

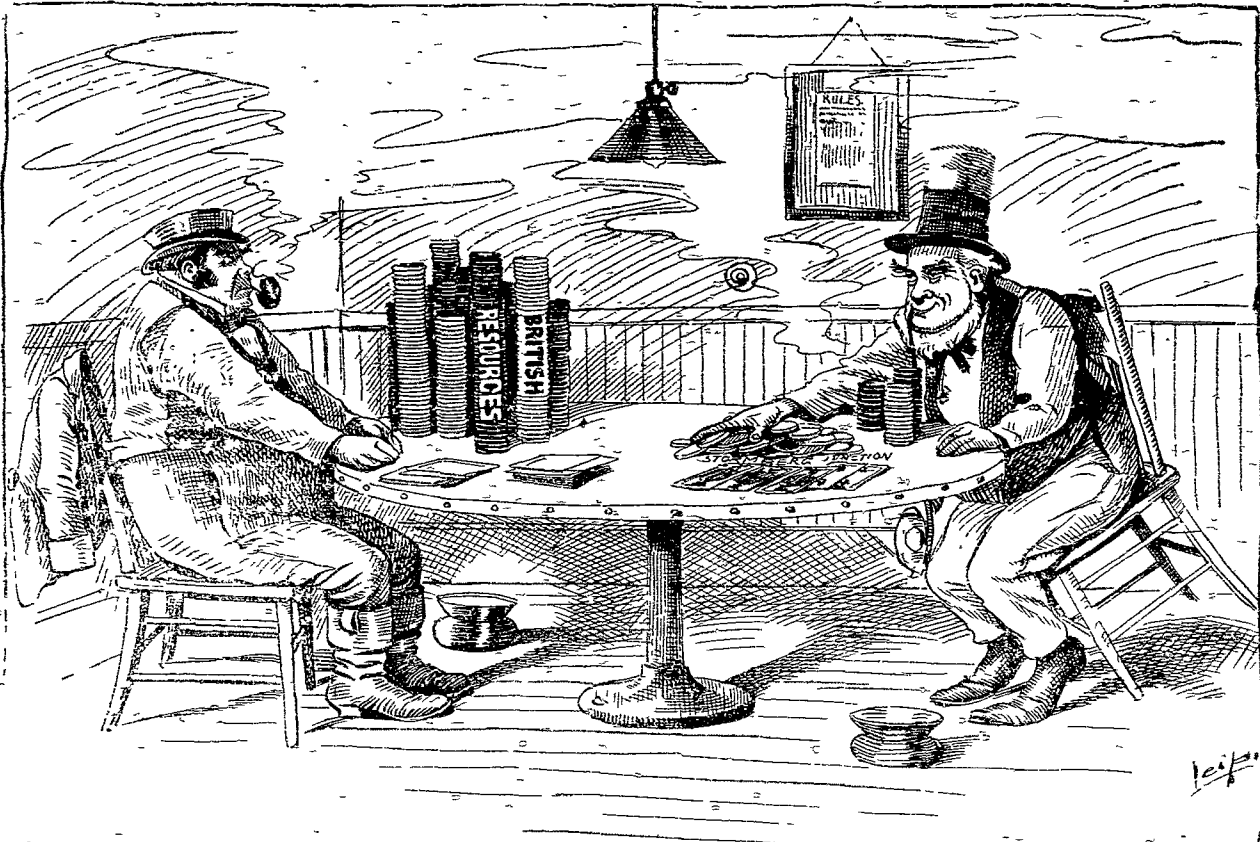
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXI. No. 19.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1899.

\$1.00 Per year in Advance

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GAME.



JOHN PAUL IS A WINNER THIS TIME BUT JOHN B. STILL HAS A LOT OF CHIPS LEFT.

—From Detroit Evening News

FRED WARNER FOR SECRETARY STATE

THE OAKLAND COUNTY MAN HAS ANNOUNCED HIMSELF.

Secretary of State Stearns is Out for the Governorship.

Upon the announcement of Secretary of State Stearns that he was a candidate for the nomination of governor, ex-Senator Fred M. Warner of Farmington shied his Secretary of State caster in the ring and there is every evidence that it's a winner.



FRED M. WARNER of Farmington, candidate for the nomination of Secretary of State

Mr. Warner and Mr. Stearns were pitted against each other for the nomination two years ago and the westsider only won by a small majority. Now with Mr. Stearns in the race for governor it is figured that in all probability Mr. Warner is to have clear sailing.

Christmas Service at the Presbyterian Church.

The music at the Presbyterian church next Sunday promises to be exceptionally fine. There will be a Christmas praise service in the morning, at which the large chorus choir under the direction of Prof. J. Henry Smith will sing the following music: "Oh, Christmas Bells," carol by J. Henry Smith; "Hark, What Mean Those Holy Voices," by Marz; "Gloria Patri No. 2," by J. Henry Smith; "The Three Shepherds," by D. Buck. During the offertory Mrs. S. E. Clanton will sing "The Holy City," by Adams. The subject of Mr. J. H. Smith's sermon will be "The Descent of the Incarnation." Christmas song service, "The Birth of the Christ," by G. B. Nevin, will be sung by the children assisted by the choir in the evening. In addition to this there will be speaking and singing by the little folk, and the anthem, "He Shall Reign Forever," by Simper, sung by the choir.

Parmenter-Carr Wedding.

Mr. "Lonnie" Parmenter and Miss Maude Carr were married in their own new home in Northside on Monday evening by Rev. W. H. Lloyd of the Methodist church. There were about twenty of the immediate relatives and friends of the young couple present. They will commence housekeeping at once.

CHARGED WITH HARNESS LIFTING.

WILL BRUMMER OF NOVI TOWN ARRESTED LAST WEEK.

Pleads Not Guilty of Taking Rattenbury's Property.

Will Brummer, who lives with his parents west of Novi, was arrested and brought here last week, charged with lifting Geo. Rattenbury's harness on Tuesday of that week. Before Justice Johnson on Monday Brummer plead not guilty and his hearing was set for next week Thursday and he furnished a \$500 bond to appear at that time.

Officers made a search of the premises on Friday and they say they found several bolts of new cloth and some new plow points but no harness. Brummer has retained H. S. W. Smith to defend him.

FATE OF DOGS.

Present License Act May Not Be Constitutional.

Prosecuting Attorney Frazer has rendered an opinion which may have an interesting bearing on the present system of destroying dogs as passed by the last legislature. The opinion was given in reply to a question by E. J. Johnson of Romulus in regard to the killing of dogs whose owners do not pay the required license.

The prosecutor says that in the state of Michigan dogs are property and continuing holds as follows:

"The question arises whether the dog license act is constitutional, which on the face of it permits a warden to destroy property merely because the tax is not paid. I can not find that the Michigan law has yet been considered by the supreme court, but upon principle I am inclined to the opinion that the act is unconstitutional and that the dog warden killing a dog must take his chances as to a suit that may be brought against him by the owner of the dog. If the act is unconstitutional, the warden killing a dog would not be protected in his act and would have to respond to the owner to the full amount of the value as shown upon trial against him, should such a suit be brought."

Card of Thanks.

We wish through the columns of the Record to thank our many friends for their kindness during our late bereavement.

C. L. BRIGHAM AND FAMILY.

FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

MR. AND MRS. L. W. HUTTON CELEBRATED THEIRS MONDAY.

Were Properly Caned and Chaired During the Evening.

The fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Hutton was celebrated at their pleasant home here on Monday evening. The reunion was arranged and managed by the sons and daughters and was an occasion to be remembered by them all, as one of the bright spots on a lifetime.

Mr. Hutton has been identified with the active business interests of Northville for 45 of the 50 years of his married life, except a few recent years. He was born Feb. 11, 1828, at Starkey, Yates Co., N. Y., and Mrs. Hutton—Sarah L. Perrin—at Troy.



MR. AND MRS. L. W. HUTTON

this state. They came to this village in 1854. He began business in a brick blacksmith shop that stood in a corner of what is now the Banks property on Dunlap street, which he owned and occupied for twenty years. He also owned for twenty years the shops now occupied by Mr. Hirsch, those corners in those days being the busiest place for miles around. He employed a large force of men and often his own anvil was heard ringing at four o'clock in the morning. He used the old historic stone school house, now standing on the banks of Atwater street, as a wagon shop for many years. The Northville mill were owned and operated by him for about ten years. He was also in the grocery business here for some time with his son.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutton were prominent members of the old Methodist church, where Mr. H. was for some time leader of the choir. He built and lived 24 years in the house now the property of the Yarnall Institute, which he sold to that company two years ago when he built his present handsome residence at 32 Main-st. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton have been the parents of five children, all except one still living. They are Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mrs. Lucy Ambler and C. A. and W. H. Hutton. All are Northville residents but C. A. Hutton, of Flint, and all were present at Monday night's celebration. Mr. Hutton has always been esteemed as a patriotic and public-spirited citizen,

and not the least praiseworthy item to his credit is the fact that he has been a loyal patron of his home newspaper having been a constant subscriber for the Record since its first issue in 1869.

Old friends to the number of 75 were gathered Monday night and during the evening's enjoyment Mr. Hutton was presented with two handsome goldheaded canes, while the ladies surprised Mrs. Hutton with a beautiful easy chair and a china spoon tray.

ILL BUT A FEW DAYS.

Little Margie Carpenter Died Monday Afternoon.

After an illness of less than a week, Margie Carpenter, the seven year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carpenter of this place, died Monday of malignant sore throat. On Friday the little girl was in school as usual and thus the sudden end of the little one's life is all the more of a shock to the sorrowing parents. She was a bright little girl and a great favorite among her playmates. Rev. Mr. Harbener officiated at the funeral service Tuesday. The burial was in Rural Hill.

Let us pray for a sleep
When with songs and dew light
Morning blossoms out of night
She was open her blue eyes
Neath the plum of Paradise
While we foolish ones shall weep

Officers Elected.

