

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 22.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1907.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

GOT LOTS OF EGGS

FISH CULTURIST STEWART MADE GREAT CATCH.

Superintended Entire Take of Trout Eggs.

Fish Culturist A. T. Stewart of the Northville U. S. fish station made a remarkable record this year in the securing of 57,000,000 million of nice trout eggs at the Beavers Islands. This take of eggs, as was stated once before in these columns, was the largest in the way of lake trout and finest in quality, ever secured at any government station.

Stewart was sent by Supt. Clark of the Northville station and had entire charge of the work at that place and at times had some seventy or more men under him. In his work at the Beavers Stewart was ably assisted by Messrs. Phillips, Fuller, VanAtta and Davies, laborers at the Northville station.

Mr. Stewart began his work there Oct. 28 and finished Dec. 17 and in



A. T. STEWART.

The Northville fish culturist who had charge this year of the securing of big take of trout eggs.

In addition to the trout eggs secured he also captured about 6,000,000 white sh eggs.

Clark credits Mr. Stewart with an exhibition of no small amount of ability in this work and the showing made was very pleasing to him as well as to the department at Washington.

W. J. Gallagher, chairman of the County Republican committee of Charlevoix county, who lives on the Beavers, speaks in high terms of Mr. Stewart's work there and especially of his ability to handle the men, and work, to make a showing of this kind. Gallagher says the people of Beaver Island will swear by Stewart and will give him a warm welcome when he returns next year.

Stewart has been in the employ of the department of the Bureau of Fisheries for fourteen years, under Supt. Frank N. Clark, and has been a fish culturist for seven of those years and a part of that time he has been acting foreman of the station. For four previous seasons Stuart has had charge of this work at the Beavers and has been very successful, though this of course was the banner year.

Stewart is regarded as one of the best posted fish culturists in the service and his many friends here as well as Supt. Clark are much pleased over his record of this year.

HIGH SCORE BOWLERS

The Three Night League's Record to Date.

The New Year was started by some good scores as follows: J. Raymond 230, 202, 227; C. T. Thornton 206, 234, 212; P. Austin 202, D. Smith 207, E. A. Merritt 207, Rob Lanning 212; C. A. Seaslons 212.

Standing of Teams:

Team No 1	Won 14	Lost 4	777
" 2	" 10	" 5	667
" 3	" 7	" 8	583
" 4	" 6	" 9	555
" 5	" 5	" 10	500
" 6	" 4	" 11	467
" 7	" 3	" 12	222
" 8	" 2	" 13	133

"See That Curve!"

WELL, YES; UNCLE SAM IS INTERESTED.



—Bartholomew J. Minneapolis Journal.

MARRIED TWENTY YEARS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dunham of Novi Celebrate.

Mrs. James Dunham of Novi was the originator of a very pleasant surprise on her husband Friday evening, Dec. 28, it being his birthday and also the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. In the early part of the evening Mr. Dunham was called over to one of the neighbors and when he returned he found the house full of old friends who had come to help him celebrate two very important events in his life. It took him some time to realize what was going on but when he fully recovered from the shock he was equal to anything that might happen during the remainder of the evening.

A fine program had been prepared consisting of music and recitations and an original poem composed by Mrs. Marvin Sloan for the occasion was read and greatly enjoyed. A faintly repast was served after which the guests departed wishing their host and hostess many happy returns of the day. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

New Year's Gathering.

A New Year's reunion is the event of the season of the J. Madison Warren family which occurred this week at the home of Martin L. Smith and wife in the township of Northville. There are four surviving members of the family: Mrs. A. H. Herron of Gagetown, Mrs. M. L. Smith of Northville, James Warren of Michigan City, N. D., and J. H. Warren, West Saginaw. Those present, besides the host and hostess, were A. H. Herron and wife of Gagetown, J. H. Warren and wife of Saginaw, M. L. Parker and wife of Owosso, Edgar Smith of Northville, Will Tousey and wife, Miss Belle and Clifton Covert of Detroit, Don Norton and wife of Ypsilanti, James Smith and wife of Northville and Mrs. Tom Orr of Walled Lake. A letter from James Warren of North Dakota, who was not able to be present, said they were having from three to five feet deep of snow. These gatherings occur each year and are enjoyable affairs. This one exceptionally so.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Come and see Dutch Peter and hear William Wagner Strauss and little Nina Henkle Krauss in the Ladies' Library Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23, at 2:30 o'clock. Also hear the fifth grade sing the songs of the nation's Help to buy new books for that grade's library by paying ten cents admission.

Notice.

Having sold my interest and good-will in the Furniture and Undertaking business in this place to Schrader Bros. of Plymouth, I take this opportunity of thanking the people who have so kindly stood by me during my long business career here, and hope they will show my successors the same courtesy.

M. A. PORTER.

GOVERNOR VERY ILL

BAD ATTACK BRONCHITIS KEEPS HIM IN BED.

He May Not Be Out for a Week or More.

Governor Warner is ill in bed at his home in Farmington with a bad attack of bronchitis, bordering on bronchial pneumonia. He came home last Thursday night from Lansing with an aggravating attack of grip which soon developed into bronchial trouble.

Dr. Henry J. Hartz, a member of one of the state boards, was summoned in consultation with Dr. J. A. Miller, the governor's family physician Monday night.

"We hope if no complications set in that the governor may be able to get out again in about two weeks," said the doctors. "He is suffering from an attack of the grip which has invaded his tonsils, his throat and the bronchial tubes."

"Some of the symptoms are pain in the kidneys, a low fever and weakness. The attack unless carefully treated, might develop into bronchial pneumonia."

The governor was much disappointed at not being able to be at Lansing at the opening of the legislature, but it was utterly impossible. A trained nurse has been summoned and every care is given the governor and his safe and speedy recovery is looked for.

WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. John Shannon has returned from a holiday visit in Detroit.

S. N. Parker and wife spent the holidays with their son at Lansing.

Mrs. Etta Mowry and the Misses Bennett returned to Ypsilanti Tuesday.

J. Spinks and family returned Wednesday from a visit in Canada and Detroit.

Misses Wright and Stevens spent a part of last week with Grand Lodge relatives.

Henry Stowe and wife of Commerce ate New Year's dinner with his brother, Salem and family.

Mrs. Nixon and Lockwood of Northville visited their sister, Mrs. Ed. Martin, one day last week.

Mrs. Will White of Northville spent a few days this week with her mother, Mrs. Lowe, who is quite sick.

Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the church next Tuesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. As it is the time for the election of officers a good attendance is desired.

GETTING SERIOUS.



—Triggs in New York Press.

The Best

Garland and Peninsular Hard Base Burners.

Garland & Peninsular Planished Steel Ranges.

"Retort Oak" Soft and Hard Coal Burners.

Wood Heaters and Air Tight Stoves.

White Lily Washing Machines, Empire Wringers, etc.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

The New Year

Don't you want to begin the New Year right by trading at Ryder's. We have everything the housewife wants and our clerks are pleased to wait on you.

GROCERIES—We call your attention again to our Always Fresh Groceries and our prompt delivery.

COFFEE—Best Coffee in town and at lowest prices. Chase & Sanborn's are always reliable.

C. E. RYDER

Both Telephones.

NORTHVILLE.

Fine Tailoring!

By putting into our line of Woolsens, the Choicest Products of the manufacturers' skill, we have received substantial recognition from the public in the shape of our Enormous Quantity of Orders.

Our line contains ALL the Popular Weaves, Colorings and Novelties, as well as the Most Desirable Staples. Give us a Trial Order.

E. J. WILLIS, Merchant Tailor

1324 Grand River Avenue. Phone Grand 1990-J. DETROIT, MICH.

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

THE Griswold HOUSE

POSTAL & MOREY, PROPRIETORS.

A strictly first-class, modern, up-to-date Hotel, located in heart of the City.

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

On Grand River Ave. & Griswold St.

DETROIT.

Try Our 40 and 50 Cent Teas

Our 25 Cent and 30 Cent Coffee

Our 4 Cans Corn for 25 Cents

Our 7 lbs Rolled Oats for 25 cts

B. A. WHEELER

TELEPHONE.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CASE" and "THE DELUGE"

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

But my vanity was not done with me. Led on by it, I proceeded to have one of those ridiculous "generous impulses"—I persuaded myself that there must be some decency in this liberality, in addition to the prudence which I flattered myself was the chief cause. "I have been unjust to Roebuck," I thought. "I have been misjudging his character." And incredibly though it seems, I said to him with a good deal of genuine emotion: "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Roebuck. And, instead of trying, I want to apologize to you. I have thought many hard things against you; have spoken some of them. I had better have been attending to my own conscience, instead of criticizing yours."

"Thank you, Blacklock," said he, in a voice that made me feel as if I were a little boy in the crossroads church, believing I could almost see the angels floating above the heads of the singers in the choir behind the preacher. "Thank you. I am not surprised that you have misjudged me. God has given me a great work to do, and those who do His will in this wicked world must expect martyrdom. I should never have had the courage to do what I have done, what He has done through me, had He not guided my every step."

XI.

On my first day in long trousers I may have been more ill at ease than I was that Sunday evening at the Ellerslys, but I doubt it.

