

B. A. WHEELER,
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Our elegant H. T. Catalogue
gives full particulars, free.
MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND,
OHIO.

Delays are Dangerous.

This is the time to take Spring Medicines. If you have that tired feeling go to Hueston's Pharmacy and get a bottle of Hueston's Sarsaparilla. Price 75c. Every bottle guaranteed to give good results—or money refunded.

66 Main Street,
NORTHVILLE.

Hueston Pharmacy Co.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.

DR. W. H. YARNALL.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Gordon Allan

TAILOR

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Spring Samples Now Here.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence corner Wing and Main streets. Office hours, 12:00 to 2:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Telephone, 391.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Office and residence, 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Phone 401.

DR. F. CARROTHERS, DENTIST OF
Office over T. G. store, Main street. Proprietor of the Natural Teeth Crown and Bridge Work Specialty. Phone 422.

DR. F. B. CARROTHERS, DENTIST
Office over State Savings bank. Crown and bridge work and extraction of natural teeth a specialty. All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable. South Lyon on Mondays.

DR. A. T. HOLCOMB, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Calls promptly attended day or night. Office hours 7:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. excepting Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Office and residence, 100 N. Main street.

W. H. THORNTON'S

MILK ROUTE.

PURE AND RATED MILK

Swiss and Spiced Cream
Furnished on Application.

Wayne

J. H. HAYLES, Propr.

Only First-Class River View Hotel
in the City.

POPULAR RATES.

AMERICAN
AND
EUROPEAN
PLANS.

DETROIT.

The Griswold House

POSTAL & MONEY
RESERVATIONS

A
first-class
house
with
modern
amenities,
unlike
any other
in the city.

DETROIT.

Rates, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 per Day.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM

Keeps hair clean and healthy. Promotes a healthy scalp. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cleans scalp and hair. Sells everywhere.

AT THE Northville Greenhouses

you can
secure
every-
thing
desir-
able
in the
line of

CUT FLOWERS and
FLORAL DESIGNS.

J. M. DIXON,
Propr.

Alex. Tingham of Detroit was visiting friends here on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Hall, who has been the guest of Mabel Burgess, has returned to her home in Lansing.

Miss Nicholson, guest of the Misses Wheeler and Burgess, left Wednesday for Wyandotte where she will visit before returning to Manistiquette.

Misses Mabel Burgess, Cathilla and Elizabeth Wheeler entertained at cards Saturday afternoon in honor of their guests, Misses Hall and Nicholson.

School Notes:

[By the Superintendent.]

County Commissioner E. W. Yost visited the schools last Monday afternoon.

Students of the high school sympathize with Miss Maud Matson in her severe illness.

Hon. H. R. Pattengill's subject for commencement address June 17th will be "Our Inheritance."

The ice cream social which was to have been given on the Methodist lawn last Saturday evening was postponed one week on account of rain. Tomorrow evening the grade will be pleased to serve all who come at the same place and plans are being made to preserve the reputation gained by previous classes for courteous and liberal treatment.

The American Boy Wants to Be a Plumber.

A man who made millions by his mechanical inventions, a man whose inventions have changed the daily life of every American, told me, says Edward Everett Hale, in the June Cosmopolitan, that he had asked fifty boys what handwork they would prefer, and that, in every instance the boy replied that he would like to be a plumber. The curious truth was that plumbing was the only mechanical art which these boys, trained in our modern life, had seen in practice.

Whitney's Opera House—Detroit.

Special efforts are being made to have the Whitney theater one of the coolest spots in the city during the summer months. Electric fans have been placed in every conceivable spot where cool breezes will add to the comfort of the patrons. The John A. Hummerlein Imperial Stock company will inaugurate their summer season of eight weeks at the matinee May 11 with a splendid revival of the powerful American play, "Northwestern Light." A competent cast, appropriate costumes and a lavish scenic environment are promised. The play is entirely too well known to require extended comment.

Lycium Theater—Detroit.

The closing week of the Pike Theater company's season at the Lycium will begin May 31st when the company will present for the first time three at popular prices Edwin Milton Royle's "Friends." In this play Mr. Royle and his wife Selena Potter starred for two seasons successfully. This comedy drama filled with the purest heart interest and the dearest comedy has hardly an equal as a stock drama. The play will be most handsomely mounted and gowned and every piece of scenery used will be entirely new. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This will be the last appearance of the Pike players this season.

Avenue Theatre, Detroit.

