

# NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XX.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1888.

NO. 1.

## NORTHVILLE RECORD.

PUBLISHED FRIDAY BY  
E. ROSCOE REED,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS \$1.00 Per Year.

One half dollar will be given in exchange for each subscription.

Subscriptions receive one free copy per year for each subscriber.

Marriage, birth, death and general notices forwarded.

Obituary communications, cards of thanks etc., will be charged at a reasonable rate.

Correspondence from every school district to this facility is welcome containing local news.

Anonymous communications not inserted under any circumstances.

## F. & P. M. Time Card.

IN EFFECT DEC. 27, 1887.

NORTH 6:35, 8:39 a. m., 1:27, 3:40 p. m.  
SOUTH 1:33, 9:23 a. m., 2:12, 3:53 p. m.

## PROFESSIONAL

MUSIC.—I will give instructions in piano and organ playing to limited number of pupils. For terms will be arranged according to ability and time available.

J. B. MORRISON, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, 100 South Main Street, Northville, Michigan. He has been engaged in the practice of law for over twenty years, and is well known throughout the State.

E. L. DENTAL PARLORS, Operator of the dental office, 100 South Main Street.

C. H. THOMSON, Dentist, 100 South Main Street, Northville, Michigan. He has been engaged in the practice of dentistry for over ten years, and is well known throughout the State.

W. W. HENDRILL, Attorney at Law, Notary Public, 100 South Main Street, Northville, Michigan. Office in Court House.

J. B. MORRISON, Attorney at Law, 100 South Main Street, Northville, Michigan.

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## TOWN TALK.

Capt. Eli K. Simonds was granted a pension yesterday.

Mrs. Byron Wilkinson received \$3000 her pension this week.

Ernest Martin and Miss Nellie Crumble were married Saturday evening.

Fred Van Sickle and Miss Nora Reed were married last Saturday evening in Detroit.

Frank Hartson and Starr Root are on Lake Erie gathering white fish eggs for the hatchery here.

The social for the band last Saturday evening was a decided success. Over \$40 were the receipts.

Hibbard Baker, the republican candidate for congress, is expected to speak here next week.

Hon. J. Logan Chipman and Hon. Wm. C. Maybury are billed to speak here this evening in the Rink.

Louis Babbitt and Miss Flora Waid were married last night at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. W. T. Jacques.

Hon. J. C. Donnelly, of Detroit, one of the finest of talkers the democrats have, will speak here next Wednesday evening.

With this issue of the RECORD we begin the twentieth year of its publication. It has passed from its teens and will soon be of age.

One issue of the RECORD is before election. Our suspense will be over then whether we are to escape our winter at Lansing this winter.

Charles Buel has a home for a vacation. He will remain until after election when his wife and son will return with him to Washington.

Charles Buel has disposed of his business interests in Chicago and will return to Northville with his family this week and again enter the employ of the Buel Furniture Co.

J. D. Nelson returned from New York City where he has been engaged in purchasing a large quantity of furniture. He will return to Northville Saturday morning.

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## PERSONALS.

Mrs. O. Westfall, while putting up a curtain on Monday, fell from a chair upon which she was standing, fracturing a rib and otherwise injuring her.—*Pontiac*.

Ron. Mark S. Brewer's challenge to Orlando F. Barnes, his opponent for congressional honors in the sixth district, to a joint debate on the issues of the campaign has been accepted. John D. Norton, of Pontiac, represents Mr. Barnes and S. W. Smith, also of Pontiac, Congressman Brewer. The places and dates for the debates are Pontiac Oct. 31, and Mason, Nov. 2. Each will last for three hours.

The young peoples society of the Methodist church have arranged for a series of four entertainments. Next Wednesday evening Prof. J. K. McAfferty a renowned elocutionist will give an entertainment in that church.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 7, the Pilgrim's Progress company will give an exhibition. Rev. W. W. Ramsey, D. D., and Rev. Wm. Dawe will complete the course of lectures.

Miss E. Ferguson, of Chicago, has been visiting Mrs. H. E. Willits. She is an artist of a wide reputation and had a fine collection of her paintings with her. Mrs. Willits gave an art reception Wednesday afternoon which was well attended by the ladies of the place who were captivated by Miss Ferguson and her paintings, one of which while on exhibition at the centennial and Paris exposition took first premium.

The following committees have been appointed to arrange for the union revival services which will begin Sunday, Nov. 11. Committee on music, Rev. W. T. Jacques, Prof. O. L. Palmer, M. J. Withee and R. H. Neal, committee on hall and seating, Rev.

Dr. Hudson, D. Knapp, J. H. Woodman, C. D. Woodward, committee on finance, Rev. F. G. Clark, J. O. Knapp, E. H. Reed and G. H. Capell. Each committee to have power to appoint subcommittees as it may see fit.

Many of your confessors and political rats, together with many of our mutual friends, have seriously and earnestly requested me to refrain from accepting your challenge, which I assure you all, I would personally be glad to do if only results to my self were taken into account.

I have also to acknowledge the receipt of the same challenge in writing several days previously, through the post office.

My own conviction of the invalidity of this challenge at this time of entering upon the joint discussion, and also the feelings and opinions of those of whom I have spoken, were made known to you by myself before your challenge appeared in the RECORD. Disregarding all this you felt it to be your duty to avail yourself of the press through which to give wider publicity to your challenge.

I shall not question the animus of this action on your part, for a moment, however much I may deplore the facts, necessitating as it does this reply and explanation in the same public manner.

I am far unwilling to give the reasons why—even as a temperance man—I am in affiliation with the republican party, on all proper occasions, and my decision in this matter is wholly apart from political considerations.

I do not think that I could be so unwilling as to ignore the expressed by reason of experience, ability and

Wednesday, Oct. 28.—Preaching in the Union Church in the morning. Evening service in the evening in the Baptist church, preaching by Rev. Dr. H. D. Knapp.

Wednesday, Oct. 29.—Regular young people's prayer meeting in all the judgment and opinions of those who

discreet.

Wednesday, Oct. 30.—The Indians of the Plymouth Village, U. S. A., will be recognized. In view of existing difficulties between stockholders and managers I believe that no good result can be expected from the joint meeting of the Drill company. Discussion will be addressed by Rev. J. C. Donaldson of Marion. Free entry.

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by the republican glee club of Flint.

The town hall was filled on Sc. in day evening, Oct. 29, by an enthusiastic audience, which listened with evident appreciation to a most scholarly address on campaign issues by I. Jayne, of Michigan Military Academy.

Prof. Jayne was followed by J. Lynch, of Pontiac, democratic candidate for circuit court commissioner, who kept the audience in convulsions of laughter by his caustic wit throughout the half hour of his address.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We were the recipients of a pleasant surprise last Wednesday evening. The sympathies expressed, confidence manifested and the embraces left with us place us under many obligations to the good people of Northville. It is our wish and pray that the lot of our friends here may always be cast in plenty and prosperity.

JAMES H. TAYLOR AND WIFE.

## BUSINESS FLASHES.

Item credit is head five cents a line each issue.

## FOR SALE CHEAP.

A first class coal stove and bed box set. Good as new, at Ball & Neal's.

## BABY CARRIAGE.

For sale for \$4, second hand. Good credit.