When I came into their big drawing-room and took a look around at the assembled guests, I never felt more at home in my life. "Yes," said I to myself, as Mrs. Ellersly was greeting me and as I noted the friendly interest in the glances of the women, "this is where I belong. I'm beginning to come into my own."

As I look back on it now, I can't refrain from smiling at my own simplicity—and snobishness. For, so determined was I to believe what I was working for was worth while, that I actually fancied there were unpotholes in reality ordinary people, ordinary in looks, ordinary in intelligence, some subtle marks of superiority, that made them at a glance superior to the common run. This ecstasy of snobishness deluded me as to the women only—for, as I looked at the men, I at once felt myself their superior. They were an inconsequential, patterned lot. I even was better dressed than any of them, except possibly Mowbray Langdon, and if he showed to more advantage than I, it was because of his manner, which, as I have probably said before, is superior to that of any human being I've ever seen—man or woman.

"You are to take Anita in," said Mrs. Ellersly. With a laughable sense that I was doing myself proud, I crossed the room easily and took my stand in front of her. She shook hands with me politely enough. Langdon was sitting beside her; I had interrupted their conversation.

"Hello, Blacklock!" said Langdon, with a quizzical, satirical smile with the eyes only. "It seems strange to see you at such peaceful pursuits." His glance traveled over me critically—and that was the beginning of my trouble. Presently he rose, left me alone with her.

"You know Mr. Langdon," she said, obviously because she felt she must say something.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "We are old friends. What a tremendous swell he is—really a swell." This with enthusiasm.

She made no comment. I debated with myself whether to go on talking of Langdon. I decided against it because all I knew of him had to do with matters down town—and Monson had impressed it upon me that down town was taboo in the drawing-room. I rummaged my brain in vain for another and suitable topic.

She sat, and I stood—she tranquil and beautiful and cold, I every instant more miserably self-conscious. When the start for the dining-room was made I offered her my left arm, though I had carefully planned beforehand just what I would do. She—without hesitation and, as I know now, out of sympathy for me in my suffering—was taking my wrong arm, when it flashed on me like a blinding blow in the face that I ought to be on the other side of her. I got red, tripped in the far-sprawling train of Mrs. Langdon, tore it slightly, tried to get to the other side of Miss Ellersly by walking in front of her, recovered myself somehow, stumbled round behind her, walked on her train and finally arrived at her left side, conscious in every red-hot atom of me that I was making a spectacle of myself, and that the whole company was enjoying it. I must have seemed to them an ignorant boor; in fact, I had been about a great deal among people who knew how to behave, and had I never given the matter of how

to conduct myself on that particular occasion an instant's thought, I should have got on without the least trouble. It was with a sigh of profound relief that I sank upon the chair between Miss Ellersly and Mrs. Langdon, safe from danger of making "breaks," so I hoped, for the rest of the evening. But within a very few minutes I realized that my little misadventure had unnerved me. My hands were trembling so that I could scarcely lift the soup spoon to my lips, and my throat had got so far beyond control that I had difficulty in swallowing. Miss Ellersly and Mrs. Langdon were each busy with the man on the other side of her; I was left to my own reflections, and I was not sure whether this made me more or less uncomfortable. To add to my torment, I grew angry, with myself. I looked up and down and cross the big table, noted all these self-satisfied people perfectly at their ease; and I said to myself: "What's the matter with you, Matt? They're only men and women; and by no means the best specimens of the breed. You've got more brains than all of 'em put together, probably; is there one of the lot that could get a job at good wages if thrown on the world? What do you



"SHE LOOKED AT ME—JUST LOOKED"

care what they think of you? It's a damn sight more important what you think of them, as it won't be many years before you'll hold everything they value, everything that makes them of consequence, in the hollow of your hand."

When the ladies withdrew, the other men drew together, talking of people I did not know and of things I did not care about—I thought then that they were avoiding me deliberately as a flock of tame ducks avoids a wild one that some wind has accidentally blown down among them. I know now that my forbidding aspect must have been responsible for my isolation. However, I sat alone, sullenly resisting old Ellersly's constrained efforts to get me into the conversation, and angrily suspicious that Langdon was enjoying my discomfort more than the cigarette he was apparently absorbed in.

Old Ellersly, growing more and more nervous before my dark and sullen look, finally seated himself beside me. "I hope you'll stay after the others have gone," said he. "They'll leave early, and we can have a quiet smoke and talk."

All unstrung though I was, I yet had the desperate courage to resolve that I'd not leave, defeated in the eyes of the one person whose opinion I really cared about. "Very well," said I, in reply to him.

He and I did not follow the others to the drawing-room, but turned into the library adjoining. From where I seated myself I could see part of the drawing-room—saw the others leaving, saw Langdon lingering, ignoring

the impatient glances of his wife, while he talked on and on with Miss Ellersly.

At last Langdon arose. It irritated me to see her color under that indifferent fascinating smile of his. It irritated me to note that he held her hand all the time he was saying good-by, and the fact that he held it as if he'd as lief not be holding it hardly lessened my longing to rush in and knock him down. What he did was all in the way of perfect good manners, and would have jarred no one not superstitious, like me—and like his wife. I saw that she, too, was frowning.

In an aimless sort of way Miss Ellersly, after the Langdons had disappeared, left the drawing-room by the same door. Still aimlessly wandering, she drifted into the library by the hall door. As I rose, she lifted her eyes, saw me, and drove away the frown of annoyance which came over her face like the faintest haze. In fact, it may have existed only in my imagination. She opened a large, square silver box on the table, took out a cigarette, lit it and holding it, with the smoke lazily curling up from it, between the long slender first and second fingers of her white hand, stood idly turning the leaves of a magazine. I threw my cigar into the fireplace. The slight sound as it struck made her jump, and I saw that, underneath her surface of perfect calm, she was in a nervous state full as tense as my own.

"You smoke?" said I. "Sometimes," she replied. "It is soothing and distracting; I don't know how it is with others, but when I smoke my mind is quite empty."

"It's a nasty habit—smoking," said I.

"Do you think so?" said she, with the slightest lift to her tone and her eyebrows.

"Especially for a woman." I went on, because I could think of nothing else to say, and would not, at any cost,

thing she probably wished me to think vaguely pleasant.

"You are the first woman I ever knew," I went on, "with whom it was hard for me to get on any sort of terms. I suppose it's my fault. I don't know this game yet. But I'll learn it, if you'll be a little patient; and when I do, I think I'll be able to keep up my end."

She looked at me—just looked. I couldn't begin to guess what was going on in that gracefully-poised head of hers.

"Will you try to be friends with me?" said I with directness. She continued to look at me in that same steady, puzzling way.

"Will you?" I repeated. "I have no choice," said she slowly. I flushed. "What does that mean?" I demanded.

She threw a hurried and, it seemed to me, frightened glance toward the drawing-room. "I didn't intend to offend you," she said in a low voice. "You have been such a good friend to papa—I've no right to feel anything but friendship for you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said I. And I was; for those words of hers were the first expression of appreciation and gratitude I had ever got from any member of that family which I was holding up from ruin. I put out my hand, and she laid hers in it.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do to earn your friendship, Miss Anita," I said, holding her hand tightly, feeling how lifeless it was, yet feeling, too, as if a flaming torch were being borne through me, were lighting a fire in every vein.

The scarlet poured into her face and neck; wave on wave, until I thought it would never cease to come. She snatched her hand away and from her face streamed proud resentment. God, how I loved her at that moment!

"Anita! Mr. Blacklock!" came from the other room, in her mother's voice. "Come in here and save us old people from boring each other to sleep."

She turned swiftly and went into the other room, I following. There were a few minutes of conversation—a monologue by her mother. Then I ceased to disregard Ellersly's less and less covert yawns, and rose to take leave. I could not look directly at Anita, but I was seeing that her eyes were fixed on me, as if by some compulsion, some sinister compulsion. I left in high spirits. "No matter why or how she looks at you," said I to myself. "All that is necessary is to get yourself noticed. After that the rest is easy. You must keep cool enough always to remember that under this glamour that intoxicates you, she's a woman, just a woman, waiting for a man."

XII.

"UNTIL TOMORROW."

A week passed, and just as I was within sight of my limit of patience, Brownell Ellersly appeared at my office. "I can't put my hand on the necessary cash, Mr. Blacklock—at least, not for a few days. Can I count on your further indulgence?" This in his best exhibit of old-fashioned courtliness—the "gentleman" through and through, ignorant of anything useful.

"Don't let that matter worry you, Ellersly," said I, friendly, for I wanted to be on a somewhat less businesslike basis with that family. "The market's steady, and will go up before it goes down."

"Good!" said he. "By the way, you haven't kept your promise to call."

"I'm a busy man," said I. "You must make my excuses to your wife. But—in the evenings. Couldn't we get up a little theater party—Mrs. Ellersly and your daughter and you and I—Sam, too, if he cares to come?"

"Delightful!" cried he. "Whichever one of the next five evenings you say," I said. "Let me know by—tomorrow morning, will you?" And we talked no more of the neglected marguerite, we understood each other. When he left he had negotiated a three months' loan of twenty thousand dollars.

