

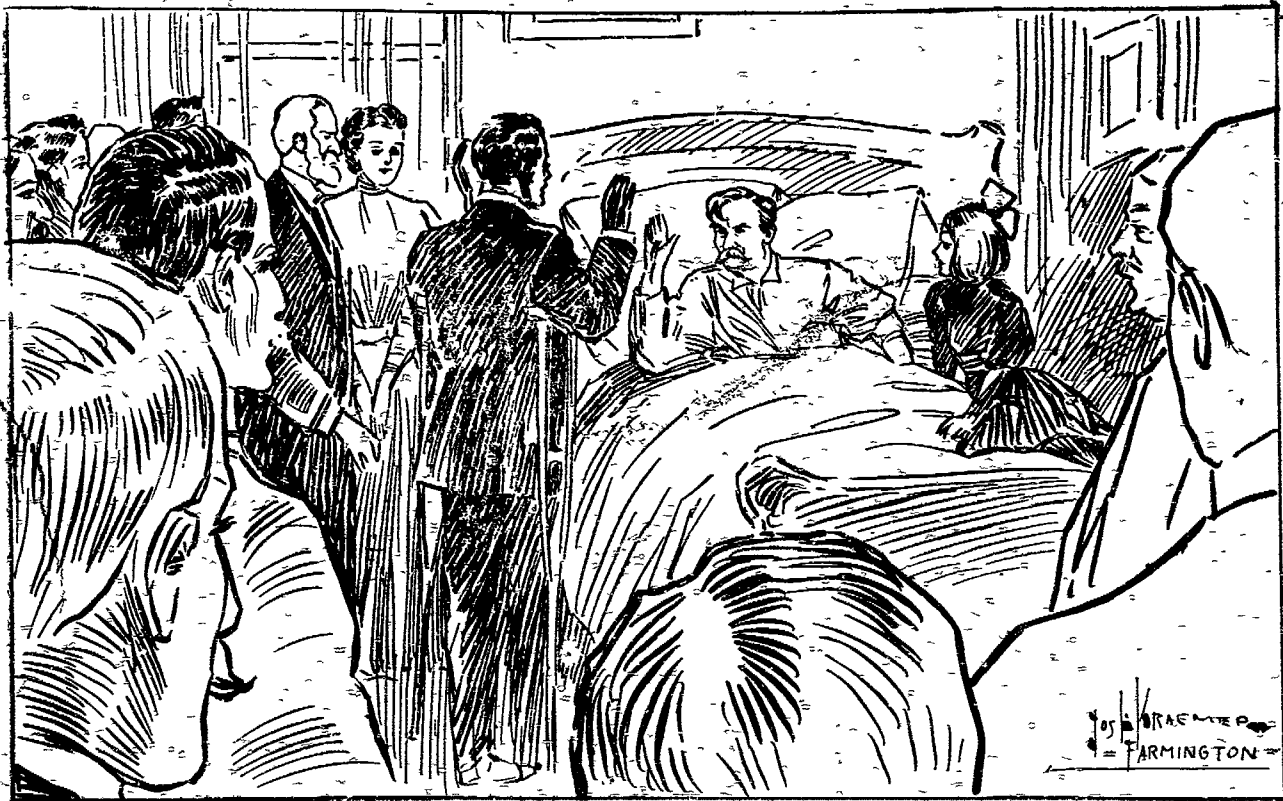
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 24.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1907.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.



GOVERNOR WARNER TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE WHILE LYING ILL IN BED AT HIS HOME IN FARMINGTON, LAST SATURDAY EVENING. THE SKETCH WAS MADE BY A DETROIT NEWS ARTIST AND THE CUT WAS KINDLY LOANED TO THE RECORD BY THAT PAPER.

GOVERNOR SWORN IN

QUIET BUT IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY SATURDAY EVENING.

Aged Father Witnesses the Event for the First Time.

While his aged father, whose hair is whitened by the snows of eighty-six winters, stood looking proudly on, Gov. Fred M. Warner took the oath of office at 5 o'clock Saturday sitting in bed supported by pillows, at his home in Farmington.

An invalid mother, whose affection for her son is as strong and ardent today as in the springtime of life, directed her thoughts towards the sick chamber where the Governor was taking the oath to fulfill to the best of his ability the duties of the office of governor.

It was a remarkable scene. It is probably the first time a governor of Michigan has ever qualified for office while upon a bed of sickness. It was like the gathering of a little family circle. There was no pretense of a state function. It suggested a little home ceremony that might be of no

Lutheran church of Farmington and Mr. Neal.

George Dickinson and other Pontiac friends brought beautiful floral tokens, which were placed in the governor's bedchamber. There had been no special preparations for the occasion. It was intended to be quiet. Many of the governor's friends throughout the state gladly would have been present and gladly the governor would have welcomed them, but his condition would not permit of this.

The governor had intended to take the oath of office sometime this week but he desired to have Congressman S. W. Smith present on the occasion and as he was obliged to leave for Washington Sunday morning, the ceremony was fixed at this time.

Rev. Mr. Martin offered a brief prayer. County Clerk Brown administered the oath of office. The governor, with uplifted right hand, responded in low, firm tones.

"I guess I won't read to you my inaugural address," he said, smiling. "I promise you I will fulfill the office to the best of my ability and always do what I think is right."

Mrs. Warner served a dainty lunch after the ceremony. This little "tea party," as it were, was instead of a state banquet and reception. There were no orations, but the expressions of loyal friendship and devotion were just as strong as those proclaimed in thunderous tones from a rostrum.

The Governor is improving very nicely now and will be able to be out of doors next week.

GOVERNOR'S VICTORY

ELECTION OF WM. ALDEN SMITH U. S. SENATOR WAS

Hard Fight Between Governor and Atwood—Hill People.

The election of Wm. Alden Smith as U. S. Senator this week Tuesday, as the outcome of last week's legislative caucus, was a clean victory for Governor Warner and his friends against the old machine and railroad interference. Pitted against the governor, lying on a sick bed at his Farmington home, was Railroad Commissioner Atwood, reckoned the shrewdest politician in Michigan, backed by many of the state officers and apparent railroad interests.

Senator Seeley and Representative McCracken of Oakland, ably assisted by G. J. Diekema, Lieut.-Gov. Kelley, Speaker Whalen, Arthur Bird representing the governor, led the fight for the governor and gathered about them a solid crowd of loyal supporters of the administration and when they threw their strength to William Alden Smith the battle was won.

William Alden will make an ideal senator.

ANNUAL MEETING

BELL FOUNDRY HELD IT SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Affairs in Good Shape—Six Percent Dividend Declared.

The American Bell & Foundry Co. held its seventh annual meeting at the Globe Co's offices Saturday afternoon and listened to the annual report of President F. S. Harmon. The affairs of the company were shown to be in first class condition.



FRANK S. HARMON.

He was again re-elected president and manager of the American Bell & Foundry Co. at Saturday's annual meeting, a place he has so successfully filled for seven years.

and that future prospects were good. A six percent dividend was declared and it will be paid in February. Since the annual meeting of a year ago, the Argo mill property and water power has been purchased and a new brick foundry building has been built, materially increasing the capacity of the plant.

The following board of directors were re-elected: F. S. Harmon, president and manager; Chas. Filkins, vicepres; Wm. Phillips, secretary; R. C. Yerkes, treasurer; L. W. Simmons, F. S. Neal, Chas. Coldren. Mr. Harmon's successful management of the plant was very favorably commented on by the stockholders.

King's Daughters' Election.

The King's Daughters held their election of officers Tuesday evening and the following were chosen: First Leader—Mrs. F. S. Harmon Second Leader—Mrs. E. C. Hinkley Secretary—Mrs. Rob't. Cameron Treasurer—Mrs. Bert Stark A dainty supper was served which was enjoyed by all.

MRS. EDDY'S REPLY TO THE JANUARY McCLURE ARTICLE.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 5.—The January issue of McClure's Magazine, which undertakes to publish the history of the early life of the Reverend Mary Baker Eddy, Leader of the Christian Scientists, and her family, has been brought to the attention of Mrs. Eddy. She has taken the pains to correct the matter, and has sent out the following statement over her own signature:

It is calumny on Christian Science to say that man is aroused to thought or action only by ease, pleasure, or recompense. Something higher, nobler, more imperative, impels the impulses of Soul.

It becomes my duty to be just to the departed and to tread not ruthlessly on their ashes. The attack on me and my late father and his family in McClure's Magazine, January, 1907, compels me as a dutiful child and the Leader of Christian Science to speak.

McClure's Magazine refers to my father's "tall, gaunt frame," and pictures "the old man tramping doggedly along the highway regularly beating the ground with a huge walking stick."

My father's person was erect and robust. He never used a walking stick. To illustrate: One time when my father was visiting Governor Pierce, President Franklin Pierce's father, the Governor handed my father a gold-headed walking stick as they were about to start for church. My father thanked the Governor, but declined to accept the stick, saying, "I never use a cane."

Although McClure's Magazine attributes to my father language unseemly, his household law, constantly enforced, was no profanity and no slang phrases. McClure's Magazine also declares that the Bible was the only book in his house. On the contrary, my father was a great reader.

The man, whom McClure's Magazine characterizes as "ignorant, dominating, passionate, fearless," was uniformly dignified—a well-informed, intellectual man, cultivated in mind and manners. He was called upon to do much business for his town, making out deeds, settling quarrels and even acting as counsel in a law-suit involving the question of pauperism between the towns of London and Bow, N. H. Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, was the counsel for London and Mark Baker for Bow. Both entered their pleas and my father won the suit. Mr. Pierce bowed to my father and congratulated him. For several years, father was chaplain of the New Hampshire State Militia and as I

(Continued on Page 2.)

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.

A Record Want Ad will help you exchange something you have and don't want for something you haven't and do want.

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 Woolens, 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 1090-J. DETROIT, MICH.

I MAKE...

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

Northville. G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

Yarnall Institute For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

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

TEA!

My 50 cent Tea which I am selling during this sale for 43c is the very best Japan Tea there is on the market, and my 40 cent Tea for 37c is a good one. My regular 25 cent Coffee for 22c is a bargain at that price.

LOOK THIS OVER.

Lake Shore Pumpkin, per can	7c
Succotash, per can	9c
Lima Beans, per can	9c
Malta Vita	8c
Wheatlet	12c
Cream of Wheat	13c
Mothers Oats	9c
Quaker Oats	9c
Assortment of Lamp Chimneys	4c
Toilet Soap	3c
Durham's Coconut, per package	7c
Egg Noodles	4c
Cereta Wheat Food	8c
Nine O'clock Washing Tea	4c

B. A. WHEELER

TELEPHONE. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

MRS. EDDY'S REPLY TO THE JANUARY McCLURE ARTICLE.

(Continued from page 1.)

recollect it, he was Justice of the Peace at one time. My father was a strong believer in State's Rights but slavery he regarded as a great sin.

Mark Baker was the youngest of his father's family and inherited his father's real estate, an extensive farm in Bow and Concord, N. H. It is on record that Mark Baker's father paid the largest tax in the colony.

McClure's Magazine says, describing the Baker homestead at Bow: "The house itself was a small, square box structure of rudimentary architecture. My father's house had a sloping roof after the prevailing style of architecture of that date."

McClure's Magazine states: "Alone of the Baker's, he (Albert) received a liberal education. *** Mary Baker passed her first fifteen years at the ancestral home at Bow. It was a lonely and unstimulating existence. The church supplied the only social diversion, the district school practically all the intellectual life."

Let us see what were the fruits of this "lonely and unstimulating life." All my father's daughters were given an academic education, sufficiently advanced so that they all taught school acceptably at various times and places.

My brother, Albert, was a distinguished lawyer. In addition to my academic training, I was privately tutored by him. He was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature, and was nominated for Congress but died before the election.

McClure's Magazine calls my youngest brother, George Sullivan Baker, "a workman in a Tilton woolen mill." As a matter of fact, he was joint partner with Alexander Tilton, and together they owned a large manufacturing establishment in Tilton, N. H. His military title of Colonel came from appointment on the staff of the Governor of New Hampshire.

My oldest brother, Samuel D. Baker, carried on a large business in Boston, Mass.

Regarding the allegation by McClure's Magazine that all the family, "excepting Albert, died of cancer," I will say that there was never a death in my father's family reported by physician or post mortem examination as caused by cancer.

McClure's Magazine says that "the quarrels between Mary, a child ten years old, and her father, a gray-haired man of fifty, frequently set the house in an uproar," and adds that these "fits" were diagnosed by Dr. Ladd as "hysteria mingled with bad temper."

My mother often presented my disposition as exemplary for her other children to imitate, saying, "When do you ever see Mary angry?" When the first edition of Science and Health was published, Dr. Ladd said to Alexander Tilton: Read it, for it will do you good. It does not surprise me, it so resembles the author.

I will relate the following incident, which occurred later in life as illustrative of my disposition.

While I was living with Dr. Patterson at his country home in Rumney, N. H., a girl totally blind, knocked at the door and was admitted. She begged to be allowed to remain with me, and my tenderness and sympathy were such that I could not refuse her. Shortly after, however, my good housekeeper said to me:

"If this blind girl stays with you I shall have to leave, she troubles me so much."

It was not in my heart to turn the blind girl out, and so I lost my housekeeper.

My reply to the statement that the clerk's book shows that I joined the Tilton Congregational church at the age of seventeen is that my religious experience seemed to culminate at twelve years of age. Hence a mistake may have occurred as to the exact date of my first church membership.

The facts regarding the McNeil coat-of-arms are as follows:

Fannie McNeil, President Pierce's niece, afterward Mrs. Judge Potter, presented to me my coat-of-arms, saying that it was taken in connection with her own family coat of arms. I never doubted the veracity of her gift. I have another coat of arms, which is of my mother's ancestry. When I was last in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Judge Potter and myself knelt in silent prayer on the ground of her late father, General John McNeil the hero of Lady Lane.

Notwithstanding that McClure's magazine says Mary Baker completed her education when she finished Smith's grammar and reached long division in arithmetic, I was called by the Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D., Principal of the Methodist Conference Seminary at Sanbornton Bridge, to supply the place of his leading teacher during her temporary absence.

Regarding my first marriage and the tragic death of my husband, McClure's Magazine says: "He (George Washington Glover) took his bride to Wilmington, North Carolina and in June, 1844 six months after his marriage, he died of yellow fever. He left his young bride in a miserable plight. She was far from home and entirely without money or friends. Glover, however, was a free mason, and received a decent burial. The masons also paid Mrs. Glover's fare to New York City, where she was met and taken to her father's home by her brother George. *** Her position was an embarrassing one. She was a grown woman with a child, but entirely without means of support. *** Mrs. Glover made only one effort at self-support. For a brief season she taught school."

My first husband, Major George W. Glover, resided in Charleston, South Carolina. While on a business trip to Wilming-

ton, North Carolina, he was suddenly seized with yellow fever and died in about ten days. I was with him on this trip. He took with him the usual amount of money he would need on such an excursion. At his decease, I was surrounded by friends, and their provisions in my behalf were most tender. The Governor of the State and his staff, with a long procession, followed the remains of my beloved one to the cemetery.

