

The Northville Record.

Vol. XXIV, No. 12.

Northville, Mich., Thursday, November 3, 1892.

\$1.00 per year, in advance.

IT'S FORWARD AGAIN.

Another Enterprise Is Added to Northville's Fame.

THE NEW SAVINGS BANK.

Its Organization Was Completed Last Week.

Two weeks ago we noticed the prospective organization of a savings bank in our village, and knowing as we did, the capabilities of the instigators, and the well known ability of the subscribers, we had no doubt of the successful outcome of the proposition. The stockholders met Thursday night of last week, completed the organization and elected the following officers:

Directors:

J. M. Swift.
L. W. Simmons.
E. N. Clark.
C. J. Sprague.
W. P. Yerkes.
A. R. Chapman.
J. M. Simmons.

Officers:

President—J. M. Swift.
Vice-Pres.—W. P. Yerkes.
Cashier—L. A. Babbitt.

The new institution will be known as The First State & Savings Bank of Northville, and will do commercial as well as savings business. The cash capital is \$25,000. The stockholders are among Northville's best and most solid business men and retired wealthy farmers. R. Chapman is a wealthy farmer. W. P. Sprague is a prosperous Farmington farmer. There is not the least particle of a reason why the new venture should not be a decided success. The directors are now looking for a suitable building which they can either buy, or lease for a term of years, and soon as one can be decided upon it will be at once fitted in shape and business commenced. They hope to be able to turn over their "Bank Open" shingle by Dec. 1.

EIGHTH CONTEST.

Livonia People Will Have the Next One.

The eighth silver medal contest will occur at Livonia tonight. The contestants are from Northville and there will be a well pleased crowd in attendance at the Livonia school house.

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION.

D. W. Packard's House and Contents Destroyed Sunday.

De Witt Packard's home two miles south of here was completely destroyed by fire last Sunday afternoon with almost the entire contents. Mrs. Packard was lying on a couch, and smelling something burning in an adjoining room went to the door to ascertain what it was. She found the carpet on fire and the room black with smoke. She ran out of doors and rang the farm bell for assistance, but it arrived too late to be of any use. The house was soon a mass of seething flames, devouring everything in its way with a seemingly ravenous hunger that was magnificently awful.

Had Mrs. Packard had the presence of mind to have dashed a pail of water on the flames when first discovered the home might have been saved. We are informed that the other members of the family were all from home when the fire broke out. The house was lightly insured.

Mr. Packard and family are well known in Northville where their misfortune is learned of with much regret.

Wood For Sale.

Wood delivered at your door. Leave orders at Knapp & Yerkes' hardware store. 12 w3

A MRS. HARRISON MEMORIAL.

The Methodist Pastor Pays Her a Fitting Tribute.

At the memorial services in the M. E. Church last Sunday morning, Rev. P. Ross Parrish spoke as follows: "Although the whole world unite in condolence over the loss of the wife of the president of our nation; though the potentates have expressed their grief and the press has been filled with the sad tidings, let us not forget that fitting expression of our sympathy is but the quickener of right feeling in us and in others. Some think that pity and sympathy, when genuine, is unspoken; silence may as well be criminal whether in high or low estate. Deep sentiments are beyond speech, but the very attempt to voice them will prove how inadequate are our words and be successful, simply as adding 'amen' of our personal interest."

We are glad to see the banners of our nation lowered, which would not otherwise bow to the proudest nation on earth.

In going from the old home at Indianapolis to the National Capitol, the affairs of the household remained very much the same. The household goods were removed. Family prayers and the order of home went on, in the main, uninterrupted.

We admire the abnegation of our president for his wife. Not because he did more than his duty, or more than any other husband or brother would do, but because it is conspicuous and stands out before the nation; and as we admire his noble traits of character in the home we admire them in every home. Honor and personal eminence sink into nothingness beside the deep sense of a loved one lost. The president's greatest comfort came from the dying wife herself. They believed in prayer and in the promises of the Bible with unquestionable faith. Mrs. Harrison approaches death without any fear. She is resigned to her fate and endeavors to make the president so. She died with the flowers and leaves which she loved so well.

The funeral services were simple and beautiful, typical of her genuine religion. Religion of heart and life must be essentially one. Wherefore comfort one another with these words: "was the text from which the sermon was preached."

The hundreds and thousands now bow to the event. We join our sympathy with the grief-stricken magistrate. I trust it is sincere. Personal views do not constitute the main feelings. Whatever our party relations, they are forgotten at the time. In the loss of mother, wife and daughter, we weep with those who weep. We meet not to laud and glorify her, but to commend her noble traits to every woman. She, holding the second place known to sovereigns of this world, lived and died in the faith of our own Christianity, which brings faith and comfort to the widow in yonder little hotel, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

The speaker's Columbian remarks were very pronounced and highly interesting. In a most realistic manner he followed the life of Columbus from the very cradle to the time of his landing at San Salvador. "Columbus," says Dr. Parrish, "was a man of destiny, picked from the humbler walks of life to perform the greatest event in the world's history. A work which finally revolutionized Christianity and made this great America, king of nations."

Council Proceedings.

An adjourned special meeting of the council was held Oct. 28, 1892.

President pro tem J. M. Swift in the chair.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The water commissioners reported that they have secured 970 feet of iron pipe and on motion they were instructed to investigate the matter of buying more iron pipe and report at the next meeting.

Motion carried that the water commissioners consider the matter of paving the reservoir complete to the top. Council Adjourned.

C. A. DOWNER, Clerk.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing between Parmeter & Odell is dissolved by mutual consent. B. A. Parmeter will continue the business and all accounts must be paid to him.

PARMETER & ODELL.

DR. BENNETT.

At the Macomber House Next Wednesday, Nov. 9.

Mrs. Dan Shaffer, one of the old residents in Northville, used to be the greatest invalid. She had everything human flesh was heir to and was ready to give up the ghost five years ago. Uterine trouble, stomach difficulties, heart weakness, the worst form of Catarrh and Bronchitis. She had been to all home talent, and even to Ann Arbor. They sent her home saying "nothing can be done," and there she was on the bed with the assurance she might die anywhere from three days of three months.

She finally heard of Dr. Bennett, sent for him to come and see her. New hope sprung up when she heard him say: "I will get the power right and then everything else will soon normal." She asked her physician what he thought of it and he said "He will never do it."

In short he did do it and she remains so. Just as well as ever and no stomach to be crowded full of drugs to make them do it. The doctor stands astonished at the results.

How was this done? He removed the fever and thereby removed the cause of this disturbance.

He keeps coming and doing these things and curing such cases all the time. Better go and learn more about his work for he is ahead of general practice of today. Remember at the Macomber house next week Wednesday.

DR. C. T. BENNETT. 12 w1

BUSINESS FLASHES.

If you want
The want
You want to get,
You want to
Advertise in
The want getter.

The Northville Record.

Wants your want.
Because it wants
You to get
The want
Which you want.
And ought, to get.

FOR SALE—A \$35 violin. First class instrument, will sell for \$15.
F. E. Quigley, North.

FOR RENT—Large double house south-west part of village. \$10 month. Key at Record Office. C. M. Thornton. 10 w1

FOR SALE OR TRADE AT A BARGAIN.—The National Hotel property at Holly. Hotel partially burned. Can be put in good shape again for less than \$700.
Miss E. A. Ives, Northville, Mich. 5 w

FOR RENT—Good two story house and lot. About one mile from village. Cheap. Inquire, P. Conley.

FOR RENT—A farm of 60 acres, or 160 acres two miles north and 2 1/2 miles east of Novi Corners.
A. L. DART, North Farmington. 7 w1

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—In the best location in town, single lots, or whole tract containing nearly 3 acres.
Inquire A. McKay. 8 w1

FOR SALE—Two Good Jersey Cows. One will calve this fall and the other in December. J. H. Sheldon, Novi Corners. 8 w1

FOR SALE—Fine building lot, about 1/4 acre. West end Cady street. Apply to John Allen. 5 w1

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Forty acre farm in Gratiot co. Will sell or trade for village property. Inquire of B. Freeman, Northville, Mich. 5 w1

FOR SALE—Houses and lots in the village of Northville. Inquire of E. S. Woodman, Att'y at Law. 4 w1

FOR SALE—Elegant large house and big lot. Quantities of fruit, chicken park etc., Corner Yerkes and Atwater street. Inquire O. F. Carpenter. 4 w1

A. C. Walterhouse has some thorough-bred Brown Leghorn chickens for sale.

WANTED.—Situation to do general housework in small family in the village. Inquire RECORD office. 12 w1



HAVE YOU SEEN?

Our new method of framing Pictures? If not step in our Gallery and look at our stock of Mouldings and Framed Pictures.

150 Styles of Mouldings now in Stock.

Think of it! New shades to harmonize with any study. The new and correct way of Framing.

We are up with the times. Prices consistently low and prompt attention in filling every order. We invite your inspection.

BROWN & CO., Northville, Mich.

Pianos and Organs.

Benj. F. Springer, Of Detroit, Mich.,

has opened Music Store in the Kellogg block, where you can buy Sheet Music, Music Books of every publication. All kinds of small musical instruments. Celebrated makes of Pianos, and the fine high grade Farand & Volley organ—tuned by the well known Mr. Wm. Wood formerly of Northville. We have good Second Hand Organs at all prices. Any thing in the music line will be sold as cheap as at our Detroit House. Tuning and Repairing of Pianos and Organs promptly attended to in first class order.

Benj. F. Springer, Northville, Mich.

The Star that Leads them all.

A first-class high arm high grade machine, with all attachments, for \$50.00. No money required until you have examined machine. How can we do it? Send for catalogue and full particulars.

J. M. HAYES, 609 Cherry St. Toledo, O.

I Am OVERSTOCKED with ORGANS.

To Unload I will Cut Prices to the Quick, from now till the New Year.

Remember that these are new goods, latest styles and Not Second Hand Organs, "alleged" to have been taken in exchange on Pianos, etc., &c.

WILLIAM HARDING, Music Store. Northville, Mich.

PERSONAL.

Northville, Mich. September, Forty-eleventh '92.

My Dearest Charlie, I should be pleased to meet you this eve. at seven o'clock at the sharp turn in Lovers Lane: it will be a dark night. Please smoke one of those delicious R. & E. cigars. I will know it's you by the fragrant aroma of the smoke. And also bring me some of those awfully nice tasting Red Takers.

CARRIE.



GRAND RALLY!

AT THE

Busy Big Store.

THIS WEEK AND NEXT, Beginning

Saturday, Nov. 5th.

Big Lot of Both

Brown and Bleached Cotton Flannel!

Regular 10 and 12 1-2 c goods. Sale Price

7C per yard 7C.

Another Lot of

Cream White Domet Flannel,

This time it goes at **4 1-2 C**

15 Boxes of Men's

Jersey Over Shirts

Worth \$1.00,

Sale Price 55c.

47 Boxes Men's

Cashmere Wool Underwear

And the sale price for

Either Shirts or Drawers 55c.

Boys Over Coats, (Hummers), with Capes for \$2.00.

Men's Over Coats, (Corkers), at \$7.50.

Gentlemen, Call and See the New and Latest Style Derby Hats, Just Received.

Prices Count and Makes Business Boom.

T. G. Richardson,

The Cash Outfitter.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

NORTHVILLE, - MICHIGAN

Besides the waste on the private timber lands, fire and theft are depopulating the national domain at a fearful rate. In the census year 1880 the total of \$8,528,171 worth of standing timber was reported destroyed by fire. The stolen timber is another item of national loss that shows how well the system of forestry management would pay the country. In the eleven years from 1881 to 1891, inclusive, the actual thefts discovered by the agents of the department were \$64,284,168, and the amounts actually recovered of this enormous sum were only \$1,009,242. The actual thefts were probably much larger as the number of agents is too small to discover every case.

THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE
SHE HAD OVER HIM.

