

GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

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

No. 18

Mr. Farmer:-

Spencer & Howes of Detroit are going to start a **Cash Cream Station** at Gregory. A place where you can take your cream, see it weighed, sampled and tested, and get your money each and every time.

Give us a trial and be convinced of the best way to get the most money out of your cows.

Tuesday, Sept. 3, will be the opening day and every **Tuesday and Friday** thereafter.

AYRAULT & BOLLINGER,

will be our local agents so you can bring your cream to their store and get your money.

Yours for a share of your cream business

Spencer & Howes

Detroit, Michigan.

LOCAL NOTICS

Harvey Dyer called on H. Bates Friday.

Let F. A. Howlett show you his sample books.

Joe Bowen has been entertaining his three sisters.

Beulah and Hazel Bates were home over Sunday.

Tom Gallup has been helping H. Dewey with his beans.

Mrs. H. M. Dewey has been ill with gastritis the past week.

Erving Pickell recently purchased a piano of L. R. William.

George Backus visited his niece Mrs. C. Taylor one day last week.

Lon Worden entertained his cousin from near Webberville Sunday.

Ruth and Charlie Whitehead attended the State Fair at Detroit one day last week.

Carlie and Laura Marietta and their sister, Beulah Barnes attended the show at Gregory Wednesday night.

The annual convention of Michigan State Sunday School Association will be held at Lansing November 13 to 15.

L. R. Williams brought in a hen's egg one night last week which measured 6½ inches around, 7½ inches long and weighed 6 ounces. Beat it if you can.

The attendance at the state fair the first day was 40,000 making it the biggest opening day in years.

Rural delivery service employs 42,000 carriers at an annual cost of \$40,000,000.

The enrollment of Howell schools this year is 527. Of this number 75 are foreign students, 178 in high school and eighth grade. In the grades the attendance averages 35 for each teacher.

Local optionists in Genesee county are circulating a petition there for presentation to the board of supervisors at the October session. It is expected that the question will be fought out in that county next spring.

An Ann Arbor passenger train killed 21 fine Shropshire lambs for Charles Klecker, in Cohoctah one day last week. The gate leading to the railroad was left open and the lambs wandered out on the track just in time for the train.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Carlin of Rochester were present at the wedding recently celebrated at Joe Bowen's. Mrs. Carlin is matron of Plainfield Sanitarium and her visit here is the culmination of a two weeks wedding trip. She was formerly Miss Bessie Barton.

The urgent request in the Detroit papers last week for everybody to register or they would lose their votes at the coming election, applies only to Detroit. New comers will be given an opportunity to register here before election, or you can hand your name to any member of the town board now and be registered.

The Fowlerville Fair will be held Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11. The association has secured a number of new and novel attractions and are most extensively advertising a novelty shooting act where glass balls are broken from a trap set up on an automobile. The ball games are as follows: Oct. 9, Byron and Stockbridge; Oct. 10, Howell and Williamson, and on Oct. 9, the winners of these two days will play.

John Sheets is working for Joe Bowen.

Some of the farmers are filling their silos.

The Milford fair will be held September 24 to 27.

Mrs. Frank Ovitt was a South Lyon visitor recently.

Lots of new hats for you to select from at Kuhn's.

Mrs. Tom Stone has been in Detroit the past week.

Peter Worden who has been on the sick list is better now.

Mrs. Bott of Lansing is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Frank Worden is caring for the sick at Mr. Bowditch's.

Mr. Randall of Howell stayed at L. R. William's one day last week.

Mrs. Mary Palmer is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Resico, at Pine Lake.

Mrs. A. C. Collins and children and Mrs. Mills were Gregory visitors Friday.

Mrs. Ira C. Backus and sister of Webster visited her daughter, Mrs. Taylor the first of the week.

Roosevelt clubs with large memberships have been formed in Washtenaw, Oakland, Genesee, Clinton and Jackson counties.

Equinoctial storms have been a kind of continuous performance during the whole season this year, ever since Mr. Post started that dynamiting over at Battle Creek.

The South Lyon Herald says that the cannery factory there has already exceeded its original expectation of 50,000 cans and bids fair to make the output 100,000 cans.

Washtenaw Progressives are feeling good over their rally in Ann Arbor Saturday night. It is estimated that there were 2,000 persons present and the audience was full of interest and enthusiasm.

At the M. E. conference at Alpena a resolution was adopted declaring in favor of woman-suffrage and a straw vote taken as to the choice for president, which resulted as follows: Roosevelt, 66; Wilson, 66; Chafin, 6 and Taft 10.

Following a complaint from an automobile club, to the effect that the rails at a certain railroad crossing are above the planking, thus causing many accidents, the state railroad commission has ordered that all railroad crossings in the state be put in repair within 60 days.

Mr. Oscar Bartron and wife returned from their trip Saturday evening. They visited Detroit and Niagara Falls and tired themselves out hurrying around to see the sights, were up on Brock's Monument, under the Falls and took the Gorge Route. They expect soon to leave for their new home in Saginaw.

The supreme court has handed down this decision in regard to divorce cases. No divorce shall be decreed in any case where the party complaining shall be guilty of the same crime or conduct charged against the defendant. It is now considered that relief from the elastic divorce laws which people are seeking is found in the very laws themselves.

The Chelsea Standard remarks that the National Progressives are the only live wires in Washtenaw county as already Gov. Johnson, their vice presidential nominee, has spoken there and another rally was held there last Saturday evening when a number of prominent speakers and all their county candidates were present. It concludes by saying that both old parties are apparently dead or asleep.

Anderson Tailoring

gives you what you want—willingly and without a quibble. That is why we urge careful dressers to look into the merits of the Anderson line. The styles are correct, the woolens well chosen, the fit is guaranteed faultless, and your individual directions are followed to the letter.

If you are particular, this is "The Tailoring You Need."

F. A. Howlett



I have represented the Anderson Tailoring Co. for the past seven years and have yet to find a dissatisfied customer.

Mrs. Taylor is much better.

Mrs. Wilmer Crossman is able to sit up.

Mrs. Mary Daniels called at C. D. Mapes' in Iosco last Wednesday.

Mrs. Rena Hall and Miss Minnie Caskey returned to their home in Webberville Saturday after spending several days at the home of Mrs. Rose Bubl.

It is reported that heavy rains in the northern part of the state have greatly decreased the potato crop, but the large yield in the southern part of the state will more than make up the shortage.

The Lyceum held at the school house last Friday afternoon was interesting and enjoyed by all. Several visitors were in attendance. Music is now being taught in our school and the basement is being cleaned so manual training may be taught.

FULMER'S CORNERS

John Taylor lost a valuable cow recently.

Miss Lelah Singleton visited friends in Stockbridge Thursday.

Miss Murta Judson is assisting Mrs. Dyer with her house work.

Miss Adell Fulmer and Mrs. Harry Giller were guests of Mrs. Potter Rowe Friday.

Harry Gulliver and James Jackson visited at William Sutcliffe's Thursday and attended the Fair Friday.

Mr. Geo. Judson and wife were guests of their daughter, Mrs. Ivan Pickell at Royal Oak a part of last week and also attended the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howlett spent Thursday in Dansville.

Mrs. F. C. Montague made a business trip to Jackson Thursday.

Floyd Jackson of Pinckney transacted business here Wednesday.

Mrs. Ed. Brotherton is spending a few days at the home of Howard Conk.

W. Keuch of Chelsea has been in this vicinity this week selling nursery stock.

FOR SALE—3000 cabbages Place your orders as soon as possible. Mary Daniels.

The Misses Eileen and Fay McCleer left for Ypsilanti Thursday to attend school.

Fred Howlett and wife of Ann Arbor have been visiting at the home of Thomas Howlett.

FOR SALE—1 pair full blood Belgian Hares. Price \$1.00. Inquire of Teddy Daniels 18t3

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We are here to serve you with anything in the line of printed stationery for your business and personal use. □ □ □

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The best quality of work at prices that are RIGHT

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BUY A ROUND OAK STOVE

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

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

T. H. HOWLETT,

Gregory, Michigan

General Hardware, Implements, Furniture, Harness Goods and Automobiles

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

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

New line of Post Cards including views of Gregory.

New line of every day work shirts warranted not to rip.

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

S. A. DENTON, GREGORY

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, GENTS FURNISHINGS, FRUITS, NOTIONS, ETC.

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

Isn't there anything in our national life that can be run without the use of Standard Oil?

If the Doctors could give hay fever a high-sounding name, they could make more money out of it than they do with appendicitis.

W. J. WRIGHT
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Hours—12:30 to 3:30. 6:00 to 8:00
GREGORY, MICH.

Grand Trunk Time Table

For the convenience of our readers
Trains East Trains West
No. 28—8:50 a. m. No. 27—10:29 a. m.
No. 30—4:33 p. m. No. 29—7:29 p. m.

Judging by the case of Bunker Morse there is no sanitorium in the same class with a jail.

With lemons at 55c a dozen it will no longer be an insult to hand a person one occasionally.

If Woodrow Wilson gained seven pounds when he was nominated, how much will he weigh on the morning of March 5?

Roosevelt may be a tramp of the skies, as Geo. Sutherland says, but he is too energetic to be in good standing in the hoboes union.

If now developed that employees of John D. have been stinging him for bounty money. We can now expect another boost in the price of auto juice.

Tagging Bachelors

By MOLLIE BROWN, San Francisco

Tax for Single Men Is Being Urged Instead

UNDoubtedly the men who first wore buttons advocated matrimony and wished for a wife. The old time bachelor buttons were essential to dignity and comfort and were not merely a tag of eligibility.