M. W. OF A.

At a regular meeting of the M. W. of A. last Tuesday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Venerable Consul—Dr. F. Carothers
Worthy Adviser—Carmel Beaton
Banker—R. R. McKahn
Clerk—Thos. Murdock
Escort—W. H. Lincoln
Watchman—Harry Sackett
Sentry—W. Kator
Camp Physician—Dr. Murdock

G. A. R.

Allen M. Harmon G. A. R. post, No. 318, elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

Commander—B. G. Webster
S. V. C.—James Hamilton
J. V. C.—H. O. Ward
Surgeon—F. K. Starkweather
Q. M.—J. W. Dolph
O. D.—H. Burlick
O. G.—John Murdock
Chaplain—J. H. Taylor
Guard—Alfred Steers
Adjutant—C. L. Brigham
Representative to Department Encampment—John Murdock
Alternate—E. M. Brigham
Past Commander—John N. Nixon.

B. Y. P. U.

At their annual meeting Monday night the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President—Roy Clark
Vice President—Grace Lowden
Secretary—Mabel Burgess
Treasurer—Flora Willis.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

How About that

Christmas Present?

You know, we know, and everybody knows there is nothing more appropriate for Christmas Presents than something in Fancy China or Lamp Goods. Our stock is complete and we can satisfy you. Let us try. We offer a few suggestions.

- Bread and Cake Plate . . . 30c to \$2.00 ea
- Salad Sets . . . \$1 to \$6.50 ea
- Plate Sets . . . 60c to \$3.00 set
- Sugar and Cream Sets . . . 25c to \$2.25 set
- 3-piece Te Te Sets . . . \$1.35 to \$2.75 set
- Cups and Saucers . . . 5c to \$1.75 ea
- 10c Counter full of China at . . . 10c piece
- Salads . . . 30c to \$3.25 ea
- Plaques . . . 25c to \$1.75 ea
- Hand Painted Jardiniers 1 50c to \$2.50 ea
- Footed Jardiniers . . . \$1.25 to \$1.35 ea
- Oat Meal Sets . . . 60c to \$1.50 set
- Cracker Jars . . . 50c to \$1.75 ea
- Lemonade Sets . . . \$1.50 to \$3.50 set
- Celery Trays . . . 50c to \$1.75 ea
- Lamps . . . 90c to \$10 ea
- Vases . . . 5c to \$3 ea
- Toilet Sets . . . \$2 to \$9 set
- Dinner Sets . . . \$6.99 to \$30 set
- Child's Knife & Fork Sets 15c to \$1.25 set
- Child's China Tea Sets . . . 10c to \$1.50 set

Christmas Candies,
Nuts,
Malaga Grapes,
Cluster Raisins,
Layer Figs,
Oranges, Lemons,
Cranberries,
Bananas, Stuffed Dates,
Dates, Oysters, etc.

ROLLIN H. PURDY.

Groceries, Crockery, Lamps, Etc.

Christmas IS NEAR AT HAND.

Don't Forget the Little Ones.

A Little Candy, Nuts, Oranges, Dates, etc. will cost you but little money and Christmas will be remembered as the happy days of childhood.

- 4 lbs Mixed Candy . . . 25c
- A good Mixed Candy, per lb, . . . 7c
- Commercial Mixed Candy, per lb, . . . 10c
- Broker Taffy Candy, per lb, . . . 10c
- Peanut Squares Candy, per lb, . . . 12c
- Peach Pits Candy, per lb, . . . 15c
- Cream Bon Bons, per lb, . . . 15c
- Jelly Squares, per lb, . . . 15c
- Choice Mixed Nuts, per lb, . . . 15c
- Sweet Navel Oranges, doz, . . . 30c, 40c, 50c

TELEPHONE

B. A. WHEELER.

The Northville Record.

An Independent Newspaper Published Every Friday morning by The Record Printing Co., Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

Terms of Subscription.—One year, \$1.00 in advance. Single copies 5c. Advertising rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be paid in advance. Transient advertising in advance. Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Cards of thanks, 1 cent per word. Reading notices and resolutions, 5c. per word. For real estate, wanted, found, lost, etc., of average length, 15c. for first and 10c. for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free. Notices for religious and benevolent societies, of reasonable length, one insertion free. Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, P. M. No fake advertising, nor anything bordering on the "objectable" accepted at any price. Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentionally published that cannot be personally endorsed.

E. S. B. AL, Editor and Prop.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers are requested to note the label on their paper each week which indicates the date to which the subscription is paid. Out of our subscribers who get their Record in large wrappers will receive notice in our next week's paper to the effect of "exp. date," thus giving an opportunity for prompt renewal.

NORTHVILLE, MICH. DEC. 22, 1899.

Envy.

One of the most common failings of the human family and one to which we are all prone to succumb is envy. Many good people who would be admitted to the ranks of the wise and sensible if only they would lay aside this evil passion and would find on their own examination that they possess even though it may be in a small degree—that invaluable trait. Very few are open and unpretentiously honest, although we occasionally meet those who are always bemoaning the fact that others are more brilliant, fortunate or prosperous than themselves. These people while naturally a source of annoyance to their associates are never dangerous to society like that much larger class whose far deeper but carefully concealed covetousness of others' property leads them to lose no opportunity of administering a vicious stab at the character or reputation of any one whom they consider to be unduly elevated above themselves. Even persons of this class vary in the manifestation of the feeling, as some go only so far as to speak derogatorily of the coveted ones on all possible occasions, while others erupt at no word or act that promises detriment to the advancement or popularity of the object of dislike that object being any and every one in any way honored or preferred. Their covetousness is so much more prone to question the ability or fitness of their personal friends or acquaintances when honors come to them than they are that of strangers. When a neighbor is honored in any way, they feel bitterly that there is no better qualified than the while concerning the propriety of their own country they are indignant. Every citizen of any community who may better any or many persons prominent has always to contend against the shafts of malice inspired by envy and let one who has enjoyed eminence or prominence fall of even stature how quickly does the covert sneer of the open "I told you so" reveal the true quality of some of his so-called friends. The unconsciously or voluntarily envious ones are legion, but there is no danger from them to friend or foe. The thought "I wish it were I" when fortune specially favors a friend is no sorer hurt than it does a natural death smothered by better and nobler motions. There is no risk of the serpent of envy thriving in those natures where is cultivated that "charity that vaunteth not itself."

At least one value of the present special legislative session will be that the various newspapers of the state will get much to say about the proceedings. That will divert a few thousand of the tax payers from the right direction.

Mr. Rattenbury wouldn't feel so badly about it if the parties would only take one harness at a time. Six or two hauls is rather bunching the matter.

It is not noticed that any of the London papers are at present telling about the mistakes of the U. S. in the war with Spain.

Evidently the state military board was up against a flim flam or "shell" game on that clothing deal.

And it also appears that England didn't know it was loaded.

Fred M. Warner's Candidacy for Secretary of State.

The many warm friends of ex Senator Warner all over the state will with much pleasure learn of the announcement of his candidacy for the republican nomination of Secretary of State. In his canvass for the nomination two years ago and up to the day of the Detroit convention Mr. Warner won friends at every stage of the game and only lost the nomination by a small margin to J. S. Stearns. His loyalty to his opponent and his party in general after his defeat in the convention won him an increase of friends from far and near and at once brought him into a more popular position in political circles than ever before.

Mr. Warner has always had the courage to stand by his convictions and fight for what he believed to be right but he has done it in such a manner as to not only win the approbation of his friends and constituency but the respect of his opponents as well. As a village, township, county official or state senator his highest ambition has been to labor faithfully and well as a servant for those he has been so proud to represent and in that labor he has had the good fortune or good judgment to please, to make no mistakes.

A man of exceptional successful business experience, both in a mercantile and manufacturing way, a man of unquestioned integrity, exemplary character and affairs was Mr. Warner is certainly an ideal candidate. Would that there were more of his kind.

The Dog Warden's Trials.

Prosecuting Attorney Frazer's opinion relative to the constitutionality of the dog license act passed by the last legislature may be all right as an opinion, but as to good logic it is certainly unique. The prosecutor says that if the supreme court declares the law unconstitutional then the dog warden, if he kills a dog, may be held responsible by the owner of the pup for damages. It appears to us to be the biggest piece of nonsense imaginable to suppose that an officer of the law can be held responsible for any damages resulting from the faithful performance of his duty as required by law no matter whether that law is constitutional or not. According to Mr. Frazer's logic after a man takes the oath of office he should refuse to do the duty, which he has previously sworn to do until the supreme court shall have passed on the constitutionality of the law. It may be good law but it is a mighty poor piece of common sense.

At least one value of the present special legislative session will be that the various newspapers of the state will get much to say about the proceedings. That will divert a few thousand of the tax payers from the right direction.

Mr. Rattenbury wouldn't feel so badly about it if the parties would only take one harness at a time. Six or two hauls is rather bunching the matter.

It is not noticed that any of the London papers are at present telling about the mistakes of the U. S. in the war with Spain.

Evidently the state military board was up against a flim flam or "shell" game on that clothing deal.

And it also appears that England didn't know it was loaded.

A Wonderful Storm.

The records of the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington show that the terrible hurricane which wrought wholesale destruction in Porto Rico in August last was longer lived than any storm hitherto reported to the bureau. It lasted from Aug. 3 until Aug. 21, within which time it traveled between 4,000 and 5,000 miles. It also began its career farther east than any tropical storm yet on record. It was first noticed on Aug. 3, about half-way between the coasts of Africa and South America, a little below north latitude 12 degrees. On the 8th its center ravaged Porto Rico, then it turned up the coast of the United States, and was last noticed, fast dying out, about 800 miles directly east of New York.

Suburban News.

Pontiac now has "police headquarters" by authority of her council.

"Oom-Pin" is what the Pontiac Postmaster calls the governor of Michigan.

The C. E. and A. D. societies of the U. P. church at Milford netted about \$300 from a church fair recently held there.

The Baptist Ministers' home at Fenton which takes the place of the one burned a few months ago is now ready for occupancy.

Wyandotte had a \$15,000 fire last week. The property destroyed was the sawmill and mold loft of the Detroit Ship Building Co.

A correspondent of the Flat Rock News says the farmers in his vicinity are complaining of the presence of "chink bugs." Is that a slang term for "gold bugs?"

One of Wayne's football players is capable of making an eighth of a mile while standing still. His name is Furlong.—Two or three Exchanges.

Well, he ought to be a great kicker with 660 feet to his credit.

