

The Northville Record.

Vol. XXV, No. 1.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1893.

\$1.00 per year, in advance.

ANOTHER BUSINESS CHANGE.

Teichner & Co., the Main Street Dry Goods Firm, Have Sold Out.

Messrs. Teichner & Co., the well known Main street dry goods dealers have disposed of their business to C. E. Smith of Cadillac. Mr. Smith has been busily engaged invoicing the stock all the week and expects to open up for business tomorrow. Mr. Smith has had some years of experience in the dry goods trade and appears to be a young man with considerable hustle about him. With his wife and two children we bespeak for him a warm welcome from the hospitable people of this village where he will at once take up his residence. The people of Northville, with the Record, will be sorry to lose Mr. Teichner from both our social and business circles, where he has during his five years stay here won hosts of warm friends.

THE BIG S. S. RALLY.

Wayne County Will Do Herself Proud.

The Sunday school rally in Detroit Friday, September 1st, will be the largest thing of its kind that has ever occurred in this part of the world. The railway fare has been reduced to sixty cents, round trip; children half fare. Northville people ought to send 300.

Permission has been secured for the use of Belle Isle park for the day. The central place of meeting will be Grand Circus park, in Detroit. The plan, as far as arranged for Detroiters, is to have the members of all protestant Sunday schools assemble at ten o'clock on the morning of the rally at convenient points on Woodward avenue, around and above the Grand Circus park. Then, headed by the Cadet companies of the city and bands of music, they will march to the foot of Woodward avenue, where a sufficient number of commodious ferries will transfer the people as fast as they arrive. There will be no crush at the wharf, for as soon as one boat is filled another will be ready to take its place.

The grand Sunday school procession will be in charge of a Field Marshal and his aides. Bands of music and military organizations of the different Sunday schools will lead in this magnificent display. Merchants on the line of march will be asked to decorate their stores. At the Island there will be games, field and athletic sports, and everything will be done to make this rally day a delight for the great Sunday school army.

The Ferris Wheel.

So much has been said of the great Ferris Wheel at the world's fair that a brief description just here will prove interesting. The Ferris wheel is undoubtedly the crowning engineering feature of the world's fair. The diameter of the wheel is 250 feet, and the circumference 825 feet, the entire machine being placed 12 feet above the ground. The highest point is 265 feet above the surface of the earth. The axle on which the great wheel turns is a steel bar, 45 feet long and 32 inches thick. Fastened to each of the twin wheels is a steel hub 16 feet in diameter. There are 36 cars on the wheel, each capable of comfortably seating 40 people. The cars are 28 feet long, 13 feet wide and 9 feet high, and each weighs 13 tons. The wheel with its passengers weighs 1,200 tons. The whole thing rests on two pyramidal towers at the axis. The towers are 50 feet high, 40 by 50 feet at the base, and 6 feet square at the top. Each tower rests on concrete foundations. Underneath these are crossbars of steel. The motive power comes from a 1,000 horse-power steam engine under the wheel.

It takes fifteen to twenty minutes to make the two revolutions which you get for fifty cents. It is a sight worth seeing even though you do not ride over in it.

Excursion to Cleveland.

Tomorrow Saturday August 19 the P. & P. M. railway will run an excursion to Cleveland and return via their line to Detroit thence via D. & C. S. N. Steamers. Tickets good going only on the train leaving here at 2.45 Saturday night. The boat leaves Cleveland for the return trip 10 p.m. Sunday and the tickets from Detroit home will not be good later than the 8.30 train out of Detroit Monday morning. Fare per round trip from Northville only \$1.75.

C. L. and S. Circle.

There seems to be a demand as there certainly is a field for a C. L. S. C. in Northville. Supt. John M. Ball has been urging Rev. P. Ross Parrish to make a call and organize one here, the latter having instituted a flourishing circle of twenty-five in Midland. Will all who have any interest in the movement please communicate with Mr. Parrish.

It is probable that a call will be made and a meeting for organization held in the near future. Everybody knows that the C. L. S. C. is the only popular, universal, out-of-school reading course.

Obituary.

John W. Fuller whose death was briefly noticed in last week's issue was born in Livingston county June 27, 1850; thus making him at the time of his death 43 years of age. He settled in this village about ten years ago where he has since resided.

For several years he ran a barber shop here; then in the livery business and afterward in the harness trade. He was a highly respected citizen and well known in this section. He leaves a wife and daughter, Stella about fifteen years of age. The funeral Sunday afternoon was conducted by Northville F. & A. M. lodge No. 186 of which he was a member.

Mr. Fuller's last sickness was of brief duration. He was just recovering his old time vigor and strength which he had lost during his severe illness of peritonitis last spring, when typhoid fever and a complication of other diseases suddenly set in with these sad results.

Around the Country.

"Great Caesar," thought the fisherman, "I only wish the fish would bite as these mosquitoes do."

The Holly races, on the spring new track, will occur Sept. 12, 13 and 14.

J. S. Crosby wife and son and Mrs. E. I. Lacy of Holly were quite badly injured in a runaway accident at Fenton Wednesday.

Holly Advertiser: "F. S. Neal sends marked copy of the Northville Record containing notice of Yarnall gold cure. Now we don't propose to put up with his insinuations any longer. The only time we ever came near getting full was when we attempted to follow Neal, and if his feet hadn't tangled first we might never have sinned."

Just our luck. The more we try to lift fallen humanity and help them along the worse they get.

A canary bird on Centre street whistles "After the Ball."—St. Johns News. It ought to be killed at once.

Plymouth people have decided to have no fair this year. Milford folks have decided to have one.

In their announcement the Farmington school board says, "In deportment and scholarship, we attained a high rank." Did the board attend school last year or does this refer to the time when they were barefoot urchins?

The following items were all in last week's Adrian Press jiggery:

"The Northville anti-jaggery has emptied the snakes out of the boots of 188 patients."

"A mulatto named Bird, last spring flew away with Mary O'Connor of Northville. The two were made a pair last week by Justice Bennett, of Ypsilanti, and both Birds now snuggle in the same nest. Did somebody remark of the existence of a 'race prejudice'?"

"A Northville party recently killed in the bar a rattlesnake that had bitten her horse and was coiled for another attack. The horse was given a gallon of whiskey and got well. The wriggler was three years old and is supposed to have come from the Yarnall snake-cure."

"A Northville citizen begged and beseeched the council, as did the rich man of Lazarus, to give him water, but the aldermen wagged their heads and told him to 'go to.' He went. He also drove a drive pipe, struck a flowing well, and will throw any arduous task around to see his bonanza."

Lump and Roc k salt by the ton at G. S. Vanzile's. One pound or a car load.

A Raising.

--Not in my profits but your biscuit.

400? 400?

To the first 25 persons asking for it we give you a 10c can free.

FOSFON--We have it, You want it.

Also the staid and tried,

Dr. Prices Cream Baking Powder,
ROYAL, CREAM FLAKE and CLIMAX.

If you want to raise your pastry go to Purdy's to get your raising.



ROLLIN H. PURDY.

Popular Picnic Point.

That's "Seven Islands," the prettiest resort in Central Michigan, located in Grand river, at Grand Ledge. You can't imagine a more delightful place for a Sunday trip. If you haven't been there, or if you want to go again, take in the excursion via the D. L. & N. on August 20th. Special train will leave Plymouth at 8:00 a. m. arriving at Grand Ledge at 10:45 a. m. and leave there at 7:00 p. m. Round-trip fare \$1. Geo. DeHaven, G. P. A. 52w2

Low Rate Annual Excursion to Petoskey.

Tuesday, Aug. 29, the Detroit, Lansing & Northern R. R., in connection with the "Scenic Line" Chicago & West Michigan Ry. will run their annual low-rate excursion to Petoskey. Rate from Plymouth will be \$5.00 for round-trip, tickets good to return on any regular train until Sep. 7th inclusive. Special train will leave Plymouth at 8:54 A. M., stopping at Grand Rapids, for dinner, and Traverse City for supper, and arriving at Petoskey at 9:45 P. M. Baggage will be checked through or to any station north of Baldwin. Connection for Manistee is made at Manistee Crossing, at Thompsonville for Frankfort, at Traverse City for adjacent resorts, and at Williamsburg for Elk Rapids. This will be your best opportunity this year to visit Northern Michigan, country at very small expense, and enable you to see the splendid scenery along the line of the West Michigan Ry. GEO. DE HAVEN, G. P. A. 51w4

Do you take the Northville Record? If not, why not.

Look!! Look!! Read! Read!!

Then don't fail to call and be convinced that F. J. HOAR'S, THE MERCHANT TAILOR is the place to order your Winter Suits, Pants and Overcoats.

I have just received a full line of Fall and Winter Samples and never were such bargains offered to the public, both in goods and prices.

F. J. HOAR, Merchant Tailor.

BUSINESS FLASHES.

FOR SALE—Fine 40 acre farm in Novi town, ship five miles north west of Northville. Good building, fruit, etc. For price, terms etc apply to F. S. Neal. 42w

FOR RENT—Tenant house in Bealton, 4 (thru) 5 minutes walk to any of the factories. \$1.25 per week. Inquire Wm. Preston. 5012

WANTED—Washing ironing and boarders. Especially piece washing to do at home. Mrs. L. Mepstead, Grace Ave., Northside. 4917

FOR SALE—Farm of 50 acres adjoining the village of Salem. Well-drained and well cultivated. 25 acres in hay. Good barns. Apply to Margaret Frederick, Salem. 4417

FOR SALE—Two new house and lots in Northside. Inquire Record office. 334

FOR SALE—My desirable residence on Main street at a very reasonable price. Apply to Mrs. C. Downer. 4111

FOR SALE—House and lot in Bealton. Apply to John Sewell. 3413

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—In best site in village. Building lots, single or whole tract. Nearly 3 acres; 1/3 property. A. McKay. 3117

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

SPECIAL CLEARING SALE

OF LIGHT WEIGHT CLOTHING; also Shirts, Hats & Underwear.

