

GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Saturday, October 19, 1912

No. 20



THE BIG FAMILIES

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

ARMOR PLATE HOSIERY

The saving is greater—no darning worries or annoyances of any kind. ARMOR PLATE wears longer than the average hosiery because of a scientific dyeing process which does not weaken the yarns a particle. Most hosiery is "ruined" that way.

Ask us to show you a good number for each of the family. We have them in any weight or at any price you name. Don't forget—"ARMOR PLATE."

AYRAULT & BOLLINGER,
GREGORY, MICH.



You'll say it's the best cup of tea you ever tasted when you try Pleasant Valley.

They have a delicate flavor and at the same time brace the tired nerves.

Our Coffees are of equal merit to the Pleasant Valley Teas.

We have four brands.

- Nero . . . 30c
- Marigold . . 32c
- Tzar . . . 35c
- Pleasant Valley 40c

Tzar Coffee is especially recommended. It has a smooth, rich flavor and its fragrance is, in itself, a great factor in the sale of it. The aroma, which is a sign of freshness, is retained by reason of the air-tight packages in which Tzar Coffee is delivered to you. Why not order a trial of Pleasant Valley Tea and Pleasant Valley Coffee and get into the habit of using the best?

Ayrault & Bollinger,
Gregory, Mich.



W. E. BROWN

W. J. WRIGHT
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office Hours—12:30 to 3:30. 6:00 to 8:00
GREGORY, MICH.

Let US **PRINT**
YOUR
SALE BILLS

LOCAL NOTES

Ladies caracule coats \$6 to \$10 at Dancer's—Stockbridge

Aunt Eliza Monks is spending a few days at Homer Wasson's.

Benlah and Hazel Bates attended the Fowlerville Fair last week.

Mrs. Gilbert Munsell of Fowlerville visited at Otto Arnold's Tuesday.

A Progressive club was recently formed at Howell with over 70 members.

What has become of the old torchlight procession and campaign parades.

Mrs. A. C. Strickland of Mt. Clemens visited her uncle, Lester Williams Monday.

Send to Dancer's—Stockbridge for samples of Corduroys and velvets. Adv.

Mrs. Carrie Nicholas expects to leave for Ann Arbor soon in order to take treatment at the hospital.

Mrs. Mary Daniels and Mrs. F. Bollinger attended the funeral of E. G. Pierce at North Stockbridge Wednesday.

Geo. and John Bowman of Michleson, Roscommon Co. are visiting their cousins, Hazel and Archie Arnold.

Brighton has a new industry. The boys are earning from 50c to \$6 per day catching frogs at 15c per dozen for the Detroit market. Over \$80 was paid out there one day recently for frogs.

We would like more Gregory News. For some reason it seems to be a scarce article. If you have only a few items send them in and help make the Gazette a success. We will mail stamped envelopes on request.

Every country town merchant should study the good roads question until he realizes that it is largely his problem. Good roads bring a farmer to town and bad ones keep him away. It pays the merchant to contribute towards the building of good roads in the neighborhood of his town.—Michigan Good Roads.

The Michigan crop report issued last week, estimates the yield of wheat in this state at 11 bushels per acre. The estimated total yield for the state is 5,714,544 bushels. The estimated average yield per acre of barley is 34, oats 32, corn 31, potatoes 105, beans 14, sugar beets 10, and buckwheat 22.

There is an unusual large number of foreigners entered in the University of Michigan this fall and Michigan is fast taking the lead of colleges and universities in this respect. There are 60 Chinese, two of whom are woman; 12 Japanese, one of whom is a woman; 12 students, all men from Armenia, five from British Africa, and others are from Porto Rico, the Philippines, Russia, Canada, Hawaii, South Africa, Germany, England, France and Poland.

It will be impossible to use voting machines at the general election in November, according to Deputy Secretary of State Mills as the statute requires that constitutional amendments be printed in full instead of by their titles only, and the long list of candidates will make it a physical impossibility to carry the women suffrage amendment and the amendment relative to charter revisions on the machines. This will mean that the Australian ballot will have to be used in every voting precinct of the state.

Notice

I have now opened my cider mill for business. Cider made of your own apples. Apple butter for sale. F. J. Rescio.

Peter Worden is on the gain. Mrs. A. J. Harker has returned from South Lyon.

Margaret and Donald Harker went to South Lyon Tuesday.

Albert Messenger and wife visited at Dan Wright's Thursday.

Extra fine line of ladies coats at \$10 to \$20 at W. J. Dancer & Co's

Sidney Sprout visited at the home of L. R. Williams last Thursday.

You can find a good line of sweaters to choose from at F. A. Howlett's.

Elmer Braley has been elected chairman of the board of supervisors at Howell.

Ed. Baker of Leslie, claims to have raised 63 bu. of potatoes on 1/2 acre of ground.

A Perry farmer raised 271 bu. of beans on 9 acres. He received \$650.50 for his crop.

County school com. Benjamin has visited twenty-one schools in the county so far this year.

Mrs. F. C. Montague will give a birthday dinner Sunday for her nephew and niece, Beal and Mary Daniels.

Miss Vancie Arnold is assisting at the home of John Arnold of Williamston, Mrs. Arnold being very sick.

The Porter Clothing Co. of Howell, Mich., are selling all of their New Boys and Childrens Suits, Overcoats and Slip-on Coats at a 20 per cent discount. Call and see them. 42tf Adv.

The best way to head off the mail order house is to advertise liberally. All the successful mail order houses are heavy advertisers and if they can make it pay why not the local merchant.

So Teddy is going to win out in Michigan. Perhaps it will be a good thing to have him go over to Detroit and clean up on the council grafters. Nobody in Detroit seems to be able to do the job.—Fowlerville Standard.

State Highway Commissioner Ely reports that from 500 to 600 miles of state reward road have been built during the year in 44 counties. The work cost \$250,000. Applications were made for 640 miles which will no doubt be laid before the year ends. 75 per cent of the roads were constructed of gravel, most of the macadam being used near the large cities. The commissioner is in favor of applying the automobile tax to the state highway fund.

Some people say that advertising is all a matter of luck; that you cannot tell what advertising is going to do or whether or not it is going to pay. This may be true, but it is very strange that a man who gives intelligent thought to his advertising in an intelligent straight forward way, usually has the luck on his side. He is lucky in his advertising because he has reduced it to a science. Advertising is governed by just as much common sense lines as govern the purchase of a lot of potatoes or codfish.

After July, 1913, a standard barrel of apples must be 26 inches between the heads, 64 inches in circumference, outside measurement round the middle, and the heads must be 17 1/8 inches in diameter. In accordance with an act of congress, such a barrel, if the apples in it are hand-picked and free from blemishes, may be labeled "Standard," but a fine of \$1 and costs will be exacted for every barrel that is marked "Standard" and does not conform to the requirements. The law was passed at the urgent request of those who believe that a purchaser has a right to know what he is getting when he buys a barrel of apples.

COMPARE

We dare not say "Compare," unless backed by

Higher Quality

Better Service

Lower Price

To invite comparison when deficient in any of these particulars means discredit to ourselves and our business.

We urge comparison only when our values will bear the closest scrutiny.

We urge comparison only when our service is unquestionably superior.

We urge comparison only when our prices rest on bed-rock.

On these conditions we ask you to call and compare our stock of Underwear, Bed Blankets, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Groceries, Etc.

F. A. HOWLETT, Gregory

OUR MOTTO—"Live and Let Live"

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

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

New line of Post Cards including views of Gregory.

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

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

S. A. DENTON, GREGORY

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, GENTS FURNISHINGS, FRUITS, NOTIONS, ETC.

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

The First Lesson in Economy

BUY A ROUND OAK STOVE

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

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

T. H. HOWLETT,

Gregory, Michigan

General Hardware, Implements, Furniture, Harness Goods and Automobiles

The best quality of work at prices that are RIGHT	See Us Before Going Elsewhere	Letter Heads Envelopes Cards Wedding Invitations Posters or Announcements Of All Kinds	We are here to serve you with anything in the line of printed stationery for your business and personal use.	Job Printing

High Cost

Too Many Engaged in Selling Farm Truck

By H. H. GROSS, President National Soil Fertility League

IN THESE days this is one of the chief topics of conversation. All sorts of reasons are assigned for it. In the writer's opinion it is largely due to modern day extravagance. Most of us are living beyond our means, buying things we cannot afford. Thousands are borrowing money to buy automobiles. The middle classes today are living better than many kings and nobles lived three hundred years ago. Is it after all the high cost of living, or the cost of living high?

As a people we do not know what economy means. The plain, simple fare of our grandfathers that gave sturdy men and strong women is supplemented with fare that is over-rich, too highly seasoned and an unnecessary variety. Thousands are buying porterhouse steaks on a soup-bone income. A little study of household economics will disclose to the housewife how she may use the cheaper cuts of meat and prepare wholesome, palatable food. In most households the garbage can is the most expensive boarder. It is everyone's duty to economize and we ought to be proud of our success along this line instead of indulging in wasteful extravagances and calling people's attention to the fact.