A season of Weber and Fields' New York productions begins at the Avenue theater, Detroit, May 31, and will continue for twelve weeks, a new play being produced each week and a new company appearing every second week. Each of these companies comprises fifty of the prettiest and liveliest chorus girls that New York affords and the best comedians of musical extravagance in the country. Each piece will be beautifully staged, the costumes will be elegant and the scenic equipment just as handsome as were given the original New York productions. "Whirl-a-gig" one of the best and funniest of Weber and Fields' comedies will be the opening piece.

Explosion Killed Four.

Pittsburg, May 27—An explosion of gas in the Charters Coal & Coke Company at Federal, Pa., about noon Tuesday killed four men instantly, badly burned seven and slightly injured a number of others. The dead: James Nelson, William Nelson, Joseph Saler, Joseph Jonack. Five more are believed to be fatally hurt. About seventy-five men were at work when the explosion occurred. It is thought it was due to an accumulation of fire damp igniting from an open lamp.

Lost—Large shell hat pin, valued as a keepsake. Finder please leave at Record office.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box 25 cents.

Men's Union Made Clothing

The best made and most desirable lot of Union Made Clothing ever shown in Detroit, being the entire stock of

MEN'S SUITS

of one of the best manufacturers in America. This manufacturer made up more suits than his trade needed. He came to us with his surplus, and, rather than carry the goods over to another season, closed them out to us at a great loss. His loss is your gain. Come and look at the suits. Here are the prices:

Lot 1.

Splendid wearing Suits in this lot—worth up to \$10, \$12.50 and \$13.50, for

\$7.50

Lot 2.

A tremendous showing at this price—Suits worth \$15, \$16.50 and \$17.50, for

\$10

Lot 3.

The cream of the lot—Suits worth up to \$20.00, for

\$12.50

The materials are Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsteds, etc., all of good, standard manufacture, and are all excellent quality—every Suit this season's make—every one the latest style.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

The J. L. Hudson Co.,

DETROIT.

"THE BIG STORE."

MICHIGAN.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Memorial Day Saturday, May 30.

One fare for the round trip to all points within 150 miles of selling stations. Tickets on sale May 29 and 30, good to return including 1st class agents for particulars.

Grand Rapids, Sunday, June 7.

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. Rate \$2.25. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

Flint, Saginaw and Bay City, Sunday, June 7th.

Train will leave Northville at 8:12 a. m. Rate \$1 and \$1.50. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

Toledo, Sunday, May 31.

Train will leave Northville at 10:15 a. m. Rate 60 cents. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

A FARMER STRAIGHTENED OUT.

"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely and it not only relieved him, but he needed no more of it," says C. R. Rector, of Pittsburg, Mo. "A few days later he called into the store and straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying 'I got another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time, for it cured me.' For sale by Geo. C. Hueston."

Sensitive Heat Measurers.

The astronomer has heat-measuring devices that can detect infinitesimal variations of temperature and indicate the heat of stars distant millions of miles from our earth, and chemical compounds sensitive to light that our eyes never can see.

A STARTLING TEST.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mehoopany, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 14 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at Geo. C. Hueston's.

The Sensation of Laughter.

In his book on laughter James Sully says: "There is in laughter, from the first ejaculation something of a biting sensation or something of a melancholy pain," and, again, "The laughable spectacle commonly shows us in the background something regrettable."

When you want a pleasant physic try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by Geo. C. Hueston.

The Test of Success.

"The man to be admired in this life," remarked the idealist, "is he who does not wait in the hope of becoming a fortunate creature of circumstances, but who goes forth and molds events to his own purposes." "That's the man for me," answered Senator Sorghum. "There's no use trying to guess the market. Get enough money to make it go your way whether it wants to or not."

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

on every box 25c

Detroit Jockey Club

GROSSE POINT TRACKS

TWELVE DAYS OF GRAND RACING

COMMENCING

Derby Day

MONDAY, JUNE 8th

CLOSING

SATURDAY, JUNE 20

You cannot afford to miss them. All the leading stables of the country are entered and the best horses on the turf will contest 11 of the 12 stakes and purses. Make your arrangements now to be present at the greatest running racing Detroit has ever had.

D. J. CAMPAU, President.

C. C. WESTFALL, Secretary.

Take a Look at Venus.

Young man, when you have finished your dinner, when you have finished your time to night, go up to the roof or out in the street or yard by your home and take a good, long look at the star of the evening. Show will do you much good. In the first place, the mere fact of your having thought enough to spend the time to do this will aid your mental development. In the second place you will have to lift your eyes and chin from the mire of the street about you to clean glory of Omnipotence. In the third place you cannot look for five minutes at Venus or at any other planet or star without absorbing into yourself some of the calm, silent power which befalls this universe along its unbroken track, with never a slip of the tire or jostling of the axle—New York News.

A Mother to the Girl.

