

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVII. No. 47.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1906

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

NORTHVILLE BOY GETS PROMOTION

GEORGE LARKINS NOW CASHIER FOR DETROIT CONCERN

Wins Place by His Own Ability and Industry.

The Record is always glad to note the success of Northville boys who go out from this community into a broader field, and this week we have the pleasure of saying some commendatory things of George Larkins, who has recently been promoted to



GEORGE LARKINS.

the Detroit Business University, and after graduating from that institution entered the employ of the National Biscuit Co., as bookkeeper. His first advance with the firm was to the position of assistant cashier, and now, in less than four years, he has been promoted to the responsible position of head cashier for the firm.

Death of Mrs. Fidelia E. Magill.

Northville people were shocked and startled Tuesday at the news that a message had been received at L. L. Brooks' stating that Mrs. F. E. Magill was dead at Douglas, Arizona, and that her body had been shipped to this place. No other particulars were given, but it is supposed that her death was sudden, as no news of illness had been sent her friends here. She was expected home in a few weeks, and was in her usual health when she last wrote Mrs. Brooks.

Mrs. Magill had a large circle of friends and acquaintances in Northville and Novi who had anticipated with pleasure her return, and who will deeply mourn her death.

The Detroit News' Version of It.

"Some of the effects of the recent hail storm at Northville. The smokestacks on chimneys were perforated with ice-bullets till they resembled pepper boxes. A horse was knocked down by a big 'ballstone.' An unsheathed village cow, at the close of the storm, was covered with lumps, as when in fly time, her owner has disiplined her with the milks. Stool. A man with a straw hat failed to come in during 'the reign of ice.' The hat was destroyed and phrenology had as many lumps and hollows as an old cornfield. A citizen who was building a frame chicken coop had just begun driving a 20 penny spike when the storm broke. He fled to shelter, returning afterward to find that hail had driven the spike completely into the wood. Another citizen who, when the storm struck, was 20 rods from his place of business, reached him injured, to find afterward that his father's trade with it had all of whom spoke of his ability, industry and character in the highest terms.

Desiring to pursue a business career, young Larkins entered

the position of cashier of the National Biscuit company's Detroit office.

Although only twenty-four years of age this young man has won by his own unaided efforts a place which many an older man might be glad to hold.

He first went to work on his own hook for Mr. McNamee in the bakery, afterward working for W. Knapp, farrier, then, and later learning the trade with J. Revel, all of whom spoke of his ability, industry and character in the highest terms.

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Armstrong—Fishleigh.

Sir Dale Armstrong, formerly of this place and Miss Mabel Fishleigh were married Wednesday evening, June 20 at the home of the bride's parents in Wyandotte. After a wedding trip to northern Michigan, where they have a residence in readiness, Young Armstrong is a former employee of the Record and is tendered the congratulations of the force.

Barker—Thomas.

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday evening, June 20, at the residence in Detroit of Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas, formerly of Northville, when their only daughter, Nellie May, was married to Mr. Harry E. Barker of Windsor. The bride wore dotted net over white silk and carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas. The house decorations were of roses and carnations. Many beautiful gifts of cut glass, china and silver were received.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker went to Niagara and eastern points and will be at home after June 25 at 151 Jones street Detroit.

Baptist Church Notes.

By a Member.
Last Sunday morning Rev. C. T. Jack of Plymouth and our pastor exchanged pulpits, the latter speaking in the interest of the State Missionary Board.

The subject of the sermon next Sunday morning will be "The Invisible Church Builder". In the evening we will unite in the union service in the Presbyterian church.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

By the Pastor.
Lord's Supper and reception of members next Sunday morning.

Miss Mabel Iferrington is supplying Mrs. Thibouton a piano on the organ during the latter's absence.

The new coat of paint on the church has greatly improved the appearance of the building.

The next union service will be held in our church on Sunday evening, July 1. The subject will be appropriate to the national anniversary. Members of the G. A. R. and W. L. C. are especially invited to be present.

