



## 33 Fur Coats

To be Closed Out  
By the 10th of January

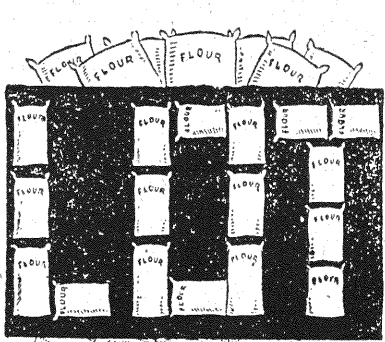
Assortment contains Goat,  
Dog, Galloway and Coon  
Coats.

Gordon Furs

36 pairs of Hand-made Plump Calf, Heavy  
Oak Sole, Government Army Shoe at - - - \$3.00  
as long as they last; worth a third more.

**J. D. CROSBY & SON**

Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Men.



## It Takes a "Lot"

of wheat to grind up the flour that passes through  
our hands. A "Lot" of people buy our flour, and  
it takes a "lot" of flour to supply their regular  
wants. Are you "one" of them? If not it's your  
loss. Our flour spells "Superlative."

We have all grades of

## Spring and Winter Wheat Flour

It will pay the dealer to get our prices and the  
farmer to bring us his custom work. Feed and  
Buckwheat Grinding every day.

### Everything in the Dairyman's Line

Feed, Bran, Middlings, Cotton Seed Meal, Oil  
Meal, Gluten Feed, Cuddo-Meal, etc. Wholesale  
and retail.

We Thank You sincerely for the business  
you have turned to us during  
the past 12 months and trust that the quality  
of our service and the excellence of our product  
has been such that we will deserve the major por-  
tion of your trade during the coming year.

WE WISH YOU ALL A PROSPEROUS  
BOUNTIFUL NEW YEAR : : : :

**Cass City Milling Co.**

## Blatchford's Calf Meal

At \$1.00, the same price as usual.

### Cream, Butter and all kinds of Feed

at very high prices, a convincing argument, we  
sell and recommend it.

## WOOD'S DRUGSTORE

A Chronicle Liner will sell it

## ANOTHER PIONEER ANSWERED ROLL CALL

Mrs. Eliza Wright Laid to Rest  
on Dec. 31.

Death Occurred at Home of Daughter,  
Mrs. Thos. Henderson,  
in Detroit.

Eliza Smith was born in the vicinity of Toronto, Canada, Sept. 6, 1826. At the age of seventeen she moved with her parents to Dereham township, Oxford county, Ontario.

Nine years later she gave her hand in marriage to William Wright. This union was blessed with eight children five of whom, Mrs. Thos. Henderson of Detroit, Mrs. Sommeville of Uby and three sons in Montana, survive to mourn the loss of mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright came to Michigan in 1872 and settled near Cass City. Ten years ago Mrs. Wright was left to walk in widowhood, her husband having heard the invitation to come up on higher. Her whole life from 1872 to the close, except the last two years, was spent near or in Cass City. Two years ago she moved with Mrs. Henderson to Detroit.

On Tuesday, Dec. 28 after a cerebral hemorrhage, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. In childhood she gave her heart to God and united with the Methodist church. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church in Cass City at the time of her call to the "church triumphant." Her life was one of earnest active christian service.

Funeral services were held at the M. E. church at 2:00 p. m. on the last day of the year, Rev. W. B. Weaver officiating. Text, Ps. 116:15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The weary body was laid to rest in Elkland cemetery and her friends expect to meet her again in "the house not made with hands."

## MICHIGAN LAND IS BEING TAKEN

Many Acres Being Purchased by  
Chicago Men.

Many Acres in Michigan Supposed to  
Be Worthless Being Turned  
Into Good Farms.

That a great deal of Michigan land for many years supposed to be worthless, is being turned into valuable farm property is perhaps not generally known but it is a fact. This is especially true in western Michigan where at one time the land was thickly covered with the finest of pine timber. The soil which was light was held for a great many years to be worthless and was shunned almost like a plague spot. Recent experiments have proven that this land is not as bad as it looks and that with proper care and cultivation it can be made very productive.

A great deal of the land is being purchased by wealthy Chicago men, who are cultivating it and building fine barns and residences on the same. In northern Newaygo county, where a man a few years ago could have had all the land he wanted for a song, Chicago parties are buying it up and are doing wonders with it. All kinds of crops are being raised and as the land cost them but little, the investment is proving a very profitable one. Michigan land is going to be the most valuable in the union some day, and the man who invests in it now is bound to receive big returns for his money. There is but very little land in the state that is worthless and a few years from now the poorest of it will be in good demand. The man who wants to make a profitable investment can do no better than to buy Michigan farming land.—Ex.

Lost—A gold watch, open face, 17-jewel Hampton movement, on Tuesday between John Wheeler's farm and McGeorge's elevator. Suitable reward to finder. Leave at Chronicle office. 12-31-

Soap stone Griddles require no grease. N. Bigelow & Sons.

Quantity of maple, elm and poplar wood, all seasoned, for sale. J. D. Tuckey. 11-19-

One new set of bobsleighs. G. L. Hitchcock. 12-31

Do you want a good range? I have a Malleable as good as new. Will give six months' time or will take cow or 2-year-old heifer in exchange. See Jas. McKenzie, Cass City. 1-6-2

Two houses for sale. E. W. Keating. 3-12-

We buy poultry every day in the week. Highest market prices paid. Harry Young. 12-3-

## THREE CENT FARES?

As a result of several complaints being filed with the state railway commission regarding the continuance of the 3-cent fares on the P. O. & N. R. which is now operated by the Grand Trunk, the commission took up the matter with the Grand Trunk officials as to whether the "Polly Ann" is a part of the system and if so why the rate has not been reduced to 2 cents a mile, as required by law.

A letter received from C. H. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, states that the "Polly Ann" was purchased by individuals and is simply operated by the Grand Trunk, but retains its separate corporate existence and is not, therefore, amenable to the 2-cent fare law. Chairman Glasgow states, however, that further investigation will be made before the commission will concede that the small road should not reduce its rate of fare.

## DEATH OF MISS EDITH DUDENHOFER

Occurred at Her Parental Home  
in Elmwood.

Was a Member of the Baptist Church  
and a Well Known School  
Teacher.

Miss Edith Dudenhofer, whose death was mentioned in the Chronicle last week, was born in Elmwood township, six and one-half miles west and one mile north of Cass City, and died at her home there on Dec. 25, aged 24 years and 22 days.

Miss Dudenhofer enjoyed the acquaintance of many people of Elmwood and Sebawaing townships, having taught schools in both. In District No. 4, Elmwood, she taught one term and in the Lewisville school near Sebawaing she was engaged as teacher for two terms. As a member of the Baptist church, she was an active worker and her presence at the gatherings of the society will be greatly missed. Her death occurring on Christmas morning brought vividly to mind her interest in the Christmas exercises of former years and her faithfulness and usefulness in every-



MISS EDITH DUDENHOFER.

thing that tended to the uplift of humanity. She was a member of the Baptist church for ten years.

The funeral was held at the residence on Monday, Rev. H. W. Clough officiating. Interment was made in the Elkland cemetery, the following friends of the deceased acting as pallbearers: Arthur, Eugene, Perry and George Livingston, George Seeley and Orrie Chaffee.

Besides the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dudenhofer, deceased is survived by six sisters and one brother as follows: Mrs. Wm. D. Wald of Elmwood, Mrs. Oscar Robinson of Fostoria, Mrs. Ella Abar of Sandwich, Ont., Mrs. Warren James and Miss Charlotte Dudenhofer of Detroit, and George and Maggie Dudenhofer, who reside with their parents.

Death is always sad, but in this instance it was particularly so. Miss Dudenhofer was a young lady held in high esteem by her acquaintances and friends and her death came as a severe shock to all. She was engaged to be married, the date having been selected for last June. Becoming ill before that time, it was postponed until the holidays. Her fiancé, Oscar Shubert, a rural carrier at Sebawaing, was taken ill with pneumonia about four weeks ago, and the disease later terminated in tuberculosis. Two weeks before the death of Miss Dudenhofer, the young man on the advice of a physician, left for California hoping to regain his health. The young lady was a victim of the same disease.

For Sale—Parlor organ in excellent condition; one cook stove and two good ingrain carpets, one of them nearly new. Richard Duggan. 12-17-

One brown mare for sale. G. L. Hitchcock. 12-31-

Sleeve Boards 15c at Bigelow's.

## LACK OF INTEREST WAS MANIFESTED

Only 12 Members at Meeting of  
Fair Association.

Annual Meeting Adjourned Until the  
Afternoon of Saturday,  
January 22.

It is now the question, "Shall Cass City have its fair next fall or no fair?"

The annual meeting of the fair association was held at the Council Rooms Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of electing officers and directors for the ensuing year and although the matter was published and the proper notice given, out of a membership of over 500, only 12 members came to the meeting and this number included officers and directors. Over 500 members of the fair association, consisting of business men and farmers, were conspicuous by their absence on this occasion, and while the meeting lacked in attendance, it also lacked in appreciative interest taken. New officers were to be chosen and several directors who were going out of office absolutely refused to be re-elected and the meeting was finally adjourned to the afternoon of January 22 next.

Now Mr. Business Man and you, too, Mr. Farmer, "it is up to you." If you are in favor of a fair for Cass City for this year then make it so manifested by holding up your hand or stand up and be counted as one who is willing to do his part in the production of a good fair for the year 1910.

And now to be more serious in the matter, Mr. Farmer and you, too, Mr. Business Man, this is your fair and must have your interest and your support and if you desire a fair for the year 1910, it is necessary that you come to the meeting on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 22, and help fill the offices of the officers and directors for the year 1910, and offer your best suggestions in the conduct, time and management of the same.

J. C. CORKINS,  
Pres. of Fair Asso.

## TUESDAY THE LAST DAY

Chronicle Voting Contest Will End on  
Jan. 11.

"Who is going to win the contest?" If this question has been asked the members of the Chronicle office force once it has been asked a hundred times.

And they are not in a position to give a satisfactory answer for no one is able to tell the outcome until the votes are canvassed. Next Tuesday, January 11, is the last day of the Chronicle voting contest. At six o'clock, p. m., local time, the polls close and after that hour no one will be allowed to cast their ballots except those who may have reached the office before that time and have not been able to be waited upon.

J. E. Winter, superintendent of schools, L. I. Wood and H. L. McDermott have been chosen to canvass the votes and announce the prize winners. This will be done Tuesday evening.

Remember that Tuesday is the last day of the contest. Cast your ballots early. Newspaper Coupon No. 8 will not be good after tomorrow.

## DIED SUDDENLY

Asa Morse, Pioneer of Elmwood  
Township Passed Away.

Asa Morse died during an attack of apoplexy at his home, six and a half miles west and two miles north of Cass City, on Wednesday morning. Earlier in the morning he performed his work about the barn in his usual manner, afterwards eating a hearty breakfast. Ten minutes before his death he was apparently in his usual health.

Mr. Morse was born in Athol, Mass., 85 years ago. In 1864 he married Miss Mary Wait at Yorkshire Center, N. Y., and the following year they moved to Michigan. Deceased is survived by his wife and three children, Chas. Morse of Elkton, Wallace Morse and Mrs. Ida Wood of Elmwood.

The funeral was held at the residence this morning and interment made in South Elmwood cemetery.

The Utility Popper pops corn in the butter or makes cracker jack in no time. Bigelow's.

The Run Easy Wringer lightens labor of wash day. At Bigelow's only.

Two houses and lots for sale. Enquire at Chronicle office. 12-31-

The Enterprise Meat Chopper for sausage. At Bigelow's.

## LOCAL OPTION A TROUBLE MAKER

Local option is a trouble maker. So some people say. Local option makes trouble for the man who breaks the law—who soaks in booze and who attempts to run a blind tiger for the gain there is in it. Quite naturally Cass City has her share of this kind of trouble, being in a local option county.

On New Years evening, a young man by the name of Jas. Toohey was found drunk on our streets, was locked up and pleaded guilty. This case aroused the authorities to action and Monday the Riker pool room was searched by Marshal Tuckey, who found some goods of a somewhat suspicious character. The case is now being investigated and no doubt by next week the Chronicle will be in a position to give further facts in the case.

## FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT OWENDALE

Saturday, January 8, at Duffy's  
Hall.

A Profitable Time Promised. Every  
Farmer in the Community  
Should Attend.

The coming farmers' institute on Saturday, Jan. 8, in Owendale promises to be a profitable gathering for the farmers of this community.

Following is the program which has been prepared and its topics promise lively discussions.

### Morning Session.

Prayer. . . . .  
Tillage and Rotation of Crops. . . . .  
L. W. Oviatt  
Discussion led by T. H. Wallace.  
Local paper—Feeding Cattle at a Profit. . . . .  
John S. Gilbert, Pres.  
Afternoon Session.  
Sugar Beets—How to Grow and Harvest Them. . . . .  
L. W. Oviatt  
Discussions by Thos. Cosgrove and F. Palmer.  
Question box. . . . .  
Fred Hutchinson  
Local paper—Feeding Hogs at a Profit. . . . .  
Bernard Banfield  
Discussion led by D. Coulter.  
Selecting and Feeding the Dairy Herd. . . . .  
L. W. Oviatt  
Discussions led by Richard Hughes and D. H. Wallace.  
Evening Session.

Music. . . . .  
Have We Confidence in Our Business. . . . .  
L. W. Oviatt  
Demand of the Times. . . . .  
C. F. Hey, School Com.  
Local manager, D. Coulter; pres., John S. Gilbert; sec., Jas. Haley; state speaker, L. W. Oviatt.

## BOY OF TEN LOSES HAND

Ogle Wells of Deford Victim of Corn  
Shredder.

Ogle Wells, ten-year-old son of Cyrus Wells of Deford, had his left hand so badly crushed in a corn shredder on Wednesday, Dec. 29, that physicians found it necessary to amputate the member just above the wrist Tuesday morning.

The boy had been forbidden to work around the machine, but found enjoyment in throwing unhusked ears of corn back into the shredder, and while so doing, one throw of the arm placed his hand too near the rolls and the hand was drawn in and badly crushed.

The physician thought at first that there was a possibility of saving the hand, but later developments showed that amputation was necessary. The patient is doing well.

## SNOW BLOCKADE

Weather Conditions Largely Interfer  
with Traffic and Business.

January has started in with a vengeance. Usually we look for blizzards and snow blockades in February, but this year the weatherman has changed his program, and is doing business on an enlarged scale—just like some other people who are dazzled by the prosperous times.

Monday opened up like an ordinary wash day, but before the wash was fairly on the line, the wind came down from the frozen regions in Cook style, full of promises.

Before night the storm had full sway in the Thumb country. Train service as a result has been badly crippled. Some trains have been cancelled and others have been late—some several hours.

Dry wood for sale. G. A. Striffler. 1-7-

Top prices for butter and eggs, cash or trade. E. W. Jones. 12-10-

For Sale—Two cows, one due in February, and one in April. John Livingston, R. 4. 12-31-2\*



CASS CITY CHRONICLE.  
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H. F. LENZNER, Publisher.

## Directory.

## DR. M. M. WICKWARE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Corner-Hus Grocery. Residence two blocks south of Laing & Jones' store on Seeger street, east side. Special attention paid to mid-wifery and diseases of women.

## Dr. A. N. Treadgold

Office and residence Seeger St. Office on ground floor of building across from Hospital. Special care given to diseases of women and children. City phone.

## DR. A. W. TRUESDELL,

Physician and Surgeon, Shabbona, Mich. Special attention to surgery.

## J. H. HAYS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office Days: Wednesdays, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturdays 1 to 5 P. M.

## P. A. Schenck, D. D. S.

DENTIST.  
Graduate University of Michigan. Office hours 7:30 a. m. to 12 m. and 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. Office on Fritz block, Cass City, Michigan.

## Dentistry.

L. A. FRITZ, RESIDENT DENTIST.  
Office over E. Ryan's drug store. We solicit your patronage when in need of dental work.

## Elkland Arbor, No. 31, A. O. O. G.

meets the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in Oddfellow Hall. Visiting companions always welcome.  
WALTER ANTHES, C. G.  
A. E. BOULTON, Sec-Treas.

## PONTIAC, OXFORD &amp; NORTH-ERN RAILROAD.

## Trains leave Cass City.

Going North 11:25 a. m. and 7:58 p. m.  
Going South 7:58 a. m. and 3:29 p. m.

## F. H. CARROLL,

Gen'l Supt., Pontiac.

Repairing  
While you wait.

I have secured the services of John Zinnecker, a first-class shoe maker, who will assist me in my shoe repair shop. This arrangement makes it possible to attend promptly to the wants of all my customers.

First class work guaranteed and at reasonable prices.

## Peter P. Weber.

Under Crosby's Store Cass City.

