

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIX, No. 27

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1908.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

## FARMERS' INSTITUTE

IN NORTHVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH  
FEBRUARY 12.

A Fine Program Has Been Prepared  
Interspersed With Music.

A one day Farmers' Institute will be held in the Baptist church all day Wednesday, and everybody is invited whether they are farmers or not.

The local manager, N. A. Clapp, who is one of the best posted farmers and dairymen in the state, has spared no pains in arranging a fine program. State speaker, Wesley Schlichter, W. D. Henderson and others will be present to talk on various subjects. The following program will be given:

**FORENOON—Local Time.**  
10:00—Invocation.....Rev. S. F. Dimmock  
10:10—Staple Manure, Its Value, Care and Use.....Wesley Schlichter  
10:45—Discussion.....N. A. Clapp  
11:15—Science and Supervision.....G. C. Benton  
.....Prof. W. D. Henderson

**AFTERNOON.**  
1:00—Raising Fruit Under Present Conditions.....Fred Simmons  
1:40—Discussion.....Will Elliot  
.....Messrs. Moore and Kinyon  
2:00—The Dairy Cow as a Money Maker.....Wesley Schlichter  
.....Fred Savage  
2:45—General Discussion.....  
3:00—Feeding Dairy Cows for Profit.....G. C. Benton  
.....Messrs. Moore and Kinyon  
3:30—Question Box.....

**EVENING.**  
7:30—Farming on Business Lines.....Wesley Schlichter  
8:00—The Needs of Our Schools.....Prof. J. J. Hornberger  
8:15—The New Teacher.....Prof. W. D. Henderson

MRS. B. P. SMITH

Former Novi Lady Died at Durand  
January 27.

The following is a brief sketch of the life of Mrs. B. P. Smith, whose death was mentioned in last week's paper:

Jane E. Rogers was born in Bristol, Ontario, county, N. Y., August 29, 1819, and came to Michigan in May 1832, settling in the township of Novi where she lived until two years ago when she went to Durand to make her home with her daughter, and where she died, Jan. 27.

In 1840 she was united in marriage to B. P. Smith. To them were born ten children, three of whom are still living, Albert of Novi, Augustus of Wayne and Mrs. G. C. Hughes of Durand.

The remains were brought to Novi where the funeral services were held January 30, and by her request she was borne to her grave by her old neighbors. The funeral sermon was preached by her old pastor, Rev. J. S. Boyden of Kalamazoo, assisted by the present pastor of the Baptist church of Novi.

New Thing for Northville.

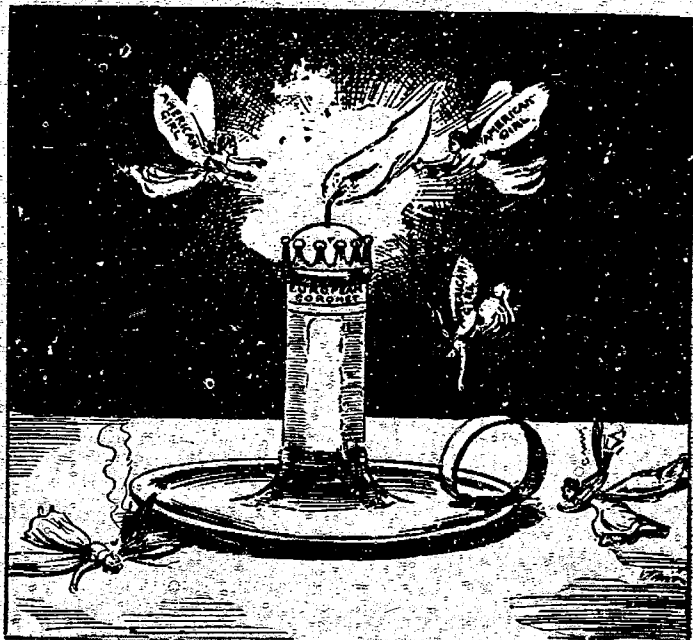
Four of our enterprising merchants, C. E. Ryder, B. A. Wheeler, F. A. Miller, and Hetley & Balden, have entered into a co-operative delivery system, which, it is expected, will go into effect next Monday. Three deliveries will be made, as follows: 7:30, 9:15, and 11:00 o'clock a. m., one man to do the work for all concerned. The deliveryman will not be allowed to solicit orders but will be allowed to collect for cash orders, and to receive written orders, properly signed and directed. It is expected the other merchants will fall in line soon.