Mrs. Frank Page, society leader of Cambridge, Mass., blossomed forth and stated that a bachelor button (indicating freedom from matrimonial strife) should be worn on the coat lapel.

I doubt the advisability of tagging the dear boys who enjoy single blessedness.

What good would it do? It would not increase their usefulness, nor add to their popularity. Bachelor ensigns would probably mean, in the words of the old songs: "I'm Glad I'm Free" or "Darling, I Am Waiting for Thee," according to the viewpoint.

Some financiers say: "Don't tag the bachelors, but tax them." That is a thieving proposition and only married folks would sanction it.

The world needs bachelors—men and women—and they look good and do good without the label.

If there must needs be tagging done, I suggest that we tag the married man with a sign so large that "he who runs may read."

I don't think that bachelors pose as married men, but married men often pose as bachelors when seeking their soul mates.

Some sympathetic, well intentioned persons might say that a man encumbered or blessed (as the case might be) with a wife and family has tags enough. But is it not reasonable to suppose that any married man could carry the extra weight of a tag or button, bearing the warning: "Girls, I am not free, there are other tags on me."

Put a label on bachelors? Perish the thought. A tag would embarrass those worthy bipeds.

Remember this is leap year, and all liberty loving bachelors cherish the inspired words of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death."



People Must Live Within Their Means

By Lillian Swiley, Cincinnati, O.

It is well known that many men are not paid salaries that compensate them for the time they devote to business, yet the question in this time of strong competition is not how much the position is worth, but to find the best man to fill it at the lowest salary.

Nevertheless, when a couple is forced to resort to taking roomers despite a salary of \$95 a month there must be a leak somewhere. People of today live in too expensive apartments, many men on this salary paying as high as \$40 a month, instead of renting a four or five room stove heated flat for half that amount, and the difference set aside for homes of their own.

Again, our men and women are both clothes and amusement "mad." They crave and want everything new and the best in wearing apparel. Theaters and clubs must be indulged in, and what is the result? These take so much of their salary that the laws of God and nature must be broken and they refuse to bring children into the world.

Now, what is the result of this? Ill health and divorce stand out most prominent.

Rather than live in less pretentious apartments and wear last season's garments, of course a little old style in cut, but just as warm and comfortable, and shut themselves out of society for a season or more, they put out of their lives God's greatest blessing, children.

Until our people learn that a salaried man cannot live like a millionaire and that the laws of God and nature must be obeyed this great evil of divorce will not cease.

Critics harp on the unlovely voices of women, but what about the men's? For instance, a smile flitted across the face of every waiting traveler when the guard called the trains in a Chicago depot the other day. I sat within five feet of him and not one station could I understand, but he made up for his lack of clearness by the huge volume of noise. It almost seemed as though he did it purposely. I never heard such a jumble before.

Ralph Herz in "The Charity Girl" gives a fine sample of the railway guard. It is not at all overdrawn.

And listen to the voices of young boys. One talks through his nose—"adenoids," comments the doctor. Another overgrown boy pipes in a tiny treble all head tones. Another chops off his words so fast you never can tell whether he is saying something or has swallowed a fish bone.

The fault lies with the parents and teachers. They should teach children to breathe properly and then insist on clear enunciation. One plainly spoken word is better than a dozen slovenly ones.

Boys should be taught the possibilities of their pent up voices. Let them exercise their voices as well as their muscles.

It is easier to prevent than correct an acquired habit.

To be convinced just listen to the average man's voice.

Let the boy alone. His father and mother should join their interests in other things, working together and keeping up a continuous flow of bright conversation. They should join forces in beautifying the home and surroundings and their own personal appearance.

Talk of your flowers, your home or of current events. Choose governmental questions or the abundant blessings of the present year—always something along developing lines. Speak always with enthusiasm and abiding interest. Let your tones ever express faith and sincerity in the success of the best things and in a spirit that dares to aim for success along these lines.

Good Advice for Any Young Mother

By E. M. Aldrich, Sabula, Ia.

WORLD'S GREATEST NESTING PLACE OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRES

NEW YORK.—The greatest, most luxurious and complete development of country life that is to be found in America is on Long Island. One part of Long Island particularly surpasses all the rest in the number and magnificence of its great estates. This is the northern half of Nassau county. The region which extends from Great Neck to Cold Spring Harbor and from the sound south nearly to the main line of the Long Island railroad contains greater wealth than any portion of the earth's surface of a similar size outside of a town or city. It is within 30 or 40 minutes of Manhattan by rail. In a well-driven motor car one may pass from one boundary to the other of this section, north or south or east or west, in from 30 to 25 minutes. In this neighborhood more than 200 persons of great wealth have given an expression of their accumulated riches in the largest number of beautiful country estates in America. All this has come about within the last 25 or 30 years.

This part of Long Island is of great natural beauty. It has the highest hills, some rising more than 400 feet above the sea. There are several splendid deep water havens without rocks, reefs or shoals, where the largest of steam yachts may lie at anchor. Hempstead, Oyster Bay and Cold Spring Harbors have been famous since the days of the Indians. The anchorage of the New York Yacht club, in the East river, can be reached from them easily by steam yachts or power boats in from an hour to an hour and a quarter. This region has the greatest mileage of stone roads of any section of equal area in the United States. These country highways have lost nothing of their rustic beauty by being macadamized, and motoring over them is a delight. They are so smooth that the hilly nature of the country offers no impediment to the autoist's enjoyment. In this section also are found the finest trees and the richest soil. A greater variety of plants and trees can be raised to perfection than anywhere else in America. It is no wonder, therefore, that not only the very rich have selected this region for their country homes or that those who are only fairly well-to-do have been quick to see its advantages and build their houses there. The developers of suburban real estate also have found this one of their most attractive fields.

Select Club Land.

This section, too, is where club life reaches perfection. There are clubs for land sports and clubs for water sports. The Meadow Brook Hunt club is one of the most famous of the former. This is the finest fox-hunting region in America. The Nassau Country club and half a dozen golf clubs cover many acres and afford all the enjoyments of out-of-door life. The Piping Rock Country club is the largest and newest of all, and probably is the most magnificently appointed organization of its kind in the Western Hemisphere. In addition to these there are fishing clubs, gun clubs, automobile clubs—in fact, a man may find there almost any kind of club for outdoor sports that he can think of. The horse shows that are held in the open air every autumn attract a larger attendance from the society folk than the annual event in Madison Square garden.

This part of Long Island is, more than any other region of the United States, like rural England. There are sleepy old villages that look out upon green, undulating swards like those of Kent or Devonshire. The houses on the great estates of America's most famous millionaires stand out like white dots on the slopes of green. The towers and turrets of others loom up clear cut against the horizon. The clustered estates practically touch elbows and cover less territory than an ordinary Texas ranch. It is like baronial Europe, only the castles are nearer together.

Perfect Country Houses.

Some of these country houses—many of them, in fact—are veritable palaces. Broad avenues overarched by splendid trees lead up to them. Flower-bordered walks give brilliant touches of color to the view. All about are English hedges, with well-trimmed boxes, globes and arches of privet and arbor vitae. There are parks and plazas, peacock and balustrades. The scene has none of the gorgeous theatrical setting of Newport. Its beauty is natural and artistic. Fabulous sums have been expended in this region in improving upon nature. Great as the wealth is that is represented, it does not obtrude itself unpleasantly. The casual visitor receives the impression that the people who own and dwell in the palaces have learned not only how to amass riches, but to live.

A good many of the wealthy folk who inhabit this beautiful region are of the second or third generation of



Mackay Mansion at Roslyn.

millionaires. They have none of the trials or worries of money getting. They are concerned more with the enjoyment of life under sunny skies, with every accessory that money can buy. But there are many others who are still busy heaping up their great fortunes still higher. These folk find the same relaxation and rest on their country estates at night and weekends that the small business man does who lives in sight of them in his cottage.

The season of the greatest social activity in this widespread colony of millionaires is the autumn, but many of the owners of the great estates open their houses in April and stay there much of the time until after Thanksgiving. Some spend a few weeks in Europe during the summer, but by early in September there is hardly a house whose family is away. They are all very neighborly. The automobile has moved other splendid places of residence on Long Island close up to this one. It is only an hour or so's motoring from one fine section to another on the south shore or out toward the eastern end of the island. Nothing is thought of riding 50 miles of an afternoon or evening for a game of bridge or for a dance. Of late years the automobile has become as much a necessity as the horse used to be. Some of these rich residents on Long Island have a dozen motor cars constantly in commission, and a few have as many as 25 or 30. One man is said to own 50. A good many of the dwellers in the Nassau county district travel back and forth by automobile from their homes to business. Others whose homes are near the Sound, make the trip during the summer months by yacht.

Founded by A. T. Stewart.

The nucleus of this colony of millionaires was near Westbury and dates from the founding of the Meadow Brook club in 1881. As far back as 1866 A. T. Stewart bought 9,000 acres of land near Garden City. At that time his purchase was regarded as the height of a rich man's folly and the farmers were glad to sell their possessions at from \$40 to \$60 an acre. Later when the Meadow Brook club became popular, land began to rise, slowly at first, but subsequently with vertiginous rapidity. The original settlers—Quakers for the most part—were slow to sell, but little by little they parted with their homestead farms which were combined and laid out in vast estates for the enjoyment of those who built the palaces that replaced the low-roofed rambling houses. Today \$10,000 an acre is asked for many desirable tracts of land in this region. This is especially the case where the land has been allowed to retain all its natural beauty and where the groves of great trees have remained untouched by the ax.

