappointment. I took my foot down from the step and turned around. A little way behind me, under the eaves of the building, stood a woman wearing a long fur coat to her feet, and carrying in her hand a traveling bag. Her face above the fur collar of her coat was wrapped in a black veil. I went at once to her.

"Madam," I said, "did you call this cab?"

"No," she replied, in a voice low, musical, but greatly troubled; "I did not call it, but I hoped to get it."

Then she added with a flutter in her voice:

"I am alone. I cannot possibly walk in this storm, and I must get quickly to the Dresden."

"Madam," I said, "this hansom is at your service; pray take it."

"But you?" she answered.

"I shall get up-town some way," I said; "the elevated station is only a few blocks away."

I helped her into the hansom, then another tremendous gust came roaring down by the ferry house. I banged the doors and ducked my head to escape the fierce onslaught of the wind. When the gust passed I looked up to find the cab standing beside me. A little hand threw open the hansom door, the soft, musical voice said:

"I cannot leave you here in this terrible storm; get in."

I got in, bowed to the driver to get over town to the Dresden and sat down by the unknown. As the hansom wheeled into the street, the woman leaned over me and looked back. I looked over her shoulder. Another boat had arrived and the passengers were coming out. I saw in the heavy snow, a man running toward us, waving a hand; then we were out of sight bowling over the Belgian blocks.

The woman tucked the fur coat around her feet, pulled the long sleeves over her hands and nestled up against her corner of the hansom.

"Pardon me," she said, "I thought I had stupidly left my bag on the curb, but here it is at my feet."

I smiled at the pretty lie.

"Madam," I said, "I am sure it is at your feet. There must be some trace of feeling even in alligator leather."

I think she was undecided whether to chide me with irony or laugh. The laugh prevailed, then came the irony.

"How stupid of me," she said; "perhaps you do not wish to go to the Dresden. We are approaching the elevated station, I notice."

Her tone was in that admirable middle pitch which reveals nothing.

I wished to answer that the Dresden seemed just then to be a fairy Mecca, and that if I were put out, I should probably trot after the cab like a faithful puppy; but when these soft faint breaths of frost in the little voice? I might be put out after all, and I wished greatly to remain. At any rate, I must take no risks until the elevated station was behind us, so I laid before her the details of my discomfort.

"I shall be glad of the Dresden," I said. "I am cold, I am starving. My fingers are quite numb, and I could hardly eat the straps on the hansom."

She laughed.

"Have you gone so long, then, without dinner?"

"Long?" I echoed. "Why, madam, it has been eight mortal hours! Men have become cannibals in less time than that."

We were well past the elevated station now.

She shrugged her dainty shoulders.

"Observe," she said, "how I shudder."

We were getting on famously.

"And with reason," I answered.

"Was not the taste of the bear for the bee-tree known even to the ancients?"

"One of the gospels, I think," she said, "tells us how bad such food is for the digestion."

Then, fearing that she had been led too far into pleasantry, she turned it, after the manner of a woman.

"Let us hope," she added, "that you will find something more substantial than the Baptist's meager fare at the Dresden. I would suggest a loin of beef, washed down with Burgundy, a dish of salad, a pot of coffee."

Then her voice slipped up into that dangerous, indeterminate note.

"We are crossing Broadway," she said; "perhaps you would get down here?"

"What!" I cried; "and leave the loin of beef, the Burgundy, the dish of salad? The suggestion is inhuman."

"Very well," she said, and there was no mistaking the indifference in the tone. In fact, it was rather too indifferent. I fancied it masking some aroused emotion.

We bowled along and turned into the Dresden. The porter helped us down from the hansom and into the hotel. Here I saw my companion clearly for the first time—and yet that statement is wholly inaccurate. I saw clearly only a splendid sea-skin coat with a sable collar, a fashionable hat, two well-gloved hands and a thick, impenetrable veil. This chance acquaintance was about to end.

I could not follow her, spying, to the clerk's desk, and yet I must act within the next thirty seconds before the house porter reached the bag if I wished even to go a step further. He was passing the elevator now. I set my feet into the Rubicon.

"Madam," I said, "this is St. Valentine's night, sacred to the unknown. Its privileges have been respected since Claudius. I beg you to share my loin of beef."

The woman started perceptibly, glanced up and down the corridor and then hurried to the elevator. For a moment I was at a loss to account for this instant flight. Then I observed that a second hansom had arrived and a man was coming in with the porter through the door. The obsequious funkier was in the midst of a reply.

"Just arrived, sir, in the first hansom, sir."

I glanced at the elevator, the door clicked; the escape was by a hair's thickness. I turned to follow the man. He was advancing to the clerk's desk, his back toward me. I observed that he was rather tall and wore a dark ulster with a strap across the back. The incident required no reflection. Here was the hurrying stranger of the ferry-boat, certainly one of several kinds of dragons to be found at the heels of escaping beauties. I should presently see to which type of dangerous beast he belonged. I strolled over to the big leather settle opposite the clerk's desk, planted myself in it and lighted a cigarette. The new-comer wrote his name in the register, took off his coat, and turned. I saw then that he was not an irate father, obviously. He was either the brother, or alias, the husband of this charming unknown. He was a tall young man, evidently from the south or west. His eyes were gray, he wore gold-rimmed spectacles, his nose was aquiline, his mouth and chin firm and well cut. He was evidently a person of determination and courage.

"Aha!" I said behind my cigarette; "there is here certainly snuffings of battle, but not afar off. However, before the shouting of the captains begin to arise, it might simplify matters if I knew whether the Nemesis is brother or husband."

I should arrive at the solution from his bearing; Monsieur Le Coque or Dupin would read it, instantly, like a weather report. I looked up at the man's face. He was smiling! Then the beast was not an avenging husband. Such a one does not smile when he pursues the faithless. I had all the reeking dramas as authorities for that. He might chuckle in his throat, or draw his lips into a snarl, or foreboding curl; but he did not fall into facial sunshine. This man was grinning like a Cheshire cat; and, by the Lord Harry, he was off to the bar below for grog! He must be the brother, then—and yet, no. He was too big-limbed for a brother, the types of the two were distant as the poles—nor would a brother be so bedecked with grins. He would have nothing to conceal, he would buzz like a hornet around the trout, stow her safely under his wing and then take his Scotch with his eye on her. This dragon was evidently less the brother than the husband; but was he not, indeed, the husband? Did Finero draw always faithfully from life? A greater than he had written of those who smile and smile.

Look at it now; the first domestic wrenchings were old enough to be caloused to the fingers, the home was shattered beyond all hope of patching; the woman had gone out over bridges that straightway fell in behind her; the man followed like an Indian—not to win her back to his hearth, but for some object more sinister. He had found her at the Twenty-third street ferry and lost her, but here she was, run fast into a pocket, and so he smiled and took a glass of grog. There was time aplenty for the blow. I thought the husband theory had rather the better of the argument.

Meanwhile, I was ravenously hungry. I threw away the cigarette, went into the dining-room and ordered a somewhat elaborate dinner. Events were marching over me, the good St. Valentine slept. I must dine alone, while the unhappy trout trembled and went hungry, and, while, perhaps, tragedy knotted the tie strings of her waist.

I was leaning over a cup of bouillon when a low, merry voice said: "You are not very thoughtful of a guest."

I sprang up to confront a dainty figure in a gray traveling dress, two merry dark eyes, a trace of smiling scarlet above a defiant chin, and a mass of brown hair wound in loose coils.

"I beg you, madam," I said, "to lay this discourtesy to my meager knowledge of fairyies. I thought you vanished."