Methodist Church Notes.

By the Pastor.
Dr. Elgin Sweet, presiding elder of the Detroit district will preach next Sunday morning. You may expect a strong sermon from a strong man.

Union service in the evening at the Presbyterian church.

The review of the past Quarter Sunday school lessons last Sunday was taken up by one of the teachers and was made quite interesting and instructive. We are now looking forward to review Sunday with much anticipation.

The inmates of the parsonage quite enjoyed an outing with the preachers and their families of the Detroit district on Tuesday. The boat was the Tashmoo. The place for dinner was Grand Point. Arrived home 11:30 a late hour.

We accept with thanks the very many kind expressions given by members of the various secret societies in our town of which we have had the pleasure of addressing the past few Sundays. We hope the work of each is now better understood.

The birth-day thimble party held at the home of Mrs. VanSickle on Tuesday last was well attended and a very pleasant time was spent. Ice cream, lemonade and cake were served. The ladies' Aid society is to be congratulated with the success that is attending its monthly gatherings.

Notice.

As the laundry will be closed on July 4th, all work must be in by Monday noon next week.

PEPPERLESS LAUNDRY.

Allen, the Stove Man.

Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for All Stores 10¢ per lb. in stove. Phone residence, 943.

G. P. ALLEN.

For Sale.

If you have anything for sale try a liner in the Record Want column.

Suburban News.

A woman of 73 secured a divorce from her second husband in the Oakland county courts last week. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the modern divorce system.

Fred Quick a railroad conductor of Pontiac fell between two cars of a moving train last week and escaped with his life, and incidentally a lot of cuts and bruises. He thinks it's a pretty good thing to be quick.

They have such big fishes in White Lake over in Oakland county that sea serpents are commonplace beside them. An Ohio man was recently pulled from his boat into the above-mentioned lake and drowned while trying to capture a big pickerel he had caught on its hook.

A Delray-Detroit lady who is so devoted to the infernal esthetic that she makes it the main object of her life to guard against the hordes of devils that she imagines are seeking to devor her has been nicknamed "Mike" by her husband, who doesn't call her anything else any more.

Mormon missionaries have been holding forth down on Carlton recently, but have not been perceptible succession. Most of the men in this part of the "free east" think they have all they can do to buy clothes for one wife and most of the wives agree with that view of the case.

The Flat Rock Register states that the annual banquet had to be given up there this year because no one could be found to serve it. Possibly the difficulty in securing a caterer lies in the appetites of the ex-students & too "heavy" application of the viands might easily cause the profits to disappear also.

The Dusay Manufacturing Co. of Plymouth gives its employees and their wives and their families and the next friends of those who have any families an excursion to Blue Bluff tomorrow. The folks will be led in the traditional way to the boss and the foreman and the company is busy.

Onion will celebrate on the coming national holiday in a most entirely the good new fashioned way. The great cook and the dynamic director will be亮相, and the patriotic confectioner and the daring fire-eater explosives are prepared more than likely to prove that way than how to prove that.

Truly this is a strenuous day. A harvesting machine agent at Dryden got so enthusiastic while exhibiting the good points of his machine that he tumbled over it and broke one of his ten ribs. The machine wasn't hurt a bit and the salesman had enough time and left ribs left to go on and finish the sale before going to a doctor to get his own frame work repaired.

A farmer near Tenton who had been so busy lately that he hadn't used his buggy for a couple of weeks finally got time to go to church Sunday. When he went to look under the seat for his tie strap or something on arrival at the meeting house, he discovered a determined looking hen composedly holding down a settin' of eggs. He was so surprised that his religious calculations were nearly extinguished on the spot. We have not yet learned whether the eggs hatched or not, but hope we shall find out later on.

Coffee Shows Coming Weather.

A naturalist is said to use his morning cup of coffee as a barometer. If the sugar is dissolved and stirred, air bubbles rise and remain on the surface. If they form a frothy mass he reckons on clear fine weather. If the froth collects in a ring round the edge of the cup he expects showers.

