

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 49.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## GOOD ROADS COMMISSION

REPUBLICAN SUPERVISORS NOMINATE THREE.

John S. Haggerty, Edward N. Hines and William Murdoch.

Three bustling and enterprising young men, John S. Haggerty, Edward N. Hines and William Murdoch, were nominated yesterday by the Republican county supervisors in caucus to be appointed members of the good roads commission at an adjourned meeting of the board next Thursday.

Mr. Hines is at the head of the Speaker Printing company, and Mr. Haggerty is proprietor of the Haggerty-Brick company and a member of the Haggerty Ladder Mfg. firm. Mr. Murdoch had no opposition as candidate from the county and received fifty-two votes. Rep. Cassius Benton withdrew in favor of Mr. Murdoch because of business that needs his attention. Mr. Murdoch is from Nankin and is a successful farmer, with road building experience.

The commission will have charge of the expenditure of about \$72,000 this year, which already has been collected by the county treasurer. Such expenditure must be under the direction of the board of supervisors, which will designate the roads to be improved. None of it can be spent for improvements to streets in this city.

### A Pleasant Reunion.

Another very pleasant reunion of the Dean family was held at the home of Mrs. Lyla S. White July 6th, in honor of her uncle, James Dean, who is visiting here and who has been a resident of California for fifty-five years. The first gathering of this family was held at the home of Mrs. White's mother in Livonia on Christmas 1851. These gatherings have been kept up at intervals ever since. Two brothers and two sisters are all that is left of a large family, yet their descendants still number over forty. A picnic dinner was served on the lawn "Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" to the number of thirty-one. It was also the ninth birthday of Henry White's little granddaughter, Alice Cunningham. The flag and other decorations were used.

WILL A. ELY



The popular landlord of the Park Hotel who has been chosen chairman of the Wayne county board of supervisors. This is a high honor and is well bestowed upon a worthy Northville citizen. Mr. Ely will make a good presiding officer and the Record with hundreds of others extends hearty congratulations.

### Cards of Thanks.

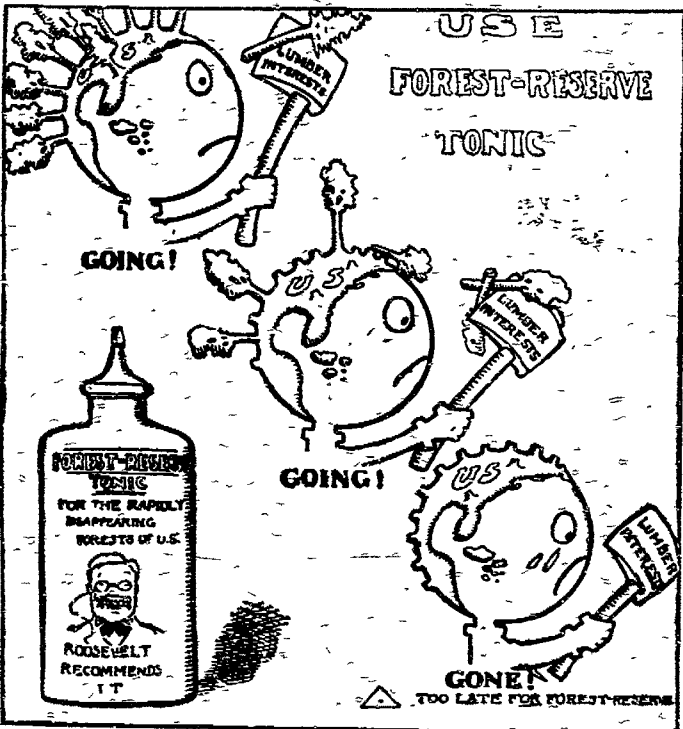
We wish to thank the friends and neighbors for their kindness during my recent sickness and sorrow.

FRANK BROWN AND FAMILY.

We wish to extend thanks to our many friends for sympathy and assistance in our sad bereavement.

MR. AND MRS. W. K. SIMMONS,  
MR. AND MRS. EARL BANKS,  
MR. AND MRS. W. D. FLINT.

WARRANTED TO CURE.



—Des Moines Register.

## CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

DELEGATES TO IT WILL BE VERY IMPORTANT PERSONAGES.

July 23 Last Day for Filing Petitions.

There is no time to be lost in preparation for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention, which will occur on the third Tuesday of September—Sept. 17. The candidates of all parties must be nominated on the second Tuesday of August—Aug. 13. Each senatorial district as organized previous to the recent apportionment will choose three delegates. The candidates of all political parties will be nominated by primary election in any district, where the candidate of any party for senator at the last election was so nominated; and in districts where all parties nominated then by convention, that method must be followed by all parties now, delegate conventions to be called by the party committees in the usual manner. Seventeen of the districts will under this provision nominate by primary election and fifteen by the caucus and convention system. The seventeen include the four of Wayne.

No party enrollment is called for under this act, but every qualified voter is entitled to receive and vote the party ticket which he shall prefer.

A nomination paper signed by at least one hundred voters of the party to which the candidate belongs will be required to entitle any candidate to a place on the primary ballot of his party; and here comes in the urgency. All such nomination papers must be filed before four o'clock in the afternoon of July 23, one week from next Tuesday. They are to be filed with the secretary of state at Lansing, except in districts wholly within a single county like Wayne where they will be filed with the county clerk. Preliminary to that, the blank nomination papers for petitions have been supplied by the secretary of state to the county clerk.

Rep. Cass Benton, it is said, will likely be one of the candidates from this (First) senatorial district. It is an important convention and the delegates will draw \$10.00 per day for about two months and a half.

Mr. Benton's work in the legislature has demonstrated his fitness for the position and the people of this district will no doubt be very glad to have him for one of the delegates.

### Annual School Meeting.

At the annual school meeting held Monday evening L. A. Babbitt was re-elected trustee for three years and Charles Dolph was re-elected to fill the unexpired term left vacant by the death of Dr. Blanchard.

It was voted to raise \$1600 for incidental expenses.

The financial report will be given next week.

### Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The N. M. C. held a business meeting with Mrs. Earl Cobb Monday evening.

Public worship next Sunday morning at the usual hour. In the evening we join with our Presbyterian friends in their church.

The Woman's Home Missionary society tea will be held at Mrs. Edward Vanderhoof's next Tuesday afternoon. All are cordially invited.

We hope to see this Friday evening a large attendance at the church. "His Helpers" are to the front again with something interesting and good.

Some one by mistake took an umbrella from the parsonage Saturday evening. We have been spoken to by the owner concerning it. If this attracts your notice kindly return it.

S. V. Miller and wife, former members of our church, were with us at service last Sunday morning. Mr. Miller responded to a call and gave an interesting address to the Sunday school.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will hold a bake sale in Mr. Stanley's drug store Saturday beginning at ten o'clock in the forenoon. All are cordially invited.

Rev. G. H. Jones chaplain of the U. S. Army at Fort Wayne, will preach next Sunday morning. In the evening Rev. W. G. Stephens will preach at the union service in our church.

REP. C. R. BENTON.



His friends are urging him to become a candidate for delegate to the Constitutional convention.

MRS. LOU CAMERON.

Died Tuesday at the Home of Her Brother in Beantown.

Mrs. Lou Cameron passed away Tuesday morning at the home of her brother, Myron Taylor, in Beantown. She was taken ill three months ago and was taken to the hospital in Detroit where she remained until about four weeks ago when she was brought to her brother's.

The deceased was thirty-seven years old. She leaves a husband, one son, a mother and three brothers.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at two o'clock from Mr. Taylor's home Rev. W. G. Stephens officiating and the remains taken to Meads Mills, her birthplace, for burial.

### Funeral Largely Attended.

The funeral of Ira Morell Simmons, whose sudden death occurred in Detroit last Thursday evening, was held Sunday afternoon from the home of his father, Rev. R. S. Collins officiating.

The heart broken parents have the sympathy of the community.

### Baptist Church Notes.

(By a Member.)

Next Sunday Rev. E. M. Blanchard of Holly will occupy our pulpit both morning and evening. Our pastor will occupy Mr. Blanchard's pulpit in the interest of State Missions.

### Practical Jokes Not Always Safe.

A naval officer noticed that his decanter of sherry grew steadily empty. With a view to prevent the "evaporation," he filled it up with the vilest decoction he could compound. The sherry still decreased and at last he called upon the steward. His explanation was thoroughly satisfactory. "I give the cook two wine glasses for the soup every evening," he said.

## Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us; and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

## LOW PRICES ON BUILDERS' HARDWARE

We want every man who contemplates building a house, barn, granary or other building this summer to know how complete our line of Builders' Hardware really is. We want you to come in and get an idea of the money that can be saved by buying your supplies for the new building here. The large purchase for cash we made means about

### A Good 15 Per Cent Saved

On every purchase. Besides, our line is so complete that you can get just the kind of material you want—the newest of the new.

COME IN AND SEE OUR STOCK ANY TIME.

## CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## Listen

while we tell you about our

## Teas and Coffees



We sell more Tea and Coffee than any other Tea and Coffee dealer in Town, because—the Flavor is Superior, the Quality is Higher—the Price per pound always less. And every pound weighs 16 ounces—not 12 ounces of Tea or Coffee and 4 ounces of Paper, but 16 ounces of Tea or Coffee—Paper Free. Our bulk Teas are kept in airtight Caddies, and therefore retain their Full Strength and Flavor. Our Coffees are Strictly Fresh and Pure Quality and Full Strength.

Always buy Tea and Coffee in Bulk—you save about 20 per cent. We'll gladly give any housewife who calls at our store a generous FREE SAMPLE, sufficient to recommend their constant use. Don't be afraid to ask for a sample. Our regular line of General Groceries is selected with great care. Give us your next order—we'll save you money.

## C. E. RYDER

Both Telephones. NORTHVILLE.

## RUBBER STAMPS AT ONE-HALF PRICE

are cheap enough, but they will not answer for up-to-date business PRINTING. A business man is judged as much by the quality of kind of printing for you at this office—the kind that stimulates business pride, and helps your credit with the outside business world.

## The Value of Individuality in a Man

Can any man of character afford to obscure it with a nondescript appearance at first sight?

Custom made Clothing emphasizes it. A tailor not merely fits a man's figure—We suit the personality as well.

The coat must be made for the man, otherwise it is not his in any personal sense. It may be in style, but not in his style.

Consider the economy of custom made clothing. It lasts and looks well till worn out.

To cheapen your appearance is poor economy at best.

Inspect Our Line of Club Checks for Summer.

E. J. WILLIS, Merchant Tailor

1324 Grand River Avenue. Phone Grand 1090-J. DETROIT, MICH.

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

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

## Lapham State Savings Bank

Capital \$25,000. Additional Liability of Stockholders, \$25,000.

Board of Directors.

F. S. HARMON, President. ASA B. SMITH, Vice-President.  
E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier. CHAS. YERKES, Vice-President.  
R. CHRISTENSEN. F. G. TERRELL.  
E. S. NEAL.

Certificates of Deposit Issued, bearing 3 per cent interest from date. Money to Loan at 6 per cent. Savings Deposits earn interest at the rate of 3 per cent per annum from day of deposit until withdrawn.

An account may be opened with a deposit of 25c or more.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## 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.





