

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIV. No. 45.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1903.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

KILLED BY CARS

Mrs. D. B. Northrop Struck by a Locomotive.

WAS ABOUT TO CROSS TRACK SOUTH OF TOWN.

Death Was Instantaneous.—Funeral Monday Afternoon.

The people of Northville and vicinity were "expressly" shocked Friday afternoon by the startling news that Mrs. D. B. Northrop had been instantly killed at the crossing of the Pere Marquette railway just south of town. The unfortunate lady had been to the Northrop farm, from which the family had moved to town a few months ago, and was calling on her former neighbors there. She had started to go to the Lauray place just east of the railway and was killed by the engine of the north bound afternoon express. She was not seen at all by the engineer, so, of course had not yet stepped upon the track, and the most reasonable supposition seems to be that, as a strong wind was blowing from the north she did not hear the approaching train, and was prevented from seeing it by the wind she was blowing over her face, and was in the act of stepping upon the track when the messenger of death came upon her. Some protruding part of the engine struck her upon the head and side and death was instantaneous, although the victim was scarcely at all disfigured and her clothing very little soiled. The train was stopped as soon as possible and the lifeless form taken to the depot whence it was conveyed to the home which she had left so short a time before with no foreboding of the terrible fate in store for her.

Helen Marie Morse was born 61 years ago on the place now owned by Mrs. Isaac Slaght near the U. S. fish station here. She was married to Darwin B. Northrop July 31, 1867. Besides the husband she leaves two sons, George of Toila and Charles of Detroit, and three sisters, Mrs. R. B. Waterman of Mt. Pleasant, Mrs. McFarlin of St. Johns and Mrs. Eliza Marsh of Salisbury Center, N. Y. The first wife of Charles Harrington was also a sister.

The largely attended funeral services were held Monday afternoon conducted by Rev. Lee S. McCollister of Detroit. The floral tributes from her many friends were of unusual profusion and beauty, among them an offering from Orient chapter O. E. S. of which Mrs. Northrop was an honored member.

Mrs. Northrop was one of the most highly esteemed ladies of this place, her genial personality making her a favorite with all who knew her. She will be sadly missed in many places besides in the home so suddenly and terribly desolated.

Weaver-Doelle.

On Wednesday of this week at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and L. L. McRobert, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Edna D., to Mr. Harry Weaver of the Detroit United Railway of Farmington. Rev. W. S. Jerome performed the ceremony in the presence of a few of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom.

Carruthers-Hannan Wedding.

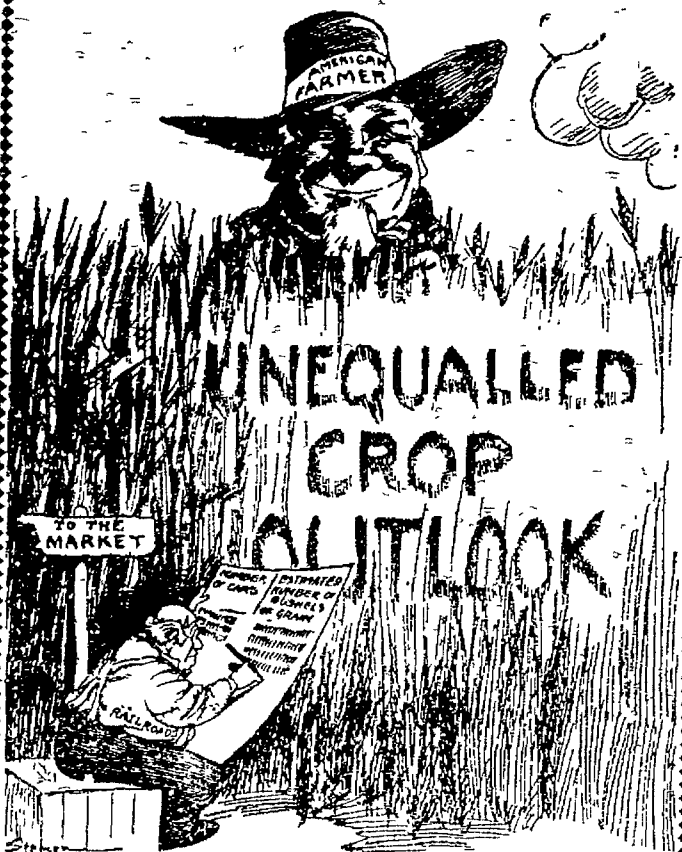
A very pretty wedding occurred at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hannan of South Lyon, on Wednesday of this week, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Gertrude, to Mr. Fred B. Carruthers, Northville's well known dentist. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers will be at home in Northville after July 1st.

Card of Thanks.

To our many friends who were so kind and helpful to us during our late bereavement we wish to express our deepest gratitude.

D. B. NORTHROP AND SONS,
MR. AND MRS. R. B. WATERMAN,
MRS. SARAH MCFARLIN,
MRS. ELIZA E. MARSH.

"THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF."



—Denver Republican

CLASS DAY AND COMMENCEMENT

THIS HAS BEEN THE WEEK OF ALL WEEKS

"Nancy Hanks" Pattengill Made Great Hit Wednesday

The commencement sermon was delivered Sunday evening before a large audience in the Methodist church by Rev. O. M. Thrasher. The discourse was an excellent one, the speaker choosing as the basis of his remarks part of the 25th verse of the 9th chapter of 1st Corinthians: "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." While in no way depreciating the value of proper care and culture of the physical, he thought of the necessity of keeping the development of the intellectual, moral and spiritual nature always first and foremost—was presented by Mr. Thrasher in a forcible and able manner, and he was listened to with the closest attention from beginning to end. The music was in charge of the organist and choir of the Presbyterian church, and received much favorable comment.

Class day exercises were held in the Methodist church Tuesday evening before a large assemblage composed mostly of invited guests of the class. The platform was very prettily decorated with greenery and the program was much enjoyed by all present.

Wednesday evening Hon. H. R. Pattengill of Lansing delivered an address in the same church on the subject "Our Inheritance." The building was well filled with interested listeners, and Mr. Pattengill, whose ability as a speaker is too well known to require comment, handled his topic in his usual masterly and rapid style, bringing out many interesting and valuable points and applying them in an apt and appropriate manner. The diplomas were presented to the graduates by Dr. A. L. Blanchard of the school board, with words appropriate to the occasion. The music on both evenings was very fine.

Last evening the Juniors gave the usual reception to the class. It was held in Princess rink and was largely attended. The rink was beautifully decorated for the occasion in keeping with the class colors and everybody had an enjoyable time. The Juniors come in for many words of praise for the success of their efforts, the event being one of the brightest in the school's history.

NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

L. L. A. ANNUAL ELECTION

All Voting Members Should Attend June 26th

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Ladies' Library Association, which was due last week Friday afternoon had to be adjourned for two weeks because the requisite number of members for a quorum was not present. It seems like a reprehensible lack of interest when out of a voting membership of some thing like seventy persons, fifteen cannot be gotten together once a year to elect officers to carry on an institution which is such an unmitigated benefit to our village. The board of managers, without any compensation whatever except the pleasure they take in thus working for the public, serve the association faithfully, many of them performing the required tasks year after year, and while the card holders undoubtedly appreciate the privileges of the library, it is doubtful if they do really comprehend the amount of thought and labor required to give them these privileges for the small sum of less than one cent a week for each subscriber.

Every adult female holding a card is a voter, as is also the wife or mother in every household where the card is held by husband or children. The board earnestly requests that all voters make it a point to come out next Friday afternoon. You should be interested to learn what your association is doing by hearing the annual reports and in electing your officers for an other year as well as in thus showing that you appreciate the library.

DELLA F. HARMON, Pres.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR JAS. SHAW

SERIOUSLY INJURED AT BARN RAISING.

One of the Bents Fell Over on Him Monday.

James Shaw came near being another victim of Northville's recent epidemic of fatalities. While assisting at a barn raising on the Charles Yerkes farm two miles east of town Monday Shaw was caught under a falling bent and was seriously injured on the head, face, side and one leg. At first his recovery was thought doubtful, but Drs. Burgees now think he will pull through though his escape from being crushed and instantly killed was miraculous. In its fall the bent caught on some other timbers which alone saved the recording of a third tragedy within four days.

NECK WAS BROKEN

Chris Buers Met Sudden Death on Tuesday.

THROWN FROM WAGON AT U. S. FISH STATION.

Was German Farmer and Lived Four Miles West of Town.

At the U. S. fish station here Tuesday morning Chris Buers, a German farmer who lives near the Summit church west of town, met a sudden death by being thrown from his wagon, as the result of one whistle becoming detached and falling against the horses, frightening them into a run. On coming to the rise of ground at the hatchery lawn the tongue dropped from the neck yoke and caught in the ground and the sudden stop threw Mr. Buers from the wagon into the air. He fell upon his head with considerable force, breaking his neck and causing almost instant death. He breathed a few times after help reached him and tried to speak but no sound passed his lips.

Buers was about fifty years of age and leaves a wife and several children. The remains were taken charge of by Undertakers Porter Bros and later conveyed to the home from whence the funeral was held yesterday.

Farmers' Day at the M. E.

The dominion of the Northville M. E. church announced last Sunday its "Farmers' Day" in that church, and allowed that he would preach to, and not at them. Just why it is necessary to have farmers' day in church service may be clear to the pastor and to the people, but that definitely but we confess it is something we do not just comprehend. Usually the farmers are the pillars of the church, and many of them are the sleepers. Perhaps the pastor wished to inculcate a spirit of patience that would prevent the use of profanity in talking a calf how to drink milk from a pail, or hoped to point out the unchristian feature of so loading apples that the largest, smoothest and best always were on the top of the basket. And then too, it is possible that the pastor is an expert in poultry and had Thanks giving in view.—Adrian Press

Jurors' Excursion.

The Wayne county jurors' annual excursion has been dated for next week Monday, June 23, and as usual will be the "best ever." Sheriff Dickson is the chairman for the occasion and with his committees has been doing a lot of hustling to make the affair a big success. The crowd will go in a body to the foot of Woodward avenue from county building, the boat leaving at 9:30 in the morning. The elegant steamer Promiss will take the party to St. Clair flats, where one of those famous fish dinners will be served. Every man who has ever been a Wayne county circuit court juror may invite his friends and participate. Tickets and badges for boat ride, dinner and all the privileges and pleasures of the occasion will be furnished at the county building at one dollar per excursionist.

W. W. Blair Dead

W. W. Blair, a former well known and highly respected Northville citizen, father of Mrs. Abe Rich of this place, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Leonard, in Detroit, yesterday afternoon. The funeral will be held from the home his daughter, Mrs. Abe Rich, Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors who so kindly aided us during our deepest sorrow and for the many beautiful flowers.

MRS. C. BUERS AND FAMILY.

Deed of an Insane Mother.

Adrian, Mich., June 17.—While in a fit of insanity Mrs. Johanna Plaski of Onsted cut the throat of her 7-year-old son with a butcher knife and then cut her own throat. Both will live.

Fence posts at M. S. Ambler & Co.'s.

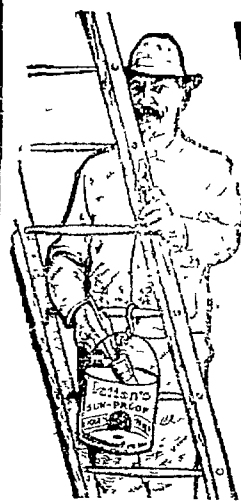
PURDY'S

FOR... GROCERIES.

Good Rice	5c lb
Best Rice	8c lb
Standard Tomatoes	10c can
American Star Tomatoes	15c can
Early Rise Peas	12c can
Champion Peas	15c can
Cornlet	10c can, 3 for 25c
Early Rise Corn	12c can
Autumn Brand Corn	15c can
Dinner Party Beets	15c can
Haserot's Butter Beans	15c can
Forestville String Beans	20c can
Lima Beans	12c can
Mushrooms	22c, 28, 30c can
Chipped Dried Beef	15c can
7 bars Queen Anne Soap	25c
7 bars Jackson Soap	25c
7 bars Swift Pride Soap	25c
3 doz. Boxes Matches	10c
Bulk Starch	5c lb

Leave your orders for Groceries with

ROLLIN H. PURDY
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



Well Named Paint

The practical painter says, the man who storms at the weather because the paint on his house won't weather the storms, could live a life of sunshine by using

Patton's
SUN-PROOF
Paint

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint gives double the service of all white-lead or any ordinary paint. It is made of the most perfect combination of paint materials to stand the severest trial the sun and weather can give it. Guaranteed to keep its gloss and wear well for five years.

Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to
PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

CARPENTER & HUFF BROS.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

BUY YOUR OIL
WHERE YOU CAN
BUY IT THE CHEAPEST.

We are offering

7 bars Queen Anne Soap for	25c
10 bars Snap Soap for	25c
6 lbs best Sal Sodr for	10c
Ginger Snaps, per pound	6c
Cracknells, fresh, per lb	16c
V. Crackers, per lb	7c
Broken Rice, per lb	5c

B. A. WHEELER,
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

TELEPHONE

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

Spring Samples Now Here.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

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, 291.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence, 81 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 the corner T. G.'s store. Office and residence corner Wing and Main streets. Office hours, 12:00 to 2:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Phone 422.

