

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 28.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1907.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## ELECTED PRESIDENT

REP. CASS BENTON HEADS STATE SUPERVISORS ASSN.

Beat Out a Dem. Who Was Vice-President.

The annual election of president of the state association of supervisors, in session at Lansing last week, precipitated a hot fight Wednesday afternoon. Rep. Cass Benton, of Northville, won out, beating Andrew J. Tripp, of Oakland county, by a vote of 38 to 33. Tripp was re-elected vice-president and the other officers were re-elected.

Supervisor Tripp was vice-president and like the president, secretary and treasurer is a democrat.

Supervisor Tripp's candidacy, by the way, blossomed and passed away all within twenty-four hours. Being vice-president, he thought he was in line, when Chas. H. Kinnierle retired as president. His friends got control of the committee on rules and forced through a new rule barring all ex-supervisors from voting. It was aimed particularly at a lot of Rep. Benton's associates in the legislature who intended to vote for him almost to a man. As it was, about every legislator who is a supervisor was on hand and voted for Benton. 'Twas his legislative supervisor friends who elected him.

The supervisors refused to endorse Good Roads Commissioner Earle's bill to have a convict stone crushing plant in the upper peninsula.

Benton is to be congratulated on his success and everybody down this way is pleased at his further honors. The society will have an energetic presiding officer who will see that there are some other things accomplished besides "knocking."

## WRECK OF A FORGOTTEN SHIP.

Has Lain for Years in Harbor of Port Phillip, Australia.

A mystery of Port Phillip, Australia, has just been solved. For many years shipmasters and port authorities were perplexed by the fact that while the anchorage in Port Phillip bay had a good bottom, a ship could not cast anchor in a certain place without the anchor becoming fouled with something so tenacious that no amount of winch power could again bring it to the surface.

Recently an experienced diver was sent down to investigate the matter, and on his return he stated that he found the remains of a clipper ship 200 feet long. He was unable to climb into her and examine the inside of the hull, because it had been turned into a sort of vast forcing frame, from which seaweed had grown to a height of 50 feet, like a gigantic submarine cornfield.

There are no records of any wreck in the vicinity, but it is supposed that the vessel was one arriving in Port Phillip during the earlier days of gold discovery. The hull is to be torn away with dynamite, and when the growth of seaweed is removed the interior is to be examined.

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

## A JAPANESE VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL IMBROGLIO



This cartoon from the Maru Maru Shimbun of Tokyo is one of the journalistic efforts to stir up anti-American feeling in Japan.

### MRS. L. G. PIERSON

Died at Her Home in Farmington February 11.

Mrs. L. G. Pierson died at her home in Farmington, Monday, February 11, after an illness of nearly four years of consumption.

Jennie Lind White was born in Farmington November 20, 1850, living in and near the village all of her life. In 1877 she united with the Methodist church and until ill health prevented her was an active member. For many years she was the leading soprano in the church choir and one of her hardest trials was when she was obliged to give up singing.

When the Epworth League was organized she was one of the first to join. Having under her supervision the literary and social departments she arranged many a fine program which netted the League a nice little sum. In this capacity she has been and will be greatly missed. She was also a member of Farmington Chapter O. E. S.

The deceased was for many years the Farmington correspondent for this paper.

On January 11, 1900, she was united in marriage to Lorenzo G. Pierson, who with two sisters and two brothers and a large circle of friends are left to mourn.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist church Wednesday afternoon, Rev. D. M. Ward, an old friend of the family, officiating and the remains were laid to rest in Oakwood cemetery.

The many beautiful floral offerings from the Eastern Star, Epworth League, Ladies' Aid and relatives and friends, showed the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

### Seeds of Kindness.

A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile, are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and which will always spring up and bear fruit. Happy are those who have many around them; they are rich in opportunities, and may sow plentifully.

### Baptist Church Notes.

(By a Member.)

The subject of the Young People's meeting for Sunday evening is "An Easy Life versus a Hard One"—II Timothy 2:1-13. Fred Smith will be the leader.

The subject of the sermon Sunday morning will be "The Introduction to the Book of Revelations," and the evening subject is "The Great Need of Modern Christianity."

### Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

There will be preaching both morning and evening next Sunday.

The N. M. C. held a business meeting at Ross Van's Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Aid Birthday party which was to have been held Feb. 22, has been postponed until the 26th, on account of the Baptist supper.

The W. H. M. S. of this church will meet with Mrs. Robert Neelands Tuesday, Feb. 19, at two o'clock. Let every member make an effort to be present. The new officers need their help and support.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The entertainment committee of the Ladies' Aid society contemplate giving a mock trial, in the near future.

The sermon next Sunday evening will be the second of the series on the Book of Proverbs. The topic will be "Fences and Serpents."

The Woman's Missionary society is just closing its fiscal year which ends March 1st. The annual report shows receipts as follows:

|                              |          |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Envelopes                    | \$81.56  |
| Praise Service               | 23.11    |
| Sunday school                | 18.46    |
| Miscellaneous (Teas)         | 27.63    |
| Contingent and special gifts | 6.46     |
| Birthday box                 | 1.48     |
| Value of barrel              | 23.00    |
| Total                        | \$184.70 |

Disbursements have been made to Home and Foreign missions, Synodical Aid Freedman, etc., as designated by the society. The treasurer will hold the books open until March 1st for further offerings.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary society was held at the pretty home of Mrs. E. A. Merritt. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Jerome president, Mrs. Thompson vice pres., Mrs. Gladding secretary, Mrs. Gardner sec. of literature, Mrs. W. G. Yerkes treasurer. Every lady in the church is given an opportunity and invitation to join in the work through monthly envelopes in which a voluntary offering from 1 cent per week is gratefully received. All ladies of the church and congregation unite in entertaining the society every three months in five divisions of twenty ladies each. This grace of Christian hospitality has been most cheerfully responded to in the year that is past. All envelopes which are dropped into the church collection plates reach the treasurer promptly.

\$3.00 and \$3.50 black skirts \$2.00 at Miss Bovee's.

## LE ROY CHAPPELL DEAD.

A Former Northville Boy Succumbs to Pneumonia.

Just as we go to press the sad news reaches us of the sudden death of LeRoy Chappell, son of Mrs. Julia Chappell and a former well known Northville boy, which occurred at Harper hospital, Detroit, Thursday morning, after an illness of about twenty-four hours of pneumonia, aged thirty-two years.

He had been spending the winter with his mother in this place until about two weeks ago when he secured a position in Detroit where he worked up to the time he was taken ill.

This is a double affliction for his mother, as about a year ago the husband and father was brought home from the hospital and only lived a few days. Mrs. Chappell has the sympathy of the community in her sad bereavement.

The funeral will undoubtedly be held at Milford where the family formerly lived and where Mr. Chappell is buried.

### School Notes.

(By a Parent.)

Jay Stimpson is staying with his grandmother in Milan.

Oran Hayes of the Seventh grade has returned to school.

The Third grade have written mottoes on their blackboard.

The Second grade's valentines were given out by the aid of a post-office.

The First, Third, Fourth and Sixth grades had Valentine boxes Valentine day.

Carl Hogle is the latest foreign pupil to enter the High school, he having commenced this week.

The Second grade have a sword hung on the wall which was used to free the slaves in the civil war.

One of the Fourth grade pupils, asked what a "monarchy" was, answered "that it was something like an earthquake."

The Fifth grade have added ten new books to their library, making a total of nearly seventy-five. They have been put in by children in various museums. It is now a circulating library, each child taking a book home at night and returning it in the morning.

### HIGH SCORE BOWLERS

The Three Night League's Record to Date.

Numbers one, four and eight are very close for first place. High scores were bowled as follows: J. Raymond, 222; Robert Lanning, 221; D. Lanning, 200; J. J. Kimmel, 201; J. Wooley, 215; C. A. Sessions, 203; C. T. Thornton, 205.

### Standing of Teams.

| Team | No 1 | Won | 21 | Lost | 9 | ..... | 700 |
|------|------|-----|----|------|---|-------|-----|
| "    | "    | 2   | "  | 23   | " | 10    | 697 |
| "    | "    | 4   | "  | 20   | " | 10    | 667 |
| "    | "    | 6   | "  | 12   | " | 15    | 445 |
| "    | "    | 2   | "  | 11   | " | 16    | 407 |
| "    | "    | 7   | "  | 8    | " | 13    | 381 |
| "    | "    | 3   | "  | 9    | " | 21    | 300 |
| "    | "    | 2   | "  | 2    | " | 7     | 292 |

"See That Curve!"

### Somewhat Growsome Humor.

A well-known city officer in Auld Reekie was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, he hired a hearse and carried her to the family burying place in the Highlands. He returned with the hearse full of smuggled whisky, and being teased about it by a friend, he said: "Oh, man, there is no harm done! I only took away the body and brought back the spirit."

### Prosy Talk After Dinner.

From New York comes a wall of agony. It is the despairing cry of the bored diner; the man who goes to a banquet and has his entire evening spoiled by the stupid speeches which top off the feast. He even threatens to forego this feeling; a terrible threat for a metropolis and an index of the greatness of the evil and its accompanying torture.

