

GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Saturday, December 28, 1912

No. 29

BETTER

That's the one word which adequately expresses the general opinion of wearers of:

Armor Plate
Hosiery

It's better because of an unusual dyeing process—one that does not weaken the yarns. All weights, styles and prices. ASK US next time you buy hosiery.

AYRAULT & BOLLINGER.
GREGORY, MICH.

LOCK NOTICS

Railroad Overalls at M. E. Kuhn's.

Dr. Wright and wife have been visiting relatives in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Montague were Fowlerville visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Burden and Mrs. C. Swarthout spent last Saturday in Jackson.

Blanche Cobb of Stockbridge was a visitor at H. Singleton's Thursday.

Miss Sarah McClellan has returned home from a two months stay in Detroit.

F. Segar and family of Iosco were guests at the home of Geo. Stevens Xmas.

John Schofield and wife of Detroit spent Christmas at the home of Geo. Stevens.

Florence McClellan of St. Joseph's Academy of Adrian is home for the holiday vacation.

All is lost save honor unless a plan for making hens lay more eggs can be devised.

Lyle Gorton and wife and Mr. and Mrs. F. Marshal spent Monday at S. A. Denton's.

During the month of October there were 2,911 deaths and 4,780 births reported in the state.

The Misses Maude, Mildred, Monaco and Genevieve Kuhn were Pinckney callers Wednesday.

Harold Conk and family of Chelsea spent the first of the week at the home of Eugene Gallup.

W. Curtis and wife of Orchard Lake have been spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cone.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkerson are spending the holidays with Mr. Mrs. Al Ward. Mr. W. was formerly Miss Maude Ward.

Tell the editor when you have company. Don't take it for granted that he knows all about it. Even though he may see you and your guests pass along the street that would not signify that he knows their names and places of abode.

The police force of Jackson are arresting all the small boys who they catch smoking cigarettes on the streets of Jackson. They had better go a little farther and arrest the dealers who supply the boys with the cigarettes.

A body was shipped to Howell Sunday under the name of Henry Williams from Pontiac and Joe Williams of Marion, was notified to meet the body of his father. On opening the casket the body was that of a colored man and was shipped back.—Republican.

The compilation of the casualties of the 1912 hunting season in this country shows 88 men killed and 52 seriously injured. Michigan leads the list with 24 killed and 18 injured. Any law or institution which would require this annual sacrifice would create a revolution, but where custom leads men continue to follow.

There are people who grow eloquent in their description of the golden harps of a thousand strings and the rapturous music of heaven who would do well to make their own life a little more melodious. That would be a good thing in itself and it would make more certain their hope of joining the choir celestial.

School has closed for the holiday vacation.

Skating at the rink every Saturday night.

M. E. Kuhn has a supply of center draught nickel lamps.

Harry Jacobs was on the sick list the fore part of the week.

When a man develops into a growler it's time to rush him.

D. Denton of Chicago is spending a few days with his parents.

Mason, Ingham county, claims to be about through with small pox.

Will Douglas is visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. C. N. Bullis.

Haskel Worden and wife of Jackson spent Xmas under the paternal roof.

Fred Merrill and family moved to their new home near Fowlerville Tuesday.

Percy McClellan of Toledo is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. McClellan.

Dr. M. L. Ward is out from Ann Arbor for a few days hunting and fishing.

The Gleacher meeting was held last Friday afternoon at the home of Hugh Ward.

Thos. Chiswell and family of Stockbridge spent Wednesday at the home of F. Worden.

Thos. Howlett and wife welcomed their children home for Xmas, everyone being present.

Miss Belle Coats was a guest at the home of Mrs. S. A. Denton Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burden spent Christmas at the home of G. M. Burden of White Oak.

Miss Florence Gallup has returned home after spending several weeks with relatives in Chelsea.

Mrs. George Reason of Pinckney and Mrs. M. F. King of Detroit were guests at the home of Charles Burden one day last week.

The township treasurer is ready to sign his name to your receipt. But most of us will not be ready to see his handwriting until a little later in the game.

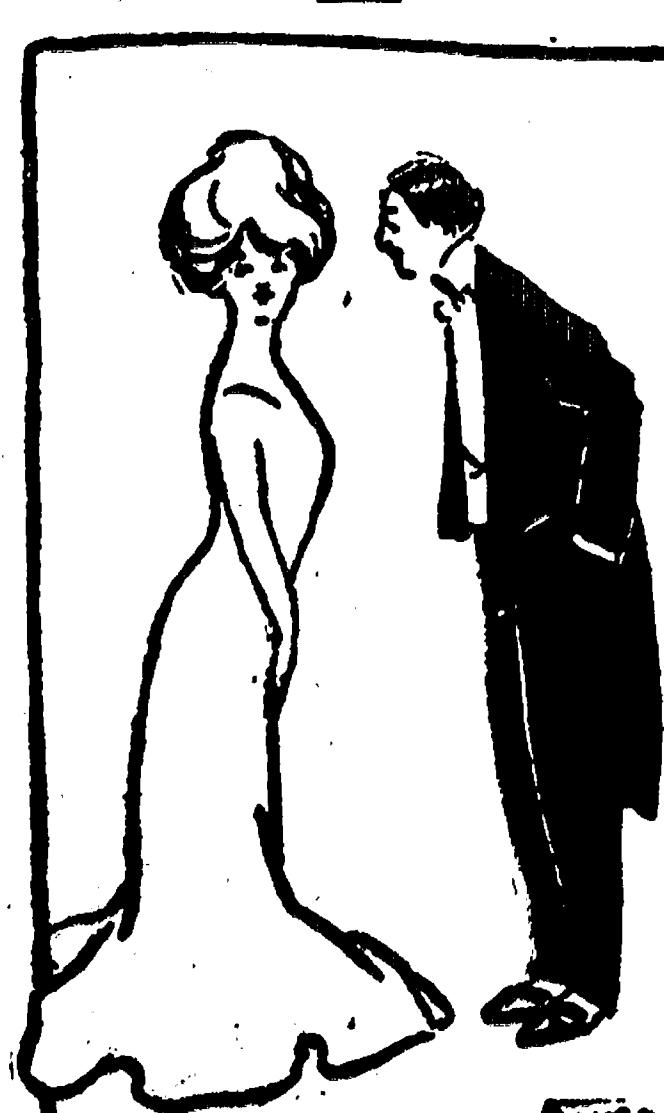
A Civic Duty.
"Every business man should belong to the board of trade or the chamber of commerce and be on a committee. Such is a civic duty."

"Are you on a committee?"
"To be sure."
"And what committee are you on?"
"I—that is—well, I can't remember just now."

A Crucial Moment.

"Flibbitton claims to have a hypnotic eye."
"It didn't help him any yesterday."
"How was that?"
"He was suddenly confronted by a landlady to whom he owed six months' board."

A CALL DOWN.



This Space Reserved by

F. A. HOWLETT, Gregory

OUR MOTOR—"Live and Let Live"

REMEMBER

We have the best in the market in

Malaga Grapes, Dates, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts and Candy For Your New Years Dinner

Also have a new supply of all kinds of

National Baked Goods

Which we feel proud to show all those who are good judges along that line.

GLOVES, MITTENS AND UNDERWEAR

on sale now at genuine bargains

S. A. DENTON, GREGORY

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

CHAIRS

We have a Complete line of Rocking and Dining Room Chairs for your selection

From \$2.50 to \$15.00

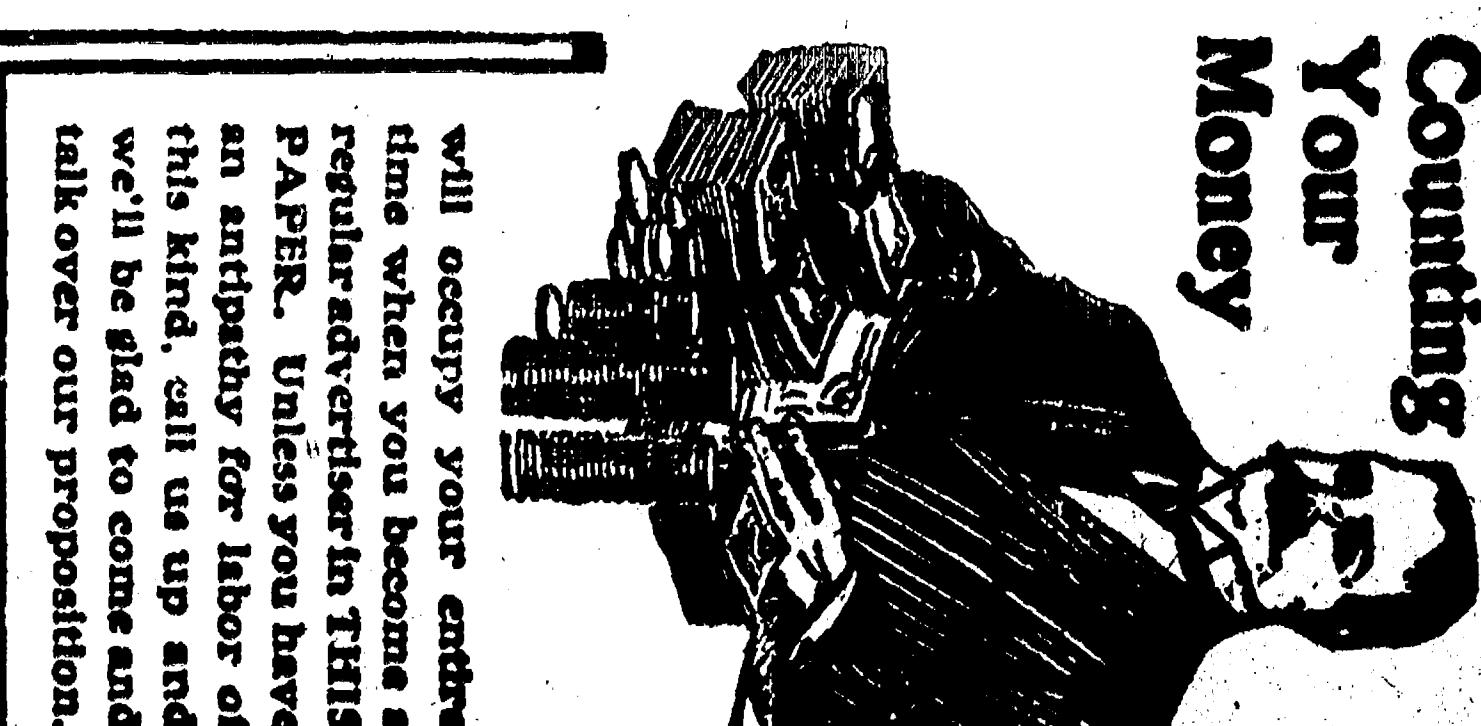
Call and make your selection while assortment is at its best

Get our prices on Sun Fast Guaranteed Matting. Many different varieties

T. H. HOWLETT,

Gregory, Michigan

General Hardware, Implements, Furniture, Harness Goods and Automobiles



M. E. KUHN

GREGORY

When the Mercury is low Eggs are High

THAT'S why the hen that lays in the winter is worth two that only lay in the summer time.

You can make your hens lay in winter by the consistent feeding of

Darlings High Protein Meat Scraps

Come in—get a bag of this high protein meat feed for your fowls—and be sure of winter egg profits.

L. N. McCleer

MORE IMPORTANT.

Delicate Attention.

Mrs. Fitz-Bile—Of course, I know you do not care for me. Why, you even forgot my birthday.

Fitz-Bile—A bit of delicacy on my part. I did not fail to remember that you had come to see the point where your birthday ought to be forgotten.—Tit-Bits.

His Duty.

"A lawyer's first duty," said the student, "is to see that justice is done, isn't it, professor?"

"H'm, yes," said the professor thoughtfully. "And it has been my experience that the lawyer who does her fee."

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R. W. CAVERLY, Publisher

PINCKNEY. MICHIGAN

THE GOLDEN RULE.

The unhappiest mortals are those who are always looking up the faults of others. This is explained by the fact that they are trampling all over the Golden Rule, which enjoins upon one a friendly interpretation of another's life. It very often happens that a man will shut his eyes to a score of virtues merely to see one fault, and when he does that, he hangs a cloud over the other's life, he does the same for his own. This is not speculation; it is experience. Just notice how good you feel when you see the good points of a man and not the bad ones. There is a bank of flowers. Enjoy it—behold its beauties and enjoy the fragrance; don't go nosing among the tangled weeds looking for a snake. There is an old adage: "Look on the bright side, and if there is no bright side, burnish up the dark side." As to the Golden Rule—we would hate for a person to go snooping around, looking up our faults; and so we will not do it for another. When great fault protrudes, denounce it, but not the man, for he may have a dozen virtues that outweigh it ten to one. Besides, the fault may not be the man's; and further, we might all act the same under the same conditions and circumstances.

