

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1904.

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FOR HONEST PRIMARY REFORM

FRED M. WARNER GIVES HIS
VIEWS OF IT.

Heartily Favors a Good Primary
Law for Michigan.

Fred M. Warner, secretary of state for Michigan, was in Detroit last week relative to matters connected with the state census, which is to be taken under his supervision during the coming year. Mr. Warner, who has been regarded as one of the leading candidates for the next Republican nomination for governor, gave some of his personal views on the subject of primary reform to the Free Press:

"During the last session of the legislature," said Mr. Warner, "I was asked a number of times to express my opinion publicly as to pending measures relative to primary elections but I took the position that the matter was one that ought to be left in the hands of the members of the legislature, who were elected for that purpose."

"Later, I took the position that the policy of the Republican party of Michigan ought to be laid down by the state convention and that whoever was nominated by that convention and elected would be in duty bound to carry out the platform adopted."

"Of late, however, a number of my business friends in various parts of the state have written to me, expressing the opinion that I ought to make my views on the subject known to the public."

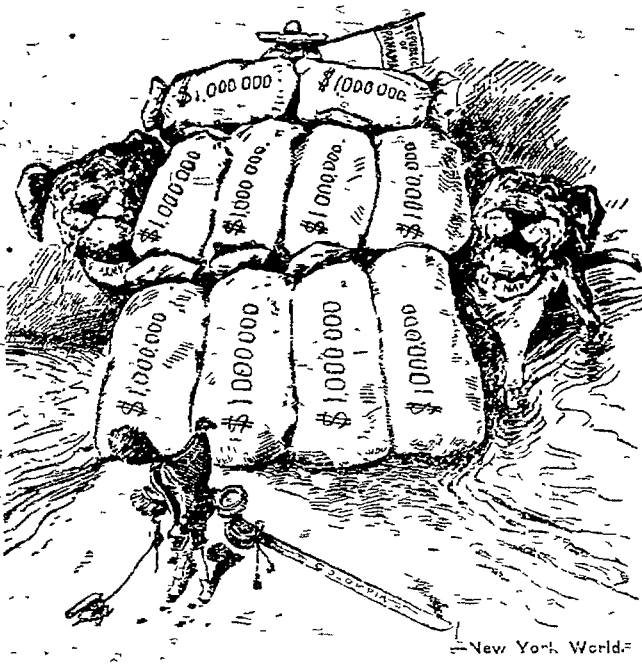
"I have, however, been more interested in learning the views of conservative citizens generally throughout the state and in considering the reasons pro and con that they have advanced, than in airing my own views. I have always been ready to discuss the for and against of the forthcoming primary law with those who, I felt, were seeking the best solution of the question."

"Don't you think," Mr. Warner was asked, "that the direct voting system of making nominations would be a good one to adopt?"

"If your question refers to all nominations, from coroner up to governor, as is proposed by the advisory council of the State League of Republican Clubs and by the State Grange," was the reply, "I cannot say that I have made up my mind, as we have nothing to guide us. I have been gathering data as to primary election laws in various states and I find that none of them have gone to the length that the bodies propose in Michigan and if we made all nominations by direct vote the change would be in the nature of an experiment."

The subject is now passing through the period of discussion. There are many localities that have been free from the taint of corruption and where the best men and honored counselors of the party have met in convention for years and have given the county the very best candidates its citizens afforded. In such localities the people are loath to depart entirely from the convention system. In other localities notably those embracing the larger cities, political conventions have been held that have represented the will of the people. Some are demanding the

SAFE BEHIND THE BREASTWORKS.



—New York World.

election of all officers, from constable to United States Senator, by direct vote. Some oppose any change in the present and others believe that, insofar as it can be legally established, the optional system should prevail, leaving it wholly with the people (in the different counties, for example) to choose the town or city of nominating local candidates. Those who like myself, believe in a government by the people in its fullest sense will, I think, favor a law based on the latter plan. Any change that will end the regime of the corrupt political grafter or that will lessen his power will meet my heartiest support."

In speaking of his candidacy in a general way, Mr. Warner said: "My candidacy is frankly before the people of the state. Among the letters I am receiving constantly are many congratulating me upon the statement that no clique and no hoodlum is backing me up."

The above statement of Mr. Warner is an honest one and a manly one. Mr. Warner does not believe a primary election law should be crowded upon any village, township or county that does not want it.

There are plenty of taxpayers in the various villages and townships of this state who feel they have enough burdens in the way of taxation saddled upon them without having to go to the expense of two or more extra elections each year.

STATE SAVINGS BANK

Twelfth Annual Meeting Was Held
Wednesday.

The twelfth annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northville State Savings Bank was held Tuesday afternoon. The members of the board of directors were all re-elected and they in turn elected the officers as follows:

President—L. W. Simmons
Vice Presidents—F. A. Miller, E. A. Chapman
Cashier—L. A. Babbitt
The earnings of the institution showed a satisfactory increase over last year. A semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent was paid at the beginning of the year.

E. ROSS DIED MONDAY NIGHT

WAS WELL KNOWN NOVELTY
MANUFACTURER.

Had Been Ill Only One Week With
Pneumonia.

E. Ross, the well known novelty manufacturer and inventor of this place, died Monday night after only a week's illness with pneumonia.

Mr. Ross, who formerly owned the farm now occupied by Sumner Power, returned here a few months ago from Toledo, where he was engaged with his brother-in-law, Mr. Mason, in the same business. They have been carrying on here. He was 60 years of age and a man of excellent character, highly respected by all who knew him. He leaves a widow and three children, the oldest twelve years of age.

The funeral was held from the residence yesterday and the burial was in Hill cemetery.

BELL FOUNDRY CO

Held Its Annual Meeting Wednesday
Afternoon.

The American Bell Foundry Co. held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon and the officers' reports showed the affairs of the company to be in excellent shape. The business during the past year showed a gratifying increase on the right side of the ledger and the stockholders took occasion to tender President F. S. Harmon a vote of thanks to the successful manner in which he has managed matters.

The following board of directors was elected for the ensuing year: F. S. Harmon, president; C. S. Fulkins, vice president; Wm. Phillips, secretary; R. C. Yerkes, treasurer; L. W. Simmons, James Shaw, F. S. Neal.

This industry gives employment to some 35 men the year around and \$12,000 is paid out annually for labor.

G. A. R. Installation.

Allen M. Harmon Post, G. A. R. No. 115, installed its officers at their hall Friday evening and it was a very enjoyable occasion for the "old boys." Rev. Mr. Perry, pastor of the New Baptist church who is a veteran of Co. I, 2nd Mich. Vol. was present and gave a fine talk, as did also other members including Commodore S. J. Lawrence and W. H. Hutton and all united in pronouncing the installation ceremony the most successful the Post has ever enjoyed. There were a number of old soldiers present who are not members of the G. A. R. but who will join in the near future. The appointive officers installed in addition to the elected ones, a list of whom was lately given in the Record, were: Adlt. E. G. Webster; S. M. James Hamilton, G. M. A. S. Parsons.

Note the big inventory sale at B. Cohen's beginning Jan. 18 to Jan. 30. See bills for particulars.

Order your hard coal now of M. S. Ambler & Co. Telephone or drop card.

ABOUT THOSE LEAP YEAR ELIGIBLES.

Since last week's issue the Record has received so many applications for space in its list of matrimonial eligibles that in sheer desperation we have been obliged to defer further publication along that line for the present. Not wishing to offend by unjust discrimination in favor of any one, a strict classification will be necessary in order to determine just which ones can be left out consistently with our personal safety. If we can manage to sort out those who are either pugilistically innocuous or debarré by high moral principles from revengeful feelings, it may be possible yet to bestow a few more pointers upon the anxious maidens who are more than willing to trust to the well known fact that the Record admits none but the most reliable advertisers to the use of its columns.

In the meantime "Crede quod habes et habes," whatever that may mean.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By a Member.)

There will be a program service next Sunday morning. Don't forget the sleighride social at P. Scott's tonight.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

One hundred forty-two at Sunday school last Sunday. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hornberger are added to our corps of teachers.

