

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXV. No. 49.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1901

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## THEIR SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

### NORTHVILLE METHODISTS CELEBRATE IT TOMORROW.

Number of Ex-Pastors Will Participate in the Event.

The day long looked forward to and planned and worked for by Northville Methodists is now at hand and tomorrow afternoon the celebration of the rounding out of three score and ten years of their organized local church work will begin. For seventy years has this church organization been a power for good in this community, and while its recorded history is to be given to the public in the course of the present celebration, none can tell what its unwritten record might reveal of good accomplished, of influences set in motion, of unnoted and seemingly unimportant beginnings in soul hu-

manhood to his own church, but he is a general favorite, on account of his genial, social nature as well as his intellectual ability.

The program for the two days' meeting is as follows:

**SATURDAY, JULY 14**  
8:30 a. m.—Song Service.  
9:30 a. m.—Prayer for J. E. Jackson, D. D.  
10:00 a. m.—Address of Welcome to Former Pastors—F. R. Beal, Rev. J. M. Shank, Rev. J. H. Lloy, Rev. W. H. Lloy, Rev. J. H. Lloy, Rev. J. H. Lloy.  
11:00 a. m.—One Hundred Years History, Mrs. C. S. Filkins.  
1:30 p. m.—Sermon—Rev. D. H. Gilchrist.  
3:30 p. m.—Reminiscence Moments—led by Rev. J. E. Jackson.  
4:45 p. m.—Banquet.  
7:00 p. m.—Extinguish Social Hour.  
8:00 p. m.—Song Service.  
9:00 p. m.—Pattern Meeting—Addresses by Ex-Pastors and City Prominent.

**SUNDAY, JULY 15**  
8:30 a. m.—Love Feast led by J. E. Jackson.  
10:00 a. m.—Sermon—Rev. Eugene Allen.  
12:00 p. m.—Sunday School—Addresses by Rev. H. C. Northrup—Dinner to Parents to Sunday School.  
1:30 p. m.—Rev. M. H. Bartram—What School Young People Can Do in Sunday School.  
3:30 p. m.—Epworth League led by W. H. Harrison.  
7:30 p. m.—Opening Service by Rev. J. E. Jackson.  
Sermon by Rev. John Sweet, D. D.  
8:45 p. m.—Commemorative Service by Rev. M. H. Bartram.

### WAS SOME OTHER YEAR.

### Senator Prescott Not One of the "Immortal Nineteeners."

The Detroit papers which have been classing ex-Senator George Prescott, the republican candidate for secretary of state, as one of the "immortal nineteeners" will find upon looking up the records that Prescott was not a member of the senate that year (1899) at all, but was there the two terms previous, 1895 and 1897, the same terms as was the present nominee for governor, Fred Warner. Prescott is a great big, jolly, good natured fellow and a man of sterling worth and integrity. His home is in Town-City, where he is at the head of the Prescott & Sons big lumber firm and general merchandise. He is just past 42 years of age, weighs about 250 pounds and is over six feet tall.

### Death of Miss Susan Beal.

The funeral of Miss Susan Beal, a former well known and long time resident of this place, who died in Detroit last Friday, was held from the home of C. C. Chadwick Sunday afternoon, Rev. W. S. Jerome, pastor of the Presbyterian church of which she was a member, officiating. Miss Beal, who was a sister of Francis B. Beal, had been for some time at the

## QUILL PUSHERS' ANNUAL OUTING

### SPENT SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AT FRANKFORT.

Guests of Ann Arbor Railroad and Its Hotel.

Another of those "most delightful ever" annual outings for the Eastern Mich. Press folks and their "next of kin" was made possible last week by the generosity of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railway, through its genial and whole souled representative, Captain Passenger Agent J. J. Kirby. Mr. Kirby not only arranged the details of the pleasurable trip to Frankfort, but personally supervised the executing of them in his own inimitable manner, which has become so familiar to the journalistic contingent of this part of the country.

The delightful sojourn at the beautiful Royal Frontenac Hotel with its unlimited possibilities for giving visitors a good time, with all sorts of golden opinions for Manager J. Elmer Davidson and his able assistant, Mrs. Davidson, who, by their unceasing thoughtfulness, left nothing to be desired in the way of entertainment at the elegant hostelry under their charge.

One of the very enjoyable features was the music by the ladies' orchestra, the leader of which, Mrs. West, is a sister of M. L. Kinyon of this place.

The pleasures of the visit in its entirety are too many to chronicle, but the fact was impressed on every mind that the location of this ideal summer resort and its magnificent hotel is one of the most beautiful in Michigan or anywhere else. The hotel faces directly on grand old Lake Michigan, the surrounding scenery is supremely lovely and there is every facility for enjoyment that can tempt the traveler who is looking for a cool place to rest and have a good time besides.