As we are now in the annual season for colds, a word on the subject will be timely. A writer in the Physical Culture Magazine tells us there is much misconception regarding the origin of colds and that they are not caused by draughts, damp feet or exposure to the cold, but by an accumulation of waste materials in the system that, for some reason, have not been expelled in the normal manner. Exposure, dampness and draughts, says the writer, occasion the cold, but the condition of the system is the real cause of the malady. If the system is in a healthful condition, almost any amount of exposure may be experienced, and no ill results will follow, but one is much more susceptible to colds when the abnormal condition prevails. This condition is caused by the failure of the scavengers of the human body to properly perform their functions. The body is then in a semiposited state, and when in this state the cold is easily contracted. But it is not the exposure which is the cause of the cold. It is only the occasion—the last straw, and the real cause is to be found in the condition of the system.

We have been so often told that the whale fisheries are now extinct that we learn with surprise that 20,000 whales were captured last year in the waters of South Georgia, South Shetland, South America and Africa, and that other fishing fields yielded substantial catches, says the San Francisco Argonaut. Who would have thought that there were so many whales? But we are assured that in a few years' time there will be no whales left, thanks to the use of the deadly harpoon gun. The voracious whale was safe under the old system. He was too swift and too fierce to approach in boats, but he is easily conquered by the harpoon fired out of a gun from the deck of a ship. The whale is not exactly a lovable animal, but it seems a pity that he should be exterminated, especially as we were under the impression that he was already exterminated.

A bad quarter of an hour is furnished the Germans by the report of one war correspondent that the swift and decisive victories of the Bulgars over the Turks were due to the superiority of the Creusot French guns over the German Krupps used by the Turks. Of course the Krupps people will scientifically demonstrate the untruth of this. However the gun controversy may turn out, we think the chief factor of Bulgarian success lay in their adoption of old Gen. U. B. Forrest's statement, that the art of war consists of "gittin' thar first with the most men."

"The slaughter of the innocents" as applied to the killing of children in the streets of New York is sometimes criticized as a sensational phrase, says the New York World. By what other term can the killing of 173 children by vehicles, in the city during the last ten months be designated? The figures show the extent to which traffic murder is tolerated and condoned as the price of industrial progress.

United States consular reports announce that elephants are becoming cheaper. Yet the careful man will not lay in his winter supply of elephants without making further inquiry.

The Cardiff giant sold the other day for \$200. The person who purchased it evidently realized that the American people still like to be humbugged, and that tried fakes are the most effective.

NEWS FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

GOVERNOR FERRIS' INAUGURAL WILL BE UNOSTENTATIOUS AS HE WISHES IT SO.

THE SPEAKERSHIP, A PLACE OF GREAT POWER, WILL BE THE BIG HOUSE PLUM.

The Matters of Legislation That Are of Special Interest to the Taxpayers Briefly Referred To.

[By Gurd M. Hayes.]

If the wishes of Governor-elect Ferris are respected, and there is every reason to believe that they will be, the inauguration of the first democratic governor elected in Michigan in more than two decades will be entirely devoid of ostentation or unnecessary display. In keeping with the quiet, dignified personality of the man who is to preside over the destinies of the Wolverine state for the next two years, Woodbridge N. Ferris will be ushered into the executive chair without the blare of trumpets or the flashing of gold lace.

Plans for the inauguration have been prepared by Edmund H. Shields, chairman of the democratic state central committee, at the request of the governor-elect. Major Roy C. Vandercreek, commander of the first battalion of field artillery, and adjutant general of the Michigan National Guard, has been commissioned to extend an invitation to the state officials and justices of the supreme court to participate in the events of the day.

As the clock tolls the hour of twelve at noon on the first day of January Governor-elect Ferris and the other state officials will stand on the front porch of the capitol building and receive the oath of office which will be administered by Chief Justice Joseph B. Moore of the supreme court. As soon as the gray-haired jurist pronounces the words that will bind Woodbridge N. Ferris to the people of Michigan, the governor's salute of 17 guns will be fired by the artillery. If weather conditions prevent the holding of this ceremony on the capitol steps, the officers will receive the oath of office in the senate chamber.

In view of the fact that this is the first time in more than twenty years that a democratic governor is to be inducted into office from far and wide in the state are planning to come here for the inauguration and special attention is to be paid to these visitors. Patriot democrats have announced that they are coming out in two special trains.

After he has received the oath of office Gov. Ferris will hold a reception for half an hour to state officers and members of the legislature, and he has extended an invitation to Gov. Osborn to assist him. After the legislators and state officials have passed through the receiving line the executive parlors will be thrown open to the general public, this reception being particularly for the out-of-town people who will not remain over night. In this feature an entirely new custom is established, previous governors not having invited their predecessors of a different political party to share with them in the events of the session.

Taxation of Mortgages.

Members of the state grange, the farmers' clubs, and many legislators stand in favor of repealing the mortgag tax law passed at the last regular session two years ago, as it is pointed out that the act has not fulfilled the expectations of those who framed it and that it is generally unsatisfactory.

Use of Auto License Money.

Another important proposition that the legislature will be asked to consider, will be a law authorizing the use of money received from the sale of automobile licenses, to the construction of good roads. Secretary of State Frederick C. Martindale used this as one of the planks in his platform when he was a candidate for the republican nomination for governor, and he says that he will exert his influence to have such a law passed next year.

Automobilists are enthusiastic over this proposition as they feel that inasmuch as they are taxed for driving their motor cars over the public highways, that the money should be used in the construction of better roads, instead of turning the fees received from the sale of licenses, into the general fund of the state treasury.

It is expected that there will be at least 50,000 licensed automobiles and motorcycles in Michigan next year, and as each machine adds \$3 to the revenue of the state, such a change in the law would add more than \$150,000 annually to the good roads fund. Under such a statute the rural districts would receive the benefit of bettered highways without an increase in taxes, as Secretary Martindale proposed to turn the money thus received over to the state highway department.

Circuit Judge Frank E. Knappa has been asked to deliver an address or the congregation of courts and the remedy at the annual convention of the State Judges' association at Lansing, Dec. 26-27.

At the close of the last regular session Rep. Currie, of Midland, and Rep. Charles Smith, of Lapeer, were the only republicans who were avowed candidates for the speakership. It is claimed that Smith lost some strength because of his reactionary stand on several important bills, while Currie took every precaution to fortify himself by supporting all the progressive measures.

When the special sessions were called the republican candidates for the speakership continued their campaign for pledges, but many of the members of the lower house who promised to vote for Smith were defeated in the election this fall, and a careful canvass discloses the fact that Currie will have at least 32 of the 52 republican votes at the caucus the night before the contest is officially decided.

The progressives will have a candidate for the speakership in Rep. McBride, of Burton, Shiawassee county, while Rep. Glassner, of Barry county, and Rep. Farmer, of Livingston county will aspire to the nomination in the democratic caucuses. There has been some talk to the effect that the democrats and progressives will align themselves with the disgruntled republicans in an effort to control the house and elect a speaker, but little credence is given to this in state political circles.

Whoever the speaker of the next house may be, he will be able, if he sprinkles his committee appointments judiciously, to become a powerful factor in the politics of Michigan. Some of the most important propositions that have been considered in years will be up to the 1913 legislature, and as usual, the committees will be the big factors in determining the fate of some of the proposed measures.

Congressional Districts.

Under the provisions of the new constitution adopted in 1908, it is required that the legislature of 1913 shall re-apportion the congressional, senatorial and legislative districts of the state. Therefore, it is expected that there will be a general scramble among the members of the house to secure the appointment as chairman of the committee on apportionment. The present congressmen will naturally want the congressional districts arranged to their best advantage, while the members of the house who have ambitions to become state senators, will endeavor to have the senatorial districts blocked out to suit their convenience.

When the last United States census was completed, it was found that Michigan's increased population entitled this state to one additional congressman. This condition was met by providing a congressman to be elected from the state at large and Patrick H. Kelley, former lieutenant governor, was chosen as the thirteenth congressman at the recent election.

All indications point to some lively wire pulling and intricate maneuvering when the proposition of redistricting the state comes up for consideration at the next session. Because of its population the city of Detroit will ask that it be allotted two congressmen. At the present time Wayne county is split into three different congressional districts.

It will be impossible to add to the number of state senators or representatives as the constitution provides that there shall not be more than 32 senators or more than 100 representatives. No changes have been made in the congressional districts in more than twenty years and the attempt of the lawmakers to make a revision of the law is sure to bring on one of the warmest battles of the session.

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HINT PROTECTORATE OVER PART OF MEXICO

TAFT IS EXASPERATED IN EFFORTS TO TREAT REPUBLIC ON POLICY OF NON-INTERFERENCE.

MADERO REFUSES TO CONSIDER CLAIMS OF UNITED STATES.

Attempts at Friendly Adjustment of Outrages Against American Life and Property Have Failed.

A protectorate over that portion of Mexico in which American interests are located, it is believed will be established within the next 30 days, unless President Madero accedes to the demands of President Taft's ultimatum sent in September.

It is admitted by the state department that attempts at friendly adjustment of the outrages against American life and property in Northern Mexico have failed, and the president's exasperation at Mexico's insolent attitude culminated with that country's answer, on Dec. 14 to his demand for redress, sent in September.

In his reply Madero admitted his inability to cope with the situation, practically refused the consideration of indemnity for Americans whose property had been destroyed, and intimated that the Americans who have died there deserved their fate.

The reprisals threatened against Mexico in Taft's ultimatum would permit revolutionists against Madero to use this country as the base of their operations, it was pointed out. It would inevitably mean the fall of the present Mexican government.

However, officials figured out that in such a case the United States probably would be but little better so far as securing protection to American citizens and their property in Mexico was concerned, than at present since the revolutionary movement in Mexico is more or less disorganized and includes the very element against whose outrages the United States is complaining.

The Mexican situation was rendered more acute by information to the state department that Americans in Cananea, Sonora, were in grave danger from 1,000 Mexican miners, employed in American mines, who have gone on strike.

U. S. Enjoys Most of World's Trade.

The United States did more business with the world, both in exports and imports, in the month of November than in any month previous in the history of this country's foreign commerce, according to a statement by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. The value of goods imported last month was \$153,134,995, and of exports, \$277,898,681. This marked a great increase over the business done in November, 1911.

Will Carleton, Poet, Is Dead.

Will Carleton, the noted poet and journalist, who was born in Michigan and rose to fame there, died of pneumonia at his home in Brooklyn, at the age of 67. His illness was short.

Born in Hudson, Mich., 1845, educated at Hillsdale college, Carleton broke into regular newspaper work in Chicago. He returned to Michigan in a few months and continued writing poems and giving lectures.

For Non-Partisans Game Commission.

A non-partisan game commission with sufficient funds to make it operative and preservation of the game of the state, was the principal recommendation offered at a meeting of the Southwestern Michigan Sportsmen's association in Kalamazoo.

The recommendations were drafted into resolutions, which will be presented to the state legislature at the next session in the hopes that some action will be taken.

Osborn to Take Trip Over the World.

For the first few months after he retires from the executive office, Jan. 1, Chase S. Osborn will travel through Europe. He has visited practically every section of the globe, and the wanderlust has seized him again. He announces that he will enjoy a long vacation in foreign climates.

Turks Slay Christians.

According to a Port Said dispatch to Lloyds, in London, a wireless message from the Greek government vessel Macedonia says that the Turks have massacred the Christians in Mitylene.

Kalamazoo has extended an invitation to the Michigan Retail Lumber Dealers' association to meet in Kalamazoo in 1913.

"The liquor forces stole the ballot from the women of the state in the same way they kept prohibition out of the state in 1887," says Mrs. E. L. Calkins, state W. C. T. U. president.

Flint's city council decided to open a municipal skating rink in Thread Lake park. A signal will be placed on the city hall to indicate when skating is good.

Opposition to Battle Creek's new city charter has arisen from the socialist element because of failure to embody the recall clause in it.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Extra dry-fed steers, \$7.50 @ \$7.50; steers and heifers, 1,000 lbs. to 1,000 lbs., \$6.75 @ \$6.75; steers and heifers that are fat, 600 to 700 lbs., \$5.75 @ \$5.75; choice fat cows, \$4.25 @ \$4.25; common cows, \$3.25 @ \$3.25; canners, \$3.25 @ \$3.25; choice heavy bulls, \$5.50 @ \$5.50; fair to good bologna, bulls, \$4.50 @ \$4.50; stock bulls, \$3.75 @ \$3.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$5.75 @ \$5.75; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$5.75 @ \$5.75; choice steers, \$5.75 @ \$5.75; choice stockers, \$5.00 to \$5.00; stock heifers, \$3.75 @ \$3.75; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$4.00 @ \$4.00; common milkers, \$3.00 @ \$3.00.