The Free Masons selected my escort, who took me to my father's home in Tilton, N. H. My salary for writing gave me ample support. I did open an infant school, but it was simply for the purpose of starting that educational system in New Hampshire. The rhyme attributed to me by McClure's Magazine is not mine, but is, I understand, a paraphrase of a silly song of years ago. Correctly quoted, it is as follows: so I have been told.

Go to Jane Glover,
Tell her I love her,
By the light of the moon,
I will go to her.

The various stories told by McClure's Magazine about my father spreading the road in front of his house with tan-bark and straw, and about persons being hired to rock and swing me, I am ignorant of. Nor do I remember any such stuff as Dr. Patterson driving into Franklin, N. H., with a coach or cradle for me in his wagon. I only know that my father and mother did everything they could think of to help me when I was ill.

I was never "given to long and lonely wanderings, especially at night," as stated by McClure's Magazine. I was always accompanied by some responsible individual when I took an evening walk, but I seldom took one. I have always consistently declared that I was not a medium for spirits. I never was especially interested in the Shakers, never "dabbled in mesmerism," never was "an amateur clairvoyant," nor did "the superstitious country folk frequently seek my advice." I never went into a trance nor described scenes far away, as McClure's Magazine says.

My oldest sister dearly loved me, but I wounded her pride when I adopted Christian Science, and to a Baker that was a sorry offense.

McClure's Magazine calls Dr. Daniel Patterson, my second husband, "an itinerant dentist." It says that after my marriage we "lived for a short time at Tilton, then moved to Franklin. *** During the following nine years the Pattersons led a roving existence. The doctor practiced in several towns, from Tilton to North Groton and Rumney."

When I was married to him, Dr. Daniel Patterson was located in Franklin, N. H. He had the degree D. D. S. was a popular man, and considered a rarely skilful dentist. He bought a place in Rumney, which he fancied, for a summer resort. At that time he owned a house in Franklin, N. H.

Although, as McClure's Magazine claims, the court record may state that my divorce from Dr. Patterson was granted on the ground of desertion, the cause nevertheless was adultery. Individuals are here today who were present in court when the decision was given by the judge and who know the following facts. After the evidence had been submitted that a husband was about to have Dr. Patterson arrested for eloping with his wife, the court instructed the clerk to record the divorce in my favor.

What prevented Dr. Patterson's arrest was a letter from me to this selfsame husband, imploring him not to do it. When this husband recovered his wife he kept her a prisoner in her home and I was also the means of reconciling the couple. A Christian Scientist has told me that with tears of gratitude the wife of the husband related these facts to her just as I have related them. I lived with Dr. Patterson peaceably, and he was kind to me up to the time of the divorce.

The following affidavit by R. D. Rousevel of Littleton, N. H., proprietor of the White Mountain House, Fabyans, N. H., the original of which is in my possession, is of interest in this connection.

About the year 1874, Dr. Patterson, a dentist, boarded with me in Littleton, New Hampshire. During his stay at different times I had conversation with him about his wife, from whom he was separated. He spoke of her being a pure and Christian woman, and the cause of the separation being wholly on his part, that if he had done as he ought he might have had as pleasant and happy home as one could wish for.

At that time I had no knowledge of who his wife was. Later on I learned that Mary Baker G. Eddy, the discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, was the above mentioned woman.

(Signed) R. D. Rousevel
Grafton S. S. January 18th, 1902
Then personally appeared R. E. Rousevel and made oath that the within statement by him signed is true.

Before me,
H. M. Wood,
Justice of the Peace.

I was obliged to be parted from my son because after my father's second marriage my little boy was not welcome in my father's house.

Who or what is the McClure history so-called presenting? Is it myself, the veritable Mrs. Eddy, whom the New York World declared dying of cancer, or is it her alleged double or dummy heretofore described?

It indeed it be I, allow me to thank the enterprising historians for the testimony they have theretofore given of the divine power of Christian Science, which they admit has snatched me from the cradle and the grave, and made me the beloved Leader of Millions of the men and women in our own and in other countries, and all this because, the truth I have promulgated has separated the tares from the wheat, uniting in one body those who love Truth: because Truth divides between sect and Science and renews the heavenward impulse, because I still hear the harvest song of the Redeemer awakening the nations, causing man to love his enemies; because "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

Mary Baker G. Eddy

SERIAL STORY

DUKE OF DEVIL- MAY-CARE

By HARRIS DICKSON

Author of
"The Black Wolf's Breed," Etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by D. Appleton & Co.)

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Joe," the other looked up suddenly from the table, "where did she go? I saw her drive off that morning in a carriage, and don't know whether she came back to the hotel or not. I searched everywhere. I have not seen her since—since this happened."

"She is at Mrs. Chaudron's with her cousin."

"Miss Ashton was taken ill, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"I thought that must be the reason. She did not look well when they drove away. He dropped his head in his hands; after all it did not matter very much, not now; nothing mattered."

"Does she know where I am?" He did not raise his head.

"Yes; she was here just now; she saw you when you came into that room."

Duke tottered to his feet, leaning heavily with one hand on the table. "Why did she come to this place?"

"You would not give your name, and the police wanted to identify you. No, it wasn't exactly that way, but—"

"Anita! Come to identify me? My God!" he sank back into his chair again.

"Yes, both the girls are at the Chaudrons," Joe repeated, aimlessly. "Mrs. Chaudron took them home with her after Mrs. Ashton disappeared. Of course they couldn't stay at the hotel alone. They are completely crushed and heart-broken."

"Mrs. Ashton? Disappeared?" Duke looked up blankly. "What are you talking about? What are you talking about?"

"We've never found her, you know, we don't know a thing."

"Don't know a thing about what?"

"Don't know what became of Mrs. Ashton. She's been missing now since last Thursday, about 11 o'clock. We have about come to the conclusion that she has been—"

Duke was staring in the face, that Joe scarcely knew how he finished the sentence, "—we have come to the conclusion that she has been murdered."

"So that's it! That's it!" Duke exclaimed, and sprang excitedly to his feet—the man's eyes were terrible to look at. "By God, Joe Balfour, you don't mean to tell me that I am here in jail under suspicion of murdering a woman—a woman? I thought these police were asking me a lot of foolish questions—couldn't make out what they were driving at. That old porter said those hotel doors were not opened on Thursday night—did he? He's a liar, a leather-faced liar. And that other Frenchman, the one with the black mustache—he's a liar, too. They carried somebody away from that place about daylight the next morning. Let me out of here—let me get out. No, no. I forgot."

Joe caught him firmly by the arm and sat him down at the table again. Joe was now much more excited than the other man.

"Tell me, Noel, tell me! You say those doors were opened on Thursday night, that they carried somebody out of there the next morning? What do you know about it?"

"I saw it myself—stood right there and watched the whole thing. I walked up and down that street all night long. An ambulance from the hospital came there about daylight—men with uniforms on—yellow flag. They took somebody out of there or a stretcher. I don't know how, but I got the idea that it was a woman. Both of those lying hounds helped to lift the stretcher into the ambulance."

At the words "hospital," "stretcher," "yellow flag," Joe bounded to his feet. He stopped, listened to a few more sentences, then tore open the door and rushed like a madman through the corridor.

It was done so quickly that he got away before Duke could understand what had happened. When he ran out of the cell and reached the jailer's door he heard Joe's excited voice in the room.

"Look here, Mr. Fitzgerald, he says that some one was taken away from that hotel in an ambulance—"

Jimmy Fitz and the jailer were already on their feet, standing close together for protection—they had heard Joe coming. Baker tried to slip out through the door, but Joe blocked it, and the man took refuge behind a desk. Fitz and Baker and the jailer glared uneasily at each other.

"Yes, Mr. Balfour—" Jimmy Fitz began.

"In a hospital ambulance on Friday morning—"

"Well, you see, Mr. Balfour, it was this way—"

"Those two Frenchmen helped to put a stretcher in the ambulance—"

"Yes, Mr. Balfour." Jimmy had now caught his breath; he spoke in the most conciliatory tone, spreading out his hands as if he were pouring

oil on the troubled waters. "Yes, Mr. Balfour, you see it was reported by a physician that Mrs. Ashton had the smallpox, and we wanted to keep it quiet until after Mardi Gras—"

Joe stopped, perfectly still, and stared at the officer. He could not comprehend.

Jimmy Fitz nodded, without a glimmer of surprise on his face. Joe looked at the jailer, at Baker—neither of them were surprised.

"Then, then," he commenced rather vaguely, but his voice began to rise; "then—you knew—this—all—the time? Then you were lying to us and sending us off on all sorts of fool errands—keeping us amused like a lot of children?"

Jimmy Fitz smiled blandly. "Of course, Mr. Balfour, you appreciate the necessity for keeping it quiet—"

"For keeping quiet? For keeping quiet—"

"Yes, sir, you see it would not do—"

The storm burst. Joe furiously denounced the detectives, denounced the police, denounced their whole infernal system.

Once Jimmy's voice piped out, weak and apologetic: "But the board of health—"

"Damn your board of health, damn your Mardi Gras, damn you and all your pack of liars—"

Joe advanced farther and farther into the room until he drove the three men into a corner where they had to listen. He overruled their explanations in a whirlwind of impetuous wrath.

Duke stood in the doorway, listening.

There was perhaps never another instance in his career when he failed to assume his full share of such an argument. But this discussion presented no openings; there were no crevices, no joints, no pauses for breath or punctuation. There was only one side to the argument, and Joe was taking good care of that. There were no gaps

where he could squeeze in a suggestion, no halt for mouth-filling, mind-relieving words.

At sea Noel Duke had made a dazzling reputation for his command of spectacular English suited to a sailor's comprehension. But now perforce he listened in wide-eyed, tight-lipped admiration, as a rank amateur listens to a past-master of his art. There was never an instant when he felt that a syllable of his could add to the picturesque remarks of steady old Joe Balfour—easy-going Joe, who was noted for holding his temper and his tongue.

Jimmy Fitz, Baker and the jailer huddled closer in their corner; they wriggled and writhed, but did not contradict. And therein they displayed their eminent good sense.

When the tempest had lashed itself to tatters Joe reached into the huddle, caught Baker's arm and jerked him out. "Get me a cab—and get it quick."

Baker vanished through the door. Joe held his position between Jimmy Fitz and the hall, making a few observations that he had forgotten during the first eruption. Neither of the men replied; Joe was very sorry that they did not.

For several minutes Jimmy Fitz stood with his mouth open, as if waiting a chance to get in a word. Then he lifted his finger, and pointed: "Your cab is waiting, Mr. Balfour."

As Joe bolted out of the prison gates he caught Baker by the arm. "Get in that cab, quick!"

Baker had not expected this, but he got in; and Duke got in behind him.

"To the House of the Samaritan," Joe ordered the driver.

The cabman lashed his beast. It was half-past 11 o'clock on Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XVII.
THROUGH THE CRUCIBLE.

Anita, dry-eyed and silent, rode home in the cab alone.

The monotonous thump! thump! thump! of the horse's hoofs up that long street of never-ending asphalt seemed to beat in upon her brain and deaden it.

She wondered vaguely if men suffered when stricken with a mortal wound. Did a woman ever suffer? Could a woman suffer? Was it very queer that she should sit dumbly, with her hands folded? Was it so very selfish that she did not consider her aunt, that she thought of something else? Why did she not scream? Was it because she did not care?

"On, on, on the street ran, past row after row of stupid-looking houses, their windows blinking at her in the sun. On, on it ran, far—farther than she could see—beyond the boundaries of the world, into the narrow lane of eternity."

Houses and banquets crept by on either side; a never-diminishing stream of human life crawled on—black-coated men lifted their shining hats to every slipper in petticoats. How she hated them all!

Father of Mercy, would she never get home, never get beyond the reach of prying eyes? Would she never be able to close her own door, and be alone with herself—alone for one moment when she might let go. Anita felt that she was clinging tightly to something that she could not let go—of which she dared not let go. If she could only break down and weep. No, no, no; she could not do that. There would be Mrs. Chaudron and Alice—perhaps Felix Chaudron and Woodford Vance—they would ask her a thousand questions. How could she tell them? How could she stand it? Yet she must hold up her head and face it all. There was no novel up all the city wherein she might hide.

Thump! thump! thump! went the horse's hoofs; beat! beat! beating in upon her soul. The cab rolled on, and stopped at Mrs. Chaudron's.

Anita paid the man mechanically.

There was perhaps never another instance in his career when he failed to assume his full share of such an argument. But this discussion presented no openings; there were no crevices, no joints, no pauses for breath or punctuation. There was only one side to the argument, and Joe was taking good care of that. There were no gaps

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There was perhaps never another instance in his career when he failed to assume his full share of such an argument. But this discussion presented no openings; there were no crevices, no joints, no pauses for breath or punctuation. There was only one side to the argument, and Joe was taking good care of that. There were no gaps

where he could squeeze in a suggestion, no halt for mouth-filling, mind-relieving words.

At sea Noel Duke had made a dazzling reputation for his command of spectacular English suited to a sailor's comprehension. But now perforce he listened in wide-eyed, tight-lipped admiration, as a rank amateur listens to a past-master of his art. There was never an instant when he felt that a syllable of his could add to the picturesque remarks of steady old Joe Balfour—easy-going Joe, who was noted for holding his temper and his tongue.

Jimmy Fitz, Baker and the jailer huddled closer in their corner; they wriggled and writhed, but did not contradict. And therein they displayed their eminent good sense.

When the tempest had lashed itself to tatters Joe reached into the huddle, caught Baker's arm and jerked him out. "Get me a cab—and get it quick."

Baker vanished through the door. Joe held his position between Jimmy Fitz and the hall, making a few observations that he had forgotten during the first eruption. Neither of the men replied; Joe was very sorry that they did not.

For several minutes Jimmy Fitz stood with his mouth open, as if waiting a chance to get in a word. Then he lifted his finger, and pointed: "Your cab is waiting, Mr. Balfour."

As Joe bolted out of the prison gates he caught Baker by the arm. "Get in that cab, quick!"

Baker had not expected this, but he got in; and Duke got in behind him.

"To the House of the Samaritan," Joe ordered the driver.

The cabman lashed his beast. It was half-past 11 o'clock on Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XVII.
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DETROIT United Railway

Cars Run on Central Standard Time.

TIME TABLE

Cars Run on Central Standard Time. In Effect Monday, January 7th, 1907.

LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m. For Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6:30 a. m., 7:30 a. m., and every two hours thereafter until 11:30 p. m., then hourly thereafter until 1:30 p. m., then every two hours until 11:30 p. m. In addition thereto a car leaves Northville at 12:30 a. m. for Farmington Junction only.

LEAVE DETROIT.
Cars leave Detroit for Farmington and Northville at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. For Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6 a. m., 7 a. m., and every two hours thereafter until 11 p. m., then hourly until 5 p. m., then every two hours until 11 p. m. In addition thereto a car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 6 a. m. Last cars wait for theaters. On Sunday first car one hour later.