# OIL KING, WITNESS BEFORE JUDGE LANDIS, TELLS LITTLE

## John D. Rockefeller Ignorant of Standard Oil's Business—Figures Required as Basis for Fine Obtained from Pratt.

Chicago.—John D. Rockefeller, in the witness chair before Judge K. M. Landis, of the United States district court Saturday, told all he could remember or knew, or all he said he could remember or knew, of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey.

It wasn't a great deal, Mr. Rockefeller said he really was sorry, it was not more; if his knowledge had been better or his recollection clearer it would have been more, Mr. Rockefeller said.

Mr. Pratt—Charles M. Pratt, secretary of the company—could tell more—he said. Mr. Pratt did, giving necessary details.

Mr. Rockefeller was deferential to the court, friendly with the curious public that crossed his path, or tagged his footsteps, affable with the reporters, genial to all comers, and at peace with the world. In the evening he departed for Cleveland.

Landis Gets Information. With the information furnished by Mr. Rockefeller in court and amplified by details furnished by Mr. Pratt, Judge Landis secured the knowledge which he sought to obtain, which required the bringing of Mr. Rockefeller from Pittsfield, Mass., to Chicago.

He knows now how much of a fine the Standard Oil company of Indiana can stand. He knows from the officials of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey that the stock of the Indiana company is controlled by the New Jersey company.

The parentage was admitted. The earnings of the New Jersey company were given. Judge Landis knows that the concern found guilty in his court on the charge of rebating can stand the maximum fine permitted by the law—\$25,000,000.

Dodge Immunity Bath. This information was secured without allowing Mr. Rockefeller or any of the other witnesses to give testimony which might enable Attorney John A. Miller to claim immunity for them. A dangerous question was asked by one of the attorneys for the government, but Judge Landis stopped the answer.

"I do not want that," he said. He secured what he did want, and now is in a position to fix the amount of the penalty.

Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Pratt were



Judge K. M. Landis.

the only two officials of the New Jersey company called on to testify. John D. Archbold, William Rockefeller and the other vice presidents, secretaries, treasurers and officials of the company sat in readiness and apparent willingness to testify. They were not needed.

Facts Obtained in Court. What Judge Landis secured from Mr. Rockefeller was.

The fact that the outstanding capitalization of the New Jersey company is about \$100,000,000.

The fact that it pays approximately 40 per cent dividends.

What he secured from Mr. Pratt was.

The fact that the outstanding capital stock of the New Jersey company is \$98,300,000.

That it made \$31,300,000 net profits in 1903.

That it made \$61,500,000 net profits in 1904.

That it made \$57,000,000 net profits in 1905.

That the Standard Oil company of New Jersey controls the Standard Oil company of Indiana, which is the company found guilty in the rebating trial.

John D. Rockefeller Testifies.

John D. Rockefeller, being sworn, testified as follows:

The Court—Mr. Rockefeller, have you any official connection with the Standard Oil company of New Jersey?

A—I am the president, but the position is purely honorary, and has been for the last eight or ten years, as I

have not been rendering any service, whatever.

Q—Do you know what the outstanding capital stock of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey is?

A—I think that it is about \$100,000,000, the outstanding. I could not state definitely, your honor.

Q—Approximately, \$100,000,000?

A—That is my idea, yes, sir; approximately \$100,000,000 of the outstanding.

Q—Generally speaking, what is the business of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey—production, distribution, and sale of oil?

A—Well, your honor, as I have been so long out of business and out of this business I could not well answer that question. It is a dozen years

ago that I have been out of the business.

Q—What officer of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, would be able to tell what the net earnings of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey were during the years 1903, 1904 and 1905?

A—I really do not think I could tell you. Undoubtedly one of the gentlemen subpoenaed is here present who could, but—

The Court—I see that Mr. Pratt, secretary; Mr. Howe, assistant secretary; Mr. White, assistant secretary, and Mr. Barstow, assistant secretary, are here.

Mr. Miller—Mr. Archbold, who is vice president.

Q—Would either one of those gentlemen be able to answer that question?

A—What was the question, if your honor please?

Q—As to what the net earnings of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey during the years mentioned were?

A—I should think so, sir.

The Court—Mr. Pratt?

Mr. Rockefeller—One of these gentlemen or Mr. Archbold.

The Court—Mr. Pratt. That is all for the present, Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Pratt—Gives Figures.

Charles M. Pratt was then sworn and testified as follows:

Q—What is your name? A—Charles M. Pratt.

Q—Where do you live? A—Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q—What is your business? A—I am secretary of the Standard Oil company, in the oil business.

Q—Which Standard Oil company?

A—Of New Jersey.

Q—How long have you been secretary of that company?

A—Five or six years all told.

Q—Did you hear Mr. Rockefeller's statement as to the amount of stock outstanding in that company?

A—I did.

Q—He approximated it. Is it \$100,000,000?

A—I think it is not quite that. It is about \$98,300,000. Something like that. That is within a few dollars of the amount.

Q—Did you hear his statement as to the approximate amount of dividends paid by that company during the years 1903, 1904 and 1905?

A—I did.

Q—Is that your understanding?

A—That is my understanding.

Q—He was uncertain as to the exact amount. He stated 40 per cent. A—I think that was correct, your honor. That was the average.

Q—Do you remember the net earnings of that company during those three years? A—I do, clearly, your honor. Would you like them? I think for the first year they were \$31,300,000 approximately.

Q—In 1903? A—In 1903. Those are the years you speak of.

Q—Now for 1904? A—For 1904, as near as I can remember, I should say they were \$61,500,000.

Q—And 1905? A—A trifle over \$57,000,000, as near as I remember.

Q—Now, generally speaking, is the capital represented by the outstanding stock something under \$100,000,000 of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey employed in the production, refinement, distribution and sale of oil, the products of petroleum?

A—Oh, your honor, the properties are worth vastly more than that.

Q—That is what the capital is employed in, is it? A—It is.

Q—Do you recall what proportion of the stock of the Union Tank line company the Standard Oil company of New Jersey holds?

A—I do not recall the proportions, but I think it controls a majority of the stock.

Q—Do you know what the net earnings of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey were during those years? A—I do not, no.

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## The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

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

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

Advertising Rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly; transient advertising in advance.

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 1 cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 10c for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.

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

Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, 6 P. M.

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

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentionally published that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JULY 12, '07.

## Care of the Cemeteries.

The Record's attention has been called to the fact that Northville's cemeteries, which have otherwise been made so beautiful by nature, and especially is this so of Rural Hill, are not kept up as might be expected of the enterprising people of the village. Nor are they in keeping with the cemeteries in other Michigan villages, and Michigan, in this respect, is said to be behind even other states.

Here at Northville there are three reasons for this. First—People who have loved ones buried here have moved away and can no longer give their personal attention to keeping their lots in proper condition.

Second—Others are neglectful of the lots they own or that have been left them.

And Third—It is just possible that the Cemetery associations are not doing all they can to beautify this last home of the dead.

As has often been said nature has made Rural Hill one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the west and by some effort on the part of those interested—and seemingly everyone in the village is more or less concerned—the spot could be made one of the most beautiful in the state.

## Michigan in Lead of Wisconsin.

Wisconsin has refused to adopt a two cent railway fare bill, and has even declined to permit names of the leading candidates for United States senator to be voted on at a primary election. Advanced railway legislation and primary election progress have been regarded as the pet possessions of Wisconsin. Indeed Senator LaFollette has been sent out from that commonwealth as leader and teacher in such directions, and very scathing have been his references to the states and their leaders whose progress has not equaled that of his boasted Wisconsin. And now the state of LaFollette is far in the rear of Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. It may be necessary to invade Wisconsin with an emissary of reform and progress from Michigan.

## Petitions Are Required.

From now on there will need to be some activity on the part of candidates for membership in the constitutional convention. While it is true that that important assemblage will not convene for several months, some necessary preliminary details must soon be attended to. Nomination petitions, for instance, must be filed with the secretary of state or with the county clerk on or before four o'clock of the 23d of the present month, and before these papers are filed the names of one hundred voters of the candidate's party must be entered thereon. The secretary of state has sent blanks to the county clerks for nomination petition purposes.

## In Japan.

Japanese children begin to go to school when six years old. During the first four years they learn Japanese and Chinese; in the next four years every child has to learn English.

## Woman's Natural Eloquence.

It isn't necessary for woman to be eloquent. By her tone and gesture, manner and glance she can tell the life story of her dearest enemy.

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

WANTED TO RENT—Farm of 80 acres. Money rent. Address, N. D. Messerault, Rochester, Mich. 49c

FOR SALE—House and lot in Bealton, known as the Crandall house, Gardner avenue. Inquire at Stark Bros. store, Northville. 37c

FOR SALE—My house and lot on Plymouth avenue. E. J. Bradner, Northville. 37c

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

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All nice and clean and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 15c

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

STORE FOR SALE—Now occupied by L. E. Shurtz Bakery. Address Geo. B. Cooley, 34 McClellan Ave., Detroit Mich. 46c

FOR SALE—Smith, Premier, Typewriter, good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record Office. 10c

FOR SALE—Three foot oval snow cases for sale cheap. Apply to Record office. 47c

FOR RENT—Good pasture with good water. C. M. Thornton. 47c

WANTED—A young man to learn barbers' trade. A good chance for the right person. Inquire of J. G. Alexander. 46c

FOR SALE OR RENT—House with all modern improvements, corner Wing and Dunlap streets. Address J. Henry Smith, Northville. Home Phone 972. 46c

## For Sale—\$1200.

Good Seven room house, 15 Mill street. One-acre ground, fine cellar, good well, nice lawn, good shade. Address, Mrs. S. T. Pratt, 1338 Belser Street, Ann Arbor. 49c

## A Reminder.

I am using Parmenter's old phone number, 933R. Paste this in your book. J. MATSON, Coal Dealer.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones.

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, has his office in residence, corner of Lady and Center streets. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 13c

## JOHN D. HARGER, ATTORNEY

Phone Main 3220. Room 25 Buhl Block, Cor. Griswold & Congress. DETROIT, MICH.

## NORTHVILLE.

## Purely Personal.

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

J. R. Trufant visited friends in Mt. Clemens Sunday.

Mrs. Tolles visited her daughter in Saginaw Sunday.

Mrs. E. Mead of Detroit is visiting Miss Grace Yerkes.

Mark Willis of Detroit spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. Will Tihnam is spending the week at St. Clair Flats.

Mrs. J. Morrison returned to her home in DeWitt yesterday.

Miss Ina VanAken has returned from her sojourn at Salem.

A. K. Carpenter and wife visited friends in Belleville Sunday.

Ida Curtis of Detroit is spending the week at W. E. Ambler's.

Harry Hawn spent the Fourth with friends in Williamston.

Miss Carrie Simmons has been spending a few days in Detroit.

Miss Martha Ryder of Salem is visiting her nephew, C. E. Ryder.

Mrs. Arvilla Wright of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. George Sinclair.

Miss Ina Smitherman is spending a week or two with Detroit relatives.

Mrs. C. E. Warner of Detroit is visiting Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Jerome.

Mrs. Wallace Bishop is spending the week with her parents at Saginaw.

Miss Zinn of Detroit is spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. Frank Coates.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler and little son, Carroll, are visiting friends in Ypsilanti this week.

Miss Cecil Johnston is spending her vacation with friends in Rochester, Romeo and Mt. Vernon.

Mrs. Crampton of Pontiac spent the latter part of last week with her son, Will, on Buchner Hill.