Much Owed to Pratt.

Charles Pratt, the Standard Oil millionaire who died ten or fifteen years ago, probably did more than any one else to make popular this splendid region in northern Nassau county. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago he bought a large estate at Glen Cove and spent a great deal of time and money in beautifying and adding to it. He was the first really large buyer of land in this region. Later some other rich men, appreciative of the delights of country life, on Long Island, bought other hundreds of acres. Year after year the colony of congenital people of wealth increased, but it received its greatest impetus and has had its largest growth since the motor car became practicable as a means of sure and swift locomotion. Indeed, the automobile is the principal thing that has made this millionaire's colony possible and has placed it within easy reach of similar communities in other parts of the island. The Pratt estate is still one of the show places of that part of Long Island. The six sons of Charles Pratt have built six magnificent country houses on the great property that their father bought and have still further developed its beauties. Among the finest places in this region are Henry Davison's, at Peacock Point, Glen Cove; Howard Gould's, Harvey Ladew's, H. Bramhall Gilbert's and Dr. Satterwhite's, all at Great Neck; Colgate Hoyt's, on Center island; E. D. Morgan's, in the Wheatley hills, and the estates of James Byrne, W. D. Guthrie, W. J. Matheson, Clarence Mackay and J. F. Morgan Jr.

Luckless Age, This.

"No'm," said Aunt Pheenie with conviction, "times ain't as lucky as what dey used to be."

"How do you account for it?" asked her mistress.

"Well'm, the way I figures it, dese automobiles is most to blame."

"Automobiles? What have they got to do with it?"

"Well'm, horseshoes has always been good luck, ain't dey? And four leaf-clovers is good luck, ain't dey? Automobiles has drove de horses out o' business—consequently, dey ain't as many horseshoes lyin' around with luck on 'em, and farmers ain't raisin' as much clover as dey used to."

"Oh, my, ain't he pokey!"

"Say, mister, whad' ye git that horseshoe?"

"Does yo' greene yo' hair with hem-fur or how?"

CAMP FIRE STORIES

SHELL GOES LONG DISTANCE

Interesting History of 12-inch Projectile Used in Spanish War—Traveled Four Miles.

Screaming out its defiant message of possible death and disaster, a 12-inch 1,000-pound shell was sent across the Bay of Santiago on the fatal morning of July 3, 1898, from one of the battleships—Texas, Iowa or Indiana. The shell traveled a distance of between three and four miles and found lodgment in the side of a rocky hill just behind Morro castle, the charge being unexploded. It now reposes peacefully on the sidewalk in front of a store in Carson street, Southside, near Twenty-seventh street, but minus the charge.

Thousands of people pass the spot daily, but little or no heed is given by them to this interesting relic of Uncle Sam's encounter with the one-time great power of Spain.

The shell was shipped on October 20, 1898, by Capt. Surgeon James McKay, United States navy, to his father, Stephen McKay, of this city, and is much prized by the latter as a relic and souvenir.

Capt. McKay gave an interesting description of the circumstances attending the firing and finding of the shell. He states: "The shell was fired from the Indiana or Texas from a distance of between three or four miles, and it was doubtless fired at the eastern battery, a concealed battery of several old bronze cannon situated in a hollow in the bluff, and only visible from several miles at sea. Our ships paid great attention to this particular battery from noticing that, while the muzzles of the cannon were visible over the embankment before firing, they disappeared simultaneously with that operation. Now from the excellent habit drilled into the men of the navy of overestimating rather than doubting the strength of the enemy, they decided the battery must be composed of modern rifled disappearing guns and acted accordingly. Every now and again, and when the ships seemed most quiet, one or another would drop a carefully calculated shell in such close proximity as to keep the artillerists working the guns in a state of constant terror. This shell, from its position, must have flown over the guns and men at just sufficient height to clear the ridge and plunge into the hill beyond. It missed its mark by a very small margin. However, the hundreds of holes, some large enough to form a cellar for a large dwelling, scattered all about and within the battery, the dismounted, crippled and half-buried pieces, and the general wreck made of nature in the entire vicinity, speak only too eloquently of the excellent marksmanship of our gunners, and the splendid conduct of our ships in general.

"When Admiral Sampson visited the above-mentioned battery some months after the surrender, he smilingly told how they had been fooled by the strange disappearing qualities of the old guns. Many of these old pieces dated back to 1718 and were masses of most wonderful and beautiful hand carving, but the gun carriages were not more than 100 years old, hence the parts did not fit and the recoil mechanism (great buffer springs) being useless the piece on being discharged would bound back into the air the full length of the carriage (15 feet). The muzzles were visible over the cement before firing, but their rebound carried them far out of sight, hence the disappearing gun which deceived our men for a while."

The shell, singular to relate, shows eight marks of its impact with its rocky billet, another proof of the care with which American projectiles are fashioned.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WHERE THE GRAY HAIRS CAME FROM:

The attitude of the commanding generals of the north and south toward each other, after the final surrender, writes Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his recent book on General Lee, is one that the world regarded with astonishment, and that Americans may forever look back upon with pride. In illustration, Mr. Page offers an engaging anecdote from Long's memoir of Lee.

It appears that on the afternoon of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, Meade paid a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters. In the course of the conversation, Lee turned to Meade, who had been associated with him as his officer of engineers in the "old army," and said, pleasantly:

"Meade, years are tellin' on you. Your hair is gettin' quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "that is not the work of years. You are responsible for my gray hairs."

GUYING A BOMBPROOF.

The southern soldiers had little respect for what were known as "bombproofs," the fellows who had easy positions in the rear. On one occasion a smartly dressed young officer belonging to this kindred cantered up to a depot where a regiment of men were awaiting transfer. As soon as they saw him they began guying him.

"Oh, my, ain't he pokey!"

"Say, mister, whad' ye git that horseshoe?"

"Does yo' greene yo' hair with hem-fur or how?"

The Corrector of Destinies

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

The Interrupted Exile

By Melville Davisson Post

Copyright by Edward J. Clode

When the invitations to Emily Cruger's wedding at her father's country place on the Hudson arrived, every one knew what was going to happen—and it did happen: Horses were un-harnessed, motor cars were ordered back into their garages, and we went up in the day coaches of a railroad special with a flurry of snow driving against the windows.

We were met at the little station shed by a row of closed carriages, jolted off to a village church and packed into tight little pews. There, if one were really an old and dear friend of the family and had known the bride since she was a tow-headed little girl in gauzy frocks, he berated old General Cruger as though he were a pick-pocket, vilified Emily and damned the institution of marriage. Then we were whisked away in the snow-covered carriages to Cliffcourt and luncheon. But, first, we piled our rubbers in a ante-room by the porte-cochères, passed in review before the old general, kissed the tips of Emily's gloved fingers, quoted to the groom the appropriate remark of Solomon, and then girded our loins to fight for a place by the General's fleshpots.

Fortune sat me down at luncheon opposite a man at whom I was very glad to have a look. Vague whisperings had linked his name with Emily Cruger's for many a long day. He had proceeded with his plans to win her with the deliberation of a Japanese field marshal.

But women are not to be taken with a chain of forte.

The man was carrying on his face courteous unconcern, but the enamel of his set over savage lines.

Gossip had it that his plans for the housing of this wife were already carried out; the land for a mile farther up the Hudson had become the splendid, formal gardens of a French estate, the rising walls of the chateau loomed, a line of gray, on the bluff above the river. The great Oriental was making ready while he waited.

I had no opportunity to speak with him. Mrs. Chenley Gaynor, with a niece on the block, had him at her right. The practical old dowager was in every slave-market.

Any mother would have feared so dangerous a man, but not so Mrs. Chenley Gaynor. This freebooter was the richest on the seas, he had sacks of doubloons packed to the gunwale of his brig. What mattered it if the keenest illusion of a maid walked the plank with two gold pieces bound tight over its eyelids, provided one got a country estate, a town house and perhaps a yacht? Mammon was the only god who was never sleeping or on a journey. The man hovered a bit about the debutante, praising her charms, but he did not want her, that was clear. He nursed a hurt with his hand on his cutlass.

I was glad that the old general was independent and the man Emily Cruger had chosen well enough to do. This brown wolf would be a fearful beast, prowling at one's door.

We depleted the larder to its last pate, got into our rubbers and proceeded to embark in our covered carriages. We trod upon one another's toes, jammed our elbows into our neighbors, and apologized sweetly for it; but underneath I fear, we were ravening wolves. The tragedy of a country wedding in a May blizzard, twenty miles from New York!

The women all had been carted away, and I was entering a carriage after the last man when a servant ran out and said the general greatly wished me to remain.

The servant took me to a guest chamber where I found a glass of whisky, a hot bath and a dinner jacket. Meanwhile night descended and I joined the old general below stairs. We dined in rather desolate splendor under the lamps; after that we smoked by a little smoldering twig fire in the library overlooking the river. Then it was that I discovered why he wished me to remain.

"Courtland," he began, "you sat opposite a curious person today at luncheon. What do you think of him?"

"Well," I said, "if one were lacking names, I think he might be safely called a wolf."

He took my answer with a slow nodding of the head; then he walked over to the window and stood looking out at the snow driving up the dim river. "Emily loves this place," he said; "I am glad I saved it to her; but it was like the story in the Russian fairy book, I tossed the wolf everything else for it."