## ART EXHIBITION.

Miss E. Farquharson will hold an exhibition at the residence of Jol Watson, next Wednesday afternoon and evening. Where a border piano cover will be shown, valued at one thousand dollars. Also many suitable holiday and wedding presents and perforated designs for sale. Admission ten cents. Ladies and gentlemen invited.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having sold our stock of Dry Goods and Novelties and Groceries to Dr. Nease, we hope that our dear friends, who have been so kind to us during our long career, will at a respectful period call upon us to see us at our new home, which we have just completed, at 100 South Main Street, Northville, Michigan.

Many of your confessors and political rats, together with many of our mutual friends, have seriously and earnestly requested me to refrain from accepting your challenge, which I assure you all, I would personally be glad to do if only results to my self were taken into account.

# Northville Record.

E. R. KENNEDY, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Alvin Clark, the Cambridge man of telescope lenses, has recently received a letter from the president of the university of Southern California at Los Angeles, asking if he will undertake to make a forty-inch lens for a telescope which will eclipse that at the N.Y.C. observatory. Mr. Clark says that he can make it if he can get glass of the proper size, and that he would make a fifty-inch lens if his life was spared long enough. A telescope for a forty-inch lens would cost between \$4,000 and \$500,000, and yet such is the interest of the Californians in big things, it is quite likely that the money will be forthcoming.

The best wheat raised in the United States for the current year is said by dealers to come from central Dakota. It comes from a region that was only surveyed five years ago, but that goes without saying, for there is a more tragic painful fact in American agriculture than the deterioration of wheat lands from faulty farming. Within the memory of living men the best wheat land was in Genesee county, New York state, but the blue ribbon steadily traveled westward as virgin land was broken up, and the palm is now held by Dakota because the latest wheat lands are there.

Marmaduke Shannon, at one time the leading Whig journalist of Mississippi, died at Vicksburg recently, aged 83 years. He was a native of Pennsylvania but moved to Mississippi in 1821. He was a union man up to the time of the secession of the state. Since the war he has lived in retirement. Fifty years ago he was a leader of his people. He led the celebrated movement of the citizens which resulted in the hanging of the gamblers and banishing disreputable women from Vicksburg away back in the thirties.

The old trick of French cabinet makers of peeling furniture with fine shot to make it look "antique" and worm eaten has been surpassed by a Springfield, O., man. This enterprising individual finishes all of his work in a rough, cheap manner, and then strips it away unvarnished and unpainted in his laces yard, where it has exposed to all sorts of weather. After three months of this kind of treatment the furniture is packed and shipped to New York, where people pay high prices for it.

The union of church and state among the Mormons, contrary to the laws and principles of this country, has been finally broken by the recent ruling of the United States territorial court of Utah. By this decision the immense property interests of the church are escheated to the government. A severe blow is thereby inflicted on the spreading of polygamy, as it was largely from these sources that the revenues for proselytizing were drawn.

Moody, the evangelist, proposes to work along down the Pacific coast to San Francisco, and to spend a month there in revival work. He declares that he believes San Francisco is much more interested in religious work than seven years ago, when he was there. Then, after four months' work, he did not secure as large an audience as he gained during a recent visit on his first appearance. His meetings there will begin with the new year.

From a town in Nebraska where they have local option comes the news that a man was arrested and tried for selling whisky. The jury, in sampling the strong stuff, got drunk and could not agree upon a verdict. It is not stated whether or not the judge partook, but it was criminal negligence on his part to permit them to taste it. He should have only allowed them to smell the cork.

Chief Justice Fuller's family will be a great addition to Washington society. Of his numerous daughters, three are old enough to engage in social gayeties. They are pleasant, well mannered girls and will be popular. There is a fourth daughter, who is studying music in Europe, who has reached the age deemed necessary for an entrance into society. She will be home this fall.

A Wellington, Kan., grocer and his clerks have made an agreement that in the event of Harrison's election all their old hats, about thirty in number, are to be thrown away, and a new outfit for covering their heads will be bought. Should Cleveland be the winner, all are to wear their old hats for the next four years.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittendorf of Nebraska has been admitted to practice before the supreme court of the United States. This is a distinction to which few women can aspire, and it is an honor that has been conferred to only three women in this country.

His excellency Hadi Hassan Ghoo'y Kahr Mohamed (var. his name in full), the newly appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, has arrived in New York on the steamer *Servia*.

## FAIR MAIDS IN CANOES.

Sometimes a Girl Paddles Her Own Canoe—Often a Young Man Does It for Her.

It is Saturday afternoon. The flood tide is running three miles an hour. The sun is bright but there is a brisk little wind which keeps the Hudson water dancing. The swell from a steamer in mid-river sets the broad flat moored off a boat-house at the foot of a street in the one hundred and fifties bobbing and curtsying in a graceful fashion as such a lumbering object can.

A young fellow in white flannel shirt, white duck knickerbockers and white yachting cap is sliding into the water the prettiest craft that floats, a small decked canoe. Her polished cedar sides shed the water like a duck's feathers as her bow goes under, comes up again and she floats alongside. She has no thwart or rowlocks, but two cushions are flung into her bottom and on the float lie two long double-bladed paddles.

"Now, then," says the young fellow, and a girl steps lightly in. Her feet are on the steering pole under the front hatch and one of the paddles lies across her knees. She leans in half-reclining posture against her swinging backboard, the young man seats himself on the cushion behind her, the paddles rise and fall and—hallo, the spray is slapped fairly in the girl's face, as the canoe dives into a corning wave.

There is a small black box on the float? It is a detective camera for river photography. The canoeing couple have forgotten it. No, they are coming back again to take it in. The girl's shoulders and arms are creased and there is a water drop running of the tip of her nose. Does she care? She is wearing a blouse and short skirt of dark blue jersey cloth with a white girdle round her waist and a white cord round the soft felt slouch hat on her head. She has on low rubber-soled shoes in chamois leather. Five minutes of sunshine and smooth water will dry her off and leave not a trace of the river's kisses behind. Care? It would not discommode her greatly if you flung her overboard. She has paddled her own canoe from March to November, and knows every nook of the Hudson as she knows the face of her mother. Once again the paddles dip on one side, then on the other. The canoe is tossing like a ship in mid-stream.

But the boat is not empty. Another white-shirted canoeist is running up a spread of canvas to take advantage of the wind. "All right, Mary," he says, "when the matinial and dandy are justified, and with Mary tucked inside another canoe is scudding before the breeze. Mary's captain is not tucked inside. The canoe heels as the sails billow and perlled on the deck with toes clinging under the opposite side, he leans well out to windward. Now and again a heavy wave carries his shoulders in the water. Mary laughs as the breeze blows stiffer. She is used to the canoe's frolics; besides she sits on a rubber air cushion which answers every purpose of a life preserver. The wind and the foam crisp her hair and she trails her hands in the water as one wave after another lifts the stern and then lets it down with a swash into the hollow.

The white caps are curling over the whole stretch of the river and the canoeists are coming out in force. Here is a party of four on gypsying intent. They have two canoes, and what are they storing in the hatches and under the deck? An iron frying-pan and some steel knives and forks, by my halidom. And there goes a tin pail and some sliding caps. One girl has her arms full of roasting ears of green corn and the other hands out a parcel which smells like coffee. There are two men and two young women, in tennis blazers all four, and they are going across the river to eat supper under the Palisades. They know how to skirt the deserted quarries and the fishing village whose wharves are dropping to pieces, and the old powder house and the scattered negroes' huts keeping on and up to a perpetual spring under a hemlock tree and a shelving beach where the driftwood fire burns bright. There the girls will boil the coffee and the men will roast the corn, and when the tide turns and the wind goes down they will drift New Yorkward in the twilight.

