

GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Saturday, August 3, 1912

No. 10



Lemons are sour is Courtland Sweet?

Dr. goes will he Wright from New York?

Allie May Drowns would Orla Gallup?

The baby cried would Allie Harker?

Gregory had a dance would David Hannewald.

James Stackable had a balky mare would Elizabeth Driver?

The above daffodils were contributed and if any of our readers can think of some more good ones we would be pleased to publish them.

Mrs. Charles Woodruff spent Sunday with Mrs. Gates.

W. J. Buhl and wife were Detroit visitors Wednesday.

A large number from here attended the Stockbridge homecoming last Thursday and Friday.

LOCAL NOTES

It is said that Plymouth has 80 automobiles.

Wm. Willard left Wednesday evening for a visit in the East.

Mrs. Jas. Gregory of Mason is visiting her daughter, Agnes Arnold.

Edgar Sayles of Stockbridge visited at F. C. Montague's last week.

Junia Rae Brotherton is helping Mrs. Daniels with her household.

The annual German Day celebration will be held in Marshall August 15.

L. Gallup has a field of corn which will be ready to cut by the last of August.

The labor organizations of Jackson have decided to erect a \$40,000 temple for their use in that city.

Fred Jacobs and family were in town Sunday.

Miss Kate Leek has been visiting Bessie Howlett.

J. M. Crossman is spending a few days at his farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Conk spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mr. Swarthout has been suffering with the neuralgia.

Mrs. Jane Jacobs and Mrs. Harry Jacobs were in Stockbridge last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Abbott of Howell are visiting at F. A. Howlett's.

Kathryn Driver visited her sisters last week at the home of J. S. Stackable.

Stockbridge has a new depot to replace the one destroyed by fire some time ago.

R. C. Arnold arrived home from Perry Wednesday after spending several days there.

Mrs. Vancie Arnold has returned home from Perry where she has been for several weeks.

The new state road is progressing nicely under the supervision of Commissioner Jas. Livermore.

O. A. Carr and wife of Fowlerville visited at the home of Otto and Geo. Arnold Tuesday and Wednesday.

We are sorry that we were unable to secure any Unadilla items this week but promise hereafter to publish them every week.

Mrs. Harriet Bland who has been spending some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Buhl, returned home Saturday.

Brighton claims to have a man who holds all records for getting left. He is H. W. Pinney and he missed three trains in one day.

Chas. Bullis and wife and Arthur Bullis and wife attended the Cadillac at Detroit last week and brought home many beautiful souvenirs.

The Brighton Home-Coming committee is considering the shutting out of outside restaurant and ice cream dealers during the Home-Coming for the protection of the local dealers.

Mrs. Sheets attended the picnic at Joslyn Lake and is spending a few days with Mrs. Dewey. She is one of the oldest inhabitants in these parts being long past eighty years old but still able to keep house for herself and son.

The republican state convention has been called to meet in Detroit Tuesday, September 24 for the purpose of nominating candidates for secretary of state, state treasurer, attorney general, commissioner of the state land office and justice of the supreme court to fill vacancy, the term ending December 31 1913. Livingston county is entitled to 16 delegates.

The Baptist Sunday School picnic held at Joslyn Lake last Tuesday would have been the best ever held if it had not been for the rain which somewhat dampened the ardor of the picnickers. The dinner was delicious and boat riding and swimming were enjoyed by many. The children wish to thank Messrs. Marsh, Buhl, Ayrault and Howlett for their kindness in conveying them to and from the Lake in their autos.

The prosperity of a town is not gauged by the wealth of its inhabitants, but by the uniformity of job they pull together.

A man undertakes his

at his

Paul McClear is working in Detroit.

Rutha Brotherton is visiting in Dansville.

Miss Edna Leek is visiting at Harry Singleton's.

Vet Bullis and family of Unadilla spent Sunday here.

Myna and Glenn Marlett spent Sunday with Audrey Faazier.

Kathryn Leek of Munith spent last week with Myra Singleton.

T. P. McClear and wife spent several days last week in Detroit.

Mrs. Eugene McClear was in Stockbridge one day last week.

John Gifford of Stockbridge has been selling rings around town.

Dr. Wright and wife have left for an extended automobile trip.

Fred Grieve of near Plainfield has purchased a Haynes touring car.

Cal Platt has moved his family from Williamsville northeast of town.

The Singleton girls and the Kuhns picnicked at Joslyn Lake Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. DuBoise have been entertaining their daughters, Grace and Donnabella.

A ball game was held on Harry Read's field Sunday between Gregory and Plainfield.

S. A. Denton and wife attended the Thompson-Barton wedding at Durand recently.

Daisy Brotherton has returned home from a trip to Canada, Niagara Falls and Cleveland.

Fenton has put into effect the curfew law and at nine o'clock p. m. all youths have to be off the streets.

Mr. Bowen and family entertained the following company this week: C. Calkins, wife and son, L. C. of South Lyon and Ralph Lamson and wife from Flint.

Alex Montague of Chicago, a student at Cornell University and his sister, Marjorie, a student at Leland Stanford University visited relatives in this vicinity last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kuhn, Genevieve, Norine, Maude and Paul Kuhn returned home last week from a visit with relatives in Northern Michigan. They made the trip in their auto.

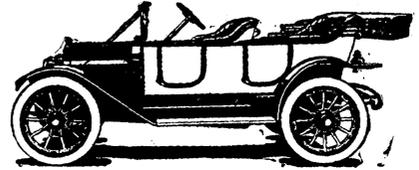
Please do not lose sight of the fact that a woman's suffrage campaign will also be waged in Michigan this fall. With all these things on hand during the coming campaign, life ought to be worth living in the peninsula state.

Last Thursday Hirth & Wheeler put shoes on a horse which was 33 years old. This was the first time the animal had ever been shod. The horse is sound and in first class condition and to many it would be taken for a much younger animal.—Chelsea Standard.

There are many people who do not understand the fact that post cards with cloth attachments require two cent's postage instead of one when a message is written on them. Many come into the postoffice with only a one cent stamp and in every case the addressee is notified of insufficient postage.

The east and west sides of Gregory expect to pull off a ball game shortly. The east side will consist of F. H. Howlett, M. E. Kuhn, Roy Rice, Dan Denton, H. Munsell, A. J. Brearley, John McClear, and Will Buhl, while the west side will be composed of H. Marshall, Howlett, C. Bollinger, F. Ayrault, P. Kuhn, G. Kuhn, H. Jacobo, and N. Bullis.

at his



See This Car and You'll Understand Its Popularity

When you see the Cartercar gliding along, noiselessly, over any road you'll see why its drivers are so enthusiastic.

The friction transmission is controlled with one lever. It gives any number of speeds. There are no gears—just a fibre faced wheel running against a friction disc. This eliminates jerks in starting. This remarkable simplicity makes disorders practically impossible.

This transmission gives a pulling power that will take the car easily through bad, muddy and sandy roads and even up 50 per cent grades.

With the chain in oil drive there is no waste of power. The self starter makes starting easy. Three strong brakes give absolute safety under any conditions. Many other features just as good.

Model "H" Touring Car \$1200; Model "R" Touring Car, Roadster and Coupe, completely equipped, \$1500 to \$1700; Model "S" Touring Car, seven passenger, completely equipped, \$2100. Let us send you catalogue giving full information.

T. H. HOWLETT, Agent

Gregory, Michigan

A GREAT Summer Sale

All Light Percaloes - 7c per yd.

All Light Gingham - 8 1/2c per yd.

All Oxfords, Sandals and Pumps
20 per cent Discount

Saturday Special

5 Qt. Enameled Preserve Kettles For 10c

Not More Than One To Each Family

AYRAULT & BOLLINGER.

GREGORY, MICH.

Hot Tired Perspiring Played Out

That's what ails you?

Cool Healthful Refreshing Invigorating

You need something

You will find it at our

... **SODA FOUNTAIN** ...

Confessionary, Cigars and Tobacco of all Kinds

Make our store your headquarters when in town

L. N. McCLEER, Gregory

Summer Goods at Reduced Prices

For This Month We Offer the Following at Greatly Reduced Prices

Ladies white waists, skirts, thin dress goods, house dresses, aprons, underwear, boy's waists, hose, oxfords, shoes.

Men's blue serge and light weight wool trousers, straw hats, shirts with soft collars and cuffs to match, slip-on coats, oxfords, work shoes, the celebrated "Detroit" felled seam pant overalls, Poros-Knit underwear.

Fresh Groceries, Fruits, Candies, Cigars, Baked Goods always at the right price and quality.

Bring in your Butter and Eggs

Will pay you the highest price, in cash, for Huckleberries

F. A. HOWLETT, Gregory

OUR MOTTO—Live and Let Live

S. A. DENTON, GREGORY

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, GENTS FURNISHINGS, FRUITS, NOTIONS, ETC.

A GREAT "BIT"

FOR A LITTLE BIT OF MONEY

We make a special effort to make our Pronon's money reach as far as possible and in order to do this we have to exercise care in buying just what is needed in the home. Besides, we are careful to keep the best quality of everything. Come in and see us.

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

S. A. DENTON



HAPPENINGS OF A WEEK

Latest News Told
in Briefest and
Best Form.

Washington

The beef trust, which the government has fought for ten years, is no longer in existence in the opinion of the department of justice. Attorney General Wickersham has accepted the plan proposed by the packers for the voluntary dissolution of the National Packing company, a holding concern owned by the Morris, Swift and Armour packing companies.

Democrats and insurgents united in the senate and by a vote of 36 to 18 passed the Democratic excise tax bill, extending the present tax on corporations to the business of individuals, private firms and co-partnerships. Attached to the measure were amendments for the repeal of the Canadian reciprocity law and the fixing of a 22 per cent tariff on print paper, and for the establishment of a permanent non-partisan tariff commission.

The United States senate defeated the Cummins wool tariff bill by 34 to 32, adopted the Penrose compromise measure and finally passed the La Follette wool bill of 1911 by a vote of 48 to 20, the Democrats and insurgents voting together.

George R. Sheldon of New York, treasurer of the Republican national committee, testifying before the senate committee investigating the source of campaign funds, flatly denied that President Roosevelt knew anything about the Harriman contribution of \$250,000 to the campaign fund of 1904. He further declared that no such contribution was ever made.

Confident the troubles in Cuba, at an end, the navy department gave orders that all marines at Guantanamo, with the exception of 100 which will be maintained there as a permanent garrison, be returned to their home posts in the United States.

By a vote of 70 to 62 the Democratic members of the house in caucus decided to oppose the authorization of any battleships at the present session of congress.

The sundry civil appropriation bill, carrying approximately \$116,000,000 for the support of various bureaus and branches of the government, passed the United States senate. It contains increases of about \$6,000,000 over the appropriations authorized by the house.

The Alaskan civil government bill, establishing a legislature of one house in the territory, with authority to enact local laws, passed the senate in Washington with practically no opposition. The house has passed the bill, but a conference will be necessary to adjust differences.

John Mitchell, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, was sentenced in the District of Columbia supreme court to nine months' imprisonment for contempt of court growing out of the Bucks Stove and Range company case.

Domestic

Frederick P. Vose of Chicago was elected president at the final session at Colorado Springs of the Commercial Law League of America convention.

As the result of his refusal to resign at the request of Secretary MacVeagh, Joseph O. Thompson was removed as collector of internal revenue for Alabama and Mississippi, with headquarters at Birmingham.

Eight aldermen and the secretary of a common council committee were placed under arrest at Detroit on charges of accepting bribes and conspiracy to accept a bribe for their vote and influence in the passing of a measure affecting city property recently transferred to the Wabash railroad. At least six other arrests of aldermen are expected.

With the body of his father at his home at Pine Island, Mich., a nation wide search is being made for Bruce G. Dickey, director of the mint in Paris when American officials endeavored to re-establish the finances of that country.

Stain and thrown into the Calumet river by thugs, the body of P. R. Holland, a private detective employed as watchman on a nonunion tugboat near Chicago, who disappeared the first night he was assigned to work, was found floating in the river.

SIX PERSONS KILLED IN AUTO WRECK

MACHINE CONTAINING MICHIGAN PEOPLE STRUCK BY FAST TRAIN NEAR TOLEDO.

VICTIMS ARE WELL KNOWN RESIDENTS OF LA SALLE.

The Automobile Was Demolished and the Bodies of the Victims Were Strwn Along the Track for One Hundred Feet.