The whole system of marketing is cumbersome, unscientific, and makes for extravagance and waste. There are too many persons employed between the producer on the farm and the consumer's table. Co-operative buying will help reduce the cost. We have three markets where there should be one. The housewife who will visit the market and make her selections will save a large percentage over the woman who sits at home and orders by telephone.

We must have a larger production of food and cheaper means of distribution and some old-fashioned economy or suffer the consequences.

Many Women Writers Adopt Masculine Names

By Katherine Driscoll, New York

Women writers have not chosen masculine pen names because they wished to appear masculine or to ape men in any way. They chose them simply as a matter of protection from a business standpoint. They knew, just as every woman who has lived long enough knows, that it is in the very nature of men to belittle a woman's work in every possible way and at every possible opportunity.

Many women today in the business world use their initials only in dealing with men, providing there is a separating distance between them and the men with whom they deal. They know that a man would not dare give to one of his own sex the raw deal he would give to a woman and so the woman gets on the defensive and poses as a man for business protection and that only.

It's scoundrelly that this is so, but it's true, nevertheless. Men regulate wages, and women all along the line have to take "pot luck" even though they do the work better and are more reliable than the men at their elbows. In the schoolroom, shop, factory and office a woman's work is depreciated just because she is a woman.

And our great women writers posed before the world as men that they might get the recognition a man gets for work well done. We have had George Eliot, and George Sand, two of the greatest writers of the age. Even Ouida chose a name that was obscure. Charles Egbert Craddock, Gail Hamilton, Saxé Holmes and others of our own time chose masculine names for a good and worthy purpose.

Even when possible woman writers have kept their identity from their publishers for fear of a "throw down" because of sex.

The Brontë sisters were known to their publishers as the Messrs. Bell.

It is the hardest thing in the world for the average man to concede to a woman a just recognition of her ability. And back of it all is a base, unworthy selfishness.

People Should Marry When Getting Old

By M. Bernhardt, Waukesha, Wis.

It seems to me that if there is ever a time in the life of any individual when he or she wants a home and a fireside of his own and really needs the companionship of one of similar age and tastes, and one, whose interests are identical, it is when the decline of life has been reached.

People past middle life do not marry for the same reason that younger people do. Their regard is based on mutual respect and esteem and a desire for congenial companionship, and, why, if there may be joy in the morning of life, may there not be peace at eventide?

I have known several instances where people past middle age have married and in every instance they have lived quiet, contented lives, each happy in the companionship and sympathy of the other.

There are thousands of people past middle life who would marry were it not for facing the ridicule of those who claim to be their friends.

Young Woman and Her Modern Clothes

By C. N. Cobban, Boston, Mass.

Evidently she has nothing to conceal. Perhaps some day the girl will realize that the kind of chap who's attracted by the present display of curves and angles isn't worth having and that to secure the respect and admiration of the worthy man she will have to pay some attention to the artistic drappings of a former era.

"Why should people be doomed to a lonely, joyless life just because they are no longer young?"

Why should not a woman of 55 and a man of 60, or a woman of 60 and a man of 70 or 75 for that matter, live their own lives, in their own way, have a home of their own and be independent, where they can sleep when they choose, get up when they like and eat what and when they please and not be obliged to conform to the rules and regulations of other people's households?

There appears to be a disposition on the part of many to criticise the girl of the period for her eccentricities in dress, but do her critics realize the peculiar position in which the girl finds herself?

Her mother, doubtless, has taught her that her principal business in life is to attract mankind, and in order to do this she, naturally, proceeds along the lines of least resistance, or, to use a common expression, she "travels on her shape."

One must admire her courageous frankness.

A PLACE OF SILENCE FOR SEARCHING THE SOUL



THE RETREAT

EVERY Friday afternoon there are some twosome men aboard the five o'clock boat for Staten Island, bound on an unusual undertaking. They are men of many different stations and walks of life. All are strangers to each other, and they do not meet until the end of their journey. They are going away for sixty-two hours of spiritual stock taking. Each is desirous of learning just what he is making and what he can make out of his life; and what opportunities he is neglecting entirely or developing too little. To do this they are going to a place of peace and quiet, the House of Retreats at Mount Marensa, Fort Wadsworth, which was dedicated last June, and is the only retreat for laymen in America. The house is on the crest of the hill at the gate of New York and commands a wide view of sea and city.

Each week-end sees a different company. Except under unusual circumstances no man is permitted to enter the retreat more than once a year. Yet so deep is the impression that is made on the individual conscience that it is rare for a man to feel the need of a more frequent looking over spiritually. Except for fifteen minutes after the evening meal, when the ban is lifted, these men spend the time between six o'clock Friday afternoon and eight o'clock Monday morning without exchanging a word with each other. The rest of the time they battle silently with their difficulties, under the generalship of one skillful in such work, though obedient to the tactics of one greater than he, a famous fighter and a memorable commander, Ignatius Loyola.

Men of Varied Occupation.

Here are some of the occupations of the twosome men who gathered at Mount Marensa last week to meditate upon the condition of their souls: An ex-clergyman, a metal polisher, a fire chief, a plumber, a Wall street magnate, a postman, three newspaper men, a driver for a grocer's wagon, a book publisher, a department store clerk, a doctor, several merchants and several lawyers. All these men retired voluntarily from the world for a brief space in order to find out, during a week-end of prayer, of meditation and silence, how to confront it more manfully. It was no ordinary sermon that they heard now and again from the spiritual director. There are no heads nodding sleepily while he talks. Every one listens with strained attention. As one man said: "You seem to feel the thumbs of God at work on the clay of your soul."

Although retreats have been part of the church's work for centuries, it was only in 1882 that a definite plan was adopted so their benefits could be made available for laymen. In that year Father Henry of the Jesuit order established in Belgium the first House of Retreats for laymen. The movement spread to Spain, France, Portugal and South America. The second House of Retreats in England was opened last April, about eight miles from the center of London. The first retreat for laymen was established in America about three years ago at Fordham. Later, during the summer, it was at Kayser's island, on the sound. The latter part of last year the Mount Marensa property on Staten Island was secured, and was opened September 8, 1911. It was dedicated as a permanent House of Retreats June 16, of this year.

No Doctrinal Instruction.

A retreat is not made up of preaching or doctrinal instruction. At Mount Marensa Father Terence J. Shealy, who is in charge of the movement, gives frequent talks upon the various phases of the spiritual life. They are not doctrinal expositions, for any one who believes in the fundamentals of Christianity is welcomed. They apply largely to business ethics, the standard of honesty and justice being applied to every phase of daily work. They are earnest

exhortations that tend to make a man recast his soul, to arouse his conscience, to make him look within himself and realize what he is doing with his life. Each of these is followed by a period of meditation. The men may retire to their rooms or they may wander about the grounds—there are twenty acres of giant trees and shady lawns—or they may sit in the library where there are many volumes waiting to help them still further along the road they have set out to travel.

The day begins early for those in this retreat. They rise at six o'clock. Meditation and a brief religious service precede breakfast, which is followed by meditation and reflection in common at nine a. m. At eleven the spiritual director gives one of his searching talks, then follows—in silence always—an examination of the conscience. After the midday meal there is another address from Father Shealy and another period of meditation. Only for the quarter of an hour after supper is any general conversation allowed.

Audit Books of Life.

"We apply our conscience to the common duties of the day," says Father Shealy—a fine, stalwart, earnest, sensitive, humorous man, an Irishman of the best type. "In the light of the law of conscience we examine our lives, our social relationships, our business dealings. We audit our books. We realize our obligations anew. As we can see our faces in the mirror our meditations and the spiri-



Father Shealy.

tual exercises enable us to look into our souls. We study the science of right living.

"The rule of silence gives play to a new and tremendous activity of mind and heart busied with the basic relations of human life. The appeal is to the whole man, and its object is to give special strength as well as light for the upbuilding of the character. It is, in fact, the awakening of the mind to new meanings in human relationship; the making of a new beginning in the soul's journey to God under the stimulus of sympathetic direction.

"Conscience is becoming more and more divorced from professional and business responsibility. But life and the things of life are a trust of which each man must one day render an account of his stewardship."

Combat Social Unrest.

The primary purpose of the retreat is, of course, to mend and strengthen souls; but there is still another side upon which the spiritual director's exhortations touch with emphasis. The growth of social unrest and anti-religious social theories in the United States has been a source of much apprehension to the clergy. Socialism is growing rapidly, and the church is combating positively and actively the features of the Socialistic propaganda that are directed against doctrinal and moral teachings. As a result, part of the work of the Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies, under whose auspices the retreat at Mount Marensa is conducted, has established regular courses of systematic study of

social questions and modern apologetics. These are particularly a part of the School of Social Studies, at 140 Nassau street, New York, but the same questions are touched upon impressively during the retreats at each week end.

The subject of Socialism is dealt with exhaustively from the Catholic viewpoint and with especial reference to the interests of the workman. The subject is treated constructively and is approached with a scrupulous spirit of fairness and sympathy with the good intentions of those who are striving to better the workingman's lot. The particular aim, however, is to demonstrate that in Christian principles may be found a remedy for present day social evils, and that not merely is Socialism not the only remedy but that it is no remedy at all.

No Fixed Charges Made.