Miss Elizabeth Holcomb and little sister of Detroit are spending the week with Northville relatives.

Miss Alma McNaughton has returned to her home in Detroit after a pleasant visit at Howard Gladding's.

Mrs. Roy Darwin is entertaining Mrs. John Cann of Black Duck, Minn. They spent Tuesday in Mt. Clemens.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen and Miss Jessie Allen of Detroit spent the Fourth with Ed. Wood and family.

J. E. Boell visited friends in Detroit Sunday.

Miss Julia Cohen was a Plymouth visitor Tuesday.

Bert Carr of Mason spent Sunday here with his wife.

Mrs. S. F. Dimmock is visiting at Mt. Morris for a week.

Miss Grace Gilbert of Detroit is visiting at Ben Gilbert's.

Ed. Gay and family visited friends in Cleveland last week.

Carl Stimpson was a Saline visitor Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. W. E. Ambler visited friends in Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Coates spent the latter part of the week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson are spending the week at Grass Lake.

Mrs. James Smith spent Tuesday with relatives at Walled Lake.

Miss Knights of Tecumseh is visiting her brother, Charles Knights.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Palmer visited relatives in Pontiac last week.

Howard Gladding left Friday to take up his work in North Dakota.

Miss Anna Madison of Wixom is visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Opal Merritt of Detroit is visiting at the home of T. B. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Joslin are spending the week camping at Cooley Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift Milne of Brooklyn, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. Emily Swift.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dubuar will spend a couple of weeks at Inter-laken.

Miss Mattie Buchanan of Rochester is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Axford.

S. V. Miller, wife and two children of Detroit visited friends in town Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson are spending the week with their son in Bay City.

Miss Angie Smith spent Sunday with Perry Woodworth and wife at Newburg.

Fred Gilbert and family of Detroit spent Sunday with his brother, Ben Gilbert, and wife.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Burgess and daughter, Mabel, spent Friday with friends in Detroit.

Forest Ball spent the latter part of last week with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Ball.

Miss Gertrude Lord of Detroit was the guest of L. R. Barnum and family over Sunday.

Miss Emeline Lapham and sister, Mrs. Morrison, spent Sunday with relatives in Farmington.

Misses Lida Richardson and Anne Jerome spent the Fourth with Mrs. Sidney Liddell at Milford.

Clarence Handyside and Miss Emma Thayer of Wayne spent Sunday with Miss Minnie Ditch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carruthers and son of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Macomber.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stimpson and son, Jay, were guests of friends in Saline from Friday until Sunday.

Will Lanning and family, who have been spending the week at Walled Lake, have returned home.

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Jacques of Detroit were in attendance at the Yerkes family picnic on the Fourth.

Mrs. A. S. Huff of Detroit was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Gleason, from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nesbitt and daughter, Florida, of Pontiac spent Sunday with J. M. Dixon and family.

Milo Johnson and wife and Chas. Gardner and wife leave Saturday for a couple of weeks' camp at Walled Lake.

Mrs. G. S. VanZile and daughter, Bertha, leave today for Philadelphia, to visit the former's sister, Mrs. Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock and daughter, Mrs. Gladding and family will enjoy camp life at Union Lake for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Boots and Miss B. Waller of Detroit spent the latter part of last week with Miss Mabel Fleah.

Mrs. Andrew Houk and Miss Norma Matthews spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Naylor and family at Redford.

Dr. and Mrs. Claude Burgess of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Plymouth were guests of Dr. J. M. Burgess and family Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Peterson left Monday for Manette, Wash., where they will make their future home.

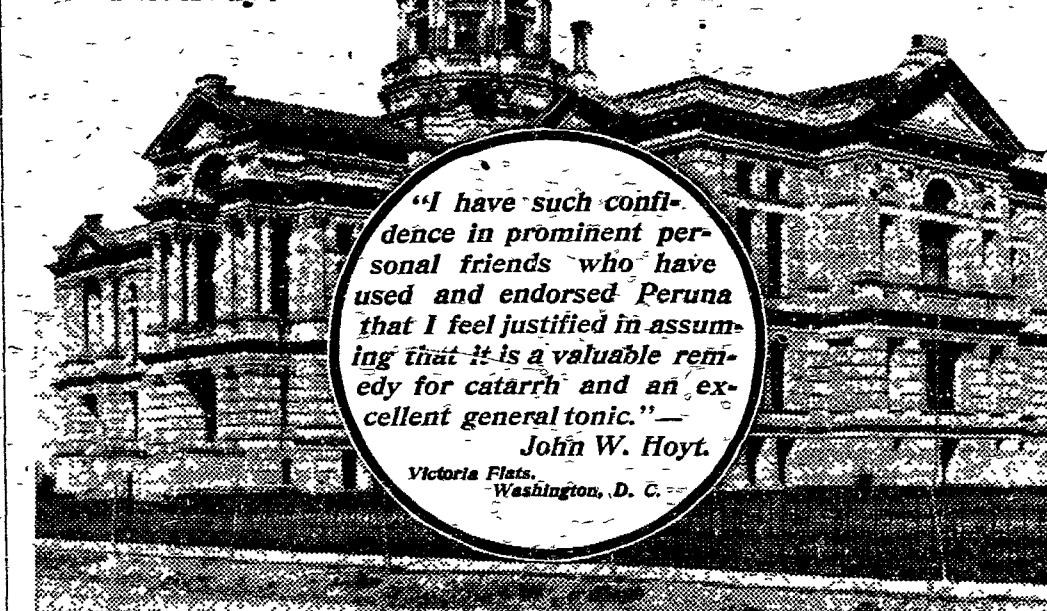
Mrs. Peterson's health is not very good and the doctor thinks the change will be beneficial. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson have many friends here who regret to lose them but hope it is for the best.

If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulators will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them. 25c.

## EX-Governor of Wyoming Endorses

As A Catarrh Remedy.

As An Excellent Tonic.



"I have such confidence in prominent personal friends who have used and endorsed Peruna that I feel justified in assuming that it is a valuable remedy for catarrh and an excellent general tonic."

John W. Hoyt.

Victoria Flats, Washington, D. C.

The Magnificent State Capitol Building of Wyoming.

## Responsible People.

PEOPLE occupying positions of high responsibility and trust are always very busy people.

They have little or no time to devote to side issues.

If there were very rare that such people are willing to write testimonials for anything.

Then again there is a natural diffidence in giving public endorsement to any commercial enterprise on the part of people who are much before the public.

## Rare Endorsements.

It is thus that it is very rare that public officials, like governors, congressmen, senators, etc., give public endorsement to a proprietary medicine.

It is therefore a great triumph that Peruna has the unqualified endorsement of so many men in official position.

Scores of public officials of national reputation have enthusiastically declared in favor of Peruna in public print over and over again.

## A Startling Fact.

There is no way to account for such a startling fact as this except that Peruna has extraordinary unusual merit.

After all, people high and low, are constituted very much alike.

## Natural Enthusiasm.

When a person has been really helped in getting rid of some chronic malady, after other things have failed, it is quite natural for enthusiasm to lead people to make a statement of the fact.

For great services, gratitude is natural.

This is the only way that it can possibly be explained why it is that so many persons prominent in public, diplomatic and social life give testimony for Peruna.

## Actual Benefit.

Peruna promptly relieves. This is the explanation.

Catarrh is a disease difficult to relieve. A great many of the doctors fail to relieve it.

## Gratitude Results.

A few bottles of Peruna cure a chronic malady of many years standing and it is almost impossible to repress the natural feelings of gratitude which spring up.

## Catarrh of Head and Throat.

Mr. Joseph Reiss, 3424 N. 14th street, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"I had catarrh of the head and throat, but through the use of five bottles of Peruna and two bottles of Manalin I was cured."

"I think that Peruna is the best tonic that I have ever used and I would advise all catarrhal sufferers to use Peruna."

## Catarrhal Fever.

Mrs. W. K. Good, Broadway, Va., writes:

"When I was fifteen years old I had catarrhal fever and for nine years I have had catarrh of the head."

"Through neglect it went to my throat and nose. After consulting you I used Peruna for four months as directed, and I am entirely well and have my natural health."

"I cannot praise Peruna too highly. It will do all that it is recommended to do."

## Pe-ru-na Relieves Catarrh.

Mr. L. Clifford Figg, Jr., 2929 E. Marshall St., Richmond Va., writes:

"As soon as I get a cold I send for a bottle of Peruna, and it soon drives it out of my system."

## Despaired of Being Cured.

"For several years I was not entirely well, and despaired of ever being cured, as I had used numerous remedies that my friends advised. I doctored for two years without any improvement."

## A Last Resort.

"As a last resort I tried Peruna, and am pleased to say that in a short time I was completely cured."

"I have not been troubled for over a year. I am pleased to endorse Peruna as it saved me a world of suffering."

Miss Grace Smith and Harry Peters of Wayne were guests of Miss Minnie Ditch the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Jacobus and daughter, who have been visiting friends in South Lyon, returned home Tuesday evening.

Miss Nellie Little, who has been visiting friends in Adrian for the past two weeks, returned home Monday.

Miss Ethel Smitherman of Plymouth was the guest of her cousin, Miss Ina Smitherman, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thad Knapp and the Misses Viay Coldren and Grace Yerkes are camping at Yerkes cottage, Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Babitt were in attendance at the Michigan State Bankers' association held in Detroit this week.

Mrs. Floyd Jackson and son of Pinckney visited the latter's parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Stephens, the fore part of the week.

Miss Blanche Vradenburg will leave today to resume her work in St. Louis, Mo., after a three weeks' visit with her parents and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Benton and Mr. and Mrs. Bina Hayes and their children spent Friday and Saturday at one of Oakland County's beautiful lakes.

Mrs. Frank Slater and two daughters, Ruth and Helen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Rose Little, and daughters.

Miss Lora Bristol of Marshall visited old friends here the latter part of last week and the fore part of this. She came to attend a reunion of her class at Miss Furman's at Wixom.

George Allen, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to his home in New Jersey Sunday accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Gordon Allen. Mrs. Ed. Wood accompanied them as far as Detroit.

Bert Phillips, wife and little daughter, Marion, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller and son, Wendall, returned home from Union Lake Sunday evening. They report a very enjoyable time, some fish and lots of mosquitoes.

## CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams.

Mr. Waters of Detroit spent the Fourth at W. E. Ambler's.

Miss Velma Garner of Lansing is visiting at the parental home.

Mrs. Marlon Crooks of Kalamazoo is visiting Mrs. Perrine White.

Jessie VanValkenburg of Fenton and Ethel of Detroit were home the Fourth.

Mrs. Ashbough of Detroit was a guest of Miss Ethel VanValkenburg the Fourth.

Mrs. John Neelands of Isabella county is spending a few days with R. Neelands and family.

E. B. Cavell and wife visited Thursday and Friday of last week with his parents at Howell.

W. H. Tousey, wife and son, Harold of Detroit have been spending the past week with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Elmer, Mr. Crandall and Miss Mabel Brown of Detroit spent the Fourth with Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Ball.

Fred Macomber and wife of Toledo, Ohio, spent a few days this week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Macomber.

Mrs. C. J. Perkins, who has been visiting her son, J. W. Perkins, the past two weeks, has gone to Detroit to visit her daughter.

Judd, Lloyd and James Green visited their grandmother, Mrs. R. A. Young, at Pleasant Lake from Thursday of last week until Sunday.