Used by Millions

**Calumet Baking Powder**

Complies with the Pure Food Laws of every State.

## "THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."



Two more American girls to wed titles.—News Item.  
—Tribune in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## TOWNSEND'S GREAT SPEECH

MADE GREAT HIT IN CONGRESS MONDAY.

Able Defended Roosevelt Policies Against all Comers.

Congressman Townsend made a great speech in Congress Monday, and thereby started the first partisan fracas of the session. As an orator he stood by itself, so far in this congress, and the opinion of other republican members, who crowded to congratulate him at its close, was epitomized in the remark of



CHAS. E. TOWNSEND  
Second District Congressman who Received President's Congratulations on his Monday's Speech in Congress.

Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, who exclaimed that it was one of the best speeches he had ever heard in the house at any time.

In conclusion Mr. Townsend said, "Under President Roosevelt, a new order of things has been established in the land. The people are aroused to their rights, and neither the schemes of the vicious nor the tricks of the demagogue will avail to deceive them. More than ever before, they are demanding their legislators, municipal, state and national, honest patriotic service. They will not encourage what is wrong and will not condemn what is right. The railroad rate act and the enforcement of the laws against the trusts and other public malefactors will not impair the general prosperity, but will contribute to the ends of permanent justice and equality."

## Baptist Church Notes.

[By a Member.]

There will be services as usual next Sunday morning and evening.

On account of the stormy weather, there was no B. Y. P. U. meeting Wednesday night, and it is expected the February and March meetings will be held together.

The Ladies of the Baptist church will serve dinner and supper in the church parlors for all who wish it next Wednesday Feb. 12. This is on account of the Farmers' Institute. Dinner will be 25 cents and supper 15 cents.

## Interesting Lecture.

Miss Baldwin of Birmingham, chairman of the Civic Improvement committee, also chairman of the Forest committee of the State Federation of Woman's clubs, gave a most interesting address before the Northville Woman's club on Friday, Jan. 24th. A very interesting feature of the address was a description of what had been accomplished in the village of Birmingham through the influence of their village improvement committee with the aid of the village council. An ordinance had been passed making "splitting on the side walks a penal offense and the law had been rigidly enforced. Upon one occasion the marshal made a grievous offender clean up his own filth. All advertising signs had been ruthlessly pulled down in accordance with the law. Small boys had been employed for this service, receiving one cent for each sign destroyed. Trees had been religiously cared for and saved from destruction. One historic tree was labelled and created much new interest to the public. Highways had been mowed and kept clean; placarded wire baskets for street refuse, paper bags, etc., had been provided.

Miss Baldwin told of an interesting conversation which she had overheard on the cars, when two advertising agents were talking business. Said one, "There is no use in going to Birmingham for they will not let you paste up signs." "I was just getting nicely started," said he, "in one locality when a lady put her head out of the window and reminded me that such a procedure was against the law and if I did not desist she would report me. This happened in three different ends of town so I thought I had better desist."

The writer of this article could not help but wonder if this condition of affairs in that pretty little village had anything to do with the fact that a large number of city people were building pretty homes there and the number was continually increasing.

## Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. L. H. Barnum next Tuesday afternoon. A full attendance is urged.

Next Sunday morning the pastor's subject will be "The Why of Religious Indifference." The topic for the evening service will be "The Soul's Unpaid Debts." You are invited to both of these services.

At the official Board meeting Monday evening it was decided to purchase for the parsonage one of the new furnaces made by the American Bell & Foundry Co. of Northville. The furnace is being installed and will be in operation this week.

The new classification in the Junior League work promises to work very successfully. We believe there are still other young people of Junior League age who should be enrolled in this important department. Will parents kindly take notice?