### FAST DRIVING

### Marshal Taft Will Stop Racing on the Streets.

Fred Lorenz and Charlie Hamilton were up before Judge White Monday charged with too fast driving on Main street Saturday night. Fred pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$1 and \$47 costs. Hamilton thought he was going slow and will stand trial which will come up next Monday. Marshal Taft says the boys were driving at a dangerous clip and that some one on the square was not seriously injured was a matter of good luck, as the streets were full of people at the time, and he proposes to break up the practice of fast driving at once.

### LOTS OF CANDIDATES

### For the Office of County Treasurer of Wayne.

The prospects now are good for a lot of Republican candidates for county treasurer this fall. No less than four are already mentioned and the bookies are probably not yet all in at that. There's Ald. Burns, ex-Ald. Haarer, W. C. Jupp, the well known yacht man and whole sale paper dealer, and C. A. Babrer, who conducted the office so successfully the two terms just past.

The democrats will it is said put up Billy Lee, the present popular deputy and acting treasurer and his friends say he will stand to win no matter who the republicans put up.

### Lovejoy Denied New Trial.

Mr. Clemens, Mich., July 14.—Judge law has denied the motion for a new trial in the case of the Macomb county board of supervisors vs. Gilbert Lovejoy, ex-county treasurer. This is the case in which the county got judgment for nearly \$11,000 against Lovejoy, and Judge Spier, attorney for defendant, says the case will be appealed to the supreme court at once.

### Detroit's Population 353,238.

Detroit, Mich., July 14.—At the meeting of the board of water commissioners the annual report was rendered showing that the commission now has upon its books 70,087 families that are being served estimating an average of 5.04 persons to a family, the population of Detroit is today 353,238.

## DECLINES THE HONOR

GEORGE D. JACKSON, WHO WAS TALKED OF FOR GOVERNOR.

COULD NOT AFFORD TO TAKE THE HONOR IF OFFERED HIM.

THINKS DURAND COULD BE ELECTED ON TICKET.

Bar-City, Mich., July 14.—George D. Jackson, whose name is being talked of among leading Democrats as a candidate for governor, has declined the honor and that he could not accept the honor even if it were tendered him. His reasons are that he cannot afford to neglect his private affairs for politics which he declares he is out of. Asked his choice for the nomination, Jackson's answer was emphatically: "Durand of Saginaw." "I know he is said he would not take it but I think he will. He ought to be renominated, and I believe the people will get him."

### CHARGED WITH ARSON.

Edward Philip of Port Huron Pleads Not Guilty.

Port Huron, Mich., July 14.—Edward Philip was arraigned in the police court on a charge of arson, to which he pleaded not guilty and his examination was set for July 15 and his bail fixed at \$750.

This is the culmination of a long series of annoyances to which it is alleged Philip has subjected George Downer, a farmer living near this city, because the latter objected to Philip carrying his daughter. He lived for one time at the Downer home and became very much attached to 15-year old Laura Downer. When her father sent her out he forced Philip to leave. Soon after that Downer's barn was burned and a number of valuable tools, trunks and other articles of furniture committed on and around the farm.

There was much circumstantial evidence against Philip and the officers after carefully investigating the case, created him on the charge upon which he was arraigned. He has been arrested several times before, the last time being for smuggling.

### His Years of Life Were Many.

Detroit, Mich., July 14.—Patrick Barnough, aged 104 and for twenty three years an inmate of the Wayne county house, died at that institution Tuesday night. He broke his hip while employed as a carpenter on the Michigan Central railway and was unable to work for a long time, finally being compelled to go to the poorhouse at Elysee. The old man used to appeal to each incoming superintendent not to send his body to a medical college when death should summon him and his wishes will be respected.

### Charged With Stealing \$10,000.

St. Paul, July 14.—William J. Stine, formerly chief clerk to General Manager Scott of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway, was arrested upon a complaint sworn out in the county attorney's office on a charge of stealing \$10,000 in bonds from a safe in the general manager's office. It is charged that Stine took the bonds shortly after the death of Mr. Scott last year. Stine is supposed to have disposed of the securities in the east with the aid of other parties.

### Juror Received Sad News.

Coramona, Mich., July 14.—While the damage suit of Robert Sears against the Barnes or Byron was being tried Juror H. J. Cady received word that his 4-year-old child who was in good health when Cady left home Monday was dead of diphtheria. Several other members of his family are ill and at his urgent request he was excused from further service and the case is being carried on with eleven jurors. Cady is suing Barnes for \$20,000 for the death of his child and for the loss of a valuable bar.

### Alleged Mail Box Robbers.

Detroit, Mich., July 14.—On the charge of breaking into eight mail boxes on the west side of the city and stealing the contents, two young men are locked up at the central police station and probably will be turned over to Postoffice Inspector Lamour for treatment by the federal method. The accused are John Kubinski, aged 21 years, and Julius Kozlowski, aged 19. Both live at 500 Hancock avenue.

### Wages in Italy.

Wages in Northern Italy are: Laborers, 40 to 50 cents; bricklayers, 80 cents to \$1; stone cutters and carpenters, 60 to 70 cents; painters and frescoers, 40 to 50 cents; experts, 60 to 75 cents a day.