DR. F. B. CARRIERS, DENTIST Office over State Savings bank. Crown and bridge work 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 6:00 p. m. Office and residence, Northville, Mich. 22nd St.

IF YOU WANT

A HIGH-GRADE of ICE CREAM or FANCY CREAMS AND ICES

Benton's Dairy

Milk in U. S. 50 to 100 per cent above the legal test

G. C. BENTON.

Wayne

J. H. HAYES, Propr.
Only First-Class River View Hotel in the City.

POPULAR RATES.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

DETROIT.

The Griswold House

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

Northville Greenhouses

you can secure everything desirable in the line of

CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS.

J. M. DIXON, Propr.

Eddie Thompson of Detroit was among Northville friends Sunday. Mrs. Bert Brown of Plymouth visited Mrs. J. D. Murdock this week. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver are spending their honeymoon at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Sara Lapham returned Tuesday from a two months' visit in Wyandotte.

Rep. Dohany of Redford was in town yesterday and made the Record office a pleasant visit.

Mrs. Jas. D. Murdock and daughter Myrtle visited relatives in Novi Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Newton, a well known Farmington farmer and stock raiser was the guest of L. N. Starkweather on Monday.

Mrs. J. H. Cork was called to Grand Rapids last week on account of the sickness of her sister Mrs. Charles Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleburn have recently received a visit from their daughter and husband Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith of Wayne.

Rev. J. M. Shank is in Romulus in attendance at the dedication ceremonies of the new M. E. church there which takes place today.

Mrs. Walter Dingman and daughter Lagretta of Wyandotte are spending a couple of weeks with her mother, Mrs. Sara Lapham.

George, Northrop of Ionia and Charles Northrop of Detroit were called to their Northville home last week by the death of their mother.

Ralph Phelps Jr., of Detroit, in whose office Charles Northrop is employed, was in town Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Northrop.

Mrs. Truliant who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McRobert, here for a week or two leaves for her home in Ingleside today.

Mrs. Nellie Dennis Hunt of West Superior, Wis. is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Dunham, and other relatives and friends in Northville and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Waterman of Mt. Pleasant and Mrs. McFarlin of St. Johns were here this week to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Northrop.

School Notes.

[By the Superintendent.]
School closes for the year this afternoon.

All who heard Hon. H. R. Pritten's address to the seniors last Wednesday evening seemed highly pleased. We believe it was one of the best lectures the people of Northville have had the chance of hearing.

With these last school notes we wish to express our appreciation and thanks to the Record for the liberal use we have enjoyed, of its columns during the past two years. It has not only been a pleasure to furnish the notes, but we believe it has been a benefit to the school.

These notes go to the press today for a final report of the school, but we can say at this time that the year has been peaceful, harmonious, successful and enjoyable. Attendance has been good and punctuality excellent. Less than half as many tardy marks have been made this year than last and the record last year was an enviable one to many schools. More than one hundred dollars tuition money was collected this year than has been reported during the past twenty years. While the school had been dropped from the University approved list the year preceding our administration we have had the pleasure during our brief sojourn here of seeing it twice placed on the University approved list the first time for a period of one year, the second for two. An excellent course of study has been prepared for the grades and the work unified. In closing our duties as superintendent here we wish to thank the parents, patrons, friends of the school and especially the young people for the many courteous acts that have made our stay of two years pleasant and enjoyable.

Miss L. W. Lovewell and children of South Lyon visited friends in Northville last week.

Miss Edith Simmons has finished her studies at the Flint school and is now at home to stay.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spangler of Pontiac visited their unit, Mrs. Maria Bitten over Sunday.

Misses Ann and Alice Madison of Wyandotte visited relatives here Wednesday and then went to Detroit.

Miss Emma Alexander of Ann Arbor was here this week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Northrop.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Freeman of Tecumseh have been guests of the former's parents here recently.

Miss Rock of Detroit was a recent guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter on Rogers street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. McCormac of Detroit were guests at the Presbyterian parsonage Tuesday afternoon.

George and Merritt Stanley and Charley Green are at Jackson today attending a shooting tournament.

Mrs. Eva Slater and two daughters of Jamestown, N. Y., are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Little.

Cloud McClelland was at home for a short visit this week on his way from Mt. Clemens back to East Tawas.

Mrs. Ella Woodman who has been spending some weeks with her mother, Mrs. Decker, at Walled Lake was in town Friday on her way to her home in Lansing.

Jared Downer and granddaughter who have been the guests of friends here left Wednesday to visit in Birmingham and Pontiac before returning to their home at Vassar.

Cashier Babbitt of the State Savings bank took in the bankers' excursion to Saginaw Point Aux Barques at all this week and is having a whale of a time.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

HAVE YOU CURVED NECK?

If So, You Are Coquetish, Declares Man Who Observes.
Wise individuals are always discovering some occult key to feminine character. Tests applied to the shape, texture and color of a woman's hands, feet, of her eyes, and of her hair, show virtues and shortcomings in her nature. Some one has lately been making a study of various throats, and has deduced from his observations some interesting if obvious results. The woman with the swanlike neck is said to be a creature whose mentality, to use a modern invention in words, dominates her existence. Physically delicate, the long necked woman is mentally much alert, but sensitive to an extraordinary degree. She is timid and suspicious, yet, where her trust is betrayed, bears her woe in silence without a sign.

The throat that denotes obstinacy is short and thick and usually belongs to the girl with athletic shoulders and not many inches in stature. The girl with anatomical traits of this sort is extremely good natured, though she obtains her own way by persistence. She is also noted for her executive ability, and on this account does not mind mounting platforms or organizing societies that will help her sex a step forward on the road to complete emancipation.

All curves and white, satiny softness is the throat of the born enchantress, upon which the head is set as exquisitely as was that of Helen of Troy. Consciously or unconsciously the coquette invariably makes good use of her beautiful and supple neck.

KODOL GIVES STRENGTH

By enabling the digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves, feeds the tissues, hardens the muscles and recuperates the organs of the entire body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and all stomach disorders. Sold by all drug stores.

Great scientists expound their views in terms abstruse and maze. Assigning motive powers and laws which sound a little crazy. Now, what makes my small world go round is the least bit hazy. It just revolves about—about—Oh, well, her name is Daisy! —B. L. Stone in New York News

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Saginaw and Bay City, Sunday, June 21st.

Train will leave Northville at 9:21 a. m. Rate, \$1.50. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

Flint, Saginaw and Bay City, Sunday, June 28th.

Train will leave Northville at 9:21 a. m. Rate \$1 and \$1.50. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

Elks Reunion, Baltimore, Md.