### 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, 948.

G. P. ALLEN.



## BIG Bargains

Do you Grind Your Own Coffee? We have an overstock of Coffee Mills (50 cent values) which we will sell for

**13c Each While They Last--13c**

We also have a few dozen 8-inch Harness Hooks

**5 CENTS EACH--Until Sold--5 CENTS EACH.**

SEE EAST DISPLAY WINDOW.

**CARPENTER & HUFF**

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

COME IN AND GET

## A Nice Stand Free!

We have a Small Lot of "Globe" Baking Powder (in 1-lb Cans) which we will close out at 45c per can, this formerly sold for 50c lb, and give you a Nice Stand FREE.

WATCH OUR WINDOW.

## C. E. RYDER

Both Telephones. NORTHVILLE.

## Semi-Annual Reduction Sale

For 30 Days we will sell Any Winter Suit or Overcoat in Stock for from \$3.00 to \$8.00 less than the regular selling price. We still have a large stock of Choice Winter Goods on hand and they must be reduced to make room for spring goods.

**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 Woollens. 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 |
| Mother's 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.

## THE NAME J. B. WILLIAMS ON

TOILET SOAPS SHAVING SOAPS SHAVING STICK

Stands for all that is best in Soaps.

We have recently received a large line of all these goods direct from factory so are enabled to give our customers a very good Soap at a reasonable price and some at a very low price.

Our Line of Medicinal Soaps is Very Complete.

Please call and look over our stock when in need of goods of this character.

"IT IS WORTH WHILE."

**A. E. STANLEY & COMPANY**

DRUGGISTS AND STATIONERS. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## SERIAL STORY

### DUKE OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

By HARRIS DICKSON

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

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#### CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

All through the dinner pretty little Miss Derosset at the far end of the table could scarcely take her eyes away from him for fear she might miss something that he said.

While old Ben was clearing away the salad plates something reminded Duke, and he began to tell a very interesting story of the Argentine revolution—the story of an American hardware drummer and a fussy government official, burdened with responsibility and gold lace. Pretty Miss Derosset faced him, scarcely breathing, it was so romantic.

In the midst of his story the door-bell rang. He dropped his fork with a clatter; his voice wavered, and stopped. Involuntarily he looked over his shoulder into the hall.

Anita caught her breath in one quick gasp and pushed back her chair.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Chaudron. "Celeste will go."

The color went and came in Anita's face; she stared out into the hall. Then she heard Celeste talking with a messenger boy who had brought a note for Mrs. Chaudron. She laughed and looked at Duke.

"Well, what did the governor do then?" asked Miss Derosset, with one little fist lying clenched on the table.

Everything was safe; Duke stumbled through with his story. After that he sat quietly and listened. But he knew he was listening for the bell, the sound of the latch, a step on the walk, and not at what was said across the table.

In every hush of the conversation Chaudron reverted to the subject which irritated him most—the treachery of Baker.

Coffee had been served, and dallied over. Old Ben began handing round the cigars, and the ladies arose to leave.

"But I'll make them suffer for it—see if I don't," Chaudron declared vehemently to Joe.

"What are you talking about, my son?" asked Mrs. Chaudron, laying her hand on his head as she passed.

"Those miserable police—especially Baker; I'm going to settle with them just as soon as Carnival is over. I get madder and madder every time I think about it."

Joe laughed as he struck a match. "Now, Felix, I'd quit worrying over that, it has turned out so well that we ought to be thankful. Just think, at this time yesterday how glad we would have been to know that Mrs. Ashton was safe." He leaned across the table with a queer little smile upon his lips and remarked: "I knew another tragedy once that turned out even better than this."

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Chaudron; please wait a minute," Miss Derosset begged, "let us hear this one story."

The ladies stopped. Anita paused with her hand on the back of a chair—the chair next to Duke's. Joe looked straight at his friend as he began.

"It happened to Harry Robb, the best friend I ever had in the world, at the University of Virginia. He was a high-spirited boy, without a petty bone in his body; but rash, impulsive, and always getting into trouble. One day he quarreled with his sweetheart and went down-town that night to forget about it—started out to make himself generally disagreeable so she would hear of it and be sorry."

"I thought when he left my room that he had Old Nick in him bigger than a mule; but I couldn't keep him, he would go."

"The next morning, about daylight, a man came tapping on my window. At first I thought he must be a burglar and was considering whether to shoot him or not. Then he called out 'Joe! Joe! let me in, quick, it's Harry!'"

Duke had paused in the act of lighting a cigar. The match burned down to his fingers, and dropped; he did not observe it. He scowled at Joe; what a fool Joe was; he wished he could climb over the table and choke him.

Joe smiled maddeningly, and went on:

"I let Harry in the window; he was pale and haggard. 'My God, Joe!' he said, 'it has happened; you always said it would happen. I got to drinking and killed a man last night—fight in a saloon.'"

"It sickened me so that I could not inquire how the thing occurred. Harry told all about it, what little he knew, which was not much. From what he said I gathered that he had wandered into the saloon and sat down at a table in the rear, opposite a stranger. They were alone, both in an ugly humor, and words passed between them, about nothing. The stranger was eating oysters and had a fork in his hand."

"He got up, with the fork, and cursed Harry. Harry snatched the first thing he could lay hands upon

—it happened to be a bottle—and struck the man. It must have been a pretty hard blow, for the man fell, stone dead, and Harry ran out the side door. No one saw it."

"After wandering around for hours the boy came to my room and told me. What could I do? I was simply paralyzed with horror."

"I made Harry wait there, dressed quickly, and went down-town to see about it. What do you think I found?"

Joe glanced up from the spoon which he was deliberately turning over and over again on the cloth. Duke sat perfectly rigid, with tight-clenched lips—where was the fool going to stop? How much did he mean to tell? Anita leaned forward on the back of the chair, her bosom stiller than a frozen sea.

"And what do you think I found?"

"No one stirred, and two of his listeners did not breathe."

"Harry had simply broken a bottle over the fellow's head. The man fell, bled a little, and was too drunk to move. You needn't laugh, there was nothing funny about that—it was a frightful tragedy to Harry Robb."

Anita's hand slipped off the chair-back; she came slowly forward to the table. Her eyes met Joe's; she understood. Yet, to make very sure, she asked:

"And so your friend did not kill the man after all?"

"No, hadn't hurt him a bit. The man had been loafing around that saloon all day trying to pick a fight with somebody; and when he finally did get a fight no one felt sorry for him. But it frightened Harry. I let him think he had killed that fellow; from Wednesday night until Sunday night he believed himself to be a murderer. He suffered fearfully, but it made a new man of him. It taught him to control his temper, and he has never touched a drop from that day to this."

Joe glanced at Duke's untouched

glasses and smiled. Duke did not smile; his face was deadly white and very serious.

"Did he marry the girl?" timid little Miss Derosset inquired, blushing deliciously.

"Of course, there would have been no story if he hadn't. They never quarrel now."

Anita glanced into Duke's pallid face. She leaned heavily on her chair. The room reeled; the perfume of the carnations suffled her; she thought that she would fall.

Then, from somewhere, out in a vast wilderness of vacancy, there came a voice: "Come, my dears, let us leave the gentlemen to their cigars," and Mrs. Chaudron took her by the arm.

Anita steadied herself, followed Mrs. Chaudron into the drawing-room, and sat beside her on the sofa. Alice tripped gayly to the piano and began rattling off the Toreador Song.

Anita suddenly flung herself, face downward, in Mrs. Chaudron's lap.

"Why, Anita, Anita, what's the matter? It's too late now to cry; look at Alice."

"Yes, I know it, Mrs. Chaudron, but I can't help it; I held in just as long as I could; I've been so worried about—about my aunt."

Mrs. Chaudron petted her as she might a distressed child, until the girl quieted.

"There, now, go back to the little room and bathe your eyes; they are far too pretty to-night to be spoiling them with tears."

Anita rose obediently. Mrs. Chaudron led her to the door, and watched the girl as she went sobbing through the hall.

Cigar smoke curled upward from the men about the dining-table. Duke did not move; he scarcely thought or felt. Every plan and purpose of his life had gone astray. Everything was in chaos, and he must compose his mind to new conditions.

The thin blue haze from their faces hung like a veil of illusion between himself and those other men—those other men who seemed so distant and so vague.

He sat staring at Joe, staring until Joe's good-natured face lost shape and outline. It faded away, it merged and melted into the mystery of undistinguishable things. Some one told a story; three men laughed. Duke moved quickly round the table.

"Joe," he whispered, "is that the truth?"

"Yes," Joe nodded.

Duke's eyes flashed straight to the place where Anita had disappeared. He rose, walked like a phantom through a mist, and parted the drawing-room portieres.

Mrs. Chaudron looked up; she saw his tall, slender figure standing there between the portieres—saw him searching the room with disappointed eyes.

The dashing song of the Toreador rang in his ears, but he did not hear it. Miss Derosset smiled, and made a place for him beside her—he did not see it. Mrs. Chaudron was looking at him as if she understood; even Alice Ashton glanced around. But to Duke the room was empty; silent, desolate, deserted, for Anita was not there.