A mob of masked men attacked Deputy Sheriffs N. J. Parker and J. M. Smithson a few miles south of Dolomite, a mining camp near Birmingham, Ala., overpowered the deputies and beat the deputies' prisoner, Jim Weason, into insensibility. The nine-year-old daughter of Weason, a miner, had dragged herself into Dolomite and charged her father had come home enraged and for some trivial offense had beaten her.

The body of a man found floating in East river under the Brooklyn bridge by seamen from the Brooklyn navy yard was identified later as that of Abraham D. Harris, a well-known theatrical man, formerly treasurer of the Globe theater, New York. Mr. Harris recently had suffered from aphasia.

During a general riot on Paint creek, near Mucklow, W. Va., where several thousand miners have been on strike since spring, William Springer, a detective, and William Phaup, head of the detective forces in the coal fields, were fired upon by armed miners. Springer was killed and Phaup seriously injured.

Two white men—George Sheldon and John Bailey—were hanged at Nashville, Tenn., for the murder of Ben Pettigrew, an old negro, and his two children.

Harry K. Thaw, in the eyes of the law, is still insane and must remain in Matteawan asylum, where he was placed on February 1, 1908, after he had killed Stanford White. Justice Martin J. Keogh of the New York supreme court denied Thaw's application for freedom, taking the ground that Thaw's release would be dangerous to public safety.

John D. Rockefeller is making determined efforts to stop the advance of business into the private residence district of New York where his city house is located. For a long time retail trade has been moving slowly up Fifty-fourth street, toward the Rockefeller home, but the Rockefeller agents have been bidding in every parcel that was offered for sale at a price higher than the business buyer cared to pay.

The aftermath of the great floods bringing out the facts that sixty-one lives were claimed by cloudbursts in southwest Pennsylvania and West Virginia and hundreds of homes and business houses destroyed. Unfontown, Pa., leads the list of known dead with fifteen.

Dynamite placed on the rails exploded under a street car in Boston, wrecking the car, injuring two passengers and frightening 80 others.

Peary's arctic ship, the Roosevelt, was sold under the hammer in New York for \$35,200, to H. E. J. McDermott, representing a concern, the name of which he declined to give.

William Lorimer was received with a demonstration on his arrival in Chicago from Washington. Bands played, and a big crowd of his admirers blocked the streets leading to the Union station. More than a hundred automobiles lined up in the parade that escorted Mr. Lorimer to Orchestra hall, where a big welcome home celebration was held.

Mrs. F. A. Wilcox, who was tower operator at Western Springs; Frank Woodworth, flagman, and E. H. Bronson, engineer who lost his life, were held responsible for the wreck on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad at Western Springs on July 14, in which 13 persons lost their lives, is a verdict returned by the coroner's jury at Chicago.

About 500 delegates from Minnesota and northern Wisconsin attended the annual convention of the Vasa order held in Duluth, Minn. The annual banquet was served by members of Sophia lodge, ladies' auxiliary.

William L. Bullock of Corsicana, Tex., a midshipman of six years' standing at the Annapolis naval academy, was killed in falling from the top of the mainmast of the Hartford to the deck. His neck was broken.

Foreign

The French ministry of the interior has issued a decree expelling from France Walter Thornton Lewis of Shelbyville, Ill., and Frederick M. Shibley of Peoria, on the charge that they induced employes of a firm manufacturing roulette wheels to give them the wheels before delivery to casinos at fashionable French watering places for the purpose of tampering with them.

The Melbourne correspondent of the London Chronicle learns that while the attorney general, William M. Hughes, is convinced the American beef combination is establishing itself in Australia, the government is powerless to intervene.

Violent speeches were the response of the Turkish chamber of deputies to a demand of the military league that the chamber dissolve within forty-eight hours.

Politics

Nathan Merriam, one of the delegates at large from Nebraska to the Republican national convention, in a letter to Lafayette B. Gleason, secretary of the convention, declined to act as member of the committee to notify Taft of his renomination.

SIX PERSONS KILLED IN AUTO WRECK

MACHINE CONTAINING MICHIGAN PEOPLE STRUCK BY FAST TRAIN NEAR TOLEDO.

VICTIMS ARE WELL KNOWN RESIDENTS OF LA SALLE.

The Automobile Was Demolished and the Bodies of the Victims Were Strwn Along the Track for One Hundred Feet.

Six persons were killed and two fatally injured Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock just south of Alexis, Mich., when a Lake Shore & Michigan Southern train from Detroit due in Toledo at 20 o'clock struck an automobile containing nine people. Two women, a man and three boys were killed outright. Their bodies were horribly mutilated.

The accident happened on a grade crossing. The view of the railroad tracks was obscured by a corn field. The occupants of the machine did not see the train seemingly, until they were directly on the track, and it was too late.

The automobile was struck directly in the center. It was demolished and the bodies of the victims were strewn along the right of way for a distance of 100 feet. Engineer Sunley checked his train as soon as possible and the victims were placed in the baggage car. Many of the passengers on the train who assisted in the rescue were overcome.

All the passengers in the automobile with the exception of the smallest child, were unconscious when picked up by the passengers and train crew. Some of them breathed their last as they were lifted into the baggage car.

Navy Exhibit at State Fair.

State Fair officials have been notified that the United States Navy department is preparing an exhibit for the Michigan State Fair during the week of Sept. 16.

The exhibit will consist of several working models of the U. S. Battleships, Florida and Oregon, the Old Maine; the torpedo boats Decatur and Holland and the Cruiser Salem.

There will be an electrical exhibit including the latest wireless apparatus and electrical devices now used in the Navy. The floor space required for this exhibit will be about 450 feet.

An exhibit from the Artificer's school will consist of one complete boat outfit; shuttle butts, easel blocks assorted, blacksmith's outfit and all the different kinds and sizes of lead and brass pipes used in this school to instruct marines.

The seamen gunner exhibit consisting of forging, castings, models of field guns and cannons, also samples of smooth bore guns of large and small caliber mounted on gun carriages will require a space of 300 feet.

There will also be an exhibit from the Machinist's school, but the details have not been received.

The entire exhibit will be under the supervision of Lieut. H. E. S. Wallace, U. S. N.

Mitchell Given Nine Months.

John Mitchell, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, today was sentenced in the District of Columbia supreme court to nine months' imprisonment for contempt of court growing out of the Bucks Stove & Range Co. case. An appeal was taken and \$4,000 bail furnished to abide by the decision of the upper court.

In the same case President Samuel Gompers recently was sentenced to one year and Secretary Frank Morrison to six months.

Mr. Mitchell was not in court, but sent a written statement waiving his right to be present. He was to have been sentenced last week, but Justice Wright then declined to pass sentence because he objected to the form of waiver submitted for Mr. Mitchell.

New Party Has 50 for Legislature.

According to reports from Lansing there will be more than 50 National Progressive party candidates in the field at the coming election to the state legislature.

Theodore M. Joslin of Adrian, the party candidate for United States senator is much worried over this fact, and is keenly disappointed, as it means that unless the other two parties split nearly even he would not have enough votes to elect him to the coveted position.

DETROIT ALDERMEN CAUGHT IN DRAGNET

Man-Hunters Entrap Aldermen; Glinnan Makes Full Confession.

Probably the greatest scandal ever attached to the common council exploded in Detroit, in the arrest of nearly a score of aldermen, who had been trapped by Walter J. Brennan, of the Burns detective agency, for grafting in connection with the closing of Brooklyn avenue, better known as Seventh street, which was desired by the Wabash railroad company to provide additional terminal facilities.

The chief conspirators were Ald. Tom Glinnan, the bull moose of the common council, and Eddie Schreier, clerk of the common council.

Glinnan has given out a confession covering eight typewritten pages. It was the result of five months' work on the part of Brennan who rented an office in the Ford building, and by representing himself as the real estate agent of the Wabash railroad, succeeded in ingratiating himself into the favor of the aldermen, who became convinced that he was the fixer of the railroad and named their price for closing Seventh street.

Gov. Osborn has appointed W. H. Seitz of Benton Harbor, Albert Wald of Watervliet and David Potts of Three Oaks as jury commissioners for the county of Berrien. The two first named are reappointments.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

DETROIT—Cattle—Extra dry-fed steers, \$38.50; steers and heifers, 1-1,200 lbs., \$35.00@37.50; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$32.50@35.00; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 600 to 1,000 lbs., \$35.00@37.50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$32.50@35.00; choice fat cows, \$28.50@30.00; common cows, \$23.50@25.00; canners, \$25.00@27.50; heavy bulls, \$25.00@27.50; fair to good hogs, \$10.00@11.00; stock hogs, \$9.00@10.00; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.50@5.00; fair feeding steers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4.00@4.50; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4.00@4.50; stock heifers, \$3.25@3.75; milkens, large, young, medium age, \$4.00@6.00; common milkens, \$2.00@2.50.

Veal calves—Best, \$9.50@10.00; others, \$4.00@4.75.

Sheep and lambs—Best lambs, \$7.00; fair to good lambs, \$5.75@6.75; light to common lambs, \$4.50@5.50; yearlings, \$4.00; fair to good sheep, \$2.75@3.25; culls and common, \$1.00@2.25.

Hogs—Market, 10c to 15c higher. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$8.10@8.20; pigs, \$7.75@7.90; light yorkers, \$7.90@8.15; stags, 1-3 or, \$4.00@4.25.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Strong:

Best, 1,350 to 1,500 lb. steers, \$38.00 to \$42.25; good to prime, 1,200 to 1,300 lb. steers, \$35.50 to \$37.75; good to prime, 1,100 to 1,200 lb. steers, \$33.15 to \$35.50; medium butchers, steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$31.00 to \$33.00; butchers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$28.50 to \$30.50; light butchers, steers, \$27.50 to \$29.25; best fat cows, \$27.00 to \$28.25; fair to good do, \$24.00 to \$25.00; common fat cows, \$22.50 to \$24.00; trimmers, \$22.50 to \$24.00; best fat heifers, \$27.00 to \$28.50; fair to good do, \$25.00 to \$26.50; light butchers, \$24.00 to \$25.50; stockers, inferior, \$23.50 to \$24.00; prime export bulls, \$38.00 to \$40.00; best hunch bulls, \$35.00 to \$37.00;ologna bulls, \$4.25 to \$4.75; stock bulls, \$3.75 to \$4.25; best milkers and springers, \$50 to \$60; common do, \$40 to \$45.

GRAIN, ETC.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash and July No. 2 red, \$1.02 1/2; September opened at \$1.03 1/2, gained 1-4c and declined to \$1.03 1/2; rounded opened at \$1.05 1/2, gained 1/8c and declined to \$1.05 1/4; No. 1 white, \$1.01 1/2.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 76c; No. 2 yellow, 76c; No. 1 yellow, 76c; No. 3 ears at 61c; No. 3 white, 60 1/2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 73c.

Beans—Immediate shipment, 1 car at \$2.25; No. 2, 2 cars at \$2.25.

Cloverseed—Prime, October, \$3.85.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Flour—Lower and there is an easy time all through the poultry market. Receipts are quite large. Dressed calves are steady and in good demand. Peaches are active and easy. Receipts are large and demand is good. Raspberries are rather scarce, but other kinds are in ample supply and active. Potatoes and vegetables are in good demand and the market is steady for butter and eggs.

Butter—Extra creamery, 26 1/2c; creamery, 25 1/2c; dairy, 21c; package butter, 10c.

Eggs—Current receipts, candied, 20 1/2c per doz.

Apples—Yellow Twigs, \$7.75 per bu.; No. 1, \$7.50 per bu.

Red quinces—\$2.75 per bu.

Peaches—Georgia, Elberta, \$1.40@1.50; white and red, \$1.40@1.50 per bu.; Elberta, \$1.50@1.75 per bu.

Cantaloupes—Standard, \$2.75 per crate; Lumbo, \$2.50 per crate.

Cherries—Spur, \$1.75 per 16-quart case; sweet, \$2 per 16-quart case.

Watermelons—\$4.00 each.

Blackberries—\$1.50@1.75 per 16-quart case.

Blackberries—Red, \$1.50@1.75 per bu.; black, \$1.40@1.50 per 16-quart case.

Blackberries—\$1.25@1.50 per bu.

New cabbage—\$1.25@1.50 per bu.

Dressed to order ordinary, 8c@9c; fancy, 11@12 per lb.

New potatoes—Southern, \$3.75 per bu.

Tomatoes—Basket crates, 75@85c; hothouse, \$1.25@1.50 per bu.

Honey—Choice fancy comb, 15@16c per lb; amber, 12@13c.

Lard—Pure, \$10.00 per cwt.

Chickens—\$3.15@3.25 per lb; ducks, 14c; young ducks, 12 1/2@13c; geese, \$10.00@11.00; turkeys, 15@16c.