Mrs. James Christy and "Grandma" Christy of Owen Sound, Canada, were guests of the former's cousin, R. Neelands, and family over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hauser and Mr. and Mrs. Galen Markham of Milan were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Howard from Thursday until Monday, the latter being Mrs. Howard's parents. Most of the time was spent at Walled Lake camping and fishing.

Mrs. L. A. Yerkes, who has been spending some time with her daughter at Fall River, Mass., has gone to Harbor Beach to spend some little time with her sister, Mrs. Blodgett, at the Craig cottage before returning to Northville for a brief visit. Mrs. Yerkes writes that she is enjoying good health.

## An Ideal Laxative.

Physics 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 as different in effect as truth is from falsehood. They nourish the bowels and nerves, give them strength and vigor to do the work nature intended, they effect a permanent cure by perfectly safe and natural means.

The best laxative for children, chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never gripe or nauseate. 10c, 25c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

For sale and recommended by Harsco-Bred, Druggists.

Guy Cook of Detroit is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cavell.

Mrs. Thomas Wain of Milan was the guest of her son, William, this week.

Oscar Boddy and wife of Detroit visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hod Jackson, Sunday.

B. D. Currie, a prominent turpentine manufacturer of Wortham, Miss., is visiting C. C. Yerkes. Mr. Currie's is one of the largest manufacturing in the south and tells some interesting stories on the negro labor problem.

DR. S. D. BLAND writes:

"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that relieved the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system."

DR. C. L. GATES writes:

Hancock, Minn., writes:

"A little girl here had a weak backbone by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment that she put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with S-DROPS and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe S-DROPS for my patients and use it in my practice."

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL. PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

# MONDAY, JULY 15th

## We Will Begin Our Semi-Annual PRE-INVENTORY SALE

The season's bargain climax will be reached in this stupendous clearance—Needless to enter into details concerning conditions leading up to this remarkable and altogether unparalleled sale of Summer merchandise right in the height of the season, at

# I-4 to I-2 Off Regular Prices.

Enough to say that the merchandise is here—that the aggregation of bargains heaped on every shelf and counter is the greatest every collected for a clearing sale—and the prices are so low as to seem absolutely impossible for the values.

We inventory our stock August 1st. As far as possible, all Spring and Summer merchandise must be converted into cash before that date. Of course, we won't get back all the goods cost, but it's worth a great deal to be able to "clean-up" each season.

Men's Clothing  
Boys' Clothing  
Hats and Caps  
Millinery  
Ladies' Suits  
Ladies' Coats  
Ladies' Waists  
Ladies' Skirts  
Hosiery, Underwear  
Gloves, Neckwear  
Furniture  
Cameras  
Photo Supplies  
Men's Shirts

Girls' Coats  
Girls' Dresses  
Infants' Wear  
Men's Shoes  
Women's Shoes  
Boys' Shoes  
Childs' Shoes  
Undermuslins  
Corsets  
Wash Goods  
Dress Goods  
Black Silks  
Fancy Silks  
Sporting Goods  
Gas Stoves.

White Goods  
Domestics  
Art Linens  
Jewelry  
Leather Goods  
Rubber Goods  
Draperies  
Lace Curtains  
Carpets  
Rugs  
Crochery  
Glassware  
Woodenware  
Graniteware  
Go-Carts.

The sale begins Monday, July 15th, and continues for two weeks only. No matter where you live in Michigan, it will pay you to attend. No other store has ever offered such bargains—none will now. Mail Order Customers Given Our Usual Prompt and Satisfactory Service.

# Pardridge & Blackwell

FARMER ST. FROM GRATIOT TO MONROE AVE. "THE HEART OF DETROIT"

## Electric Fixtures

Domes, side lights, brackets, table lamps, etc. Finest line in the state. Latest designs.

### GAS FIXTURES

of every description and variety. Only expert workmen sent to install fittings.

### MANTELS

Complete assortment in wood and tile. Most popular designs and best values.

Title Bathroom, a specialty.

THE BARTON-NETTING CO.  
250 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.  
Established 1895 Incorporated 1905

## DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

## THE Griswold HOUSE

POSTAL & MOREY, PROPRIETORS.  
A strictly first-class, modern, up-to-date Hotel, located in heart of the City.  
Rates, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 per Day.  
COR. GRAND RIVER AVE. & GRISWOLD ST.  
DETROIT.

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

PURE AERATED MILK  
Sweet and Sour Cream  
Furnished on Application.

HIGHER'S PILLS  
THE DIAMOND BRAND.  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Higher's Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for HIGHER'S PILLS. DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

## Nothing Like Our Ice Cream Sodas



Just the Kind of Weather For Just this Kind of Drinks.

Hot weather has been a long time getting here but its here now with a vengeance. And while its here there's nothing like enjoying it.

We Have—  
Soda Water Straight  
Ice Cream Soda  
Ice Cream Straight  
Sundays, Fruit Sodas

and everything in that line that is sweet and lovely.

MURDOCK BROS.  
DRUGGISTS  
62 Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

## MICH. FARMER AND THE RECORD ONE YEAR FOR \$1.50.

Best Farm Paper in Michigan is the Michigan Farmer, and the Record is the best local paper, of course. Send or mail your subscriptions to

THE RECORD,  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

Mrs. Sanderson is numbered among the sick this week.

Mrs. Ernest Miller has been ill the past week with tonsillitis.

Jake Cohen has accepted a position as clerk in the hat department at J. L. Hudson's, Detroit.

The Jolly Euchre club met with Mrs. W. E. Ambler Monday evening and report a very pleasant time.

B. Cohen and family shipped their household goods to Detroit Wednesday where they will make their home.

Dr. Ball has just installed a new hot air furnace in his house. The doctor says he don't need it just now but will later.

Lydia Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark, had the misfortune to fall off a teeter-board and break her arm the fourth.

Cattermole & Dart have engaged A. Baker of Charlotte to take Mr. Grant's place in the harness shop. He will move his family here soon.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McCully entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. R. McKahan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook and Miss Alice Adams July 4th at an old fashioned picnic "with victuals all on the ground."

The ladies of the Baptist church presented Mrs. N. E. Peterson with two very pretty souvenir spoons just before she left for the west as tokens of true friendship. The gifts were prized very highly.

The Yerkes family held a picnic and reunion at Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Power's on the afternoon of July 4th. About sixty-five of the Yerkes family and connection were present and all greatly enjoyed the occasion. An elegant supper, several exciting games of croquet and a fine display of fireworks were features of the day's celebration.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

## Nook, Brook and Girl.

Oh, soft is the seat by the murmuring stream  
A nook—  
By a brook  
Is a fine place to dream.  
The now Nature smiles in her merriest whirl.  
But, pill!  
What's a diff!  
It's not the same old girl.

Aaron Taft is able to ride out.  
Mrs. W. H. Ambler, who has been ill, is able to be out again.

J. W. Rogers is packing up and storing his household goods. He will leave this week for Illinois.

The person who phoned the Record in regard to a parol which they had found will please return same.

The premium books of the Michigan State Fair for the year 1907 have arrived and anyone desiring a copy may have the same by calling at this office.

The Barnhart house on the corner of Cady and Wing streets is fast nearing completion and will, when done, make a fine addition to that part of the town.

Frank Perrin has been hauling gravel this week and making other preparations to build a two story front on his livery barn. This will not only be a great convenience, but a great improvement.

Mrs. Ed. Vanderhoof was given a pleasant surprise Monday evening by about twenty-five of her friends in honor of her birthday. Games of different kinds made the time pass all too quickly. Light refreshments were served.

The White Sox of Pontiac will come over here Saturday afternoon and cross bats with the Northville team. "Spose they think they'll knock the "sox" off of our boys but they better watch out. Game will be called at three o'clock.

Mrs. Earl Cobb's Sunday school class, called the Northville Methodist Club, held a picnic in Eatherly's grove Wednesday afternoon and had a very pleasant time. After various games had been indulged in for a time, refreshments were served.

A Silver Medal contest will be held in the Methodist church this (Friday) evening. Mrs. Butler will give a reading and ice cream and cake will be served before and after the contest. Admission fifteen cents for adults and ten cents for children.

A formal transfer of the corner property to the Lapham Savings bank was made by Charles Yerkes this week. President Harmon of the Lapham bank says the contract for the new bank building will be let at once and work begun just as soon as men and material can be secured.

Hon. K. G. Gupton, senior member of the Customs of all India, was a visitor at the Northville U. S. fish station last week. Mr. Gupton had been sent here by the governor of India to investigate the propagation of fish and his visit to Supt. Clark was for information of that kind.

Does it pay to advertise? Read this and draw your own conclusions. In last week's Record a pin and pair of scissors were advertised and before the paper had been off the press two hours the lost articles had been claimed by the owners and everybody happy once more. You bet it pays.

Mrs. James Sessions entertained twenty-two of her lady friends Tuesday evening in honor of her seventy-second birthday. The ladies surprised her by presenting her with a beautiful cut glass dish as a token of the high esteem in which their hostess is held. Ice cream, cake and lemonade were served.

L. L. Brooks, one of the best posted men on farm products in the state, says the oat crop in this section will be very light owing to the fact that some sort of a disease has attacked the grain and it is turning white. Mr. Brooks says no one seems yet to have been able to discover just what the trouble is but it looks serious he thinks.

Dr. W. B. James, assistant medical superintendent of the Wayne County House, has resigned and Dr. W. B. Howell of the Northern Michigan Asylum was elected as his successor. Samuel Adams of New Boston was elected president and L. A. Freund of Detroit vice president. The Wayne County asylum contains at present 534 patients and there are 420 inmates in the county house.

A corn husker belonging to Elijah Vradenburg and standing under the trees near his house was set on fire Tuesday afternoon by a couple of little boys carrying fire from burning papers and throwing it onto the canvas which covered the machine. An alarm was turned in and at the same time the hose was turned on and before the department arrived the blaze was extinguished.

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 12c per lb. in stove. Second hand gasolinetoves for sale. Phone residence, 943.

G. P. ALLEN.

George Clark is on the sick list. The rain yesterday was of great benefit to corn and potatoes.

Auto drivers should be very careful when passing through a crowd and have their machines under control.

The Globe Furniture Co. has just purchased a new Atlas engine which will be installed during the next two weeks.

Miss Blanche Vradenburg entertained a number of her friends last evening. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

S. J. Lawrence and family have been very ill the past week with poison from something they had eaten. They are all out of danger at the present time. Their daughters are here caring for them. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence will move to Detroit soon.

Miss Hazel Palmer gave a lawn party Wednesday evening to about thirty of her young friends. The lawn was lighted by Japanese lanterns and games suitable to the occasion were played. A dairy supper was served. It was a very enjoyable affair.



## Our Sympathy

is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper stands for your interests and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.

## Hot Hott Hotter

Never mind. Cool your house by Coaling Your Cellar. I have the goods.

## J. MATSON

Parmenter's Old Stand and Phone.

## MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.  
109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.  
TELEPHONE.

## CLARK'S RESTAURANT DETROIT.

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

### What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date  
Wheat, red—90c Wheat, white—89c  
Oats—55c Corn in ear—35c Shelled corn—55c  
Baled hay per ton—\$16.00  
Hogs live—\$5.60  
Cattle—\$4.50 to \$5.00  
Lamb—\$6.50  
Beef hides—5c per lb  
Veal calves live—\$6.00  
Eggs—14c Butter—17c  
Poultry live  
Turkeys, young and plump—15c  
Geese, young and plump—10c  
Ducks, young and plump—9c  
Hens—8c Broilers—10c

Many times a few cents spent for a Record Want Ad will bring as many dollars in return.