Nary a spurner from the farmers yet, but many thanks for one from a villager, who bought a hog from a farmer and divided up. This is the second division from the villagers. The farmers are a little slower, but they are an avalanche when they do move.

The Ladies' Aid annual election of officers last Tuesday resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Mary E. Dolph, vice president, Mrs. J. M. Shank, secretary, Mrs. C. S. Fulkins, treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Gardner. The Aid will give a box social on Lincoln's birthday, Friday, Feb. 11th.

The pastor was unexpectedly called to Farmington by the presiding elder last Sunday evening so the second chapter of "Minn in Our Town" was postponed to next Sunday evening. In this chapter Aunt Faith appears. Sunday morning the subject will be "Keeping the Commandments of Practical Church Membership."

Five years ago William H. Chase of Willow Crest in the United States army. Since that time nothing had been heard from him and it was supposed that he was dead. He had returned a victim of lung trouble and expected to spend some time in his old home in recuperating. But he found that his mother had died since his departure and that the old home was broken up.

The Order of Gleaners a fraternal insurance society is holding its biennial meeting in Lansing. The headquarters of the organization are at Caro. During the past year the membership and the reserve fund have been doubled.

Family Had Narrow Escape.
Homer, Mich. Jan. 13.—Melvin Chase, an Ecliford farmer, four miles from Homer, lost his house and contents by fire. The family had a narrow escape. Mr. Chase was badly burned about the hands and face. Loss about \$2,500.

Peria Recognizes Panama.

Washington Jan. 13.—The Perian government has recognized the independence of the republic of Panama.

The Better Test.

"He just learned a new charm to tell whether or not a man loves you," says the girl with the bulging pompadour.

"What is it?" asks the girl with the new diamond ring.
"Why, you take four or five apple-seeds and name each of them for a particular man, and place them—the apple seeds I mean—on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"Humph!" mused the girl with the new diamond ring, absentmindedly twisting that piece of jewelry about her finger, "I know a surer way than that."

"You do?"
"Yes, indeed. You take one particular man and place him on the sofa in the parlor, and sit close to him, with the light a little low, and look up to him very attentively, and if he doesn't pop you know it's time to put another man on the sofa."—Judge.

Notice to Holders of Trading Stamps!

All persons holding Trading Stamps MUST have books at our store by March 1st or they will not be redeemed. Books brought in previous to that time will be held until they amount to some one of the premiums when they will be at once redeemed.

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Choice Butter.....	20c
Jar salt.....	10c

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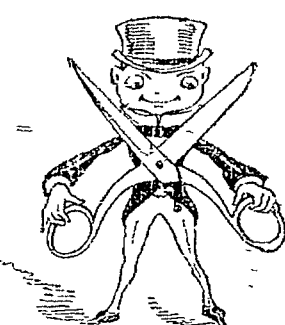
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NORTHVILLE, MICH.

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The Northville Record.

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J. S. NEAL, Editor and Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 15, '04.

RESCUED HIS DAUGHTER.

Heroic Deed of a Farmer—Lost His House and Contents.

Homer, Mich., Jan. 13—Melville Chase, a prosperous farmer of Eckford township, about four miles from Homer, lost his house and all its contents by fire Monday night about midnight. The loss will be about \$2,500, partly covered by insurance.

His little girl Agnes, about 12 years old, slept upstairs, and when Mr. Chase went to awaken her he found the stairs burned. Running out doors, in scant attire, he seized a burning ladder and put it to the upstairs bed room window and found the little girl asleep, but safe. She was taken out and in five minutes the house fell. Mr. Chase is quite severely burned about the hands and face.

CRUSHED BY CARS.

Albert Camp of Saginaw Killed at St. Charles.

Saginaw, Mich., Jan. 13—Albert D. Camp, a lumberman of this city, was killed at St. Charles, Pa., being crushed between two cars on the tracks at the station here.

Both cars and legs were broken. Death came shortly after the accident. He was a victim of the civil war and a Mason. A widow and two children survive him.

Supreme Court Opinion.

At Lansing, Mich., Jan. 13—The supreme court disposed of the following cases:

Affirmed: French v. Spaworth, 100 Mich. 100; Lumber Co. v. United States v. Detroit Silt Co.; Schuch v. Collins.

Reversed: J. P. v. Hendy; William v. William; Schuch v. Collins; Phoenix Accident and Sick Benefit Co. v. Collins.

Writ of certiorari allowed in Thompson v. Stone.

In Blunk v. Snow, circuit judge mandamus denied.

In Griffin v. Birch, circuit judge, order to show cause granted and a writ of habeas corpus granted.

In order to show cause granted in order to show cause in the case.

Separated After Fifty Years.

Owosso, Mich., Jan. 13—Judge Smith Tuesday granted a separation, but not a decree of divorce, in the case of Catherine vs. Jacob Hathaway of Owosso. The defendant still retains the legal title to his house. Mrs. Hathaway has possession and her husband may not visit her or molest her in any way unless he is invited to come. Hathaway is 75, his wife 71 years of age. They have been married fifty years. In the past year they lived together and got along fairly well.

Five Cars Picked Into Ditch.

Owosso, Mich., Jan. 13—A broken flange on a Westbound local freight car put five cars in the ditch on the Grand Trunk railway last night. The road was completely blocked by the smash-up and the Grand Trunk passenger trains ran between Owosso and Durand over the Ana Arbor railroad's tracks.

Governor Fills Vacancies.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 13—Governor Bliss has appointed the following members of the state board of examiners of horsemen to fill vacancies: Walter G. Barnes, Grand Rapids; George L. Barnes, Grand Rapids; George L. Barnes, Grand Rapids; George L. Barnes, Grand Rapids.

MICHIGAN BRIEFS.

Victor Hudson, aged 40 years, an married, contracted a wife by cutting his throat. He was employed as a engineer at the James Whaler mill, Bear Lake six miles south of Cadillac, where the deed was committed. There is no known motive for the deed.

Joseph J. Fisher, for whom the Marshall authorities have been looking for the past year has been captured in Galesburg, Ill., and will be brought back at once. He is charged with swindling Mrs. Caroline L. Cameron, of Marshall out of \$2,000 by means of a forged deed.

The only remaining daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rix Robinson, Miss Bertha, of Penn., was united in marriage to Lord James. The wedding makes the third one in the Robinson family within a short time, two sisters of the bride having become the wives of two brothers of the groom.

LOLA CRAWSHAY—Page 7.

TWO MENACES TO SOCIETY

By Rev. ROBERT A. COLLYER of New York



I WORKED nine years at the anvil in Pennsylvania. We made hammers, hatchets and axes by the dozen. When my employer, Mr. Hammond, found he must cut down wages a little he always called us into counsel, explained the necessities of the situation and asked us if we were willing to have the schedule reduced. We INVARIABLY AGREED together upon what could be done, and THERE WAS NO STRIKE. When the times were better and Mr. Hammond could afford to pay us more, he called us together again. Of course we always agreed to the increase a little more readily than the decrease. But the point is this—THERE WAS NO TROUBLE in that shop during the nine years I was there.

When the labor unions and employers of labor come together, as they surely must and will, and settle their differences of opinion by arbitration instead of attempting to force each other into line by strikes, which cost the workingman so much money, a great step in advance will have been taken. This is the most wonderful work of ACCOMPLISHMENT we have to look forward to in 1904, and the time will surely come.

Divorce, the other great threat against society, perpetually UNDERMINES THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME, and we shall have to find our way to some solution of the problem. A man came to me not long ago and wanted me to marry him. I began to ask questions and found he had obtained a divorce from his wife the day before. I said, "I will not marry you," and I did not.

In many cases divorce is simply a countenanced evil of the most DEBASING kind, and we shall have to meet the situation and handle it without gloves. How we are to do this I do not know. One thing I do know—THE MINISTERS MUST BE MORE CAREFUL. That is what I am trying to be. I do not refuse to marry all people who have been divorced. I do, however, look very carefully over their papers and find out all I can. If the explanations given to me seem good I marry the couple. If not I refuse. I hold the option. I think I have that right.