Vegetables—Mushrooms, 12 1/2c per doz; green onions, 13 1/2@15c per doz; watercress, 25@30c per doz; green beans, 18@20c per bu; wax beans, 1 1/2 per bu; green peas, 15c per bu.

Provisions—Family pork, \$18.50@21.50; mess pork, \$20.50; clear, \$19.50@21.50; smoked hams, \$22.00@24.00; picnic hams, 19 1/2@21.00; butter, 12c; lard in tin, 12 1/2c; lard in kegs, 13c.

NEWS OF MICHIGAN

Sault Ste. Marie—A canoe with two young men, was seen to go over the Sog Rapids, and was lost. It appears they struck out from the Canadian shore above the rapids to losing control of their frail craft and being caught in the swift current, they were carried down stream but managed to reach the Chandler Dunbar waterpower dyke on the American side. A few minutes later three Indian canoes filled with tourists, shot under the bridge and sailed past them, making the trip safely, guided by the experienced Indian guides.

The young men, apparently thinking they could make the river again, launched out, intending to cross over to the Canadian shore below the rapids. A few minutes after leaving the dyke they struck a big wave, the most dangerous part of the rapids. The light canoe was seen to leap high in the air and then disappear. Watchers on the canal were too far away to make out who the parties were.

Battle Creek—Legal action is to be taken by the city to prohibit public bathing at Goguae lake. A resolution was passed at the meeting of the council instructing Mayor Thomas Zelinsky, Recorder Thomas Thorn and City Attorney D. C. Salisbury to take such steps as may be necessary to stop the practice of promiscuous bathing in the lake, on the ground that it was polluting the drinking water of the city.

Battle Creek—Another wave of crime hit the city when the office of the C. R. Brewer Lumber company, 111 Marshall street, was burglarized, and another robbery attempted at the home of Dr. C. D. Freeman. The burglar opened the safe at the lumber company's office and secured \$100 and a gold watch and chain. Nothing was obtained at Doctor Freeman's home.

Grand Rapids—C. E. Tarte, general manager of the Citizens' Telephone company, declared that the independent telephone men will, if the Bell interests take over the Home company of Detroit, ask that the same conditions be imposed as in the Swaverly merger, that is, that independent connections be retained with the separate exchanges or with the Bell exchange if they are combined.

Ypsilanti—President Kenney of the normal college has publicly announced to the students here that there must be no more entertainment in living rooms and that there must be no more public dance patronage. Men were advised to avoid smoking and women and men were advised to not play cards on certain occasions. Invitations have been issued to people who keep roomers to meet at the home of Dean Fuller Saturday afternoon.

Bay City—William Bishop, a lineman for the Bell Telephone company, was electrocuted while making a connection on top of a pole at Prairie and Patterson streets on the West side. The young man grasped the ends of two live wires and fell forward from the crossarm onto two other wires. In less than five minutes the power had been shut off, but it was more than a half hour before the body could be rescued from its position.

Kalamazoo—Although they met less than a week ago, Miss Sadie Bishop, a pretty young Kalamazoo girl, will soon marry Lieut. R. R. Gilmore of the Philippine Islands. Gilmore recently came to his home in this city on a brief vacation trip. It was only a few days ago that he met Miss Bishop. They will be married in the immediate future and the bride will accompany the army officer back to the far east.

Mt. Pleasant—After August 20 the Bell Telephone company in Isabella county will charge ten cents toll to subscribers talking to other exchanges within the county. Free service has been in vogue for several years and the new order is not being met with any great degree of satisfaction by the patrons. As yet the union company has not changed its rates, giving free county service.

Battle Creek—To test the theory of artificial rain-making, 4,500 pounds of dynamite was discharged by a committee of the Battle Creek Independent Association. The committee was headed by Mayor Thomas Zelinsky.

Effective Background.

"Do you think your audiences enjoy the statistics you quote in your speeches?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "I just put 'em in to make the rest of my remarks seem more interesting by contrast."

Self-Helping.

"Pa, are you an optimist?"

"Yes. I am still hoping to be able some time to attend a national convention at which no band will be permitted to play 'Dixie.'"

He Knew.

The owners of a certain farm had butts and eggs brought them daily by the daughter of the farm. A married nurse had a case at the owner's home. One day the farmer's wife and daughter were discussing this, when the little boy, who had been listening, said: "Rita, if I go with you tomorrow, will you show me the trained nurse?" The girl said she would, and the next day he accompanied her. The nurse came into the kitchen, said a few words to him, and went out. He ran home at once, and arrived breathless. "Mother," he cried, "the trained nurse is nothing but a girl!"—Harper's Bazar.

Charlotte J. Cipriani of the University of Paris says:

"It may prove instructive to call attention to the fact that of the three oldest universities in Christian western Europe, Salerno, Bologna and Paris, two—Salerno and Bologna—were thrown open from their origin to women, both as students and professors. Nor did the women fall to take advantage of this opportunity."

High-Handed Justice at the Canal.

Mr. Bishop, characterizing Col. G. W. Goethals, emphasizes especially the big man's many-aidedness. Besides putting through the biggest engineering job in the world, he has been, during his years at Panama, a staunch fighter for the laws of economic decency.

Colonel Goethals is a fighter and he will fight a trust as readily as he will fight a labor union. Whole cargoes of tainted meat have been shipped back for the commissary, because the beef trusts' goods were not up to sample. Thousands of square yards of screening were condemned and left unpaid for, as soon as it was discovered that the copper trust had put in so much iron that they were rapidly falling to pieces with rust. Colonel Goethals is determined that no contractors shall become rich by supplying the Panama canal with rotten food and shoddy material, as so many did in the days of the De Lesseps company.

World's Debt to Books.

How safely we lay bare the poverty of human ignorance to books without feeling any shame. They are masters who instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without clothes or money. If we come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and inquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide you if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant.—Richard De Bury.

Love Element in Writer's Lives.

Alfred de Musset's love for irresponsible George Sand gave his thoughts such an extraordinary elevation that he wrote many brilliant poems in consequence. Chaucer sang the praises of many queens, but his one great love was Philippa Picard de Rouet, the Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Anne of Bohemia. He waited nine years to marry her, but made it a matter of complaint in several poems.

The Downtrodden Farmer.

An Ottawa man heard that a farmer wanted to sell a motor car. He sympathized with the poor farmer and his family because they were forced to part with the machine for financial reasons, he believed, and went out to the farm to buy it. The farmer was not at home, but his daughter was there. "I came out to buy your car," he said. "Which one?" asked the girl.—Kansas City Star.

Sight of the Color Blind.

A color blind person sees light as either white or gray and dark colors appear either as dark gray or black. This mutual sensitiveness is due to the fact that the light nerves and color nerves are closely interbound, but there is a different set of nerves for both light and color, just as there are different sets of nerves for temperature and for touch.

For Itching Skins and Pimples.

Try Remedy.

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The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

Author of "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man, Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc.

Illustrations by **Chas. H. Young**

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SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland, James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms the scene into raging torrents which sweep Enid into a gorge, where she is rescued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks. Maitland and Old Kirkby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange man's bunk.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Have you ever climbed a mountain early in the morning while it was yet dark and having gained some dominant crest stood staring at the far horizon, the empurpled east, while the "dawn came up like thunder?" Or better still, have you ever stood within the cold, dark recesses of some deep valley of river or pass and watched the clear light spread its flares athwart the heavens like nebulous mighty pinions along the light touched crest of a towering range, until all of a sudden, with a leap almost of joy, the great sun blazed in the high horizon?

You might be born a child of the dark, and light might sear and burn your eye balls accustomed to cooler deeper shades, yet you could no more turn away from this glory, though you might hate it, than by mere effort of will you could cease to breathe the air. The shock that you might feel, the sudden surprise, is only faintly suggestive of the emotions in the breast of this man.

Once long ago the gentlest and tenderest of voices called from the dark to the light, the blind. And it is given to modern science and to modern skill sometimes to emulate that godlike achievement. Perhaps the surprise, the amazement, the bewilderment, of him who having been blind doth now see, if we can imagine it not having been in the case ourselves, will be a better guide to the understanding of this man's emotion when this woman came suddenly into his lonely orbit. His eyes were opened although he would not know it. He fought down his new consciousness and would have none of it. Yet it was there. He loved her!

With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Suppose she had been a woman of his own race; had she been old, withered, hideous, he must have loved her on the instant, much more if she were young and beautiful. The thing was inevitable. Such passions are born. God forbid that we should deny it. In the busy haunts of men where women are as plenty as blackberries, to use Falstaff's simile, and where a man may sometimes choose between a hundred, or a thousand, such loves are born, forever.

A voice in the night, a face in the street, a whispered word, the touch of a hand, the answering throb of another heart—and behold! two walk together, where before each walked alone. Sometimes the man or the woman who is born again of love knows it not, refuses to admit it, refuses to recognize it. Some birth pain must awaken the consciousness of the new life.

If those things are true and possible under every day conditions and to ordinary men and women, how much more to this solitary. He had seen this woman, white breasted like the foam, rising as the ancient goddess from the Paphian sea. Over that recollection, as he was a gentleman and a Christian, he would fain draw a curtain, before it, erect a wall. He must not dwell upon that fact, he would not linger over that moment. Yet he could not.

son by the blaze lay on the white pillow—and he loved her. God pity him, fighting against fact and admission of it, yet how could he help it?

He had loved once before in his life, with the fire of youth and spring, but it was not like this. He did not recognize this new passion in any light from the past; therefore he would not admit it. Hence, he did not understand it. But he saw and admitted and understood enough to know that the past was no longer the supreme subject in his life, that the present rose higher, bulked larger and hid more and more of his far-off horizon.

He felt like a knave and a traitor, as if he had been base, disloyal, false to his ideal, recreant to his remembrance. Was he indeed a true man? Did he have that rugged strength, that abiding faith, that eternal consciousness, that lasting affection, beside which the rocky paths he often trod were things transient, perishable, evanescent? Was he a weakling that he felt at the first sight of another woman?

He stopped his ceaseless pace forward and backward, and stopped near that frail and futile door. She was there and there was none to prevent. His hand sought the latch.

What was he about to do? God forbid that a thought he could not freely share with humanity should enter his brain then. He held all women sacred, and so he had ever done, and this woman in her loneliness, in her helplessness, in her weakness, trebly appealed to him. But he would look upon her, he would fain see if she were there, if it were all not a dream, the creation of his disordered imagination.

Men had gone mad in hermitages in the mountains, they had been driven insane in lonely cases in vast deserts; and they had peopled their solitude with men and women. Was this some working of a disordered brain, too too much turned upon itself and with too tremendous a pressure upon it, producing an illusion? Was there in truth any woman there? He would raise the latch and open the door and look. Once more the hand went stealthily to the latch.

The woman slept quietly on. No thin barricade easily unlocked or easily broken protected her. Something intangible, yet stronger than the thickest, the most rigid bars of steel guarded her; something unseen, indescribable, but so unmistakable when it

left the latch, it fell gently, he drew back and turned away trembling, a conqueror who mastered himself. He was awake to the truth again.

What had he been about to do? Profane, uninvited, the sanctity of her chamber, violate the hospitality of his own house? Even with a proper motive, imperil his self-respect, shatter her trust, endanger that honor which so suddenly became a part of him on demand? She would not probably know; she could never know unless she awoke. What of that? That ancient honor of his life and race rose like a mountain whose scarped face cannot be scaled.

He fell back with a swift turn, a feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived in feminine isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters—influenced him, overcame him. His hand went to his hunting shirt. Nervously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locket over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it to find it.

The man dragged it out, held it in his hand and opened it. He held it so tightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

Like crystal gazers, he saw other things than those presented to the casual vision. He heard other sounds than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Again he looked into another face, red, too, with no hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thunder that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that pervaded. He dropped on his knees,

unconscious woman slept quietly on. The red firelight died away, the glowing coals sank into gray ash. Within the other room the cold dawn stealing through the unshaded window looked upon a field of battle—death, wounds, triumphs, defeats—portrayed upon one poor human face, upturned as sometimes victors and vanquished alike upturn stark faces from the field to the God above who may pity but who has not intervened.

So Jacob may have looked after that awful night when he wrestled until the day broke, with the angel, and would not let him go until he blessed him, walking, forever after with halting step as memorial, but with his blessing earned. Hath this man's blessing won or not? And must he pay for it if he hath achieved it?

And all the while the woman slept quietly upon the other side of that door.

CHAPTER XI.

The Log Hut in the Mountains.