## Good Drink for the Morning.

It is not a bad idea to have a slice or two of lemon in a glass beside one's bed. In the morning cool water, which has been standing in a covered pitcher, can be poured over the lemon and drunk before arising.

## THOUGHTS FROM THE U. P.

MENOMINEE HERALD-LEADER'S OPINION OF HARMONY.

Boxers Plan to Give Soothing Syrup to Public Opinion.

"When, in the course of human events, the public refuses to be 'damned,' when they find a champion willing and able to fight for their rights and interests, and when they demonstrate a disposition to stand loyally behind him, then it is no wonder that the Boxers of this great state sit up and take notice. The political pirates, whose proudest achievement has been to thwart the desires of the people as expressed by the ballot, and flaunt their contempt with offensive boastfulness in the face of honest and conscientious effort, who have never hesitated to sacrifice any principle and who have made the humiliating outrages inflicted on the common people their sport and pastime, as well as their means of livelihood, through the lobby of arrogant corporations are alive to the fact that an election is at hand.

Under the circumstances it is by no means surprising that the Boxers are 'conspiring' together. One, unfamiliar with the brass faces and elastic consciences of the Boxers would expect to see them assemble in the copper country and that they would retire to the deepest hole ever bored by the genius of mining engineers and would then discreetly pull it in after them; but those who know them best are not surprised to find them in Detroit shouting 'harmony' from the cupola of a newspaper building.

Harmony! The men whose obstruction of legislation demanded by the people might well have disreputed a state are now willing to accept the apologies of the public.

They cannot go so far as to forgive the champion of the people, Gov. Fred M. Warner, who fought them to the last ditch for the primary reform demanded by the electors of the state. They killed his bill to suppress corrupt lobbies.

They also hate him because he has proved hostile to corporate greed independent enough to ignore arbitrary dictation and dangerous to the interests they feed upon. His administration has already given the people two-cent fares, even in the teeth of their opposition and to allow him to be continued in the power would result in the only humiliation a Boxer is capable of blushing for—the undisputed supremacy of the people. They cannot be expected to 'stand for' this and they try to defeat him at all costs. This is harmony.

A light breaks in upon them and the Boxers, accustomed only to bluffing, obstructing and bulldozing, begin to see the necessity of a little diplomacy. The grumbling cat, Public Opinion, must be silenced. Something must be thrown to it, although they foresee the day they will take it away again and twist its tail in the bargain. This is diplomacy.

Between harmony and diplomacy there is just one step—deception. They have deceived the people before and they have every confidence in their ability to do it again; but one thing is necessary to them. The Boxers need something that they must go outside their own ranks to find, the last thing that they ever expected that they could use in their business—an honest man. And thus the policy of harmony and diplomacy crystallizes into a brilliant plan."—Menominee Leader-Herald.

## Presbyterian Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The sermon next Sunday evening will be on the Book of Job, being the first of the series on Difficult Books of the Bible.

The Ladies' Missionary society will hold their annual meeting and quarterly tea at Mrs. F. N. Clark's next Tuesday afternoon. Officers will be elected and a full attendance is requested. Gentlemen are invited to tea at 5:30 o'clock.

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

## Hardware! Hardware!

Anything you may need in the Hardware Line.

We carry a Complete Line of Heavy and Shelf Hardware.

We also attend to your wants in Plumbing, Tin Work, Furnace Work, Repairing, etc., etc.

If you need a Wood Heating Stove we will be pleased to quote you cost price on any such stove we have in our store.

CARPENTER & HUFF,  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



## THE HIGH STANDARD

of values prevailing in this store can only be appreciated upon personal inspection of goods. Price alone does not make value. But price and quality do. So you must personally judge the quality in order to realize the moderation of our prices for

## Groceries

## SPECIALS

Bargains in Soaps and Soap Powders. Cut prices on Meat Cocks for the next fifteen days.

RYDER.

## WEDDING OCCASION GIFTS

We think that a look at our beautiful wares will be pleasurable and helpful in your search for something useful and elegant for that wedding gift this month.

Besides the newest patterns in Silverware we show the Finest Crystal Cut Glass in exquisite designs.

Save time and money by coming here first.