JAPAN'S AIM IS TO UPLIFT THE EAST

By KOGORO TAKAHIRA, Japanese Minister to the United States

W E Japanese are sometimes called the Yankees of the east. The name was given by an American, partly in jest, it may be. I am not quite sure that the designation is ENTIRELY appropriate.

I could be happy indeed if I were certain that the consensus of the world's sober judgment ascribed to us the qualities linked with the name "Yankee"—energy, perseverance, ingenuity, strength of purpose, love of liberty—which have done so much to raise your honored country to its present high place among the nations.

ONE OF THE MOST EARNEST DESIRES WE CHERISH IS THAT NEIGHBORING PEOPLES, PEOPLES IN SOME SENSE KINDRED TO US, SHALL ENJOY THE SAME ADVANTAGES WE ENJOY AND SHALL ADOPT IN THE SAME MANNER THOSE ELEMENTS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION WHICH STAND FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NATIONAL ENTITY AND THE PROMOTION OF NATIONAL HAPPINESS.

It is a spirit in a way like the American spirit, and it is the spirit which actuates my countrymen and our government in those momentous affairs that are now holding the stage in the far east; not a spirit of self aggrandizement or of self exploitation, but an assured and SINCERE CONVICTION that as we have found peace, plenty and security from adapting to our use the civilization of the east so our neighbors will find the strongest safeguard against aggression, lawlessness and retrogression and the amplest guarantee of happiness, comfort and progress BY FOLLOWING OUR EXAMPLE, which is, I venture to say, in accord with the principles of the whole United States of America.

The White Man's Responsibility to the Negro

By Governor AYCOCK of North Carolina

W E owe an obligation "to the man in black." We brought him here. He served us well. He is patient and teachable. We owe him GRATITUDE. Above all, we owe him JUSTICE. We cannot forget his fidelity, and we ought not to magnify his faults. We cannot change his color, neither can we ignore his service. No individual ever rose on stepping stones of dead "to higher things," and no people can.

We must rise by ourselves; we must execute judgment by righteousness; we must educate not only ourselves, but see to it that the negro has an OPPORTUNITY for education.

As a white man I am afraid of but one thing for my race, and that is that we shall become afraid to give the negro a fair chance. The first duty of every man is to develop himself to the uttermost, and the only limitation upon this duty is that he shall take pains to see that in his own development he does no injustice to those BENEATH him. This is true of races as well as of individuals. Considered properly, it is not a limitation, but a condition of development.

THE WHITE MAN IN THE SOUTH CAN NEVER ATTAIN TO HIS FULLEST GROWTH UNTIL HE DOES ABSOLUTE JUSTICE TO THE NEGRO RACE. IF HE IS DOING THAT NOW IT IS WELL FOR HIM. IF HE IS NOT DOING IT HE MUST SEEK TO KNOW THE WAYS OF TRUTH AND PURSUE THEM.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

W HEN he was campaigning recently in Wellington, the place of his birth, Governor Elmer Herrick of Ohio told how years ago he and some other boys combined mischief with study at the schoolhouse in Bull Hollow, near Wellington. "We had a teacher named Lewis," he said, "and I remember some trouble we made the poor fellow merely because he was unable to enforce discipline. There was a queer character in the neighborhood known as 'the Skunk Hunter.' He made his living hunting skunks and wild bees. The two things don't seem to go together somehow, but that's what he did. We went to the teacher for advice as to how to get even with the teacher for some petty tyranny. Naturally enough I resorted to something in his own line, and I still remember the delight with which we received from him a small package of skunk essence, which was certainly a little bit the strongest thing ever manufactured in this world."



MYRON T. HERRICK

"Acting under the instructions of the Skunk Hunter, the essence was inserted in the schoolroom stove just before the fire was lit. When that stove got down to business there was something doing in the schoolroom. It took days to get over the effects of it, and, of course, in the meantime there were no lessons. The teacher left and was succeeded by a mere girl, who ruled us all, and little, with a rod of iron. How she did it no one knows but she was master of the situation, and she taught me something as to how a woman can rule by tact where men fail with force."

Mer Merry del Val, whose appointment to the important position of papal secretary of state was the surprise of the new administration of Pope Pius X, is probably the only occupant of the post who has achieved distinction as a football player. The new premier of the Vatican was born and educated in Ireland, his early school days having been spent at Stonyhurst, and that accounts for his familiarity with the English football and the strenuous life of the gladiator.

His father, a Spanish nobleman who was a ambassador from Spain to the court of St. James, married an Irish woman, and their son was born in London. A few years after Raffaele Merry del Val had been ordained a priest his father was appointed Spanish ambassador to the Vatican, and Leo XIII, taking a liking to the young priest, kept him for several years as one of his private secretaries.

When the school question in Carr di Macintyre caused serious consequences, Leo XIII sent his young secretary to Ottawa as a special delegate, and in a few months Mgr. Merry del Val had settled the question to the satisfaction of all concerned.

MR. MERRY DEL VAL.

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Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama, who is still fighting for the Nicaragua canal route across the isthmus of Panama, is one of the wits of the senate.

He invented the once famous political "cuckoo" and has a wonderful memory. "One of my teachers," he said recently, "was wont to remark 'Some people have memories like a far bucket—everybody has one.' Others have memories like a JOHN T. MORGAN duck's back—everything that touches scots off." The senator rose from private to brigadier general in the Confederate army and then voluntarily resigned as a brigadier to become a colonel.

It is doubtful if any man holding so humble a position in the government service has attracted more attention from press and public than has William A. Miller, a nonunionist man holding the post of assistant foreman of the book binders in the government printing office at Washington.

For some months Miller has been the central figure in a contest in which the forces of organized labor have been arrayed in protest against the action of the president of the United States. Some time ago Miller was expelled from the bookbinders' brotherhood, and on complaint of the officers of that organization to Public Printer Palmer that it was against the rules of the union to work with a nonunionist Miller was dismissed from the government employment.

Miller then appealed to the civil service commission, and his case finally got

before President Roosevelt, who promptly ordered that he be reinstated. The president took advantage of the occasion to announce that the government's shops would hereafter be open to both union and nonunion labor without prejudice, efficiency and character to be the sole determining tests of employment. There the matter rests at present.

It is said that meat has not passed the lips of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, since he was twelve years of age. During his trip over this country last year he stopped, while in Kansas City, at the Hotel Baltimore. A colored waiter in the hotel was detailed to look after the general's wants.

"The general had to have everything just so," said the waiter afterward in relating his experience. "His meals were served in his room, and at every meal he would raise his hands over his head and say, 'Lord, bless the waiter.' The first time he said it I smiled and waited for a tip, but after the blessing he forgot me. After that whenever he blessed me I just looked the other way."

Justice David J. Brewer, whose recent expression in favor of abolishing the right of appeal in criminal cases as a means of checking lynching has attracted wide attention, has been a judge for nearly forty years, fourteen of them on the supreme bench of the United States. "My grandchildren have been in Vermont with me for the past two summers," said the judge recently, "and one day I took them driving. The road led by the poor house, which I described to them as a place where poor old people were kept. Finally one of the youngsters said, 'Grandpa, aren't you old?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'aren't you poor?' 'Yes,' 'Where are they going to put you in that house?' And then the judge laughed heartily.

Judge Brewer's early years were spent in Kansas, and he tells with gusto an incident of a buffalo hunt in which he took part in 1879. "The boys knew I was not much of a shot and had considerable fun at my expense, telling me that I could not hit a buffalo if I had the muzzle of my gun against him. One evening I saw a fine rabbit jump. 'Here is a chance for you good rifleman,' I said to them. 'They all began popping away, but without stopping long for luck. Then I took up my rifle and plunged it right through the head. It was a lucky shot, but I established my reputation as a marksman, and the boys made no more fun of me during that trip.'"

In an address delivered in Pittsburgh the other day Judge Peter S. Grosscup paid his respects to "The Moral Side of Our Present Corporation Policy."

