

The Northville Record.

FARMERS' MONTH AT WORLD'S FAIR

An independent newspaper published every Friday evening by The Record Proprietary at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post Office as Second-class matter.

Biggest Department of the Great Exposition Ready for the Inspection of the Army of Men Who Made its Creation Possible.

Terms of subscription—One year, \$1.00; six months, \$0.50; three months, 25c; one month, 12 1/2c. in advance. Single copies 5c. Advertising to be made known on application. All advertising bills must be set forth monthly. Advertising in solid letters. Ordinary postcard will not be inserted unless paid for. Cards of thanks, I am sure, would be greatly appreciated. Reading notices and descriptions of your work. Please print for me. I am sure you will be pleased to receive them. Notices of first and second class for publications. Marriage and death notices free. Notices for political and benevolent societies, of reasonable length, one insertion free. Copy for change of address—Attention should be given to this. Tuesday, 6 p.m.

Notices advertising, nor unreliable pestilence advertising, or anything bordering on the "objectionable" accepted at any price.

Practical, progressive, clean, free vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that can't be personally endorsed.

E. S. NEAL, Editor and Proprietor.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., Aug. 26, 1904.

There Are Other Machines:

The democratic papers of the state are using columns of space telling about the awfulness of the republican state organization which they dub "the machine." It is generally supposed that there must be an organization, or machine, in every walk of life, be it business, social, religious or political. Every successful business house, bank and corporation has it; every church, factory, bank, business house has an organization to shape its affairs as well as political bodies, be they republican, democratic, prohibition, socialist, free silver, or what not.

But when it comes right down to a real one-man machine everybody will, or ought to, take off their hats to the democrats. Talk about machines, why that party has one that runs the whole democratic party, with just one wheel, and it's bound!

J. Campbell of Detroit, Campbell caught the whip at St. Louis and every Michigan delegate danced to the tune of a Party for president. To boot, but as if of itself, many others shuffled their feet at first, at Campbell gave the whipping after another whirl through the air and the dance was on and Parker was swallowed up right and unseen!

Next came the Grand Rapids democratic convention. Wayne county and dozens of other counties had instructed for Stearns. Campbell, the machine, was there with his whip. He wasn't even elected, in delegate. Campbell said to Stearns: "Down on you know, and swear you will support the democratic ticket from top to bottom." Stearns took the oath and then Campbell, the machine, don't forget the machine part of it—as we said, then Campbell, after riddling him of his birthright, plied him up and threw him out of the Morton house window. Then Campbell cracked the machine whip again and yelled: "Want you fellows to understand I am running the democratic party in Michigan and I am not going to nominate W. N. Ferris for the bipartite government. I am not a popularist and voted both things for Bryan and his sister and that you never heard of him before, but that makes no difference. I am the machine," and crack went the whip and Ferris was nominated without the slip of a single toe, notwithstanding the fact that Stearns was the choice of a larger portion of the delegates present.

It was a case where Campbell was right. However, and his own judgment showed he knew more than his party, just when that party and the newspapers which represent that party talk about machines they should just remember there are others—and the others is Campbell.

Says It's Not a Problem:

W. N. Ferris is now on his way to Congress, having secured a position on the Education Committee. He says: "I am not a prohibitionist. I have never been a prohibitionist. I am not a live, prosecute saloonkeeper if they do not obey the law."—News item.

Mr. Ferris needn't speak so loud about it. There is nothing so awfully dreadful about a prohibitionist that Mr. Ferris need jump on the top of his house to proclaim to the world that he isn't one of those horrid things. Nor need he be so ashamed of it's all that anyhow for he might even do worse than be a problem.

As an advertisement for his school it will well be worth the expense of at least one campaign to Prof. Ferris.

Council Proceedings

An adjourned regular meeting of the Common Council August 21st, 1904. Present: President, Barnes, in the chair; Trustees, Knapp, Kohler, Richardson; aldermen and public.

The following bills were audited and carried in:

Carroll, H. A. \$43.00

Berry, J. 11.40

The following were ordered to build or repair:

North Center street-Rail, Acrylic, new walk; Bigl estate, repair walk.

South Center Street—Mrs. M. O. Stevens, Sam Dopl, new walk.

George Ave.—Miss Edna Gibson, Norman L. Clark, W. H. Gage-Miranda, Minnie Pearl, E. A. Webster, Charles H. Walters, Will Walters, John Colquhoun, new walk; Mrs. Horace Wilkins, repair walk; John Colquhoun, repair walk in front of North lot.

Plymouth Ave.—Mastila, Chudlers, Wayne, Michigan, new walk.

Burke Ave.—Meritt F. Stanley, new walk; Ermer Van Valkenburg, new walk.

Hopps street—Brown, Lucy, acrylic, J. J. Smith, new walk.

Bump street—Mrs. Nicholson, repair walk; T. S. Banks, Julius Northrop, S. G. Banks, Lucy Sidney, new walk.

Yerkes Ave.—George L. Park, Pontiac, A. J. Weld, H. S. Green, J. McVay, Geo. Gibson, George Barber, Miss. Randolph Colvin, new walks.

Cady street—Westell, C. Safford, William Yager, new walk.

Randolph street—Bert Clark, park, new walk and part repair.

Moved by Richardson and supported by Phillips that payment of license of bowling alley be suspended to January 1, 1905.

Carroll, H. A.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

Now that crops have been or are being laid by the farmer prepares for his trip to the World's Fair, a treat that has long been promised him and for which he has patiently waited. No opposition has offered, so many inducements for the farmer's presence as this one at St. Louis, has no any previous opposition given the prominence and space to the subject of agriculture.

August and September are ostensibly the farmer's months at the Exposition, for it is at this season that the agricultural exhibits are the freshest and best. Products of the new crops are pouring into the booths from every state in the Union, and "additions" are constantly being made to the gorgeous display.

Headquarters for visiting farmers may be found in every state section of the great Agriculture Palace, but for their special convenience there has just been completed a "Grange House" situated in the center of the building. It is equipped with a reception room, ladies' retiring rooms and cloak rooms, where parcels may be left free of charge. There will be kept a list of moderate priced rooms to aid visiting farmers and their families in procuring accommodations.

The largest building on the grounds is the Palace of Agriculture, covering twenty acres, while the Palace of Horticulture lies over covers about a third as much space. These two immense structures are filled with exhibits of the farm, garden and orchard of the most extensive and elaborate character, every state in the Union and most of the principal countries of the world being represented.

Agriculture is given more prominence than any other department at the Exposition, the paramount importance of this great industry having been fully appreciated from the very beginning of the World's Fair movement.

All our seventy acres of ground are covered by the agriculture and horticulture department at the Fair, large outdoor spaces being devoted to this industry. Outside there are growing eggs, fowls and flowers, an instructive six acre farm built up by the United States Government Plant Industry, and gardens in all parts of the grounds.

There are none extant in the Agriculture building than in any other section of the Exposition. This building is considered by many people the most interesting part of the World's Fair. The exhibits in the palaces of Agriculture and Horticulture constitute a display vast enough and instructive

to fill the entire month of September.

Michigan—Horticultural—The slogan of my life. Walk about wild and cultivated—see it grow quickly and permanently, after doctor had failed.

C. E. Farwell, Valley Street, Saugerties, N. Y.

Central African Beer.

Central Africans make a kind of sweet beer which is effervescent, and tastes a good deal like champagne. It is made by adding water and banana juice, and allowing this to turn sour. It is said to be wholesome, but it is drunk only by women and children.

Varying Cries of Children.

When child suffers from inflammation of the lungs it means, but rarely cries. When suffering from bronchitis the cry is gruff and rattling. When suffering from croup the cry is sharp and fretful. When hungry it is fretful and wailing.

Suicide Prevented.

The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run down system, or despondency invariably precedes suicide and something has been found that will prevent that condition which makes suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Pillars. It is being a great tonic and nervous will strengthen the nerves and build up the system. It's also a great Stomach, Liver and Kidney regulator. Only Mrs. Satisfaction guaranteed by Geo. E. Hueston, druggist.

Quick Mail Delivery.