# I-4 Off

Stop and think what that means 25% Discount on all Men's Suits, Pants and Spring Overcoats.

|                        |         |
|------------------------|---------|
| \$17.50 SUITS FOR..... | \$13.50 |
| 15.00 " " " " " "      | 11.25   |
| 12.00 " " " " " "      | 9.00    |
| 10.00 " " " " " "      | 7.50    |
| \$5.00 PANTS FOR.....  | \$3.75  |
| 4.50 " " " " " "       | 3.37    |
| 4.00 " " " " " "       | 3.00    |
| 3.50 " " " " " "       | 2.63    |
| 3.00 " " " " " "       | 2.25    |
| 2.50 " " " " " "       | 1.88    |
| 1.50 " " " " " "       | 1.13    |

I have decided, through lack of display space, to go out of the Children's Clothing Business, therefore will sell my present stock as follows:

|                       |        |
|-----------------------|--------|
| \$2.50 SUITS FOR..... | \$1.50 |
| 3.50 " " " " " "      | 2.50   |
| 4.00 " " " " " "      | 2.75   |
| 5.00 " " " " " "      | 3.75   |

### BOYS' KNEE PANTS

|                         |     |
|-------------------------|-----|
| 75c Knee Pants For..... | 50c |
| 50c " " " " " "         | 39c |

### STRAW HATS ONE-HALF PRICE.

|                            |        |
|----------------------------|--------|
| \$2.00 Straw Hats For..... | \$1.00 |
| 1.50 " " " " " "           | 75c    |
| 1.00 " " " " " "           | 50c    |
| 75c " " " " " "            | 38c    |

# Wm. Gorton

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



# SERIAL STORY

## THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMERON," ETC.

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## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

There was a sound of mirth and scampering feet in the hall above and then down the steps, between the line of guests arrested in their descent, came a dark laughing girl in the garb of Little Red Riding Hood, amid general applause and laughter.

"It's Olivia!" She won the wager! exclaimed the spectacled gentleman, and the girl, whose dark curls were shaken about her face, ran up to us and threw her arms about him and kissed him. It was a charming picture—the figures on the stairway, the pretty, graceful child, the eager, happy faces all about. I was too interested in the scene to be uncomfortable.

Then, at the top of the stair, her height accentuated by her gown of white, stood Marian Devereux, hesitating an instant, as a bird pauses before taking wing, and then laughingly running between the lines to where Olivia faced her in mock abjection. To the charm of the girl in the woodland was added now the dignity of beautiful womanhood, and my heart leaped at the thought that I had ever spoken to her, that I was there because she had taunted me with the risk of coming.

Above, on the stair landing, a deep-toned clock began to strike midnight and every one cried "Merry Christmas!" and "Olivia's won!" and there was more hand clapping, in which I joined with good will.

Come one behind me was explaining what had just occurred. Olivia the youngest daughter of the house had been deputed a glimpse of the ball. Miss Devereux had made a wager with her host that Olivia would appear before midnight, and Olivia, defeating the plot against her, gained the main hall at the stroke of 12.

"Good night! Good night!" called Olivia—the real Olivia—in derision to the company and turned and ran back through the applauding, laughing throng.

The spectacled gentleman was Olivia's father, and he mockingly rebuked Marian Devereux for having encouraged an infraction of parental discipline, while she was, twitting him upon the loss of his wager. Then, her eyes rested upon me for the first time. She lifted her brows slightly, but continued talking placidly to her host. The situation did not please me, I had not traveled so far and baggariously entered Doctor Armstrong's house in quest of a girl with blue eyes merely to stand by while she talked with another man.

I drew nearer, impatiently; and was conscious that four other young men in white waistcoats and gloves quite as irreproachable as my own stood ready to claim her the instant she was free. I did not propose to be thwarted by the beaux of Cincinnati and I addressed my host boldly.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor—," I said with an assurance for which I blush to this hour.

"All right, my boy, I too have been in Arcady!" he exclaimed in cheerful apology, and she put her hand on my arm and I led her away.

"He called me 'my boy,' so I must be passing muster," I remarked, not daring to look at her.

"He's afraid not to recognize you. His inability to remember faces is a town joke."

We reached a quiet corner of the great hall and I found a seat for her.

"You don't seem surprised to see me,—you knew I would come. I should have come across the world for this,—for just this."

Her eyes were grave at once.

"Why did you come?" I did not think you were so foolish. This is all—so wretched. You didn't know that Mr. Pickering—Mr. Pickering—

She was greatly distressed and this name came from her chokingly.

"Yes—what of him?" I laughed. "He is well on the way to California—and without you!"

"No—you don't know—you don't understand—he's here!" He abandoned his California trip at Chicago, he telegraphed me to expect him—here—to-night! You must go at once—at once!"

"Ah, but you can't frighten me," I said, trying to realize just what a meeting with Pickering in that house might mean.

"No,"—she looked anxiously about,—they were to arrive late, he and the Taylors; they know the Armstrongs quite well. They may come at any moment now. Please go!"

"But I have only a few minutes myself,—you wouldn't have me sit them out in the station down town? There are some things I have come to say, and Arthur Pickering and I are not afraid of each other!"

"But you must not meet him here. Think what that would mean to me! You are very foolishly, Mr. Glenarm. I had no idea you would come."

"But you wished to try me,—you challenged me."

"That wasn't me,—it was Olivia," he laughed, more at ease, "I thought—"

was tied hand and foot by a dead man's money."

"No, it wasn't that wretched fortune; but I enjoyed playing the child before you—I really love Olivia—and it seemed that the fairies were protecting me and that I could play being a child to the very end of the chapter without any real mischief coming of it. I wish I were Olivia!" she declared, her eyes away from me.

"That's rather idle. I'm not really sure yet what your name is, and I don't care. Let's imagine that we haven't any names,—I'm sure my name isn't of any use, and I'll be glad to go nameless all my days if only—"

"If only—" she repeated idly, opening and closing her fan. It was a frail blue trifle, painted in golden butterflies.

"There are so many 'if onlies' that I hesitate to choose; but I will venture one. If only you will come back to St. Agatha's! Not to-morrow, or the next day, but, say, with the first bluebirds. I believe they are the harbingers up there."

Her very ease was a balm to my spirits; she was now a veritable daughter of repose. One arm in its long, white sheath lay quiet in her lap; her right hand held the golden butterflies against the soft curve of her cheek. A collar of pearls clasped her throat and accentuated the clear girlish outlines of her profile. I felt the appeal of her youth and purity. It was like a cry in my heart, and the dreary house by the lake, and Pickering and the weeks within the stone walls of my prison were as though they had never been.

"The friends who know me best never expect me to promise to be anywhere at a given time. I can't tell; perhaps I shall follow the bluebirds to Indiana; but why should I, when I can't play being Olivia any more?"

"Why not? You have seen how dull I am, and that note of apology you

wrote from the school really fooled me. But I have seen the real Olivia now. I don't want you to go too far—not where I can't follow—and this flight I shall hardly dare repeat."

Her lips closed—like a rose that had gone back to be a bud again—and she pondered a moment, slowly freeing and unprisoning the golden butterflies.

"You have risked a fortune, Mr. Glenarm, very, very foolishly,—if you are found here. Why, Olivia must have recognized you! She had seen you often across the wall."

"But I don't care—I'm not staying at that run up there for money. My grandfather meant more to me than that."

"Yes, I believe that is so. He was a dear old gentleman, and he liked me because I thought his jokes adorable. My father and he had known each other. But there was no expectation—no wish to profit by his friendship. My name in his will is a great embarrassment, a source of real annoyance. The newspapers printed dreadful pictures of me in connection with the will. I say to you, quite frankly, that I wouldn't accept a cent of Mr. Glenarm's money if it were offered me, and that is why,—and her smile was a flash of spring,—"I want you to obey the terms of the will and earn your fortune."

She closed the fan sharply and lifted her eyes to mine.

"But there isn't any fortune; it's all a myth, a joke."

"Mr. Pickering doesn't seem to think so. He had every reason for believing that Mr. Glenarm was a very rich man."

"But assuming that there's money buried there by the lake like a pirate's treasure, it isn't Pickering's if he finds it. There are laws to protect even the dead from robbery!" I concluded hotly.

"How difficult you are! Suppose you should fall from a boat, or be shot,—accidentally—then I might have to take the fortune after all; and Mr. Pickering might think of an easier way of getting it than by—"

"Stealing it! Yes; I know what you mean, but you wouldn't!"

Outside I found my hat and coat, and awakened my sleeping driver. He drove like mad into the city, and I swung myself upon the north-bound train just as it was drawing out of the station.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I Meet an Old Friend.

When I reached Glenarm House the next morning I found to my astonishment that the window I had left open as I scrambled out the night before was closed. I dropped my bag and crept to the front door, thinking that if Bates had discovered my absence it was useless to attempt any further deception. I was amazed to find the great doors of the main entrance flung wide, and in real alarm I ran through the hall and back to the library.

The nearest door stood open, and, as I peered in, a curious scene disclosed itself. A few of the large cathedral candles still burned brightly in several places, their flames rising strangely in the gray morning light. Books had been taken from the shelves and scattered everywhere, and sharp implements had cut ugly gashes in the shelving. The drawers containing sketches and photographs had been pulled out and their contents thrown about and trampled under foot.

The house was as silent as a tomb, but as I stood on the threshold trying to realize what had happened, something stirred by the fireplace and I crept forward, listening, until I stood by the long table beneath the great chandelier. Again I heard a sound of some animal walking and snuffling, followed by a moan that undoubtedly was human. Then the hands of a man clutched the farther edge of the table, and slowly and evidently with infinite difficulty a figure rose and the dark face of Bates, with eyes blurred and staring strangely, confronted me.

He drew his body to its height and leaned heavily upon the table. I snatched a candle and bent toward him to make sure my eyes were not tracking me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Halfpast 12 struck on the stairway and I started to my feet.

"You wouldn't—" I repeated.

"I might, you know!"

"I must go,—but not with that, not with any hint of that,—please!"

"If you let him defeat you, if you fail to spend your year there,—we'll overlook this one lapse,"—she looked me steadily in the eyes, wholly guiltless of coquetry but infinitely kind,—

"then—"

She paused opened the fan, held it up to the light and studied the golden butterflies.

"Yes—"

"Then—let me see—oh, I shall never chase another rabbit as long as I live! Now go—quickly—quickly!"

"But you haven't told me when and where it was we met the first time. Please!"

"She laughed, but urged me away with her eyes."

"I shan't do it! It isn't proper for me to remember, if your memory is so poor. I wonder how it would seem for us to meet just once—and be introduced! 'Good night! You really came. You are a gentleman of your word, Squire Glenarm!'"

She gave me the tips of her fingers without looking at me.

A servant came in hurriedly.

"Miss Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Pickering are in the drawing-room."

"Yes; very well; I will come at once."

Then to me:

"They must not see you—there, that way!" and she stood in the door, facing me, her hands lightly touching the frame as though to secure my way.

I turned for a last look and saw her waiting—her eyes bent gravely upon me, her arms still half-raised, barring the door; then she turned swiftly away and passed through the hall.