Pain  
Weakens

Headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, or pains of any nature weaken the system—they are a strain upon the nerves. Almost instant relief can be obtained by taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and without any bad after-effects. Take one on first indication of an attack—it will ward it off. They are a pleasant little tablet, sold by druggists everywhere, 25 doses 25 cents; never sold in bulk.

"I was subject to constant headaches for a period of four years. At times I was almost unfitted for the work in which I am engaged, that of station agent. Through the advice of a friend I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and the result has been that I have entirely eradicated my system of those continuous headaches that follow a continual mental strain. They have done for me all that is claimed for them."

O. L. RUSSELL,  
Agt. C. & N. W. Ry., Battle Creek, Ia.  
"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for a year now for neuralgia and find there is nothing like them. They surely have been a blessing to me."

MRS. M. J. HAMILTON,  
Upper Alton, Ill.  
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and we authorize him to return the price of first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## Fame's Footsteps.



Lady—And you say that once you trod the boards with the late Sir Henry Irving?

Hobo—Yes, ma'am. Once when he was walking across a bridge I walked behind him.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by L. I. Wood & Co.

## Cause and Effect.



Mrs. Peck—I don't see why you can't come home sober once in awhile. My first husband never drank a drop.

Mr. Peck—Thash all (hic) ri', m' dear. He didn't (hic) have t' lishen t' your talk 'bout your (hic) first husband'.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by L. I. Wood & Co.

"In most cases," said Uncle Eben, "what folks calls failure is simply loss of interest at 'la'in' down on de job."—Washington Star.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You can't begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by L. I. Wood & Co.

## Mars and Venus.

Nearest approach of Mars to earth is 35,000,000 miles. Venus is 26,000,000 miles distant.

She—Were you ever troubled with dyspepsia?

He—Yes; that's the way it affects me.—Yonkers Statesman.

A twentieth of Scotland's area is forest land, seven-tenths is mountain, heath and lake and only one-quarter cultivated land.

## He Came Home.

He—My dear, if I'm not home at 10 don't wait for me.

She—No; I'll go for you.—Judge.

## Simple Remedy for La Grippe

La Grippe coughs are dangerous as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. L. I. Wood & Co.

## Cautious!

Clerk at Court—Is the accused your eldest son? Witness—Yes, sir, up to the present.

## Oak Trees.

Oak trees live 1,500 years, and the wood and bark of a single tree at times sell for as much as \$3,000.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. It invigorates the entire system and strengthens the kidneys so they eliminate the impurities from the blood. Backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles are all cured by this great medicine. L. I. Wood & Co.

## The Scottish Brain.

The brains of the Scottish people weigh more on an average than those of the English.

## A Question.

"Your mother-in-law's condition is more favorable, sir."

"For herself or me?"—Exchange.

## A Traveling Salesman

H. F. Beers, 617 7th Ave., Peoria, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled for some time with kidney trouble, so severely at times I could scarcely carry my grip. After using one bottle of Foley's Kidney Pills I have been entirely relieved and cheerfully recommend them to all." Foley's Kidney Pills are healing and antiseptic and will restore health and strength. L. I. Wood & Co.

Macaroni is taken from a Greek derivative which means "the blessed dead," in allusion to the ancient custom of eating it at feasts for the dead.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivalled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Sold by L. I. Wood & Co.

Farmer Must Not  
Be Neglected.

By Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho.

THE farmer today is the MOST POTENTIAL FACTOR IN THE WHOLE ECONOMIC LIFE OF THE NATION, not because he is entitled to peculiar favor, but because of FAVOR BEING WITHHELD FROM HIM WHILE BESTOWED UPON OTHERS. This treatment is having and has had its effect upon the industrial life in the country.

NO MORE IMPORTANT PHASE OF OUR INDUSTRIAL LIFE HAS BEEN UP FOR CONSIDERATION THAN THE EXODUS OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS FROM THE FARM TO THE CITY. IF IT SHOULD CONTINUE TO THE SAME EXTENT FOR ANY CONSIDERABLE TIME IT WOULD BE FATAL TO REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

This government would not last for a decade if that seething mass of political corruption lately exposed to public gaze in a great metropolis did not FIND ITS ANTIDOTE AND DISINFECTANT IN THE HEALTHY, PATRIOTIC LIFE OF THE FARMING COMMUNITIES and the business men of the agricultural village.

It seems to be a peculiarity of the human family that in proportion as we lose our identity in vast aggregations we also LOSE THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY and the inestimable virtue of personal pride. When the finger of public opinion points to an individual and beckons for action the results are generally gratifying.

It is estimated that 70,000 will seek homes in Canada and will take with them \$70,000,000 or \$100,000,000 in cash and effects. The money or its equivalent which they take I do not so much deplore, but they are the BEST OF OUR CITIZENS, men whom we can ill afford to spare. All this is transpiring at a time when there are UNTAKEN MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE RICHEST AMERICAN SOIL THAT EVER BLOSSOMED INTO PROSPERITY WHEN WATER IS PUT UPON IT.

Will Gluttony Cause  
The Downfall of America?

By the Rev. Dr. MADISON C. PETERS of New York.

IS America becoming a land of sensualists and gluttonists whose ONLY JOYS LIE IN THE DELIGHTS OF THE TABLE and the appeasement of the animal cravings?

The present high rate of living, the riotous surfeiting in costly dishes, the waste that follows in the wake of partial consumption, the increase of drunkenness, as proved by statistics, especially among the wealthy classes and notably in the case of women—all go to give an affirmative answer to the question.

The gourmands of Rome with their epicurean tables tolled the deathknell of the mighty empire.

GLUTTONY IS SAPPING THE VITALITY OF AMERICANS. LUCULLIAN FEASTS ARE HOURLY SPREAD IN THE HOMES OF THE RICH, WHILE THE TABLES OF RESTAURANTS, CAFES AND HOTELS GROW WITH DELICACIES, LUXURIES AND VINTAGES BROUGHT FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF EARTH.

Is America eating and drinking itself to death as Rome did? Will gluttony ENERVATE AND SAP ITS VITAL ENERGIES AND DULL ITS BRAIN? Will it strip the brow of fair America of the diadem of nationhood? The men who placed that diadem there were men of abstemious habits and austere lives. They denied rather than indulged, they kept down the animal in them for the sake of the spiritual, they conquered the flesh, and as a consequence they were able to conquer their enemies. They were MEN OF MIND AND SOUL, NOT OF PALATE AND STOMACH.

Of all the dominant nations Americans are the shortest lived. They BURN THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS AND IN THE MIDDLE.

A MUTTON FED, BEEF FED, BEER DRINKING MESSENGER IN ONE OF OUR AMERICAN CITIES COULD NOT COVER A DISTANCE OF SIXTY BLOCKS WITHOUT PANTING AND PUFFING LIKE A SUPERANNUATED STEAM ENGINE BROUGHT INTO PLAY AGAIN.

The American will DENY HIS STOMACH NOTHING THAT MONEY CAN BUY. He sends to the remotest corners of the earth for delicacies to tickle his palate.

Trusts, Wealth and Tariff  
Tend to Raise Cost of Living.

By WILLIAM B. GUTHRIE, Professor of Economics of the College of the City of New York.

SINCE 1895 there has been a constant increase in the cost of necessities without any corresponding increase in the average income of the great mass of consumers, such as should accompany a normal rise in the price scale.

Prices have come to be controlled not by the economic laws of supply and demand, but by the GREAT COMBINATIONS, which are apparently able to control both. A comparison between the increases that would be caused by natural changes and prices as they exist leads to the inevitable conclusion that SOME ONE IS GETTING THE "RAKEOFF."

HIGH RENTS are an important subsidiary cause of the increased cost of living, as is unintelligent consumption.

It is high rents which are annually forcing a larger percentage of the poorer classes into what economists have described as the "seriously underfed class." It may be a very laudable thing in some ways to provide the poorer classes with hygienic conditions of living, but of what use are improvements that RAISE THE RENTS SO HIGH AS TO DEPRIVE THE WORKINGMAN AND HIS FAMILY OF PROPER FOOD?

THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED IN SEARCHING FOR A REMEDY TO THE CONDITIONS THAT PRODUCE THE INEQUITABLE INCREASE IN THE COST OF LIVING ARE THE AMOUNT AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY, THE COMBINATIONS KNOWN AS TRUSTS AND THE EFFECT OF THE TARIFF ON THE PRODUCTS OF THE COUNTRY.

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## NOTICE

BUY

Cement and Coal

SELL

Grain and Beans

TO

CASS CITY

GRAIN CO.

May we have that order?

Everything in

Building Material

Full Value for Your Money.

Try us.

Deford Grain and Lumber Co.

H. W. YOUNG, Manager.

## Griswold House

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

## European Plan

200 Rooms	100 Rooms	50 Rooms
with running water Per Day	\$1.00	with private bath Per Day
	\$1.50	Large, well lighted, for sample, with bath Per Day
		\$2.00

## Dining Room and Cafe

Club Breakfast from 25 cents up Table d'Hote dinner at noon and night, 50 cents  
Large, well lighted dining room on parlor floor, and cafe grill room on ground floor. Lady waiters in main dining room

POSTAL & MOREY, Proprietors



# THE GREEN DOOR.

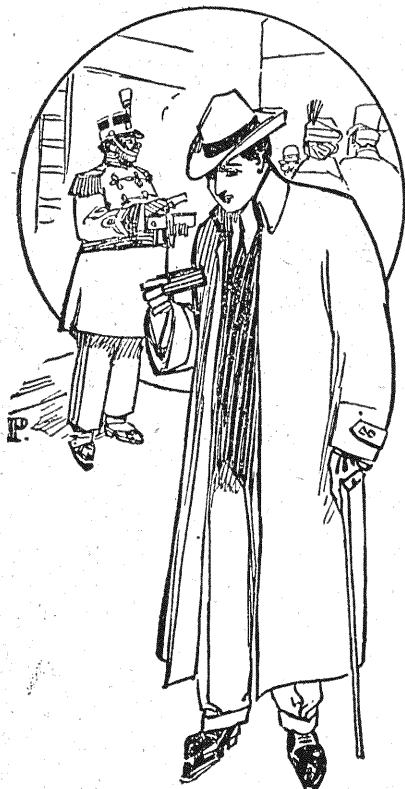
## A Bold Adventurer Finds a Romance In Solving a Mystery.

By O. HENRY.

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Suppose you should be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville. Suddenly a hand is laid upon your arm. You turn to look into the thrilling eyes of a beautiful woman wonderful in diamonds and Russian sables. She thrusts hurriedly into your hand an extremely hot buttered roll, flashes out a tiny pair of scissors, snips off the second button of your overcoat, meaningly ejaculates the one word "parallelogram" and swiftly flies down a cross street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? Not you. You would flush with embarrassment. You would sheepishly drop the roll and continue down Broadway, fumbling feebly for the missing button. This you



ON THE OTHER WERE WRITTEN THREE WORDS, "THE GREEN DOOR."

would do unless you are one of the blessed few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.

In the big city the twin spirits, Romance and Adventure, are always abroad seeking worthy wooers. As we roam the streets they slyly peep at us and challenge us in twenty different guises.

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings on which he did not go forth from his hall bedroom in search of the unexpected and the egregious. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner. Sometimes his willingness to tempt fate led him into strange paths. Twice he had spent the night in a station house. Again and again he had found himself the dupe of ingenious and mercenary tricksters. His watch and money had been the price of one flattering allurements. But with undiminished ardor he picked up every glove cast before him into the merry lists of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was strolling along a cross town street in the older central part of the city. Two streams of people filled the sidewalks, the home hurrying and that restless contingent that abandons home for the specious welcome of the thousand candle power table d'hôte.

The young adventurer was of pleasing presence and moved serenely and watchfully. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store. He wore his tie drawn through a topaz ring instead of fastened with a stickpin, and once he had written to the editor of a magazine that "Junie's Love Test," by Miss Libbey, had been the book that had most influenced his life.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk seemed at first to draw his attention (with a qualm) to a restaurant before which it was set, but a second glance revealed the electric letters of a dentist's sign high above the next door. A giant negro fantastically dressed in a red embroidered coat, yellow trousers and a military cap discreetly distributed cards to those of the passing crowd who consented to take them.

This mode of dentistic advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the dispenser of the dentist's cards without reducing his store, but tonight the African slipped one into his hand so deftly that he retained it there, smiling a little at the successful feat.

When he had traveled a few yards farther he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest. One side of the card was blank; on the other were written in ink three words, "The Green Door." And then Rudolf saw three steps in front of him a man throw down the card the negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. It was printed with the dentist's name and address and the usual schedule of "plate work" and "bridge work"

and "crowns" and specious promises of "painless" operations.

The adventurous piano salesman halted at the corner and considered. Then he crossed the street, walked down a block, recrossed and joined the upward current of people again. Without seeming to notice the negro as he passed the second time he carefully took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he inspected it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was inscribed upon it. Three or four cards were tossed to the pavement by pedestrians both following and leading him. These fell blank side up. Rudolf turned them over. Every one bore the printed legend of the dental "parlors."

Rarely did the arch sprite adventure need to beckon twice to Rudolf Steiner, his true follower. But twice it had been done, and the quest was on.

Rudolf walked slowly back to where the giant negro stood by the case of rattling teeth. This time as he passed he received no card. In spite of his gaudy and ridiculous garb the Ethiopian displayed a natural barbaric dignity as he stood, offering the cards suavely to some, allowing others to pass unmolested. Every half minute he chanted a harsh, unintelligible phrase akin to the jabber of car conductors and grand opera. And not only did he withhold a card this time, but it seemed to Rudolf that he received from the shining and massive black countenance a look of cold, almost contemptuous, disdain.

The look stung the adventurer. He read in it a silent accusation that he had been found wanting. Whatever the mysterious written words on the cards might mean, the black had selected him twice from the throng for their recipient and now seemed to have condemned him as deficient in the wit and spirit to engage the enigma.

Standing aside from the rush, the young man made a rapid estimate of the building in which he conceived that his adventure must lie. Five stories high it rose. A small restaurant occupied the basement.

The first floor, now closed, seemed to house millinery or furs. The second floor, by the winking electric letters, was the dentist's. Above this a polyglot babel of signs struggled to indicate the abodes of palmists, dress-makers, musicians and doctors. Still higher up draped curtains and milk bottles white on the window sills proclaimed the regions of domesticity.

After concluding his survey Rudolf walked briskly up the high flight of stone steps into the house. Up two flights of the carpeted stairway he continued and at its top paused. The hallway there was dimly lighted by two pale jets of gas, one far to his right, the other nearer to his left. He looked toward the nearer light and saw within its wan halo a green door. For one moment he hesitated; then he seemed to see the contumelious sneer of the African juggler of cards, and then he walked straight to the green door and knocked against it.

Moments like those that passed before his knock was answered measure the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind those green panels? Gamblers at play, cunning rogues baiting their traps with subtle skill, beauty in love with courage and thus planning to be sought by it, danger, death, love, disappointment, ridicule—any of these might respond to that temerarious rap.

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there white faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly, groping with one hand. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a faded couch that stood against the wall. He closed the door and took a swift glance around the room by the light of a flickering gas jet. Neat but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still as if in a faint. Rudolf looked around the room excitedly for a barrel. People must be rolled upon a barrel who—no, no; that was for drowned persons. He began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the brim of his derby, and she opened her eyes. And then the young man saw that hers, indeed, was the one missing face from his heart's gallery of intimate portraits. The frank gray eyes, the little nose, turning prettily outward; the chestnut hair, curling like the tendrils of a pea vine, seemed the right end and reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was woefully thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly and then smiled.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked weakly.

"Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Himmel!" exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He dashed out the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again, kicking at the door with his toe for her to open it. With both arms he hugged an array of wares from the grocery and the restaurant.

—bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, pies, pickles, oysters, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and one of red-hot tea. "This is ridiculous," said Rudolf blusteringly, "to go without eating. You must quit making election bets of this kind. Supper is ready." He helped her to a chair at the table and asked, "Is there a cup for the tea?" "On the shelf by the window," she answered. When he turned again with the cup he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon a huge dill pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags with a woman's unerring instinct. He took it from her laughingly and poured the cup full of milk. "Drink that first," he ordered, "and then you shall have some tea and then a chicken wing. If

you are very good you shall have a pickle tomorrow. And now, if you'll allow me to be your guest, we'll have supper."

He drew up the other chair. The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her color. She began to eat with a sort of dainty ferocity like some starved animal. She seemed to regard the young man and the aid he had rendered her as a natural thing—not as though she undervalued the conventions, but as one whose great stress gave her the right to put aside the artificial for the human. But gradually with the return of strength and comfort came also a sense of the little conventions that belong, and she began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city yawns at every day—the shopgirl's story of insufficient wages, further reduced by "fines" that go to swell the store's profits; of time lost through illness and then of lost positions, lost hope and—the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

But to Rudolf the history sounded as big as the Iliad or the crisis in "Junie's Love Test."