Copeta is an inveterate gambler. She rushed into an employe's house one day and held up a beautifully embroidered buckskin dress. "You give me \$5 for my dance dress?" She go-

ping out into the hall he sent it on in a voice of moderate pitch and evoked a response from the supposititious che-

THE BOLT REVEALED THE
TERRIBLE DANGER

On the following morning the storm had passed and the sun had soon chased away the lingering clouds, and

"Yes, vagabonda."

everywhere.



Syrup of Figs

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

German Syrup

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHNICK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could make a more honorable, business-like statement.



AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT PHEASANT DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a general laxative. This drink is made from herbs and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1 a bottle. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. LANE'S MEDICINE is sold by the following druggists: J. J. McDONNELL, Louisville, Ky.; J. J. McDONNELL, New York, N.Y.

ASTHMA The Affliction of the Lungs. Dr. J. J. McDONNELL's Asthma Cure is a natural cure for Asthma, Cough, and all Lung Diseases. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. For further information, send your address to J. J. McDONNELL, Louisville, Ky.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

LESSENS PAIN—INSURES SAFETY TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

My wife, after having used Mother's Friend, passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour than in a week after the birth of her former child. J. J. McDONNELL, Beams Sta., Tenn.

Mother's Friend robbed pain of its terror and shortened labor. I have the healthiest child I ever saw.

Mrs. L. M. Aiken, Cochran, Ga.

See by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send for free sample. BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., For Sale by all Druggists. ATLANTA, GA.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Diabetes, Excessive quantity and high colored urine, La Grippe, Cures the bad after effects of this trying ailment and restores lost vigor and vitality.

Impure Blood, Eczema, scrofula, malaria, pimples, blotches, General Weakness, Constipation all run down, loss of ambition, and a disinclination to all sorts of work.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not better, Druggists will refund you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. Write to Kilmer & Co., Brocton, N. Y.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

A SERMON APPROPRIATE TO THE FALLING OF LEAVES.

The Text: "The Stork in the Heaven Knoweth Her Appointed Time; and the Turtle, and the Crane, and the Swallow Observe the Time of Their Coming; but My People Know Not."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1892.—The flutter of bright colored leaves which every wind blows from the trees in the avenues around the Tabernacle, reminded the thousands who entered its doors this morning, that winter was approaching. Dr. Talmage, with his usual tact, turned the impression to account in his sermon, which was on the text, Jeremiah 8:7. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it abroad, he fashions it into a bird. When he would have it glide the air, he moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white and black, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, alighting, alighting, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impetuosity of the people of his day, hears a great cry over-head.

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a "convention of birds," noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes economy in the Queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the table-lands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon; for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-breasted wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge, but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from Northern fields or Carolina swamps, or Brazilian groves, men see your wings or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley: A violin chorled and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace, that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through Wall Street, it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father, and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world, let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing, Sing your savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God, In the way your fathers trod: Ye are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

You tell me that Paul went up to the top of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow, those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but, staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the

same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory? Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God—if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live, At this poor dying time, Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far away they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say, "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After a while we start, and it is too late; and we perish in the way, when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half-way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw" was up; and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds!—Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading, of an entertainment given in a King's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After a while Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the King familiarly looked over his shoulder, and said, "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well in him, but oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest.

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork or the crane starts on its migration, it calls all those of its kind to come, too. The three-crests are full of chirp, and whistle and carol and the long roll-call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. G that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you; I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. Start for heaven yourself, and take your children with you. Come then and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balmy and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke, put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping.

To-day the Saviour calls, O ye wanderers come, O ye benighted souls, Why linger you?

The Spirit calls to-day, Yield to his power, O, give him no way, This mercy's hour.

A peculiar insurance company has got into operation in Denmark. Young girls may enroll themselves, and by paying a small sum periodically become entitled to a regular weekly allowance from the company if they remain unmarried at and after the age of 40. The fact that marriage forfeits all claims is expected to assure the success of the scheme, not to speak of the tardiness with which many of the members will announce their arrival at the age of 40.

The house in which Marshal Bernadotte, grandfather of the present King of Sweden, was born was recently offered for sale. It is situated in Pau and is a one-story building, with three windows looking out on the street. A marble tablet on the floor is inscribed: "Charles Jean Bernadotte, King of Sweden—called to the throne by the unanimous voice of the Swedes—was born in this house on the 26th of Janu-ary, 1763."

Among the most remarkable spiders is the "Dolomedes," which runs over the surface of water in pursuit of its prey, and dives to escape its enemies. Stranger still is the Argyroneta, which builds its house wherein it lays its eggs and rears its young at the bottom of streams.

TRIVIALITIES.

"So you have a new servant girl," said one housewife to another. "Yes."

"How does she like you?"—Washing to Star.

Wool—Wasn't that a quiet place where you spent the summer? Van Pelt—No, always something going on; just before I left my sister's baby out four teeth.

"Ye call that a beauty?" said Pat. "Faith I can see twenty handsomer women on Washington street every day with me eyes shut."—Boston Transcript.

He—Did you know that a diamond will exhibit phosphorescence when it is rubbed in the dark? She—Indeed I did not. But if you have brought that ring with you we can try it.

Young Mother, leaning over the cradle—James, I think I should like to call her Isabel. Young Father—Isabel? Yes, but what if she isn't, you know, when she's grown up?

Old Mr. Foggy—Ah, you young women are not what you used to be! Where now can we see one of you with a spinning wheel? Miss Modern—What's the matter with the girl bicyclist?

Mrs. Hicks—You know how badly I need a new gown, dear; won't you give me a check to-day? Hicks—If there is any one person in the world I cordially detest it is an autograph fender.

He—You don't love me as you did before we were married, I don't believe. She—Of course I don't, John. You wouldn't expect a woman to love a married man as she could a bachelor, would you?

"I wouldn't care to be Lawyer Browne on Judgment day. He'll be in the soup." "No he won't. Browne's smart; he'll get an adjournment of his case to next day, and then there won't be any next day."

Young Housekeeper—Have you any smoked herrings? Shopman—Yes, madam, some nice fat ones. Young Housekeeper—Are they quite fresh? Shopman—Indeed they are, caught this morning I assure you.

Lumbago cured by two applications. "Mr. H. C. Kiley, Baltimore, Md., Special Agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York says: 'I take pleasure in stating that two applications of Salivation Oil cured me of a severe attack of lumbago.'"

A man feels like votin' the way he's bettin'.

It is a great domestic remedy, and should be kept in every home. Mr. Norman Chatham, Waverly, Sussex Co., Va., who has never been without it for twelve years, writes to this opinion, in saying: "Our family has been using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for twelve years and are none the worse for it. It is invaluable."

Git that ought to be everything a man is in politics.

Fane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Licker votes all unreliable.

"Hansen's Magic Cord Salve," warranted to cure, is sold by druggists at 1c. Price 15 cents.

Congressmen all born, not made.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Don't buy nothing else from a man that will sell you his vote.

Fits—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No after effects. Write Dr. J. C. Kline, P. O. Box 509, Philadelphia, Pa.

The divine commission is not to defend the gospel, but to preach it.

Nothing short of Gabriel's trumpet can get some people out of pills.

HILL'S S. R. & S. OINTMENT Cures Salt-Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Catarrh and all diseases of the skin. Satisfaction or no pay. At all druggists. 25c.

When we comply with God's conditions God is responsible for results.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists. F. J. CLEGG & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Youth's greatest danger lies in its determination to have its own way.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures Catarrh of the nose, throat, and ears. It cures nasal catarrh since you're young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal snail had all left him. He appears as well as any one. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market.—J. C. Olmstead, Ardara, Ill.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Gay, Corning, N. Y.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Give Relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 53 Warren St., New York.

Three Advantages.

Besides its wonderful curative power in such cases of croup, coughs, colds, bronchitis and asthma, Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure possesses THREE DISTINCT ADVANTAGES OVER ANY PREPARATION SOLD FOR THE ABOVE DISEASES. It is pleasant to taste. It does not contain opium in any form. It does not cause nausea or vomiting. 50 cents. Druggists can get it of Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The love of God for us is the only thing that cannot be bought nor lost.

AFTER MANY YEARS Experience with hemorrhoids (piles) I am glad to say that Hill's Pile Remedy meets a long felt want. I advise sufferers who wish immediate relief and cure to try the above preparation. Geo. F. Hall, St. D., Brasher Falls, N. Y. At all druggists.

With all his practice the devil has never improved on the first recipe.

They Work Wonders. For over 6 years I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia could not eat without distress and sickness of the stomach afterwards. I have used Dr. Hoxsie's Dyspepsia Pills 2 weeks and now eat all kinds of food without return of old trouble. They certainly work wonders in curing Dyspepsia or Stomach Troubles. T. J. HODGE, New York.

Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Even a United States Senator has a sneaking notion to favor legislation that favors him.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$200 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure cure for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. Write to Geo. Kidder, New York.

W. S. HUGHES & CO., Baltimore, Md.

20 FAT FOLKS REDUCED. It is to the person who is burdened with fat that this medicine is most necessary. It not only reduces the fat, but it also cures the disease which causes it. Write to Geo. Kidder, New York.

Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Garfield Tea. Cures Constipation. Write to Geo. Kidder, New York.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Holds the most powerful and perfect remedy for all diseases of the throat, nose, and lungs. Write to Geo. Kidder, New York.

LEWIS' 30% LYE. (PATENTED) The strongest and purest lye made. Write to Geo. Kidder, New York.

PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agents, Piquette, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL BUSINESS University. In Wallace Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It is a most delicious and healthful food, and is far more economical, costing less than any other cocoa. It is absolutely pure, and contains no sugar, and is free from all impurities. Write to Geo. Kidder, New York.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

FRESH AIR. A great many people are cranks in regard to fresh air. The late Walt Whitman used to stand up and down the streets of New York city with his shirt open at the breast so that the air could have free access to his system. Now the skin plays an important part in the animal economy, and when the old air has too great access to the skin of the body it shrinks and the many pores that are in the skin and that act as drains give, suddenly close. When they do this the work that the skin has been performing in carrying off the waste water and some of the salts in the blood is thrown upon the kidneys and when they break down from overwork upon the lungs. This is why every old affects the kidneys as well as the lungs. It is obvious that in order to relieve the patient the only thing possible is to stimulate the circulation so that the skin resumes its function. When this is done it is only necessary to incite the kidneys to action, to relieve the lungs. The patient is thus cured and in so thorough a manner that he is such less liable to take cold a second time. This is the work performed by Beld's German Cough and Kidney Cure. It contains no poison and it is impossible to take an overdose of this great remedy. Get it of any dealer. The small bottle costs twenty-five cents, the large one the fifty cents. SYLVAN BEMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

W. N. U. D.—10-45.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

HEADACHE CURE GUARANTEED. Cures Headache, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Chest Shiloh's Powerful Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT. This Trade Mark is on the best. In the World! A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Croup, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Chest Shiloh's Powerful Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

How Old I Look, and not yet Thirty.

Many women fade early, simply because they do not take proper care of themselves. Whirled along in the excitement of a fast-living age, they overlook those minor ailments that, if checked in time, will rob them of health and beauty at the first symptom of vital weakness, use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The roses will return to your cheeks, sallow looks depart, spirits brighten, your step become firm, and back and headache will be known no more. Your appetite will gain, and the food nourish you.

All Druggists sell it, or send for it in form of a booklet on receipt of \$1.00. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM, MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.



A TIRED WOMAN. Just as much as a sick and ailing one, a tired woman needs a powerful restorative and a cure for her ailments. It is a powerful restorative and a cure for her ailments. It is a powerful restorative and a cure for her ailments.

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RIGGS,

THE
Bargain
SELLER

NO WAR PRICES!

This week we shall offer

Extraordinary Inducements.

COLD WEATHER IS FAST APPROACHING.

And good Warm Goods you will have to have and we are The People to buy of.