Veal Calves—Receipts, 483; market dull at last week's prices; best, \$6.50 @ \$11; others, \$4 @ \$9. Milk veal and springers, steady, \$4 @ \$9. Milk veal and springers, steady, \$4 @ \$9. Milk veal and lambs—Receipts, 4,892; sheep steady, lambs, 25c lower than last week. Best lambs, \$8; fair to good lambs, \$7.50 @ \$7.50; light to common lambs, \$4.50 @ \$4.50; fair to good sheep, \$3 @ \$4; culs mixed, \$2.75 @ \$2.75.

Hogs—Receipts, 4,107; no hogs sold at market; prices are as follows: Range of prices—Light to good butchers, \$7.45 @ \$7.45; pigs, \$6.90 @ \$6.90; light workers, \$7 @ \$7.

Note—There will be no market here Christmas day.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle—Dull.

Veal—Slow, \$4 @ \$11. Hogs—Active; heavy mixed workers and pigs, \$7; roughs \$6.75 @ \$6.75; stags, \$5.50 @ \$6.50; dairies, \$7.40 @ \$7.60. Sheep and lambs—Slow; lambs, \$4.50 @ \$4.60; yearlings, \$6.50; weanlings, \$4.75 @ \$5; ewes, \$2.50 @ \$4.50; sheep mixed, \$2 @ \$4.75.

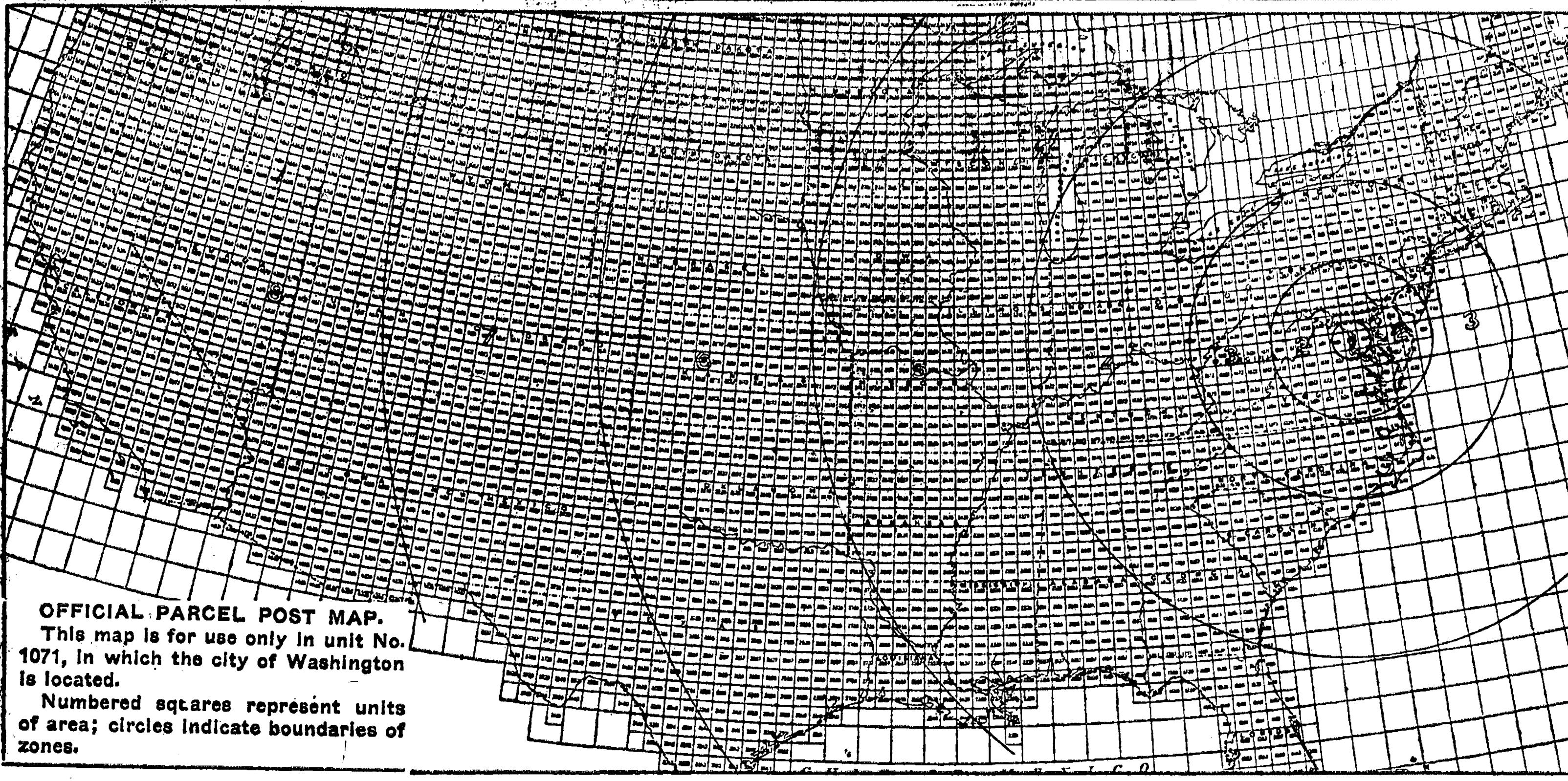
GRAIN, ETC.

WHEAT—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.07 1-2; December opened without change at \$1.07 1-2; declined to \$1.07 1-4 and closed at \$1.07 1-2; May opened at \$1.12, declined to \$1.11 3-4 and closed at \$1.12; July opened at \$1.13 1-2, declined to \$1.13 1-4 and closed at \$1.13 1-2; August opened at \$1.08 1-2; CORN—Cash No. 3 49c; No. 3 yellow, 50c bid; No. 4 yellow, 48c; OATS—Standard, 37c; No. 3 white, 36c; No. 4 white, 1 car at 34 1-2c; RYE—Cash No. 2, 62c.

BEANS—All shipments, \$2.18.

COFFEE—SPRING, 8c @ 10c per lb.; SUMMER, 10c @ 12c per lb.; sample, 10 bags at \$8.75; prime aside, \$12.60; sample, 7 bags at \$10.25.

FLOUR—In one-eight paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots; Best, \$1.16; second patent, \$1.30; straight



OFFICIAL PARCEL POST MAP.
This map is for use only in unit No. 1071, in which the city of Washington is located.
Numbered squares represent units of area; circles indicate boundaries of zones.

FIXING RATES UNDER PARCEL POST SYSTEM

Government Goes Into Business of Transmitting Merchandise Through the Mails.

NEW LAW FULLY EXPLAINED

Country Divided Into Zones and Units for Purpose of Fixing Charges for Carriage—No Package Weighing More Than Eleven Pounds Is Mailable—Anything Properly Wrapped Which Will Not Injure Other Mail May Be Sent.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.
With the coming of the New Year the United States government will enter into a new field of enterprise—the transmittal of merchandise by what is known as the parcel post. For years there has been a demand for such a system of inexpensive transmittal of packages. The camps of favor and disfavor of the parcel post scheme have been about equally divided. Finally at the last session of congress a bill was passed which will put the plan into operation, but only it must be said in little more than an experimental way.

It is the intention of Uncle Sam to move rather slowly in the parcel post matter. He wants to find how popular it will be, how much it will cost the government, and whether there is to be a profit or loss at the end of each year. If it is found that the plan is successful from the point of view of the people, which means the government also, the parcel post will be extended until finally it reaches the proportions which its proponents say they believe it is destined to assume.

Zone System Explained.
It is no exaggeration to say that thousands upon thousands of inquiries have been made of the postmaster general as to just what the parcel post will mean to the people. It was the law of congress establishing the system which made provision for a division of the country into zones and into 35,000 units which are to be used as centers in describing the circles which mark the boundaries of the zones. There has been no clear understanding, apparently, of this zone system, but really it is a very simple matter.

The accompanying map shows the country divided into zones from the unit in which Washington is situated, as the center. Accompanying the map is a table showing the rate of postage per pound for parcels from Washington to places within all the zones.

Each unit contains an area thirty miles square. Now each unit is a center from which the zones are drawn and so every unit in the country no matter where it is situated will have zones drawn from it just exactly as Washington has them drawn from it. For instance, take Keokuk, Ia., which is in a unit in the fifth zone. From that will be drawn circles exactly as they are drawn from Washington and they will be numbered from Keokuk as number one, just as they are numbered from Washington as number one. Of course, however, Zone Six will have a different geographical position as related to Keokuk than it has as related to Washington, but as the radius of the circles drawn from Keokuk is the same length as the radius of the circles drawn from Washington, Keokuk's Zone Six will be just as far from its center as Washington's Zone Six is.

How Rates Are Fixed.
It can be seen from this readily enough that the postal rates from Washington to its particular zone will be the same as the postal rates from Keokuk to its particular zones. Each unit being about thirty miles square will, of course, contain in most cases a number of post offices, but each office in the same unit is considered as being the center of the circles from

RATES OF POSTAGE

Parcels weighing four ounces or less are mailable at the rate of one cent for each ounce or fraction of an ounce, regardless of distance. Parcels weighing more than four ounces are mailable at the pound rate, as shown by the following table, and when mailed at this rate any fraction of a pound is considered a full pound.

Wt.	1st zone	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Lbs.	Local	Zone						
1...	\$0.05	\$0.05	\$0.06	\$0.07	\$0.08	\$0.09	\$0.10	\$0.11
2...	.06	.08	.10	.12	.14	.16	.19	.21
3...	.07	.11	.14	.17	.20	.23	.28	.31
4...	.08	.14	.18	.22	.26	.30	.37	.41
5...	.09	.17	.22	.27	.32	.37	.46	.51
6...	.10	.20	.26	.32	.38	.44	.55	.61
7...	.11	.23	.30	.37	.44	.51	.64	.71
8...	.12	.26	.34	.42	.50	.58	.73	.81
9...	.13	.29	.38	.47	.56	.65	.82	.91
10...	.14	.32	.42	.52	.62	.72	.91	1.01
11...	.15	.35	.46	.57	.68	.79	1.00	1.11
								1.32

*For a full explanation of the rates of postage in the First Zone see the Parcel Post Guide.

which the zones are drawn. The rates of postage are fixed from the unit in which the sending postoffice is situated, but the price to every place in any zone is just the same. To illustrate, it will cost exactly the same amount to send a parcel from Washington to Erie, Pa., that it costs to Atlanta, Ga., because Erie and Atlanta with reference to Washington are situated in the fourth zone. The rates therefore are fixed from the unit in which the postoffice is located, but they are the same from that office to any point in any one zone.

It will be seen by reference to the table of rates of postage that it will cost more per pound to send a package a long distance than it does to send it a short distance. The rate increases for a package weighing one pound at the rate of one cent for each zone. No package weighing more than 11 pounds can be sent under the new parcel post law. It should be said right here that on the long hauls the parcel post may not be able to compete with the express companies, but that on shorter hauls it can so compete. It was the expressed desire of the legislators and of the postoffice officials that the parcel post system should be made of particular use to persons having farm and factory products to transmit to customers. It is probable that producers must study the rates of postage and the convenience of transmitting and compare them with the cost and convenience under present methods before individually a man can determine whether he is to profit or not by the change. Then there is another thing to be considered and which only can be known definitely when fuller regulations have been made to specify exactly what kind of things can be sent by parcel post. It can be said in a general way that anything can be sent which is properly wrapped and which will not injure other mail matter with which it may come in contact.

Copy Foreign Countries.

It is probable that the government will adopt a means of transportation for certain kinds of its merchandise much like those which have been adopted in parcel post countries abroad. What the English call hamper, basket-like arrangements, probably will be adopted, and as these can be kept separate from the ordinary mail matter it is believed that the regulations as finally adopted will allow the sending of eggs, butter, dressed poultry, live poultry, honey, fruit, and other products of the country.

The 11-pound limit for a single package may work at first against any very extended use of the parcel post for some of the articles which have been named. Of course, more weight can be sent if it is sent in different parcels, but the cost in that case would be heavier because the increase per pound on a single package is not great up to 11 pounds, and probably it would increase at no great rate if the government were to raise the limit of weight which is now fixed. To make it simpler, it will cost more to send two packages of 11 pounds than it would to send one package of 22 pounds if the government eventually should allow a heavy

now furnished with scales of a limited capacity makes it necessary for the postmaster general to make this very large purchase of scales capable of taking care of the parcel post business. It is understood that this will be the largest single order ever placed for scales.

Rate on Seeds Not Affected.

It should be said that the act of congress which puts a parcel post plan into operation does not in any way affect the postage rate on seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions and plants as fixed by section 452 of the postal laws and regulations.

The classification of articles mailable as well as the weight limit, the rates of postage, zone or zones and other conditions of mailability under the act of congress, if the postmaster general shall find on experience "that they or any of them are such as to prevent the shipment of articles desirable, or shall permanently render the cost of the service greater than the receipts of the revenue therefrom, he is hereby authorized, subject to the consent of the interstate commerce commission after investigation, to reform from time to time such classification, weight limit, rates, zone or zones or conditions, in order to promote the service to the public or to insure the receipt of revenue from such service adequate to pay the cost thereof."