"It has come to the point," he said, "where three or five gentlemen in an assembly in a room, lay a silver dollar on a table, call it assets, capitalize at a million dollars, get a state seal on a charter, pocket the dollar and go on with the enterprise. A few weeks ago the country learned that corporations were capitalized at fifty times above their real value. It has come about that no man knows what corporate investment to trust. The government, states, cities and schools dispose of bonds to individuals the dividends are paid regularly and the principal at maturity. This is teaching bondholders to favor government ownership. Private bonds of corporations which cease payment of dividends and in the end default payment are potent factors against private ownership. I hope to live to see some political party get into power that will compel corporations to protect stockholders as the banks and insurance companies now are regulated."

With contracts in his pockets assuring luxury for himself while he lives and a fortune for those he remembers in his will, Mark Twain recently sailed with his invalid wife and two daughters for Italy, where he will pass the winter.

Packing up was no joke, and as he rested his weary back after the last day's labor the humorist said, "Getting ready to sail for a trip abroad requires a vast deal of trouble. I've always felt sorry for Noah; he had such a awful lot of worry getting all his animals on the ark. Does Dowie resemble the king whom I described in 'Huckleberry Finn' as being painted with a leopard's spots and exhibited in the town hall for monetary purposes? I can't answer that. I've never seen Dowie with his clothes off."

"I don't know John Alexander Dowie, but I have a premonition and an awful presentiment that I shall meet him in the next world. If I do, however, in either one place or the other, I am going to leave that place, no matter how delightful. I simply won't be in the same place with Dowie, even if the atmosphere in the place to which I go is intensified 1,000 degrees."

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"It has come to the point," he said, "where three or five gentlemen in an assembly in a room, lay a silver dollar on a table, call it assets, capitalize at a million dollars, get a state seal on a charter, pocket the dollar and go on with the enterprise. A few weeks ago the country learned that corporations were capitalized at fifty times above their real value. It has come about that no man knows what corporate investment to trust. The government, states, cities and schools dispose of bonds to individuals the dividends are paid regularly and the principal at maturity. This is teaching bondholders to favor government ownership. Private bonds of corporations which cease payment of dividends and in the end default payment are potent factors against private ownership. I hope to live to see some political party get into power that will compel corporations to protect stockholders as the banks and insurance companies now are regulated."

With contracts in his pockets assuring luxury for himself while he lives and a fortune for those he remembers in his will, Mark Twain recently sailed with his invalid wife and two daughters for Italy, where he will pass the winter.

Packing up was no joke, and as he rested his weary back after the last day's labor the humorist said, "Getting ready to sail for a trip abroad requires a vast deal of trouble. I've always felt sorry for Noah; he had such a awful lot of worry getting all his animals on the ark. Does Dowie resemble the king whom I described in 'Huckleberry Finn' as being painted with a leopard's spots and exhibited in the town hall for monetary purposes? I can't answer that. I've never seen Dowie with his clothes off."

"I don't know John Alexander Dowie, but I have a premonition and an awful presentiment that I shall meet him in the next world. If I do, however, in either one place or the other, I am going to leave that place, no matter how delightful. I simply won't be in the same place with Dowie, even if the atmosphere in the place to which I go is intensified 1,000 degrees."

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PERE MARQUETTE

Dec. 15, 1903.

Trains leave Northville as follows:

DETROIT AND EAST.
6:45 a. m. 10:23 a. m. 2:18 p. m. 8:42 p. m.
FOR TOLEDO AND SOUTH.
10:23 a. m. 2:18 p. m. 8:42 p. m.
FOR SAGINAW AND BAY CITY.
2:55 a. m. 9:21 a. m. 2:18 p. m. 8:26 p. m.
MANISTEE, LUDINGTON, MILWAUKEE.
2:55 a. m. 9:21 a. m.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GD RAPIDS, NORTH AND WEST.
7:35 a. m. 1:55 p. m. 5:52 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, 1:32 a. m.
North Bound, No. 2, 1:40 p. m.
South Bound, No. 3, 3:32 p. m.
North Bound, No. 4, 3:40 p. m.
All trains daily except Sunday except on Southern Division trains Nos. 1 and 2 run daily between Lima and Bainbridge. Train No. 1 leaves Port St. Union Station, Detroit, 8:25 a. m.; Trenton, 1:04 a. m.; Springfield, 4:35 a. m.; Lima, 10:35 a. m.; arrive Lima, 2:15 p. m.; leave Springfield, 4:55 p. m.; arrive Bainbridge, 7:15 p. m.
Train No. 2 leaves Detroit, Port St. Union Station, 4:35 p. m.; Trenton, 8:15 p. m.; Dundee, 6:20 p. m.; Adrian, 7:15 p. m.; arrive Napoleon, 8:35 p. m.
Train No. 3 leaves Bainbridge, 6:00 a. m.; Springfield, 8:35 a. m.; Lima, 10:35 a. m.; Adrian, 2:05 p. m.; Dundee, 3:30 p. m.; Trenton, 4:05 p. m.
Train No. 4 leaves Napoleon, 6:40 a. m.; Adrian, 8:05 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 November 16th, 1903.

Leave Northville

Cars leave Northville for Detroit at 6:30 a. m., and every hour thereafter, until 9:30 p. m. In addition thereto cars leave for Farmington Junction at 10:30, 11:30 p. m. and 12:30 a. m. Cars for Pontiac at 7:30 a. m. and every two hours thereafter until 9:30 p. m.

Leave Detroit

Cars leave Detroit for Northville via Farmington at 7:00 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. E. & P. Agt., Northville, Detroit.

Subject to change without notice.

WABASH LINE

Lowest Rates

TO—

Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
Toronto, Ont.
Montreal, Que.

Also Low Rates

To the West and Southwest

F. A. PALMER,

Chicago. G. P. A.

Ticket office, Union Depot and in Hammond Bldg., Detroit.

\$15 will Buy any Fine Winter Overcoat or Sack Suit In Our Store.

Men and the parents of boys are mighty lucky that we have been compelled to crowd prices so low—such clothes as we offer never were sold for such prices as we are now selling them for.

Having no time to lose in the preparing and altering of this store before it opens under the name of the new firm, TRAVEL-BIRD CO., we simply have to cut prices nearly in two.

\$10, \$12 and \$15 Men's Winter Suits and Overcoats

Men will not go amiss if they anticipate their next winter's clothing wants and buy now—there is a sharp difference between regular prices and these.

Choose any of our Little Boys' Overcoats, 3 to 8 sizes, all those smart Russian and Military and other styles are being sold for the one price, some were \$15, others \$10, all are now..... **\$5**

Boys' Overcoats,—Choice of any for boys 6 to 15 years—those long loose ones that were twice as much..... **\$5**

\$5-\$6 Boys' Suits, Knee Pants—double breasted style—all wool—every one perfect, sizes 7 to 17..... **\$3.50**

Men's 50c Fleeced lined Underwear..... **25c**
Men's 50c Neckwear..... **25c**
Men's \$2 \$3 Hats to close..... **75c**
Boys' \$1 Winter Caps..... **50c**

R. H. Traver Co.
171-173-175 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

Mrs. Pinkerton is considerably better.

Mrs. Jennie McCullough is on the sick list.

Rev. W. S. Jerome has been seriously sick this week.

Mrs. Wm. Yerkes is recovering from her recent illness.

Wm. Macomber is just recovering from an attack of grip.

Forrest Ball is taking violin lessons of Prof. Kalso in Detroit.

Mrs. A. H. Kohler is slowly improving from her recent illness.

Mrs. T. B. Henry entertained a party of ladies at twelve o'clock dinner Friday.

The L. T. L. will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shafer next Tuesday evening.

F. S. Fry and Andrew Hawk have been drawn as jurors to serve on the February term of the circuit court.

Special commemoration of Northville Lodge F. & A. M. next Monday evening to work and dance. Refreshments after the work.

Rev. J. M. Shank preached to the Methodist people at Farmington Sunday evening. His place here being filled by Rev. John Sweet of Detroit.

Judge Moore, who has recently succeeded to the chief justiceship of the Michigan Supreme court, is a brother of O. B. Moore of this place.

The Baptist ladies have been obliged to post one indefinitely their supper and the large which was to have been given by the Rio Grande Co. Jan. 29, on account of the loss of the rink.