Overcoats

We can safely say we have the best assortment in Northville and cheapest prices as comparison will show.

See our Boy's Overcoats at \$2 and \$3; also our Mens' at \$5, 6.00, 7.00 and \$8. and the very finest from \$10 to 15.00. Have you seen our great \$10 Ulster? they are the finest made for the Money.

Suits

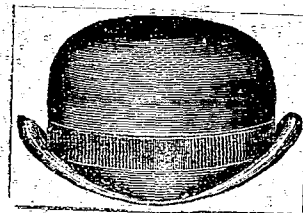
This week a Big Cut in Prices. See those New Suits we are selling for \$5, worth \$8 of any Man's money. Also those Suits for \$8.00 and 10.00 other dealers are asking 10.00 and 12.00 for.

Underwear and Shirts

Have you seen our Fine Fleece Lined Jersey Underwear, warm and perfect fitting; just the thing for those that can't wear wool. Examine them, they are great. Men's Fine Wool Underwear, 50c, 69c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.

We also have a fine line of Boy's Heavy Black Wool Hose and all-wool Underwear. Price exceedingly low.

SPECIAL - FOR - SATURDAY:



We have just purchased a Large Line of Sample Stiff Hats, and Gloves and Mittens direct from the Manufacturers; all New Styles, Shapes and Shades. We bought them at a tremendous discount and will place them on sale Saturday at 50 per cent reduction from regular prices.

Come in, look us over, compare our goods and prices with other dealers and see how we can save your dollars

Ed. L. RIGGS,

The Clothier.

Some Bargains!

I Still have Some Bargains to Offer in the way of

Men's, Ladies', Boy's and Child's

SHOES!

And can Save you money. Call and get our prices.

Try our Tea at 25, 30, 40 and 50c.

Try our Coffee at 25, 28, 30 & 32c.

C. J. BALL

Center Street.

Northville, Mich

The Northville Record.

EVERY THURSDAY.

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

OFFICE IN OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1892.

PERSONALS.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go.

Lou Van is again able to resume work.

A. E. Rockwell is expected home today.

L. H. Knisely spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.

D. D. Cady of Detroit was in town over Sunday.

A. L. VanDyne and wife spent the Sabbath at Wayne.

J. M. Ambler is in Wisconsin putting up church seating.

Willard Burns has been very sick, but is now recovering.

Mrs. Flora Sackett's father of Plymouth died Saturday.

Genl Supt. Clark paid a visit to his Alpena fish station this week.

Miss May Bovee spent Friday and Saturday with Ypsilanti friends.

Miss S. Cummings returned Tuesday from a week's visit among Leslie friends.

Misses Jennie Ballitt, Nellie Gilet, Emma Alexander were in Detroit Saturday.

Mr. H. C. Graham and Miss May Allen spent Sunday with friends in Highland.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Priest spent Sunday with the former's parents, H. Priest and family.

S. W. Kingsley, candidate for representative, was a caller at the Record office last week.

Mrs. Jacobus of So. Lyon is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Highland, for a week or so.

Miss Alice Beal was over at Ann Arbor this week to hear Bob Ingersoll's lecture on Shakespeare.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frank of Pontiac were guests of Mrs. L. L. Brooks and other relatives this week.

Mr. Kingman and wife of Saginaw Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ambler, West Main street.

A number of the Northville F. & A. M.'s went to Plymouth Tuesday to attend the funeral of Ira Platt.

C. P. Collins and M. F. Carleton, county candidates for sheriff and treasurer respectively, were Northville visitors Monday.

Lewis O. Hough, democratic nominee for state senator from the first district, was in the village the fore part of the week.

The Misses Howlett were at Ypsilanti this week attending the wedding of their brother. The ceremony took place last evening.

W. T. Ely was called to Chicago, last week by the death of Mrs. Capt. R. H. Owen at Oak Park. Mrs. Owen was a sister of Mrs. Ely.

Dell Hayes, a former resident, now with the Detroit Emery Wheel Co., was in town Monday, shaking hands with old acquaintances.

S. E. Cranson attended the "commencement" at Cleary's business college, Ypsilanti, this week. Sam is a graduate of this school.

R. H. Beal, the hustling salesman of the United States Furniture Co., of Chicago, Ill., finds time to drop in to say "hello" between trips.

J. George Webster and wife went over to Chelsea Sunday for a visit. Mr. Webster came back Monday but his wife will remain this week.

The Misses Alice and Jennie Wood of Detroit are spending a week or two among Northville friends. They were once residents of our village.

J. A. Harper and children are just back from an Iowa county visit. Mr. Harper says everything goes republican in that county this fall as usual.

Rev's W. T. Jaquess and P. R. Parrish were in Detroit Monday. The former attending the Presbytery and the latter the meeting of the ministers association.

Miss Lettie Johnson, stenographer at the Globe factory, attended "commencement" at Cleary's business college, Ypsilanti, this week. Miss Alice Beal filled her place.

Miss Jessie McKay, who has been visiting her brother and sister here for several weeks past, left for Toronto and Beaverton, where she will visit other relatives on her way home to Cambridge, Ont.

Among the guests at the Wayne Hotel, Detroit, the past week we notice the following from this vicinity: A. W. Wright and wife, Nov; N. H. Power, Farmington; W. J. Ely, B. F. Springer, Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hall, Mrs. W. Stoflet and Miss Nellie Hooper of Flat Rock spent last Saturday and Sunday with their sister, Miss M. A. Hooper. Mr. Hall is a prominent lumber dealer of Flat Rock. They were, like all visitors are, delighted with our beautiful village.

REED'S

BARGAIN STORE, NORTHVILLE, MICH

A Mammoth Stock

Ladies' and

Cloaks

Jackets

AND

Wraps



We Lead on Low Prices for Ladies', Misses', Children's and Gentleman's Boots or Shoes, the most complete line ever shown in Northville at prices that 'catch the people every time'. Large stock of New Dress Goods in any fabric you desire. Do you want Yarn for Hoods, Socks, Stockings or Mittens? We have it. Our prices are just what the people have been looking for.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS:

Regular 40c Tea - you get a pound for 25cts. 5 doz. Ladies Combination Under Suits at 71c a suit. 15 doz. regular 50ct Oil Window Shades go at 55c each. 20 doz. regular 10 cent hem stitch Ladies Handkerchiefs go at 5c each. 5 cases Ladies Rubbers 25c a pair. 25 doz. Fast Black Ladies Cotton Hose go at 3 pair for 25c. Did you get a pair of our Mens Sewed Congress Shoes at \$1.40, the Lace Shoe at \$1.27. Come and let us save you a Dollar.

A. W. REED.

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good - these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp - THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue and we will send you a lamp safely by express - your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE

A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5, and is the Best in the World for the price.

| For GENTLEMEN. | For LADIES. |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| \$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed. | \$3.00 Hand-Sewed. |
| \$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe. | \$2.50 Best Dongola. |
| \$3.50 Police and Farmer. | \$2.00 Calf and Dongola. |
| \$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe. | \$1.75 FOR MISSES. |
| \$2.25 Working-man's Shoe. | For BOYS & YOUTHS. |
| \$2.00 Goodwear Shoe. | \$2 & \$1.75 SCHOOL SHOES. |

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your foot-wear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.

CAUTION. On the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes, is stamped the name and address of W. L. Douglas. Beware of dealers who substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

FOR SALE BY
T. C. RICHARDSON.

Subscribe For
The Northville Record.

MILLER'S

MEAT MARKET.

FRESH MEATS.
SMOKED MEATS.
SALT MEATS.
OYSTERS.

F. A. Miller, Propr.

Highest market price for Hides & Pelts.

C. E. ROGERS

Supplies Customers

With Daily Strictly

PURE

FRESH MILK.

Womans Rights!



"Come and see our stove since Allen the stove man fixed it."

Every woman in Michigan has a right to have a whole stove to use, and she can have it by sending word to the stove man. He also repairs sewing machines, clothes wringers, pumps, tin soldering, caldron kettles - in fact anything that can be repaired by man.

Repairing Gasoline Stoves a Specialty.

G. P. ALLEN, Northville, Mich

M. N. JOHNSON & CO.

LIVERY,
FEED AND
BOARDING

STABLES.

Special attention taken to furnish the public with first-class turnouts at

MODERATE PRICES.

WANTED. A REPRESENTATIVE for our FAMILY TREASURY, the greatest book ever offered to the public.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT for both old and young. Our coupon system, which we use in selling this great work, enables each purchaser to get this book - FREE, so everyone purchases.

For his first week's work one agent's profit was \$168.00. Another \$136.00. A LADY has just cleared \$120.00 for her first week's work.

Write for particulars, and if you can begin at once send \$1.00 for outfit. We give you exclusive territory, and pay large commissions on the sales of sub-agents. Write at once for the agency for your county.

Address all communications to

RAND, McNALLY & CO. CHICAGO.

H. M. Dunlap has opened rooms in the Macomber building, where he is ready to give prompt attention to all patients desiring the

MASSAGE TREATMENT.

Mr. Dunlap has had long experience and has the highest testimonials of his skill from eminent people who have received treatment at his hands and derived marked benefit from it. Office hours from two o'clock until five, and from seven thirty until ten p.m. daily.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE.
In effect June 12, 1892.
Trains leave Northville as follows:

| STANDARD TIME | GOING SOUTH | GOING NORTH |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------|
| Train No. 2, 8:05 a. m. | Train No. 1, 8:35 a. m. | |
| " " " " 10:15 a. m. | " " " " 10:45 a. m. | |
| " " " " 12:15 p. m. | " " " " 12:45 p. m. | |
| " " " " 2:15 p. m. | " " " " 2:45 p. m. | |
| " " " " 4:15 p. m. | " " " " 4:45 p. m. | |
| " " " " 6:15 p. m. | " " " " 6:45 p. m. | |
| " " " " 8:15 p. m. | " " " " 8:45 p. m. | |
| " " " " 10:15 p. m. | " " " " 10:45 p. m. | |

Train No. 5 connects at Ludington with Steamer for Milwaukee, and Train No. 1 connects with Steamer for Manitowish (during season of navigation) making connections for all points West and North-west.

Sleeping cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.

Drawing Room Cars between Manistee, Saginaw and Detroit.

Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit in Union Depot for all points South, Canada and the East.

For further information see Time Card of this company.

W. H. BALDWIN, JR., Gen'l Manager.
W. F. POTTER, Gen'l Supt.
A. PATRICHIE, Traffic Manager.

General Offices, Saginaw, East Side, Mich.
H. E. Lake St., Northville, Mich.

Detroit Lansing And Northern Railroad.

The favorite line to Western and Northern Michigan.

| Local time table | | Sept. 11, | 1892. | |
|------------------|-------|-----------|-------|-------|
| Going West. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. | |
| Lv. Detroit | 7.50 | 10.45 | 5.15 | 11.05 |
| Beech | | 11.19 | 5.45 | 11.30 |
| Elm | | | | 12.00 |
| Stark | | 11.30 | 5.54 | 12.06 |
| Elmhurst | 8.20 | 11.40 | 6.03 | 12.13 |
| Salem | 8.42 | 11.58 | 6.16 | 12.35 |
| So. Lyon | 8.52 | 12.08 | 6.26 | 12.51 |
| Green Oak | | 12.17 | | |
| Brighton | 9.16 | 12.28 | 6.44 | 1.13 |
| Howell | 9.50 | 12.48 | 7.05 | 1.40 |
| Ar. Lansing | 10.45 | 1.30 | 8.15 | 2.30 |
| Going East. | | | P. M. | P. M. |
| Lv. Lansing | 2.50 | 9.00 | 1.00 | 7.55 |
| Howell | 4.30 | 10.05 | 2.10 | 8.55 |
| Brighton | 5.05 | 10.22 | 2.28 | 9.11 |
| Green Oak | 5.23 | 10.38 | 2.44 | |
| So. Lyon | 5.35 | | 2.51 | 9.24 |
| Salem | 5.55 | 11.03 | 3.01 | |
| Plymouth | 6.15 | | 3.11 | 9.44 |
| Stark | 6.26 | | 3.22 | |
| Elm | | | 3.26 | |
| Beech | .37 | | 3.29 | |
| Ar. Detroit | 7.30 | 11.50 | 4.05 | 10.35 |

WOLVERINE WHISPERS.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE TWO PENINSULAS.