We offer our entire stock at astonishingly low prices, as we must make room for our new fall Stock which will soon be coming in.

We still have a splendid line of Men's Sacks and Frocks, all desirable patterns and we offer you choice of all \$12, \$14 and \$15 light weight Suits at \$10.00.

All \$9 and \$10 Suits \$7.50. And a big assortment worth \$7 and \$8 at \$5.50.

We have too many Boys' long Pant Suits and are cutting them at correspondingly low prices.

Boys' short Pant Suits \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00, worth almost double the money.

We offer all Men and Boys Caps and Straw Hats at ONE-HALF PRICE.

Choice of all Seersucker and Wash Coats and Vests worth \$1.00 and 1.50 at 49 CENTS.

FINE UNDERWEAR

We have a big line of Gents' fine Balbriggan Underwear, regular 50 60 and 75c goods. We put them in a pile together and you take your choice at just 39 CENTS.

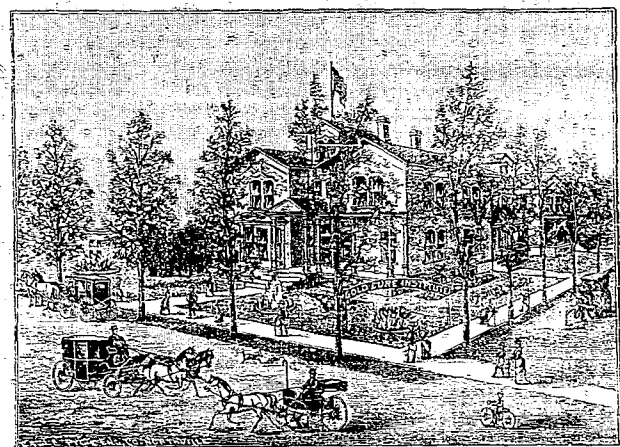
Stylish Soft and Stiff Hats at Big Reduction.

If you consult your own interests you will no doubt call and convince yourself that we are giving the greatest bargain of the season.

E. L. RIGGS,

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

* Yarnall Gold Cure. *



HON. T. E. TARSNEY, PRESIDENT; DR. WM. H. YARNALL, MEDICAL DIRECTOR AND GEN. MGR.

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Any Use for Any of These Articles?



"ELECTRIC" KNIVES.
We meet any and All Competition. Owning our own Teams and yards enables us to handle Lumber at a trifling COST. We also have a full line of Agricultural Implements at low prices. ICE FOR EVERYBODY. DELIVERED EVERY MORNING. TELEPHONE CONNECTION. Ambler Mercantile Company Head of Main St., Northville, Mich. MAIN ST., NORTHVILLE.

THE RECORD.

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

The state of Georgia is one of the loopholes by which contagious disease might very easily be admitted to the United States. It has no state board of health, and any quarantine regulations existing are of a purely local character.

Mitchell and Corbett are so anxious to efface each other that there seems a likelihood that on the date set for their fight they will be on the same continent and not over a thousand miles apart. Then they can spar by wire in the manner of a pair of chess champions.

If a man is determined to come to the city to broaden his opportunities, to change his prospects and to achieve success, it must be when he is young, and before his habits of thought, industry and activity are so thoroughly formed that he fails to adapt himself to the change of conditions of city life.

A MINISTER has the embarrassment to be on trial for embezzling the money of an elderly widow. He is not as one without excuse apparently, for he states his belief that had he not taken the money, somebody else would. The widow, being set in her way, refuses to be placated by this lucid defense.

FRANK STOCKTON thinks few men would dare to say the funny things Mark Twain says. Considering the price Mark gets for them, we believe Stockton is mistaken. He is not the courageous man who says something and gets paid for it, but he who says something and pays for it either at the bar of justice or that other place.

Two adjoining Pittsburg suburbs settled the question as to which should pay for a disputed street improvement by a game of "quits," played by two bourgeois from each. If they could settle the labor questions which annually convulse that city in the same simple manner it would enhance Pittsburg's reputation and desirability as a place of residence and investment.

New York state now has a law in operation worthy of imitation wherever good roads are a matter of interest. This particular law was enacted last winter and provides that whoever uses a two-horse wagon or larger on the public highways shall be entitled to a rebate of one-half his road tax if he uses wheels with tires of not less than three inches in width. Heavy wagons with such wheels prove a positive benefit, rather than injury, to any roadway over which they roll. France and England long ago recognized this fact, and broad tires have long been in vogue in these countries, where the best of roadways obtain.

A young woman of Portland, Oregon, recently went into a trance, and did not come out of it for twelve hours. She then related her experience. She said she had journeyed through the unknown world, and saw many acquaintances in the place of punishment, and a few in the haven of reward. Then she named names, and it caused trouble for many whom the young woman located in the region of perpetual punishment are at present residents of Portland. Those who were fortunate enough to be seen in the other place are satisfied, and believe in the journey. The others, however, are dissatisfied and skeptical.

WHATEVER the cause in the shrinkage of immigration, the fact is a gratifying one, and it is to be hoped that the immigration officials under the existing laws will find a way to do so much sifting that the decrease will be continuous hereafter. Some portions of the United States are getting to be a little too crowded now, and we are likely to need the thinly settled portions for the natural increase of our population to overflow in. This necessity of the future must not be overlooked nor forgotten in our treatment of the immigration question, and whatever can be done to curtail the increase of population by the tramp steamship method should be done.

PRESIDENT FAIRBORN, of the associated American exhibitors, brings the curious charge against the world's fair managers that "they have made the landscape and architecture of the fair so attractive that visitors prefer to spend their time admiring these outside glories to the neglect of the exhibits." If this be so, the fact should be not a reproach but a compliment to the management. The fault is rather with the exhibitors in not making their exhibits correspondingly attractive. The buildings and the grounds are but the frame to the picture. If the picture is not in keeping with the setting, so much the worse for the artist.

THE Turk in New York who can speak nine languages fluently, but can neither read nor write, has found a good job as interpreter. Surely this is not the "unspeakable Turk" of tradition.

CARPETS are made of paper now, the result being manilla matting, resembling a fine straw matting, but said to be more durable and easier to keep clean, especially on damp floors. Somebody will be using paper next to make railroad sandwiches, furnaces and rubber boots.

TABERNACLE PULPIT

"A BOLD CHALLENGE" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Who Is He That Condemneth? It Is Christ That Died, Yea, Rather, That Has Risen Again, and Sitteth at the Right Hand of God."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject "A Bold Challenge," the text being Romans 8:34, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

"This is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days afterwards he expired. I do not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose a better theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the subject found in this text.

Four days his challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He feared neither sword nor lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew uncounted thousands under his administration, and the world has seen full of persecution; but all the persecutors of the world could not frighten Paul.

Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No, you find in his delicate shades of feeling playing in and on his letters and sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a savior dead; a savior risen, a savior exalted; a savior interceding.

All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease—she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of the child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down, and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease, and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of his everlasting love, and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender-hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals, we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die, when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit, and how could Paul—the great-hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of God? Beside that, Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a savior's death could Paul be exultant?

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance, and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster; he saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; but Paul saw over the cross of Christ on y one word—"expiation!"

He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another, and Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ took me in my behalf, those would have been my mangled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—three hundred pounds, four hundred pounds—and they have still said, "My strength is not yet tested; put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out, "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was limitless. First, there was his own burden of hunger and thirst, and bereavement, and a thousand outrages that have been heaped upon him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of his poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing him. "Stop," you cry, "it is enough; Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens; roll on me the sins of this entire nation, and after that, roll on me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on me the sins of the four thousand years past, so far as these sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry, "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out, "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says, "Roll on a greater burden—roll on the sins of the next nine hundred years, roll on me the sins of all the succeeding ages, roll on me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison-houses and the tortures." That is what the bible means when it says, "He bore our sins, and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free, that suffering purchased my deliverance; God never collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full; if God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul; "show all your force; do your worst against my soul; I defy you. I dare you; I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say, "We have come to your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you; we are ten thousand strong; surrender!" And you open the door, and single-handed and alone you contend against the troop; you fling this divine weapon into their midst, you scatter those sins as quick as you can think it. "It is Christ that died." Why then bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea; but suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York; it cannot be found, it cannot be fished up. "Now," says God, "your

sins I have cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness, and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for ten thousand years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven, and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone—it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and a-leps; but there is one tragedy that at sooths and calms and saves Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnight was the drop scene the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries, and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy, a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the picture galleries of Versailles you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there; that all that remained of pictures which had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of German scenes and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumph of Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hallelujah, hallelujah!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exultation. If Christ had stayed in that grave we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalmment of the body to resist the dissolution of death.

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection. Those who stream into this chasm, that is, the tomb, on Friday night and all Saturday, all Sunday night and a part of Sunday morning. He is a dead man in the tomb that he might fit for us when we go there. He carried two whole nights in the grave, so that he saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and he has doled it with his own glory. It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot of a rose. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when he was alive as they do now that he is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash! an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus! from the darkness into the sunlight. Come forth, and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Christ comes forth radiant, and as he steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hand in hand, and a troop after troops, and find it is a long procession of the righteous dead. Among them are our own dead ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave his hand over the advancing procession from the rock, and hear him cry, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long line of the world's wise suddenly stops at the changeable shout of "Come forth!"

Oh, my friends; if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it. It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been death and Christ in a grapple, and death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of heaven, and captured the ramparts of God. And we would have come to coronation in the palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon.

No, no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave-doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ has risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting place. Christ's suffering is ended; his work is done. The darkest Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy! The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear. For your departed Lord. Behold the place: He is not here; The tomb is all unbarred. The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is risen, he lives again.

I give you the third cause of Paul's exultation. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. It is in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent work of life with that hand without physical danger; but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "He is a right-hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right-hand man; Marshall was Napoleon's right-hand man; and now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ who is at the right hand of God.