Letters dropped into a box in Paris are delivered in Berlin within an hour and a half, and sometimes within thirty-five minutes. They are whisked through tubes by pneumatic power.

Exports to Russia.

The chief growth in American exports to Russia has been in cotton, agricultural implements, copper and its manufactures, and naval stores.

Puts an End to it All.

A grieved soul oftentimes comes as a result of unbearable pain from overtaxed organs. Dizziness, Backache, Liver complaint and Constipation. But thanks to Dr. King's New Life Pills they put an end to it all. They are gentle but thorough. Try them. Only Dr. King's Guaranteed by Geo. C. Hueston's drug store.

Just Chills and Fever.

It was the young physician's first experience on the witness stand and he had just testified: "I found the plaintiff was suffering from a rigor, followed by febrile symptoms attending a rise of temperature." "And what do you mean by that?" inquired the Judge. "He had chills and fever," weakly replied the doctor.

CASTORIA.
Bear the
Signature
of
Castor & H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Begun

Business address: Northville, Michigan.

A Sweet Breathe

is a never failing sign of a healthy stomach. When the breath is bad the stomach is out of order. There is no remedy in the world equal to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for curing indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach disorders. Mrs. Mary S. Clark, of White Plains, N.Y., writes: "I have been a dyspeptic for years; tried all kinds of remedies but continued to grow worse. By the use of Kodol I began to improve at once, and after taking a few bottles fully restored in weight, health and strength, and eat whatever I like. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by all druggists."

Moslem Cemeteries.
When once filled in a Moslem grave is never re-opened on any account. To remove the faintest chance of its thus being defiled a cypress tree is planted after every interment, so that the cemeteries resemble forests more than anything else.

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 twenty-third day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, Present, Morse Rohnert, Acting Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of PHILIP P. PORTER, deceased. Frank U. Fry, administrator with the will annexed of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be distributed as follows:

It is ordered that the twenty-first day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Court Room in the City of Detroit, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, Present, Morse Rohnert, Acting Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of REBECCA BARLEY, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Peter Barley praying that administration of Peter Barley's estate be granted to him or his executors, it is ordered that the twenty-first day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Court Room in the City of Detroit, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, Present, Morse Rohnert, Acting Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of ELIAS SLAGHT, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Eva Whipple praying that administration of said estate be granted to her, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

(A true copy) MORSE ROHNERT, Acting Judge for said County and Acting Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

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 twenty-third day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, Present, Morse Rohnert, Acting Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of PHILIP P. PORTER, deceased. Frank U. Fry, administrator with the will annexed of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be distributed as follows:

It is ordered that the twenty-first day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Court Room in the City of Detroit, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, Present, Morse Rohnert, Acting Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of HELEN PURDY, a minor. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Robert H. Purdy, guardian of said minor, praying that he may be licensed to sell the real estate of said minor for private sale for the purpose of providing for the support and education of said minor and for his investment, it is ordered that the said minor, Robert H. Purdy, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Court Room be appointed for hearing said petition and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court at said time and place to show cause why a license should not be granted to said guardian to sell real estate as prayed for in said petition.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

(A true copy) MORSE ROHNERT, Acting Judge for said County and Acting Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

C. C. Verker, Attorney, Northville.

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 sixth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, Present, Morse Rohnert, Acting Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of ISAAC SLAGHT, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Eva Whipple praying that administration of said estate be granted to her, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

(A true copy) MORSE ROHNERT, Acting Judge for said County and Acting Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

C. C. Verker, Attorney, Northville.

MORTGAGE SALE. Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money, interest due at maturity, and the sum of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses, accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor, dated the fourth day of April, 1904, in the sum of one hundred and four dollars and four cents, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne on the tenth day of April, 1904, in the amount of \$1,000, plus the amount of taxes, interest, and other expenses accrued by the mortgagor

The Economy Event of the Season.

The entire stock of Men's and Women's Ready-to-wear garments, Men's and Women's Furnishings and Women's Hats of

The McDonald Clothing Co.

Formerly at the corner of Woodward avenue and State streets is being closed out by us at "The Big Store" at

Stupendous Bargain Prices!

This is certainly an extraordinary opportunity to buy desirable and seasonable merchandise at unusual price savings. Come in and investigate the wonderful offerings.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

The J. L. Hudson Co.

DETROIT.

"THE BIG STORE."

MICHIGAN.

YOU GET . . .

What you pay for. That is a Good Fitting Suit of Clothes from my very desirable Fall and Winter Samples. Yours truly,

NORTHVILLE

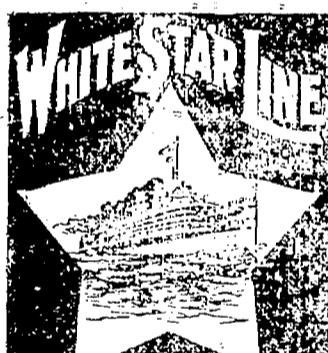
G. ALLAN, a Tailor.

JAMES VAUGHAN
220 WOODWARD AVE.
DETROIT, MICH.
Sole representative for Michigan of
THE GENUINE

CHICKERING PIANOS

Established 61 years.
Also THE R. S. HOWARD CO. PIANOS
Superior quality at moderate price.

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Port Huron and
TOLEDO

On the magnificent new steamer
TASHME, GREYHOUND (new) and
CITY OF TOLEDO

Toledo and Return every Sunday
Morning, New Ulm, Milwaukee and
Return, Daily, Steel Pier, Huron and
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Other steamer lines for Toledo,
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UR. GOODNOUGH
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Is the BEST BOX ever offered for the money.
A neat, strong, durable, galvanized box.
Approved by the Postmaster-General.
Sent on receipt of \$1.
Your name on box included.

If not satisfactory, money refunded.

On an order for two or more we will prepare
express.

BOND STEEL POST CO.,
Adrian, Mich.

Visiting Cards

Wedding Invitations

Engagement Pictures

Ladies' Gifts

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Northville

We make plates and engrave 50
cards for 25 cents. We engrave 50
cards from your picture or sketch.
We print 50 cards, business or
engraved cards for 25 cents. See few
samples in what we have made
and we will pleasure to show them.

Mrs. T. B. Turner left last week
for a vacation in the east.

Miss Betty Van Zee is home from
her visit in South Lyon.

Mrs. W. H. Pendleton is entertaining
guests from Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fry and baby
spent Saturday in Pontiac.

Mr. A. Verschuer of Grand Rapids is
visiting the Badard boys.

Miss Mary Hair is spending a
week or two in Ypsilanti.

Miss Arthur Armstrong has been home
from her trip to the Badards.

John Scherer has returned from
his Canadian trip.

Miss Anna Foege, of Novi, is visiting
the W. H. White family.

Miss Mary Wait of Novi visited Northville
yesterday.

Miss Bertha Smith of Detroit is the
guest of Hotel Rover.

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Miss Bessie Hix of Wayne was the
guest of Mae Calkins last week.

The Misses Conner of Plymouth
were guests at E. K. Simonds' Wed-

nesday.

Geo. Williams was called to New
Hudson Saturday to attend the
funeral of his sister.

L. W. Skinner attended the Oak-

land county supervisors' picnic at
Lake Orion Wednesday.

Miss Ketta VanValkenburg spent
three days at the Baptist assembly
at Lake Orion last week.

Miss Bessie Jackson returned last
Friday from a three weeks' visit at
Chelsea and other points.

Mrs. John Jacobus and Miss
Frankie Carpenter of South Lyon
visited in Northville last week.

Mrs. Will Ballard and children re-

turned Saturday from a month's
stay at Grand Rapids and vicinity.

Ray and Mrs. Sydney Dimmock
have gone to Harbor Beach and
other points to spend their vacation.

Dr. Geo. Dennis and wife of Minne-

apolis were guests this week at the
home of Mr. Dennis' brother, Henry
on South Center street. The doctor
lived here some 36 years ago and
this is practically his first visit to
this place since that time. He finds
the Hirsch blacksmith shop about
the only real familiar landmark.

You need clean, healthy bowels just
as much as pure, wholesome food;
without either, you cannot keep well.