The B. Y. P. U. will give a sleigh ride social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott this Friday evening.

Teams will be at post-office at 7:30 to carry those wishing to go.

C. C. Yerkes of this place and Geo. B. Yerkes of Detroit have been appointed attorneys for the receiver of the Globe company, the affairs of which are being wound up by Mr. Phillips.

Leater Cook has accepted the position of overseer of Colon C. Little's farm near Coopersville, Ottawa county, and will move there with his family instead of to Latham county as stated last week.

The Northville branch of the Daisy Mfg. Co. is being run at an increased capacity, necessitating the putting on of a number of new men. It is expected that this capacity will soon be brought up to 1,000 guns per day.

A Northrop states that the lease of the Kellogg block on Main street to Hinkley & Henry does not include that part of the building occupied by the bakery business, which will continue to be carried on there as at present.

The W. R. C. held its installation of officers Wednesday evening and also initiated a new member. The outgoing president, Mrs. Ardella Brooks, treated the ladies to light refreshments after the meeting, and a pleasant social hour was enjoyed.

A pleasant Presbyterian surprise party went "a sleighing" up to J. O. Knapp's Monday evening the participants being the pastor, the church officers and their respective respected, respectful wives. It is, of course, superfluous to remark that everybody had a good time.

The Presbyterian church and society held its annual meeting at the library Tuesday evening. Supper was served to about 120 people and excellent reports were presented by the Omicron organizations of the church. The trustees elected were C. M. Joslin, W. F. Penfield and B. A. Wheeler.

Northville is the home of representative Neal, but the vital statistics show that the place is degenerating and losing in population.

Births 27, deaths 42, weddings 20. What Neal has to do with it you know.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers are requested to look at the figures on the label of their paper, and if they are not correct, notify the office. In handling so many names, errors sometimes occur. If paper is not received promptly, or there is any cause for complaint, send a postal to the office that we may adjust the matter at once.

ask? Why, he's a young man and ought to set an example for others because he is a republican and a hot supporter of Roosevelt and his racial ideas. There is no reason why Northville should witness a decline in population.—Adrian Press.

Note the big inventory sale at B. C. Chen's beginning Jan. 16 to Jan. 30. See bills for particulars.

Do you wish to buy or sell a farm or stocks of any kind? Have you money to invest? If so, call on E. N. Passage, Plymouth, Michigan.

Auction.
There is to be an auction sale of household goods at the home of Mrs. L. V. Carpenter on Rogers street Saturday afternoon, Jan. 16th, at 2:30 o'clock.

Osteopathic Physician.
Dr. Carrie Freeman, Osteopathic Physician, will be in Northville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week at Mrs. W. P. Johnson's, Main street, from 12:30 to 4:30 p. m. Consultation free.

Free Lunch.
On Saturday, Jan. 16, The Natural Food company of Niagara Falls will give a demonstration and complimentary luncheon of shredded whole wheat biscuit products at B. Cohen's dry goods store. Don't fail to call.

Hard coal at Angler & Co's. Lots of it at right prices.

Why pay a high price for floor water, paint, etc., when you can get it at a lower price? Our Patent Brick and Block Machine will make a perfect brick or block in any size you want. It is a great saving to the builder. Write for a free catalog.

Natural Interference.

Miss Gladys Deacon, the American girl whose originality keeps her in the public eye, amazed a scientist whom she met recently at a London dinner party.

The scientist narrated in great detail to the girl a series of experiments he was conducting with the microphone.

"The microphone," he explained, "magnifies sounds to the ear as the microscope magnifies objects to the eye. The footfalls of a centipede, heard through the microphone, resemble a tattoo on a kettledrum. The dropping of a pin is like the report of a cannon."

"That is very interesting and odd," said Miss Deacon.

"This afternoon," resumed the scientist, "I caught a fly and studied its note. The note resembled the neighing of a horse."

"Perhaps," said the young girl, "it was a horsefly."—Boston Post.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

A Great Bargain

FOR RESIDENTS OF RURAL ROUTES.

THE

Detroit Free Press

Michigan's Leading Newspaper

BY MAIL EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY, and

The Northville Record

BOTH ONE YEAR

FOR \$2.50 ONLY

This is the Greatest Newspaper Bargain ever offered in Michigan. Never before was such an opportunity given our readers. Just think of it, Michigan's leading newspaper, The Detroit Free Press, and the Record both one year for only \$2.50. Just call the office of the Free Press and send or bring your orders to the Record Office, Northville.

For One Week Off the Avenue!

A few items that will interest Men and Boys:

Rubberisco Coats, \$1.50 kind \$1.15, \$1.75 kind \$1.40, \$2 kind \$1.69
All Wool Kersey Pants—\$2.25 kind for..... \$1.79
Cottonade Pants—\$1.00 kind for..... .69c
50c Caps..... \$39c. \$1.00 Caps for..... 75c
\$1.00 Gloves and Mittens..... 79c. 50c Gloves or Mittens..... 39c
\$1.00 Sweaters..... 79c. \$2.00 Sweaters..... \$1.50
Boys' Sweaters..... 35c. Boys' Caps..... 15c
Boys' extra heavy, fleeced lined Stockings..... 2 pr for 25c
Boys' 25c Gloves or Mittens..... 19c

REMEMBER THE DATE

Saturday, January 16 to Saturday, January 23

Northville **BARTON,** THE CENTER ST. FURNISHER.

New Coal Yard!

HARD AND SOFT COAL
Prices Right, Correct Weight,
Quick Delivery - Best Quality.

PARMENTER & SON

Phone 656, NORTHVILLE.

AN EYE OPENER!

Seeing that there is all the indications of a very cold winter, I have marked down my prices to a considerable extent. Call and see my \$15 and \$16 Suits, they are eye openers. No shoddy or ready made work, but made to stay—and a fit fit. By the Northville Tailor of experience.

Northville, Mich. **GORDON ALLAN.**

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

"Modern" Printing.

The wide-awake business man must provide himself with Modern Printing. By "Modern" we mean Printing that is Neatly and Artistically Set with Up-to-date Faces of Type and then Printed on Appropriate Stock with Good Presses by Skilled Pressmen. We are here to provide for the needs of the wide-awake Business Man.

The Record Printery.

Opera House Building, NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN. F. S. NEAL, Proprietor.

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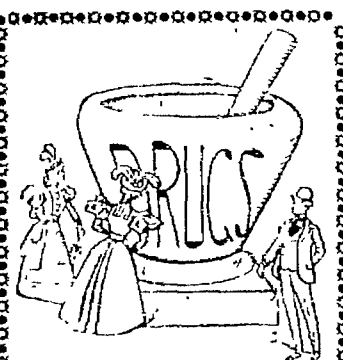
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EVERYTHING
In the line of Drugs and Patent Medicines. Also Toilet Articles of all descriptions at lowest prices.

Compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions a Specialty.

Murdock Bros
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

If you have Wheat to sell let us pay you to see me.

Wanted at Once

2,000 bu. Wheat

L. GILDEMEISTER

FARMINGTON ROLLER MILLS.

Don't

Be deceived when buying BREAD, or anything in the Baked Goods line. There is no substitute to Frasier's Potato Bread, Fruit Cakes, Tea Cakes, Layer Cakes or Cookies. Insist on having them and take no other. Bread at all grocers or the store. Telephone your orders—\$12.

E. L. FRASIER
Northville.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:

Mr. and Mrs. Porter
Mrs. Mary Williams
Mr. A. D. Williams
Mrs. Almira Williams

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Mary Hunt is still seriously sick.

Mrs. Emily Swift has been quite ill this week.

Mrs. J. W. Perkins has been on the sick list this week.

Another fine bunch of sleighing came to town Tuesday.

Mrs. Ida Lee has been suffering with a badly sprained ankle but is better today.

L. Common may not be like Job in all other respects but anyway he is afflicted with boils.

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter No. 77 O. E. S. this Friday evening.

The Globe Furniture Company, Limited, is to hold its annual meeting next week Wednesday, Jan. 20.