That means that He is the first guest of heaven. He has a right to sit there. The Hero of the universe. Count his wounds; two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side—five wounds. O, you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the

severe wounds in the temples; each thorn an excruciation.

If a hero comes back from battle, and he takes off his helmet or his sword, and shows you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff, or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism; but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Waterloo of all the ages—he would display only a small part of his wounds. Wounded all over, let him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God, the Father, and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven, let him sit there. In the grand review when his redeemed pass by in cohorts of splendor, they will look at him and shout "Victory!"

The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took his place on the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not appropriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne, and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all heaven shall lift it—some on point of sceptre, and some on string of harp and some on the lip of the green branches. Hosanna! Hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exultation: After a clergyman had preached a sermon in regard to the glories of heaven and the splendors of the scene, an aged woman said: "If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head." Oh, my friends; there will be so many things going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and me!

Perhaps Paul said sometimes, "I wonder God does not forget me down here in Antioch, and in the prison, and in the shipwreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many hear broken men," says Paul, "Perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner—How I whipped those Christians with what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damascus! Oh! it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came upon Paul's soul something brighter than the sun, that dashed his ship into a million swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is he? Who is he? There is only one advocate in all the universe, that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal.

Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success general depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things; but it seems to me that his specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until he gets eternal acquittal. Oh! we must have him for our advocate.

But what plea can he make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us; we are all guilty! guilty! Unlearn! Unlearn! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an alibi. He says: "His prisoner was not at the scene; he was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins, and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an alibi. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner, and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictate of our own consciences; we knew what we were doing. What then shall the plea be?

The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A savior dead, a savior risen, a savior exalted, a savior interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" A! all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything?

"But," says some man in the audience, "all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom; but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon and come now.

It was in the last days of the reign of terror, the year 1793, hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobin club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchette, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine. The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold; but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of firearms, and then the cry, "Robespierre has fallen! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" That the armed soldiers rode in upon these resisters so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken out to the scaffold, and horribly d. d. But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres; it is the tyrant of tyrants; it has built a prison house for our soul.

Remember one thing about excellence in pneumatic tires. There must be an inner tube removable through the rim. Victors are built that way and they lead the world. The most elegant bicycle catalog ever seen is yours if you say so.

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With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the most blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces the wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

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Russia has a prize population of 105,000, which is twice that of the United States.

A large meteor, which fell about a year ago, was unearthed near Table Mountain, in California, recently.

Photography has now reached the point where an object traveling at the rate of 10,000 miles an hour can be photographed by means of the electric flash.

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Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the humid Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

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Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes.

MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.
She did not tell Sir Carlos about the proposal she had received; events might have been different had she done so. She thought that it would lower her in his eyes if the young baronet knew that his friend's valet had made her an offer of marriage.

The glamor of love was so strong upon Sir Carlos that he did not see Maggie's faults; her lack of good breeding, her want of refinement—he only saw the beauty that in his eyes had no peer. What mattered fortune or high title? "All the gifts of the gods could not go together," he reasoned. "She had wondrous beauty—that was enough for him; he would marry her and make her Lady Maggie Carew."

Then, besides her beauty, how passionately she loved him! There was no reticence about her love; she talked to him of it, held his hands and kissed them; at times she laid her arms round his neck and her face on his breast trying to tell him she loved him. Who would ever care for him as she did? Even if she were not so well bred as the Ladies Evesham, she more than atoned for it by her love for him. Why should he not marry her? He was his own master.

Then, in the midst of his exultation he thought of his mother and the thought sobered him. He had always said that he would marry some one who resembled her. Dark-eyed Maggie was the very opposite; no two persons could be more dissimilar. Another thing occurred to him—he had promised not to take any important step in life without his mother's consent. Well, that promise he would keep—he would obtain her permission before he asked Maggie to be his wife.

Baring come to this conclusion, Sir Carlos thought he had made a great concession. How many young men in his place, he asked himself, would do as he did? He was in every way his own master, yet he was going home obediently as a child to ask permission to marry the girl he loved. That any serious objections would be raised to the object of his choice never occurred to him.

He saw Maggie that same morning; she was waiting for him at the old sitting place, and it was a test to him that he had never yet found out the road to Armystead.

"I am going away, Maggie, for a little while," he said, "and when I return I shall have something important to say to you."

"You will not stay away long?" she cried. "Oh, Carlos, what should I do without you—how should I bear my lonely life? I should die if you did not come back!"

She clung to him passionately, her beautiful face white with emotion, her dark eyes full of tears. He thought no love had ever been so tender, so great as hers.

"I am going, Maggie, so that we may never part again," he said. "I shall be back in three days' time. I shall take your portrait with me, and you will see what happens when I return."

"He thought himself a model son, and felt sure that his mother would rejoice when she knew the nature of his errand."

CHAPTER VII.
The sun shone brightly upon the old ivy-mantled walls of Kirholm; the weather was warm and sultry, and the windows and doors were open, and the summer breeze swept through the house.

Lady Carew had sought the coolest room she knew—an old-fashioned apartment opening on to a lawn, where a magnificent cedar, the pride of Kirholm, stood; she reclined on a couch, which had been placed at the open window. She had laid down her book and was watching the butterflies hovering over the flowers, smiling to herself as she thought of the "loves of the butterfly." She was roused from her dream by the sound of a quick familiar footstep.

"That is Carlos, I am sure," she said, as she heard a firm tread along the corridor, and she grew pale with sheer delight at the thought of seeing her son. She had not expected him home for some time yet; therefore it was a greater pleasure.

"Where is Lady Carew?" he asked impudently of the servant who opened the door.

"In the parlor, sir," replied the man; and Sir Carlos hastily walked past him and opened the door.

"Do not be startled, mother," he wanted to see you, so I rode over from Hutton."

Before she had time to rise or reply, he was kneeling down by her side, telling her in passionate words how he loved Maggie Waldron, and must make her his wife.

His mother lay quite silent. That some such hour must come she had always known. Her face was slightly flushed with the heat her golden hair lay unfastened over her shoulders, and her hands were clasped in dismay too great for words.

"I must marry her, mother," he said, "but you will not mind that I know you are above all such petty considerations. Oh, mother, she is so beautiful! If you could but see her as I saw her last! If I thought I should be separated from her, I believe I should go mad or die!"

"Stop. You speak so quickly, Carlos. I do not understand."

She tried to rise out her whole frame trembled, and he gently laid her down again.

"Lie still, mother, you need not tremble. I have made a wise choice; there is not another woman in the world so fair and peerless as my beau-

tiful Maggie. I long to bring her home to you. I—oh, forgive my impetuosity—I am mad with suspense, now that I am away from her. She is so beautiful that the mightiest in the land would be proud to wed her."

"Beautiful," murmured the gentle lady. "But Carlos, beauty is not everything; indeed, it is perhaps, the least desirable quality in a wife."

"That's rank heresy, mother, from you who are so beautiful yourself, but wait until you see my Maggie."

A deeper flush stole over the fair face. What had come over this handsome, impetuous son of hers?

"You must not say that I am too young to marry," he went on. "I have heard both you and the rector say the best thing in the world was for a man to marry young."

"Yes, a man," she murmured. "But you are only a boy, Carlos."

Her white hands lingered on his dark curls and touched his bright, proud face.

"A boy at twenty-two!" he cried. "Oh, no, mother! Dame Nature herself calls me a man!"—and he lightly touched the dark mustache that shaded his mouth.

"You must speak more quietly, my darling boy; if I am to understand at all," she said earnestly. "Thus much I gather that the fate which sooner or later overtakes every one has overtaken you. You love some one and you want to marry. Who is she?"

"Then indeed he was a little taken aback, and for a few moments there was a pause in the eloquent flow of words."

"Some one whom you may meet at Hutton?" she asked. "Oh, my dearest Carlos, heaven grant that you have given your love wisely! Who is she, my dear?"

The anxious face drew nearer to him, the troubled eyes looked into his.

"Her name is Maggie Waldron, mother. What a sweet, fanciful name 'Maggie' is!"

"But who is she, Carlos?"

"She is the daughter of John Waldron," he replied, "and John Waldron is Lord Stanley's land agent. They live in a small house near Armystead, just outside the woods."

He saw that turn pale. She leaned her head back against the velvet cushions. "It was worse, even than she had thought. Oh, surely this could be only a boy's first wild fancy, and not love!"

"Then she is not what the world calls a lady, Carlos?" she said slowly.

"The world, mother! As though this gray, foolish old world ever gave to any one or anything its correct name! She has no fortune, and she dresses plainly; but she is one of Nature's queens. However, you will see for yourself, mother; that will be best."

"Is she educated, Carlos?" she asked quietly.

"Educated!" he repeated in a tone of withering contempt. "Would any one ask if a goddess could spell? Certainly she is! She has no mother—she died when Maggie was quite young; but you will supply her lost mother's place, I know. She was brought up by her aunt."

"What was her aunt?" asked Lady Carew.

"I forget. She had a shop of some kind, I believe. It does not matter. When Maggie is my wife she will be Lady Carew; that will be sufficient."

"I thought you would say 'Yes' almost before I had asked the question, and you hesitate. Tell me one thing—have you ever refused any favor that I asked from you? Look back to the times when I came to you for favors or toys; did you ever refuse me anything on which I had set my heart?"

She was face to face with the truth now. Had she ever denied him anything? Had she taught him self-denial, self-control, or had she yielded to every desire of his heart?

"Answer me, mother," he said, and for the first time there was something imperious in his tone. "Have you ever refused me anything I wanted?"

She had to accuse herself with her own lips.

"No," she replied. "I do not remember that I have."

"Then why do you begin now, when my heart is fixed on one thing?" She trembled with agitation.

"You do not see, Carlos, that your marriage is the one most important event of your life? If you make a mistake your whole life will be ruined; but if you marry wisely, all will be well with you."