Holmes' Rocky Mountain Tea
contains all improprieties. Tea
35 cents. Murdock Bros.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**D. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon.** Office and
residence, 51 Main street.
Office hours, 12:00 to 2:00 and 4:00 to 5:00.
Phone 391.

**D. T. B. PENNY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon.** Office and residence, 51 Main
street. Office hours, 8:00 to 10:00 a.m. and
4:00 to 8:00 and 8:00 to 9:00 p.m. Phone
101.

WANTED, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.
Notices under this head inserted for one
issue and longer week for each subsequent issue.

WANTED—Kitchen girl at Park House
3w2.

TO RENT—Rooms. School girls preferred.
Enquire at Mrs. E. Greer's, Dubuque street,
11th.

**FOR SALE—The Wm. Knapp house and lot
on Randolph street.** Bargain; easy terms.
45M.

**FOR SALE—Air tight heater and good
cock stove, cheap.** Inquire of Mrs. M. E.
Kerr.

WANTED—Plain sewing flitter cents a
day. Inquire at Mrs. Cloud McClelland,
Mrs. Kate Hobrock.

**FOR SALE CHEAP—Gasoline steam engine
in good order and easily used.** About 3 hp.
Apply to Record Office.

**FOR SALE—White Sewing machine, good as
new.** Apply at Record office.

**FOR SALE—6 hp. steam boiler, nearly new,
first class condition.** Cheap. Apply to
Geo. H. Baker, opposite Terries cemetery,
just of Northville.

**FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for
5 cents at the Record office.** All nice and
clean and just the thing for shelves or to
put under carpets.

**FOR SALE—1/2 Dulsion cow, 4 year old, due
January 1; 1/2 Dulsion boy driving horse, 16
hands, high, 120 pounds; 1 brown work
horse, blind, 1400 pounds; a Franklin
Flyerwriter, \$100 machine for \$35. C.
Nucker, Saline, Mich.**

1w4p.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

Observations to this column are earnestly
solicited. If you have visitors, or are visiting
elsewhere, drop a line to their effect in the
Record Box in the postoffice.

Not satisfactory, money refunded.
On an order for two or more we will prepare
express.

BOND STEEL POST CO.,
Adrian, Mich.

Established 61 years.

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Superior quality at moderate price.

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The STATE FAIR

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

SEPTEMBER 12-13-14-15-16

The Great Fair will soon be on

Live Stock Farm Implements
Art Needlework Fruit.

FINE ATTRACTIONS

\$6,000.00 IN SPEED PURSES.

Double Team Race
Farmers' Race
Ladies' Driving Race

PUBLIC SALE OF CATTLE AND SWINE.

E. HOWLAND, Pres.

L. H. BUTTERFIELD, Secy.

FULL OF INTEREST TO ALL

SCHOOL SCHOOL SCHOOL

Will be started this year at

MERRITT & CO'S

Why? Because we have the largest and most complete stock of Books ever brought to Northville. You can get every book you want from us; in fact you

Can Get Everything You Want.

in the school line without going outside our store. We are miles ahead on our

School Tablets and Composition Books.

Our competitors are distanced—when you see our line you will agree with us.

Also a complete line of Record Books for District Schools, Blanks for Treasurer, Commissioner, etc.

Legal Blanks of all kinds. You do not have to wait for us to order your books. Second-hand books taken in trade.

MERRITT & COMPANY

Jewelers-Booksellers

Northville.



NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

L. W. Hutton, who has been quite ill, is now better.

Miss Lizzie Starkweather has been quite ill this week.

The Northville K. T. sign to Pontiac for a fraternal visit next Tuesday night.

The L. T. L. held a "ring-spring" party at the Cohen home Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a bake sale next week Saturday.

The W. R. C. resumed regular meetings Wednesday evening after a month's vacation.

Catholic services will be held at the home of Mrs. Ives, Dunlap street, Sunday morning at 8:30 o'clock.

A pleasant picnic party was given by the ladies of the Methodist church at Mrs. Charles Fife's Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. Henry and F. N. Perrin planted 2,500 small-mouth bass in Walled Lake Monday. They were from the Northville U. S. fish hatchery.

Baptist ladies have sole in the vacant Amherst store, Main street, tomorrow. Last week's slips will be good at this sale.

Michael Rosch, who lives at Spring brook cheese factory north of Farmington, will sell a lot of live stock and farm produce on August 31.

The steam thresher is now abroad in the highways and byways, helping the "o-tommy-biles" to make things lively for the nervous horses and drivers.

The entertainment in the Methodist church Monday evening by John Seaman Gurns was very fine and deserved a much larger audience than was present. Mr. Gurns reading and singing won high praise from all who heard him.

The immense old willow tree which has been for many years an "ancient landmark" on Centerstreet just south of Main broke again during one of the recent storms and has now been cut down and cleared away, making things look very unfamiliar down that way.

Northville's familiar popcorn wagon now has a formidable rival, one of our bustling young business men, Fred Taft, having established another. Fred's outfit does not occupy a whole lot of space "but it gets there just the same" and is doing a thriving business.

Mrs. C. H. Jennings, Boston—"Our babies (twins), were sickly. Had several doctors, but no results. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea made them strong and robust." 83 cents. Tea in tablet form. Murdock Bros.

Special meeting of Orient chapter, O. E. S., this Friday evening. All members required to be present.

Rev. W. S. Jerome will conduct services as usual in the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

Owing to temporary repairs having to be made Monday and Tuesday on the engine, electric light patrons may be half an hour late in receiving the current.

A union Sunday school picnic is to be held in Benton's grove next week Thursday. A special car will be provided on the D. P. & N. to carry the picnickers to and fro.

The new school janitor, Frank Fry, Sr., has had a force of women at work this week cleaning the building preparatory to the beginning of school week after next.

Miss J. Dolly Bergen has resigned her position as teacher of the seventh grade of the Northville school and Miss Mattie Williams of Plymouth has been secured to fill the vacancy.

The Woman's Relief Corps at its meeting Wednesday evening voted to change its place of abode from the GAR hall to the Library building, and the meetings will be held at the latter place hereafter.

One of the sons of the late Willis Carpenter, who was drowned a few months ago at South Lyon and who was buried from the home of his brother, Fred Carpenter of this place, has recently become violently insane and has been taken to the Pontiac asylum.

Mrs. Charles Garfield gave her daughter, Elizabeth, a large birthday party on August 11th. The many friends of the young lady pronounced it a merry affair. Ice cream and cake were liberally served while the music and dancing made everyone rejoice.

The board of managers of the Library association will give a military Pedro party in the library next week Friday evening to which everybody is invited, both ladies and gentlemen. The affair is for the benefit of the library and should be well patronized.

The new roof on the Masonic Temple is nearing completion, having been rebuilt on a plan that will do away with the bad leakage which had nearly ruined the handsome interior decorations, and which was due to the former roof being constructed in such a way that the rain could not be properly drained off.

The Boston Globe recently gave an illustrated sketch of an out-door bed room which J. H. Herbenier, formerly of this place, has at his home in Providence, R. I., where he sleeps in all kinds of weather, in accordance with the last increasing belief that fresh air, especially during sleep, is a preventive or panacea for all human ills.

J. E. Nash writes to Northville friends from Los Angeles that he is happy and contented, reads the Record and is in much better health than when he left Northville. He sends pictures of some of the bass that are caught out there weighing anywhere from 175 to 300 pounds apiece, some of them six feet tall and over five feet around the waist. Mr. Nash has just passed his fifth birthday.

One of the most miraculous cures that ever occurred here was that of five children, who were in pneumonia at Arthur Brooks' Tiptoe when a colt which E. E. White was hitching to a cart at his barn ran away, apparently making a bee-line for the group on the other side of the street. The animal, kicking and squealing as it ran, was almost upon the children in a moment, but somehow they were all out of the barn when it dashed right through where they had been but an instant before. Little Hugh Babbitt was not a foot from the horse and cart as they went by and Ferelyn Brooks' sleeve bore a mark from one of the colt's hoofs.