At the Top of the Stair, Her Height Accentuated by Her Gown of White, Stood Marian Devereux.

## THINGS THAT COUNT

### TIME AND MONEY SAVERS IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Best Method of Putting on Fasteners—Finishing Buttonholed Edges—Toilet Apron a Pretty Gift to Intending Traveler.

The best method of putting on fasteners is to sew them strongly to a stout piece of silk tape, hemming these strips of tape closely to opening after all the pressing is done. The fasteners are apt to make shiny places when pressing is done after they are in place.

To finish the edges of doilies or other buttonholed edges cut the goods a little distance from the line where the buttonholing is to go and hem it back to that line. Then buttonhole the folded edge. This prevents the frayed-looking edge so often seen after washing and gives it a padded appearance.

An attractive and inexpensive dressing sack can be made of one of the pretty shirt waists, which can be bought at a small price at the end of the season. Ruffle the lower edge and the sleeves with white or a plain light color. Make a turn-down collar of the same goods or cut the waist out to make a pretty low-necked negligee. If the waist is cut with a little Dutch neck, or in a point, and edged with narrow lace, the effect will be neat and dainty.

In selecting materials for waist with the circular tucked yoke, a plain fabric without stripe or figure is most suitable, as the tucked yoke does not develop prettily in other than plain material. If made up in striped material, the lines of the stripes would be all broken up and irregular. In a fabric with figures or flowers scattered over it the effect would not be quite so bad. At the same time, however, the tucks would not show to nearly as much advantage as when plain material is used.

A toilet apron is a pretty idea for a gift to the friend who is to make a journey by sea or land. The apron is made of heavy linen, its turned-up pockets either plainly bound on the edges or feather-boned, which are to hold all the small toilet necessities always slipping away when wanted in the ordinary traveling case or bag. If one has plenty of time and cares to take the trouble, all the edges of this dainty apron can be scalloped with wash silks or cotton, and a line of embroidery follow the scallops. Rows of feather stitching can separate the pockets, and there may be several sizes so divided—one for hairpins, one for back combs, another for dressing comb, one for the small hat brush and one for the powder puff in its chamois case.

Using Up Cold Mutton. To use up cold mutton in an appetizing way make it into mutton steaks in the following way. Chop the mutton, very fine and add to one pound of the chopped meat add two tablespoons of beef suet which has been previously melted, one teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoon onion juice, one-fourth teaspoon mace and a small pinch of cayenne pepper. To make it especially palatable 12 raw oysters chopped rather coarsely, are a great improvement, although the oysters are by no means necessary to make the steak palatable. Mix all together and mould into small steaks, fry in butter and when cooked pour tomato sauce over the whole and serve.

Sewing Birds. A novel little contrivance is the sewing bird. Our mothers tell us that these birds were used years ago. Why they ever fell into disuse is more than this scribe can tell, for certainly they are a most useful adjunct to the sewing room. They are made of metal in the size of the smallest sparrow and set on a narrow bar of steel, which with a thumbscrew clamps on the edge of table or sewing machine. The bird's head is fitted with a tiny spring which opens the bill. In this way the sewing, which is so often pinned to the sewer's knee, is held in the bird's mouth and need not be disturbed when one has occasion to lay aside the sewing hastily.

Mocha Cake. Cream one-half cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add one-half cup of sweet milk, then add the stiffly-beaten whites of four eggs, alternately, with one and one-half cups of flour mixed and sifted with one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layers.

Filling—Moisten one tablespoon of cornstarch with a little cold milk, stir it into one cup of scalding milk and cook over boiling water until thick and smooth; pour it into the yolks of three eggs beaten until light with one-half a cup of sugar, return to the fire, cook two or three minutes longer, set aside until nearly cold, then beat in one-half cup of strong black coffee and spread on the cake layers.

Better Than Darning. Don't darn large holes in the knees and feet of stockings. Cut a circular patch from the leg of worn stockings saved for that purpose. Lay over the place to be mended. Catstitch down firmly on the stocking. Turn and catstitch the raw edge on the other side the same way after trimming neatly. This makes a perfectly flat, seamless patch, much less noticeable and more comfortable than a darned place.

## HORTICULTURE

### KILLING MELON APHIS.

It Can Be Done by Fumigating with Tobacco Smoke.

The melon aphid has done great injury to melon plants in various sections of the country, particularly Texas. In a bulletin of the Texas experiment station it is recommended to plant a few rows of rape at both ends or at the side of the melon field before planting the melons. Rape is a natural food plant for an aphid which has universal distribution. This insect is the host for the majority of insects which destroy other aphids. In his way, ladybugs and other insects will become so numerous that they will ordinarily take care of the melon aphid. The rape should be left to grow until the cantaloups are harvested.

The aphid can be killed on the vines by fumigating with tobacco smoke. For vines two or three feet long, make a light frame four feet wide and six feet long, to which attach eight-inch legs. Cover this with a good grade of muslin, cut two feet longer and two feet wider than the frame, so that it will cover the sides and lap on the ground. Earth may be placed on the lap to keep the smoke and gas from escaping.

After the cloth has been sewed and cut to the size desired, it should be saturated with linseed oil, then wrung out, slightly dried and nailed to the frame. For field work, make up at least ten frames, which one man can attend to.

Place the frame over the infested plant. Take some fumigating tobacco paper made for the purpose and put a piece in a tin can, which has perforations at the bottom edge, made by driving a large nail through the side, and place each can in opposite corners of the frame, but not on the vine, light according to directions. By this time many of the beneficial insects have escaped from under the cover.

With a trowel or other convenient small tool place a little dirt on the border of the cloth which lies on the ground to prevent the escape of gas. The frame should remain in position long enough to suffocate all aphids under it, which is usually from three to 30 minutes. One man should have enough frame to handle so that each one in succession may remain on a vine during the above time.

RENTED GARDEN A WINNER.

How the Town Resident May Be Able to Engage in Profitable Gardening.

For those who have not a suitable back yard it is frequently possible to rent a vacant lot close by, which can be very profitably tended and made to give an excellent supply of vegetables through the entire summer. A lot 50x60 feet was rented by one of our contributors for three dollars for the summer, says Orange Judd Farmer. Buildings shaded a portion of the ground, where cucumbers, squash and pumpkins were planted. The season was wet and late, but on March 17 first planting was made of one-half peck of early potatoes, beds of radishes, lettuce and onions. The remainder was planted about May 1 and as the ground was in a very dry location it was necessary to irrigate it twice with a garden hose at an expense of \$1.50 for water and rent of a hose.

The cultivation was shallow and flat; frequent hoeings stirred the ground. As soon as vines began to grow, beans and cucumbers were mulched with lawn mowings, which insured clean products. On May 25 lettuce, radishes and green onions were on the table from this garden, on June 15 potatoes and green peas.

The products of this little area were as follows: Six bushels potatoes, three bushels sweet potatoes, two bushels tomatoes; 34 cabbages, 20 dozen green corn, seven pounds lettuce, nine dozen radishes, three bushels turnips, five bushels beans, two gallons onions, seven pumpkins, three squashes, six muskmelons, two pecks peas. At market values these would have cost \$25. But grown in the garden the actual cost was five dollars plus the labor expended.

Sunshine and Growth of Plants. Many people have the idea that plants grow most in moist weather. This is contrary to the fact. The more sunshine there is, the more is the plant supplied with plant food in solution in the water drawn in at the roots. The faster the evaporation, the faster the plant is built up. The sunshine does a great work in hastening the work of plant-building. A high temperature has the same effect as sunshine, for it pulls the moisture out of the leaves of the plants and creates circulation.

Corn and Cob Meal. Corn and cob meal will be found satisfactory for dairy feeding, and is recommended whenever it is possible to secure it at not too great expense for grinding.

## THINNING FRUITS.

Value of the Practice. Fully Appreciated by European Fruit Growers.

E. P. Sandsten, while associate horticulturist at the Maryland station, in a communication to fruit-growers, said: "The practice of thinning fruit has long been known to the fruit growers of Europe, and off-ears in fruit with them are almost unknown. In America, where the desire is to produce quantity rather than quality, the practice is generally looked upon with disfavor. Of late years, however, the practice has been taken up by most of our successful fruit growers, and the consensus of opinions is that thinning pays well."

The most successful grower nowadays is not the one that raises the largest quantity of peaches or apples, but the one that produces the finest and highest quality of fruit. Superior fruit cannot be obtained from a tree that is over-loaded with fruit. The capacity of a tree is limited, and that capacity cannot be exceeded, no matter how many fruits may be set. If many fruits are set and are allowed to remain, the energies of the tree are spread out over the large number, and few, if any, will reach the limit of their possible growth. If, on the other hand, one-half or two-thirds of the fruits are removed, the remaining ones will have an opportunity to develop to a normal size.

Moreover, the vitality of the tree is greatly preserved by such a reduction, since it is not the size of the fruit that impairs the vitality of the tree, but the number of seeds that are allowed to mature. By removing one-half or more of the young fruits, we do not only make it possible for the tree, to produce a larger and finer fruit, but we also preserve the vigor and longevity of the tree.

Judicious thinning makes it possible in many cases to produce a crop of fruit every year and still keep the tree in a good state of health. Thinning also tends to produce better colored fruit; as it permits the sun to reach many places that otherwise would not be reached. It also permits a freer circulation of the air. Thinning will in a large measure lessen the heavy losses occasioned by rotting of the fruit. The fruit will be further apart, and there will be little or no chance for the fruits to touch each other. Thinning prevents the breaking down of the trees and tends to keep the shape of the trees in orchards more uniform.

SAVE THE OLD TREES.

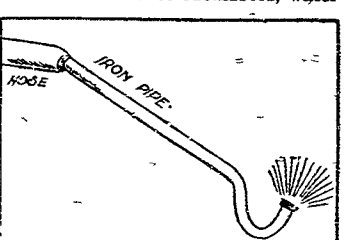
Efforts Which Are Being Put Forth in Pennsylvania to Preserve Handsome Patriarchs.

One of the unique fads that has engaged the attention of Pennsylvania horticulturists and landscape gardeners is found in the modern doctoring of beautiful old trees, which decorate well known country seats along the main line. Handsome patriarchs of the original forest now stand stately and secure upon many lawns (preserved by wise though curious treatment) that would have been sacrificed had not stringent measures been resorted to. The amputation of dead or diseased limbs is no longer left for the wound to invite further decay from the action of the elements. Decaying cavities in handsome old tree trunks are as systematically cleaned and filled as are the cavities that receive attention under the care of a modern dentist. Where the upper surfaces of wide-spreading branches have the bark worn and decaying all along the limb with little hollows here and there that hold the dampness of dew and rain, actual tin roofs are now applied along the entire upper surface of the big limbs.

THE MELON LOUSE.

Style of Sprayer Which Will Reach Him Under the Foliage.

The "melon louse" or aphid often does considerable damage to the leaves and vines of cucumbers, water-



melons, muskmelons, etc., and is a difficult pest to combat because of its habit of hiding on the under side of the leaves. Benjamin H. Gochmuer, one of our Pennsylvania folks, sends in the accompanying rough sketch of a device he has made and which he successfully uses for spraying the under side of vines, etc. Of course the hose shown is attached to the spray pump, and a regulation nozzle finishes off the spray end. Kerosene emulsion, or the tobacco solution, recommends Farm Journal, is an excellent spray to use for these lice.