There is no fixed charges for those who spend their three days in this retreat on Staten Island, although it is customary for retreatants to make an offering of \$5 for their board and room and other expenses during that time. This sum, of course, does not come anywhere near the actual cost of the material services rendered, but many of the rich men who have visited the retreat have been so generous in their contributions that the work has been carried on without much financial worry. Now and then Father Shealy says he finds a check for \$1,000 or more in one of the envelopes of a Monday morning after the retreatants have gone back to their workaday world. No one, however, is excluded because he can make no offering at all in recompense. All that is necessary is simply to arrange privately with the director, who wishes it most clearly understood that the man with no money is as welcome at the retreat as the man who can contribute largely to its support.

In Beautiful Spot.

The House of Retreats is on Fingerboard road, at Fort Wadsworth. The grounds form part of what was known as Fox Hills, a beautiful undulating slope in the most accessible part of the island. The original owner of the property had a keen sense of its artistic worth. He was a man of great wealth, and is said to have spent a total of \$800,000 in building the great mansion and on the improvement of the 20 acres or grounds about it during the many years that he lived there. Walks of granite meander through upland and lowland and lead to unexpected views of the sea and of the rolling country inland. There are tennis courts and grottos, conservatories and grape arbors. For some years after the owner's death the place was used as a summer boarding house and fell more or less into disrepair. The grounds were lapsing back into their natural state when the property passed into the hands of the Laymen's league and the retreat was established there. Since then the place has been restored to most of its original beauty. There is nothing like it on Staten Island and few estates near New York that can compare with it. The house is imposing with its great staircases, its wonderful carved panels and its huge fireplaces.

The place was renamed "Mount Marensa" in honor of the Spanish town of Marensa, where St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit order, wrote his famous spiritual exercises. It was this book that introduced the retreat plan of campaign into the war for the conquest of souls.—New York Press.

CAKES PRODUCED BY ARTISTS

Many of Those Made for English Weddings Will Weigh as Much as Twenty-five Pounds.

Although the wedding cake of England has not fairly like bliss about it, it will hold its own with any cake in the world. With its snow-white ornaments of the purest sugar, it presents a very beautiful appearance when complete, but it is not generally known that it takes over two years before the cake itself, minus the almond and sugar cling, is fully matured.

According to a wedding cake expert, it is the custom of the moment at society weddings to ornament the cakes with an eye to lightness, and for this purpose the tiers are placed on Corinthian pillars, between which are small doves on shells. Festoons or closely clustered ivy leaves ornament the base and the structure, which often runs up to 84 inches, is surmounted with sugar flowers and leaves.

Some of the cakes weigh as much as 25 pounds, and the price goes up to \$300 or so, although the modern wedding cake can be purchased at as low as \$2.50. In military weddings the decoration often runs on lines suitable to the regiment, and for navy ceremonies small dreadnoughts and anchors in sugar are the chosen adornment. If the family has a crest and motto it is worked into the scheme.

The latest fashions in wedding favors include crackers which are filled with wedding mottoes for distribution among the guests. These crackers are larger than the Christmas varieties, and they are tied with flowing white satin ribbons. Bags in fancy paper filled with rose leaves for strewing along the bride's path are an innovation which are favored this season, and in place of the rice and confetti which used to be thrown at the bride and bridegroom there are quaint little shoes, cupid's horseshoes and wedding bells carried out in silver.—London Graphic.

Where Girls Are Superior.

According to experiments in German schools girls seem to have the color sense better developed than boys.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

RELICS OF GENERAL CUSTER

Interesting Collection Secured by National Museum From Widow of Noted Indian Fighter.

An interesting collection has recently been installed in the hall of history in the National museum, consisting of articles donated and lent by Mrs. George A. Custer, widow of Brvt. Maj. Gen. George A. Custer, U. S. A. General Custer is probably best remembered by his achievements in the many Indian fights in which he participated, and by his record as an Indian scout. The collection includes a memento of this phase of his career in the form of the white buckskin coat in which he has been most often pictured as a plainsman and scout. This coat is in excellent condition, and looks as if the general had just removed it and hung it up. It has deep collar and cuffs, and is heavily fringed with slashed buckskin trimming. The pockets are made much as in modern sporting coats, while buttons are of the regular army pattern of the period. This coat calls to mind the services which General Custer rendered to the government in the campaigns against the Sioux in 1875 and 1876, in the last of which, the battle of the Little Big Horn, he met his death.

Accompanying the coat is a yellow plumed cavalry helmet and a buckskin gaitlet, both worn during his active service against the Indians from 1866 to 1876 while lieutenant colonel Seventh cavalry, U. S. A.

There is also a blue regulation army officer's coat, with two starred straps, plush collar and cuffs—the coat which he wore on his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Bacon, February 9, 1864. A straight cavalry saber of tremendous size is also included in the collection. It was a spool of war captured by Major Drew, who presented it to General Custer, since he knew of no other man able to wield such a large weapon. It has a Toledo blade, on which is engraved in Spanish, "Do not draw me without cause and do not sheathe me without honor."

A Virginia state flag, a prize of the general's personal prowess, captured by him in 1861 when a lieutenant, is also on display.

One object of great historical significance, though rather of an unromantic nature, is half of a white towel which figured conspicuously in the battle just preceding the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It seems that while General Lee had gone to the rear of the Confederate lines to secure an interview with General Grant, leaving General Longstreet in command, General Gordon's division became hard pressed by the enemy and called on Longstreet for assistance. Not being able to furnish assistance at this time, Longstreet sent his inspector general, Major R. M. Simms, to suggest to Gordon the sending of a flag of truce to the federals requesting a suspension of hostilities pending the interview between Lee and Grant. Following this suggestion, Gordon at once dispatched Simms to the federal commander, Sheridan, with this request. As Major Simms galloped toward the lines of the federals he searched his haversack for something white to cover his advance, but found only a towel. This he drew out and waved above his head as he approached the enemy. The Union soldiers caught sight of the white towel, held their fire, and under this improvised flag Simms was allowed to enter the lines where he was met by Colonel Whittaker and taken to General Custer, who was in command of that part of the field. Neither of these officers, however, cared to declare a temporary cessation of hostilities just then, feeling that they had the advantage of the fight and held the southern army at their mercy. So Simms was obliged to return to his own lines without accomplishing his purpose. He left the truce towel in the hands of Colonel Whittaker, who took half of it and gave the other portion to General Custer. It was only shortly after the incident just mentioned that Sheridan and Gordon met and established a temporary truce which held until the conference between Grant and Lee terminated the war.

Most important among this collection of war relics is a little oval table of wood, much battered and scarred, on which General Grant wrote the letter containing the terms of surrender of General Lee, at the home of Wilmer McLean.

The collection also includes a pin made from a piece of conch shell, once a button from the coat of General Washington, presented by a relative of the general to Custer. Later Custer had it mounted in gold for his wife, who wore it for many years as a brooch.

Effective Joke, but—A young contraband, servant of a junior staff officer, was ignorant of the fact that his master had a cork leg, and the first night the officer had the darky pull off his boots. "Now, look sharp," said the officer. "Don't pull too hard."

The officer loosened the straps about his waist, and off came the leg. The colored boy gave a groan, turned ashy white and fled, knocking over a picket in his mad flight. The officer lost a servant, for he ran straight into a rebel camp.

The Corrector of Destinies

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

By Melville Davison Post

Copyright by Edward J. Clode

Reforms, it would seem, only cause the devil to change his clothes. The advance of civilization is a progress in disguise; the agents by which the Emperor of the Hoop carries on his gentle arts are always costumed appropriately to the times, but the agents themselves remain the same. For example, would you find again the free-booters, hanged so long ago at the yard-arm, you have but to look closely at the financial literature that floods the mails.

Usually, the man of average sense can instantly put his finger on the fraud hidden under the glittering promise; but now and then one comes across a so-called financial proposition so fair, so set about with unquestionable safeguards, that the keenest scrutiny cannot discover in it a possibility of loss. These are the schemes of the great masters—disguised sloops of Kidd, Morgan and Bonnet.

I found such a scheme one day in a letter among my mail, and laid it on my table under the ink-pot. It ran in this fashion:

The Bank holds the money. The safest proposition ever offered to investors. We are placing on the market blocks of stock of the Union Consolidated Oil Company under these unparalleled conditions: You deposit the amount of your subscription to your own credit in the Driller's Bank of Pittsburgh, a certificate of deposit is issued to you in your name and held by you. You also get the stock certificate. You keep both exclusively in your own possession. We ask only that you turn over to this company the certificate of deposit issued you by the Bank when the Oil Company has paid to you, in dividends on your stock, a sum equal to the amount of your investment. This is the only stock ever offered in any market which is not subject to loss. You keep your money safely on deposit with one of the greatest banks in America and, at the same time, make the sort of investment out of which John D. Rockefeller became the richest man in the world. Write today for our detailed plan. The Union Consolidated Oil Company, 75-81-103 Iron Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I was held and puzzled by this striking proposition. It seemed to be drafted with an eye only to the protection of the investor. If it had failed to name the bank in which the funds were to be deposited, or had named one of a lower standard, I should instantly have doubted its good faith; but the Driller's bank of Pittsburgh was well rated; it had a capital of five millions; its stockholders were, for the most part, men who had made fortunes in the oil fields of western Pennsylvania. It was naturally the bank which such a company would select. Where then was the flaw? What advantage did such a plan offer to this company? The money was not paid to it, but to a responsible bank on deposit to the investor's credit; the company could not get it. The money would be returned by the bank, unless an equal sum were paid by the company to the stockholders. It would, indeed, be difficult to devise a safer scheme. Almost any one would speculate under such conditions; it was removing the element of chance from the game, and yet here evidently were large sums expended in exploitation. Surely a deception was hidden somewhere there, so the circular fascinated me like a page of puzzles. It lay under my eye for a week; then I dropped it into a pigeonhole of the desk.