Bob Herkes' professional ball team went up to Detroit Wednesday and mopped the earth with his brother George's aggregation by a score of 10 to 20. The Northville fellows were given a royal good time by the Detroiters. They were taken to Belle Isle in a steam launch and later banqueted at Wolfs. As a partial description of the game the Detroit Tribune referring to Dr. Turner says: "One of their number, with a front like a Tammany alderman's, couldn't see over it to the plate as he stood six inches back. He had his eye on the ball, though, and when he landed he stampeded the outfielders. Then he tore around the bases like a runaway freight car, only to be run down between second and third. Gasping for breath he fell prone upon his back, forming an insurmountable obstruction on the base line." Turner made or forced to be made 7 in the 20 scores.

The immense old willow tree which

has been for many years an "ancient

landmark" on Centerstreet just south

of Main broke again during one of

the recent storms and has now been

cut down and cleared away, making

Mr. and Mrs. James Ford and baby visited the latter's parents in Plymouth Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Wagener and Mr. Brennan of Mt. Clemens visited her sister, Mrs. James Ford this week.

Jay Welfare and wife of near Walled Lake were severely bruised about the hands and arms by being thrown from their carriage in turning a sharp corner over in Beaufort last night. Mrs. Burgess and Turner were called and later they were able to return home.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By a Member.]

The regular prayer service will be held Thursday evening at 7:30.

The ladies of the church will meet for a business meeting with Mrs. Welch at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Floyd Northrop, at 7 p. m. August 31.

The shanty next Sunday, both morning and evening, will be occupied by Miss Irene Davis. The subject for the evening will be "Superstitions of the Twentieth Century."

Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

Subject of the sermon next Sunday morning will be "Look up-Lift up."

Our Ladies' Aid will give a bake sale at V. & R. old store Saturday, Sept. 3. Ice cream in the evening.

A union Sunday school picnic is arranged for, to occur at Benton's grove Thursday, Sept. 1st. All the Sunday schools are invited.

The pastor is under engagement to address the Oakland County Association of the Order of the Eastern Star to be held at Orchard lake next Wednesday.

MISS PAULINE MORTON.

The Charming Daughter of the Secretary of the Navy.

It is understood that the gallant men who wear the blue uniform of the United States navy are especially pleased at the appointment of Mr. Paul Morton of Chicago as head of that department in the cabinet. One reason for this is the fact that the new secretary has a handsome wife and two charming daughters. The late head of the department, Mr. Moody, may after



MISS PAULINE MORTON.

Wood!

Have some nice wood for sale.

About 50 cords Buzz Wood at

\$1.75

About 35 cords Body Maple at

\$2.25

All dry and in good shape. Want to move it off quick

B. A. Parmenter & Son

Phone 893.

NORTHVILLE.

If You Have That Tired Feeling

Take HUESTON'S Sarsaparilla—drink it strong. As your blood is thick, the liver does not do its work. This makes the kidneys bad. Go to Hueston's and get a good Spring Tonic.

Dr. Hess' Stock Food, 25 lb. bag for \$1.90.

66 Main Street.

NORTHVILLE.

Hueston Pharmacy Co.

Munkacy's famous pictures are painted in oil colors, so you sign. There is a difference in the men who applied the color

Don't

forget that a really good printer knows more of the economics of cost of production, in his line than you do, and don't

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NOTICE

HARD

COAL

We will sell for September
Angeles-Angeles Coal Co.

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Come on Boys.

M. S. AMBLER & CO.

NORTHVILLE.

WILLIAM C. JUPP

Candidate for the Repub-

lican nomination

For COUNTY TREASURER.

The Filigree Ball

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
Author of "The Mystery of Agatha Webb," "Lost Man's Lane," Etc.

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"And I repeat it, sir."

"Then why did you immediately go to Mr. Jeffrey's drawer, where you could have no business, unless it was to see if she had taken his pistol with her?"

Miss Turtle's head fell, and a soft flush broke through the pallor of her cheek.

"Because I was thinking of that because I was terrified for him. He had left the house the morning before in a half-maddened condition and had not come back to sleep or eat since. I did not know what man so outraged in every sacred feeling of love and honor might be tempted to do. I thought at once, I remembered the old house and how he had said, 'I don't believe her. I don't believe she ever did so cold-blooded an act on any such dreadful machinery is in that house. I never shall believe it till I have seen and handled it myself.' It is a nightmare. Come. We are finished. I thought of this, sir, and when I went into her room to change the place of the little note in the book I went to his bureau drawer not to look for the pistol—I did not think of that then—but to see if the keys of the Moore house were still there. I knew that they were kept in this drawer, for I had been present in the room when they were brought in after the wedding." I had also been shortsighted enough to conclude that if they were gone it was he who had taken them. They were gone and that was why I flew immediately from the house to the old place in Waverley avenue. I was concerned for Mr. Jeffrey. I feared to find him there, dead or dead."

"But you had no key."

"No. Mr. Jeffrey had taken one of them and my sister the other, but the lack of a key, or even of a light, for the inclosed candles were not taken by me. Two afternoons ago I found that these candles were never extinguished at the house at all; that they had been placed in the wrong basket and left in a neighboring kitchen, could not keep me at home either. I was once convinced that he had gone to this dreadful house, and I could not get in, could not leave him, until the door was round the knuckles. So nothing must be done. I did not think what I merely knew."

"Did you know that the house had two keys?"

"Not then."

"But your sister did?"

"Probably."

"And finding the only key, as you supposed, gone, you flew to the Moore house?"

"Immediately."

"And now—had enough?"

"I could do more unasked."

"That was done by Mrs. Jeffrey?"

"Yes, but I did not think of her then."

"And you went in?"

"Yes, it was all dark, but I felt my way till I came to the added pictures."

"Why did you go there?"

"Because I felt I knew—if he were anywhere in that house he would be there."

"And why did you stop?"

Hesitating a moment, she said:

"You know, you know! I heard a pistol shot from without, then it fell. I don't remember another shot. They say I went running down the stairs. Perhaps I did. It is hard to know—everything is a blur—and the policeman said that my sister was dead and I learned for the first time that just after I had heard in the Moore house was not the sound of his death, but hers. Had I been myself at that library door," she added, after a moment of silence, "I would have rushed in at the sound of that shot and have received my sister's dying breath."

"Cora!" The cry was from Mr. Jeffrey, and seemed to be quite involuntary. "In the woods during which we have been kept from speaking together I have turned all these events over in my mind till I longed for thy respite, even that of the grave. But in all my thinking I never attributed this motive to your visit here. Will you forgive me?"

There was a new tone in his voice, a tone which no woman could hear without emotion.

"You had other things to think of," she said, and her lips trembled. Never have I seen on the human face a more beautiful expression than I saw on yours at that moment—now I think Mr. Jeffrey had either for us he marked his own regard softened almost to tenderness.

The major had no time for sentimentalities. Turning to Mr. Jeffrey, he said:

"One more question before we send for the letter which you say will give us full insight into your wife's crime. Do you remember what occurred on the bridge at Georgetown just before you came into town that night?"

He shook his head.

"Did you meet any one there?"

"I do not know."

"Can you remember your state of mind?"

"I was facing the future."

"And what did you see in the future?"

"Death. Death for her soul, and she must die, and if she, then myself."

Urged David angered.



It then dropped.

I don't know what you mean," he remarked. "You have nothing of mine."

"No? Then John Judson Moore had another brother?" And I thrust the paper back into my pocket.

He followed it with his eye. It was the memorandum I had found in the old books of memoirs plucked from the library shelf within, and he recognized it for his and saw that I did also. By he failed to show the white feather.

"You are good at ransacking," he observed. "Fly that it cannot be done to more purpose."

I snuffed and made a fresh start with my hand thrust into my pocket. I remained without even so much as a glance at him.

"I fear that you do some injustice to the police. We are not such bad fellows; neither do we waste as much time as you seem to think." And drawing out my hand with the little finger ball in it I handed the letter impatiently round and round on my finger. As it flashed under his eye it cast a penetrating look.