Through many years different members of the house and senate have been interested in promoting parcel post legislation. Among the men most active in securing the legislation which soon is to go into effect as law are Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon, Representatives David J. Lewis of Maryland and William Sulzer of New York, who has just been elected governor of that state.

To ascertain conditions surrounding the establishment of the parcel post system in places differing widely in size, climate and industries, Postmaster General Hitchcock recently summoned to Washington, to confer with the special parcel post committee, the postmasters of five typical offices. They are William H. Davis, Pittsburg, Pa.; Daniel T. Gerow, Jacksonville, Fla.; M. H. Jester, Wilmington, Del.; E. M. C. Quimby, Suffolk, Va., and Henry N. Bradley, Charlestown, W. Va.

Confer With Postmasters.

The postmasters of the five largest offices in the country have already appeared before the committee, so Pittsburg was represented as being a large first class office, though smaller than any of the greater five, and as being the center of a tremendous manufacturing area. The postmaster of Pittsburg reported that the board of trade of that city has a special parcel post committee, working toward bringing the consumer and producer nearer to each other by the new system.

Consignments of these stamps will be ready for shipment to all postoffices in ample time for the establishment of the new system on New Year's day.

The postoffice department has given instruction to every postmaster in the country to enlighten his patrons as much as possible on the general subject of the parcel post and especially on the use of the special stamps and the necessary attachment of the return card. The law requires that all fourth-class matter mailed after January 1, 1913, without parcel post stamps attached shall be treated as "Held for postage" matter. Parcel post packages will be mailable only at postoffices, branch postoffices, lettered and local named stations, and such numbered stations as may be designated by the postmasters.

It has been announced by Postmaster General Hitchcock that nearly 70,000 scales will be required for use in the parcel post system which is to go into effect January 1st. He has accordingly authorized the issuance of bids for that number. Two hundred of the largest postoffices and their branches will be supplied with automatic springless scales. The next class of offices, numbering about 10,000, will be given high grade beam scale, while the four class offices, numbering about 55,000, will be furnished with the best spring balances obtainable, each having a capacity for twenty pounds. These scales will be used by postmasters to determine the amount of postage required on parcel post packages. The fact that many

of the postoffices of the country are

APPROVES RULES FOR PARCEL POST

Postmaster General Issues Regulations Governing System.

WHAT MAY BE SENT BY MAIL

Gives American People Opportunity to Send Farm and Factory Products by Mail From and to Any Point in United States.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has just approved the regulations which cover in detail the articles which may or may not be sent by parcel post. These regulations are now being turned off at the government printing office on a "rush order" and they will be distributed as rapidly as possible.

The rules as to what can be sent and what cannot be sent and the instructions for the preparation of mailable articles with other "official advice" are given here as they have just been prepared by the postoffice department in Washington.

The minimum rate will be five cents for the first pound and three cents for each additional pound to any point not exceeding fifty miles from the office of mailing; the local rate, which is five cents for the first pound and one cent for additional pound, applies to all parcels the delivery of which does not involve their transportation on railway lines. The rates increase for each successive one of the eight zones, the maximum rate being twelve cents a pound, which will carry a parcel across the continent or to any of our possessions. Parcels will be limited to eleven pounds in weight and six feet in length and girth combined.

Mailable Perishable Articles.

Butter, lard and perishable articles such as fish, fresh meats, dressed fowls, vegetables, fruits, berries and articles of a similar nature that decay quickly, when so packed or wrapped as to prevent damage to other mail matter, will be accepted for local delivery either at the office of mailing or on any rural route starting therefrom. When inclosed in an inner cover and a strong outer cover of wood, metal, heavy corrugated pasteboard or other suitable material and wrapped so that nothing can escape from the package, they will be accepted for mailing to any offices within the first zone or within a radius of 50 miles. Butter, lard, or any greasy or oily substance intended for delivery at offices beyond the first zone must be suitably packed. Vegetables and fruit that do not decay quickly will be accepted for mailing to any zone it packed so as to prevent damage to other mail matter. Eggs will be accepted for local delivery when securely packed in a basket or other container. Eggs will be accepted for mailing regardless of distance when each egg is wrapped separately and packed in a container.

There is no restriction on salted, dried, smoked or cured meat and other meat products, but fresh meat in any form will be transported only within the first zone.

Parcels containing perishable articles must be marked "PERISHABLE," and articles likely to spoil within the time reasonably required for transportation and delivery will not be accepted for mailing.

Manufactured Articles.

Manufacturers or dealers intending to transmit articles in considerable quantities are asked to submit to the postmaster for approval a specimen parcel showing the manner of packing.

When sharp pointed instruments are offered for mailing, the points must be capped or encased. Blades must be bound so that they will remain attached to each other or within their handles or sockets.

In Powders, pepper, snuff, or other similar powders not explosive, or any similar pulverized dry substance, not poisonous, may be sent when inclosed in cases made of metal, wood or other material to render impossible the escape of any of the contents. Flour of all kinds must be put up in such manner as to prevent the package breaking or the flour being scattered in the mails.

Queen Bee and Nursery Stock.

Queen bees, live insects, and dried reptiles may be mailed in accordance with the regulations that now apply to other classes of mail.

Seeds of fruit, nursery stock, and all other plant products for preparation may be mailed under the same conditions.

Confectionery and Soap.

Candies, confectionery, yeast cakes, soap in hard cakes, etc., must be inclosed in boxes and so wrapped as to prevent injury to other mail matter.

Machinery.

Sealed original packages of proprietary articles, such as soaps, tobacco, pills, tablets, etc., put up in fixed quantities by the manufacturer, and not in themselves unmailable, will be accepted for mailing when properly wrapped.

Maps and Guides.

Parcel post maps, with accompanying guides, are to be sold to the public at their cost, 75 cents, through the chief clerk of the post office department.

Unmailable Matter.

The following matter is declared unmailable by law:

Matter otherwise mailable by law, the outside cover or wrapper of which bears and delineation or language of a libelous, scurrilous, defamatory, or threatening character. All such matter, when deposited in a post office or found in the mails, shall be withdrawn and sent to the divisions of dead letters.

Intoxicants, Poisons and Inflammable Materials.

Spirituos, vinous, malted, fermented, or other intoxicating liquors of any kind; poisons of every kind, and articles and compositions containing poison, venomous animals, insects and reptiles; explosives of every kind; inflammable materials (which are held by matches, kerosene oil, gasoline, naphtha, benzine, turpentine, denatured alcohol, etc.), internal machines, and mechanical, chemical or other devices or compositions which may ignite or explode; disease germs or scabs, and other natural or artificial articles, compositions or materials of whatever kind which may kill, or in any wise injure another or damage the mail or other property.

Pistols, Animals and Birds.

Pistols or revolvers, whether in detached parts or otherwise; live or dead (and not stuffed) animals, birds, or poultry, except as elsewhere provided; raw hides or pelts, guano, or any article having a bad odor will not be admitted to the mails.

Treatment of Undeliverable Parcels.

Perishable matter will be delivered as promptly as possible, but if such matter can not be delivered and becomes offensive and injurious to health, postmasters may destroy it, or the injurious or offensive portions thereof.

Undeliverable perishable matter which in its nature does not become offensive or injurious to health may be delivered by postmasters to the proper local municipal authority to be distributed to hospitals, asylums or other charitable or reformatory institutions. If there is no such municipal authority, the matter may be delivered to any charitable institution or organization making application therefor. If no application is made, the matter will be destroyed at the expiration of two weeks.

Parcels Improperly Packed.

Postmasters will refuse to receive for mailing parcels not properly indorsed or packed for safe shipment.

When parcels on which the postage is wholly unpaid or insufficiently prepaid is deposited for local delivery and the sender is unknown, notice of detention need not be sent but such matter will be delivered and the deficient postage collected from the addressee by the carrier. If the addressee refuses to pay the postage the matter will be sent to the Division of Dead Letters.

Insurance on Parcels.

A mailable parcel on which the postage is fully prepaid may be insured against loss in an amount equivalent to its actual value, but not to exceed \$50, on payment of a fee of ten cents in parcel post stamps, such stamps to be affixed.

When a parcel is insured, the sender will be given a receipt showing the office and date of mailing and number of the parcel.

When a return receipt is desired by the sender of an insured parcel the postmaster at the mailing office will note the request on the margin of the insurance tag, and the postmaster at the office of address will obtain from the addressee a receipt and mail it to the sender.

The liability for indemnity shall cease when delivery has been effected.

Forwarding of Parcels.

Parcels may be remailed or forwarded on the payment of additional postage at the rate which would be chargeable if they were originally mailed at the forwarding office, in which case the necessary stamps will be affixed by the forwarding postmaster. Payment must be made every time the parcel is forwarded.

Preparation for Mailing.</p

The TRUTH ABOUT THE CASE

The Experiences of M. F. Goron, Ex-Chief
of the Paris Detective Police

Edited by Albert Keyser

THE LOTUS FLOWER

(Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE usually quiet Rue du General Appert was in a state of great excitement. Carriages and cabs drove to the house of Madame H—, and crowds of well-dressed people elbowed their way to the salons on the first floor. It was a few days before Mademoiselle Yvonne H—'s marriage, and a big display had been made of the trousseau and presents.

The three reception-rooms were thrown open, and long narrow tables covered with jewelry, fans, plate, and works of art of every description lined the walls. At the principal table, where jewelry and lace were exhibited, a glass case had been specially fitted to guard the contents against indiscreet fingers.

As a rule, detectives—who by the uninitiated are often taken for poor relations—are engaged to guard the property, as it is difficult to know how many uninvited may manage to make their way into the house. Madame H—, however, had not taken this precaution; and this mistake caused me to make her acquaintance.

It was discovered that a costly pendant had mysteriously disappeared, and early the next morning I was in the Rue du General Appert, seated opposite Madame H— (the widow of a wealthy merchant), her daughter Yvonne, and fat, red-faced, pompous gentleman, whom the ladies addressed as Uncle Jerome. He was loudest in his lamentations, and I soon discovered the reason: the pendant had been presented by him, and he seemed to take it as a personal affront that the thief should have selected his gift.

I had many questions to ask, so that I had to cut him short and beg the ladies to show me the glass case from which the jewel had been abstracted.

This case was absolutely intact, and the thief must have watched his opportunity to raise it unobserved. Only a man with a cool head and a steady hand would have dared to attempt this, in a room full of people with half a dozen attendants near the tables.

Uncle Jerome had already questioned the servants, driving them to the verge of hysterics. I came to the conclusion that they knew nothing, and that no information of value could be obtained from the ladies or their loud-voiced relative.

While I was examining the room in search of a possible clue, I heard Uncle Jerome call out in angry tones:

"And what about the baron's coat? Does Monsieur Goron know anything about that?"

I turned around.

"What baron, and what coat?"

"Well, you see, Monsieur Goron," said Madame H—, "it was altogether an unfortunate day, for when Baron S— asked for his coat it was nowhere to be found."

"Has anything else been stolen?" I inquired.

"No," said Madame H—. "I think this was quite enough for one afternoon."

"I think so too," interrupted the uncle; "the baron must have a fine opinion of the people you receive."

And turning to me, he added:

"I have the pleasure of being one of the baron's friends, and it makes it very awkward for me—very! I introduced him here."

At my request Madame H— made a rough sketch of the pendant. It was of Oriental design, set with large diamonds, ending in a small lotus flower.

I also asked for the address of the baron, whom I wanted to see about the coat, and learned he was a Russian, very rich, living in the Avenue de l'Alma. As I rose to leave, Uncle Jerome insisted on a minute's private conversation.

"Monsieur Goron," he began when we were alone, "I did not like to speak before my sister-in-law; but I consider it my duty to mention a certain gentleman to you—Alfred O—, a relative by marriage of Madame H—, a good-for-nothing, who has been mixed up in several ugly affairs. I begged my sister-in-law repeatedly not to receive him; but he plays the 'funny-man,' amuses the ladies, and makes himself at home here—too much so."

"Do you mean to imply—"

"I imply nothing, I am only giving you a hint."

The valet opened the door for me, and at that moment a closed cab drove up; a young man alighted and remained talking to a lady inside. A lace veil hid her face.

"Who is that?" I asked the valet.

"That's Monsieur Alfred," he replied, with the shadow of a sneer, "and that woman inside is his friend—Tips."

"Who is Tips?"

"Not much good."

Alfred, apparently was not a person grata.

Thus far I had no clue whatever. I therefore resolved not to act before I had seen both the baron and Alfred.

In my office two inspectors met me with smiling faces.

"You were right, sir," said one,

"about those bicycle thieves. We arrested them this morning, and found

ing the night, I was informed that Georgette Chevalier, alias Tips, was down-stairs, having come about her bicycle.