FAST ELECT



THE DELUGE

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

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"I owe a lot to you, Matt," he pleaded. "But I've done you a great many favors, haven't I?"

"That you have, Bob," I cordially agreed. "But this isn't a favor. It's business."

"You mustn't ask it, Blacklock," he cried. "I've loaned you more money than the law allows. And I can't let you have any more."

"Some one has been lying to you, and you've been believing him," said I. "When I say my request isn't a favor, but business, I mean it."

"I can't let you have any more," he repeated. "I can't!" And down came his fist in a violent gesture.

I leaned forward and laid my hand strongly on his arm.

"In addition to the stock of this concern that I hold in my own name," said I, "I hold five shares in the name of a man whom nobody knows, that I even know. If you don't let me have the money, that man goes to the district attorney with information that lands you in the penitentiary, that puts your company out of business and into bankruptcy before to-morrow noon. I saved you three years ago, and got you this job against just such an emergency as this. Bob Corey, And, by God, you'll toe the mark!"

"But we haven't done anything that every bank in town doesn't do every day. Doesn't have to do. If we don't lend money to dummy borrowers and over-certify accounts, our customers would go where they could get accommodations."

"That's true enough," said I. "But I'm in a position for the moment where I need my friends—and they've got to come to me. If I don't get the money from you, I'll get it elsewhere—But over the cliff with you and your bank! The laws you've been violating may be bad for the practical banking business, but there's mighty good for punishing ingratitude and treachery."

He sat there, yellow and pinched, and shivered every now and then. He made no reply.

Presently I shook his arm impatiently. His eyes met mine, and I fixed my eyes on him.

"I'm going to pull through," said I. "But if I weren't, I'd see to it that you were protected. Come, what's your answer? Friend or traitor?"

"Send round in the morning and get the money," said he, sitting on a resigned, hopeless look.

I laughed. "I'll feel easier if I take now," I replied. "We'll fix up the notes and checks at once."

"But it's too late," he said. "You can't deposit to-day."

"I've made special arrangements with them," I replied.

His face betrayed him. I saw that no stage of that proceeding had been wiser than in shutting off his last chance to evade. What scheme he had in mind I don't know, and can't imagine. But he had thought out something, probably something foolish that would have given me trouble without saving him. A foolish man in a tight place is as foolish as ever, and Corey was a foolish man—only a fool commits crimes that put him in the power of others. The crimes of the really big captains of industry and generals of finance are of the kind that puts others in their power.

"Back up, Corey," said I. "Do you think I'm the man to shut a friend in the hold of a sinking ship? Tell me, who told you I was short on textiles?"

"One of my men," he slowly replied, as he braced himself together.

"Which one? Who?" I persisted.

"I wanted to know just how far the news was likely to spread."

He seemed to be thinking out a lie. "The truth!" I commanded. "I know it couldn't have been one of your men. Who was it? I'll not give you away."

"It was Tom Langdon," he finally said.

I checked an exclamation of amusement I had been assuming that I had been betrayed by some one of those tiny mischances that so often throw the best plans into confusion.

"Tom Langdon," I said satirically. "It was he that warned you against me?"

"It was a friendly act," said Corey. "And I am very intimate. And he doesn't know how close you and I are."

"Suggested that you call my loans, didn't he?" I went on.

"You mustn't blame him, Blacklock; really you mustn't," said Corey earnestly, for he was a pretty good friend to those he liked, as friendship goes in finance. "He happened to hear."

"I know the Langdons keep a sharp eye on operations in their stock."

"He dropped in to warn me as a friend. You'd do the same thing in the same circumstances. He didn't say a word about my calling your loans. I—to be frank—I instantly thought of it myself. I intended to do when you came but—a sickly cough—you anticipated me."

"I understand," said I good-humoredly. "I don't blame him." And I then.

After I had completed my business at the National Industrial, I went back to my office and gathered together the threads of my web of defense. Then I wrote and sent out to all my newspapers and all my agents a broadside against the management of the textile trust—it would be published in the morning, in good time for the opening of the stock exchange. Before the first quotation of textile could be made thousands, on thousands of investors and speculators throughout the country would have read my letter, would be believing that Matthew Blacklock had defected the textile trust in a stock-jobbing swindle, and had promptly turned against it, preferring to keep faith with his customers and with the public. As I read over my pronunciamento aloud before sending it out, I found in it a note of confidence that cheered me mightily. "I'm even stronger than I thought," said I. And I felt stronger still as I went on to picture the thousands on thousands throughout the land rallying at my call to give battle.

XVII.

ANITA BEGINS TO BE HERSELF.

I had asked Sam Eilersly to dine with me, so preoccupied was I that not until ten minutes before the hour set did he come into my mind—he or any of his family, even his sister. My

first impulse was to send word that I couldn't keep the engagement. "But I must dine somewhere," I reflected, "and there's no reason why I shouldn't dine with him, since I've done everything that can be done." In my office suite I had a bath and dressing-room, with a complete wardrobe. Thus, by hurrying a little over my toilet, and by making my chauffeur crowd the speed limit, I was at Delmonico's only twenty minutes late.

Sam, who had been late also, as usual, was having a cocktail and was ordering the dinner. I smoked a cigarette and watched him. At business or at anything serious his mind was all but useless; but at ordering dinner and things of that sort, he shone. Those small accomplishments of his had often moved me to a sort of pitying contempt, as if one saw a man of talent devoting himself to engraving the Lord's Prayer on gold dollars. That evening, however, as I saw how comfortable and contented he looked, with not a care in the world, since he was to have a good dinner, and a good cigar afterward, as I saw how much genuine pleasure he was getting out of selecting the dishes and giving the waiter minute directions for the chef, I envied him.

"You must come over to my rooms after dinner, and give me some music," I said.

"Thanks," he replied, "but I've promised to go home and play bridge. Mother's got a few in to dinner, and more are coming afterward, I believe."

"Then I'll go with you, and talk to your sister—she doesn't play."

He glanced at me in a way that

made me pass my hand over my face. I learned at least part of the reason for my feeling at disadvantage before him. I had forgotten to shave, and as my beard is heavy and black it has to be looked after twice a day. "Oh, I can stop at my rooms and get my face into condition in a few minutes," said I.

"And put on evening dress, too," he suggested. "You wouldn't want to go in a dinner jacket?"

"I can't say why this was the 'last straw,' but it was."

"Bother!" said I, my common sense smashing the spell of snobbishness that had begun to reassert itself, as soon as I got into his unnatural, unhealthy atmosphere. "I'll go as I am, beard and all. I only make myself ridiculous, trying to be a sheep. I'm a goat, and a goat I'll stay."

That shut him into himself. When he emerged, it was to say: "Something doing down town to-day, eh?"

A sharpness in his voice and in his eyes, too, made me put my mind on him more closely, and then I saw what I should have seen before—that he was moody and slightly distant.

"Seen Tom Langdon this afternoon?" I asked carelessly.

He colored. "Yes—had lunch with him," was his answer.

I smiled—for his benefit. "Aha!" thought I. "So Tom Langdon has been fool enough to take this parrot into his confidence." Then I said to him: "Is Tom making the rounds, warning the rats to leave the sinking ship?"

"What do you mean, Matt?" he demanded, as if I had accused him.

I looked steadily at him, and I imagine my unshaven jaw did not make my aspect alluring.

"What did Tom say about me?" I inquired.

"Oh, almost nothing. We were talking chiefly of club matters," he answered, in a fair imitation of his usual offhand manner.

"When does my name come up there?" I said.

He flushed and shifted. "I was just about to tell you," he stammered. "But perhaps you know?"

"I took it as though I were afraid the spell would be broken."

"Know what?"

"That—hasn't Tom told you? He has withdrawn—and you'll have to get another second—if you think that is—unless you—I suppose you'd have told me, if you'd changed your mind?"

Since I had become so deeply interested in Anita, my ambition—ambition—to join the Travelers had all but dropped out of my mind.

"I had forgotten about it," said I. "But, now that you remind me, I want my name withdrawn. It was a passing fancy. It was part and parcel of a lot of damn foolishness I've been indulging in for the last few months. But I've come to my senses—and it's 'me to the wild,' where I belong, Sammy, from this time on."

He looked tremendously relieved, and a little puzzled, too. I thought I was reading him like an illuminated sign. "He's eager to keep friends with me," thought I, "until he's absolutely sure there's nothing more in it for him and his people." And that guess was a pretty good one. It is not to the discredit of my shrewdness that I didn't see it was not hope, but fear, that made him try to placate me, then what the Langdons had done. But Sammy was saying, in his friendliest tone:

"What's the matter, old man? You're sour to-night."

"Never in a better humor," I assured him, and as I spoke the words they came true. What I had been saying about the Travelers and all it represented—all the snobbery, and smirking, and rotten pretense—my final and absolute renunciation of it all—acted

on me as I've seen religion act on the fellows that used to go up to the mourners' bench at the revivals. I felt as if I had suddenly emerged from the parlor of a dive and its stench of sickening perfumes, into the pure air of God's heaven.

I signed the bill, and we went aloft up the avenue. Sam, as I saw with a good deal of amusement, was trying to devise some subtle, tactful way of attaching his poor, clumsy little suction-pump to the well of my secret thoughts.

"What is it Sammy?" said I at last. "What do you want to know that you're afraid to ask me?"

"Nothing," he said hastily. "I'm only a bit worried about—about you and textile. Matt, this in the tone of deep emotion we reserve for the attempt to lure friends into confiding that about themselves which will give us the opportunity to pity them, and, if necessary, to sheer off from them."

"Matt, I do hope you haven't been hard hit?"

"Not yet," said I easily. "Dry your tears and put away your black clothes. Your friend, Tom Langdon, was a little premature."

"I'm afraid I've given you a false impression," Sam continued, with an over eagerness to convince me that did not attract my attention at the time. "Tom merely said, 'I hear Blacklock is loaded up with textile shorts,'—that was all. A careless remark. I really didn't think of it again until I saw you looking so black and glum."

That seemed natural enough, so I changed the subject. As we entered his house, I said:

"I'll not go up to the drawing-room. Make my excuses to your mother, will you? I'll turn into the little smoking-room here. Tell your sister—and say I'm going to stop only a moment."

Sam had just left me when the butler came. "Mr. Ball—I think that was the name, sir—wishes to speak to you on the telephone."

I had given Eilersly's as one of the places at which I might be found, should it be necessary to consult me. I followed the butler to the telephone closet under the main stairway. As soon as Ball made sure it was I, he began:

"I'll use the code words I've just seen—Fearless, as you told me to."

Fearless—that was Mitchell, my spy in the employ of Tavistock who was my principal rival in the business of confidential brokerage for the high financiers. "Yes," said I. "What does he say?"

"There has been a great deal of heavy buying for a month—past—"

Then my dread was well founded—textiles were to be deliberately rocketed. "Who's been doing it?" I asked.

"He found out only this afternoon. It's been kept unusually dark. It—"

"Who? Who?" I demanded.

"Intrepid," he answered.

Intrepid—that is, Langdon—Mowbray Langdon!

"The whole thing was planned carefully," continued Ball, "and is coming off according to schedule. Fearless overheard a final message Intrepid's brother brought from him to-day."

So it was no mischance—it was an assassination. Mowbray Langdon had stabbed me in the back and fled.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Ball. "Is that you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Oh," came in a relieved tone from the other end of the wire. "You were so long in answering that I thought I'd been cut off. Any instructions?"

"No," said I. "Good-by."

I heard him ring off, but I sat there for several minutes, the receiver still to my ear. I was muttering, "Langdon, Langdon—why—why—why?" again and again. Why had he turned against me? Why had he plotted to destroy me—one of those plots so frequent in Wall street—where the assassin steals up, delivers the mortal blow, and steals away without ever being detected or even suspected? I saw the whole plot now—I understood Tom Langdon's activities, I recalled Mowbray Langdon's curious phrases and looks and tones. But—why—why—why? How was I in his way?

It was all dark to me—pitch-dark. I returned to the smoking-room, lighted a cigar, sat fumbling at the new situation. I was in no worse plight than before—what did it matter who was attacking me? In the circumstances, a novice could now destroy me as easily as a Langdon. Still, Ball's news seemed to take away my courage. I reminded myself that I was used to treachery of this sort, that I deserved what I was getting because I had, like a fool, dropped my guard in the fight that is always on every man-for-himself. But I reminded myself in vain. Langdon's smiling treachery made me heart-sick.

Soon Anita appeared—preceded and heralded by a faint rustling from soft and clinging skirts, that swept my nerves like a love-tune.

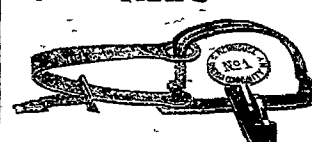
I think my torment must have somehow penetrated to her. For she was sweet and friendly—and she could not have hurt me worse! If I had followed my impulse I should have fallen at her feet and buried my face, scorching, in the folds of that pale blue, faintly-shimmering robe of hers.

"Do throw away that huge, hideous cigar," she said, laughing. And she took two cigarettes from the box, put both between her lips, lit them, held one toward me. I looked at her face, and along her smooth, bare, outstretched arm, and at the pink, slender fingers holding the cigarette. I took it as if I were afraid the spell would be broken, should my fingers touch hers. Afraid—that's it! That's why I didn't pour out all that was in my heart. I deserved to lose her.

"I'm taking you away from the others," I said. We could hear the murmur of many voices and of music.

(To be Continued.)

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Hard on the Wife.

Philosopher—He who takes a wife takes care, my friend.

Cynic—Perhaps. But he who takes care doesn't take a wife.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the payment of interest on a certain mortgage made by Sunnyside Farm, a Michigan corporation, to the Northville State Savings Bank, dated September 20, 1904, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, Michigan, on September 19, 1904, in liber 35 of mortgages on page 18, and said interest having remained unpaid for the period of more than thirty days after the same was due and payable, the said mortgagee hereby exercises its option granted by the said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest and unpaid charges thereon at this date to be due and payable immediately. There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest as aforesaid the sum of fifteen hundred and fifty-four (\$1,554) dollars, and the further sum of thirty-five (\$35) dollars as an attorney's fee and such other expenses as may be incurred under the foreclosure proceedings as provided by law; and no proceedings having been taken at law or in equity to recover the same, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made, and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises thereon described at public auction to the highest bidder, on Monday, the 28th day of January, 1907, at twelve (12:00) o'clock noon, at the southerly or Congress street entrance of the Wayne County Building, in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for said county is held), which said premises are described as follows, to-wit: Lands in the township of Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, commencing thirty rods and ten feet east from the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of section four (4) township of said section four, thence north twelve rods, thence ten feet west; thence due north to the quarter section line, thence west twenty rods and twelve feet, thence south to the section line of said section four, thence east twenty-one rods and five and one-half feet to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres and 1380 square feet.

Dated October 27, 1906.

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C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Mortgagee, Northville, Michigan.

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Grand Prix, Paris, 1900. Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904. Highest Award, Portland, 1905.

