think it not just second to call his name and she kept on looking and looking at him hard, and she say over again, 'Lord, I is just muzzable' Then He say, 'Woman, what you muz

makes rates one fare for the round trip for the Fourth of July, and will be on sale July 4th and 5th, good to return until July 6th. Ticket office, union station, or City Office, No. 11 Fort St., W.

held at the bride's beautiful home, and an elaborate wedding dinner served. The newly married couple will leave later in the evening for a three weeks' trip to Boston and Nova Scotia, and they will be "at home" in De

Lemoin, in Grand river. Two bands of music will furnish entertainment during the day, in addition to many other attractions. D., L. & N. train will leave Detroit at 8:00 a. m., and leave Grand Ledge at 6:30 p. m. Good roads. Take your wheel. Round trip rate, $1.00. Blaine Gravett, D. P. A.

est and best. There are the the manufacturers exercise season. That much I know. Kinney. You just look at to see what a cockatoo and w hat.

JAMES BRAGG
23d Woodward

SENOR VALENTINO.

A Romance of the Cuban Rebellion.

—By James Oliver Curwood.

TWELVE o'clock midnight. From far across the country comes a dull, hollow, reverberating boom the signal gun of the Spanish forces. Slowly, almost painfully, the Cuban patriot flung back his light blanket, gazed upward for a moment at the burning mass of stars in the heavens, then felt back again to dream of bloody charges made by the gray dragoons of Spain, and of their repulse by the sturdy Cuban macheteers.

"Surely not again, Senor captain? One must indeed be cool to think so lightly of a task like ours."

"Viva Cuba Libre! You are right, Pedro—we must lie up and away."

This time the young Cuban sprang to his feet and shook himself as though that was a punishment for his momentary forgetfulness. As the two young men stand side by side in the soft mellow light of the moon, it is easy to see that they are not of the lower caste or guajiros, a party that comprises a large division of the patriot army, but of the Cuban planter, a gentleman of the highest degree.

Both are armed with small arms alone, though their appearance indicates that they have seen military service.

"Now is the time to read our general's instructions, Pedro; the senor lays great stress upon our actions tonight and knows at this very hour we are moving toward the forces of the enemy to accomplish a purpose the penalty of which, if we are caught, is instant death."

As the speaker ceased he drew a sealed package from beneath the folds of his sash.

"Infierno!" he continued, a moment later; "the general is terse and sends us out to do much against great odds. If the spy, he says, is a guarded prisoner in the Spanish camp, but his whereabouts he knows not; and yet we are to liberate him at the risk of our own lives, and when we have accomplished this, receive any reward we may ask for."

"Carramba! Valentino, the terms are good. Two or three hundred doubloons will satisfy me; let us hasten."

"In sooth you speak right, the job is a profitable one, but the night is all onfened. What care we for gold when the liberty of Cuba is at stake?"

"Do you forget, Senor, that Spanish metal will purchase the American steel with which the Cuban patriots will win their freedom?"

"No, Pedro; but does not the general turn over all of his spare gold to the filibustering expeditions?"

"Ah, one forgets in his eagerness to aid his country. Greater though will be the fever scourge, Valentino, than all the steel and forces of Cuba. Gloria! Who can defeat us when God is on our side?"

"But this spy, Pedro—why should our leader take more than commonplace interest in him? When first he broached the subject to me he wept like a child and implored me in the name of heaven to save him. Pedro, there is a mystery here."

"I doubt it not, Senor; and did he not mention a name?"

"Ah, not once; nor did I question him, he was so wrought with grief."

"See! The lights of the Spanish camp, Valentino; we will halt here; the moon is disappearing, the stars are falling, and it will soon be dark."

"A fortune for a hundred brave machetteers now! Yon camp would not look so quiet and peaceful, Pedro, were my wish gratified."

"There, at last Pale hill has hidden the tell-tale orb! Take one more look, Valentino, before we leave on our desperate game of chance."

The two men gazed for a moment eastward toward the insurgent country, and then to the westward at the twinkling lights a mile or so off on the plains

"Will they be there—the horses?" whispered the one who had likened their task to a game of chance.

"He is a true Cuban and will not fail us in the hour of need; if he does, God pity the spy—and us."

"Pardon me, Senor, small need to worry now; it all hangs by a thread anyway, even the rebellion. The death of Marti weakened our end somewhat, but the dreaded fever combined with the patriots should yet more than match the home tyrant."

"If one of us should fall tonight, Pedro, and be left behind with a piece of lead in his heart, remember the duty of a comrade and friend and send the tidings to the fallen one's home."