The woman who had lost her maid at the moment that she was expecting visitors went to the janitor in her distress, hoping that he might be able to find some one to help her out. He was Hibernian and effusively sympathetic. "Shure an' it's too bad," he assured her, "an' you after bein' a mother to that girl!" As the girl was as black as a negro could be, the woman took the compliment with reservations.

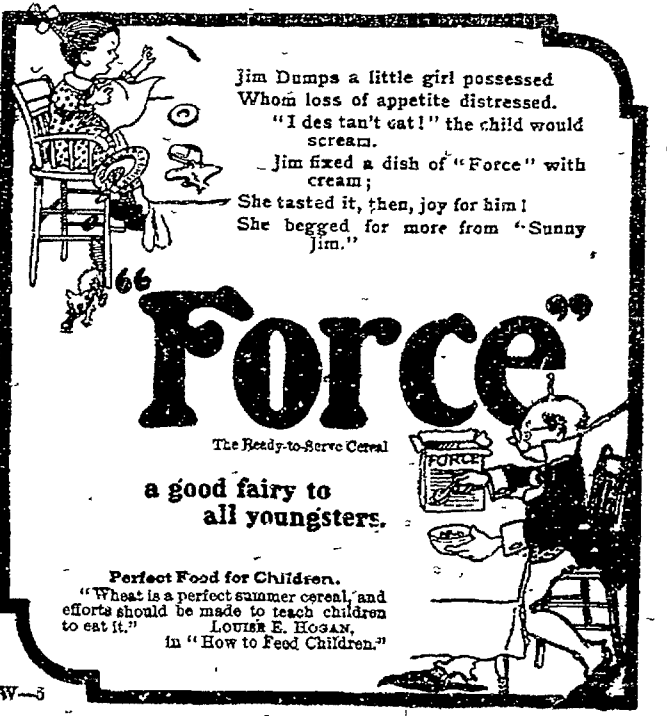
Mother of Six Veteran Soldiers
Miss Mary Neville, who celebrated her 100th birthday at Ypsilanti, O., recently has six sons all veterans of the civil war.

Few Railroads in Natal

Natal proper which is less than half the size of the Orange River Colony, has 60 per cent more railways than the Transvaal, but has only one-eighth of its revenue and one-twentieth of its white population. Yet it has more railways than the Transvaal, and nearly twice its mileage.

Opulence at the Capital.

Old-fashioned residents of Washington deplore the fact that social life there is taking on many of the objectionable features which characterize the "rude and rich" New York set. It is believed that some of this is due to the fact that the president's halls from New York, the Roosevelts being allied with many families notable on Manhattan island. Opulence at the capital is making great display in equipages, lurchons, dinners, dances, etc., and its coming to be understood that nowadays money not only talks—it howls.



Jim Dumps a little girl possessed
Whom loss of appetite distressed.
"I des tant cat!" the child would
scream.
Jim fixed a dish of "Force" with
cream;
She tasted it, then, joy for him!
She begged for more from "Sunny
Jim."

Force
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
a good fairy to
all youngsters.

Perfect Food for Children.
"What is a perfect summer cereal, and
efforts should be made to teach children
to eat it."
LOUIS E. HOGAN,
in "How to Feed Children."

None Better in the United States.
For sale in N. Y. City by
PARSON'S GROCERY HOUSE.

The SOUTHERNERS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Women with the Ship," "Hohenhausen," "The Quiberon Touch," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

"A ship—disengages—itsself—from fight. Swings—around—Brooklyn—heads—up—channel. Fire—of—gunboats—and—Tennessee—concentrated—on—it—alone. Bears—admiral's—blue flag. Impossible—to—pass—except—over—torpedo—line. Hartford—approach—ing—the—line."

Another of those soul reeling breaks was the Hartford to meet the fate of the monitor?

"Small—boat—flying—Union—flag—observed—pulling—between—ships—and—fort. Purpose—to—rescue—few—monitor's—men—surviving. General—Peyton—orders—gunners—hot—to—fire—on—crave—fellows—saying—life."

What did she care for small boats or anything but for that ship on which her oldest son fought, now perhaps right over those deadly torpedoes? Oh, why was that key silent? Didn't they know it was playing with a mother's heart? The strain was killing her. Unless it began again she should go mad. She was trembling and shaking like an aspen leaf. No one paid attention to her, so eagerly were they listening.

"Hartford—nearing—torpedo—line. Boyd—Peyton—recognized—as—officer—on—small—boat. Can—scarcely—escape—between—fort—and—ships."

"Boyd! Boyd! It can't be!" screamed the woman.

"He may be a traitor to the south," cried one of the men, "but he's a brave man, a hero!"