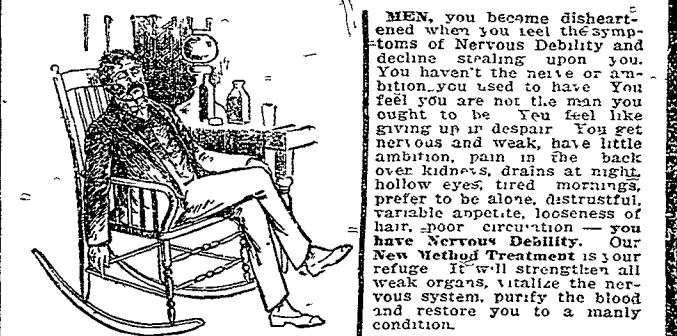
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Voluminous Turban. A Turkish turban contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest muslin.

Underdone. Bobby gazed critically at his new baby brother. "Don't you like him, dear?" asked the nurse.

"Y—es," he admitted. "But don't you think you ought to send him back for a minutes? He's too rare!" —Cleveland Leader.

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

As 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, 10c.

Advertising Rates:—Made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled 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, 5c per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 25c for first 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, 6 P. M.

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

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Not a sensational publication that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 18, '07.

Use for Bitter Tails.

The peculiar brittleness of their tails is sometimes an advantage to certain lizards. Perching head downward on a rock, the diamond tailed gecko, for example, is often spied by a hawk, when the tail snaps off, and the animal calmly wriggles away to grow another.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under this head inserted for 15c first time and 10c per week for each subsequent issue.

FOR SALE—Portland cutter. Apply to Geo. H. Baker at D. U. R. electric freight depot, Northville. 184

FOR SALE—Smith Typewriter. Good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 104.

FOR SALE—Good house and two lots; good barn, all kinds of fruit. Horton Ave., Northville, also my new, up-to-date house with water and all modern improvements. Will Lansing, Northville. 144

FARM FOR SALE—One of best farms in town, 1 1/2 miles south of Northville, 160 acres. Apply Frank Perry, Northville, or E. E. Dole, 508 Pearl St., Ypsilanti. 61w8p 11

FOR SALE—Three foot oval show case for sale cheap. Apply to Record office. 104

FOUND—If you have found anything, a liner in this column will find an owner.

LOST—If you have lost something, try a 15 cent liner in this column.

FOR SALE—White Sewing machine. New and latest improved. Apply to Record office. 17w4p

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All office and clean and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 154.

FOR SALE—The Seasons house and lot on West Main street Northville, near school house, also some furniture. For particulars write C. J. Sessions, 207 1/2 Ingalls St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 23w2p

FOR SALE—Number good cows, coming in soon. F. J. Chapman, Northville. 23w2

FOR SALE—A second hand sewing typewriter. Inquire at the Bell Foundry, Northville. 24w1

FOR RENT—Farm. Apply to A. P. Scott, Northville, R. 1 D 2 Independent phone 1112. 24w4p

FOR SALE—Three milk cows. David F. Werner. Independent phone 692. 24w1p

WANTED—By a prominent monthly magazine with large high class circulation, local representative to look after renewals and increase subscription list in Northville and vicinity, on a salary basis, with a continuing interest. Experience desirable, but not essential. Good opportunity for the right person. Address: Publisher, box 59, Station O, New York. 24w2

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 9:00 to 10:00 a.m. and 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. Phone 401.

DR. T. R. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House, 200 Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 4:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. Both Telephones.

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario College, is now at the Exchange Hotel. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 134f

A Freak.

Botany may not recognize it, but it is nevertheless a fact that orange blossoms have been known to sprout from widows' weeds—Evening Wisconsin.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulax cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

Men Flock to the Cities.

In the United States the cities contain a much larger proportion of men than the country, on the average. The proportion of women to the total population is greater in the villages and on the farms, though there are some striking exceptions both rules.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CLENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cleney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him for his firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Wadling, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

[Contributions to this column are earnestly solicited. If contributors, or are visiting elsewhere, drop a line to that effect in the Record Item Box in the postoffice.]

Mrs. S. J. Lawrence spent Tuesday at Adrian.

A. N. Kimmis of Detroit was in town last week.

Miss Bessie Wells is visiting Millford relatives this week.

Mrs. Malissa Dingman is visiting her niece near Holly.

Mrs. J. B. Palmer visited her sister in Trenton Wednesday.

Miss Vera Lawrence returned from her Detroit visit Saturday.

Miss Angie Smith spent Sunday with friends in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Wm. S. Jerome is entertaining Mrs. H. L. Davock of Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Dicks of Plymouth was a Northville visitor yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wald spent Sunday with their son at Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Meyer have been visiting his parents in Flint this week.

Mrs. Alice Freeman of St. Johns is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. W. Simmons.

Mrs. Dora Leet of Fenton is visiting Mrs. R. R. McKahan for a week or two.

Rev. Frank Miller of Plymouth spent Sunday evening at J. M. Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. Markus Brook spent the fore part of last week in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bristol and daughter visited relatives in Dearborn Sunday.

Roy Hatten of Farmington was the guest of friends in town Wednesday evening.

Mrs. J. M. Dixon spent the first part of the week with Detroit and Windsor friends.

T. L. Irving of Detroit was the guest of M. R. Seeley and family Sunday evening.

Mrs. Roy Terrill and baby of Watts are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kohler.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jaques of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Arthur.

Rev. Judson Vradenburg and daughter of Bellevue are visiting Northville relatives.

Miss Flora Davis of Washington, Mich., is visiting at the home of her cousin, Mrs. L. L. Bail.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber of Farmington were guests of R. C. Yerkes and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Charles E. Meyers of Grand Ledge is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Harger left Tuesday for Philadelphia, Pa., for an extended visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Macomber were called to Livonia Sunday to attend the funeral of an uncle, a Mr. Eckles.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baldwin of New York State are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Flora Sackett.

Mrs. Waite Whipple and son, Austin, of Plymouth visited the former's sister, Mrs. J. M. Simmons' one day last week.

Mrs. Belle Miles has returned to her home at Rochester after caring for her mother and little daughter, who have been sick.

Mrs. Frank Brown returned home Saturday night from Ann Arbor, where she had been to care for her daughter who was ill.

Miss Edith Sterens (nurse) of Detroit, who has been caring for Governor Warner during his recent illness, is visiting Mrs. Ball and Miss Fendt.

Miss Leah VanSickle visited Wednesday and Thursday with Miss Grace Ward of Detroit, formerly of this place, who has been very ill but is now somewhat better.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank friends and neighbors for their loving kindness in the passing away of our beloved wife and mother. We are also desirous of thanking Mrs. Dolph for the beautiful rendering of the Christian Scientist Hymns.

MR. M. C. BEEBE, FLORENCE BEEBE, CURTIS BEEBE.

Severe Ordeal for Bachelor.

Members of the M'Jili tribe, who live on the Limpopo river, in Africa, wear an extraordinary marriage dress. This weird and uncomfortable-looking costume is made entirely of splint reeds, fastened together with grass; and the unhappy bachelor who contemplates matrimony is compelled to wear it for three solid months before the happy event takes place, meanwhile leading a life of strict seclusion.

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

NEIGHBORHOOD.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. Richard Wolfe is still visiting at Millford.

Pauline Peck spent Sunday with Eva Bradley.

Helen Peck was the guest of Myra Dickinson Sunday.

G. Pankow and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy.

Mrs. R. Northrop visited Mrs. J. Henderson at Plymouth Thursday.

Lena Hunt and Floy Kahrl called on Lavilla Adams at Farmington recently.

Ed. Millard has been quite sick with pneumonia but is now convalescing.

Maybelle Bradley spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. A. B. Smith at Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Northrop entertained H. L. Weaver and wife of Farmington Wednesday evening.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

FARMINGTON NEWS.

The sick are all on the gain. Helen Whipple is convalescing.

"Aunt" Mary Smith is quite sick. Dr. J. J. Moore is numbered among the sick.

B. F. Grace has a severe attack of blood poisoning.

Little Allene Thompson is recovering from her recent illness.

Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Collins were Detroit visitors Monday.

The Epworth League will hold a Valentine social on February 14. More particulars later.

Miss Anna Way is still in the lead in the Cuban contest and her many friends here are doing all they can to help her win.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas of Fremont, Ohio, are spending a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church will hold the annual donation at the town hall Saturday evening, Jan. 26. A chicken pie supper will be served from 5:30 to 8:30. Everybody invited.

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.

WIXOM NEWS.

Miss Alice Madison went to Detroit Monday.

Miss Grace Stevens spent part of this week in South Lyon.

L. M. Lester has sold his hotel, the purchaser to take possession the first of February.

George and Ethel Wait of Novi spent part of last week at H. E. Richardson's.

Miss Nellie Grant of Novi was a guest of the Madison family Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Stonehouse and daughter, Miss Susie Butwell, of Detroit are visiting at R. A. Butwell's.

Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Harper have moved their household goods to Pontiac and he will again enter the evangelistic field. The church here is without a pastor.

The Maccabees held a joint installation at their hall Tuesday evening. A large crowd witnessed the ceremony and partook of the good things to eat afterwards.

While going to one of her neighbors last Saturday Mrs. Mary Chambers slipped and fell and was badly bruised, but is getting along as nicely as possible. She is nearly 84 years old.

T. M. West will hold an auction sale on his premises, one and three-fourth miles south of Wixom railroad station, Tuesday, Jan. 22, commencing at one o'clock sharp. A quantity of stock, farm implements, stoves, hay and grain. H. S. Kyle auctioneer.

An Ideal Laxative.

Physics and Cathartics which purge, unload the bowels, and give temporary relief, but irritate, and when the digestive and expulsive organs are weakened, the bowels become sluggish, and the bowels become and nerves, giving them strength and vigor to do the work nature intended, thus effecting a permanent cure by perfectly safe and natural means. The best laxative for children. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never gripe or nauseate. 10c, 50c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

LIVONIA NEWS.

Ben McClure of Stark was a Center caller Sunday.

Albert Krumm of Plymouth was on our streets Monday.

C. F. Smith and E. R. Peck were Detroit visitors Friday.

It is understood that Will Gates will rebuild his home near Stark.

Asa Lyon and wife of Plymouth visited the latter's parents Sunday.

John Baze Jr. and wife visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karick, of Pike's Peak recently.

The Best Laxative for Children.

Parents should see to it that their children have a natural, easy movement of the bowels each day. Do not dose the child with salts or gripping pills, as they are too powerful in effect, and literally tear their little insides to pieces, leaving the bowels weakened and less able to act naturally than before. Laxative Iron-ox Tablets tone and strengthen the bowels, and stimulate all the little organs to healthy activity. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never gripe or nauseate. 10c, 50c and \$1.00.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. P. J. Taylor is still quite ill.

Mrs. Sally Hammond is quite sick.

Mrs. Dandison visited Pontiac friends Monday.

Mrs. Jay Hammond spent Sunday with her mother.

Rev. and Mrs. Collins were South Lyon visitors Tuesday.

Herman Taylor, who has been so poorly, is better at this writing.

Will Matheson of Detroit is staying with his sister, Mrs. William Hyde.

Mrs. W. A. Whipple is still confined to the house and suffering severely with rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Sanford visited their sister, Mrs. Dingman, at Northville last Sunday.

Charles Leach, who has been working in the Scale factory at Northville, is home for a few days.

Mrs. Moulton of Norvell, mother of Mrs. Geo. Taylor, is still very ill with but little hopes of her recovery.

Herman Smith and Miss Alice Watts were united in marriage at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. Charles Holmes, Wednesday evening by the Rev. L. H. Stevens of Walled Lake. The decorations were white bells and sunnax. The bride was dressed in white and carried white roses. They will reside in Novi.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

Great Britain and Japan.

The foremost maritime powers of Europe and Asia are both insular, but Japan, like Great Britain, obtained its start in civilization from the continent near by. The Japanese islanders are much farther south than the British Isles, just as Asia lies farther south than Europe.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Elbridge Miles is a new pupil in the Second grade.

The Third grade are doing fine work in fractions.

The Seventh grade have taken up the study of physiology.

Oril Chapman entertained the Senior class Friday evening.

Hugh Babbitt, of the Second grade, has been ill a few days this week.

The First grade are studying about the children of the "cold countries."

Everybody seems to be studying up for final examinations, which occur next week.

The Fifth grade will be assisted in their musical by the "Clara Schumann Club" and "Uncle Sam."

The Second grade have Eskimo butts, dogs, seals, polar bears and Eskimo men on their blackboard.

Remember the Fifth grade musical Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23, at 2:30 o'clock. Admission ten cents.

The children of the Fifth grade will each dress in the costume of the country about which they sing in their musical.

The Tenth grade held rhetorical last Friday afternoon, in which the subject, "Resolved, That Duties on all small Goods, which can be manufactured in our own country, should be so high as to stop importation," was debated upon by Alene Smith and Arthur Power on the negative side and Arbutus Wolfe and James Dubuaf on the affirmative side, the former winning. The President of the village and members of the school board acted as judges.

Life's Ambition.

All life is a fight with self. The battle begins with consciousness and never lets up until the aged warrior goes to another world for his crown. The supreme ambition of every noble life is to conquer self. The greatest sorrow of the world is sorrow over the soul's defeat.

Laxative Iron-ox Tablets

CURE CONSTIPATION.

by toning and strengthening the bowels, and stimulating the secretions of the liver. If the bowels are clogged, waste matter accumulates and generates poisons, causing stomach trouble, headache, backache, colds and rheumatism.

"I have been taking your Tablets for indigestion and constipation, and they have done me more good than all the other remedies I have ever tried." E. E. BAKER, 222 E. 12th St., N. Y.

Laxative Iron-ox Tablets assist assimilation so that all the nourishment is extracted from the food, and utilized for making rich red blood, strong nerves, and healthy active bowels. 10c, 25c and \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

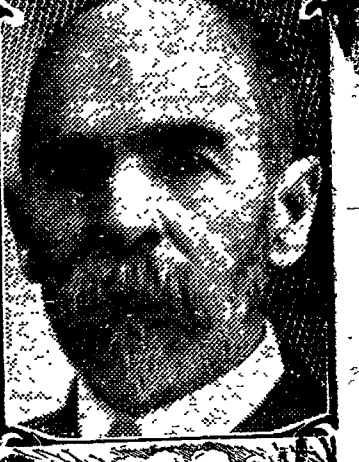
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

THE IRON-OX REMEDY CO., DETROIT, MICH.

The best Laxative for Children

For sale and recommended by Murdock Bros., Druggists.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vol., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows.

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack. Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."

—Chas. W. Bowman

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907.

IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack was Severe.

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—Chas. W. Bowman

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907.

STEVENS

Reflexes, Pistols, Shotguns

by toning and strengthening the bowels, and stimulating the secretions of the liver. If the bowels are clogged, waste matter accumulates and generates poisons, causing stomach trouble, headache, backache, colds and rheumatism.

"I have been taking your Tablets for indigestion and constipation, and they have done me more good than all the other remedies I have ever tried." E. E. BAKER, 222 E. 12th St., N. Y.

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WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

THE IRON-OX REMEDY CO., DETROIT, MICH.