A Despondent Young Man Suicides in a Peculiar Manner at Adrian—Typhoid Epidemic.

A Well-Clothed Wait.

A buggy was driven up in front of the residence of S. H. Opdyke, at Jackson, and after stopping a moment turned, and was rapidly driven away. A few minutes later one of the occupants of the house came in, and on the doorstep found a 2-months-old child and a valise containing a large and elegant wardrobe, including not only clothing made up but cloth for other clothing. In the basket with the child was this: "Take, the little darling, it is yours. It has no home." The letter is well written on fine paper, and there is every indication that the child came of wealthy parents. As yet no clue has been found. Mrs. Opdyke says she will keep it.

Suicided with His Necktie.

Andrew J. Schlemmer, an ex-postal clerk, committed suicide in his room at Adrian by putting a thin black necktie around his neck and fastening it to the upper door hinge. He lost his wife over a year ago and has been acting strangely ever since and was for a time considered crazy. For several days he had been busy assorting his papers and preparing for the deed. He was discovered by his mother before the body became cold but medical aid was unable to restore him. He had \$1,000 in insurance on his life and nearly as much more in the bank.

Child Burned to Death.

William Burns' bright little 4-year-old daughter Gertrude was playing with matches at her home on Crow Island, near Saginaw, when she set fire to her clothing. The little was alone in the house at the time, and in her terrible agony endeavored to fight the flames the best way she could, finally rushing outside screaming "fire" and running around in a circle. Neighbors came to her aid and extinguished the flames, but not before the child had received such injuries that she died in awful agony.

A Narrow Escape from Watery Graves.

The schooner Yonder, bound for Milwaukee, returned to Holland after a desperate struggle with northwest gale. The water washed over her bow and she was so listed that the water ran through her hatch and she was completely filled. Only the factory staves in the hold saved her from sinking. The crew suffered intensely, but were finally able to bring the water-tight boat into the harbor at Holland.

Person Arney Quits the Race Course.

Person Arney addressed an immense audience at the M. B. church at Three Rivers. He has decided to devote himself solely to the ministry in the future. His mother, who is the oldest member of this church and two married sisters are active members of the Three Rivers church. The person made many good hits in regard to the publicity given to his doings on the turf the past year.

Typhoid Epidemic at Ishpeming.

One hundred and twenty-eight cases of typhoid fever are authoritatively reported in the city of Ishpeming. Deaths are frequent. The system of sewerage now being put in has been the means of tearing up our streets all summer. The city is built on filled in swamps, and foul water and poisonous gases pervade the place. Severe cold weather is anxiously awaited to end the epidemic.

Round-House Burned.

Fire destroyed the Grand Rapids and Indiana round house and damaged two engines at Kalamazoo. A high wind fanned the flames, and for a time a serious conflagration was threatened by flying sparks. Loss, \$1,500.

Swindling Book Agents Have Placed Many Orders in Marquette.

The Lenawee county W. C. T. U. will hold a convention at Ridgeway, Nov. 16 and 17.

H. M. Chapman has moved his foundry and machine shop from Constantine to Marquette.

W. Lawrence has been appointed postmaster at Beatty, vice J. Rattenburg, resigned.

Poultry thieves are getting some big hauls about Dundee. One man lost 100 chickens in one night.

James F. Seely, of Ypsilanti, sold the timber on his farm, some two miles west of Milan, for \$2,000.

The Ypsilanti Savings Bank building was badly damaged by the storm. Part of the slate roof was blown off.

A. Grandall, of Corunna, is packing away 1,000 tons of baled hay in a warehouse recently erected for that purpose.

A man named Howe, working on a farm near Richfield was kicked in the head by a horse and had his skull fractured.

At a special school meeting Albion voted to make additions to its high school building to accommodate 200 scholars.

Two-year-old Willis Parsons, of Decatur, ate up a package of Paris green, but by prompt medical attendance the child's life was saved.

Dundee athletes, after hard struggle, ranked a building a gymnasium. After hiring a trainer, they started out by two boys breaking their arms.

A Minneapolis firm grew 900 acres of seed beans in Michigan this year.

Two hundred delegates, representing the National Woman's Home Missionary society were in session at Grand Rapids last week. They represented 76 conferences, with a membership of 50,000. The contributions for the last four years have aggregated \$347,715.35 cash and \$247,549 worth of supplies. The annual report of Mrs. A. R. Clark, of Cincinnati, the treasurer, showed the amount brought forward from last year, \$31,349.22; supplies, \$87,000; cash contributions, \$95,733.75; local works, \$87,049; total, \$1,137,132.97. Disbursements, \$124,056.37; on hand, \$3,076.60.

MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS.

A Marquette firm has sent a carload of beans to Kansas.

Standish Catholics dedicated a new \$4,000 church last week.

M. T. Crummins' \$2,000 shingle mill at Copenhagen was burned.

The big new tannery plant at Cheboygan is nearing completion and will soon be turning out 1,000 hides per day.

Near Benton Harbor trains were blocked for six hours by Lake Michigan sand blown on the track during the storm.

C. T. Geddes, of Adrian, will soon commence training horses for fancy driving—four-in-hand, tandem, etc.—for the World's Fair.

Fred Johnson, confined in the Marquette jail as an insane person, committed suicide by bumping his head against the stone wall.

William Warwick, of Marysville, wheelsman on the propeller Thomas R. Scott, was washed overboard and drowned at Sand Beach.

Mrs. Florence Hickman took an ounce of chloroform at Charlotte with the intention of departing from this vale of tears. She is still with us.

The question of whisky or no whisky is creating more excitement in the minds of voters of Middleville than is that of protection or free trade.

Manton & Kobe's planing mill at Manistee was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$11,000. There is no insurance except a small amount to protect mortgage.

Mrs. Peter Minch, of Ogden, has just given birth to her 17th child. She has had but one husband, and is 42 years old. But 10 children are now living.

The supreme court has decided that the injunction restraining the Ann Arbor company from building overhead electric wire system of street railways cannot stick.

Haskell & Burnett have closed down their fruit basket factory at Ludington. They manufactured 400,000 baskets during the season, and found a ready market for them all.

After April 1 next ex-Mayor Percy's new salt block at Ludington will turn out 800 barrels of salt daily, and have a pay roll of \$4,000 per month. Two new wells will be sunk.

Township and city clerks in Calhoun county are to receive 25 cents per 100 for cremating sparrows' heads and giving receipts for the same. Last year the work cost the county \$100.

Nicholas Vanderboer, aged 12, jumped on to a rapidly moving electric car at Grand Rapids. He was struck by the wheels and received injuries which will probably result fatally.

It cost Van Duren county \$23.10 the past fiscal year to pay the two-cent bounty on English sparrows bagged by its youthful nimrods, and the estimated amount required for the ensuing year is placed at \$800.

The German emperor, because he was angry at some sentiments stationed at the new palace, who failed to recognize the empress, has ordered that her portrait be hung in every barracks room in Germany.

The Bay City commission having in charge \$1,800 of fire relief funds are in quandary as to its disposition. Many want it to be given in aid of rebuilding the saw mill burned during the big fire on July 25, while others do not.

John Atkinson, of Alpena county, has a young plum orchard of 2,000 trees, and 500 pear and cherry trees, set out in 1890 and 1891. He has a soil composed partly of shale limestone, and the young trees do remarkably well on it.

While looking over the effects of the late Alonzo Betts, of Reading, his sister found in a memorandum book directions to look into an old shoe. She did so and in an old pair of overshoes she discovered \$1,200 in money, checks and notes.

Hillsdale county is all stirred up over the arrests, prospective and accomplished, of 25 alleged violators of the local option law. A law and order league composed of prominent citizens, with the aid of detectives, is responsible for the warrants.

Mrs. Bertha Titus, widow of James Titus, committed suicide at Kalamazoo, by shooting herself in the head with a revolver. She died instantly. She had been despondent since the death of her husband a year ago. She leaves two children at St. Joseph.

Three weeks ago John McLean left his home in Chase and went to Deer Lake to draw \$25 from the Grand Rapids & Indiana pay car. He got his money and has not since been seen. He has a wife and three children, and no cause for his disappearance is advanced except foul play.

Kent county will commence suit against the bondsmen of the Western construction company, of Detroit, to collect \$10,900, the difference between the contract price of her court house and the amount paid out by the county when she finished the building. The company threw up the job.

While out hunting Frank Debo, of Cheboygan, slipped on a log. His gun was discharged, the bullet going into the jaw and coming out near the top of his head, exposing the brain. Debo walked two miles and went 30 more by rail before the wound was dressed. It is expected that he will die.

Hon. G. McElroy, of St. Clair has had placed in his hands for sale an immense tract of land consisting of 324,000 acres, located in the county of Haliburton, Canada. He estimates that there are 325,000,000 feet of timber and 1,500,000 cords of wood upon the property. The land will be broken up into lots to suit purchasers.

Inmates of the state school for the blind must quit smoking—so says the authorities.

Reuben Skinner, the Plainfield farmer who struck his wife in the head with an ax, is working the insanity dodge.

S. W. Phillips, owner of the broom contract at the Jackson prison, has decided to move his workshop outside and employ free laborers. Mr. Phillips says that convict labor is discriminated against by buyers all over the country and that convicts waste 5 per cent of the material. There are 60 convicts on the broom contract at 55 cents a day each.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

NEWS OF GENERAL NATURE FROM MANY SOURCES.

Swedes of Chicago Celebrate the Discovery of America—American Locomotives Race—Items.

Eriksson Honored.

While all the rest of the world has been celebrating the achievements of Columbus the Norwegians of Chicago have been quietly making preparations to honor the memory of their countryman, Leif Eriksson, who they claim was the real discoverer of the new world in the year 1000. Therefore Norwegians crowded into Scandinavia Hall to listen to song and story and eulogy of their countryman. Many stories and dwellings in his honor. A street procession of Scandinavian societies preceded the meeting. D. B. Anderson, ex-United States minister to Denmark, delivered the chief oration. Consul Peter Svanoe and Prof. Gustav Storm, of Christiania, also spoke. At night there was another celebration, a grape eating festival in memory of Eriksson's legendary vineyard. Members of the association, which is having a \$3,000 painting of Eriksson made for the World's Fair, were present.

LOCOMOTIVES RACE.

Four Pennsylvania Railroad Engines Make Good Time—American Machines Best.

For the purpose of discovering what style of machine would be best adapted for hauling fast trains by the World's Fair next year, four locomotives of the Pennsylvania railroad recently raced a mile on the Jersey meadows, says a New York dispatch. The engines were from different parts of the system between New York and Pittsburgh. Each engine drew two passenger cars started from the terminal station in Jersey City.

"John Bull" English engines, had demonstrated their utility as drawers of heavy trains, but did not show up so well on speed for a mile, as they covered the distance in 63 and 65 seconds respectively.

The Schenectady engine did the mile in just 53 seconds, which is equal to 72 miles an hour. This was considered good time, but the Pennsylvania No. 340, made in her own shops, did better, doing the mile in 47 seconds.

Cannot Become an American Citizen.

An interesting decision touching the question of naturalization has been rendered in the city court of Albany, N. Y., on the application of San C. Po, a Burmese, to become a citizen of the United States. Judge Danaher in his decision holds that a native of Burmah, being neither a white alien nor an alien of African nativity or a person of African descent, cannot be naturalized and admitted to become a citizen of the United States.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Mrs. Christina Borden, of Lewistown, Ill., has just celebrated her 103d birthday anniversary.