Then he came back to the fire and sat down in his leather chair with his feet stretched out to the fender. "I will keep your name 'wolf,'" Courtland," he said; "It like it better than the one his father gave him. I am glad Emily is well out of his way, God bless her. I used to shudder when I saw the beast at her heels. It does not matter so much when a man is devoured, he takes that chance in the forest; but the nursery tale of Little Red Riding Hood is full of heartaches. I used to see in fancy this wolf in my smoking jacket by the fire in this chair here. I have buried him out from my little Red Riding Hood;

but I await the destiny of the helpless old grandmother."

He reached out his arm, moved some papers on the library table, uncovering a legal document in its blue, stiff wrapper.

"I have got to sign this for him," he went on, "and then blow on my fingers to warm them I suppose. The place here is deemed to Emily, and this property is all I have left."

He took up the paper and handed it over to me. I read it carefully through. It was a first mortgage on certain coal lands and mines of the Pittsburg vein in what is known as the Fairmont region, securing a two-hundred-thousand-dollar issue of bonds. It was made by the Cruger Coal company to the Lexington Trust company as trustee.

"You see, Courtland," the old general went on by way of explanation, "I am the Cruger Coal company—president and all, with a few friendly dummies to make the corporation valid. I owe this wolf two hundred thousand dollars. He agrees to take the bond issue for the debt. He might as well take a deed for the property. It is worth perhaps forty thousand dollars more than that; but he will get it in the end for the debt. A deed direct to him would be a little bold just now, a bit like exacting smart money, punitive damages for the loss of Emily."

He leaned over, got a little flaming twig from the fire, and relighted his burned-out cigar with it. Then he went on.

"There is a fragment of unbelievable history about that debt, Courtland, manufactured with the greatest care by this wolf. Three years ago, when I knew only the exterior of the man, he came to me and said that the Midland and Tidewater railroad wished to borrow about half a million dollars, and that he was exceedingly anxious to assist it to obtain the money; that the banks in New York were short because of the recent January payment of dividends, but he was advised that the Granite Mountain Insurance Company at Montpelier had a lot of idle money. He was not acquainted with the officers of this company, but some one had told him that I was born in Montpelier and that my cousin, Senator Lapman, was president of the company. Perhaps I would give him a letter of introduction. I gave him a letter, saying that he was known to me and that he was a man of large financial relations, in fact, a rather friendly letter.

"Business in New England is on a rather higher plane than one finds it here. One's word goes further. When one's father and grandfather are known, the value of what one says is also known. Well, this wolf took his railroad man up there, presented his letter and got the loan for him, pledging his word for the soundness of the securities and, by strong inference, pledging my word too. The insurance company paid out four hundred thousand dollars, and took the bonds of the railroad for one half-million of dollars.

"Three months later the railroad went into the hands of a receiver, was sold, brought merely the value of the receiver's certificates, which the court had issued to cover its operating expenses, and the bonds were, of course, worthless.

"Senator Lapman came to me, and I went at once to the wolf. I told him that the Granite mountain officials had relied on his word and mine, that he had guaranteed the security in person before the board, and it must now be made good. He replied that I was quite right, he would make it wholly good, but that he would have to borrow the money, as he had not so much to his credit. He asked me to wait while he went across the street to his bank. In a few moments he returned, said the bank would loan him the money on his personal note, but that, to keep within its rules, the note would require two names on it. He could put his office boy on, he said, but if I would endorse it, the transaction would appear rather better.

"I knew that he was perfectly good for that sum, as good as the sub-treasurer, and I at once said that I would comply with his request.

"We went together to the bank, an officer made out a note, he signed it and passed it to me. I noticed that it was in the form of a joint note; but I remembered that banks often preferred obligations in that form and I did not hesitate to sign it. Then, at his request, the bank delivered the money to me and I went at once to Montpelier and adjusted the matter with the insurance company. I forgot the incident then, but remembered how honorable the wolf was."

The old general's jaw tightened on the bitter word. He broke the cigar in his fingers and threw the pieces into the fire.

"One morning, after Emily's cards were out, I got a letter from the bank, calling my attention to this note and saying it must be paid. I was dumbfounded. I had supposed that the wolf had paid it long before. I went instantly to his office in New York. He met me with a face as cold as a stone, said that he had paid coldly to him out from my little Red Riding Hood;

interest on our note for several years, that he had used his good offices with the bank to get all the time for me that he could, that the bank refused to carry the paper any longer and we must arrange to pay it. In the greatest surprise I recalled the occurrence to his memory in minute detail. He replied compositely that I was quite mistaken, he was no more responsible to the insurance company than I, neither of us had been legally bound, but both had felt morally obliged to make good the loss, and so a joint note had been executed and the money paid to me. I surely remembered that.

"I turned around without another word and went to my solicitor. He examined the note at the bank, questioned the cashier, and advised me that the bank would certainly sue on the note and that I should have to pay my half of it. I was horribly disturbed. I did not know where to get two hundred thousand dollars. Every thing I possessed would hardly bring that sum under the hammer, besides I wanted to give this place to Emily. In this dilemma the bank again notified me that the note would be reduced to judgment if not paid within thirty days, but added—that if I would execute a mortgage on my coal property, of which it seems to have had an exact statement, it could place the bonds for my share of the note, and, as the wolf stood ready to pay his share in cash, the matter could be settled. I agreed to this plan because it left me free to convey this place to Emily for her marriage portion. I have since learned that this wolf, Myron Gates, takes these bonds."

The old man paused a moment, removed his eyeglasses and laid them on the table, then he went on, "I have also learned that the whole thing, from its inception, was a plan of Gates to get me into his power. He, in fact, owned the worthless securities which were transferred to the Granite Mountain Insurance company. He it was who got the four hundred thousand dollars to the bank; he it was who directed the bank to make out a joint note while I waited for him in his office; the delivery of the cash to me was a part of the scheme, that the officers of the bank could testify that the loan was for me. He got the two hundred thousand dollars which I must pay back to the bank."

He arose and began to walk up and down the library. "There was a time," he continued, "when one could call out such a creature and make him stand up before a pistol for an act like this. The custom had its value, which we forget now. When blood letting was the penalty, sneaking cads kept their tongues tucked back of their teeth and their fingers out of other men's pockets. The law has changed, he it was who directed the bank to make out a joint note while I waited for him in his office; the delivery of the cash to me was a part of the scheme, that the officers of the bank could testify that the loan was for me. He got the two hundred thousand dollars which I must pay back to the bank."

"I got this letter yesterday from Emily. It was written from the St. Louis as she went out to sea, and brought in by the pilot."

He stopped a moment and sat staring into the fire, as if caught by some vagrant memory. Then he read the letter.

"It was a happy letter, charmingly put, full of tenderness for the old father in his lonely house, carrying little directions to him, little messages which he should deliver, little duties he must perform.

He folded the letter and laid it on the table. Then he spoke with the distinctness of one going firmly to his ruin. Italy was now out of the question; he must remain and get employment somewhere. But, first, this business with the bank must be concluded. He would go up to the city with me in the morning, execute the mortgage and take up the note. He did not ask me about my conference with Randolph Mason, and so I was spared the recital of that failure. When the candles burned down, I slept again in the guest-chamber above the library, but no aid came through the gate of dreams. Hope had abandoned this derelict to the seas.

"General Cruger," I said, "before we discuss exile, let us see if Myron Gates cannot be got at in some way. The wolf might be forced to disgorge this money; perhaps we could find a way to scorch him somewhere with firebrand. It seems to me a duty of a rather superior sort to pour a pot of pitch on the head of such a devil's imp."

He shook his head somewhat hopelessly at that. "Do not get a wrong impression of me, Courtland," he said, "I should like to pack coals under the beast if I could, I do not fear him. I have no refinements of false conscience against meeting his treachery with steel traps set in the leaves of his den, but even the discussion of such a thing is idle. I have gone over it more than once with the best attorneys in the city, and they saw no hope in a suit. It would be my word against his; but to support his word would be my letter of introduction, the joint note, the evidence of the bank officers that the money was paid to me personally—these things would convince a jury of candlestick-makers and the like. One firm of lawyers on upper Nassau thought I was lying even to them about it."

"But, General," I said, "Randolph Mason is not the usual practitioner of New York. Permit me to talk the matter over with him. Something may come of it."

His manner did not conceal how lacking he thought the result would be, but he was courteously obliged. "Certainly, Courtland," he replied. "I shall be greatly in your debt for thinking of the matter, but I fear we shall come back in the end to a counting of centimes, and the problem of a cheap little inn, with a roast fowl now and then and wine of the country."

I had no opportunity to consult with Randolph Mason until the evening of the following day.

I went into the room and sitting down in the chair before the table, made my excuses for interrupting his coffee and told General Cruger's story.

"Mr. Mason," I said, "this is a great injury to a very helpless man. How is this mortgage to be avoided?"

"I did," he replied. "You have followed that direction, I believe."

I did not understand.

"We followed the inevitable," I answered him. "It was the only thing to do. You recognized that yourself."

"It was the right thing to do," he said; "but not the only thing."

"Why, Mr. Mason," I said, "I asked you 'What then?' and you said there would be another day tomorrow."

"It is here," he answered. "Each day to his own events. The fool confuses his assistant with a multitude of

He answered me with a listless unconcern, still looking after the departing Pietro. "It is not to be avoided," he said. "Let the man sign it and pay his debt to the bank."

I caught helplessly at the last straw floating out from my disastrous shipwreck; "What then?" I said.