The best Laxative for Children

For sale and recommended by Murdock Bros., Druggists.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

TEARING OUT THE FIXTURES

FINAL CLEARING SALE CLOSING JAN. 26

Nothing fine or fancy about the old store these days. On every hand is evidence of our impending removal. Rich plate glass

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE.

PURE STERILIZED 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.
38 West Fort Street
Between City Hall and Post Office.

AT THE Northville Greenhouses

you can secure everything desirable in the line of

CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS.

J. M. DIXON, Propr.

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.
COR. GRAND RIVER AVE. & GRISWOLD ST.
DETROIT.

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Clair Kingsley is ill with measles.
Mrs. Richmond Shaw is ill with rheumatism.
Miss Mable Brummer is very ill with appendicitis.

Mrs. James Dubuar has recovered from her recent illness.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Garner, Wednesday, Jan. 9, a son.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harmon is quite ill.

Emil Ringle is suffering with a slight attack of appendicitis.

Alfred Fry, who has been ill this week, is able to be out again.

Ed. Perrin has accepted a position as clerk in C. E. Ryder's store.

Julian Marks, bookkeeper at the Stimpson Scale factory, has been ill this week.

Mamie VanSickle, of this place, has been very sick but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Benton have moved into Mrs. Guthrie's house on Randolph street.

Seats for Plymouth Minstrel show will be on sale Monday, Jan. 21, at Murdock Bros' store.

Justice U. M. Joslin was in Detroit Wednesday before Judge Durfee in the interest of the Piper children who were let off on suspended sentence.

Word has just reached here of the arrival of a son, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Benton of Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Benton formerly resided in Northville.

The dancing party given by a few of Uncle Sam's boys and girls last week Thursday evening was a very enjoyable affair. They will give another Thursday evening, Jan. 24.

E. L. Riggs of Plymouth has turned his stock of dry goods over to the Chicago Salvage Co., and beginning Saturday, January 19, will hold a ten days' sale. Read his full page ad in this issue.

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about this.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's
We have no secrets! We publish the formulae of all our medicines.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:
John B. Kraft & Son
Miss Bess Whitney
Mr. Joseph Scott
Miss T. Tooth

Mrs. A. K. Carpenter is confined to the house with a severe cold.
Rev. W. G. Stephens is seriously ill and was unable to take charge of his services last Sunday.

Mrs. John Shaw underwent an operation on her throat last Sunday, and is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Della Harmon was quite poorly the latter part of last week, but is better at this writing.

Orient Chapter, No. 77-O. E. S. will hold its regular meeting this evening. All members are requested to be present.

J. A. Dart has purchased Stewart Montgomery's house on west Main street and will move there in the spring.

The Globe Furniture Co. held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon and all of the old officers were re-elected.

A change was made in the schedule of the Orchard Lake division of the D. U. R. Monday, Jan. 7. Don't fail to read it.

Mrs. J. M. Burgess entertained thirty-eight of her lady friends at a twelve o'clock luncheon Thursday and the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

Christian Science service Sunday morning at ten o'clock and Wednesday at seven p. m. at 59 Center street. Subject for Sunday: "Truth." All are cordially invited.

A very enjoyable affair was the six o'clock dinner given by the Clover Leaf Whist club Friday evening. Dancing and card playing were among the amusements.

Mrs. E. H. Cogswell gave her husband a little surprise party Friday evening by inviting in a few friends. Games were played, after which refreshments were served. Everyone had a good time.

The F. & A. M. people gave a "surprise" to Mr. Cogswell Saturday night and presented Mr. C. with an elegant signet ring. He left Monday for Montreal to begin his new duties with the Canadian Pacific railway.

The grip victims this week are Mrs. Chas. Waterman and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Barber of Waterford, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Henry Schoutz, Mrs. Gus Dickerson, Mrs. Ernest Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Merrill.

The little two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, living out of town, fell on the couch Tuesday morning and broke her arm. Dr. Henry was called and reduced the fracture. She is as comfortable as can be expected.

Last Saturday night while Fred Olin was driving in town his horse became frightened by the car and shied, throwing Mr. Olin out of the rig. He received several slight cuts on the head and a general shaking up, but is now quite comfortable.

There will be a union Sunday school rally in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. H. A. Dowling, general secretary of the Wayne county Sunday school association, will deliver an address on "Advanced Methods in the Modern Bible School."

The surprise club is again on the war path and on Monday evening about twenty-eight of its members walked in on Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ambler and gave them a "surprise." A six o'clock dinner was served after which the company enjoyed pedro until late in the evening.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Mr. Grant gave us a fine solo last Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr. Wall of Salem was present at our Sunday evening service.

The Young People's society have a social this evening at Miss Wheeler's. The new officers of the Sunday school assumed their duties last Sunday.

There will be a union Sunday school rally in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Wheeler, Johnson and Jerome attended the midwinter meeting of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary society at Detroit Tuesday.

The Ladies' Missionary society will hold their annual Praise service on Sunday evening, Feb. 3. Rev. A. H. Barr of Detroit will give the address.

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 Stoves 10c per lb. in stove. Phone residence, 943.

G. P. ALLEN.

Prevent Colds and Rheumatism.

If you do not have one natural, easy movement of the bowels each day, you are unconsciously exposing your system to colds and rheumatism. Take five Iron-ox Tablets, tone and strengthen the bowels, so that they do the work nature intended.

MRS. MELVIN BEEBE

Passed Away at Her Home Here
Monday, January 14.

Martha Elizabeth Jamieson was born at Chicago, Ill., Feb. 3, 1858. Her early life was passed in Detroit with her parents. In the year of 1883 she was married to Melvin Beebe of Northville. There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Beebe three children, Florence, Curtis and Lawrence, the younger son passing away in early childhood.

Mrs. Beebe became associated, in early life, with the Central Methodist church of Detroit being in constant attendance at the Sunday school for fifteen years with out once missing a Sunday, a record full of pleasant memories as well as unusual.

She had for some time previous to moving to Northville become interested in Christian Science and afterward lived in full belief and in that faith.

Mrs. Beebe is survived by her husband, a daughter, a son and two brothers, besides many, many friends and relatives by whom she will always be remembered as the most tender, loving mother, loyal wife and true friend.

The funeral services were held at the family residence January 16. Omas K. Skinner of the church of Christ Scientists, Detroit, officiating. The burial services were at Woodmere, Detroit.

Vradenburg-Janson.

Married Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Janson, 897 Humboldt avenue, Detroit, Miss Margaret Janson to Louie Vradenburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Vradenburg of this place, Rev. W. G. Nixon of the Grand River avenue M. E. church, performing the ceremony in the presence of about thirty relatives and friends.

Miss Norma Mathews, violinist, and Mrs. S. F. Dimmock, pianist, played the wedding march. After the wedding supper a reception was held from eight to ten o'clock.

Those in attendance from here were Mr. and Mrs. A. Vradenburg and daughter, Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. E. Vradenburg and daughter, Ethel, George Farewell, Harry Clark, Rev. and Mrs. S. F. Dimmock and Miss Norma Mathews.

The Record joins with the many Northville friends in wishing the young couple many years of happiness and prosperity.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Supper will be served by the Berwan Bible class in the church parlors Tuesday evening, Jan. 22. Price 15c. The Epworth League annual meeting follows.

The Ladies' Aid met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Chas. Filkins and elected the following new officers: President, Mrs. W. H. Ambler; vice president, Mrs. Chas. Filkins; secretary, Mrs. W. H. Hutton; treasurer, Mrs. Ed. Gobb. After the meeting night refreshments were served.

H. A. Dowling, general secretary of the Wayne county Sunday school association, will preach in our church next Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock. At 3:00 p. m. he will conduct a rally and in the evening he will give an address at a union meeting on "The Four Fold Function of the Bible School." A good attendance is desired at all these meetings.

Wednesday afternoon a meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary society was held at the home of Mrs. Chas. Filkins and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Chas. Filkins; vice president, Mrs. Geo. Williams; secretary, Mrs. H. Green; treasurer, Mrs. R. Neelands; cor. secretary, Mrs. Chas. Smock; mite box secretary, Mrs. Will Gurr. Mrs. H. S. Earle of Detroit, district mite box secretary, was present. After the business had been transacted tea was served which was enjoyed by all.

HIGH SCORE BOWLERS

The Three Night League's Record to Date.

No 1	Lost	No 8
" 3	"	" 7
" 2	"	" 6
" 4	"	" 8

Standing of Teams:

Team	No 1	Won	Lost	9	625
" 4	" 13	"	"	"	519
" 8	" 12	"	"	"	571
" 6	" 10	"	"	"	555
" 7	" 6	"	"	"	409
" 3	" 9	"	"	"	375
" 5	" 2	"	"	"	222

"See That Curve!"

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Fretley, Moosup, Conn.

Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are linked together.

The girl who takes Scott's Emulsion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



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.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By a Member.)

Next Tuesday evening our church will begin a series of special meetings. Everybody is invited to attend.

There will be a union Sunday school rally in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock.

The subject of the sermon Sunday morning will be "The Advantage of Persistent Prayer." In the evening we will unite in the union service in the Methodist church.

WOMEN'S WOES.

Northville Women Are Finding Relief at Last.

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity: they must "keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, bearing down pains; they must stoop over, when to stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with aching pains and many aches from kidney illness. Kidneys cause more suffering than any other organ of the body. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Read of a remedy for kidneys only that helps and cures the kidneys and is endorsed by people you know.

Mrs. Mary Greig, living on East St., Northville, Mich., says: "I gave a statement for publication in January, 1902, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, and now I am again pleased to recommend them as a very fine kidney remedy. Several years ago I was troubled with a severe backache which caused me great annoyance and made it a hardship for me to get around as I had been accustomed to do. After suffering for some time I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and so procured them. I felt the good results immediately and in a short time I was completely relieved of my annoying backache. From the great benefits I received I can safely recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all persons suffering with backache or any trouble from the kidneys."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.



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.

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THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.
(Copyright 1905 by the BOBBY-METZGER COMPANY)

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"They're mamma's friends," Anita was answering. "Oldish and tiresome. When you leave I shall go straight on up to bed."

"I'd like to—to see your room—where you live," said I, more to myself than to her.

"I sleep in a bare little box," she replied with a laugh. "It's like a cell. A friend of ours who has the anti-germ fad insisted on it. But my sitting-room isn't so bad."

"Langdon has the anti-germ fad," said I.

She answered "Yes," after a pause, and in such a strained voice that I looked at her. A flush was just dying out of her face. "He was the friend I spoke of," she went on.

"You know him very well?" I asked. "We've known him—always," said she. "I think he's one of my earliest recollections. His father's summer place and ours adjoin. And once—I guess it's the first time I remember seeing him—he was a freshman at Harvard, and he came along on a horse past the pony cart in which a groom was driving me. And I—I was very little then—I begged him to take me up, and he did. I thought he was the greatest, most wonderful man that ever lived." She laughed queerly.

"When I say my prayers, I used to imagine a god that looked like him to say them to."

I echoed her laugh heartily. The idea of Mowbray Langdon as a god struck me as peculiarly funny, though matured enough, too.

"Absurd, wasn't it?" said she. But her face was grave, and she let her cigarette die out.

"I guess you know him better than that now."

"Yes—better," she answered, slowly and absently. "He's—anything but a god."

"And the more fascinating on that account," said I. "I wonder why women like best the really bad, dangerous sort of man who hasn't any respect for them, or for anything."

I said this that she might protest, at least for herself. But her answer was a vague, musing, "I wonder—I wonder."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," I protested earnestly, for her.

She looked at me queerly. "Can I never convince you that I'm just a woman?" said she mockingly. "Just a woman, and one a man with your ideas of women would fly from."

"I wish you were!" I exclaimed. "Then—I'd find it so—so impossible to give you up."

She rose and made a slow tour of the room halting on the rug before the closed fireplace a few feet from me. I sat looking at her.

"I am going to give you up," I said at last.

Her eyes, staring into vacancy, grew larger and intenser with each long, deep breath she took.

"I didn't intend to say what I'm about to say—at least, not this evening," I went on, and to me it seemed to be some other than myself who was speaking. "Certain things happened down town to-day that have set me to thinking. And—I shall do whatever I can for your brother and your father. But you—you are free!"

She went to the table, stood there in profile to me, straight and slender as a sunflower stalk. She traced the silver chasings in the lid of the cigarette box with her forefinger, then she took a cigarette and began rolling it slowly and absently.

"Please don't scent and stain your fingers with that filthy tobacco," said I rather harshly.

"And only this afternoon you were saying you had become reconciled to my vice—that you had canonized it along with me—wasn't that your phrase?" This indifferently, without turning toward me, and as if she were thinking of something else.

"So I have," I retorted. "But my mood—please oblige me this once."

She let the cigarette fall into the box, closed the lid gently, leaned against the table, folded her arms upon her bosom and looked full at me. I was as acutely conscious of her every movement, of the very coming and going of the breath at her nostrils, as a mar on the operating table is conscious of the slightest gesture of the surgeon.

"You are—suffering!" she said, and her voice was like the flow of oil upon a burn. "I have never seen you like this. I didn't believe you capable of—of much feeling."

I could not trust myself to speak. If Bob Corey could have looked in on that scene, could have understood it, how amazed he would have been!

"What happened down town to-day?" she went on. "Tell me, if I may know."

"I'll tell you what I didn't think, ten minutes ago, I'd tell any human being," said I. "They've got me strapped down in the press. At ten o'clock in the morning—precisely at ten—they're going to put on the screws." I laughed. "I guess they'll have me squeezed pretty dry before noon."

She shivered.

"So you see," I continued, "I don't deserve any credit for giving you up. I only anticipate you by about twenty-four hours. Mine's death-bed repentance."

"I'd thought of that," said she reflectively. Presently she added: "Then, it is true." And I knew Sammy had given her some hint that prepared her for my confession.

"Yes—I can't go blustering through the matrimonial market," replied I. "I've been thrown out. I'm a beggar at the gates."

"A beggar at the gates," she murmured.

I got up and stood looking down at her.

"Don't pity me!" I said. "My remark was a figure of speech. I want no alms. I wouldn't take even you as alms. They'll probably get me down, and stamp the life out of me—nearly. But not quite—don't you lose sight of that. They can't kill me, and they can't tame me. I'll recover, and I'll strew the street with their blood and broken bones."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"And a minute ago I was almost liking you!" she exclaimed.

I retreated to my chair and gave her a smile that must have been grim.

"I don't care a damn, since I'm to lose you," said I. "It'll be a godsend to have a hard row to hoe the next few months or years."

She went back to leaning against the table, her arms folded as before. I saw she was thinking out something. Finally she said:

"I have decided not to accept your release."

I sprang to my feet.

"Anita!" I cried, my arms stretched toward her.

But she only looked coldly at me, folded her arms the more tightly and said:

"Do not misunderstand me. The bargain is the same as before. If you want me on those terms, I must—give myself."

"Why?" I asked.

A faint smile, with no mirth in it, drifted round the corners of her mouth.