What awakened the woman she did not know; in all probability it was the bright sunlight streaming through the narrow window before her. The cabin was so placed that the sun did not strike fairly into the room until it was some hours high, consequently she had her long sleep undisturbed. The man had made no effort whatever to awaken her. Whatever tasks he had performed since day-break had been so silently accomplished that she had not been aware of them.

So soon as he could do so, he had left the cabin and was now busily engaged in his daily duties outside the cabin and beyond earshot. He knew that sleep was the very best medicine for her, and it was best that she should not be disturbed until in her own good time she awoke.

The clouds had emptied themselves during the night, and the wind had at last died away toward morning, and now there was a great calm abroad in the land. The sunlight was dazzling. Outside, where the untempered rays beat full upon the crests of the mountains, it was doubtless warm, but within the cabin it was chilly. The fire had long since burned completely away, and he had not entered the room to replenish it. Yet Enid Maitland had lain snug and warm under her blankets. She presently tested her wounded foot, by moving it gently, and discovered agreeably that it was much less painful than she had anticipated. The treatment the night before had been very successful.

She did not get up immediately, but the coldness of the room struck her so soon as she got out of bed. Upon her first awakening she was hardly conscious of her situation; her sleep had been too long and too heavy, and her awakening too gradual for any sudden appreciation of the new condition. It was not until she had stared around the walls of the rude cabin for some time, that she realized where she was and what had happened. When she did so she arose at once.

Her first impulse was to call. Never in her life had she felt such death-like stillness. Even in the camp almost always there had been a whisper of breeze through the pine trees, or the chatter of water over the rocks. But here there were no pine trees and no sound of rushing brook came to her. It was almost painful. She was keen to dress and go out of the house. She stood upon the rude puncheon floor on one foot, scarcely able yet to bear even the lightest pressure upon the other. There were her clothes on chairs and tables before the fireplace. Such had been the heat thrown out by that huge blaze that a brief inspection convinced her that everything was thoroughly dry. Dry or wet, she must needs put them on, since they were all she had. She noticed that there were no locks on the doors, and she realized that the only protection she had was the sense of decency and the honor of the man. That she had been allowed her sleep unmolested made her the more confident on that account.

She dressed hastily, although it was the work of some difficulty in view of her wounded foot, and of the stiff condition of her rough, dried apparel. Presently she was completely clothed, save for that disraced foot. With the heavy bandages upon it, she could scarcely step over it, and even when she sat down, she could not get it to put on her boots. She looked toward the entrance, the man was wearing a hat and a heavy coat, and she did not know what to do.

for the man. In her helplessness she thought of his resourcefulness with eagerness. The man, however, did not appear, and there was nothing for her to do but to wait for him. Taking one of the blankets from the bed, she sat down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room.

The cabin was built of logs, the room was large, perhaps 12 by 20 feet, with one side completely taken up by the stone fireplace; there were two windows, one on either side of the outer door, which opened toward the southwest. The walls were unplastered save in the chinks between the rough hewn logs of which it was made.

untranslatable emotions that she studied this picture. She marked with a certain resentment the bold beauty quite apparent, despite the dim fading outlines of a photograph never very good. So far as she could discern, the woman was dark haired and dark eyed—her direct antithesis! The casual viewer would have found little of fault in the presentment, but Enid Maitland's eyes were sharpened by what, pray? At any rate, she decided that the woman was of a rather coarse fiber, that in things finer and higher she would be found wanting. She was such a woman, so the girl reasoned acutely, as might inspire a passionate



He Caught It Up Quickly.

Over the fireplace and around on one side ran a rude shelf covered with books. She had no opportunity to examine them, although later she would become familiar with every one of them.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wolf and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

The furniture consisted of the single bed or berth in which she had slept, built against the wall in one of the corners, a rude table on which were writing materials and some books. A row of curtained shelves, evidently made of small boxes and surmounted by a mirror, occupied another space. There were two or three chairs, the handiwork of the owner, comfortable enough in spite of their rude construction. On some other pegs hung a slicker and a sou'wester, a fur overcoat, a fur cap and other rough clothes; a pair of heavy boots stood by the fireplace. On another shelf there were a number of scientific instruments, the nature of which she could not determine, although she could see that they were all in a beautiful state of preservation.

There was plenty of rude comfort in the room, which was excessively manly. In fact, there was nothing anywhere which in any way spoke of the existence of woman—except a picture in a small, rough, wooden frame which stood on the table before which she sat down. The picture was of a handsome woman—naturally Enid Maitland saw that before anything else. She would not have been a woman if that had not engaged her attention more forcibly than any other fact in the room. She picked it up and studied it long and earnestly, quite unconscious of the reason for her interest, and yet a certain uneasy feeling might have warned her of what was toward in her bosom.

This young woman had not yet had time to get her bearings. She had not been able to realize all the circumstances of her adventure. So soon as she did so she would know that inter her life a man had come, and what over the course of that life might be in the future, he would never again

affection in a strong hearted, reckless youth, but whose charms being largely physical, would fall in longer and more intimate association; a dangerous rival in a charge, but not so formidable in a steady campaign.

These thoughts were the result of long and earnest inspection, and it was with some reluctance that the girl at last put the photograph aside and looked toward the door. She was hungry, ravenously so. She began to be a little alarmed, and had just about made up her mind to rise and stumble out as she was, when she heard steps outside and a knock on the door.

"What is it?" she asked in response.

"May I come in?"

"Yes," was the quick answer.

The man opened the door, left it ajar and entered the room.

"Have you been awake long?" he began abruptly.

"Not very."

"I didn't disturb you, because you needed sleep more than anything else. How do you feel?"

"Greatly refreshed, thank you."

"And hungry, I suppose?"

"Very."

"I will soon remedy that. Your foot?"

"It seems much better, but I—"

The girl hesitated, blushing. "I can't get my shoe on, and—"

"Shall I have another look at it?"

"No, I don't believe it will be necessary. If I may have some of that liniment, or whatever it was you put on it, and more of that bandage, I think I can attend to it myself, but, you see, my stockings and my boot—"

The man nodded; he seemed to understand. He went to his cracker box chifftonjer and drew from it a long, coarse woolen stocking.

"That is the best that I can do for you," he said.

"And that will do very nicely," said the girl. "It will cover the bandage, and that is the main thing."

The man laid on the table by the side of the stocking another strip of bandage torn from the same sheet. As he did so, he noticed the picture. He caught it up quickly, a dark flush spreading over his face, and holding it in his hand, he turned abruptly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Much in the morning, many men and more than they are



MAKE START

Prudent Man Begins With Savings Bank

By JOHN M. OSKISON

FOR the average man, as the Business Almanac points out, all investment starts with the savings bank. A few men make money suddenly or inherit a considerable amount and become sudden investors. The rule is that a man must be a saver of money for a considerable time before he becomes a buyer of securities. So the first and most vital question is, "What shall I do with my small savings?"

There are more than forty forms of co-operative, mutual benefit, savings and other similar associations in the United States. They are organized to take care of savings in any amount from the smallest to the greatest sums. Many of them are excellently managed, honest in intent and are worthy of encouragement. Some are properly looked upon with suspicion.

Most generally used, of course, are the savings banks. They have been tried by fire. Speaking generally, they are the most secure financial institutions we have. Our states have wisely regulated their operations—most of them have. Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York have done best. Ohio has a good law. Less protection for the savings bank depositor is offered in the south and west than is judged wise to furnish in the east. Here are some of the prohibitions the New York law puts upon its savings institutions:

They cannot loan money on notes, drafts, bills of exchange or any personal securities whatever.

They cannot buy stocks.

They cannot buy bonds or other forms of security issued by any industrial, manufacturing or street railway company.

They cannot buy or loan money on farm lands nor on mortgages outside of New York state.

They cannot buy bonds which are not, at least in part, first mortgages on the property bonded.

They cannot buy real estate bonds or mortgages until after a committee of the bank's trustees makes a thorough examination of the property on which the bonds or mortgages are to be placed.

All of these restrictions are salutary. They indicate some of the safeguards a prudent man ought to throw around his savings and also the tests he ought to make of his investment selections.

Upon the authority of a Chicago physician it was recently asserted that to deprive the human race of salt for even a few months would have a disastrous effect upon the health of the people. This, I believe, has always been the teaching of our textbooks, and I am not prepared to dispute its truth, in so far as civilized man is concerned.

There are, however, upon this earth many animals, wild or domestic, which get little or no salt and yet are healthy. True, they have a craving for it, as is shown by the fact that when given the opportunity

they devour it in astonishing quantities, and hunters have long taken advantage of the fact that wild animals will return to the salt lick. But when there is no such spot known to them they live their whole lives without it.

Of the use of salt for seasoning and preserving their food the North American Indians knew absolutely nothing, yet all authorities agree they were a particularly healthy people, until they were afflicted by the white man's vices and the white man's diseases.

It is true there are some accounts to the effect that their medicine men had noted the action of animals above referred to and administered salt to their patients, and they may thus have benefited individual cases. But as a race they were a meat-eating people, without salt, and yet a healthy people.

Furthermore, white men who went among them and lived as they lived scarcely missed the salt after they became used to its absence.

The other day it was suggested again that instead of going into factories women and girls should turn more generally to housework. The suggestion is all right, but there is a big field for improvement in the life of the average woman who does housework for others, and the leading American women could do lots of good for their sex by introducing a better plan for the poor girls who do the housework.

At the present time and for as long as I can recollect girls have had to work from 6:00 a. m. to 8:00 or 9:00 p. m., without time to eat properly or to take care of their bodies. I know positively that many girls are nervous wrecks after doing this kind of work for some time.

They have Sunday evenings and Thursday afternoon to themselves, but most of them are too tired to enjoy their few hours.

In no other country are the girls forced to work so fast or to do so much in so short a time as here.

Stop this cruelty and the girls will not go to the factories or be willing to marry lazy men, drunkards and gamblers.

Pedagogy is the most neglected of all sciences. Before there are good pupils there must be good teachers. If a school system turns out inefficient, stupid graduates and that same system is responsible for the turning out of the teachers—how can the latter be anything except stupid and inefficient? The pedagogues teach the pupils—but who teaches the pedagogues? It is all a vicious circle.

The teaching faculty is a distinct faculty. A man may know all there is to know about chemistry, say, and yet not be able to impart a definite knowledge of the elementary principles of chemistry to a class. The school of the future must aim at conferring on the pupil the maximum of happiness. In happiness only is there real growth.

The educational system proceeds now upon the old medical theory that the more unpleasant a medicine tastes the better it works.

OLD CRY OF THE SINNER

"All I Ask Is a Chance!"
What Is the Duty of Society to the Penitent Who Would Lead New Life?

ST. LOUIS.—Frances Bloom no longer rejoices in the appellation of "the meanest girl in St. Louis."

Seven weeks in the workhouse have cured her of a deal of what she calls her "meanness."

She is willing, nay, she is eager, to be good. All that she desires now is to get out of the workhouse.

If he is convinced of the honesty of her reformation Judge Earl Kimmel, the "Golden Rule" police judge of St. Louis, may parole Frances Bloom.

"Oh, I will be good when I get out," she said at the city hospital, where she is at present. "I have had enough of being bad."

"There is nothing in being bad. You just fight the world and yourself and you get tired of it. When you are bad you are always in trouble. Life is hard. First, there are the police to fight. Then there are the judges. Then comes the workhouse, the guards and prison discipline, and all that."

"I tell you it is enough to kill a man of steel, let alone a woman, to fight society and the agents which society employs to make you good."

Frances Bloom is not quite 19 years old. Yet she has four years in the Girls' Industrial school at Chillicothe to her discredit. She has been married almost a year. She has six months in the workhouse before her.

Was Charged With Vagrancy.

It all came about when Frances was arrested at Sixteenth and Market streets May 14 charged with vagrancy. Patrolman Thies, who made the arrest, says that Frances "pulled a hatpin on him" and stabbed him through the arm.

Frances says that it all came about through Patrolman Thies putting his arm around her head and hat when he took her to the patrol box to "call the wagon."

"He stuck the hatpin through his own arm," she said. "I admit that afterwards I bit and scratched him. But that was no way to treat a lady. Now, honest, was it? How would you like your own wife, sweetheart, sister or daughter to be treated that way?"

You shudder and admit that it does not appeal to your idea of the courtesy due a lady of your family.

"They put me in the lockup, and next day took me before Judge Kimmel. There was my first streak of luck. I have been in hard luck ever since I lost my father, ten years ago. But Judge Kimmel is a nice man. He gave me nine months in the workhouse. I felt like thanking him. He did it so nicely."