He was touched by her agitation. "My dearest mother, I know all that," he said. "I have thought of it, and I am going to marry wisely; it is always wise to marry the one you love, is it not?"

"Yes, if the love be true and wisely given, but Carlos, this is your first fancy; it cannot be love."

"How does one distinguish love from fancy, mother?" he asked.

"By testing it," she replied. "Test mine as you will, it will bear it. I know the news has come upon you suddenly, mother. I loved her before I had looked at her for one minute."

"And if—if you had your own way?" began her ladyship.

"I would marry her at once and bring her home to you."

"Certainly I will promise it. I do not bind myself, mother, to give her up even if you refuse. I do not think any power on earth could part me from her."

"Hush, my dear boy! Let me be frank with you. I must see her. Want of fortune may, even lowly birth will not induce me. If I think she has the gifts that will make you happy."

He threw back his head with a look of unutterable content.

"That I can safely aver," he said. "Mother, you shall see her to-morrow. I did not tell that at Hutton where I was going; I merely said that I should be absent for a few days on business. No one will know anything about it. We can take the train to Armystead, and drive from the station to the house. You can spend an hour with her, and then I will bring you home again. Will that suit you, mother?"

She sighed as she said "Yes." In her heart she envied the girl whom he loved. She felt that in some measure she had lost him while he gave himself up to unbounded happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.
Lady Carew never forgot the journey to Hutton. Her impetuous son hardly gave himself time to sleep, or allowed her time to prepare for the journey. He was up with the sun, everything was ready for his mother, when she came down—breakfast, the carriage, a time-table and traveling rugs; he had forgotten nothing.

How few men thought Sir Carlos complacently, situated as he was, would care whether they had a mother's consent to their marriage or not. How few would give themselves any trouble! Whereas he, although beloved with such a deep love the girl whom he had chosen, had not asked her to be his wife until he had consulted his mother.

The morning was fair; Lady Carew was ill at ease. This impetuosity, this brainless impatience of her son, seemed far more like the fever of passion than the steady flame of love. If it should be, but a boy's foolish fancy, a young man's first love, and after a few weeks of married life it should wither what then?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT HAZZ.
The Poet, Mystic, and Recluse of the Land of the Fire Worshippers.

About two miles west of Shiraz, in the garden called Mosella—which is being interpreted "the place of prayer"—lies, beneath the shadow of cypress-trees, one of which he is said to have planted with his own hand, Shems-Eddin Mohammed, surnamed Hazz, or "the steadfast in scripture."

Poet, recluse and mystic, his songs, now some 300 years old, have been sung from the banks of the Ganges to the Danube and from Cairo to Samarcand. Neither are they silent yet on the lips of the camel drivers in the desert, or of pilgrims to Kuba. No other Persian has equaled him in fame, says the Quarterly Review; not Sadi, whose monument now in ruins may be visited near his own; nor Elmasi, the author, in 10,000 couplets, of the "Book of Kings," nor a man who has associated himself forever with the lyric loves of Yusuf and Zuleika.

The immense blaze of Hazz, the concentrated speech, the direct and steady vision of things high and low, which entitle Hazz to a seat among the sovereign poets are altogether his own. Every critic has likened him to Anacreon; but while there may be resemblance, comparison is quite beside the mark. In the West his qualities have been scattered among a dozen men of genius and Voltaire, had he combined the highest poetic inspiration with a meditative vein, might perhaps have given to the world a "Divan" in French. But Hazz stands alone in the splendor of his gayety, as in the union of religious enthusiasm with a more than Aristophanic burlesquing of things held sacred by his age and nation.

A Captious Critic.
On a recent trip to Philadelphia, remarked Dr. Frank Childs, "I occupied a seat with an elderly female of an argumentative turn of mind, who, recognizing my calling from my attire, gradually led me into a discussion upon religious matters."

"The old lady was an interesting talker, and the conversation ran smoothly until we flatly disagreed upon a certain point. She took one view of it and I took a second that was the direct reverse."

"Then we resorted to scriptural quotations to convince each other, and for several minutes they flew thick and fast."

Suddenly I recalled one that I was convinced would settle the matter.

"You see, madam," I said, "St. Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, says—and I repeated this passage to her in what I consider my most impressive manner. My opponent paused and reflected a moment."

"Yes," she replied, with an air of firm conviction, "I know all about it and I don't think any the better of Paul for saying that."

"I gracefully surrendered,"—Commercial Advertiser.

A Candid Reply.
"Now be honest," said the second party to a horse deal, as he slipped the halter on his exchange. "Is the animal worth carrying home?"

"No," replied the former owner, frankly, "he ain't—but he's worth leading home, if you're going in that direction."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Traveler's Pipe.
A traveler's pipe is an English invention. The bowl has a hook attached to it which can be inserted in the buttonhole of the coat while a tube communicates with the mouthpiece. The smoker thus has both hands free to be occupied as he finds necessary.

HE LOVED AND LOST.

Now a Mean Old Man Spoiled an Hope—

ment by His Daughter.

"Talking about mean men," said the man with a squint in his left eye, to a Detroit Free Press writer, reminds me of an old cuss down in Ohio. Fifteen years ago, when I was young, impulsive and impressionable, I met his daughter and fell in love at first sight. She reciprocated. I went to the father, who was a farmer, and stated the case like a man, but he had already picked a husband out for her and gave me the cold bounce. When I persisted, as a lover should, he threatened to scatter me all over the county if I didn't make myself scarce."

"But that made you all the more determined, of course?" queried one of the group.

"Of course, I made up my mind to have the girl or die in the attempt. The old man kept such a close watch of her that it took me three months to arrange matters, but at last it was agreed on that we should elope. I was to come out to the house on a certain midnight and she was to descend from her chamber window by means of a rope. We were then to drive twenty miles, get a license and be married, and after the ceremony the old man and his shotgun could go to grass."

"Well, the night arrived?"

"Yes, and I was all ready. I drove out, hitched the horse and at midnight stood under her window. That is, I climbed the fence and sneaked up to the house to receive her as she descended, but the house wasn't there."

"What! The house gone?"

"If it wasn't I'm a huckleberry! I hunted up and down and around, but I couldn't find it. There was the barn, the corncrib, smokehouse and pigpen, but that farm house had disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. After hunting about for an hour I began to realize that there was something uncanny about it, and then I decided that I had better quit. I rode back to town wondering if I wasn't off in my head, and the more I thought about it the more nervous I got. I finally made a bee-line for home and the family doctor, two hundred miles away."

"But what had happened?"

"Well, there was nothing mysterious about it, as I afterwards discovered. That cantankerous old cuss of a father suspected some such trick, and on that day he put rollers under his house, hitched on ten yoke of oxen and moved it a mile further up the road! The girl couldn't get word to me, and she stood on that rope ladder from midnight until 3 o'clock waiting for me—waiting in vain. Excuse these tears, gentlemen!"

"But why do you weep?"

"Because the girl caught cold and died of pneumonia three days later, while the miserable old hyena of a father was moving the house back to its original site. I never saw her again, but she left word with a tin peddler for me to meet her in that better land, and I'm going to do it or bust a lung. Excuse these tears—these sobs. It always affects me this way to tell the story. I—I would—I thank you. If it's a good article it will brace me up and cause me to temporarily forget my grief. Ah—yum! That's better! I am myself again!"

GETTYSBURG'S FIELD.
The Historic Spot Which Should Ever Be Sacred Ground.

The earliest days of July are scarcely more intimately associated with the historic celebration of our national birthday than with our memories of the most tremendous of all tremendous struggles of the civil war, says Blue and Gray. It is one of the fortunate coincidences of history that those three days, when, thirty years ago, Northern valor and Southern chivalry met on the bloody and decisive field of Gettysburg, should be immediately followed by the anniversary upon which the reunited republic exults in its firmly established freedom, and renews its allegiance to the lofty principles of its founders.

Gettysburg was an epoch-making event, a silent landmark in our annals. It was the greatest battle in the greatest war ever waged by human forces. The story of the fight is a record of heroism that irresistibly fires the American's enthusiasm and compels the world's respect and admiration.

The scene where this vast drama of warfare was enacted should ever, to the patriot, be sacred ground. That such a feeling is already widely entertained is attested by such gatherings as the recent meetings of the Union and Confederate commanders, and the wonderful series of monuments that mark the positions and commemorate the services of the Federal regiments. But not all has been done that should be done to preserve the battle-field to posterity as a shrine of historic memories and patriotic sentiment. Indeed, this will not be fully accomplished until the United States government shall acquire possession of the ground consecrated by the baptism of blood, and devote it to the nation's use, with full permission to both North and South to mark the lines where they once stood as armed foes, with monuments telling like Spartan's memorial at Thermopylae, of valor in which their children's children may rejoice together.

One Exception to the Rule.

Mrs. Bellows, furiously—Jane, I stood at the kitchen door last night and I heard Jake kissing you."

Jane, complacently—Sure, mum, that's one time, that an even dropper heard something good—Brooklyn Life.

In some parts of New Jersey appears a beautiful pink clover that seems to be a hybrid. It is a little larger than the common white clover, and is not so tall or full headed as the still commoner red clover, but it is more delicate than either. The color shades from a positive pink at the periphery to white at the top, and the leaves are small.

Galesville, Wis., has an adipocera rat that was lately found between a partition of the old court house. The specimen is a perfect one, showing the teeth, ears and eyes very plainly, and the long tail curled over the back of the animal. Even the toes and nails are the natural size and have not shriveled in the least. Its petrification was due to its being completely enveloped in a lump of plaster.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists 25c. Dr. Shoop, Box W. Kading, Wis.

Or call for spots on the carpet—Good Housekeeping.

Smith's Consumption Cure
Based on a Quaker's Recipe for Treating Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c. 50c. & \$1.00.

Only crustless bread should go with the five o'clock tea.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve.
Warranted to cure all corns. Ask your druggist for it. Price 5c.