"Boat—picks—up—few—men—turns—back—to—ship. Right—in—center—line—of—firing. Not—possible—to—escape. Tennessee—running—for—Hartford—Hartford—right—over—the—tor—"

The sounder stopped calling.

Mrs. Peyton, exhausted human nature at last giving way, sank gently to the floor in her daughter's arms.

No more messages came over that wire. They waited in great anxiety for a minute or two and then the operator strove to call up Fort Morgan. In vain—the connection was broken. A shot from the Richmond had demolished the telegraph office, wounding the brave operator, who had watched the fighting from a vacant embrasure whence he telegraphed the news.

There was nothing to do in Mobile but wait.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN THE METACOMET'S CUTTER.

WILLIS Peyton in the cutter of the Metacomet. Ours were broken out at once, Peyton gripped the yoke lines in his hand, the boat swept around under the vigorous impetus of the stout arms, passed the stern of the Metacomet, darted between the stern of the Hartford and the bow of the Richmond, her next stern, ranged along the starboard side of the Brooklyn and entered the zone of fire.

The roar of the discharge was absolutely continuous. The air was filled with shot and shell. The screaming was like the sound of a thousand tempests. The water all about them was dashed in froth, beaten into foam by grapeshot, conister shrapnel and bits of iron from exploding shell. Close as they necessarily were to the ships, the tremendous broadsides from the decks passed only a few feet above their heads. It was a situation to appall the stoutest heart. They seemed to be floating on a sea of boiling water canopied by a heaven of fire. Their position was one of horrible peril. One shot striking the little boat and they would be lost. Between the triple cross fire from their own ships, the fort and the Confederate squadron, it did not seem humanly possible that they could escape. Peyton had pulled about half the length of the Hartford before he discovered that no flag was flying.

"Ours!" he cried instantly, and, as the men stopped rowing, he dropped the yoke lines, stepped forward and picked up the boat flag from where it lay in its case along the bottom of the boat, came back to the stern sheets, unrolled it deliberately, shook out its folds coolly and then stepped it at in the socket provided. He did not do this a moment too soon. The forward pivot gun on the Hartford, of which he was right abreast, had been turned on him. Seeing only a boatful of men in the smoke, ignorant that it was one of their own, supposing, perhaps, that it might have been a torpedo boat, the lockstraps quivered in the hand of the officer to speed the bolt which would have blown the cutter out of the water.

"For God's sake, sir," cried one of the men of the gun crew, recognizing the young officer as he peered over the rail, "don't fire! It's Lieutenant Peyton!"

At that opportune instant the flag rippled out. How the men on the Hartford cheered as they saw it and noticed the sturdy oarsmen pick up the stroke and shoot the boat ahead toward the place where the Tennessee had gone down!

An officer and a few men ready to give up were swimming exhaustedly in that vortex of fire when the boat swept alongside them. The cutter had gone ahead of the main battle to reach the place where the Tennessee had been sunk, and as she came bursting out of the heavier pall of smoke she

was in full view of both the fort and the ram. General Peyton caught sight of the boat first.

"Look there!" he cried to the men of the next barbed gun to his position, pointing. "Fire on that boat! Sink her!"

Colonel Pleasants, however, standing by his side, had fortunately caught the boat at the same moment in the field of his glass.

"By heaven, sir," he cried, "there's your son!"

"Should I spare my own son?" cried the general sternly, "more than any other man who is an enemy? Fire upon him, and be damned to you!" he cried to the hesitant gunners.

"No!" said Pleasants, springing toward the gun.

"Was he too late? The piece had been trained on the boat, and the gun captain's arm had already tapped upon the lockstraps. In another moment the hammer would fall and the shot be sped. The distance was too short to miss, the aim perfect.



How the men on the Hartford cheered as they saw it.

The old general covered his eyes with his hand. His duty bade him fire; his heart would not let him look. But Pleasants intervened. He threw his hand over the vent of the piece, and the hammer struck the back of his hand a sharp blow, numbing it with the force with which it fell, but the gun was not discharged.

"General Peyton," cried the young man, still clutching at the vent, "they are on an errand of mercy. They have no arms! They are picking up men from the Tennessee! For God's sake, don't fire on them!"

"Thank God!" cried the general, greatly relieved. "Pass the word not to fire on that boat," he added, turning to a staff officer near, "if it can be helped. Hurry, sir! It is saving drowning men!"