The state roof for the new church at Milford failed to come for a long time after it was expected and last week the Times advertised for the lost "article." It arrived immediately.

The D. P. & N. are preparing to put in a table on Washington avenue just off Michigan avenue. This will enable them to run their cars right end to end, which will be a decided advantage over the old crawfish method.—Warner Echo.

A St. Johns man thinks he is going to be so scarce this winter that he has forbidden the use of his pond for skating. Although he is an ice man and don't deserve it will get freezing treatment from the young people in the vicinity of his pond.

New Jerusalem.—Wyandotte Suburb don't want to be either one of the above mentioned and have a less exalted recognition so the inhabitants are coming to petition for incorporation and a name at the February session of the board of supervisors.

An Ypsilanti man was given ten days the other day for using profane language on the street. And yet in the same town they let a man dam the Huron river and honor him for it too.—Caledon Times.

That's what you see the difference between the man who don't give a dam and the man who does.

Wayne has an XYZ club, but it is not a literary society. If the members are men and women of letters. Instead the club is going to "give a hop" Christmas night so the inference is that they are either cricket enthusiasts or else some of "the biggest toads in the puddle."

Four cars that should have been sent to the Detroit & Northwestern railway last week were sent to Champlain, Illinois, and the ones properly due at that point came to Greenfield necessitating several days' delay in giving Farmington regular car service.

Golden Rule Jones of Toledo favors public ownership of newspapers. How splendid that would be, especially for the party in power. Besides it would gladden many a poor editor's heart with regularly paid wages, government salaries. Who would not be an editor then?—Van Arbor Courier.

Dr. McElroy of the First Methodist church at Van Arbor preached an emphatic and impressive sermon last week Sunday denouncing a "sacred concert" held the same day at Athens theatre there. He regarded the affair as an entering wedge for the ultimate opening of the theatres for Sunday performances.

Dr. Baues of Detroit who was arrested for abducting his own daughter at Holly after she had become a state charge, has been released for lack of sufficient evidence. Detroit people are endeavoring to have Governor Pinckney obtain the child's release from her sentence to the Coldwater school.

The Delay Timesman has found a "bay mare" and offers to give up the animal on application to the Times. Seems as if a printing office would be a very unsuitable place to keep the quadruped, but probably its because it will be handy for the claimant to obtain necessary proofs, should the answer to his demand for his property happen to be neigh.

Northville is a hustling burg—no mistake about that. But a comparatively short time ago it experienced a stunning blow in the burning of the Globe furniture factory, but it bravely picked itself up from the ruins, organized a "get there" association, secured new industries to take the place of the one cremated, and the town is booming same as ever. There's one peculiarity about that town, however. Their ideas of aiding home industries are largely at variance. For instance. The village has a jag cure institute, where the St. Patrick act is done to imaginary serpents, yet the village dads have declared

local option to be the ruling passion of the day. The Record has an alcohol lamp in its sanctum for frying glue to a proper consistency, but the lamp was accused of excessive alcoholism and compelled to cease operations without being given even a chance to recuperate at the institute. But it's a good town and gives good support to a good paper, edited by a capable man in a capable manner.—Delay Times.

A faki with "rattlesnake oil" to sell, disturbed the peaceful shades of Wayne the other evening by his vociferations and incidentally naked a number of quarters from the pockets of the ever-present ones who can always be depended on to bite. The snake oil man got rattled, however, because some of the boys wanted to applaud him with a collection of prehistoric eggs, and would not wait to collect another scent.

Ed. Pelton, the genial railroad agent at the Plymouth union depot has been granted a six months' leave of absence on account of ill health. Ed will go into the offices of the Markham Air Rifle Co. for that period and will then make a choice of the position he likes the best. Mr. Pelton is one of the most popular agents, both with the public and the railroad company, on the entire line of either road and his agreeable ways and pleasant smiles will be missed by the patrons of the companies.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometimes I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I got this recommendation from a gentleman who had written to me and been cured.—THOMAS C. BOWER, Glenora, O. For sale by Geo. Houston Druggist.

Tourists' Rates.

Are now on sale via the C. H. & D. R. to points in the South and West. Very low round trip rates, available for one year, with return limits. Call on our nearest C. H. & D. agent before deciding on the route for your winter trip.

D. O. EDWARDS, P. T. M., Cincinnati, O.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnson of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and painful very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Geo. Houston Druggist."

HOLIDAY EXCURSION RATES.

The Pere-Marquette Ry. Will Sell Special Holiday Tickets.

Between all stations on its line December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1899, and January 1st, 1900. Excursion tickets good for return until January 2, 1900. Apply to ticket agents for information as to rates, time of trains, etc.

A SURE CURE FOR COUGHS.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use without a Failure.

The first indication of cough is hoarseness and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child begins to cough or even after the cough comes on, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved efficient. No other preparation can show such a record without a failure. For sale by Geo. Houston Druggist.

A Race of Giants.

It is reported that a captain in the British army named Welby has recently returned from an expedition in the unknown portions of Abyssinia and the countries lying north of Uganda between Lake Rudolf and the Nile valley. He visited and lived among some twenty different tribes, several of which are quite new to explorers, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Perhaps the most curious of these were two races of giants said to be seven feet in height, living near Lake Rudolf. Some doubt has been cast on the veracity of Capt. Welby in regard to his assertion as to the height of those people, but it should be remembered that the dwarfs discovered by Stanley were regarded by many persons as a myth until the account was verified by other explorers.

Paris Pawnshops.

London Chronicle. All sorts and conditions of people patronize the Paris Mont de Pieté or municipal pawnshop. A report just issued shows that among the borrowers last year were 8,500 working people, 8,497 employees, 6,564 merchants, tradesmen and manufacturers, and 2,019 representatives of the liberal professions. Rentiers, who live on their dividends, frequently seek the help of the friendly Mont, and 3,209 of this class are among the borrowers. The institution is looked upon more as in the nature of a bank than is the pawnshop. It advances money at low rates of interest on any form of security, including furniture and railway shares, and is used by the tradesman short of capital as well as by laborers out of work.

Winter in the South.

The season approaches when one's thoughts turn toward a place where inconveniences of a Northern winter may be escaped. No section of this country offers such ideal spots as the Gulf Coast on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad between Mobile and New Orleans. It possesses a mild climate, pure air, even temperature and facilities for hunting and fishing enjoyed by no other section. Accommodations for visitors are first-class, and can be secured at moderate prices. The L. & N. R. is the only line by which it can be reached in-through cars from Northern cities. Through car schedules to all points in Florida by this line are also perfect. Write for folders, etc., to JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A. Cincinnati, Ohio.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the ninth day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of IDA A. BAILEY, deceased. Jacob Bogart administrator with the will annexed of said estate having rendered to this court his final administration account. It is ordered, that the sixteenth day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, 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 time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. John F. Peters, Deputy Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the eleventh day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of CHARLES J. CHAUVIN, deceased. Robert Trombly administrator de bonis non of said estate having rendered to this court his final administration account. It is ordered, that the sixteenth day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, 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 time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. John F. Peters, Deputy Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the eleventh day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of FERDINAND CZISZKE deceased. Herman Zaschke, late guardian of said insane person having rendered to this court his final administration account. It is ordered, that the sixteenth day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, 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 time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. John F. Peters, Deputy Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the ninth day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN LANNING deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Mary Lanning praying that administration of said estate may be granted to her or some other suitable person. It is ordered, that the sixteenth day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. John F. Peters, Deputy Register.

Useful Christmas Presents

That is the kind of a present people appreciate the most. You can find many handsome as well as useful presents at our store.

MEN'S

Oxford Mufflers, the latest 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Men's

Handkerchiefs, all styles, at 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c

Men's and Boys'

Gloves and Mittens 10c 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c \$1. \$1.50, \$2.50

Men's

Underwear, all styles, at 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Men's

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, all styles and prices.

LADIES'

Ladies' and Misses' Fine Kid Shoes. Our line of shoes are strictly up-to-date, at 1.50, 2.50, 3, \$3.50

Men's Shoes

Our line of Men's Shoes are the best.

Rubbers

We carry a full line of Ladies' and Misses' Fine Rubbers, Men's Fur Boots, Heavy Socks and Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., etc. at Rock Bottom Prices.

Give us a call and you will be convinced that it pays to buy useful presents.

Stark Brothers,

NORTHVILLE. THE CASH SHOEMEN.

WAYNE HOTEL, DETROIT

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN. \$2 TO \$3.50 \$1.00 TO \$2.00 SINGLE MEALS, 50c. UP TO DATE CAFES

The Griswold House

DETROIT. A strictly first-class modern up-to-date Hotel, located in the heart of the city. POSTAL & MOREY, Proprietors. Cor. Grand River and Griswold Sts. Rates, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 per Day.

The Favorite Amusement Palace!

WONDERLAND

Performances Afternoons and Evenings. ENTIRE CHANGE OF ATTRACTIONS EVERY WEEK. DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

LYCEUM

Representing Leading Attractions at Popular Prices. Detroit.

| EVENINGS | POPULAR |
|--------------------------|---|
| 25c, 50c, 75c | 25c |
| FOR BEST RESERVED SEATS. | MATINEES WEDNESDAY SATURDAY AT 2:00 P. M. |

THIS WEEK

"The Policy Players."

Next Week "A CONTENTED WOMAN"

WHITNEY OPERA HOUSE

DETROIT'S POPULAR FAMILY THEATRE. Matinees Daily Except Wednesday.

| Evenings | Week Day |
|---------------|---------------|
| 10c, 20c, 30c | 10c, 15c, 25c |
| Sunday Mats. | Matinees |

THIS WEEK

"Midnight in Chinatown."

Next Week "TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS"

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did, but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow storm.

No need of this snowstorm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation. It has still other properties; it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more; it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor at once. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you have a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you will keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips the Bowels. Write for free sample and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedial Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 322a.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

Reminiscence of Benedict Arnold. A "withering glance" indeed must Benedict Arnold have cast upon the willow which, lifeless and unsightly, remained for many years almost opposite West Point and upon which he is said to have bent a parting look when fleeing along the river path to the Vulkan, which bore him to England—a sure sign said the superstitious, that the glance of a traitor will kill the healthiest tree. Benedict Arnold is said to have had a passion for willows, and to have been especially fond of this particular tree—New York Tribune.