The Northville Woman's Club meets next week Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. H. Turner.

W. S. Roidin has resigned his position at Perkins' store and has entered the employ of the Hens Co. of Detroit.

R. F. D. subscribers are requested to read our combination offer with the Daily Detroit Free Press. See ad. elsewhere.

Yesterday's horse racing on the boulevard was a crowd drawer and the horses went down the stretch like whirlwinds.

The Dubuay factory is receiving a big lot of logs at their yards these days and it looks like business for the big buzz saw.

New Northville phones have been put in this week as follows: Arthur Brooks, residence, 22. Mrs. William Pinkerton, residence, 23.

Miss Lizzie Stark weather is recovering nicely from the operation which she recently underwent at a hospital and is able to sit up for a short time each day.

The town of Claremont, Va., where W. A. Ely has located his dove works, has been nearly wiped out by fire. Mr. Ely's factory, however, was not in the conflagration.

A Northville firm offers stable blankets at "unheard of reductions." Of course that's no object to anyone to buy. What they want is reductions that are heard of all over. Then they will give up a stable currency for a stable blanket.—Adrian Press.

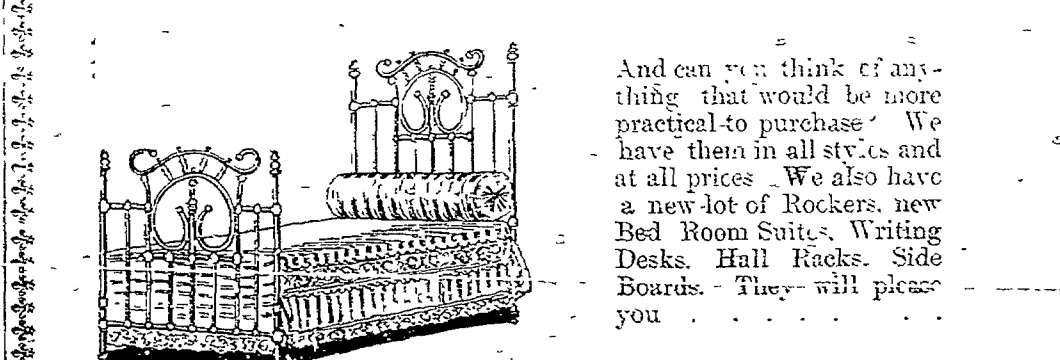
For SALE—Lot of dry tamarack wood. If taken in 3 cord lots or more \$1.50 a cord. C. O. D.

23wt R. R. McKABAN.

It's pretty hard to define real beauty. Rare and beautiful women everywhere owe their loveliness to Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Murdock Bros.

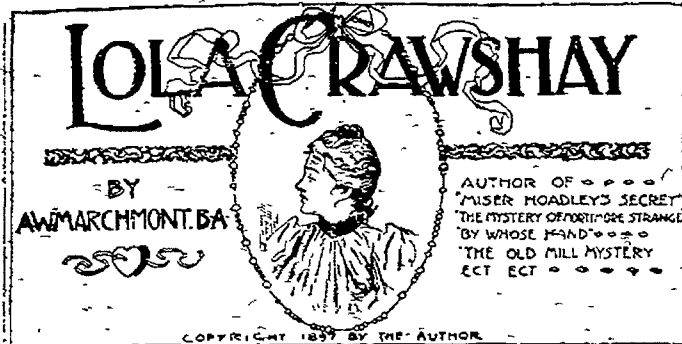
How About a New Bed?

That's the Question. What is Nicer for the NEW YEAR than a Nice Brass Bed Stead



Good Time Now to Select them. Everything in Furniture for the Home.

Porter Brothers
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CHAPTER XVI

HORSEWHIPPED.

Sir Jaffray's first thought was naturally for Lola.

"Are you hurt, my darling?" he asked, crossing to her and bending lovingly over her.

"No, it is nothing. Oh, I am so glad you have come!" And now that danger for herself and the excitement were over she was far more unsteady and unsteady than she had been before.

She began now to fear the effect of an encounter between the two men and felt that in a moment all that she had striven to gain might be lost. She clung to Sir Jaffray's arm and would not release him.

"Let me go, dear one. And you—go to your room. Leave me to deal with this gentleman."

But she would not and clung to him still.

"Come, Lola," in a voice that she knew must be obeyed.

"I will stay," she said and then looked his arm.

"I do not wish it," said the baronet firmly.

But Lola would not yield.

"I would rather," she answered.

"As you will, then," said Sir Jaffray shortly.

Then he turned to Pierre Turrian, who had been watching the pair closely and thinking rapidly what to do.

The minute's breathing space which Sir Jaffray had afforded him gave time for reconsideration and had changed the current of the Frenchman's thoughts and the whole development of after events.

At the moment of Sir Jaffray's entry Pierre Turrian's first instinct had been to save himself from an exceedingly awkward complication by throwing the baronet's anger on to Lola and exposing the true character of the relations between her and himself.

But the minute's consideration saved him to change his intention completely. If he were to do anything of the kind, all chance of benefiting by Lola's connection with the baronet would be gone. He would have lost his hold over her entirely, and the whole object which he had so long and so closely cherished would be sacrificed.

On the other hand, all that there was to fear was an unpleasant experience with Sir Jaffray's riding crop, a fight in which he might or might not get the worst, followed, of course, by expulsion from the house, but he would still have Lola in his power and still be able to reap the reward he was striving for.

He measured up Sir Jaffray's strong, well-knit frame and recognized a certainty that he could not hope to escape without some hard blows, but the stake was worth winning.

He had his tale ready, therefore, as soon as Sir Jaffray came toward him.

"How dare you lay your hands on my wife?"

"I answer no man who speaks to me in that tone and backs his words with a weapon while I am defenseless," he replied, with a good assumption of boldness.

"This is no weapon," said the baronet angrily, "in any such sense as that. It is merely a horsewhip for the back of a dastardly coward who dares to strike a woman!"

Pierre Turrian made no reply, but he folded his arms across his chest and stood staring resolutely at his opponent, the mark of Lola's whip flaming like a brand of red shame on his face.

"Look out!" were Sir Jaffray's only words, and the next moment the long, strong lash of the hunting whip curled round the Frenchman's shoulders. It was like the first taste of blood to a wild animal mad with pent rage, and Sir Jaffray seized him by the collar of the coat and put his whole heart and strength into the swinging cuts which he rained on the Frenchman's shoulders and back.

Then at the cross he went to the door and threw it open.

"Now, go," he said hurriedly, "and let this be a lesson to you never to raise your hand against a woman again. Go, or by heaven I shan't be able to keep my hands from thrashing you again."

To go the man justice, he had passed through the ordeal with as much composure as a man can hope to show under a horsewhipping. He had neither wince nor flinch, though the heat of the blows had seemed to strike right to the bone.

"I will go, and mark me, every blow that you have struck I will pay back a hundredfold!" I swear it!"

"Bib! Get out! This is not a theater," growled Sir Jaffray. Then, seeing a couple of men-servants in the hall, he said to them, "Turn that man out of the house, and if ever he comes here again you have my express permission to kick him right down to the lodge gates."

With that he shut the door and turned to Lola.

"And now, sweetheart, that the room's clear of that brute, tell me what on earth does it all mean?"

He sat down by her and first took her hand in his, and then, seeing that she was greatly agitated, he ran his arm round her waist and held her close to him and kissed her.

She was inexpressibly glad to be in his arms, for she had grown to love him with a love to the full as passionate as that which she had formerly im-

puted, and was demonstrative, movements were rare enough to make her prize them all the more.

She nestled close to him now, and twining her arms about his neck clung to him and drew down his face to hers, covering it with long, sweet kisses, while her eyes filled with tears, which he could not understand. She knew well enough, however, that they were drawn from a too certain foreknowledge that such moments in their lives were soon to cease entirely.

It was a growing pain to her, too, to have to lie to him, as now she must, to account for this extraordinary scene with Pierre Turrian, and for the moment her wits failed to suggest even an idea of the tale she should tell.