"He tried to carry the moment of successfully. I will give him so much credit. But it was asking too much of his curiosity, and there was no mistaking the eager glint which lighted his glance as he saw within his reach this article which a moment before he had probably regarded as lost forever.

"For instance," I went on, "watching him furtively, though quite safe from his very first look" that he knew no more now of the secret of this little ball than he knew when he jotted down the memorandum I had just pocketed before his eyes. "A little thing, such a little thing as this," I repeated, giving the bauble another twist, "may lead to discoveries such as no common search would yield in years. I do not say that it has; but such a thing is possible, you know—who better?"

My nonchalance was too much for him. He surveyed me with covert dis-

like and dryly observed:

"Your opportunities have exceeded mine, even with my own effects. That pretty trinket which you have presumed to flaunt in my face—and of whose value I am the worst judge in the world, since I have never had it in my hand—descended to me with the rest of Mrs. Jeffrey's property. Your conduct, this refers, strikes me in the light of an impertinence, especially as no one could be supposed to have more interest than yourself in what has been for many years recognized as a family talisman."

"What?" I remarked, "you own to the memorandum, then. It was made on the spot, but without the benefit of the talisman."

"I own to nothing," he snapped.

Then, realizing that denial in this regard was fatal, he added more gently: "What do you mean by memorandum? If you mean that recapitulation of old-time mysteries and their accompanying features with which I once flattered you to be useful in connection with?"

"Read the papers," I said; "read tomorrow's papers. Mr. Moore, or, better still, tonight's. Perhaps they will inform you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

I MADE my way to the front door, but returned almost immediately, drawing the hair aside, I was pained to request, which led to a certain small air being passed over me, after which I sauntered out on the steps just in time to encounter the slender but brave figure of Mr. Moore, who had crossed from the opposite side.

"All," said I, "Good morning," and made him my most deferential bow.

"You know you know! I heard a pistol shot from without, then it fell. I don't remember another shot. They say I went running down the stairs."

"Because I felt I knew—if he were anywhere in that house he would be there."

"And why did you stop?"

Hesitating a moment, she said:

"You know, you know! I heard a pistol shot from without, then it fell. I don't remember another shot. They say I went running down the stairs."

"Because I felt I knew—if he were anywhere in that house he would be there."

"And you went in?"

"Yes, it was all dark, but I felt my way till I came to the added pictures."

"Why did you go there?"

"Because I felt I knew—if he were anywhere in that house he would be there."

"And you met any one there?"

"I do not know."

"Can you remember your state of mind?"

"I was facing the future."

"And what did you see in the future?"

"Death. Death for her soul, and she must die, and if she, then myself."

His hand rose instinctively to take

at night for so simple a cause as the one with which he endeavored to impose upon us. He knew what we should find in this house."

"Very good. If Mr. Jeffrey's present explanations are true, these deductions of yours are probably correct. But Mr. Moore's denial has been positive. I fear that it will turn out a mere question of veracity."

"Not necessarily," I returned. "I think I see a way of forcing this man to acknowledge that he was in or about this house on that fatal night."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir; I do not want to boast, and I should be glad if you did not oblige me to confide to you the means by which I hope to bring this out. Only give me leave to insert an advertisement in both evening and morning papers, and in two days I will report failure or success."

The major eyed me with an interest that made my heart thrill. Then he quickly said: "You have earned the privilege. I will give you two days."

At this moment Duridge reappeared.

He had the book in his pocket. Taking it out, he handed it to the major, with this remark:

"You won't find anything there. The girl's been folding you."

The major opened the book. It lay under the cover, found nothing, and crossed hasty to the drawing room. We as hastily followed him. The district attorney was talking with Miss Turtle; Mr. Jeffrey was nervous, pacing the floor. The latter stopped as we all entered and his eyes darted to the book.

"Let me take it," said he.

"It was absolutely empty," remarked the major. "The letter has been abstracted, probably without your knowledge."

"I do not think so," was Mr. Jeffrey's unexpected retort. "Do you suppose that I would intrust a secret, for the preservation of which I was ready to risk life and honor, to the open pages of a book? When I found my

The concealed letter.

He took the book and closed it.

<p

The... ...The... **Filigree Ball**

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

(Continued from page 6.)

first text he came to: "Indeed, he had only time to speak his name before he fell dead. This name was what made this dispatch important to me. It was William Pfeiffer." For me there was but one William Pfeiffer in the Klondike—my husband—and he was dead! That was why you found me laughing. But not in mirth. I am not so bad as that. But because I could breathe again without feeling a clutch about my throat. I did not know till then how nearly I had been stifled.

The week of our marriage came. I was mad with gaiety and ecstasy with hope. Nothing had occurred to mar my prospects. But God had his eye upon me and in the midst of my happiness and the hubbub of our final preparations his bolt fell. It struck me while I was at the—don't laugh; rather shudder—at the dressmaker's shop in Fourteenth street. I was leaning over a table, chattering like a magpie over the way I wanted a gown trimmed, when my eye fell on a scrap of newspaper in which something had come rolled to Madame. It was torn at the edge, but on the bit lying under my eyes I saw my husband's name, William Pfeiffer, and that the paper was a Denver one. There was but one William Pfeiffer in Denver—and he was my husband. And I read—feeling nothing. Then I read again, and the world, my world, went from under my feet, for the man who had fallen dead in the camp at Nome was Wallace, William's brother, and not William himself. William had been left behind on the road by his more energetic brother, who had pushed on for succor through the worst storm and under the worst conditions possible even in that God-forsaken region. With the lost one in mind, the one word that Wallace uttered in sight of rescue was William. It was Wallace who had fallen dead, and while William might have perished also, and doubtless had, I had no certainty of it. And my wedding day was set for Thursday.

"Why didn't I tell Cora? Why didn't I tell you? I'd held my tongue before, I had had time to think before I saw either of you, and to reason a bit and feel sure that if Wallace had been sprung enough to fall dead on reaching the camp, William could never have survived on the open road; for Wallace was the stronger of the two and the most hardy every way. True I certainly was. Some later paper would assure me of this. But for three nights I did not sleep."

"The caprice which had led me to choose the old Moore house—the man who had invited me to plan dressing there on my wedding morning. It was early when we started, Cora and I, for Waverley avenue, but not too early for the approaches to that dreadful home to be crowded with people, eager to see the darling bride. Why I should have shrunk so from that crowd I cannot say. I trembled at sight of their faces and at the sound of their voices, and if by chance a hand was thrust forward farther than the rest I cowered back instinctively and nearly screamed. Did I dread to recognize a too familiar face? The paper I had seen bore a date six months back. A man could arrive here from Alaska in that time. Or was my conscience aroused at last and clairvoyant to be heard when it was too late? On the corner of N street the carriage suddenly stopped. A man had crossed in front of it. I caught one glimpse of this man and instantly the terrors of a lifetime were concentrated into one instant of agonizing fear. It was William Pfeiffer. I knew the look; I knew the gait. He was gone in a moment and the carriage rolled on. But I knew my doom as well that minute, as I did an hour later. My husband was alive and was here."

"You were waiting at the curb when I arrived; and I remember how my heart stood still when you laid your hand on the carriage door and confronted me with that light on your face I had never seen disturbed since we first pledged ourselves to marry. In terror I seized the hand which seemed my only refuge in this hour of mortal trouble, and hastened into the house which for all its doleful history had never received within its doors a heart more burdened or rebellious. I pressed your hand with love and smiled.—Oh, G. H. If you could have seen what lay beneath that smile! For with my entrance beneath those fatal doors a thought had come, I remembered my heritage, I remembered how I had been told by my father when I was a very little girl—I presume when we first met—that hand of death upon him—that it ever it was in great trouble—had great trouble, he had said, where no deliverance seemed possible. I was to open a little golden ball, which he showed me, and take out what I should find inside and hold it close up before a picture which had hung from time immemorial in the southwest corner of that old house.