"What!" she quoted, "and lose the loin of beef, the Burgundy, the salad?"

My tone was reproduced adorably. Then she sat down opposite me at the table, as having a madcap as ever danced out of the kingdom of Queen Mab.

So, then, I had been mistaken. She had not seen the Nemesis after all. Or better, perhaps, the person who had arrived was not he, or there was no Nemesis except in my disordered fancy. I looked over the room for the man. If he were spying, he would be in some corner of the cafe with his eye on us, and so he was. I found him presently, a little behind a palm in a nook by the door, and such eyes! They burned like dull green lamps.

I could not eat much for all my boasts of hunger—no one could under those ugly eyes. They seemed now to glitter when the leaves of the palm threw little shadows on spectacle glass. That glass added a certain terror, the eyes became like one moving behind a screen, and there was something sinister in the smiles and laughter of this charming woman under an espionage she did not dream of. I held my place as carelessly as I could, under this menace like a cocked pistol. I fished a little for a clue.

"Madam," I said, tipping a little of my wine into the plate, "the king,

would have marked one place with a mosaic of laurel, and the other with a black cross. Let us suggest it to the Players."

She looked at the palm again with a slow, heavy-lidded glance and then back to me.

"No," she said, "now that I think it over, perhaps the mark of tragedy is fittest there." And then, "Does not Bernhardt indeed represent the embodiment of tragedy?"

I had new lights on the problem. The woman was perfectly aware that a sentinel watched. She knew when he entered with the porter. She knew that he sat behind that palm when she came in to dinner, and yet she came, and played with me a comedy of sweethearts crowded with suggestive incident, and overplayed it.

I had barely settled the matter to my satisfaction, when the man arose and came through the dining-room past our table to the door. He doubtless saw that the woman had discovered him and so deemed it wise to leave the cafe like an ordinary guest. I observed again that his face was strong, determined and very pale. Such a type of person did not become a detective in New York; but all manner of men came from the great west, and why not a spy with an open, honorable face? The next moment my last theory went to pieces.

The young woman looked up from her coffee, smiled and spoke to him in as pleasant a voice as I have ever heard.

"Good-evening, Henry," she said.

The man bowed courteously and passed on through the door, a show of color mounting slowly to his cheeks.

I withdrew then from the field of Le Coque and Dupin. The mystery was beyond me. One did not speak thus cordially to a hired trailer, and where in Christendom was there a

the woman with whom I had dined the night before at the Dresden. I could not see her face, but her voice was tense, vibrant, low, packed with emotion. If I had not been consumed with a special interest, I still had not been able to put away this espionage. The soft, quivering, overcharged tones held me like the droning of some incantation. I caught the words pouring hot as from a crucible.

"After that he was always at the door when I came out, heaping on me things that I did not want—flowers, bon-bons, the like. I was hideously poor. I mended with my own fingers the stockings in which I danced every Wednesday night at the Theater Francaise in the great ballet of the Fata Morgana. I needed warm clothes, good food, a fire. They said I had limbs like a fairy. I had, they were starved thin. An exquisite pallor, I had that, too, but it came from sour bread, chocolate made with water and sweetened with sugar picked off with my nails from the bon-bons. I did not love the man, nor any man. I was a child. In the place of a mother, I had the warnings of an instinct. I feared the touch of a man's fingers as the heat of the field does; but the old concierge who had kept life in me with hot soup every night after the ballet, took the thing in hand. She discovered, I know not how, that the young man's father was a rich American. So she bundled me off to Passe and handed me over to him, but under a ceremony of marriage set out fully on the records of Passe. She was the only friend I ever had, this old, crooked, evil-featured Madame Duroque. She could more easily have sold me to him at the door of her lodge for a hundred louis. After this, I was, at least, not hungry. My husband was little more than a boy. We lived over the Seine by the Luxembourg. I did not dance any more at the Theater Francaise, but I went every Monday morning to Madame Duroque to tell her everything and to divide with her my handful of francs. My husband studied art under the usual masters, but it was every morning thrown away. He was indolent, utterly worthless, wholly given over to a life of pleasure.

"One noon in May, his father arrived, handed me twenty-five napoleons and told me to go down into the street. I went with the money in my hand to Madame Duroque. She put her shawl over her head and hurried out. I did not see her again for five days. Then she came with the great American and took me to the Hotel Continental and to my husband. Madame Duroque kissed me at the door, put my certificate of marriage and the wedding ring in a silk bag and fastened it around my neck with a little gold chain. Then she took me to one side, and bade me remain with my husband and demand a hundred thousand francs before I would set foot out of Paris, after which she went back to her lodge.

"The father prepared then to return with us to America. I refused to go, and my husband, who was now aroused, refused also to go unless I accompanied him. I got finally the one hundred thousand francs and we arrived in New York. My father-in-law, who owned railroads in a western state, took us there and installed my husband as the clerk of a court in a little town built along the side of a mountain above the fork of a river where three railroads joined. He was trying to make a man out of my husband, he said. At his urging, I invested the money which I had received in the bonds of a railroad which he was building through the county.

"We lived there five years in the smoke, the mud, the unutterable dreariness of this frontier village. One day my husband fell and broke his wrist. He went to a hospital in a neighboring town to have the bone set, and died under the influence of ether on the operating table. I found in his pocket this letter, which he had written to me before the operation."

She took one of her hands down from her face, unhooked the bosom of her dress, took out a letter and read it. It was a meager note, a sort of memorandum to her, in the event of any serious consequence attending the operation. It told her briefly that the money which she had invested was lost, that his father had wrecked the railroad, reorganized it and absorbed its assets; but that there were twenty-five thousand dollars in a tin box in the bottom of his trunk in her room. She should say nothing to any one and keep that money for her own. It was all the provision he could make for her.

She laid the paper before Randolph Mason, then she took a newspaper clipping out of her purse and held it in her hand.

"I found the money packed in big bills in the tin box. In a few days I knew where my husband had got this money."

Then she read the clipping. It was an ordinary newspaper notice, reciting the death of the clerk of the court, and the fact that a sum of twenty-five thousand dollars which had been paid into his hands could not be discovered anywhere on deposit in any of the banks. This money he had received under the following conditions: The main line of the railroad belonging to the clerk's father had condemned and taken the bottom lands of the town for a freight yard, and the land owners refusing to take the money allowed in the condemnation proceedings and the circuit court not being in session, the railroad had paid it into the hands of the clerk of this court.

The woman crumpled up the piece of paper and threw it on the floor, set her elbow on the table, pressed her open hand once more against her face and hurried on with her story.

"My husband's office accounts were gone over and this money could not

be found. He was presumed to have spent it. I said nothing. It was merely my one hundred thousand francs with its interest returned to me, and from the very one who, in his own fashion, had taken it. I was glad, glad of this settlement by the good God, glad to the very bottom of my heart. I made ready to return to Paris, to Madame Duroque, to Madame. Then I learned another thing."

She moved uneasily in her chair, her voice sank lower, her fingers tapped nervously on her face.

"There was one honorable man in this hideous village. From the very day on which we arrived he did incredible things to make life possible for us. He got a house, servants, everything that long patience could secure for our comfort. I came to regard him as an elder brother. My husband would have been a common drunkard but for him, and I should have been stark mad from dreariness. Well, he came to me and said that he was the surety on my husband's bond as clerk of the court, that if the money could not be found the railroad would force him to pay it. He was not rich, it would take all he had. He did not believe that my husband had used the money; it ought to be deposited in some bank, or locked up in a box in some trust vault. I set my teeth down on my tongue and made a pretense of helping in the search. Months passed. I remained in the village, unable to decide between this man's ruin and Madame Duroque."