"To think of you going through all that!" he exclaimed.

"It was something fierce," said the girl solemnly.

"And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"I am all alone in the world, too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl promptly, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his bereft condition.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped, and she sighed deeply.

"I am awfully sleepy," she said, "and I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good night. A long night's sleep will be fine for you."

He held out his hand, and she took it and said "Good night." But her eyes asked a question so eloquently, so frankly and pathetically that he answered it with words.

"Oh, I'm coming back tomorrow to see how you are getting along. You can't get rid of me so easily."

Then at the door, as though the way of his coming had been so much less important than the fact that he had come, she asked, "How did you come to knock at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and felt a sudden jealous pain. What if they had fallen into other hands as adventurous as his? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he was aware of the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house," he said. "I knocked at your door by mistake."

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway he paused and looked curiously about him. And then he went along the hallway to its other end and, coming back, ascended to the floor above and continued his puzzled explorations. Every door that he found in the house was painted green.

Wondering, he descended to the sidewalk. The fantastic African was still there. Rudolf confronted him with his two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

In a broad, good natured grin the negro exhibited a splendid advertisement of his master's profession.

"Dar it is, boss," he said, pointing down the street. "But I 'spect you is a little late for de fust act."

Looking the way he pointed, Rudolf saw above the entrance to a theater the blazing electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

"I'm informed dat it's a fust rate show, sah," said the negro. "De agent



AN ARRAY OF WARES FROM THE GROCERY AND THE RESTAURANT.

what represents it presented me with a dollar, sah, to distribute a few of his cards along with de doctah's. May I offer you one of de doctah's cards, sah?"

At the corner of the block in which he lived Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he had come out with his lighted weed he buttoned his coat, pushed back his hat and said stoutly to the lamppost on the corner:

"All the same, I believe it was the hand of fate that doped out the way for me to find her."

Which conclusion, under the circumstances, certainly admits Rudolf Steiner to the ranks of the true followers of Romance and Adventure.

## MY MARY'S MAGIC BELL.

I love to hear my Mary sing  
Up to that high toned choir.  
Oh, when she trills an' tremolos  
She is a great high flier!

The organ traalaas, doodle dees.  
Then Mary lets 'er go,  
An' oh, she goes a-trillin' up  
A million miles or so!

She gets so near the gates above  
The angels all aspire  
To imitate her trills an' thrills  
Upon their golden lyre.

But Mary sings a greater song  
Upon her dinner bell.  
You bet I love her choir songs.  
They are most awful swell.

But Mary is a dandy cook,  
An' when her dinner's done  
When I hear her bell I give a yell  
An' for the table run.

Say, Gabriel, when dawns the morn.  
When you call folks up yonder  
An' you shall toot the judgment horn  
With sounds like mighty thunder.

If with the thunders of your horn  
You fail to break my sleep  
Don't give it up as a bad job  
An' leave me there to weep.

Just tell my Mary to ring her bell,  
An', though I'm down a mile,  
Her magic bell will break my spell,  
An' I shall rise to smile.

C. M. BARNITZ.

## KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. Will you please inform me why some of my squabs grow nicely at first and then are found choked to death? A. You are breeding from small throated birds. When your squabs are over the milk period and the old ones give them whole grain their throats are too small for it to pass. Kill all small throated breeders.

Q. Please tell me how to make my hens lay. I cannot keep them from getting fat. I have tried reducing the ration and thought when I got them down to a certain weight they would surely lay, but they didn't. I have used a wide ration too. A. We fear your fowls come from a fat for market strain and not from a bred to lay strain and will only produce capital roasts.

Q. What is a fair price for a young turkey tom and where is the best place to get one. A. From \$10 to \$15. Buy your birds from a wild turkey ranch, where they cross tame and wild. One-half wild blood is enough. There are such ranches in Maryland and Virginia.

Q. Do pigeons get tapeworm? A. Yes; they have had such worms two feet long taken from them.

Q. Which do you consider is the worse pest, mites or head lice? A. Head lice. They are on a chicken all the time, mites only nights.

Q. What is that fancy word on a turkey's head called? A. Caruncles.

Q. What is the difference between down and feathers? A. The chick and duckling first hatched are dressed in down. When this shows quill and web it is called feather.

Q. Why do my Leghorns get white in the face? I couldn't show last winter for this reason. A. You breed from birds with too large a lobe and it grows up into the face. Try the other plan.

## FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

When lightning struck and destroyed the home of Dr. S. A. Orwig, Mays Landing, N. J., he and his wife spent the night in the henhouse. While such a feather bed is not popular, it's wise to keep that coop clean for an emergency.

The United States department of agriculture is taking moving pictures at some of the great poultry farms, the films to be used for educational purposes at fairs and farmers' institutes. The county fairs should substitute these for the "hooshe cooshe" shows.

October is the beginning of the poultry year in California. The incubators and hens are then set and the brooders are made ready for the bright eyed ruffles. At that time eastern breeders are putting in coin and mending the snow shovels.

To California let us go.  
Where we'll not have to shovel snow.  
But, say, we'll have to pay for ice.  
That sells at a tremendous price.

When a hen's mouth, throat and intestines are very red and she has watery diarrhea and death is preceded by intense pain, she has been poisoned with salt.

The easiest fowl to carve is the turkey, next is chicken, then come duck and goose. It depends on the size of the joints. Which you buy for Christmas depends on the size of your wad.

The Emerald Isle exported \$25,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs last year. She used the rotten ones for political purposes.

The toughest part of a fowl is the gizzard. This little organ is seldom diseased. It is sometimes blocked by constipation or pierced by nails and tacks. Yellowish spots and a brimstone smell in the gizzard indicate rat poison.

Missouri's contribution to the turkey famine is 260,000 fat, juicy birds. Oh, where has gone her mule that kicked? The turkey gobblers got 'em licked.

Snow should not be allowed to bank up against the poultry house. It will turn to slush, and the snow water will often trickle through into the pens.

Cuero, Tex., has a great plant where turkeys are dressed for market and loaded on refrigerator cars. Rather than lose weight by cooping and hauling them they are driven to this center in large flocks. Two flocks of 1,600 and 1,800 fat birds were driven in from a distance of eighteen and fifteen miles. They gained weight on the trip.

Dried eggshells are simply worn out lime and are of little use for shells or grit. They are like poor advice tried twice.

C. M. Barnitz.

## A UNIQUE EXPERIMENT.

Boiling and Freezing Water at the Same Time.

The possibility of boiling and freezing water at the same time in the laboratory is one of the most interesting developments of modern science. The temperature at which water boils depends simply on the air pressure above its surface at the time. If there is high pressure the water has to be made a good deal hotter to boil than at low pressure.

On mountains where the air pressure is a good deal lower than at sea level water boils easily at low temperature. In cooking vegetables that require a certain degree of heat and where the water boils before that degree is reached the vegetables will not get done. They consequently have to be put into a closed boiler so that the generated steam will create enough pressure for the water to boil at or beyond the required temperature. In the experimental proof of this fact water was placed in a vessel and the air exhausted from above the surface of the water. As the process of pumping goes on the water will violently boil, the steam congealing on the sides of the exhaust vessel. If the pumping is continued long enough and the outside is cooled below the freezing point of water the water will continue to boil and bubble till it is frozen into a snowy mass of ice.

This fact is also made use of in taking a rough test of the height of a mountain. Ordinarily at sea level where the pressure is about thirty inches of mercury water boils at 212 degrees F. Now, if it is noticed that at a certain place it boils at a few degrees lower the height of that place can be easily ascertained by comparison with a table made out for this purpose. In general for every degree the boiling takes place under 212 a height of about 500 feet is counted.

Of course these principles do not apply to water alone, but are characteristic of all liquids.—New York Tribune.

## FISH LOCOMOTION.

The Nature and Functions of the So Called Air Bladders.

Leaning over the parapet of some old stone breakwater or pier head and watching the fish playing about in the clear green depths below, perhaps the last thought which is likely to occur to any of us is that we are looking on at a really astonishing thing. That a fish is able to propel itself through the water in any desired direction is in no way surprising, but that it can change its level at will, rising or falling without the use of its fins, and instantly assuming a horizontal or vertical position, according to the mood or need of the moment, is a fact that a little reflection will soon develop into prime motive for wonder.

For it is clear that the fish must be able at will to vary its weight in relation to the water it displaces. When it sinks to the bottom it must have suddenly rendered itself heavier than the medium it inhabits; each time it rises to the surface like a released cork, head first, tail pointing almost vertically downward, it must not only have transformed itself into something lighter than the water, but must have become lighter in its fore parts than in its tail.

The mystery, for such it undoubtedly is on a casual survey, says the London Chronicle, resolves itself immediately we come to study the nature and functions of the so called air bladder in fishes. By this contrivance all these intricate movements of the fish are brought about.

The bladder, however, contains not air, as is commonly supposed, but gas, which is discharged or regenerated by certain organs of the fish, according to whether upward or downward movement is necessary; also either the whole length of the bladder or only its front or rear portion can be inflated. Thus the fish is able to swim level or, by altering its center of gravity, to raise or lower either head or tail at will.

## Singular Services of Sheep.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths along the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After the flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

## Economy.

Mrs. Blockley—John, do you know that Royal Worcester vase I bought yesterday for £5? Well, they reduced them to £3 this morning. Mr. Blockley—Then you lost £2 by not waiting until this morning. Mrs. Blockley—No; only £1. I went down today and bought another for £3, making two of them average £4 each.—London Fun.

## Bobby's Questions.

Small Bobby—Papa, why can a man run faster than a boy?  
Papa—Because he is bigger, my boy.  
Small Bobby (after pondering for a few moments)—Well, if that's the reason, why don't the hind wheels of a wagon run faster than the front wheels?—Chicago News.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.—Syrrus.

## A LINCOLN YARN.

Why Abe Likened Himself to the Boy Without Gingerbread.

A group of Lincoln's cronies were in his law office once swapping experiences, spinning yarns and comparing notes on life as they found it. They drifted to the subject of romance and sentiment in life, and the talk at last centered on the bliss of lovemaking, of "courtin'" girls and feeling that you made them fall in love with you by your superior charms. Finally some one of the party asked Lincoln for his personal views on the subject.

Abe straightened out his lank and ungainly frame, and a quizzical smile stole across his exceedingly homely face.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "I reckon I ain't fully qualified to discuss that point with any great authority. In fact, gentlemen, it reminds me of the story of the poor little country boy who saw another and more fortunate boy eating a big piece of gingerbread. He begged and pleaded with the other boy for at least one bite of the gingerbread, but all in vain, and at last was found sitting alone on a dry goods box, following the departure of the other boy and the gingerbread, weeping bitterly."

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the man who found him.

"Thereupon the crying boy told of his melancholy experience in so vainly begging for just one bite of the other boy's gingerbread."

"I reckon I like gingerbread better'n any other boy in all the world," he sobbed in conclusion, "and it certainly do seem to me that I get less of it than any other boy in all the world." "That, gentlemen," said Abe Lincoln, "is about my position on this question of the joys of courtin' a girl and feeling that you're so charming she just can't resist you. I love it better'n any of you, I reckon, and I get less of it."

## Real Tact.

Tact means thinking about others. It means considering what others will think instead of considering only what we think ourselves. It means acting in concert with others instead of acting only for ourselves. Real tact is unselfishness in action, and that is why it gains so much and wins so many hearts.

## A Fair Offer.

How earnest some of the cheap New York gamblers can become was shown by a story told the other night by a New York politician, who, in company with other Gotham politicians and sporting men, journeyed to Philadelphia on a special train to witness a bout in one of the local boxing clubs.

It appears that one of the cheap gamblers, who also dabbles in the pickpocket line on the side, boarded



"I'LL BET YOU A GOLD WATCH."

the train in Jersey City and tried to stir up some betting enthusiasm by confidentially telling members of the party that the "Kid" would win the fight. When he approached the politician who told the story the latter cast doubt on the "Kid's" fistie ability upon that particular occasion.

"Why, the 'Kid' is sure to lick that other guy. I'll bet you a gold watch he does," confidently asserted the gambler.

The politician remained skeptical, and the gambler-pickpocket exclaimed: "Look here, I'll bet you a gold watch—the best one on this train—that the 'Kid' wins, and you can come through the cars with me now and pick out the watch."

## Stories of Charles Lamb.

An old lady who was fond of her dissenting minister once wearied Lamb by the length of her praises. "I speak because I know him well," said she. "Well, I don't—I don't. But d-n him at a venture!"

On another occasion Lamb was invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper, when toasts were dying to an fro, he rose to propose the health of the "m-much ca-ca-calumniated g-good King Herod!"

## The Bargain.

"One day last summer," said a fond father, "my two little sons were playing circus. To please them I joined them in the garden. They were selling circus lemonade."

"Here y'are! Fine pink lemonade! Only 2 cents a glass!" Tommy shouted. "Here y'are!" cried his younger brother. "Fresh lemonade! All you can drink for a cent!"

"I sampled each merchant's beverage. The penny lemonade seemed quite as good as the dearer sort. In fact, it seemed almost better. I drank three glasses of it. Then I said:

"Why is your lemonade, Harry, cheaper than your brother's? It's just as good."

"Of course it's just as good," said Harry, "only the cat fell in it."



# White Goods Sale

Now on. Call and see the values.

A rare opportunity to buy Table Linens, materials for Summer Underwear, Shirt Waists, Embroideries, etc., as all know the price on cotton goods is steadily advancing. This sale means much to you. Just a few of the splendid money savers given below:

## Damask by the yard.

60c quality 72 in., all linen for **49c**  
\$1.50 Plain and Embossed damask **\$1.19**  
\$1.25 Figured Damask **\$1**  
\$1.00 Quality **82c**  
Cut prices on Napkins and pattern cloths.

## Embroidery and Laces

One lot of Torchon all width and insertion to match **35c** dozen yd.  
One lot fine vals value from 10c to 15c all for **7 1/2c** per yd.  
One lot Swiss embroidery edge and insertion 12 1/2c to 20c values all **11 1/2c**

## Fancy Table Linen.

Embroidered and Drawn work lunch cloths, Dresser covers, Tray cloths, Imported Cluny Doilies, etc. All our high priced cloth in the lot.

25c quality. 36 in. Greenfield Nainsook especially manufactured for Ladies' and Children's Lingerie 12 yards in a piece, now **\$2.50**.

20c quality, 12 yards in a piece, now **\$2.00**.  
18c quality 40 in. Nickerbocker Nainsook 10 yds in piece, Now **\$1.50**.

## Make Your Tailored Shirt Waists.

One lot of 35c quality Madress and Vestings **25c**.  
" " " 25c " " " **19c**

## To Clean all Broken Lots, we Offer the Following in Towels

All 50c quality **39c** All 25c quality **19c**  
A 41x19 in. Huck towel anywhere 15c will sell for **20c** pair.

## Remnants of Toweling at a Bargain

75c quality Ivory sheets 81x90 in. for **60c**.  
20c " Pillow cases 45x36 in. for **15c**.  
\$2.00 " Quilted mattress covers for **\$1.45**.  
\$2.50 " " " **\$1.75**.

**A. A. HITCHCOCK, Opera Block.**

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Barbara Bildstein has returned to Alpena.  
Miss Mae Mark left for her school in Deward Friday.

Miss Jennie Gardner is in West Grant this week.

Reuben Finkle has returned home from the northwest.

Mrs. M. P. Karr, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Miss Florence Wright spent Sunday with friends in Owendale.

Mrs. T. L. Tibbals entertained Mrs. Walker from Yale Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Jackson are spending the week in Caro.

Mrs. James McKenzie and children visited in Owendale last week.

Rev. F. Klump of Detroit was a visitor in town Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Vera Shell left Wednesday for Ypsilanti where she will attend school.

Aden Bowman of Saskatchewan, N. W. T., is greeting old friends in town this week.

Messrs. Noble & Millikin of Kingston were business callers in town on Wednesday.

George Sutton will give a vocal solo at the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.

Miss Lucy Parker spent a few days with friends in Caro. She returned home Tuesday.

Miss Chrystal Read left Monday for Ypsilanti where she will attend the normal school.

Mrs. Foster of Edwardsburg will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Dempsey.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Parent are entertaining the former's parents from Bad Axe this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hurford of Uby were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson New Year's day.

William and Miss Merle Huston of Yale are visiting at the home of Mrs. Susan Brooks east of town.

Mrs. R. L. King of Prince Albert, N. W. T., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wickware.

Miss Edith Mead and nephew, Chas. Rogers, of Pontiac are visiting with friends and relatives here.

The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Friday, Jan. 14, at the home of Mrs. H. F. Lenzner.

Murdock McPhee of Dundee, Ill., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary McPhee, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Foe entertained M. I. Arnold of Oxford and Mr. and Mrs. T. W. S. and family New Year's day.