## Binder Twine

### "Standard" & "Manila"

Could You Find Use for a Gasoline Stove?

All Gasoline Stoves (except Junior Stoves) will be sold at 10% Discount regardless of cost. A bargain—your gain, our loss; but they must be sold.

CARPENTER & HUFF  
Northville, Michigan.

## 10 lbs Best Granulated Sugar 50c

with \$1 Cash Order or more for other Groceries.

In Cereals we have

Maple Flake and Vigor  
Malta Vita and Grape Nuts  
Pettijohn and Force  
Banner Oats and Rolled Avena  
And all the Leading Brands Flour.

## Try our 50c Tea and 25c Coffee

If you want good value for your money.

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn's  
Celebrated Coffee.

## VAN AKEN & RYDER

Phone 123. NORTHVILLE.

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.  
DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Jelly Cups

New Line  
Just Received.

Those nice polished tin-top affairs—just what good housekeepers are looking for.

Prices Just Right.

We also have a new line of Water Glasses.

## W. L. BECKER

NORTHVILLE. THE JEWELER.

## 13 Cents Dozen

We have a small lot of buttons for Saturday at 12c  
Preferred Matches, pkg. 15c  
Raisins, best pkg. 10c  
7 lbs Bulk Starch 25c  
15 lbs Sal Soda 25c  
6 lbs Good Rice 25c  
2 cans Corn 25c  
We are still selling good Cream Cheese for 10c  
3 cans Export Salmon for 25c. Well worth the money 25c  
A Good Broom for 25c

## B. A. WHEELER

TELEPHONE. NORTHVILLE, MICH.



Rev. John M. Shank,  
Pastor of the Northville Methodist Church.

pressions which may have penetrated "even unto the uttermost parts of the earth" to cease only at the confines of eternity, as the tiny bubble dropped into the water generates ripples which widen and ever widen till they meet the farthest boundaries of the surrounding shores. The occasion will be a delightful reunion of old friends as well as a commemora-



NORTHVILLE METHODIST CHURCH  
Which celebrates its 70th anniversary, 13 Saturday and Sunday.

tion of generations of zealous workers, as many former members and pastors of the church will be present.

The oldest living ex-pastor of the church as well as the one who represents the earliest pastoral period is Rev. John H. Pitsel, now of Ohio, who was in charge of the flock here in 1839 five years after its organization, and who was instrumental in starting the effort for the first church edifice owned by the society.

The present pastor, Rev. John M. Shank, is serving his second year in that capacity. His popularity is not

county home at Lloise, but was removed a short time before her death to the Red Cross hospital, Detroit. She was, before the infirmities of age came upon her, a woman of much intellectual power and literary ability, writing among many other things, some very beautiful poems. She was a member of the Northville Woman's club, until compelled by failing health to lay aside all mental work. The interment was in Rural Hill cemetery.

Try a 15 cent liner in the Record











# Nero Coffee

25c  
pound.

Strongest and best Coffee in the world. I have the exclusive agency for Northville. This is the celebrated Peter Smith Sons' brand and is their genuine article, with which so many Northville people are familiar. We also have the Best 50c Tea in town.

Center St.

J. S. HADDOCK.

Buy your

## Jewelry and Stationery

of

MERRITT &amp; CO.

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

### NORTHVILLE.

#### The City in Brief.

Box F. M. Shickler, Northville, La. Northville, Mich. is a small town with a population of about 1,000. It is a typical American town with a good school, a church, and a few businesses.

The Northville Telephone Co. has just issued its annual directory. It is a small book, but it is very useful. It contains the names and addresses of all the people in Northville.

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### THE JAP-IN-THE-BOX.



RALPH WARDER

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Northville Woman's club will shortly issue its 1904-5 club calendars.

A number of her lady friends gave Mrs. George Stanley a surprise Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Graham of Bay City.

J. Hetley and family have moved into the Covert residence on Dunlap street. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garfield, desiring to occupy their own house where Mr. Hetley's people have lived while the Garfield family was at Rochester.

Mrs. Phil Hamilton underwent another operation Wednesday for neuralgia of the face, having a nerve removed. She has suffered intensely at times for many years with the painful disease, but has had similar operations before.

Mrs. Corbett Sands is the only person now in town who was a subscriber to the Northville Record. She is a very old lady and has been in Northville for many years.

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# Hard Coal

Order it now, while it lasts. Don't forget past trouble with coal famine. Prices go up every month.

\$6.75

B. A. Parmenter &amp; Son

Phone 656.

NORTHVILLE.

## If You Have That Tired Feeling

Take HUESTON'S Sarsaparilla—commence at once. As your blood is thick, the liver does not do its work. This makes the kidneys clog. Get Hueston's and get a good Spring Tonic.

55 Main Street NORTHVILLE

Hueston Pharmacy Co.



"FOLLOW THE FLAG."

TAKE THE WABASH

TO

SAINT LOUIS

THE ONLY LINE

TO

THE WORLD'S FAIR

MAIN ENTRANCE.