For the Elks Convention at Baltimore, Md., the Wabash Road will sell tickets July 18 and 19. One fare for the round trip, extreme limit July 31. Special trains will leave Detroit via Wabash and Chicago Valley 10:30 p. m. Saturday, July 18. Write for literature. Side trips to New York, Washington and Atlantic City.

P. A. Palmer, A. G. P. A.,
211 Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Opening of the New Lake Route Between Detroit and Buffalo.

The new steamers Eastern States and Western States are running daily between Detroit and Buffalo, making connection with all morning trains. Our readers can save \$3 on fare to any point East or West. Send 2c for folder. Address, A. A. Schantz, G. P. T. Mgr., Detroit, Mich.

A POPULAR WEDDING TRIP

Is to Take the D. & B. and D. & C Line to Mackinaw.

If you want a delightful wedding trip take one of the new D. & B. steamers to Detroit, thence D. & C. coast line steamers to Mackinac Island. Staterooms and parlors reserved in advance. Send 2c for pamphlet. Address, A. A. Schantz, G. P. T. Mgr., Detroit, Mich.

Summer Vacation Trips.

Write the undersigned for a copy of Wabash Summer Tour Book outlining many attractive summer vacation tours, with maps, rates, etc.; also illustrated folders telling all about the N. E. A. excursions to Boston and Epworth League excursions to Detroit in July.

P. A. PALMER, A. G. P. A.,
211 Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

on every box, 25c

HALF-PRICE SALE OF Ladies' Spring and Summer Suits

Our entire stock of Ladies' Spring and Summer Suits, including Etonians, Voiles, Broadcloths, etc.—now offered in our great Cloak Dept.—second floor—at

EXACTLY HALF-PRICE

Every Suit is this season's make and is absolutely right as to style, make and finish—all go in this sale at JUST HALF-PRICE.

All the \$35.00 Suits cut to.....	\$17.50
All the \$30.00 Suits cut to.....	\$15.00
All the \$25.00 Suits cut to.....	\$12.50
All the \$20.00 Suits cut to.....	\$10.00
All the \$15.00 Suits cut to.....	\$7.50

Such an opportunity was never before made in Detroit so early in the season. This is a splendid chance to save money on a new Spring or Summer suit.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

The J. L. Hudson Co.

DETROIT.

"THE BIG STORE."

MICHIGAN.

A Prayer.
In all I think or speak or do,
Whatever way my steps are bent
God shape and keep me strong and true,
Courageous, cheerful and content
God help me! Help me to suppress
All longing for what cannot be,
And grant me means wherewith to bless
Whoever may have need of me

WORST OF ALL EXPERIENCES.

Can anything be worse than to feel that over, minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Detroit, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I endured in suffering and pain from indigestion, flatulence and bowels trouble. Death seemed in my hands when doctors and all other remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Kodol Bitters, and the result was wonderful. I improved at once and now I am completely recovered." For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Kodol Bitters is the only and best remedy. It is a guarantee that it is the only one. It is a guarantee that it is the only one.

America Leads, as Usual.
A Koba (Japan) paper speaking of a government expert sent to purchase weaving machinery to be hired to weavers in that country, says that the agent bought in America \$17,450 worth, in France, the same amount, in Switzerland, \$7,470, and in Germany, \$12,450 worth.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY

Is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children and is undoubtedly the best means of saving lives in a great many cases of cholera. For sale by Geo. C. Hueston.

Large Artificial Lake Planned.

In a gorge of rock little more than two hundred feet wide the United States government has decided to construct a dam of solid masonry, the first under the Hansborough Newlands act, at the Tongo Basin site, that will create in the valleys of the upper Salt river and Tongo creek the largest artificial lake in the world. It will irrigate 200,000 acres.

To the People

of Northville and Vicinity:—

We are now doing business on a larger scale and able to furnish any amount of Fresh Baked Goods. We make the famous

"Potato Ball Bread"

Our goods are not sold from a wagon, but can be had at our new place of business—or of your grocer.

Special Orders Given Our Special Attention.

We sell Soft Drinks and Ice Cream.

THE NORTHVILLE BAKERY

F. L. FRASER, Proprietor.
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Perrin's

Uvery, Feed and Sale Stable.

100 Bus to and from all Trains.

One Mile in Town. Telephone Connections.

P. N. PERRIN, Propr.

Women's Patronage Profitable.

A very unique position is held in the city of St. Louis by Mrs. Graham Frost. In one of the first banks there she occupies a position known as that of the "hostess." Her duty is to explain banking methods to the woman patrons, thus relieving them of embarrassment and expediting the course of business. Mrs. Frost finds that nearly all women need instruction as to the clipping of coupons, renting safe deposit boxes, real estate matters, redemption and exchange of money and so forth. Beneficial results have accrued to the bank from Mrs. Frost's employment, the volume of business being greatly increased. It has already 6,000 women depositors.



Jim Dumps was father of a lass Who, by her brightness, led her class.
The teacher asked Miss Dumps the question: "How can you best assist digestion?"
"By eating 'Force.'" When told to him, This story tickled "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

the A-B-C of good health.

Boy Big and Healthy.
"My little boy was very sick and would not take any nourishment. I got a package of 'Force' and fed him on it, and am pleased to say he is thriving. I will now put him beside any boy of his age, as he is big and healthy. All I feed him on is 'Force.'"
"Mrs. J. LINDLEY KRAZE"

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
on every box, 25c

The SOUTHERNERS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Waves With the Ship," "Robinson," "The Quiberon Touch," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by Cyrus Townsend Brady

CHAPTER XLIII.

MARY ANNAN BEGS FORGIVENESS.

W EAK, feeble, almost helpless—a ghost of himself, in fact—Boyd Peyton was yet on the royal road to recovery. After his first sight of her he had seen nothing more of Mary Annan. When Dr. Venosste had assured her that he would get well, this mother had gone away, and he had not seen her either. Fort Morgan had fallen after a heroic defense before the combined assaults of ships and army, but its flag had not come down until it had been hampered to ruling by the fierce bombardment, and not a gun had been left serviceable. General Peyton had been sent north as a prisoner of war, and Mrs. Peyton had accompanied him. Willis had been exchanged and was now with General Maury's army defending Mobile. The care of the Annandale household had been left to Pink and little Tempe, for when Boyd Peyton's recovery had seemed assured Mary Annan had given way under the strains and anxieties and bereavements she had sustained.