See, now, here is a new comer afloat. It is shorter than the others, barely thirteen feet long, and light in proportion. Its cedar sides are so thin that you could feel the lap of every ripple if you were seated in its bottom. It is decked fore and aft, but it would weigh hardly twenty-five pounds. It has only one occupant and that one a girl of 18. Her white Caribaldi shirt is turned away from a throat that is bronzed by

many summer days on the river. Her hands are small and well shaped and brown. There are muscles in them and the canoe seems to move without effort, commanded by her will. Her silver hair pins have fallen out and the wind is shaking a mass of brown curly hair over her back. Her sailor hat is of scarlet felt and you can see the red and white of her boating rig far over the water as she heads her canoe upstream, the most picturesque object on the Hudson today.

The sun is behind the Palisades and the saucy wind is sinking with it. The skinning canoes move more slowly and one by one down come their sails. The long paddles flash in and out of the water, and as each tandem draws alongside the float, the sailor girl steps ashore and pulls an armful of golden rod and cardinal flowers from the cockpit. She steps ashore ahead of her sailor lad, mind you, for it is canoeing etiquette that he should remain seated to hold the rolling little boat steady for her debarkation.

The canoeing girls are coming in, but another set of canoeists who are not sailor girls are just ready to get under way. The water is still at twolight; under the moon it will be level as a floor. Now is the hour when all manner of pretty nothings are said, and their garters spark with freedom on the river.

This dainty water nymph—not jump aboard. The skipper of the boat-house stands at the bow and the rear is a hand at the stern to hold all steady until she has settled her draperies. Cautiously she sets one foot in the canoe, then the other. With one hand on the float she sinks slowly on the cushion, timorously, as if she feared to find herself in the water. She won't use a paddle, she doesn't know how and she is not on exercise bent. The sailor girls face forward, tandem fashion. This one's cushion lies in the bow and she curls down fronting her escort. He is very happy and so is she—or would be if the waves did not spot her dress. Every stray splash has pangs for her and by-and-by she bows a coat and tucks herself dryly in. There are half a dozen of her out tonight, floating up and down under the stars.

New York is not a bad place in summer, with canoeing at your very doors. There are not a great many women yet initiated in the joys of the river, but there are more this summer than any year before.

## That's All.

A pretty girl.  
A French foot bell  
A section of  
Banana peel  
A sudden slip  
And down she goes  
A vision of  
Embrodered hose  
A youth who saw,  
Though half afraid,  
His hand out,  
Untested the maid  
Swift to her cheeks  
The blushing dew  
A wedding in  
A knot of two  
What're folks say,  
It is a fact,  
Embroideries  
Young men attract  
Engage Coaster

## In the Proof Room.

Some writer has produced a poem entitled "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints—one poring over a proof slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this:

Proofreader—As flowers without the sunshine fare—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I breathe a dark and dismal mire.

Copyholder—Thunder! not muckair.

Proofreader—I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—as flowers—comma—

Copyholder—Shoot the comma.

Proofreader—"Tis done. As flowers without the sunshine fare—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—

Copyholder—Warmth.

Proofreader—No warmth I share—and health and vigor flies—

Copyholder—Blaze! Health and vig or fire—

Proofreader—Health and vigor fly full stop.

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on dock.—Dor Meines Register.

The Gambler's "One Touch of Nature."

Every man hopes for better days. So does the gambler.—Boston Post.

## SEEING WITHOUT EYES.

Some Remarks and Manifestations of a "Psychic Sense."

"There are five senses—seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting." This writes a Meadville (Pa.) correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, is the lesson which the child learns at school and a materialistic science still enforces it upon our riper years. But of late there has been a growing belief in the popular mind—that is to say, the mind of the public not bound by the traditions of the schools—that science, so called, has not yet discovered all the avenues of communication between the soul and the outer world. We are beginning to suspect that there may be windows in the body which the prying eye of science, with her most perfect microscope, has not discovered; that knowledge may leak into the inner chamber of the soul through some chink too small to admit the scalpel of the surgeon. Even such a palpable fact as the circulation of the blood is a modern discovery; many functions of the body are still unknown to the closest students, and it is barely possible that the well-known lesson of "the five senses" may have to be revised by the addition of a sixth, whose function is in a field too spiritual for examination by the ordinary instruments of science.

Sometime since I had an experience

with a lady who has the power to detect hidden things by means other than the known five senses. The lady calls her strange power "psychometry," which means soul-measuring, but which, it seems to me, is no name at all for the power in question. I had just received a letter from home inclosing one from my grandfather, who was then abroad, and who had written me at my home address. In an interview with the lady, Mrs. S. (a pleasant appearing and modest little woman from Tennessee), I handed her the envelope containing the two letters, and requested her to tell me what she sensed from them. We were standing at the time on the hotel veranda, in broad daylight, and she could not have read the letters without detection even if she had been capable of such detection. Immediately she replied: "There are two magnetisms here, one is male and the other female." "Right," I replied, conforming to her terminology; "but tell me what you get from the male influence." She then began a series of startling revelations. "The letter," she said, "is from your grandfather on your mother's side. The magnetism is not healthy, and I judge the gentleman is not well. I see a broad expanse of water between him and me. He is across the ocean." I replied that he was travelling for his health. She gave him other details of a personal nature which she could have learned only by some mysterious sense not possessed by the majority of people. I opened the letter and showed her at the head of the sheet a small oval photo print of Carrickfergus, a seaport town on the coast of the north of Ireland, near Belfast. "That," said I, "is the place where my grandfather is now staying, and all you have said is correct." "Ah," said she, "that is his first place," and on reflection I knew it to be true.

"How do you know these things?" I asked in amazement. But she could not tell me. It was as much a mystery to her as to myself. "Do you believe that spirits tell you?" I asked. "No, I get it by touching the letter, but I can not tell you how," she replied. "I sometimes make mistakes, but mistakes only prove that the power is natural, and like my other senses, liable to err." She declared it was not mind-reading (although that term explains nothing), for it was necessary to hold the letter in her mind in order to reveal its contents.

At another time I had received a letter from a friend who was very hostile to all occult phenomena, and who in the letter scolded me roundly for my interest in them. I met Mrs. S. about dusk at the door of her room on the day I received the letter. Half in jest I handed her the envelope containing it, requesting her to test her mysterious power on the contents. She held it tightly in her thumb and forefinger and at once said: "He is scolding you about something. The magnetism is dark and repellent." I asked her if she could get the name of the sender, and in reply she traced with her finger upon a book which she held the name exactly as it was signed to the letter. For a moment this lady seemed to me a veritable Pythia.

My excited fancy contemplating her in the growing shadows of evening, surrounded her with dark, mysterious forms that flitted two and three at her bidding; that peeped into the hearts of men and told her their inmost secrets; that crept into unopened letters, and by the light of their own eyes read the contents for the information of their mistress, that followed me about. (Horrible thought!) watching my most secret actions, revealing to the world enchanting my inmost inward thoughts. But she was no witch. Meet her on the street or in the drawing-room and you would not find her different from others of her sex. She could laugh and jest and be merry, that awful mysterious power ever with her, by which she could read the inmost secrets of her companions. In colonial times she might have been hung for a witch, but in these days she is sought by ladies and gentlemen of refined society, who marvel at her strange revelations of their lives.

The phenomena which I have narrated are facts, not fiction, had until scientific men do more than snarl their lips in scorn and glare their spectacled noses at the mere mention of a field of phenomena outside the pale of their material investigations. I shall bold that the human organism, so fearfully and wonderfully made, contains powers and faculties still un dreamed of, and that the orthodox enumeration of man's channels of knowledge must be revised, by adding to the five senses of old-time physiology a sixth, whose range is larger, whose impressibility is finer, whose penetration is deeper than that of all the other five put together.