"He could not tell me what I should encounter there—this I remember his saying—but something which had passed with good effect from father down to child for many generations. Only, if I would be blessed in my undertakings, I must not open the golden ball, nor endeavor to find out its mystery unless my trouble threatened death or some great disaster. Such trouble had indeed come to me, and startling coincidence. I was at this moment in the very house where this picture hung, and more startling fact yet, the golden ball, needed to interpret its meaning was round my neck, for with such jeal-

ous was this family ringlet always of mine. Why, then, did not test their combined effect? I certainly needed help from some quarter. Never would William allow me to be married to another while he lived. He would yet appear, and I should need this great assistance—great enough to be transmitted from father to son—as none other Moore's had needed it yet, though what it was I did not know and did not even try to guess.

"Yet when I got to the room I did not drag out the filigree ball at once nor even take more than one fearful sideways look at the picture. In drawing off my glove I had seen his ring—the ring you had once asked about. It was such a cheap affair, the only one he could get in that obscure little town where we were married. I lied when you asked me if it was a family jewel, lied but did not take it off, perhaps because it clung so tightly, as if in remembrance of the vows it symbolized. But now the very sight of it gave me a fright. With his ring on my finger I could not defy him and swear his claim to be false—the dream of a man maddened by his experiences in the Klondike. It must come off. Then perhaps I should feel myself a free woman. But it would not come off. I struggled with it and tugged in vain; then I thought me of using a nail file to sever it. This I did, grinding and grinding at it till the ring finally broke, and I could wrench it off and cast it away out of sight, and as I hoped, out of my memory also. I breathed easier when rid of this token, yet choked with terror whenever a step approached the door. I was clad in my bridal dress, but not in my bridal veil or ornaments, and naturally Cora and then my maid came to assist me. But I would not let them in. I was set upon testing the secret of the filigree ball.

"The contents of the ball turned out to be a small magnifying glass and the picture a maze of written words. I did not decipher it all; I did not decipher the half. I did not need to. A spirit of divination was given me in that awful hour which enabled me to grasp its full meaning from the few sentences I did pick out. And that meaning! It was horrible, inconceivable. Murder was taught but murder from a distance, and by an act too simple to awake revulsions. A step into the empty closet yawning so near, an effort with a drawer—a—Do not tell me to recall it. I did not shudder when the moment came and I stood there. Then I was cold as marble. Yet I shall surely take my life before you see me again, and in that old house. If it is despair I feel, then despair will take me there. If it is repetition, then repentance will suffice to drive me to the one expiation possible to me—to perish where I caused an innocent man to perish and so relieve you of a wife who was never worthy of you, and whom it would be your duty to do yourself if she let another rise upon her guilt.

"A message was shouted through the door, the message for which my ears had been strained in dreadful anticipation for the last two hours. A man named Pfeiffer wanted to see me before I went down to be married—a man named Pfeiffer!

"I looked closely at the boy who de-avered this message. He showed no excitement nor any feeling greater than impatience at being kept waiting a minute or so at the door. Then I glanced beyond him at the people chattering in the hall. No alarm there; nothing but a very natural surprise that the bride should keep so big a crowd waiting. I felt that this fixed the event. He who had sent me this quiet message was true to himself and to our old compact. He had not published below what would may set the house in an uproar in a moment. He had left his secret to be breathed into my ear alone. I could recall the moment he passed me his word and his look as he said, with his hand lifted to heaven, 'You have been good to me and given me your precious self while I was poor and a nobody. In return I swear to keep our marriage a secret till great success shows me to be worthy of you or till you with your own lips express forgiveness of my failure and grant me leave to speak.'

"Nothing but death or your permission shall ever unseal my lips." When I heard that he was dead I feared less he might have spoken, but now that I had seen him alive I knew that in no other breast save his, my own and that of the unknown minister in an almost unknown town dwelt any knowledge of the fact which stood between me and the marriage which all these people had come here to see. My confidence in his rectitude determined me. Without conscious emotion, without fear even—the ebbing of suspense had ended so that I told the boy to seat the gentleman in the library. Then—

"To turn and turn a miserable crani after those moments of frenzied action and silence—that was the hard part that was tried my nerve and first tested my calmness. I dared not leave that fearful thing dangling there; I had to wait. The machinery squeaked and its noise seemed to fill the house, but no one came nor did the door below open. Sometimes I have wished that it had. I should not then have been jarred on, and you would not have become involved in my ruin."

"I am afraid to die, but I am more afraid of failing in courage. I shall have the pistol tied to me; this will make it seem inevitable to use it. Oh, that the next twenty-four hours could be blotted out of time! Such horror cannot be! I was born for joy and gaiety, yet no dismal depth of misery and fear has been spared me! But all on account of my own act. I do not accuse God; I do not accuse man; I only accuse myself and my thoughts grasping after pleasure."

"I want Cora to read this as well as you. She must know me dead as she never knew me living. But I cannot tell her that I have left a confession

behind me. She must come upon it unexpectedly, just as I mean you to do. Only thus can it reach either of you with any power. If I could but think of some excuse for sending her to the book where I propose to hide it! That would give her a chance of reading it before you do, and this would be best. She may know how to prepare or contrive you—Cora is a noble woman, but the secret which kept my thoughts in such a whirl has held us apart."

"You did what I asked. You found a place for Rudge's waiter in the volunteer corps. Surprised as you were at the interest I expressed in him, you honored my first request and said nothing. Would you have shown the same anxious eagerness if you had known why I whispered those few words to him from the carriage door, why I could neither rest nor sleep till he and the other boy were safely out of town?

"I must leave a line for you to show to people if they wonder why I killed myself so soon after my seemingly happy marriage. You will find it in the same book with this letter. Some one will tell you to look in the book—I cannot write any more."

"I cannot help writing. It is all that connects me now with life, and with you. But I have nothing more to say except forgive—forgive—"

"Do you think that God looks at his wretched ones differently from what men do? That he will have tenderness for one so sorry that he will even find place? But my mother is there, my father! Oh, that makes it fearful to go to meet—but it was my father who led me into this—only he did not know—There! I will think only of God."

"Good-bye—good-bye—good!"

"That was all. It ended, as it began, without name and without date—the final heart throb of a soul awakened to its own act when it was quite too late, a piteous memorial which daunted each one of us as we read it, and when finished drew us all together in the hall out of the sight and hearing of the two persons most intimately concerned in it.

Possibly because all had one thought—a thrilling one, which the major was the first to give utterance to:

"The man she killed was buried under the name of Wallace. How's that he was her husband, William?"

An officer we had not before noted was standing near the front door. He was an elderly man, the weaker of the two, said—and probably died, while Wallace, after seemingly collapsing, recovered. This last she did not know, having failed to read the whole of the newspaper slip which told about it, and so when she saw some one with the Pfeiffer air and figure and was told later that a Mr. Pfeiffer was waiting to see her she took it for granted that it was her husband, believing positively that Wallace was dead.

"I have just learned that the man married was not the one who kept store in town, but his brother William, who afterward died in Klondike, it is Wallace whose death you are investigating."

"What smart is here?" asked the major.

"I think I understand," I ventured, to put in. Her husband was the one left on the road by the brother who staggered into camp for aid. He was a weak man, the weaker of the two, she said—and probably died, while Wallace, after seemingly collapsing, recovered. This last she did not know, having failed to read the whole of the newspaper slip which told about it, and so when she saw some one with the Pfeiffer air and figure and was told later that a Mr. Pfeiffer was waiting to see her she took it for granted that it was her husband, believing positively that Wallace was dead. The latter, moreover, may have changed to look more like his brother in the time that had elapsed."

"A possible explanation which adds greatly to the tragic aspects of the situation. She was probably a widow when she touched the fatal spring. Who will tell the man inside there? It will be his crowning blow."

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the evening of the day which saw our first recognition of this crime as the act of Veronica Moore the following notice appeared in the Star and all the other local journals:

"Any person who positively remembers passing through Waverley avenue between N and M streets on the evening of May 11 at or near the hour of a quarter past 7 will confer a favor on the detective force of the District by communicating the same to F. at the police headquarters in C street."

I was "F." and I was soon deep in business. But I was readily able to identify those who came from curiosity, and as the persons who had really fulfilled the conditions expressed in my advertisement were few an evening and morning's work sufficed to sift the whole matter down to the one man who could tell me just what I wanted to know. With this man I went to the major, and as a result we alighted later in the day at Mr. Moore's door.