"What then?" he repeated, with the same indolent indifference. "Why, then, there will be another day tomorrow."

And he went out of the room and up to his bedchamber, where the silent Pietro made ready for his eccentric master.

I had a long talk that night with Pietro. He had a cousin in Pollano, a village about a league from Genoa, where the Mediterranean makes a little sunny pocket. The place, he thought, ran with General Cruger's dream of the Riviera, the bay was with topaz, the far-off back of the sea wine-red, as in the days of Homer, the air soft as down—only the natives were not to be desired. They were picturesque enough for a theatrical effect, but they were very dirty, very stout liars, and all sons of the forty thieves. His cousin, Guido, was no better than the worst of them, but he kept a very comfortable inn, if the fleas in it were only dead. His wife, Gabriella, had once been in the service of the old Marquis Ferretti at Genoa and knew how to serve a gentleman.

Pietro would write to this cousin and drive a bargain for every detail of General Cruger's needs.

There was no comfort to be had from waiting, so I picked up a map, a Baedeker, some current fiction on Italy, and, taking the evil-fated mortgage in my pocket, went to Cliffcourt the next evening.

I almost cried when I saw General Cruger, his face was so greatly troubled. He looked white and feeble.

"Parks," he said, "I fear that you are beginning to be a fool." Then he came down the steps and went into his private office.

This light breaking suddenly on a supposedly hopeless darkness, confused me, or else I had not put useless questions to Randolph Mason. I should have known better. Mason's words were never idle, nor were his plans visionary and barren, whether he bid one do a little or a great thing. The story of Naaman and the Prophet was convincing precedent. I did not understand these new instructions and could not point out their intent to General Cruger, but I knew that a pit was being dug for Myron Gates, and that was light enough.

I explained all this frankly to the old man that evening after dinner at the Holland. I urged him with the logic of the Syrian's servants. If Randolph Mason had bid us build a great, looming trap for the wolf, we should have done it. How much rather than this easy thing which he suggested! I did not comprehend, any more than he, how it could result as Mason said it would. It would take, in my opinion, words and passes, charmed amulets and the laying on of hands to induce any bankers to advance money on a second mortgage when the property involved was worth scarcely the value of the first. Still, Randolph Mason said the bankers would pay over the money, and he knew. I would pledge my life on that. I was aware, too, that Solmeyer believed in Mason as the Maid of Israel did in Elisha, and that the firm had made a fortune of six figures through that faith.

I had my way about it in the end.

The meeting of the Cruger Coal company was held, the record correctly made, the bonds authorized, and the mortgage prepared in every detail as the law required it. I took it to Randolph Mason when the scrivener had finished. He examined it carefully, called in a notary, dictated the certificate, had the signatures properly affixed, and sent me with it to the bankers.

They took it with the bonds and handed General Cruger a draft on the Rothschilds in Paris for two hundred thousand dollars. I walked up-town with the bewildered old man to the way, dazed by this incredible fortune. Finally, he put his hand on my arm.

"My dear friend," he said, "I seem to be quite awake, and yet this event is after the manner of dreams or the illusion of some Oriental drug."

He went on slowly little farther up Broadway. Then he stopped as though taken with a sudden resolution.

"Mr. Parks," he said, "Randolph Mason directed me to go to Europe and hide this money in my daughter's apron. I will go tomorrow on the Baltic."

Come down to the ship at eleven and explain this miracle to me. I will run up home now for the luggage."

Then he took a cab to his train and I returned to the banking house of Hurst & Solmeyer. I, also, wished an explanation. I walked straight through the building to the private office of the elder banker, and sat down before him at his table.

"Solmeyer," I said, "were you sure the brick which you have just bought is gold?"

The old man smiled and stroked his long, patriarchal beard.

"Yes, Mr. Parks," he said, "this one is gold. Gates got the brass one."

"Impossible," I replied. "Myron Gates got a mortgage prepared by his own scrivener for the full value of this property. His security is prior to yours. How could his brick be brass?"

The old man's black eyes twinkled in their deep sockets.

"Mr. Parks," he said, "you do not know the Prophets. Is it not written 'Whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way shall fall himself into his own pit?'"

"The quotation is hopeful," I said, "but into what pit did Myron Gates fall?"

The old banker looked me searching in the face.

"Randolph Mason said that we were not to tell this thing to any one," (to avoid a charge of notice under the case cited,) "but you are his secretary,

and I take it that he has sent you to see if we, ourselves, understand it."

Then he pulled out the drawer of the table and laid before me the mortgage, a copy of the one executed for Myron Gates, a report of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, and a copy of the Acts of its Legislature. Each volume was marked with a slip of paper. The banker opened first the volume of Acts.

"You will observe," he said, "that the old form of acknowledgment for corporations was changed by this act, and a new form given, in which the president of the corporation must certify under oath that he is such officer, and authorized to execute such paper."

Now, the scrivener who drew the Gates mortgage used the old form of acknowledgment as he found it in the form books, while our mortgage, you will notice, is executed under the new form of acknowledgment."

"Well," I said, "what important effect can that have? The Gates mortgage is in proper form, there is only a mistake in the certificate of acknowledgment. That does not invalidate the mortgage, nor affect the validity of the mortgage."

For answer the banker opened the volume of reports, and passed it across the table to me, his finger marking the page.

It was a decision of the Court of Last Resort in the state where the mortgaged property was situated,



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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DREAMS PROTECT OUR SLEEP

NO TROUBLE IN COLLECTING

Reasonable Explanation of Events Which Have Been a Puzzle to the Minds of Students.

Dreams seem a mere play of imagination without any value—the more as every serious student has recognized that it is absurd to think that dreams have any prophetic character. But, in recent times, science has discovered the probable purpose of the dreams, and has found in this case again that nature does not give to us anything which is superfluous.

In the present view of science, dreams fulfill the purpose of protecting our sleep, and this end is reached by those apparently meaningless flights of the imagination. Most dreams start from some disturbance or excitement of our organism. Something may press on us, or touch us, or we may hear a sound, or we may have some digestive trouble, or we may lie in an uncomfortable position, and so on. Any such disturbance would excite the mind and would easily lead to a breaking up of the sleep which is necessary for us in order to be fresh for the next day's work.

The dream provides the solution. In creating a fantastic background for that disturbance, by which the inner excitement becomes adapted to a whole situation in which it fits well, our efforts to remove it becomes sidetracked and the sleep can go on without interruption.

We may have thrown off a blanket and feel cold. Our dream brings us to a snowy winter landscape in the midst of the cold winter day, where we begin to skate, and all the coldness is then so natural and well adjusted to the whole illusory experience that our mind moves on without destroying the sleep.—From St. Nicholas.

Hairy Food.
A traveling man stopped at a hotel recently, said the Cassidy Times. He found a hair in the honey. He went to the proprietor and kicked. "I can't help it," said the landlord. "I bought it for combed honey." The next day the traveling man found a hair in the ice cream, but the landlord said that was all right, as the ice had been shaved. Again he found a hair in the apple pie. This surprised the landlord greatly. "Why," said he, "they told me those apples were Baldwins."

Kansas City Journal.

Lawyer Probably Was Willing to Pay More Than \$10 Under the Circumstances.

A noted lawyer of Tennessee, who labored under the defects of having a high temper and of being deaf, walked into a court room presided over by a younger man, of whom the older practitioner had a small opinion.

Presently, in the hearing of a motion, there was a clash between the lawyer and the judge. The judge ordered the lawyer to sit down, and as the lawyer, being deaf, didn't hear him and went on talking, the judge fined him \$10 for contempt.

The lawyer leaned toward the clerk and cupped his hand behind his ear.

"What did he say?" he inquired.

"He fined you \$10," explained the clerk.

"For what?"

"For contempt of this court," said the clerk.

The lawyer shot a poisonous look toward the bench and reached a hand into his pocket.

"I'll pay it," he said. "It's a just debt."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Guess.

"Why did Maud want to go into the garden, sis?"

"I suppose, dear child, she thought Sweet William was there."

A HIDDEN DANGER

"Every Picture Tells a Story"
It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy, or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

A Medicine
Mrs. H. J. Little, 203 Madison St., St. Charles, Mo., says: "It was miserable from backache, pains in my head, dizziness and a sensitiveness in the small of my back. Doan's Kidney Pills corrected these troubles and removed annoyances caused by the kidney sensations. I have much to thank Doan's Kidney Pills for. Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. It is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Ware, a farmer, neither of whom Yancy, the notorious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards do any thing to stop the boy. Yancy goes to Hannibal Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when the Barony is kidnapped by Dan Blunt, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blunt, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balzano and is discharged with costs of the trial. Mr. Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home, Carrington takes the same route. Yancy and his little band, with Murrell on their trail, Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend, the true object of the Judge's home. Hannibal's family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Bell Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses the startling things to the judge. Carrington takes the same route. Murrell arrives in Bell Plain, is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries. Carrington learns that Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the Judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty had promised to him that he would be mysteriously shot. Murrell and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty, and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty returns his professed love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Tom Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, bearing the abduction, plans action.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Judge Takes Charge.
All work on the plantation had stopped, and the hundreds of slaves—men, women and children—were gathered about the house. Among these moved the members of the dominant race. The judge would have attached himself to the first group, but he heard a whispered question, and the answer:

"Miss Malroy's lawyer."

Clearly it was not for him to mix with these outsiders, these curiosity seekers. He crossed the lawn to the house, and mounted the steps. In the doorway was big Steve, while groups of men stood about in the hall, the hum of busy, purposeless talk pervading the place. The judge frowned. This was all wrong.