Mrs. Chaudron walked across the floor and touched his arm before he saw her. "Back there," she whispered, and pointed down the hall.

It was a tiny little room, the room next the conservatory; but it held Anita, and the whole unmeasured universe need be no wider.

The door stood ajar; Duke tapped gently, and gained no answer but a sob. He tapped, again, then pushed it open.

For a moment he thought Anita must have fallen, she lay in such a hopeless heap upon the floor—a huddle of black gown and blacker hair where that single jonquil glistened.

In the middle of the room she lay,



"WHY, ANITA, ANITA."

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## THE STANFORD WHITE MURDER

THE ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAW WAS TEMPORARILY INSANE.

### A. HUMMEL IN THE CASE

Great Legal Battle To Save Harry K. Thaw From the Electric Chair for Murder.

#### Expert on the Stand.

Dr. Britton D. Evans, superintendent of the State insane hospital at Morris Plains, N. J., was examined Tuesday on the point of Thaw's mental condition.

The witness knew Harry K. Thaw, first saw him August 4, 1906, in the Tombs, and in all visited him eight times.

Dr. Evans said he was alone on the visits of August 4 and October 1. At other times he was accompanied by Dr. Charles G. Wagner, who testified yesterday.

"What during those visits did you observe in the mental condition of Mr. Thaw?"

"On the first visit on August 4, he exhibited a peculiar facial expression, glaring of the eye, restlessness of the eye, suspicion of his surroundings and of me, nervous agitation and restlessness such as comes from a severe brain storm common in those who have recently gone through an explosive or tumultuous condition of mental unsoundness. He exhibited delusions of a personal character, an exaggerated ego and along with them delusions of a persecutory character. He thought himself of exaggerated importance and believed himself persecuted by a number of persons."

By an "exaggerated ego," Dr. Evans said, he meant "a disproportionate idea of importance of self, a belief that one is clothed with powers, capacity and ability far above normal or above those actually possessed."

These symptoms, he said, were characteristic of several mental diseases, one of which is adolescent insanity. It is characteristic of the development of life from 10 to 40 years. The person thus afflicted is known as having a psychopathic taint, a predisposition to mental unsoundness, the result of heredity.

Dr. Evans testified during the afternoon that as a result of his first three visits to Thaw he reached the opinion that Thaw was of unsound mind.

Then he said that as a result of his last five visits he reached the opinion that Thaw's mental condition, while still impaired, was improved.

Counsel for Thaw says it will take about two days more to put in the direct case for the defense. This, of course, does not take into consideration the cross examination of Thaw's witnesses by Mr. Jerome, but it indicates that Thaw will not go on the stand.

Abbe Hummel's Affidavit.

The latest ally of District Attorney Jerome in the prosecution of Harry K. Thaw is Abbe Hummel, the notorious lawyer, who, Evelyn Thaw testified, aided Stanford White in obtaining from her an affidavit charging Thaw with inhuman cruelty toward her in Paris. Although Mr. Jerome has made every effort to keep this sudden and unexpected assistance a secret, it became known to day Hummel has furnished the state a photographic copy of the document and this will be one of the strongest clubs with which Jerome will try to smash the story of the injured innocence that the young wife told on the stand.

This document of Hummel's is said to include such specific allegations, with so many names, dates and places, that it would be impossible for anyone to have given the data except Thaw or his wife. Since Thaw did not give them, the state is confident it can show that the wife furnished the details.

This will be in contradiction of her statement—that Hummel virtually made up the story and dictated it to a stenographer while she sat by dazed and unable to realize what it meant. She testified on the stand that some months afterward when she and Thaw had come to an understanding, she went with Stanford White to Hummel's office and saw the affidavit, or a paper that much resembled it, burned in a jardiniere.

Now it is said that the wily Hummel had taken precautions, perhaps with a vaguely prophetic view of the future, and made a photographic copy of the paper.

Hummel was convicted of perjury in connection with the Dodge-Morse divorce muddle through the efforts of Jerome, who also made the application for Hummel's disbarment. Thus Hummel has no cause to lend a helping hand to Jerome in his battle with the high-priced legal talent of the Pittsburghers.

But there are still two felony indictments hanging over Hummel, and his production of the photograph of the Evelyn Nesbit affidavit may secure for him the dropping of the indictments. Hummel was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, but obtained a stay.

The Democratic state convention will be held in Flint February 2d.

Leo Knickerbocker, the 13-year-old adopted son of Rue Knickerbocker, and Ward Bell, the 15-year-old son of Mrs. David Jacobus, left their homes in Augusta on Tuesday and have not been heard of since. The officers are searching for them.

Declaring that many imbeciles and diseased persons are marrying, Judge John W. Adams, of Kalamazoo, says that legislation is needed to pass a measure making it compulsory for marriage license applicants to stand an examination for mental and physical imperfections. He favors a state examining commission. Fifty per cent of mankind are "afflicted," he says.

## STEAMER WRECKED.

Over One Hundred Lives Lost in the Disaster.

The steamer Larchmont of the Joy line, with 150 to 200 passengers on board, bound from Boston for New York, sank off the northwest side of Block Island early Tuesday, after having collided with the three-masted schooner Harry Knowlton, off Quoddy Point. Over 175 lives were lost. The passengers and crew from the steamer who had time to escape took to the boats. The temperature was below zero.

When the first boats came ashore from the sunken steamer it was found that some of their occupants were dead. In the first confusion it was not known whether they had been pulled from the water after having been drowned or whether they were frozen to death.

By noon the bodies of 13 passengers had washed ashore. There were 35 dead brought in in the boats and with only eight living passengers there are still 150 or 160 to be accounted for.

Only 11 of the 50 men in the crew were saved.

### ALARMING.

By far the most alarming situation ever arising in the coal region in Pennsylvania has been brought to light with the discovery that forty military companies of uniformed men have been organized and are in a position to combat with the soldiery of the state and national governments. The New York Herald says: They are armed with 45 caliber rifles, and several of them are provided with uniforms of the same pattern and color as worn by the infantry of the regular army.

The coal operators fear that a strike would precipitate a civil war, with organized labor, uniformed and armed, arrayed against the military arm of the Keystone state.

These facts are borne out in a report made to the war department by Capt. Henry H. Whitney, who investigated and says:

"The Ninth and Thirteenth Infantry, P. N. G., located in the home of unionism, are confronted by the intense antagonism of the independent military and so-called patriotic organizations, there now being some 37 of these companies in the Scranton-Wilkes-Barre district."

"They are gradually and quietly acquiring arms and their active hostility to the national guards constitutes a serious menace to the state authority and to law and order."

The report started the military circles in Washington and further investigation will be made. It is believed President Roosevelt will foresee the possibility of a conflict and take steps to avert it. The foreign miners hate the state militia as an enemy to labor.

### A Political Revolution.

The reassembling of parliament arouses intense interest, as the government intends to immediately inaugurate measures to check the power of the house of lords, making it subordinate to the will of the people as represented by the house of commons.

This is nothing less than a revolution in the present constitutional methods and foreshadows a bitter contest between the two houses, with the government already prepared for a dissolution and an appeal to the country on the necessity of curbing the power representing the aristocracy, in the interest of the democracy.

Recent councils of the ministers have determined the main lines of the government's action, which is expected to begin with the introduction of a resolution laying down the house of commons' inalienable rights. A similar historic resolution was adopted in the seventeenth century, on which the rights of the commons to control money matters were based. This will be merely preliminary to a series of measures by which Premier Campbell-Bannerman proposes to frame a clear issue against the lords and then appeal to the people on it.

### Swettenham's Letter.

A London cablegram to the World says the explanation of Sir Alexander Swettenham, governor of Jamaica, as to his course regarding the landing of marines by the American admiral at Kingston, will be published officially soon, and will cause the incident to enter a new, awkward and even sensational phase.

The cablegram says Swettenham charges that Davis landed armed men when only a working force was assented to, and that a second force was landed to quell the prison rising without any authority at all.

It is stated that Swettenham tries to excuse his letters to Davis but shows throughout a bitter anti-American spirit. He seems to want to provoke Davis to reply. The dispatch says many of the British Jingoism, when this explanation is given out, will "flop" to Swettenham's side of the argument, and that the question is far from being closed.

### The King's Rebuke.

King Edward, in his speech from the throne in opening parliament, took occasion to rebuke Governor Swettenham, of Jamaica, in referring to the Kingston disaster. He said:

"I recognize with sincere gratitude the sympathy shown by the people of the United States and the assistance promptly offered by their naval authorities."

Too bad that most good eating is bad for one.

It costs the state of Michigan \$229,198 annually in salaries to maintain the prisons, reformatories and industrial schools.

Charles Patterson is in Battle Creek jail charged by Tony Bachman with having attacked him with brass knuckles. Bachman is in a serious condition.

W. D. Young & Co., of Bay City, dealers in coal, lumber, wood, etc., have purchased 175,000,000 to 180,000,000 feet of standing hardwood timber located in Osage county, together with all logging railways, cars, etc., in connection.

## SIDE LIGHTS ON MICHIGAN

THE BINDER TWINE SCRAP IS COMING INTERESTING NOW.