P. S. GREENWICH, P. A. W. W. W. W.

### SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Very Little Money Used for Outside Rent.

The report of the school committee for the year 1903-4 shows that very little money was used for outside rent. The committee has been very careful in its expenditures and has managed to keep the cost of the school very low.

### Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor)

Our Ladies Aid will give a bake sale in the store formerly used by Vanaken & Ryder this week Saturday. Bread, pies, cakes, beans, etc.

Keep the Brain Active. People often make the excuse that they have had memories when the truth is they are too slovenly to use their brains. Nothing, however, significant, should be done without reflection. First thoughts are often best, but it is sometimes not until we have thought many times that we can make them so.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A \$250 Willard piano, mahogany case, good as new. Inquire at Record office.

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

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor)

The pastor and his family will leave August 1st for their summer vacation. A very large and appreciative congregation was in attendance and fine service Sunday morning. The choir rendered a very pleasing new anthem and Miss Buchanan sang a beautiful offertory solo, "Just for today."

The ladies of the Missionary society will hold a picnic meeting on Mrs. F. N. Clark's lawn on Wednesday afternoon of next week at three o'clock. Each lady is requested to bring a box lunch for herself and gentleman. Coffee will be served gratuitously. The treasurer would like to remind the members to bring their penny each for the contingent fund, and their birthday money also if they have a June or July birthday. All members of the congregation are cordially invited to join in the picnic.

JAMES VAUGHAN  
220 WOODWARD AVE.  
DETROIT, MICH.

Sole representatives for Michigan of

THE GENUINE

CHICKEN PIANOS

Established 51 years

Also THE R. S. HOWARD CO. PIANOS

Superior quality at a moderate price

NO AGENTS—DIRECT TO CUSTOMERS

Write for Catalog and Price

POSTAL & REGISTER  
The Griswold House  
DETROIT

Rates, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 per Day.  
See Check Room & Conference

Murdock Bros  
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Detroit, Sunday, July 17.  
Train will leave Northville at 9:30 a. m. Rate 25c. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

Toledo, Sunday, July 24.  
Train will leave Northville at 10:15 a. m. Rate 30 cents. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

Settlers' Fares to the South and Southeast.  
One way, second-class tickets on sale at all stations on first and third Tuesdays of each month. Ask agents for particulars.

World's Fair, St. Louis.  
Round trip tickets at low rates. On sale at all ticket stations. Ask agents for rates, limit of tickets and full particulars.

D. & B.  
There are countless monograms, but none so indicative of refreshing, wholesome travel as the "D & B," the famous water route connecting Detroit and Buffalo between twilight and dawn—the lake and rail route to St. Louis. Your railway ticket, if issued by the Grand Trunk or Michigan Central Railways, will be honored either direction.

Send 2c for World's Fair folder.  
A. A. SCHWARTZ,  
Gen. Sup't. & P. T. M.,  
Detroit, Mich.

Sheep Live on Desert.  
A tract of eastern Australia which thirty years ago was a sandy desert now supports over a million sheep.

WANTED—Immediately, a kitchen girl at the Exchange Hotel. Apply there.

Small waists are no longer in style. It's the round, plump waists that come by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea; that's all the go. 35 cents. Tea or tablet form. Murdock Bros.





# The Filigree Ball

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Mystery of Agatha Webb," "Lost Man's Lane," Etc.

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The last paragraph brought me back to the question that was troubling my mind. Was it in the household of this newly married pair and in the possible secret passions underlying their union that one should look for the cause of the murderous crime I secretly imagined to be hidden behind this seeming suicide, or were these parties innocent and old David Moore the one motive power in precipitating a tragedy the result of which had been to enrich him and impoverish them? Certainly a most serious and important question and one which any man might be pardoned for attempting to answer, especially if that man was a young detective lamenting his obscurity and dreaming of a recognition which would yield him fame and the wherewithal to marry a certain clever but mischievous little mix of whom you are destined to hear more.

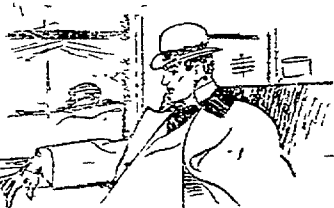
But how was that same young detective, hampered as he was and held in thrall by a fear of ridicule and a total lack of record, to get the chance to push an inquiry requiring opportunities which could only come by special favor? This was what I continually asked myself, and always without result.

True, I might approach the captain or the major with my story of the telltale marks I had discovered in the dust covering the southwest chamber mantelpiece, and, if fortunate enough to find that these had been passed over by the other detectives, seek to gain a hearing thereby and secure for myself the privileges I so earnestly desired. But my egotism was such that I wished to be sure of the hand which had made these marks before I parted with a secret which, once told, would make or mar me. Yet to obtain the slight concession of an interview with any of the principals connected with this crime would be difficult without the aid of one or both of my superiors. Even to enter the house again where but a few hours before I had made myself so thoroughly at home would require a certain amount of pluck, for Durlin had been installed there, and Durlin was a wild dog whose bite as well as his bark I regarded with considerable respect. Yet into that house I must sooner or later go, if only to determine whether or not I had been alone in my recognition of certain clues pointing, plainly toward murder. Should I trust my lucky star and remain for the nonce silent? This seemed a wise suggestion, and I decided to adopt it, comforting myself with the thought that if after a day or two of modest waiting I failed in obtaining what I wished I could then appeal to the lieutenant of my own precinct. He, I had sometimes felt assured, did not regard me with an altogether unfavorable eye.