They were so surprised that they couldn't conceal it, when they were ushered into my apartment on the Wednesday evening they had fixed upon. If my taste in dress was somewhat too pronounced, my taste in my surroundings was not. I suppose the same instinct that made me like the music and the pictures and the books that were the products of superior minds had guided me right in architecture, decoration and furniture.

I was pleased out of all proportion to its value by what Ellersly and his wife looked and said. But, though I watched Miss Ellersly closely, though I tried to draw from her some comment on my belongings—on my pictures, on my superb tapestries, on the beautiful carving of my furniture—I got nothing from her beyond that first look of surprise and pleasure. Her face resumed its statue-like calm, her eyes did not wander, her lips, like a crimson bow painted upon her clear, white skin, remained closed. She spoke only when she was spoken to, and then as briefly as possible. The dinner—and a mighty good dinner it was—would have been memorable for strain and silence had not Mrs. Ellersly kept up her incessant chatter. I can't recall a word she said, but I admired her for being able to talk at all.

I knew she was in the same state as the rest of us, yet she acted perfectly at her ease, and not until I thought it over afterward did I realize that she had done all the talking except answers to her occasional and cleverly-sprinkled direct questions.

(To be continued.)

"I could tell you what I think of you in a very few words."

"True, you could, Maria," responded Mr. Meekman. "But you won't, Maria, you won't."

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE

THE SENATORIAL BATTLE IS A VERY HOT SCRIMMAGE—JUST NOW.

GOVERNOR THROWS BOMB

Mr. Atwood Makes a Statement—Boodle Charges Create a Very Strained Situation.

The Organization.

The legislature of 1907, both houses, convened at noon with nearly all members present. Clerk Elbert V. Chilson called the senate to order, and after prayer by the Rev. W. H. French, Justice Carpenter administered the oaths of office. In the house, Clerk Charles S. Pierce brought down the gavel at noon sharp, the Rev. Mr. Gray offered prayer, and Chief Justice McAlvey administered the oaths of office, 10 members at a time. Both houses then took adjournment until 2:30 p. m., when they reassembled and proceeded to elect officers.

The inaugural speeches of Lieut. Gov. Kelley and Speaker Whelan were in general terms. Lieut. Gov. Kelley brought special emphasis on the fact that the members must represent public and not private interests, and should heed the people rather than the lobby.

"Today, gentlemen," said he, "we begin to write the record of a new legislature. What that record shall be depends, in my judgment, very largely upon how well we understand and remember the capacity in which we have been commissioned here and the source of the authority under which we act here. It must be borne in mind at all times that ours is a representative government; that we are here in a purely representative capacity; that we are here exercising certain powers because the people have placed us here and clothed us with those powers, and not otherwise."

Stories of the corrupt use of money to influence legislators are easily the great features of the final hours of the campaign, and that they command belief is not to be denied or even ignored. For this reason two very important statements were made public Tuesday, the stories of the use of money in the senatorial fight having become too widespread to pass unnoticed. These statements follow, the first coming from Gov. Warner, who is confined to his bed in his Farmington home.

Governor's Statement.

From what has transpired I am now unalterably opposed to the election of Mr. Hill as United States senator. For some time there have been rumors, some of which at least deserve careful investigation before they are dismissed, that there have been improper methods used in advancing his candidacy.

I have heard more of these rumors from Mr. Atwood than from any other person. I believe the people of this state would, if given an opportunity, unite with me in my desire to rebuke such methods as are alleged. I cannot understand how Mr. Atwood can be for Mr. Hill when at his last interview with me, less than a week ago, he emphatically and unqualifiedly stated to me that the methods employed to advance Mr. Hill's candidacy had been such that he could not support him under any circumstances, and at that time he agreed to stand with me in my opposition to such methods. I have learned of nothing since that time to change my mind or which should have changed the mind of Mr. Atwood.

I exceedingly regret my inability to be in the capitol tonight.

If I could be there and there should be any danger of Mr. Hill's election, under the circumstances I should certainly plead with every member of the legislature to delay the matter for one week for further consideration and above all that the members might again talk the matter over with their constituents.

No honest man would suffer at such adjournment, and no others need any protection at the hands of the Republican party.

Mr. Atwood's Statement.

Railroad Commissioner Atwood made this signed statement:

"I discussed with the governor some rumors regarding the use of improper methods said to have been used to advance Mr. Hill's candidacy. The governor and I agreed that, should there be any evidence of any improper use of money, the matter should be investigated; that it would be the duty of the governor to proceed with the investigation, and that I was willing and glad to assist him in any way I could at this or at any other time."

"The governor must have misunderstood my conversation, if he reached the conclusion that I had stated to him that I could not support Mr. Hill under any circumstances. The impression I desired to convey to him was that I would not under any circumstances support Mr. Hill's candidacy, if it developed that he was improperly using money in his campaign."

"As to the governor's statement that he had heard nothing from me to change his mind on this matter, I wish to emphasize the fact that he has been sick and there has been no opportunity to confer with him. After a personal investigation, however, I have satisfied myself that the rumors were entirely unfounded."

The board of control of the State School for the Blind will have a bill introduced in the legislature providing for compulsory education of the blind between the ages of 7 and 15 years. The attendance at the state school varies from 60 to 120.

Mrs. Thomas Sheely, wife of a prominent grocer of Cheboygan, committed suicide Saturday by taking a dose of strychnine. She died in terrible agony in spite of the efforts of three physicians. She was about 45 years old. Her mind gave way some months ago, but she had partially recovered. She leaves no children.

BAD SIGN.

An Irate Brother Obtains Signatures and Beats Man Badly.

Miss Mary Kavanaugh, head waitress of the recently burned Fraser hotel, in Bay City, who rescued a guest in the halls when he was nearly overcome by smoke and pulled him from the burning building by the hair of his head, and ex-Mayor Alexander McEwan have sworn to a warrant against William F. Kavanaugh, the woman's brother, head of the Kavanaugh Fish Co., charging assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than the crime of murder.

Kavanaugh is said to have found his sister in a room in a saloon, with McEwan and at the point of a revolver to have compelled the former mayor to sign an agreement bearing upon his future relations with Miss Kavanaugh and to have forced her to affix her signature to an agreement that she would leave Bay City. Then, it is alleged, Kavanaugh put up his revolver and pounded McEwan with his fists. McEwan's face was badly discolored when he appeared in police court, where Kavanaugh gave \$500 bonds for appearance.

Blissfield's Beet Sugar.

The beet sugar factory in Blissfield, which is one of the largest in Michigan, is now running through the sugar-producing process, on an average, 675 tons of beets during a working day of 24 hours, for the factory is in operation continuously. The highest runs made have been 720 tons a day. The works employ 400 men. During the last month the company has paid out \$300,000 to the farmers for beets. By the time the last loads for this season have been delivered their payments for beets will have amounted to considerably over half a million of dollars. The factory is making preparations for a great increase in its business next year, and for this purpose will keep quite a large force of men at work during the summer.

Preferred Death.

Martin Morton, who committed suicide in the hay loft of a Kalamazoo stable, was undoubtedly inclined to do so by litigation in which he was involved. Morton was a well-known milling man and about a year ago bought what is known as the Iron Bridge mill near Marshall from W. W. Cleveland. The purchase was made on a land contract. A short time later Morton sold the mill to Harry Beesley, of Constantine, the latter giving him \$400 in part payment. Later Beesley found out that Morton's title to the mill was not good, and he had Morton arrested on a charge of false pretenses. The case was on call for trial.

No Known Cause.

Elmer Sturtevant, living about four miles south of here, was found dead in his house Saturday morning by his brother and three neighbors. An inquest was held and the jury brought in a verdict that he committed suicide by placing the muzzle of a 12-gauge shotgun in his mouth. One side of his face was entirely shot away, and the walls and ceiling were smeared with blood. He was about 40 years old and worked in the woods. He was last seen by his brother Thursday afternoon. No cause is known for his committing the deed.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

Vital statistics for Port Huron for 1906 show 393 deaths and 282 births.

Thomas Rossiter, aged 58 years and one of Muskegon's early pioneers, died Sunday night, leaving a widow and seven children.

Clarence J. Mears, of Kalamazoo, has been appointed deputy secretary of state to succeed Chas. S. Pierce, who becomes clerk of the house.

Clarence H. Olds, chief clerk in the state railroad department for the past 10 years, has gone to Muskegon, where he will manage the Bijou theater.

The Northern Michigan Rural Carriers' association, which met at Standish on Jan. 1, discussed increased pay. They meet again on Decoration day.

Albina Zarzi, a Hungarian, who was recently sent to Kalamazoo asylum, will be deported. While in the asylum it was necessary to keep him in a strait-jacket.

Outdoor life brought a complete cure to Dr. F. F. Pletcher, of Battle Creek, the former G. T. R. surgeon, who, some months ago, broke down and was taken to Kalamazoo asylum.

Ralph Teebeck, a Grand Rapids & Indiana switchman, was found dead in bed and the discovery nearby of an empty bottle which had contained carbolic acid indicates suicide.

Dey Armstrong, who killed Carrie Vincent, of Lawton, Mich., in a South Bend, Ind., hotel, is recovering from what were first thought to be fatal self-inflicted injuries. A plea of insanity will be the defense offered at his trial. He was once confined in the Kalamazoo asylum. The remains of Miss Vincent were buried at Lawton Sunday.