Peyton had begged so hard and so constantly to see Mary Annan that Dr. Venosste had at last given his permission. The girl had been miserably ill, but was now somewhat better, and the old doctor hoped that the interview might benefit them both. Willis and Pleasant had come that afternoon to carry him into her room. Peyton had insisted upon being dressed in his uniform as a United States naval officer, his clothing having been sent him under a flag by the thoughtfulness of the old admiral, before he went north on a well earned leave of absence. He had a strange fancy that if she loved him she must take him in the uniform of the Union. It was in that uniform that she had rejected him. It was in it that she must take him back. Willis and Pleasant found him ready when they came.

Willis had never ceased to be thankful that his brother's life had been spared. He never would forget the sensations that had come over him when he had learned that he had fired the shot that had stricken him down. Boyd had never forgotten that Willis, alone of his family, had hidden him, gone deep when he went from Mobile years before. And Pleasant, whom he had always liked and who was betrothed to his sister, who had been good to Mary Annan, had been very kind to him also. He was glad to see the young man, but he could scarcely wait until they lifted him up in the wicker chair to carry him into the room that had been her father's, where Mary Annan lay.

The two men set the chair down close to the side of the bed. Then with a word of cheer to the sick woman they turned and left the room.

"Now remember, Boyd," said Dr. Venosste, "only a few moments will follow you, and you must not say anything to agitate yourselves. Come, Miss Pink," he added, turning to the faithful girl, and the two went out, leaving Peyton and Mary Annan alone.

Poor Mary Annan, low thin and pale and haggard she looked, her white face framed in the rich brown curls flowing over the pillow; how wasted from her long illness, from the shocks she had undergone, from the bereavements she had suffered, the heartbreaks that had come upon her! How different she was from the gay, lightsome, cheerful young girl of those days before the awful war had come! And yet he loved her more. He could not tell her how or why. He neither argued nor justified nor explained. He was simply cognizant of the fact. His heart yearned toward her. He did say anything at first, nor did she. She lay staring up at him out of her great black eyes—how they shone out of her pale face then—with such a look of utter thankfulness and gratitude in her face as a sinner might show in being admitted to heaven. He bent forward in the chair and with his own thin hands clasped her thinner and slenderer one.

"Mary Annan," he whispered, "how ill you have been!"

"I shall get well now, Boyd, since you are here with me. If—if you can forgive me—all our troubles will be over."

"Forgive me, dear!" he answered, "I have nothing to forgive. I only love you, love you, love you!"

The sound of his voice, and not even his physical weakness could quench the passion in it, was like an elixir of life to her. It ever brought a faint flicker of color to her pale cheek.

"I know," she murmured. "I know. I have your letter."

"From over her heart she held it forth in a trembling hand."

"Your letter written before the battle. I think I should have died when you were wounded here had it not been for this."

"Mary Annan," he said presently, "I am a United States officer. I am the enemy of your—of your government. I have done my best against your cause. I have given myself to the Union with all my heart. I stood with Admiral Farragut on the Hartford ready to lead the fleet into Mobile bay if I should be asked or needed. This is the uniform in which I was driven away. In this I have come back to you. Do you love me? Will you take me? Will you go with me in spite of all these

things?"

There was a long silence in the room. The girl lying there covered her face with her hand. As for Peyton, his heart almost stopped its beating. Would she rise to this test? Was her love great enough for this sacrifice? She had repudiated him because of these things. Would she give herself to him in spite of them now? He leaned forward under the impulse of his emotion and then slowly rose to his feet and stood holding the arms of the chair tremblingly, looking down at her.

"Speak to me," he whispered. "For God's sake, answer!"

"I am yours, Boyd," she murmured, taking away her hand at last. "There is no north nor south nor east nor west, now that you are here and alive. Love is all to me. There are none of us left now but Tempe and myself. I have only you. If you will forgive me—and take me back. You kissed me once," she said, "on the porch that night. Will you?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" he whispered.

When they found him, he was kneeling by the bedside, his bowed head resting upon her outstretched hand, and there was such a look of peace and rest upon the girl's face that they knew she had indeed passed from death into life.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

A H, it was springtime once more, and nothing. They sat on the porch at Annandale together. Boyd Peyton had not been exchanged. He had been so ill so long that the war had ended leaving him still a prisoner. It was the 12th of April, 1865. Richmond had fallen, Lee had surrendered, the intrenchments of the Stanzas fort at Blakely had been stormed. General Maury had retreated, and the Federal troops were entering the city. The end had come. The Confederacy was no more. God had decided that the Union could not and should not be broken. Soldiers in strange blue uniforms were filling the streets. A regiment of bronzed veterans marched up Government street, fluttering above them the stars and stripes. Their band was playing a beautiful tune in the people's ears—"John Brown's Body." It had been a long time since that flag had been seen in Mobile and as Boyd Peyton had been the last to salute it then he was the first to salute it now. As the regiment marched by, heading for the High road, where it was expected some further resistance might be made by the Confederates, a general officer, surrounded by a dusty and weather-beaten staff of hard campaigners, drew rein before Annandale House. A question to a early passerby elicited that this was the home of Miss Mary Annan. The general sprang from his horse, threw the reins to an orderly and came clanking up the walk toward the house.

Boyd Peyton descended the steps to meet him.

"I am General Carpenter of the Union army," said the officer, removing his hat and staring at the other's uniform in great surprise.

"And I am Boyd Peyton, Lieutenant in the United States navy."

"What!" cried the young officer. "Not Peyton of the Hartford?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the officer who took the Metacomb's boat to the rescue of the Tecumseh's men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Man, I congratulate you! The country rang with your exploit, sir! By God, sir, it was one of the bravest deeds of the war!"

"Thank you, sir. How is Admiral Farragut?"

"What! Haven't you heard? Where have you been?"

"I have been desperately ill and a prisoner for over nine months."

"Of course, of course, and you thought you dead. Well, the admiral is well. He is a vice admiral now and will be a full admiral before congress gets through with him."

"Good!" said Peyton. "He deserves it."

"And you? Haven't you heard about yourself?"

"I have heard nothing, General Carpenter."

"Well, it gives me great pleasure to tell you the news, sir. You have been promoted to a full captaincy in the navy on the admiral's urgent recommendation, and a medal of honor has been awarded you. God, the country thought you dead, they said in congress it was giving honors to a dead man, but they'll rejoice to find you alive to claim your reward. The war is over. Richmond has fallen. General Grant has Lee cornered. Thank God, we'll all get home in a short time now. But I am looking for a Miss Mary Annan, and I am told she lives here."

"I am Mary Annan, sir," said the girl, coming to the railing of the porch and looking down upon the two. She had heard everything. The feeling in her heart now was of mingled joy that her lover's valor and courage had been so splendidly rewarded, and of sorrow for the final downfall of the South she still loved—next to him. And yet she was strangely relieved that it was all

over at last.