Consumption

is robbed of its terrors by the fact that the best medical authorities state that it is a curable disease; and one of the happy things about it is, that its victims rarely ever lose hope.

You know there are all sorts of secret nostrums advertised to cure consumption. Some make absurd claims. We only say that if taken in time and the laws of health are properly observed,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will heal the inflammation of the throat and lungs and nourish and strengthen the body so that it can throw off the disease.

We have thousands of testimonials where people claim they have been permanently cured of this deadly

and all sorts of ailments, such as consumption, rheumatism, etc. Demand the genuine. For Sale by all Druggists.

DON'T BE FOOLED!
The market is being flooded with worthless imitations of **ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA**. To protect the public we call special attention to our trade mark, printed on every package. Demand the genuine. For Sale by all Druggists.

A UNIQUE LETTER.

Detroit Man With a "Grand Entertainment."

A Detroit man with an illustrated lecture up his sleeve is trying to make dates with various Michigan pastors. The following unique letter has reached a Northville clergyman:

DETROIT, 1899.
Dear Pastors—Where it may concern Please find Enclosed Synopsis of my Grand Entertainment for churches Sabbath Schools—It is a letter to your interest. Would be glad to present my worthy references given by the most prominent Detroit Churches for my Services. Price 10 Dollars and if you can get an 25 dollar Home all Pay you 4000.00. I will be glad to give you Part 1 and Part 2 of 2444—the music is rendered by the Church Choir of a Quarter. Hoping it may be considered an honorable with an Early reply.
I remain yours truly,
A. Ambler

School Notes.

[School notes are printed, as they come, to the public.]

Vern Johnson and Olive Dixon of the 4th grade were perfect in a spelling examination of fifty words on Tuesday. The words were unusually long and it was a feat worthy of much older pupils.

Walter and Gibson Crosby and Pearl Smith of the seventh grade have been perfectly absent for tardy during the year (a record held by none in the High School).

Nellie Little has been absent from school this week on account of illness.

Little Margie Carpenter of the third grade, who lately passed away, was kindly remembered with beautiful flowers by her numerous schoolmates.

Harry Nevison of the 4th grade has been absent the past week on account of sore eyes.

The cold weather has made a great falling off of attendance this month in the first grade.

Leo Russell of the 2nd grade has been absent for the past week.

1/2 hour after school pays the penalty of tardiness in the H. S.

Ray and Day Lanning of the 2nd grade, turned up missing from school Monday morning, the direct cause is not known.

Mrs Phillips visited the 1st grade last Tuesday.

J. J.

Whitney's—Detroit.

"Midnight in Chinatown" a new sensational drama, is playing at the Whitney Opera House this week. The play is an excellent one of its class, and contains many exciting scenes, including the raiding of an opium joint.

"Two Little Vagabonds" an interesting and highly successful melodrama with a powerful story will be the attraction at the Whitney Grand Opera next week. It is a story of the heart, from the heart and for the heart, illustrated by a complete equipment of beautiful scenery and an excellent cast.

Lyceum—Detroit.

Williams and Walker and their own big company of fifty people are at the Lyceum this week in their new and original musical farce comedy, "The Police Players" with all new special scenery electric effects and gorgeous costumes. A host of high class specialties will be introduced during the action of the comedy.

Mr Hoyt has been catering to the risible side of the public for the past decade, and has during that time contributed many successes to the American stage, but in presenting "A Contented Woman" he can truthfully be said to have eclipsed all his former efforts. Much of the success of this popular play is undoubtedly due to the happy faculty he combines with authorship, in the selection of the artists to bring into reality the creatures of his brain. This is said to be forcibly illustrated in the company he has organized this season to present his most successful skit, "A Contented Woman," and which comes to the Lyceum next week. Matinees Christmas day, Wednesday and Saturday.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date
Wheat—65c Oats—25c to 28c
Corn in ear—20c Shelled corn—4c
Baled hay per ton—\$11
Baled straw per ton—\$5
Cattle—\$2.50 to \$4.00
Sheep and lambs—\$2.50 to \$3.00
Hogs—\$3.75
Beef hides—6c per lb
Veal carcasses—10c to 12c per lb
Pork hams—\$4.75
Rabbits, per doz—75c
Eggs—15c Butter—20c
Poultry live
Turkeys, young and plump—5c to 10c
Geese, young and plump—5c
Ducks, young and plump—5c
Spring chickens—7c
Hens—4c Broilers—10c

A Card.

We the undersigned do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50c bottle of GENUINE Warranted Syrup of Marshmallows to one who coughs or cold. We also guarantee a 25c bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
Murdock Bros Geo C Hueston

A PAYING BUSINESS.

Two Women Make \$9,000 a Year at Dairying.

There are two women who know how to make money at dairying. They live at Belle Meade, in middle Tennessee, which is the biggest, the most beautiful and the most famous stock farm in the world.

Blooded horses have made it famous for seventy-five years. The dairy is a new development. The four women with their brother are joint owners of the estate, which contains nearly 6,000 acres, enclosed with three miles of stone walls.

Around the deer park, where 300 head of deer roam and browse under the forest pineaval the stone wall is supplemented with a six foot iron paling.

The cows do not run with the deer. They have richer pastures called the meadows, where they are in the blue grass and white clover, with a blue side of Red and black.

There are 150 of these—high grade Jerseys or full bloods of the famous milking strains. The average milk ranges from 15 to 20 lbs. The milking is a pretty sight indeed. A sleek deer-eyed full-blooded cream-skinned creature comes in from the pastures and range themselves in a line in her appointed stall. The stalls fill three sides of a great square. An open shed covers it. Outside there runs a trough for the dry feed, which serves as an appetizer for the abundant grass. In the middle as well as about the pastures there are iron wire baskets open underneath, each with its lump of pure rock salt.

Five stout and jolly black men do the milking. They are marvelously rapid; still more marvelously skilful. They use deep tin pans, and can make the milk streams play tunes upon the bottom of them—Yankee Doodle or "Dixie"—as the hearers incline to hear.

They work in happy rivalry, as to who shall milk quickest and cleanest. As soon as two cows are stripped clean they are sent away to pasture without waiting for the rest.

The milking shed is a good way off the dairy proper, to which the milk is wheeled in deep tin cans, kept scrupulously clean. The dairy itself is a picturesque gray stone building, with ivy upon one wall, and a climbing rose blossoming riotously over the door.

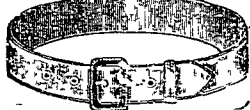
The income is \$9,000 a year, "and," says the "squire," "my daughters need that much for pin-money."—Philadelphia Press

Styles in Belts

The ladies cling to the belt with almost as much tenacity as they do to the short waist. Indeed the one is a



legitimate accompaniment of the other. There are many styles in use. The open metal belt was much worn last year, but is not so common now. The narrow leather belt has also nearly had its day, and the prevailing style is now wider and heavier. Complaint



is made because the manufacturers appear to make no effort to produce a shapely belt to gracefully fit the form. Indeed most of those offered in the stores are built on the same lines as those worn by the savage Indians.

Jenny Lind Used to Sleep in This Bed. There are two splendid pieces of furniture in a Turkish bath establishment in Albany, which are the only reminders of the visit of Jenny Lind to the Knickerbocker capital. There is a ponderous bed of walnut covered with rare veneering in places, and embellished by pictorial medallions of blue porcelaine. Near it is a bureau which supports a mirror six feet high. They are in the Jenny Lind to the chambre de lue of the establishment, which makes glad the heart of the weary legislator—who has the honor of reposing there for the night.

There was a time when the Jenny Lind furniture was celebrated as the finest which could be seen outside of the empire city of New York. Elaborate preparations were made for the reception of the songstress at the old Delavan House. For weeks the hotel proprietor was putting the place in order. It occurred to him that he had no bedroom beautiful enough for the singer. He purchased the furniture at a great price and installed it in all the splendor of its veneering, its veneering and the blue medallions covered with Watteau shepherdesses.

Of course the prima donna was delighted with the accommodation which the innkeeper had provided. She sat on the piazza of the old Delavan and the proprietor rubbed his hands and chuckled for Albany hotel keepers are proud and like to vie with the Bonifaces of Gotham.

It may have been that the presence of the singer charmed the furniture. It is certain that when she came through the old Delavan the Jenny Lind apartment was spared and the furniture was preserved.

There was a side of the Delavan furniture a few years ago. A man who was a hotel keeper at the time, and who had a good deal of business in the city, was one of the last to see the furniture. He was in the room when the furniture was being moved, and he saw the furniture being moved. He was in the room when the furniture was being moved, and he saw the furniture being moved.

Cremation by liquid is the reverend gentleman who originated the idea, will supersede the present method, because it is less costly and more convenient. A crematorium, with a chapel annexed, is being fitted up in the basement of the premises taken by him for his purpose, it has plate-glass walls and is decorated with fairy electric lights of various colors, and is hung with rose-tinted velvet curtains. While the service is being conducted in the chapel the body is placed in the retort in the center of the crematorium, and just under a receptacle filled with liquid air and other chemicals, which are forced down upon it. In half an hour a body weighing 160 pounds is reduced to ashes.

Beauty Is Blood Dec. A clear blood means a clear skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Cleanse the blood, clear your blood and keep it clean, stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to do it by taking Cascarets, and that's the only way to get a clear complexion. Cascarets are sold in all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Poisoning from overcoats is an unexpected danger, but not less than sixty cases have been noted among the street cleaners of Birmingham, England. On being wet the cloth, in the drying of which chlorine of zinc had been used, gave off poisonous vapor, producing painful swelling of hands and arms.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

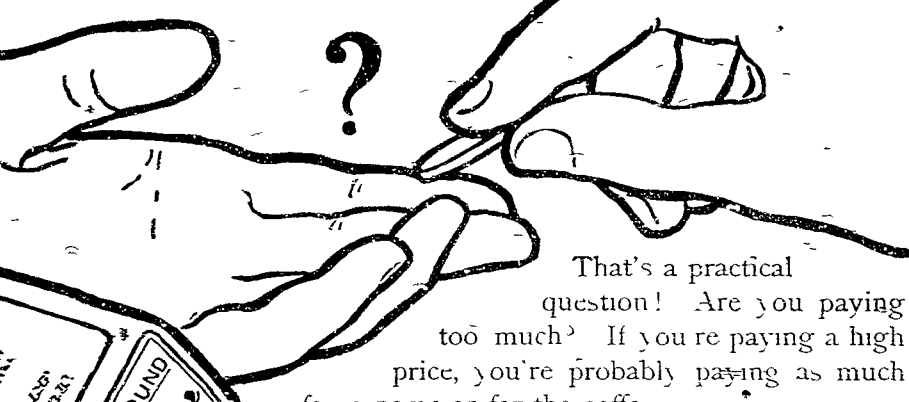
COAL \$5.50 a Ton.