## GAS FROM PETROLEUM.

An Attractive Theme for Inventors as Well as Consumers.

"Of the many devices employed in the manufacturing of illuminating gas," said a well-known official of a Brooklyn gas company to a New York Mail and Express reporter, "none has seemed more attractive to inventors and manufacturers than the use of petroleum oil in the place of coal. Some very considerable advantages seem possible by its use, and although it was pretty thoroughly tried a number of years ago and generally discarded, the question of substituting it for coal has been revived and is again receiving considerable attention.

"There is no question that the gas which can be readily enough made from the oil is very highly luminous, and this is an apparent advantage. But there are other considerations, and the first of them is the cost. It seems as though it ought to be cheaper than coal, unless at a time when coal is unusually cheap. The gas from oil is called of sixty-candle power, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether it can be maintained that standard when stored or delivered in the usual manner to towns or cities.

"Even if it can be six-candle gas as it's ordinarily used, it is not worth twice as much as thirty-candle, or three times as much as twenty-candle gas. The greater pressures at which the higher qualities have to be consumed in order to get the best results effect the hydro-carbon partings from the burner at such a rapid rate that many of them are wasted and not burned at all.

"There have been many devices for securing the greatest light from the burning of a given amount of gas, but most of the inventors start wrong. They use small burners and high pressure. When the quality of gas is stated as of such a candle power, it can only be compared with other gas that is used through a standard burner, by testing it with the same burner."

## Nature's Own Cosmetic.

A New York woman writes to the Commercial Advertiser congratulating northern girls that they have at least awakened to the use of watermelon juice as a cosmetic. Their sisters in the south have for generations, she adds, beautified their complexions by the aid of the melon. "After a long drive, a sail or any swimmer owing to the heat so sooths to the face and hands the water from both the pulp and rind. The first, crushed by daily hands and rubbed on the face, makes all sunburnt, while the application of the cool white pulp next to the red meat removes the 'redness' and gives a softness to the skin of the melon bather that can be obtained from nothing else. This is nature's own cosmetic."

Peculiarity of Turtles' Nests. A Georgia man, who has been roughing it on Green Island this summer, has devoted much time in studying the habits of the turtle and to gathering her eggs from a turtle's nest can get them all back in eggs. Those who have tried it find that after filling the nest they have enough eggs remaining to fill one or two more just such holes in the sand. When Mother Turtle lays an egg she paddles it in tight with her feet and so egg by egg until the nest is full, and the elasticity of the shell permits some extremely close packing that no man has been able to duplicate.

His excellency Hadi Hassan Ghoo'y Kahr Mohamed (var. his name in full), the newly appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, has arrived in New York on the steamer *Servia*.



## STATE NEWS.

C. N. Oldfield, a fisherman of St. Joseph, says the planting of white fish spawn in the great lakes has presented the critics of this valuable species in many localities.

The Catholics of Marquette city and county celebrated on the 13th inst., the centennial anniversary of the founding of the first Catholic church (St. Anthony's) in Marquette county. The celebration was conducted by Fr. Mary's congregation, the present society. All the Catholic churches in the county were largely represented. The procession of the various church societies was over two miles long, and numbered nearly 3,000 people. Fr. Cooke of Detroit delivered an historical address.

Sixty high school cadets are to be taught the manual of arms at Kalamazoo.

Paul Scott was struck by a Michigan Central train at Jackson and nearly scalped.

The G. A. R. of Battle Creek went hunting the other day and bagged 104 pounds of game.

Kalamazoo claims a population of 20,000.

A hospital will soon be established at Alpena.

Local business men are talking about establishing a wood working factory there.

A Grand Lodge jury wrestled all day over a case involving the price of 16 quarts of milk at 4 cents a quart and then disagreed.

The Grand Rapids street railway company has secured an injunction preventing the Cable railway company from laying tracks on Cass street.

Thos. Turner, of Elmwood, Tuscola county, won the prize for the biggest pumpkin at the county fair. His "punker" weighed 117 pounds, and the prize was \$5 in gold, given by the Caro Democrat.

A road is to be built from Mountaine to Watersmeet, a distance of 70 miles. The contractors have already commenced work.

Henry Dein, son of a prominent citizen of Niles, was pushed from the night express on the M. C. R. R. the other night by a brakeman, while the train was in motion. The brakeman had refused to accept an excursion ticket to and from Buchanan, claiming it was void on the train. The young man sustained serious, but it is hoped not fatal injuries.

Thomas McCall, a teamster, upset a load of supplies three miles north of Newberry. He was caught between the wagon and a tree in such a manner that he was unable to free himself. He lay there 20 hours before he was found, and died before he could be extricated.

The ladies of Hillsdale college have organized a Harrison and Morton club.

Flanagan Bros' store at Gladstone was destroyed by fire the other night, at a loss of \$5,000.

H. Horie, said to be the wealthiest private citizen in Japan, is soon to look through the Michigan mining region. He operates in gold mines in his native country and has been inspecting the mines of Pacific coast as well as those in Arizona and Nevada.

The homesteaders who have entered Indian lands in the Isabella reservation declare they will not get out, notwithstanding the Indian agent has told them they must. They say the government has issued them the certificates on which they have entered the lands, and must defend their own acts.

Frank Waller, young reporter employed in Grand Rapids & Indiana shops at Grand Rapids, drew \$20 from Lark Sept. 15 and is supposed to have started for Ohio to be married. No tidings of him have been received of late in Ohio and it is feared that there has been foul play. He was neither seen nor heard of again.

For some time past a number of property have been taking place in Cold water. The old cords have been on the mail-hunt, and the other day arrested Theodore Sturm and federal line in jail. An examination of his home and barn brought to light flour, wheat, oats, coal, wood, several cords of butter, canned fruit, preserved cherries, several thousand cigars, a gun, leg of mutton, boiled beef, clothes, kit of tobacco, bologna sausages—in fact nearly everything that could be eaten, worn or burned. Most of the property has been identified by the owners.

A bridge is to be built from Muskegon to North Muskegon.

The representatives of 17 wholesale grocers organized in Lansing on the 11th inst. the Michigan state grocers' association. The officers elected were: President, W. J. Gould, Detroit; Vice president, James Stewart, East Saginaw; M. W. Clark, Jackson; L. E. Hawley, Grand Rapids. The object of the organization is to establish uniform prices and protect them against non-paying customers. They meet in Detroit, Nov. 12.

Mr. Katz, a Jewish pedler, returning from Toledo, was assaulted near Petersburgh by Michael Fuhr, an Ohio tough, and robbed of \$100.

Burglars visited Mrs. Samantha Street's house near Jackson the other night and secured \$1,100 in gold which she had in the house.

The boiler in the Lowell mill of the Ypsilanti paper company exploded the other morning. The engineer, Jacob Dawson, was killed outright, and presented a pitiful sight when taken from the rails. Frank Giddon, another employee, was seriously injured. The damage to the mill is estimated at \$30,000.

J. J. Griswold's house and barn, two miles west of Ovid, were burned with all their contents the other morning. Loss \$2,000, insurance, about \$1,500 and \$3,000 respectively. Mr. and Mrs. Griswold barely escaped with their lives. Tramps had undoubtedly done the work, as two called at the gatehouse between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening and wanted food and shelter, but being refused, went away swearing vengeance.