"Show her in at once," I said.

Georgette was pretty. She was small, remarkably graceful, with large, brown, intelligent eyes.

"You wanted to see me?" she remarked in a gentle voice.

"Madame Georgette—" I began.

"Please call me Tips; everybody does."

"Very well; Tips, since you prefer it, I had the pleasure of seeing you a couple of days ago."

"Me? Where?"

"In a cab; you were talking to your friend."

"What friend?"

"Alfred O—."

"He is not my friend, Monsieur Goron. Not in the sense you mean; and I do not understand you."

"Never mind, Tips. By the way, are you glad your bicycle is found?"

"Rather. But the stupid people at the Police Commissariat are fussing to make me prove I am the rightful owner of the machine. I can give you the receipt of the maker; I have brought it with me."

She put her hand inside her muff, and with her purse drew out a small silk pocket handkerchief which she laid on my writing-table. I took it up, for I immediately detected the same faint perfume that had struck me at the baron's chambers.

"What scent is that, Tips?" I asked. "There is no scent on it," she replied crossly. "I never use any!"

"Do you mean to tell me you smell nothing?" And I held the handkerchief to her nose.

"No; nothing."

"In that case, Tips, all I can say is

"All right, sir."

Before calling on Baron S— I made an inquiry about Alfred O—, and what I heard was deplorable. The fortune he had inherited from his mother was squandered in less than two years, and his father, a retired colonel, was almost ruined by his son's extravagance. Alfred raised money when he could, and in a gambling-club had been accused of attempting to cheat. This charge had never been proved, and it ended in a duel, when he ran two inches of steel into his traducer's body. He belonged to a good family, and was distantly related to Madame H—, whose house he visited regularly.

The baron, I learned, had an estate in Russia, where he passed the summer. The winters he spent in Paris and was very popular in the world of society. He had an apartment in the Avenue de l'Alma; and I went there toward eleven in the morning.

His servant, a tall, well-built young man, informed me in bad French with a strong Russian accent that his master was having his bath, and would receive me in a few minutes. He soon appeared, a distinguished, aristocratic man.

I apologized for disturbing him so early, and begged him to give me an account of the disappearance of his coat.

"Between ourselves," he smiled, "I am surprised these accidents do not happen oftener. This is my second winter in Paris, and the third time I have attended one of these functions. They are a boon to the Paris thieves. I am sorry I lost my fur coat; it was valuable. My idiot of a servant will tell you how it occurred—Boris!"

The valet, at the baron's request, then explained to me, in his abominable French, that he had been waiting in the hall for his master, with the coat over his arm. Finding it cumbersome, with so many people passing in and out, he had put it in a little room leading from the hall, and when he went to fetch it was gone.

"But why did you not leave it in charge of one of the servants?" I asked.

"I expected my master to come down every moment, and as the door of the little room was open I could keep my eyes on the coat all the time. I may have lost sight of it for a second."

The baron shrugged his shoulders, and I heard the wood "fool."

I put a few questions; but as neither the baron nor Boris could supply any further information, I withdrew. In the room I had detected a peculiar perfume, very faint, without being able to fix it with certainty. I could not positively say whether it emanated from the room itself or from one of the men. Slight as it was, it caught my attention, as my sense of smell is acute.

I had written a note to Alfred O— asking him to call, and found him waiting for me. I need not describe that type of young man—to be met on the race-course at first nights, at fashionable gatherings—towards whom life is nothing but a huge joke. He roared with laughter when I broached the subject of the robbery.

"Please excuse me, Monsieur Goron, the whole thing is so ludicrous. Do you know, that Uncle Jerome, whom you saw this morning, darkly hinted that I stole the pendant? I heard it from the little German governess. I think he does it out of revenge because I made fun of it. You never saw anything so ugly. The diamonds are magnificent, but the design is grotesque, with that silly little flower dangling at the end."

"You were at Madame H—'s the day the pendant was stolen?"

"Yes, the greater part of the afternoon."

"Did you notice anything likely to throw any light on the affair?"

"Nothing whatever. It seems very strange. Uncle Jerome is terribly upset; but I think more on account of the coat. The old chap is proud of his acquaintance with a baron!"

"The next day when I was busy investigating a case that had happened dur-

ing the night, I was informed that Georgette Chevalier, alias Tips, was down-stairs, having come about her bicycle.

"She took it out of her purse and threw it on the table. It was a tiny lotus flower in green enamel and gold.

I gazed at it a long time, and could hardly repress a smile when, looking up, I noticed the expression in Tips' eyes.

"Why do you laugh, Monsieur Goron?" she asked. "And do you mind explaining what it all means?"

"I am laughing for several reasons, Tips; but especially because you eye me suspiciously. It is the world reversed."

She was holding the handkerchief to her nose, and sniffing hard.

"It may be my imagination," she said, "but I fancy I trace a slight smell of violets. Is that the scent you meant?"

"No, Tips. Perfumes, like flowers, have a language of their own, a language which I am afraid you would not understand. I shall keep the handkerchief and the enameled flower, for I have a notion that I shall come across the person who is now anxious to make me prove I am the rightful owner of the machine. I can give you the receipt of the maker; I have brought it with me."

"Certainly." And she tripped out of the room.

I had made no disclosures to her, and let her go, fully convinced of the truth of her story. I was beginning to see daylight, and the matter was also growing in interest.

My first visit was to Madame H—, whom fortunately I found at home.

She recognized the lotus flower as forming part of the stolen pendant,

and pressed me with questions, which I refused to answer.

Then I went to the Cafe Sylvain.

Tips' statement was confirmed by the waiter. A dark, close-shaven man had dined there the night before, and had dropped several things. After he had

"That remains to be seen," I continued. "For the moment I have to deal with you, and I must say that I am surprised your master should have selected you to assist him in his work. I never saw a man so bungle things."

"Your master and you go to Madame H—'s house on an expedition of a peculiar nature. Your master—

apparently a great expert—performs a marvelous trick of slight-of-hand in making a jewel disappear from a glass case, and then diverts suspicion by posing as victim. That story of the stolen coat was cleverly invented; but from the way you told it, it dawned upon me that you might be the supposed thief and that the coat is here now."

"Your next mistake was also very bad; your master, having extracted the diamonds from the pendant, left you the gold setting—no doubt by way

of perquisites—and you put the little lotus flower in your pocket. In the evening you wanted to play the swell."

You dined in a fashionable restaurant;

but you got so drunk that you dropped your gloves, your handkerchief, and

also the gold flower."

"Worse still, your handkerchief and

gloves tell—I should rather say smell—their own tale. People in your profession should not use scent. Unfortunately for your master, his olfactory nerves are less developed than his other senses, otherwise he would not have allowed you to use it. I noticed that smell when I called after the robbery."

"Now comes your crowning performance: Your Russian accent was as good a thing as ever I heard. I even own that at first it deceived me. But you should have remembered that when a man once adopts a foreign accent he must stick to it—even when he is alone. An hour ago, when you

in a public place, don't put it in your pocket. It might prove fatal."

Tips' eyes opened wide.

"No, Tips; I have no time for explanation. Good-by."

And I returned to my prisoner.

Boris was pacing up and down the room, and, in a hoarse voice, said:

"It is all up with me. The smash

was bound to come. The man I am serving bought his title in Italy. I met him three years ago in Moscow, in club where I was one of the attendants in the baccarat-room. These Russian clubs are hells. One night I gave way to temptation. I was conducting a half-tipsy gentleman to his carriage. His portfolio full of banknotes, was hanging out of his pocket, and I took it. I thought nobody was near; but Baron S— had watched me. He told me to come to his rooms that night, and forced me to write a confession of my crime, promising not to denounce me so long as I served him faithfully. The next day I discovered that he was a dangerous adventurer; he had come to Paris for a big coup that he supposed will bring him in a lot of money."

"Why, then, did he steal that pendant, when he ran a terrible risk?"

"I have asked myself that question several times. I am inclined to think he was short of money. On the other hand, he is a strange man. Danger attracts him, and I would not be surprised if the very difficulty of the thing tempted him."

Heaving a sigh, he added:

"I don't care what becomes of me, Monsieur Goron. If I get out of that man's clutches..."

The baron had gone to Nice, and Boris gave me his address.

I had telephoned to Nice to keep an eye upon him until my arrival. I waited until he returned from the club to his hotel, and then informed him that he would have to come with me to Paris, to answer the charge of having stolen a jewel.

He eyed me for a moment with a slight lifting of the eyebrows.

"I must warn you, Monsieur Goron," he said. "that you are risking your position by arresting me on such a preposterous charge."

"I take the risk."

He did not utter a syllable when we overhauled his luggage, nor when we searched his pockets. And all the way to the capital he remained silent.

At the Police Prefecture he made a formal protest against his arrest, and then drove with me and an official to his apartment, which had been kept under observation. Except the famous fur coat I found nothing of interest beyond a quantity of correspondence and a heap of documents—chiefly in Russian—which I sealed in his presence and took back to the Prefecture.

On the following morning the baron was to be confronted with Boris.

I had informed Madame H— that Baron S— had been arrested; and a couple of hours later she and Uncle Jerome came to my office in great alarm to tell me that they did not want to prefer a charge against the baron.

I looked at them in amazement.

"Yes," they said, speaking in excited tones, "this case must never come to trial. We dare not face the scandal."

"What scandal?" I shouted.

"The scandal in the press. Why, we should become the laughing-stock of all Paris!"

"You surely cannot expect me," I sternly returned, "to enter into such considerations.

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTHA BELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. She is annoyed, but he remains. Leaving the car, she goes into the park to read the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.
So he remembered Clara Van Camp's advice, wrote the whole story to Aleck, and cast about for the one successful business chance in the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine bad ones—as the statistics have it.

He actually found it in shoes. Foot-ball muscle and grit went into the job of putting superior shoe on inferior foot, if necessary—at least on some foot. He got a chance to try his powers in the home branch of a manufacturing house, and made good. When he came to fill a position where there was opportunity to try new ideas, he tried them. He inspected tanneries and stockyards. He got composite measurements of all the feet in all the women's colleges in the year ninety-seven, he drilled salesmen and opened a night school for the buttonhole-makers, he made scientific study of heels, and he invented an aristocratic arch and put it on the market.

The family joked about his doings as the harmless experiments of a lively boy, but presently they began to enjoy his income. Through it all they were affectionate and kind, with the matter-of-course fondness which a family gives to the members that takes the part of useful drudge. John, the pet of the parents, married, and had his own eyes opened, it is to be supposed. Donald, the genius, had just arrived, after a dozen years or so, at the stage where he was mentioned now and then in the literary journals. But Jim stuck to shoes and kept the family on a fair tide of modest prosperity.

Once, in the years of Jim's apprenticeship to life, there came over him a fit of soul-sickness that nearly proved his ruin.

"I can't stand this," he wrote to Aleck Van Camp; "it's too hard and dry and sordid for any man that's got a soul. It isn't the grind I mind, though that is bar enough; it is the 'Commercial Idea' that eats into a man's innards. He forgets there are things that money can't buy, and in his heart he grows contemptuous of anything to be had 'without money and without price.' He can't help it. If he is thinking of trade nine-tenths of the time, his mind gets set that way. I'm ready any minute to jump the fence, like father's old colt up on the farm. I'm not a snob, but I recognize now that there was some reason for all our old Hambleton ancestors being so finicky about trade."

"Do you remember how we used to talk, when we were kiddies, about keeping our ideals? Well, I believe I'm bankrupt, Aleck, in my account with ideals. I don't want to howl, and these remarks don't go with anybody else, but I can say to you, I want them back again."

Aleck did as a Kiddie should do, writing much advice on long sheets of paper, and illustrating his points richly, like a good Scotchman, with scientific instances. A month or two later he contrived to have work to do in Boston, so that he could go out to Lynn and look up Jim's case. He even devised a cure by creating, in his mind, an office in the biological world, which was to be offered to James on the ground that science needed just his abilities and training. But when Aleck arrived in Lynn he found that Jim, in some fashion or other, had found a cure for himself. He was deeper than ever in the business, and yet, in some spiritual sense, he had found himself. He had captured his ideal again, and voked it to duty—which is a great feat.

After twelve years of ferocious labor, with no vacations to speak of, James' mind took a turn for the worse. Physically he was as sound as a bell, though of bat-like thinness; but an effervescence in his blood lured his mind away from the study of laws and accounts and Parisian models and sent it careering, like Saten, up and down the earth. Romance, which had been drugged during the transition from youth to manhood, awoke, and soared for its rights, and whispered temptingly in an ear not yet dulled to its voice. Freedom, open spaces, laughter, the fresh sweep of the wind, the high baccanering play of life and joy—these things beglamoured his mind.