This gentleman looked startled enough when he saw the number and character of his visitors, but his greeting did not forsake him, and his welcome was both dignified and cordial. But I did not like the way his eye rested on me.

But the slight venom visible in it at that moment was nothing to what he afterward displayed when at a slight gawk from Rudge, who stood in an attitude of offense in the doorway beyond. I drew the attention of all to the dog by saying sharply:

"There is our witness, sirs. There is the dog who will not cross the street even when his master calls him, but croches on the edge of the curb and waits with eager eyes but immovable body till that master comes back. Isn't that so, Mr. Moore? Here I did not hear you utter more than one complaint in this regard?"

"I cannot deny it" was the stiff reply, "but what?"

I did not wait for him to finish.

"Mr. Curran," I asked, "is this the animal you passed between the hours of 7 and 8 on the evening of

May 11, crouching in front of this house with his nose to the curbside?"

"It is; I noted him particularly; he seemed to be watching the opposite house."

Instantly I turned upon Mr. Moore. "Is Rudge the dog to do that?" I asked. "If his master were not there, twice have I myself seen him in the same place and with the same selfsame place and with the same selfsame air of expectant attention, and both times you had crossed to the house which you acknowledge he will on this side of the street."

"You have me," was the short reply with which Mr. Moore gave up the

Mr. Curran



struggle. "Rudge, go back to your place. When you are wanted in the courtroom I will let you know."

The smile with which he said this was sarcastic enough, but it was sarcasm directed mainly against himself.

We were not surprised when, after some sharp persuasion on the part of the major, he launched into the following recital of his secret relation to what he called the last tragedy ever likely to occur in the Moore family.

"I never thought it wrong to be curious about the old place; I never thought it wrong to be curious about its mysteries. I only considered it wrong, or at all events ill-judged, to annoy Veronica in regard to them, or to trouble her in any way about the means by which I might effect an entrance into its walls. So I took the one that offered and said nothing."

"I have visited the old house many times during my sojourn in this little cottage. The last time was, as one of your number has so ably discovered, on the most memorable night in its history: the one in which Mrs. Jeffrey's remarkable death occurred there. The interest roused in me by the unexpected recurrence of the old fatality extending the library hearthstone reached its culmination when I perceived one night the glint of a candle lighting in the southwest chamber. I did not know who was responsible for this light, but I strongly suspected it to be Mr. Jeffrey, or who else would dare to light a candle in this disused house without first seeing that all the shutters were fast?"

"I did not dislike Mr. Jeffrey or question his right to do this. Nevertheless I was very angry. Though allied to a Moore, he was not one himself, and the difference in our privileges affected me strongly; consequently I watched till the came out and upon possibly rec-

Uncle David gives up



ognizing his figure vowed in my wrath and jealous indignation to visit the old house myself on the following night and make one final attempt to learn the secret which would again make me feel myself the equal of this man if not his superior."

"It was early when I went; indeed it was not quite dark, but knowing the gloom of those old halls and the almost impenetrable nature of the darkness which settles over the library the moment the twilight sets in, I put in my pocket two or three candles, the candles sir, about which you have made such a coil. My errand was twofold—I wanted first to see what Mr. Jeffrey had been up to the night before and next to spend an hour over a certain book of old memoirs which in recalling the past might explain the present. You remember a door leading into the library from the parlor room. It was by this door I entered, bringing with me from the kitchen the chair you afterward found there."

"I knew where the volume of memoirs I speak of was to be found—you do, too, I see—for it was my hand which placed it in its present concealment. Quite determined to reread such portions of it as I had long before marked as pertinent to the very attempt I had in mind, I brought in the candelabrum from the parlor and drew out a table to hold it. But I waited a few moments before taking down the book itself. I wanted first to learn what Mr. Jeffrey had been doing upstairs the night before; so, leaving the light burning in the library, I crept to the southwest chamber, holding an unlit candle in my hand, the light feebly diffused through the halls from some upper windows being sufficient for me to see my way. But in the chamber itself all was dark."

"The wind had not yet risen and the sash after which a bit later moved so restlessly on its creaking hinges hopped the window so tightly that I imagined Mr. Jeffrey had fastened it the night before. Looking for some receptacle in which to set the candle I now lit, I failed to find anything but an empty tumbler, so I made use of that. Then I glanced about me, but seeing nothing worth my attention—Mrs. Jeffrey's wedding fixings did not interest me—and everything else about the room looking natural except the overturned chair, which struck me as immaterial—hurried downstairs again, leaving the candle burning behind me in case I should wish to return aloft after I had refreshed my mind with

water.

"What are you doing?" he bethumbed.

"Only what all Washington will do tomorrow and afterward the whole world," gravely returned the major. Then, as an ejaculation escaped the astonished millionaire, he impressively added: "A perjury which allows an innocent man and woman to remain un-

what had been written about this old room."

"Not a sound disturbed the house as I seated myself to my reading in front of the library shelves. I was as much alone under that desolate roof as mortal could be with me anywhere within reach of him. I enjoyed the solitude and was making a very pretty theory for myself on a scrap of paper I tore from another old book when a noise suddenly rose in front, which slight as it was, was quite unmistakable to ears trained to listening. Some one was unlocking the front door.

"Naturally I thought it to be Mr. Jeffrey, returning for a second visit to his wife's house, and, knowing what I might expect if he surprised me on the premises, I restored the book hastily to its place and as hastily blew out the candle. Then, with every intention of flight, I backed toward the door by which I had entered. But some impulse stronger than that of escape made me stop just before I reached it. I could see nothing—the place was dark as Tophet—but I could listen. The person—Mr. Jeffrey or some other—was coming my way, and in perfect darkness. I could hear the faltering steps—the fingers dragging along the walls; then a rustle as of skirts proving the intruder to be a woman—a fact which greatly surprised me—then a long drawn sigh or gasp."

"This last determined me. The situation was too intense for me to leave without first learning who the woman was who in terror and shrinking dared to drag her half-feasting feet through these empty halls and into a place cursed with such unwholesome memories. I did not think of Veronica. I only considered it wrong, or at all events ill-judged, to annoy Veronica in regard to them, or to trouble her in any way about the means by which I might effect an entrance into its walls."

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Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair

Hair Vigor

cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

For Gray Hair

Too Much Experience.

"No, my boy," said the old gentle man, "I shall not make you my book keeper, although you are to have a place in my office. As a bookkeeper you are just a little too expert for me; for I learned what you can do with figures by studying the expense accounts you sent me while at college."

Water of the Mediterranean.

Most of the Mediterranean is over a mile deep, but its surface were lowered only eight hundred feet it would be separated from the Atlantic at the Strait of Gibraltar and divided into two seas by a land connection between Sicily and the African coast of Tunis.

The Death Penalties.

A capitalizing of maritime penalties is decided. This morning scratchy, significant-looking party bills have paid the death penalty. It is a wife to have her dead husband's skull ever hanging. It's the last straw, and will precipitate the execution of the 100,000th criminal in the world.

Caterpillar Step Train.

On the way to become a plague in New York, Wixom. In some cases they have got along with railway travel to the trains could not move on the rails made slippery by the crushed caterpillars.

Germany Transcended.

The weather bureau of the New York University observes when the thermometer above 100 degrees, and in the fiercest weather of summer the temperature of the air will be about 65 degrees.

The cold bath and a glass of water in a person's hollowed-out mountainous nose-dish.

Brookline, Mass., Brownie Brook.

An English View of the Jews.

It cannot be denied that the Jews, as a race, make excellent citizens. They have indeed (a somewhat partial view) probably, said that they are the leading and the most striking members of the industry of that period. It has been seen that, the majority of them, and that all their family, are poor, feeble, and lay in the hands of the royal property and ruling world.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bear the
Signature of

Clara H. Fletcher.

IF YOU WANT

A
HIGH-GRADE
of ICE CREAM or
FANCY CREAMS
AND ICES
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Milk and Cream 50 to 100 per
cent above the legal test.