Two years later Captain Roger Shelton called to see Randolph Mason. I have rarely met a man so aptly cast for his part as this Captain Shelton. He was tall, somewhat unevenly fattened, clothed in light worsted, with a style of coat provincially called "cut-away," always kept buttoned, a top hat and very shiny patent leathers. His eyes were alert and his speech rapid and persuasive. His mouth, however, was loose in the under lip—the real Captain Shelton flying there his signal. His manner tended quickly to establish relations of amiable fellowship; he strove for that with a certain breezy frankness.

Some one on lower Broadway had sent him to Randolph Mason. He required a little assistance, he explained, of a business rather than of a legal nature. He had struck a hard place in a trade. If he could get over it, his fortune was established.

The captain seemed an ideal promoter. He strove, with no slight cunning, to inform himself through me about Randolph Mason. He led to his queries always by two roads, like a commander of infantry; when one was found guarded, he crossed quickly to the other. I think, too, that his knowledge of men was fairly accurate, for, when he came, presently, before Randolph Mason himself, his manner perceptibly changed, the "hall fellow" vanished, he stated his business with a certain approach to dignity, and it was only when the "murder," so to speak, was out, that the real man came visibly to the surface.

Randolph Mason gave the Pennsylvanian close attention. He led him almost persuasively into detail. He unearthed here and there a covered portion of his story until the nature of the affair came wholly into daylight. The art of subtle inquiry, in the use of which Shelton had a certain skill, was turned masterfully against him, and so unobtrusively that each elicited feature seemed to follow some voluntary statement like an inevitable sequel.

Captain Shelton had intended to

give such elements of his story as he deemed necessary to his end; but under his handling by Randolph Mason he was unable to stop at his own marked points. When he laid his hands on a protruding limb of his story he somehow astonishingly drew up with it the whole hidden body. The point upon which he wished aid, badly put (as he had intended), was commonplace enough. He held ten thousand acres of land under oil leases, lying solidly in a parallelogram with the exception of two tracts of nine hundred and twelve hundred acres respectively. These two tracts were owned by two directors of a certain savings bank in New England. The larger tract he did not want, but the nine-hundred-acre tract he greatly wished; it was the only territory of the whole block lying, in his opinion, above oil-bearing strata. He exhibited a map showing in red this strip of land running across the parallelogram, and explained that the oil-bearing rocks in this region sloped on either side, forming a synclinal, and that this synclinal lay almost wholly within the tract colored red on the map. It was, therefore, the storehouse of the whole region. Now the difficulty was that these two men had an agreement that one would sell without the other. Each demanded the same price for his property, one hundred thousand dollars in cash. The tract lying over the synclinal was worth half a million dollars, the other was worthless. Captain Shelton could, of course, purchase both, but he did not have the amount. He had in available cash on deposit about eighty thousand dollars. "He could not get another dollar. He had labored for years, he said, to locate this el dorado. He had found it at last, like a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. By right of discovery it belonged to him; he had earned it with his wits; he wished now to possess it."

Such were the well-pruned facts that Captain Shelton had selected for presentation to Randolph Mason; but the narrative, under Mason's touches, would not stop with two directors of a conservative savings bank in New England holding tracts of oil land in a distant state remaining unexplained; it would not stop with a mysterious pact binding them to a common price; it would not stop at eighty thousand dollars clean cash in Shelton's hand unaccompanied by any avenues of credit. The parts of the story could not be separated without disclosing glaring discrepancies. Wherever the narrative was cut, it bled. In his effort to avoid this obvious result, the man said more than he intended and in the end told everything that he had meant to conceal.

Captain Shelton was a financial buccaneer. Some two years earlier, in a gust of fortune, his brig had sunk and he had come, with five hundred dollars, perilously ashore. Faced with a desperate need for a new sloop, he hit finally upon this delectable plan. The country at large was in a hysteria of industrial consolidation, the markets gorged with securities, and the banks necessarily short of ready money. He went to the president of the Driller's Bank of Pittsburgh and offered to secure for it a million of dollars in non-interest-bearing deposits, guaranteed to remain undisturbed in the possession of the bank for at least one year, provided the bank would pay him three per cent. per annum for the deposit.

The president at once agreed, and, presuming that it was Shelton's intention to canvass for deposits, loaded him with literature of the bank. The excellent captain dropped these pamphlets into the waste basket and walked over to a cheap lodging on Fourth Avenue. There, from a drunken roustabout, for a hundred dollars, he bought a bagful of oil leases on worthless territory lying along the east side of the Ohio River above St. Mary's. Then he got a charter from the secretary of state of West Virginia, and organized the Union Consolidated Oil Company with a capital of five millions. For two dollars and fifty cents he bought a seal, and for five more a book of stock certificates excellently printed on bank-note paper.

Then the captain sat down at a hotel desk in the city of Pittsburgh and wrote the literature which had come to me in the mail two years before.

This he put in the hands of a mailing list agency of New England with a deposit on account of two hundred dollars. With the remaining money he rented three furnished rooms on the nineteenth floor of the Iron Building, and sat down to await the arrival of his fortune.

The president of the Driller's Bank sent for Captain Shelton and demanded an explanation of his remarkable plan. The captain instantly invited an inspection of the company. He exhibited recorded leases, legally valid, covering some ten thousand acres of land, and a corporation properly organized, the lease holds transferred in payment of the stock—every detail entirely within the law. He pointed out that under his plan no man could lose a dollar of his money. It would remain on deposit with the bank to the depositor's credit while he, Shel-

ton, tested the territory. If these lands proved oil-producing, as he thought they would, then his stockholders would make enormous profits. If they proved worthless, no man would lose a cent, the company would be dissolved, the certificates cancelled and every stockholder permitted to withdraw his deposit. Then he spoke thus pointedly:

"Your bank's good, isn't it? You will pay the people's money back to them, won't you? I can't rob them, and I suppose you won't."

The president of the Driller's Bank determined to lay the matter before his directors. In the meantime, a tide of small deposits began to arrive. When the directors met on the second Tuesday of the month, there were a hundred thousand dollars in these deposits, increasing with every mail. The bank needed the money, it was loaded with industrial securities. The directors hesitated, and finally continued the matter until the next meeting. The tide swelled into a flood, the matter never came up again before the board, and Captain Shelton secured not one million, as he had promised, but in all nearly two million dollars in deposits.

The entrance of the two bank directors from Massachusetts followed a little later on. Shelton had sent his literature broadly scattered into New England, reaching for persons there with small annuities and little savings in banks. His plan touched the very king-bolt in the nature of these people, a possibility of wealth without risk. The income from their deposits in savings banks was slight. This speculation involved only the transfer of deposits to a different bank with a try at an el dorado for a rider. Having determined that the Driller's Bank of Pittsburgh was solvent, deposits went flooding westward. So great were the withdrawals that two directors of one of these banks in Massachusetts, at the suggestion of the depositors, went to Pittsburgh to look into the matter.

Captain Shelton was advised. He met these gentlemen at the Pennsylvania station, entertained them at the

Roger Shelton eighty thousand dollars in interest. He feared to place this money in bank lest some one snoop him might attach it, and kept it in a safety deposit box of a New York trust company. He had learned that the two bank directors were now in New York, and had hurried here hoping to purchase the tract of land he wished; but, on reflection, he hesitated to approach them. They would be greatly suspicious of him, and he would not risk having the deed taken in the name of any other person. He desired to get hold of the tract lying over the synclinal, and he would, if necessary, give all the money he had for it. This was the story skillfully unmasked by Randolph Mason.

The captain, when the cat was out, began to regret his rashness. His secret had escaped him; it was an indiscretion to be amended by greater caution. He was taken swiftly with a trembling seizure of suspicions.

"You have overlooked the names of these gentlemen from Massachusetts," said Randolph Mason.

A certain cunning dodged along Captain Shelton's features.

"I have not overlooked it," he replied. "I don't intend to tell them. I expect my regular lawyer to be present when these men are seen. I came to you for a plan. When I get that, my lawyer will do the rest. I don't mean these Yankees to sleep on the trade. The deeds and the cash will go on the table together. When they are exchanged, the matter will be ended. That's my way of doing business. Now, what's your plan?"

"My plan," said Mason, "will conform to your way of doing business. Have these men here at two o'clock. Let them know nothing of the object of this conference. But you, on your part, take every precaution. Come a half-hour earlier with your attorney. Bring the deeds and the cash with you. Bring also a notary. I would have you take no chance. I would have you omit no safeguard which your instincts suggest."