This extensive saw mill of the Roswell lumber company of Grand Haven, at Spanish River, Ont., have been destroyed by fire. The mills employed 170 men, were valued at \$50,000, and will be promptly rebuilt. There was no insurance.

Doc Beatty and Charles Hanna, Lansing burglars, have gone into retirement at Jackson for five years.

"Succotz," one of the finest draft horses in Michigan, belonging to Foye Oxford and Hi Moon of Orion, was found dead in his stall a few days ago, having been poisoned.

Allen Sam Bryant, the notorious coast-welder who escaped from jail in Grand Rapids in May last, was captured a few days ago 20 miles southwest of Toledo. He has been returned to the old quarters of Kent county jail.

M. E. Wagner of Marshall has sold out his stock of blooded horses, at an average price of \$250.

Everything at the St. Clair tunnel is now said to go up in swimming. The company has bought plenty of ground on either side and the approaches are being scoured out.

The general store of N. & B. Mills of Marysville was robbed of \$100 the other night.

## GENERAL NEWS.

The Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation company has bought property at St. Joseph and will commence at once to build extensively, preparatory to putting on a new line of steamers next season, between that point and Chicago.

Warren Scarff of Battle Creek had one of his legs amputated the other day, as the result of an injury received through his wife treading upon him while getting out of bed, sometime ago.

As Miss Kora, a normal school student, was coming from the 11 o'clock train she was followed by robbers, doped by a burly negro, who whom used the Normal pocketbook and secured a \$150 gold watch and chain; \$250 a \$150 check on the bank. Her assailant is not known.

An incendiary burned the barns, granary and 3,000 bushels of grain of Chas. Michael, in Brookway township, St. Clair county, the other morning, causing a loss of over \$3,000. No insurance.

Forest J. Skinner, American express agent, postmaster and marine reporter at Mackinaw City, was drowned the other afternoon, while out about a mile and a half from shore. He was accustomed to attend his boat to passing vessels in order to sell papers, and while in the act of casting his line to a steamer-like boat in some way capsized, and, as there was a heavy sea in the straits, the body did not rise to surface. The straits were dredged all night but the body was not recovered. He leaves a widow and two children.

A novel way of raising funds for a church is being adopted by the Episcopal church at Houghton. They have sent out letters numbered "1," some of which have been received in Duluth, requesting the recipient to remit 20 cents and write two similar letters numbered "2," requesting the same of each parson. Supposing that only one original letter had been written and the rest were kept up until the number 25 was reached, each person sending 25 cents and writing two letters, the number of people who would contribute would be 25 cents each would be over \$1,000,000, and the church would receive about \$16,000.

The 13th annual session of the Michigan grand lodge of Odd Fellows was held in Flint on the 18th inst. The report shows that there are 200 lodges in the state in good working order, and provisions have been made for a fund of \$1,000 with which to pay an attorney and state lecturer. Officers elected: G. C. Tempier, O. V. Bain, Grand Master; G. C. Russell, G. C. Tempier, Charles P. Russell, Detroit; G. V. Tempier, Mrs. E. E. Davis, Belmont; G. Secretary, John Evans, Beloit; G. Treasurer, P. J. Connel, Milwaukee; G. S. J. Tempier, Mrs. T. E. Keasy, Howell. It was agreed to hold the next meeting of the lodge at Grand Rapids on the third Tuesday in October, 1891.

Dr. Wright, a well known physician of Detroit, is dead.

Peter H. Potter, a fisherman was drowned while crossing the straits in a Mexican boat.

The largest cow in ill at East Tawas was destroyed by fire on the 24th inst. The bull had a weight of 10,400 lbs. annually.

The depot at Blount was struck by lightning on the 14th inst. and entirely destroyed.

A hospital has been started at Alpena known as the "Red Cross Hospital and Infirmary."

Michael Melchior, a farmer living near Birch Run, is among the missing. When he left home he had about \$1,000 in his possession.

The northern port of N. Michigan presents the largest and best potato crop in the world. Leelanau township, alone has shipped 50,000 bushels of potatoes this season.

A Grand Rapids bovine named "Spot" is arrested in Ind. and is a few days ago charged with stealing \$1,000 from the mail, and was singing a song.

The WORLD OF TRADE.

Detroit Markets.

Wheat—No. 2 red spot, and October, \$1.10; December, \$1.14; May, \$1.11; No. 1 white, \$1.10; \$1.05; \$1.03; October, \$1.09; 10. December, \$1.11; Corn—No. 2 spot, \$1.05; Oct.—No. 2 white, spot, \$1.05; October, \$1.05; No. 2 mixed, 27 cts.; No. 3 24 cts.; light mixed, 27 cts.; No. 4 24 cts.; light mixed, 27 cts.; Cleared—Prima, spot \$1.50; October, \$1.50; November, \$1.50; December, \$1.50; No. 2 spot, \$1.50; October, \$1.50; barley—No. 2, 60c.; barley—No. 1, 50c.; oats—No. 1, 50c.; oats—No. 2, 45c.; oats—No. 3, 40c.; oats—No. 4, 35c.; oats—No. 5, 30c.; oats—No. 6, 25c.; oats—No. 7, 20c.; oats—No. 8, 15c.; oats—No. 9, 10c.; oats—No. 10, 5c.; oats—No. 11, 5c.; oats—No. 12, 5c.; oats—No. 13, 5c.; oats—No. 14, 5c.; oats—No. 15, 5c.; oats—No. 16, 5c.; oats—No. 17, 5c.; oats—No. 18, 5c.; oats—No. 19, 5c.; oats—No. 20, 5c.; oats—No. 21, 5c.; oats—No. 22, 5c.; oats—No. 23, 5c.; oats—No. 24, 5c.; oats—No. 25, 5c.; oats—No. 26, 5c.; oats—No. 27, 5c.; oats—No. 28, 5c.; oats—No. 29, 5c.; oats—No. 30, 5c.; oats—No. 31, 5c.; oats—No. 32, 5c.; oats—No. 33, 5c.; oats—No. 34, 5c.; oats—No. 35, 5c.; oats—No. 36, 5c.; oats—No. 37, 5c.; oats—No. 38, 5c.; oats—No. 39, 5c.; oats—No. 40, 5c.; oats—No. 41, 5c.; oats—No. 42, 5c.; oats—No. 43, 5c.; oats—No. 44, 5c.; oats—No. 45, 5c.; oats—No. 46, 5c.; oats—No. 47, 5c.; oats—No. 48, 5c.; oats—No. 49, 5c.; oats—No. 50, 5c.; oats—No. 51, 5c.; oats—No. 52, 5c.; oats—No. 53, 5c.; oats—No. 54, 5c.; oats—No. 55, 5c.; oats—No. 56, 5c.; oats—No. 57, 5c.; oats—No. 58, 5c.; oats—No. 59, 5c.; oats—No. 60, 5c.; oats—No. 61, 5c.; oats—No. 62, 5c.; oats—No. 63, 5c.; oats—No. 64, 5c.; oats—No. 65, 5c.; oats—No. 66, 5c.; oats—No. 67, 5c.; oats—No. 68, 5c.; oats—No. 69, 5c.; oats—No. 70, 5c.; oats—No. 71, 5c.; oats—No. 72, 5c.; oats—No. 73, 5c.; oats—No. 74, 5c.; oats—No. 75, 5c.; oats—No. 76, 5c.; oats—No. 77, 5c.; oats—No. 78, 5c.; oats—No. 79, 5c.; oats—No. 80, 5c.; oats—No. 81, 5c.; oats—No. 82, 5c.; oats—No. 83, 5c.; oats—No. 84, 5c.; oats—No. 85, 5c.; oats—No. 86, 5c.; oats—No. 87, 5c.; oats—No. 88, 5c.; oats—No. 89, 5c.; oats—No. 90, 5c.; oats—No. 91, 5c.; oats—No. 92, 5c.; oats—No. 93, 5c.; 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oats—No. 253, 5c.; oats—No. 254, 5c.; oats—No. 255, 5c.; oats—No. 256, 5c.; oats—No. 257, 5c.; oats—No. 258, 5c.; oats—No. 259, 5c.; oats—No. 260, 5c.; oats—No. 261, 5c.; oats—No. 262, 5c.; oats—No. 263, 5c.; oats—No. 264, 5c.; oats—No. 265, 5c.; oats—No. 266, 5c.; oats—No. 267, 5c.; oats—No. 268, 5c.; oats—No. 269, 5c.; oats—No. 270, 5c.; oats