"I liked it fine at the workhouse, too. Mr. White, the superintendent, is true to his name. He is a white man. He treats you as if you were a human being, not a dog. They told me that once he was a policeman, too. I can hardly believe it. He treated me simply grand, talked to me and made me see that I was a very foolish girl to act wildly."

"They sent me to the hospital. I am getting well fast."

Tells Her Life Story.

In response to questions this waif of the world told the following story: "I was born in Chicago. My father was a shoemaker. He followed his trade in various large and small cities. I have lived in New York and in small towns in Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, where my father worked. But for fifteen years I have recognized St. Louis as my home."

"Ten years ago my father and mother separated. My mother married again. I guess I gave her a lot of trouble. I was wild, but not a bad kid. Perhaps my stepfather did not like me. In any event, I was sent to the Girls' Industrial home at Chillicothe. I was 14 at that time."

"That is one thing they do for you at Chillicothe. They give you a good education. I had gone to work at 10 years old in a factory. I never had any education at home. But I learned to read and to write and to sew and to cook and do a lot of useful things in the industrial school."

"The trouble is not with the authorities. It is with the girls themselves. You see, there is no separation of girls. Innocent young girls who are sent there simply because they have no homes, mix with girls who have been sent there for their sins from the city."

"I will go to the home of my married sister," she said. "She has been good to me. I will work. I do not care at what I work. I will work in a factory or in a store or in a private home. I can do good work. I am willing to work. All I ask is a fair chance."

Karl Kimmel, the police judge, said: "I will give you a chance to be good. If you are good when you get out, I will give you a chance to be a free agent again."

Frances Bloom is not quite 19 years old. Yet she has four years in the Girls' Industrial school at Chillicothe to her discredit. She has been married almost a year. She has six months in the workhouse before her.

It all came about when Frances was arrested at Sixteenth and Market streets May 14 charged with vagrancy. Patrolman Thies, who made the arrest, says that Frances "pulled a hatpin on him" and stabbed him through the arm.

Frances says that it all came about through Patrolman Thies putting his arm around her head and hat when he took her to the patrol box to "call the wagon."



little girl was wild. Her face is a wild, wilful face.

She is strong and willful and full of energy, an energy that if directed rightly might be a power for good. Misdirected it might be a power for evil.

Quite evidently her parents failed her. This might be taken as an argument against parental and in favor of state control, the argument of the Socialists.

When Frances Bloom's parents failed her the state took her in charge. Just how well the state fulfilled its duty to 14-year-old Frances Bloom her story of her life at the state industrial school sets forth in full.

"When my parents failed me," she says in effect, "I knew nothing of evil. When the state took charge of me I learnt everything that was evil."

Claim of the State.

Now the state which failed Frances Bloom claims that she owes it a debt of good conduct and of proper behavior.

It has sent her to the workhouse for 270 days and demands that she shall pay that debt, \$600, in full.

Frances Bloom is paying the state what the state claims she owes it for infractions of its "be good" rules.

How can Frances Bloom collect from the state what the state owes her, the state which declares that all men and women are born free and equal and have got an equal right to happiness and to prosperity?

What has the state done for its ward, Frances Bloom?

It put her in a "home," where she learned evil. True, she admits her debt to the state. She admits that it gave her a scholastic education.

Associated With Thieves.

But in giving her that education it obliged her to associate with thieves and with immoral women.

"Innocent young girls, whose only crime is that they have neither parents nor homes," says Frances Bloom, "are obliged by the state to associate with thieves and with immoral women."

Is the state fulfilling its whole duty to "innocent" young girls whose "only crime is that they have neither parents nor homes?"

"What will you do when you become a free agent again?" was the question asked of Frances Bloom.

"I will go to the home of my married sister," she said. "She has been good to me. I will work. I do not care at what I work. I will work in a factory or in a store or in a private home. I can do good work. I am willing to work. All I ask is a fair chance."

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STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

STRANGE CIVIL WAR INCIDENT

Negro With Piece of Spent Ball in Head Is Restored to Consciousness by Surgical Operation.

After the battle of Bull Run, when the whole country was holding up its hands in dismay and breathing hard in the realization that the war was not, after all, to be a picnic for the northern troops, I, together with many other doctors and surgeons, rushed into Washington from distant cities, writes G. Guffing Wilcox in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I was taken, one dark, rainy night, by an affable old negro woman to her cabin, in the outskirts of the city.

She came to me in tears: "Doo-tah, I des wisht yoh come an' see my Samson. He 'pears mon'sious curious, an' he acts des like he 'stracted."

At her cabin I found her son, a tremendous fellow, as black as a coal and evidently an athlete, with no evidence of a wound upon his body, but with a tendency to bear off to one side as he walked, an apparent inability to talk, and possessed of a persistent effort to march and keep time to martial music, which he could not do.

Aunt Hannah told me that her son had always been strong and healthy, and that when he left Washington with the army he was perfectly sound and "des like de res' of de folks; but dey fotch him back to his po' ole mammy des like yoh ee him, doctah, an' I des skeered plumb outer my senses, dat I is."

I examined Samson carefully and could find not the slightest thing the matter with him, and half believed that he was shamming.

The room was whitewashed and I noticed a streak entirely around it that was so evenly drawn that it attracted my attention, but in the stirring events of those days I really paid scant heed to so trifling a case as Samson's, and so apparently trivial an indication as was that level streak on the wall.

I spent several years in Paris and in Germany after the war, and it was not until 1886 that I was back in Washington.

We had an international convention there at the time, and were taken to various public institutions, among



With a Tendency to Bear Off to One Side.

which was a little asylum for poor and insane negroes.

In one room, as we were passing the door, I happened to observe on the whitewashed wall a well-worn streak drawn so level and circling the room so perfectly that it called to my mind a vision which I had wholly forgotten.

Before noon the next day we had Samson's small room looking like a hospital operating room, and the great black frame lay on the table under the influence of ether.

I cut open the right side of the thick skull, and sure enough, a splintered piece of bone from an old depressed fracture pressed into the brain.

I lifted it, dressed it with aseptic, and replaced skull and scalp and placed him in bed.

Then we set about reviving him. Presently Samson opened his eyes and stared about him.

Then he asked—and it was the first articulate word he had uttered for over twenty long years—"Whar did de army move to yesterday?"

I was too excited to reply, and no one else seemed to grasp the full significance of the question.

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Possible for Man to Live Without Salt

By R. N. BUNN, M. D., Chicago

Stop Cruelty to Poor Working Girls

By MARIE J. MOREHAM, Boston

Teachers Must Be Taught Their Business

By DR. WILLIAM OSWALD, Director of Schools, Leipzig, Germany

The Mystery of Susanna Tankerville

Strange Experiences in the Life of a Doctor.

By A. T. MEAD

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

On the twelfth of November, 1899, toward the end of a morning during which I had seen many patients, a lady giving the name of Mrs. Tankerville asked for an interview. She was admitted and one glance told me that she was not an ordinary patient. Her eyes were dark, restless and filled with nervous force and determination. Her whole face was very much lined, her cheeks sunken.

"I have come, Doctor Halifax," she said, "to beg of you to save the reason of a miserable woman."

"You allude to mental trouble?" I queried.

"Yes; to heartbreak, shame and distress. I came up to the city last night, wondering to whom I could turn for aid. A friend had once told me of you, and I resolved to seek your sympathy."

"I will give you my best attention, Mrs. Tankerville," I said, "as soon as I have dispensed with several patients who are waiting for me in the reception room."

Having finished with my callers I returned to Mrs. Tankerville. She was standing by one of the windows, and I noticed with surprise that she was reading a manuscript of mine which I had been preparing for a medical journal and had left open on the table. The paper dealt solely with technical subjects, and I wondered what she found of interest in it. She laid it down when I appeared and without seating herself began to speak.

"Doctor Halifax, I will tell you the cause of my trouble in a moment or two. But, in order that you may clearly understand my position, I should first like to give you some particulars of my past life. I married young; I had a husband who deeply loved me. We had plenty of private means and one child, a girl. Six years ago my first sorrow came; my husband died. After his death all my love was lavished on my girl, Susanna, and she was worthy of all the affection I bestowed upon her. Between three and four months ago came the beginning of that awful tragedy which causes me to seek your aid today. Susanna was invited to visit an old relation of her father's, an extremely wealthy and eccentric woman. Her name was Stuart; and was unmarried, and lived in a lonely cottage on the outskirts of Westchester, N. Y. Miss Stuart was a confirmed miser, and it was reported that she had much treasure hidden away. My husband was Miss Stuart's first cousin, and she wrote expressing a strong wish to make the acquaintance of his daughter. Susanna wrote back that she would come if her mother was also invited, but Miss Stuart refused, stating that Susanna was her own blood relation, but that I was not. Susanna thereupon declared that she would not pay any further attention to her, but thinking that my girl might benefit by it in the future, I insisted upon her going to Westchester by herself. She had been with Miss Stuart for six weeks, when one day the door opened, and Susanna walked in. I started with amazement at the sight of her face. All the color had left her cheeks, her eyes were filled with a wild look of terror. She came straight up to me and caught hold of my hands.

"Hide me, mother," she wailed; "hide me, I have run away."

"But why, my dear?" I asked.

"What have you run away from?"

"Something terrible has happened," she answered. "Cousin Jane and I were alone in the house last night. We went to bed early, for I was tired; I had walked far in the country during the day. I fell asleep and began to dream. The night was a moonlight one, and the light of the moon streamed into my room. In my dream a man came into my room, took up a knife of mine, laid it down again, stared hard at me and went out. A great horror seized me, for it seemed that I knew the man and that his face was quite familiar. I awoke, and there was no one there—I called out, but there was no answer. The room was empty save for myself. After a time I dropped asleep again. In the morning I rose early, and went into my cousin's room. Mother, she was dead. She had been murdered in the night. Some one had stabbed her to death. I rushed into the street and called for help. The police came, but they found no clue. I have been thinking of you ever since, and I have come to give myself up."

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had completely unnerved her, and she scarcely knew what she was doing. Two hours later the police came; they had little difficulty in tracing her, and arrested my child on the charge of having murdered Miss Jane Stuart of Heath Cottage, Westchester. During the trial everything went against Susanna. I had the very best legal advice that money could procure. My lawyer asked her about her curious dream, but she had nothing new to tell him.

"It was a queer and vivid dream," she would repeat. "I have certainly seen the man's features before. I know his face quite well, and it was he who laid my knife on the chair."

"Were you asleep or awake when you saw him?" Mr. Minchin asked her.

"I was asleep," she said. "It was only a dream."

"Mr. Minchin had to admit that there was nothing in this dream, and although it was just mentioned at the trial, no stress was laid upon it. And my child was declared guilty. She is to be electrocuted on the 5th of December, in less than three weeks' time. Do you believe in dreams, Doctor Halifax?"

"There are occasions when dreams seem to prophesy coming events," I replied.

"I am glad to hear you admit as much. You will be then merciful to my dream. My daughter has dreamed, and so have I. I have dreamed that the murderer is a man, and that he is to be found in the west. I have dreamed that his accusing conscience is driving him mad, and that he will confess if given time. The governor of the state has already refused to grant a reprieve, but he must be appealed to again."

"What! on the plea that you have dreamed a dream, and that your daughter has done the same?" I exclaimed.

"You speak like the others," she said slowly. "My lawyer refuses to interfere. Will you do this thing for me? I have heard of your goodness of heart, doctor; surely you will not condemn me to despair?"

"I would most readily help you to appeal if there was the slightest chance of success, Mrs. Tankerville," I responded. "But it would be wrong to deceive you—there is none. Dreams are not tangible evidence. Have you nothing further to go upon? What other relations had the murdered woman besides your daughter?"

"Some nephews and nieces in California; no one else."

"Now, Mrs. Tankerville, I wish you would give me an outline of the evidence for and against your daughter."

"There were witnesses to prove that Susanna disliked Miss Stuart from the start," she answered. "The old servant, Peggy by name, gave graphic accounts of her mistress's terrible temper, and the many ways in which she tried to curb and annoy Susanna, who was a high-spirited girl. Her final taunt was that Susanna had come to visit her in the hope of inheriting a portion of her money. On one occasion, a few days before the murder, old Peggy happened to be passing through the room and she heard Miss Stuart say to Susanna that it had been her intention to leave her \$100,000 in her will, but that she meant to alter it and had written to her lawyer for that purpose. Susanna's reply to this was a mocking laugh, and she ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Miss Stuart turned to the old servant and said:

"That girl thinks I am not in earnest, but I will prove my words. She shall never have a cent of my money."