PETZ & THIRY

JEWELERS  
22 Monroe Avenue  
Across from Temple Theater  
DETROIT.



Our Certificates of Deposit are payable on demand and bear interest at the rate of 3 percent per annum for the exact time; providing the deposit is left one month or longer.

3 Per cent interest, from date, paid on Savings Deposits, for the exact time the deposit remains.

## Board of Directors.

F. S. HARMON, Pres. ASA B. SMITH, Vice-Prest.  
E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier. CHAS. YERKES, Vice-Prest.  
K. CHRISTENSEN. F. S. NEAL. F. G. TERRILL.

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 Woolens. Call and compare prices with a reliable tailor.

Northville, G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

RD. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH

"Look well to Your Eyes, that they may be guide to your footsteps and a comfort to your old age."

The hand of time cannot be stayed. People grow old, as the years advance, the eyes grow weaker; to preserve the sight means to help the eyes do their work, and to help the eyes means to wear glasses—scientifically fitted glasses. We believe that we are fully qualified in this particular line and would appreciate your patronage.

G. W. AND F. DOLPH  
OPTOMETRISTS

Dr. Swift Building, Main St., NORTHVILLE.









## BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF  
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," "MY LADY OF THE NORTH"  
"HISTORICAL ADVENTURES," ETC.

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### SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Belknap, Montana, is in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger, who introduces himself by the name of Hampton. He is the poet, trader, and his daughter, Naida, is a majority of the soldiers he killed during a three-day siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the miners' home in the town of Placer. The principal character, Naida, tells the future over with Miss Gillis, the girl. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she has done. She lives with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the girl runs away from Mrs. Herndon's and returns to Hampton. He decides to go back and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit and then leaves. Glenda, Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glendale to teach at the first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet with out his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among the Sioux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club's ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer but she is not his acquaintance of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the ballroom. He falls for Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to marry Hampton. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton informs the lieutenant that his intentions to Naida must cease, and proclaims an authentic over her. That night the lieutenant, Brant, tells Hampton of the presence of Silent Murphy, and of the fact that Red Slavin received news of the death of his son. Miss Spencer called on Bob Hampton. Tells him of a red-faced stranger mistaking her for Naida. Brant interviewed Red Slavin, a captain in the Seventh, of the murder of his son. Hampton attempts to force a confession from Slavin. He insists that he is guilty, he wants, and Murphy had left. In a scuffle Slavin is killed by a knife thrust. Hampton surrenders to "Boss" Mason, marshal. Mob attempts to capture him. Mason and his prisoner escape to a hill and defend themselves. Mob lights fire to burn them out.

### CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

She asked this question with such perfect innocence that Brant believed she failed to comprehend Hampton's claims.

"I have been informed that it must," he explained. "I have been told that I was no longer to force my attentions upon Miss Gillis."

"By Bob Hampton?"

Yes. Those were, I believe, his exact words. Can you wonder that I hardly know how I stand in your sight?"

"I do not at all understand," she faltered. "Truly, Lieut. Brant, I do not. I feel that Mr. Hampton would not say that without a good and sufficient reason. He is not a man to be swayed by prejudice; yet, whatever the reason may be, I know, whatever about it."

"But you do not answer my last query."

"Perhaps I did not hear it."

"It was: How do I stand in your sight? That is of far more importance to me now than any unauthorized command from Mr. Hampton."

She glanced up into his serious face shyly, with a little dimple of returning laughter. "Indeed; but perhaps he might not care to have me say. However, as I once informed you that you were very far from being my ideal, possibly it may be my duty to qualify that harsh statement somewhat."

"By confessing that I am your ideal?"

"Oh, indeed, no! We never realize our ideals, you know, or else they would entirely cease to be ideals. My confession is limited to a mere admission that I now consider you a very pleasant young gentleman."

"You offer me a stone when I cry unto you for bread," he exclaimed. "The world is filled with pleasant young men. They are a drug on the market. I beg some special distinction, some different classification in your eyes."