For the first time in the torrent of words, the woman hesitated, her voice became almost inaudible.

"I learned also in this time a thing that I had not suspected—that the man loved me. Oh, I don't mean love as I have seen it all my life long, the passion of the hunter, a hunger to be fed. I mean something like a religion that carries your burdens for you and is glad of it, that thinks of itself last. A thing like the feeling of that old concierge. Mon Dieu! I was mad then! On the heels of that I learned that Madame Duroque was ill in a house of public charity in Paris. Then I took the money and ran away to New York. This man discovered that I had gone and followed me. I arrived last night. He came, too, just behind me to the Dresden. Oh, I was mad, wholly, utterly, hideously mad! Now that I had decided against him, I wanted to hurt him, I wanted to do him all the injury I could. I wanted him to believe me low, vile, common, vulgar. Fate helped me. I came to the hotel in a hansom with a man I did not know. I dined with him!"

Her voice went up strong again, almost defiant.

"There was no wrong in it, no actual wrong in it. I made the man get out at the first landing and return to the next car to the hotel office; but, don't you see, I made him think I was bad."

She brought her two hands down clenched on the table.

"I wanted him to see with his own eyes that I was bad!"

The words clanged like a bell.

I became aware then of some one breathing heavily behind me. I turned, expecting to see Pietro. Instead, at my back, looking over my shoulder, was the man who had sat watching at the Dresden. His face looked as though it were coated with chalk, his eyes stared over my shoulder into the next room. I saw, too, that the door of the house stood half open. He had come in unnoticed by Pietro.

The woman got her voice painfully in hand again.

"Here," she said, "here is the money." And she took up her traveling bag from the floor and threw it down on the table among the books.

"Send it back to him. You are a lawyer, you can do that somehow. I have kept only a thousand dollars for Madame Duroque. Let him arrest me for stealing that, if he likes. I should be glad of a cell."

The woman's face was set now in a distressing tension.

"Madame," said Randolph Mason, "you might have spared yourself this nonsense. You are guilty of no crime in taking this money; neither was your husband guilty of any crime in keeping it, nor yet is the bondsmen of your husband liable for this money. This money was paid to your husband as clerk of the circuit court of his county, during the vacation of that court. It was not, then, money paid into court, to the clerk, as contemplated by the statute of the state in which he lived. It, therefore, did not come into his possession by virtue of his office, and his bondsmen are not liable for its misappropriation. Such bonds require only that the clerk shall account for and pay over, as required by law, all money which may come to his hands by virtue of his said office. It is no crime for you to keep the money since it was neither stolen nor embezzled, but merely entrusted to your husband under an incorrect idea of the law. The loan, madam, will fall on the railroad which paid this money into court—that is, your father-in-law, the one who should properly lose it."

I looked to see the woman grow suddenly radiant; but, instead, she buried her face in her hands and began to cry. The tears trickled through her fingers. She rocked, sobbing, in her chair. I caught the handle to the folding-doors between the two rooms and swung them open. The woman sprang up, stammering, incoherently. The man took her in his arms.

Randolph Mason spoke then in his cold, even voice, but there was almost a smile on his lips.

"Parks," he said, "go out and engage a stationer on the Kaiser Wilhelm for Cherbourg."



The man took her in his arms.

your father, doubtless sends an invisible escort with you. I pour out a libation to it."

She put aside the bait.

"I am an orphan," she said, "not even a brother on the throne."

That lopped off one limb of the problem. If it were the truth.

"But, madam," I began.

She held up her ungloved hand, as bare of rings as my own god pose. That dismissed the husband—if the ring were not in her pocket.

"I beg your pardon," I continued.

"How could one hope that you had escaped bondage for so long? The men of your land must resemble that foolish people rallied at by the Prophet."

She lifted her little chin with a quaint challenge.

"Am I so old, then?" she said.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Inconnue," I answered, "quite eighty years old, I think. The letters to you have been published thirty years."

"Excellent, Monsieur Merimee," she said. "We are now supplied with names, we shall get on better."

I could have taken this promise with a greater joy had it not been for the sentinel behind the palm.

If it had been any other than St. Valentine's night, I should have set a doubt against this sudden geniality of my companion. She had not been so sunny in the hansom, but here she laughed like a brook. We might have been runaway lovers with no horses galloping behind us.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "in the corner yonder by that palm Madame Bernhardt recited for the disabled sailors; the spot is marked with a mosaic star."

She followed my eye boldly to the spot, held a level glance on the very glasses of the dragon without flicker of an eyelid.

"How lugubrious!" she said. "There is such a star in the railroad station in Washington marking the place where a president was shot."

Then she shrugged her shoulders and looked me squarely in the face.

"Why should they mark with the sign of tragedy the spot where Madame Bernhardt recited—that place there by the palm?"

I tried to evade the directness of the query.

"Lay it," I said, "to the unimaginative nature of our people. A Latin

spy who blushed? The man went out into the lobby of the hotel, got a cigar somewhere and sat down in a leather chair by the wall where he could have a view of the dining-room. Still he watched, and my Lady Unknown knew that he watched.

When the dinner was ended, I went with her to the elevator, wondering if she would play it out with her fingers to kiss at the parting. But she only smiled alluringly and I stepped into the steel cage with her. Even the Hebrew scriptures scorned the weakling who turned back.

"The parlors are on the next floor," she said.

Then the door clicked and the elevator began to rise. Instantly she changed as under some hideous sorcery. Her hands trembled, her face grew as white as a grave-cloth. When she spoke her voice clicked like a steel rail under an express.

"Get out here," she said, when the car touched at the next landing, "and manage to leave the hotel unobserved. You have done me a great favor. I thank you."

I got out. The car vanished. I started to go down the steps, when I saw over the rail the mysterious stranger coming up. I turned back and stepped quickly behind the elevator shaft. The man came slowly up the stairway and went into the public drawing-room. I got into the next car that came down. As it descended, I looked back through the wire net over the roof of the car. The man was coming out of the drawing-room door into the hall. His face was purple.

It was late when I got down-town the next morning. Pietro led me in and I went at once to my table in the front office. I was scarcely seated when I became aware of some one talking in the adjoining room. There was a familiar tone in the low voice that took my attention from the pile of letters before me. The door was not quite closed. I arose softly and looked through the crack. Randolph Mason sat in his chair, his fingers plucking impatiently at the heavy mahogany arms, his head held a little to one side, his eyes wandering aimlessly over the room. Opposite him, with her two elbows on the table, her face pressed together in her hands, and a long seal coat falling to the floor over the back of her chair, sat

For the legal principle involved in this story see the case of State vs. Use of Blake v. Enslow et al., 41 W. Va., 744.



# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER  
Illustrations By D. MELVILLE



## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the history of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris, the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overhauls Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Bladen, and is discharged with costs by the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Yancy. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal arrive at the home of Judge Slosum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Carrington arrives in Belle Plain. Carrington is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream-sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the Judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More fight on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal, they meet Betty Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Her carriage, acted on Bess' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hicks are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty surrenders his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for Betty and Hicks is instituted. Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Ferris, who has met Yancy and Cavendish. Bess, who entranced Price dashes a glass of whiskey into the Colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro kidnapping. Bess bursts. The Judge and Mahaffy discuss the coming duel.



He Was as Securely Gagged as He Was Bound.

**CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)**  
He waited now for the night to come, and to him the sun seemed fixed in the heavens. At Belle Plain Tom Ware was watching it with a shuddering sense of the swiftness of its flight. But at last the tops of the red trees obscured it; it sank quickly then and blazed a ball of fire beyond the Arkansas coast, while its dying glory spread aslant the heavens, turning the flanks of the gray clouds to violet and purple and gold.  
With the first approach of darkness Carrington made his way to the shed. Hidden in the shadow he paused to listen, and fancied he heard difficult breathing from within. The door creaked hideously on its wooden hinges when he pushed it open, but as it swung back the last remnant of the day's light showed him some dark object lying prone on the dirt floor. He reached down and his hand rested on a man's booted foot.  
"George?" Carrington spoke softly, but the man on the floor gave no sign that he heard, and Carrington's questioning touch stealing higher he found that George—if it were George—was lying on his side with his arms and legs securely bound. Thinking he slept, the Kentuckian shook him gently to arouse him.  
"George?" he repeated, still bending above him. This time an inarticulate murmur answered him. At the same instant the woolly head of the negro came under his fingers and he discovered the reason of his silence. He was as securely gagged as he was bound.  
"Listen, George—it's Carrington—I am going to take off this gag, but don't speak above a whisper—they may hear us!" And he cut the cords that held the gag in place.  
"How do you get here, Mas'r Carrington?" asked the negro guardedly, as the gag fell away.  
"Around the head of the bayou."  
"Lawd!" exclaimed George, in a tone of wonder.  
"Where's Miss Betty?"  
"She's in the cabin yonder—fo' the love of God, cut these here other ropes with yo' knife, Mas'r Carrington—I'm perishin' with 'em!" Carrington did as he asked, and groaning, George sat erect. "I'm like I was gone to sleep all over," he said.  
"You'll feel better in a moment. Tell me about Miss Malroy?"  
"They done fetched us here last night. I was drivin' Missy into Raleigh—her and young Mas'r Hazard—when fo' men stop us in the road."  
"Who were they, do you know?" asked Carrington.  
"Lawd—what's that?"  
Carrington, knife in hand, swung about on his heel. A lantern's light flashed suddenly in his face and Bess' attacks with a low startled cry broke from her lips, peered in the doorway. "Spring to yo' feet!" Carrington said to her by the wail.

"Hush!" he grimly warned.  
"What are you doin' here?" demanded the girl, as she endeavored to shake off his hand, but Carrington drew her into the shed, and closing the door, set his back against it. There was a brief silence during which Bess regarded the Kentuckian with a kind of stolid fearlessness. She was the first to speak. "I reckon you-all have come after Miss Malroy," she observed quietly.  
"Then you reckon right," answered Carrington. The girl studied him from her level brows.  
"And you-all think you can take her away from here," she speculated. "I ain't afraid of yo' knife—you-all might use it fast enough on a man, but not on me. I'll help you," she added. Carrington gave her an incredulous glance. "You don't believe me? That would fetch our men up from the keel boat. No—you-all's knife wouldn't stop me!"  
"Don't be too sure of that," said Carrington sternly. The girl met the menace of his words with soft, full-throated laughter.  
"Why, yo' hand's shakin' now, Mr. Carrington!"  
"You know me?"  
"Yes, I seen you once at Boggs'." She made an impatient movement. "You can't do nothing against them fo' men unless I help you. Miss Malroy's goin' to wade down river tonight; they're only waiting fo' a pilot—you-all's got to act quick!"  
Carrington hesitated.  
"Why do you want Miss Malroy to escape?" he said.  
The girl's mood changed abruptly. "I reckon that's a private matter. Ain't it enough fo' you-all to know that I do? I'm showing how it can be done. Them four men on the keel boat are strangers in these parts, they're waiting fo' a pilot, but they don't know who he'll be. I've heard you-all was a river-man; what's to hinder yo' taking the pilot's place? Looks like yo' was willing to risk yo' life fo' Miss Malroy or you wouldn't be here."  
"I'm ready," said Carrington, his hand on the door.  
"No, you ain't—jest yet," interposed the girl hastily. "Listen to me first. They's a dugout tied up 'bout a hundred yards above the keel boat; you must get that to cross in to the other side of the bayou, then when ye're ready to come back yo're to whistle three times—it's the signal we're expecting—and I'll row across fo' you in one of the skiffs."  
"Can you see Miss Malroy in the meantime?"  
"If I want to, they's nothin' to hinder me," responded Bess sullenly. "Tell her then—" began Carrington, but Bess interrupted him.  
"I know what yo' want. She ain't to cry out or nothin' when she sees you-all. I got sense enough fo' that." Carrington looked at her curiously.  
"This may be a serious business for your people," he said, significantly, and watched her narrowly.  
"And you-all may get killed, I reckon if yo' want to do anything bad

enough you don't mind much what comes after," she answered with a hard little laugh, as she went from the shed.  
"Come!" said Carrington to the negro, when he had seen the cabin door close on Bess and her lantern; and they stole across the clearing. Reaching the bayou side they began a noiseless search for the dugout, which they quickly found, and Carrington turned to George. "Can you swim?" he asked.  
"Yes, Mas'r."  
"Then go down into the water and drag the canoe farther along the shore—and fo' God's sake, no sound!" he cautioned.  
They placed a second hundred yards between themselves and the keel boat in this manner, then he had George bring the dug-out to the bank, and they embarked. Keeping within the shadow of the trees that fringed the shore, Carrington paddled silently about the head of the bayou.  
"George," he at length said, bending toward the negro; "my horse is tied in the woods on the right-hand side of the road just where you were taken from the carriage last night—you can be at Belle Plain inside of an hour."  
"Look here, Mas'r Carrington, those folks yonder is kin to Boss Hicks. If he gets his hand on me first don't you reckon he'll stop my mouth? I been here heaps of times fetchin' letters fo' Mas'r Tom," added George.  
"Who were the letters for?" asked the Kentuckian, greatly surprised.  
"They was fo' that Captain Murrell; seems like him and Mas'r Tom was mixed up in a sight of business."  
"When was this—recently?" inquired Carrington. He was turning over this astonishing statement of the slave over in his mind.  
"Well, no, Mas'r; seems like they ain't so thick here recently."  
"I reckon you'd better keep away from the big house yet a while," said Carrington. "Instead of going there, stop at the Belle Plain landing. You'll find a raft tied up to the shore; it belongs to a man named Cavendish. Tell him what you know—that I've found Miss Malroy and the boy; tell him to cast off and drift down here. I'll run the keel boat aground the first chance I get, so tell him to keep a sharp lookout."  
**CHAPTER XXVIII.**  
The Keel Boat.  
A few minutes later they had separated, George to hurry away in search of the horse, and Carrington to pass back along the shore until he gained a point opposite the clearing. He whistled shrilly three times, and after an interval of waiting heard the splash of oars and presently saw a skiff steal out of the gloom.  
"Who's there?" it was Bess who asked the question.  
"Carrington," he answered.  
"Lucky you ain't met the other man!" she said as she swept her skiff alongside the bank.  
"Lucky for him, you mean. I'll take