"Has Mr. Ware returned from Memphis?" he asked of Steve.

"No, sir; not yet."

"Then show me into the library," said the judge with bland authority, surrendering his hat to the butler. "Come along, Mahaffy!" he added. They entered the library, and the judge motioned Steve to close the door. "Now, boy, you'd kindly ask those people to withdraw—you may say it is Judge Price's orders. Allow no one to enter the house unless they have business with me, or as I send for them—you understand?" After you have cleared the house, you may bring me a decanter of corn whisky—stop a bit—you may ask the sheriff to step here."

"Yes, sir." And Steve withdrew.

The judge drew an easy-chair up to the flat-topped desk that stood in the center of the room, and seated himself.

"Are you going to make this the excuse for another drunk, Price? If so, I feel the greatest contempt for you," said Mahaffy sternly.

The judge winced at this.

"You have made a regrettable choice of words, Solomon," he urged gently.

"Where's your feeling for the boy?"

"Here!" said the judge, with an eloquent gesture, resting his hand on his heart.

"If you let whisky alone, I'll believe you; otherwise what I have said must stand."

The door opened, and the sheriff slouched into the room. He was chewing a long wheat straw, and his whole appearance was one of troubled weakness.

"Morning," he said briefly.

"Sit down, sheriff," and the judge indicated a meek seat for the official in a distant corner. "Have you learned anything?" he asked.

The sheriff shook his head.

"What you turning all these neighbors out of doors for?" he questioned.

"We don't want people tracking in and out the house, sheriff. Important evidence may be destroyed. I propose examining the slaves first—does that meet with your approval?"

"Oh, it's talked with them; they don't know nothing," said the sheriff. "No one ever knew nothing."

"Hicks says Miss Malroy's been acting queer since Charley Norton was shot."

"I'll see the overseer—what's his name?—Hicks? Suppose you go for him!" said the judge, addressing the sheriff.

The sheriff was gone from the room only a few moments, and returned with the information that Hicks was down at the bayou, which was to be dragged.

"Why?" inquired the judge.

"Hicks says Miss Malroy's been acting mighty queer ever since Charley Norton was shot—distracted like! He says he noticed it, and that Tom Ware noticed it."

"How does he explain the boy's disappearance?"

"You left these parts some time ago, I believe?" continued the judge.

"The day before Norton was shot, I had started home for Kentucky. I heard of his death when I reached Randolph on the second bluf," explained Carrington, from whose cheeks the weather-beaten bloom had faded.

He rested his hand on the edge of the desk and turned to the man who had followed him into the room. "This is the gentleman you wish to see," he said, and stepped to one of the windows; it overlooked the terraces.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

from the room and the judge dismissed the servants.

"Well, what do you think, Price?" asked Mahaffy anxiously when they were alone.

"Rubbish! Take my word for it, Solomon, this blow is leveled at me.

I have been too forward in my attempts to suppress the carnival of crime that is raging through west Tennessee. You'll observe that Miss

Malroy disappeared at a moment when the public is disposed to think she has retained me as her legal adviser; probably she will be set at liberty when she agrees to drop the matter of Norton's murder. As for the boy, they'll use him to compel my silence and inaction." The judge took a long breath. "Yet there remains one point where the boy is concerned that completely baffles me. If we knew just a little more of his antecedents it might cause me to make a startling and radical move."

"Please God we'll recover him soon!" said the judge.

By the window Carrington moved impatiently. No harm could come to the boy, but Betty—a shudder went through him.

"They've stolen him," Yancy spoke with conviction. "I reckon they've started back to North Carolina with him—only that don't explain what's come of Miss Betty, does it?" and he dropped rather helplessly into a chair.

"Bob are just getting off a sick bed. He's been powerful porely in consequence of having his head laid open and then being thrown into the Elk river, where I fished him out," explained Cavendish, who still continued to regard the judge with unmixed astonishment, first cocking his shaggy head on one side and then on the other, his bleached eyes narrowed to a slit. Now and then he favored the austere Mahaffy with a fleeting glance. He seemed intuitively to understand the comradeship of their degradation.

"Mr. Cavendish fetched me here on his raft. We tied up to the sho' this morning. It was there we met Mr. Carrington—I'd known him slightly back yonder in North Carolina," continued Yancy. "He said I'd find Hannibal with you. I was counting a heap on seeing my nevvy."

Carrington, no longer able to control himself, swung about on his heel.

"What's been done?" he asked, with fierce repression. "What's going to be done? Don't you know that every second is precious?"

"I am about to conclude my investigations, sir," said the judge with dignity.

Carrington stepped to the door.

After all, what was there to expect of these men? Whatever their interest, it was plainly centered in the boy. He passed out into the hall.

As the door closed on him the judge turned again to the Scratch Hiller.

"Mr. Yancy, Mr. Mahaffy and I hold your nephew in the tenderest regard; he has been our constant companion ever since you were lost to him. In this crisis you may rely upon us; we are committed to his recovery, no matter what it involves." The judge's tone was one of unalterable resolution.

"I reckon you-all have been mighty good and kind to him," said Yancy huskily.

"We have endeavored to be, Mr. Yancy—indeed I had formed the resolution legally to adopt him should you not come to claim him. I should have given him my name, and made him my heir. His education has already begun under my supervision," and the judge, remembering the high use to which he had dedicated one of Pegloe's trade labels, fairly glowed with philanthropic fervor.

"Think of that!" murmured Yancy softly. He was deeply moved. So was Mr. Cavendish, who was gifted with a wealth of ready sympathy. He thrust out a hardened hand to the judge.

"Shake!" he said. "You're a heap better than you look." A thin ripple of laughter escaped Mahaffy, but the judge accepted Chills and Fever's proffered hand. He understood that here was a simple genuine soul.

"Price, isn't it important for us to know why Mr. Yancy thinks the boy has been taken back to North Carolina?" said Mahaffy.

"Just what kin is Hannibal to you, Mr. Yancy?" asked the judge resuming his seat.

"Strictly speaking, he ain't none.

That he come to live with me is all owing to Mr. Crenshaw, who's a good man when left to himself, but he's got a wife, so a body may say he never is left to himself," began Yancy; and then briefly he told the story of the woman and the child much as he had told it to Bladen at the Barony the day of General Quintard's funeral.

The judge, his back to the light and his face in shadow, rested his left elbow on the desk and with his chin sunk in his palm, followed the Scratch Hiller's narrative with the closest attention.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I'll see the overseer—what's his name?—Hicks? Suppose you go for him!" said the judge, addressing the sheriff.

The sheriff was gone from the room only a few moments, and returned with the information that Hicks was down at the bayou, which was to be dragged.

"Why?" inquired the judge.

"Hicks says Miss Malroy's been acting queer since Charley Norton was shot."

"I'll see the overseer—what's his name?—Hicks? Suppose you go for him!" said the judge, addressing the sheriff.

"You left these parts some time ago, I believe?" continued the judge.

"The day before Norton was shot, I had started home for Kentucky. I heard of his death when I reached Randolph on the second bluf," explained Carrington, from whose cheeks the weather-beaten bloom had faded.

He rested his hand on the edge of the desk and turned to the man who had followed him into the room. "This is the gentleman you wish to see," he said, and stepped to one of the windows; it overlooked the terraces.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Humph! I'll trouble Mr. Hicks to step here," said the judge quietly.

"There's Mr. Carrington and a couple of strangers outside who've been asking about Miss Malroy and the boy; seems like the strangers know her and him back yonder in North Carolina," said the sheriff as he turned away.

"I'll see them." The sheriff went

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Packache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

If you would acquire a reputation quickly set yourself up as a weather prophet.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Trial Marriages Favored.

Mrs. Hoyle—What is your husband's platform?

Mrs. Doyle—I think he favors the recall of marriage certificates.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES.
Cole's Carbolicase stops Itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

On a Summer Day.

Maud Muller was raking the hay. "I'm an intelligent agriculturist at the very time you are in danger of the recall," she explained in refusing the judge.

Grasped His Opportunity.

A Baltimore clubman tells of two convicts who met for a moment alone in a corridor and took advantage of the fact for a hurried interview. Said one, "How long are you in for?"

"For life," responded the other.

"And how long are you in for?"

"Twelve years," responded the other.

"Then," said the lifer, "cautiously extracting a letter from its hiding place, as he glanced fearfully around, 'take this and mail it for me when you get out.'"

Big Crop Yarns Are Ripe.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture was talking about the record crops of 1912.

"These wonderful crops," he said, "are almost enough to make you believe the cross-cut saw story."

"A farmer, you know, sent his hired man to a neighbor's with a note saying:

"Friend Smith: Will you please lend me your cross-cut saw, as I wish to cut a watermelon up so as to get it into my dray?"

The neighbor wrote back:

"Friend Jones: I would be glad to lend you my saw, but same has just got stuck in a cantaloupe."

Poser for the Doctor.

Dr. Lewis White Allen, the Denver physiologist, was giving an informal talk on physiology upon the windy, sea-fronting porch of an Atlantic City hotel.

"Also," he said, "it has lately been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed a girl in a blue and white blazer. "How much sulphur is there, then, in a girl's body?"

"Oh," said Dr. Allen, smiling, "the amount varies."

"And is that," asked the girl, "why some of us make so much better matches than others?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tea's Conquest of Rome.