The High and Low Tree.

A well-known fruit expert says that the cost of picking a barrel of apples upon very large, high trees is 20 cents per barrel, while on low-headed trees the cost does not exceed seven cents per barrel, a very great difference in favor of low-headed trees.

Severe Pruning Necessary. Sometimes in old orchards the growth becomes stunted and severe pruning will be necessary. Cut back the branches and then do some vigorous cultivating. A liberal application of some complete fertilizer will be a good thing.



# The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VERSEY  
(Copyright, 1905, by DAPPLETON & COMPANY)

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"If you were asking that service of Ernest Haddon it is possible that he might do it. But if you are asking Ernest Haddon to stoop to dishonor—to masquerade in a character to which he has no right—"

"Ernest Haddon will still do that service."

We faced each other. Our eyes met in defiance. Will beat against will, an aggressive purpose against stubborn resistance. Again I saw those beautiful lips curve in a cruel smile; the eyes burn with a baneful light.

Was she so confident of her prey? Did she think that I should fall so easy a victim to her basilisk smile? If so, she erred woefully. Her beauty left me absolutely unmoved. Rather it repelled. The savage nature of the tigress showed too plainly in that instant.

"But at least you will listen to my plan?"

"Yes," I replied slowly, gazing thoughtfully at the flickering logs. "I will listen to your plan. Like your self, I have gone too far to retreat. But remember, when you have told me all, the armed truce may be followed by open warfare."

"Do you always give warning to your victims before you trap them?" she demanded, both contemptuous and curious.

"When I am a guest at their houses, madam."

The door opened. Dr. Starva shuffled stealthily into the room. She met his distrustful glance with perfect sangfroid.

"And our visitor, this brave Captain Forbes?" she demanded lightly. "Is he as persistent as at Vitznau?"

"Bah, he annoys me, this brave captain," sneered Starva. "He comes again to ask foolish questions. But I answer him; yes, I answer him this time. For tonight, at least, we shall have peace."

Not without trepidation I thought of the shuffling feet and the shout. Dr. Starva, when crossed, would not be nice in surmounting an obstacle. Either he thought me beneath contempt or a great fool. I could have wished that I were armed in this Castle of Happiness. A few hours ago the atmosphere of the Middle Ages had clung to it and had enchanted me. But if its inmates resorted to the violent methods of that period I might be less fascinated.

Dr. Starva again seated himself at his instrument. Madame de Varnier accompanied him as if nothing unusual had happened.

I looked thoughtfully at this dangerous couple. The morrow promised much. The three of us were at cross-purposes. Each was playing his desperate game. Which of us was to conquer?

It was not long before the little concert came to an end. The enthusiasm of Dr. Starva was not proof against the emotions of the past hour. Candles were rung for I bade them both a quiet good night, and followed the slacker who preceded me to my chamber.

I welcomed the hours of sleep. Tomorrow my nerves would need to be steady. But the surprises of the day were to be followed by still another.

On my pillow was a folded piece of paper. It was a message; I could not doubt that. But when I had read it I was completely mystified in two particulars:

Who had placed the message on my pillow?

Did the sender really believe that I was Sir Mortimer?

"If Sir Mortimer Brett will call at the Grand hotel to-morrow at ten for Mr. Robinson Locke, Sir Mortimer will receive news of importance."

That was the message.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Mysterious Signal.

So Locke, as well as Forbes, had traced us to Alterhoffen! Was their arrival here, so soon after ourselves, merely a coincidence? Or could they have traveled together? Locke had certainly given me to understand that he had never seen Sir Mortimer or his mother and sister. Nor had I reason to suppose that he knew the king's messenger—at least two days ago.

If it were true that he had met none of these people previous to my leaving Lucerne, if it were true that he did not know them even now—what could have brought Locke hither?

One of three things might have happened:

Locke may have been keeping a vigilant watch on the movements of the Countess Sarahoff.

Captain Forbes might have traced us here yesterday and have joined forces with Locke.

Or Locke may have been watching me, rather than Madame de Varnier, and have posted after me rather than after herself and her companion.

It required little imagination to reason out the affair.

Two days ago he had seen me conversing on apparently intimate terms with the Countess Sarahoff, a noto-

rious adventuress. He came to my hotel to warn me against her; I had received his warnings lightly enough. That very evening I dined with the woman; I took the boat for Vitznau, if not in her company, in the company of Dr. Starva, whom he must have often seen with her at Lucerne. The knowledge of these facts would bring him to the scene at Vitznau.

And then? The most startling discovery might be his.

Say that he had actually traced me as far as Vitznau. He would have made inquiries yesterday for Ernest Haddon. From whom else could he make these inquiries but the concierge? And he would learn—what? The mysterious secret that it was not really Ernest Haddon who had come to the hotel, but Sir Mortimer Brett, passing under the name of Ernest Haddon. Yes; the concierge would tell him the truth, according to his lights. An old newspaper man like Locke would be satisfied with no vague evasions.

If Locke, then, had made certain that I had entered the hotel the evening before, that I had occupied the suite of Sir Mortimer Brett, the truth would flash on him. He would then be forced to one of two conclusions: either that I was a great fool to be so guileless a victim, or that I was a



She Looked About Vaguely, Then Toward the Chateau-Walls.

much more cunning rogue than he had thought.

But the note I had found so strangely on my pillow had given no inkling of his suspicions, if he had any. That was to be expected. If Sir Mortimer, or rather myself, failed to keep the appointment, he would draw his own conclusions. And having drawn them, what would be his course of action?

He would storm the chateau for the truth. If, as seemed most likely, he had joined forces with Captain Forbes, he would realize the need of immediate action.

What with interviews between myself and Madame de Varnier, Locke, and Forbes, the day promised to be exciting. There might, I thought with infinite dread, be yet another interview. For if Forbes and Locke had succeeded in tracing us to Alterhoffen, why should not Helena Brett and her mother?

I looked at my watch. I had slept soundly, lulled to sleep by the tempestuous little stream below. It was now ten o'clock. The sun was shining brightly into my room. I could see the mountains rose in the morning light.

My door was rapped gently, then pushed open. The servant who had ushered me to my chamber entered with coffee. There was none so likely to have brought the note as he. I was tempted to test the suspicion. It might be convenient to avail myself of his services, if my suspicion were true. But I decided to make no allusion to it. For the present I had no need of the man, and if he were ignorant of the existence of the note I should risk much by making him the wiser.

"I am anxious to see Madame de Varnier," I said, raising myself on my elbow to pour out my coffee. "Is she up yet?"

"Madam never rises until after her second breakfast," replied the man. "But Dr. Starva has asked me to say that he is at your Excellency's disposal."

"He is very good," I yawned, and dismissed him.

Now that Madame de Varnier was not to be seen for the present, I wished I might have slept longer. It was too late to keep the doubtful appointment with Locke, even had I wished. But I did not wish to keep it. First of all must come Madame de Varnier's story. Afterwards, events must shape their course as they would. But it was impossible to sleep again; the glare of the light was unendurable. The noise of the river Aare seemed to rise in a steady crescendo.

I dressed leisurely, for I was determined not to leave the chateau until I had seen Madame de Varnier. And yet I had no desire for the company of Dr. Starva. I looked about for a book or magazine to beguile the hours before luncheon.

Half a dozen awaited my perusal, most of them yellow-backed French novels. One book, however, was in English. "The Foreign Office List and Diplomatic and Consular Handbook," I read curiously. I turned to Sir Mortimer Brett.

"Sir Mortimer Brett, K.C.M.G., C.B.; M.A., All Souls College, Oxford, 1879. Competitive examination and clerk of F. O., May 31, 1880. 3d Sec. Mad., 1883. Precis Writer to the late Marquis of Salisbury. Sec. State for Foreign Affairs, 1886. Transferred St. Petersburg, 2d Sec., 1886. Allowance for knowledge of Russian, May, 1887. Charge d'affaires, Jan., 1888. Transferred Constantinople. Allowance for Turkish granted. Consul General, 1902."

I read the list of Sir Mortimer's honors with a strange catching of the breath. His progress in his profession had been extraordinary. That he was a zealous and ambitious diplomat was proven by the one fact that twice his

at first I thought some one had fallen into the river. But the shout had not come from below. I could be sure of this, because on the opposite side of the Aare was a narrow esplanade. Benches were placed at intervals, and there were beds of flowers to break the monotony of the gravel walk. The esplanade was deserted but for one person, a woman, and she was seated, her parasol shielding her from the sun and from my view.

Again I heard the shout, and still again. I listened, breathless. But the mysterious cry was no longer repeated.

Puzzled, I stood at the window, leaning far out, but I could discover sign of no person at such of the windows as I could command. My glance fell idly to the woman sunning herself on the opposite bank. And as I looked, a tiny shaft of light arrested my attention.

It was scarcely larger than my hand, but it seemed endowed with elfish intelligence. For it moved, it danced. And always in the direction of the woman with the parasol.

Now it crawled slowly along the gravelled walk in a direct line from the river bank toward her. Now it burned, a shining mark, motionless. Then it darted about in circles, and always close to the woman as if to engage her attention. A minute, five minutes passed, while I watched the eccentric gyrations of this extraordinarily intelligent shaft of light. Over and over its antics were repeated.

The woman's parasol was tilted carefully back for a moment. The narrow beam of light seized its opportunity. It played fantastically on the dress of the woman. Now at last she had seen it. It flashed upward toward her face. She looked about vaguely, then toward the chateau walls. Now I had seen her face.

It was Helena Brett. I struck my forehead, impatient at my stupidity. It was Captain Forbes who had shouted. He had seen Helena Brett; he had vainly attempted to make her hear. But the roaring river had drowned his cry. That I had heard it, proved that he was nearer to me than to her. Yes; in this chateau, and a prisoner.

He was signaling that fact to her. Every schoolboy knows the trick. The reflection of the sun's rays on a mirror will carry a tolerable distance.

But now that he had attracted her attention would she look up and see him? If by chance that were possible, would she understand?

Fascinated, I saw the little beam of light tell its story eloquently and ingeniously.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Startling Message.

She had looked up, only to be blinded by the dancing flame. She held her hands before her eyes. The flame persistently annoyed her. She moved from her seat. It pursued her.

Again she looked up; and even from this height I could see that she was frowning in her anger and annoyance.

She seated herself at another bench. But she could not shake off her tormentor. It no longer beat on her face and person, it moved steadily toward her, then traveled along the path of the promenade; trespassed into the garden of a cottage; shot by the cottage itself, halted at a huge wooden signboard, on which was inscribed a long advertisement in French proclaiming the exalted merits of a Swiss chocolate.

It zigzagged tremulously across the signboard. It paused at a capital letter I.

Helena had watched it curiously until it disappeared into the garden. Then she had lost interest in its movements, and had once more scanned anxiously the chateau opposite.

Patiently and persistently the little beam of light repeated its antics. Again it moved, swiftly this time, to the signboard. And now she turned in her seat and watched it until it again paused at the letter I.

Twice the mirror was flashed on the billboard; twice it passed at the letter I. It disappeared, to reappear at A. From A it darted swiftly to M. Another pause and again it vanished. Once more it pointed to A; once more it vanished.

When it climbed the signboard again, it wandered vaguely about as if seeking a letter. After some hesitation the mirror's reflection fell on P. Thence it shot to R. Again it hesitated, but it last settled on I. Once more it selected S. Thence in quick succession came O, N, E, R.