Meantime I spent all my available time in loitering around newspaper offices and picking up such stray bits of gossip as were offered. As no question had yet been raised of any more serious crime than suicide, these mostly related to the idiosyncrasies of the Moore family and the solitary postion into which Miss Tuttle had been plunged by this sudden death of her only relative. As this beautiful and distinguished young woman had been and still was a great belle in her social circle, her present homelessness, it is needless to say, led to many surmises. Would she marry, and if so, to which of the many wealthy or prominent men who had openly courted her would she accord her hand? In the present egotistic state of my mind I secretly flattered myself that I was right in concluding that she would say yes to no man's entreaty till a certain newly made widower's year of mourning had expired.

But this opinion received something of a check when in a quiet talk with a reporter I learned that it was openly stated by those who had courage to speak that the tie which had certainly existed at one time between Mr. Jeffrey and the handsome Miss Tuttle had been entirely of her own weaving, and that the person of Veronica Moore, rather than the large income she commanded, had been the attractive power which had led him away from the old sister. This seemed improbable, for the charms of the poor little bride were not to be compared with those of her murmur sister. Yet, as we all know, there are other attractions than those offered by beauty. I have since heard it broadly stated that the peculiar twinkle of the lip observable in all the Moores had proved an irresistible charm in the unfortunate Veronica, making her a radiant image when she laughed. This was by no means a rare

Off to Alexandria



occurrence, so they said, before the fancy took her to be married in the ill starred home of her ancestors. The few lines of attempted explanation which she had left behind for her

husband seemed to impose on no one. To those who knew the young couple well it was an open proof of her insanity, to those who knew them slightly, as well as to the public at large, it was a woman's way of expressing the disappointment she felt in her husband.

That I might the more readily determine which of these two theories had the firmest basis in fact I took advantage of an afternoon off and slipped away to Alexandria, where, I had been told, Mr. Jeffrey had courted his bride. I wanted a taste of local gossip, you see, and I got it. The air was fully charged with it, and, being careful not to rouse antagonism by announcing myself a detective, I readily picked up many small facts. Brought into shape and arranged in the form of a narrative, the result was as follows:

John Judson Moore, the father of Veronica, had fewer oddities than the other members of this eccentric family. It was thought, however, that he had shown some strain of the peculiar independence of his race when, in selecting a wife, he let his choice fall on a widow who was not only incumbered with a child, but who was generally regarded as the plainest woman in Virginia—he who might have had the pick of southern beauty. But when in the course of time this despised woman proved to be the possessor of those virtues and social graces which eminently fitted her to conduct the large establishment which she had been made mistress, he was forgiven his lack of taste. Little more was said of his peculiarities until, his wife having died and his child proved weakly, he made the will in his brother's favor which has since given that gentleman such deep satisfaction.

Why this proceeding should have been so displeasing to their friends reports says not, but that it was so is evident from the fact that great rejoicing took place on all sides when Veronica suddenly developed into a healthy child, and the probability of David Moore inheriting the coveted estate descended to a minimum. It was not a long rejoicing, however, for John Judson followed his wife to the grave before Veronica had reached her tenth year, leaving her and her half sister, Cora, to the guardianship of a rabid old bachelor who had been his father's lawyer. This lawyer was morose and peevish, but he was never positively unkind. For two years the sisters seemed happy enough, when, suddenly and somewhat perceptibly, they were separated, Veronica being sent to a western school, where she remained, seemingly without a single visit east, till she was seventeen.

During this long absence Miss Tuttle resided in Washington, developing under masters into an accomplished woman. Veronica's guardian, severe in his treatment of the youthful owner of the large fortune of which he had been made sole executor, was unexpectedly generous to the penniless sister, hoping perhaps in his close, peevish old heart that the charms and acquired graces of this lovely woman would win for her a husband in the bright set in which she naturally found herself. But Cora Tuttle was not easy to please, and the first men of Washington came and went before her eyes without awakening in her any special interest till she met Francis Jeffrey, who stole her heart with a look.

Those who remember her that winter say that under his influence she developed from a handsome woman into a lovely one. Yet no engagement was announced, and society was wondering what held Francis Jeffrey back from so great a prize, when Veronica Moore came home, and the question was forever answered.