While Boyd Peyton was by no means restored to his former health, Mary Annan was her old self once more—a little of the youth gone, some of the girly vanishes, but with the softening touches that trouble gives and with the joy that love adds, to take the place of what had disappeared. She stood quiet and composed, her hands resting upon the railing, her cheeks filled with color, her eyes ashine, looking down at the two men.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the officer, staring at her in bewilderment at her loveliness. "Forgive me, madam," he added, with the blunt frankness of a soldier, "but I have not seen anything so beautiful since I left home three years since. I have something for you, ma'am."

"This is Miss Mary Annan, General Carpenter," said Peyton. "Miss Annan, General Carpenter of the Union army."

"Something for me, sir?" she said. "What can it be? What is it, pray?"

"A letter, ma'am," said the officer, fumbling in his breast pocket.

"From whom, sir?"

"Madam, 'tis your own," he said, producing a crumpled envelope with



"My letter!" she cried, starting back.

dark brown stains over one corner of it, where a round hole marked the passage of a bullet.

"My letter!" she cried, starting back. "I took it from the hand of a dying officer," said Carpenter softly, "at the battle of Chickamauga. He told the last words on our troops at Knod Hill. They were driven back, but it was not until he was shot down. I ran out of our line toward him. He was lying on his face. He had this letter in his hand. He was saying something."

"What was it?" gasped the girl.

"I only caught a word or two."

"They were—"

"'Tell Mary,' and then he said 'free' and that was all."

"Poor fellow!" said Mary Annan softly, clasping the letter and forgetting the others for a moment, "poor fellow, he loved me indeed!"

"What became of the body, sir?" asked Peyton, who had heard from his sister of Barrow's last charge, although he had known nothing of Mary Annan's letter.

"I buried him there on the field and marked the spot so that I could identify it."

"He shall be brought back to Mobile when the war is over if you will tell me where he lies."

"I will. You may command me at any time," returned the soldier. "I kept the letter. I only examined the date and signature in order that I might find where it was to be delivered, and I am glad to have given it back to its writer."

"You are very good," said the girl faintly, "and I thank you for your trouble."

"No trouble at all, ma'am," said the general. "Captain Peyton, you will be wanting to go north, doubtless. There will be a transport sailing for New York tomorrow noon. I can arrange to take you."

"Thank you, general. I shall go on, of course."

"Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"No, sir; nothing. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, sir; goodbye, madam."

"Mary Annan," said Peyton sternly, turning toward the girl where she stood with bowed head, the letter crumpled between her hands, tears streaming down her cheeks, "what was in that letter?"

He could not keep from his voice the jealousy in his heart. He did not doubt the girl's love. He could not. But what had she written to this man who also had loved her? There was agony in the suspense.

"Boyd," said the girl, "you have no right to question me in this way. You know that all my heart is yours; that my love, my life, is given to you; that I am about to abandon home, friends, country—everything—for you. Yet I can deny you nothing. Here is the letter. Take it and read it for yourself."

"No," said Peyton, touched by her words. "I will not read it. Let it be your secret and his. I trust you all in all."

"Nay," she cried, "how you must read it. You shall or I shall tell you of it. It was the letter in which I told him I could not marry him and in which I begged him to release me, and

I gave him the reason."

"That was—"

"Because I knew that I loved you, and only you; that's all."

CHAPTER XLV.

"WHITHER THOU GOEST I WILL GO."

THERE was a quiet little wedding in the parlor at Annandale the next morning. Old Dr. Bampney read the service, with Willis and Pleasant, who had been taken prisoners and were permitted to come by General Carpenter, and Watson from the blockading fleet and the general himself for witnesses, and with Pink Peyton and Tempe to attend Mary Annan. There the words were said which made them man and wife. Pink would marry Pleasant when he was released, which would be only a question of a few days. Boyd Peyton could not stay in Mobile. There was no welcome for him there, and there would not be for many a day. Mary Annan would not be parted from him again. As she had said, they were all gone whom she loved but Boyd Peyton, and he would take her with him as his wife. Leaving many messages for his mother with Willis and a plea for his father's forgiveness, which some day baby hands would win, the two and little Tempe went quietly away.

That night they stood on the deck of the transport fast approaching the mouth of the bay, bound to that north which appeared so cold and so unfriendly to poor Mary Annan. She had given up everything to follow him. Down below in one of the cabins Tempe was asleep. They had taken her with them to make a new home and begin a new life in what was to both of them a new land.

The night had fallen when they passed by the ruined and shattered walls of Fort Morgan. There Mary Annan had watched her little brother die. There the ships had engaged in a mighty death grapple in that last bloody contest. There her lover had been stricken down while she had watched the conflict from the grassy ramparts. The flag with its blue St. Andrew's cross and its white stars had been hauled down from that fort, never to wave over it again. No longer was that flag lifted upon a staff anywhere in the land. No longer did men rally to its defense, sternly resolved to die rather than let it fall to the dust. It was the flag of a cause that was lost, but for generations its defenders and their children's children would hold it in precious and tender memory, consecrated by love, hallowed by valor, made sacred by death, endeared by defeat.

It was night as the vessel slipped past the fort and headed for the open sea. Hand in hand the young husband and wife leaned over the taffrail and gazed back at Fort Morgan. The war was over. There was peace in the land. As they looked these came across the dark waters the notes of a bugle playing the sweetest call and the saddest that falls upon a soldier's ear.

"Taps. Lights out. Good night. Purcell."

THE END.

NOTED LABOR LEADER.

Samuel Gompers, Who Heads Great Organization of Workers

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who has been leading the strenuous life for the past few weeks because of the strikes in which many of the component unions of the organization of which he is the head have been engaged, has been an advocate of the rights of labor and come led with the efforts to organize the working people since he was fifteen years old.

A leader in every way worthy of the title is Mr. Gompers. Of English birth, he came to this country in 1863. Himself a laborer, he went

to work at ten years of age in an English factory—his sympathies have been direct and practical.

Mr. Gompers is the most prominent man in the labor world today. He is one of the founders of the American Federation and has been its president with an intermission of one year, since its organization in 1882. More than any other man he is responsible for its development and has made it one of the first powers in the field of labor. He is an organizer par excellence and has done more to secure the adoption of the

eight hour idea and to obtain legislation that will fix that period as the limit for the workman's day than perhaps any man in the country.

As an exponent of labor he is of national repute and is one of the most influential members of the National Civic Federation, of which Senator Hanna is the head. Mr. Gompers is a good speaker and a ready debater, quick to see a weakness in his opponent's argument and able to use it to the very best advantage.

Mr. Gompers is the editor of the American Federationist, the official organ of the order of which he is president, and has written a number of pamphlets on the labor question and kindred subjects. He is fifty-three years old.