Now it was the ram's turn. Willis Peyton had charge of the forward division of guns on the Tennessee. As the little boat came sailing through the smoke he turned one of the Brooklyn rifles on it. She was too far away for him to recognize his brother, but presently he divined the errand of the boat was one of mercy, and with chivalric gallantry—for which, when he learned the truth, he thanked God thereafter—he depressed the breech of the gun and the bolt, which would have sunk the cutter to a certainty, went screaming down the line into the bunched up fleet. Meanwhile, Boyd Peyton, unconscious of all this, went coolly, if rapidly, about his work. He had no time to linger and he could not afford to think of the horrible peril menacing him and his men. His mental salvation consisted in thinking of nothing but his duty then. An admitted cogitation of consequences might have killed him.

Just as he fired Willis Peyton saw the Hartford break from the mass and head toward him. Admiral Buchanan, in the pumped porthouse forward, saw her at the same time. The helm of the Tennessee was shifted and the ram was headed straight for the flagship. Expecting every moment to see the latter blown up by the torpedoes, the ironclad slowly moved forward just above them, waiting for her. When the Hartford passed the line of torpedoes unharmed the ironclad made for her, but the attempt of the Tennessee to ram was frustrated by the quicker movement of the Hartford. With a quick prayer that it might not find his brother, whom he still believed to be on the ship, Willis Peyton poured the shot from his division at short range into the flagship and then attacked in succession the other ships as they came swarming up the channel to the wake of the admiral.

Boyd Peyton succeeded in saving an officer, eight men and the pilot from the Tennessee, and a few others gained the beach under the fort by swimming, all that were left of the 116 on board. Carefully and deliberately scanning the water to see if any

others were struggling there, he finally turned the prow of his boat toward the ship and rowed over toward the fleet. If that boat crew never pulled hard before, they did it then. The Hartford had passed up long since. The Brooklyn was just leading up the channel. The Richmond and the Pensacola were going ahead. But the rearmost ships were almost stationary. His only chance would be to get aboard one of these. Sweeping across to Fort he rowed down the line through the fire swept sea, with his flag flying in a magnificent gallant passage of the channel. He might have darted through an interval between one of the pairs and rowed in comparative safety down the port side of the fleet. To have done that would have been to lose time, however, and might have prevented him from getting aboard of the ships. At any rate, with cool and thrilling courage he chose deliberately to pass between the ships and the forts still heavily engaging. By hard rowing he succeeded in gaining the deck of the Onondaga, the last ship of the line, a slight sloop of war.

The Onondaga being without support received the concerted fire of the fort and the Tennessee which had passed completely through the fleet, dealing death and destruction to it on every hand. As Peyton clambered on deck Captain Mullany, glad indeed for such reinforcement, for his ship was suffering severely in officers and men, gave him command of one of the forward divisions, and distributed his men among the depleted gun crews.

As the Onondaga drew up opposite the fort she was forced to pass through a terrific besom of fire. A heavy shell from the fort exploded one of her boilers, killing all the men in the fire room in the most dreadful manner, scalding them to death, indeed. Another shell from the ram struck the captain and tore off his arm—he was wounded in no less than five different places that day. Another set fire to the ship. Had it not been that the monitor Winnebago gallantly interposed between the Onondaga and the Tennessee the wooden ship and her consort would have been torn to pieces and sunk then and there.

The courage of the crew of the Onondaga was beyond all praise. With the captain weltering in his blood, the ship on fire, the boilers exploding beneath them, the men below shrieking and screaming in agony they stuck to their guns as coolly as if nothing were happening, deliberately firing upon the fort and the ram as long as they were within range. They less themselves, they were carried up the channel by the valiant efforts of their little consort, the Galea, and the rushing tide, as Farragut had planned.

By and by they, too, reached the fleet and anchored. Stopping for nothing Boyd Peyton took his boat and started at once for the admiral on the Hartford swinging about at anchor above the middle ground. The guns had been secured, the decks washed clear of their blood stains and the wounded carried below to the busy surgeons going what they could for them. On the port side of the quarter deck lay a long line of dead men. As Peyton stepped through the gangway he asked the officer there where the admiral was.

"There," replied the young man, pointing to the quarter deck. As Peyton went aft to report to him he saw him standing with his feet apart, his hands clasped behind his back, staring down at the bodies of the poor fellows who had been killed in the action. Tears glistened in the old man's eyes, the young man noticed, as he looked at him.

The countless lives of one of the greatest naval battles of modern times was mourning like a woman over his lost men.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LAST DAY OF THE TENNESSEE.

DOWN under the gun on Fort Morgan lay the Tennessee. She had been badly rammed by the Monitor, and, all though she had been struck possibly a hundred times by heavy projectiles, mainly from the nine inch broadsides of the ships, she had suffered no material injury save for a few holes through the smokestack, which could easily be repaired by her own force. After careful inspection her officers reported her otherwise to be in perfect condition.