"At the same time Miss Stuart spoke to old Peggy of her relations in California and said that they would not be forgotten in her will. But the part of the evidence which most strongly pointed to my child's guilt was the following:

"Peggy had a daughter in a distant part of the state, who was ill, although not dangerously so. She wanted to go and see her, and Susanna begged that she might be allowed to remain away for the night. Miss Stuart refused; but Susanna pleaded, offering to undertake Peggy's duties in her absence. Finally Miss Stuart yielded. It was on the morning previous to the murder that the old woman went away. Then Susanna and I were alone. The next day Miss Stuart was found dead in her room. I have found the man who killed her by name, who

insane with terror. Hitchin went to fetch a doctor and the police. The house was examined, and the garden knife which Susanna had been known to purchase a week back was found in the girl's room on a chair, stained with blood. Then Susanna disappeared. Her flight made suspicion doubly strong and her arrest followed. You can see what a fatal web of circumstantial evidence was thus woven around my girl. The motive was supposed to be discovered in my daughter's desire to get the old woman out of the world before she altered her will, and the fact that Susanna had a large fortune of her own made no difference in the feelings of judge and jury against her. All I ask for is a postponement of the execution, doctor. If I can secure that, something tells me that my child will ultimately be saved. She must not be executed on the 5th of December. I am obeying an impulse stronger even than maternal love. A voice is commanding me, and I must obey it."

"What is the name of the family in California, the relations of the murdered woman?" I asked.

"They bear the same name—Stuart, and live in Los Angeles, on the Orange Flower ranch."

"What do you know about these people?"

"Scarcely anything. After the death of the old lady's papers were read, and there were several from a man named Robert. Each letter contained an earnest appeal for money. The last letter which Miss Stuart must have received six weeks before her death contained an urgent request for \$1,000."

"Was it granted?"

"I do not know. Miss Stuart kept no copies of her own letters."

"Has this family of Stuarts ever been in the East?"

"So far as I can tell, no."

"Nevertheless," I said, "I believe that it is in the West we must look for the murderer. Mrs. Tankerville, my opinion is not worth much, but as far as it goes I am with you heart and soul. Your child never killed Miss Stuart. A girl such as you describe

efally prepared for an important experiment, which you would not understand. In an ordinary case it would give typhoid of the very worst type."

"You must pardon me, doctor," she said. "I am unstrung, nervous, and hardly know what I am doing or saying. I did not know all that when I tried to take the bottle. And now I must go. I thank you for your kind sympathy."

When she had gone I sat down to think matters over. The woman was a widow, and the child awaiting a shameful death was her only one. The innocent child—for I felt that she was innocent—had aroused my keenest sympathy. There seemed to be no way out of the trouble, but I could not rest until I had gone to Westchester and looked over the scene of the crime. It was all useless groping in the dark, but I felt impelled to do something, anything that might have some bearing on the case. Like Mrs. Tankerville, it seemed as though I were obeying the command of an unseen power. When I had forwarded the telegram to Los Angeles I boarded a train for Westchester. It rained heavily when I got there, and I put up at a hotel, intending to stay over night and visit the cottage in the morning. I did so, but my examination of the inside and outside of the premises yielded no information calculated to throw a new light on the mystery. I questioned a red-haired man who was acting as caretaker. He was willing enough to discuss the tragedy, but I derived no particular benefit from his conversation. I also interviewed the servant, old Peggy, and the man Hitchin, but learned nothing more than had been made public by their testimony at the trial.

Having discovered nothing I returned to the city to be met with the information that a burglary had been committed on my premises the previous night. Some plate and a sum of money had been removed from my consulting room. My cabinets had been burst open, and many of my surgical instruments thrown about. The thieves had entered through one

of the windows, a square of glass having been removed, and the catch slipped back. So far the police had been unable to secure a clue to the thieves.

Days passed—my money and plate were still missing, but my mind was too full of Mrs. Tankerville and her daughter to trouble much over the matter. No response had been received to my telegram to California. At last the fourth of December arrived. About three o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Tankerville made her appearance. Her eyes were bright and eager, but her face looked more drawn and white than ever.

"Dr. Halifax," she burst out impetuously, "I have something to confess to you. First of all, you know that the execution is fixed to take place in the morning at eight o'clock. But judge, jury, governor, chaplain, warders may all be nonplussed, for a greater than they interfere. Doctor, my child lies at death's door. She is dying of virulent poison, and I gave it to her. When I last visited you, and you had left the room for a short while, I read that paper of yours. The information I thus obtained drew my attention to the little bottle on your table. I slipped it into my pocket. You came back and I was foolish enough to tell you what I had done. You snatched the bottle from me and locked it up. You thought you had got a possible temptation out of my way. Now, doctor, will you please look at this bottle of serum which I have brought with me."

"I will give you my best attention, Mrs. Tankerville," I said, "as soon as I have dispensed with several patients who are waiting for me in the reception room."

Having finished with my callers I returned to Mrs. Tankerville. She was standing by one of the windows, and I noticed with surprise that she was reading a manuscript of mine which I had been preparing for a medical journal and had left open on the table. The paper dealt solely with technical subjects, and I wondered what she found of interest in it. She laid it down when I appeared and without seating herself began to speak.

"Doctor Halifax, I will tell you the cause of my trouble in a moment or two. But, in order that you may clearly understand my position, I should first like to give you some particulars of my past life. I married young; I had a husband who deeply loved me. We had plenty of private means and one child, a girl. Six years ago my first sorrow came; my husband died. After his death all my love was lavished on my girl, Susanna, and she was worthy of all the affection I bestowed upon her. Between three and four months ago came the beginning of that awful tragedy which causes me to seek your aid today. Susanna was invited to visit an old relation of her father's, an extremely wealthy and eccentric woman. Her name was Stuart; and was unmarried, and lived in a lonely cottage on the outskirts of Westchester, N. Y. Miss Stuart was a confirmed miser, and it was reported that she had much treasure hidden away. My husband was Miss Stuart's first cousin, and she wrote expressing a strong wish to make the acquaintance of his daughter. Susanna wrote back that she would come if her mother was also invited, but Miss Stuart refused, stating that Susanna was her own blood relation, but that I was not. Susanna thereupon declared that she would not pay any further attention to her, but thinking that my girl might benefit by it in the future, I insisted upon her going to Westchester by herself. She had been with Miss Stuart for six weeks, when one day the door opened, and Susanna walked in. I started with amazement at the sight of her face. All the color had left her cheeks, her eyes were filled with a wild look of terror. She came straight up to me and caught hold of my hands.

"Hide me, mother," she wailed; "hide me, I have run away."

"But why, my dear?" I asked.

"What have you run away from?"

"Something terrible has happened," she answered. "Cousin Jane and I were alone in the house last night. We went to bed early, for I was tired; I had walked far in the country during the day. I fell asleep and began to dream. The night was a moonlight one, and the light of the moon streamed into my room. In my dream a man came into my room, took up a knife of mine, laid it down again, stared hard at me and went out. A great horror seized me, for it seemed that I knew the man and that his face was quite familiar. I awoke, and there was no one there—I called out, but there was no answer. The room was empty save for myself. After a time I dropped asleep again. In the morning I rose early, and went into my cousin's room. Mother, she was dead. She had been murdered in the night. Some one had stabbed her to death. I rushed into the street and called for help. The police came, but they found no clue. I have been thinking of you ever since, and I have come to give myself up."

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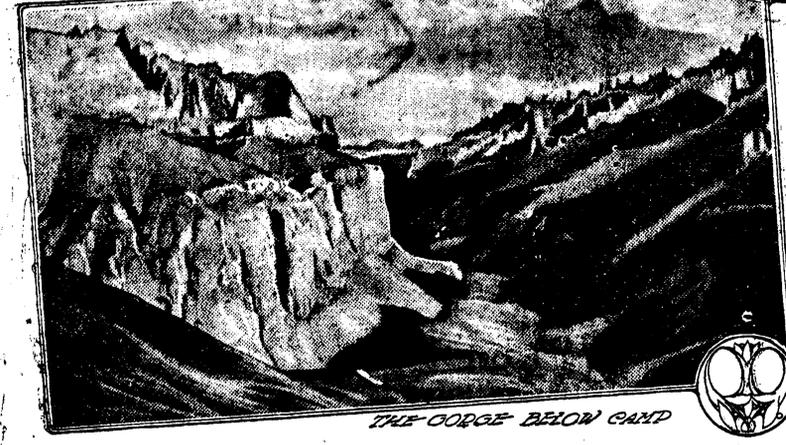
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AFTER WILD SHEEP in CENTRAL ASIA

TA WEI TI

WHONG the many happy hunting grounds in which I have found myself during the last thirty years, I know of none which has interested me more than the Great Altai mountains, where, last year, I had the good fortune to spend a month in search of the Ovis ammon. I have said interested me, and it should be understood that this interest and experience were from the sportsman's point of view, quite unique, owing to the total absence of any native hunters to assist, or even to give the least clue as to where the great sheep might be found. It may be superfluous to add that one invariably has the services and benefit of a second, and usually very keen, pair of eyes to assist in finding the game and subsequently to help in the stalk. In the present instance, however, it was a case of single blessedness with a vengeance. The reason of this absolute dearth of local shikaris is accounted for by the rooted objection which the native inhabitant of these wilds, the nomad Hassack, has to walking. To his ideas it is not the thing to do. Ponies and camels, again, are plentiful, and the Hassacks of both sexes, when on foot, shod as they are in a kneeboot with a grotesquely high heel, stump along in a most uncomfortable manner, as though every step would bring them down. Luckily, I had hunted the big sheep before, and was fairly conversant with his ways, so one morning soon after



down, I started off to search the valley, at the mouth of which we were encamped. The morning was beautifully clear, and I took matters somewhat easily, as I had left directions for one of my Mongol escort to follow me up with the horse and my pony; for, as usual with these gentlemen, he was late, and enjoying his easily-carried "twelve" hours' repose. Needless to add, I saw nothing of him—nor of the lunch—that day. Working my way steadily up the half-frozen stream at the bottom of the valley, after a while I made out the forms of two rams at the head of the mala. They appeared to suspect nothing and soon began to feed on the new grass shoots. Then two finer rams came to view. I felt I was in luck, but "there's many a slip." Scanning the rugged ground and looking for the best way to approach them I soon recognized that it was not such an easy matter. To follow up the stream bed, over the snow and ice meant being seen. The left side of the valley, a slope of broken rocks and shale, was equally out of the question. I therefore resolved to try the right side, though not without misgivings, on account of the snow slopes and forbidding-looking precipices. I concluded that if I succeeded in tracking this right side that I should be able to work round and above the sheep. After waiting for an hour, the fine beasts made things somewhat easier for me by feeding down and behind a small rocky point. During my long watch I had been dreading lest the Mongol with the ponies should appear and scare away the sheep. Chancing this, however, and judging I knew my Mongol, I started off up the stream. Some little way on I managed to cross on a snow-bridge, expecting at any moment to disappear through the soft snow. Then followed a long and steady ascent over huge boulders of broken rock, interspersed with soft, wet shale. Here was where the local knowledge of the man on the spot would have been invaluable, for I had not been able, up to this, to discern that to reach the high ridge immediately above the sheep was impracticable. A change of plans was, therefore, necessary. Holding on, I tried to scale the rocks to the right, which rocks, I am convinced, would have delighted the heart of an ibex or thar. Had a hunter been with me, I could have succeeded in this clambering ascent; as it was, I had to work down to the lower ground again and make the best of a bad job across the open. A bad job, too, it turned out, for having got within one hundred yards of the ridge, being which the sheep had disappeared, to my disgust I discovered two rams standing on the top, staring straight down at me. Sinking slowly to the ground, I sat motionless. One ram then moved behind the ridge, and the other, having been joined by a third, followed suit. The last sheep carried a fine head, and was very white—evidently an old one. As they had moved off slowly, I hoped that I might find them feeding, and be able to get on terms; but they took no notice, and when I got to the top of the ridge there was not a sign of them. I was just about to retire when I saw a grand sight. Several thousand feet above me