the oars," added Carrington, as he entered the skiff.  
Slowly the clearing lifted out of the darkness, then the keel boat became distinguishable; and Carrington checked the skiff by a backward stroke of the oars.  
"Hello!" he called.  
There was no immediate answer to his hail, and he called again as he sent the skiff forward.  
"What do you want?" asked a surly voice.  
"You want Slosson!" quickly prompted the girl in a whisper.  
"I want to see Slosson!" said Carrington glibly and with confidence.  
"Who be you?"  
"Murrell sent you," prompted the girl again, in a hurried whisper.  
"Murrell—?" And in his astonishment Carrington spoke aloud.  
"Murrell?" cried the voice sharply.  
"—sent me!" said Carrington quickly, as though completing an unfinished sentence. The girl laughed nervously under her breath.  
"Row closer!" came the sudden command, and the Kentuckian did as he was bidden. Four men stood in the bow of the keel boat, a lantern was raised aloft and by its light they looked him over. There was a moment's silence broken by Carrington, who asked:  
"Which one of you is Slosson?"  
"I'm Slosson," answered the man with the lantern. The previous night Mr. Slosson had been somewhat under the enlivening and elevating influence of corn whisky, but now he was his own cheerful self, and rather jaded by the passing of the hours which he had sacrificed to an irksome responsibility. "What word do you fetch from the captain, brother?" he demanded.  
"Miss Malroy is to be taken down river," responded Carrington.  
Slosson swore with surpassing tenuity.  
"Say, we're five able-bodied men risking our necks to oblige him! You can get married a damn sight easier than this if you go about it right—I've done it lots of times." Not understanding the significance of Slosson's allusion to his own matrimonial career, Carrington held his peace. The tavern-keeper swore again with unimpaired vigor. "You'll find mighty few men with more experience than me," he asserted, shaking his head. "But if you say the word—"  
"I'm all for getting shut of this!" answered Carrington promptly, with a sweep of his arm. "I call these pretty close quarters!"  
Still shaking his head and muttering, the tavern-keeper sprang ashore and mounted the bank, where his slouching figure quickly lost itself in the night.  
Carrington took up his station on the flat roof of the cabin which filled the stern of the boat. He was remembering that day in the sandy Barony road—and during all the weeks and months that had intervened, Murrell, working in secret, had moved steadily toward the fulfillment of his desires! Unquestionably he had been back of the attack on Norton, had inspired his subsequent murder, and the man's sinister and mysterious power had never been suspected. Carrington knew that the horse-thieves and slave stealers were supposed to maintain a loosely knit association; he wondered if Murrell were not the moving spirit in some such organization.  
"If I'd only pushed my quarrel with him!" he thought bitterly.  
He heard Slosson's shifting step in the distance, a word or two when he spoke gruffly to some one, and a moment later he saw Betty and the boy, their forms darkly silhouetted against the lighter sky as they moved along the top of the bank. Slosson, without any superfluous gallantry, helped his captives down the slope and aboard the keel boat, where he locked them in the cabin, the door of which fastened with a hasp and wooden peg.  
"You're boss now, pardner!" he said, joining Carrington at the steering oar.  
"We'll cast off then," answered Carrington.  
Thus far nothing had occurred to mar his plans. If they could but quit the bayou before the arrival of the man whose place he had taken the rest would be, if not easy of accomplishment, at least within the realm of the possible.  
"I reckon you're a river-man?" observed Slosson.  
"All my life."  
The line had been cast off, and the crew with their setting poles were forcing the boat away from the bank. All was quietly done; except for an occasional order from Carrington no word was spoken, and soon the unwieldy craft glided into the sluggish current and gathered way. Mr. Slosson, who clearly regarded his relation to the adventure as being of an official character, continued to stand at Carrington's elbow.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the *short vamp*; which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the *conservative styles* which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION.—To protect you against imitations of W. L. Douglas shoes, please look for the name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 75,000 stores and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



# BEST For Every Baking CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Best—because it's the purest. Best—because it never fails. Best—because it makes every baking light, fluffy and evenly raised. Best—because it is moderate in cost—highest in quality.

At your grocers.



RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

## LEFT THE HUSBAND SHOCKED

Wife's Departure From Ordinary Line of Conduct Both Puzzled and Annoyed Him.

Jimson was a little, sharp-eyed shoemaker with stooped shoulders and a chin whisker. He lived in a Missouri river town, and whenever he drank too much he used to wind up by going home and thrashing his wife. She never failed to go over to a neighbor's after a session with the old man and complain bitterly of his treatment.

After a while the neighbors grew weary of the oft-repeated tale and remarked: "Well, you seem to like it. You always take it willingly. Why don't you pick up something and hit him with it the next time he whips you?"

The wife considered the matter, and the next time her lord began to beat her she grasped a chair and smashed it over his head. The old man fell back in stark amazement, dropped his hands, and stared at her.

"Why, Mary! Why, Mary!" he whimpered. "What on earth is the matter with you? You never done this way before?"

Of Course.

"Doesn't the sight of a peach make you want to smack your lips?"

"No, indeed. The sight of a peach makes me want to smack her lips."

## ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF

100 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE. For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) has been the Big Ranching Country. Many of these ranches today are immense grain fields and the entire territory given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax; the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid, and the price of livestock there is a splendid opportunity for you to get.

## Free Homestead

100 acres (and another 100 acres) are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid, and the price of livestock there is a splendid opportunity for you to get.

Send to the nearest Canadian Government Agent for literature, the latest information, railway rates, or write Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

M. V. Moines, 179 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PISO'S REMEDY. Red Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in all cases. Sold by Druggists. FOR COLDS AND COUGHS.

## CHECKING EVAPORATION OF MOISTURE IS SECRET OF SUCCESS WITH TREES

In Order to Keep Plant in Good Condition Adequate Supply of Water Is of First Importance—Pruning Depends Upon Soil and Climate.

Why is it that a mere cutting or willow stake should be more successful in the hands of an experienced person than a well rooted tree in the hands of a bungler?

The answer is simply the tree is a vessel full of water and in order to be kept in such a condition it must have an adequate supply of water. When the water goes out faster than it comes in the tree dies.

The gardener grows his plants under glass and starts his cuttings in

soil, climate and other conditions and the intelligence of the planter. In a dry climate where the trees are exposed to hot and drying winds or a hot drying sun, the top of the tree must be thinned out to meet the short supply of moisture or the undue evaporation or if the tree has become partly dried out before planting the wood must be thinned out to meet the short supply of moisture.

Here again the intelligence of the planter is made manifest. The inex-



One-Season's Growth on Cut-Back Catalpa Plantation at Iowa State College.

the same manner to prevent evaporation until such a time as they develop root systems that will provide water for the portion above the ground.

This requires but a comparatively short time and when he transplants he takes off a portion of the vegetable leaves to balance the amount of the root system that is destroyed by re-setting in order that the water losses through the top will not exceed the water supply from below. We may safely say that whenever a tree or plant dies it is the fault of the planter, unless it is practically dead when operated on.

Many times when a tree is half dead and has but scarcely any roots, a judicious pruning and proper packing of the roots around the tree, would save it.

How much to prune plants and trees, will depend upon the locality.

perienced planter cuts all the branches back alike, while the experienced planter bears in mind that his purpose is to check evaporation.

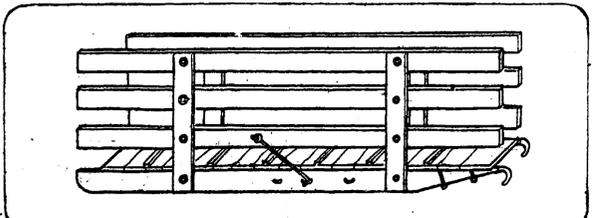
He knows that the smaller branches make the heaviest demands and that the more vigorous ones are more sappy. He cuts out the smaller thin branches and leaves the more vigorous ones. He can give the tree a severe pruning without ruining its form.

The roots should be pruned so that they will contain no bruised roots and so that they will correspond with the size of the top.

The top and the roots should be evenly balanced.

Numbers of trees die because they have too many roots, that is, they form a thick mass that prevents the soil from packing around the stronger roots and the tree can not make moisture connections with the soil.