## DELIVER US FROM EVIL

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Deliver us from evil, and from temptations. Restrain when we would waver; oh, keep me near Thy side. Remind me of Thy trial when tempted to go wrong; Oh, let us not forget Thee! Thy word can keep us strong. The thought of Thy endurance, Thy sorrow-filled life, The holy pur example carried through each bitter strife. Thy death and Thy submission, Thy patience and Thy love; Thy walking and arising shall lift us up above All earthly selfish weakness, and when we would despair, Into the light and freedom of Thy life and hope beyond. We shall gain strength and wisdom through all self-sacrifice. Through Thee and Thy pure living, to spare all forms of vice. As much as we shall conquer, so far shall we be free. Until we rise above it all, find liberty in Thee!" —Frank M. Chapman.

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

### CHAPTER XXX (CONTINUED).

The light had faded from Beatrice's face. She also after a moment of forebodings was coming back to her own world and its troubles. Her eyes dropped and her face closed. "How did you find me?" she asked in a troubled voice.

"By a strange chance. I will tell you how some day."

"Tell me now."

Frank shook his head. "No, now," he said. "Let it suffice that I have found you."

"But," said Beatrice with agitation, "do others know—can others find me? If you learned it who not another?"

He saw the dismay of fear and hastened to reassure her. "No one save myself can learn it in the same way. Your retreat is safe."

She sighed her relief. There was an awkward pause. Frank was the first to break it.

"Beatrice I have said. I have come a long way to see you. I have much to say—yes may have much to say to me. Can we go to some place where we can talk?"

"Yes, we can go to my home." Beatrice called her boy, and Frank, glad of anything to break the awkwardness of the moment, greeted the little fellow and made friends with him to such purpose that he insisted upon Mr. Carruthers holding hisubby hand and walking with him.

"What a pity to cut that bright hair!" said Frank to Beatrice.

"I was aware that you—it was cruel, for it was cruel to myself," she said sadly. Because of the way to the house in which she lived.

"How are they all at home?" she asked. It were my uncles and dear old Ma'is well," she said, filled with tears. Her mind did not escape Carruthers.

"They are all well," he said. "I heard from them a few days ago. They sent me your letter."

"With the ever-forgotten gift," said Beatrice. "Will they ever speak to me again?"

"I hope so," said Frank gravely. "There were, of course, many visits and visits." Beatrice glanced at him nervously. Even he had held out a hand of forgiveness, and he loved her. She wished he had come to see her.

"Do they know any reason for leaving him?" she asked timidly.

"No. They have had no my reason, but he has been near the truth. He started at this in wonder. The truth! And he knew the truth! If so, how had he learned it?"

"Do you know why I left?" she asked. A look of pain settled on Carruthers' face. "Yes," he said, softly. "Charles has given me your story. But to be only to me."

"Do you know all—all that I have done, all that I have suffered?"

He rose. There was a strange agitation in his manner and voice. "All," he exclaimed. "Beatrice! Beatrice! how can I tell you what I know?" Beatrice said. "I do not now hear that could call you mother!"

"Yes, he is my son," she said, calmly. "All," continued Carruthers, "excuse me. Need I know all? Need I be racked by bearing the one I love tell all? Need I pain her by forcing her to hear me? Have I not heart enough? Why should I seek to know more?"

"Let me tell you my story. Frank," she said, breathlessly.

"No?" He spoke in that imperious tone which she had once before, in a slighter degree noticed. "No? Listen to me, Beatrice, believe me. I have longed to find you. I have signed for this moment. If I have signed your secrets it was not for my own ends, realises when chance showed me where you were come to you with 'not one object.' This morning even when at last I saw you I had but one thought. It was to come to you, to say I have sought you because you are a creature, because you want help, such help as I can give is yours. Without you, without the hope of reward, it is yours."

Again she strove to interrupt him. He checked her.

"Listen! I have more, much more to say. I have seen you again," his voice changed to one of supreme tenderness. "I have held your hands. I have to her into your fare—the same sweet face of my dreams. Beatrice still is changed with me; he kept beside her and took her hands. "If once I wished to know all, now I say, tell me nothing. What is the past to me? If I let it away, forget it, soon it too life begins to day. I love you. Bend down and tell me you will be my wife."

She forcibly drew her hands from his, covered her eyes, and sobbed.

"I can't tell me," he went on, passionately. "Is it for my sake you will not do this thing? Look at me—read in my eyes what my heart desires—know that you have the power of taking or saving a man's life. Beatrice! My love, my only love, answer me."

"Frank," she said, "you are killing me. Save me and let me speak." He waited in anxious silence until her voice died away and sustained speech was a possibility.

"Frank, Frank!" she said. "You have been misled. You have heard but half the truth. You love me, yet dare to think that if what you have heard is true, I would be your wife. I can't blame you for believing. I have no right to blame. My actions have helped that belief. Yet I believe in you, Frank, have given me the sharpest pain of all that I have known."

Carruthers beat his head and prayed she would forgive him.

"I have nothing to forgive. From whom did you think I fled—from what danger?" Frank I fled from the man who is my husband—the man who more than five years ago took advantage of a girl's folly, married her and made her life a misery."

Carruthers rose from his knees. His face was white as a sheet. He was the picture of despair. A legion of Mrs. Miller's would not now have caused hope to throw up the thinnest shoot. Her husband! The room seemed to swim round him.

"Tell me all," he said in a quiet voice. "No, don't fear for me." She glanced at him inquiringly. "Tell me all. I can bear it. I can help you."

She told him all.

He heard her to the very end in silence. Throughout her tale she had not spoken of her husband by any name; but from the first Carruthers guessed who he was. As she finished speaking he turned his pale face to her. "The man's name is Hervey."

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him twice." As he spoke Carruthers involuntarily clasped his hands. There was a kind of savage satisfaction in thinking under what conditions he last saw the rogue. He wished he had struck even harder. He frowned and his mouth grew hard and stern. Beatrice saw the facial change.

"Do you blame me too much to forgive me, Frank?" she asked anxiously. He looked at her with eyes as soft and tender as a woman's.

"Blame you? Who am I to blame you? What have I to forgive? You have all sympathy—all my sympathy. Again I offer you such help as I can give—such help as a brother can give a sister. You will take this from me, Beatrice."

She placed hand to his. "Yes, I will take it. It is more than I deserve. And me, why should my brother enter into life?"

"Beatrice," he said, "I did not live until I knew you. You have a right to claim all I can give. Yet there is something I must ask—something I must know. You have told me much—you will tell me all."