Rural Carrier James McGreanor, of Route No. 2, Sumner, "bumped the bumps" when the neckyoke broke, the tongue of his wagon dropped down, and the horse ran away. The tongue struck the ground at irregular intervals for a quarter of a mile, and each time the rig was lifted bodily from the road, and McGreanor was thrown against the roof of his wagon. The team finally crashed into a stump and broke the wagon to splinters, but McGreanor was not hurt. No mail was lost.

The Grand Trunk is said to be considering a plan to build a belt line in Pontiac. It would open up desirable factory sites.

Herbert Bailey, of Mt. Pleasant, received a New Year's gift from his father, Sheriff Charles H. Bailey, in the shape of a deed for the old Bailey home. Inclosed with the deed was a receipt for the 1906 taxes.

Jos. Bazuhke is 38; his wife 30. They live in Ann Arbor and have eight children. A group picture was sent to President Roosevelt by the proud father and the president sent a personal cord of acknowledgment as a holiday greeting.

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday morning by The Record Printing, at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

Terms of Subscription:—One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c; (to new subscribers) 25c in advance. Single copies, 5c.

Advertising Rates made known on application. All advertising must be sent monthly, transient advertising, in advance.

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 2-cent per word.

For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 15c per line, and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.

Notices for religious and benevolent societies, of reasonable length, one insertion free.

Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, P. M.

No false advertising, nor unreliable patent medicine advertising, or anything bordering on the "objectionable" accepted at any price.

Respective clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 4, 1907.

Compel 'Em to Vote.

That every citizen should be compelled to vote, is a view of the suffrage situation that is growing in favor. It is believed by some thoughtful students of our problems that the assessment of a heavy fine or limited loss of the voting privilege should follow failure to cast their votes on the part of those possessed of that right. While the results of neglect may not lead to the more serious possibilities for our government of the people in the minds of those most anxious over the situation, it would not be an unreasonable to make it if possible an incident of individual loss and regret so far as those responsible for the possibilities of danger from that direction are concerned.

A People's Lobby.

The "people's lobby" suggestion is not altogether bad if the best possible use could be made of it, so far as the state legislature is concerned. That best possible use would be to have it take care of the "other people's lobbies" and local delegations that from time to time descend upon the state capitol and make their demands. The delegations of assumed disinterested citizens that go to Lansing to ask for new state institutions, for additional circuit court districts and for largely increased appropriation for some state institutions in their home towns—if some arrangement could be made to protect the legislature from these visitations the results would be beneficial to the state and enjoyable to the legislators.

Immense Carving Set.

There is a carving knife and fork in New York which is the largest set in the world. The knife is ten feet long and the fork seven and one-half feet. The handles are made out of elephants' tusks and are worth \$800. Together the implements are valued at \$1,500 and weigh 320 pounds.

Tea as a Libation.

The Chinese have a curious way of worshipping the statue of Buddha, with their favorite beverage. Into a great bowl of sweetened tea, a statue of the god is placed, women bring their offerings, then taking up some of the tea with a ladle, pour it over the defenseless head of the placid god. From the same ladleful they help themselves, giving a sip to each of their little ones.

Happiness in Marriage.

If all comes around to one of two things, says Harper's Bazaar. With all married couples who differ in habit, in taste, in opinion, in mode of life, if there is to be any happiness somebody has to learn to give up, or give up minding that there is a difference. Either way is as good as the other. It is surprising how many things are not of any importance if one can only think they are not!

Poor in French Hospitals.

The common people fear above everything the hospital, says the Paris Eclair. They are badly received and questions are put to them in a loud voice in the presence of patients, students and visitors. The modesty of women is not respected. The poor have the right to demand when they are under examination the observation of the elementary laws of modesty; they have also the right to demand of doctors professional secrecy.

Notice to Taxpayers.

I will be at the store of Carpenter & Huff in Northville Friday and Saturday of each week and Thursday, Jan. 10, 1907, the final day, for the purpose of receiving Northville Township taxes.

JAS. A. HUFF, TREAS.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

(Contributions to this column are earnestly solicited. If you have visitors, or are visiting elsewhere, drop a line to that effect in the Record Item Box in the post-office.)

Robert Walker is very sick at his home in Bealton.

Margaret Greenley of Detroit visited Northville friends this week.

Miss Mary Holt of Detroit visited Northville friends over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and daughter of Holly are visiting Mrs. Mosher.

Miss Mary Connor of Detroit visited Northville friends New Year's day.

R. R. McKahan was a Detroit visitor Monday.

Mrs. Angie Hueston of Detroit is visiting friends in town.

Raymond LaBar of Saginaw called on Northville relatives Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. DeCorsey Evans spent New Year's with their daughter in Detroit.

Mrs. Walton of Pennsylvania is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oldfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nesbitt of Ovid are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sessions.

Henry Ballard of Ann Arbor has been spending the holidays with Ray Haddock.

Miss Beta Rodger of Cincinnati, O., has been visiting Miss Mae Coldren this week.

Warren Smith of Lansing is visiting relatives in Northville and Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagadora of Milford visited Northville relatives a few days this week.

Miss Lilla Dolph of Detroit was the guest of Miss Minnie Ditch the fore part of the week.

George Brown spent Christmas with his children in Lansing returning home Friday.

Henry DesAutels and family of Detroit spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. Charter.

Miss Laura Vogt of Trenton is spending the week with her cousin, Miss Hazel Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor of Detroit visited friends in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Edward Gay returned Monday from Milan where she had been spending the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macomber spent the first of the week with relatives in Clyde, Ohio.

Mrs. Milford Baker and son of Prayville spent the last of the week at the home of G. H. Baker.

Miss Lida Richardson left Tuesday for Ypsilanti Normal where she will take up the study of music.

Master Harry Jackson and sister, Miss Mina, of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Shafer New Year's day.

J. M. Stark and bride of Middleton, Idaho, were guests at the home of Willard D. Stark on New Year's day.

The doctors are all kept busy these days, as nearly every one is suffering with pneumonia, gripe or hard colds.

Misses Genevieve Clark and Lida Richardson visited Mrs. Sidney Liddell at Milford the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer VanLeuven of Detroit spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer.

Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Stephens have returned from Goderich, Canada, where they have been spending the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Neelands and children of Detroit spent New Year's day with the former's brother, Robert Neelands and family.

Miss Genevieve Clark returned to Madison, Wis., Wednesday after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Clark.

Henry Smitherman and wife of Ovid and Mrs. Will Smitherman of Plymouth spent last Friday with Mr. and Mrs. George Smitherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Seeley of this place and R. G. Adams and wife near Farmington spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Holcomb at Farmington.

Mrs. Hazen and daughter, Mrs. Florence Mathews, returned to their home in Detroit Wednesday after spending the holidays with the former's daughter, Mrs. Chas. Thornton.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Parker of Owosso and Miss Belle Covert and brother, Clifton, of Detroit, called on their cousin, Mrs. C. Pinkerton Tuesday. They were on their way to spend the day with their uncle, Martin Smith of Salem.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

Lou Clark spent Tuesday in Ypsilanti.

Miss Elizabeth Tate is entertaining her father.

Mrs. Lou VanValkenburg was at Pontiac Monday.

Frank Clark of Detroit visited his parents here Tuesday.

Mrs. Carlisle of Port Huron is the guest of Mrs. George Stanley.

Mrs. Tousey and mother, Mrs. Greer, spent Wednesday in Plymouth.

Miss Grace Yerkes spent her holiday vacation with friends in Detroit.

Miss Pearl Lamb of Royal Oak visited friends in town a few days this week.

Miss Mabel Burgess spent part of last week in Detroit with her brother.

Mrs. T. H. Turner left Thursday for Jackson to visit relatives for a few days.

Don Ball has returned home after spending his vacation with Linn Ball in Detroit.

Verla Withee of Detroit visited her cousin, Mrs. Lauren Felt, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hazel Furman of Wixom spent part of last week and this with her aunt, Mrs. Seaton.

Myrtle Leslie of Lemington, Canada, visited her cousin, Ina Smitherman, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Prime White spent Tuesday with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Riggs of Plymouth.

Nelson Bogart and family attended a reunion of the Bogart family at South Lyon New Year's day.

Miss Reva Rutbruff of Belleville has been spending the holidays with her sister, Miss Coral Rutbruff.

Helen Warner of Farmington spent New Year's day with Miss Bertha Fendt at the home of F. S. Neal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dart and children of Carson City are visiting at the home of James Dart and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Chadwick and two children of Lakemont, N. Y., spent the holidays with C. Chadwick and family.

Miss Edith Scott returned to Ypsilanti Tuesday after a few days' visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott.

Dr. Murdoch and wife and Mrs. Thomas Murdoch and children have just returned from a few days' visit with friends in Ypsilanti.

Roy Smitherman and wife of Detroit and Mrs. Dawson and daughter of Wheatley, Canada, were guests of George Smitherman and family New Year's day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. James Smith spent Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Quigley at Ypsilanti attending a family reunion.

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regule's relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

CLEARING SALE!

We have too large a stock for this season of the year and in order to turn it into Cash, we will make a Great Reduction on All Winter Goods and Odds and Ends in shoes for Cash. Sale Commencing January 1st.

Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price
PANTS	MEN'S FINE SHOES	LADIES' FINE SHOES
\$3.00 Pants.....\$2.45	1 lot \$3.50 Shoes.....\$2.75	1 lot \$3.00 Shoes.....\$2.35
2.50 ".....1.95	1 lot 3.00 ".....2.35	1 lot 3.00 ".....2.15
2.00 ".....1.60	1 lot 3.00 ".....2.25	1 lot 2.50 ".....1.80
1.50 ".....1.15	1 lot 2.50 ".....1.90	1 lot 2.50 ".....1.75
1.25 ".....1.00	1 lot 2.00 ".....1.60	1 lot 2.00 ".....1.65
1.00 ".....80	1 lot 3.50 tan shoes..\$2.40	1 lot 2.50, 3.00 tans. 1.15

Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price
MISSES FINE SHOES	FELTS And RUBBERS	WARM SHOES
1 lot \$2.00 Shoes.....\$1.60	\$3.50 Felts & Rubbers \$3.00	LADIES'
1 lot 1.75 ".....1.40	3.00 ".....2.50	\$2.00 Shoes.....\$1.60
1 lot 1.75 ".....1.25	2.50 ".....2.10	1.50 ".....1.20
1 lot 1.50 ".....1.15	3.50 Sox and Rubbers 3.00	1.25 ".....98
1 lot 1.25 ".....1.00	3.00 ".....2.50	1.25 Slippers.....1.00
1 lot 1.75 tans.....1.00	2.50 ".....2.10	.75 ".....50
	2.25 ".....1.90	.50 ".....42

Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price
MACKINAW COATS	CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES	MEN'S UNDERWEAR
\$3.50 Coats.....\$2.50	1 lot \$1.25 Shoes.....\$1.00	\$1.00 Wool Underwear...\$80
3.00 ".....2.25	1 lot 1.25 ".....90	50 Fleeced ".....40
Men's Slippers	1 lot 1.00 ".....85	50 Ribbed ".....40
1.50 Slipper.....1.20	1 lot 1.00 ".....75	25 Boys' Rb. ".....19
1.25 ".....1.00	1 lot 1.00 ".....65	
1.00 ".....80	1 lot 1.25 Tan.....90	
.75 ".....55		

Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price	Clearing Sale Price
WARM LINED	OLD LADIES' SHOES	MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS
GLOVES And MITTS	\$2.00 Shoes.....\$1.60	\$1.00 Shirts.....\$ 80
\$2.00 Gloy's and Mitts \$1.80	1.50 ".....1.20	50 ".....40
1.50 ".....1.15	1.25 ".....1.00	50 Jersey Shirts...40
1.00 ".....80	Boys' Shoes	50 Work ".....45
.75 ".....60	1 lot \$2.00 Shoes.....1.60	50 Boys ".....40
.50 ".....40	1 lot 1.75 ".....1.40	
.25 ".....19	1 lot 1.50 ".....1.15	

Don't miss this sale for we have many Bargains not listed here. Owing to the Low Prices Quoted NO GOODS WILL BE CHARGED. TERMS CASH.

STARK BROS., Northville.

Where the Acorns Are.

A new instructor in natural history has made his advent in Central park, New York. Going up to a group of children, a man said: "You are wasting your time here. You will find acorns only under the oak, hickory and chestnut trees."

I MAKE...

To the measure I take and do not try to secure your patronage by bluffing, but carry a clean, honest-line of Woollens. Call and compare prices with a reliable tailor.

Northville. G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

Pardridge & Blackwell

Will Close Their Store in the Majestic Building

Saturday, January 26th

AFTER delays and disappointments extending over a period of several months we now have positive assurance from the contractors that our new building will be ready for occupancy in about four weeks. Accordingly, we have decided upon February 2nd for our grand opening day. It will take a week to move and make preparations, so we will be "out of business" from January 26th until the following Saturday when our friends and patrons will be invited to visit us in the finest, most complete and thoroughly up-to-date retail establishment in Michigan, extending an entire block on Farmer street from Gratiot to Monroe Avenue, right in "The Heart of Detroit."

THE LAST SALE BEFORE WE MOVE BEGAN MONDAY

And It's a Bargain Opportunity that You Can't Afford to Miss.

All Winter Goods at a tremendous sacrifice—Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishings, Caps and Gloves, Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts, Waists, Furs, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Millinery, Footwear, Children's Apparel. On these lines prices are reduced 1-4, 1-3, and even 1-2 to make a clean sweep.

Our entire stock of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Linens and Domestics, Notions, etc., marked down.

Big Savings on Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Crockery, Glassware and House Furnishings of all kinds.

All broken lots, Remnants and Holiday Goods, closing out at less than cost.

This Sale must positively end Saturday, January 26th, to enable us to move and prepare for the Grand Opening in our new store February 2nd, 1907.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL

The People's Store.

Majestic Building

DETROIT.

January Sales Commences Wednesday, January 2

SILK DEPARTMENT

A rapid and constant increase in price of raw silk will not prevent our making our usual reduction in prices during January. With but few exceptions every piece has been reduced in price.

We have selected special lots where "have been" prices have not been considered.

One lot—a variety of weaves, colorings and styles: January price.....59c

One lot—High class Novelty Plaids, Brocades, etc.: January price.....89c

Black and Colored Plain, Chiffon, Paon, Fanne and Costume Velvets, all reduced during January.

Colored Taffetas: Our 75c quality.....69c Our 85c quality.....75c

Our 1.00 quality.....89c Our 1.25 quality.....1.00

DRESS GOODS DEPT.—A reduction in price has been made on every piece.

One special lot 36-inch Suitings—Mexican Etamines, etc., regular value 50c to 85c, now.....35c

One special lot 44-inch to 54-inch Tweeds, Camel's Hair, Plaids etc., regular value \$1 to \$1.50, now.....59c

One special lot Novelty Camel's Hair, Chevrons, Tweed Suitings, etc., regular value \$1.25 to \$2.50, now.....79c

Short lengths of Voiles Etamines, Crepes and Eolienues, marked one-half price.

BLACK GOODS DEPT.—A general reduction throughout the entire stock. Every yard reduced in price. We have made two special lots of odd pieces to close before inventory.

One lot 48-inch Zibeline, Wool Crash, Fancy Mistral, black and white Stripe etc., former prices \$1.25 to \$3.....49c

One lot Silk and Wool Crepes, Novelty Voiles and high class sheer Novelties, former prices \$1.50 to \$2.50, January price.....98c

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

165 to 169 Woodward Ave.

DETROIT.

PERRIN'S
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
15c Bus to and from All Trains.
Best Rigs in Town. Telephone Connections.
F. N. PERRIN, Prop.

W. L. B. CLARK'S
MILK ROUTE.
PURE AERATED MILK
Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.
Successor to E. SOMMER.

CLARK'S
RESTAURANT
DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE.
FINEST COFFEE. PURE BUTTER
Nice 15 Cent Lunch.
Regular 20 Cent Dinner.
36 West Fort Street
Between City Hall and Post Office.

L. W. LOVEWELL
AUCTIONEER
SOUTH LYON, MICH

Special attention given to Farm, Merchandise and Thoroughbred Stock sales.

Dates for Sales made at either Telephone Office, South Lyon, at my expense.
Terms Reasonable.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

AT THE
Northville Greenhouses

you can secure everything desirable in the line of

OUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS.

J. M. DIXON,
Propr.

Her Awful Husband.
When a young couple were being married recently at a registrar's office, the bride, instead of repeating the usual formula, said: "I take this man to be my awful husband," and the registrar, pointing out her mistake, made her repeat the correct words.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Imitation
J. C. H. HITCHCOCK

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Write it 1907 now.

Mrs. VanAken is quite ill.

Daniel Rogers is quite ill.

George Stark is still very poorly.

Mr. Woodmanse is very sick at this writing.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bloom is sick.

G. H. Baker has been ill with the grippe this week.

Mrs. J. W. Perkins was quite sick the first of the week.

Mrs. R. C. Yerkes is recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mrs. C. M. Joslin was quite ill the latter part of last week but is able to be out again.

Regular communication of Union Chapter No. 55, R. A. M., will be held Wednesday evening, Jan. 9.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Ray VanValkenburg, who has been very sick the past week, is better.

The Record has been giving away a large lot of calendars this week but we still have a good many very pretty ones on hand.

Miss Minnie Gude entertained the "Jolly Twelve" very delightfully Thursday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Burch, at Plymouth.

Christian Science service Sunday morning at ten o'clock and Wednesday at seven p. m. at 559 Center street. Subject for Sunday: "Life". All are cordially invited.

There will be an auction sale of household goods at the premises of the late Laura J. Root Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1:00 o'clock. C. M. Thornton, auctioneer.

K. of P. Regular Convention Mystic Lodge No. 100 Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th. Installation of officers. A full attendance is requested, special business. By order C. C.

The following data was brought to this office by Wilbur Harrington of this place: During the year of 1906 there has been thirty births, sixteen marriages and fourteen deaths.

Little Kenneth Withee, the four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Withee of Detroit, formerly of this place, is slowly recovering from an attack of pneumonia at the Children's hospital in Detroit.