### PRISON MADE THE CAUSE.

CAN THE STATE MAKE TWINE IN JACKSON PRISON? THE TRUST FIGHT WAXES FIERCE.

The Petitions and Bird's View.

The International Harvester Co. will have more battles to fight when the binder twine question is brought up. The grangers are preparing to collect petitions, and it is said 200,000 names will be attached to grange petitions for the establishment of such a plant at Jackson prison. These names will represent 600,000 residents of the state.

But this is only one issue which the International must settle with the grangers. The Agents bill of the session of 1905, requiring installment sales to be recorded like chattel mortgages, has reappeared in the hands of Rep. Attridge, of Sanilac, and it is said the installment sales of the International are the principal matters which the bill seeks to regulate. The bill was opposed and defeated two years ago, largely through the efforts of Detroit members, because installment furniture stores and other local enterprises would be affected. Professional men in the house opposed the bill because it obliged purchasers to record the buying of books by installments. Yet with all this opposition the bill nearly passed the last house.

Now all these minor obstacles are to be removed, if some of the projects of the bill have their way, and the bill will be made to apply only to agricultural implements and like sales. The chief actor in such sales is the International Harvester Co.

Atty. Gen. Bird has advised Gov. Warner, it is reported, that his plan to establish a binding twine plant at the Jackson prison is not good policy, in view of the prohibition in the constitution against the teaching of mechanical trades in the prison.

"The supreme court ruled rigidly on that provision and it is anticipated that a judge would declare the making of binding twine just as much of a mechanical trade as broommaking, which was ruled against. There is an exception that Gov. Warner evidently relies upon, however, which allows the teaching of trades in the manufacture of those articles of which the chief supply for home consumption is imported from other states or countries."

While this makes it clear that there is no legal objection at present, it is declared that at any moment such a condition might appear that the prohibition would become operative and render the plant valueless. This would result from the establishment by a private corporation of a factory in Michigan that would bring the chief supply for home consumption within the state.

It is hinted that the binder twine and harvester trust would be just the one to do such a thing. It hasn't done so in other states, for Michigan is the only one in the union having such a constitutional provision.

### CASTER TALKS.

Says Those Who Profited By His Crimes Will Not Aid Him.

Fred Caster, the former Flint, Mich., boy, having surrendered all hope of further stay of execution, and who is sentenced to go to the electric chair on Friday for the murder of Policeman Kane, of Columbus, Tuesday began a campaign against those whom he accuses of profiting by his thefts, and then in the hours of his distress failing to afford him means to carry his case to the United States supreme court.

First he wrote Attorney-General Wade Ellis asking that official to bring action to oust Prosecuting Attorney Upham, of Stark county, for failure to prosecute persons in Canton for operating a "fence" for the sale of stolen goods.

Caster detailed stories of the alleged theft of silver plate and other valuables in homes of wealthy people about Akron, unraveling mysteries which have baffled the police in Cleveland, Akron and Pittsburgh and charging that immunity from arrest is given to criminals in Canton under the condition that they do not "work" in that city. His alleged revelations are borne out by the records in Canton.

In conclusion Caster said: "I am left to the executioner's mercy. What a shame! The law knows no mercy. I am left to the hope that comes from things not of earth, without a chance for the last legal fight which should be mine by right of law."

"I am thus left because I have not the means to bear the expense of obtaining a transcript of the testimony in my case that it may be carried to the supreme court of the nation. All this while those who have profited by my crimes are indulging themselves in luxury, respected by men."

Ex-Senator John Patton is confined to his bed with a severe attack of grip, thought to have been contracted while attending the funeral of the late Senator Alger in Detroit. Mr. Patton's friends are alarmed.

Gov. Warner has appointed Oren Cross, of Allegan, circuit court commissioner for Allegan county.

A clock without wheels is the unique product of Orville L. Altenberg, an optician of Saginaw. The timepiece, which is quite accurate, is particularly peculiar inasmuch as each hand operates independently of the other. The clock is worked by weights.

The oft-expressed wish of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ridgeway, of Escanaba, aged 74 and 67, respectively, that they might die together, was fulfilled Thursday, when Mrs. Ridgeway passed away a few hours after her husband had gone.





# THE DELUGE

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

## CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"Do not put me to the test," I pleaded. Then I added what I knew to be true: "But you will not. You know that would take some one stronger than your uncle, stronger than your parents, to swerve me from what I believe right for you and for me." I had no fear for "to-morrow." The hour when she could defy me had passed.

A long, long silence, the electric speeding southward under the arching trees of the West Drive. I remember it was as we skirted the lower end of the Mall that she said evenly: "You have made me hate you so that it terrifies me. I am afraid of the consequences that must come to you and to me."

"And well you may be," I answered gently. "For you've seen enough of me to get at least a hint of what I would do, if goaded to it. Hate is terrible, Anita, but love can be more terrible."

At the Willoughby she let me help her descend from the electric, waited until I sent it away, walked beside me into the building. My man, Sanders, had evidently been listening for the elevator; the door opened without my ringing, and there he was, bowing low. She acknowledged his welcome with that regard for "appearances" that training had made instinctive. In the center of my own drawing-room table was a mass of fresh white roses. "Where did you get 'em?" I asked him in an aside.

"The elevator boy's brother, sir," he replied, "works in the florist's shop just across the street, next to the church. He happened to be down stairs when I got your message, sir. So I was able to get a few flowers. I'm sorry, sir, I hadn't a little more time."

"You've done noble," said I, and I shook hands with him warmly. Anita was greeting those flowers as if they were a friend suddenly appearing in a time of need. She turned now and beamed on Sanders. "Thank you, she said; 'thank you.' And Sanders was hers.

"Anything I can do—ma'am—sir?" asked Sanders.

"Nothing—except send my maid as soon as she comes," she replied.

"I shall need you," said I.

"Mr. Monson is still here," he said, lingering. "Shall I send him away, sir, or do you wish to see him?"

"I'll speak to him myself in a moment," I answered.

When Sanders was gone, she seated herself and absently played with the buttons of her glove.

"Shall I bring Monson?" I asked.

"You know, he's my—factotum."

"I do not wish to see him," she answered.

"You do not like him?"

"After a brief hesitation she answered, 'No.' Not for worlds would she just then have admitted, even to herself, that the cause of her dislike was her knowledge of his habit of tattling, with suitable embroideries, his lessons to me.

I restrained a strong impulse to ask her why, for instinct told me she had some special reason that somehow concerned me. I said merely: "Then I shall get rid of him."

"Not on my account," she replied indifferently. "I care nothing about him one way or the other."

"He goes at the end of his month," said I.

She was now taking off her gloves "Before your maid comes," I went on, "let me explain about the apartment. This room and the two leading out of it are yours. My own suite is on the other side of our private hall there."

She colored high, pale. I saw that she did not intend to speak.

"I stood awkwardly, waiting for something further to come into my own head. 'Good night,' said I finally, as if I were taking leave of a formal call.

She did not answer. I left the room, closing the door behind me. I paused an instant, heard the key click in the lock. And I burned in a hot flush of shame that she should be thinking thus basely of me—and with good cause. 'How could she know, how appreciate even if she had known? 'You've had to cut deep,' said I to myself. 'But the wounds'll heal, though it may take long—very long.' And I went on my way, not wholly downcast.

I joined Monson in my little smoking-room. "Congratulations," he began, with his nasty, supercilious grin, which of late had been getting on my nerves severely.

"Thanks," I replied curtly, paying no attention to his outstretched hand. "I want you to put a notice of the marriage in to-morrow morning's Herald."

"Give me the facts—clergyman's name—place, and so on," said he.

"Unnecessary," I answered. "Just our names and the date—that's all. You'd better stop lively. It's late, and it'll be too late if you delay."

With an irritating show of delib-

eration he lit a fresh cigarette before setting out. I heard her maid come after about an hour I went into the hall—no light through the transoms of her suite. I returned to my own part of the flat and went to bed in the spare room to which Sanders had moved my personal belongings. That day which began in disaster—in what a blaze of triumph it had ended! I slept with good conscience. I had earned sleep.

## XXII—

### "SHE HAS CHOSEN!"

Joe got to the office rather later than usual the next morning. They told him I was already there, but he wouldn't believe it until he had come into my private den and with his own eyes had seen me. "Well I'm jigged!" said he. "It seems to have made less impression on you than it did on us. My missus and the little one wouldn't let me go to bed till after two. They sat on and on, questioning and discussing."

I laughed—partly because I knew that Joe, like most men, was as full of gossip and as eager for it as a convalescent old maid, and that, who ever might have been the first at his house to make the break for bed, he was the last to leave off talking. But the chief reason for my laugh was that, just before he came in on me, I was almost pinching myself to see



### "I TOOK MY STAND IN THE DOOR—WAT"

whether I was dreaming it all, and he had made me feel how vividly true it was.

"Why don't you ease down, Blacklock?" he went on. "Everything's smooth. The business—at least, my end of it, and I suppose your end, too—was never better, never growing so fast. You could go off for a week or two, just as well as not. I don't know of a thing that can prevent you."