Captain Shelton was greatly reassured; but a doubt remained.

"If I come, they won't sell," he said.



He struck the Pennsylvanian with the clenched fingers of his left.

best hostelry, directed their attention to the stability of the Driller's Bank, and then carried them down into the oil field. There they found blindfolded Fortune scattering her favors like a tipsy Vestal.

Captain Shelton counted well upon his heady air. He brought forth his maps, but he spoke little and sately. The topsy-turvy condition spoke for him. He posed as one sober, careful, far-sighted, in a community of drunkards. Here were opportunities to be seized, wisely held in hand and made to produce, not a casual pot of gold, but a great fortune lasting for a century. He brought shrewdly to the strangers' notice the two tracts lying within his parallelogram of leased territory. They instantly inquired why these tracts were not included, and he replied that at the time the company leases were taken they could not be had, and now he could not secure them without the consent of the stockholders, a thing impracticable. He would take these two tracts in his own name, but such an act might subject him to criticism. This was, of course, a lie. The roustabout from whom Shelton had secured his leases omitted these tracts because the owners demanded twenty-five cents an acre bonus. Around these two tracts Shelton masked his arts of suggestion. He wished these men's fingers dipped with his in the dish, a little of their gold on the table, a wager left here behind them on the spin of the wheel.

When the two bank directors returned to New England, they took with them the fee simple titles of these two tracts. They took with them also the impression, but not the certainty, that Captain Shelton was merely an adventurer. Able to judge accurately any situation in New England, they were at sea here. The bank in Pittsburgh was certainly solvent. The territory advertised by Shelton was certainly covered by his leases.

Eighteen months later, the Union Consolidated Oil Company was dissolved and its stock cancelled. The bank returned the deposits and paid

certain of the stockholders of the Union Consolidated Oil Company, acting for the benefit of all. The stockholders of that company had lost in interest on their deposits, through Captain Roger Shelton, some eighty thousand dollars. This money Captain Shelton was now ready to return. He wished to do so through these directors, leaving them to distribute it in detail to the stockholders. However, in the manner of this restitution, Captain Shelton wished to avoid the appearance of compounding a fraud. Mason had, therefore, called this meeting to propose that these two directors sell their tracts of worthless oil territory to Captain Shelton in consideration of this money and, after deducting their individual expenditures, refund the balance of it to the various stockholders of the Union Consolidated Oil Company.

The two bank directors, who had been until now greatly mystified, agreed instantly to this proposition, the elder speaking for the other. They considered their investment in this oil territory somewhat in the nature of a trust, and had determined to hold the tracts indefinitely, in the hope that at some future time they would yield enough money to repay what the stockholders of the company had lost. They had gone to Pittsburgh as envoys, in a way, for the stockholders, and any gain arising from that journey was equitably the property of all. They had consequently asked one hundred thousand dollars in cash for each of these tracts, and had agreed to pool the two properties, so that if oil were ever discovered on either tract, it would pay in full the losses of the stockholders. This price they knew to be prohibitive, but the tracts were either to adjust the matter or remain unsold until the end of time.

The Pennsylvanian, sitting with a calf-skin satchel on his knees, observed the difficulty in the way of his fortune thus easily overcome with a sudden mounting joy he could not wholly conceal. His face fell into the sanctimonious expression of one who, at the cost of abnegations, would be perfect. Even the hands of the inscrutable attorney opened wide their fingers as in admiration of a master. The next statement of Mason won still further their amazed approval.

He said that the two sales must be understood to be complete and separate transactions, concluded absolutely in every detail upon the signing of the deed, and, in order that no claim could be afterward set up that in this sale Captain Shelton took advantage of any secret knowledge of the value of either of the two tracts, he suggested that Shelton be permitted to select the tract which at this time he considered the more valuable, in order that his opinion might be known before the deeds were signed, pay for it seventy-nine thousand dollars, and take the other tract at a nominal sum, say one thousand dollars. Then if either tract should prove in the future to be oil-producing, Captain Shelton could enjoy that good fortune free from any imputation of deception in its purchase.

The attorney's nimble fingers danced on the rungs of his chair—this piece of strategy was excellent. Shelton, too, instantly saw its wisdom. If he took, now, the worthless tract at the large price, the very fact of this selection would conclusively prove that when his worthless tract was purchased he knew nothing of the fabulous value of the other. His good faith, his innocence of secret knowledge, would be here and now irrevocably established for all time to come. Those who sold estates for postage usually came crying to the courts, and if the deeds showed on their faces that the purchaser was himself mistaken in the value of these estates, that cry would fall. Separate, the two sales ought also to be, that no one other than the signer of the deed could afterward claim an attaching equity.

The two New Englanders assented to this, and Captain Shelton instantly selected the worthless tract. The attorney took two deeds from his pocket and laid them before him on the table. He then stated in detail the terms of the purchase; seventy-nine thousand dollars in cash for the tract of twelve hundred acres, one thousand dollars in cash for the tract of nine hundred acres; the two sales distinct, separate transactions directly between the parties named in the deed. He wished this agreement clearly understood. The sentimental reason moving Roger Shelton to this purchase, as given by Randolph Mason, was an observation beside the point. He alone represented Roger Shelton. The purchase of these tracts was now a clean-cut matter of business, showing wholly on the face of the deed. Then he took up one of the deeds, wrote into it the consideration, seventy-nine thousand dollars, and handed it to the younger man, who, it happened, was the owner of this tract. The latter looked swiftly over the deed and signed it, the notary took his acknowledgment, affixed the seal and returned the deed to the attorney, who looked over it and nodded to his client.

Captain Shelton set his calf-skin satchel on the table, unlocked it with a brass key, took out a thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills and pushed the satchel across the table.

"There's your money," he said, "and I throw in the satchel." The New Englander took the money out in packs, counted it and put it back; then he reached over on the table, took the brass key, locked the satchel, set it down on the floor between his feet and tucked the key into the pocket of his waistcoat. The attorney put the executed deed into his pocket, wrote the consideration of one thousand dollars into the other deed and pushed it, likewise, across

the table. The elder New Englander spread out the deed before him and carefully read it, his forefinger moving slowly along each line. When he came to the end, he fixed his eyes glasses a little more securely to his nose, took up a pen and dipped it into the ink-pot. At this moment, Randolph Mason, standing behind him, leaned over swiftly, picked up the deed and tore it in two.

Instantly Roger Shelton threw himself across the table, grabbing for the leather satchel. The younger New Englander, amazed at this violent incident, but instinctively determined to protect the money now in his possession at any cost, gripped the handle of the satchel with his right hand, rising a little, struck the Pennsylvanian with the clenched fingers of his left. The long body of Captain Shelton slid back, across the table, crashing his chair. The little bald attorney was immediately on his feet, his fingers twitching like live electric wires, but his face still as expressionless as wood. He saw instantly that his client had been outwitted, trapped and, perhaps, ruined; that the attempt to recover the money by force had failed; that further deception and intrigue would likewise equally fail. This athletic young man, muscled like a blacksmith, his hands clenched, his shoulders thrown loosely forward, it were folly to assail with blows. It were equally folly to assail with wiles that other there, calmly tearing the deed to ribbons, running the strips of paper backward and forward through his fingers.

The plan had crashed without a warning, and yet the attorney's presence of mind was not a whit shaken. His face held its set like plaster, not a nerve quivered, not a muscle sprung—he had been schooled to meet the unforeseen. He had gone through a thousand staggering crises where the life, the reputation, the fortune of his client were in a flash periled. He understood instantly, judged the situation, and acted at once. He thrust the pack of one thousand dollars, left lying on the table, into his pocket and helped his dazed client to his feet and to the door. Then he turned back to Randolph Mason.

"Your destruction of this deed will not do any good," he said. "The contract for the sale of this tract of land was definitely made and concluded, here, in the presence of this notary as a witness; the signing of the deed is a mere physical act in no way affecting this sale. I shall at once institute a suit for the specific performance of this contract of sale and have a court commissioner make the deed, if this man refuses. The testimony of the notary, as the only disinterested person present, will insure the success of that suit."

"You will hardly institute such a suit, I think."

"Why will I not institute it?" replied the attorney, his voice rising to a stronger volume.

Mason advanced slowly with his verbal prodding.

"Well," he said, "let us say that such a suit would be founded on a moral wrong. This tract of land is thought by your client to be fabulously rich. It lies, I believe, above a synclinal in the oil-bearing strata. That is, it contains the oil reservoir of the whole region around it. It is worth, your client tells me, a half-million dollars. To take it from the owner for a mere thousand would be a striking injustice. If the law permitted this wrong, would your conscience permit it?"

The attorney standing at the door laughed without disturbing the muscles of his face.

"We will take exactly what the law gives us," he said.

"I thought that," replied Randolph Mason, his prodding ended, his voice now lashing like a whip, "and, therefore, I have taken care to see that the law does not permit this wrong to become effective. If you look at chapter ninety-eight of the Code of the state in which this oil territory lies, you will discover that no contract for the sale of real estate can be enforced in its courts unless that contract, or some agreement or memorandum of it, be in writing and signed by the party to be charged thereby or his agents. A contract for the sale of land in that state may be made in the presence of a hundred witnesses, every detail agreed to, the bargain struck, or assented to, ended, and yet it cannot be enforced in its courts without some signed writing. This act is called the Statute of Frauds. I commend it, likewise, to you for the value of its name."