"I have told you all."

"No, not all. Beatrice, life promises to be but a sorry affair for me. Let me have such bold consolation as it can give. Beatrice, let me hear you say with your own lips that I have been unworthy of your love, but—would have been my wife."

"She did not say, bravely. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will say that. I will say more. I love you now. Ah, Frank, reproach me blame me, when I tell you that although I knew it meant unkindness, for you it was a sweet moment to me when first I knew that you loved me."

After a moment there was silence for a minute. Then Carruthers leaned forward. "Bea, my love," he said hoarsely, "tell me, I only ask it once."

She pushed to the rear of her chair, yet she made no resistance. Carruthers drew her to himself for the first time, for all he knew the last time it had been her. He took her, the one kiss. When it was over Carruthers released her from his embrace, and the two drew apart.

CHAPTER XVI.  
A WOMAN WITH A MIND.

Sarah Miller was a woman with a mission, however, of a personal act of a general nature. Her mission as she read it was to use the world's happiness of her beloved mistress and her faith in the mission which prompted the task was such as to make her believe that she would succeed.

Everything in this woman's life turned on her devotion to Beatrice. Her mind was like a dark, sunless ruin, in the center of which sprang a pure white marble column, and that column was her love for her mistress. The wild words she once used when telling Frank Carruthers what she could do for Beatrice's sake, if anything, fell short of the truth.

This was then the embryo who went forth on behalf of Beatrice, this, the bearer of the flag of truce between her and Maurice Hervey. A strange intermediary, yet possessing some valuable qualifications for the office, inasmuch as she was devoted to her own sex, hated the sex, and above all, was full of the belief that in some unknown way she would be guided so as to enable her to bring the negotiation to a satisfactory issue.

She listened with apparent attention to Beatrice's many and clear instructions; but her thoughts were in reality far away. In this matter she believed she was called upon to act more the part of a principal than that of an agent. Beatrice, who was anxious to know how Hervey was to be found, had to rest satisfied with the assurance that Mrs. Miller would experience no difficulty in tracing him.

Mrs. Miller reached London without any mishap. She went to a friend's, the use to whose care Beatrice's correspondence had been intrusted. After a night's rest had dispelled the fatigue of the journey, she began the first part of her mission—that of finding Maurice Hervey.

The task was a simple one. She inquired until she ascertained where the register of ticket-of-leave men resident in London was kept; then, upon applying at the proper office and satisfying the authorities that she sought the man for no evil purpose, the address was given her. She took a cab and drove straight to it.

Hervey was sitting in his cheerless, somber room, smoking his short pipe and working out schemes of vengeance and plunder much as he had worked them out in his secluded state in Portland prison.

For hours he had been sitting and thinking of the glorious life he would lead as

soon as he could ascertain the whereabouts of his wife. Then he would be able to soar out of this slough of poverty, and eat, drink, and be merry. No wonder then when after the ceremony of a slight knock Sarah Miller opened the door and stood before him, a cry of absolute joy sprung from his lips. Next to Beatrice she was the one he most wished to see. Now that she was here, Beatrice must also be accessible.

Sarah, with her white, thin face, as usual thrown into strong relief by her somber garb, stopped toward Hervey and stood looking at him with that peculiar rapt expression which at times came over her features. As soon as he had recovered from his surprise at this unlooked-for visit, Hervey eyed the woman curiously, but for a while there was silence between them. Still she continued to gaze and gaze at the man, not in anger, not in fear, but as one accented by motives of curiosity. It was a kind of gaze which no one could be expected to endure for long without signs of impatience.

"What the devil are you looking at me like that for?" asked Hervey. His rough voice brought Sarah back to herself. She drew her hand across her brows.

"It is written there, it is written there," she muttered.

"What is written there, you old fool?" asked Hervey.

She made no reply, but her thin eyes moved, and again her eyes glanced at him with wild, strange look.

"Sit down," said Hervey sharply; "and try and talk like a sensible woman... and keep your eyes from wandering."

He pushed a chair towards her. She sat down and seemed waiting for him to speak again.

"Well, what do you want?" he said. "I suppose she sent you."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, sent me."

"What for? Has she sent me any money or is she trying to scare me? Let her take care! I shall send her again some day."

"Yes," said Sarah, in peculiar mechanical accents. "Yes, she has sent you money."

"How much is it? Hand it over."

She drew a small bag from her pocket. Hervey snatched it eagerly. "There is fifty pounds," she said in the same mechanical way as before.

"Fifty pounds!" exclaimed the man fiercely. "What does she mean by sending me a pauper sum like that? Fifty pounds who is my wife has thousands a year."

"Take it or leave it—your choice," said Sarah.

"I take it, never fear. Oh, yes, I'll take it. Perhaps it's meant as a peace offering. Now let me ask what you have to say to me." "I didn't come here just to give me this watchful eye."

"No, Maurice Hervey," she cried. "I come to offer you the one chance to show you the one way which is still open. It may be isolate to treat it, but as to you show mercy and perhaps money will be shown to you. He waited, I say, and gave that poor girl in grace. I'm your wife and let her live her. She is the one of God's choices, Maurice Hervey. Forgive how you was a man of His. His soul is like a two-edged sword."

"Stop your rights to youself, and tell me in plain English what you mean."

"Take the money or leave you. Go and trouble her no more."

Hervey laughed in her face. "My dear Sir," he said, "you're really making yourself ridiculous. I must remind you that I have been offered no money."

"Don't be afraid. I'll pay you when I call the woman to her."

"Oh, take it. Go away and never seek it again."

"Ah, now you're going to business. Who is a man who pays?"

"I'll call and give you the hundred a year."

"I will pass over Hervey's feet, but he restrained the oath which he used to tell Sarah." "You're sure that's the last offer."

"She will give no more."

"And if I refuse it, what then?" "If you refuse it," he said, "she cannot be sent to me. Then you will be left to starve. Starve, I said, hard work. Maurice Hervey."

"You say," cried Hervey, "you would lie to her?"

"I will do more than lie," said Mrs. Miller. "Will you take the money?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Needs must obey the evil drives," he said airily. "Yes, Sarah, I can't help myself. I signed off with the generous offer. Now tell me where to find my devoted wife, so that I may return to her the news of my submission."

"You will take it," said Sarah's breathless.

"I have not said I must."

"Thank God!" As she spoke she clasped her hands and murmured words of thanks. Hervey watched her with a curious look on his face. She saw it and it startled her. "You will sign the papers," he said.

"Oh, yes, I'll sign anything. Now tell me where to find her."

"Oh, no. You cannot see her. She will get everything done. The lawyer will get the papers ready, and when you have signed them the money will be paid."

"Very well," said Hervey carelessly. "There's nothing more to say then."

The readiness with which he acceded to her stipulations roused Mr. Miller's distrust. "Do you mean to play me false?" she asked. "Will you swear on the Bible to keep your promise?"

"Certainly I will, but I am afraid there is no Bible in this house to swear on. A sad state of things which shall be rectified before you come again."

Mrs. Miller made no reply to his fearing words. She opened a small bag which she carried and drew out a well-thumbed worn Bible. Hervey snuffed his contempt.

"Place your finger between the leaves," she said solemnly. "Then kiss the sacred book and swear, so help you God, you will keep your promise."

"It must be a left-handed oath," he said as he obeyed her. She clasped her hand over his and when with a sneer on his lips he had taken the prescribed oath she opened the book and marked the verse on which his finger had at random been placed. "Read," she said, "and be warned." Hervey read—

"God shall likewise destroy thee forever."