And he honestly thought it, so little did I let him know about the larger enterprises of Blacklock and Company. I could have spoken a dozen words, and he would have been floundering like a caught fish in a basket. There are men—a very few—who work more swiftly and more surely when they know they're on the brink of ruin; but not Joe. One glimpse of our real National Coal account, and all my power over him couldn't have kept him from showing the whole Street that Blacklock and Company was shaky. And whenever the Street begins to think a man is shaky, he must be strong indeed to escape the fate of the wolf that stumbles as it runs with the pack.

"No holiday at present, Joe," was my reply to his suggestion. "Perhaps the second week in July; but our marriage was so sudden that we haven't had the time to get ready for a trip."

"Yes—it was sudden, wasn't it?" said Joe, curiously twitching his nose like a dog's at scent of a rabbit. How did it happen?"

"Oh, I'll tell you sometime," replied I. "I must work now."

And work a-plenty there was. Before me rose a sheaf of clamorous telegrams from our out-of-town customers and our agents; and soon my anteroom was crowded with my legal following, sore and shorn. I suppose a score or more of the habitual heavy plungers on my tips were ruined and hundreds of others were thousands and tens of thousands out of pocket. "Do you want me to talk to these people?" inquired Joe, with the kindly intention of giving me a chance to shift the unpleasant duty to him.

"Certainly not," said I. "When the place is jammed, let me know. I'll jack 'em up."

It made Joe uneasy for me even to talk of using my language—he would have crawled from the battery to Harlem to keep me from using it on him. So he silently left me alone.

Toward ten o'clock, my boy came in and said: "Mr. Ball thinks it's about time for you to see some of these people."

I went into the main room, where the tickers and blackboards were. As I approached through my outer office I could hear the noise the crowd was making—as they cursed me. If you want to rile the true inmost soul of the average human being, don't take his reputation or his wife; just cause him to lose money. There were among my speculating customers many with the ever-tendered sporting instinct. These were bearing their losses with philosophy—none of them had swooned, on me. Of the perhaps three hundred who had come to ease their anguish by tongue-lashing me, every one was a bad loser and was mad throughout and through those who had lost a few hundred dollars were as infuriated as those whom my misleading tip had cost thousands and tens of thousands, those whom I had helped to win all they had in the world were more savage than those new to my tolling.

I took my stand in the doorway, a step up from the floor of the main room. I looked all round until I had met each pair of angry eyes. They

public and the financiers that I had broken with speculation and speculators; could I have had a better hour this unexpected opportunity sharply to define my new course? And as Textiles, unsupported, fell toward the close of the day, my content rose toward my normal high-spirits. There was no whisper in the Street that I was in trouble, on the contrary, the idea was gaining ground that I had really long ceased to be a stock gambler and deserved a much better reputation than I had.

I searched with a good deal of anxiety, as you may imagine, the early editions of the afternoon papers. The first article my eye chanced upon was a mere wordy elaboration of the brief and vague announcement Monson had put in the Herald. Later came an interview with old Ellersley. "Not at all mysterious," he had said to the reporters. "Mr. Blacklock found he would have to go abroad on business soon—he didn't know just when. On the spur of the moment they decided to marry." A good enough story, and I confirmed it when I admitted the reporters. I read their estimates of my fortune and of Anita's with rather bitter amusement—she whose father was living from hand to mouth—I who could not have emerged from a forced settlement with enough to enable me to keep a trap. Still, when one is rich, the reputation of being rich is heavily expensive; but when one is poor the reputation of being rich can be made a wealth-giving asset.

Even as I was reading these fables of my millions, there lay on the desk before me a statement of the exact postage of my affairs—a memorandum made by myself for my own eyes, and to be burned as soon as I mastered it. On the face of the figures the balance against me was appalling. My chief asset, indeed my only asset that measured up toward my debts, was my Coal stocks, those brought and those contracted for, and while their par value far exceeded my liabilities, they had to appear in my memorandum at their actual market value on that day. I looked at the calendar—seventeen days until the reorganization scheme would be announced, only seventeen days!

Less than three business weeks, and I should be out of the storm and sailing safer and smoother seas than I had ever known. "To indulge in vague hopes is bad," thought I, "but not to indulge in a hope, especially when one has only it between him and the pit." And I proceeded to plan on the not unwarranted assumption that my Coal hope was a present reality. Indeed, what alternative had I? To put it among the future uncertainties was to put myself among the utterly ruined. Using as collateral the Coal stocks I had bought outright, I borrowed more money, and with it went still deeper into the Coal venture. Everything or nothing!—since the chances in my favor were a thousand, to practically none against me. Everything or nothing!—since only by taking everything could I possibly save anything at all.

Home! For the first time since I was a squat little slip of a shaver, the world had a personal meaning for me. Perhaps, if the only other home of mine had been less uninviting, I should not have looked forward with such high beating of the heart to that cold home Anita was making for me. No, I withdrew that. It is fellows like me, to whom kindly looks and unbought attentions are as unfamiliar as flowers to the Arctic—it is men like me that appreciate and treasure and warm up under the faintest show or shadowy suggestion of the sunshine of sentiment. I'd be a little ashamed to say how much money I handed out to beggars and street gamins that day. I had a home to go to!

As my electric drew up at the Willoughby's, a carriage backed to make room for it. I recognized the horses and the coachman and the crest.

"How long has Mrs. Ellersley been with my wife?" I asked the elevator boy, as he was taking me up.

"About half an hour, sir," he answered. But Mr. Ellersley—I took up his card before lunch, and he's still there."

Instead of using my key I rang the bell, and when Sanders opened, I said "Is Mrs. Blacklock in?" in a voice loud enough to penetrate to the drawing-room.

As I had hoped Anita appeared. Her dress told me that her trunks had come—she had sent for her trunks. "Mother and father are here," said she without looking at me.

I followed her into the drawing-room and, for the benefit of the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Ellersley and I greeted each other courteously, though Mrs. Ellersley's eyes and mine met in a glance like the flash of steel on steel. "We were just going," said she, and then I felt that I had arrived in the midst of a tempest of uncommon fury.

"You must stop and make me a visit," protested I, with elaborate politeness. To myself I was assuming that they had come to "make up and be friends"—and resume their places at the trough.

She was moving toward the door, the old man in her wake. Neither of them offered to shake hands with me; neither made pretense of saying good-by to Anita, standing by the window like a pillar of ice. I had closed the drawing-room door behind me, as I entered. I was about to open it for them when I was restrained by what I saw working in the old woman's face. She had set her will on escaping from my loathed presence without a "scene," but her rage at having been outgeneraled was too iracund for her will.

(To be Continued)

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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 1:30 p. m., then hourly until 5:30 p. m. then every two hours until 11:30 p. m. In addition thereto a car leaves Northville at 12:20 p. 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 1 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 last cars leave one hour later.

### FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS.

Operated over the Detroit United Railway and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points on above Electric Lines.

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For rates and other information apply to:

G. H. Baker or Geo. W. Parker, Local Agent, G. E. & P. A. Gt. Northville, Detroit.

Subject to change without notice.

### The British South Africa company

has been granted a charter for developing power from the overflow of the Victoria falls into the Zambesi river. It is estimated that 1,000,000-horse power can without difficulty be developed from this river, flowing through the British possessions in Africa. The difficulties regarding the utilization of this power mainly pertain to transmission over long distances, but these are not insurmountable, and engineers pronounce the project feasible. It is a vast enterprise, and if successful would be of incalculable benefit to the wide region in which the power would be available.

Locusts are devastating southern Algeria. The swarms are so great as almost to defy imagination. It is not easy to conceive of an almost solid phalanx of insects 125 miles long by six miles wide. Unfortunately, the devastation which such myriads of voracious insects must create in vegetation is not so difficult to appreciate. Wherever the host has passed nothing green remains. Even the houses are becoming uninhabitable. The Oran province seems doomed for this year.

### A Daily Thought.

If it were possible to heal sorrow by weeping, gold were less prized than grief.—Sophocles

### So Does a Bear.

The ballet dancer knows how to put her best foot forward.—Atlanta Journal.

### Peary is willing to go after the North Pole again, and his chief backer is willing to help him. But if he gets there, what good will the discovery do the world? Now if it would only break up the ice trust we might be glad to hang over hat on the mysterious perch, says Boston Budget.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitchner











## COW PUNCHER SHOTS THINGS IN NEW YORK

Knocks Ashes From Saloonkeeper's Cigar and Does Other Stunts Not Relished by Tenderfeet.

New York—Recently there came to this city from a ranch in Arizona James L. Murphy, a cow puncher. He hired a room directly above the saloon of Angus J. Schmidt and tried to conform to the quiet ways of the city.

But the other night the spirit of the ranch—and perhaps other kinds of spirits—awakened in him a desire for a real western time, and he started out to shoot up the town. He buckled on a cartridge belt and chucked a long barbed wire in the holster.

His "whoop" as he entered the saloon of Schmidt acted like the gust of a tornado. A score of customers rushed to shelter as though blown there. Murphy furnished his revolver and declared that he was the "crackiest" shot that ever cracked. Then he began to shoot—Murphy decided to fire his marksmanship on Schmidt. Schmidt has a lighted cigar in his mouth.