"An impulse," she said. "I don't quite understand it myself. An impulse from—from—"

Her eyes and her thoughts were far away, and her expression was the one that made it

hardest for me to believe she was a child of those parents of hers. "An impulse from a sense of justice—of decency. I am the cause of your trouble, and I don't want to be a coward and a cheat." She repeated the last words.

"A coward—a cheat! We—I—have taken much from you, more than you know. It must be repaid. If you still wish, I will—will keep to my bargain."

"It's true, I'd not have got into the mess," said I, "if I'd been attending to business instead of dashing after you. But you're not responsible for that folly."

She tried to speak several times, before she finally succeeded in saying:

"It's my fault. I mustn't shirk."

I studied her, but I couldn't puzzle her out.

"I've been thinking all along that you were simple and transparent," I said. "Now, I see you are a mystery. What are you hiding from me?"

Her smile was almost coquettish as she replied:

"When a woman makes a mystery of herself to a man, it's for the man's good."

I took her hand—almost timidly.

"Anita," I said, "do you still—dislike me?"

"I do not—and shall not—love you," she answered. "But you are—"

"More endurable?" I suggested, as she hesitated.

"Less unendurable," she said with a smile. "Then she added, 'Less unendurable than profiting by a—creeping up in the dark.'"

"Yes—Langdon," I replied. "But I've no quarrel with him. My reverse is nothing but the fortune of war. I assure you, when I see him again, I'll be as friendly as ever—only a bit less of a trusting ass, I fancy. We're a lot of free lances down in the street. We change sides whenever it's expedient; and under the code it's not necessary to give warning. To-day, before I knew he was the assassin, I had made my plans to try to save myself at his expense, though I believed him to be the best friend I had, down town. No doubt he's got some good reason for creeping up on me in the dark."

"You are sure it was he?" she repeated.

"He, and nobody else," replied I. "He decided to do me up—and I guess he'll succeed. He's not the man to hit his gun unless he's sure the bird will fall."

"Do you really not care any more than your show?" she asked. "Or is your manner only bravado—to show off before me?"

"I don't care a damn, since I'm to lose you," said I. "It'll be a godsend to have a hard row to hoe the next few months or years."

She went back to leaning against the table, her arms folded as before. I saw she was thinking out something. Finally she said:

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"More endurable?" I suggested, as she hesitated.

"Less unendurable," she said with a smile. "Then she added, 'Less unendurable than profiting by a—creeping up in the dark.'"

I thought I understood her better than she understood herself. And suddenly my passion melted in a tenderness I would have said was so foreign to me as rain to a haggard look. "You are very tired, child," said I. "Good night. I am a different man from what I was when I came in here."

"And I a different woman," said she, a beauty shining from her that was as far beyond her physical beauty as—love is beyond passion.

"A nobler, better woman," I exclaimed, kissing her hand.

She caught it away.

"If you only knew!" she cried. "It seems to me, as I realize what sort of woman I am, that I am almost worthy of you!" And she blazed a look at me that left me rooted there, astounded.

But I went down the avenue with a light heart. "Just like a woman," I was saying to myself cheerfully, "not to know her own mind."

A few blocks, and I stopped and laughed outright—at Langdon's treachery, at my own credulity. "What an ass I've been making of myself!" said I to myself. And I could see myself as I really had been during those months of social struggling—an ass, braying and gamboling in a lion's skin—to impress the ladies!

But not wholly to no purpose," I reflected, again all in a glow at thought of Anita.

XVIII. A WINDFALL FROM "GENTLEMAN" JOE.

I went to my rooms, purposing to go straight to bed, and get a good sleep. I did make a start toward undressing; then I realized that I should only lie awake with my brain whirling, and schemes hour after hour—for my imagination fairly lets it do any effective thinking after the lights are out and the limitations of material things are wiped away by the darkness."

I dressed myself, again and went out—went up to Joe Healey's gambling place in Forty-fourth street.

Most of the well-known gamblers up town, as well as their "respectable" down town fellow members of the fraternity, were old acquaintances of mine; Joe Healey was as close a friend as I had. He had great fame for squareness—and, in a sense, deserved it. With his fellow gamblers he was as straight as a string at all times—to be otherwise would have meant that when he went broke he would stay broke, because none of the fraternity would "stake" him. But with his patrons—being regarded by them as a pariah, he acted toward them like a pariah—a prudent pariah.

He fooled them with a frank show of gentleness, of honesty—to his own hurt, under that cover he fleeced them well, but always judiciously.

That night, I recall, Joe's guests were several young fellows of the fashionable set, rich men's sons and their parasites, a few of the big down town operators who hadn't yet got hipped on "respectability"—they playing poker in a private room—and a couple of flush faced, flush-pursed chaps from out of town, for whom one of Joe's men was dealing face from what looked to my experienced and accurate eye like a "biace" box.

Joe, very elegant, too elegant in fact, in evening dress, was showing a new piece of statuary to the oldest son of Melville, of the National Industrial bank. Joe knew a little something about art—he was much like the art dealers who, as a matter of business, learn the difference between good things and bad, but in their hearts wonder and laugh at people willing to part with large sums of money for a little paint or marble or the like.

As soon as Joe thought he had sufficiently impressed young Melville, he drifted him to a roulette table, left him there and joined me.

"Come to my office," said he. "I want to see you."

He led the way down the richly-carpeted marble stairway as far as the landing at the turn. There, on a sort of mezzanine, he had a gorgeous little suite. The principal object in the sitting-room or office was a huge safe. He closed and locked the outside door behind us.

"Take a seat," said he. "You'll like the cigars in the second box on my desk—the long one." And he began turning the combination lock. "You haven't dropped in on us for the past three or four months," he went on.

"No," said I, getting a great deal of pleasure out of seeing again, and thus intimately, his round, ruddy face—like a yachtsman's, not like a drinker's—and his shifty, laughing brown eyes.

"The game down town has given me enough excitement. I haven't had to continue it up town to keep my hand in."

"I've noticed that you are getting too swell to patronize us 'fellows,'" said he, his shrewd smile showing that my polite excuse had not fooled him. "Well, Matt, you're right—you always did have good sound sense and a steady eye for the main chance. I used to think the women'd ruin you; they were so crazy about that handsome mug and figure of yours. But when I saw you knew exactly when to let go, I knew nothing could stop you."

By this time he had the safe open, disclosing several compartments and a small, inside safe. He worked away at the second combination lock, and presently exposed the interior of the little safe. It was filled with a great roll of bills. He pried this out, brought it over to the desk and began wrapping it up. "I want you to take this with you when you go," said he. "I've made several big killings lately, and I'm going to get you to invest the proceeds."

(To be Continued.)

THE PASSENGER WAS ON TIME

Distinction Won by a Florida Cracker

"A few days ago," said a man, "I read a good little newspaper story of how one of the largest Atlantic liners was held a moment at her pier in New York for a baby's kiss."

"The father, who was to sail for Europe, saw the child's outstretched arms, rushed down the gang plank, gave the little one a hug and a kiss and would have missed getting aboard if the men at the tackles had not held the plank suspended for him while you could count ten."

"The story," continued the man, smiling, "reminded me of the holding of a steamship for three-quarters of an hour for one steerage passenger."

"It was about the time of the Charleston earthquake. In those days you went to Charleston from New York by the vessels of the old Charleston line, and from there to Jacksonville, Fla., and landings on the St. John's river as far up as Palatka by a trim little steamship, the City of Palatka. Capt. Leo Vogel was her master."

"He was at sea with his vessel off Charleston when that city was partly wrecked by earthquake. At that season of the year, when some of the regular boats were laid off for their summer repairs, the City of Palatka made the entire trip to New York, calling at Charleston each way. When he arrived at New York just after the earthquake Capt. Vogel gave a reporter an interesting story of how the earthquake affected his vessel at sea."

"The City of Palatka, by the way, was perhaps the only steamship of her time that made part of her regular trip through four or five feet of mud. This she did every time she crossed the bar in the narrows of the St. John's river just below Palatka."

"She was sold eventually for use on the Pacific side, went around the Horn and was burned a few years later at some port, I think, on Puget Sound. Capt. Vogel afterward was with the Clyde line as pilot for all their Florida steamships over the dangerous St. John's river bar at Mayport. By hustling back by rail from Charleston to Jacksonville and vice versa he managed to pilot every steamship in the service in those days across the bar going in and coming out."

"Well, to get back to my story, one afternoon when the City of Palatka, bound up the river, came along to the Green Cove Spring landing, forty-five miles north of Palatka, a typical Cracker from back in the pine woods, carrying a black oilcloth satchel, started to board the vessel. On being asked where he was going he allowed he was bound for 'York'."

"He had been told, he said, that the ship would not make the Green Cove Spring landing on coming down the next morning and he reckoned he had better get aboard now."

"Capt. Vogel overheard the talk and said to the Cracker:

"The City of Palatka will be at this landing on her way to New York at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. Be here then, and you'll get aboard all right."

"But maybe you'll get here and go on before that, and I won't get to 'York,'" said the Cracker.

"You be here at 8 o'clock," said the captain, "and you won't get left."

"The next morning at about 7 o'clock the City of Palatka rounded the channel beacon off Green Cove Spring, and in fifteen minutes was alongside the landing. The Cracker passenger was not among those waiting on the pier."

"He had not shown up when everybody and everything else that was going north was aboard. Then began a roaring of the ship's steam gong that resounded through the pine woods and woke up the owls in the water oaks along shore."

"For forty-five minutes the steamship lay at the pier and kept her gong sounding. The passengers, many of them well to do Northerners bound up from their winter homes, began to talk as to the cause of the delay."

"One explanation had it that Elmer Lorillard had telegraphed from down the river, offering a large sum to have the vessel held till he could come up in his steam yacht and take passage for New York."

"At about three minutes before 8 o'clock there was seen coming leisurely down the pier a two wheeled cart drawn by a gray mule. On the bottom boards of the cart, with her back toward the mule, sat a Cracker woman in a calico gown and a checkered gingham sunbonnet, and with her feet hanging over the rear of the cart."

"In the cart was a black oilcloth satchel and astride the gray mule was a Cracker man. At the head of the pier he leisurely alighted, took the satchel from the cart and said, 'Good-by, Mandy,' to his wife."

"As he was going up the gangplank with his big silver watch in his hand he spied Capt. Vogel, who had been walking the bridge for more than half an hour with an untranslatable look in his face, and hailed him with:

"'Mornin', Cap. Jest 8 o'clock. Maybe you reckoned I'd disappoint you, but here I am, right on time. Let her go.'"

"'Yes,' said Vogel, 'you're on the minute.'"

"Throughout the voyage to New York the Cracker was known and pointed out down in the steerage as the man who held the steamship three-quarters of an hour, and the distinction seemed to please him."

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILROAD AND WESTERN CANADA.

Will Open Up Immense Area of Free Homestead Lands.

The railway facilities of Western Canada have been taxed to the utmost in recent years to transfer the surplus grain crop to the eastern markets and the seaboard. The large influx of settlers and the additional area put under crop have added largely to the grain product, and notwithstanding the increased railway facilities that have been placed at the disposal of the public, the question of transportation has proved to be a serious one.

It will, therefore, be good news to everyone interested in Western Canada to know that an authoritative statement has been given out by C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, that that railway will do its share towards moving the crop of 1907 from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to tide water, and thus assist in removing a serious obstacle which has faced the settlers during recent years. Mr. Hays, who has just completed a trip from Portage la Prairie to Edmonton in a prairie schooner, a distance of 735 miles, which was covered in eighteen days, is enthusiastic about the country.

This will be gratifying to settlers in the Canadian West, even if Mr. Hays declines to be bound to a time limit with the exactitude of a stop-watch. The Grand Trunk Pacific road will be in a position to take part in the transportation of the crop of 1907, and that will be satisfactory to the settlers in that country when the harvest is garnered.

The wheat crop of 1905 in Western Canada was about 90,000,000 bushels, and, with the increased acreage which is confidently expected to be put under crop next year, it is safely calculated that fully 125,000,000 bushels will be harvested in 1907. The necessity for increased transportation facilities are, therefore, apparent, and the statement made by Mr. Hays will bring encouragement to the farmers of the Canadian West, new and old. The opening up of additional thousands of free homesteads is thus assured by the agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere.

Most people find fault with their neighbors in order to get even with neighbors who find fault with them.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BRONCHIO-EXPECTORANT. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc. Price 25c. W. H. H. & S. Co., New York.

And when a man bumps up against hard luck he always blames some other fellow for shoving him.

To recover quickly from bilious attacks, sick headache, indigestion, colds, take Garfield Tea, the mild laxative. Guaranteed under the Pure Food Law.

Prefer Their Own Way. Thousands of men do not know what is good for them, but you might as well remember that the majority of them do not want to be told.—John A. Howland.

SCALY ERUPTION ON BODY.

Doctors and Remedies Fruitless—Suffered 10 Years—Completely Cured by Cuticura.

"When I was about nine years old small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs. I scratched them with a brass pin and shortly afterwards both of those limbs became so sore that I could scarcely walk. When I had been suffering for about a month the sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared where the sores had been. From that time onward I was troubled by such severe itching that, until I became accustomed to it, I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. This would stop the itching for a few days, but scaly places would appear again and the itching would accompany them. After I suffered about ten years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctors in my native country advised me to use arsenic in small doses and a salve. I then used to bathe the sores in a mixture which gave almost intolerable pain. In addition I used other remedies, such as iodine, sulphur, zinc salve, —S. Salve, —Ointment, and in fact I was continually trying some remedy a fair trial, never using less than one or two boxes or bottles. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. I used —S—, but it did no good. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment, having previously used Cuticura Soap and being pleased with it. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored, after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least \$50 or \$60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. I shall be glad to write to any one who may be interested in my cure. B. Hiram Mattingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 13, 1906."

Origin of Starch. The art of starching was not introduced into England until the ingenuity of Dutch women in starching ruffs induced Queen Elizabeth to turn to them when she took to wearing cambric and linen cuffs. In 1564 Mistress Dingheim von den Plasse, the refugee daughter of a Flemish knight, came with her husband to London, according to an old writer, and set up an establishment for starching, where she not only plied her trade, but instructed English classes in her art.



SHE BLAZED A LOOK AT ME THAT LEFT ME ROOTED THERE, ASTOUNDED.

Alcoholism in France.
Alcoholism, that curse of civilized societies, of which Gladstone said that it caused more ravages than the three historical scourges, famine, plague and war, tends to make more and more our beautiful country of France a violent nation, blinded by passion and delivered over to all the brutality of instinct. M. Mellie, in the Paris Petit Journal.

"Millions" for Tobago.
Tobago has begun the experiment of importing from Barbadoes the fishes known as "millions," a consignment of which has been placed in tanks and ponds at the botanic station, where it is hoped the fishes will increase in numbers for a free distribution in ponds and pools throughout the island. —British Guiana Chronicle.

Advice for the Rash.
When you are tired and hungry and the world looks blue and dismal, put off making rash promises. It's morally certain you'll go wrong if you do. Wait until you've taken a bath and had a meal. Then you'll be able to do yourself justice. But seek counsel, if possible, and don't despise the help of a woman.