The hope rising in Roger Shelton's eyes, called up by the words of his counsel, died there. His mouth, bleeding from the impact of his enemy's knuckles on the bone, fell into a baggy gaping. He turned painfully through the door. The attorney remained a moment, looking at Randolph Mason. He had been outwitted, balked, juggled with, then grilled on the fire, and yet he came forth unmoved, a Narraganset from the stake. He followed his client slowly out, his face placid as though every nerve in it were cut.

The two bank directors, realizing now the full import of Mason's remarkable strategy, came forward with profound expressions of thankfulness. The unfair gains of a rascal had been skillfully choked out of him. Restitution had been made to tricked persons, and yet nothing of value had been lost. The el dorado sighted was there, remaining in its owner's hands.

For the legal principle involved in this story see Sec. 1 of chapter 98 of the Code of West Virginia, called the Statute of Frauds.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Bayou. The place is to be sold, and the history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Greenhaw, a business man, and a stranger known as Sladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Bayou, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy appears before Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Bayou. Trouble at Scratch when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount. Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, 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. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream. Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the Judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy secret. Yancy and Cavendish become engaged. Price and Carrington discover the plot. The Judge's search for the missing one of the Quintards. The abduction of the child. Hearing of the abduction. Price's possible involvement of the crime. Carrington's search for the missing one. The plot and the interview. Carrington's search for the missing one. The plot and the interview. Carrington's search for the missing one. The plot and the interview.

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.)

"Hues!" cried Murrell in astonishment, for the man confronting him was the Clan's messenger who should have been speeding across the state. "Toss up your hands, Murrell," said Hues quietly. One of the other men spoke. "You are under arrest!" "Arrest!" "You are wanted for nigger-stealing," said the man. Still Murrell did not seem to comprehend. He looked at Hues in dull wonder. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "Waiting to arrest you—ain't that plain?" said Hues, with a grim smile. The outlaw's hands dropped at his side, limp and helpless. With some idea that he might attempt to draw a weapon one of the men took hold of him, but Murrell was nerveless to his touch; his face had gone a ghastly white and was streaked with the markings of terror. "Well, by thunder!" cried the man in utter amazement. Murrell looked into Hues' face. "You—you—" and the words thickened on his tongue, becoming an inarticulate murmur. "It's all up, John," said Hues. "No!" said Murrell, recovering himself. "You may as well turn me loose—you can't arrest me!" "I've done it," answered Hues. "I've been on your track for six months." "How about this fellow?" asked the man whose pistol still covered Ware. Hues glanced toward the planter and shook his head. "Where are you going to take me?" asked Murrell quickly. Again Hues laughed. "You'll find that out in plenty of time, and then your friends can pass the word around if they like; now you'll come with me." Ware neither moved nor spoke as Hues and his prisoner passed back along the path, Hues with his hand on Murrell's shoulder, and one of his companions close at his heels, while the third man led off the outlaw's horse. Presently the distant clatter of hoofs was borne to Ware's ears—only that; the miracle of courage and daring he had half expected had not happened. Murrell, for all his wild boasting, was like other men, like himself. His bloodshot eyes slid around in their sockets. There across the sunlit stretch of water was Betty—the thought of her brought him to quick choking terrors. The whole fabric of crime by which he had been benefitted in the past or had expected to profit in the future seemed toppling in upon him, but his mind clutched one important fact. Hues, if he knew of Betty's disappearance, did not connect Murrell with it. Ware sucked in comfort between his twitching lips. Stealing niggers! No one would believe that he, a planter, had a hand in that, and for a brief instant he con-

sidered signaling Bess to return. Slosson must be told of Murrell's arrest; but he was sick with apprehension, some trap might have been prepared for him, he could not know; and the impulse to act forsook him. He smote his hands together in a hopeless, beaten gesture. And Murrell had gone weak—with his own eyes he had seen it—Murrell—whom he believed without fear! He felt that he had been grievously betrayed in his trust and a hot rage poured through him. At last he climbed into the saddle, and, swaying like a drunken man, galloped off. When he reached the river road he paused and scanned its dusty surface. Hues and his party had turned south when they issued from the wood path. No doubt Murrell was being taken to Memphis. Ware laughed harshly. The outlaw would be free before another dawn broke. He had halted near where Jim had turned his team the previous night after Betty and Hannibal had left the carriage; the marks of the wheels were as plainly distinguishable as the more recent trail left by the four men, and as he grasped the significance of that wide half circle his sense of injury overwhelmed him again. He hoped to live to see Murrell hanged! He was so completely lost in his bitter reflections that he had been unaware of a mounted man who was coming toward him at a swift gallop, but now he heard the steady pounding of hoofs and, startled by the sound, looked up. A moment later the horseman drew rein at his side. "Ware!" he cried. "How are you, Carrington?" said the planter. "You are wanted at Belle Plain," began Carrington, and seemed to hesitate. "Yes—yes, I am going there at once—now—" stammered Ware, and gathered up his reins with a shaking hand. "You've heard, I take it?" said Carrington boldly. "Yes," answered Ware, in a hoarse whisper. "My God, Carrington, I'm heart sick; she has been like a daughter to me—I—" he fell silent, mopping his face. "I think I understand your feeling," said Carrington, giving him a level glance. "Then you'll excuse me," and the planter clapped spurs to his horse. Once he looked back over his shoulder; he saw that Carrington had not moved from the spot where they had met. At Belle Plain, Ware found his neighbors in possession of the place. They greeted him quietly and spoke in subdued tones of their sympathy. The planter listened with an air of such abject misery that those who had neither liked nor respected him, were roused to a sudden generous feeling where he was concerned; they could not question but that he was deeply affected. After all the man might have a side to his nature with which they had never come in contact. When he could he shut himself in his room. He had experienced a day of maddening anxiety; he had not slept at all the previous night; in mind and body he was worn out; and now he was plunged into the thick of this sensation. He must keep control of himself, for every word he said would be remembered. In the present there was sympathy for him, but sooner or later people would return to their sordid unemotional judgments. He sought to forecast the happenings of the next few hours. Murrell's friends would break jail for him, that was a foregone conclusion; but the insurrection he had planned was at an end. Hues had dealt its death blow. Moreover, though the law might be impotent to deal with Murrell, he could not hope to escape the vengeance of the powerful class he had plotted to destroy; he would have to quit the country. Ware gloated in this idea of craven flight. Thank God, he had seen the last of him! But, as always, his thoughts came back to Betty. Slosson would wait at Hicks' place for the man Murrell had promised him, and, failing the messenger, for the signal fire, but there would be neither; and Slosson would be left to determine his own course of action. Ware felt certain that he would wait through the night, but as sure as the morning broke, if no word had reached him, he would send one of his men across the bayou, who must learn of Murrell's arrest, escape, flight—for in Ware's mind these three events were indissolubly associated. The planter's teeth knocked together. He was having a terrible acquaintance with fear, its very depths had swallowed him up; it was a black pit in which he sank from horror to horror. He had lost all faith in the Clan which had terrorized half a dozen states, which had robbed and murdered with apparent impunity, which had marketed its hundreds of stolen slaves. He had utterly collapsed at the first blow dealt the organization,

but he was still seeing Murrell, pallid and shaken. A step sounded in the hall and an instant later Hicks entered the room without the formality of knocking. Ware recognized his presence with a glance of indifference, but did not speak. Hicks slouched by his employer's side and handed him a note which proved to be from Pentress. Ware read and tossed it aside. "If he wants to see me why don't he come here?" he growled. "I reckon that old fellow they call Judge Price has sprung something sudden on the colonel," said Hicks. "He was out here the first thing this morning; you'd have thought he owned Belle Plain. There was a couple of strangers with him, and he had me in and fired questions at me for half an hour; then he hiked off up to The Oaks." "Murrell's been arrested," said Ware in a dull level voice. Hicks gave him a glance of unmixed astonishment. "No!" "Yes, by God!" "Who'd risk it?" "Risk it? Man, he almost fainted dead away—a damned coward. Hell!" "How do you know this?" asked Hicks, appalled. "I was with him when he was taken—it was Hues—the man he trusted more than any other!" Ware gave the overseer a ghastly grin and was silent, but in that silence he heard the drumming of his own heart. He went on. "I tell you, to save himself, John Murrell will implicate the rest of us; we've got to get him free, and then, by hell—we ought to knock him in the head; he isn't fit to live!" "The jail ain't built that'll hold him!" muttered Hicks. "Of course, he can't be held," agreed Ware. "And he'll never be brought to trial; no lawyer will dare appear against him, no jury will dare find him guilty; but there's Hues, what about him?" He paused. "The two men looked at each other for a long moment. "Where did they carry the captain?" "I don't know." "It looks like the Clan was in a hell-fired hole—but shucks! What will be easier than to fix Hues?—and while they're fixing folks they'd better not overlook that old fellow Price. He's got some notion about Pentress and the boy." Mr. Hicks did not consider it necessary to explain that he was himself largely responsible for this. "How do you know that?" demanded Ware. "He as good as said so." Hicks looked uneasily at the planter. He knew himself to be compromised. The stranger named Cavendish had forced an admission from him that Murrell would not condone if it came to his knowledge. He had also acquired a very proper and wholesome fear of Judge Slocum Price. He stepped close to Ware's side. "What'll come of the girl, Tom? Can you figure that out?" he questioned, sinking his voice al-