Veronica was now nearly eighteen and during her absence had blossomed into womanhood. She was not as beautiful as her sister, but she had a bright and pleasing expression, with enough spice in her temperament to rob her girlish features of insipidity and make her conversation witty, if not brilliant. Yet when Francis Jeffrey turned his attentions from Miss Tuttle and fixed them without reserve or seeming shame upon this pretty butler, but one term could be found to characterize the proceeding, and that was fortune hunting. Of small but settled income, he had hitherto shown a certain contentment with his condition calculated to inspire respect and make his attentions to Miss Tuttle seem both consistent and appropriate. But no sooner did Veronica's bright eyes appear than he fell at the young heiress' feet and pressed his suit so close and fast that in two months they were engaged and at the end of the half year married—with the disastrous consequences just made known.

So much for the general gossip of the town. Now for the special. A certain gentleman, whom it is unnecessary to name, had been present at one critical instant in the lives of these three persons. He was not a scandal monger, and if everything had gone on happily—if Veronica had lived and Cora settled down into matrimony—he would never have mentioned what he heard and saw one night in the great drawing room of a hotel in Atlantic City.

It was at the time when the engagement was first announced between

Jeffrey and the young heiress. This and his previous attentions to Cora had made much talk, both in Washington and elsewhere, and there were not lacking those who had openly twitted him for his seeming inconsistency. This had been over the cups of course, and Jeffrey had borne it well enough from his so-called friends and intimates. But when, on a certain evening in the parlor of one of the large hotels in Atlantic City, a fellow whom nobody knew and nobody liked accused him of knowing on which side his bread was buttered, and that certainly it was not on the side of beauty and superior attainments, Jeffrey got angry. Needless of who might be within hearing, he spoke up very plainly in these words: "You are all of a kind—rank money worshippers and self-seekers—or you would not be so ready to see greed in my admiration for Miss Moore. Disagreeable as I find it to air my sentiments in this public manner, yet since you provoke me to it I will say once and for all that I am deeply in love with Miss Moore and that it is for this reason only I am going to marry her. Were she the penniless girl her sister is, and Miss Tuttle the proud possessor of the wealth which, in your eyes, confers such distinction upon Miss Moore, you would still see me at the latter's feet, and at hers only. Miss Tuttle's charms are not potent enough to hold the heart which has once been fixed by her sister's smile."

This was pointed enough, certainly, but when at the conclusion of his words a tall figure rose from a near corner and Cora Tuttle passed the amazed group with a bow I dare warrant that not one of the men composing it but shed himself a hundred miles away.

With this incident filling my mind, I returned to Washington. I had acquainted myself with the open facts of this family's history. But what of its inner life? Who knew it? Did any one?

## CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning my duty led me directly in the way of that little friend of mine whom I have already mentioned. It is strange how often my duty did lead me in her way.

She is a demure little creature, with wits as bright as her eyes, which is saying a great deal, and, while in the course of our long friendship I had admired without making use of the special abilities I saw in her, I felt that the time had now come when they might prove of inestimable value to me.

Greeting her with pardonable abruptness I expressed my wishes in these possibly alarming words: "Now, you can do something for me. I find out I have you on my mind."

Jenny aids the detective



too, without arousing suspicion or compromising either of us—where Mr. Moore or Waverley avenue buys his groceries, and, when you have done that, whether or not he has lately resupplied himself with candles.

The surprise which she showed had a touch of naivete in it which was very encouraging.

"Mr. Moore," she cried, "the uncle of her who—who?"

"The very same," I responded and waited for her questions without adding a single word in way of explanation.

She gave me a look—oh, what a look! It was as encouraging to the detective as it was welcome to the lover, after which she nodded, once in doubt, once in question and once in frank and laughing consent, and darted off.

I thanked Providence for such a self-contained little add-on and proceeded on my way in a state of great self-satisfaction.

An hour later I came upon her again. It is really extraordinary how frequently the paths of some people cross. "Well?" I asked.

"Mr. Moore deals with Simpkins, just two blocks away from us house, and only a week ago he bought some candles there."

I rewarded her with a smile which summoned into her eyes the most evanescent of dimples.

"You had better patronize Simpkins yourself for a little while," I suggested, and by the arch glance with which my words were received I perceived that my meaning was fully understood.

Experiencing from this moment an increased confidence, not only in the powers of my little friend, but in the line of investigation thus happily established, I cast about for means of settling the one great question which was a necessary preliminary to all future action—whether the marks detected by me in the dust of the mantel in the southwest chamber had been made by the hand of him who had lately felt the need of candles, albeit his house appeared to be fully lighted by gas?

The point aimed at was this: To ob-

tain without Mr. Moore's knowledge an accurate impression of his finger tips.

The task presented difficulties, but these served only to increase my ardor. Confining to the apartment of the precinct my great effort to the mysterious house where I had suggested interior I had made myself a quieted under such rough circumstances, I asked him as a personal favor to obtain for me an opportunity of spending another night there. He was evidently surprised by the request and being, as I have indicated, generally disposed to me he exerted himself to such good effect that I was fully detailed to assist in keeping watch over the premises that very night.