Grover Blades returned to Detroit Saturday.

Ted Snelling of Kingston was in town Tuesday.

Wm. Weldon is entertaining a sister from Detroit.

H. F. Lenzner made a business trip to Owendale Monday.

Miss Belle Schell returned to her school in Menton Monday.

Joseph Frutchey was a business caller in Gagetown Monday.

John Thiel has returned to Pigeon after spending the holidays here.

Miss Eliza Barnes entertained a number of friends at her home Friday evening.

Miss Winnie McTavish of Caro visited her sister, Mrs. Roy Durkee, part of last week.

Miss Nina Karr left Saturday for Mt. Pleasant where she will attend the normal school.

Frank Hall of Sandusky spent a few days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Hall.

The ladies of the Baptist society will serve supper in the wing of the church Wednesday, Jan. 12th.

Ralph Mulholland, who has been a guest at the home of E. McKim, has returned to his home in Algonac.

Miss Beatrice Cochrane left for her home in Lansing Saturday after visiting with friends here for a week.

Edwin Hancock of Detroit, who has been a guest at the home of his aunt, Mrs. E. McKim, has returned home.

The members of the Y. P. A. were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lenzner Friday evening.

Miss Margaret Zinnecker is enjoying a week's vacation from her duties in A. A. Hitchcock's dry goods store.

Rev. W. B. Weaver is assisting Rev. F. G. Bean at East Berlio, an appointment near Capae, in special services.

Miss Vida Patterson returned to Chicago Thursday after spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. James Tennant.

At the Baptist church there will be services Sunday morning and evening, preaching by the pastor. All are cordially invited.

Miss Burns, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Ella Sheridan, for a week, left Tuesday for Monroe where she is attending school.

Miss Mae Williamson of the '08 class of the Cass City high school passed through town Monday on the way to her home in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Gould and daughters, Hazel and Helen, who have been visiting at the homes of Elias and Andrew McKim, have returned to their home in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young were guests of relatives in Detroit over Sunday.

Miss Bertha C. Benkelman is visiting at the home of her uncle, S. W. Striffler, in Argyle this week.

Miss Nellie McKillop, who has been the guest of Miss Belle Schell, returned to her home in North Branch Monday.

Miss Cecil McKim, who spent the holidays at her home here, returned to her school duties at Cadillac Monday.

Miss Nellie Toles left for her home in Leonard Monday after visiting at the home of C. E. Patterson for about a week.

Miss Bernice Kolb bade farewell to school and is now employed at the home of Mrs. Neil McCallum at Greenleaf.

Mrs. McAlpine, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. George Stocks, returned to her home in Unionville Saturday.

Miss Lucile Gamble returned to her school in Pigeon Saturday after visiting with friends and relatives here for a few days.

The Woman's Missionary society of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. James Tennant on Thursday, January 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Ami Arnold of Oxford were visitors at the home of the latter's brother and family Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sohns, who have been visiting with Mrs. A. Murray and Mr. and Mrs. William Quinn, returned to their home in Lansing Monday.

Miss Jennie Cootes, a stenographer in the Michigan Central office at Detroit, visited at the home of her brother, J. B. Cootes, from Friday to Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Striffler, principal of a school in Tecumseh, visited with friends and relatives here several days this week. She left for her school on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Wettlaufer, who spent the holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wettlaufer, returned to their home in Detroit on Monday.

Miss Doris Hoadley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hoadley of Greenleaf, and James Mudge of Shabbona were married at Sandusky on New Year's day.

Alva McDonald of Seattle, Washington, arrived here Saturday, remaining with friends until Monday, when he went to Beaulieu to visit at his parental home.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Brady of Kalamazoo have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Flint, southeast of town. They are also calling on friends in town.

James Cameron, who has been a guest at the home of C. E. Patterson, left Sunday for Crosswell where he will visit with relatives before returning to his home in Grand Haven.

Chas. Roblin, who has been in Germfask, Schoolcraft county, for some time, spent the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Anna Parker. He has returned to his farm near Greenleaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Sommerville and family of Uby, Mrs. Charles Graves and son of Bad Axe and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Henderson of Detroit attended the funeral of Mrs. Eliza Wright Saturday.

The Presbyterian Sunday school has elected the following officers: Superintendent, J. E. Winter; ass't supt., J. L. Cathcart; secretary, Cora Schwader; treasurer, Alex. Miller; organists, Hazel Lauderbach and Jessie Duncanson.

At the Evangelical church next Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. J. A. Schweitzer, will preach in the English language, the subject being "What Is Religion?" In the evening the subject is "The Joy of Forgiveness."

John Connell and Miss Sadie Darling, both of Evergreen, were united in marriage at the M. E. parsonage in this city, last Wednesday afternoon, by Rev. B. A. Cramton. The happy couple will make their home in Evergreen.—Sanilac County Republican.

William Read, who has spent the past eight months near Bishop, California, has returned home. About April 1st he will move to the west with his family. They will reside in San Diego, California while Mr. Read will be employed near Bishop.

Mrs. E. F. Marr of Bear Lake called on old friends in town Tuesday on her way home from Uby where she had been visiting her mother for two weeks. Her husband, F. F. Marr, conducted a clothing store in the Lamont block in this village about twelve years ago.

Audley Kinnaird, Leslie Koepfgen, Donald and Alex. Duncanson and Lewis McGeorge and the Misses Frances McGillivray, Ethel McGregory, Beatrice Cochrane, Lola Fritz and Lucile Schenck attended the entertainment of the Apollo Quintette of Albion college at Caro Wednesday evening.

Not the same old thing in the same old way, but something different in a different way. The Southland Serenaders at the M. E. church Jan. 14.

Leroy Hallack was in Detroit last week.

Miss Merle Craig of Evergreen is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. P. Karr.

Mrs. Wm. Paul visited at her parental home near Vassar during the holidays.

The Southland Serenaders, jubilee singers, will be at the M. E. church, Friday evening, Jan. 14.

Postmaster Wickware and his good wife entertained the rural carriers and their better halves and Postal Clerk Keating at a big New Year's dinner. The guests spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

Edson, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hallack, underwent an operation on Wednesday for the removal of a dead bone from his leg, and is reported as gaining slowly. It lacked but ten days from being a year that the little fellow had his first operation on the same member.

Married at the home of the bride's father, Wednesday evening by Rev. G. A. Fee, Miss Mable Burke and Francis Roy Phillips of Shabbona. Mrs. Phillips is one of Marlette's girls and has many friends who wish her all joy in life. Mr. Phillips is attending college at Alma and the young couple will not commence housekeeping for some time on that account.—Marlette Leader.

About thirty friends of Miss Lola Grey were entertained at her home three miles north of town Wednesday evening at a taffy pull. A most enjoyable time is reported by all and all vote Mr. Grey's family royal entertainers. "Here's hoping they will give us another good time in the near future and send us home in time for breakfast," said one who enjoyed the evening with the company.

Morley C. Wickware writes the Chronicle from Bison, South Dakota, as follows: "We are having fine weather and good sleighing here. About a foot of snow on the level. Don't pile up in the roads as it does in Michigan for there are no fences. I am feeling fine and like the country. I am now the owner of a quarter section of as fine land as the sun ever shone on, and will be a full fledged farmer in the near future. I will send you a sample of corn next fall that will beat the Iowa exhibit that Mr. Janes wrote about. I believe the future of this country is the \$8 sign."

The following students left for their various schools on Monday and Tuesday: Leslie Koepfgen, Clifford Edgerton, Leon Lauderbach, Alex. Duncanson and Miss Cecil Krapf, Alma college; Misses Lola Fritz, Lucile Schenck and Florence Hill, Albion college; Misses Ella Cross, Addie Gallagher and Beulah Martin, Mt. Pleasant; D. D. Duncanson and Miss Adah Caldwell, Ann Arbor; Burt Mead, Ernest Schwarzer and the Misses Mable Robinson and Lura DeWitt, M. A. C.; Lansing; Miss Nellie Goff, Saginaw; Lewis McGeorge, Lake Forest, Ill.

## More locals on fifth page.

Lost—Between Main street and the depot, gold watch fob. Reward offered for its return. Clem Tyo. 1-7

Watch for the Southland Serenaders Jan. 14, M. E. church. 12-17-tf

## Green Wood Wanted

I want to buy 25 cords of soft maple, elm or black ash. John Striffler. 12-10-4\*

## Settle Accounts

All persons having accounts with W. W. Bender are requested to call on Mrs. Geo. McConnell, Cass City, where settlements may be made.

Top prices for butter and eggs, cash or trade. E. W. Jones. 12-10-

See Bigelow's hay knives.

2 sets second-hand sleighs. Geo. L. Hitchcock 12-31

## Money to Loan.

The loan business heretofore done by Laing & Jones and by O. K. Jones for outside parties—collections and all—have been put into our hands for care and attention. Call on us only. 7-2. N. Bigelow & Sons, Agts.

## Residence For Sale.

The property of Mrs. L. Neville on Main St. west is offered for sale. The house contains seven rooms besides halls, closets and bath room. Good well and cistern; small barn. For price and terms inquire of H. F. Lenzner at Chronicle office.

Light general purpose horse for sale cheap. Enquire at Chronicle office. 1-7-3

For Sale—Four-year-old milch cow, Grade Durham. Geo. McDonald. 1-7-3\*

S. C. Brown Leghorn cockerels for sale at Chas. S. Karr's. Laying strain. 1-7-2

## When You Put on Stockings

Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch and your feet swell and perspire? If you shake Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it will give you rest and comfort, and instant relief from any annoyance. Sold everywhere 25c. Don't accept any substitute. 12-24

New line of Wagner Cast Aluminum at Bigelow's.

3-for-25c Kitchen Knife Sets at Bigelow's.

Strayed—Hound dog. Finder kindly return him to Hendrick's jewelry store. 1-7-

**\$10.00**

Wouldn't this look good to you if you are contemplating the purchase of a base burner? That is what we are giving you.

# "Our Pride"

This stove is just what the name implies, "Our Pride" and we point with pride to the many homes made comfortable with it. It is strictly high grade, double heating, hard coal, self-feeding base burner.

We have only two left and in order to dispose of them we have put the price such that you are making the \$10.00.

One 15 in. Base Burner for **\$39**

One 18 in. Base Burner for **\$42**

These are certainly prices beyond comparison and we can refer you to users of this stove.

**J. A. Caldwell.**

Ladies' \$3.50 Skirts for - **\$2.00**

" 5.00 " " **\$3.50**

" 6.00 " " **\$4.50**

" 4.50 " " **\$2.50**

Child's \$3.00 Coats for - **\$1.50**

" 4.00 " " **\$2.50**

" 4.50 " " **\$2.60**

" 5.00 " " **\$3.50**

Ladies' \$9.00 Heavy Fur Collar Coats for **\$5.00**

" 5.50 " " " **\$3.00**

" 11.50 " " " **\$7.00**

Ladies' \$1 Kimonos for - **85c**

" \$1 Wrapper " - **85c**

**See our 5c and 10c Counters for Bargains**

Sale lasts through the month of January to reduce stock for spring goods.

**MRS. G. W. GOFF**

**Coal! Coal! Coal!**

Hard and Soft Coal and plenty on hand. Buy your winter's supply now which means a saving to you, and means a good warm fire for you while the coal shortage is on, which will be as bad next winter as ever before.

**Lumber, Lath, Moulding, Doors, Windows, Glass, Porch Work, Lime Plaster, Cement, Shingles**

Our stock was never more complete, so bring us that bill and let us give you our figures and you will save money.

YOURS FOR BUSINESS

**Anketell Lumber & Coal Co.**  
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

# Another Apportunity For You

Until Jan. 1, 1909, with every dozen pictures ordered in regular cabinet size, we will give **FREE** of charge an enlarged photo 16x20 inches in size. This is the same offer we have been advertising during the past few months. Many have taken advantage of it and have expressed their appreciation of its liberality. To give all an opportunity to secure one of these enlarged photos free is the reason for the extension of the time until Jan. 1.

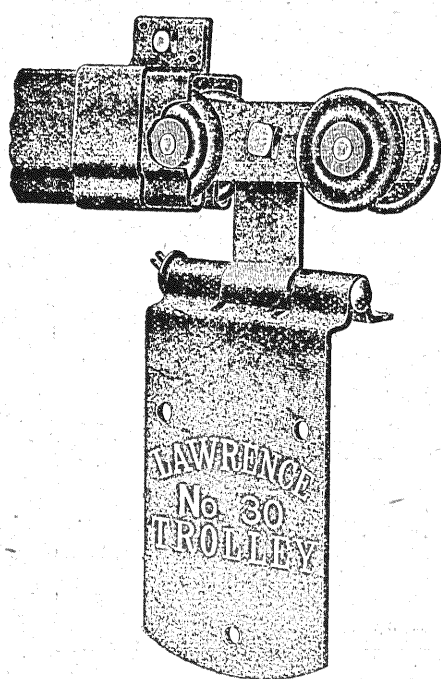
We are also prepared to make any enlarged picture from any copy or small photo in crayon or pastel.

**Prices Reasonable and Satisfaction Guaranteed**

We make photos in any quality or size as you wish them from the smallest to a 16x20 size.

**J. MAIER, Photographer.**





"Resolved, that I will use the Lawrence Trolley Hangers and Track on my new barn."

That will be your New Year's Vow

and a worthy one if you once see the model at our store.

NOISELESS, FRICTIONLESS, STORM PROOF AND BIRD PROOF

A little higher in price, but—

N. BIGELOW & SONS

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

Chas. Schenck, who has been visiting friends and relatives here during the holidays, left for Minneapolis, Minnesota, Tuesday.

M. T. Carolan of Detroit formerly of this place has invented and applied for patent for a horse shoe that will probably meet with great success.

Mrs. John Kaercher and son, Clarence, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kaercher, returned to their home in Elkton Wednesday.

Members of Cass City Lodge, I. O. O. F., their better halves and a small company of friends will witness the installation of the officers of that society next Wednesday evening. The installation ceremony will commence at eight o'clock and will be followed by a program and refreshments.

The members of the Evangelical Sunday school elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Martha Striffler; assistant superintendent, H. F. Lenzner; secretary, Marie Akerman; treasurer, Leonard Buehler; librarian, Margaret Striffler; organist, Ruth Benkelman; chorister, Edith Kolb; supt. of home dept., Mrs. Salome Bien; supt. of cradle roll, Emma Muck.

O. C. Wood has purchased the Frost & Hebblewhite store building next to the Lamotte Bk. and will move part of it onto his farm west of town and probably move the remainder of the building onto a vacant lot and fix it up for a dwelling. This store building is an old land mark. Of late years it has been in great need of improvements and its removal from Main Street is received as good news.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Karr left Tuesday for Detroit where Mrs. Karr will visit with her sister for a month. She will also spend a month with her son, Dr. H. S. Karr, in Sebewaing before returning home. Mr. Karr leaves Thursday for Bandon, Oregon, where he will spend the winter. In Detroit he expects to meet Charles Schwarzer and Stanley Wickware who will accompany him on his western trip. Charles goes to Montana and Stanley joins his brother, Morley, in Bison, South Dakota.

The members of the Woman's Study club and several friends enjoyed a social meeting at the hospitable home of Mrs. L. I. Wood Monday afternoon. Much credit was due to the entertainment committee in providing the following program: Piano Duet, Misses Jessie Duncanson and Marie Brooker; reading, Mrs. J. H. Hays; kitchen symphony, Mesdames H. P. Lee, M. M. Wickware, E. Ryan, H. Haviland, L. I. Wood, H. P. Lenzner, Edward Pinney and the Misses Ethel McGregory and Ella Sheridan; reading, Miss Harriet Baer; vocal solo, George Sutton. Immediately after the program a dainty luncheon was served by a special committee.

#### NEW YEAR PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hulbert and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hulbert, south of town, gave a party on New Year's day to about thirty relatives and friends. The day was spent in enjoying the hospitality of the Hulbert home and renewing friendships. A bountiful repast was partaken of. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. McTavish and family and mother, Mrs. McTavish, all of Marlette; James Cameron of Grand Haven; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wells of Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hulbert of Elkland; Howard Cameron of Sandusky; Miss Nellie Toles of Leonard; Mr. and Mrs. C. Patterson and son Charles, of this place.

#### PINGREE.

Sleighting good.

Miss Merle Craig spent her holidays in Flint.

George Brackenbury is visiting at his home here.

Wm. Towle has returned to his school at the Soo.

Mrs. P. Karr of Cass City spent several days at her parental home.

Miss Winnie McTavish of Caro has been visiting at her home near Hay Creek.

John Connell is moving into the house formerly occupied by Theodore Whaley.

Miss Ethel Brackenbury has returned to Cass City where she has secured a position.

Miss Husten and brother from Yale are guests at the home of Mrs. S. Brooks of Shabbona.