Mountains Had Not Moved.

The story is told that when Judge William Rogers was chairman of the school committee in Meriden, Mass. one examination day he went around questioning pupils of the middle grade. He asked a boy named Rock where the Rocky mountains were. The boy answered correctly, but failed to be promoted that term. The following year the judge asked the same question. Rock replied: "The same place they were last year."

A Card From Hueston Pharmacy Co.

We have secured the agency for Dr. Colwell's Egyptian Pile Cure, the most certain cure for Piles ever discovered. We personally guarantee it and will refund the purchase price on every package that fails to give satisfaction.

HUESTON PHARMACY CO.

Refrigerators!

We have just received a consignment of White Enamelled Lined Refrigerators, just the right size for house use. We will sell them for

\$12.00

each while they last, and never expect to have such a bargain in Refrigerators for you again. Come in and look them over. Don't wait too long—they are going fast.

We also have a small Zinc Lined

\$10

Complete Line of Hay Cars and Track, Hay Forks, Manila Rope, Etc. WILL BE CLOSED ALL DAY JULY 4th.

CARPENTER & HUFF.
NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.

Now for the Summer!

For the Hot Summer Months there is nothing like rice Baked Goods. We have Fresh Bread every day and Cakes and Cookies that you can't resist. Here's a partial list of rice up

Milk and Honey Cakes Honey Jumbles
M. M. Honey Stick Sugar Snaps
Lemon Creams Jelly Cakes
Iced Molasses Cake Cuba Honey Cake
Fig Sandwiches Lady Fingers.

Fresh supply of the evaporated

Chase & Sanborn Coffee, 16c lb

Better grades of same at better prices, but the 16c lb is good.

New Shipment Heinz's Pickles

All Kinds, and Pickled Beans.

C. E. RYDER

NORTHVILLE.

Details Make Perfection

But Perfection is no Detail.

We Give Strict Attention to Details.

DROP A CARD

E. J. WILLIS, Merchant Tailor
1324 Grand River Avenue. DETROIT, MICH.

Here We Are, here we stay! Until we're bought and taken away. Coal prices may go higher any day. You had better order a few tons right away.

\$7.00 TON.

B. A. PARMENTER & SON
Northville. Both Phones. The COAL MEN.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY

We are the Stock of:

Fireworks

This year that will make You All Gloriously Happy. We will show you the year what it is to Sell! Fireworks Cheap. We have them in.

Extra Giant Firecrackers, Largest Size, only 10c. Others ask 25c for same thing. The size they ask you 50c for we will sell you 3 for 5c.

We have a new thing in a Repeating Cane, shoots 50 times without re-loading, for 10c.

AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF PENNY GOODS.

Bunch of Firecrackers, 10c, 3 for 5c. Roman Candies, Sky Rockets, etc., etc. DON'T MISS US. The cheapest place on earth to buy Fireworks this year.

MERRITT & COMPANY

NORTHVILLE.

Jewelers—Booksellers.

Standard Binder Twine 10c lb.
How Much Will You Need?

We Also Carry—

**Hay Cars
Hay Track
Hay Slings, etc.**

We still have a few rolls of "American Wire Fence" to sell at the low price.

Highest Market Price for Butter and Eggs.

FRED L. COOK & CO.
FARMINGTON. MICHIGAN.

For Sale.
If you have anything for sale try a liner in the Record Want column.

HUESTON PHARMACY CO.

THE BEST FRIENDS OF PE-RU-NA ARE THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN



Peru-na Should Be Kept In Every Household.

Mrs. F. Brookman, 8 Mcade street, Appleton, Wis., writes:
"I have never had a return of the cataract, which had made me so miserable and unhappy before I began taking Peru-na.
"I would not be without it in the house, now.
"I have a baby boy, two years old, to whom I give Peru-na for a cold, and my husband also takes Peru-na.
"Thank you and wish you well."—Mrs. F. Brookman.

No Doctor Required.