As I prepared to enter the old house at nightfall I allowed myself one short glance across the way to see if my approach had been observed by the man whose secret, if secret he had, I was laying plans to surprise. I was met by a sight I had not expected. Pausing on the pavement in front of me stood a handsome, elderly gentleman whose appearance was so fashionable and thoroughly up to date that I should have failed to recognize him if my glance had not taken in at the same instant the figure of Rudge crouching obstinately on the edge of the curb, where he had evidently posted himself in distinct refusal to come any farther. In vain his master, for the well dressed man before me was no less a personage than the whilom butt of all the jests between the capitol and the treasury building, signaled and commanded him to cross to his side. Nothing could induce the mastiff to budge from that quarter of the street where he felt himself safe.

Mr. Moore, gliding in the prospect of unlimited wealth, presented a startling contrast in more ways than one to the poverty stricken old man whose curious garb and lonely habits had made him an object of ridicule to half the town. I own that I was half amused and half awed by the condescending bow with which he greeted my offhand nod and the adable way in which he remarked:

"You are making use of your prerogatives as a member of the police, I see."

The words came as easily from his lips as if his practice in affability had been of the very longest.

"I wonder how the old place enjoys its present distinction," he went on, running his eye over the dilapidated walls under which we stood, with very evident pride in their vast proportions and the air of gloomy grandeur which dignified them. "If it pertains in the slightest degree of the feelings of its owner, I can vouch for its impotence at the free use which is made of its time worn rooms and halls. Are there intruders here to-night? Now that Mrs. Jeffrey's body has been removed, I do not feel that the scene of his demise need hold the attention of the police any longer."

"That is a question to put to the keeper of the house and not to me," was my deprecatory reply. "The major has been ordered to search the watch for the taken off, so we may have no choice but to be sorry if it offends you. Doubtless a few days will end the matter, and the keys will be given into your hand. I suppose you are anxious to move in?"

He cast a glance behind him at his dog, gave a whistle, which passed unheeded, and replied, with dignity, if but little heart:

"When a man has passed his seventh decade he is not apt to be so patient with delay as when he has a prospect of many years before him. I am anxious to enter my own house—yes, I have much to do there."

I remounted the steps, excitedly remarking:

"If I see you again after taking a turn through the house, if I discover anything, ghost marks or human marks which might be of interest to you, I'll let you know."

It was necessary for the success of my plan that some time should elapse before I reapprached Mr. Moore. I therefore kept my word to him and assuaged my own curiosity by taking a fresh tour through the house. Naturally, in doing this, I visited the library. Here all was dark. The faint twilight still illuminating the street failed to penetrate here. I was obliged to light my lantern.

My first glance was toward the fireplace. Venturesome hands had been there. Not only had the fender been drawn out and the grate set aside, but the huge settle had been wrenched free from the mantel and dragged into the center of the room. Rather pleased at this change, for with all my apparent bravado I did not enjoy too close a proximity to the cruel heartstone, I stopped to give this settle a thorough investigation. The result was disappointing. To all appearance—and I did not spare it the experiment of many a thump and knock—it was a perfectly innocuous piece of furniture, clumsy of build, but solid and absolutely devoid of anything that could explain the tragedies which had occurred so near it. I even sat down on its musty old cushion and shut my eyes, but was unrewarded by alarming visions or disturbance of any sort. Nor did the floor where it had stood yield any better results to the inquiring eye.

Inspecting the library fireplace



Nothing was to be seen there but the marks left by the removal of its base

from the blackened boards.

Disgusted with myself if not with this object of my present disapprobation, I left that portion of the room in which it stood and crossed to where I had round the little table on the right of Mrs. Jeffrey's death. It was no longer there. It had been set back against the wall, where it properly belonged, and the candelabrum removed. Nor was the kitchen chair any longer to be seen near the bookshelves. This fact, small as it was, caused me an instant of chagrin. I had intended to look again at the book which I had examined with such unsatisfactory results the time before. A glance showed me that this book had been pushed back level with the others. But I remembered its title, and had the means of reaching it been at hand I should certainly have stolen another peep at it.

Upstairs I found the same signs of police interference. The shutter had been fastened in the southwest room and the bouquet and wrap taken away from the bed. The handkerchief also was missing from the mantle where I had left it, and when I opened the closet door it was to find the floor bare and the second candelabrum and candle removed.

"All gone," thought I—"each and every clue."

But I was mistaken. In another moment I came upon the minute things I had before observed scattered over a small stand. Concluding from this that they had been passed over by Durlin and his associates as valueless, I swept them, together with the dust in which they lay, into an old envelope I happily found in my pocket. Then I crossed to the mantel and made a close inspection of its now empty shelf. The scratches which I had made there were visible enough, but the impressions for which they stood had vanished in the handling which everything in the house had undergone. Regarding with great thankfulness the result of my own foresight, I made haste to leave the room. I then proceeded to take my first steps in the ticklish experiment by which I hoped to determine whether Uncle David had had any share in the fatal business which had rendered the two rooms I had just visited so memorable.