Wm. and Owen Darling have returned to Flint where they are employed in an auto factory.

The farmers seem to be taking plenty of lumber and other building material by from Cass City these times.

Miss Edna Dean, who has been spending the holidays at the home of John Towle, returned to her home last week.

Miss Katie Towle and brother, Joe, accompanied by their cousin, Marvin Towle, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited at Bad Axe Saturday and Sunday.

It is reported a wedding took place in this vicinity the 30th inst, the parties being Miss Sadie Darling and John Connell, jr, both of Evergreen. Congratulations.

#### The Right of Way

Has to be given Harvell's Condition Powders which for over seventy years has been the standard of perfection. Why? Because every ounce and particle of the ingredients do their share towards contributing to the qualities of the stock to which the powder is given. You should not fail to try this stock food and we feel sure that after a few days you will notice a wonderful change in the stock. Get a package at the nearest drug store. Price 25 cents. E. A. Ryan's drug store.

#### RESCUE.

J. Dobson and family spent Xmas with D. Gray's near Cass City.

S. H. Heron and family spent Xmas week in Lapeer with relatives.

S. Roberts entertained a company of relatives from Pigeon for Xmas.

Mrs. J. Allen and daughter have moved in the G. W. Hopkins building.

Mrs. A. Frasier entertained a company of relatives and friends Xmas week.

The Misses Wright gave a party in honor of the many scholars home on vacation.

It is reported that Joe Doerr has bought O. Dunlap's farm and S. H. Heron has bought Joe Doerr's farm.

Much credit is due Miss E. McIntosh, Rescue teacher, for the lovely program given by her scholars at the Christmas tree.

Mrs. E. Duffield entertained a company of relatives from Greenleaf and her son, Glen, from Mt. Pleasant at Xmas dinner.

#### WICKWARE.

Robert Brown is spending a few weeks in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fulcher spent New Year's at D. Toles's.

Jack Dunlap returned Saturday to Detroit where he is employed.

Clifford Edgerton of Alma spent his vacation with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Sansburn spent Xmas with Mrs. Sansburn of Cass City.

Revival meetings are going on at Hay Creek, started Sunday night, the 2nd.

George Bennett returned to Pontiac after visiting his parents through the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Moore spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. McPhail.

Mrs. George Wedge returned home after spending Xmas and New Year's with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Fulcher.

Miss Carrie Bennett of Detroit and Mrs. P. Blumberg of Pontiac spent Xmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennett.

Miss Ethel Gibbons returned home last week from Buckley where she has been employed as trimmer, to spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibbons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibbons entertained the following guests over Xmas: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hopson of Pontiac, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Heth and son, Mylo, of Birmingham.

#### OWENDALE.

Mrs. Rogers returned from Azalia Friday.

S. Hirschberg of Pigeon was in town Saturday.

O. E. Kewele of Bad Axe called in town Sunday.

G. H. Zinnecker was at Oxford on business Friday.

Geo. Cross returned home from Detroit Monday evening.

T. Ritter and wife spent Sunday at Greenleaf at her brother's.

Mr. Gregory and son, William, of Pigeon were in town Tuesday.

Miss Ethel Oesterlee of Caro spent New Year's with Miss Edith Finkle.

Allen Kerr has had a severe attack of German measles but is better now.

Beatrice Schlachter of Pigeon spent a part of her vacation at the Van Syckle home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Palmer entertained at New Year's dinner, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bingham, C. Bingham and wife, Alonzo Bingham and family, Mrs. Carr, S. Kuhn and wife, Armasa Kuhn and wife of Gagetown and Boyd Bingham and Miss L. McWebb of Cass City.

The week of prayer is being duly observed by the Methodist society. On account of the inclemency of the weather the attendance is not as large as hoped for. However the few are realizing the promise made by the Master.

Ray Honeywell of Owendale and Miss Mildred Wright of Bad Axe were quietly married at the home of the bride, Wednesday, January 5th. The bride is a niece of A. L. Wright of Bad Axe, who is well known in this place. She is one of the popular young ladies of Bad Axe and has just recently severed her connection as clerk in the post office of that city. Mr. Honeywell is well known in this city as a hustling young man. The young couple will reside in this city. The Herald wishes them many happy years of prosperity.

#### Limitations.

"This is a preserved lake. They limit you to 20 fish in this lake." "Sounds good to me." "But, mind you, they don't guarantee the 20 fish."

#### Affects 27,000 Railroad Men.

Twenty-seven thousand employees of the Boston & Maine railroad became eligible for a pension when Gov. Draper signed the pension act which was petitioned for by Harry H. Wilson, chairman of the pension committee. There seems little doubt that the measure will be unanimously adopted among the great body of workmen, and that the measure will be accepted as an important precedent for not only other railroads of the country, but for all the large public service corporations.

#### PRECAUTION.



"Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing, John? Can't you bear to listen to me?" "It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife-beater."

## STEALING MELONS.

How General Grant's Namesake Was Caught by a Ghost.

By MARY BRITTON TOWNSEND.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

It is now nearly half a century since the Union and Confederate armies contended at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river. Few, if any, who read this story were living when, day after day, month after month, General Grant hammered at the fortifications that have long since given way to new blocks of buildings or which beyond the city limits have been leveled to make way for the fruits of the earth. The hero of Vicksburg has for nearly two generations been the popular idol of the colored people living in that part of the country. Doubtless there are many white children named Pemberton from the Confederate general who defended the city, but among the blacks there are probably Ulysses Grants enough to fill a ten acre lot.

Grant was born some time after the fall of Vicksburg. His "mammy" boasts that she saw "General Grant onct," but there is an opinion current among those who know Hannah that she draws on her imagination when she tells what she has seen in her wanderings.

I am inclined to think that her account of meeting with General Grant and his asking her to name her boy after him is, to say the least, rather apocryphal. Grant's name has, Sir Peter Chillingly to the contrary notwithstanding, had no effect on his character. He is a regular little vagabond, liar and small thief.

Mr. Henry, on whose place this young hopeful lives, turning the corner of the house one morning, saw Grant a little way ahead of him with a tin bucket in his hand. Grant saw him at once, darted under the house and then came out without the bucket. This roused Mr. Henry's suspicion. He called to mind many instances in



"DO YOU WANT TO WAKE THE DEAD?" which he had caught Grant pilfering. "Come here, you young rascal!" he cried.

"What has I done?" asked Grant, with an injured air. "That's what I want to know! What was in that bucket?"

"I hain't got no bucket," sullenly. "But you had one a moment ago."

"Deed, Mr. Henry, you is 'staken! I didn't hab no bucket."

"Do you think I'm blind? Go under that house at once and bring me that bucket!"

Very slowly Grant crept under the house, when, getting behind a pillar and, as he thought, out of sight, he emptied the contents of the bucket on the ground.

An exclamation from Mr. Henry told him that this piece of strategy had failed, and, much crestfallen, he "scooped" the sugar back into the bucket and came out. On being taxed with his rascality he exclaimed:

"I 'clar' fo' goodness, Mr. Henry, I hain't stole nuffin!"

"Where did you get this sugar, then?"

"I didn't 'tend fer ter stole hit, Mr. Henry. I was just gwine ter borry hit till I c'd sell dem watermillions an' pay yer."

"Perhaps you will borrow my water-melons, too?" exclaimed Mr. Henry indignantly. Grant assumed an injured look.

"Yer sp'illin' my repertishun by such talk es dat," he said. "Yer ain't never kitched me a-stealin' nuffin of yourn, sah."

"Nothing except this sugar and a good many other things," Mr. Henry answered angrily, and he added sternly, "It won't be good for you if I catch you in my melon patch."

Mr. Henry's farm was historic ground. Confederate batteries had been located on it, and during the long siege of Vicksburg many a man met his death there. Negroes who were out after dark and compelled to pass it or go over the road which skirted it held their breath and traveled as fast as they could go. Many a story was told in their cabins how the ghost of an artilleryman in gray or a cavalryman in blue, minus either head or arms, had chased some poor darky till he reached a point beyond where the batteries of wartime had been placed.

And it was related by one colored boy that a man on a horse without legs had followed him, just missing him as he grabbed for him while passing the danger line.

Mr. Henry remembered all this, while Grant retreated to the quarter, muttering: "Mus' think I's his nigger! Let 'im knows I don't 'long ter 'im! 'Twon't be good fer me! Umph! Wut kin 'e do ter me? Jest kase 'e's white, thinks 'e kin do anything! I'd jist like ter see 'im lay his han' on me!"

"What yer grumblin' 'bout now?" demanded Hannah, who was standing, with arms akimbo, in her cabin door. "Whar has yer been, an' what am de matter wit yer?"

"Mr. Henry's been 'busin' me," said Grant sullenly. "Talkin' 'bout me stealin' his ole watermillions."

"Why didn't yer talk back ter 'im? I don't b'lieve yer's got de keridge of a chicken. Yer orter be 'shamed o' yersef ter stan' an' let a good fer nuffin white man talk ter yer dat way."

At 9 o'clock that night Grant stole from his mammy's door. Getting clear of the quarter, he crept along, following the angle of the rail fence and thus keeping himself in the shadows.

He heard a noise. What was it—a man's tread or only the rustling of some animal in the grass? Grant crouched close against the fence and listened. The sound, whatever it was, was hushed, and, reassured, he resumed his way.

How still everything was, and the moonlight—how beautiful! The stars twinkled in the calm blue of the summer sky, and the soft night wind was heavy with the fragrance of honey-suckle and mimosa.

Grant glided on, now and then muttering to himself almost inaudibly: "It's mos' dere now. Golly, won't Mr. Henry be mad when he fin's dem whoppers gone? He'll s'pect me, too, but kin he prove it? Lemme see. I guess I'll 'tend ter hab a chill, an' mammy 'll say I's been drefful sick all night. I kin play possum. Yer bet I kin!"

And Grant almost choked with laughter over his plan for deceiving the rightful owner of "dem whoppers."

He climbed the rail fence in the dense shadows of the magnolia tree and, dropping softly on the other side, found himself among the vines. Grant stooped over one of the largest in the patch.

"Dese yere watermillions is mon-sous temptin'," he said. "Muster been a big watermillion like dis yer dat tempted Ebe. Golly, 'nough ter tempt Gable hissef! Lemme see. I don't b'lieve I cud tote more'n one of dese whoppers. Golly, dough, of I eats one den I kin tote two, one in my stomach an' one in my han's!"

Having reached this conclusion, Grant raised the melon as high as he could, then threw it to the ground. The melon broke, and he proceeded to gorge himself. He was so absorbed that he started and yelled when a hand fiercely grabbed his wool.

"Tush yer yelling! Do you want to wake the dead?" exclaimed a hollow voice. Grant began to shiver. He screwed himself round till he caught a glimpse of his captor. The thing was tall and clothed in white, but what startled Grant most was that it seemed to carry its head not on its shoulders, but under its arm. Grant was certain that it was a ghost. Again it demanded, "Do you want to wake the dead?"

"Oh, no, sah!" Grant faltered.

"You're stealing melons. Do you know where the wicked go when they are dead?" And the ghost clutched him by the throat.

"Oh, Jerusalem, lemme go, lemme go!" cried Grant. "I'll never take de melous ag'in. Lemme go, lemme go!" "Start, then," said the ghost in a solemn voice. "If I catch you here again you'll wish you'd never been born." And the ghost gave him a kick that knocked him down.

When Grant scrambled to his feet and cast a breathless look around the figure was nowhere to be seen. This sudden disappearance was awful. He paused a moment, with his jaw dropped and his knees trembling, and then he was tumbling headlong over the fence and scudding toward the quarter. He avoided the fence corners now as much as he had sought them half an hour before. In fact, he only felt safe in the lightest path he could find. From every tree and patch of shade he expected that white figure to start. When he reached his mammy's door he was in a wretched condition.

"What's der matter wit yer?" Hannah demanded when she had drawn him in and shut the door. "Did Mr. Henry kotch yer? What skeered yer? Did a dog git arter yer, honey?"

"No," Grant stammered; "no; de g'osses got arter me."

"Well, I never!"

"G'osses? Whar wus dey?"

"What dey do ter yer, chile?" was chorused on all sides.

Grant related his adventure to several wondering listeners, and when he had finished an old woman remarked: "I allers told yer dat field was haunted. Now yer see hit is. 'Tain't to be suspected dat sogers what fit fo' dey kentry and died noble defs is goin' to let dair rest be disturbed by any nigger dat chooses to go into a patch to steal millions. Yer jis' keep out o' dar arter this. Some night one o' dem g'osses git der clutches on yer, and d'yer know what'll happen?"

"Wha-t?" asked Grant, with standing hair and bulging eyes.

"He'll drag yer right down in de grave with him. Sartin sho!"

"Yo' bet, Sister Sally," they all said, shaking their heads.

Was there a ghost? We can only say that Mr. Henry seemed very much tickled at something the next time he saw Grant.

The Chinese boy's ambition is to become a civil magistrate. Even servants save money to educate their sons with this aim.

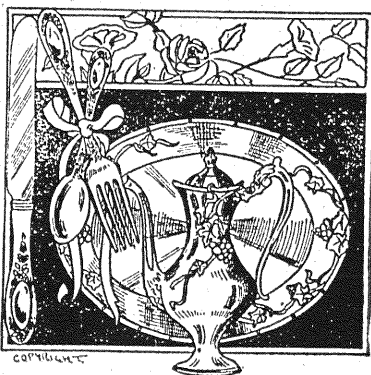
Elephants in captivity must have their hides soaked with oil at least once a year to keep the skin soft and pliable.

#### Drawings and Paintings.

The first sketch from nature which a great artist makes nearly always has a freshness which he only labors away in the picture he bases on it; and the rough pencil or charcoal lines of the former frequently reveal more of his feeling toward his subject than all his anxious manipulations of the brush. That is why it is so exceedingly worth while to collect and catalogue every scrap of drawing that once littered a great painter's studio. His drawings give you his intentions; his paintings do not always give you their fulfillment. It is true that a drawing is incomplete, but therein lies its charm. Possessing a drawing you possess a hope, and hope is better for mortals.—T. P.'s Weekly.

#### Warned in a Dream.

When Martin Michael went to his work in a lumber yard in Brooklyn, N. Y., the other morning, he told his fellow-workmen that he had had a curious dream and was afraid it fore-shadowed trouble for him. He seemed worried over it, but the other men laughed and he did not speak of it again. About ten minutes before the time to quit work for the day, a sharp splinter of wood flew from a piece Michael was holding against a buzz-saw, and passed through his body. A doctor was hurriedly called, but Michael was beyond human aid.



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#### CASS CITY MARKETS.

Cass City, Mich., Jan. 7 1910

Baying Price—	
Wheat No. 1 white.....	1 19
Wheat No. 2 red.....	1 19
Rye No. 2.....	72
Oats new.....	41
Western corn.....	73
Choice handpicked beans.....	1 00
Alsyke.....	7 25
June or Mammoth.....	7 00 11 25
Peas.....	1 15
Hay.....	8 50 11 25
Wool per lb.....	28
Eggs, per doz.....	25
Butter, per lb.....	34 4
Fat cows, live weight, per lb.....	3 4
Steers.....	3 4
Fat sheep.....	4 6
Lambs.....	4 6
Hogs.....	6 74
Dressed hogs.....	9 74
Dressed beef.....	8 9
Calves.....	4 6
Chickens.....	9
Ducks.....	7
Geese.....	12
Turkeys.....	7
Hides green.....	7
ROLLERS MILLS.	
White Lily, per cwt.....	3 32
Economy.....	2 50
Fanchon.....	3 40
Gold Rim.....	3 25
Graham.....	3 00
Granulated meal.....	2 50
Feed.....	1 50
Meal.....	1 75
Bran.....	1 40
Middlings.....	1 40
Oil meal.....	2 00
Gluten meal.....	1 75
Cottonseed meal.....	1 90
Salt, per bbl.....	85 00

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# The Man From Home

A Novelization  
of the Play of  
the Same Name

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and  
**HARRY LEON  
WILSON**

## CHAPTER XIII. THE LETTER.

**A**S Lady Creech and Hawcastle entered the garden, where Horace was still holding the hand of the fair countess, they encountered Almerie, who was strolling in aimlessly from the direction of the village. Hawcastle beckoned to him.

"Anything unusual down there?" he asked, pointing to the village.

"Rawther! Carabinieri still hunting that bandit chap," said his hopeful son languidly.

"Don't mumble your words!" snapped the old lady, and Horace and madame turned sharply and confusedly. Almerie made a gesture of impatience and, putting his head close to his respected aunt's ear, shouted:

"Hunting a bally bandit!" at which the old woman screamed sharply. Hawcastle took him by the shoulder.

"What do they say about him?" he demanded.

"That he is still in the neighborhood," replied his heir, with a languid sigh.

"What did I tell you?" asked Lady Creech triumphantly. And the earl made a gesture of impatience.