"Hold still and let me knock your ashes off for you," roared Murphy.

Schmidt, afraid of being shot if he disobeyed, stood as motionless as a statue. Murphy aimed his "crack" and the pistol and the lighted cigar ashes.

"Now for a look at your hair," laughed Murphy, and again the pistol spoke, spraying a hail of bullets from the terrified saloonkeeper's head.

That is a cracking shooting gallery," said the crowd, turning his weapon at other shots. He picked off glasses, changed the heads of bottles shot on the saloon designs in the cut glass chandeliers, broke the light globes, and when he had finished his unbridled there was hardly a whole piece of glass in the place. Schmidt said he also shot a cherry out of a customer's cocktail glass.

Meanwhile a customer had telephoned to a police station and two policemen arrived and arrested Murphy.

AWAKES AFTER YEAR'S SLEEP.

James L. Cross at Last "Sits Up and Takes Notice" of Things.

Newport News, Va.—After being in a state of semi-consciousness for more than 12 months, James L. Cross, a young man who lives with his parents in this city, has regained his memory and is able to sit up in bed and recognize his patients. A successful operation was performed upon the patient, and he is now fairly on the road to recovery.

About a year ago young Cross, while at work in the shipyard, fell and fractured his skull. He lay at the point of death for some time, and as days, weeks, and months passed by he improved very slowly. He never seemed to be fully conscious, slept most of the time, and often was "roused to life" only with great difficulty.

Recently the young man's case attracted the attention of several physicians, who came to the conclusion that an operation was necessary to relieve the pressure upon the brain which had caused the patient's stupor.

After the operation Cross sat up in bed and recognized his anxious relatives. He is now able to tell just how the accident which robbed him of his faculties occurred.

Elucidated.

"What does this report mean to you," said the doctor, "the reports were caught in a corner and squeezed?"

"What it means that they told what they didn't have to tell, and that they had to get it back from a higher price in order to deliver it to them," Judge.

"We grow old when we stop playing," says a western editor. Probably his wife has been trying to induce him to give up poker.

Vast Waste of Sahara.

The Sahara desert is half as large as the United States.

## FAST WEALTH OURS

UNITED STATES RICHEST COUNTRY ON EARTH.

Outstripping Anything That Ever Has Been Known in History Is the Measure of Uncle Sam's Affluence.

The United States is the wealthiest country in the world. In the brief span of its young life this infant nation of ours has broken all records relating to the accumulation of riches, and we are beginning to think of billions instead of millions. Take it any way you like, and the measure of our affluence outstrips anything that has ever been known before, says the New York Sun.

Our country has more actual money, more gold, a larger volume of exports, greater banking facilities, richer farms, more productive mines, more millionaires, more well-to-do tradesmen, more independent farmers, more highly paid laborers and a greater distribution of the luxuries which riches bring than any other nation has ever enjoyed since time began.

One day last October Uncle Sam had gathered into his money storehouse in Washington the greatest amount of gold ever collected at one place in the history of the world—gold representing \$371,393,399. This was indeed a high-water mark. We had there in one little room more gold than was in circulation in Great Britain.

The largest receipt ever given, the greatest money trust ever undertaken in history, was when the present treasurer of the United States, Charles H. Treat, went into office. He received from Ellis H. Roberts, the retiring treasurer, for all the money and securities in the vaults of the treasury, a total of \$1,259,598,273.88. It required from July 1 to September 5 to count the money, and at the completion of the task the accounts balanced to a fraction.

The costliest governmental establishment in the world is the British navy, upon which a billion and a half has been expended within the last ten years. Yet three individual Americans—Rockefeller, Carnegie and Clark—could have paid the whole bill and still have some pocket money left.

The United States is now spending about a hundred millions a year on its navy, and we are now at this kind of expenditure. That we are not investing more than we can afford is shown by the fact that our display-loving women spent \$100,000,000 for diamonds purchased in foreign lands during the last two years. In fact, we are so rich that the sales of produce and manufactured articles that we are sending abroad each year is equal to a sum sufficient to support all the navies in the world.

When it comes to individual wealth we have a dozen citizens who are worth more than all the kings and rulers of the world, taken collectively or severally. The czar of Russia is reputed to have a greater income than any other living man, but his private fortune is so mixed up with the governmental revenues that it is impossible to separate them. If a distinction could be made John D. Rockefeller could undoubtedly make a comparison with the weak-spined Nicholas, and show the biggest pile. The Russian monarch's wealth is the accumulation of an empire, centuries old in the making, while the Ohio oil magnate can remember when he had nothing.

To say that the total valuation of the wealth of the United States is \$107,000,000,000 is not understandable. A hundred billion dollars is such a pile of money that the simple mind cannot grasp its meaning on the instant. It is more than twice the total amount of the wealth of the United Kingdom, of France, or of Germany; and over three times that of Russia or of Austria-Hungary. Probably the best way of illustrating the actual extent of Uncle Sam's riches is to state that if he could convert all his assets into money he would have nearly four times as much as would be required to pay off the entire national debt of all the governments in the world, including his own.

Cost \$1,400 to Collect \$1.

The most expensive member of Uncle Sam's custom service is the collector of the port of the Little Egg harbor (Pa.) district. It's not his fault, however. He's just as vigilant as the hawks of the great port of New York, where it costs about three or four cents to collect one dollar of customs. Dutiable goods seldom come into Tuckerton, and when 40 cents was returned to Secretary Shaw as the total customs receipts for this district, Collector Frank William Leach didn't send with it a letter of apology. He just knew that he couldn't help it. It had cost Uncle Sam at the rate of about \$1,400 a year to collect a dollar.

Mr. Leach was formerly secretary to Senator Quay. His appointment to the collectorship two years ago at a salary of about \$550 annually was a surprise, for it was not known that he was a candidate. He's willing to keep the place, however, and even made a fight to save his district from being abolished, as it is likely to be along with a number of others were the cost of collection is enormously out of proportion to the receipts.

Retort Courteous.

He (mockingly)—Most men like the soft pillow of a woman's mind.

She (cuttingly)—Yes, because they feel they need somebody else's opinion to bolster them up.

## CANADA'S GOOD TIMES.

The Immigration During 1906 Was 216,000.

While it is well to lead every word of caution from the leaders in commerce and finance and to avoid all speculative ventures that lack a solid business foundation, it is clearly evident that there is no conspicuous weak spot in Canada's present era of prosperity. The Toronto Globe says: "The Dominion has in a commercial sense plenty of money, and our leading financial institutions are in a position to lend freely in the United States. The chief productive enterprises of Canada are not bogged up by an era of dangerous speculation, but are following substantial business methods and finding safe and continuous markets for their goods. We are not bolstering up any industries by extensive export bonuses that must impoverish the people as a whole, and ultimately lead to collapse through the failure of the artificial aid. There is no extreme protection in Canada such as would create great fortunes for a few at the expense of the general public and lead to disruption and catastrophe. The prosperity of Canada has no artificial foundation being based on a healthy and substantial expansion of trade and industry, with a proportionate extension of productive settlement to new areas."

It is true that we are borrowing extensively for railway construction, but every line will bring new territory within the limits of profitable occupation, and will create prosperous settlements to bear the burdens and repay the outlay. We are not exhausting mineral resources, for it is quite reasonable to assume that, although mineral wealth is never permanent, ours will during the measurable future develop a far greater productive capacity than at present. Our timber wealth can be made continuous by a judicious policy. And agriculture, the real foundation of our prosperity, is expanding with every new expenditure on railway construction. We are not in the flush of a railway mania that could bring its punishment through the useless duplication of lines. The gigantic railway enterprises that now stimulate every line of business in Canada will create a new Dominion, and thus render easy the heavy burdens of debt now freely assumed. Canada's era of prosperity has been unprecedented, but there is no sign of weakness and no cause for lack of confidence. While our growth is normal and healthy, we need have no alarm at its rapidity. This article might have gone off to relate the great growth that is taking place in Central Canada, where thousands of Americans have made their homes during the past few years. The past calendar year has given to Canada by immigration an addition of 216,000 to its population. Of this the United States contributed \$3,781. The agents of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, say that this number will be largely increased during 1907.

A PIANO IN HIS LUNGS.

Remarkable Human Cynosity Living on the Pacific Coast.

Of all the musical curiosities that Nature has produced lately one of the oddest is a man with a piano in his lungs. On the Pacific coast there is a man by the name of Pearson, his native state is said to be Arkansas, but he now resides in a small Washington town, who can, without any undue effort, send forth remarkable melodies which sound like the music of a piano with a melodeon accompaniment.

This lung piano, as it has been termed by the owner, is partly a gift of Nature, but Pearson has cultivated the use of the extraordinary instrument very carefully and thoroughly, until now he is able to play several familiar tunes with wonderful expression and technique. Friends of Pearson say that his services are invaluable when church fairs, bazaars and country entertainments are on hand. He makes an excellent barker, and his tuneful voice penetrates the furthest corner of a meeting house or tent. He says that other people could perfect themselves in the same accomplishment if they tried it and practiced it regularly.

Of Interest to Women.