"Without another word, she closed the book and left the room. As the door click-

ed Hervey laughed a scornful laugh. He waited until the mask had reached the street, then ran swiftly down the stairs.

The lower part of the house was used as a kind of marina store, and in the shop were two lads of about seventeen. He called one of them.

"A lad dressed in black just went out. Follow her and find out where she goes and I'll give you a sovereign."

The boy, who knew nothing about the state of the latter's finances, i.e., ed amaz-

ed, but did not budge. "Make haste and go," cried Hervey. "He's the money."

The sight of a real tangible sovereign sent the lad in double quick time, and utterly insatiable entreated for further gratification.

He asked her the names of the冥inal deputies who had taken refuge in Czech. She told him and he wrote them down. That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bos

# BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE

A FINE HOUSE AND LOT ON WEST MAIN STREET. LOCATION VERY CHOICE

## TWO HOUSES AND LOTS ON DUNLAP STREET.

**LOTS ON CONTRACT, SMALL PAYMENT DOWN.**

## **HOUSES FOR SALE ON CONTRACT, on weekly payments, in different parts of the village.**

**Inquire at this office**

## *Northville Record.*

## **PROHIBITION COLUMN**

(Continued from fourth page.)

the day school teachers, and the mothers in our country, as well as a large number of the radical, non-imprisoning and determined christian men in our country. Thus the teachers of the youth are with us. The result of that teaching is inevitable, and in a short time we are surely destined to control a majority of the votes in this country.

In the Republican Column it was asserted last week that there had arisen no necessity for a third party and that the republican party is doing all that the cause of temperance demands. The suggestion was also made that it is in favor of educating the people to the point where they will enforce such law as may be made for the "protection of morality, sobriety and the best interests of society." But will the learned editor please define the policy of the republican party upon the temperance issue? And will he kindly tell us how soon they expect to accomplish any thing for temperance while they court the favor of the liquor dealers?

**DON'T EXPERIMENT.**  
You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles \$1.00. M. B.

**REVIEWS HER YOUTH.**  
Mr. Phoenix Catesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouches for by the residents of the town: I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and rheumatism for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own house-work. I owe my recovery to Electric Batteries for having renewed my youth, and try a tonic, only 50¢ at A. M. Pease's.

MORTONAL SALTIC. Whereas, defendant has been indicted for the offense of arson, on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of January, 1919, and is now to stand trial on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of February, 1919, and report to the Clerk of Court at 8 A.M. to be arraigned in the County of Franklin, State of Ohio, on the charge of arson, as follows:

On the 1<sup>st</sup> day of January, 1919, at about 12 M. at the residence of John W. Wilson, 1<sup>st</sup> Street, at the rear of his house, located in the town of Franklin, Franklin County, Ohio, there was an electrical and fire accident, which resulted in the burning of the house, and the loss of all the property therein, to the value of \$1,000.00, and the loss of the home and property of the defendant, John W. Wilson, to the value of \$1,000.00.

**SAVED HIS LIFE.**  
Mr. D. L. Wilcox-on, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable, would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electro Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively, believes he would have died, if it not been for the relief afforded by Electro Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by A. M. Randolph.

**WONDERFUL CERES.**

A. M. Randolph Retail Druggist of  
Nashville, Tenn., says: We have been  
selling Dr. King's New Discovery  
Electric Bitters and Buckler's Americana  
Salve for four years. Have never  
handled remedies that sell as well or  
give such universal satisfaction.  
There have been some wonderful cures  
effected by these medicines in this  
city. Several cases of pronounced  
Consumption, have been entirely cured  
by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's  
New Discovery, taken in connection  
with Electric Bitters. We guarantee  
them always Sold by A. M. Randolph.

**AN END TO BONE SCRAPPING.**  
Edward Shephard, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitter's, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a burning sore on my leg for eight years; my doctor told me I would have to截骨 (amputate) or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitter's and seven boxes Becton's Amrity Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitter's are \$1 at fifty cents a bottle, and Becton's Amrity Salve at 25c per box at A. M. Randolph, L. S.

**EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.**  
Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Cecil, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery saved him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills, and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.  
Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at A. M. Ran-

B. J. L. P.

**Belle Isle Liquid Paint**

is in use throughout this state and its rare excellence is daily adding to the already numerous list of its admirers. This paint is more economical, will last longer, look better and prove more satisfactory than paint made from White Lead alone or the majority of the Liquid paints in the market - Call and examine an attractive display of these paints. Sold by -

**KNAPP & PALMFR**  
Northville, Mich.

BALCD 88

**THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.**

W. D. Sult, resistor, Pippys, Ind., testifies; "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle of it has given relief in every case. Once I took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years. — A. J. G." Abram Hart, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best remedy I have ever seen is my Dr. Farn's experience, Electric Bitters. The friends of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Brain. Only half a dozen bottles at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store

**BRACE UP.**

You are feeling depressed, your spirit - poor, you are scattered with Headache, you are listless, nervous & generally out of sorts, and want to have a up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines or balsams, which love for them, won't get cheap, bad medicine, and which sometimes is worse for you than nothing, and then have you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, exert healthful action on Liver and Kidneys, restore vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitter, and obtain it by calling at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store.

The acknowledged headquarters for smokers articles in the city, W. R. Cushman & Co.'s, Woodward and Jefferson avenues, presents ample opportunity for selection. The assortment of meerschaum pipes and cigar and cigarette holders is unique and elegant, many rare pieces of workmanship being exhibited. There are also many novel styles of cigar and cigarette cases, while the stock of cigars is such as to satisfy the desire of all world-be-purchasers. The "Yours Truly" cigar which is meeting with such a phenomenal sale, said to be the best for the money ever placed in the market, sold by Mr. Cushman, is an appropriate gift.

INFER

**BELL** rings for the public, or dispensed by the many bellmen talent. Those who are willing to do valuable work that can be done without being at home should inquire and then address to Bissell & Co., Portland, Oregon, and receive free, self-hiring men for other cases, of all ages, can come from 6 A.M. to 1 P.M. day and hours, all day service they have. Young men \$1.00 per day, taking no required. Some are single cases \$10 in a single day others work all second.

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the first half century. Next follows one of the wonders of primitive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their families. Pay them what they can do the worst, ~~but~~, ~~but~~, ~~but~~, ~~but~~, ~~but~~; no special ability required. Capital not needed, you're restricted. Out this out and receive no reward; we will send you free something that will immortalize you, so that the world may know business which will bring in more money right away than any other in the world. *Grand Central Hotel*. Address *Tread Co., Atlanta, Ga.*

**BRACE UP.**

You are feeling depressed, your spirits are low, you are fatigued with Headache, you are slightly nervous and generally out of sorts, and won't eat or sleep. But go, but not without stimulants, spring medicine or berries, which have for them been very cheap, bad, dry, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, clear the action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you can buy in Boston Drugs, 273 Cornhill, or come to a bottle at A. M. Renshaw,  
10 Cornhill.

Fig. 110.

**THEIR BUSINESS GOING.**  
Probably no one thing has caused  
such a general reversal of trade as A.  
M. Eastman's Dr. King's oil so  
easily away to their customers, of so  
many free trial bottles of Dr. King's  
New Discovery for Consumption.  
These rods, simple as they are,  
are valuable articles from the fact that  
they always come and never disappoint  
longer. Cold, Asthma, & Rheumatism  
and all throat and lung diseases  
easily cured. You can therefore  
buying by getting a trial bottle free.