It's No. 2 Chestnut, but it is all right. Quality is just the same. The only difference being in the size which is just a trifle small. That's a saving of \$1.25 and that's quite an object these days.

Office, Foot of Main Street,
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MARK S. AMBLER,

What Do You Pay For Coffee



That's a practical question! Are you paying too much? If you're paying a high price, you're probably paying as much for a name as for the coffee.

Arbuckles' Coffee is a plain, substantial coffee with an excellent aroma and delicate flavor, sold in a substantial way at an honest price. You don't want better than good coffee, do you? You can't afford to pay twice the price that's necessary, can you? Then why not get Arbuckles? Get right down to the coffee question and settle it now. By buying many millions of pounds we buy the best of many large plantations at a low price. We sell it to you at a low price because we would rather sell millions of pounds at a low profit than a thousand pounds at a big profit.

Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee

is the daily beverage on millions of tables. Why not on yours? There's an additional consideration in the many substantial and useful articles that go with the coffee. Ask your grocer for it. He'll tell you all about it. If he endeavors to substitute an imitation, insist on getting the genuine Arbuckles—or go elsewhere.

ARBUCKLE BROS.,
Notion Department, New York City, N. Y.



Christmas Neckwear!

In making your selection of a Christmas Gift for Men a Necktie is the most acceptable. Among all the new styles in ties it may be difficult to make a choice, but we have selected such a handsome line that you'll get a good one no matter what you choose. Here you find latest styles; most attractive combination of colors and highest quality

A Lot of Styles in Our 50c Ties.

| | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| Men's Handkerchiefs, silk and linen, | 25c to \$1.00 |
| Men's White and Colored Shirts | .50 to \$1.00 |
| Men's Mufflers | 25c, 50c, 75c, 90c, \$1, \$1.50 |
| Men's Gloves, Silk Lined Kid and Mocha Gloves | \$1.00, \$1.50 |
| Men's Fancy Suspenders, silk and leather | 25c, 50c, 75c |
| Men's Plush and Cloth Caps | 50c, 75c, \$1.00 |
| Men's Night Robes, in Tennis Flannel and Mushn | 50c, 75c, \$1.00 |
| Reefers for the Boys, age 3 to 15, prices | \$2.50 to \$5.00 |
| Three piece Suits for the Little Fellows | \$1.50 to \$5.00 |

81-83
Main Street.

The Star Clothing House, Northville, Mich.

Christmas.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jeweled burnous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air.
When the song of the angels is sung
On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer, opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With the sunshine of welcome for all
The feet of the humblest may walk in the held
Where the feet of the holiest have trod
This is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silver trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God
MRS. L. B. BELL.

The article in Sunday's News Tribune on the electric railroads of Hamburg which has since received much attention was written by Mrs. D. F. Harmon of the Record office.

The will of the late Garret Simmons has been admitted to probate. The greater portion of the estate is left to his brother Constantine. Cass R. Benton, a nephew, gets about \$5,000 and the Kent children get what is known as the Kent farm in Livonia. The estate is valued at \$30,000 or upwards.

The U. S. fish commission will ask the present congress to make an appropriation for the erection of a government fish station in Detroit. It doesn't appear why the present state hatchery in Detroit isn't sufficient nor is there any good reason to suppose that the state isn't able to operate it. If Uncle Sam takes proper care of his big \$15,000 station at Northville he will have his hands full in Michigan.

The fish commissioner has submitted to congress an account of the expenditures for the maintenance of the commission during the past fiscal year. The items representing the cost of maintaining the Alpena whitefish and lake trout station were as follows: Compensation temporary employees, \$325; repair of building, \$33; equipment, \$65; fuel and light, \$63; water supply, \$250; collection of fish eggs, \$590; incidentals, \$27, total, \$1,356. The Northville station required a much heavier expense, the items being as follows: Travel, \$93; buildings and ponds, \$1,990; equipment and repair, \$386; fuel and light, \$578; collection of fish and eggs, \$2,303; fish food, \$683; incidentals, \$160, total, \$6,198.

The D & N W ran against their first railroad snag this week Tuesday. When the company commenced work on the bridge over the F & P. M. track on Griswold avenue the railroad company served a notice on the construction gang to "keep off," claiming that certain land obligations had not been complied with. The matter has since been adjusted and work resumed. The new bridge will be some ten feet higher than the highway bridge. The officials of the electric road say that until in the summer it is not likely that cars will be run any farther than the corner of Griswold and Main streets where a "Y" will be put in for turning the cars. Rails are now being laid this side of the German farm, and the grading is being finished inside the village.

Invitations printed at the Record Printery for the Dancing Academy's Christmas-New Years ball Dec. 29, are out and the event promises to even eclipse that recently by the Star ladies. The invitations are the prettiest and the most expensive ever sent out from Northville and have received much favorable comment from all directions. Schremser, Detroit orchestra furnishes the music.

New electric light poles have been put up all over the village this week and the wiring will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. About 40 arc lights will be placed upon alternate street corners. The big smoke stack and other material arrived Tuesday and almost every night train brings more or less of the machinery. Barring any bad luck the new plant will be in operation within 30 days.

Harry S. German, cashier of the bank at Carleton, will start a cigar factory in Wyandotte on January 1. Three rooms have been secured over Joseph Cramer's, on Biddle avenue, and five men will be employed at the start. The factory will be No. 217, First district of Michigan, Second division. Mr. German, in addition to his banking duties, is successfully conducting a cigar factory at Carleton. He has the reputation of being a hustler.—Wyandotte Herald.

Northville has a "dowel" factory and the manager lately took orders for 3,254,000 dowels in four days. We do not know just precisely what a dowel is, but it is something made of wood and isn't a toothpick. The factory had been idle and the manager had just printed 2,000 catalogues, but his orders will keep the concern busy day and night, and they won't solicit any more orders for fear they can't fill them. We are pleased to know they have a good prospect to dowel.—Adrian Press.

Why Not.

Why not supply yourself right away with what you will need along the lumber & shingle line before prices go any higher? If no good reason for delaying call at once upon

C. L.

Dubuar Lumber Co.

RETAIL LUMBER DEALERS
Northville, Mich.
TELEPHONE

Excursion Rates for Christmas and New Year.

Petroleum Grand Rapids & Western agents will sell tickets on December 23, 24, 25, 30, 31 and January 1st to all points in Michigan and to points in Canada, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, at one and one-third fare. Return limit January 2, 1900.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Perpetual Motion? Interest!

It works
When you cannot work;
On a rainy day,
While you sleep,
While you are awake.
It never stops.

Deposit your savings in

NORTHVILLE State Savings Bank

3 Per Cent INTEREST PAID!

YOUR COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

OFFICERS

L. W. SIMMONS, President
E. A. CHAPMAN, V. C., Treasurer
L. A. BASSITT, Cashier

Banking Hours

9 to 12 a. m., 12 to 3 p. m.

Tender Faces

CAREFULLY AND ARTISTICALLY CARED FOR AT OUR TONSORIAL PARLORS.

C. A. THURSTON.
8 Main Street.

What We Can Show You.

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,
Silverware,
Optical Goods,
Stationery,
Books,
Bibles,
Pocket Books,
Albums,
Toilet Cases,
Games,
Dolls,
Christmas Candles,
Crape Tissue Paper,
Paper Napkins.

W. L. BECKER,

Northville.

JEWELER.

Gift Perfumes!

Perfumes are always acceptable. You can hardly fail to please your friend—especially a lady friend—with perfume. Our perfumes are good perfumes, delicate true to the flower or lasting popular odors made by these famous perfumers: Dabrook, Roger & Gallet, Fougere & Jenks, L'air de Paris, Seely. One or a pair of bottles in a handsome box. Prices start at 25c box and mount in easy steps to \$1.50. Perfumes in bulk 40c 50c and 75c an ounce. We shall take great pleasure in showing you these goods whether you intend to buy or not. Lowrey's Candies in packages or bulk. Packages delivered. Goods, to be sent by express packed free of charge.

MURDOCK BROTHERS,
...DRUGGISTS....

62 Main Street. Telephone.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

See the eclipse Saturday night! Born, to Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes, Milford, Dec. 14th, a girl. A dog collar with No. 54 license tag attached awaits an owner at this office.

The Baptist Sunday school has made a purchase of a new set of singing books.

Chas. Wilkins has sold his farm northwest of town to E. Somer of near Franklin for \$3,500.

True beauty comes from within, instead of without. A beautiful face is the outward sign. That's why Rocky Mountain Tea makes women beautiful. Ask your druggist.

Mrs. James Savage has been sick for the past week with throat trouble.

The new one dollar greenbacks are out. They resemble the old ones, and will be received at this office for subscription.

The Baptist Sunday school have their Christmas tree and exercises in the church this Friday night. Everybody welcome.

Elliott & Tinnam's orchestra of this place furnishes the music for the Christmas night dance at Botsford's hall, Clarenceville.

Christian Science service Sunday morning at 10.30. Subject "Christian Science," and Wednesday evening at 7.30. All are invited.

Charlie Thurston has the appearance of the interior of his barber shop improved by the addition of new paper and paint.

For the Christmas ball next week Friday night the D. P. & N. will run a special car back to Plymouth and Wayne, leaving here at 2.00 a. m.

As usual the Northville stores are loaded with good things for Christmas and our merchants as a rule are having a good holiday trade.

Mrs. Miller, of Pontiac, who has been visiting here for the past two weeks, is now very ill with peritonitis. Drs. Henry, Burgess and Johnson are attending her.