Nothing Do'ing.
He was a sandy haired and badly freckled youth, but he had matrimonial aspirations just the same, so he proposed to the maid of his choice. "No, John, there's nothing do'ing," she replied. "I'm willing to marry, all right, but I want a man that's all one color."

Helped Her Out.
A very little boy was once in the room where a young woman was practicing on the piano. She was counting aloud, "One, two, three, four." The little fellow seemed quite surprised, and after a while he went to her and said, quite earnestly, "He next is 'five'." —Youth's Companion.

A Madras Printer.
All sorts of types, English or Vernacular printers, materials, new or old are supplied at a very cheap rate. Please apply to T. C. Sreedivasaraghachary 100, Big Street Triplicane, Madras—Advertisement in the Indian Patriot.

Transformation in New Mexico.
Three seasons of rainfall have transformed New Mexico from an expanse of unproductive territory into a country of bountiful crops, running streams and happy, prosperous people, is the report which E. W. Fox, register of the government land office at Clayton, N. M., brought to Washington. —Washington Post.

Invention Long Looked for.
A Paris paper devoted to scientific subjects announces the discovery of a practical method of shielding watches and clocks from all magnetic influences. It is said to be the work of a watchmaker named Leroy.

THE FIRST TWINGE

Of Rheumatism Calls for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills If You Would Be Easily Cured.

Mr. Frank Little, a well known citizen of Portland, Iowa, Mich., was cured of a severe case of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In speaking about it recently, he said: "My body was run down and in no condition to withstand disease and about five years ago I began to feel rheumatic pains in my arms and across my back. My arms and legs grew numb and the rheumatism seemed to settle in every joint so that I could hardly move, while my arms were useless at times. I was unable to sleep or rest well and my heart pained me so terribly I could hardly stand it. My stomach became sour and bloated after eating and this grew so bad that I had inflammation of the stomach. I was extremely nervous and could not bear the least noise or excitement. One whole side of my body became paralyzed.

"As I said before, I had been suffering about five years and seemed to be able to get no relief from my doctors, when a friend here in Portland told me how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured him of neuritis in the face, even after the pain had drawn it to one side. I decided to try the pills and began to see some improvement soon after using them. This encouraged me to keep on until I was entirely cured. I have never had a return of the rheumatism or of the paralysis.

The pills are for sale by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

NEW WHEAT LANDS IN THE CANADIAN WEST

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE
5,000 additional miles year have opened up a large territory to the progressive farmer of Western Canada and the Government of the Dominion continues to give ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES FREE to every settler.

THE COUNTRY HAS NO SUPERIOR

Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; taxes low; climate the best in the northern temperate zone. Law and order prevails everywhere. For advice and information address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.
M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SEIZED BY A LION

By a Lion Hunter.

"Once on the Orange river, in the Hotentot country, I had a close call for my life, with no one at hand to aid me in distracting the attention of the lion. I had only one white man with me, and he was ill of fever. We had dug a pit on a path frequented by lions coming down to drink, but were much annoyed by other animals falling into it.

"On the first night we caught two hyenas; on the second, a panther; on the third, a wild hog. Those would have been prizes, had we not been after lions, and lions alone. On the fourth night I stationed a couple of natives in a tree near the path to frighten off all game but lions. They were hunters, and knew the tread of a lion from that of any other beast.

"When going down to drink the lion generally sniffs the air, probably to find what game is abroad. On a rough path his tread is as heavy as a man's and no one who has hunted him need be afraid of making a mistake.

"On this night, after the natives had driven several worthless animals away, a large lion and lioness came down the path. When first discovered the lion was ahead, but he got the scent of the men in the tree, and stopped short to growl and sniff, while the lioness, who was, perhaps, very thirsty, advanced slowly and went down into the pit.

"The pit was two miles from our camp, and we heard nothing of the row which took place when the lion discovered the trick played upon his mate. He tore around for a spell like mad, and then lay down at the foot of the tree and besieged the men. As soon as it was daylight I left camp on horseback to ride over and see what had happened. I rode straight for the place, and when within 40 rods called to the men.

"They answered at once, and though I could not make out what they said, I knew that they were excited over something. I was riding around a clump of trees onto an open space, when my horse suddenly started. Next instant I was on the ground and a lion standing over me, while I could hear the horse tearing away through the scrub like mad. The lion had pulled me down, nearly tearing the back out of my jacket, but not drawing blood with his claws.

"As in a previous case, I was not frightened, because it had occurred so suddenly that I had not had time to lose my nerve. I was on my left side, bareheaded, and the lion stood for a moment with his right paw on my shoulder, looking after the horse.

"The natives saw the fleeing horse, knew very well what had happened to me, and at once descended the tree and made for camp. I did not blame them any and perhaps that very action saved my life. I had time to collect my thoughts in that single instant, and as I had routed one lion by barking like a dog, I decided to follow the same plan in this case.

"But, as I said before, lions are as unlike as men. At my first bark this fellow growled savagely, and gave me a terrible bite on the hip. Had I cried out at this, or made any struggle, he would have finished me at once. I repressed my feelings and played dead. I had a revolver strapped to my back, but it would not do to reach for it.

"After biting me the lion watched and waited for signs of life, and when he could detect none he seized my right shoulder in his teeth, gave me a shake and a twist and next moment I was being carried off on his back. His teeth did not touch my flesh, and as I lay across him on my side my hand struck the butt of the revolver. I had it out of the holster in a second, and then felt that I had a show.

"Whether the beast felt any movement or not, he growled at intervals, and his breath came back on me so strong that I was nauseated. I intended to fire into him as he was carrying me along, but he was swaying about so that I did not dare to risk it.

"After carrying me half a mile through the scrub and over broken ground, the lion halted at the head of a ravine, in which he doubtless had his lair. He turned about as if to see if I pursued had been made, and the muzzle of the revolver came against his left hip. I fired at once, and next instant was flung on the earth, while the lion uttered a scream of pain.

"I was on my knees in a flash, but the beast was ten feet away, going around in circles and biting at the wound. He did not notice me in the least, and I sent another bullet into him just back of the shoulder. He uttered another scream, and instead of rushing at me, as I fully expected, made a leap into the ravine, where I could hear him running for some distance.

"I was badly shaken up, but I lost no time in getting out of the neighborhood, and in the course of an hour reached camp. Nearly everybody was out looking for me.

"Now see how inconsistently that lion acted. He came out into the open ground and charged the party of over 20 men, although they had not disturbed him. He had run from me in his surprise. He knocked over a native as he charged, but was then riddled with bullets and gave up the ghost." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

UTTERLY WORN OUT.

Vitality Sapped by Years of Suffering with Kidney Trouble.

Capt. J. W. Hogan, former postmaster of Indianapolis, now living at Austin, Tex., writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache also and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow of urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different climates and using all kinds of medicine I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well to-day as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

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

"Way Up in Maine."
"Well, no," said the cross-roads storekeeper up in the Androscoggin-kigginmempuremagogkattawampus region. "I ain't got them articles in stock at present, but I guess yew can find the olive oil at the post office and the canned tomatoes at the barber shop. So yew shot a moose, did yew? Well, that's real fine, but I kind o' hoped yew was goin' to have an accident yew'd shoot Hen Pussley, yew'r guide. I ain't vindictive, or anything of the kind, but he's been owin' me five shillins for I don't know how long, and I kind o' think I c'd elect it easier out o' his estate than I can out o' Hen." —Smart Set.

Can You Answer?
If you have a friend who thinks he knows it all ask him to explain the difference between an Alexandrine and a woman of Alexandria; a masher and a mashie; adenoids and anoids; six of one and a half dozen of the other; neoplatonism and platonic friendship; macaronic, macaroni, and Marconi; a referendum and a referee; irregular and birrelligion; the jungle and Port Sunlight; Arminians and Armenians; a carpet knight and a rug headed kern. —Chicago Tribune.

Always to Be Depended Upon.
When a person gets up in the morning with a dull headache and a tired, stretchy feeling, it's an almost certain indication that the liver, or bowels, or both, are decidedly out of order.

At such times Nature, the wisest and best of doctors, takes this means to give warning that she needs the help and gentle assistance which can best be obtained from that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, which has been in use for over a century.

They are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used when doctors were few and far between, and when people had to have a remedy that could absolutely be depended upon.

Brandreth's Pills can be depended upon, and are sold in every drug and medicine store, plain or sugar-coated.

HEADS SHAPED TO ORDER.

German Doctor Explains Causes of Various Formations.

At a recent convention of German naturalists and doctors Dr. Walcher, of Stuttgart, in an instructive paper put forth a sensational theory to explain the formation of the shape of the head of infants. He maintained that the head of a child could be molded artificially. He found by experience that when a medium-shaped head is placed in a soft cushion the child turns on its back, or rests on the back of its head, in order to free mouth, nose and face. In this manner the head rests smoothly, and a short head is developed. But if the medium-shaped head of a child is placed on a hard under-rest, like a hair mattress or rolled carpet, the child's head turns aside, as it cannot stand any more on its head than an egg, for the muscle of the back is weakened.

Therefore, with continued resting on the side a long head is developed. To prove his assertions the lecturer presented a child whose mother and sister are short-headed. The child at its birth had a short head, now after 18 months it is long skulled. If the child had been placed on its back, according to other experiences its head would have been short-headed. Dr. Walcher did not deny that the shape of the head was inherited, but asserted that it could be greatly influenced by the way the child rested.

COSTLY PRESSURE.

Heart and Nerves Fail on Coffee.

A resident of a great western state puts the case regarding stimulants with a comprehensive brevity that is admirable. He says:

"I am 56 years old and have had considerable experience with stimulants. They are all alike—a mortgage on reserved energy at ruinous interest. As the whip stimulates but does not strengthen the horse, so do stimulants act upon the human system. Feeling this way, I gave up coffee and all other stimulants and began the use of Postum Food coffee some months ago. The beneficial results have been apparent from the first. The rheumatism that I used to suffer from has left me. I sleep sounder, my nerves are steadier and my brain clearer. And I bear testimony also to the food value of Postum—something that is lacking in coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read "The Road to Wellville," the quaint little book in pkgs.

Mrs. Widdow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Economy is the road to wealth. PUTNAM FADELESS DYE is the road to economy. 10c per package.

Lots of the money that men marry is counterfeit.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood and eradicates disease. Take it for constipation. Guaranteed under the Pure Food Law.

It's a wise Satan who keeps his beard away from the candles.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Rheum, Blind, Bleeding or Prolapsing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Many a citizen who trades on margins wouldn't think of buying a gold brick.

How to Trap Wild Animals.

40 page trap book illustrated, picture 48 wild animals in natural colors, also barometer and calendar, also gun & trap catalog, also prices on new fur. All sent post paid for 10 cts stamps or silver. Address: Fur Dept. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Want Protection for Bread.
English medical men are demanding that bakers should deliver loaves in oiled paper bags.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is

Bear the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Alcohol From Sweet Potatoes.

Sweet potatoes are principally used in the Azores to make alcohol, the yield being ten to 11 per cent. The present price is about 13 cents (United States currency) per liter (1.057 quarts).

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when introduced through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reputable physician, as the damage they will do is almost incalculable. Beware of cheap imitations. Halls Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Halls Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Halls Family Pills for constipation.

American Idealism.

Since my first arrival in America I have held that the real spirit is idealistic and that the average individual American is controlled by idealistic impulses. Those who may contradict me can not have sounded the depths of the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson, or studied the life and read the speeches of Abraham Lincoln, and considered their far reaching effect on the American people. In Lincoln's great character nothing can be more striking than the way in which he combined reality and the loftiest ideal, with a thoroughly practical capacity to achieve that ideal by practical methods. This faculty seemed to give him a far sighted, almost superhuman vision, which enabled him to pierce the clouds obscuring the sight of the keen statesmen and thinkers of his age—Baron Speck von Sternburg, in Forum.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
GRAVEL
DIABETES
SANDS
PAIN IN THE BACK
PAIN IN THE SIDE
PAIN IN THE LOINS
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH
PAIN IN THE STOMACH
PAIN IN THE LIVER
PAIN IN THE SPLEEN
PAIN IN THE PANCREAS
PAIN IN THE GALLBLADDER
PAIN IN THE BLADDER
PAIN IN THE UTERUS
PAIN IN THE VAGINA
PAIN IN THE CERVIX
PAIN IN THE VULVA
PAIN IN THE CLITORIS
PAIN IN THE PENIS
PAIN IN THE TESTES
PAIN IN THE EPIDIDYMIS
PAIN IN THE SEMINAL VESICLE
PAIN IN THE PROSTATE GLAND
PAIN IN THE URETHRA
PAIN IN THE MEATUS VULVAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS URINAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS VAGINAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS ANI
PAIN IN THE MEATUS ORIS
PAIN IN THE MEATUS NASAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS AUDITIVAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS OCULORUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS TROMPAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS EUSTACHIANAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS HYDROTHORACICAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS PERITONICAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS PLEURITICAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS BRONCHITICAE
PAIN IN THE MEATUS PULMONARIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS CARDIACUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS GASTRICUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS INTESTINUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS COLICUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS HEPATICUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS SPLENICUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS PANCREATICUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS BILIARIS
PAIN IN THE MEATUS URINARIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS REPRODUCTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS NERVOSUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS CIRCULATORIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS RESPIRATORIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS DIGESTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS EXCRETORIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS SECRETORIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS ABSORPTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS DISTRIBUTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS COLLECTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS EXCRETORIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS SECRETORIUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS ABSORPTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS DISTRIBUTIVUM
PAIN IN THE MEATUS COLLECTIVUM

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Gravel, Dropsy, Biliousness, and Constipation of the Bowels. Sold Everywhere. The Little Pills. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature *Wm. Carter*. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SISTER WRITE ME

30 DAYS' TREATMENT ON TRIAL
If it cures, send me one dollar, if not, you owe me nothing. If you suffer from Piles, Falling of the Womb, Bearing-down pains, backache, hemorrhoids, profuse, scanty or painful periods, or if you are troubled by Gravel, Rheumatism, Gout, or any other ailment, send me no money—only name and address to
MRS. A. R. OWENS, Belleville, N. J.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS
Succeeded Prosecutors Claims. I am Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.

CALIFORNIA
Irrigated F. rms. Big new Gov't aided canal. Only \$250 per acre. 1600 of Acres in San Francisco. A. N. WATKINS, 1600 of Acres in San Francisco.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MENROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

THE DISCOVERER

Of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the Great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine for Woman's ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female illnesses, or such hosts of grateful friends as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing all forms of Female Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, and consequent Spinal Weakness. It has cured more cases of Backache and Local Weakness than any other one remedy. It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage of development.

Irregularities and periodical pains; Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yield to it, also deranged organs, causing pain, dragging sensations and backache. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system.

It removes that wearing feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues". These are indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the organs, which this medicine cures as well as Chronic Kidney Complaints and Backache, of either sex.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

160 ACRES IN FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

FREE

Homesteads

WESTERN CANADA.

Special Trains Leave Chicago, March 19th,

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta Homesteads.