The Tennessee was a casemated broadside ironclad 209 feet long, with a beam of 48 feet. She was armed with six heavy Brooklyn rifles, 106 pounders each in round numbers, two in each broadside, one pivoted forward and one aft; her ports, or which there were two so arranged that the fore and after pivots could be fought in either broadside. She was entirely a home production of the Confederacy. The ship was built at Selma, the guns came from Richmond, the iron plating was made at Mobile from ore mined in Alabama. The casemate, a sort of greenhouse with slanting sides, was plated with iron armor varying in thickness from four to six inches. The plating was carried in an unbroken slant below the water line and then bent back inward to the hull, the launch angle so formed being filled with a solid wooden backing, which was a great protection against ramming. From the bows of the Tennessee a formidable iron spur projected below the water line. No wooden ship that floated could have survived a fairly delivered blow from that ram.

There were two or three fatal defects in her construction, however. Her engines were taken from an old river steamer and were woefully weak and inadequate; the method for closing her gun ports was faulty and the shutters working on pivots were liable to jam; but the most serious error of her designers had been in exposing the rudder chains by which she was steered, on the open deck, without protection of

any sort. In spite of these things, however, she was without doubt the most formidable vessel afloat.

By the time her inspection had been completed and the few minor repairs necessitated by the action had been made Farragut's fleet had reached the deep water above the middle ground, a shoal extending westward across the deep water; some four miles from Fort Morgan.

It was now about 8:45 in the morning when the lookouts discovered the Tennessee standing up the channel from the direction of Fort Morgan. The old admiral meant business, it was quite evident. The black smoke was belching from her tall stack as she came on single handed to attack the twenty-three vessels in the Union fleet which had already successfully encountered the gunboats, the fort and her own provisos.

At first sight this would appear to have been a foolhardy action, with so few chances of success as to render it virtual suicide on the part of the Tennessee, but Admiral Buchanan may be relieved of any charge of recklessness. He had commanded the Merrimack when she had routed the fleet in Hampton Roads. He knew, or thought he knew, what could be effected by an ironclad against wooden ships. He had under him the most powerful vessel that had ever been constructed. He had been unable to make use of his greatest power of offense, the ram, in the passage of the ships through the narrow channel, but now he counted confidently upon using it to deadly advantage.

The ships above him were at anchor. He was between them and the open sea. His light draft would permit him to go anywhere, while they were strictly confined to the contracted deep water area. He had shown himself invulnerable to their heaviest guns. He might now be able to get among them and work his will upon them. No sane man would think of matching a wooden ship against such an ironclad. It is true that there were three monitors with Farragut's fleet, but they had done nothing remarkable heretofore, and he counted himself more than a match for any or all of them.

Again, the numbers of the enemy would give a certain immunity. There were too many of them for all of them to attack him at once. Then, too, he would have the advantage of having all his forces concentrated under his single hand while those of the Federals were scattered. These were some of the reasons which actuated him and there was doubtless another. He had to do something. He could remain in safety under the walls of Fort Morgan for a time, but there he would be subjected to attack. Farragut would certainly attack him with the monitors, and the fall of the fort, which afforded him temporary protection from the investing force, was only a question of time, so that it was not a question of strong hopes for success that he turned the prow of his vessel up the bay, sent his men to quarters and made ready for his part in the most desperate naval engagement ever fought in the waters of the United States.

But there was one thing upon which he did not count, which was his undying in the end, and that was the invincible courage, the calculated recklessness and the headlong dash of Admiral Farragut. He was the admiral who did the unexpected thing, and in so doing he took the only possible means to meet and master the danger. Any other course would have ruined his fleet and might have lost him the battle.

I know of no civil action in the history of the world in which both commanders were so old and so gallant. Farragut and Buchanan, both past threescore, and an example of coolness, desperate, risk taking valor to the most reckless boy in the squadron.

The instant the watchers on the long ships discovered the approach of the Tennessee the signal for battle was blown from the Hartford. The engines were started at once, the ships gathered way, and this time under full head of steam, as fast as it could be made in the boilers, they opened out and made for the approaching enemy.

Signals were flying from the masthead of the Hartford ordering the fleet to close in and ram the enemy. In the admiral's steam barge Eoyal, named for his son, a boat which he said was "the worst devil he ever sailed in," Dr. Palmer, a noble volunteer, was hurrying from ship to ship repeating the signal and carrying verbal orders from the admiral, while from points of vantage on the flagship the army signal officers were transmitting messages to the different vessels of the fleet. The slow, unwieldy, lumbering monitors were also getting under way as rapidly as possible.