most to a whisper. But Ware was incapable of speech, again his terrors completely overwhelmed him. "I reckon you'll have to find another overseer. I'm going to strike out for Texas," said Hicks. Ware's eyes met his for an instant. He had thought of flight, too; was still thinking of it, but greed was as much a part of his nature as fear; Belle Plain was a prize not to be lightly cast aside, and it was almost his. He lurched across the room to the window. If he were going to act, the sooner he did so the better, and gain a respite from his fears. The road down the coast slid away before his heavy eyes; he marked each turn, then a palsy of fear shook him, his heart beat against his ribs, and he stood gnawing his lips while he gazed up at the sun. "Do you get what I say, Tom? I am going to quit these parts," said Hicks. Ware turned slowly from the window. "All right, Hicks. You mean you want me to settle with you, is that it?" he asked. "Yes, I'm going to leave while I can; maybe I can't later on," said Hicks stolidly. He added: "I am going to start down the coast as soon as it turns dark, and before it's day again I'll have put the good miles between me and these parts." "You're going down the coast?" and Ware was again conscious of the quickened beating of his heart. Hicks nodded. "See you don't meet up with John Murrell," said Ware. "I'll take that chance. It seems a heap better to me than staying here." Ware looked from the window. The shadows were lengthening across the lawn. "Better start now, Hicks," he advised. "I'll wait until it turns dark." "You'll need a horse." "I was going to help myself to one. This ain't no time to stand on ceremony," said Hicks shortly. "Slosson shouldn't be left in the



The Planter's Knees Knocked Together.

Pure From Start to Finish.
There is perhaps nothing in daily use in the home in which purity is so important as it is in baking powder. On its purity depends the purity of the materials used, the success of the bakings, etc. And possibly the one thing that has served to make Calumet Baking Powder so much of a favorite with the critical cooks of the country, is the fact that Calumet is pure from start to finish. You can rely on Calumet's purity for the simple reason that every ounce of the materials used is first tested by experienced chemists and then mixed with the utmost care to insure its uniformity. And standing in the can or changes of weather, etc., cannot alter it in any respect. But perhaps the best thing of all is the fact that Calumet never fails. Every baking in which Calumet is used, is sure to come from the oven as light and as fluffy as you can wish. This not only means wholesome, tasty foods—but a big economy as well. Try Calumet next bake-day—it's the best baking powder made—for two World's Fair Food Expositions, one in Chicago, 1907, one at Paris, France, 1912—have given it the highest awards. Adv.

Wise Young Man.
That was a very wise Cambridge student of whom the London story tellers were talking some time ago. One of his college friends finding himself without funds, went to this Solomon of students to borrow. He found him in bed. Seizing him by the shoulder, he shook him. "I say," he said, "are you asleep?" "Why do you ask?" queried the other, sleepily. "I want to borrow a sovereign." "Yes," said the other, turning over and closing his eyes. "I'm asleep."

Reason Was Plain.
"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady. "What reason did he give for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor. "I don't want any lip from you. I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had." "I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.

Mooted Question.
"How's Willie getting on at that free thought Sunday school you're sending him to?" "First rate, from last accounts. He asked his pretty lady teacher who it was that first bit the apple in the Garden of Eden. Willie says she looked him straight in the eye and said nobody knew; that they'd been trying to figure out for the last 6,000 years."

CURES BURNS AND CUTS.
Cure the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

Accounted For.
"The piece was very raw." "Then it deserved a roasting."

The pitcher that goes to the box too often is knocked out.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Is it a blow to spiritualism when a man strikes a happy medium?

BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Woodall's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and an enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. Goitre, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, Varicosities anywhere. It allays pain and takes out inflammation promptly. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic. Pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin. Powerfully penetrating but does not blister under bandage nor cause any unpleasantness. Few drops only required at each application. ABSORBINE, JR., \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 2 G free. W. F. Young, P. O. Box 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 42-1912.

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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

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Pumpkin Seed
Elm Bark
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Aloes
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Worm Seed
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Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Hitchcock

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
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35 DROPS 35 CENTS

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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Buy wear W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$5.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the men's shoes. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

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

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

Fast Color Fast!

CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the insole. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in all good shoe stores. No matter where you buy them, they are sold at the same price. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing styles and prices. Please send no money. Delivery charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas.



(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gregory Gazette

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

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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.

Real Estate Transfers

Sarah M. Stowe to Lillian Hatt, lot in Fowlerville for \$900.

Wm. McPherson et al. to Floyd LaRoue, 40 acres in Handy for \$1500.

C. H. Edgar and wife to William and Robert Jub, lot in Howell for \$3300.

R. D. Roche et al. to C. H. Bergin, land in Genoa and Hamburg for \$2800.

Lewis Price and wife to N. G. Swarthout and wife, lot in Fowlerville for 1675.

Trasy Crandall and wife to Douglass Marr, 60 acres in Howell for \$2000.

L. R. Lumby and wife to G. H. Kyes and wife, 80 acres in Tyrone for \$8000.

L. B. Boyd and wife to J. E. Wrigglesworth, 20 acres in Cohoctah for \$900.

H. C. Paddock and wife to B. W. Crippen and wife, land in Brighton and Genoa for \$3500.

New U. of M. Scholarship Fund

Two new funds have been presented to the regents to be used for scholarships, one for establishment the present year, with the probable continuance through other years of the Henry Strong scholarship provided for in the will of Henry Strong of Lake Geneva, Wis., who was a student here in 1851. It provides five hundred dollars yearly for two scholarships, with the understanding that not only good scholarship but strong character shall be demanded of the recipients of these gifts. The other fund of \$1000 raised by the alumni of Marquette high school in honor of Miss Anna Chandler, for many years superintendent of the Marquette schools. The income of this fund is to be used in assisting through the university students who might otherwise be forced through lack of finances to discontinue their studies.

A Good One to return to Office

When you have found an officer that handles your business all right why not give him the job again? You never change your own clerks or hired help "just to pass it around," as often quoted: "When you've found one good and true change not the old one for the new."

We have several times published articles complementary to Mr. A. A. Montague, Judge of Probate, and we feel that we are justified in so doing. In him the people have a servant that is in every way capable of serving them intelligently and conscientiously. In conducting the affairs of the Probate office in a most thorough and able manner, Mr. A. A. Montague has proven that the people would make no mistake in giving him a another term.

He has manifested the same interest in all estates, large or small being content only when everything was settled in strict accordance to law. His firm but genial disposition has made it easy for parties who could not afford the services of an attorney to transact their business, and his determination that all proceedings should be regular, has safeguarded their interests.

It is always a pleasure to meet the Judge and whether on business or otherwise, people leaving his court feel that they have been treated kindly and considerately. He has met every problem which has confronted him and settled it so perfectly fair that the most interested are his friends for resolution.

Pinckney Locals

Mrs. H. A. Fick spent last Friday in Munith.

Bernardine Lynch attended the Fowlerville fair Saturday.

Mr. Owen Sloan of Dexter spent Sunday at M. Dolan's.

Miss Nellie Gardner spent the first of the week in Jackson.

Dr. H. F. Sigler was called to Williamston last Saturday.

Dr. R. G. Sigler and wife of South Lyon spent Monday here.

James Smith attended the Fowlerville fair last week.

Miss Anna Lennon is visiting friends in Saginaw and Durand.

Joe Dixon of near Dexter was a Pinckney visitor Saturday.

Duane Lavey spent the past week with relatives in Fowlerville.

Mrs. H. R. Geer and son spent last week with her parents at Oak Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Staley of Oak Grove visited at H. R. Geer's Sunday.

Jos. Placeway and wife were guests at the home of Frank Barnton Sunday.

Johanna Hankerd and Herman Hudson of Chelsea visited at R. Clinton's Sunday.

Mrs. H. W. Crofoot was the guest of friends and relatives in Howell last week.

Fr. VanAntwerp of Detroit visited at the home of Fr. Coyle several days last week.

There was no school last Friday in order to let the pupils attend the Fowlerville Fair.

Elihu Burleson recently underwent a serious operation at the Pinckney Sanitorium.

Walter Walsh and wife of Grand Rapids are visiting at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Kelley.

Jas. Harris is in Howell this week attending the board of supervisors meeting.

Ed. Farnum and Ambrose Fitzsimmons spent last Friday and Saturday in Detroit.

Mrs. Rena Mains of Vassar has been visiting at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Pearson.

Mr. D. A. Quillette of Amherstburg, Ontario, visited friends here the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Devereaux and Miss Joie Devereaux spent Sunday at the home of Ben White.

Percy Mortenson, Roy Moran, Wm. and Steve Jeffries were Fowlerville Fair visitors last week.

Thomas Moran, Adrian Lavey Harold and P. H. Swarthout attended the Fowlerville Fair last Saturday.