On one day he locked his desk with a final click. The optimism was in

good shape. It is but justice to say that if it had not been, Romance had dangled her luring wisp o' light in vain. Several of his new schemes had worked out well, his subordinates were of one mind with him, trade was flourishing. He felt he could afford a little spin.

Jimsy's radiating fancies focussed themselves, at last, on the vision of a tiny little sail-boat, "a jug of wine, a loaf of bread" in the cabin, with possibly a book of verses underneath the bow, or more suitably, in the shadow of the sail; and Aleck Van Camp and himself astir in the rigging or plumping together from the gunwale for an early swim. "And before I get off, I'll hear a singer that can sing," he declared.

He telephoned Aleck, who was by this time running down the eyelid of the squid, to meet him at his club in New York. Then he made short work with the family. Experience had taught him that an attack from ambush was most successful.

"Look here, Edith"—this was at the breakfast-table the very morning of his departure. Edith was sixteen, the tallest girl in the academy, almost ready for college and reckoned quite a queen in her world—"You be good and do my chores for me while I'm away, and I'll bring you home a duke. Take care of mother's bronchitis, and keep the house straight. I'm going on a cruise."

"All right, Jim"—Edith could always be counted on to catch the ball—"go ahead and have a bully time and don't drown yourself. I'll drive the team straight to water, mother and dad and the whole outfit, trust me!"

Considering the occasion and the correctness of the sentiments, Jim forbore, for once, from making the daily suggestion that she chasten her language. By the time the family appeared, Jim had laid out a rigid course of action for Miss Edith, who rose to the occasion like a soldier.

"Mother'll miss you, of course, but Jack and Harold"—two of Edith's admirers—"Jack and Harold can come around every day—stout arm to lean upon, that sort of thing. You know mother can't be a bit jolly without plenty of men about, and since Sue became engaged she really doesn't count. The boys will think they are running things, of course, but they'll see my iron hand in the velvet glove—you can throw a blue chip on that. Jimsy. And don't kiss me, Jim, for Dorothy Snell and I vowed, when we wished each other's rings on—Oh, well, brothers don't count."

And so, amid the farewells of a tender, protesting family, he got off, leaving Edith in the midst of one of her monologues.

There was a telegram in New York saying that Aleck Van Camp would join him in three days, at the latest. Hambleton disliked the club and left it, although his first intention had been to put up there. He picked out a modest, up-town hotel, new to him, for no other reason than that it had a pretty name. The Larue. Then he began to consider details.

The day after his arrival was occupied in making arrangements for his boat. He put into this matter the same painstaking buoyancy that he had put into a dull business for twelve years. He changed his plans half a dozen times and exceeded them wholly in the size and equipment of the little vessel, and in the consequent expense; but he justified himself, as men will, by a dozen good reasons. The tiny little sail-boat turned out to be a respectable yacht, steam, at that. She was called the Sea Gull. Neat in the beam, stanch in the bows, rigged for coasting and provided with a decent living outfit, she was "good enough for any gentleman," in the opinion of the agent who rented her. Jim was half ashamed at giving up the more robust scheme of sailing his own boat, with Aleck; but some vague and expansive spirit moved him "to see," as he said, "what it would be like to go as far and as fast as we please." While they were about it, they would call on some cousins at Bar Harbor and get good fun out of it.

The idea of his holiday grew as he played with it. As his spin took on a more complicated character, his zest rose. He went forth on Sunday feeling as if some vital change was impending. His little cruise loomed up large, important epochal. He laughed at himself and thought, with his customary optimism, that a vacation was worth waiting twelve years for, if waiting followed it with such a flavor. Jim knew that Aleck would relish the spin too. Aleck's nature was that of a wild tempered with sportiness. Jim sat down Sunday

morning and wrote out the whole program for Aleck's endorsement, sent the letter by special delivery and went off to reconnoiter.

The era of Sunday orchestral concerts had begun, but that day, to Jim's regret, the singer was not a contralto. "Dramatic Soprano" was on the program; a new name, quite unknown to Jim. His interest in the soloist waned, but the orchestra was enough. He thanked Heaven that he was past the primitive stage of thinking any single voice more interesting than the assemblage of instruments known as orchestra.

Hambleton found a place in the dim vastness of the hall, and sank into his seat in a mood of vivid anticipation. The instruments twanged, the audience gathered, and at last the music began.

Its first effect was to rouse Hambleton to a sharp attention to details—the director, the people in the boxes; and then he settled down, thinking his thoughts. The past, the future, life and its meaning, love and power, the long, long thoughts of youth and ambition and desire came flocking to his brain. The noble confluence of sound that is music worked upon him its immemorial miracle; his heart softened, his imagination glowed, his spirit stirred. Time was lost to him—and earth.

The orchestra ceased, but Hambleton did not heed the commotion about him. The pause and the fresh beginning of the strings scarcely disturbed his ecstatic reverie. A deep hush lay upon the vast assemblage, broken only by the voices of the violins. And then, in the zone of silence that lay over the listening people—silence that vibrated to the memory of the strings—there rose a little song. To Hambleton, sitting absorbed, it was as if the circuit which galvanized him into life had suddenly been completed. He sat up. The singer's lips were slightly parted, and her voice at first was no more than the half-voice of a flute, sweet, gentle, beguiling. It was borne upward on the crest of the melody, fuller and fuller, as on a flooding tide.

"Free of my pain, free of my burden of sorrow. At last I shall see thee."

There was freedom in the voice, and the sense of space, of wind on the waters, of life and the love of life.

Jimsy was a soft-hearted fellow. He never knew what happened to him; but after uncounted minutes he seemed to be choking, while the orchestra and the people in boxes and the singer herself swam in a hazy distance. He shook himself, called somebody he knew very well an idiot, and laughed aloud in his joy; but his laugh did not matter, for it was drowned in the roar of applause that reached the roof.

Jim did not applaud. He went outdoors to think about it; and after a time he found, to his surprise, that he could recall not only the song, but the singer, quite distinctly. It was a tall, womanly figure, and a fair, bright face framed abundantly with dark hair, and the least little humorous twinkle to her lips. And her name was Agatha Redmond.

"Of course, she can sing; but it isn't like having the real thing—Isn't she alto," said Jimsy ungratefully and just from habit.

The day's experience filled his thoughts and quieted his restlessness. He awaited Aleck with entire patience. Monday morning he spent in small necessary business affairs, securing, among other things, several hundred dollars, which he put in his money-belt. About the middle of the afternoon he left his hotel, engaged a taxi and started for Riverside. The late summer day was fine, with the afternoon haze settling over river and town. He watched the procession of carriages, the horseback riders, the people afoot, the children playing on the grass, with a feeling of comradeship. Was he not also tasting freedom—a lord of the earth? His gaze traveled out to the river, with the glimmer here and there of a tug-boat, a little steamer, or the white sail of a pleasure craft. The blood of some ancestor stirred in his veins, and he thrilled at the thought of the days to come when his prow should be headed offshore.

The taxicab had its limitations, and Hambleton suddenly became impatient of its monotonous slithering along the firm road. Telling the driver to follow him, he descended and crossed to where Cathedral Parkway switches off. He walked briskly feeling the tonic of the sea air, and circled the cathedral, where workmen were lounging away after their day's toil. The unfinished edifice loomed up like a giant skeleton of some prehistoric

era, and through its mighty mighty arches and buttresses Jim saw fleecy clouds scudding across the western sky. A stone saint muffled in burlap had just been swung up into his windy niche, but had not yet discarded his robes of the world. Hambleton was regarding the shapeless figure with mild interest, wondering which saint of the calendar could look so grotesque, when a sound drew his attention sharply to earth. It was a small sound, but there was something strange about it. It was startling as a flash in a summer sky.

Besides the workmen, there was no living thing in sight on the hillside except his own taxicab, swinging slowly up the avenue at that moment, and a covered motor-car getting up speed a square away. Even as the car approached, Hambleton decided that the strange sound had proceeded from its ambushed tonneau; and it was, surely, a human voice of distress. He stepped forward to the curb. The car was upon him, then lumbered heavily and swiftly past. But on the instant of its passing there appeared, beneath the lifted curtain and quite near his own face, the face of the singer of yesterday; and from pale, agonized lips, as if with dying breath, she cried, "Help, help!"

Hambleton knew her instantly, although the dark abundance of her hair was almost lost beneath hat and flowing veil, and the bright, humorous expression was blotted out by fear. He stood for a moment rooted to the curb, watching the dark mass of the car as it swayed down the hill. Then he beckoned sharply to his driver, met the taxicab half way, and pointed to the disappearing machine.

"Quick! Can you overtake it?"

"I'd like nothing better than to run down one o' them Dock machines!" said the driver.

CHAPTER III.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

The driver of the taxicab proved to be a sound sport.

Five minutes of luck, aided by nerve, brought the two machines somewhat nearer together. The motor-car gained in the open spaces, the taxicab caught up when it came to weaving its way in and out and dodging the trolleys. At the frequent moments when he appeared to be losing the car, Hambleton reflected that he had its number, which might lead to something. At the Waldorf the car slowed up, and the cab came within a few yards. Hambleton made up his mind at that instant that he had been mistaken in his supposition of trouble threatening the lady, and looked momentarily to see her step from the car into the custody of those starched and lacquered menials who guard the portals of fashionable hotels.

But it was so. A signal was interchanged between the occupants of the car and some watcher in the doorway, and the car sped on. Hambleton, watching steadily, wondered.

"If she is being kidnapped, why doesn't she make somebody hear? Plenty of chance. They couldn't have killed her—that isn't done."

And yet his heart smote him as he remembered the terror and distress written on that countenance and the cry for help.

"Something was the matter," memory insisted. "There they go west; west Tenth, Alexander Street, Tenth Avenue—"

The car lumbered on, the cab half a block, often more, in the rear, through endless regions of small shops and offices buddled together above narrow sidewalks, through narrow and winding streets paved with cobblestones and jammed with cars and trucks, squeezing past curbs where dirty children sat playing within a few inches of death-dealing wheels. Hambleton wondered what kept them from being killed by hundreds daily, but the wonder was immediately forgotten in a new subject for thought. The cab had stopped, although several yards of clear road lay ahead of it. The driver was climbing down. The motor-car was nosing its way along nearly a block ahead. Hambleton leaped out.

"Of course, we've broken down?" he mildly inquired. Deep in his heart he was superstitiously thinking that he would let fate determine his next move; if there were obstacles in the way of his further quest, well and good; he would follow the Face no longer.

"If you'll wait just a minute—" the driver was saying, "until I get my kit out—"

But Hambleton, looking ahead, saw that the car had disappeared, and his mind suddenly veered.

"Not this time," he announced. "Here, the meter says four-twenty—one take this, I'm off." He put a five-dollar bill into the hand of the driver and started on an easy run toward the west.

He had caught sight of the smokestacks and masts in the near distance, telling him that the motor-car had almost, if not quite, reached the river. Such a vehicle could not disappear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD ALL THE REQUISITES

Seemingly Extraordinary Essentials Are Needed for the Practice of the Law in Florida.

Will Irwin, the author, was holding forth upon the superiority of California over Florida as a winter resort. "Florida," he said, "is too relaxing. This is due to the fetid air of the swamps."

"There's a story about a young man who was being examined for admission to the Florida bar. The examination ran thus:

"Young man, are you malarial?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you own a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he a good swamp swimmer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, young man, I welcome you to the practice of law in this district."

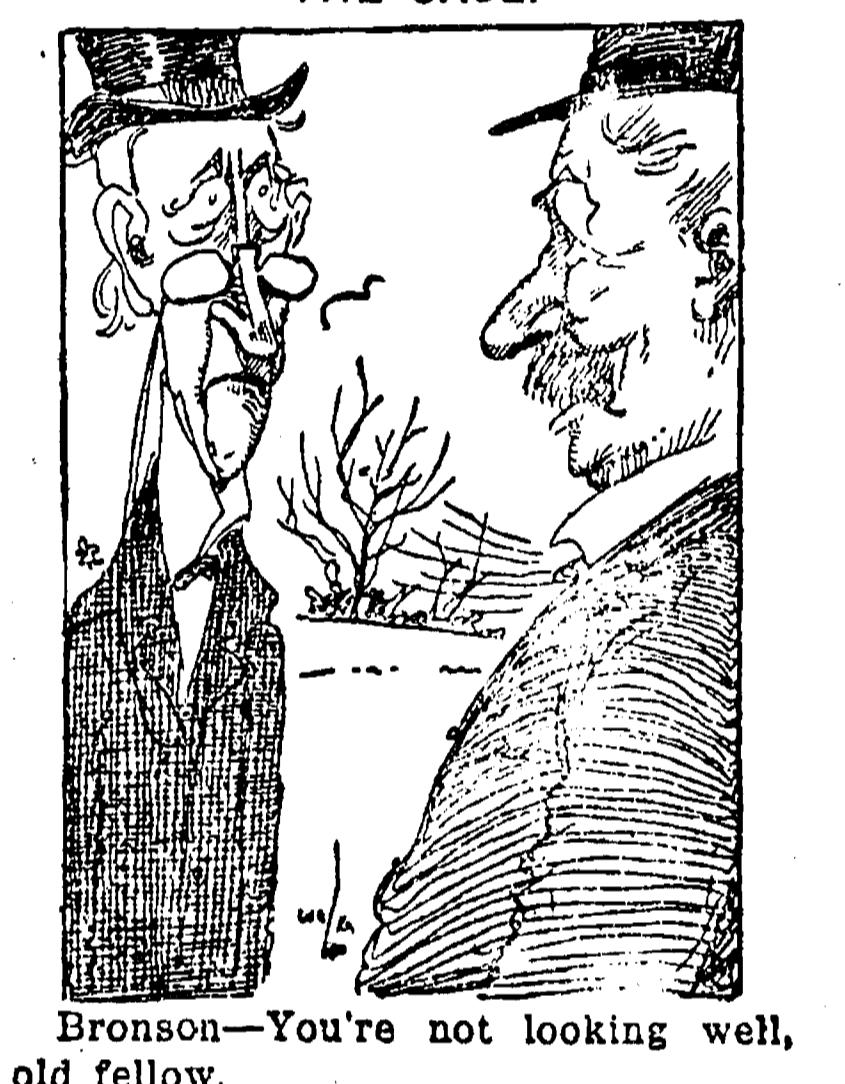
RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment, but nothing helped."