"Condemnation! Senor, do not talk so despondently, for God's sake! It is growing dark and the chills creep up my back like slimy reptiles. If anyone dies tonight it will be me, mark it, Valentino."

"Ugh!" shuddered the other. "We are both growing superstitious."

"Aye, superstitious, but not cowardly. Never, as far back as the Cespedes can trace their pedigree, has there been found a coward, and now—"

"Hist, Pedro!"

Valentino had suddenly thrown himself upon one knee and raised his hand as a sign of warning. He listened attentively for a full minute, then cautiously approached his companion.

"A sentinel," he explained in a whisper. "I have a plan; to overpower this guard and force him to betray the position of the confined spy."

"Good! Here are the chips—once, twice, ah, three times, I go." Pedro crept away and disappeared in the gloom.

With taxed nerves the waiting Spaniard crouched upon the earth with his stiletto bared, ready at the least call to lend his comrade assistance. Slowly, almost with the tardiness of hours, the minutes passed by.

"It is accomplished," Valentino muttered, as a low whistle was borne to his ears.

Stretching his limbs to give them their former strength and suppleness, the insurgent hurried off in the direction of the sound. He had not advanced far before he discovered Pedro bending over the prostrate form of the sentinel.

"Have you killed him, senor?" he asked.

"No, the fellow is only scared and has already given us the desired information. The one we are in search of is confined in a tent just outside the general's headquarters up on the hill yonder where you see the three red lights; help me bind and gag him, senor."

It took but a moment to make the prisoner secure, and the two were on their way again. The general's tent was less than a quarter of a mile distant, but the greatest precaution was necessary in dodging the sentinels.

"There, at last I believe we are safely inside the lines senor."

"Not yet Pedro."

"Arlo!" dually cried a low firm voice of command.

Both came to a dead stop, but the quick-witted Valentino was equal to the emergency. The carabinero who had so suddenly changed the tide of events stood with his gun at his shoulder a dozen feet to the right.

"We are friends senor."

"Give the countersign."

"That we cannot do; but we must see the general tonight, as we have important information. Here is a permit that has passed us thus far, see for yourself, that it is not a fraud." and the Cuban held out the letter.

Taken off his guard by the apparent frankness of the man before him, the unsuspecting carabinero allowed the butt of his rifle to fall to the ground, and stretched forth his hand for the paper.

There was a bright flash of steel as it passed swiftly through the air.

"The night has its victims," muttered Valentino as he wiped off and sheathed his blade. "'Tis some poor mother's son, hardly beyond the limits of boyhood yet, and still it had to be done."

"And a masterly stroke that did it,—right to the heart senor, without a doubt."

"Come!"

The captain could say no more; tears were in his eyes and he wished that the hellish work were undone.

He could hardly repress his thought of the aged mother on the side of the sea, waiting and for a son that would never return the anguish of that moment.

Suddenly he halted for about not a dozen rods, was the which he was searching. Pe motioned a few steps behind against surprise and alone the rebel captain crept up to the Vas flap.

There was a light inside; by in, there upon a bundle of ba with hands and feet securely lay not a man but the fair beautiful girl

For a moment he could hardly believe his eyes; was she the spy

"Ah!"

Like a flash of lightning the dawned over him; he had re mystery.

"Senorita?" he called, softly

There was a stir among the ba and a pale sweet face with th dark curls clinging about it veil, was raised from its hard

"A friend to and you, one wi your welfare at heart."

The girl raised herself still but not a sound escaped her li was not necessary, the soft eyes told the story.

Swiftly Valentino crossed t pallet—swiftly he severed the that bound her tender limbs swiftly he caught her lovely fo his arms and dashed into the ope

It was all over in a minute, t Cuban had thrown caution to the his only thought—his only purpose to convey his precious charge place of safety. Alas! that his was to prove so fatal.

"Arlo! who goes there?"

"No answer.

The sharp rattle of a carbine out on the still night air, and camp was awake.

"Courage, senorita, we will them yet. Pedro, Ho, Pedro!"

"Here, senor. Hasten, the h are in the hollow just beyond the

It was a race for life and the triots won. Hardly were they mon and off before a dozen or more c binero rushed into the hollow.

"Caballo! Caballo!" they cried, discharged their weapons.

"Can you hold your seat, senori the captain asked as he rode up side her.

"With ease," she answered bra nothing faintly through the gloo

"They are on horse and in pur senor. I fear we are lost!" h rupted Pedro.

"Why so, comrade?"

"Because, I—I—Valentino, the horse is dying!"

Awarded Highest Honors, World's Fair.