AN EXPERT IN COTTON.

Daniel J. Sully, Who Made Millions by His Knowledge.

Daniel J. Sully, who until the arrival of William P. Brown of New Orleans on the New York Cotton Exchange was the leader of the great bull movement in cotton that sent prices far above anything reached in recent years, was himself unknown in the cotton market until last October.

Mr. Sully's home is in Providence, where he was educated in the public schools. He was prepared for Yale, but instead of going to college he en-



DANIEL J. SULLY

tered on a business career. For some time he was employed in a broker's office, but becoming interested in cotton he spent two years in the south making an extensive study of its cultivation.

Since last October the pool of which Mr. Sully was the head is credited with cleaning up over \$5,000,000. Like Mr. Brown, the newest cotton king, Mr. Sully is not much over forty years old.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Purifiers regulate the stomach and bowels.

AMBIGUOUS.

A country doctor drove into a midland town to purchase a horse. The dealer, however, failed to persuade him to purchase the animal, and as he returned home the doctor said:

"Ah, Thomas, that man tried to take me in, but I'm not such a fool as I look, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the groom, "that you're not."

The doctor looked around rather suspiciously.

Thomas felt he had said something not quite right, and, touching his hat, added: "Beg pardon, sir. I mean you hadn't need to be."—Tit-Bits

CUTS, BRUISES AND BURNS QUICKLY HEALED.

Cammerman's Pain Balm is an antiseptic ointment, and when applied to cuts, bruises and burns causes them to heal without inflammation and much more quickly than the usual treatment. For sale by Geo. C. Hueston.

Great Speed.

"You say he is the only minister in this section," interrogated the new arrival in the boom town, "and that he married thirty couples in an hour?"

"Yes, stranger," responded the boomer, "and we call him the 'torpedo-boat minister.'" "Why so?" "Because he made 30 knots an hour."

W. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes: "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up."

They Differ Much.

Ascum—Say, a "bibbophile" and a "literateur" are the same aren't they?"

Newell—Not much. A bibbophile is most pleased with first editions, but a literateur struggles to achieve twenty-fifth or fiftieth editions.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE

Wouldn't quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents money back if not cured. Send to Geo. C. Hueston, druggist.

Want President to Unveil Statue.

President Roosevelt has been invited by the citizens of North Adams, Mass., to come to that city and unveil the statue of his predecessor William McKinley, in course of erection.

DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE

THE ORIGINAL.

A Well Known Cure for Piles.

Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, scalds, skin diseases, Malms 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 Marshall Bros., Northville, Mich.

PERE MARQUETTE

March 15, 1903.

Trains leave Northville as follows:

DETROIT AND EAST.

6:45 a. m. 10:23 a. m. 2:18 p. m. 8:35 p. m.

FOR TOLEDO AND SOUTH.

10:23 a. m. 2:18 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, MICH.

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

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GRAND RAPIDS, NORTH AND WEST.

8:02 a. m. 1:38 p. m. 5:56 p. m.

H. I. NOELLER, FRANK DOLPH, G. P. A. Agent, Northville.

DETROIT SOUTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time of Trains Passing Jackson.

South Bound, No. 1, 8:35 a. m.

South Bound, No. 2, 6:40 p. m.

North Bound, No. 3, 8:35 a. m.

North Bound, No. 4, 6:40 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday except on Southern Division trains No. 1 and 3 run daily between Detroit and Birmingham.

Train No. 1 leaves Port St. Union Station, Detroit, 8:35 a. m.; Trenton, 9:04 a. m.; Dundee, 9:10 a. m.; Adrian, 11:24 a. m.; arrive Jackson 2:18 p. m.; leave Springfield, 4:35 p. m.; arrive Bainbridge, 7:35 p. m.

Train No. 5 leaves Detroit Port St. Union Station, 6:40 a. m.; Trenton, 7:15 a. m.; Dundee, 7:21 a. m.; Adrian, 7:18 a. m.; arrive Napoleon, 8:35 p. m.

Train No. 2 leaves Bainbridge, 6:00 a. m.; Springfield, 8:35 a. m.; Adams, 10:45 a. m.; arrive Jackson 2:18 p. m.; Dundee 1:40 p. m.; Trenton 4:25 p. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Napoleon, 6:40 a. m.; Adrian, 8:35 a. m.; Dundee, 8:55 a. m.; Trenton, 10:00 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, 1903.

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 and 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. L. & P. Agt., Northville, Detroit.

Subject to change without notice

WABASH

Follow The Flag.

The quickest way to get from Northville to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York and Boston, is via the Wabash, the Banner 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.

Suburban News.

The typical American bird is scheduled to whoop'er up at Pontiac in regulation style and more too at Pontiac July 4th.

A mad dog was killed at Wayne last week. It may have had hydrophobia also, but there are a great many mad dogs killed that do not have that disease.

Trenton nuds herself \$11,000 in the hole on account of a defaulting village treasurer. If the man has taken good care of all that he ought to get clear easily enough.

Something is evidently wrong with the educational system in this corner of the state. The school building at Bellville and the one at French Landing were both struck by lightning and burned last week Tuesday.

Another grade has been added to the Farmington high school so the graduating class can't graduate this season but will have to put on more steam and pull along on the up grade another year. None of them are likely to jump the track.

Mr. Purple has just come to Milford to live, but strange as it may seem he is not a colored gentleman. He is a white man and is not a green hand at his work, but does it up brown. We hope he is always the boss of propriety is well read and never gets blue.

John Felder has the most elaborate cash register that ever came down the pike. It is at once an expert bookkeeper, an individual safety deposit vault, a first class detective of plugged nickels and a lightning change maker. John can now go fishing once in a while—Trenton Times.

Well, it does sound a little bit fishy, that's all.

Pontiac has no more to have a fishing contest, the losing side to banquet the victors and each man will have to go and report on his own record. The contest is weighing and is a case of trophies will be required to crown the victor. The contest is now on.

This is the most and innocent story in which the Pontiac Independent has been deceived. Mrs. Swartout gave this paper a simple box of strawberries on the 14th. Anybody who thinks they are any better varieties can have the opinion on the matter by sending her anonymous samples. The Independent said that some were not good but really we didn't dare mention it.

A three-year-old child of the Pontiac Independent was in the town when it was found that the child was in the town of Pontiac. The child was found in the town of Pontiac. The child was found in the town of Pontiac.

The Pontiac Independent has been deceived. The child was found in the town of Pontiac. The child was found in the town of Pontiac. The child was found in the town of Pontiac.