Every woman naturally should be healthy and strong, but a great many women, unfortunately, are not, owing to the unnatural condition of the lives we lead. Headache, backache and a general tired condition are prevalent amongst the women of to-day, and to relieve these conditions women rush to the druggists for a bottle of some preparation supposed to be particularly for them, and containing—nobody knows what. If they would just get a box of Branderth's Pills, and take them regularly every night for a time, all their trouble would disappear, as these pills regulate the organs of the feminine system. The same dose always has the same effect, no matter how long they are used.

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

A kind thought toward a fellow mortal has but little virtue in it if it be not transmuted into a generous deed.—Rev. J. L. Spalding.

PILLS CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itch, Ring, Biting, or P. Ointment Pills in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

Too bad that most good eating is had for one.

## THE GULF COAST OF TEXAS

A LAND "FLOWING IN MILK AND MONEY."

Semi-Tropical Climate; Vast Fields of Vegetables and Fruit.

Corpus Christi, Tex., Feb. 12.—The lower Rio Grande valley is sometimes erroneously referred to as Southwest Texas, and so is El Paso, but THEY ARE EIGHT HUNDRED MILES APART.

It is winter in Northern Texas while the Gulf Coast country is "enjoying" sunshine like that of May.

In fact the Gulf Coast knows no winter—every month is a growing month.

Texas produces wheat like Minnesota, corn like Illinois, and more cotton than any other two Southern States combined. And no part of this great State surpasses in opportunity and possibilities the Gulf Coast country, and the region down by the Rio Grande.

Artesian water was discovered five or six years ago on the great King Ranch, near Corpus Christi. As time went on the Artesian Belt was extended until it now covers the territory from Robstown, sixteen miles west of Corpus Christi, to Raymondville, and is being extended monthly with every indication that a satisfactory flow will be obtained in all territory not covered by the systems of irrigation on the Rio Grande.

One of the most successful planters on the Rio Grande is Mr. John Closser, who owns six thousand acres near Hidalgo, on the S. L. & M. Ry. From thirty-three acres of Bermuda onions Mr. Closser last year (1906) shipped thirty-five carloads of as fine onions as were ever grown. This crop alone netted him \$18,000.

Two crops of corn can be grown on the same land each year along the Rio Grande. Rice, cotton and numerous other crops, as well as a great variety of fruit can be grown just as successfully. At a dinner recently given some visitors, a Gulf Coast agriculturist set fifteen (15) different varieties of vegetables before his guests.

A comprehensive book of eighty pages, profusely illustrated and fully descriptive of the Texas Gulf Coast may be obtained by addressing John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room 1, La Salle St. Sta., Chicago, or Room 7, Frisco Bldg., St. Louis.

WORDS DERIVED FROM SPORTS.

Pastimes the Indirect Means of Enriching the Language.

Sports and pastimes of bygone days—and even of the present time—have added much to the English language. "Check," which is said to be "shak," a variation of "shak," has not only come into common speech but has been the foundation of many other words. A philologist traces to it "the checker board," "the checkmate" and "a checkered career." "A good move" is also probably from chess. "Stoop to" is from falconry. "Take the wind out of her sails" is from yachting, so is "on the wrong tack." "To jockey," "to show a clean pair of heels" are from horse racing.

Fencing has been very fruitful as a source of few words. It gives "a hit," "a palpable hit," "to parry a question," or "fence with it," "a home thrust," "a counter," "to be off one's guard." From pugilism comes "to toss up the sponge," or "to chuck it up." "Put your back into it" is a reminiscence of rowing.

Cricket has given many phrases, of which perhaps "stumped" is the commonest. "Coming up to the scratch" is probably derived from dueling. "Ay, there's the rub" is derived from bowls, though "a rub on the green" is akin to it.

MIX THIS AT HOME.

Valuable Prescription Which Anyone Can Easily Prepare.

The following simple home-made mixture is said to readily relieve and overcome any form of Rheumatism by forcing the kidneys to filter from the blood and system all the uric acid and poisonous waste matter, relieving at once such symptoms as backache, weak kidneys and bladder and blood diseases.

Try it, as it doesn't cost much to make, and is said to be absolutely harmless to the stomach.

Get the following harmless ingredients from any good pharmacy: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and again at bedtime.

This simple mixture is said to give prompt relief, and there are very few cases of Rheumatism and Kidney troubles it will fail to cure permanently.

These are all harmless, every-day drugs, and your druggist should keep them in the prescription department; if not, have him order them from the wholesale drug houses for you, rather than fail to use this, if you are afflicted.

Also Gives Away Libraries.

James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., is a rival of Andrew Carnegie in the giving away of libraries. He has been doing this for years. His libraries are smaller than Carnegie's gifts and are given to small communities, to ministers and educators who cannot afford to purchase them.



Paint-Buying Made Safe

White Lead and Linseed-Oil need no argument to maintain themselves as the best and most economical paint yet known to man. Thiedy-Gully has been for the buy to be always sure of the purity of the white lead and oil.

We have registered the trade mark of the Dutch Lion painter to be the final proof of quality, genuineness and purity to paint buyers everywhere. When this trade mark appears on the keg, you can be sure that the contents is Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint" gives valuable information on the paint subject. Free upon request.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

In which of the following cities is nearest you?

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, John A. Leach, Co., Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

Handy.

Young Post (to creditor who presents a bill)—Oh, how good of you! I was looking everywhere for a piece of paper upon which to write a wonderful thought which has just come to me, and you drop down like an angel from heaven!

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. This is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for literature.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists. Be careful of cheap imitations.

Expensive City to Live In.

High prices continue to rule in Dawson City, which is probably the most expensive town in the world. It is a thriving place with a population of over 8,000, with warehouses, churches, banks, electric lights, wholesale and retail stores and two up-to-date newspapers. The newspapers themselves are worthy of consideration in the light of expense, for they cost 25 cents a copy. At this time of the year three eggs ordered in a restaurant cost \$1.50, while a caribou steak costs one dollar. Beer is worth one dollar a bottle and champagne \$10.50 a quart.

STILL MORE PROOF

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Cured Even the Most Stubborn Cases of Rheumatism.

"When I was a boy of sixteen," says Mr. Otto H. Rose, a retired grocer, of 1225 Lexington Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., "I met with a serious accident which injured the bone of my head over the right eye. I recovered from the accident to all appearances, but not many years after I began to have intense pains in the injured bone, which came on every year and would last from a few days to several weeks."

"I consulted the doctors who told me that I was suffering from neuralgia. The sight of my right eye was affected, so that at times I could scarcely see out of it, while both eyes watered constantly. During these attacks I was often dizzy from the terrible pains. The pains came on every morning and passed away in the afternoon. I never suffered from the pain at night."

"I tried without success to get relief until a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I had taken a few boxes I felt the pain growing less intense and in a much shorter time than I had hoped for I was entirely cured. I have recommended the pills to several persons, who have used them with good results. 'My wife uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for nervous headaches and finds them the best medicine she has ever used as they give relief where all others fail.'"

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold 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.

An instructive booklet, entitled "Nervous Disorders," will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Biliousness, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Small Pills. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Small Pills. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Small Pills. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Small Pills. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Small Pills. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Small Pills. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.







## The Jar of Coughing

Hammer blows, steadily applied, break the hardest rock. Coughing, day after day, jars and tears the throat and lungs until the healthy tissues give way. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops the coughing, and heals the torn membranes.

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

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also Manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA,  
PILLS,  
HAIR VIGOR.  
We have no secrets! We publish the formulae of all our medicines.

Biliousness, constipation retard recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

### End of Leap Year.

In 800 years leap year will have become a thing of the past. By that time the extra 11 days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian calendar to the present one will all have been duly accounted for and the world will roll round in just 365 days, with never a leap year intervening.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### You Can Make Mortar.

Sifted coal ashes, sand and wheat flour, two parts each of ashes and sand and one of flour, mixed with water, make an excellent mortar for patching holes where the plastering is broken. It becomes as hard as stone, and can be put on by hand with little trouble and expense.

## 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, 555 Elk St., Buffalo, 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 Macdock Bros., Druggists.

### Elevators and Their Dangers.

An elevator man calls attention to the fact that in every accident that occurs to elevators the only persons seriously hurt are those standing near the door.

### Keeping Fern Fresh.

Maidenhair fern, which usually withers soon after gathering, can be kept fresh for a week if when first picked the ends are held in a flame until quite black.

### Sensible Portuguese Proverb.

A pig on credit makes a good winter and a bad spring—From the Portuguese.

### Quite Simple.

Miss de Plam—"Doctor, what is the secret of beauty?" Family Physician (confidentially)—Be pretty!"



Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a *Scott's Emulsion* baby.

*Scott's Emulsion* is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.

Consequently the baby that is fed on *Scott's Emulsion* is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

### WALLED LAKE NEWS.

A very enjoyable time is reported from the social at J. D. Taylor's Monday evening.