Of all the conquerors that have come to Rome no one has gained such a complete victory as tea has won in the Italian capital. Twenty years ago the British and American tourists who came to Rome were catered to in the matter of tea in a rather shamefaced manner in the strangers' quarter near the Piazza di Spagna, and "English Tea Rooms" was the legend to be seen in a few windows hard by Cook & Sons' offices.

Nowadays the palm lounges of the Grand and the Excelsior hotels at tea time are two of the sights of Rome, for all Roman society drinks tea abroad in the afternoons, and there are as many uniforms at 5 o'clock in the big hotels as there are at sundown on band days on the Pincian hill. All the big pastry cooks' shops in the Corso and the other principal streets now have "Afternoon Tea" in gold letters on their plate glass windows.

CAREFUL DOCTOR
Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are, and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets, Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so good and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Well-ville," in pgs.

"There's a reason." A new and appear from time to time. They're genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

INSECT DOING CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE TO PEAR ORCHARDS IN EASTERN STATES

Productiveness of Many Trees in Fruit Growing Sections Has Been Greatly Reduced by Thrips, a New Pest—Most Effective Control Is Spraying.

(By P. J. PARROTT.)

For a number of years pear blossoms in orchards in the state of New York and other parts of the east have blighted, resulting in more or less extensive losses in fruit yields.

Careful studies during the past year have shown that the injury is caused by the pear thrips, a new orchard pest, which has attracted considerable attention in recent years in California because of its destructive-ness to various deciduous fruits.

The adult thrips, which is largely responsible for the injuries to the trees, is a small, darkish brown, winged insect measuring about one-twentieth of an inch in length. It appears in destructive numbers when the buds are opening, attacking the tenderest of the flower parts. The eggs are mostly deposited beneath the epidermis of the blossom and fruit stems. Hatching takes place within a few days, and the larvae seek preferably the calyx cups, undersides of calyces, and the folds or under surfaces of the tender, expanding leaves. The larvae feed for about two weeks and drop to the ground, in which they form a protecting cell. In this cell the insect completes its transformations and emerges from the ground in the spring as an adult. The thrips is single brooded; and the most active and destructive stages are coincident with the period that includes the life events of the swelling and opening of the buds and dropping of blossoms and calyces.

Injuries by the thrips in the Hudson valley have apparently occurred over a period of five years. During the past three years fruitgrowers generally have noticed blighting of blossom clusters of pear trees, although the nature of the causal agent seems not to have been suspected. According to

REWARDS OFFERED IN FRUIT GROWING

Great Crops Are Possible When Conditions Are Created to Produce Them.

Fruit growing offers many rewards in the way of great possibilities to those who get the most out of it. The careful planter and the liberal feeder and culturist, as a rule, gets what he is working for.

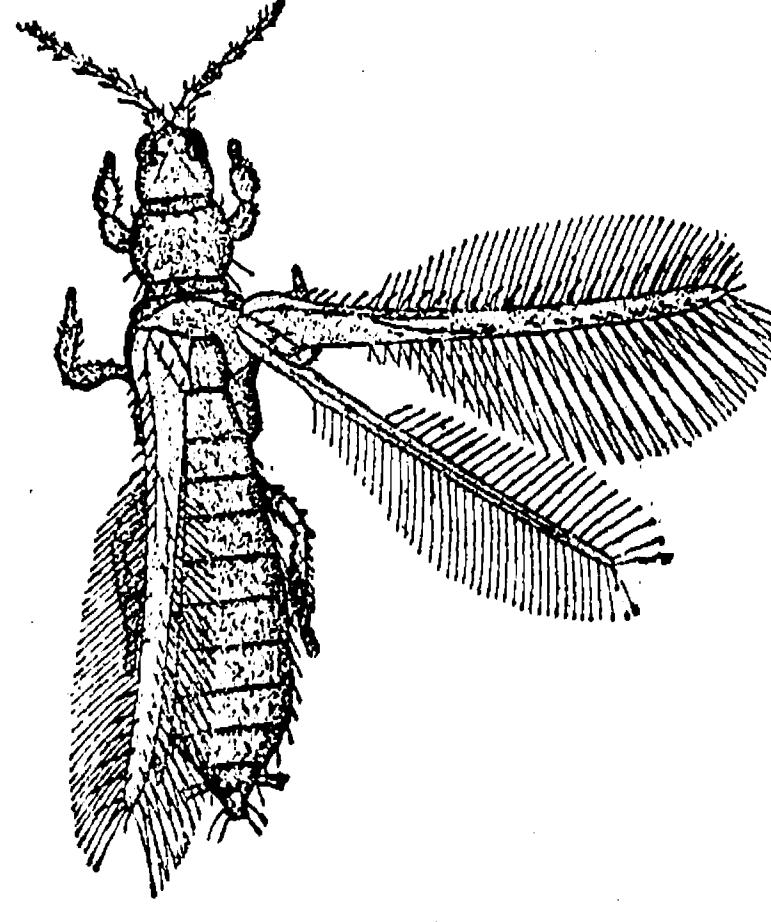
In all kinds of fruit culture great crops are possible when the circumstances are created to produce them. A well-cared for strawberry plantation, says a writer in Green Fruit Grower, often yields wonderful results; and the same can be said of raspberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., and yet it is not best to engage in fruit culture with that as an incentive.

Figure on a fair crop, and if you get a large one, so much the better. I would not be understood to discourage aiming high—not by any means—simply to caution the inexperienced against building on these exceptional yields.

Do not plant too closely, and give what you plant close attention. We know a man who may not be termed a model fruit grower, yet this man makes the most of what he has, and is successful.

Good varieties, good plants, suitable ground, and proper care will produce fine fruit. Economy is very essential to success, and yet one must not be penny wise and pound foolish. There must be thorough work done, and plants must not be crowded. It takes some thought to know just how much work and money to bestow upon a crop to make the most possible profit from it.

It is difficult for the inexperienced to realize the great value of experience in fruit growing. After one has traveled the road he can see the value. To those who are about to establish themselves in this interesting industry, I would say to go slow at first; make small beginnings; gain your knowledge as you go on; study your location and soil so that you will know better than any one just what is possible to accomplish with it.



Adult Pear Thrips.

statements of fruitgrowers the most severe attack of the thrips occurred during 1910, when the pear crop in many orchards was much reduced. Besides losses in yields the trees were seriously checked by injuries to leaf buds and leaf clusters; and in some orchards the season was much advanced before the trees presented normal conditions of growth. The productiveness of pear orchards during 1911 was greater than the preceding year, but blighting of blossom clusters was general and orchards suffered losses in yields according to the severity of the attacks by the thrips.

Severe attacks by the thrips are a serious drain on the vitality and productiveness of the trees. In their weakened state they are also more subject to injuries by adverse weather or environment, and to attacks by various wood-boring insects. The needs of the orchard with respect to

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Gregory Gazette

Published every Saturday morning by
ROY W. CAVERLY, Pinckney, Mich.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year in advance.....1.00

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

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

SOUTH IOSCO.

Mrs. Jenson of this place died at her home last Friday noon. Funeral services were held from the house Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Miss Elva Caskey who is spending some time with Mrs. Ralph Chipman was home over Sunday.

Mrs. L. T. Lamborne and daughters Beatrice and Kathryn were Fowlerville callers Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Harford has been visiting her sister Mrs. David Smith of Detroit.

A number from here attended the State Fair last week.

There will be a shadow social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts of this place, Wednesday evening October 2, for the benefit of the Wright school. Everybody invited.

ANDERSON.

C. A. Frost and family of Unadilla visited at the home of Albert Frost Sunday.

Sydney Sprout was home over Sunday.

Will Roche returned to Fowlerville Sunday.

Catherine Brogan of South Marion spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Allison.

Clare Ledwidge is making an extensive visit with her uncle.

Joseph Greiner is attending school at Pinckney.

School closed in the Eaman district one day last week for the State Fair.

A large number from here attended the State Fair at Detroit.

Mrs. R. M. Ledwidge and daughters spent Friday at the home of Will Bragan.

Mrs. Ern White and daughters visited at Ben White's one day last week.

UNADILLA

Mrs. James Hoard is able to be out after her recent illness.

Mrs. Allen of North Lake spent a few days last week with friends in Unadilla.

Mrs. Anna Griffith spent last Wednesday and Thursday with Mrs. John Webb.

Reverend Armstrong spent the past week at Mt. Clemens.

Stephen Hadley and wife spent part of last week in Detroit visiting friends and attending the State Fair.

George May and family of Stockbridge spent Sunday at Vet Bullis'.

Eugene Wheeler and family were called to White Oak last week by the severe illness of Mrs. Wheeler's father Mr. Scott Goodley.

Mrs. Bullis is spending some time with her daughter near Pinckney.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. F. A. Coates Wednesday afternoon.

Farmers are busy harvesting their beans and cutting corn.

Bert Hartuff and wife spent Monday at the home of Chas. Hartuff.

The Ladies Sewing Circle will meet Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wm. Pyper.

PLAINFIELD.

Frank Boise and wife spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Floyd Boise.

Mrs. Jerusha Isham is entertaining an aunt from South Lyon this week.

A number from here were State Fair visitors last week.

A large number were in attendance at the mask social at the hall last Friday night.

Mrs. H. Lilliewhite spent one day last week in Fowlerville.

Cider Mill Opens

A. J. Gorton announces that he is now prepared to make cider at the Unadilla Mill from now until further notice and requests a share of your patronage.