The sail near the Tennessee, which was now close at hand, was the Monitor, which had been especially provided with an iron prow with a heavy wooden backing for ramming purposes. The slight collision in the channel had done no harm to either vessel. Captain Strong was eager to see how the ram would stand the impact of his iron prow backed by two thousand tons of ship going at full speed. He confidently expected to cut her down or overrun her.

The Tennessee was headed straight for the Hartford. Buchanan rightly judged her to be the most important ship, and thought if he could dispose of her his terrible task would be materially lessened and a great advantage gained. Confident in the strength of his own ship, therefore, he disdained the approaching steamer. Never swerving a hair's breadth from his course, he kept steadily on. He would bide the shock, let it be what it would. His game was the noble Hartford and the great admiral.

Off on the port quarter the Mo-

nonagabla under full speed rushed down upon the Tennessee, the water boiling and roaring under her forefoot. Buchanan did not even shift his helm to avoid the blow. She struck him fair and square on the port quarter, at right angles to his broadside, a terrific blow. The two thousand ton wooden ship was literally hurled upon him. The crash was heard down in Fort Morgan. Men on both ships were thrown violently to the deck by the force of the collision. The iron cutwater of the Monitor was wrenched off and her bows stove in. The Tennessee swung around to port from the thrust of her enemy.

At the moment of impact the rines in the casemate of the ram poured shell into the wooden vessel, piercing her through and through. The Monitor swung around alongside her enemy and at contact range poured in a broadside of solid shot from her heavy battery, including two eleven inch guns. The solid shot broke in places against the casemate or bounded back like balls. Except for a slight list to starboard, nothing happened to the Tennessee, which kept steadily on toward the Hartford.

Meanwhile from the same side came the Lackawanna, the fastest vessel in the Union fleet, at a speed of twelve knots an hour, which was very high for those days. She, too, was gallantly hurled upon the Tennessee, which she struck fair amidships to port. Captain Marchand had no iron cutwater. His ship had not been designed for ramming, and no special provision had been made to enable her to stand such a shock. He did not hesitate on that account. With the admiral's command to warrant him and under the eye of the great captain, he threw his ship on the enemy.

Such was the force of the blow that the bow of the Lackawanna was stove in from five feet above to three feet below the water line. Owing to the slant of the casemate of the ironclad, the shattered bows of the Lackawanna, her screws churning the water madly as Marchand strove to force her to override the ram, actually rose out of the water and slid upward along the slanting iron plated sides. Again the deadly rifles on the Tennessee rang out, raking the Lackawanna from bow to stern. As his ship slipped off Marchand swung to port and pointed in another futile broadside from his heavy battery at close range upon his mighty and disdainful antagonist.

The monitors were closing in now, and the different vessels of the fleet heading forward the ram delivered broadsides on single shots as the shifting movements of the vessels gave them a clear range. The Tennessee was attacked by ships on both sides and fore and aft as well. All of her guns were in action at the same instant. A mias of flame and smoke and roaring guns she shook herself free and swept up the bay, and straight at her came the Hartford.

Both vessels were under full steam, and every available ounce of power was churning the screws. They approached each other bows on. The prolongation of their keels would have made a singular straight line. If the Tennessee struck the Hartford in that way she would tear the whole bow out of her. Both vessels would be telegraphed, the Hartford would infallibly sink, but she would overrun the Tennessee and it would be impossible for the ironclad to back away before being carried down by the Hartford.

The officers of the squadron who could see through the smoke the two vessels rushing at each other fairly held their breath with anxiety and terror. Forward on the Hartford, leaning over the bows endeavoring to peer down through the smoke at his approaching enemy, stood Division Aft on the port main rigging, standing on the sheer poles, dging to the forward water. The admiral looked far out with a ghastly smile. The vessel he had been passed out him to be before reasonstrating withly was the admiral for his exposed position as he did so. Going at such speed the two ships already fearfully near the collision would only be a matter of time and the results would be fatal to both vessels unless the helm of one or the other were shifted.

The flagship, save for the throbbing of the engines, was fearfully silent. The officers forward nervously waited for the shock, the men at the guns in the batteries shifted restlessly, the gun captains tightened the lockstraps in their hands, wistful and hopeful that they could get a shot in before they went down, if down they must go. Dying on the ship was of course aware of the situation, even though most of them could see nothing of it. McFarland, a veteran seaman, who held the helm of the Hartford in every one of her tremendous battles was at the wheel with two assistants. He was coolly steering the great ship with the mathematical nicety of an expert sailor.

(To be continued next week.)

When doctors fail try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

Fish Eggs to Travel Far. Covered with damp moss in muslin troughs and hermetically sealed in tin some 20,000 Irish rainbow trout eggs are on their way from Inishannon, County Cork, Ireland, to Tokio, for the Japan Exhibition.