The "Jolly Twelve" were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Minnie Ditch New Year's eve. Guessing games and light refreshments were the main features of the evening. "Thank you".

As you can see elsewhere in these columns, Stark Bros. are having a clearing sale of boots and shoes and gent's furnishings. The Record office have just gotten out some neatly printed bills to advertise this sale.

While at work at Dubuar's shop last Thursday, Fred VanValkenburg had the misfortune to have his arm seriously cut. Dr. Burgess was called and in dressing the wound found it necessary to take several stitches.

Mrs. J. E. Whipple aged seventy-two years, entertained her children and grandchildren New Year's day. She gave an excellent dinner which she prepared herself and which was greatly enjoyed by all. It was also the fifty-third anniversary of her marriage.

"A Black Heifer" given by the Farmington Dramatic club in the Northville Opera house Friday evening, was a decided success. The performers played their parts well and the audience was well pleased with the entertainment. Miss Lulu Grace of Farmington and Charles Gardner of this place sang a couple of songs which were much enjoyed. The large attendance was due to the efforts of the manager of the Opera House, C. A. Gardner.

Frank H. Cogswell, who has been chief clerk in the P. M. R. R. bureau of tariffs at Detroit for some years, leaves Jan. 14 for Montreal where he accepts a position of chief of the tariff bureau for the Canadian Pacific railway company. His family will remain here for some six months yet. Mr. Cogswell has many friends who will be pleased to hear of his promotion but will be sorry to lose him and his family from Northville.

About thirty-five relatives and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Wood Christmas to partake of the usual festivities of the day. A Christmas tree, well laden with beautiful presents, was one of the chief attractions. The day was spent in music and dancing. The out of town guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Arthur of Holly; Mrs. Thelma Pratt of Bellevue, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ward of Milford, Mr. and Mrs. John Welsborough and little son of Pontiac, Mrs. Alice Ashley of Detroit, John and Charles Eno of Owosso, David Barker and Miss Vince Ward of Milford.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil Stops the pain and heals the wound. All druggists sell it.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:
Mrs. Jesse House.
Fred Jackson.

Dr. I. Winslow Ayer is ill.

Mrs. Harley Johnson is sick.

Miss Anna Smith is on the sick list.

Miss Anna Taft is on the sick list.

Mrs. Sanderson is numbered among the sick.

Rev. Jerome and family are ill with colds.

Mrs. George Rayson is very ill at this writing.

Miss Bertha Fendt is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. E. Y. Holcomb is very sick with the grippe.

Thelma Ambler is confined to the house by sickness.

Mrs. Chas. Coldren is confined to the house by illness.

Ruth Yerkes, who has been sick, is better at this writing.

R. C. Yerkes has been quite ill the past week with the grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred West are recovering from their illness.

Mrs. Jake Crommer and little grandson are numbered among the sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Seeley entertained the "U-Go-I-Go" club of Farmington Thursday evening.

Morris, the four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dart, who was seriously sick last week, is better.

The new dynamo at the electric light plant has been placed in position and will soon be in running order.

Capt. and Mrs. Kurth entertained Rev. Dimmock and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes at dinner on New Year's day.

Catherine, the little two year old child of Dr. and Mrs. Claude Burgess, is very ill at the home of her parents in Detroit.

Now is the time for the council to have all the gutters and drains cleaned out so that when navigation opens up in the spring the streets and walks will not be overflowed with water.

Fred Piper was arrested Tuesday January 1, for disorderly conduct and was tried before Justice Joslin Thursday afternoon. He pleaded guilty and was bound over to keep the peace for three months.

Wm. Gorton is up-to-date with a big calendar in his store window. The day and date can be seen from way across the street and hereafter no one needs to guess at the question of what day it is.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hurry's little boy has been suffering from slight concussion of the brain caused by a fall, but is convalescing. The little girl is still in bed with bronchial trouble.

The Jesse James Co., with a fine band will give an entertainment in the Northville Opera house Wednesday evening, Jan. 9. This promises to be a rare treat for Northville people and everybody should attend.

The Northville M. W. A. held its installation of officers last night after which a seventy-five pound roast pig was served. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. The evening's festivities were much enjoyed.

The Helmes family held a reunion at the home of Mrs. Mauk on Tuesday, Jan. 1. There were relatives present from Fenton, Milford, Wixom, Walled Lake, Pontiac and Jackson. Assumptious dinner was served and the day was a very enjoyable one.

While Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hutton of Detroit were visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutton, the first of the week, their little daughter was taken suddenly ill with bronchial trouble and is still quite ill, although the doctor seems to have gotten the upper hands of the disease.

William E. Davie and Mrs. Emma E. Fitch of Toledo, Ohio, were united in marriage by Justice C. M. Joslin Tuesday, Jan. 1. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William King of Livonia. Mr. Joslin was elected Justice last spring and this was his first marriage ceremony. Of course he was a little nervous at first but the "knot" was finally tied and the happy couple went on their way rejoicing.

Auction Sale.

John E. Wilcox and son George will hold an auction sale of stock, farm implements and grain on their farm, 1 mile north and 1/2 of a mile west of Livonia Center, on Tuesday, January 8. Sale begins at 10 a. m. sharp. John Bennett, auctioneer. lwp

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. Callings for All Stoves 10c per lb. in stove. Phone residence, 546.

G. P. Allen.



Most people know that if they have been sick they need **Scott's Emulsion** to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about **Scott's Emulsion** is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 60c. AND \$1.00.

**LADIES' AND CHILDRENS COATS
LADIES SHIRT WAISTS & SKIRTS**

At COST

MRS. PRICE, Northville.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

Doc Says==



"Now is the Accepted Time."

We are offering some Large Sized Men's Overcoats for \$15.00, former price \$20 Some More for \$12; former price \$15 and a few for \$10 that were \$12.

Men's Fleeced Lined Underwear, sizes 36 to 46, 40c ea
Boys' Fleeced Lined Underwear 20c ea

93 Main St. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN. **Wm. GORTON.**

**Attractive
JOB PRINTING**



DON'T be foolish and think that "all Job Printing looks alike" to your friends or your customers. By no means. There's just as much difference in the quality and style of Printing as there is in clothes, hats or shoes. The price is no different. Our Printing costs no more than the other fellow's, but there's a little touch of style, neatness and attractiveness you don't get elsewhere.

Samples and Prices on Application
If You Can't Call in Person.

THE RECORD PRINTERY
Both Phones.....NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



Toward the Light

of Modern Perfection we are drifting. We have made it a point to keep none but the Best and Purest of Drugs and Compounds. We especially pride ourselves upon our up to date prescription department. Here you'll get exactly what your doctor prescribes. It will be compounded and prepared by some one of experience, and you'll not be the victim of some terrible fatality, due to improper compounding of the drugs. **GOOD HEALTH** is something we all want to retain. Pure drugs and the proper prescriptions help to cure the injured organs and make good health possible. They prove a good tonic, and build up the system. Our drugs are pure, fresh, and well kept; and our prices very reasonable.

MURDOCK BROS.

DRUGGISTS

62 Main Street. NORTHVILLE.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CUSTOM" (Copyright 1905 by the BOBBY-MERILL COMPANY)

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Ellersly sat opposite me, and I was irritated, and thrown into confusion, too, every time I lifted my eyes, by the crushed, criminal expression of his face. He ate and drank hugely—and extremely bad manners it would have been regarded in me had I made as much noise as he, or lifted such quantities at a time into my mouth. But through this noisy-gluttony he managed somehow to maintain that hang-dog air—like a thief who has gone through the house and, on his way out, has paused at the pantry, with the sack of plunder beside him, to gorge himself.

I looked at Anita several times, each time with a carefully-framed remark ready; each time I found her gaze on me—and I could say nothing, could only look away in a sort of panic. Her eyes were strangely variable. I have seen them of a gray, so pale that it was almost silver—like the steady light of the snow-line at the edge of the horizon; again, and they were so that evening, they shone with the deepest, softest blue, and made one think, as one looked at her, of a fresh violet frozen in a block of clear ice.

I sat behind her in the box at the theater. During the first and second intermissions several men dropped in to speak to her mother and her—fellows who didn't ever come down town, but I could tell they knew who I was by the way they ignored me. It exasperated me to a pitch of fury, that coldly insolent air of theirs—a jerky nod at me without so much as a glance, and no notice of me when they were leaving my box beyond a faint, supercilious smile as they passed with eyes straight ahead. I knew what it meant, what they were thinking—that the "Bucket-shop King," as the newspapers had dubbed me, was trying to use old Ellersly's necessities as a "jimmy" and "break into society." When the curtain went down for the last intermission, two young men appeared; I did not get up as I had before, but stuck to my seat—I had reached that point at which courtesy has become cowardice.

They craned and strained at her round me and over me, presently gave up and retired, disguising their anger as contempt for the bad manners of a hound. But that disturbed me not a ripple, the more as I was delighting in a consoling discovery. Listening and watching as she talked with these young men, whom she evidently knew well, I noted that she was distant and only politely friendly in manner habitually, that while the ice might thaw for me, it was there always. I knew enough about women to know that, if the woman who can thaw only for one man is the most difficult, she is also the most constant. "Once she thaws toward me!" I said to myself.