stalking quietly away along the top of a stony ridge. The leader, who was the largest and whitest, had thick, massive horns, and they all, with one exception, would have made a fine trophy. I congratulated myself on thus getting a second chance, and watched them as they went "stiltily" along, in the way they move when scared. At length the procession stopped, and they lay down on the steep side of the slope, from whence they commanded the whole of the valley. Off I went again, over huge, sharp boulders of broken rock; but I was soon held up on coming to a large open patch of deep snow. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently and make myself as comfortable and warm as possible among the boulders. After an hour or so, about 1:30 p. m., they rose, stretched themselves, scanned the whole country-side, and again moved slowly off, away to the north. They were evidently in a nervous mood. Following them, after a while I crossed the snow patch, ploughing through the snow, which in places was up to my middle, and following in the deep tracks of the herd. It was stiff work, and was followed by a still stiffer climb to the top of a razor-backed ridge. This I descended, the rams still in view. The ground here was quite open; but wild sheep usually look for danger from below, and I remained unnoticed. They finally disappeared slowly round the slope of a high rounded hill, about eight hundred yards ahead. I quickly started off to gain the crest of this hill, hoping to intercept the game, but was doomed to further disappointment. There was not a sign of them. My aneroid here registered eleven thousand feet, and we had reached the highest part of the downs. A cold wind was now blowing, mists came rolling up out of the valleys and it looked like snow. Taking up a couple of holes in my belt and a pull at my flask, I followed along the north face of the mountain. Avoiding the patches of soft snow, in which I noticed the marks of sheep's hoofs, suddenly on the opposite side, and some way below, I saw my five old friends, evidently bent on shifting their quarters still further to the west. They must have got my wind. Clouds occasionally hid me from the sheep, so, under cover of these, I determined to make a dash back for less open ground, and to move down and try to get in a shot. I had now been steadily on the move for over twelve hours, and had worked back towards the open valley, though away from the camp. My hurried move had not the excitement of the stalk was over. I vented deep anathemas on the Mongol's head for not having brought up the ponies. When within a mile or so of camp I was met by our whole retinue, who had turned out to conduct me. Search parties had gone out, thinking I was dead. After a hearty meal of our standing stock mutton—I soon turned in, and I parted one of the hardest and most precious which have fallen to my lot, and one of those that I am never likely to forget. The next few days I spent looking for

sheep, when thoroughly scared, travel many miles, and successfully hide themselves. Leaving camp at 4:30 one morning, shortly before dawn, the two hunters and I had not been long at work when the Kalmuk pulled up short, but too late, for we had been seen first by a flock of nine rams, who were taking their early feed on the side of a steep ravine. Off they went, towards higher ground, but in no great haste. Riding up to the ridge along which they had disappeared, we dismounted, and soon viewed them again. They were some distance off, feeding on an open slope, which appeared to be secure from attack; but there was one weak spot. After scanning the herd and noticing three or four good heads among them, I started off with Hussein to stalk. A warm job it proved, up that steep, loose shale slope, and the pace was perforce slow. At length we made the crest, and took it easy to study the situation. The wind, though light, was shifty, but all seemed well, for the herd were busy feeding. They were what appeared to be about one hundred and fifty yards off, but on a slope somewhat below us. The difficulty was to select the finest head, for to raise one's self more than enough to just peep over would have soon ended matters. Under such circumstances one is always apt to be deceived as to which head is going to beat previous records! The question, however, was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the herd getting their heads up and beginning to look suspicious. In another second they would have been off, so, taking a quick aim, I fired at the chest of what looked like the largest, as he stood head towards me. A rush and a stampede ensued across the soft face of the steep slope below us. The animals were so bunched up that it was impossible to pick out the largest, and the result of my three shots was to bowl over a moderate-sized one only. The herd then disappeared at racing speed, and when next seen they were in the big valley a long way below. We descended and cut up the dead sheep. This finished, and the old Kalmuk carrying the head over his shoulders, we rode off round the slopes after the herd, eventually pulling up and dismounting at the end of a long spur. Here, while on the look-out, we suddenly saw the herd, now only seven in number, come bolting back towards us, evidently disturbed in their flight by my fellow-sportsman, who just then appeared on the top of the mountain. The ones looked like charging straight at us, but swerved off and made up the mountain, except one, who, overcome by fright or curiosity, forgot his usual cunning and stopped to have a look at me. I heard the "clap" of the bullet as it struck, and he jumped completely round, then disappeared round a small spur a short distance off. Feeling quite elated at such good fortune, I followed up, expecting to find the sheep lying dead. Imagine my disappointment—he had vanished. There was no time to be lost, so, starting the Kalmuk off in pursuit over the shoulder of the mountain, Hussein and I took up the blood tracks. Twice during this latter proceeding I heard the report of the Kalmuk's blunderbuss, and momentarily expected to see him return smiling; thus, thinking all was right, we returned to where the ponies had been left. They also had all three vanished, leaving portions of the first dead sheep's carcass scattered about the mountain-side. It was some time before we had all collected again and the Kalmuk, who had, I understood, had a great success, had the wounded ram and marked the spot where he had shot, where we had started Hussein's work. Up the mountain we went again, and this time I was successful. I shot the largest of the herd, and it was a fine specimen. The next few days I spent looking for

USES FOR ADHESIVE TAPE

Will Keep End of Rubber Hose From Splitting or Hot Water Bag From Leaking

"Is there any possible way," asked the Summer Bride, "of keeping the cut end of a piece of rubber hose from splitting? Where it's forced over the end of a gas stove pipe, for instance? I know one really ought to have iron pipe connections made by a gas fitter, but sometimes one has to put up with rubber pipe as a temporary convenience."

"I know," said the Little Wise Lady. "Those things will happen sometimes, and the quickest way of heading off trouble is by using ordinary half-inch adhesive, such as comes in little rolls, and to wind (strap) is a better word) several thicknesses of it around each end of the rubber hose, after it is forced into place on the stove or gas pipe. It holds the edges firm and prevents the tension which cracks the rubber. Of course, one might use rubber cement, but it's a fussy thing to tinker with, and there is all the bother of waiting for it to dry. Adhesive—take it all together—is one of the most useful things to have around the house of which I've any record. Try it next time your rubber hot water bottle springs a tiny leak—two or three layers of it—of course making sure that the rubber surface is dry before putting it on. If it is slow to stick warm it slightly before applying, and you'll have no more trouble."

—New York Herald.

NOT HARD TO CLEAN SWEATER

Daintiest of Creamy White Ones May Be Renovated in the Following Manner.

A sweater is one of the necessities of the wardrobe. No other wrap can take its place. The dainty woman always prefers the creamy white ones, but often hesitates to buy because of the seeming difficulty of cleaning them. The following method simplifies that process, so that no one need hesitate to buy one on that account. Woollen blankets may be cleaned in the same manner.

A quarter of a bar of a good white soap is melted over the stove. To this is added about half a cup of ammonia. Enough hot water is run into the pan or tub to cover the sweater. The soap and ammonia are stirred in, and then the sweater is placed in. With a stick on the top of a washboard this is stirred and turned until the dirt is out. Rinse in several waters, then lay on a slanting board to drain, but do not squeeze dry.

There are several methods of drying. One is to fasten a sheet flat over several clothes lines and spread the sweater on that in the sun.

Stucco Whitewash.

Unslacked lime one-half bushel, salt one peck, rice three pounds, spanish whitening one-half pound, glue one pound.

Slack the lime with boiling water and cover it during the operation to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve and add the salt already dissolved in water. Boil the rice to a thin paste and stir it in very hot, then put in the whitening and the glue. Dissolve the glue by soaking several hours in cold water, then place in double boiler and heat slowly. Use agate or porcelain kettle. Iron will turn the glue dark. Now add five gallons of hot water to the mixture. Stir it well and let it stand two or three days covered from the dust. This whitewash is applied while hot. It is very brilliant and durable. Is designed for brick and stone, but can be used for inside walls just as well.

Gravy Soup.

Cut the meat from a six-pound shin of beef, cutting it into small squares. Heat two tablespoonfuls butter in a sauce pan, roll the pieces of meat in flour and add them by degrees to the butter; stir now and then and let simmer for one hour. The meat should look brown and juices be drawn out. Add one head of celery, two sliced onions, two sliced turnips, two sliced carrots, bunch of sweet herbs, blade of mace, two bay leaves, six cloves, two teaspoonfuls whole peppers and one tablespoonful salt; also add beef bones sawed into small pieces and one gallon of boiling water. Simmer for six hours, strain and let it get cold. Then remove all the fat. Serve with small pieces of cooked vegetables in it.

Blanketed Chicken.

Split and clean two broilers. Place in a dripping pan and sprinkle with salt, pepper, two tablespoonfuls of green pepper finely chopped and one tablespoonful chives finely cut. Cover with strips of thinly cut bacon and bake in hot oven until tender. Remove to a serving dish and pour around the following sauce: Use three tablespoonfuls of fat from the dripping pan, adding to it the following: One-half cup

ONLY THING IS TO FIND HER

Every Man Has an Affinity Some-where on the Earth, Is a Law of Nature.

Every man has a best girl waiting for him somewhere in the world. The moment that he is born, the catalogue clerk in Time's great factory assigns him to a best girl or else puts him on the waiting list.

There is no escaping your best girl. No matter where she may be born or how far apart from her you were when you started, the inevitable attraction will work your destiny, and when you meet you will both know it.

All that is lacking is the material realization, and inasmuch as all ideas eventually find their way to the surface, yours is bound to come.

Sometimes a man's best girl is not a cupid's bow, and her features are irregular; that makes no difference; he will love her just the same when he meets her.

Also, she may be another man's wife, such things have been known. Here's hoping that it will not happen to you.—Life.

A Formal Figure.

"A delegate doesn't get a chance to take much more than a perfunctory part in a big convention nowadays."

"No," replied the prominent citizen; "if he is associated with a successful candidate he feels like an usher at a wedding. If he isn't he feels like an honorary pallbearer."

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles, and I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I could not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen hours with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take \$1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. SUSIE TEMPLETON, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham records a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—their that deal out despair.

It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Beaumont

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is searched by the scientist for comfort and happiness. Modern man has indeed made great strides in the past century, and among the most important discoveries in medicine is that of the liver, which has been used with great success in France. Hospitals and clinics are now the scene of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous, rheumatic, and other ailments, who find relief in the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills.



Gregory Gazette

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One Year in advance.....1.00

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

Application for entry as second-class matter at the post office at Pinckney pending.

NORTH HAMBURG.

Mrs. Fred Carpenter is visiting at the home of E. G. Carpenter.

Miss Una Bennett, visited friends at Lakeland and Pinckney the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Clarence Shankland and children of Ann Arbor are visiting at the home of Charles Sweitzer.

Chickens are beginning to squawk in North Hamburg on account of the chicken pie dinner at the picnic August 3.

CHUBBS CORNERS

Uhl Smith of Detroit spent the week end with his parents.

Dan Shuler and son, George, were in Jackson one day last week.

Fred Grieve and family of Plainfield spent Sunday at Norman Reason's.

Ruth Frost visited friends in Detroit last week.

A number of people from here attended the East Marion Band Concert at Pinckney Saturday evening.

S. E. Beardsley transacted business in Brighton last week.

Mrs. Curtis and daughter, Dees, are here visiting at Freme Allison's.

David Bennett transacted business in Howell Monday.

Reginald Shaffer and wife were in Detroit last week.

John Richardson is on the sick list.

Norman Reason and family, E. E. Frost and family and Lynn and Fern Hendee attended the Cadillac at Detroit.

Mrs. T. F. Richards has returned home after making an extended visit with relatives in Canada.

ANDERSON.

G. M. Grieve was in Detroit last week.

Art LaRowe and wife visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman of Six Corners, Sunday.

Chas. Worthington of Fowlerville spent part of last week at the home of Will Caskey.

Mrs. R. M. Ledwidge and daughter were over Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Margaret Monks of Pinckney.

Barn White and family were guests at the home of M. Longblin of Chilson Sunday.

Bertha and Clare Hanes of Leslie are spending their vacation at the home of Orlo Hanes of this place.

Mary Greiner returned home Saturday after having spent the past month visiting relatives in Detroit, Mt. Clemens and Harbor Beach.

Chas. Bullis, wife and son Arthur and wife attended the Cadillac in Detroit last week, returning Saturday in a car sent by L. E. Wilson.

Mrs. Bert Roberts and daughter Lorna spent the first of the week at Will Caskey's.

Walter and Gertrude Frost have been visiting their brother Chas. and family of Unadilla the past two weeks.

After an extended visit with friends and relatives here Mrs. Julia Powell and daughter returned to their home in Mesick, Monday.

Will Caskey and wife spent Sunday at Robt. Caskey's of Iosco.

Will Brogan and family visited at C. Brogan's of Marion Sunday.

Mrs. James Roghe and daughters Alice and Kathleen of Pinckney visited relatives here Sunday.

The Misses Greiner entertained Clara and Germaine Ledwidge Sunday.