She was completely unnerved and unstrung in the moment of release from the excitement caused by the interview with the Frenchman and the struggle in which it had ended, the tension when she had expected the truth to be blurted out and the shock, half delight, half fear, of the horsewhipping.

Sir Jaffray on his side was very disquieted by the affair. In the moment of his arrival his thoughts had been too closely occupied with the burning desire to thrash the scoundrel whom he had seen with his own eyes molesting Lola to heed what had happened before he came. His blood was set on fire by what he saw, and he neither cared nor stopped to think.

When he had satiated that desire and had lashed the man to his soul's delight and content and sat waiting for Lola to speak, he grew uneasy as to what could possibly have happened between Lola and the man whom he had regarded as his friend that could lead to such an end.

"How did this happen, child?" he said when Lola's agitation seemed to be decreasing.

"I hardly know. I think he meant to try to kill me. He insulted me. You saw that mark on his face. I did it. I struck him with my riding whip. It was then he attacked me." She spoke in short sentences, like a child recovering from a fright.

"Did the man dare to make love to you?" asked Sir Jaffray, that thought driving him on, brow together in his own fury and making him clench his teeth.

"I was always afraid of him coming here," said Lola wearily. "You know I said at the time I did not want him asked. Ugh! He is loathsome and dangerous."

"Never mind what he said. Pick up courage. He won't trouble us any more," said Sir Jaffray in a much lighter tone than he felt and wishing to cheer her up. "And if he doesn't clear out from the neighborhood of his own free will after to-day's business I'll find a way of looking him, that's all."

His mood of demoniacal anger was now past, and Lola, with a sigh, let him go from her side.

He got up and lit a cigarette.

"It'll be a lesson to me not to encourage trailing fiddlers again. To think that he should turn out such a brute! And I actually liked the fellow. By gad, but I'm glad I thrashed him, and I'm only sorry I didn't lay it on a little longer and a good deal harder."

He pressed and looked at Lola and then said very kindly:

"Do you feel better now, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Jaffray, I'm all right now. I'll run up to my room and get my hat off. It must be nearly luncheon. Has the exercise made you hungry?"

She smiled.

Her spirits had risen for the moment at having got out of the work of explanation so easily, and she thought it best to appear as if she had shaken off the worst effects of the morning's events.

But as soon as she was in her own room and had locked the door and shut out the chance of being observed she looked the truth full in the face.

The end had come.

With Beryl Leicester in possession of the secret on the one hand and with Pierre pressing her from the other there was no hope, no chance, no possibility of escape.

What to do she could not resolve yet. At the moment she had to go on playing the part that she had chosen, but whatever the result a few days must settle everything, perhaps a few hours. If she were to avoid utter shipwreck, she must be prepared with some definite course of action, and the sooner she could decide what that was to be the better.

The very safety of the man she loved demanded this. She knew Pierre well enough to feel quite confident that he would now have a double incentive to do Jaffray harm. She had listened to his devilish scheme in order to learn what it was, so that having learned it she might take measures to foil him.

But she knew also that he was quite capable of acting by himself from the outside, and so long as there was a thought in his mind that not only could he have revenge for the horsewhipping, but also, as he hoped, a gain through Jaffray's death, the latter was not safe for a day.

She had reached this point in her thoughts when the luncheon gong sounded and her maid knocked at the door. Lola let her in and then changed her dress and hurried down stairs.

At luncheon Mrs. De Witt's curiosity had to be met and parried.

After her passage at arms with Pierre

Turrian she had been for a long drive alone, and this had not improved her temper. She had come back prepared to be very unpleasant to everybody and especially to the Frenchman, and she was annoyed consequently when he was not at the table.

"Where is your fiddler?" she asked of Lola.

"He has had to go away, dear."

"Gone away?" exclaimed Mrs. De Witt in a tone of great surprise. "Why, he said nothing of it when I saw him this morning. It must have been very sudden."

"Yes, it was very sudden and very urgent," said Lola.

"Is he coming back?"

"No," interposed the baronet. "The fact is, I had a row with him when I came home and told him pretty bluntly that his visit had better cease. I'd rather his name were not mentioned."

"Oh, my dear Meg, that's simply impossible!" cried Mrs. De Witt. "You excite my curiosity to the fever pitch and then say calmly you don't want me to mention his name. What's that but an incentive to go on mentioning it until my curiosity is satisfied? What has he done? He hasn't stolen anything, has he? It isn't anything to do with Beryl, is it? I saw them closeted together once, but that's all, though he is certainly a most original individual, and I should think a very daring one."

And she flushed slightly in discomfort at the recollection of the scene at the piano. "But you must tell me why he's gone."

"I have told you enough. He went because I wished it. There is no more to be said." And the baronet spoke sharply and decidedly.

"That means I am to ask Lola when we're alone, that's all," retorted Mrs. De Witt. "You'd far better tell the



Lola threw herself in a long, low easy chair.

truth at once, I leave I shall only think there's some horrible scandal, and as will everybody else. Is it anything to do with you, Lola?"

Sir Jaffray looked at her and smiled.

"It's no use, little woman," he said, "and a lot of us. You can't warn anything out in that sort of way. Besides, she's the nothing to warn out that can possibly concern you."

"Thank you. I am now retain all the rudeness of old friendship while with holding the old confidence." And Mrs. De Witt smiled angrily.

"Just as you like," said Sir Jaffray, laughing, as he rose from the table.

Soon afterward he went away, leaving the other two alone.

"I warned you, Lola," said Mrs. De Witt as soon as they were alone. "I told you there was mischief brewing, and that he was not hanging round you for nothing with that air of possession of his. How did Meg find it out?"

"There is really nothing to tell you," was the reply. "You are so ridiculous, far away from the truth and are making so much of so little that you are almost wittily misleading yourself. Jaffray and Mr. Turrian had very high words, and then, to my great pleasure, the latter went away. I never liked having him here at all."

"No, positively not," said Mrs. De Witt in a tone from which much might have been inferred, but Lola let it pass without a retort.

"And now I am going to ask you a favor," she said. "There are, as you know, a lot of people coming here in a couple of days, and I have no end of things to see to. Yet I am anxious to hear what is doing at Leicester Court with Mr. Leicester. I wish you'd drive over there this afternoon and ask for me how he is and how Beryl is and when she can get back here."

"You haven't the knack as yet, Lola, of making your house very attractive to your guests," said Mrs. De Witt ungraciously. She was cross, as a gossip monger usually is at being robbed of what she deems a toothsome morsel of scandal. "But I'll go over to the Court, and I'll drive through Walcott to see if I can catch a glimpse of your Frenchman. I dare say he'll tell me the news."

With no more than a smile at this shot Lola rang the bell and ordered the carriage for her companion.

As soon as the latter had gone Lola went to her own sitting room to think out the rest of the problem. This had been her reason for wishing to get rid of Mrs. De Witt. She felt that she must be alone.

She had not been long in her room before a knock at the door disturbed her. She had locked it to prevent interruption.

It was her maid, who brought a letter on a salver.

"This has just come by hand, my lady, with a message for it to be delivered immediately to you. I thought it right to bring it."

Lola took it, and, going into her room, opened it.

It was from Pierre Turrian, short, sharp and menacing:

"You must be by the cottage at Ash Tree wood at the north end of the park at 9 o'clock tonight."

Lola stood for a moment staring helplessly at the open letter when the maid rapped her.

"Is there any answer, mum?"

"No, none," returned Lola hurriedly. The girl withdrew, and Lola locked the door again behind her, and, throw-

ing herself into a long, low easy chair, strove to fight her way through a mist of thought to a clear course of action.

CHAPTER XVII

FLIGHT.

It was useless to fight any longer.

That was the burden of Lola's thoughts as she sat with Pierre's short, peremptory note lying on her lap.

She had done her utmost in the fight for happiness. She had striven hard to retain it in her grasp, but the fates were fighting against her, and there was nothing left but to own herself beaten and accept the defeat as best she could.

It was hard to give it all up—hardest of all to lose Jaffray's love and to feel that he would know her for a cheat and a liar and worse.