When the young men had gone, I leaned forward until my head was close to hers, to her hair—fine, soft, abundant, electric hair. Like the infatuated fool that I was, I tore out all the pigeon holes of my brain in search of something to say to her, something that would start her to thinking well of me. She must have felt my breath upon her neck, for she moved away slightly, and it seemed to me a shiver visibly passed over that wonderful white skin of hers.

I drew back and involuntarily said, "Beg pardon." I glanced at her mother and it was my turn to shudder. I can't hope to give an accurate impression of that stony, mercenary, mean face. There are looks that paint upon the human countenance the whole of a life, as a flash of lightning paints upon the blackness of the night miles on miles of landscape. The look of Mrs. Ellersly's—stern disapproval at she daughter, stern command that she be more civil, that she unbend—showed me the old woman's soul.

"If you wish it," I said, on impulse, to Miss Ellersly in a low voice, "I shall never try to see you again."

I could feel rather than see the blood suddenly beating in her skin, and there was in her voice a nervousness very like fright as she answered: "I'm sure mamma and I shall be glad to see you whenever you come."

"You?" I persisted.

"Yes," she said, after a brief hesitation.

"Glad?" I persisted.

She smiled—the faintest change in the perfect curve of her lips. "You are very persistent, aren't you?"

"Very," I answered. "That is why I have always got whatever I wanted."

"I admire it," said she.

"No, you don't," I replied. "You think it is vulgar, and you think I am vulgar because I have that quality—that and some others."

She did not contradict me.

"Well, I am vulgar—from your standpoint," I went on. "I have purposes and passions. And I pursue them. For instance, you."

"I?" she said tranquilly.

"You," I repeated. "I made up my mind the first day I saw you that I'd make you like me. And—you will."

"That is very flattering," said she. "And a little terrifying. For"—she altered, then went bravely on—"I

suppose there isn't anything you'd stop at in order to gain your end."

"Nothing," said I, and I compelled her to meet my gaze.

She drew a long breath, and I thought there was a sob in it—like a frightened child.

"But I repeat," I went on, "that if you wish it, I shall never try to see you again. Do you wish it?"

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "I think not."

As she spoke the last word, she lifted her eyes to mine with a look of forced friendliness in them that I'd rather not have seen there. I wished to be blind to her defects, to the stains and smudges with which her surroundings must have sullied her. And that friendly look seemed to me an unmistakable hypocrisy in obedience to her mother. However, it had the effect of bringing her nearer to my own earthly level, of putting me at ease with her; and for the few remaining minutes we talked freely, I indifferent whether my manners and conversation were correct. As I helped her into their carriage, I pressed her arm slightly, and said in a voice for her only, "Until to-morrow."

FRESH AIR IN A GREENHOUSE.

At five the next day I rang, the Ellersly's bell, was taken through the drawing-room into that same library.



"I CAUGHT HER IN MY ARMS AND KISSED HER—NOT ONCE, BUT MANY TIMES."

The curtains over the double doorway between the two rooms were almost drawn. She presently entered from the hall. I admired the picture she made in the doorway—her big hat, her embroidered dress of white cloth, and that small, sweet, cold face of hers. And as I looked, I knew that nothing, nothing—no, not even her wish, her command—could stop me from trying to make her my own. That resolve must have shown in my face—it or the passion that inspired it—for she paused and paled.

"What is it?" I asked. "Are you afraid of me?"

She came forward proudly, a fine scorn in her eyes. "No," she said. "But if you knew, you might be afraid of me."

"I am," I confessed. "I am afraid of you because you inspire in me a feeling that is beyond my control. I've committed many follies in my life—I have moods in which it amuses me to defy fate. But those follies have always been of my own willing. You?"

I laughed—"You are a folly for me. But one that compels me."

She smiled—not discouragingly—and seated herself on a tiny sofa in the corner, a curiously impregnable intrenchment, as I noted—for my impulse was to carry her by storm. I was astonished at my own audacity; I was wondering where my fear of her had gone, my awe of her superior fine-

ness and breeding. "Mamma will be down in a few minutes," she said. "I didn't come to see your mother," replied I. "I came to see you."

She flushed, then froze—and I thought I had once more "got upon" her nerves with my rude directness. How eagerly sensitive our nerves are to bad impressions of one—we don't like, and how coarsely insensible to bad impressions of one we do like!

"I see I've offended again, as usual," said I. "You attach so much importance to petty little dancing-master tricks and caperings. You live—always have lived—in an artificial atmosphere. Real things act on you like fresh air on a hothouse flower."

"You are—fresh air?" she inquired, with laughing sarcasm.

"I am that," retorted I. "And good for you—as you'll find when you get used to me."

I heard voices in the next room—her mother's and some man's. We waited until it was evident we were not to be disturbed. As I realized that fact and surmised its meaning, I looked triumphantly at her.

"I see you are nervous yourself," said I with a laugh. "You are perfectly certain I am going to propose to you."

She flamed scarlet and half-started up.

"Your mother—in the next room—expects it, too," I went on, laughing even more disagreeably. "Your parents need money—they have decided to sell you, their only large income-producing asset. And I am willing to buy. What do you say?"

I was blocking her way out of the room. She was standing, her breath coming fast, her eyes blazing. "You are—frightful!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

"Because I am frank, because I am honest? Because I want to put things on a sound basis? I suppose, if I came lying and pretending and let you lie and pretend, and let your parents and Sam lie and pretend, you would find me—almost tolerable. Well, I'm not that kind. When there's no special reason one way or the other, I'm willing to smile and grimace and dicker and drel, like the rest of your

"I must warn you," she said, and now she was looking directly at me. "I shall never love you."

"Never is a long time," replied I. "I'm old enough to be cynical about prophecy."

"I shall never love you," she repeated. "For many reasons—you wouldn't understand. For one you will understand."

"I understand the 'many reasons' you say are beyond me," said I. "For, dear young lady, under this coarse exterior I assure you there's hidden a rather sharp outlook on human nature—and well, nerves that respond to the faintest changes in you as do mine can't be altogether without sensitiveness. What's the other reason—the reason? That you think you love some one else?"

"Thank you for saying it for me," she replied.

"You can't imagine how pleased I was at having earned her gratitude, even in so little a matter. 'I have thought of that,' said I. 'It is of no consequence.'"

"But you don't understand," she pleaded earnestly.

"On the contrary, I understand perfectly," I assured her. "And the reason I am not disturbed is—you are here, you are not with him."

She lowered her head so that I had no view of her face.

"You and he do not marry," I went on, "because you are both poor?"

"No," she replied.

"Because he does not care for you?"

"No—not that," she said.

"Because you thought he hadn't enough for two?"

A long pause, then—very faintly: "No—not that."

"Then it must be because he hasn't as much money as he'd like, and must find a girl who'll bring him—what he most wants."

She was silent.

"That is, while he loves you dearly, he loves money more. And he's willing to see you go to another man, be the wife of another man, be everything to another man," I laughed. "I'll take my chances against love of that sort."

"You don't understand," she murmured. "You don't realize—there are many things that mean nothing to you and that mean—oh, so much to people brought up as we are."

"Nonsense!" said I. "What do you mean by 'we'? Nature has been bringing us up for a thousand thousand years. A few years of silly false training doesn't undo her work. If you and he had cared for each other, you wouldn't be here, apologizing for his selfish vanity."

"No matter about him," she cried impatiently, lifting her head haughtily. "The point is, I love him—and always shall. I warn you."

"And I take you at my own risk?"

Her look answered "Yes!"

"Well," I took her hand—"then, we are engaged."

Her whole body grew tense, and her hand chilled as it lay in mine. "Don't—please don't," I said gently. "I'm not so bad as all that. If you will be as generous with me as I shall be with you, neither of us will ever regret this."

There were tears on her cheeks as I slowly released her hand.

"I shall ask nothing of you that you are not ready freely to give," I said.

Impulsively she stood and put out her hand, and the eyes she lifted to mine were shining and friendly. I caught her in my arms and kissed her—not once but many times. And it was not until the chill of her ice-like face had cooled me that I released her, drew back red and ashamed and stammering apologies. But her impulse of friendliness had been killed; she once more, as I saw only too plainly, felt for me that sense of repulsion, felt for herself that sense of self-degradation.

"I cannot marry you!" she muttered.

"You can—and will—and must," I cried, infuriated by her look.

There was a long silence. I could easily guess what was being fought out in her mind. At last she slowly drew herself up. "I can not refuse," she said, and her eyes sparkled with defiance that had hate in it. "You have the power to compel me. Use it, like the brute you refuse to let me forget that you are." She looked so young, so beautiful, so angry—and so tempting.

"So I shall!" I answered. "Children have to be taught what is good for them. Call in your mother, and we'll tell her the news."

Instead, she went into the next room. I followed, saw Mrs. Ellersly seated at the tea-table in the corner farthest from the library where her daughter and I had been negotiating.

"Won't you give us tea, mother?" said Anita, on her surface not a trace of the cyclone that must still have been raging in her.

"Congratulations me, Mrs. Ellersly," said I. "Your daughter has consented to marry me."

Instead of speaking, Mrs. Ellersly began to cry—real tears. And for a moment I thought there was a real heart inside of her somewhere. But when she spoke, that delusion vanished.