Canadian Government representatives will accompany this train through to destination.

For certificate entitling cheap rates, literature and all particulars, apply to

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

PAIN
There's more in paint than the mixing of colors, lead and oil. Best results can be had only from best ingredients, accurate balance of their proportions, and the best method of mixing or assimilation. But most important of all is the grinding process. Upon the fineness depend in large degree the smoothness and covering capacity of a paint.

Buffalo A. L. O. Paints

(AGED LINED OIL)
are ground through powerful mills of special construction; they contain the purest and most lasting pigments ground in Aged Lined Oil in correct proportion; they are honestly made; cost no more than inferior paints, and possess all the essential qualities of a **Perfect Paint**

Ask your dealer for Buffalo A. L. O. Ready Mixed Paints. If he cannot supply you send direct to Manufacturers for prices and folders containing valuable information and chart of up-to-date shades
Buffalo Oil Paint & Varnish Co. BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

JOIN THE NAVY

WHY NOT GO SOUTH?
Where work can be carried on the entire year, where the lands are fertile and productive and where you will not have to battle against the elements of a frozen north. You should send a postcard to J. W. WHITE, Gen. and Agent, Seaboard Air Line, Dept. 6, Portsmouth, Va., for a copy of the **SEABOARD MAGAZINE** 1907. and it will be sent you together with other hand-somely illustrated literature descriptive of the south and its wonderful resources and opportunities for northern farmers desiring to locate in a country blessed with a delightful climate. Special low rates to homeseekers and prospectors.

SALESMEN WANTED
To sell an article of every day demand to the grocery trade. Salary \$800 to \$1,000 per year. Experience not necessary. Write for particulars. LILLY & CO., Providence, R. I.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION,
No. 33 Lafayette Avenue. - DETROIT, MICH.

SAVE THIS and WAIT

UNTIL SATURDAY, JAN. 19th at 9 a. m. Sharp.

E. L. RIGGS'
Entire stock in the hands of the Chicago Salvage Co., the world's Greatest Bargain Givers. Unbelievable prices. Everything must be sold in 10 Days. E. L. Riggs' entire stock to be turned over to the people at prices that do not cover the actual cost of the raw material. Sale positively opens Saturday, January 19, 1907, at 9 a. m. sharp.

E. L. RIGGS' ENTIRE \$20,000.00 STOCK

TO BE WIPED OUT IN TEN DAYS.

Now in the hands of the Chicago Salvage Co., the world's greatest Bargain givers.

E. L. RIGGS'
Entire stock to be sold by the Chicago Salvage Co. in 10 Days. Everything must be sold at less than the cost of raw material. Sale positively opens Saturday, Jan. 19, 1907 at 9 a. m. sharp.

\$20,000.00 Worth of High Grade Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes for Men, Women and Children, Hats, Caps, Furnishings, Carpets and Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Apparel to be Sold in TEN DAYS at Less than the Actual Cost of Raw Material.

MONEY RAISING SALE FORCED!

The E. L. RIGGS' Store in the hands of the CHICAGO SALVAGE CO. It has come, but we could not help it. We are in debt; but we are honest. We must sacrifice our entire stock to save our good name. The creditors must and will have their money, and this appeal is made to every man, woman and child in Wayne County. No such sale of such Gigantic Proportions has ever been held in this vicinity and it positively opens Saturday, January 19, 1907, at 9 a. m. sharp. The E. L. Riggs' entire stock, consisting of \$20,000 worth of Merchandise for men, women, boys and children will be sold by the Chicago Salvage Co., a corporation of Chicago, Ill. The stock has been placed in their hands for 10 days to raise the Necessary Amount to Reimburse the Creditors. Sale positively opens Saturday, January 19, at 9 a. m. for 10 days only. You cannot miss this sale. You dare not miss it. A Tremendous Slaughter of Modern Merchandise, such as Wayne County has never seen. No Fake. No Subterfuge, but a bona-fide sale to save the good name of E. L. Riggs' store. This stock of Merchandise will actually be mercilessly slaughtered in E. L. Riggs' Store. The Chicago Salvage Company has full charge and will distribute this stock to the people at 33c on the dollar, beginning Saturday, January 19, at 9 a. m.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SALE
Will Begin at the E. L. Riggs' Store, Plymouth, Mich.
Our Building is Closed to Re-mark and Re-arrange the Stock but will be Open again Saturday, January 19th.

We are honest, but in debt. The disastrous weather conditions has found us with an immense stock which we bought for this season's business. We figured on a heavy trade consequently bought heavier than usual. We now find ourselves with the bulk of this stock on our tables, and our bills are now due. Hence this mighty sacrifice and the World's greatest slaughter of modern merchandise for men, boys and children, to be sold in our building at Plymouth, Mich.

We are compelled to slaughter this merchandise for less than the actual cost of the raw material. For this mighty slaughter of modern merchandise begins at E. L. Riggs' store, Plymouth.

The Sensation of the Day! The Wonder of the Hour!

Here will be the most mighty avalanche of majestic bargains for Women's, Men's, Boys' and Children's high style fashionable garments of every kind, ever brought together by any firm in Wayne county, equaling in quantity and variety the combined stocks of all the retail houses for Men, Boys and Children in Plymouth. We hereby guarantee to sell precisely as we advertise, and every price we quote is strictly bona fide and every quotation absolutely correct. It may be hard to believe that a big concern would sacrifice such an immense stock to be sold at 33c on the dollar, but it is Gospel Truth, and we merely ask you to come and test our statements. This tremendous sale positively begins

Saturday, January 19, at 9 a. m., at the E. L. Riggs' Store and Closes in Ten Days—Everything Sold as Advertised.

Owing to the fact that The E. L. Riggs' store will continue business in Plymouth, and on the same honorable lines that has marked their business career, the public can rest assured of the same courteous treatment and to be supplied with the Highest grade merchandise that the World's most skilled tailors can produce. The E. L. Riggs' store have turned their stock over to the Chicago Salvage Co. In order to distribute their stock into the homes of the people in ten days and at prices that do not actually cover the cost of the labor. Our sale will continue for only ten days and everything will go rapidly. This is the first sale (being a legitimate sale where a well known and reliable firm is to continue in business) of its kind that has ever occurred in the state and it may never occur again. We merely quote you a few of the many bargains to be offered, and bear in mind there are thousands of other bargains we cannot mention here.

Sensational Bargains in Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing.

Fine suit of Men's Clothes, all to match\$2.98
This suit is positively worth \$10.00 or your money refunded at any time during this sale.
A fine suit of Men's clothes, all to match. This suit positively worth \$12.50 or your money refunded at any time during sale\$3.98

Men's fine suits in Cheviots and Scotch Plaids, worth \$13.50 or your money refunded at any time during this sale, if not satisfied,\$4.98

Men's splendid suits in Velour finished Cassimeres, all sizes, positively worth \$15 or your money back\$5.85

Silk and Satin-lined dress suits, in plain checks and stripes, positively worth \$16.50\$7.48

At \$9.98 each, you are free to choose a Suit or an Overcoat worth \$22.50 to \$25.00, from 20 lots of as finely made and as elegantly finished Suits and Overcoats as the most fastidious dresser could desire, fine home and foreign suitings and overcoatings of style and tone and in a great variety of effects—tailored into garments of faultless fashion—kersey, melton and whipcord overcoats, black, blue, brown, tan and drab, tweed and cassimere suits single and double breasted\$9.98

At \$12.98 and \$14.85, these represent the product of the world's celebrated looms and the world's most skillful tailors. They equal and are guaranteed to excel any \$22 tailor made-to-order garment in the world or we will cheerfully refund your money.

Men's Extra Fine Dress Suits in all the latest styles and shades, heavy silk and satin lined, equal to the finest \$22 made-to-order suit for\$12.48
Don't fail to ask to see them.

Men's Fine Dress Pants for\$.85c

Men's Fine Trousers for Sunday wear, in-worsted and fancy stripes, positively worth \$5, or your money refunded\$2.39

SPRING AND WINTER OVERCOATS
Rich in Style, Highest Quality.

500 to choose and pick from in the very latest styles from \$2.98 to \$9.98. Worth \$10 to \$30.

1,000 pairs of Boys' Knee Pants, worth 75c, at12c
Thirty distinct effects in Boys' Ultra Fashionable Knee Pants. Suits in all the swellest novelty and styles, worth \$8, \$10 and \$12, all go at\$3.98

Boys' Suits and Overcoats, worth \$3.00, at88c
1,000 pairs Boys' Knee Pants, worth \$1.50, at39c

SHOES.

Children's Shoes, worth from \$1.25 to \$2, sale price59c to 98c

Misses' Shoes, worth \$2.25, sale price\$1.14

Infants' Shoes15c

Men's Shoes\$1.29, 1.49, 1.98

Men's Slippers48c

Boys' Shoes, worth from \$2 to \$3, sale price\$1.19 and \$1.48

Tan Shoes, worth \$2.50, for\$1.24

MEN'S SHOES ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

An enormous stock of Fine Shoes at the mercy of the public—the greatest shoe value on earth. We must and will turn them into money. Men's single and double sole, bals and lace shoes, London cap, extension soles, every pair guaranteed for good wear. Many in this lot were sold for \$3, none less than \$2, while they last\$1.29

Youth's of the same\$1.19

Men's Shoes for business wear that mean service and comfort. Many styles in black, all the newest shapes for spring and summer, worth \$3.50, our price\$1.49

Men's Fine Dress Shoes, made from select calf skin and vici kid, best workmanship and finish, famous McKay sewed and every pair guaranteed and actually worth \$4, our price\$1.98

\$5.50 Shoes go at\$2.48

LADIES' SHOES.

Over 1,000 pairs of the very finest of the Spring season goods, hand sewed, lace or button, all weights of soles, French kids, patent leather and Russian calf, etc. They are far the best of any shoes brought to the market, worth \$2.50 to \$5, come and pick them out\$1.29 to \$1.98

Ladies' Fine Vici kid shoes, button and lace Paris toes and patent tip, worth \$1.25 to \$3, for\$1.49

Ladies' Slippers, worth 1.25 to \$3\$1.19

Ladies' white canvas Oxfords\$1.19

SPECIAL

All Ameskeg Gingham, 5c

Calicos, red, blue, fast colors4c

American Prints4c

Fine Tull De Nord4c

Light Colored Shirtings per yard3 3/4c

Bleached Muslin, per yard4 3/4c

Toweling, per yard5c

Towels, fancy border5c

Damask Table Linen, 54 inches wide29c

Dress Goods

Double fold Percales, per yard6c

Dress Gingham, per yard\$1.2c

Worsted Plaid Goods, per yard12 1/2c

Wool Danish Cloth, in all colors, per yard17c

Mohairs, all shades, per yard22c

Tricots, all wool, all shades, per yard24c

Flannels, per yard\$1.2c

Outing Flannel, per yard4 1/2c

Ladies' Dress Skirts

Wash Skirts69c

Wash Skirts93c

All Wool Dress Skirts\$1.98

Ribbons

All 1-inch wide, per yard3c

All 1 1/2-inch wide, per yard6c

All 2-inch wide, per yard4c

Laces

Valcuna, per yard2c

Wide Tovelene, per yard2c

Fancy Embroidery, per yard4c

Wide, 3-inch, per yard6c

Children's Wash Suits30c

Floor Matting, per yard12 1/2c

Cottage Carpet, per yard25c

Children's Dress, all sizes39c

Hosiery and Underwear

Ladies' all-wool underwear, vests or pants, all sizes, worth \$1.25 each, go at49c

Ladies' heavy ribbed vests or pants, fleeced lined all sizes, well worth 50c, go at19c

Ladies' \$1 ribbed vests or pants, fleeced lined extra heavy, highly finished39c

Ladies' fast black hose, fleeced lined, never sold at less than 25c, go at8c

Ladies' high grade hose, plain or ribbed, worth 20c go at6c

200 Ladies' Fall Waists

At less than actual cost of the material. Beautiful Waists, each and every one, and made for this fall, assuring you of the latest styles, at half and less than their actual worth, in all 200 styles, all new, fresh, clean waists, some trimmed with lace, others with open-work braid, full line sizes,79c to \$1.48

Men's Furnishings

500 Men's Negligee Shirts of the latest patterns, worth \$1.00, go at39c

Umbrellas, worth \$1, go at49c

60 dozen Men's Shirts stiff bosom, white and fancy patterns, worth \$1.25, go at37c

Negligee Shirts worth \$1.50 and \$2, our price69c

Best Work Shirts on earth worth 75c, go at39c

Men's Lisle Hose worth 25c, goes at3c

Men's Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, fancy border worth 25c, go at3c

Men's Embroidered Suspenders worth 25c, go at3c

Men's Balbriggan Underwear worth 50c, goes at19c

Best Work Shirts on earth worth \$1, go at39c

Men's heavy Socks, all wool16c

Red and blue Handkerchiefs 10c values, for3c

One lot of Dress Hats worth \$3, go at98c

100 dozen ties worth 50c, go at19c

100 pair Overalls worth 75c, go at39c

TABLE LINENS

One lot Table Oilcloth, worth 24c, goes at13c

One lot Turkey red Cloth goes at14c

One lot of Linen Crash, 18 inches wide, goes at4c

Below we quote a few of the many thousands of Cargains to be had.

Needles, per paper1c

Pins, per paper1c

Dressing Combs3c

Embroideries, per yard2c

Wire Hair Pins, 72 for2c

Best Dress Shields, per pair5c

Sash Netting, worth 20c, for8c

Ladies' Kid Gloves59c

Best quality Percales, per yard6c

Bed Pillows at your own price.

Braid Dress Trimming3c

Linen Shades, 6 feet each19c

Yard wide light Percales, per yard49c

Sealer Unbleached Muslin, per yard49c

Ladies' Ribbed Underwear19c

One lot of Boys' Suits, worth \$2.50, go at98c

HAT DEPARTMENT.

About 100 dozen Men's Fine Hats, all shapes and worth up to \$3, only styles93c

Men's and Boys' Fine Dress Hats, the latest styles, worth \$1.25, go at39c

Boys' and Men's Caps, worth 50c, go at19c

JACKETS AND SKIRTS.

Come and pick them out at your own price.

Our Entire Stock of

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS, COATS, SKIRTS, ETC.

All to be sold at one-half of their actual wholesale value.

Ladies' Underwear

Gauze Vests5c

Gauze Vests8c

Muslin Skirts, embroidery and lace finish39c

Muslin Drawers19c

Black Sateen Mercerized Underskirts79c

Sale Positively Opens Saturday, January 19th, 1907

At 9:00 a. m. Sharp, and Closes in TEN DAYS.

The E. L. Riggs Store

PLYMOUTH,

MICHIGAN.

We hereby agree to refund the money on all goods priced above if not satisfactory to the purchaser. Railroad Fare Paid to purchasers of \$20 and over, within a radius of 20 miles. Also Traction Fares paid.

Mark the Date and Mark it Well

Saturday

January 19th
at 9 a. m. Sharp.

Let Nothing Keep You Away. The Hour is Set, the Date You Know.

Saturday
January 19th
at 9 a. m. Sharp.