Engineer Bruner was killed and a Negro fatally injured in a railroad wreck at Central City, Ky.

The Hawaiian cabinet has been ousted on a vote of want of confidence by the legislature which resulted 31 to 23.

The order of the Canadian government forbidding the importation of rags from Great Britain has been repealed.

The relics of the shrine of St. Anthony, left by the late Father Mollinger, of Pittsburg, will not be sold by his heirs.

Premier Canovas del Castell, of Spain, in his inaugural address said that arbitration was powerless to prevent war.

Lord Salisbury, replying to a correspondent, writes that the late government always contemplated the retention of Uganda.

Herbert Gardner, president of the English board of agriculture, has refused to repeal the prohibition against live cattle.

The unemployed workmen in Paris made a demonstration in the garden of the Tuilleries but were dispersed by the police.

Two printers, Bertis Goddard, of Terre Haute, Ind., and John Glasner, of St. Louis, Mo., were asphyxiated by escaping coal gas in their room at Chicago.

The steamer Britannia, from Boston, in ballast, struck off Cape Sable, N. S. Her passengers and crew were landed safely though with much difficulty.

David Dudley Field, the great constitutional and international lawyer of New York, has donated his entire library to the Washington and Lee university.

As a result of the quarrel between national and local officers of the World's Fair two sets of rules have been issued for the government of the exposition.

Norwegian residents of Chicago held a celebration to honor the memory of Leif Eriksson, who, Scandinavian historians claim, discovered America 800 years ago.

William Morris, the English socialist poet whose name has been prominently mentioned in connection with the poet laureateship, says that he decidedly desires the abolition of the office.

Mr. Charles E. Schwann, member of the house of commons for the north division of Manchester, will introduce a bill providing for the adoption in England of the American patent system.

Fifty persons were injured by a fall of fifty feet into the Cumberland river at Pineville, Ky., caused by the collapse of the false work of a new bridge.

At Temple, Tex., a Negro went into the room of a lady and attempted to assault her, but she gave the alarm and he fled. He was afterward captured and shot to death by the lady's relatives.

The English war office has in its possession accurate designs of a new French machine gun of terrific power which French gunners calculate will be able to bombard Dover from Calais, and also designs for a light railway to shift the gun along the coast.

BIG GRAIN BLOCKADE.

Scarcity of Freight Cars Already Apparent—Shippers Becoming Desperate.

There are 10,000 loaded grain cars in Chicago and there is absolutely no place to unload them. Every elevator is crammed to the eaves, few of the shippers are inclined to pay the rail rate, and a majority of the boats do not care to take grain at any price. The reason for the lack of lake transportation is that every elevator from Toledo to Buffalo seems to be as full as those in Chicago.

Some of the shippers are compelled to hurry their grain forward, but even by rail they meet stumbling blocks. One prominent road refused 250 cars of grain because the shipper wanted it routed over a trunk line from which no guarantee could be obtained of prompt return of cars.

Eastbound lines from Chicago are beginning to hoard their cars as a miser does his gold. If they took every car of the traffic offered they might easily see the time in a few weeks when the cars would be used as storage warehouses on the trunk line side track.

Exactly this state of affairs is coming about in a less degree on western roads. In spite of their best attempts cars are being piled up in Chicago at a rate which will soon make the blockade of last year a very insignificant affair.

Stevenson's Letter.

Adlai E. Stevenson has made public his letter accepting the Democratic nomination for vice-president. He unqualifiedly indorses the position which Grover Cleveland took in his recent letter and then treats briefly of the tariff, money and southern elections questions.

On the tariff he says he is in full and hearty accord with the national platform, which demands the reform of this system and the adoption in its place of one which will insure equality to all our people.

To the money plank he subscribes "without reservation or qualification" and the alleged force bill he says is inspired by "a policy which tends to destroy popular representation and the purity of local self government."

New Leader of the U. S. Marine Band.

Professor Fanciulli, of New York, has been notified that he had been appointed leader of the band of the United States Marine Corps at Washington, to succeed John Philip Sousa.

The new bandmaster is an Italian, having been born in Tuscany and educated in the conservatory of music at Florence. He conducted the opera for several seasons in Florence, and 15 years ago accepted an offer to accompany an American family to the United States, where he has since resided.

During his residence in this country Mr. Fanciulli has written quite a number of original compositions, among them the grand opera "Prisilla," and a comic opera, "The Sultan, or the Lily of the Mountain."

10 Vessels and 22 Lives Lost.

The bark Selina, owned by McKay & Dicks, of New York, 46 days out from Philadelphia, for Greenland put in at St. Johns, N. B., short of water.

She got to the mouth of the Omoata river in Greenland, eight miles from her destination, four times, and each time was driven back by contrary winds. Details arriving daily show that the gale was severe.

The coast was devastated and 10 vessels are either lost or missing and 23 lives were lost. At Green's Pond the sea unearthed the bodies in two graveyards and they were broken to pieces on the Grand Banks.

One Day's Fatalities.

Three fatal accidents, by which five lives were lost, occurred at Alton, Ill., in one day. Train No. 4, of the Chicago & Alton railway, struck a section hand named John Addison, instantly killing him, cutting off his head. Three colored men from Memphis, whose names are unknown, went into a caisson of the Bellefontaine bridge, and not understanding the air-tight door, were smothered to death. Patrick O'Neil city contractor for street cleaning, was run over by a train and died of his injuries.

The Oldest Trotting Horse Dead.

Prince, said to be the oldest trotting horse in the United States, having been foaled in the spring of 1867 in Kentucky, died on the farm of M. H. Seibert, near Sedalia, Mo. In his day he was a celebrated roadster with a record of 2:30. Seven years ago he was turned out to pasture but ever since then he has received as much care and attention as in the days when he was the wonder of central Missouri.

A New Building for the World's Fair.

At a meeting of the World's Fair board of control, Director of Works Burnham was instructed to draw up plans for a \$150,000 educational building with 150,000 square feet of space. A special meeting of the board of directors will be called to consider the matter.

Emperor William will open the reichstag Nov. 22.

The prince of Wales will probably attend the World's Fair.

Colliery Junction, Pa., was wiped out by fire. Loss, \$50,000.

Two of Columbus' lineal descendants will attend the World's Fair.

Bismarck will not participate in the coming session of the reichstag.

Fires on two steamers lying at Galveston, Texas, destroyed 3,000 bales of cotton.

Fifty of the Reading collieries have shut down on account of a freight blockade.

Capital has been subscribed for an inter-oceanic road from Pueblo to Acapulco.

Ex-United States Consul Ryder to Copenhagen has been convicted of fraud and perjury.

Eight persons residing in the vicinity of Reading, Pa., have disappeared during the past week.

Marble, equal to the finest Italian grade, has been discovered on government land in Idaho.

Fire destroyed \$150,000 worth of property in St. Johnsburg, Vt. Two persons were cremated.

Germany claims to possess a composition that has far greater power of resistance than steel. It will be used for vessel armament.

A \$10,000,000 BLAZE.

CITY OF MILWAUKEE SUFFERS A SEVERE SCORCHING.

The Center of the City Laid in Ashes by the Fire Flood, Aided by a Fearful Wind—Six Lives Lost.

The Cream City—Milwaukee—has been visited by the greatest conflagration in the north-west since the famous and memorable Chicago fire. An entire section of the city of over one square mile in area is now in ashes.

The fire commenced in the establishment of the Union Oil company, at 265 East Water street. The fire was burning fiercely when the city department reached the scene. Owing to the hurricane that was blowing at 40 miles an hour the men were almost unable to do anything and for any practical results might as well have done nothing.

From East Water street, where the blaze started, the path of the fire was the path of an immense V, the connecting point of the two bars being in the oil establishment, while one line extended directly east to the lake, the other running to the lake in a southerly direction.

Through immense factories from four to seven stories high, which were supposed to be fireproof, the flames spread with as much ease as through the frame cottages which they attacked further east.

After wiping out the factories and wholesale establishments the fire found easy prey in the scores of blocks filled with frame houses which extends east of Milwaukee street. From these the flames leaped to the freight houses of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western.

These caught on the southern end and in a moment were ablaze along their whole length, over two blocks. Advancing were the freight trains of the various railroads as well as of the Chicago & Northwestern. These yards were filled with hundreds of loaded cars, all of which were quickly consumed.

Then followed the destruction of the gas works and the explosion of the three big storehouses. This with the cutting off of electric wires by the fire left the larger portion of the city in darkness, or what would have been darkness but for the brilliant glare of the demon flames. Over 300 dwellings of poor families were destroyed and they were obliged to spend the night in the best shelter they could find.

During the course of the fire a number of barns and large livery stables were burned. These were filled with horses, which were liberated by the police. The horses ran wildly about the streets, and before they could be caught a number of persons were run down and badly injured. The wires of the electric street railways were down and the telephone company's system prostrated.

The firemen exhausted their efforts and battled manfully, but it was impossible to get mastery of the fire flood which rode on with the violent winds almost directly east, lapping up block after block in such an alarming succession that all efforts of the fire department were almost futile. Telegrams were quickly dispatched to Chicago, Racine and nearer cities for aid, all of which responded promptly, bringing fire engines and men to assist in the dire calamity, but all effort was without avail and the fire only ceased when it had reached its limit of combustibles, at the edge of the lake. The loss is placed at about \$10,000,000. The poor families who lost everything were the worst sufferers.

Just how many lives were lost is not known, but the captain of the life saving station reported that four of his men had been buried beneath a falling wall on Broadway as they were going along the street in the endeavor to lend assistance. Another fireman is known to have been killed and a woman was suffocated to death.

Suffering for Water in Pennsylvania.

The drought, water scarcity and mountain fires have all contributed to a very general alarm which is felt throughout the eastern section of Pennsylvania. This is not solely the usual statement that the water supply is very meager, but now as never before in the Lebanon and Schuylkill valleys there is an actual and impending water famine, a serious condition of things never known of before. In the country districts hundreds of wells are dry in every township and farmers have to go to great distances for the water. The fields which were plowed and sown a month ago are baked hard and dry. The once productive fields seem to be covered with nothing but barren dust and in many instances the seed sown early in September has refused to develop, while farmers are plowing the ground over again.

A Female Fire Eater.

Miss Cozens, a noted female suffragist, speaking in London at a meeting of the Women's Emancipation Union, said that women should not go on talking until the crack of doom without getting redress for the injustices under which they suffer. The time had come for them to do something desperate. Woman, she declared, had dynamite at her disposal. This statement was greeted with applause. When subsequently questioned if she was serious in her reference to the use of dynamite, Miss Cozens replied that she was if other means failed.

Chynskil the Victor.

In the amphitheatre of the Coney Island Athletic club, New York, "Joe" Chynskil, of California, knocked out George Godfrey, of Boston, in 15 rounds. The crowd was too large for comfort and standing room only was to be had by the time the first bout began. Peter Jackson came in just before the bout, and his reception was most hearty.

Prairie fires are prevalent in Benton county, Minn., along the line of the Great Northern.

The secret service division has discovered a counterfeit of the new issue of the \$2 silver certificate, series 1886, check letter B, 2223. W. S. Rosecrans, register, Jas. W. Hyatt, treasurer.

A large portion of the village of Ste. Anne De Beupre, Quebec, was destroyed by fire. The fire extended from the church to the wharf and in a very short time 15 houses were reduced to ashes, the church and a large new hotel being the only buildings left standing.

CANADA IS TO BLAME.

For the Failure of a Wrecking Treaty Between the Two Countries.

Inquiry was made at the department of state at Washington relative to a statement made in Ottawa that the negotiations between the United States and the Canadian government touching the issue of proclamations providing for reciprocity in wrecking and towing in waters contiguous to each country had so far come to naught and implying that the United States government was to blame. It is learned that the United States government has been ready for a long time past to issue the proclamation, but that the delay has been caused by the failure of the Canadian legislature to act as required in the matter. At least, if any such action has been taken, the department of state here is not officially advised, and so cannot proceed further in the matter.