## PIG CHUTE IS A GREAT CONVENIENCE



A loading chute is a great convenience, if not a necessity, on every farm where pigs are reared. A hog chute, to be right, needs to be just wide enough to allow one big hog to pass through it at a time and not turn around, say, from 20 inches to 24 inches. Use no logs. Make the chute 8 feet long, using good hardwood 2x4's for sides (oak is best), round the bottom corner or heel and taper bottom corner at toe back 18 inches (see diagram), now on the top or flat sides nail floor of inch boards, putting on occasionally a cleat to prevent animals from slipping. Take two pieces of iron 1 1/2 inches x 1 1/2 inches, sharpen one end and bend over, forming hooks 1 1/2 inches long (old wagon tire is good). Bolt these to shaped toe with hooks bent down to hooks on tail of wagon. The widest are

best made of elm strips 3 inches or 4 inches wide, the same length as the bottom and three strips to the side, evenly spaced. Cut the uprights so that they will make the sides 2 1/2 feet high when put together. Fasten with bolts, one bolt to the slat and one to sill. This allows the sides to close down or above at rear of wagon, which cannot be done with the stiff sides of chutes with legs, and the chute will be the right height for any wagon. These sides are kept in place by long, heavy hooks bolted to bottom slat, and fastened to body or sill by stables at close intervals to allow for shutting up space at rear of wagon. Do not put anything across the top as slats are in the way in case you want to make a rush up the chute in case of some emergency.

### Cut Valuable Wheat Seed.

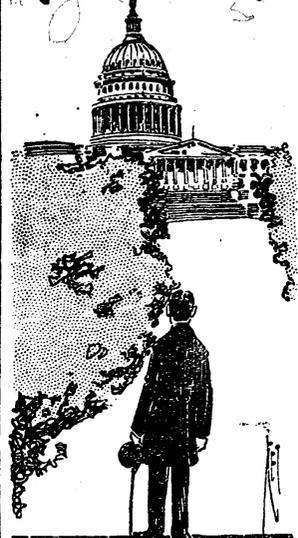
Persons passing the Kansas State agricultural experiment station during harvest days were surprised to see a number of students cutting wheat with scythes in the old fashioned way. The plot was two and one-half acres of very valuable seed wheat obtained in Europe and was part of 700 bushels Professor Roberts had selected from the best wheat he could find on the continent.

### A Hog Shortage.

President H. J. Waters of Kansas Agricultural college says that this country has the greatest hog shortage in years, and that it will take two years of good corn crops to bring the hog supply back to the normal. Eastern farmers who are turning their attention to pork production will have little cause to regret their action during the coming two or three years. There is money in good hogs.

## The ONLOOKER BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

### The Presidency



It is a higher, nobler thing by far Than any transitory meed of fame. It is too great for us to sear and scar By heaping up our pretty hate and blame.

Built on the olden hope and sacrifice, Shaped of the soul-born faith that made our land,

It is above all favor and all price That any man among us may command.

Men starved, and dared, and did great deeds, and died;

They gave their all that this high place should be

The symbol of the patriotic pride That warms the very souls of you and me.

It was not made to be a pledge or pawn, It was not made for barter in the street—

It typifies the trust of days agoe That Liberty with Justice fair should meet.

It means all that we hold from all the years,

It means all that is splendid in our age; Its story has been writ in blood and tears Upon Time's never-fading, wide-spread page.

And it means more— it means that you and I

Have here a heritage that is a bond Which binds us now as under that blue sky,

Which told the world that Freedom's day had dawned.

Ah, out upon the mean and scowling spite,

Have done with all the bandying of words!

The years shall try our deeds and mold the right

And break the wrong into a thousand shreds.

It is no gift, it is no thing of price, It is no bauble passed from hand to hand,

It marks the olden hope and sacrifice, It shows the soul-born faith that made our land.

At the Pecks.

"My dear," said Mr. Henry Peck, "this is a lovely smoking jacket you have given me. And the picture on the box of cigars is very pretty."

"Glad they please you," replied Mrs. Peck.

"I just wondered," continued Mr. Peck, "nerving himself to the first great rebellion of his life, 'whether those cigars were made of the same material as the jacket.'"

Here he retired in good order, leaving Mrs. Peck in speechless wonderment.

What He Wanted.

"Your honor," said the prisoner, who had been brought in for a preliminary hearing after six weeks in the country jail, "I want a change of menu."

"You mean," said the judge, kindly, "that you want a change of venue. Now the proper course of—"

"No, I don't mean that. I want a change of menu. That sheriff seems to have tried to corner the corned beef supply of the world."

Went to the Limit.

"So you were victimized by the sharpers while you were in the city?" asked the pastor of the traveling member of his flock.

"Victimized?" said the member.

"Why, parson, I was skinned so good and clean that what was left on me could discourage a chiropodist."

Hazarding an Opinion.

"This hash," objected the hungry boarder, "is pretty thin."

"Well," explained the mistress of the boarding house, "you see, it is all the fault of the trust—"

"The rubber trust?" asked the hungry boarder, for he had paid his bill and was a privileged person.

An Odd Woman.

Mrs. de Style is such a queer person," observed Mrs. Frivole.

"Indeed!" murmured Mrs. Wunder.

"Well, I should say so. She thinks as much of her new baby as she used to think of her pet dog."

Good Legal Tender.

"Radium is constantly giving off particles of itself, yet never gets any less."

"Gosh! That's the kind of stuff for a bank roll."

## NOTHING ELSE TO DO.



"Why did you leave your last place?" "Well, I couldn't get along with the boss and he wouldn't get out!"

## FACE ALMOST COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Atchison, Kan.—"For a number of years I suffered very greatly from skin eruption. My face was very red and irritated, being almost covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were scattered over my face. They were a fine rash with the exception of a few large pimples on my forehead and chin. My face burned and looked red as if exposed to either heat or cold. It was not only unsightly but very uncomfortable. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

"I applied the Cuticura Ointment in the evening, leaving it for about five minutes, then washing it off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and hot water also several times during the day. After about four months of this application, my face was cleared of the pimples. I still use the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Elsie Nielson, Dec. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

## Talk With Shakespeare.

"But, Bill," says Shakespeare's friend, "I'll be bodkinized if I see the sense in that song Ophelia sings, nor why you put the song in there for her anyhow."

"When you've been in the show game as long as I have," replies Shakespeare, still a bit excited over the first performance of "Hamlet," "you'll know that when the producer wants a song in a scene, the song goes in. Besides, this girl that's playing Ophelia was a hit in musical comedy, and the manager argued that the public expected to hear her sing somewhere in the piece. Let's go over to the Mermaid and buy drinks for the critics."

## Tokio's First Skyscraper.

With the completion of a seven-story building, Tokio is able to boast of the first skyscraper in its history. The structure, begun in January, 1910, was but recently completed. It is considered fire and earthquake proof. It was designed for offices, and is especially noteworthy because it is probably the highest of its kind in the far east.

## CURES BURNS AND CUTS.

Cole's Carbolic stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

A preachment by any other name would be quite as unwanted.

## FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER. RICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES—NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS.

## Stops Backache

Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once.

Best for Pain and Stiffness

Mr. GEO. BUCHANAN, of Welch, Okla., writes:—"I have used your Liniment for the past ten years for pain in back and stiffness and find it the best Liniment I ever tried. I recommend it to anyone for pains of any kind."

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is good for sprains, strains, bruises, cramp or soreness of the muscles, and all affections of the throat and chest.

Get Entire Relief

R. D. BURGOYNE, of Maysville, Ky., RR. 1, Box 5, writes:—"I had severe pains between my shoulders; I got a bottle of your Liniment and had entire relief at the fifth application."