The Benefit Which the Children of the United States Have Received From Peru-na Can Never Be Put Into Words.



Mrs. J. C. Sterling, 133 Brown Avenue, Norfolk, Va., writes:

"My little boy, Merle, suffered with angina so badly he could not eat anything without it making him very sick, so I thought (as many others have) that I would try Peru-na, and it worked like a charm."

"Now he eats anything he wishes, and I would not be without it for anything."

"My other child, Mr. Alfred, two and a half years old, has taken it and recovered as much from it from Peru-na as his brother did."

"I hope my testimonial may be of some use to others, as I feel

as though it can help others."

—Mrs. J. C. Sterling.

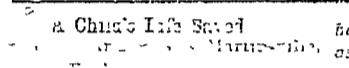
The Mothers Hold Peru-na in High Esteem.

Where There Are Little Children.

Peru-na is the great friend of the little ones. It relieves the pain of earaches, croup, whooping cough, etc., and cures the most difficult cases of diarrhea, dysentery, etc., in children. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the mucous membranes. It is especially good for children.

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The Northville Record NORTHVILLE

WANTED TO RENT, FOR SALE, ETC.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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Dress Goods Department--

We have made a very special price on a few broken lines of Colored Dress Goods to close them out this month.

48-inch Novelty Voiles. All new choice styles, formerly \$1.50 a yard, reduced to 69c.

36-inch Satin Check and Fancy Mohairs; formerly 39c and 50c, reduced to 25c.

High Class English Mohairs, formerly \$1.00 and \$1.25, reduced to 59c.

WHITE GOODS DEPARTMENT--

Two specials in Printed Lawns.

One lot 12½c Lawn for..... 10c

One lot 10c Lawn for..... 8c

CLOAK DEPARTMENT—Third Floor.

Bathing Suits for Ladies, Misses and Children. The sort that are pretty, look good, wear well and don't cost much either blue or black.

White Shirt-Waist Suits in great variety of models; good materials and modest styles at small cost.

White Skirts in the most desirable styles. Made full and perfect fitting. Great value at \$1.98, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

Our line of White Waists is very complete and it is most likely you can find the exacting style you are looking for in our department. All prices \$98 to \$25.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

165 to 169 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

L. Strauss Hot Weather Furnishings For MEN.

Online Freight with Scott & Son, A.M.

10c 25c 35c 50c 75c 1.00

15c 20c 30c 45c 60c 80c

20c 30c 45c 60c 80c 1.00

25c 35c 50c 75c 1.00 1.25

30c 40c 55c 75c 1.00 1.25

35c 45c 60c 80c 1.00 1.25

40c 50c 65c 85c 1.00 1.25

45c 55c 70c 90c 1.00 1.25

50c 60c 75c 95c 1.00 1.25

55c 65c 80c 100c 1.00 1.25

60c 70c 85c 105c 1.00 1.25

65c 75c 90c 110c 1.00 1.25

70c 80c 95c 115c 1.00 1.25

75c 85c 100c 120c 1.00 1.25

80c 90c 105c 125c 1.00 1.25

85c 95c 110c 130c 1.00 1.25

90c 100c 115c 135c 1.00 1.25

95c 105c 120c 140c 1.00 1.25

100c 110c 125c 145c 1.00 1.25

105c 115c 130c 150c 1.00 1.25

110c 120c 135c 155c 1.00 1.25

115c 125c 140c 160c 1.00 1.25

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125c 135c 150c 170c 1.00 1.25

130c 140c 155c 175c 1.00 1.25

135c 145c 160c 180c 1.00 1.25

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155c 165c 180c 200c 1.00 1.25

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The INVISIBLES

A NOVEL
BY EDGAR EARL CHRISTOPHER

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"It is wonderful beyond belief," I said, still gazing upon the rough, black stones that formed the walls. "I felt a thrill of excitement not unmixed with awe, as I thought of all the strange scenes from which I had passed; of that wonderful series of caverns, of what they contained, and of the twelve counselors we had left behind us. I even thought of old Sista and the silent lad in the old stone house. Then a horrid mental picture of that lone prisoner chained in the tunnel caused me to shudder. I could see his pale face and his few strands of white hair. I could see his sightless eyes staring blankly, and his toothless mouth agape. I could hear his piteous, wailing voice, then his demoniacal laugh. I longed to go and break the fetters that bound him. I fancied I could hear him begging—supplicating."