Mrs. Mike Lavey and daughter Laura of Hartsville spent last week Wednesday at the home of Max Ledwidge.

Dr. N. D. Wilson and son Gerald of Manchester, Iowa, are home. The Dr. will attend the osteopathic convention in Detroit this week.

M. J. Roche bought five head of registered Holstein cattle at Battle Creek last week.

Amelia Loney of Detroit who has been visiting at the home of G. M. Greiner returned home last week.

PLAINFIELD.

The meeting for cleaning up the cemetery will be held Saturday, August 10th. Election of officers and dinner will be served at the hall.

Mrs. Bliss Smith visited at the home of Claude Stowe Sunday.

Francis Dyer spent Sunday with Ethel Lilliewhite.

Mrs. Robert Frazier has been visiting her son, George Frazier.

Lavina Kellog is working for Mrs. John Taylor.

WEST PUEHAN.

Mrs. Robert Fox of Detroit is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kennedy.

Miss Kathleen Hackett of Detroit is visiting at the home of D. M. Monks.

Miss Inez Dyer of Dryden visited at James Doyle's and Patrick Kennedy's the past week.

Robert Kelley was a Stookbridge visitor Monday.

John Lutz and family of Chelsea were Sunday guests at Robert Kelley's.

Thomas McInerney and daughter Irene of Jackson visited at Wm. Murphy's and James Doyle's last week.

Henry Isham and wife entertained Prof. E. N. Bilbi of Pittsburg the past week.

Mrs. George Hassencahl is entertaining her sister from Chicago.

Alla Bullis visited at Bert Van Blaricum's Sunday.

J. Treadway and family visited at Robert Kelley's Sunday.

WEST MARION.

Sabbath school and service was omitted here Sunday; quarterly meeting being held at Parkers Corners.

Mrs. Ida Backus and children of Howell were Saturday guests at the home of H. W. Plummer.

L. Fenlase of North Lake and Geo. Baker and wife of Iosco were Sunday guests at the home of P. H. Smith.

Lyle Gorton and wife have been camping at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Ed Wellman is entertaining a sister from Jackson this week.

Mrs. H. J. White is home and her daughter Emma has gone to the State Sanatorium at Howell for treatment.

Mr. Plummer and Ruth and Bettie spent Friday afternoon at Mrs. Geo. Lee's.

Mrs. Anna Youngs spent the past week visiting friends at Pinckney also at W. B. Miller's and Wesley Witty's; returning to her home at Salem Tuesday.

SOUTH IOSCO.

The South Iosco Ladies Aid Society will hold an ice cream social at the home of the Watters Brothers (Thursday evening August 8, 1912).

Geo. Nowlen and wife of Webberville visited at the home of Joe Roberts last week.

Joe Roberts, wife and daughter Gladys and Mrs. Geo. Nowlen visited at the home of Jay Barber Sunday.

Bernie Roberts is visiting relatives in Webberville and Williamston at present.

Mrs. Bert Roberts and daughter Lorna were Ann Arbor callers Monday.

Miss F. Beatrice Lamborne left Saturday for Cass Lake where she will spend a week camping.

Frank Watters, wife and daughter Bertha visited at Albert Foster's Sunday.

Mrs. C. Watters and two sons visited the Watters Brothers last week.

Arthur Mitchell, wife and son Ward of Gregory visited her parents here Saturday.

Mrs. Nate Watters visited her mother Mrs. Isham near Plainfield last week.

Adelbert Gibbons of Detroit is visiting at W. S. Caskey's at present.

Nick Burley, wife and sons Lavern and Arthur visited his parents near Webberville Sunday.

T. Grover and wife visited her mother Mrs. VanKenren last week.

The Misses F. Beatrice and Kathryn of Iosco and Elva Caskey called at the home of Joe Roberts last Thursday.

Nick Burley and wife were Detroit visitors last week.

Grand Trunk Time

For the convenience of our

Trains East Trains West
No. 24-4:50 a. m. No. 27-10:20 a. m.
No. 30-4:45 p. m. No. 29-7:20 p. m.

Pinckney Area

Jas. Clicknor of White Oak was in town Sunday.

A. H. Flintoft and family spent Sunday in Jackson.

Wm. Moran was in Munith several days last week.

Mr. Thomas Terhune is taking treatment at the Sanatorium here.

James Smith spent last Wednesday and Thursday in Detroit.

Dr. W. C. Wylie and daughter, Julia of Dexter were in town Sunday.

Kathleen Hackett of Detroit is the guest of friends and relatives here.

Dolores McQuillan of Chilson is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. G. Devereaux.

Paul Miller and Dale Chappel were Webberville callers one evening last week.

Mrs. S. A. Denton of Gregory was a guest at the home of Dr. H. F. Sigler Saturday.

Mrs. Jefferson Parker and Mrs. Harry Isham are spending the week in Northfield.

Rev. Fr. John Stackable of New York City is visiting friends and relatives here.

The twice-a-week dances at Lakeland are proving quite popular with Pinckney young people.

E. F. Nichols of Howell visited his daughter, Miss Martha Nichols here the latter part of last week.

Lucy Lennon has returned to Detroit after spending the past two weeks with her sister, Ann Lennon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Swarhout visited their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Sordam in Detroit the first of the week.

Chas. King and family of Pinckney were guests at the home of J. W. Placeway the latter part of last week.

E. W. Kennedy and wife left for an extended visit with relatives in Washington and California Tuesday.

The primary money has just been received by township treasurer Monks. This year the amount is \$2242.45.

Dr. C. L. Sigler has been assisting Dr. Darling of Ann Arbor the past week during the absence of the latter's assistant.

The Misses Florence and Maude McClear of Gregory spent Sunday with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dolan.

Mrs. Aubrey Gilchrist and son, Winston, visited her mother, Mrs. Elmer Book near Gregory a number of days last week.

Mrs. Maggie Melvin of Jefferson South Dakota and Mrs. Hugh McKeever of Townsend, Montana are visiting at the home of Mrs. M. E. Kearney.

Mrs. Ben White, Sadie and Jo Harris and Katherine Brogan were entertained by Miss Mary Brogan at the State Sanatorium at Howell last week.

A cow belonging to John Fitzsimmons which was staked out on the banks of the mill pond near Brigg's gravel pit in some way got tangled up in the rope and fell into the pond, drowning in less than two feet of water. Friends started a subscription to buy them another cow and succeeded in raising over \$30.00.

Eight Dexter joy riders came over here Friday evening in a five passenger Ford after a banana flip. After partaking of this much desired refreshment, they prepared to return from whence they had come when the little Ford, disgusted no doubt by the fact that it was laden over capacity, after going about two feet stopped dead still and fell over its side. All the joy riders were of no avail, and the advice of the police was to

CANDIDATES

For Nomination in the Primary to be Held August 27

The following candidates filed petitions with County Clerk Miner last Friday and Saturday for nomination at the August primaries.

REPUBLICAN

For Judge of Probate. Arthur A. Montague, Howell.

Sheriff. Thomas F. Richards, Marion; George A. Wimbles, Howell.

County Clerk. John A. Hagman, Howell.

County Treasurer. Charles F. Judson Brighton.

Register of Deeds. Albert D. Thompson, Howell.

Prosecuting Attorney. Willis L. Lyons, Howell.

Circuit Court Commissioner. Glen C. Yelland, Howell.

Coroner. Henry H. Collins, Howell.

County Surveyor. Grant C. Dunning, Howell.

School Commissioner. Sarah L. Kaouise, Cohoctah; Hugh Aldrich, Conway; Ernest L. Pitkin, Brighton.

Drain Commissioner. John McGivney, Ocoala.

School Examiner. Hugh D. McDougall, Pinckney; Arthur Rice, Hamburg.

Superintendents of the Poor. Benjamin Wilson, Brighton; William R. Whitacre, Howell.

DEMOCRAT

Representative in the State Legislature. Edwin Farmer, Unadilla.

Judge of Probate. Eugene A. Stowe, Howell.

Sheriff. Arthur Grieve, Handy, Andrew J. Brown, Howell.

County Clerk. Clark H. Miner, Cohoctah.

County Treasurer. William Bravender, Fowlerville.

Prosecuting Attorney. Richard D. Roche, Howell.

Circuit Court Commissioner. Arthur E. Cole, Fowlerville.

Coroner. John E. Cunningham, Fowlerville; Patrick Devlin, Howell.

County Surveyor. John McCreary, Fowlerville.

School Commissioner. Maude Benjamin, Fowlerville; Earl Engle, Brighton.

Drain Commissioner. James Mehan, Brighton.

School Examiner. Glenn Grieve, Fowlerville; Leo Monks, Pinckney.

Superintendents of Poor. P. G. Henry, Howell; Albert R. Dreyer, Marion.

PROHIBITION

Representative in State Legislature. Orr Carr, Handy.

Sheriff. John Morgan, Brighton.

County Clerk. Ella M. Field, Green Oak.

County Treasurer. John Snyder, Conway.

Register of Deeds. Leslie J. Stiles, Green Oak.

Circuit Court Commissioner. Frank J. Osborn, Green Oak; Carl Conrad, Brighton.

PROGRESSIVE

Representative in State Legislature. F. Hacker, Ocoala.

Sheriff. Roy Sears, Howell.

Drain Commissioner. Robert Long, Howell.

Advice

Advice is good, if it is good and well followed, and here is a bit clipped from an exchange that occurs to us as being wholesome and applicable to life's success: fight your battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself, for no one is heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain you will make each step lead to another, and stand firm while you chop another out. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who have had \$5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have stretched their own wings and touched the sky.

OLEO-CODONS

FOR BACKACHE RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER
CONTAIN NO HARMFUL OR HABIT FORMING DRUGS

Alex. Destimon, 90 Lake St, Muskegon, says: "I had a bad case of kidney trouble. I took Foley Kidney Pills and received more benefit from them than anything I have ever used before." For sale by W. E. Brown.

Startling Silo Sensation: New Saginaw Feature

Anchoring the base of stave silos as the giant rook anchor for centuries the great oak—the final step in making complete the stave silo.

Eventually all silo users will recognize the fact that the stave silo keeps silage perfectly; and to overcome the last objection, the fear of the stave silo blowing down, and to make an even better and stronger silo, we have been eagerly searching for new ideas. Many years ago we developed the Saginaw All-Steel Door Frame, adding convenience, solidity and great strength to the entire structure.

The same enterprise, together with keen foresight, developed in 1911, the Saginaw Inner Anchoring Hoop.

One of the great successes in modern silo construction. And now—1912—with all wondering what possibly could be added to the Saginaw Silo, our engineering department has created and proved through exhaustive tests, a device wonderfully effective and remarkably simple in design and construction, and like all great inventions, "It's a wonder it wasn't thought of before." This invention will be known to the world as

The Saginaw Base Anchor

Like all important Silo improvements you get the Base Anchor only in the Saginaw. We will be glad to tell you more about this wonderful improvement.

We have a new book showing dozens of interesting views of our four large plants. This new book, entitled "The Building of a Silo", also contains very recent and complete information on silage. We have a copy for you. Write for it—or better, come in and get your Book and we'll talk it over.

T. H. HOWLETT, Agent, Gregory, Mich.



Even the fop would not buy a hundred pound coat, simply because it looked well. Superfluous weight in an automobile is ever a source of danger, expense and discomfort. The Ford is the car of millions and the millionaire, because it is light, right and economical.

More than 75,000 new Fords into service this season—proof that they must be right. Three passenger Roadster \$690—five passenger touring car \$890—delivery car \$700—f. o. b. Detroit, with all equipment.

W. G. REEVES

IS YOUR DEALER

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

STOCKBRIDGE CITY GARAGE

Teacher's Examination

Teacher's examination will be held at the high school building in Howell August 8-9, 1912.

The examination will begin promptly at 8 o'clock standard time.

Maude Benjamin, Commissioner.

The Sanatorium Dispute

Gov. Osborne recently inspected the State Sanatorium at Howell and pronounced conditions there filthy, unsanitary and a disgrace to the state. This evidently has gotten on the nerves of the board of control as they have been replying to his charges through the columns of the newspapers. They do not deny that the above conditions exist, but claim they are unavoidable on account of insufficient money appropriations by the legislature, the scarcity of land and the large number of patients to be cared for. They also seem to be of the opinion that the Governor would have inspected the Sanatorium had he intended visit.

A New System

Considerable dissatisfaction is being found with the long distance service of the Bell Telephone Co. Recently this Co. installed a new system. This system is to have one Howell station to care for all Livingston County calls which go outside of the city.