Relieved Severe Pain in Shoulders

MR. J. UNDERWOOD, of 2006 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:—"I am a piano polisher by occupation, and since last September have suffered with severe pain in both shoulders. I could not rest night or day. One of my friends told me about your Liniment. Three applications completely cured me and I will never be without it."

Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's free book on horses.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

## BAD BACKS DO MAKE WORK HARD

Backache makes the daily toil, for thousands, an agony hard to endure.

Many of these poor sufferers have kidney trouble and don't know it.

Swollen, aching kidneys usually go hand in hand with irregular kidney action, headache, dizziness, nervousness and despondency.

When suffering so, try Doan's Kidney Pills, the best-recommended kidney remedy.

## Here's an Ohio Case

J. W. Priest, Fairport, Ohio, writes:—"I was in awful condition, but the pain in my back was so bad that I could not get on my feet. The pain in the small of my back was so bad that I was unable to get on my feet. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Doan's Kidney Pills and after a few days the pain was gone and I was able to get on my feet. I have not had any trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY. They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.



GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively restores Oiled, Black and Polished ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. 25c. "French Gloss," for all kinds of rubber or tan shoes, etc. "Handy" size 25c. "EASY TO USE" combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look at. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10 cents. "Fitter," size 25c. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 20-28 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

## 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 must bear Signature.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 44-1912.

## 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.

PATENTS. Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C., Rochester, N. Y., and other references. Best results.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 44-1912.

# Gregory Gazette

Published every Saturday morning by  
**ROY W. CAVERLY**, Pinckney, Mich.  
**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
 One Year in advance.....1.00

All communications should be addressed to R. W. Caverly, Pinckney, Michigan, and should be received on or before Wednesday of each week, if it receives proper attention.

"Entered as second-class matter June 8, 1912, at the post office at Pinckney, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879."



**Edward J. Drewry**  
 CANDIDATE FOR  
**Register of Deeds**  
 On the Democrat Ticket  
 First Term

In the selection of a candidate for the important office of Register of Deeds, the people of Livingston County will certainly make no mistake in casting their ballot for the Democratic nominee, Edward J. Drewry. Mr. Drewry is a man in the prime of life, has had twenty years of practical business experience as book-keeper with one of the oldest and most extensive firms in the county and is in every way thoroughly fitted and qualified to make one of the best Registers of Deeds that Livingston County has ever had. He is especially accurate and pains-taking in every detail and his character and integrity is beyond reproach. He presents himself to the voters of the county, with a record that should win for him the confidence and support of every voter, regardless of party. You certainly will make no mistake in casting your vote next Tuesday for Ed Drewry for Register of Deeds.

Advertisement

There is an old principle that is laid down in the Good Book that stands plainly for what we of the present day call the square deal—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." This is a good rule to follow in business as well as in the social relations of mankind.

**Tzar Coffee 35¢**  
 Why not take home a pound of TZAR COFFEE to-day and try it? You'll agree that it is superior to anything ever sold at the price. It has a rich, smooth flavor and invigorates the whole system. There are three other brands of high grade coffees that we can recommend.

**Nero - 30c**  
**Marigold - 32c**  
**Pleasant Valley - 40c**  
 In one of these four blends you will find just what you want. Try it.

**Pleasant Valley Teas**  
**50c - 60 - 80c**  
 You will miss it if you don't give these goods a trial. May we have your order now for lbs. of Tzar Coffee and one of Pleasant Valley Teas.

**Ayrault & Bollinger,**  
 Gregory, Mich.

# Pinckney Locals

Will Lavey of Fowlerville visited friends and relatives here Sunday.

F. H. Lare of Howell was in town on business one day last week.

H. M. Phelps of Dexter transacted business here one day the past week.

Una Bennett of North Hamburg was a Pinckney caller Saturday.

Mrs. H. W. Crofoot visited relatives in Howell several days last week.

J. C. Burns of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of Floyd Reason.

Mrs. Agnes Andrews of Detroit has been visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. N. Vaughn and daughter Norma, were Jackson callers the past week.

Eugene Reason of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of his father, Floyd Reason.

Willie Darrow spent several days last week with his brother, Kenneth, of Jackson.

Mrs. Chas. Morse and daughter, Doris, spent Saturday with friends here.

Clyde Darrow is visiting at the home of his brother, Dale Darrow, of Allegan, Mich.

LaRue Moran of Howell spent Sunday at the home of his mother, Mrs. E. Moran.

Mrs. Robert Grice of Pontiac is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N.P.M. ortenson.

Miss Florence Kice of North Hamburg was a guest at the home of Mrs. E. W. Martin over Sunday.

Your vote for Hugh G. Aldrich for school commissioner, Nov. 5, will be appreciated. Adv.

A number from here attended the dance at Gregory last Friday evening and enjoyed a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ware of Seattle, Wash. and Wm. Dunbar and family visited relatives in Webster Friday.

The October term of court has been adjourned until December 2, owing to the fact that most of the lawyers are out campaigning.

Mrs. Birney of Eaton Rapids and Mrs. Birney of Jackson spent a few days the past week at home of their sister, Mrs. Agnes Harris.

A stack of marsh hay belonging to W. B. Miller caught fire and burned up Sunday. The loss is estimated at \$150. The origin of the fire is unknown.



**Perry H. Peters**  
 Democratic Candidate For  
**State Senator**  
 13th District

Will you give Michigan what LaFollette gave Wisconsin?  
 What Folk gave Missouri?  
 What Woodrow Wilson gave New Jersey?  
 Then vote for Woodbridge N. Ferris and the men who will support him.

T. J. Eagen of Dexter was in town Sunday.

A. H. Flintoft was in Detroit on business Friday.

Mrs. John Fitzsimmons was in Howell Saturday.

Mrs. L. G. Devereaux spent Saturday in Jackson.

Norma Vaughn visited relatives in Hamburg last week.

Walter and Clair Reason were Detroit visitors last Friday.

Fred Read of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents here.

Ed. Garland of Howell was in town Saturday on business.

Geo. Leoffler of Detroit spent Sunday with his family here.

Mildred Kuhn of Gregory spent Sunday at the home of C. Lynch.

R. D. Roche of Howell was in town Saturday calling on friends.

Mrs. Ed. Spears and Mrs. Irving Kennedy were Howell visitors last week.

Kitsey Allison was a guest at the home of Dell Hall over Sunday.

Miss Nellie Gardner was a Detroit visitor the latter part of last week.

Miss Viola Peters of Jackson was a guest of friends here Sunday.

Mary Lynch was a Brighton caller the latter part of the past week.

Ruth Frost visited friends in Stockbridge several days the past week.

E. L. Topping and sons of Plainfield were Pinckney callers Saturday.

Mrs. Glenn Gardner of Stockbridge visited friends and relatives here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Doody of North Lake visited at the home of Alfred Monks Sunday.

W. B. Miller, John Croup, Leo Lavey and F. G. Jackson were in Howell Monday.

Miss Franc Burch of Detroit spent the past week at the home of Mrs. Sarah Nash.

Mrs. Margaret Black spent the latter part of the past week at the home of John Martin.

Miss Mahel Monks spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Connors, of Dexter.

Roy Darwin and wife of Lansing were guests of friends and relatives here over Sunday.

E. J. Drewry and wife of Howell were over Sunday visitors at the home of C. J. Teeple.

William Tiplady and family of Webster were Sunday visitors at the home of Ed. Farnum.

Frs. Thornton of Howell and O'Rafferty of Durand spent Tuesday with Rev. Jos. Coyle.