"You are becoming quite hard to please," her face turned partially away, her look meditative, "and—dictatorial; but I will try. You are intelligent, a splendid dancer, fairly good looking, rather bright at times, and, no doubt, would prove venturesome if not held strictly to your proper place. Take it all in all, you are even interesting, and—I admit—I am inclined to like you."

The tantalizing tone and manner moved him; he grasped the white hand resting invitingly on the grass, and held it firmly within his own. "You only make sport as you did once before. I must have the whole truth."

"Oh, no; to make sport at such a time would be sheerest mockery, and I would never dare to be so free. Why, remember we are scarcely more than strangers. How rude you are! only our third time of meeting, and you will not release my hand."

"Not unless I must, Naida," and she deep ringing sobriety of his voice startled the girl into suddenly uplifting her eyes to his face. What she read there instantly changed her mood

from playfulness to earnest gravity. "Oh, please do not—do not say that you are tempted to," her voice almost pleading. "I cannot listen; truly I cannot. I must not. It would make us both very unhappy, and you would be sure to regret such hasty words."

"Regret!" and he clung to the hand which she scarcely endeavored to release, bending forward, hoping to read in her hidden eyes the secret her lips guarded. "Am I, then, not old enough to know my own mind?"

"Yes—yes; I hope so, yes; but it is not for me; it can never be for me—I am no more than a child, a homeless wail, a nobody. You forget that I do not even know who I am, or the name I ought rightfully to bear. I will not have it so."

"Naida, sweetheart!" and he burst impetuously through all bonds of restraint, her flushed cheeks the inspiration of his daring. "I will speak for I care nothing for all this. It is you I love—love forever. Do you understand me, darling? I love you! I love you!"

For an instant—oh, glad, weak, helpless, forgetful instant—she did not see him, did not even know herself; the very world was lost. Then she awoke as if from a dream, his strong arms clasped about her, his lips upon hers.

"You must not," she sobbed. "I tell you not. I will not consent; I will not be false to myself. You have no right; I gave you no right."

He permitted her to draw away, and they stood facing each other, he eager, mystified, thrilling with pas-



"I Have Been Told That I Was No Longer to Force My Attentions Upon Miss Gillis."

sion almost beyond mastery, she trembling and unstrung, her cheeks crimson, her eyes filled with mute appeal.

"I read it in your face," he insisted. "It told of love."

"Then my face must have lied," she answered, her soft voice tremulous, "or else you read the message wrongly. It is from my lips you must take the answer."

"And they kissed me."

"If so, I knew it not. It was by no volition of mine. Lieut. Brant, I have trusted you so completely; that was not right."

"My heart exonerates me."

"I cannot accept that guidance."

"Then you do not love me?"

She paused, afraid of the impulse that swept her on. "Perhaps," the low voice scarcely audible, "I may love you too well."

"You mean there is something—some person, perhaps—standing between?"

She looked frankly at him. "I do mean just that. I am not heartless, and I sincerely wish we had never met; but this must be the end."

"The end? And with no explanation?"

"There is no other way," he could perceive tears in her eyes, although she spoke bravely. "Nor can I explain, for all is not clear to me. But this I know, there is a barrier between us insurmountable; not even the power of love can overcome it; and I

appeal to you to ask me no more." It was impossible for him to doubt her sober earnestness, or the depth of her feelings; the full truth in her words was pictured upon her face, and in the pathetic appeal of her eye. She extended both hands.

"You will forgive me?" Truly, this barrier has not been raised by me.

He bowed low, until his lips pressed the white fingers, but before he could master himself to utter a word in reply, a distant voice called his name, and both glanced hastily around.

"That cry came from the valley," he said. "I left my horse tied there. I will go and learn what it means."

She followed him part of the way through the labyrinth of underbrush, hardly knowing why she did so. He stood alone upon the summit of the high bluff whence he could look across the stream. Miss Spencer stood below waving her parasol frantically, and even as he gazed at her, his ears caught the sound of heavy firing down the valley.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Plucked from the burning. That Miss Spencer was deeply agitated was evident at a glance, while the nervous manner in which she glanced in the direction of those distant gunshots, led Brant to jump to the conclusion that they were in some way connected with her appearance.