U. S. Consul Smith in Danger.

Since the police guard has been withdrawn from the United States consulate at Three Rivers, Que., the family of Col. Smith are harassed in various ways when they appear on the street and they fear for their lives. His two daughters were insulted by having potato skins and other rubbish flung out upon them from lanes and alleys by young French Canadians of both sexes.

Horace Greeley Smith, the vice consul's son, was also accosted in the post-office lobby by a number of Frenchmen and insulted and roughly treated, personal violence being offered him.

Col. Smith is confined to his bed, threatened with an attack of pneumonia which has developed from the severe cold he caught the night his windows were broken by some irate Frenchmen, because of the colonel's sanitary report of the city. The demand for the colonel's recall is being pressed.

English Liberals Enraptured.

London cable: Under the insistent admonitions of Sir Andrew Clark, his physician, Gladstone has decided to limit his presence in the house of commons during the coming session. He will attend the sittings only on the days when important measures are under consideration. His deputy in the general leadership of the house will be Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the chancellor of the exchequer.

As there are authentic reports that the eye malady which Sir William is a sufferer from is growing worse, the Liberals are disturbed at the prospect of a disorganized leadership. Mr. Gladstone had a conference with the chief whip of the Liberal party regarding the event of Sir William becoming incapacitated.

Hundreds Starving in London.

London cable: Ireland is not the only part of the British dominions where distress prevails. It is calculated that about 100,000 people in London are at this moment in want of the necessities of life. Steps are already being taken by charitable individuals and associations to minimize the suffering as much as possible during the coming winter. But the task seems to be too great for charity, and it is feared that the poor of London will see one of the most miserable of Christmases. People are offering to work for almost any wages, and able-bodied men may be had for 13 hours a day at 10 shillings, or about \$2.50 a week.

Battle of the Giants.

Mike Queenan, the stock yard giant of Chicago, knocked out Dick Graham, of Brooklyn, in four rounds at Peoria, Ill. The men are giants, Queenan being 6 ft. 2 in. and his opponent two inches taller.</

"KEEPING COMPANY."

Sweet homey phrase, so often spoke
Among the kindly country folk
When youthful love they smile to see—
"These two are 'keeping company.'"

In fuller and in higher sense,
Through years of rich experience,
Dear love, 'tis true of you and me—
We've kept each other company.

In joy we sought each other's eyes
To share the gladness and surprise.
In pain, it's true, we clung together still,
Our hearts have clung together still.

In absence—word with anguish fraught—
We have kept company in thought,
And learned that leagues of distance may
Serve but to spur love on its way.

In death—'tis true with bated breath
Before the mystery of death:
Yet love is great! I seem to know
That where thou goest I shall go;
And in God's great eternity
Our souls shall still keep company.
—Philadelphia Times.

THROWN AWAY.

To rear a boy under what parents call the "sheltered life system" is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles and may possibly come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of his proper proportion of things.

There was a boy once who had been brought up under the "sheltered life" theory, and it killed him dead. He stayed with his people all his days from the hour he was born to the hour he went into Sandhurst, nearly at the top of the list.

Then there was an interval and a scene with his people, who expected much from him. Not a year of living, unspoiled from the world in a third-rate depot battalion, where all the seniors were children and all the seniors' old women, and lastly he came out to India, where he was cut off from the support of his parents and had to go to the top of the list in time of trouble except himself.

Now, India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously—the midday sun always excepted.

But this boy—the tale is as old as the hills—came out and took all things seriously. He was pretty and was petted. He took the pettings seriously and fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon. He found his new life in India very good. It does look attractive in the beginning from a suburban point of view—all ponies, partners, dancing and so on.

He quarreled with other boys and being sensitive to the marrow, remembered these quarrels and they excited him. He found what and gymnastics and things of that kind (meant to amuse one after office) good, but he took them seriously, too just as he took the "head" that followed after drink. He lost his money over what and gymnastics because they were new to him.

This unbridled license in amusements not worth the trouble of breaking line for much less rotting over endured for six months—all through one cold weather—and then he thought that the heat and the knowledge of having lost his money and health and lamed his horses would sober The Boy down and he would stand steady. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would have happened.

His colonel talked to him severely when the cold weather ended. That made him more wretched than ever, and it was only an ordinary "colonel's wiggling."

What follows is a curious instance of the fashion in which we are all linked together and made responsible for one another. The thing that kicked the beam in The Boy's mind was a remark that a woman made when he was talking to her. There is no use in repeating it for it was only a cruel little sentence, rapped out before thinking that made him flush to the roots of his hair. He kept himself to himself for three days and then put in for two days' leave to go shooting near a Canal Engineer's Rest house about thirty miles out. He got his leave and that night at mass was noisier and more offensive than ever. He said he was "going to shoot big game," and left at 10:30 o'clock in an ekka. Partridge was the only thing a man could get near the Rest house—is not big game, so every one laughed.

Next morning one of the majors came in from short leave, and heard that The Boy had gone out to shoot "big game." The major had taken an interest in The Boy, and had more than once tried to check him in the cold weather. The major put up his eyebrows when he heard of the expedition and went to The Boy's room, where he rummaged.

Presently he came out and found me leaving cards on the mesa. There was no one else in the ante-room.

He said: "The Boy has gone out shooting. Does a man shoot tetr with a revolver and a writing case?"

I said: "Non-sense, major!" for I saw what was in his mind.

He said: "Non-sense or no nonsense, I'm going to the canal now—at once. I don't feel easy."

Then he thought for a minute and said: "Can you lie?"

"You know best," I answered. "It's my profession."

"Very well," said the major, "you must come out with me now—at once—in an ekka to the canal to shoot black-back. Go and put on shikhar, quick, and drive here with a gun."

He dismissed the driver and drove himself. We jogged along quietly while in the station, but as soon as we got to the dusty road across the plains he made that pony fly. A country-bred can do nearly anything at a pinch. We covered the

thirty miles in under three hours but the poor brute was nearly dead.

Once I said: "What's the blazing hurry, major?"

He said quietly: "The Boy has been alone by himself for—oh, two, five—fourteen hours now! I tell you, I don't feel easy."

When we came to the Canal Engineer's Rest House the major called for the boy's servant but there was no answer. Then we went up to the house, calling for the boy by name, there was no answer.

"Oh, he's out shooting," said I.

Just then I saw through one of the windows a little hurricane lamp burning. This was at four in the afternoon. We both stopped dead in the veranda, holding our breath to catch every sound, and we heard inside the room the "err—err—err" of a multitude of flies. The major said nothing, but he took off his helmet and we entered very softly.

The Boy was dead on the charpoy in the center of the room, his head nearly to pieces with his revolver. The gun cases were still strapped so was the bedding and on the table lay The Boy's writing case with photographs. He had gone away to die like a poisoned rat.

The major said to himself softly: "Poor boy. Poor poor devil!" Then he turned away from the bed and said: "I want your help in this business."

The Boy must have spent half the night in writing to his people and to his colonel and to a girl at home, and as soon as he had finished must have shot himself, for he had been dead a long time when we came in.

I read all the letters and passed over each sheet to the major as I finished it.

We saw from his accounts how very seriously he had taken everything. He wrote about "disgrace," which he was unable to bear—"indecent shame"—"criminal folly"—"wasted life." And so on, besides a lot of private things to his father and mother much too sacred to put into print. The letter to the girl at home was the most pitiful of all, and I choked as I read it.

It was utterly impossible to let the letters go home. They would have broken his father's heart and killed his mother after killing her belief in her son.

At last the major dried his eyes openly and said: "Nice sort of thing to spring on an English family! What shall we do?"

I said, knowing what the major had brought me out for: "The Boy died of cholera. We were with him at the time. We can't commit ourselves to half measures. Come along."

Then began one of the most grimly comic scenes I have ever taken part in—the concoction of a big written lie, bolstered with evidence to spoof The Boy's people at home. I began the rough draft of a letter, the major throwing in bits here and there while he gathered up all the stuff The Boy had written and burnt in the fireplace. In due course I got the draft to my satisfaction, setting forth how The Boy was the pattern of all virtues, beloved by his regiment with every promise of a great career before him and so on; how he had helped him through the sickness—it was no time for little lies you understand—and how he had died without pain. I choked while I was putting down these things and thinking of the poor people who would read them. Then I laughed at the grotesqueness of the affair, and the laughter mixed itself up with the chokes—and the major said that we both wanted drinks.

I am afraid to say how much whisky we drank before the letter was finished. It had not the least effect on us. Then we took off The Boy's watch, locket and rings.

Lastly, the major said: "We must send a lock of hair, too. A woman values that."

But there were reasons why we could not find a lock to send. The Boy was black-haired, and so was the major, luckily. I cut off a piece of the Major's hair above the temple with a knife and put into the packet we were making. The laughing fit had to stop. The major was nearly as bad, and we both knew that the worst part of the work was to come.

We sealed up the packet, photographs, locket, seals, rings, letter and lock of hair with the boy's seal, wax and the boy's seal.

Then the major said: "For God's sake let's get outside—away from the room—and think."

It took us four hours' hard work to make the grave. As we worked we argued out whether it was right to say as much as we remembered of the Burial of the Dead. We compromised things by saying the Lord's Prayer with a private and social prayer for the peace of the soul of The Boy. Then we filled in the grave and went into the veranda—not the house—to lie down to sleep. We were dead tired.

When we awoke the major said wearily: "We can't go back till tomorrow. We must give him a decent time to die in. He died early this morning—remember. That seems more natural." So the major must have been lying awake all the time, thinking.

I said: "Then why didn't we bring the body back to cantonments?"

The major thought for a minute: "Because the people boiled when they heard of the cholera. And the ekka has gone!"

That was strictly true. We had forgotten all about the ekka pony, and he had gone home.

So we were left there all alone, all that stifling day, in the Canal Rest house, testing and retesting our story of The Boy's Death, to see if it was weak in any point.

As soon as the moon was up, and The Boy, theoretically just buried, we struck across country for the sta-

tion. We walked from 8 till 6 o'clock in the morning, but though we were dead tired we did not forget to go to The Boy's rooms and put away his revolver with the proper amount of cartridges in the pouch. Also to set his writing case on the table. We found the colonel and reported the death, feeling more like murderers than e'er. Then we went to bed and slept the clock round for there was no more in us.

The tale had credence as long as was necessary, for everyone forgot about The Boy before a fortnight was over. Many people, however, have found time to say that the major had behaved scandalously in not bringing in the body for a regimental funeral. The saddest thing of all was the letter from The Boy's mother to the major and me—with big ink blisters all over the sheet. She wrote the sweetest, possible things about our great kindness and the obligation she would be under to us as long as she lived.

All things considered, she was under an obligation, but not exactly as she meant—Rudyard Kipling in Cincinnati Times-Star.

WOOL CARDING.

Improvements in the Process in the Last Thirty Years.

Though the system of American wool carding has not changed since 1860, great improvements have been made in the character of the machinery used.

In 1860 most of the carding machines were mounted on wooden frames and were of small size, the main cylinders being forty inches wide and forty-two inches in diameter, while the new machines are made with iron frames with the main cylinder not less than forty-eight inches in width and diameter, and not infrequently sixty inches in width and forty-eight, fifty-four or sixty inches in diameter. The tendency is still to larger machines.

During the civil war a few iron doffers and strippers began to be made after which the workers were made of iron, to be followed by iron chain cylinders. The consequence of these changes has been not only larger but heavier machines. A set of machines formerly weighed about 100 pounds, now the weight is double that.

More positive work is now put into them. The tops of the iron frames are planed and the arches are planed and nicely adjusted to the wooden frames. Worsted carding machinery is now largely built in this country. The worsted card of the best quality consists of what is termed a breast having several workers on it and two main cylinders and two large doffers. Sometimes instead of a breast large flickers are used, agreeable to the opinion of some manufacturers who believe that they are more efficacious in cleaning stock.