Best quality of meat can be ruined by bad curing of the same.

Karl's Clover Root.
The great blood purifier, gives freshness and cleanness to the complexion, and cures Constipation, 25c. 50c.

Thinnest and clearest of "clear soups" are now very much in order.

FITS—All the stopped free by Dr. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE CURE. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c. 50c. & \$1.00.

It is the Parisian ideal of perfection to put red pepper on frogs' legs.

If the Baby is "Cutting Teeth,"
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

The introduction of grated pineapple into cake is voted a great success.

For Ladies or Churches.
FOR SALE—Furniture and fixtures of Rowe's two lodge halls, 234 and 256 Michigan avenue, Detroit, including attached opera chairs, six upholstered officers' chairs, two desks, two organs, chandeliers, carpets and three stoves, all first-class, new, and separate or all together. Suitable for lodges or churches.

Those who eat inordinately of radishes soon take a gloomy view of life.

To Cleanse the System
Effectually yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them; to dispel headaches, colds or fevers—use Syrup of Figs.

ODDITIES.
The proprietors or owners of death traps are rarely found among the burned or mangled.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to ride on railroads at a fare and one-half for each couple.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy, for the small price of 25 cents; and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

A common cold should not be neglected. Doan's Kidney will cure it.

The addresses of a young man having been declined by a young lady, he paid court to her sister. "How much you resemble your sister," said he, the evening of the first call. "You have the same hair, the same forehead, the same eyes." "And the same nose," she responded quickly.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

CURED ME.
Suffering from Nervous Prostration, Tortured by Kidney and Liver Complaint.

Mr. McCoy is a wealthy and influential citizen of Van Wert, and a well known for miles around. See what he says:

"For years I had been a terrible sufferer from kidney and liver trouble, also nervous prostration and poor health in general. My appetite was poor, in fact, I had no desire to eat anything and consequently was thin, emaciated and all run down."

Life was a Burden
I tried physicians and every available remedy but found no relief. As a last resort I was induced to give your kidney remedy a trial and am pleased to say

Swamp-Root acted like magic, and to-day I am entirely cured and as good a man as ever. It is without question the greatest remedy in the world. Any one in doubt as regards this statement can address:

M. H. MCCOY, Van Wert, O.
At Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00 Size. "Invalid's Guide to Health" and Consultation Free.

Dr. Kilmer's PARILLA LIVER PILLS are the Best. 42 Pills, 25 cents. — All Druggists.

W. N. U. D.—XII—33.

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

Reed's Bargain Store,

Northville,

Is the Correct Place to get Full Value for your Money.

People come 18 miles to get some of the Bargains.

Our Big Drives in Specials is what brings them.

Everybody perfectly satisfied.



The Bargain Giver of Northville.

Saturday, August 19th,

We put on sale 10 doz. Berlin Opaque Decorated Window Shades, spring rolls, a dandy, at 25c each.

35 pieces Standard Print at 5c yd.

10 pairs of Chenille Curtains, Beautiful Border, were sold at \$6, \$7 and \$8, now go at Five Dollars a pair.

25 pieces Unbleached Cotton, the best you ever saw for the money, 6c yd.

All of our Ladies' Shirt Waists go at less than cost.

Don't Miss a Look at Our Shoes!

NOTE THE PRICES.

Ladies' Walking Shoes, 63c, 57c and 97c a pair. Great value here.

Ladies' Pat. Tipped Dongola Shoes at 137 and 147c. No such shoe in sight but, at our store.

All of our \$4 and \$5 Ladies' Shoes now \$2.50

Please take a look at Our Men's Heavy Goat Shoe at 127c a pair. It is most certainly a Great Bargain.

All Wool Carpets 62 1-2c.

Union Carpets 42 1-2c.

Ingrain 32 1-2c.

Come to us for Bargains everytime and you will make no mistake.

ADAM W. REED'S

BARGAIN STORE.

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.

GO TO THE

Northville City Laundry.

For First Class Work.

HOT & COLD BATHS IN CONNECTION.

B. S. WEBBER

Proprietor.

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by A. M. Randall, the druggist.

THEY ALL SAY SO.

Isiah told Jeremiah that Benjamin said he heard Frank say that John often asserted without any fear of contradiction that the R. & F. Wayne's Perfectos and Record Taker cigars are the finest and most aromatic cigars ever sold in Northville and many more smokers most emphatically pronounce them so. Try one and be convinced. Manufactured by G. A. & T. M. Fleicher.

ROOMS TO RENT.

During the World's Fair, in the home of the Rev. Henry S. Jenkinson. Rates reasonable. Location two miles from the grounds. Transportation facilities unexcelled, the grounds may be reached in ten minutes at a fare of five cents by electric steam and water transportation. Would like to accommodate the Northville people. For particulars address, Rev. Henry S. Jenkinson, 5032 Exchange Avenue, South Chicago, Ill.

Buy Dullam's Great German 15c Liver Pills 40 in each package at Stevens'. Buy Dullam's Great German 25c Cough Cure at C. R. Stevens.

The Northville Record.

EVERY THURSDAY.

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

OFFICE IN OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1893.

PURELY PERSONAL.

A List of Those Who Come and Those Who Go.

What is friendship but a name A charm that lulls to sleep. A shade that follows wealth or fame And leaves the wretch to weep.

Miss Margie Thompson is home again. Mrs. M. A. Porter has returned home. B. C. Stark is doing the Chicago fair this week.

Willie Dolph is spending the week in Detroit.

John Pinkerton is off for a week or two's vacation.

Roy Barret visited with Detroit friends Sunday.

Harry Sackett Sundayed with his aunt in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Banks have returned from the world's fair.

Mrs. Clara Allen of Detroit was in town a few days last week.

Tommy Hunt and James Withee were at Island Lake Sunday.

Myrtle Blair of Detroit is visiting among old Northville friends.

Dr. J. M. Burgess has rented F. N. Clark's cottage at Walled Lake.

A. E. Rockwell has rented C. A. Dubuar's Walled Lake cottage.

Frank Chamberlin of Flat Rock was a Northville visitor last week.

Geo. F. Frayne of Detroit was the guest of Frank Hoar over Sunday.

Miss Della Dewey of Grand Blanc visited Northville friends over Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Searles and daughter are visiting their cousin, Mrs. E. P. Kellogg.

Miss Nina Ambler returns to Detroit tomorrow after a two months vacation at home.

Albert McKeercher of Ridgetown, Ont. is the guest of his cousin Charlie Blackburn.

Arthur S. Nichols of Cassopolis Mich was in town a few days visiting his parents this week.

Miss Ethelwyn Dubar contemplates perfecting herself to music at the university conservatory.

Miss Emma Brokenshaw of Oxford was the guest of her cousin, Miss Nellie Priest, a few days this week.

Rev. Mr. Parrish attended the county Sunday School convention at Plymouth Tuesday. It was a monster.

Chief Gurr of the fire department, R. L. Briggs, L. A. Beal and Will Ambler spent Saturday fishing at the lake.

Miss Genie Parsons of the Detroit conservatory of music was the guest of Miss Inez Rockwell, Dunlap street, this week.

John Blackwood is back from the fair. He had a time almost as large as Chicago, the lake and Carter Harrison thrown in.

Mrs. C. J. Ball and Mrs. Neal have been down at Sandusky and Bay View for a week's visit. They returned home yesterday.

Mrs. G. W. Gorham and son, Lewis of Grand Haven are at her mother's, Mrs. Eunice Shepard's, corner Dunlap and Center streets, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Knapp leave next week for the world's fair and Denver. They will be gone some three weeks

and return with new vim for life and work.

Mrs. Mattie Norton of Arkansas, eldest daughter of Mrs. Joseph Beal of this place, is home for an extended visit. Mrs. Norton has not been here before for five years.

Arch Burch and brother have left for their home in Chatham, Canada. Arch will attend school this winter. George Lammerts follows their lead. They leave several young hearts, sore and bleeding.

The Misses Mattie and Ina Blackburn accompanied by their cousin Miss Betta Merritt returned home last night after a several weeks visit with friends and relatives in Chatham, Ont.

F. N. Clark and family B. A. Wheeler and family are taking in the only and greatest at Chicago. They mean to see everything from the wild west show to the box of blind mice.

Judge Clark and H. F. Jackson arrived here from Washington Monday. Mr. Jackson left two of his toes in that country. They brought with them some fine samples of the large and luxurious fruit which grows there.

Our old friend, Dr. G. W. McKinnon and wife of Granite, Mont., were Northville visitors last week. The doctor says the shutting down of the silver mines out there has caused a general stagnation in business and a vast amount of suffering.

"Our Men's Meeting."

"On, on, on" is now our watchword.

Every day witnesses our victory of defeat in the warfare of life—our temptations; our evil desires or our good impulses come off victorious at the hours of the day go by. How goes the battle with you, friend?

Sunday's meeting was not largely attended—only thirty-five being present—but the theme of the day was ample to fill up the part lacking. C. A. Hutton can always be counted on to give a practical and helpful talk. His subject was "Christian Warfare."

Messrs. Wright and Ainslie furnished the music.

Monday night was appointed a business session. A goodly number turned out to discuss the matter of completing a form of organization for our meeting and to this end the president was instructed to appoint a committee of three to take up the matter and report.

Other items connected with making the work more effectual were taken up and talked over to the interest and help of all. The committee appointed consisted of C. A. Dolph, E. B. Thompson and R. H. Beal. Henry Fry was elected sec'y and treasurer.

ONE OF THE MEN.

GOLDEN SECRET O' LONG LIFE.

Keep the head cool, the feet warm and the bowels open. Bacon's Celery Preparation for the Nerves is a Vegetable preparation and acts as a natural laxative, and is the greatest remedy ever discovered for the Cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and all Blood Liver and Kidney Diseases. Call on C. R. Stevens, sole agent, and get a trial package free. Large size 50c. No 4

GOOD NEWS.