Alta Bullis was the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Roberts of near Gregory the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gillette and daughter, Janice, of Howell were guests at the home of Ross Read over Sunday.

Mrs. F. G. Jackson was an over Sunday visitor at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Stephens of Stockbridge.

Glen Bowen, the two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bowen of Whitmore Lake died at his parent's home there Sunday, Oct. 13 of diphtheria.

Mrs. Nettie Vaughn, Mrs. Thomas Read and Mrs. C. VanWinkle attended the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Stars at Grand Rapids last week.

Horace Sayles has sold his interest in the livery barn to Will Dunning and P. H. Swarthout and the firm will now be known as Swarthout & Dunning.

Joe Curtis has moved into the Haney house across the pond which he recently purchased and John Fitzsimmons into the house vacated by Mr. Curtis on Hamburg street.

L. F. Rose of Los Angeles, Cal. died at his home there, Friday, October 11. Mr. Rose was an old Pinckney boy and passed the early part of his life in this village, his father, F. G. Rose being one of Pinckney's early inhabitants.

WEST PUTNAM

Dr. C. B. Gardner and family of Alma visited at H. B. Gardner's several days last week.

Mrs. P. Kennedy visited her sister, Mrs. Chalker of Fowlerville a number of days last week.

John M. Harris and family spent Sunday at John Whites in Marion.

Thomas Cooper and family of Jackson are visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. Maria Cooper.

SOUTH GREGORY.

Mrs. Clarence Barnes left for Lansing last week to join her husband.

Mr. Marietta entertained friends from across last week.

Mrs. G. W. Bates entertained her daughter and children Sunday.

Miss Judson and sisters called on Hazel Bates Sunday.

NORTH FAMBURG.

The Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Clarence Carpenter Thursday for dinner.

Earl Davenport and family of Whitmore Lake spent Sunday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Orville Nash.

Will Nash's children are all on the sick list.

Mrs. M. A. Davis made a business trip to Howell last week.

Next Sunday Rev. Hipon will preach on the word, Forward. Everyone come.

Mrs. R. C. Haddock visited Miss Mary VanFleet of Howell last week.

CHUBBS CORNERS

Frank Eisele transacted business in Jackson one day last week.

L. Demerest and family, R. Entwisle, Geo. Schuler and Hollis Shehan attended the Fowlerville Fair.

Kitey Allison spent last week in Fowlerville.

Mrs. L. Curtis and daughter are guests at F. Allison's.

Frank Dolan spent Sunday at John White's.

Mrs. Cliff Wood is working at D. Smith's.

Manne Hoisel has a new corn binder.

ANDERSON.

Andrew Greiner of Jackson spent several days last week with his parents here.

Andrew Shively of Lansing is a guest at the home of Mrs. Alice Hoff.

Max Ledwidge and family spent Sunday at Brogan's in South Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. Art LaRoue visited relatives in Fowlerville and Lansing last week.

Ray Newcomb and family and Glenn Beurnaman and family of Howell visited at John Gardner's Sunday.

Percy Dailey spent several days last week with friends and relatives in Howell.

Will Brogan and family and Ern White and family were Sunday visitors at the home of Mat Loughlin's of Chelsea's.

Clare Reule of Durand visited the Hinchey Brothers last week.

Willie Roche and Liam Ledwidge each secured first premiums on their horses at the Fowlerville Fair last week.

Dr. McLachlan of Detroit spent Sunday here.

SOUTH IOSCO.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Foster, Mrs. Edna Mitchell and daughter, Beulah Edna visited at Watters Bros. Sunday.

McClure Hinchey of Boyne City spent last week at John Roberts's.

Wm. Caskey and wife of Anderson visited at Truman Wainwright's Sunday.

L. T. Lamborn is on the sick list.

Mrs. Eliza Kuhn spent last week with Mrs. Albert Ward.

Martin Anderson and Elva Caskey were Sunday callers at Nick Burley's.

Carabelle Harrington of Webberville, Gladys Roberts and Cecil Cone were Pinckney visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roberts and son, J. D. spent Sunday with Geo. Nowlin and family.

Mrs. Elva Roberts and daughter, Daisy, were Pinckney callers the latter part of last week.

A large number from here attended the Fowlerville Fair and in spite of rain reported a fine time.

John Roberts lost a valuable work horse last Friday.

Mrs. Roy Hide and Mrs. Mort Clark of Morley and Mrs. Arthur Hubbard of Tacoma, Wash. are visiting at L. T. Lamborn's.

Mr. and Mrs. Nate Waters called at Mr. Isham's Sunday.

The Liquor Case

Deputy Attorney General McGill was in Howell recently, looking up the evidence in the case against the late proprietors of the liquor club. McGill has been assigned to this case and was very sure when seen by the representative of the State Journal that it would be tried. "I have no desire to tear up the social circles of Howell or vicinity" said McGill, but my duty is very plain. A certain gentleman insinuated to me there that it might be best for me not to try it. If there is to be any four-flushing in that case it might be that it is a game both sides can play at. I know a whole lot more about those club members than some people there suppose. It is quite probable that I shall put some of them on the stand and let them tell what they know about how the club was run."—State Journal.



Richard D. Roche

Nominee For Prosecuting Attorney on the Democrat Ticket

Mr. Roche has been engaged in the practice of law in Howell for the past thirteen years, having spent three years in the prosecuting attorney's office before opening an office of his own. As Justice of the Peace, he has drawn the complaints and warrants in most of the important criminal cases in the county for the past eight years, and they have all, without exception, been held good when tested in the higher courts. He is an experienced and capable trial lawyer and will not require assistance if elected.

In 1898 he assisted in the organization of Co. M. 35th Mich. Vol. Infantry, and with his two brothers M. J. and A. C., enlisted as a private in that company. When the company was mustered in, he failed to pass the rigid physical examination required and was rejected. His two brothers were accepted, M. J. later becoming first sergeant, and A. C. being commissioned second lieutenant.

Although he spent some time and money in the service of the company, he has never asked nor received recognition for the services then rendered. Neither has he complained of his health, but, on the contrary, has been grateful for the measure of health given him.

Eight years ago, he was a candidate for prosecuting attorney but went down to defeat in the Roosevelt landslide. He has not been a candidate for county office since. He has not the means to make an expensive campaign, but if the voters of the county feel that it is his turn, and if his qualifications appeal to you, he would be sincerely grateful for your support on November 5th.

Advertisement



Geo. A. Wimbles

Republican Nominee For Sheriff

Geo. A. Wimbles, the republican candidate for sheriff, was born on a farm in the township of Marion, Livingston county, September 30, 1872, and lived and worked on a farm until 21 years of age. His education was obtained in the district school and in the Howell high school. Mr. Wimbles is a man of integrity and good business ability—two very essential qualifications for a public official.

Through the sheriff's office, the criminal machinery of the county expends upwards of about \$12,000 annually of the people's money. Therefore the friends of Mr. Wimbles believe that the sheriff's office should be conducted just as any business industry should be conducted, upon honest and able business principles.

Mr. Voter, look up Mr. Wimbles' character, integrity and ability and see if you do not agree with his friends and most intimate acquaintances that he is a man to be safely entrusted with the expenditure of public money through the office of the sheriff of the county.

Advertisement

Cider Mills Open

I intend to start my cider mill this week. I will make cider, boiled cider and scalded cider daily the rest of the season

E. G. Bush, Plainfield, Mich.

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

GENTS!

We Have Just Received a Special Lot of Suits we are going to offer at

\$12.50

They are all wool suits, nicely tailored, and in an assortment of newest styles. They come in browns, grays and blue serges, (fancy and plain.)

If you want one of these rare values—come up this week.

This Week Only we will pay your fare on a \$12.50 purchase

W. J. DANCER & COMPANY

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Agents For Oakland Automobiles

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Jurors Drawn

For October Term of Court

The regular term of the circuit court convenes Monday, October 21. The following have been drawn as jurors for the term.

Brighton—Floyd Sawyer, Fred Crippin.
Cohoctah—Dillis Stoner, J. B. Stelzer.
Couway—Thos. Hoyt, Nelson Keeler.

Deerfield—Ed. Hogan, Wm. Jubb.
Genoa—Frank Cunningham, F. Grostick.
Green Oak—F. Smith.
Handy—Charles Truhne Jr.
Hamburg—Jas. Hall.

Hartland—Emmett Kelley.
Howell—Chas. Larsen.
Iosco—Wm. Greening.
Marion—Chas. Hall, Bernard Murningham.
Oceola—R. T. Kirk, James Hughes.
Putnam—John Fohey, Bert Hicks.
Tyrone—Robt. Farum, John Trollman.
Unadilla—Chas. E. Bullis, B. A. Cook.

PLAINFIELD.

Mrs. H. J. Dyer and daughter spent last Thursday in Jackson. A number from here attended the Fowlerville Fair. The L. A. S. of the Presbyterian church will serve dinner at the Hall October 24. The W. F. M. S. of the M. F. church meet with Mrs. E. N. Broley November 7 for dinner. Mrs. Joie Dyer's division of Maccabees will give a hallowe'en social at the Hall October 30. All are invited.