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912.

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

THE CASE.



Woodson—No, indeed. I'm always feeling poorly before Christmas.

No Longer Interested.

Theodore Lane, who resided at the home of his parents, 7349 Clinton avenue, had a toothache the other morning. It was a bad toothache so, and Theodore let the neighborhood know all about it. But when his father got home that evening (this is according to his father) the boy was calm and seemed at peace.

"Has your tooth stopped aching, Ted?" asked Theodore.

"I don't know," answered the youngster.

"Don't know. Why, what do you mean?"

"It's out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Soothine Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels, cure pleurisy, antiseptic for Worms. Used by mothers for 32 years. They are so pleasant to take children like them. FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, 140 W. 3d St., N. Y. ADV.

Deceased.

"Unfortunately the girl in the boat with him when he rocked the boat did not know how to swim."

That was unfortunate.

"For him, yes. You see she clawed him under the surface and stood on his face to keep her head above water."

Lucky Star.

"This is the third time you have been here for food," said the woman at the kitchen door to the tramp.

"Are you always out of work?"

"Yes'm," replied the tramp. "I guess I was born under a lucky star."

Way of Some Ministers.

Bishop W. F. McDowell, Methodist, says some ministers are like some horses—they'll work all right in the lead but will balk when placed elsewhere.

Her Dancing Nights.

"Is your wife fond of dancing?"

Baking Made Almost Automatic
Science has done many wonderful things in the way of lightening kitchen-work, but possibly the most welcome of its many achievements is the preparation of a baking powder that makes baking almost automatic.

This wonderful baking powder is known as Calumet Baking Powder.

Are you perhaps know from your own experience that it is largely a matter of "luck"? If you buy a powder happens to be just right, your baking will be good. But if it varies in quality or in strength, as so many baking powders do, your baking is more than likely to be ruined.

Calumet Baking Powder puts a stop to the dependence on "luck." With it, all quickly-raised foods can be made without the slightest trouble—made pure and wholesome and tasty. For Calumet itself is pure in the can and in the baking—and so uniform in quality, so carefully prepared, that failures are impossible. You can judge of its purity, too, when you know that it has been given the highest awards at two World's Pure Food Expositions—one at Chicago in 1907 and the other at Paris, France, last March. Adv.

THE ONLY WAY.



Orville Stoute—Have I my slippers or my shoes on, Maria?

Mrs. Stoute—Take 'em off and see for yourself.

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INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE, SALLOW SKIN.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Frank Wood

ALBERTA
THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF CATTLE.

For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) was the Big Beef State. Now, however, of these ranches today are immense grain fields, and the cattle raising is giving place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax; the character of the people is changing, wealth, but it has increased the price of live stock.

Now is a splendid opportunity to get a

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a premium) in the newer districts and produces either wheat or grain. The climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets are numerous, and transportation facilities are complete.

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AT THE YEAR'S END.

HAT fixed the time for the ending of one year and the beginning of another? More light. In the countries where winter is cold and dark and grim the severest weather comes after the old year goes. It was in less biting air, but in increasing light, that the proof was found of the "turn of the year."

The dead year is often buried to the dirge of winter's most bitter winds. The frost is going deeper, when the season is normal. Nature's sleep is most profound. There is only one sign that the sun has turned and is coming back. That evidence is a little more daylight, a little less of the darkness of night.

But more light is enough. It makes the change a time of joy, of new hopes and more confident turning to the future. There is the promise of spring in the added light of the day and the promise of growing good and retreating evil in the coming of the new year.

It means that mankind has another chance for better things. It gives hope of a new foothold and endeavor to a fresh start. The world is invited to turn its back on the mistakes and sins and troubles of the past and look to the ever-wonderful possibilities of the unknown time to come.

There is the charm and joy of New Year's. In that revival of drooping confidence, in that lure of the infinite, lies the appeal of the day which is always greeted with enthusiasm, no matter how many generations have seen the hopes of the year's birth wither before its death. After many failures success may come. Who knows?

That is the magic question—"Who knows?" The world gains from year to year in a thousand little things, and sometimes a great evil long endured goes crashing down. Who can say what the limit of triumph may be in the better times to come?

For the world, like every young year, is getting more light. It has more of the sunshine of truth, more of the life-giving rays of knowledge. If they seem cold and sterile, at times, it is because humanity's year is still young. "We are ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times."

This increasing light of knowledge, this brighter beacon to guide the steps of mankind, must flower and fruit in richer gains than humanity has yet won. It is an accumulating force, like the warmth which the sun gives the earth in spring.

The thinkers and dreamers of the world know that this is so. They are inspired by the consciousness that with growing knowledge there must come increased power and higher wisdom to direct and control it for the help and uplifting of mankind.

The faith sees the life and growth, the color and warmth of spring, in the lengthening days of winter. They perceive that the world of men and women, and of the children, too, though still far from the full tide of its summer, is already well into the long new year of the human family. They are as certain of the spring for all mankind as they are that January will pass and May will come.

It is a mistake to reflect too much upon the past. It has its lessons, but the learning of them should not so absorb our attention as to preclude us from incorporating them into our daily life, transmuting the memory and experience into the gold of useful practicality and ready work that yields results.

Introspection was getting so insistently a habit of the New Year that we are beginning to forget it was but a means to an end—the reflective porch to the large and spacious chamber of lofty resolve and accomplishment. We fancy sometimes that a faint suggestion of maudlin sentiment crept into the self-analysis, converting what should have proved a stepping stone to higher planes of activity into a mere purgatory of self-abnegation ending in a cul-de-sac. We want to make our reflection an avenue that leads through paths of earnest thought to the high tablelands of glorious endeavor and achievement. The soul itself must be utilitarian and not waste itself in unprofitable penance.

What has the year accomplished for womanhood? There has unquestionably been a remarkable renaissance of the feminine. Woman has broadened her outlook, established her claim to wider recognition of her talents, impressed public life with her power for good, and raised her physical and mental scale of the sex. Thank God, among the general advancement there is one that is inspiringly reactionary—a reversal to the old veneration for the sanctity of motherhood—the holiest and divinest calling of all, a calling involving great sacrifice, great sorrows, but bringing with it, on the other hand, untold compensating joys.

In the medical profession woman has done well, while in the humbler



ranks of nursing our efficient hospitals tell their own eloquent tale of the labor done by those who "watch the stars out by the bed of pain."

For the large masses of the girlhood and womanhood the arena of commercial life has widened its doors, and evidence is seen on all hands of the efficiency of the new female recruits to the business ranks. Their presence in this great army of strenuous endeavor will tend to purify and strengthen it, and make it worthier than it has ever been before. The prizes are many, but those who do not gain them must not be disheartened. The very striving after them stiffens the fiber. "The athlete matured for the Olympian game gains strength at least for life."

While I have dwelt in this short review of woman's progress on the more expert phases of her career, it must be pointed out that ability is not the be-all and the end-all of woman's existence. It is the great lever that moves things, but another quality is required for the settling down.

Greater than all her accomplishments is her capacity for shedding around her wherever she goes the fragrance of a sweet and beautiful life, and smoothing out the raveled sleeve of care—it is in the belief that she is fully capable of this mission that one looks forward in confidence to the immediate future—a future in which the pulse of vibrant life will throb sympathetically and intellectually to the ultimate benefit of the whole of the community.

Thoughts for New Year

"Resolve and resolve and still go on the same?" Nay! Nay! not so; but rather resolve and with a steadfast purpose without equivocation or mental reservation, harness the firm resolution, the will of your intent to the wagon of your purpose loaded with the dutiful obligations of your everyday life. Obligations to home, to business relations, to the proper demand of your church and social environment, to civic and patriotic responsibilities.

Duties never clash; something is paramount, something worth while. Do that! Be true to thyself, to that conception of that self which raises within you a real sense of self-respect; that self which you admire, to which you aspire; that manhood to which you would attain and toward which energies of mind and will bend, never loosing the call of the vision. Before all men honorable—a high sense of honor is a well spring of conscious joy and a reservoir of power to the possessor.

The looking-glass of yourself often may discourage you, but it is the consciousness of what you ought to be, and the desire to attain, laying aside every weight or hindrance and running with patience the race you have set before you. Never stop the cry of your soul, your real self, to the call of the unreached goal.

The poets with their wide and deep discernment oftentimes sing truly of the soul cry and its evolution into an abundant life.

Lowell:

Of all the myriad words of mind
That through the soul come strong!
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind?
So beautiful as longing?

The thing we long for that we are
For one transcendent moment
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Tennyson:

O for a man to rise in me
That the man that I am
May cease to be.

Holmes:

Build thee more stately mansions O my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free.
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

With every business item and relation be honest, and fundamentally, by

word of mouth, truthful. "Ah what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive." A lie seldom travels alone. It weaves a web, in the meshes thereof sooner or later we are humiliated. The truth alone is courageous, and courage is a manly virtue. A lying tongue is the curse of a habit grafted on a cowardly nature.

A individual is not honest with himself or honorable in his dealings with his fellow because he is not willing to face the unvarnished fact or bear the brunt and burden which justly is his; a responsibility only made irksome by his cowardly lie whereby he would shift the burden and stand behind the veneer of an assumption or false position. Fear not, the man within you will work out if you will it so; be encouraged, undismayed, pressing on, you become conscious that, having done your part, it is due to arrive.

Be not discouraged, fellow wayfarer. Yield to that man within you, whose insatiable longing is the inspiration that shall bring the nobler self to being; the self that now chafes at limitations; that opens the windows through which you see the visions of your undying hope, though distant yet existent, and yours to obtain; if you will but hold your straight-way course.

Laugh at Your Burden.

Most of us are bending under the burden of some great load. It may be care, it may be disappointment, it may be injustice, it may be physical pain or spiritual discouragement, but it is heavy. Often it seems heavier than we can bear and we cry out and protest. These burdens are very real but really they are not half as big and heavy as we make them, declares a writer in the Universalist Leader. We have had them upon our shoulders entirely out of our sight, so long that they have been magnified by imagination or weariness or impatience, until they seem unbearable. Now, then whatever your burden may be, however long you have been carrying it and however proud you may have become of your self-imposed martyrdom just take your burden down and look at it honestly, and you will be surprised how it has dwindled away while you have been magnifying it in your mind. Look at it frankly and fearlessly and in nine cases out of ten will your tears be turned to laughter and your sighing into song.

Most Famous City in History.

The one spot which more than any other has controlled the history of Europe lies, strangely enough, not in Europe itself, but in Asia. For the possession of the site where Christ "suffered, was buried and rose again," more blood has been shed than for any other. An immense number of lives were laid down during the Crusades; and for 600 years before the Crusades, and even to the present time, a constant stream of pilgrims has poured into Jerusalem to worship at the spot made sacred by the crucifixion of Christ. From the fourth century after Christ until 50 years ago this site was generally conceded to be within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Now two sites dispute the claim of being the actual Golgotha. This latter claimant is known as "Gordon's Calvary," though to an American, Dr. Harlan P. Beach, of Yale university, is due the actual discovery of it. General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, having first secured it for general recognition.—Christian Herald.

Too Strenuous Plan of Teaching.