No other Medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities, as Otto's Cure. Thousands of bottles of this great German remedy are being distributed FREE OF CHARGE by druggists in this country, to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases, giving the people proof that Otto's Cure will cure them, and that is the grandest triumph of Medical science. For sale only by C. R. Stevens. Samples free. Large bottles 50c. No 3

The greatest worm destroyer is Dullam's Great German Worm Lozenges, only 25 cents per box. For sale at C. R. Stevens.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many friends who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and late bereavement of husband and father.

Mrs. J. W. FULLER and daughter.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the twenty-seventh day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three. Present Edgar A. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of S. ELIZABETH MCFARLANE, deceased. William Verkes, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account. It is ordered, that the twenty-ninth day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Northville Record a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR A. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Registrar. (A true copy.)

For a good shave or neat stylish hair cut, call at F. A. SUTHERLAND'S, over C. A. Hutton's store, Main street. 45tf

VERY MUCH SURPRISED

I have been afflicted with neuralgia for nearly two years, have tried physicians and all known remedies, but found no permanent relief until I tried a bottle of Dullam's Great German Liniment and it gave me instant and permanent relief. 25 cents per bottle. A. B. Snell.

Hamilton, Mich. April 11, 1890. For sale by C. R. Stevens

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Over twelve years I was afflicted with a very serious female difficulty and for the last sixteen months was under treatment of three of the very best physicians that money could employ. Under their skillful treatment I gradually grew worse until they decided they could render me no permanent help. One of my friends persuaded me to try a bottle of Dullam's Great German Uterine Tonic, and after taking three bottles, can say I am in better health than I have been for 20 years and am now sixty years old, but feel as young as at 30. June 2, 1890.

Mrs. H. E. Carpenter, Lapeer, Mich. For sale by C. R. Stevens, druggist. 4

Specimen Cases.

B. 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 Shepherd, 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, Catwaba, 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. Randall, Drug store.

New Market.

The New Meat Market in the Opera House Block is now thoroughly equipped for business. Market newly overhauled, everything new and first-class.

All kinds of best qualities of

Fresh and Salt Meats, BUTTER and EGGS, Etc.

At Lowest Market Prices.

THOMPSON & HARDING,

(Successors to Thompson & Co.)

Northville, Mich.

Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless GUARANTEED tobacco habit cure. The book is trifling and the man who wants to quit can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists. Book at Drug Stores or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

Womans Rights!

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

Every woman in Michigan has a right to have a 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,

Box 3, Northville, Mich.

Merchant Tailoring.

I have just received my

Fall and Winter

Samples,

and have a fine assortment of them.

If you want to get a Suit of Clothes that will fit you, call on

B. FREYDL,

as Entire Satisfaction is always Guaranteed.

B. FREYDL.

(Over Teichner's store.)

C. E. ROGERS

Supplies Customers

Daily

With Strictly

PURE

FRESH MILK.

Better prepared than ever before to supply the public with

ICE CREAM.

in large or small quantities, on short notice.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE NOT RIPP

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair.

Best in the world.

\$5.00 \$3.00

\$4.00 \$2.50

\$3.50 \$2.00

\$2.50 \$1.75

\$2.25 \$1.75

\$2.00 \$1.75

FOR GENTLEMEN

FOR LADIES

FOR BOYS

FOR GIRLS

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay \$6 to \$8, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by:

T. G. Richardson



ANNOUNCEMENT.



We beg leave to announce to the public that we have sold out our business to C. R. Smith, of Cadillac Mich., and we will retire from active business in Northville at once.

In this connection we wish to thank our many friends for the liberal patronage we have always received and would respectfully ask a continuance of the same for our successor, who will be found worthy of all confidence. Until further notice we will make our headquarters at the store, where accounts due us can be paid.

Main Street
Double Store.

TEICHNER & COMPANY,

Northville,
Michigan.

TIME OF THE WORLD.

A LESSON IN TIME AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

When It Is High Noon in the World's Fair City It Is Midnight in Siam, and 10 A. M. in San Francisco—Regulating Big Clocks.

[World's Fair Correspondence.]

HAT TIME IS IT?" asked one gentleman of another as they dropped into the terminal station at the fair for a quiet retreat.

"That depends on the kind of time you want," was the response. "You can get almost any kind and reasonable man might call for."

"American, European, or Asiatic? What kind will you have?"

"By Chicago time, of course."

"Would like to accommodate you, old man, but Chicago time is the one and only you can't find in Chicago. There hasn't been any in town for more than nine years."

"Come off! What are you giving me?"

"The man who wanted the time was slangy, but the tax on his credulity made him excited."

"You see," explained the knowing man, "everybody in Chicago uses central standard time, and that is about nine minutes and a half slower than the true time. Now, if there is any other kind of time that—"

But the man without a watch interrupted him by pointing up at the wall of the "rounds," and exclaiming, "There it is, and it's exactly noon."

He indicated a dial with both hands turned to 12 o'clock, and on the wall above it was the word "Chicago." His eyes wandered around the enclosure, and he saw a row of twenty-four dials, but they seemed to be in the midst of a free-for-all race, for no two clocks had the same time. He was willing to learn so he asked:

"What does that all mean?"

"Those clocks are supposed to give the time of the cities named above them, and if you will look around them you can see just what time it is in other parts of the world when it is 12 o'clock noon in Chicago. In New York it is 1 o'clock p. m., by eastern standard time. In London it is 3 o'clock p. m. by Greenwich time. In Paris it is now 6:09 p. m.; in Madrid, 5:45 p. m.; in St. Petersburg, 4:33 p. m.; in Stockholm, 7:15 p. m.; in Berlin, 6:53 p. m.; in Rome, 6:50 p. m.; in Cairo, 6:03 p. m.; in Vienna, 7:00 p. m.; in St. Petersburg, 8:01 p. m.; in Athens, 7:45 p. m.; in Constantinople, 7:56 p. m.; in Jerusalem, 8:36 p. m.; in Mecca, 8:41 p. m.; in Bombay, 11:00 p. m.; in Hong Kong, 1:37 a. m.; in Yokohama, 3:18 a. m.; in Melbourne, 3:40 a. m.; in Honolulu, 7:50 a. m.; in San Francisco, 10:00 a. m.; in Santiago, 1:17 p. m.; in Buenos Ayres, 4:51 p. m."

"I suppose you mean that while it is noon in Chicago it is 6 o'clock to-night in London," said the inquiring man.

"Exactly. Out in San Francisco it is 10 o'clock this morning, and down on the Sandwich Islands the people are sitting down to today's breakfast. Over in Japan, Australia and China, they have started in on tomorrow, while we are just in the middle of today. The fellow who said to-morrow never came ought to go over there and find it."

"How do they run these clocks—by electricity?"

"No, they are run by springs, pretty much the same as watches. But they are wound up and synchronized by electricity."

"What's the synchronizing in the United States, and how do they do it?"

"To synchronize a clock is to make it agree in time with another clock. These timepieces, in the terminal, are synchronized on a day with a clock in the National Observatory at Washington, and once every hour with a regulator at the booth of the self-winding clock company in the manufacturers' building, which does the job for all the official clocks at the fair."

"It isn't so hard to understand when you can see the apparatus work, if you know something about the properties of electricity, for the mechanism is comparatively simple, but it is not so easy to explain. If you dip into electrical work you will discover that there is a magnet attached to almost every appliance for using electricity. Of course you have been in a telephone office often, and you always see among the instruments one that has two parallel black cylinders. That is one of the simplest forms of magnet. Across one end of the cylinders you always find a bar of iron, which keeps up a clicking noise against the cylinders. That's the armature. When the electricity is turned on it fills the cylindrical pieces with magnetism, and they attract the armature. When the current is cut off the magnetism power ceases and the armature is pulled away from the cylinders by a spring. That's the simple way in which electricity is transformed into mechanical power."

"In the regulator at the manufacturers' building the armature has a disk with a butte plate. At a certain point in the edge of the disk is a notch or depression, which of course makes a revolution once an hour with the minute hand, and every time that hand points to 12 a lever resting on the edge of the disk drops into the depression. That tilts the other end of the lever in the opposite direction, and it closes an electric circuit that passes through the regulator. The electricity shoots along the wires to each of these terminal clocks and into a magnet like that of the telephone office, except that it is a vertical instead of a horizontal position. Now I've got to tell you something about these clocks. On the minute hand's axis is a small disk, but instead of a notch in

its edge it has a projection, a little square bar of iron not half an inch long. On the Chicago clock this disk is so attached that when the minute hand points to 12 the bar is in a perpendicular position. If the clock gains or loses time of course the bar is a little out of the perpendicular, and to correct the error it is only necessary to press the bar into a vertical position. Of course the gain or loss is so slight that the bar never gets very far out of plumb."

"When the current is closed in the regulator at the manufacturers' building the magnet in the clock at the terminal draws the armature up to it. The armature is attached to a lever, and when the one end is raised the other is lowered, and it presses on a couple of little tumbler. The tumblers, swinging on pivots, come together somewhat like the jaws of a vise, catch the bars on the disk, and pinch it into a perpendicular position. That synchronizes the clock, which means that its time is corrected by a more reliable measure."

"That may be all right for the Chicago clock, but how about these others, which point to all sorts of time?" was the inquisitive man's puzzled query.

"That's the simplest thing of all. The difference in time is made by setting the hands backward or forward when the clocks are started. The clocks are made alike, and when it is 12 o'clock in Chicago, the bar on the disk of the finger hand is pointing to 17, no matter whether the instrument is measuring the daylight of the United States or the slow-going hours of Asia's night. The hands indicate different hours, because they were started that way. They are bound to keep about so far apart, and any little wanderings from their correct position by the synchronizing. Mad time, for example, is five

hours and forty-five minutes faster than Chicago time. The minute hand of the Madrid clock is fastened to its axis forty-five minutes ahead of the Chicago clock, and the hour hand for Madrid is moved ahead five hours."