The process of carding, since 1860 is much improved in the way of condensing the roving or roving as it leaves the finisher card. Tubes are now entirely out of date, and oscillating rubber rollers or aprons, or the two in combination have taken their place. The stock is now removed from the doffer by a noiseless doffer comb capable of running at a high speed instead of being done by a comparatively slow-moving comb operated by a crank and piston attached to what was termed a quick arbor.

The mechanism for self-feeding on the first breaker was wholly unknown in 1860. The progress that has been made within this period has been very marked, not only in the carding, but in the spinning process. Perfection of movements, automatically effected is constantly the aim of machine builders.

THE DOG WENT.

Mutual Tolerance to Save Their Mutual Feelings.

When a candidate for the Académie de Musset went to pay the customary visit to an influential "immortal," whose chateau was in the environs of Paris. At the moment that the port rang at the gate an ignoble whelp of incalculable ugliness covered with mud, rushed to meet him with jarring bark and jawed upon him to the detriment of the poet's new pantheons. Disgusted as De Musset was it would have been perilous to drive off the immortal's faithful dog, so he was compelled to let the frightful animal lick his hands, cover him with caresses and dirt and precede him to the drawing-room. A moment later the academicien entered. De Musset noticed his embarrassment, at which he was not surprised, considering the behavior of the animal. They adjourned to the dining-room, followed by the dog which, after giving vent to his delight by various gambols and barks, placed two muddy paws on the cloth, seized the wing of a cold chicken, and began contentedly to devour it. That's the most abominable brute I ever heard of," thought De Musset, and continued aloud: "You are fond of dogs, I see." "and of dogs!" echoed the "immortal." "I hate dogs." "But this animal here?" "I have tolerated the beast only because it is yours, sir." "Mine?" said De Musset. "I thought it was yours which alone prevented me from killing it." The two men roared with laughter. De Musset had made a friend. The dog was speedily ejected.

A Far-Sighted Young Man.

Shippin Clarke—Why do you give such expensive jewelry to your fiancée?

Cashin Hand—I do it from economical motives.

Shippin Clarke—How's that?

Cashin Hand—If I spent money on theatres, oyster suppers, candy and the like it would be sunk capital; but after we are married, I shall be able to raise money on that jewelry. See?—Puck.

The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Enna, who happened to be writing a note for her uncle at a side table, neither turned nor spoke. For a minute or two she sat as if changed to marble, then she finished the note and addressed it and chatted for a minute or two with her uncle; then she left the room, and was seen no more till late in the car. The same evening Roden happened to light on the newspaper and saw the paragraph.

Three days later Enna received an enclosure from Mrs. Bosworth bearing the Paris postmark. Inside it was gummed a newspaper cutting similar in purport to the notice in the Times, under which, in Darvill's writing, were the following lines: "You probably know already all that the enclosed will tell you; if not, it will serve to break the news. I must ask you to suspend your judgment till we meet. I need hardly say that I am most anxious to see you. I hope to be in London in the course of a few days, when I will at once write your uncle and inform him when he (and you) may expect me at Sandycroft. In heart years as ever, V. D."

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Darvill arrives at Sandycroft.

Colonel Bernage, dressed for dinner, was standing with his back to the drawing-room fire, waiting for the rest of the party, none of whom had yet made their appearance. Although the day had been warm and sunny, the spring was not yet sufficiently advanced to allow of fires being dispensed with. As it happened, Alva Bernage was at this time from home. Three days before he had set out on one of his periodical journeys starting after dark with his pointer in the tumbler, and presumably judging by the length of his previous absence, he would not be back for a week or ten days to come. Among the servants it was sometimes remarked that a "queer" lad it was on Mr. Alva's part always to travel by night—just like a commercial traveler, you know, or a man who had no time during the day to call his own.

The colonel had just looked at his watch when the door opened and Roden Bosworth entered.

"Well, Roddy, and how's the picture getting on?" inquired the colonel pleasantly, as he moved an inch or two further from the fire.

"Only slowly, sir, but perhaps it will be none the worse in the end on that account. Sometimes when I'm in a dissatisfied mood, I point out a morning's work in two or three minutes, and then it has all to be done over again."

"It seems a pity you didn't get it finished in time for one of the spring exhibitions," said the colonel.

"This was out of the question, sir, but let us hope it will lose nothing by the delay. In any case, it will be in time for next year." Then, after a momentary pause, "You expected Captain Darvill to-day, sir, did you not?"

Roden, from his eyrie in the tower, had seen the captain arrive, but he wanted certain information, and it seemed to him that the only way to get it was by asking a leading question.

"Darvill's here; arrived an hour ago, bringing with him a very splendid tiger skin. Shot the brute himself, so he says. I remember that on one occasion—but tut-tut—if I've told that story once I've told it twenty times."

"I saw the announcement of Captain Darvill's marriage a little while ago. I presume that he has brought his wife with him to Sandycroft as well as the tiger skin."

The colonel laughed. "Well, no, that's not what he hasn't done. It seems that they had a very bad passage across Channel and that Mrs. Darvill prefers resting for a few days before going anywhere."

Roden had gotten the information he desired.

Again the door opened, this time to admit Ivor Penleath.

He was four years older than his sister. Like her, he had black hair and eyes, but there the likeness ended. Instead of being tall he was rather under the medium height, but his frame was well knit and muscular. His dark olive complexion, his glittering black eyes, his thin, curved nostrils and his small but carefully curled mustache, caused many people at first sight to take him for a Spaniard, or an Italian and that there was a strain of passionate Southern blood in his veins though it might be in the third or fourth degree even those who knew him best were most inclined to believe. Ivor Penleath was one of those men who neither forget nor forgive a slight, much less an injury, real or fancied.

"Well," said his uncle to him, "have you finished packing and got everything ready for a start?"

"There was really very little to pack. All my heavy trunks will be sent from my den in town direct to Liverpool. Such things as I have with me here are all in readiness."

"It is to be hoped that both you and Seniac will be able to give a good account of yourselves on your return. By the way, have you seen the tiger-skin Darvill has been good enough to bring me?"

"Yes I have seen it," said Ivor slowly.

"I don't think I ever saw a finer one. Must have been an enormous brute."

"Does Darvill say that he shot the tiger himself?"

"Certainly. He would hardly think of bringing me a pet that had been shot by somebody else. But why do you ask?"

"For no reason in particular except that one year, when we were together in the north, he gave me the impres-

sion of being rather a chancy sort of hand with a gun. I recollect that he peppered one of the keepers rather severely."

"The colonel's brow contracted for a moment. Had his nephew's words brought to his recollection a certain incident of his own younger days which he gladly would have forgotten but could not?"

"In that case," he said dryly, "it is only charitable to assume that he has improved in his shooting between then and now. Ah! here he is."

Vivian Darvill came slowly forward, twisting a finger round his watch-guard and smiling one of his facile but pleasant smiles. Before he was well inside the door his keen glance had swept the room. He seemed to breathe more freely. Enna was not there. It was well. It would give him a chance of pulling himself together and of feeling his way with these others before the crucial moment came.

"I was beginning to fear that our pure country air had had the effect of a soporific, and had soothed you to sleep," began the colonel. "You and Mrs. Asplin have met already to-day. This is my graceless nephew, Ivor Penleath. How many years you and he have been acquaintances best known to yourselves. This is my young friend Roden Bosworth, whose name I feel sure will one day be far more widely known than it is now. Roden, you have often heard us speak of Captain Darvill. And now we are only waiting for Enna to be a complete."

Captain Darvill was a tall, broad-chested, fair-complected man, with steel-gray eyes and a tawny mustache. Few people would have disputed his right to be considered eminently good-looking. He had an imperturbable temper, together with a genial cheery manner, the result of careful cultivation and on the possession of which he secretly prided himself. He was usually a great favorite with very young men, but scarcely so much so, perhaps, with those of his own age, or his seniors. In conversation with ladies he puts on a softly deferential and semi-courteous manner, which many of them seemed to find singularly fascinating, while to others it was exactly the reverse.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Bosworth," he said, as he took in Roden smilingly from head to foot. "Although I have not known you personally before, I have by reputation. Mrs. Darvill is dying to have her portrait painted. You and I must have a talk together later on. He had not forgotten that Roden's mother was one of the witnesses to his Scotch marriage."

"And so you're going to leave us old boys in the course of an hour or two," he went on as he turned to Ivor. "Awfully sorry to hear it."

"I'm about to leave England, if that's what you mean," responded Ivor, in his childlike tones, "though why that fact should be a source of sorrow to you I fail to perceive."

"Oh, come, Penleath, you take a fellow up too sharp, really. I was in hopes, now I've come back, and shall have plenty of time on my hands that you and I would see a good deal of each other—eh?"

"It was kind of you to think of me, at all."

"Oh, I'm not one of those fellows who forget old friends. Out of sight, out of mind, was never my motto. As some poet has said: 'Though distance may divide us, it cannot sever us.'"

But Ivor had turned his back on him and was crossing to where Mrs. Asplin was sitting, with her hands loosely folded on her lap.

Darvill looked after him with his set imperturbable smile and drew one end of his mustache through his finger and thumb. "A queer fellow, Penleath," he remarked in an aside to Roden. "But a fine heart and a splendid disposition when you come to know him, only you want to know him first, you know."

"At this moment the dinner gong sounded through the house. With the first stroke Miss Penleath entered the room. Her dress was of dead black silk profusely trimmed with jet. She wore a necklace and bracelets of malachite and coral set in a digress work of dull gold. The heavy coils of her hair were shot through and held in place by two arrows of gold feathered with emeralds. Her face was perfectly colorless except for the rich carmine of her lips, her clear ivory-like pallor being accentuated by the intense blackness of her eyes, with her somewhat heavy brows drawn closer over them than usual, in which glowed a sombre, intense fire such as no one there had ever seen in them before. Roden stared at her in astonishment; for the first time in his life it dawned upon him that there might be potentialities about this girl, the sweet, familiar side of whose character was all he had hitherto known as to which as yet he was an utter stranger. Darvill started and drew in his breath as if he were gazing on an apparition. It seemed impossible that the clinging, timorous, blushing girl he remembered so well, who looked as if made for nothing but love and kisses, could have developed into this stately, ice-cold goddess more beautiful than anything he had conceived of her in his dreams. There must be witchcraft in the air. Fool idiot that he had been to barter away this precious jewel, whose rarity had only this moment been made clear to him! He stood like one spellbound.

"I was beginning to think that some demon or hobgoblin had spirited you away," said the colonel smilingly so his niece. "Here's Darvill, who is dying to see you (though he hasn't said so, I'll give him the benefit of the doubt). You and he need to be good friends years ago, though for the life of me I can't call to mind when and where it was that you met last."

"It was in Edinburgh that we met last, was it not, Captain Darvill?"

said Enna, in distinct, compressed tones, her large, glowing orbs fixed full on his face.

He advanced a pace or two and put out his hand, which she just permitted the tips of her fingers to rest on for a moment. His face was as colorless as hers—even his lips had faded to a bluish-gray tint like those of a man at the point of death.

"Your memory serves you well, Miss Penleath. It was in Edinburgh that I had the pleasure of meeting you last." He scarcely seemed conscious of what he was saying.

"But many things have happened since then. Captain Darvill, have there not?—your marriage, for instance?" Then she looked round the room. "But I do not see Mrs. Darvill."

"That is a pleasure which at present is denied us," interposed the colonel. "Mrs. Darvill is somewhat indisposed by her journey, but Sandycroft will be honored by her presence a little later on."

At this juncture Phlipson, the butler, announced dinner. The captain blessed him in his heart. "Darvill, will you take in Miss Penleath?" said the colonel, who thereupon proceeded to offer his arm with old-fashioned gallantry to Mrs. Asplin. Ivor and Roden, who were the best of friends, fell in at the rear.