Rev. F. E. Arnold, formerly of this place, has resigned his pastorate of the Baptist church at Plymouth and will assume the charge of a large church organization at Albion.

Thurby Bros. will give a New Year's ball at Walled Lake Hotel, New Year's night. Tinbams Orchestra of Northville will furnish the music. Dance Bill 50c, supper 70c.

Makes fat, blood, and muscles more rapidly than any known remedy. It's good for the blood, brain and nerves. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your druggist.

There will be the usual Saturday night dance here tomorrow night in Princess rink and the orchestra will be strengthened by the presence of Cornetist Ike Crocker.

The YMCA will have their room in the Wheeler block already for company this Friday night and invite everyone to step in and inspect the new quarters. Open from seven to nine o'clock.

D. P. Yerkes was decided by vote to be the handsomest waiter at the men's supper, and aside from that distinction gets a five-pound box of cream candies donated by Eugene Crane.—Milford Times.

Christmas will be observed at the Methodist church Sunday. The pastor will deliver an appropriate sermon in the morning, and there will be interesting exercises by the Sunday school in the evening, including a Christmas cantata.

The funeral of Mrs. Della Ingham occurred from the late home Sunday afternoon, Rev. J. H. Herbenet officiating. The interment was in the Waterford cemetery. Mrs. Ingham will be greatly missed by her neighbors as well as her own relatives. She was a most estimable woman and a kind and obliging neighbor.

Invitations printed at the Record Printery for the Dancing Academy's Christmas-New Years ball Dec. 29, are out and the event promises to even eclipse that recently by the Star ladies. The invitations are the prettiest and the most expensive ever sent out from Northville and have received much favorable comment from all directions. Schremser, Detroit orchestra furnishes the music.

New electric light poles have been put up all over the village this week and the wiring will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. About 40 arc lights will be placed upon alternate street corners. The big smoke stack and other material arrived Tuesday and almost every night train brings more or less of the machinery. Barring any bad luck the new plant will be in operation within 30 days.

Harry S. German, cashier of the bank at Carleton, will start a cigar factory in Wyandotte on January 1. Three rooms have been secured over Joseph Cramer's, on Biddle avenue, and five men will be employed at the start. The factory will be No. 217, First district of Michigan, Second division. Mr. German, in addition to his banking duties, is successfully conducting a cigar factory at Carleton. He has the reputation of being a hustler.—Wyandotte Herald.

Northville has a "dowel" factory and the manager lately took orders for 3,254,000 dowels in four days. We do not know just precisely what a dowel is, but it is something made of wood and isn't a toothpick. The factory had been idle and the manager had just printed 2,000 catalogues, but his orders will keep the concern busy day and night, and they won't solicit any more orders for fear they can't fill them. We are pleased to know they have a good prospect to dowel.—Adrian Press.

FOR SALE—Smith, Premier, & Co. with First class order. Less than half price. Apply to Record office.

Annual Holiday Offer!

Good Until January 1st, 1900.

1 doz. \$3.50 Photographs and 1 16x20 Large Photograph for \$5.00.

No extra charge for groups. This is a duplicate of our 1898 offer which proved the most popular one we have ever made as we placed over 200 large photographs with the best families in this section, every one of which gave entire satisfaction. Our Photographs need no comment as everyone knows the excellent quality of our work. The Large Photos are, without question, the best thing in portraiture regardless of price. We have a fine exhibition of them now on our walls. If you wish a fine portrait or family group at a price everyone can afford now is your chance as this is to be our last holiday season in Northville.

BROWN, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Make Nice Presents!

Tea and Coffee Pots.
Tea Kettles
Water Pitchers
Serving Trays
Bread Trays
Cream and Sugar Sets
Covered Serving Dishes
Cuspidors
Crumb Trays & Scrapers
Skates, Sleds
Shears and Scissors
Razors, Carvers
Pocket Cutlery.

See them in our Windows.

E. J. COX & CO., HARDWARE.

A Christmas Present.

What is nicer than a Rocking Chair? We have over 100 styles to select from and of the choicest patterns. Be sure and see the latest thing in Suspended Spring Rockers, they will surprise you. A large variety of Children's Chairs and Rockers.

The largest stock of Bedroom Suites, Sideboards, Book Cases, Center Tables, Extension Tables, etc. etc. ever shown in Northville and at prices that are cheaper than the cheapest.

We guarantee all of our goods and stand ready to make good any defects that may appear.

THE OLD RELIABLES.

NORTHVILLE. SANDS & PORTER.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs,
Colds,
Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma,
Bronchitis and Incipient
Consumption is

**OTTO'S
CURE**

Sold by all druggists 25 & 50 cts.

**THORNTON'S
MILK ROUTE**
delivers to customers daily
Pure
STERILIZED
MILK.
Sweet and Sour Cream furnished on
Application.
All kinds of Fancy Creams.
Milk from one cow especially for
Infants.
Ice Cream by the Gallon Supplied on
order.

GORDAN ALLAN
TAILOR...
Has just received his Fall
and Winter Samples.
They are all very desir-
able and at low figures
OVER POST-OFFICE.
Northville, Michigan

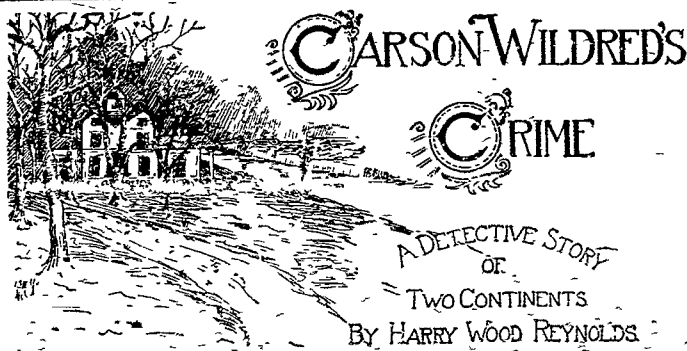
Holly
Wreaths,
Loose
Holly
by the pound, and
Ground
Pine
at the
**NORTHVILLE
GREEN-HOUSES.**
Corner Grace Ave. and Yerkes St.

**WORK IS LIKE
PLAY**
WHEN
USING
...A...



"CYCO" BEARING
BISSELL
THEY HELP TO SAVE
YOUR STRENGTH AND
ENERGY FOR THE
PLEASURES OF LIFE.
**BISSELL CARPET
SWEEPER CO.,**
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**BUSINESS
University**
DETROIT, MICH.
The best place in America for young men and
women to secure a Business Education. Short-hand,
Mechanical Drawing or Penmanship. Thorough sys-
tem of Actual Business. Session entire year. Students
begin any time. Catalogue Free. Reference call
Detroit. W. F. JEWELL, Pres. P. R. SPENCER, Sec.



CHAPTER XX.

It was a piercing cold day when I landed in New York—such cold as I had not felt since I had dined my last American visit, four years ago. I had myself driven straight to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which was becoming almost an old-fashioned hostelry now among its many tall new rivals of incredibly many stories in height and walking up to the "office," prepared my most affable manner to win the confidence of the smart "clerk" or bookkeeper.

"Good-day," I began agreeably, wishing that in former visits to New York I had stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, so that now, for my quest's sake, I should be accorded the welcome of an old friend.

"Good-day," was the brisk reply. "You want a room?"

"I should like first to inquire if Mr. Harvey Farnham of Denver Colorado, is stopping here," I said. "My principal object in choosing this hotel was to meet him, but if—"

"Gone three days ago," broke in the gentleman with the waxed mustache, who evidently did not want to waste time on a traveller more inclined to parley than to patronize the house.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry to hear that he has left. Is he with friends in town, or has he gone to Denver?" I questioned, with as bland an air as I could well command.

"Can't tell you whether he's gone to Denver, I'm sure, sir. But I think it's pretty sure he's not in town and so far as I've got the impression that he mentioned he was going West."

"I suppose his health improved now?" I asked, not expecting to hear that his accident on shipboard had laid him up for awhile, and that it would be some time before he felt fit to undertake the journey home.

"He did seem rather seedy," touched the clerk. "He wasn't very thin, if you mean that. But he flumped about with a crutch, and as he had bumped his forehead in the same fall which sprained his ankle, he wore a green shade that covered his temples and eyes."

"I grew attentive at this. It appeared to me that here was a point in my favor.

"I should like to have a talk with one of his old friends in the hotel," I said. "The manager for instance. No doubt he knows Mr. Farnham very well."

"He does, but he's out of town on business for a day or two. I think you'll find though, that our bartender and Mr. Farnham, were about as chummy together as any one in the house."

Apparently at my leisure, rather with great impatience, I repaired to the very handsome "barroom" of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and here the oracle was very communicative.

Having mixed me a peculiarly American drink called "gin fizz," the bartender was willing to chat of Mr. Farnham.

"I guess he must have been pretty bad this last time," he said in response to my first question, "for he didn't trouble the bar room much."

"He did come in however did he not?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh yes, he came in once or twice, but I thought he acted rather crummy and queer."

"Did you have a good look at him?"

"I let my glance travel fearfully to the left hand."

"Either time," I pressed on, with eagerness.

"Pretty good. Almost as close as you are now I guess."

"And did he appear the same as usual?" I asked, with the exception of the green shade over his eyes?

"Well, I reckon he did. I was kind of busy both times, and I don't know as I took much notice."

"Still," and I called up a laugh, "you'd have known whether it really was Mr. Farnham, or a stranger passing himself off in his place?"

The bartender stared at me for an instant, and had he spoken his inmost thoughts, probably they might have been appropriately expressed in the slang phrase, "Ah, what are you givin' me?"

"Well, it might have been his grandfather's ghost, I daresay," he facetiously remarked at length, "but, anyhow, there seemed to be a strong resemblance between Harvey Farnham and him."

I set down my glass untouched. A cold conviction was growing within me that I had been mistaken; that villain as Carson Wildred was, he had not, after all, been guilty of the one great crime which I had attributed to him. It seemed almost impossible that this keen-eyed man, accustomed to Farnham's comings and goings for several

CHAPTER XXI.