"That explains the synchronizing by the regulator in the manufacturers' building. How about getting the time from Washington?"

"That is done in a somewhat similar manner, except that it is only once a day. At 11:57 a. m. every day, eastern time, the Washington Observatory puts its clock in an electrical circuit, and telegraph wires all over the country drop all other business for three minutes. For two minutes and fifty seconds the seconds of the government instrument are clicked by thousands of telegraph instruments throughout the country, and the regulator in the manufacturers' building is synchronized by them. For nine seconds the clicking ceases, which gives the Washington current time to the regulator to the wires leading to the terminal clocks. At precisely 12 o'clock Washington sends the final beat, which synchronizes the clocks in circuit with it. That of course means 1 o'clock in the morning by Chicago time."

"How about this self-winding business?"

"Strictly speaking the clocks are not self-winding, for that is done by the electrical current from the manufacturers' building. When the circuit is closed the electricity operates a second magnet in each clock. Attached to the armature is a pawl resting on a ratchet wheel, and a little contrivance gives the armature an oscillating motion. That moves the pawl up and down, and turns the ratchet wheel, which winds up the spring that runs the clock. It looks simple enough when you see it done. The electricity takes the form of magnetism, the magnet attracts an armature, the armature works a lever, and the lever does the rest."

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"When the current is closed in the regulator at the manufacturers' building the magnet in the clock at the terminal draws the armature up to it. The armature is attached to a lever, and when the one end is raised the other is lowered, and it presses on a couple of little tumbler. The tumblers, swinging on pivots, come together somewhat like the jaws of a vise, catch the bars on the disk, and pinch it into a perpendicular position. That synchronizes the clock, which means that its time is corrected by a more reliable measure."

"That may be all right for the Chicago clock, but how about these others, which point to all sorts of time?" was the inquisitive man's puzzled query.

"That's the simplest thing of all. The difference in time is made by setting the hands backward or forward when the clocks are started. The clocks are made alike, and when it is 12 o'clock in Chicago, the bar on the disk of the finger hand is pointing to 17, no matter whether the instrument is measuring the daylight of the United States or the slow-going hours of Asia's night. The hands indicate different hours, because they were started that way. They are bound to keep about so far apart, and any little wanderings from their correct position by the synchronizing. Mad time, for example, is five

hours and forty-five minutes faster than Chicago time. The minute hand of the Madrid clock is fastened to its axis forty-five minutes ahead of the Chicago clock, and the hour hand for Madrid is moved ahead five hours."

"That explains the synchronizing by the regulator in the manufacturers' building. How about getting the time from Washington?"

"That is done in a somewhat similar manner, except that it is only once a day. At 11:57 a. m. every day, eastern time, the Washington Observatory puts its clock in an electrical circuit, and telegraph wires all over the country drop all other business for three minutes. For two minutes and fifty seconds the seconds of the government instrument are clicked by thousands of telegraph instruments throughout the country, and the regulator in the manufacturers' building is synchronized by them. For nine seconds the clicking ceases, which gives the Washington current time to the regulator to the wires leading to the terminal clocks. At precisely 12 o'clock Washington sends the final beat, which synchronizes the clocks in circuit with it. That of course means 1 o'clock in the morning by Chicago time."

"How about this self-winding business?"

"Strictly speaking the clocks are not self-winding, for that is done by the electrical current from the manufacturers' building. When the circuit is closed the electricity operates a second magnet in each clock. Attached to the armature is a pawl resting on a ratchet wheel, and a little contrivance gives the armature an oscillating motion. That moves the pawl up and down, and turns the ratchet wheel, which winds up the spring that runs the clock. It looks simple enough when you see it done. The electricity takes the form of magnetism, the magnet attracts an armature, the armature works a lever, and the lever does the rest."

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SOME SANITARY ASPECTS

Of Bread Making by Cyrus Edison, M. D., Health Commissioner, New York City.

It is necessary, if one would understand the sanitary aspects of bread making, to fully comprehend the present theory held by scientists of germs and the part played by them in disease. The theory of disease germs is merely the name given to the knowledge had of those germs by medical men, a knowledge which is the result of innumerable experiments. Being this, the old term of "theory" has become a misnomer. A germ of a disease is a plant, so small that I do not know how to express intelligibly to the general reader its lack of size. When this germ is introduced into the blood or tissues of the body, its action appears to be analogous to that which takes place when yeast is added to dough. It attacks certain elements of the blood or tissues and destroys them, at the same time producing new substances.

But the germs of the greater part of the germ diseases, that is, of the infectious and contagious diseases, will develop or increase in number without being in the body of a human being, provided always you give them the proper conditions. These conditions are to be found in dough which is being raised with yeast. They are

has so good a chance of gathering germs. What is meant by "raising" bread is worth a few words. The introduction of the yeast into the moist dough and the addition of heat when the pan is placed near the fire produces an enormous growth of the yeast fungi—the yeast "germ" in other words. These fungi effect a destructive fermentation of a portion of the starchy matter of the flour—one of the most valuable nutrient elements in the flour. The fermentation produces carbonic acid gas, and this, having its origin in every little particle of the starch, which is itself everywhere in the flour, pushes aside the particles of the dough to give itself room. This is what is called "raising the bread."

It needs but a glance to see that it is, in its effects on the dough, purely mechanical. The dough, which was before a close-grained mass, is now full of little holes, and when cooked in this condition is what we ordinarily call light. This porous quality of bread enables the stomach to rapidly and easily digest it, for the gastric juices quickly soak into and attack it from all sides. The fermentation of the dough, however, uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the loaf. If it be possible, therefore, to produce a light porous loaf without this destruction and without the "kneading"

process, which fills the dough with germ and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on, the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain.

But while we can easily see the dangers which attend the use of yeast it is certain that the vesiculating effect produced by it on the dough is to the last degree perfect. It is apparent that if we are to substitute any other system of bread making we must have one which will give us, first, mechanical results equally as good, that is, that will produce minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas throughout the mass of dough. Now it is no very difficult thing to produce carbonic acid gas chemically, but when we are working at bread we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure and wholesome baking powder. Baking powders are composed of an acid and an alkali which, if properly combined, should when they unite at once destroyed themselves and produce carbonic acid gas. A good baking powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and having done it, disappears.

But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious elements. Baking powders containing alum or those which are compounded from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportion or carefully mixed and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning in this direction or the change from the objectionable yeast to an impure baking powder will be a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce carbonic acid gas, and having done this, disappear. Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast made dough must stand in order that the starch may ferment and there is also no kneading necessary.

The two materials used in the Royal, cream of tartar and soda, are perfectly harmless even when eaten. But they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken up to form the carbonic acid gas. More than this, the proper method of using the powder insures the most thorough mixing with the flour. The proper quantity being taken, it is mixed with the flour and stirred around in it. The mixture is then sifted several times and this in-

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"THE OLD RELIABLE."



Yes, that is what we claim and have a clear title to the claim of being The Oldest Clothing House in Northville; The Oldest Boot and Shoe House in Northville and The Oldest Dry Goods House in Northville. Therefore the mantle of the "Old Reliable" falls upon the "Busy Big Store" without a struggle. We will continue in the future as in the past to be the leaders in low prices and bargain giving. Having plenty of experienced help, you will receive prompt and courteous attention, and will sell you goods at the lowest prices that money will buy. Now look over the list of Saturday's specials:

Saturday, August 19th,

we will place on sale one case of Men's Cassimere Pants that other dealers ask \$2 and \$2.25 for and our price will be \$1.25 per pair. One case of Men's Heavy Socks, good web tops, the best bargain we have ever offered, at 5c pair. In the Dry Goods department we will place on the bargain counter one whole case of Good Heavy Checked Shirting at 6 1-2c per yard. Also a full case of Good Domestic Gingham, absolutely Fast Colors, and sell the entire lot at just 5c per yard.

Goods always sold just as advertised at "The Old Reliable."

T. G. Richardson, THE CASH — OUTFITTER.

PLYMOUTH LOCALS:

E. Burden took in Livonia this week.
Miss Anita Millard visited friends at Elm this week.
Wm. Greig of South Lyon was in town Thursday.
A new line of gents' Fall Hats just received at Raugh's.
C. A. Roe is making numerous improvements on his house.
Miran Collins and family have moved into the Panchas house.
Mrs. Chas. Williams of Iowa is the guest of Mrs. L. H. Holliday.
A. Sloss of Dearborn is visiting his sister, Mrs. H. Bennett, this week.
A. H. Dibble, who was sick the first of the week, is able to be around again.
Miss Mamie Clark of New Boston was in town calling on friends Monday.
Nelly Stevens laid up nursing a large fellow on his little finger this week.
Miss Jennie Crosby of Ann Arbor was a guest of Mrs. A. Millard this week.
The Wilcox elevator and store in lower village is receiving a coat of paint.
In the ball game yesterday the score was twelve to fourteen in favor of Wayne.
A large number of our people took in the excursion to Island lake last Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Morgau of Bad Axe are visiting friends and relatives in town this week.
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Streight, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith and Miss Nettie Tuttle left for Chicago Monday.
50c shirts selling at 35c this week at Raugh's.
Harrison Peck and family and Edwin Peck and family left Wednesday for a week's camp at Straights lake.
Miss Flora Millard of Detroit and Miss Nina Millard of Saginaw are visiting their mother Mrs. A. Millard.
Mrs. Kendrick and son Warren who have been visiting friends at Ann Arbor for the last month, have returned home.
Geo. VanDeCarr has purchased the lot of Mrs. D. R. Penny where A. D. Lyndon's hardware store stood before the fire. Geo. will now erect a fine new barber shop on this site that Plymouth will be proud of.
This Friday night occurs at the village hall a concert and address with beautiful illustrations of physical culture by Delsarte and club drills, tableaux, etc. The program is varied and of much interest and it will, no doubt, be a drawing card. The general admission is but 15 cents and it will be worth at least a dollar. The Misses Pelham and Paddock, the charming young readers, are each down for a recitation and Mrs. L. Hall, the well known soloist, is on the program for several songs.
There was a narrow escape from drowning on Island lake Sunday afternoon. Geo. Rhorback and Edward Spitz of South Lyon and Jacob Ebeits of Plymouth were rowing from the east shore to the island to have a swim when one of the boys in a spirit of fun rocked the boat so violently that it was capsized, 30 yards from the shore. Two of them could not swim, and their rescue by parties in another boat was none too soon. One of the rescued fainted while being rowed ashore, and for a time he was supposed to be drowned.
Clothing Sales Agent wanted for Northville, Mich., and vicinity. Liberal commissions paid, and we furnish the best and most complete outfit ever provided by any house. Write at once for terms. Send references. WANAMAKER & BROWN, Philadelphia, Pa. 1911

FARMINGTON.