"Almerie, find your betrothed and bring her here," he said. And the young man trotted off slowly. Horace came slowly forward.

"What's the row, sir?" he asked, and the earl smiled.

"My dear young man," he said, "I congratulate you that you and your sister need no longer submit to an odious dictation."

He was about to say more, but at that moment Daniel came down the steps and walked across the grass to the motor. As he passed the group he smiled genially and observed:

"Looks to me as if it was going to clear up cold."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Pike," answered the earl and motioned the others to leave.

Pike merely nodded his head, and Hawcastle came up to him.

"It is a pity that there should have been any misunderstanding in the matter of your ward's betrothal," he said, and Pike smiled grimly.

"Oh, I wouldn't call it a misunderstanding," he said, and the earl went on.

"It would ill become a father to press upon the subject of his son's merits"—he began, but Pike cut him short.

"I won't talk with you about him," he said. "I don't want to hurt your feelings."

Hawcastle glared at him and was about to reply when Mariano entered with a letter on a tray, which he handed to the lawyer, who regarded it curiously. There was a growing menace in the earl's attitude, and as his anger grew his suavity grew with it.

"There is another matter to which I want to call your attention," he went on, and Pike answered him at once.

"I'll talk about anything else with you," he replied and looked up to see Ethel coming down the steps. She came forward to the earl and said:

"You wished me to come here?" "I wish to tell you that I see light breaking through the clouds. Have another talk with my friend here, and, believe me, all will be well."

With a bow he left the garden, and Ethel stood staring after him. Pike looked up quickly from the letter he was reading and crossed over to her.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I've got something here I want to read to you. When I got your letter at home I wrote to Jim Cooley, our vice consul in London, to look up those Hawcastle folks and write me here how they stand."

"You did that?" she cried in anger. "You had the audacity to pry into the affairs of the Earl of Hawcastle!"

"Why, I'd 'a' done that if it'd been the governor of Indiana himself," he replied, with surprise. "Besides, Jim Cooley's 'home folks.' His office used to be right next door to mine in Kokomo. I haven't opened the letter yet, but I haven't much doubt but Jim'll have some statements in it that'll show you I'm right about these people."

"How do you know that?" she demanded heatedly.

"Because I've had experience enough of life."

"In Kokomo?" she asked scornfully.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. "There's just as many kinds of people in Kokomo as there is in Pekin, and I didn't serve a term in the legislature without learning to pick underhand men at sight. Now, that earl, let alone his having a bad eye—his ways are too much on the stripe of T. Cuthbert Bentley's to suit me. T. Cuthbert was a Chicago gentleman, with a fur lined overcoat, that opened up a bank in our town, and when he caught the Canadian express three months later all he left in Kokomo was the sign on the front door. That was painted on. But, there, here's the letter. Read it for yourself."

He handed it to her and watched her

while she broke the seal and then began to read:

Dear Dan—The earldom of Hawcastle is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and the St. Aubyns have distinguished themselves in the forefront of English battles from Agincourt and Crecy to Sebastopol. The present holder of the title came into it by accident. He was a younger son's younger son and had spent some years in Russia in business under another name. Nothing here in his English record is seriously against him, though everything he has is mortgaged to the hilt.

She finished with a look of triumph. "What a terrible indictment!" she said scornfully. "So that was what you counted on to convince me of my mistake? I shall tell Lord Hawcastle



"What a terrible indictment!" she said, that you will be willing to take up the matter of the settlement the moment his solicitor arrives."

Pike shook his head sadly. "No, I wouldn't do that, because I won't take up any settlements with him or any one else."

"Have you after this any objection to my alliance with Mr. St. Aubyn?" she inquired, her anger at white heat.

"It isn't an alliance with Mr. St. Aubyn you're after," he replied calmly. "You're after something there ain't anything to. If I'd let you buy

what you want you'd find it as empty as the judgment day the morning after. You think because I'm a jay country lawyer I don't understand.

Why, we've got the same thing at home. There was little Annie Hoffmeyer. Her pa was a carpenter and doing well, but Annie could not get into the Kokomo Ladies' Literary society, and her name didn't show up in the society column four or five times every Saturday morning, so she gets her pa to give her the money to marry Artie Seymour, the minister's son, and a regular minister's son he was! Almost broke Annie's heart and her pa's, too, but he let her have her way and went in debt and bought them a house on Main street. That was two years ago."

Pike paused momentarily.

"Annie's working at the deepo candy stand now," he resumed, "and Artie's working at the hotel bar—in front—drinking up what's left of old man Hoffmeyer's settlement!"

She flung away from him in a temper and then wheeled on him in a flash.

"And you say you understand—you, who couple the name of a tipping yoke with that of a St. Aubyn, whose ancestors have fought on every field of battle from Crecy and Agincourt to the Crimea!"

"But you won't see much of his ancestors!" complained like.

"He bears their name," she answered.

"That's it, and it's the name you want. Nobody could look at you and not know it wasn't him! It's the name! And I'd let you buy it if it would make you happy—if you didn't have to take the people with it. Don't you see they're counting on it? The earl—he's counting on living on you."

The Indian came excited. "Why, a Terre Haute pickpocket could see that! And this old Lady Creech—she's counting on it, and this Frenchwoman that's with them—Isn't she trying to land your brother? The whole kit and boodle of them are on the track of John Simpson's money!"

"I gave Almerie my promise. It was forever, and I shall keep it," she answered slowly, as if she had been impressed with his earnestness. He looked at her quietly.

"I'm not going to let you," he replied.

"Then I'll throw your interference to the winds. I shall marry without your consent."

"Do you think they'd let you?" Pike asked quickly. For a moment she stood still, and then came the sound of

the guitars from over the wall. Pike went on after a time.

"Sounds kind of foreign and lonesome," he said. "I'd rather hear something that sounded more like home—'Sweet Genevieve,' for instance. You know it, don't you?"

"I used to," she answered, hanging her head. "It's old fashioned and common, isn't it?"

"That's why I like it, I guess," he answered. "I couldn't get you to sing it for me before I go home, could I?"

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"I'm afraid not," she answered and went quickly into the hotel, leaving him looking after her curiously.

## CHAPTER XIV. BLACKMAIL.

**P**IKE was still standing with the letter in his hand, looking after Ethel, when he awoke to the realization of what her words meant to him. She had given her promise, and she did not mean that anything in the world should make her revoke it. That promise was sacred to her, just as if it had been spoken before a clergyman.

In his heart Pike knew he would have to give in if he was to make her happy, and yet he knew that in making her temporarily happy he would be making her eternally miserable. If he could have the strength to hold out against her and refuse to sanction the marriage he knew the crew of aristocrats would never accept her without the cash, and that by the terms of John Simpson's will could never be theirs without his consent.

Of his own hopes he could see but the faintest glimmering. He had irrevocably offended the girl, and she would hate him all her life for it, he feared. His entrance into her new phase of life had been unfortunate. His continuance in it was little else than an insult, according to her way of thinking. And Jim Cooley, whom he had trusted to find the law in the Hawcastle escutcheon that he knew had existed, had failed him miserably.

The lawyer felt that he was a long way from home. He sighed and turned to where the sun was sinking in a haze of red across the bay. Then he heard the voice of Horace and chiming with it the cultured accents of Lord Hawcastle. Apparently they were coming to seek him. She had reiterated his refusal.

Wearily he turned again to the automobile and leaned against it. As he did so he heard Horace say:

"But Ethel says Mr. Pike positively refuses."

In return he heard Hawcastle reply: "Leave him to me. In ten minutes he will be as meek as a lamb."

Dumbly Pike wondered what fresh argument the earl had to offer and mentally steeled himself against it. As he looked up he encountered the steady glare of the earl.

"My dear Pike," began the latter, "there is a certain question"—

"I said I would not discuss that with you. I meant what I said," observed Daniel quietly.

"This is another question," went on the other, heedless of the warning or at least unaffected by it.

"Late this afternoon I developed a

great anxiety concerning the penalty prescribed by Italian law for those fortunate and impulsive individuals who connive at the escape or concealment of certain unfortunates who are wanted by the police."

Daniel looked at him, with a smile. "So you're all worked up about that, are you?" Hawcastle glared at him, but went on.

"So deeply that I ascertained the penalty for it. For the person whose kind heart has so betrayed him the penalty is two years in prison, and Italian prisons, I am credibly informed, are—unpleasant."

Pike ruminated and folded his letter. "Being in jail ain't much like an Elks' carnival," he observed.

"Even a citizen of your admirable country could not escape if his complicity were proved—if he were caught in the act. I will be plain with you."

These last words had an ominous note. "Let us imagine that a badly wanted man appeared upon the pergola here and made an appeal to one of your countrymen who, for the purposes of argument, is at work upon this car. Say that the too amiable American conceals the fugitive under the automobile and afterward, with the connivance of a friend, deceives the officers of the law and shelters the criminal, say, in a room of that lower suit there."

He looked about in the growing twilight and pointed dramatically to the window. Pike, now thoroughly interested and with his pulse beating a rapid tattoo, followed his finger. The earl went on:

"Imagine, for instance, that the shadow which appears upon that curtain were that of the wanted man. Would you not agree then to a reasonable request?"

Daniel swallowed painfully, for he saw in some manner that that swaying window curtain which had caught his eye an hour ago had held a distinct menace. It seemed too bad that this should be the end of it all—the defenses he had raised for the girl of his dead friend should be swept away in an instant by a bit of folly.

"What would be the nature of that request?" he asked.

"It would concern a certain alliance—might concern a certain settlement," the earl replied softly.

"If the request were refused, what would the consequences be?" Pike went on, with lowered eyes, for he would not trust himself to meet those of the nobleman.

"Two years at least in prison for the American."

"Looks bad for—that American, eh?"

Pike inquired whimsically.

Lord Hawcastle stepped close to him.

"If this fellow countryman of yours were assured that the law would be permitted to take its course if a favorable answer to a certain question were not received in an hour within that hotel, what, in your opinion, would the answer be?"

Pike looked up from the letter he was twisting in his hands, and his thin shoulders took on a squarer attitude. He looked his antagonist squarely in the eye, but he did not raise the tone of his voice.

"It would depend a good deal on which of my countrymen you caught. If it depended on the one I know best he'd tell you he'd see you in hades first."

For an instant the earl looked fixedly at Daniel, and his face went red and white by turns. There was a dangerous flash in his eyes, and he stepped a trifle closer and half raised his walking stick. Then, with a muttered oath, he dropped it, picked up his hat from the bench where he had thrown it and walked to the hotel steps.

"You have an hour," he said, menacingly turning. "At the end of that time—we will know what to do."

Daniel must have stood there ten minutes after Hawcastle had gone, and the twilight came down and enveloped him with its softness. As the lights came out here and there he turned and looked over at the windows of Von Grollerhagen's suit and noted the shadow still on the window blind.

"Looks to me like doc's in this thing and ought to be told," he murmured.

He found his way slowly across the grass and up the steps and in another moment tapped upon the door of the German's rooms. The door was opened by Ribiere, who informed him that Von Grollerhagen was dressing. He found his friend adjusting his white cravat before a mirror.

Within five minutes he had acquainted the other with all that had passed and had received a smile in return. Von Grollerhagen refused to take the matter seriously.

"Pouff!" he said. "Surely you can trust this Lord Hawcastle not to mention it. He must know that the consequences for you as well as for me would be, to say the least, disastrous. Surely you made that clear to him."

Daniel smiled gently.

"No," he answered grimly. "He made it clear to me. Two years in jail, and if I don't make up my mind in fifty minutes from now to do what he wants me to do!"

"What is it that he wants you to do?" asked the German.

"The young lady's father trusted me to look after her, and if I won't promise to let her pay £150,000 for that—well, you've seen it around here, haven't you?"

"I have observed it, if you refer to the son of Lord Hawcastle," answered Von Grollerhagen gravely.

"Well, if I don't agree to that Ivanoff goes to Siberia and you and I to jail," Von Grollerhagen looked at him quickly.

"He threatens that! What do you intend to do?"

"I can't agree. There wouldn't be any trouble to it if it was only me. They could land me for two years or twenty. But I can't do what they want, even to let you and Ivanoff out. It ain't my money. All I can do is to hint that you get out right away. Ivanoff can't go. They've got a ring around this place."

"You could get away, too, my friend," said the German, watching him softly. "You had not thought of that?"

"No, sir, and I'm not going to think of it. But you?"

"As for me, I shall go," said Von Grollerhagen, standing up.

"Well, that's part of the load off my mind. I haven't had the nerve to tell that poor fellow in there, though."

Von Grollerhagen motioned to Ribiere.

"Appellez le monsieur la!" he commanded and pointed to the other door of the chamber. The man opened it at once and beckoned to Ivanoff.

"Ivanoff, some unexpected difficulties have arisen," said the German. "The police have discovered your presence here, and persons who wish evil to my friend have threatened to make trouble. He can do nothing further to save you unless he betrays a sacred trust."

"It's the truth, old man," said Daniel feelingly. "I can't do it."

For a moment the Russian refugee staggered and supported himself with his hand on the table. Then he looked up.

"I thank you for what you have tried to do."

Von Grollerhagen went on:

"In the meantime my friend believes Naples a safe place for me. And so auf wiedersehen."

Pike extended his hand, which the German took.

"Goodby, doc, and God bless you!" he said. And Von Grollerhagen squeezed Pike's fingers.

"To our next meeting," he said and in a moment was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wise Boy.

According to the Boston Transcript, the teacher of an east Boston primary school was recently giving her charges instruction on coins.

"Which would you rather have—a dollar or two half dollars?" she asked. A Hebrew boy of seven promptly responded that he would prefer two halves.

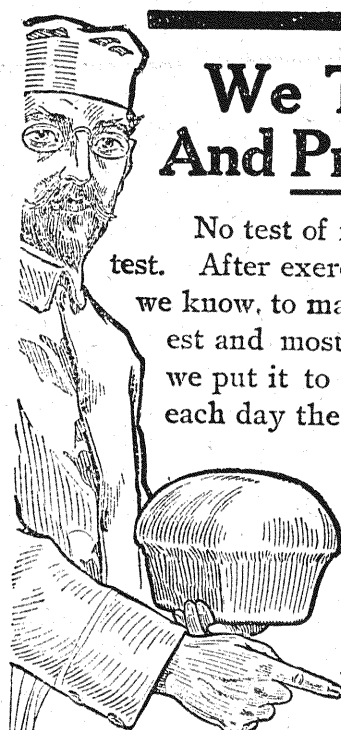
"Why?" he was asked.

"Because," he replied, "if you lose one you've got the other."

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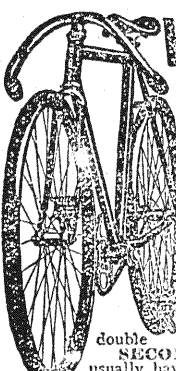
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Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and Kindred Diseases.

Applied externally it affords almost instantaneous relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. C. L. GATES Hancock, Minn., writes: "A little girl here had such a weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with 'DROPS' and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe 'DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."

Large Size Bottle "5-DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80 174 Lake Street, Chicago

## SWANSON PILLS

Act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, carrying off the disturbing elements and establishing a healthy condition of the liver, stomach and bowels.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Bloating, Liver Trouble, etc.

25 Cents Per Box AT DRUGGISTS



It Cures From Infancy to Old Age.

Some Man Some Day

May Make a Medicine for Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Stomach and bladder Trouble the Equal of

San-Jak

But Not Yet

It is the Only Medicine which Enables You to Keep a Perfect Balance Between the Eliminations and Renewals of the Body.

Decay of the Body in Old age is Unnatural.

Permanent wastes of the system can be avoided by taking SAN-JAK, making each day a birthday for the person who has a bottle of this great medicine on hand. Read and learn how to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lame Back and Stomach Diseases.

When the products of exhaustion reach the brain and clog the nerve centers, as in the case with all old people, limiting their ability to think and act unless they have the power to excrete the acids that accumulate during sleep and eliminate them, they had better get a bottle of Dr. Barnham's SAN-JAK. I am 80 years old and have kept a bottle of this medicine in my house during the past year and, take a dose quite often so I know it will give strength and activity. D. O. Kelley, 311 Washington St., Lansing.

Mrs. I. M. Brown, mistress of the Butler House, Lansing, Mich., says: "One year ago I was in very poor health, sick and weak from that much dreaded disease, kidney trouble, called 'Bright's disease' by physicians. I have taken about one dozen bottles of San-Jak and have no symptoms of old trouble to annoy me. I have this letter for the benefit it may be to others."

Owosso, Mich., May 28, '08.  
Dr. Barnham:  
Your inquiry as to my health, in reply I have taken 8 bottles of your San-Jak and can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine I ever found and the only one that cured me of Diabetes. I am doing harder work than I ever did and I am perfectly well.  
Yours respectfully,  
F. B. HOLMAN.