"No, that he wasn't, sir. I thought to myself, 'thinks—' Mr. Farnham must have been disappointed in love or something," he was so grumpy and dull. Always before when he came he had a good word for me. 'How do you do, Gammy?' or a smile and a nod, but now he went by me without a sign for all the world as if he'd never seen me before, though I've been here since I was seventeen, that's six years ago. When I spoke to him first, why, he looked up and answered in a mumbled way, 'pew, even saving my name. But then poor gentleman, I suppose he was 'oo sick to think of anybody except himself."

"Did he look strangely?" I went on to question.

"Oh, I don't know about that, sir, except for the green shade he had to wear over his eyes. I suppose his face was much the same. Only I didn't get much chance to see it and all his jolly ways and smiles were gone so it just made a difference. I was so glad when I saw his baggage coming up for there's never been a gentleman 'oo popular with us girls as Mr. Farnham, but except for his giving me something when he went away he might almost as well not have been in the hotel."

"Would you have recognized his voice?" I asked, "if you had not seen him?"

"I would when he was well and like himself, sir, in a minute, but not this time, because of the bad cold he'd got in the voyage, which he said was the worst he'd ever had. He did nothing but cough and wheeze, and could only speak in a hoarse sort of whisper."

These details were all I could extract from "Gizelle," the chambermaid, but before I left the hotel I thought I would examine the visitors' book for Farnham's name, wishing to look at the handwriting, which, if his, I felt sure I could not fail to recognize.

Evidently he had not considered it worth while to write in the visitors' book on this occasion, though I found that he had scrawled his name on a visit some months before.

Having up dust of some exertion found the "cabman" who had driven Farnham from the hotel to the railway depot. I made sure that his luggage had been "checked" to Denver and so set forth again with a feeling that I had something to go upon.

It was just breakfast time when I arrived, but the business world of Denver, Col., and the great West is such that in hotel which would appear unusual in England I asked for Mr. Farnham and was told by a young clerk that he had returned to Denver three or four days previously. He had not been at the office as he was "some what unwell as yet, but if I chose I could see Mr. Bennett, who would tell me when he might be expected."

I remembered Bennett, now that I was reminded of his existence as an energetic young fellow, high in Farnham's confidence, who probably knew as much about the mining and other financial interests as did his employer. I said therefore that I would see Mr. Bennett by all means.

He came in to me briskly in a few moments surprised and he said, delighted to see me again. Yes, it was quite true that Mr. Farnham had returned, but was a "bit unwell" to be troubled by business affairs.

"You look all Mr. Stanton," remarked Bennett. "I guess you've had a tiresome journey. I know what a nasty run that is between Chicago and Denver."

"I believe I am a bit knocked up," I said, "though I ought to be able to stand a trifle like that and trunk nothing of it. I should be glad to see Mr. Farnham. I suppose such an old friend as I might venture to call on him, even though he isn't feeling as fit as I should like to think him. If he isn't likely to turn up here presently I might drive to his house, and he'd give me breakfast, I daresay."

"I know now where I had seen those strange eyes of Carson Wildred's and what was the deed with which they had connected themselves in my mind. After all perhaps I had not come to America for nothing."

My memory travelled back over a space of ten years. I had then come back to San Francisco after an expedition into distant wilds with a party of friends shooting grizzlies in the Rockies. I had stopped at the Santa Anna Hotel, a small hostelry lately built, having an English landlord, and therefore greatly frequented by Englishmen.

On the night of my arrival there had been a great disturbance in the house. Three men who had been stepping at the place got quarrelling over a game of cards which they were playing in a private parlor. Two, who were the hosts, and were entertaining the third, had set upon him with intent to kill, being accused of cheating. I and several of my friends had run out from the billiard room, hearing a yell for help, just in time to see a man in evening dress stagger, bleeding from the

"You can bet he would give you breakfast, or anything else he had, Mr. Stanton," the trusted man of business, and heartily, yet with certain irresolution.

"But the fact is he ain't at the house this morning. He's gone away again. I thought he was unwell, I ate up a bit in surprise."

"That's so. He's a sick man now, hardly fit to be about but for all that he's off. He ought to be back again in a few days, however."

"A few days?" I echoed.

"I tell you what you do, Mr. Stanton. Bennett continued recovering his woe'd self-possession. 'You just go up to the house, and make yourself at home till Mr. Farnham gets back. You know what a big place it is, and how glad the chief is to fill it with his friends, especially such friends as you. Then, by the end of next week, any day—'

"I interrupted him impatiently. 'What will he be away till then?'"

"I should think it probable from what he said before he left sir."

"I wish," I exclaimed desperately, "that you could see your way to make things a little clearer for me. I don't want to pry into Mr. Farnham's affairs, of course,—that goes without saying. But perhaps, without any betrayal of confidence, you might let me know exactly what he did tell you in regard to his return."

"Well," said Bennett, with a short laugh, "seeing it's you, the fact is, Mr. Stanton, it is a very considerable relief to my mind to talk over the matter and ask your opinion as to one or two points that have been rather troubling me."

"The fact is," said Bennett, "I haven't quite known what to make of Mr. Farnham since he's been back on this side the hearing-pond. Of course he hasn't been well, but that would hardly be enough to account for the change in him. Did you see him, may I ask, Mr. Stanton, when he was in England?"

"I informed him that I had done so, not thinking it best to volunteer the statement that I had only met him once."

"And did he seem like himself?"

"This was rather turning the tables upon me. I was not prepared to answer many questions, but without hesitation I replied to this one saying that in my opinion Farnham seemed uncommonly jolly and well."

"Bennett looked thoughtful. He got home here in Denver at night. He said after telegraphing from New York he was coming. I went to call it his request, another wire—not a letter—and he saw me in bed. Mr. Farnham is so fond of plenty of light and noise as a rule, but in his bedroom he had refused to have the electricity turned on and there was only a lamp on the table as far as possible from the bed. I called out 'How do you do?' in my usual tones, but he answered me almost in a whisper. There were some important papers which had been waiting for him to sign, and I had taken them with me, thinking he'd be anxious to attend to them—he was always so keen and prompt in business—but he seemed quite angry when I suggested it, and said he wasn't to be bothered about anything of the sort for a week."

"Next evening I saw him again for a few moments, and there was the same dim light, the same whispering. He was going away immediately, he informed me, and when I objected that he didn't seem up to travelling, he answered that when there was a lady in the case there was no question of a man being 'up to' things. I might send his letters to the Santa Anna Hotel, San Francisco, he went on, until further notice, which I thought received by telegraph in about ten days of his plans went well. Just as I was going he said kind of lurching and a bit put in in earnest too. 'Well, Bennett, if you don't hear from me at the end of that time you'd better begin to look me up. The time that I'm in to try and win is a dangerous one. There are others who want the lady, he says, my self."

"Now if there was a town on the face of the earth that Mr. Farnham used to go to that town was San Francisco. It was because he liked the money, and never wanted to take it again that he sold his time out at all. I told him to the English gentleman, Mr. Wildred. I would not have supposed that there was a woman there who would give him to go to San Francisco, and I used to think too that Mr. Farnham didn't care much for women, but no doubt the longer one lives the more one learns, and the more surprises one gets in such matters. I don't say much about his being away from Denver for a few days, even if the office he hunted to me, and with that we parted. Next morning early he left, and not a line have I had except a wire, merely announcing his safe arrival at the Santa Anna Hotel."

I listened in silence. Before Bennett had finished speaking my thoughts were far away—as far as San Francisco.

"My love," I exclaimed aloud. "The Santa Anna Hotel?"

"Do you know it, Mr. Stanton?" inquired Bennett, evidently surprised at my sudden vehemence.

"I was there once, many years ago," I said. "The name has been back in old association to my mind which I had thought was lost."

I knew now where I had seen those strange eyes of Carson Wildred's and what was the deed with which they had connected themselves in my mind. After all perhaps I had not come to America for nothing."

My memory travelled back over a space of ten years. I had then come back to San Francisco after an expedition into distant wilds with a party of friends shooting grizzlies in the Rockies. I had stopped at the Santa Anna Hotel, a small hostelry lately built, having an English landlord, and therefore greatly frequented by Englishmen.

On the night of my arrival there had been a great disturbance in the house. Three men who had been stepping at the place got quarrelling over a game of cards which they were playing in a private parlor. Two, who were the hosts, and were entertaining the third, had set upon him with intent to kill, being accused of cheating. I and several of my friends had run out from the billiard room, hearing a yell for help, just in time to see a man in evening dress stagger, bleeding from the

"YOU SEEM SURPRISED, MR. STANTON," SAID THE INSPECTOR.

"You can bet he would give you breakfast, or anything else he had, Mr. Stanton," the trusted man of business, and heartily, yet with certain irresolution.

"But the fact is he ain't at the house this morning. He's gone away again. I thought he was unwell, I ate up a bit in surprise."

"That's so. He's a sick man now, hardly fit to be about but for all that he's off. He ought to be back again in a few days, however."

"A few days?" I echoed.

"I tell you what you do, Mr. Stanton. Bennett continued recovering his woe'd self-possession. 'You just go up to the house, and make yourself at home till Mr. Farnham gets back. You know what a big place it is, and how glad the chief is to fill it with his friends, especially such friends as you. Then, by the end of next week, any day—'

"I interrupted him impatiently. 'What will he be away till then?'"

"I should think it probable from what he said before he left sir."

"I wish," I exclaimed desperately, "that you could see your way to make things a little clearer for me. I don't want to pry into Mr. Farnham's affairs, of course,—that goes without saying. But perhaps, without any betrayal of confidence, you might let me know exactly what he did tell you in regard to his return."

"Well," said Bennett, with a short laugh, "seeing it's you, the fact is, Mr. Stanton, it is a very considerable relief to my mind to talk over the matter and ask your opinion as to one or two points that have been rather troubling me."

"The fact is," said Bennett, "I haven't quite known what to make of Mr. Farnham since he's been back on this side the hearing-pond. Of course he hasn't been well, but that would hardly be enough to account for the change in him. Did you see him, may I ask, Mr. Stanton, when he was in England?"

"I informed him that I had done so, not thinking it best to volunteer the statement that I had only met him once."

"And did he seem like himself?"

"This was rather turning the tables upon me. I was not prepared to answer many questions, but without hesitation I replied to this one saying that in my opinion Farnham seemed uncommonly jolly and well."