HIS LAST HOPE REALIZED.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
In the first case of the "Cure of the Sick" in the history of the world, a man who had been suffering from a severe case of the "Cure of the Sick" for many years, was cured by the use of the "Cure of the Sick" in the history of the world. The man was cured by the use of the "Cure of the Sick" in the history of the world.

The Feudist's "Pull."

Curtis Jett of Kentucky, called on the judge of murder, says he is not worried. Oh, guess not. Man who has been twice pardoned by the state for serious offenses and further rewarded by being made a deputy sheriff naturally wouldn't worry about anything. He is heard from Col. Waterson and the Star Eyed Goddess on the political scene.

The mistake to imagine that the "Cure of the Sick" is a mistake. It is a day longer than you can imagine. The "Cure of the Sick" is a mistake. It is a day longer than you can imagine. The "Cure of the Sick" is a mistake. It is a day longer than you can imagine.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT HOME

How the Nation's Chief Executive and His Family Will Spend the Summer at Sagamore Hill

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, who for the past two months has been leading the most strenuous kind of existence, having traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again, about 14,000 miles in all, will doubtless be in the mood to appreciate the rest and quiet of his summer home at Oyster Bay, on Long Island, when he takes up his abode there the latter part of this month.

Already the three younger children—Ethel, Archibald and Quentin—are at Sagamore hill in charge of a quartet of nurses and household servants. The



THE PRESIDENT ON HIS VERANDA

charge of the presidential return, celebration, and its plans are practically complete, with due allowance made for possible change of date. A committee will meet the chief executive on his arrival and escort him to his home. It is said that the celebration will surpass those previously given in honor of the president's home coming.

The president's house is on Cove neck, three miles from Oyster Bay village. It is approached by a steep, winding road which takes its way through a dense wood before the house is seen. Once on the crest of Sagamore hill the visitor has a beautiful view in every direction, especially to the north and east, where the waters of Long Island sound and Cold Spring harbor are seen. Around the house on all sides is a closely cropped lawn studded with shade trees, big and little and of many kinds.

The house is not a mansion—not in any sense a show place—but rather a spacious home, comfortable and roomy. It is three stories in height and is in the modified Dutch style of architecture, red shingled and gabled. The main entrance to the house, on the south, is under a beautiful porte cochere laden with heavy vines and bearing a pair of spreading antlers. The walls of the dwelling are of red brick to the second story and above that of wood painted in several colors.

Around three sides of the house is a broad veranda shaded here and there by a luxuriant Virginia creeper and furnished with inviting armchairs. Within the house is beautifully furnished from cellar to attic. In nearly every room are trophies of the president's life on the western plains and not a few relics of his Cuban campaign. Just at the right of the front door is Rembrandt's bronze statue, "The Broncho Buster," which was presented to the president by the ranch riders.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOME, OYSTER BAY.

The estate of Sagamore hill comprises about 100 acres, forty of which this season are under cultivation. The famous potato fields, long cultivated by the family, are being sold by the National Seed Company. Sagamore is proud of its potatoes. "This is one of the best potato farms about here," he said the other day. "Last summer we surprised every one. A man from Virginia was here visiting the president one day and came into the field where we were digging. 'I'd like to take some of these home,' he said. 'Send him a bushel,' said the president. 'I have potatoes were called I suppose. I have them from this lot the farm, but they are from the Sagamore hill. At Sagamore hill the potatoes are for the return of the president and are

of the sound. It is about an hour and a half from New York by rail. The town was founded 250 years ago and until it sprang into prominence as the president's summer home was as quiet and sleepy a country village as could be found. The town has grown wonderfully in the last two years, five business blocks having gone up and another is being constructed.

Then there is the building which for two months this summer will be the virtual capital of the United States. For executive offices the president has secured the entire second floor, and it is now being fitted up for him. The building is the Moore block, on one of the four principal corners of the town. It is owned by the man who runs the grocery store on the street floor.

There have been other improvements since the boom began. It is impossible to rent or buy a house in Oyster Bay at this time unless one doesn't care what he pays. It is surprising how many people want to live in the town the president calls home. Realty prices have soared until lots which would have been dear at \$300 two years ago are now worth \$1,000. One piece of property jumped from \$10,000 to \$20,000 while a New Yorker was thinking about taking an option. The president is the best thing that ever happened to Oyster Bay.

On June 23 Oyster Bay is going to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and it is hoped President Roosevelt will be present, when he will come in for a rousing reception. He will get the reception anyhow whether at the celebration or not. The Oyster Bay board of trade has taken

companying horde of the curious are completed. The hackmen have the privilege of driving through the modest grounds if they keep their "fares" from touching the shrubbery. The visitors are told to take branches from the trees on the other side of the rail fence, a piece of property that the president does not own. This hack privilege will probably be withdrawn when the chief executive arrives, and the grounds will be guarded, as last year, by seer service men.

On Oyster Bay the president has a boathouse and a bathing house, both of which are liberally used throughout the summer months. From the arrival of the chief executive until his departure Oyster Bay will be the Mecca toward which thousands will be drawn. Sixty of the visitors will be attracted by curiosity alone, but it is likely that members of the cabinet and leaders of the Republican party will from time to time be in consultation with the president. The headquarters in the village will be presided over by Secretary Loeb, who has a corps of assistants, and if the president follows his custom of last summer he will spend a few hours at this office two days in each week. The rest of his time he will spend with his family, boating, bathing, riding and romping with his children. Last summer the Mayflower was used as the presidential yacht, and the president and his family made several trips about the sound in her. The government yacht Sybil will this year do duty as the presidential pleasure vessel. She has been ordered to Oyster Bay where she will be stationed so long as the chief executive remains at his summer home.

Worth Striving For.

"At last," said the Englishman, "I am a full-fledged American citizen." "What do you gain by that?" asked the pessimistic Anglomaniac. "Bunker hill," was the brief but significant reply.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

E. G. DeWitt & Co. is the name of the firm who make the genuine Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's is the Witch Hazel Salve that heals without leaving a scar. It is a serious mistake to use any other. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, burns, bruises, eczema and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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Light-haired people, it is said, as a rule live longer than those having dark hair.

A blessing alike to young and old—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, nature's specific for dysentery, diarrhoea and summer complaint.

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Poisonous Snakes in Arizona.

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Sweet and Sour Cream. Furnished on Application.

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The author, George Barr McCutcheon, himself an American, has given the reader a noble example of an ideal American as hero.

The plot is thrilling and well sustained, the story being told in vivid, terse English.

The motive of the story is the love of a man and a woman, and what that love emboldens them to venture, to dare, to renounce, to endure.

It is beyond the province of the reviewer to reduce the plot of a masterpiece of fiction to a compressed summary of the story. A zealous story reader delights in the discovery of what happened next as well as to revel in the style and the literary atmosphere.

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