The Cong'l church society will serve dinner and supper at their hall election day, Tuesday, Nov. 5.

The Misses Nellie Lavey and Nellie Halley of Dexter visited at the home of Rev. Jos. Coyle Sunday.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will serve dinner and supper in their rooms below the opera house on election day.

The Cong'l church society are grateful to all who assisted in making the fair a success. Proceeds \$150.00.

Mrs. Thos. Sheban, Mrs. James Harris and Mrs. John Rane visited at the home of Mrs. Devereaux Wednesday.

Mrs. W. C. Dunning, Bernardine Lynch, Ruth Potterton, Wm. Jeffreys and Myron Dunning were Howell visitors Monday.

John Martin and wife returned home from Ypsilanti Saturday where they were called Wednesday to attend the funeral of their nephew, Emmett Mulholland.

Fred Grieve and family of near Plainfield were guests of relatives here Sunday. He has sold his farm to a Jackson party but does not give possession until April 1.

Rev. Fr. Coyle together with Rev. Fr. Command of Trenton; Considine of Chelsea and Wall of Dowagiac assisted Rev. Fr. Hally in conducting a Forty Hours Devotion at Dexter last week.

Margaret Bradley who is attending the Normal college at Ypsilanti and Miss Margaret Ashford of the U. of M. were entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Sigler over Sunday.

W. C. Devereaux, local Forcaster; U.S. Weather Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio, delivered a lecture to the Walnut Hill Graduates, Friday, Oct. 25, 1912 on the subject of Clouds, Cyclones and Auroras.

# "Sorry, Sir, But You're Hard To Fit"

Ever been told this by a discouraged clerk who has tried his best to fit you with a ready-made suit but has had to give it up in despair because he didn't have clothes made for your special needs?

Mr. Long Man,—Mr. Short Man,—Mr. Stout Man,—we've thought of you hard, and, and often—and the result is a special line of smart suits and overcoats that will fit you to a "T" and convince you that you're not "hard to fit" provided you go to the right place.

**Car Fare on \$15. Purchases or More**  
**W. J. DANCER & COMPANY** Stockbridge, Michigan



**Maude Benjamin**  
 Nominee For  
**School Commissioner**

For second term and has made good, solicits your vote November 5th.

D. W. Hayes, President of the State Normal Schools, Peru, Neb., in his discussion of training teachers for the Rural Schools at the N. E. A. at Chicago, July 9, 1912, said: The greatest single need of country life to-day is more expert teaching. The Supt. and Commissioners of Michigan realize this fact and are working to produce better teachers by urging them to equip themselves at the State Normals before attempting to teach. A bill is already framed to go before the legislature that no teacher shall be allowed to teach unless they have had six weeks normal training. If you care to see the improvement in teaching continued, Miss Benjamin will greatly appreciate your vote on November 5th.



**Chas. F. Judson**  
 Candidate For  
**County Treasurer**

On the Republican Ticket for his  
 Second Term

Charles F. Judson, the republican nominee for the office of county treasurer has served one term as the custodian of the county funds to the utmost satisfaction of the people of the county, irrespective of party affiliation. He has proven himself a competent, obliging and pains-taking public official and has made friends with all with whom he has had business. He has given the office his careful attention, in fact, he has scarcely been able to get away to look after his interests.

Mr. Judson has always been a resident of Brighton until the people of the county called him to the office of treasurer two years ago. Here he has always borne a reputation a reputation for strict integrity and careful business principles; enjoying the utmost confidence of the entire community, whether as a farmer, a business man, or as treasurer or supervisor of his township, both of which offices he has repeatedly held.

Mr. Judson will appreciate any assistance his friends may give him at the polls and if re-elected will try to justify the confidence placed in him.—Brighton Argus.

On a raising market—the price of the Ford comes down. Materials and labor may cost more—but the great volume of the Ford product has cut manufacturing costs to the bone—and the saving we share with the user.

Runs about.....\$525  
 Touring Car..... 600  
 Town Car..... 800

These new prices, f. o. b. Detroit, with all equipment. An early order will mean an early delivery. Get particulars from

**W. G. REEVES**  
 IS YOUR DEALER

Come in and look over our line and let us give you a demonstration

**STOCKBRIDGE CITY GARAGE**

# General Election

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** to the qualified electors of the Township of Unadilla, County of Livingston, State of Michigan. That the next ensuing General Election will be held at the Town Hall, within said township on

**Tues., Nov. 5, A. D. 1912**

For the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:

**NATIONAL**—Fifteen Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States; one Congressman-at-Large for the State of Michigan; one Congressman for the Congressional district of which said precinct forms a part.

**STATE**—One Governor; one Lieutenant Governor; one Secretary of State; one State Treasurer; one Auditor General; one Attorney General; one Commissioner of the State Land Office.

**JUDICIAL**—One Justice of the Supreme Court for the term ending December 21, 1913, to fill vacancy. Also one Justice of the Supreme Court for the term ending December 31, 1917, to fill vacancy.

**LEGISLATIVE**—One Senator in the State Legislature for the Senatorial District of which said precinct forms a part; one Representative in the State Legislature for the Representative District of which said precinct forms a part.

**COUNTY**—One Judge of Probate; one Sheriff; one County Clerk; One County Treasurer; One Register of Deeds; one Prosecuting Attorney; Two Circuit Court Commissioners; two Coroners; one County Surveyor; one County Drain Commissioner.

Also for the purpose of voting upon the following PROPOSITIONS, viz:

**TO AMEND** Section 1 of Article 3 of the Constitution of the State of Michigan relative to the right of Women to vote.

**TO AMEND** Section 21 of Article 3 of the Constitution of the state of Michigan relative to the amendment of the charters of cities and villages.

**Women Electors**

In accordance with the Constitution of the state of Michigan and Act 308, Public Acts of 1900, should there be any proposition or propositions to vote upon at said election involving the direct expenditure of money or the issue of bonds, every woman possessing the qualifications of male electors and owning property assessed for taxes or subject to taxation jointly with her husband or with any other person, or who owns property on contract and pays thereon, all such property being located somewhere within the district or territory to be affected by the result of said election, will be entitled to vote upon such propositions, provided such person has had her name duly registered in accordance with the provisions of this Act.

**THE POLLS** of said election will be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and will remain open until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day of election, unless the Board of Election Inspectors shall in their discretion, adjourn the polls at 12 o'clock noon for one hour. Dated this 31 day of October, A. D. 1912 Howard Marshall, Clerk of said Township

# NORTH HAMBURG

R. C. Haddock and R. Bennett transacted business in Howell, Monday..... H. H. Haase of Adrian called on R. Bennett, Tuesday..... Joe Stackable was an Ann Arbor visitor, Thursday..... Miss Sadie Swarthout returned Friday from an extended visit with her cousin, Mrs. Roy Schoenhals, of Howell..... Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Burroughs were called to Brighton Saturday by the serious illness of his niece, Mabel Campbell.

**PLAINFIELD**

Mrs. J. Walker is visiting her brother in Cleveland..... Mrs. Amy VanKuren visited at Will Waters last week..... Mrs. Fanny Boise visited at Mrs. Millers Sunday..... There will be a Maccabee Fair at the Hall at Plainfield, Thanksgiving. Come and get your dinner and supper..... W. F. M. S. of the M. P. Church will serve dinner at the Hall November 7..... Hive No. 511 will meet at the Hall November 13, want all members to be there..... Mrs. Cleo Smith and Jerusha Isham are visiting Mrs. Lottie Riley..... Ira King has been visiting Sebe Brisatal near Detroit.

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