"Bennett looked thoughtful. He got home here in Denver at night. He said after telegraphing from New York he was coming. I went to call it his request, another wire—not a letter—and he saw me in bed. Mr. Farnham is so fond of plenty of light and noise as a rule, but in his bedroom he had refused to have the electricity turned on and there was only a lamp on the table as far as possible from the bed. I called out 'How do you do?' in my usual tones, but he answered me almost in a whisper. There were some important papers which had been waiting for him to sign, and I had taken them with me, thinking he'd be anxious to attend to them—he was always so keen and prompt in business—but he seemed quite angry when I suggested it, and said he wasn't to be bothered about anything of the sort for a week."

"Next evening I saw him again for a few moments, and there was the same dim light, the same whispering. He was going away immediately, he informed me, and when I objected that he didn't seem up to travelling, he answered that when there was a lady in the case there was no question of a man being 'up to' things. I might send his letters to the Santa Anna Hotel, San Francisco, he went on, until further notice, which I thought received by telegraph in about ten days of his plans went well. Just as I was going he said kind of lurching and a bit put in in earnest too. 'Well, Bennett, if you don't hear from me at the end of that time you'd better begin to look me up. The time that I'm in to try and win is a dangerous one. There are others who want the lady, he says, my self."

"Now if there was a town on the face of the earth that Mr. Farnham used to go to that town was San Francisco. It was because he liked the money, and never wanted to take it again that he sold his time out at all. I told him to the English gentleman, Mr. Wildred. I would not have supposed that there was a woman there who would give him to go to San Francisco, and I used to think too that Mr. Farnham didn't care much for women, but no doubt the longer one lives the more one learns, and the more surprises one gets in such matters. I don't say much about his being away from Denver for a few days, even if the office he hunted to me, and with that we parted. Next morning early he left, and not a line have I had except a wire, merely announcing his safe arrival at the Santa Anna Hotel."

I listened in silence. Before Bennett had finished speaking my thoughts were far away—as far as San Francisco.

"My love," I exclaimed aloud. "The Santa Anna Hotel?"

"Do you know it, Mr. Stanton?" inquired Bennett, evidently surprised at my sudden vehemence.

"I was there once, many years ago," I said. "The name has been back in old association to my mind which I had thought was lost."

I knew now where I had seen those strange eyes of Carson Wildred's and what was the deed with which they had connected themselves in my mind. After all perhaps I had not come to America for nothing."

My memory travelled back over a space of ten years. I had then come back to San Francisco after an expedition into distant wilds with a party of friends shooting grizzlies in the Rockies. I had stopped at the Santa Anna Hotel, a small hostelry lately built, having an English landlord, and therefore greatly frequented by Englishmen.

On the night of my arrival there had been a great disturbance in the house. Three men who had been stepping at the place got quarrelling over a game of cards which they were playing in a private parlor. Two, who were the hosts, and were entertaining the third, had set upon him with intent to kill, being accused of cheating. I and several of my friends had run out from the billiard room, hearing a yell for help, just in time to see a man in evening dress stagger, bleeding from the

"YOU SEEM SURPRISED, MR. STANTON," SAID THE INSPECTOR.

"You can bet he would give you breakfast, or anything else he had, Mr. Stanton," the trusted man of business, and heartily, yet with certain irresolution.

"But the fact is he ain't at the house this morning. He's gone away again. I thought he was unwell, I ate up a bit in surprise."

"That's so. He's a sick man now, hardly fit to be about but for all that he's off. He ought to be back again in a few days, however."

"A few days?" I echoed.

"I tell you what you do, Mr. Stanton. Bennett continued recovering his woe'd self-possession. 'You just go up to the house, and make yourself at home till Mr. Farnham gets back. You know what a big place it is, and how glad the chief is to fill it with his friends, especially such friends as you. Then, by the end of next week, any day—'

"I interrupted him impatiently. 'What will he be away till then?'"

"I should think it probable from what he said before he left sir."

"I wish," I exclaimed desperately, "that you could see your way to make things a little clearer for me. I don't want to pry into Mr. Farnham's affairs, of course,—that goes without saying. But perhaps, without any betrayal of confidence, you might let me know exactly what he did tell you in regard to his return."

"Well," said Bennett, with a short laugh, "seeing it's you, the fact is, Mr. Stanton, it is a very considerable relief to my mind to talk over the matter and ask your opinion as to one or two points that have been rather troubling me."

"The fact is," said Bennett, "I haven't quite known what to make of Mr. Farnham since he's been back on this side the hearing-pond. Of course he hasn't been well, but that would hardly be enough to account for the change in him. Did you see him, may I ask, Mr. Stanton, when he was in England?"

"I informed him that I had done so, not thinking it best to volunteer the statement that I had only met him once."

"And did he seem like himself?"

"This was rather turning the tables upon me. I was not prepared to answer many questions, but without hesitation I replied to this one saying that in my opinion Farnham seemed uncommonly jolly and well."

"Bennett looked thoughtful. He got home here in Denver at night. He said after telegraphing from New York he was coming. I went to call it his request, another wire—not a letter—and he saw me in bed. Mr. Farnham is so fond of plenty of light and noise as a rule, but in his bedroom he had refused to have the electricity turned on and there was only a lamp on the table as far as possible from the bed. I called out 'How do you do?' in my usual tones, but he answered me almost in a whisper. There were some important papers which had been waiting for him to sign, and I had taken them with me, thinking he'd be anxious to attend to them—he was always so keen and prompt in business—but he seemed quite angry when I suggested it, and said he wasn't to be bothered about anything of the sort for a week."

"Next evening I saw him again for a few moments, and there was the same dim light, the same whispering. He was going away immediately, he informed me, and when I objected that he didn't seem up to travelling, he answered that when there was a lady in the case there was no question of a man being 'up to' things. I might send his letters to the Santa Anna Hotel, San Francisco, he went on, until further notice, which I thought received by telegraph in about ten days of his plans went well. Just as I was going he said kind of lurching and a bit put in in earnest too. 'Well, Bennett, if you don't hear from me at the end of that time you'd better begin to look me up. The time that I'm in to try and win is a dangerous one. There are others who want the lady, he says, my self."

"Now if there was a town on the face of the earth that Mr. Farnham used to go to that town was San Francisco. It was because he liked the money, and never wanted to take it again that he sold his time out at all. I told him to the English gentleman, Mr. Wildred. I would not have supposed that there was a woman there who would give him to go to San Francisco, and I used to think too that Mr. Farnham didn't care much for women, but no doubt the longer one lives the more one learns, and the more surprises one gets in such matters. I don't say much about his being away from Denver for a few days, even if the office he hunted to me, and with that we parted. Next morning early he left, and not a line have I had except a wire, merely announcing his safe arrival at the Santa Anna Hotel."

I listened in silence. Before Bennett had finished speaking my thoughts were far away—as far as San Francisco.

"My love," I exclaimed aloud. "The Santa Anna Hotel?"

"Do you know it, Mr. Stanton?" inquired Bennett, evidently surprised at my sudden vehemence.

"I was there once, many years ago," I said. "The name has been back in old association to my mind which I had thought was lost."

I knew now where I had seen those strange eyes of Carson Wildred's and what was the deed with which they had connected themselves in my mind. After all perhaps I had not come to America for nothing."

My memory travelled back over a space of ten years. I had then come back to San Francisco after an expedition into distant wilds with a party of friends shooting grizzlies in the Rockies. I had stopped at the Santa Anna Hotel, a small hostelry lately built, having an English landlord, and therefore greatly frequented by Englishmen.

On the night of my arrival there had been a great disturbance in the house. Three men who had been stepping at the place got quarrelling over a game of cards which they were playing in a private parlor. Two, who were the hosts, and were entertaining the third, had set upon him with intent to kill, being accused of cheating. I and several of my friends had run out from the billiard room, hearing a yell for help, just in time to see a man in evening dress stagger, bleeding from the

opposite door. "I'm killed!" That devil has murdered me!" he exclaimed, and fell forward on his face.

At Bennett's mention of the Santa Anna Hotel the whole scene I had come up before me as vividly as though it had been enacted but yesterday. The open door, showing a billiard lighted interior, cards scattered on the floor, a young man—almost a boy standing, as though frozen with horror by an overset table, a large loose knife, common to the country, apparently fallen from his right hand to the floor.

At the door itself an older man, who had followed his victim, no doubt with the intention of keeping him from making an outcry or escaping into the hall. But he had been too late, and the expression of his face, as he met our eyes was hideous. Though the knife had to all appearance been used by his companion, it was at him the murderer man had pointed before he fell and died.

He was the one apostrophized as wretch, and though he had a high-aquiline nose, red hair, and bristling eyebrows that met across his forehead, the eyes had been those of Carson Wildred.

They were eyes not easy to forget, especially as they blazed defiance into those of the men who sprang forward to lay hands upon him. "There stands the murderer, gentlemen, as you see," he had said making a gesture toward his young companion, a boy of eighteen or nineteen who seemed astonished and horrified to move. Despite the evidence of the fallen knife however, not one among the men who had witnessed the end of the scene believed that the youth was guilty. Murders was in the eyes of the other, and must have betrayed him, even if the words of the dead man had not accused him.

California was somewhat vinder at those days than it is at present, and men were more ready to act upon impulse. So it was that as two of us stepped the fence, the red-haired fellow another of the party lunged some whispered word to the boy, who had only spoken to ramble the four potent words, "God knows I'm innocent."

What that word was no one knew save he who spoke it and he to whom it was addressed. But whatever it might have been it seemed to rouse the young man, for with a realization of his position. With a leap he was at the long window and had sprung on to a veranda which ran round three sides and three stories of the house. The room was on the first floor, and was very rough for an active young fellow to let himself down by one of the crepea pillars of the lower story. It could not have been so easy to escape those who half heartedly followed, but the boy must have found some safe sanctuary nearby for not only had he made his pursuers but he never found and brought to trial.

California was somewhat vinder at those days than it is at present, and men were more ready to act upon impulse. So it was that as two of us stepped the fence, the red-haired fellow another of the party lunged some whispered word to the boy, who had only spoken to ramble the four potent words, "God knows I'm innocent."