"You must forgive me, Mr. Blacklock," she said in her hard, smooth, polite voice. "It is the shock of realizing I'm about to lose my daughter. And I knew that her tears were from joy and relief—Anita had 'come up to the scratch'; the hideous menace of 'genteel poverty' had been averted."

"Do give us tea, mamma," said Anita. Her cold, sarcastic tone cut my nerves and her mother's like a razor blade. I looked sharply at her, and wondered whether I was not making a bargain vastly different from that my passion was picturing.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN NO. 270 RAN AWAY

"The 270 was sure the village cutup of those class B engines," said the fat engineer. "That was back in the days of the jummy coal cars 'n' handbrakes."

"I was ruinin' extra at the time, not-havin' been assigned to a regular engine yet. Hen Morris, an easy goin' fellow, was the regular man on the 270, 'n' I always contended that he was too easy with her. Engines are just like hosses, you've got to let 'em know who's master."

"One night Hen Morris was taken sick 'n' I was called to take his run out. 'n' we were hardly started through the freight yards before she started up her tactics with me. I just talked to her like a Dutch uncle."

"Now, look here, you old scally-wag, I says, 'you're deadin' with no spring chicken this trip. You just get down to business or I'll pound the life out of you.'"

"An', suttin' the action to the word, I dropped her down in the corner 'n' put it to her for all I was worth. However, she didn't do any extra work 'n' lagged 'n' hung back all the way."

"Well, I says to myself, 'when we get goin' down Pine Hill I'll just keep the throttle open awhile 'n' make her go. The weight of this train behind us will make her perk up a bit.'"

"Accordingly, when we went over the pitch at the top of Pine Hill I just left her wide open 'n' kep' the steam on full head till we were flyin' down by Copper's Crossin'. Then I thought I'd better shut off, as the 270 would get a pretty lively clip down the hill now 'n' I had no hankerin' for goin' down the bank owin' to exceedin' the speed limit on the grade."

"So I shoved the throttle in to shut off the steam. Imagine how I fell when the 270 kep' right on exhaustin' just as if the speed was all to her likin'."

"Somethin' had gone wrong in her steampipe somewhere inside 'n' the valve didn't shut her off. So the 270 had taken the bit in her teeth 'n' was goin' to see how I liked ridin' fast."

"Here was a pretty predicament. My engine goin' down Pine Hill under a full head of steam with a heavy freight train behind her. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had not known that Ras Cole was only about five minutes ahead of me with a train of coal jimmies."

"I attempted to put the reverse lever in the back motion, but the steam was on such a full head that I couldn't budge the thing. Then I gave the high sign on my whistle several times to let Ras Cole know I was comin' down the hill out of control 'n' it would be wise for him to shake a leg or he'd get spifflicated."

"In an almost incredible time we swung around by the Gate station 'n' what I saw ahead made me wilt like a fat man's collar on a hot day. Not more than a quarter of a mile ahead of us was Ras Cole's train. Maybe that little caboose of his didn't look as big as a summer boardin' house."

"Ras had heard my warnin' whistle 'n' was doin' his best. He was gainin' headway, but he wasn't in our class I could figure out that we would just about meet up with his caboose around the ten degree curve below the Gate."

"Ras' train was now goin' at a terrific speed, too, 'n' it was a question whether either train would keep the rails goin' 'roun' the sharp curve. I could almost reach the tail lights on that caboose ahead. In a second I thought we would be into them 'n' I would be rollin' down the embankment amidst the wreckage of twisted iron, coal 'n' miscellaneous freight."

"Then came an awful crash 'n' I thought I could feel my engine goin' down the bank. But my engine kep' goin' 'n' I could tell by the lurchin' that she was takin' the curve all right 'n' true."

"I opened my eyes. The red lights of the caboose had disappeared. In the ravine below me I could hear a crashin', rollin' sound 'n' see dark shapes tumblin' down."

"I realized what had happened. The excessive speed at which the train ahead had taken the curve caused the last 15 or 20 coal jimmies to jump the track clean, takin' the caboose with them, just like a string of boys playin' snap and whip. Thus when we straightened out on the curve Ras' train, by losin' those 15 cars, had left that much space between me 'n' death."

"The train ahead was movin' at equal speed with me now 'n' I would probably keep the 15 cars distance between us. Under her full head of steam my engine was leavin' 'n' boundin' over the rails, 'n' when she settled back from an extra severe jolt she stopped exhaustin'."

"The terrific jar had shaken the valve back on its seat again 'n' shut off the flow of steam. My heart resumed its normal beatin', as we were 'most down the hill now, 'n' I soon had her under control."

"They pulled 270 in the shops after that run, 'n' she never came out again—leastwise unless they changed her number."

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Single Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Wm. Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and tired all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I have had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man, and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Peru Claims Kuroki.

Gen. Kuroki, the famous Japanese soldier, has been variously described as of Polish, Russian and German extraction. Another interesting chapter has been added to this genealogical symposium by an official publication in the Official Gazette, of Lima, Peru, which makes the claim, and submits a plausible statement of facts to prove it, that Kuroki's father was a Peruvian patriot whose name was Transito Charroqui. It is also declared that the general's father was a descendant of the Incas, who themselves are believed to have been descendants of an Asiatic race, so Kuroki is an atavism and has come into his own in the land of his fathers.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

No one can be happy, light-hearted and healthy with a body full of blood that cannot do its duty to every part because of its impurity; therefore, the first and most important work in hand is to purify the blood so that every organ will get the full benefit of a healthy circulation. There is no remedy so good as that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills. Each pill contains one grain of the solid extract of sarsaparilla blended with two grains of a combination of pure and mild vegetable products, making it a blood purifier unexcelled in character. One or two taken every night for awhile will produce surprising results.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century, and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

Rothschilds Never Prosecute.

While the Bank of England makes it a point never under any circumstances to relinquish the prosecution of those who have defrauded it in the slightest degree, being willing, if need be, to spend thousands of pounds, to capture and prosecute people who have robbed it of even a few shillings, the Rothschilds make it a rule never to appeal to the courts or to the police in such matters. Of course, they are, like every other banker, occasionally the victims of dishonesty; but neither the police nor the public ever hear about the matter. This has always been a principle of the heads of the house, who take the ground that it is better to bear the loss in silence than to disturb popular confidence in the safety of the concern by allowing it to be seen that its treasures are not adequately safeguarded.

Horses Still in Demand.

Happily the horse has a faculty for upsetting the gloomy predictions that he is fated to be put out of business by the automobile. The horse business has kept right on developing in spite of the fact that the automobile industry has been engaged in similar undertaking. The demand for horses is still great. The supply of classes of them is inadequate, and prices are high. The automobile may scare the horse into the ditch, but it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. There will always be a field for the horse, as there will always be a field for the automobile.—Hartford Times.

CRIED EASILY.

Nervous Woman Stopped Coffee and Quit Other Things.

No better practical proof that coffee is a drug can be required than to note how the nerves become unstrung in women who habitually drink it.

The stomach, too, rebels at being continually drugged with coffee and tea—they both contain the drug—caffeine. Ask your doctor.

An Ia. woman tells the old story thus: "I had used coffee for six years and was troubled with headaches, nervousness and dizziness. In the morning upon rising I used to belch up a sour fluid regularly."

"Often I got so nervous and miserable I would cry without the least reason, and I noticed my eyesight was getting poor."

"After using Postum a while, I observed the headaches left me and the belching of sour fluid stopped (water brash from dyspepsia). I feel decidedly different now, and I am convinced that it is because I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I can see better now, my eyes are stronger."

"A friend of mine did not like Postum but when I told her to make it like it said on the package, she liked it all right." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Always a Postum well and it will surprise you.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."



CHAPTER XII—Continued. suppose there isn't an

MEATS.

A. MILLER, Propr.

TELEPHONE

NORTHVILLE.

PRICES: EVENINGS, 10, 25, 25, 25-C "WTF"
AFTERNOONS, 10, 15, 25-C "12"

The Record Printery
Opera House Bldg.
Northville, Michigan

Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols

Ask your Dealer—inquire on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, <i>express prepaid</i> , upon receipt of catalog price	Send a card, in stamp to the <i>Big Game Catalog</i> of complete output. <i>Full value</i> book of reference for present and prospective shooters.
--	--

Beautiful three-color *Aluminum Hanger* will be forwarded for ten cents in stamp.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.,
P. O. Box 4098
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

Catarth Cure is taken internally, directly upon the blood and mucous of the system. Price 75c per bottle. All druggists. Testimonials free. Family Pills are the best

that lamp has been dropping on that light overcoat o' ycurn for the last ten minutes, but every one seemed so tickled that I hated to spoil the fun." --London Mirror.

"Strong in its plot, interesting in its detail, and delectable in its entirety is 'The Deluge.'"—Illinois State Register.

"In 'The Deluge' David Graham Phillips has exceeded himself. Matthew Blacklock towers above the average hero of the novel as he towers above the pygmies of 'the street.' It is a story of the Titans for a Titanic prize. And God Matt is a glorified, raging god, a Zeus with the youth of Hermes, the strength of Hephæstus and the charm of Apollo. You are caught up in the whirl of his race toward the goal of victory."—Chicago Journal.