She ran back in thought over the events of the time since her arrival in England, and smiled in self-contempt as she saw one after another the line of false steps she had taken. How paltry and unworthy seemed now the little ambitions which she had cherished then, how utterly weak and poor the objects for which she had striven!

To be the wife of a rich man she had schemed and plotted and intrigued. And what had it proved to be? The one sacrifice that now caused her the least regret was that of her money and position. The one thing she dreaded to lose now was the one thing which she despised then—Jaffray's love. She had traded on his love to win wealth and honor for herself. The end was nothing but disaster for him and a desolate, broken life for herself.

Yet he had loved her—loved her like the true, gallant man he was. The thought cheered her, though it brought scalding tears to her eyes, which she let gather and blur all her sight and then fall unchecked. In all the years to come and whatever might befall her or him he would never blot out from his memory the love he had once had for her, and she loved the thought of that.

If only the truth could be kept from him for always! She would give her life, she thought, if that could be.

What would be the use of her if she were to die? How would he feel if he were to come into the room and find her dead?

Now she recalled some words that Pierre had spoken about drugs that told no tale and left no sign. What were they? How could they be obtained?

How would it be to go to Pierre as he said in his letter, to seem to fall in with his plan to poison Jaffray, to get from him the drug for that purpose and then herself take it? That would be easier than to find some poison by herself. Yet stay—there was too difficult. It did not need any such elaborate preparation as that.

She had but to feign a bad headache with sleeplessness and take a sleeping drug strong enough for her to wake no more.

No one would think of poison. Her life lay all before her, bright with a dazzling promise of happiness, thought the world. How little the world knew! Two people would understand, however, and knew the truth—the man who held her in his merciless power and Beryl, who had guessed the secret.

What would they think? Nay, what would they do?

Would Beryl tell? She thought of the girl's cold, firm, deliberate nature and for a moment wavered how to answer the question. No, Beryl would not carry any feeling, however keen, beyond the grave. She felt that if she had paid the penalty with her life, Beryl would be as silent as the grave in which she herself was to bury the secret.

But what of Pierre? As she thought of him she was cold and sick. She knew too well what he would do. He would seek at once to trade on the shameful knowledge. He would tell the whole story to Jaffray, then attack him with exposure if he were not paid lash money, and thus hold him in bondage by the knowledge of her shame till Jaffray should come to hate her very name and curse the day when he had grown to love her.

The gates of death were thus shut against her, and she felt that she must work out some other means of escape.

Not once in all her misery did she think of telling Jaffray. She knew him so thoroughly and knew how he would turn from her and her shame that at such a moment was more than she could endure.

For this there was another reason, known only to herself, and the knowledge of it had set up in her mind hundreds of confusing thoughts, fears, impulses and emotions. There was the hope of a little life that was some day to be born, and like a sword piercing the flesh and turning in the wound to prolong the agony, was the knowledge that the child—hers and Jaffray's—would be the child of shame.

She knew, too well what Jaffray would feel and think and say if once this knowledge were forced upon him, and the fear, and the shame, and the love, and the misery all blended to drive the wretched child to distraction.

Gradually out of the blinding mist and sorrow an idea began to take shape. If she were to see Pierre and lure him on to delay any evil plans he might have formed by promising to work with him, something might happen to prevent his doing any harm.

Or, better still, if she were to fly from the manor house and let him know that she had done so, he might be driven from his purpose altogether.

She could see him that night at the time and place he had named, and then she fell to pondering all the points that occurred to her in this connection.

In the midst of this she was roused by a knock at the door. She made no response, but folded up the letter from Pierre and put it in her pocket.

The knock came again, firmer and more impatient, and then a voice—Sir Jaffray's—called her.

She rose, and, wiping the tears hastily from her eyes, opened the door.

"Here is a letter for you, Lola, from Beryl," he said, giving to her a letter

which Lola saw was fastened with a seal. Then, seeing by her face that she was troubled, he said very gently, "What is the matter, dearest?" And he followed her into the room. "You have been sitting here alone," he added in a cheery voice.

"I am—not—not very well," she said, her lips trembling and half refusing to frame any words at all.

"Well, read your letter. Perhaps Beryl has some good news for you about her father. Read it and then let me see whether I can't cheer you up a bit. You are so strong usually that you startle me when you are like this."

She broke the seal of the letter and opened it and almost instantly shrank together, while a look of intense pain spread over her strained face, which turned as white as salt.

"What is the matter? Is he dead?" cried Sir Jaffray, alarmed and thinking of Mr. Leicester. "Beryl shouldn't send news like that so suddenly. The shock's enough to make any one ill."

By an effort Lola fought down some of her distress.

"No, he is—not dead," she answered very slowly, as though the words pained her. "It was—not—not that. I am not well, dear." She smiled faintly and weakly, as if to reassure him. "I had—a—a pain in my heart; that's all. It's not dear Beryl's letter or—news. There's nothing—nothing about death in it, only to say—she can't get here again for a day or two—and would like me—to go to—her, that's all."

She folded the letter and put it away in her pocket, where it lay against that which she had had from Pierre.

"It might well cause her pain, short though it was. It ran thus:

"DEAREST LOLA—Come to me. I know the dreadful load you are bearing, and my heart is wrung for you. I know you are strong and brave, but the trial ahead of you would test the strongest and bravest. It breaks me down to think that it is to me that this has come. Come to me and help me to shape the course ahead. When I think of you in this desperate man's power, I shrink with fear. Come to me! Your friend always, Beryl."

The end was closer than ever.

There was no mistaking either Beryl's meaning or the suddenness with which she wished to temper the blow which she knew her letter must strike.

But the blow had to be struck.

"Come to me and help me to shape the course ahead," Lola knew well enough the only meaning which those words could have. The truth had to be made known and that at once.

She turned cold and shivered at the thought, and, seeing her shiver Sir Jaffray, who had no clue to the mental suffering which she was enduring, set it down to illness.

"You are ill, Lola," he said very gently and soothingly. "I shall send for Dr. Branthwaite." And he turned to leave the room.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "Don't leave me for a minute. Take me to your arms once more, Jaffray."

"Once more? What do you mean, sweetheart?" he asked in astonishment. "God forbid that my arms should ever be closed to you!"

"Now, God forbid it!" she cried. "Now, let me and soothe me as you used to wish to do in the days when I wouldn't let you."

He took her in his arms, and then sitting down in the long, low easy chair where she had been he drew her on to his lap and held her there like a child, holding her head to his heart and smoothing her face and her hair, kissing her and murmuring soft, caressing words to her.

"You're not often like this to me," she murmured, opening her lovely eyes and glancing up into his and smiling faintly. "Your touch is like what the wave of a messenger's hand must be when he waits away pain."

For answer he kissed her again.

"Have I made you happy, Jaffray?" she asked after a long pause.

By way of answer this time he hummed the snatch of a song. If this it vanity, vanity let it be, an old, teasing trick of his when she had seemed to look for a compliment from him.

"Yes, I am vainly today, but answer," she urged.

"My darling wife, I have never known since I was a child and felt the presence of my mother's love and happiness you have brought into my life. That from my soul," he said earnestly, kissing her.

She kissed him in response and lay for a moment quite still in his arms.

Then suddenly she asked:

"If I were to die, Jaffray, would it break your heart?"

"Don't, Lola—don't even think such a thing."

"But I mean it. Would it?"

"It would close it, against ever seeing such a love in my life again," he answered, and his voice was like that of one in pain.

"I am selfish but I am glad that. I want no one ever to take my place, even to blot out the memory of this time, whatever happens."

"You are talking very strangely, child. Whatever happens—what can that mean?"

(Continued next week.)

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The Woman in Politics. Apropos of the utter hopelessness of the feminine mind in the matter of politics, District Attorney Jerome had finished explaining at some length, and a trifle painfully, the present political situation to a party of females visiting his family, and was resting awhile, when one of them, looking up, said frostily:

"Yes, I understand all that; but how about this Tammany? What is he, anyway? A man or a tiger?" New York Times.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. County of Wayne. ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the second day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge Probate. In the matter of the estate of ALEXANDER GILMORE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Laura H. Gilmore, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, for letters of administration on said estate, do hereby order that the third day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