J. F. Roe, 41 E. Main St., Battle Creek, says: I wish to state that your San-Jak cured me of Bright's Disease after the local doctors said I could not live.

E. S. Hough, ex-judge of probate of Lapeer county, says: "I bought a bottle of San-Jak from P. P. Shawman, the druggist of Lapeer. I felt I was 100 years old, with great distress of the stomach and a drowsy, sleepy feeling, which the medicine has corrected. I cheerfully permit the use of this letter for the benefit of others."  
EDGAR S. HOUGH.

Mrs. T. H. Curtis, R. F. D. No. 1, Lapeer, says: "I wish to tell you how much good your San-Jak has done for me. I have had the rheumatism and liver trouble. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen so I could not wear my shoes. I have taken one and one-half bottles of your remedy. The swelling has all gone down. The pain gradually left and the stiff joints are getting more limber. I think 3 or 4 bottles of your San-Jak will cure me completely. Mercè thanks in words is a feeble way of telling how grateful I feel for the benefits bestowed upon me by your medicine."

St. Johns, Mich., March 12, '08.  
Mrs. John Fritz says: "I have been in very poor health for the past seven years and have since childhood been afflicted with sick head ache. I have taken 4 bottles of San-Jak and it has done me a wonderful good. I am now able to do light work and gaining in strength. I wish every lady in Michigan could have a bottle of this medicine as I believe it is the greatest medicine in the world from the fact that my case was hopeless and my physicians said I could not be helped by medicine."

It restores the aged to health and youth. No remedy equal to San-Jak as a blood tonic. The tired feeling leaves you like magic

We will give \$100 to any church or charitable institution if these testimonials are not genuine.

Have you Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble?

Are you a Rheumatic, with Backache, Varicose Swollen Limbs?

Take Dr. Barnham's

San-Jak

Sold in Cass City by Edward Ryan, druggist, who is reliable and will return the price of one bottle [\$1.00] if San-Jak fails to do good. Made by San-Jak Co., Chicago, Ill.

## The Scrap Book

**He Ducked.**  
When Stuart Robson, the actor, was a young man he was an incorrigible practical joker. He was traveling in England with a friend, a small man called Bill, one summer, and on the Liverpool train Bill fell asleep. While he slept Robson stole his ticket from his pocket. In a little while the conductor was to be seen approaching. "Tickets, Bill! Get out your ticket!" Robson said. Bill, after a frantic search, said, with an oath, that his ticket was lost. Robson then advised him to escape paying by hiding under the seat. This Bill decided to do, and when the conductor appeared he lay on his back on the dusty floor quite invisible. Robson surrendered both tickets, whereupon the conductor said: "Here are two tickets. Where is your friend, sir?" "Under the seat," Robson answered. "I don't know why he wanted to avoid you."

The conductor, surprised, looked under the seat, and Bill, with a look of mingled rage and chagrin that changed to a sickly smile as he caught sight of Robson's face, crawled awkwardly forth.

**What There's Time For.**  
Lots of time for lots of things. Though it's said that time has wings; There is always time to find Ways of being sweet and kind. There is always time to share Smiles and goodness everywhere; Time to send the frowns away, Time a gentle word to say, Time for helpfulness and time To assist the weak to climb, Time to give a little flower, Time for friendship any hour, But there is no time to spare For unkindness anywhere.  
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

**Got Better All the Time.**  
A party of tourists were doing Boston and Cambridge. Said one: "So this is the cemetery where they say James Russell Lowell as a small boy went out one Halloween night to look for ghosts. I wonder which stone he was hiding behind and if he really did see a ghost."

"I can't tell you, ma'am," answered the guide, "but over here lies a man who had three wives. On the stone of the first one he had inscribed, 'My Wife'; on the stone of the second, 'My Dear Wife'; and on that of the third, 'My Beloved Wife.' If any ghosts try walking around here it ought to be that first wife."

**Needed a Bracer.**  
A Louisville family, whereof a number are young girls, recently entertained out of the mountains of the Blue Grass State. One evening there was a dance in honor of the birthday of one of the young ladies, and it was with considerable difficulty that the backward cousin was induced to come "downstairs" and mingle with the gay company there assembled.

About 10 o'clock a certain young lady, observing that the mountaineer had taken no part in the dancing, said: "Mr. Cummins, aren't you going to dance with me?"

After an embarrassed pause the visitor said, "I will if you'll excuse me for a few minutes so that I can get about six drinks."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the girl, dumfounded by this extraordinary condition thus imposed. "I beg your pardon," returned the mountaineer, aghast at the effect he had produced, "but the truth is that I never have any confidence in my dancing until I've five or six whiskies."—Lippincott's.

**Burn Your Own Smoke.**  
The first lesson of life is to burn our own smoke—that is, not to inflict on outsiders our personal sorrows and petty morbidness, not to keep thinking of ourselves as exceptional cases.—James Russell Lowell.

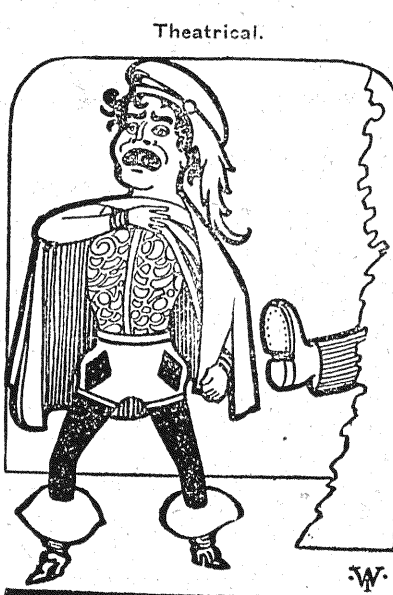
**Still In the Dark.**  
As every lawyer knows, Senator Daniel is the author of a comprehensive treatise on negotiable instruments which is generally considered to be the leading authority on the subject. A friend one day inquired how it was that in the midst of his arduous political duties, which must have demanded his constant attention, he found time to write two such exhaustive volumes.

"Well," replied the senator, "it happened this way: A young fellow I knew came to me one day and said, 'Say, Mr. Daniel, does a sight draft bear interest?'—And would you believe it?—I couldn't answer that simple question. So I determined then and there to find out all about it. It took me a long time, but I did it."

"Well, senator," observed the friend after a short pause, "does a sight draft bear interest?"

There was a moment's silence. "Hanged if I know!" was the abrupt reply.

**A Wild Blizzard Raging**  
brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands who take colds, coughs and la grippe—that terror of winter and spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-gripping cough. When grip attacks you, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Dunn of Pine Valley, Miss., "after being 'claid up' three weeks with grip." For sore lungs, hemorrhages, coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, it's supreme. 50c, \$1.00. Guaranteed by L. I. Wood & Co.



Before the footlights.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle one doesn't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by L. I. Wood & Co.



Different Effect.

Mrs. De Goode—My son, it makes me sick at heart to see you smoking. Jimmy Slick—Dat's funny; it seems to ketch me right in the stummick too.

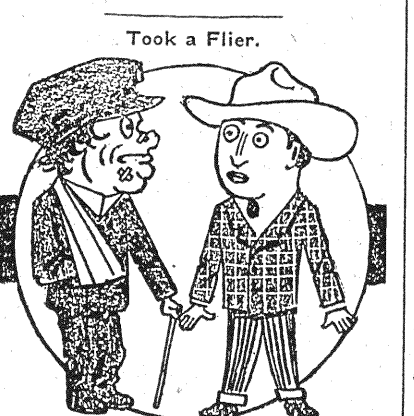
**Making Life Safer**  
Everywhere life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, liver troubles, kidney diseases and bowel disorders. They're easy but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at L. I. Wood & Co.



An Out Door Sport.

"Does she care for out of door sports?" "I should say so. Her fellow is a football player."

**A Wretched Mistake**  
to endure the itching painful distress of piles. "There's no need to. Listen: I suffered much from piles," writes Will A. Marsh of Siler City, N. C., "until I got a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon cured." Burns, boils, ulcers, fever sores, eczema, cuts, chapped hands, chilblains vanish before it. 25c at L. I. Wood & Co.



Took a Flier.

"Who won the automobile race between you and Sparker?" "We both came in together." "Toss up, eh?" "Yes—ten feet in the air for me!"

**A Wild Blizzard Raging**  
brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands who take colds, coughs and la grippe—that terror of winter and spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-gripping cough. When grip attacks you, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Dunn of Pine Valley, Miss., "after being 'claid up' three weeks with grip." For sore lungs, hemorrhages, coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, it's supreme. 50c, \$1.00. Guaranteed by L. I. Wood & Co.

## OUR SENSE OF SPACE.

Experiments With Infants to Show That It Is Innate.

There are many optical illusions which show that our perception of distance, height and space are acquired rather than instinctive, and in the domain of psychological physiology one of the standing controversies touches this point. The German school of Leipzig is inclined to affirm that all our perceptions of distance, area and solidity and our ability to distinguish between right and left, up and down, before and behind, are acquired as a result of long practice and experience.

A person blind from birth who has learned to distinguish triangles, squares, circles and objects of other forms by touch is not able immediately after the acquisition of sight to distinguish these familiar objects by sight alone. He or she is still compelled to rely on feeling. In the beginning all objects appear to such a person (and perhaps they do so in the case of babies) as shapeless, tremulous spots of color situated close to the eye.

In the course of the debate that raged in Germany some experiments were made with babies. It appeared that in babies what must be described for want of a better term as a sense of space seems to exist. The infant was held in the arms of the experimenters for about a minute, at the end of which interval the child was permitted to drop upon its bed. In every instance the child exhibited a dread or panic when it felt the arms of the persons holding it relax. The babe, even at the age of one month, seemed to understand that its support was departing. It held, or, rather, clutched, at anything it could reach, whether the arm, neck or collar of the person holding it.

From these experiments it has been inferred that there must exist a sense of space almost from infancy. What is the dread of falling but a manifestation of an innate sense of space?—London Post.

## SLOW DEATH.

Disease Usually Takes a Long Time to Kill, Says a Scientist.

Few indeed are the men and women of full age, say twenty-five, who have not yet contracted the malady that will kill them, according to that distinguished scientist and physician Dr. Felix Regnault. Normally, as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out, it takes twenty years for a fatal malady to kill a patient. It may take thirty years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may require only a year to die in six months. To be sure, a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But, ordinarily speaking, all deaths are very slow, indeed, and about 95 per cent of civilized adults are now stricken with fatal diseases. They do not know it. They may not suffer from them. In due time they will have their cases diagnosed as cancer or tuberculosis or diabetes, or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death that the origin of the fatal malady—in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years.

In the case of human beings death, barring accident, is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be cured—what is called cured. The cure, however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind it in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is, if not prematurely worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are greatly diminished. All of us in this way when we have reached a certain age possess an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old, indeed, we shall not die of old age, but of weakness of the lungs or of the kidneys or of the liver or of the brain.—Current Literature.

## A Ten Years' Penance.

It is happily seldom that the revenge of a disappointed husband takes quite such an extreme form as in the case of the man whose wife ran thus: "When I remember that the only happy times I ever enjoyed were when my wife sulked with me, and when I remember that my married life might, for this reason, be considered to have been a fairly happy one because she was nearly always sulking, I am constrained to forget the repulsion the contemplation of her face inspired me with and leave her the sum of £60,000 on condition that she undertakes to pass two hours a day at my graveside for the ten years following my decease, in company with her sister, whom I have reason to know she loathes worse than she does myself."—London Tit-Bits.

## Didn't Like the Walk.

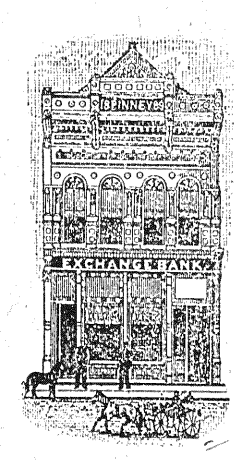
A north country pitman went with his wife one Saturday night to do a little shopping. They visited a large drapery establishment, and the obsequious shopwalker, having ascertained their requirements, said to the couple politely, "Will you please walk this way?" But unfortunately he walked very lame.

"No, mistor," said the pitman, "Aa nivor hev waiked that way, an' Aa'm not gannin' te try!"—London Scraps.

**Not Deceived.**  
"Never in my life have I deceived my wife."

"Same here. Mine only pretends to believe the yarns I tell."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.



## The Exchange Bank

Has farms for sale on very reasonable terms.

General banking loans made on all approved securities.

Drafts sold available in all parts of the world at low rates of exchange.

4 per cent interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

### E. H. Pinney & Son, Bankers.

**Why Not**  
Do your banking business with the

**DEFORD BANK**  
of A. FRUTCHEY & SONS.

4 per cent paid on savings deposits.

J. FRUTCHEY, CASHIER.  
H. W. YOUNG, ASS'T CASHIER.

**BARGAINS! SAVE MONEY!**

**For a Four Drawer New MACHINE**

**Warranted Ten Years.**

Twenty kinds to select from. Price, \$15.00 to \$20.00 each. PATENT'S have expired. Big out in prices. Have you seen the No. 18 New Home? Nothing like it. The greatest wonder of the age. Call or send for catalogue. Others prices discounted.

**New Home Sewing Machine Co., Chicago**

**18 BE WISE AND 18**

**BUY THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME**

"Highest Grade Sewing Machine \$5.00 on easy terms and conditions, totals for \$40.00 every week. Free Trial! No money in advance. We pay the freight!"

The above are extracts from advertisements sent every day. We do not advertise this way but stand ready to discount any of these free offers. We however, admit that we cannot sell you a \$40.00 machine for \$5.00 (probably can) but we will sell you a \$10.00 machine for \$2.00, and the \$20.00 machine for \$4.00 for we will sell you for \$10.00 others as proportion. We guarantee every \$25 machine a day and guarantee every day. Give different styles and prices for \$10.00. Write or for complete list or call on our dealer at your place and save money. Ask our No. 18 New Home, it is the best.

**C. D. STRIFFLER, Age Cass City, Mich.**

**Silver of Quality**

Rely on your own judgment as to pattern, but remember durability is the most important feature.

**1847**

**ROGERS BROS. TRIPLE**

is the name stamped on the back of spoons, forks and fancy serving pieces in silver plate of proven quality.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Wide latitude for choice is offered in the many exquisite designs.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "C.L." showing all designs.

Marion Britannia Co. (International Silver Co., Successor.) Meriden, Conn.

**FOOD FOR A YEAR**

Meat.....	300 lbs.
Milk.....	240 qts.
Butter.....	100 lbs.
Eggs.....	27 doz.
Vegetables.....	500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

**Scott's Emulsion**

equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat.

Your physician can tell you how it does it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

**SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York**

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

Cleaves and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 20c, and \$1.00 at Druggists

**That Football Game.**

Lorraine—Did Rusher get through the game all right?

Lawrence—Yes; he came out in good shape. He left only two teeth, half an ear, three fingers and an eyebrow on the field.



SCHOOL NOTES.

Literary society are still planning. Freshman class meeting—nothing doing.

Chrystal Read entered the normal this week.

Teachers' Sociology meets next Monday evening.

Zoology class are dissecting turtles—served a la carte.

The Jolly Farmers will farm in about three weeks.

The editor-in-chief of this column, Miss Higgins, is reported quite ill.

Lost, killed, wounded, roasted or frozen, those who did not return after the holidays.

One of our teachers had to sit up all night at Clifford to wait for the Polly to get out of the snowbank.

H. L. thinks the editor of the Atlantic Monthly helped Dr. Holmes compose his essays, furnishing the outline and letting him fill in the detail.

Mr. Travis, thinking that those pungent odors from the laboratory had become wearisome, fumigated us with a generous dose of tar and coal dust. New year, new order, new resolutions.

The kindergarten and primary departments celebrated Christmas by the use of two pretty Xmas trees beautifully decorated, games and a merry time generally. They embodied the spirit of giving not of receiving. Little James Hays believes that anyone may play Santa Claus. The first graders remembered their teacher with a present.

About twenty of the jolly sophs piled into a sleigh to enjoy the first snow fall—afraid that it might be their only chance to play in the beautiful. They were bound for Miss Cooper's home but when they reached a corner about two and a half miles south and east, the weather proved too severe for their brave spirits and they turned about with much difficulty.

The biggest Xmas present we have yet heard of Old Santa delivering came a week late to Miss Dora Hoadley. We hear that she hung up her stocking in Sandusky and found a marriage license pinned to it. We think she has been extremely busy knitting the mammoth sock,—the biggest New Year's resolution the Seniors have to break. If we had only known, Doris, we would have given you a fine send off, a few grains of rice, a tin horn, and a pair of shoes. But now our congratulations are the best we can offer. We hope you will enjoy the new state of matrimony. We have "missed" you for the last time.

Pneumonia Follows a Cold

but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar which stops the cough, heals the lungs and expels the cold from your system. L. I. Wood & Co.