FROM A CAT SCRATCH.

On the arm, to the worst sort of a burn, sore or boil, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a quick cure. In buying Witch Hazel Salve, be particular to get DeWitt's—this is the salve that heals without leaving a scar. A specific for blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Sold by all druggists.

DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE

THE ORIGINAL.

A Well Known Cure for Piles.

Cures obstinate sores, chapped hailes, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.

Cures Piles Permanently

DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY

E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

For Sale by Burdock Bros., Northville, Mich.

PERE MARQUETTE

March 15, 1903.

Trains leave Northville as follows:

DETROIT AND EAST.

6:45 a. m. 10:23 a. m. 2:15 p. m. 8:35 p. m.

FOR TOLEDO AND SOUTH.

10:23 a. m. 2:15 p. m. 8:35 p. m.

FOR SAGINAW AND BAY CITY.

2:55 a. m. 9:21 a. m. 2:18 p. m. 6:18 p. m.

MANISTEE, LUDINGTON, MILWAUKEE.

2:55 a. m. 2:18 p. m.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GRAND RAPIDS, NORTH AND WEST.

2:02 a. m. 1:58 p. m. 5:56 p. m.

H. F. MOELLER, FRANK DOLPH, G. P. A. Agent, Northville.

DETROIT SOUTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time of Trains Passing Carleton.

South Bound, No. 1, 8:22 a. m.

South Bound, No. 5, 6:40 p. m.

North Bound, No. 2, 3:30 p. m.

North Bound, No. 6, 3:30 a. m.

All trains daily except Sunday except on Southern Division trains Nos. 1 and 2.

Train No. 1 leaves Detroit for Union Station, Detroit, 8:25 a. m., Trenton, 9:40 a. m., Dundee, 10:10 a. m., Adrian, 11:05 a. m., arrive Lima, 2:15 p. m., leave Springfield, 4:45 p. m., arrive Fairbridge, 7:30 p. m.

Train No. 5 leaves Detroit for Port Union Station, 6:40 p. m., Trenton, 8:15 p. m., Dundee, 8:30 p. m., Adrian, 9:15 p. m., arrive Napoleon, 9:35 p. m.

Train No. 2 leaves Fairbridge, 6:00 a. m., Springfield, 8:30 a. m., Lima, 10:05 a. m., Adrian, 10:25 p. m., Dundee, 9:50 p. m., Trenton, 4:40 p. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Napoleon, 6:40 a. m., Adrian, 8:05 a. m., Dundee, 8:35 a. m., Trenton, 10:10 a. m.

Close connections at junctions with connecting lines. For further information or descriptive folder call on nearest agent or address:

GEORGE M. HENRY, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT

United Railway

Operates all Detroit City Railways

TIME TABLE

ORCHARD LAKE DIVISION

Formerly Detroit & Northwestern Ry.

In Effect January 27th, 1902.

Leave Northville

Cars leave Northville for Detroit or Pontiac at 6:30 a. m., and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m. In addition thereto cars leave for Farmington at 11:30 p. m. and 12:30 a. m.

Leave Detroit

Cars leave Detroit for Northville via Farmington at 6:00 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:00 p. m. The last car waits for the theatre. On Sunday first car leaves one hour later.

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

Operated over the Detroit United Railway an Rapid Railway system, giving prompt express service to all points on above Electric Lines.

Local express office corner Main and Griswold sts.

For rates and other information apply to

O. R. Bromley or Geo. W. Parker, Local Agent, G. E. & P. A., Northville, Detroit.

Subject to change without notice

WABASH

Follow The Flag.

The quickest way to get from

Northville to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New York and Boston, is via the Wabash, the Pioneer Route, the pathway of the Continental Limited, which has a record for speed and equipment which is unexcelled. When traveling east, see that your ticket reads *Pere Marquette and Wabash*.

The Wabash is the only direct line from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, with direct and fast service to these points. Close connections at St. Louis for Hot Springs, and at Kansas City for all Colorado and California Points.

Write to us for information.

R. S. GREENWOOD, M. P. A., Chicago.

Do You Know It?

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA

Makes You Well, Keeps You Well. Cures Piles, Blisters, Liver Marks, Skin Eruptions, Constipation, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Pain in Back, Gout, Rheumatism, Stomach, Bowels, Bladder Disorders, Indigestion, Restless Sleep, Nervousness, Headache, Good for Gravel, Laid by Grandmother, Makes Father Strong, Helps Mother, Keeps Children Healthy, Makes the Girls and Boys Well, and Keeps Baby Good Natured all of the Time. The Genuine 35 cts. a package. Made only by

MADON MEDICINE CO., Madison, Wis.