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[illegible] place to spend a hot Sunday [illegible] and [illegible] seven [illegible] in Grandriver. Two bands of [illegible] entertainment during the day, in addition to many other attractions. D. L. & N. trains will [illegible] at [illegible] and leave Grandriver at [illegible] Head south, take West Side Road to Lake View Park, Home Guard, B. P. A.

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Married: Hot 29, Detroit, Frances E. Kopp, 22, same; Joseph Parker, 24, Detroit; Vernia Radwowska, 19, same; Wm Porter, 25, Detroit, Ruth Appleman, 21, Menoba, Mich; John J. Hung, 29, Mountville, Ill; Grace M. Rockford, 26, Detroit.

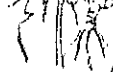
DAVE MAY, [illegible] Victorian Dore [illegible] Bicycle and sporting Bicycles [illegible] all hours. Mich ave and Adelaide. Tel 1031.

The Chicago Grand Jury indicted Burke, County Boss Coughlin, Sullivan, Kunze and Woodman for the murder of Dr. Cronin.

Ellen Peck, Col., reached by Red balloon passenger train.

Carnegie shot plant at Homestead, Pa., shut down and discharged 3,000 men.

Korea declared her independence of China and invoked Japanese aid.



with the scientific adjustment of glasses.

Dr. A. T. Carpenter
Expert Optician,
213 Woodward,
Valpey Bldg.

This paper is printed with the Queen City Printing Ink Co.'s Ink, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"There, at last I believe we are fully ready for Black senor."

"Not yet Pedro."

"The alcalde cried a loud firm Viva Cleveland."

Both came to a dead stop, but the quick witted Valentino was equal to the emergency. The carabinero behind suddenly changed the tide of events stood with his gun at his shoulder a dozen feet to the right.

"We are friends senor."

"Give the countersign."

"That we cannot do; but we must see the general tonight, as we have important information. Here is a permit that has passed us thus far, see for yourself, that it is not a fraud," and the Cuban held out the letter.

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"And a masterly stroke that did it,—right to the heart senor, without a doubt."

"Come!"

The captain could say no more; tears were in his eyes and he wished that the hellish work were undone.

He could hardly suppress a sob as he thought of the aged mother on the other side of the sea, waiting and praying for a son that would never return. Oh, the anguish of that moment!

Roughly he hailed for ahead of him not a dozen rods, was the tent, for which he was scrutinizing. Pedro remained a few steps behind to guard against surprise and alone the brave rebel captain crept up to the canvas flap.

There was a light inside; he peered in, there upon a bundle of blankets, with hands and feet securely bound lay not a man but the form of a beautiful girl.

For a moment he could hardly believe his eyes; was she the spy?

"Ah!"

Like a flash of lightning the truth dawned over him; he had solved the mystery.

"Senorita?" he called, softly.

There was a stir among the blankets and a pale sweet face with the soft dark curls clinging about it like a veil, was raised from its hard pillow.

"A friend to aid you, one who has your welfare at heart."

The girl raised herself still higher; but not a sound escaped her lips. It was not necessary, the soft eyes alone told the story.

Swiftly Valentino crossed to the pallet—swiftly he severed the cords that bound her tender limbs—and swiftly he caught her lovely form in his arms and dashed into the open air.

It was all over in a minute, for the Cuban had thrown caution to the winds; his only thought—his only purpose was to convey his precious charge to a place of safety. Alas! that his haste was to prove so fatal.

"Ario! who goes there?"

"No answer.

The sharp rattle of a carbine rang out on the still night air, and the camp was awake.

"Courage, senorita, we will pass them yet. Pedro, Ho, Pedro!"

"Here, senor. Hasten, the horses are in the hollow just beyond the hill."

It was a race for life and the patriots won. Hardly were they mounted and off before a dozen or more carabineros rushed into the hollow.

"Caballo! Caballo!" they cried, and discharged their weapons.

"Can you hold your seat, senorita?" the captain asked as he rode up beside her.

"With ease," she answered bravely, smiling faintly through the gloom.

"They are on horse and in pursuit, senor. I fear we are lost!" interrupted Pedro.

"Why so, comrade?"

"Because, I—I—Valentino, the girl's horse is dying!"

The captain lurched in his saddle as though struck a blow. For the first time he noticed the sporadic leaps of the maiden's steed, and the gradual lagging of its pace.

Still on they sped, five ten fifteen minutes, and they began to enter the hills. The wounded horse was fast losing strength, but still the noble animal plunged on. Till its heart burst; and with an agonizing groan it stumbled and fell dead.

In a moment Valentino had the girl on his own mount, and was dashing away in pursuit of Pedro.