SHABBONA.

Harve and Ernest VanConant spent Xmas at North Branch.

James McDonald of LeGrande spent Xmas with his parents.

Miss Marion Ryckman spent the holidays with Detroit friends.

Naomi Brown of Saginaw visited relatives here during the holidays.

Miss Weidman visited at her home in Lexington between Xmas and New Year's.

Miss Ella Tewksbury attended the wedding of Miss Boyne at Marlette on Wednesday.

Roy, Walter, Margaret and Mamie Cargill of Burnside visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fox visited Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Marlette and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. George Yoe are the happy parents of a baby girl whose birthday falls on Dec. 26.

Mrs. Paul Aulander and baby returned Monday from a visit with relatives in Canada. Her grandfather, Mr. Clark, accompanied her home.

Miss Jennie Nickel is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from her duties at the bank. She spent Xmas with her sister, Mrs. John D. Jones, at Pontiac.

Monday, Jan. 3, was James Ryckman's birthday and a few of his friends surprised him at his home that evening. Progressive pedro was played and light refreshments served.

NOVESTA.

Ed Deneen of Pontiac is visiting here.

Wm. Churchill is visiting relatives in Yale.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. McLerty, Dec. 31, a little girl.

Mrs. Emily Warner is visiting relatives in Detroit and Romeo.

Mr. Brownley, who is assisting Rev. Willerton in meetings at Mosher, preached here last Sunday night.

Grandma Phillips returned to her home in Yale Friday after spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Holcomb.

DEFORD.

Orvil Wilson is shredding corn.

Wm. Inglehart visited here Sunday.

Floyd Russel visited Lyle Spencer one day last week.

Prayer meeting at Elmer Bruce's Thursday evening.

Mr. Shirk of Canada is visiting his mother and brother.

Miss Zeleigh Ross was a guest at Mrs. Kilgore's Sunday.

Ben Gage and family visited at Chas. Silverthorn's Sunday.

Mrs. Theron Spencer has been poorly on account of a hard cold.

Harold Wethy visited his grandparents in Pontiac last week.

Grandma Daugherty is staying at Hotel Daugherty for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kilgore spent a week with the former's mother and brother.

Mrs. Chas. Silverthorn went to St. Clair county to visit relatives last Thursday.

Fred Ball is taking a vacation and visiting friends and relatives in Detroit and Flint.

Mrs. C. McArthur, John and George McArthur at their New Year's dinner at Mr. Henderson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parks were called to Oakland county Saturday to attend the funeral of Mr. Parks' sister.

Mrs. Job Hartwick had the misfortune to fall down the steps that lead to the woodshed and sprain her ankle very badly. Mr. Hartwick was away attending the funeral of his brother, Pete Hartwick, near Maple Ridge.

NOVESTA CORNERS.

Sanford Horner has gone to Detroit to work.

The Crawford school opened Monday after a week's vacation.

William Churchill is visiting relatives at Yale for a few days.

Miss E. Collins of Yale is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Collins.

Miss Bessie Boughton has gone to Mt. Clemens to visit relatives.

Mrs. Wm. Pratt is entertaining her mother from New Haven a few weeks.

Mrs. Emily Warner is visiting with daughters at Detroit and Romeo and a sister at Smith.

The F. W. B. Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. Wm. Johnson Tuesday. Good attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pringle are spending a few days at Brown City with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McLarty rejoice over the arrival of a little baby girl which came to gladden their home Dec. 31.

The Novesta F. W. B. Sunday school elected the following officers last Sunday for the coming year: Supt., Elmer Atwell; ass't supt., Walter Boughton; secretary, Miss Freda Hicks; treasurer, Miss Janet Sweet; organist, Miss Anna Crawford; teachers—Bible class, Elmer Allen; Class No. 2, Mrs. Warren Churchill; Class No. 3, Mrs. Wm. Johnson; Class No. 4, Mrs. George Collins; Class No. 5, Mrs. Albert Biddle; Class No. 6, Miss Laura Warner.

CANBORO.

Henry F. Mellendorf was in Owendale Thursday.

G. W. Parker was a business transactor in Elkton Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mellendorf spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Mellendorf at Rescue.

Elizabeth Walsh of Elkton was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartsell the latter part of last week.

A quilting bee and party at the home of Harry Jerome was enjoyed by the people of this vicinity Friday evening.

Mrs. C. Lown entertained a number of friends at her home Thursday evening in honor of her brother, John L. Kinitz and wife of Medina, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McDonald entertained a number of friends Saturday evening by giving them an oyster supper. A good time is reported by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Mellendorf and children of Rescue, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mellendorf and son, Burton, of Elkton spent Wednesday at H. Mellendorf's.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends, especially Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our beloved mother who passed away on Dec. 27, '09.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bertrand.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends who so kindly extended aid and sympathy in our time of sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Sommerville, Mrs. Mary Graves.

DEFORD, R. F. D. 3.

Mrs. Fortner is very low at the home of her sister, Mrs. Warren Smith.

Mrs. Rose Molonzo has got through work at Caro and is home again.

Mrs. Sam Bell and daughter, June, spent New Year's day at Joseph Hutchinson's.

Quite a number from here took in the masquerade ball at Deford New Year's eve.

James Molonzo is through working for Charles McDermont and expects to go away Monday.

Charles Osterle and family have moved back in Ellington, having bought the Peter Shaver place by the Ellington bridge.

Misses Nina Merritt of Imlay City and Myrtle Dorman visited their cousin, Miss Mary Balch, Sunday.

Samuel and Sherman Elliott's new house is nearly finished and they expect the paper hangers and painters this week.

Reader O'Dell and daughter, Lela, of Elmwood drive over every day to stay with their sister and aunt, Mrs. Silas Brumley.

Silas Brumley dropped a sugar barrel on his foot Monday night, Dec. 27, smashing his foot, but his toe is smashed much worse than the foot.

Mrs. Silas Brumley, an old resident of Ellington, who suffered a stroke of paralysis a short time ago, suffered another stroke Monday night, December 27, and is now quite low.

Mrs. James Dorman gave a New Year's dinner in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Dell Merritt of Imlay City. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Balch of Deford, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Avis Dorman, all of Ellington. A very pleasant time was had by all.

The Meanest Man in Town

Is the one who always wears a frown, is cross, disagreeable and short and sharp in his answers. In nine cases out of ten it's not the poor fellow's fault, it's his liver and digestion that make him feel so miserable, he can't help being disagreeable. Are you in danger of getting into that condition? Then start at once taking Dr. Herick's Sugar-Coated Pills for your liver—the safe, sure and reliable vegetable liver regulator. Ask for a free sample. E. A. Ryan's drug store.

ELMWOOD.

Good winter weather at present.

Bert Hendrick has been sick for the past few days.

Claude Webster visited in Brown City last week.

A. A. Hargrave of Detroit was home for a few days last week.

O. A. Hendrick has been having the grippe for the past week.

Jay Turner and George Seeley started Monday for the M. A. C. at Lansing.

Garfield Leishman started for Valparaiso, Ind., this week to attend college.

Mrs. Fred Smith spent part of the week with her sister, Mrs. Al Crea, of Almer.

Mrs. Lewis of Watrousville visited her father, R. O'Dell, part of this week.

Reeder O'Dell was called to Ellington by the serious illness of his sister, Mrs. Silas Brumley.

The school board purchased a new stove last week for the schoolhouse from N. Bigelow & Sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Spaven have been receiving the good wishes of the neighbors since getting married.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Rothermel of Durand spent New Year's with their daughter, Mrs. P. W. Stone.

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

NOVESTA CENTER.

Maryin Towle of Cleveland, Ohio, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Towle the past week. On Thursday he and Miss Kate Towle went to Saginaw to visit at the home of Frank Chambers.

Miss Edna Dean of Deckerville and Wm. Towle of the Soo were visitors at Mr. Towle's last week. Mr. Towle and Miss Dean went to Saginaw where they will visit. Then Mr. Towle will go back to the Soo where he is teaching school.

The Greenbank Ladies' Aid was entertained at the home of Mrs. L. Wheeler Wednesday. Good attendance, excellent dinner and lovely time.

Many Children Are Sickly

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York City, Break up Colds in 24 Hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lektoy, N. Y. 12-24-4

GREENLEAF.

Collin Ross was a business caller in Cabs City Friday.

Miss Ruth Hewitt was the guest of Lillian Robertson Sunday.

Rev. Wm. Davis left for Saginaw the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hewitt entertained relatives from Bothwell, Ont., last week.

A masquerade ball was held at the Gleaner hall New Year's eve. A very enjoyable time reported by all.

H. D. Livingston spent the holidays with his sister, Mrs. A. Myron, of Blaine.

Duncan Rolston of Minden is visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Powell entertained friends from Sebawaing last week.

Frank Brown of Uby attended the masquerade ball here Friday night.

Mrs. A. Hempton and Mrs. George Hillman were callers at Jas. Robertson's Wednesday.

Chas. O'Brien of Bryceton, Canada, arrived Saturday for an extended visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. O'Brien.

A. Hempton made a business trip to Gagetown Tuesday.

Lillian Robertson was the guest of Lottie Hempton Saturday.

The members of the Baptist church presented Rev. and Mrs. Willerton with a purse and a beautiful quilt and cushion.

Too Much Face

You feel as if you had one face too many when you have neuralgia, don't you? Save the face, you may need it, but get rid of the neuralgia, by applying Kenne's Pain-Killing Oil. Finest thing in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, cuts, cramps, colic, diarrhoea, sore throat and pleurisy. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. E. A. Ryan's drug store.

WILMOT.

Miss Ethel Clemons returned home Saturday from Mayville where she spent the holidays.

Miss Avis Hartt is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Claude Upper, near Marlette.

Mrs. D. J. Franklin and son, Ray, were Caro callers on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart returned Monday from Detroit where they attended the funeral of the latter's father, Jacob Cramer.

Herman Vincent returned to Flint Monday after spending a few days at his parental home.

Miss Alma Brown returned home on Sunday after spending a few days with relatives in Carsonville.

Miss Della Vincent returned home Monday after spending the holidays with friends and relatives in Detroit and Pontiac.

Mrs. John Hartt returned home on Monday from Canada.

Miss Pearl Berman returned to Flint after spending the holidays here.

Harry McCallum spent the holidays with relatives here.

Mrs. G. Graves and daughter, Lena, are spending a few days with friends and relatives here.

Saved at Death's Door

The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers of Transit Aridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, emaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing weaker daily. Violent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine—Electric Bitters—cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now am well and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. 50c at L. I. Wood & Co.

NOVESTA.

Mrs. I. Hall and Agnes McIntyre visited their parents and other friends here Sunday.

Seventeen ate New Year's dinner at Ora Delong's.

Walter McIntyre is visiting friends in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis of Crosswell are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Delong.

Mrs. N. McLarty spent the holidays with her mother and other friends in Traverse City.

Clarence Quick has sold his black draft mare to S. Warner and purchased another horse to take her place.

N. McCullough is doctoring a sick cow.

All high school pupils from this place returned to Cass City Monday after a two weeks' vacation.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

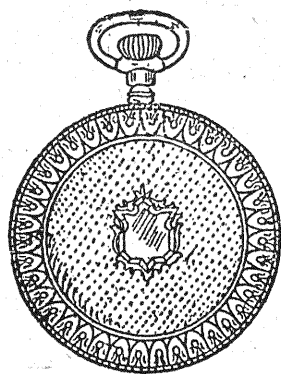
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

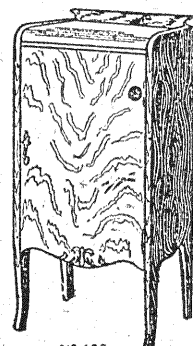
Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

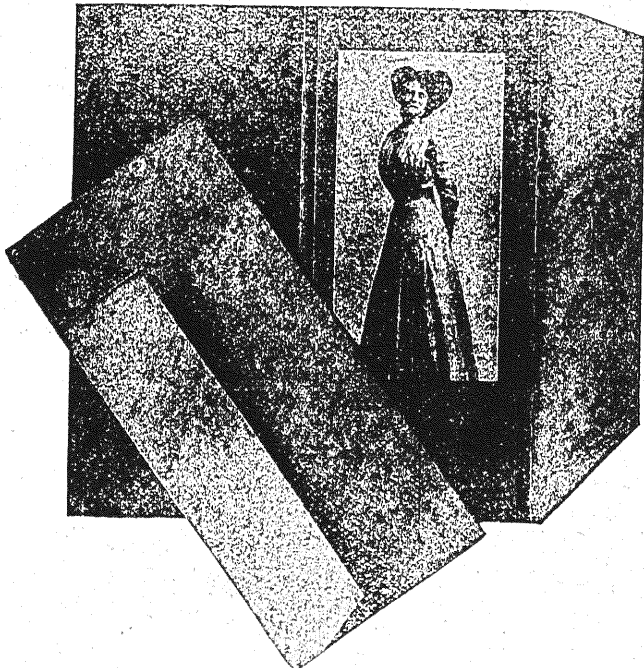
Free! Free!



Gold Watch, Music cabinet



and Photographs



To the popular young ladies of Cass City and vicinity. The Chronicle Voting Contest ends Tuesday, Jan. 11. Vote early.

Conditions of the Contest.

Candidates upon the entry of their names agree to be governed by the rules of the contest and decision of Chronicle on all questions and disputes that may arise. Any woman is eligible providing the following conditions are complied with:

1. Candidates must reside in Tuscola, Huron or Sanilac counties.
2. A coupon will appear in each issue of the Chronicle worth ten votes which can be clipped and voted for any candidate in the contest.
3. Anyone, whether a subscriber or not, is permitted to vote all the coupons they can secure provided the coupon is clipped from the Chronicle.
3. All coupons must be voted before the date of expiration or show postmark of expiration date.
4. No employee of the Chronicle will be allowed to vote in this contest.
5. No subscription can be transferred from one member of a family to another member of the same family and be counted as a new subscription.
6. Votes cannot be transferred from one candidate to another after they have been cast at the Chronicle office.
7. There are no restrictions as to territory in securing votes; each contestant is privileged to get votes anywhere she can, but each subscription must fit the schedule given.
8. No new subscription or renewal will be accepted for a longer period than five years in advance.
9. Special ballots will be furnished which may be voted at any time. These will be issued with each subscription receipt issued for payments on subscription to the Chronicle. Money for subscriptions should be sent direct to the Chronicle or paid at this office. The special ballots may be voted for any lady and will count as follows:

Each person now a subscriber paying \$1.00 on subscription will be entitled to 100 votes, or at the rate of one vote for every cent paid.

Every person now a subscriber paying \$2.00 or more on subscription at one time will be entitled to two votes for every cent so paid.

Every new subscriber paying \$1.00 on subscription will be entitled to 200 votes, or at the rate of two votes for every cent paid on subscription.

Every new subscriber paying \$2.00 or more at one time will be entitled to four votes for every cent so paid.

The Prizes.

The gold watch has been purchased from T. L. Tibbals and will be on display this week. It will be given to the contestant receiving the highest number of votes. The watch has a 25-year guaranteed case, nicely engraved, and a 15 jewel Elgin or Waltham movement. A pretty plush case, goes with the watch.

The music cabinet was purchased from McKenzie & Knapp and goes to the person receiving the second highest number of votes. It has an imitation mahogany finish and can be used for either sheet music or records.

The third prize is a half dozen photographs from the studio of B. H. Bingham. The University Panel is the kind selected. It has a rich and artistic style of mounting in white or brown. These are regular \$6.00 a dozen photos, and another style of equal value may be selected if the winner desires to do so.

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The Caro Sugar Factory to Close the Season Jan. 15.

The beet season is nearly at an end. The Caro factory expects to close the season Jan. 15. This has been the most successful year in the history of the concern, having sliced about 90,000 tons of beets during a period of 95 days. They have paid to the farmers over a half million of dollars and a considerable amount of this vast sum has been distributed within a radius of ten miles from Owendale.

On account of the severity of the weather, there are still hundreds of tons of beets to be hauled from the various yards along the Grand Trunk and M. C. R. R.

There is some danger that a few beet growers will lose some of their crop, because of tardiness in delivery at their respective stations. The same conditions exist in regard to the Sebawaing factory, which has also had an exceedingly successful year.

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you're an old-fashioned deep-seated cold take Allen's Lung Balm. Sold by all druggists, 2c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. 12-24-4

Right Here

—in the baking

that is where Calumet Baking Powder proves its superiority; its wonderful raising power; its never-failing ability to produce the most delicious baking—and its economy. In the baking—that is the only way you can successfully test it and compare it with the high price kinds. You cannot discredit these statements until you have tried

CALUMET

the only high grade baking powder selling at a moderate cost. \$1,000.00 is offered to anyone finding the least trace of impurity, in the baking, caused by Calumet. Ask your Grocer—and insist that you get Calumet.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