"What is that?" I sprang backward, dropping my torch and shivering in terror.

Valdemere was at my side in a second of time.

"What is it, Rodin?" he said, seizing me by the arm, and shaking me with violence, as though to arouse me from sleep.

I could not speak but pointed toward a dark hole in the wall at my right. He raised his torch and strained his eyes. Then he plunged forward and entered the hole. I saw him jerk the pistol from his belt. Then he disappeared into the darkness.

My torch still lay spattering on the ground, and though I turned to reach for it, I could not move. Suddenly a gust of wind extinguished all I was left standing alone in the darkness.

As I was about to light the torch, I saw a glimmer of light coming from the dark hole. Then Valdemere came into it, his face white, and his eyes burning with a terrible light.

"Rodin! he cried and now you're supposed and certain, 'what was it you saw?'

"As sure as God I saw the shadow of a man!" I cried.

"A man?" he said, examining my arm. "Are you sure?"

"Plainly distinctly I saw the shadow of the man. I am almost sure of my seeing, but I was totally surprised at this."

A hideous face now wore a triumphant expression. He placed his pistol in his belt, and took a clothe from the pocket of the pouch. He exhibited every shade and every patch of red. He then went again to the tunnel. He stopped and saw him through the hole downward, then down the dark walls, and then he had some faint view. When he returned he called out at his ease,

"Rodin," he said, "there is absolutely no evidence that any one has been



Rodin. What Was It You Saw?

in this cave, but, if so, they must have fled."

I had not told of the footsteps I had heard while we was in the tunnel. I opened my mouth to speak, but did not utter the words. Why mention it, for, after all, my brain may have fancied the sounds, and a sense of shame had taken possession of me.

CHAPTER XI

Though many years have passed away since the events of this story were enacted, I see a fit of horror as I look over the voluminous notes I collected from Valdemere, from Deneau, and from the strange tales of old Uga, the Indian. Total of these sources am I indebted for the facts concerning the career of Deneau, and especially the adventures which marked his connection with "The Invisible Hand," which to my mind presents one of the most interesting cases in the history of crime. The tireless energy, the patient vigilance, the daring genius, and the phenomenal cunning of Deneau, in combating with his powerful and secret foes, his analysis of the most intricate plots, his bold deductions and daring methods, all these made his object been within reach of human methods. His clues were a marvel of exactness.

Victor Deneau sat in his room at the "Bald Eagle," a small hotel in Pine Bluff, a thriving town located among

the mountains of Tennessee. He divided his time between Chattanooga and Pine Bluff, both being situated upon the banks of the river, and separated by a distance of some thirty miles.

On the opposite bank of the river from Dead Man's Cave, and hanging to the side of the great ridge, was the hut of Uga, the Indian. The "Bald Eagle" was a hospitable inn, which enjoyed an enviable reputation, it having been the scene of many atrocious crimes and the home of many plots. The building was a large frame structure, with the main entrance opening directly upon the street, and over the doorway of which a stately eagle, with outstretched wings, was perched.

Victor Deneau knew the character of this house, but it suited his purpose; and as its location was favorable to his plans, he had without asking any questions made his temporary home there. Deneau was not a man to be driven from his plans by the knowledge that he would be compelled to come in contact with men of nocturnal professions."

The table in front of him was literally covered with documents, letters and maps, and numerous newspaper clippings pasted upon sheets of white paper. These showed exact dates, indicating that they had been carefully folded together, and save for slight discolorations, were well preserved. A lamp sat in the center of this table, and by its feeble light Deneau was careful in reading one paper after another, and as each was finished, it was folded and placed in order at his side.