"I AM A PRISONER," it had spelled.

But while Helena and I were still staring at the board, the shaft of light darted in feverish haste from letter to letter until it had spelled another word:

"F-O-R-B-E-S."

The king's messenger had been an English officer, and one of the first military duties a boy learns at Sandhurst or Woolwich is heliographing. When, therefore, Captain Forbes had seen Helena across the river and had realized the futility of his shouting, being a man of wit and resource he had told of the imprisonment in this happy method.

He had flashed his message successfully. Helena understood. She looked upward toward the chateau, nodded excitedly, and again eagerly watched the signboard. She was not to be disappointed. The message was not quite complete. These two words were added:

"GET HELP."

Helena made a gesture of comprehension, and walked rapidly in the direction of the village.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

God coming to man means man becoming like God.

# HIS SACRIFICE

By MARY CLARK HUNTINGTON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was a month since Deborah had said "yes" to Parson Farrell. Deborah never found the minister's wooing distasteful. His cultivated accents and unvarying courtness impressed her as did his quotations from Holy Writ; she considered him a superior being, who yet felt it a privilege that she allowed herself to belong to him, and she knew that the neighborhood girls envied her the position she would hold as his wife. She felt no shrinking from a life-journey with this young ecclesiastic; the future looked all green pastures and still waters.

Deborah was humming a love tune as she sat spinning under the arbor as her betrothed came quietly and sat down beside her.

"Are you spinning because there is no more-wool to be done?"

"You wouldn't ask that if you could see the doughnuts that Aunt Lydia is trying, and Aunt Abigail is still making spice cakes. She began so early this morning that Aunt Lydia wondered she hadn't sat up all night."

"To-morrow brings the full of the harvest moon," said Parson Farrell thoughtfully. "At last harvest moon I was packing for the start to this pastorate. And when I had finished I sat by the window of my lodgings, wondering what the future held for me, I didn't know that it held you for me."

Deborah responded to his mood:

"And I—what was I doing last harvest moon? Oh, yes—there was a frolic at Judge Percival's, and I went. We danced."

"A minister's wife cannot dance, Deborah."

"I don't wish to dance. I never wish to dance again."

She spoke with the positiveness of youth that does not know itself, laying a convincing hand on his arm; and he looked at her with his face melting to such rare tenderness that it was like a caress. He seldom kissed her, he was more apt to take her, as it were, into the depths of his heart by one of those swift face softening Deborah wondered if he would ever kiss her when they were married. Or didn't married people kiss each other?

"I hear Judge Percival's son returns home soon. His ship is anchored in Boston harbor. What all people here seem fond of telling about him—and never any good. Yet I remember him at college as being most kindly. We roomed together until some prank sent him away, and as he dreaded meeting his father he went to sea. He nursed me through a three weeks' illness—and as tenderly as a woman. I learned to love him like a brother, and shall not forget the debt I owe him—being as poor then in friends as in money." There was silence—Deborah looking into her lap, Parson Farrell looking out across the green meadows at the haze blue hills. "And at the husking to-morrow evening your father announces our betrothal. Everybody will know then that we belong to each other."

When he had gone the spinning wheel turned again, but there was upon her face a shade not cast by flickering grape leaves.

"I've taken that sweet image everywhere," said some one close behind her.

This time the voice startled Deborah. She rose so hastily that she stepped upon the hem of her gown, and was kept from falling by arms which held her fast.

"You haven't altered a bit since we danced the Virginia Reel, except to grow lovelier. Won't you tell me that you're glad to see me. Won't you, sweetheart?"

"You mustn't! Oh, Ephraim, I've promised to marry the minister!"

"He came here since you left home. His name is Enoch Farrell. He spoke he knew you at college, and he spoke so kindly of you that I liked him more than ever."

"I remember Enoch Farrell. He's a fine fellow. But I've been trying to make myself a good man for you, Deborah. I thought you knew I loved you. And you love me. You may marry the minister—but you love me! Deborah, you love me!"

The crowd had begun to come for the husking bee, and as there was to be no dancing, tables had been set in the long barn, and lanterns were upon a bountiful repast. The corn to be husked was piled in shocks outside the barn, and soon guests to the number of a hundred or more were stripping the yellow grains with laugh and jest and snatch of song—an occasional scramble or playful slap bearing testimony of the finding of the red ear.

Deborah, standing with Parson Farrell in the soft dark of an apple tree a little distance from the huskers, was conscious of weariness. She wished that she might be by herself for a moment's gathering of strength to meet the announcement that was to come at table. Yet one was not there to hear, as she had dreaded; and she felt relieved at his absence—although her eyes continually searched the spaces about her in unwilling desire for a look for him.

"You are tired," the minister said, tenderly.

"Yes, I am tired," she confessed. "And I'm thirsty, too. A drink of Aunt Lydia's cold coffee would taste good—"

but it's nearly table hour, and I can wait."

"You shan't wait, except to wait here while I fetch a glass," he said.

He was gone before she could protest; and she sat as he had bidden—watching the merry crowd beside the barn with a curious sense of detachment. She was only 20. Would it go on like this until she was an old, old woman—the happy pulse of humanity and she so dearly aloof? Then her isolation felled into a frightened, delicious sense of nearness to what made life best, while, as a voice entreated softly from behind the mild grape vines that, reaching up to the maple branches, formed a screen at her back:

"Deborah—darling!"

"Go away!" she implored faintly—and turned sick at thought of his going.

She heard a sigh—long, quivering, as from the depths of a man's heart—the rustle of vine leaves, a dragging step; she saw the minister returning through the moonlit space between



"You Mustn't! Oh, Ephraim, I've Promised to Marry the Minister!"

the barn and the apple tree dark with a glass in his hand. Then there was the crash of breaking wood—it seemed all about her—some one leaped the wall—she was pushed aside with a violence that sent her staggering toward the group of huskers, who rushed in her direction. A glass lay empty at her feet; Parson Farrell's command rang above the confused hum of voices:

"Stand away, all of you—stand away! He needs air!"

She knew now what it was. A heavy apple branch, which her father had said must soon be cut, had yielded to an ancient fissure, and had fallen where but an instant before she was sitting, and that prostrate figure—

She pushed her way into the circle; she threw herself on her knees beside him. Green pastures and still waters were forgotten now—The Deborah who had girded herself for a placid life of duty was only an impetuous woman.

"Oh, Ephraim! Ephraim! You've given your life for mine!"

"I'm not hurt, Deborah dear. Were you frightened, sweetheart?" and the whole litany of love was in those two sentences.

She arose and held out her hand to him; his own tightened about it in such a clasp as only lovers give—and hand in hand they stood before the man to whom she was pledged, hand in hand they stood before all their little world. Through the minister's brain these words beat against warning impulses: "What greater love hath a man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends?" His face was white in the moonlight; but as the people watched, it grew in its high resolve like the face of a saint—and the two fronting him looked into it unafraid. His voice, sad, solemn, sweet, reached to the farthest listeners:

"Ephraim Percival, do you wish to take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I do," said Ephraim.

"Deborah Estes," he faltered, fixed upon her the farewell of such looks as could not be told in words, then went on steadily, "do you wish to take this man to be your wedded husband?"

"I do," said Deborah.

"Then I pronounce you husband and wife. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Dearly beloved, peace abide with you both."

Through the hush following the benediction of this strange bridal, Simeon Estes spoke with a tremulousness which he could not hide:

"Enough husking for to-night, good friends. Cheer awaits us on yonder tables."

He led the way toward the glowing open barn, and if he felt disappointed at the night's outcome he showed nothing of it; the crowd trooped after him.

The minister stood where they had left him—his face upraised—and it seemed to her that the light of the harvest moon wove a halo about his head. She did not know that it stretched rays, like heavenward ladders, down toward him through tears that made him none the less a man.



## Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! This was because Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair medicine. Falling hair is caused by a germ, and this medicine completely destroys these germs. Then the healthy scalp gives rich, healthy hair.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over sixty years."  
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
SARSAPILLA,  
PILLS,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

### WIXOM NEWS.

Renna Hopkins is visiting Detroit relatives.

D. W. Fuller was in Detroit last Saturday.

Ethel and Lyla Fuller were in Northville a part of last week.

Mrs. Amelia Spawn of Wayne is visiting her brothers, Silas and Phil Parker.

Anna Madison, Grace Stevens and Mabel Wright were Ypsilanti visitors the Fourth.

Miss Ida Gilchrist of Walled Lake visited her sister, Mrs. Ridley, the first of the week.

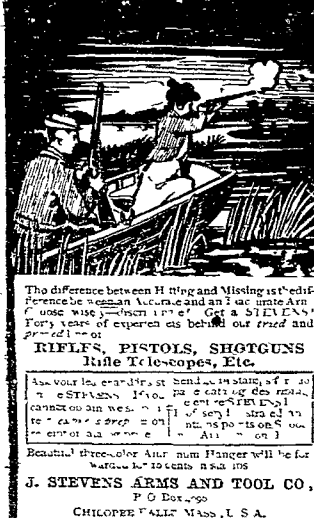
The "stay at homes" had a nice picnic in Mrs. Wixom's grove last Thursday, July 11th.

Mrs. Katharine Fuller of near Novi spent the Fourth with her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Madison.

Mrs. Geo. Carpenter returned from a Detroit hospital Tuesday, much improved in health.

Is He Worth Catching?  
It costs the devil little trouble to catch a lazy man—From the German

## STEVENS



The difference between a rifle and a shotgun is that a rifle is a long gun and a shotgun is a short gun. A rifle is used for long range shooting and a shotgun is used for short range shooting.

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WHEN VISITING DETROIT  
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FINEST VAUDEVILLE  
THEATER IN THE WORLD

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PRICES: EVENINGS, 10, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.25, 3.50, 3.75, 4.00, 4.25, 4.50, 4.75, 5.00, 5.25, 5.50, 5.75, 6.00, 6.25, 6.50, 6.75, 7.00, 7.25, 7.50, 7.75, 8.00, 8.25, 8.50, 8.75, 9.00, 9.25, 9.50, 9.75, 10.00, 10.25, 10.50, 10.75, 11.00, 11.25, 11.50, 11.75, 12.00, 12.25, 12.50, 12.75, 13.00, 13.25, 13.50, 13.75, 14.00, 14.25, 14.50, 14.75, 15.00, 15.25, 15.50, 15.75, 16.00, 16.25, 16.50, 16.75, 17.00, 17.25, 17.50, 17.75, 18.00, 18.25, 18.50, 18.75, 19.00, 19.25, 19.50, 19.75, 20.00, 20.25, 20.50, 20.75, 21.00, 21.25, 21.50, 21.75, 22.00, 22.25, 22.50, 22.75, 23.00, 23.25, 23.50, 23.75, 24.00, 24.25, 24.50, 24.75, 25.00, 25.25, 25.50, 25.75, 26.00, 26.25, 26.50, 26.75, 27.00, 27.25, 27.50, 27.75, 28.00, 28.25, 28.50, 28.75, 29.00, 29.25, 29.50, 29.75, 30.00, 30.25, 30.50, 30.75, 31.00, 31.25, 31.50, 31.75, 32.00, 32.25, 32.50, 32.75, 33.00, 33.25, 33.50, 33.75, 34.00, 34.25, 34.50, 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