"Courage, senorita," he murmured softly, and pressed her closer to his breast, nestling his face among her beautiful waving curls.

P-r-a-g-g! !

That fatal bullet zipped close to the captain's head, and was instantly followed by a heavy fall.

"Great God, in heaven, comrade, are you hurt?"

No answer.

"Dead!"

That one solemn word was uttered with a pathos that boded ill for the perpetrators of the deed.

"Oh, ye hellish dastards, ye traitors of human rights, may your flesh rot and your bones decay in every hidden swamp and recess of Cuba, and may the power of despotic Spain sink beneath the billows of the sea, carrying with it every vestige of the accursed nation. Dios, Oh, Pedro, my comrade—my friend."

The carabineros were close upon the fugitives now, and with a last look at his beloved comrade the captain struck his spurs deep in his horse's flank and sped eastward.

"Courage, senorita, courage," he whispered over and over again. "There yet remains one final resort if all others fail. I will save you—have you faith in me?"

And in answer the girl would lift her sweet face and say:

"Faith unbounded. You are a Cuban patriot."

Never before had the young Cuban been placed in such a critical position. If it had not been for his beautiful charge, he would have turned back and died bravely, fighting over the body of his slain comrade. But this girl with the lovely waving hair and the glorious eyes, had cast a spell over him which was not easily thrown off; she was more than life to him now.

"O, my God, they are gaining on us, senor! See; they level their pieces—they fire!"

"Infernal the horse is struck—he is down! Cling to me, senorita."

The quarry was run to earth; Valentino's last resolve was shattered; he could not now forfeit his own life for that of his companion. But blood should flow as free as water in that dark, gloomy pass before he would allow himself to be taken captive.

What was that?

A terrific explosion, a stream of quivering flame shooting out from that impenetrable mass of darkness, and the foremost dragoon tumbles from his horse, as lifeless as the weather beaten rocks about him.

Cr-r-r-a-c-k!

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

And they are saved.

. . . . . .

The next day the insurgent band carried the general's daughter and her brave rescuer in triumph back to the rebel camp; and with his darling the doomed spy, clasped close to his breast, the old man implored God to pour forth the blessings of heaven upon the heads of the two heroes, both living and dead.

And today Valentino is at the head of his mocheiters, leading them on to victory and freedom, while in a peaceful villa back in the hills is a beautiful girl, a spy, waiting and watching for him, her loved one, to return.

Owosso, Mich.

Awarded Highest Honors, World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Cleary Summer School Opened.

Ypsilanti, Mich., June 30.—Special.—The summer school in Cleary college opened yesterday. About 60 are in attendance already. Instruction is given in all normal branches, with frequent lectures by prominent educators.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, west of the Ohio river to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 4 to 7, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 31 by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Washington.

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

ARTHUR FOR M'KINLEY

Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Replies to Some Misstatements.

Chicago, June 30.—A special from Kansas City, Mo., says P. M. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is stopping in the city en route to his home in Cleveland. Asked what effect the statement of Master Workman Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, that McKinley will be opposed by the laboring men would have in the presidential campaign, he said: "Speaking for myself, I will say that Mr. Sovereign's statement will have no noticeable effect in the election. His statement that Mark Hanna is a foe of the workingman is false.

"Are Mr. Sovereign's sentiments touching McKinley, and expressed from a labor standpoint, shared by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers?"

Certainly not by the organization, and I am sure they are not by members with whom I have spoken. Of course, there are Democrats and silver men in the organization, but their opposition to Maj. McKinley in the election will be from political principle, and not from prejudice."

"I know Mr. Hanna personally, and know he has never opposed labor, I am of the opinion that Maj. McKinley will be elected, and that is the general opinion in the part of the country that I come from."

MAY PROVE FATAL.

Miss Buzzard Was Internally Injured at Brown City.

Brown City, Mich., June 30.—Special.—A serious if not fatal accident occurred here to a young lady by the name of Miss Buzzard, who was out driving. She was thrown from the rig, breaking both her arms and sustaining internal injuries which may prove fatal.

Body of Bert Jameson Found.

Traverse City, Mich., June 30.—Special.—The body of Bert Jameson, who has been missing since Sunday, was washed ashore four miles from this city this morning. The boat was also found near there. His companion, Will Mansfield, is still missing.

BUSINESS ACCOUNTS, SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

THE Home Savings Bank.

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JOSEPH TAYLOR,
WATING H. ELLIS,
CHAS. L. FARRELL, Vice-Pres'ts.

THE HOME BANK BLDG
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Opp. Webster Market.

JULIUS H. HAAGS, Cashier.
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