In giving a description of Deneau it need only be said that he was a compound being, made up from French Hebrew and Human types of humanity. Though he as his name would indicate, was a fire-breather, he nevertheless displayed a Sonian and Human trait, which were indeed very interesting.

His brow was low and thickly surrounded with stiff black hair. His eyes, black as midnight, were small and piercing, while his nose and chin were of a very sensitive type, and he was so slender that his weight could not have exceeded a hundred and twenty-five pounds. With his sensitive fingers, countenance, he'd like to have had the power of forming shadows from long hair and Eaton hand bands, he'd have employed a large number of them in the time over his paper.

Occasionally he would stop his reading to note a significant movement in the room, which lay at his side. This happening often caused him at one time the most noted detective in London to exclaim, he had run up to the guillotine's gang, consisting of thirty of the most desperate and most unscrupulous criminals in the city of Paris. For this service he had received an enormous reward, and, before long, he was twice so bad off than before. His name soon became the terror of the crowned element of that great city. Every man and woman who had guilt upon his or her soul trembled at the name of this city and of this man, and to add to the terror with which his name inspired the public, he shortly afterwards made a price that exceeded in its daring his previous achievement.

All things come to him who wants' was one of Deneau's favorite expressions. He never jinxed at conclusions, but calculated the greatest dangers of his plans with seeming precision. He was a man of extraordinary daring, and his views of life were composite. He might be a Russian Catholic, a German, a Swede, a German, or a No-Name, but was pronouncedly an Anti-Creditor. His origin could never be traced but was probably the cause of his unfortunate accident.

The first recollection he had was not a very agreeable one. He found himself in the care of an old beggar who when he was ten years old carried him to a great newspaper establishment, and handing him a few small coins, told him to buy a certain number of papers. This done, she led him back into the street, and said:

"Each morning, brat, you can go and buy more papers; now, take those you have, and scream out until they are sold. But, listen, boy, take care of your money, for you will need it," and with this she was gone.

Little Deneau, looking around him was confronted by a sea of strange, cold faces, strange streets, strange sounds, and strange houses. Tears welled into his black eyes, as he looked from one indifferent face to another.

The rumbling of vehicles, the shout of pedestrians, the cries of fruit sellers, the shouting of the crowd, all broke upon his young soul like a horrible nightmare, and rendered his loneliness complete.

At last the poor little wail raised his wee voice, and was crying out with all his might, when there came before his vision the towering form of a gendarme, crying in a stentorian voice, "Move on, move on!" and the little fellow was pushed on like a grain of sand, and was soon lost among the crowds of the gay capital.

Fifteen years later, Paris was agog

with the excitement attending one of the most hideous murders that had ever been committed within the limits of the capital.

The belief that the Russian nihilists were gathering in numbers in the city of Paris had become wide-spread, and Deneau was assigned the chief duty of locating them. In a fortnight, this daring man had traced them to their dangerous enemies of the Czar, and so great was the general feeling of alarm that the patrols had been increased and the troopers of the empire were literally picketed with the Czar's soldiers.

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He discovered and brought to justice

offered, but no trace of the perpetrator of the deed could be found, until on a certain morning, when the police had almost given up in despair, a dark-visaged young man made his appearance at the Chief's office, and said he

would produce the culprit for the rewards.

The Chief followed the young man to an obscure quarter of the city, and found the murderer bound to the floor of a small room in the third story of a dilapidated building. The prisoner confessed his guilt in the presence of the officer, and Deneau received his reward.

Soon after this, a desperate villain named La Hardy came upon the scene, whose crimes were as varied as they were atrocious, and who had for many years perpetrated his deeds with impunity. He was called by his associates "The Invincible," on account of his hairbreadth escapes. He had broken all laws, under the very noses of the gendarmes and made good his escape.