"Once upon a time, many years ago," says the Western School Journal, "this editor visited a school in which the teacher in the grammar class tried to illustrate every verb by appropriate actions. Thus the verb run was pictured in a scampander around the schoolroom; the verb strike took form on a boy's back. 'But,' remarked the visitor, 'what are you going to do with the verb lie (to tell an untruth)?' You surely wouldn't ask the children to lie, and when the verb howl is in the lesson would you bid them howl?" She had never thought of that, but the absurdity of her method seemed visible to her. We hope so."

Patent Medicine.

Calumet Baking Powder.

Castor Oil.

Gregory Gazette

Published every Saturday morning by
R. W. CAVELRY, Pinckney, Mich.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year in advance.....\$1.00

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

Starting Jan. 1st, the Fowlerville Standard will be issued twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays.

Hon. S. H. Munset of Howell township has a heifer he is proud of on account the result of testing at his farm recently. Her name is Houwtje Mechtihilde Calamity Wayne 2nd, and at 2 yrs. and 24 days old, she gave 353.8 lbs. of milk and 19.125 pound of butter in seven days. This record has only been equalled by a two year old heifer, by one of W. K. Sexton's.

Can you beat this? James Shaft the man who put the Shaft in Shaftsbury, owns a farm near Perry and according to his own statement, employs a tenant who works it on shares each furnishing half the seed and the crops are divided equally. A short time ago the stork left a pair of lively twins at the farm and now Jim claims one of them. According to the existing contract he insists he that he is entitled to half the crop and this is no exception—Tradesman.

Pneumonia is the king of all diseases in Michigan when it comes to fatalities. It cost a total of 2,164 lives in the first ten months of 1912. Tuberculosis was a close second with 1,870 and cancer was next with 1,796. Measles were the mildest disease with 79 fatalities. There were 483 deaths from typhoid fever, which is the lowest in twelve years. Epidemics at Marquette and Port Huron helped to make the number larger or a record would have been made that would stand for years.

Automobiles, the luxury of yesterday, are clearly following the usual rule. The statistics of their manufacture and sale show clearly enough that they are today's necessity. This is indicated not alone by the number of motor trucks nor by the decision of cities to abandon horse drawn fire apparatus altogether. It is shown in the fact though last year was one of slack trade, there was no diminution in the number of cars marketed. A pure luxury could have made no such showing. This infant industry, hardly yet in its teens, is now already the fourth industry of the United States in volume. Already it has overflowed in foreign markets to the tune of about \$20,000,000.

Pinckney Locals

Mrs. C. L. Sigler was in Howell last week.

Norma Vaughn was in Hamburg last Friday.

Lee Tiplady was in Gregory last Saturday.

Thos. Cobb of Dexter was in town Monday.

Peter Kent of Howell was in town last week.

Mr. Oliver of Mason is buying fur in this section.

Sadie Harris was a Howell visitor last week.

Floris Moran of Grand Rapids is visiting his people here.

Mrs. Arvilla Place-way is the guest of relatives in Perry.

Joe Place-way is spending Xmas with relatives in Fowlerville.

Dr. W. C. Wylie of Dexter was in town one day the past week.

Miss Backus of Pingree is working at the home of Art Flintoff.

Leo Lavey of Detroit spent Christmas with his parents here.

Miss Kate Brown was a Stockbridge visitor one day the past week.

Kitsey Allison has been clerking for Mrs. Utley during the holidays.

Miss Garrity of Stockbridge spent Sunday with Mrs. M. J. Farley.

Ellie Blair of Iosco spent the fore part of the week at the home of Geo. Green.

Harry Warner and family of Jackson are visiting at the home of S. G. Teeple.

Sheriff Wm. Stoddard and under-sheriff John Stoddard were in town Saturday.

Mrs. George Docking of Hamburg spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Ben White and wife spent the first of the week at the home of Mrs. L. A. Devereaux.

Mrs. C. Lynch and daughters, Mary and Bernardine and Helen Monks were in Jackson Saturday.

Mrs. Dede Hinckley of Minneapolis, Minn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hinckley.

Miss Laura Lavey of Whiting, Indiana is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lavey.

Christmas exercises were held at the Congregational and Methodist churches Monday evening. A large crowd attended both churches.

Jas. Smith left last Thursday for Richmond, Virginia to spend the balance of the winter with Richard Baker. During his absence George M. Greiner, overseer of highways, will act as highway commissioner.

The play, "Dust of the Earth" will be presented at the Pinckney Opera House, Thursday evening January 2, under auspices of the St. Mary's church of this place. Watch for cast of characters, etc. in next weeks issue of the Dispatch.

Norma Curlett of Mayville is visiting her parents.

Rev. Fr. Coyle was in Howell and Dexter last week.

Ed Farnam was in Millville and Gregory last week.

Mrs. A. M. Utley was in Detroit on business last Friday.

Miss Lulu Benham of Ypsilanti is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Clarence Stackable and son spent Sunday with relatives here.

Wm. Baird of Dresden, Ontario transacted business here the past week.

Jas. Tiplady of Detroit is spending the holidays with relatives here.

Irving Johnson of Webster was in town on business one day last week.

Mrs. Edna Maxwell of Eay City is visiting at home of C. V. Van Winkle.

Mrs. Jas. Roche was the guest of friends and relatives in Howell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Younglove of Detroit are visiting his parents near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McDougal and daughter, Hazel, were Jackson callers Saturday.

Mrs. George Reason is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Harland of Marquette Mich.

Miss Leona Heine is spending her holiday vacation at her home in Mt. Clemens.

Miss Fanny Swarthout of Big Rapids is spending a short time at the home of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Job VanHorn were guests of friends and relatives in Howell Saturday.

Ella Clare McClusky of Ypsilanti is spending her vacation at the home of her parents.

Fred Lake and wife spent the first of the week at the home of R. W. Lake of Chelsea.

Mrs. Agnes Harris who has been visiting relatives at Eaton Rapids returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Williston are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Allyn of North Lake.

Alice Roche of St. Joseph's Academy of Adrian is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Roche.

Miss Clara Dunn of Chicago is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dunn.

Chas. Smoyer, wife and two children of Akron, Ohio are spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Read.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Jeffreys of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. R. Chandler and daughter Irene, of Lansing are visiting at the home of John Jeffreys.

G. A. Sigler of Ann Arbor started Monday on a trip to Scranton, Pennsylvania where he will spend a few days looking after the interests of Ayers & Chase in the coal fields. Messrs. Ayers & Chase are one of the largest firms in the state now operating in coals.

Last Thursday evening about dark, loud appeals for assistance from a man apparently in deep distress startled the citizens of this village. The sounds appeared to come from the direction of the cemetery across the pond and after considerable surmising as to the origin of the sounds a number of young men started out to investigate the disturbance. Entering the place they found Chas. Carroll who appeared to be demented pleading to a bush for mercy. He was persuaded to return to town with them where as he seemed to be sane enough he was allowed to go home. Saturday while at the farm house of N. F. Knight on the Reeves farm he became violently insane, so alarming the people in that section that the sheriff was summoned and he was removed to the jail at Howell where he will be held until it is determined what shall be done with him.

BULB WORM OR STEM MAGGOT

Little Pest Works Its Way Down Into Crown of Wheat Plant and Causes Much Damage.

The wheat bulb worm or stem maggot causes much damage in the wheat field. These little green worms change to a pupal form in April and May, becoming little yellow flies, much resembling a small housefly, in June. These flies lay their eggs on the upper wheat leaves. The eggs hatch into the little greenish-white worms with the small black feeding hook at one end. These worms crawl down the wheat leaf and feed on the stalk, causing the part of the stalk above where they are feeding to turn white. This brood of worms stays in the straw till July or August, when it changes into another brood of flies. The flies, by laying eggs on volunteer wheat and on grasses, produce another brood of flies by September or October. It is this third brood that laid the eggs which hatched into the little green worms we speak of. This brood of worms does damage by working its way down into the crown of the wheat plant, often cutting off the central stem and in this way causing considerable damage.

If it were not for the numerous parasitic enemies of this wheat pest, it might become more dangerous than the Hessian fly, which it resembles very much in its general habits. In one respect it is even worse than the Hessian fly, in that it can feed on many other grasses beside wheat. There are few practical measures of controlling the pest. Rotation of crops and late planting of winter wheat are not as effective as with Hessian fly.

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It is becoming more and more evident to farmers and those interested in good country roads that a more lasting material than earth or the ordinary macadam must be used. Near Coshocton, O., two concrete roads have been built which have successfully withstood one severe winter and show no wear either from traffic or weather.

The first view shows a 10-foot concrete strip laid on the old roadbed. The second shows an 18-foot strip of the full width of the road. The latter joins the macadam road which is deeply worn and rutted. Concrete in the first case replaced block stone road, which had given away under heavy floods and travel, and the other, a limestone macadam road, whose life was only one year, due to heavy traffic. At present the 18-foot strip road carries all travel from the concrete road and also from another brick road and shows much less wear than the brick.

A country road which cannot become muddy, which will give at all times a secure footing for horses and which will need little or no repairs, would be the greatest improvement in farm conditions that has been made in recent years. Concrete seems to be the only material combining these qualities with low cost. A decade from now, our country roads of concrete may equal our city pavements in efficiency under all conditions of weather.

Good Roads & Farm Notes

Don't forget to plant a few pumpkin seeds.

A weedy pasture is an unprofitable place of property.

A weedless cornfield is the sign of a farmer who is proud of his calling.

Alfalfa may be put into the silo, and it produces a fair quality of silage.

Celery may be transplanted to the garden any time from May 25 to July 1.

Rape is one of the best annual forage crops for temporary spring and fall pasture.

Hen manure is an excellent fertilizer, but it is not the thing for the potato ground.

The hired man who gets up in the morning without being called is worth hanging on to.

A fanning mill will move than pay for itself in one year on any 100 acres of land farmed.

The main thing is to decide to build a silo. After that you can begin to think about the kind.

Rape or rape with the small grains for pasture offers an opportunity to save much hay and fodder.



For Sale by All Druggists

Firms Must Register

At County Clerk's Office

Here's a mixup. Over at Howell, two cases have been decided in justice court which have caused merchants to scratch gravel for county clerk's office to get registered. A firm at Oak Grove sought to collect a bill against a customer. The prosecution pro-posed to tell its sad, sad story when the attorney for the de-fense jumped up and sprung a surprise. Says he, sarcastically, "This firm has not complied with the law and filed a list of its members with their respective county clerk."

Edward Dingman to Eliza Sawyer. The judge scratched his head, yester, 40 acres in Conway for \$2800. Conrad Webber to Richard Herbst, 40 acres in Genoa for \$900. Louise Brearley to Francis J. Hart to Clarence W. Hartley, cottage lot in Deerfield for \$100.

Chubal Moore to Orange V. Backus and wife, land in Marion for \$550.

John Bergin to John V. O'Connor, 80 acres in Oceola for \$3600.

Louis Brearley to Francis J. Hart to Clarence W. Hartley, cottage lot in Deerfield for \$100.

Miner Bergin to Ernest Krauss, 160 acres in Oceola for \$10,000.

Susan M. Parson to Freeley E. and Harry H. Calkins, lots in Fowlerville for \$1750.

NORTH HAMBURG.

The Oyster supper and Sale at Clyde Dunning's was a success and all reported an enjoyable time.

Miss Clara Carpenter is home from Owosso.

Alexander Kidd of Detroit is visiting sister, Mrs. Clyde Dunning.

Ralph Bennett was a Pinckney caller Saturday.

The Christmas exercises at the Cadet school Friday evening were pronounced a success by all who attended.

Mark Nash is on the sick list.

Richard Haddock and wife visited at Wm. Peters Sunday.

WEST PUTNAM.

Mary E. Doyle visited friends and relatives in Fowlerville the past week.

Walter Collins of Marion has been visiting at the home of John Chalker.

George Bullard of South Lyon was a recent visitor at the home of Harry Isham.

W. H. Leland and family were Jackson visitors recently.

Marta VanBlaricum of Pinckney spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. B. VanBlaricum.

Mrs. J. M. Harris and daughter, Sadie, were Howell visitors one day last week.

Wm. Meyers spent several days last week with relatives in Ann Arbor.

Ben Isham and daughter, Vera, of Chelsea are visiting at home of Harry Isham.

Elmer Glenn and wife transacted business in Ann Arbor recently.

Miss Josephine Harris of Dundee is spending her holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Harris.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual meeting of the Livingston County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, for the election of officers and for the transaction of other business as may legally come before it will be held at the court house in the village of Howell, in said county, on Tuesday the 7th. Day of January, A. D. 1913 at 1:00 o'clock p. m. Dated Howell, Mich. December 16 1912. W. J. Larkin, Secretary

Notice To Taxpayers

I will be at the bank in Gregory every Wednesday until Jan 12, 1913, at Unadilla Tuesday Dec. 17 and Tuesday Dec. 31 and at Plainfield Thursday, Dec. 19 and Thursday, Jan. 2 to receive taxes.

Adelbert Brearley, Twp. Treas

W. J. WRIGHT