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

They Kibrl is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Fred Garchow called on Mrs. Frank Bradley Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. C. Mumroy spent Thursday afternoon with her sister, Mrs. Fred Garchow.

Helen and Pauline Peck spent Friday afternoon with Maybelle and Eva Bradley.

Helen and Pauline Peck and Addie Simmonds spent Thursday afternoon with Nellie Hoge.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bradley and daughter, Eva, were in Northville Saturday afternoon.

L. B. Stars and wife and Miss Myra Joslyn were guests of relatives in Plymouth Sunday.

Several from here attended the Methodist Sunday-school picnic at Belle Isle Wednesday.

Mrs. June Peck of Plymouth spent a few days of last week at the home of her son, O. D. Peck.

Miss Emma Werner of Northville spent a few days of last week with Emma and Oba Manzel.

Miss Emma, daughter of Farmington tourists, was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dethele.

H. Myer and family and William Brossoff and family were guests at C. Brassow's at Farmington June-
tion Sunday.

WIXOM NEWS.

Several Wixomites went to Detroit on the excursion Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Grant is visiting in Salem and South Lyon this week.

Mrs. A. Bailey of South Lyon was a Wixom visitor one day last week.

Mrs. J. H. Taylor and Lue Burch were Millford visitors Saturday evening.

Miss Edith Trinkaus and Minnie Markenson of Plymouth are visiting Nellie Grant.

Miss Anna Hicks of Novi was a guest of the Misses Madson a part of this week.

Miss Grace Ranch, who had been visiting herunts here, returned to Jackson Tuesday.

E. J. Hubbard and family left Tuesday for Pittsford, much to the regret of Wixom people.

The ball game Saturday, Wixom vs. Northville, resulted in a score of 9 to 5 in favor of the former.

The Sunday school picnic, which was held Friday, was a disappointment to the crowd on account of the rain.

Home Rumor says one of our young men has left for another part of the state to enter the state of matrimony before he returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Prout expect to leave soon for Mt. Pleasant to accompany their granddaughter home and will remain some time for a visit.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. Hewitt visited in Saginaw Saturday.

Miss Clara Becker of Pontiac called on Novi friends Saturday.

Miss Lydia Becker of Pontiac spent last week among her old friends here.

Quite a number of young people took in the excursion to Lansing on Monday.

Mrs. A. Flint and daughter, Mary, and S. C. Taylor visited the Munro-Leavenworth camp at Straits lake Wednesday.

The receipts of the Methodist Ladies' Aid meeting at Mrs. Bloomer's were over \$4.

Miss Mary DeLand of Detroit is visiting at Washington West's and at Lee West's.

Seymour Devereaux and his son, Ralph, and family, Mrs. J. Devereaux and Ed. Halstead and wife were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Conrad Hammond, who has been helping Mr. Hosner in the cheese factory at odd times for the past year, demonstrated that he has been learning something there by taking the whole charge of things Monday, while Mr. Hosner was away, weighing the milk and making the cheese.

Half the ill that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

in a most satisfactory manner. Con is a young hustler and is always on the lookout for a job of some kind.

Miss Myra West entertained a party of her former schoolmates from Farmington recently in honor of her cousin, Miss Mary DeLand.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Tuttle of Detroit drove out to Harry Hammon's Saturday. They went to Walled Lake Sunday and Mrs. Sally Hammon accompanied them home.

Remember the Farmers' club at Mrs. Becker's in Pontiac August 21. It is to be hoped that all her old friends will attend. Everyone is invited.

Mrs. Norman Abbey and granddaughter, Vera, have started for their home in Belligham, Wash., after a pleasant visit with old friends in Novi, Northville and Walled Lake.

W. C. Mathews and daughter, Eva, of Detroit made relatives and friends of Novi a flying visit Sunday. Mr. Mathews is favorably impressed with Novi, Northville and surrounding country.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Clyde Chamberlain went to Mt. Clemens Sunday.

Mrs. Albert Manzel is convalescing from her illness.

Born Hawkins has returned to her home in Livonia.

Miss Mary Lee has returned from her Detroit visit.

Mrs. M. E. Adams of Cleveland is visiting among Farmington friends.

Mrs. Florence Draper and children have been spending some time at J. B. Pettibone's.

Mrs. Jane Huntley of Detroit, who had been visiting Farmington friends, has returned home.

Mrs. C. W. Chamberlain and daughter have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Collins at Mrs. Clemens for a week or more.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Mrs. Wm. Axford is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Seyerence are rejoicing over a little son.

Mrs. Emma Myrlie has gone to Detroit for two weeks' stay.

Miss Julia Forsy of Pontiac was the guest of Miss Jean Johns Monday.

Miss Jennie Smith is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Elmer Eise, at New Hudson.

Miss Helen Ryel has been entertaining Miss Frances Rice of New Hudson.

Rev. Joseph Fox and Aaron Chapman expect to return from England this week.

Miss Jennie Smith has been entertaining three Detroit friends at the Adzell Inn.

The rain Friday spoiled three picnics here, but it did a vast amount of good to vegetation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rounos are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Clara Hill of Nebraska.

Rev. J. R. Brumham accompanied his mother to her home in Nashville Monday, to remain for a few days.

Miss Bessie McCoy has returned from an enjoyable visit at the home of her friend, Miss Bessie Damphry, at Crosswell.

Mrs. Agnes Harman and daughter Gladys, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Urde Smith, have returned to her home at Judd's Corners. Her sisters, Nellie and Fernie, accompanied her home for a few days' stay.

The social Saturday evening on the parsonage lawn under the auspices of the Epworth League was well attended. \$16.70 was the receipts of the evening. The program was much enjoyed. Next Saturday evening the social will be entirely in charge of the gentlemen, Albert Church, chairman. It is expected that there will be an interesting program and that everything will be conducted in a unique manner.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment.

Scott's Emulsion should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller doses and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Park Street, New York.
50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

LIVONIA NEWS.

John Stringer's new barn is progressing finely.

Threshing engines are busy here abouts these days.

There will be special singing at the Center church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Barrows of Plymouth visited John Cost and wife Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kingsley visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Wolfson, Sunday. Mrs. Wolfson is somewhat improved in health.

SALEM NEWS.

There were two socials on Tuesday night and both were well attended, one at Fred Wheeler's and the other at Frank Hough's.

The funeral of Mrs. Swarthout, formerly Miss Anna Williams of this place, was held in the Baptist church Sunday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Bonner officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Thayer cemetery.

Threshing is well under way in this vicinity. Wheat is very poor as a rule, but oats are yielding exceptionally well for the amount of straw and as high as 60 bushels per load is reported. Common bushels yield about 45 or 50 bushels.

D. & B.

There are countless monograms, but none so indicative of threshing, whosome 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. SCHANTZ,
Gen. Supr. & P. T. M.

Detroit, Mich.

Very Low Rates South and Southwest.

The Wabash Railroad will sell special homesickness excursion tickets from Chicago via St. Louis to a large number of points in the south and southwest at the very low rate of \$20 for the round trip. Dates of sale, Sept. 13 and 27. Write for time cards and full particulars.

F. A. PALMER, A. G. D. A.,
311 Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Snuff Boxes for Museum.

Thirteen snuffboxes in agate and jasper, ornamented with gold and precious stones, and formerly the property of Frederick the Great, have been presented by the Kaiser to the Hohenzollern museum.

Turks Sand to Stone.

Extraordinary qualities are possessed by the River Tinto, in Spain. It washes and polishes the sand in its bed, and if a stone falls in the stream and stays upon another, in a few months they unite and become one stone. Glass cannot live in its water.

Green Flowers Are Rare.

Green flowers are very rare in nature. The lily, of which many varieties are common in our gardens, is one of the very few plants which has a natural green variety. Schomburg was its discoverer in South Africa, the home of all the lilies.

Growth of the Bamboo.

The bamboo, like trees, grows to grow two feet in diameter.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the capture of a fugitive that cannot be cured by medical aid.

J. F. THENEY & CO., Proprietary, Toledo, O.

We understand we have known F. J. for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and especially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

West & Trusk Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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