Clifford Allen was in Detroit Sunday.
Rev. Mr. Ebling is visiting at his Ypsilanti home.
Walter Bloomer has returned from his Novi visit.
Wm. Avis of Lansing is visiting old acquaintances in town.
Miss Jennie Armstrong has returned home after a pleasant vacation.
Jas. Conroy, wife and daughter Anna, spent Monday in Detroit.
Mrs. Elizabeth Coe was quite seriously injured by falling down stairs.
Mr. Perry of Iron Mountain is the guest of his brother Geo. and family.
Miss Nina Ambler of Northville was among Farmington friends last week.
The funeral services of Mrs. Fred Gurst were held Sunday at Clarenceville.
Miss Lutie Allen has been suffering with a sore throat for the past few days.
Mrs. M. B. Pierce is entertaining her sister, Miss Stella Kennedy of Detroit.
Miss Nellie Bloomer is slowly recovering from her attack of inflammatory rheumatism.
Miss Belle Eisenlord has been engaged to teach the Ypsilanti school for the next school year.
Mrs. C. W. Botsford has returned from Ohio where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hayward.
Miss Lulu and Master Cassie Hardenberg of Detroit are guests of their grand parents, Jas. P. Allen and wife.
The Sunday school picnic held last week at Maple grove was quite largely attended and a pleasant time enjoyed.
Mrs. Palmer Sherman, who was severely injured by being thrown from a buggy is quite comfortable at this date.
Miss Lottie Ward of New Hudson has been the guest of her grandparents B. B. Mosher and wife, for the past few days.
Mrs. Cetella Murray and family, Wm. Thomas and family and George Lee and family are enjoying camp life at Orchard lake.
Meredith Green of Kansas City, Mo. formerly a resident of Farmington, is being entertained at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Moore.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McManus report a pleasant time at Walkerville and Peach Island. They were entertained by Hiram Walker and Thos. Reed.
After a pleasant visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Tossins of Birmingham, Mrs. Cynthia Pierce has returned to her home in Farmington.
A. F. Neuendorf attended the funeral of his brother's wife at Brighton last week. Mr. Neuendorf's mother accompanied him home and will remain here a short time.
In the absence of Rev. Ebling, Mr. Clarence Hutton of Northville officiated in the Methodist church Sunday morning and many remarked that it was the best discourse they had heard for a long time. The church was more than well filled. The general wish is that Mr. Hutton will repeat the visit.

DON'T GET IMPOSED UPON.

Is a good motto to follow in buying a medicine as well as in everything else. By the universal satisfaction it has given and by the many remarkable cures it has accomplished, Dullam's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure has proven itself unequalled for building up and cleansing your system and for all diseases arising from impure blood. Do not experiment with an unheard of or untried article which you are told is as good, but be sure and get Dullam's. All druggists keep it.
For sale by C. R. Stevens, Druggist.

THAYER'S CORNERS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Cook on Monday, Aug. 7, a son.
Mrs. Rufus Thayer is suffering from an attack of biliousness, which in her feeble condition, is hard to be borne.
A small delegation from Salem was in Ann Arbor Wednesday to hear the address of Gen. J. B. Wearer before the Farmers' picnic.
Should the weather prove pleasant there will be a good attendance from Salem to the Farmers' picnic at Whitmore lake on Saturday next.
Wm. Murray returned from his trip to Montana and the National Yellow Stone park on Saturday last. Going and returning he made brief visits to the Chicago fair.
Mr. and Mrs. John Munn of Allegheny county, N. Y., have been visiting their son, Jas. Munn and family, and other friends here the past week. Mr. Munn left for home on Tuesday afternoon. He is a candidate for the N. Y. assembly in his county and has fences to look after. Judging from some of his utterances there is little room for doubt as to his party affiliations. He believes in protection and hundred cent dollars.
Returning from the social at Mr. Ambrose Roe's last Friday evening, which was intensely dark, Fred Sober was suddenly surprised to find him self, horse and carriage, dumped unceremoniously into the new township ditch which for some distance runs reprehensibly near the carriage track of the highway. Fred succeeded in extricating himself and horse from the mud and water and left the carriage to soak till the dawn of another day. The Drain Commissioner has been solicited to put up some sort of protection to prevent the recurrence of similar accidents in the future.

SALEM.

Mrs. Elsworth and children of Detroit are visiting at Rev. Conrad's.
Mrs. Tweedale has been spending a few days visiting Mrs. Rev. Shier at Pebbles.
The union Sunday school picnic will be held in Smith's grove on Aug. 29. The Salem cornet band will furnish music.
Mrs. Lyman of Dunkirk, N. Y., has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity on her way home from Chicago.
Rev. S. Shannon and Conrad, Dr. Tweedale and others attended the Wayne county Sunday school convention at Plymouth last Tuesday.
A party consisting of F. C. Wheeler, Fred Rathbun, Job Bradley, Dean Perkins and Mr. Rice left on Tuesday morning to visit the world's fair.
The sheriff from Ann Arbor arrested Lyman Brown last Sunday for using indecent language to Jessie, the nine year old daughter of Mrs. Frederick.
Miss Jessie Roe will be the teacher of the P. S. Delray district, township of Plymouth, for the autumn term. Miss Ada Roe has been engaged to teach at Lapham's Corners.
Rev. D. H. Conrad organized a Young People's Union last Thursday with a membership of about twenty in the old church formerly used by the Congregationalists, two miles north east of the village. It is now a mission under the management of the above pastor. Their Sunday school will shortly picnic at Whitmore lake.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wilson have been enjoying a delightful visit from their son David and wife of Richmond, Va. Mr. Wilson although now

a citizen of the south, is an old G. A. R. boy and former resident of Salem. He will attend the national G. A. R. encampment at Indianapolis before returning to Richmond. He states that the manufacturing and commercial tendencies of the south are on a steady increase.

Mr. McFall, our respected general blacksmith, received a telegram last Friday announcing the death of his mother, Bridget McFall at Fenton. He left to attend the funeral which took place on Saturday. Mrs. McFall who was in her 80th year, was born at Millingar, Westmeath county, Ireland, coming to this country 45 years ago. For the past 25 years she has resided at Fenton. She leaves six sons to mourn her loss.

NOVI.

Miss Mamie and Hart Johnson are visiting at Hudson.
A. N. Kimmis, Jr. and family left Tuesday for the big fair.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Spencer spent Sunday at South Lyon.
Will Flint accompanied by his sister Maud are visiting relatives at Howell this week.
The W. C. T. U. will meet in the Methodist church parlor on Friday afternoon of this week.
Mr. Crumb has purchased him a brand new separator and is now doing thrashing in fine style.
The Cheerful Workers society met with Miss Mabel Whipple last Saturday afternoon and report having a splendid time.

Mrs. Stella Hammond is quite seriously ill at this writing.
Miss Harriet Allen who has been sick for some weeks, is convalescing.
Miss Isabella Pennell of Ypsilanti is visiting friends and relatives at Novi.
The "Argonauts" held their annual picnic Saturday at Walled lake having a very enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Hazen, Mr. and A. N. Kimmis and Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Power started Tuesday morning for Chicago.

Miss Maud Flint will teach the fall term at the W. Novi school and Rush O'Banks will "rattle" with the "young idea" at the village of Novi.

The W. B. H. M. circle met with Mrs. J. Becker Thursday afternoon. 15 ladies were present, and two new members were added to the society.

Mrs. Kilworth and her two sons, who have been with Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Power for the past year or more, left Tuesday for their home in Lawrence Kan. via Chicago and the world's fair.

Miss Mary Casey of Detroit has been visiting her friend Miss Agnes Gage, and calling on other friends in the W. Novi district, where she taught two years ago. Miss Casey has just recovered from a severe illness.

Twenty or thirty cycles went up the gravel road Sunday on the way to the encampment at Island lake. The continually increasing number of these vehicles seen on the roads indicates that that manner of locomotion is becoming more and more popular, or that the wheels are becoming cheaper.

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.

MEAD'S HILLS.

M. McKeever and family Sundayed at Mrs. Downey's.
John Martin is working on the railroad as a section hand.
Jim Downey returned last week from a visit at Greenville where he has an uncle living.
Report says that our merchant is talking of leaving this place—dullness of business being the cause.
Our school begins two weeks from Monday with the same teacher to tutor that we had last year.
Mrs. Francis returned Sunday from Canton, where she has been staying with her sister, Mrs. O. R. Pattengill, who is sick.
Tom Harrison says some one gave his dog a dose of poison Saturday, but it did not have the desired effect, for the dog still lives.
The races which were to come off last Saturday in which the Benton and Taylor horses were to have been the contestants, was declared off on account of Mr. B's horse being lame.
Buy Dullam's Great German 15c Liver Pills 40 in a package, at Stevens.
Buy Dullam's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at C. R. Stevens.

ABOUT FEED.

We are now making a specialty of Feed Grinding and Retail and Wholesale Feed. We have put the price way down, and farmers and others are appreciating it by coming from miles away. We have tons to spare and can supply all. And at the same time

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