"If it can be so contrived, I would very much like to have a few words with you in private in the course of the evening," said Darvill, in a low voice, to his companion on their way to the dining-room. He was looking straight before him, not yet could he face those sombre, accusing eyes.

"I will see what can be done," she replied. "I shall be glad to listen to anything you may have to say to me." She spoke with a sort of icy composure, like one granting a favor to an inferior. Never had Darvill realized so acutely as at that moment what an abject and contemptible hound he really was. As a rule he was on the best of terms with himself, thoroughly believing in himself as a really creditable specimen of humanity.

"Ivor, I want you to sit by me," said Enna to her brother, when they reached the dining room. "I shan't have another chance of boring you for a long time to come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUDDEN PROMOTION.

Honors Thrust Upon Him By Force of Arms.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century the little province of Transylvania was in a state of revolution and consequent disorder. Finally there came a time when there was no ruler, and the Turkish Sultan sent word to Ali Pasha, then at Maros Vasarhely, that come what might, a prince of Transylvania must be elected. Ali Pasha was in a quandary. He stood at his window, as the story runs, meditating upon his sovereign's commands, not knowing what to do, and yet afraid to do nothing, when he saw a tall, strong man crossing the market place.

At that time and especially in that country, a strong arm was the best patent of nobility. At home Ali Pasha had seen the lowest slave lifted to places of power. He sent a messenger into the market place with orders to bring the tall, strong man into his presence. The order was obeyed, and as the stranger entered he was greeted with the words, "You must be prince of Transylvania!"

"I," exclaimed the astonished prince-elect, "I know nothing about government! I can't read or write! I am a butcher!"

"No matter for that," said Ali Pasha; "a man may be an excellent regent though he can not read."

But the butcher was not ambitious, and still resisted.

"If you want a man as prince of Transylvania," he said, "I can tell you of one who has no equal. If you will let us go and find him, I will lead you."

With 500 Turkish horsemen Ali Pasha and the butcher rode to Maros Vasarhely and surrounded the castle of Michael Apafi, whom they hailed at once as prince, carried to Maros Vasarhely, and proclaimed as regent. This was in 1601, states the Youth's Companion, and the prince thus chosen remained in power until his death in 1630.

A Purely Parisian Story.

A story is reported from Paris which could not have come from any other country than France. About a dozen years ago an old fellow known as Pere Maupuy, who had contrived to scrape together a few hundred francs, invested them in a patch of ground on the heights of Montmartre, where he built a number of huts for the accommodation of ragpickers. The "Cite Maupuy" became a great settlement, and Pere Maupuy himself figured in novels and pictures, and occasionally at the police office. He was not very popular with his tenants. He fixed his rents, would not abate the figure and employed rigorous methods to secure his money. His wife was a great help to him in the proceedings. Maupuy died a few days ago, and his tenants, who mustered at his funeral, behaved with most unseemly hilarity, whereupon the widow, to avenge this insult to the memory of the departed, ejected them in a body. Then she retired to her solitary cabin where she committed suicide by means of charcoal, after writing a will in which she directed that no ragpicker should be permitted to attend her burial.—New York Post.

Her Tender Heart.

"Oh, I am too tender-hearted to kill a mouse," said the little blue-eyed woman. "I just drop them out of the window." And then every man in the room felt a sort of tender thrill under his vest with the exception of the fellow who had happened to remember that she lived in a fourth-story flat.—Indianapolis Journal.

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OUR NEIGHBORS.

Interesting Notes Gathered by Our Hustling Correspondents.

NOVI.

Miss Jessie Green and Miss Mabel Cady of Detroit visited with C. M. Wight and family part of last week.

Dr. A. M. Johnson and wife spent two days in Detroit last week.

C. M. Wight has contracted with the Peninsular Stove Co. of Detroit to equip his residence with an improved heating apparatus.

Rev. J. E. Jacklin, of the Michigan Christian Advocate, delivered a very able discourse in the M. E. church Sunday evening.

Several of our local marksmen went out Tuesday to slaughter quail, the law having expired. Look out for some large reports.

Roblin & Parket, our two well known and hustling brick, tile and hard wood lumber manufacturers, are doing a good big business these days. They are deserving of a liberal patronage.

The corn social which was to have taken place at the Baptist church parlors last Friday evening was postponed because of the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Whipple called on friends at Fowlerville, Friday and were guests of Rev. J. S. Boyden and family at Howell over Sunday.

There has been considerable "rain-bow" chasing done in this town lately by candidates for public offices.

Paul Kingsbury has accepted a position with a leading drug firm of Grand Rapids, as clerk.

Chas. Wixom of Farmington has been engaged to teach the winter term of school here and we hope he will give us first class work. Some new regulations will be adopted by the school board to compel our youngsters to attend school.

Halloween was observed by some of our boys and girls on Monday night and the changing of some of the signs about town created considerable amusement.

The hard wind Friday night did considerable damage hereabouts. A portion of the hotel barn roof was blown off, and hay and corn stalk stacks were scattered about fields, barn doors blown off etc. No lives lost.

Tuesday, Nov. 5th we got to the polls to register our choice for various county, state and national offices; and he who fails to do so, without a full knowledge of the political situation after all that has been published and said upon the real issues, should not be allowed the privilege of casting his vote. It is an astonishing fact that there are intelligent men in all political parties who never pretend to learn the real object of opposing parties. "They are saturated with 'party doctrine' and they dream that their party is born of a righteous will. We predict, however, that the time is not distant when party lines must be obliterated and every man, of intelligence, shall vote for true principle.

SALEM.

Board of Registration at township clerk's office, Wheeler's store, on Saturday.

The following "uncalled for" letters at Salem post-office.

Rev. M. Freeman.
H. J. Cornet.
A. J. Seigel.
Lyman E. Mosher.
Sara J. Moore.

Adolf Geyler fell and dislocated his shoulder last week.

Mrs. Manning is very low, but at the time of writing there was said to be a little improvement in her condition.

Rev. H. F. Shier spent Monday in Detroit.

S. D. Chapin has placed a new fence in front of his vacant lot.

A donation will be tendered Rev. H. F. Shier by his people, at the parsonage on Friday evening of this week.

The young people of the Congregational church are arranging for a gypsy concert to be held this winter.

The special services in the Baptist church conducted by the pastor and Evangelists Flemming, assisted by Rev. W. H. Shannon of the Congregational church are bearing good fruit. A number have professed conversion and the influence of the meetings are being felt on the entire community.

MEADS MILLS.

H. S. Burdick is thinking of spending the winter in New York state.

Hayes Benton commenced attending school last Monday.

School was closed last Friday on account of the teacher having business in Detroit.

Chris. Buchner and Herb. Pickle of Northville took a spin on their wheels down to our village last Sunday.

M. C. Benton finished business at his apple dryer last Saturday.

Mrs. S. Martin has been at Mr. Tonsey's in the west part of the town for two weeks past.

Columbus day exercises were held at the school house last Sunday afternoon and in the evening Mr. Benton took a load of children to Northville to the exercises there.

Miss Lautenslager has been asked to act as one of the judges at the medal contest which is to be held at the brick school house at Livonia.

SOUTH LYON.

Prof. Williams, a former teacher at this place but now a lawyer at Howell, gave a prohibition lecture last Monday evening at the rink.

Dr. Millman is receiving a visit from his mother, Mrs. Bell, of Canada.

Mrs. W. F. Pratt spent Sunday with her son A. S. Berry at Ann Arbor.

Fred Smith lost a very valuable horse Sunday night.

Mrs. McNamara and daughter, Emily, visited relatives in town last week.

The Aid society of the M. E. church cleared about forty dollars at their dinner Columbus day.

Rev. B. F. Pritchard, one of the oldest Methodist ministers in the state, died last week in Lansing. His remains were brought here last Tuesday for burial.

The Young Ladies' Foreign Missionary society of the M. E. church gave a pan cake social at the home of Miss Minnie Hodgeman Wednesday night. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

FARMINGTON.

Alice DuBois of Detroit was in town last Saturday the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Hogle.

A republican meeting will be held Tuesday evening Nov. 1st at the town hall. Hon. George Smith of Pontiac and A. E. Bloom of Detroit will address the people.

J. P. Hiles and wife were in Northville last Saturday.

Mrs. Gordon is visiting her daughter Mrs. E. M. DuBois of Detroit.

Wilber Lundy and wife of Milford Sundayed with the latter's sister, Mrs. Will Sprague.

Clint Wilber was the lucky guesser on the prize pumpkin thereby winning the prize and can now feast on pumpkin pie.

Fred Evans who accidentally shot himself, is getting along nicely since the removal of the bullet.

Thomas Hitchcock and family spent last Saturday at Northville.

Mrs. William Hogle and son of Novi were the guests of J. L. Hogle and family last week.

Chas. Keys and wife spent part of last week with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. A. Aldrich has returned from her Detroit visit.

Lyman Spencer and wife left last week Friday for Wixom where they will spend the winter with their son George.

Mrs. Cetella Murray was in Detroit last week buying new millinery goods.

The woman's Missionary society of the Baptist church held their regular meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. S. R. Harlan.

J. W. Collins and wife entertained their daughter Etta and a lady friend of Detroit last Sunday.

Mrs. Cetella Murray entertained relatives Sunday.

R. S. Gamble and wife of Southfield were guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli N. Tucker of Detroit were in town last Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Edith and Eva Edwards of Livonia were the guests of their aunt, Mrs. E. R. Edwards, last week.

The little people met last week Tuesday at the home of Iva Maud Edwards to re-organize the Junior League and elected the following officers: Pres. Miss Jennie Armstrong; Vice Pres. Elsie Lee; Sec. Iva Maud Edwards; Treasurer, Grace Hitchcock. They held their first meeting last Saturday afternoon at the home of Iva Maud Edwards. A good attendance and an excellent program was well rendered.

It is now expected that a series of lectures will be given in Farmington during the winter season, which will undoubtedly be very instructive and interesting. The speakers are as follows: Lieut. L. Baker, Lansing; Hon. Washington Gardner, Albion; Hon. H. R. Pattengill, Lansing; Prof. H. Sprague, Union City, and a musicale by Detroit talent. The subjects will be announced at a later date.

A rousing democrat meeting was held last Saturday evening at the town hall. Dr. J. J. Moore presided as chairman of the meeting. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with attentive listeners. The speakers were Hon. Byron G. Stout, ex-representative and nominee for this congressional district of the government with relation to the effects of that policy upon the people, and Hon. Arthur R. Tripp, ex-representative and nominee of the representative district, at Lansing, who confined himself strictly to state issues. Both speeches were excellent and the general verdict that the meeting was first class. The Farmington band discoursed some fine music and the Glee Club also rendered some fine selections. The solo by A. F. Neuen-dorf was also good. The assembly dispersed feeling that it had indeed been good to be there.

Try This Now.
It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with the throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from lagrippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at A. M. Randolph's drugstore. Large size 50c. and \$1.00. 3

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shenherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Cambridge, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by A. M. Randolph, Drugstore.

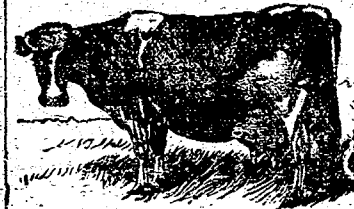
"Sure, and that's your hurry Mrs. Murphy, anny wan sick?" Och sure and O'm going to the drug store for a bottle of Haddock's. Jamsie had the colic last night after aiting the hanna he stole from the grocer around the corner jist afore the lamp posht. Wan dost fix him up, and saved me two dollars, for Oi thought Oi'd have to get the docther sure and O'm afraid they'll raise the price when they find out how good it is.

A CORRECTION.

In his sermon at the Northville Catholic church last Sunday, Rev. Fr. Clarkson said, Catholics should erase A. P. A's from their ticket when they voted next Tuesday. He did not say they must vote a straight democratic ticket as is now falsely reported about town.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

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