The entertainment in the M. E. church Friday evening was well attended, and the program enjoyed by all. Miss Knight, of Pontiac charmed everyone by her violin playing and Miss Richardson's singing and piano playing was also greatly appreciated. Miss Mahell and Roland Busch, of Detroit, also contributed several numbers to the program. Rev. Stevens' rendering of the "Description" of Rubenstein's playing convulsed the audience with laughter. All enjoyed the original poem by Mrs. McCoy. The fifth and last entertainment will occur Feb. 22. Mrs. McCoy, director. Mrs. McCoy has her program well under way and it promises to be one of the best in the course. The men's banquet will follow in about two weeks. Rev. Jennings of Pontiac, has promised to give an address upon this occasion. Further details will be given later.

### NOVI NEWS.

Why Suffer With Piles? Our patrons know that our guaranty is good and when we say that we guarantee Dr. Colwell's Egyptian Pile Cure to cure any case of Piles, you know that it will do it. If it fails to satisfy you, we will pay you back the purchase price.

A. E. STANLEY & CO.

Mrs. S. J. Hulett is very low. Mrs. R. S. Collins is on the sick list. Mrs. Frank Dear is on the sick list. Chas. Dear spent Sunday with his family here.

P. J. Taylor is quite sick with rheumatism. Mrs. Fred Durfee and children are sick with colds.

Miss Bertha Wagner of Detroit is visiting Mrs. Chas. Thorne.

C. McLaren was at Walled Lake Monday and Tuesday loading hay.

Dr. A. T. Holcomb made a business trip to Bay City last week Thursday. The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Judd Hicks of Northville was buried here Sunday afternoon.

The Rex Woodworth case against the U. S. R. takes place this week in Pontiac under Judge Law.

Buddington Jones was home for a few days from Ann Arbor and was accompanied by seven of the U. of M. boys.

Miss George Taylor received word last week that her mother is growing worse, having been sick more than three months.

George Tibbitts was taken very ill while in the store last Friday and had to be taken home. He is now at the home of his son, Elie.

The Assault and Battery case of Albert Smith vs. Boylett will come off at Wixom on Saturday at Justice Furman's office. Quite a number from here are going as witnesses.

Remember the Novi Farmers' club at Dr. Holcomb's Wednesday, Feb. 27. Make an extra effort to come. Members and others are cordially invited. Election of officers, roll call answered by patriotic quotations. Paper by Cora Banks. "Is It Advisable to Keep the Young People on the Farm." Paper, Mrs. Ryel, "Literature and Its Influence." Discussion.

led by Rev. Collins. "Associational Question", W. D. Flint; Question Box, Mrs. Mary West. Good music interspersed.

The Cheerful Workers met last Saturday with Mrs. Earl Banks and had a delightful time. There were twenty present and one new member added. The girls are now piecing blocks for a quilt.

Miss Florence Erwin gave a pedro party last Tuesday evening to the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. Soules, Mr. and Mrs. Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Swick and John Koot. Refreshments were served.

Walter Coates received word Saturday that his brother, Alvin, of Boyne City fell a week ago and broke his left leg just above the ankle and the same day got a message of the very serious illness of his brother. Charlie's wife in Lawrence, Kansas.

"I have been somewhat costive, but Doan's Regulets gave just the results desired. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly." George B. Krause, 306 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa.

### FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. H. W. Lee was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. D. A. Durfee of Detroit was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Agnes Buro has been ill with the grip this week.

B. F. Grace is slowly recovering from an attack of blood poisoning.

Mrs. Barber is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Spedding. Mrs. Walker Hostetter and infant daughter are very sick at this writing.

The U. G. O. pedro club met with Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Holcomb Saturday night.

A. F. Neundorf of Brighton was the guest of J. L. Hogle and family Wednesday night.

The Misses Anna Way and Ida Maase have been suffering with sore throats this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Del McDermott were guests of E. Dingman and wife at Northville Sunday.

Mrs. Anna Sprague has been confined to the house the past week with a severe cold.

Mrs. H. W. Moore has been ill with the grip the past four weeks and is not yet able to be out of doors.

Mr. and Mrs. David Rose returned home last Wednesday night from Canada, where they have been spending the past ten days.

H. J. White of Owosso has been in town the past few days called here by the illness and death of his sister, Mrs. L. G. Pierson.

Forest Pierson, wife and son of Saginaw were in town part of the week. They came to attend the funeral of Mrs. L. G. Pierson.

Mrs. J. J. Webster received a telegram last Wednesday night announcing the serious illness of her father. She left at once to go and help care for him.

Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Collins, Mesdames Alice Way and Maggie Truscott and the Misses Ida Nelson and Grace Tremper attended services in the Jefferson avenue Presbyterian church in Detroit Wednesday evening to hear Dr. Pentecost. They felt well repaid for going.

### 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. Laxative Iron-Ox Tablets tone and strengthen the bowels, so that they do the work nature intended.

### LIVONIA NEWS.

Mrs. Palmer Ohlson has been quite sick the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Garchow Sr. are visiting at Barny Tucks this week.

Doctors and blacksmiths seem to be having their harvest now. The cause is ice and ice effects.

Word has been received here that two little daughters of Will Millard in Detroit are ill with diphtheria.

Mrs. Walter Kingsley and Mrs. Henry Bassett of Newburg visited the former's parents here on Thursday.

Mrs. E. Peck, Mrs. Joe McEachran, Mrs. Fred Lee, Clinton Gates, John Stringer and Frank Peck are on the sick list.

If you would like to know how Record Want Ads can make money for you, phone Record Office.

### WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. Chas. Price is still under the doctor's care.

Miss Jennie Burch of Detroit is visiting relatives here.

Ada Wilson spent Sunday and Monday at her home near Milford.

A number of our citizens attended the Lincoln banquet at Pontiac Tuesday night.

Charles McLaren and wife of Novi were guests of H. E. Richardson and wife Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Chambers who was injured by a fall several weeks ago is gaining very slowly.

### Celestial Fashions.

The appearance of the comet was such that the sensitive Pliades were shocked.

"How disordered you look!" they exclaimed. "Do stop and let us fix your hair."

"Don't touch me!" returned the comet breathlessly. "This is the automobile tussle."

And with a rush of wind—and a shower of sparks he was gone leaving the gentle sisters to recover from their astonishment as best they might.—Puck.

### What He Wanted to Know.

"There," said the great magnate when his attorney entered, "look over that dispatch."

"Um," observed the lawyer, after reading the story, "looks rather bad. Sixty-seven indictments! Gracious! I don't like that."

"Don't like it? What are you talking about?" I didn't send for you to find out whether you liked it or not. What I want you to do is to find out whether I am going to Europe or to stand on my technicalities."

### HIDDEN DANGERS.

Nature Gives Timely Warnings That No Northville Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Well kidneys excrete a clear, amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, yellow, ill-smelling urine, full of sediment and irregular of passage.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of the sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

Thomas Bamber, living at Highland Station, Milford, Mich., says: "Several years ago I strained the cords and muscles in my loins by lifting too heavily which affected my kidneys. I suffered from sharp, aching pains across my loins and in the small of my back. My kidneys ached irregularly and in passing the secretions I had a sharp, burning pain. Many times during the night I was forced to arise by the too frequent action on the kidney secretions, thus disturbing my rest. A friend recommended Doan's Kidney Pills and I procured a box. Relief came almost immediately and soon all the trouble had disappeared. When having slight recurrences of the old trouble, a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills straightens me out. It is a very long time since I have been bothered and know that Doan's Kidney Pills cure permanently."

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

### The Gospel of Work.

Few artists of the present day have worked harder during their career than Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema. "Nothing is achieved in this world," he once said, "certainly no sterling success of any kind whatever, except at the expense of sheer hard work, and plenty of it. This has been my experience from my youth up."—The Reader.

### CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### The Ideal Holiday.

The more unlike the ordinary life a holiday is, the better the holiday-maker thinks it, and the greater is the admiration of his friends. If he could concoct something hitherto unattempted, he would be accounted a genius.

### Copper-Plated Aluminum.

A process of plating aluminum with copper by welding methods has been invented in Germany by Herr Wachtitz. This is regarded as important because one of the obstacles to a wider use of aluminum has been its comparative lack of resistance to the action of many fluids and its failure to hold paint. These objections are removed when it is covered with a thin plating of copper, while its weight is not materially increased.

### An Ideal Laxative.

Phorbea and Cathartics which purge, unload the bowels, and give temporary relief, but irritate, and weaken the digestive and excretory organs. Laxative Iron-Ox Tablets are at different effect as truth is from falsehood. They nourish the bowel muscles 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 give or nauseate. 10c, 25c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* 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

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTOR COMPANY, 117 BURNING STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



L. W. LOVELL  
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.  
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COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of BELLE PARMENTER, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against and deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Wm. H. Ambler in Northville on Wednesday the 17th day of April A. D. 1907, and on Wednesday the 17th day of July A. D. 1907, at two o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 17th day of January A. D. 1907 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated January 17th, 1907.  
MARVIN BOVEE,  
CLMER F. DEKAY,  
Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the eighth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven Present, Edgar G. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of CHRISTIAN ZIEGLER, SR., deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Otto Ziegler praying that administration of said estate may be granted to John Ziegler or some other suitable person. It is ordered, that the thirtieth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.  
EDGAR G. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.  
HENRY S. HULBERT, Register.

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