La Hardy had for years been the leader of a gang of robbers and assassins; at whose door suspicion had placed a score or more of the most horrible murders that had ever shocked the French capital, and inspired the police with renewed vigilance, but singularly enough, though every one interested in the matter was convinced of La Hardy's guilt, they could not produce sufficient evidence in a single case to convict him.

During Deneau's progress in the investigation of this case two men had died upon the guillotine, declaring their innocence of the crime with which they were charged. He was among the spectators at the double execution, and knew that these poor unfortunate were suffering death for a crime which La Hardy had committed, and yet he did not raise his voice to save them. In withholding this information, Deneau became the murderer of these two innocent men. But he had no compunction, and felt no remorse. He knew that by saving their lives he would run the risk of La Hardy's escape, and so he suffered them to die.

Deneau was but a detective, and he disdained the idea of losing the rewards individual and governmental which were offered for the head of La Hardy.

When pursuing his investigation he worked alone, bridling his tongue in the presence of others, and never made a decisive movement until he was sure of his prize.

The web of evidence was now sure-



Gleaming Over His Papers.

iv wing around the Party. His eyes became less bold and for a time nothing was seen or heard of him until, at last, his case was dropped by other investigators, who declared that he had quitted the country.

Suddenly on a certain day about 4 a.m., just two months after the execution of the two innocent men, Deneau came, the assassin in the very act of murdering a wealthy Englishman who was at that time sojourning in Paris and who had been enticed into the hands of assassins. After placing La Hardy in safe keeping Deneau laid smothered his deputies, who were in wait and entering a sewer trap in the heart of the city they made an underground passage, and at last came upon the associates of La Hardy, whom they had fled for refuge when their leader was taken.

No one ever knew how Deneau had effected this brilliant piece of work, and even his deputies knew none of the details until they were set to face with the assassins.

Deneau would never tell his plans, even to his associates, who were mere automatons. They were, however, under such perfect control that they never failed in the least from their leaders instructions, and for that reason, they seldom failed to bag their game.

The proudest work of the detective had gained for him a world-wide reputation, and his name had sent terror to the hearts of the criminal classes.

A persistent rumor that a powerful circle of Russian nihilists were mounting their secret sessions in the French capital had caused the police much anxiety. Russian spies came in scores to ferret out the rendezvous of these dangerous enemies of the Czar, and so great was the general feeling of alarm that the patrols had been increased and the troopers of the empire were literally picketed with the Czar's soldiers.

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GRIST OF GRINS.

Eddie—"Say, uncle, what's radium?" Uncle—"Aw, that's the stuff they make radios of."

Father—"What's the difference between a lunch and a luncheon?" "About a dollar and a quarter, my boy."

How did you get that black eye, Eddie?" "I got dat," replied Eddie, disgustedly, "by walkin' to count ten when I was angry, like you told me."

Ne'ver Old Lady (on seventh floor of note)—"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?" Porter—"Yes, m'm, he has the place insured for two thousand dollars."

"Yes, sa'd I, we have main balls, the best round brown."

"Give me ten cents' worth, thin," says he.

"I made up the package, handed it to him, and he argued over again. I had forgotten all about my customer until about four o'clock the next afternoon, when I was forcibly reminded of the transaction of the day before. After I had waited on my customers in their turn I walked over to another counter and was there confronted with my moth-eaten investor. Without giving me time to make an inquiry he said:

"Are ye the young man that sold me them things yis 'day?" showing me the remains of about half a dozen of the white balls.

"I answered in the affirmative, and a'no inquired what the trouble was.

"At all the com games I've run w' against in me time, this bats 'em all," he said. "To think of one runnin' a decent do-n-toyz store sellin' the likes of them things to kill moths with or eatin' 'em, for the matter of that. There might be all right for playin' marbles, but for killin' moths, never. I might be as young as ye, ye are, young too, but I'm just as sturdy, and I want to tel' you a'nt nothin' else."

Norah Puzic—

La Guardia Case—

Frank J. Cheney—

John G. Gleason—

Robert P. Mulligan—

James F. O'Farrell—

John P. Quinn—

John T. Quinn—

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