First satisfying myself by a peep through the front drawing room window that he was positively at watch behind the vines, I went directly to the kitchen, procured a chair and carried it into the library, where I put it to use that to an onlooker's eye would have appeared, very peculiar. Planting it squarely on the hearthstone—not with out some secret perturbation as to what the results might be to myself—I mounted it and took down the on curtain which I had already described as hanging over the door multiple.

Setting it on end against one of the jambs of the fireplace I mounted the chair once more and carefully sifted over the high shelf the contents of a little package which I had brought with me for this purpose.

Then, leaving the chair where it was, I took myself out of the front door, ostensibly stopping to lock it and to put the key in my pocket.

Crossing immediately to Mr. Moore's side of the street, I encountered him, as I had expected to do, at his own gateway.

"Well, what now?" he inquired, with the same exaggerated courtesy I had

The picture nail excites curiosity



noticed in him on a previous occasion. "You have the air of a man bringing news. Has anything fresh happened in the old house?"

(Continued next week.)

## Work of Women's Clubs.

According to a feminine writer, the work of the women's club is threefold—to educate its members mentally and morally, to create public opinion, to secure better conditions of life. Its worth, personal and social, is in proportion to its effectiveness in securing these ends.

## Chinese Gamblers.

In China gambling is as well as total abstinence are almost unknown. Gambling debts are pre-eminently debts of honor and there are more with others and specially paid than any others. To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property and even sell his children.

## Home for Sailor's Widows.

Andrew Gibson, a ship owner of Liverpool, will build and endow a home for widows of seafaring men.

## To Raise Kangaroos.

Kangaroo farming is to become an established institution in Australia.

**CASTORIA.** It's a Kid You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

# Easy Pill

Easy to take and easy to act is that famous Dr. J. C. Williams' Little Early Risers. This is due to the fact that they force the liver instead of purging it. They never gripe nor sicken, not even the most delicate lady, and yet they are so certain in results that no one who uses them is disappointed. They cure torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, headache, neuralgia and ward off pneumonia and fevers.

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"For Sale by All Druggists."

Object to Census. The Boers resent an attempt to take a Transvaal census. They consider it an intrusion into their private affairs.

Profit on a Whale. Last year some fishermen on the Azores caught a whale from which \$3,475 worth of ambergris was taken.

The pill that will fill all the bill. Without a gripe. To cleanse the liver, without a quiver, take one at night. Dr. Williams' Little Early Risers are small, easy to take, easy and gentle in effect, yet they are so certain in results that no one who uses them is disappointed. For quick relief from biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver, jaundice, dizziness and all troubles arising from an inactive, sluggish liver, Early Risers are unequalled. Sold by All Druggists.

\$160 for a Pen. One hundred and sixty dollars was paid recently for the pen used by the emperors of Prussia, Austria and Russia in signing the holy alliance treaty.

Land Can Support Millions. Australia is capable of supporting at least 100,000,000 inhabitants.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY. The latest and most useful little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weak and indigestible food into strength, invigorate the system, and give the body a new power. They are sold by all druggists. Each box 25c. Sold by Dr. J. C. Williams.

Origin of Famine. Famine is the result of a bad harvest. It is not a natural calamity, but a human-made one. It is caused by the failure of the crops, which is due to the failure of the farmers to use the best methods of cultivation. It is a preventable evil, and it is the duty of the government to see that it is prevented.

Builds up the system, puts out, rich blood in the veins, and men and women strong and healthy. Burdock Blood Purifiers. At my drug store.

Camels in Somaliland. For the first time in Somaliland camels are now being used as draught animals, and the results are stated to be highly satisfactory.

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Afternoons 2:15-Evenings 8:15

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Makes You Well, Keeps You Well. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Liver Marks, Skin Eruptions, Constipation, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Pain in Back, Congested Kidneys, Sluggish Bowels, Bladder Disorders, Indigestion, Restless Beauty and Perfect Womanhood. Good for Gravel, Loved by Grandmothers, Makes Father Strong, Holes Mother of the House, Makes the Girl and Boys Well, and Keeps Baby Good Natured all of the Time. The Genuine is the only one made by **DR. J. C. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH.**

Mary had a little lad  
Whose face was fair to see  
Because each night he had a glass  
Of Rocky Mountain Tea. Manda  
Bros.

PROGRESSIVENESS IS A MARK OF YOUTH, AND, SINCE NATIONS HAVE TO GROW OLD, HENCE THEY HAVE TO ADOPT CONSERVATISM, WHICH IS A MARK OF AGE.

The New York Medical Journal notes the discovery that the lending of masks by costumers is a probable source of disease transmission. Violent tuberculosis bacilli were found in eight out of forty-two masks examined.

Niagara Falls, New York.

## Page 7.

Opera House Building. NORTHVILLE.

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TASHMOO, GREYHOUND (New)  
CITY  
Toledo and Return, every Sunday  
Morning, 50c.; Flats to Tashmo and  
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Steamers leave Detroit for Flats,  
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