Parcels Post

Some Facts That May Prove Interesting To Our Readers

Under the new parcels post act which is to go into effect Jan. 1, 1913. Any article is mailable if not over 11 pounds in weight nor more than 72 inches in length and girth combined, provided same is not likely to injure the mails or equipment. A flat rate of one cent per ounce is provided for parcels up to four ounces in weight, regardless of distance. For parcels above four ounces in weight, for the first pound, each additional pound and a maximum of 11 pounds, the rate is as follows depending upon the distance.

For rural routes and city delivery the charge will be 5 cents for the first pound and 1 cent for each additional pound, or 15 cents for the maximum of 11 pounds, respectively. Within a 50 mile zone the similar charges are 5 cents, 3 cents and 35 cents; within the 150 mile zone 6 cents, 4 cents and 48 cents; 300 mile zone 7 cents 5 cents and 57 cents; 600 mile zone 8 cents, 6 cents and 68 cents; 1000 mile zone 9 cents, 7 cents and 79 cents; 1,400 mile zone 10 cents, 9 cents and \$1; 1,800 mile zone 11 cents, 10 cents and \$1.11; over 1,800 miles 12 cents, 14 cents and \$1.32.

Real Estate Transfers

L. D. Lovewell and wife to J. A. Labadie and wife, 40 acres in Brighton for \$800.

Clara Collins to Jennie Haywood, lot in Brighton for \$900.

Gertrude Ward to F. M. Blatchford, land in Brighton for \$2750.

Elizabeth Conrad et al. to Margaret Macomber, lot in Brighton for \$800.

C. E. Placeway and wife to Ada Reimann, 32 acres in Genoa for \$750.

Gertrude Ward to Thomas Meehan, land in Brighton for \$600.

F. G. Jackson and wife to H. A. Fick and wife, lot in Pinckney for \$1600.

Louise Austin to Logan Papworth, lot in Howell for \$700.

W. P. VanWinkle and wife to Marion Sopp, land in Howell for \$2000.

O. C. Ismond and wife to M. J. McPherson, lot in Howell for \$2000.

F. B. Pulver and wife to John McDermott and wife, 60 acres in Hartland for \$1200.

G. A. Doods to F. H. Dodds and wife, 60 acres in Hartland for \$1000.

F. E. Mills and wife to D. N. Wieand and wife, lot in Howell for \$2000.

The High Cost of Living

Too Many Middle Men

A little attention to the subject will convince any one that the high price of living nearly doubles between the producer and the consumer. Very few will take the position that the farmer receives too much for his products, but all agree that the consumer is compelled to pay too much. Too many people are making a living off of what is produced. There are too many profits between the farm and the home. This does not apply to the country merchant, as he is an absolute necessity. Middle men are as necessary as the producer, but we have too many and the solution of the cost of living is the elimination of some of the unnecessary agents between two extremes.—Ex.

NORTH HAMBURG.

Wm. Benham spent several days at the State Fair last week.

Miss Gracia Martin and Prof. Hawks of Ann Arbor visited at the home of Chas. Switzer Thursday.

Jas. Burroughs and wife were Pinckney callers Saturday.

Burt Nash and sons attended the State Fair last Thursday, making the trip with their auto.

Allison-Snyder

A very pretty wedding occurred at high noon, Wednesday, September 19, at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Allison of Fosco, Michigan. When their daughter Miss E. Florence was united in marriage to Thore W. Snyder of Fowlerville, Reverend C. E. Willets of Howell performing the ceremony. A four course dinner was served to the immediate relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder started on an auto wedding trip expecting to make a tour of the eastern states. On their return they will make their home in Fowlerville. Mrs. Snyder is a sister of Mrs. LaVerne Demerest of Marion.

Played Wrong Tune

He had one of those musical horns on his auto and was racing with an interurban car between here and Birmingham, going along the rough country road at a speed of nearly a mile a minute. All the while the horn tooted "Auld Lang Syne." Passengers in the car watched the race with interest and several remarked that the autoist was flirting with death. One passenger who was nervous at the exhibition of careless driving stuck his head out of the window and bellowed at the auto driver. "Put on 'Nearer My God to Thee' you fool before you strike a telephone pole."—Pontiac Press Gazette.

Not The Editors Fault

Some people wonder at times how it is that a newspaper has a lengthy written account of one wedding and just a few lines giving the bare announcement of another wedding.

Some people attribute it to partiality upon the part of the editor, others say it is because one is rich and the other is poor, etc., but the real solution is very simple. In one case someone interested has been thoughtful enough to give the editor the details while in the other case he has chased all around to find out something about it and unable to obtain any particulars has to be content with a simple announcement, and he is not always able to secure even that much for certain.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Tom Stone visited at the home of L. R. Williams Thursday evening.

Mrs. Will Marshall called on Mrs. Dossie Whitehead Sunday.

Mrs. Marietta called on H. Bates Sunday.

Mrs. W. C. Collins and Mrs. E. Pickell were guests of Mrs. L. R. Williams last Thursday.

Mrs. Bates and children called on Mrs. G. W. Bates Sunday.

C LASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FOR SALE—Two sows with 8 pigs each. Inquire of Alfred Monks. 38t3

FOR SALE—2 work horses; not afraid of autos. Clayton Placeway, Pinckney. 38t3

FOR SALE—American Bronze Seed wheat. Inquire J. T. Chambers Pinckney, Mutual Phone. 38t3

FOR SALE—Poland China boar 9 months old. Inquire of Garner Carpenter, Pinckney. 38t3

WANTED—a 40 or 60 acre farm with buildings. Write W. Stadel, Dexter, Mich., R. F. D. No. 1. 40t3

FOR SALE—Forty acres one mile from Anderson at a bargain. Will sell this land at a figure so that 1/2 of crop will pay you from 10 to 15 per cent on the money invested, also have a 8 H. P. International Sawing Outfit new last fall for sale. My health demands a change of climate hence the sale. Fred M. Mackinder Pinckney, Mich., R. F. D. 3. 38t4*

Again We Say

Subscribe for THIS PAPER

Pinckney Locals

Jas. Smith attended the State Fair at Detroit last week.

Leo Monks and Rev. Jos. Coyle were Fowlerville visitors Monday.

W. E. Brown of Stockbridge was in town the latter part of last week.

Clyde Smith of Ann Arbor was an over Sunday guest of friends here.

P. G. Teeple of Marquette was the guest of relatives here the fore part of the week.

Dr. M. S. Vaughn of Jackson spent several days last week at the home of his mother here.

Mrs. Emma Grimes, Alma Grimes and Mrs. May of Stockbridge, Mich. were in town last Friday.

The McPherson Farm Co. sold one of their top notch young Holstein sires to Bert Nash, a few days ago.

W. E. Murphy transacted business in Detroit last Friday and of course took in the Tiger-Red Sox ball game.

Mrs. Julia Pangborn of near Anderson was a guest at the home of Alden Carpenter a part of last week.

Theodore Lewis and wife expect soon to move to Fenton, Mich. where they intend to reside.

Samuel Grimes expects to leave for Shawnee, Ohio this week to spend some time there with his son Frank.

The Misses Joey Devereaux and Jessie Green were guests at the home of Miss Lulu Benham in Hamburg Saturday.

Mrs. H. F. Sigler and Miss Luella Haze visited relatives in Pontiac and attended the State Fair at Detroit last week.

Mrs. Rueben Kisby of Hamburg was a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. Nettie Vaughn, a portion of last week.

Mrs. Amelia Flowers who was formerly Amelia Smith of this place recently died at a Kalamazoo hospital from the effects of an operation.

Miss Margaret Bradley who has been spending the past month at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Sigler returned to her home in Lansing Saturday.

Mrs. Nellie Engleburg and Mrs. Hattie Henry of Chicago were guests last week of the former's sister, Miss Mable Monks and other relatives here.

Mrs. May Sopp and son of Geneva and Mrs. Joie Able and son of Chicago visited friends and relatives in this vicinity a number of days last week.

Patrick McCabe, a well known Dexter business man, died at his home there Monday of pneumonia after a brief illness. He is a cousin of Rev. Fr. Coyle of this place.

Geo. Munsell and family of Handy and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wright of Fowlerville were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Placeway a couple of days last week.

Rev. A. Balgooyan expects to leave Thursday for his new pastorate at Deerfield, Mich. During his stay here he has made a large number of friends all of whom greatly regret his departure.

E. G. Carpenter and wife were called to Pontiac Tuesday by news of the serious injury of their son Fred whose hip was dislocated when he was run into by a G. T. train. He is a conductor on that line.

Met Chalker in a recent letter says that he had the pleasure of meeting bear and two cubs in the Bitter Root Mountains, Idaho, Sept. 12. He says that he has run across mountain lions, wolves and lynx in his time but never had anything make him so homesick in his life as that mother bear did. Took seven shots at her but failed to get her as he had neglected to change the sights on his gun.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Pile five big men into a Ford and you have a fair load. But many a heavy car unloaded has more weight to carry—and more power to carry it. The low priced Vanadium built Ford is minimum light and maximum powerful.

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IS YOUR DEALER

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

STOCKBRIDGE CITY GARAGE

The Big

FAIR

AT FOWLERVILLE, MICH.

Oct. 8, 9, 10 & 11

Owing to the enlarged grounds and the additions to and changes in the buildings, the Society is better prepared to care for the patrons and exhibitions than ever before. The competition in the different departments is open to the Counties of Livingston, Ingham, Shiawassee and Oakland.

Special Attractions

Have been secured at Large Expense for the entertainment of all.

Base Ball Games

October 9—Byron vs Stockbridge