"Oh, Lieutenant Brant," she cried, excitedly, "they are going to kill him down there, and he never did it at all. I know he didn't, and so does Mr. Wynkoop. Oh, please hurry! No body knew where you were, until I saw your horse tied here; and Mr. Wynkoop has been hunting for you everywhere. He is nearly frantic, poor man, and I cannot learn where either Mr. Moffat or Mr. McNeil is, and I just know those dreadful creatures will kill him before we can get help."

"Kill whom?" burst in Brant, springing down the bank fully awakened to the realization of some unknown emergency. "My dear Miss Spencer, tell me your story quickly if you wish me to act. Who is in danger, and from what?"

The girl burst into tears, but struggled bravely through with her message. "It's those awful men, the roughs and rowdies down in Glendale. They say he murdered Red Slavin, that big gambler who spoke to me this morning, but he didn't for I saw the man

He crushed back an oath. "Like him or not like him, I will save him if he is in the power of man. Now will you go?"

"Yes," she answered, and suddenly extended her arms. "Kiss me first."

With the magical pressure of her lips upon his, he swung into the saddle and spurred down the road. It was a principle of his military training never to temporize with a mob; he would strike hard, but he must have sufficient force behind him. He reined up before the seemingly deserted camp, his horse flung back upon its haunches, white foam flecking its quivering flanks.

"Sergeant!" The sharp snap of his voice brought that officer forward on the run. "Where are the men?"

"Playin' ball, most of 'em, sir; just beyond the ridge."

"Are the horses out in the herd?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sound the recall; arm and mount every man; bring them into Glendale on the gallop. Do you know the old Shasta mine?"

"No, sir."

"Half-way up the hill back of the hotel. You'll find me somewhere in front of it. This is a matter of life or death, so jump lively, now!"

He drove in his spurs, and was off like the wind. A number of men were in the street, all hurrying forward in the same direction, but he dashed past them. These were miners mostly, eager to have a hand in the manhunt. Here and there a rider skirted along and joined in the chase. Just beyond the hotel, halfway up the hill, rifles were speaking irregularly, the white puffs of smoke blown quickly away by the stiff breeze. Near the center of this line of skirmishers a denser cloud was beginning to rise in spirals.

Brant, perceiving the largest group of men gathered just before him, rode straight toward them. The crowd scattered slightly at his approach, but promptly closed in again as he drew up his horse with taut rein. He looked down into rough, bearded faces. Clearly enough these men were in no fit spirit for peace making.

"You damn fool!" roared one, hoarsely, his gun poised as if in threat; "what do you mean by riding as down like that? Do you own this country?"

Brant flung himself from the saddle and strode in front of the fellow. "I mean business. You see this uniform? Strike that, my man, and you strike the United States. Who is leading this outfit?"

"I don't know as it's your affair," the man returned, sullenly. "We ain't takin' no army orders at present, mister. We're free-born American citizens, an' ye better let us alone."

"That is not what I asked you," and Brant squared his shoulders, his hands clinched. "My question was, Who is at the head of this outfit? and I want an answer."

The spokesman looked around upon the others near him with a grin of derision. "Oh, ye do, hey? Well, I reckon we are, if you must know. Since Big Jim Larson got it in the shoulder this outfit right yere has bin doin' most of the brain work. So if ye've got anythin' ter say, mister officer man, I reckon ye better spit it out yere ter me, an' sorter relieve yer mind."

"Who are you?"

The fellow exasperated vigorously into the leaves under foot, and drawing one hairy hand across his lips, flushed angrily to the unexpected inquiry.

"Oh, tell him, Ben. What's the blame odds? He can't do ye no hurt."

The man's look became dogged. "I'm Ben Colton, if it'll do ye any good to know."

"I thought I had seen you somewhere before," said Brant, contemptuously, and then swept his glance about the circle. "A nice leader of vigilantes you are, a fine representative of law and order, a lovely specimen of the free-born American citizen! Men, do you happen to know what sort of a cur you are following in this affair?"

"Oh, Ben's all right."

"What ye got against him, young feller?"

"Just this," and Brant squarely fronted the man, his voice ringing like steel. "I've seen mobs before to-day, and I've dealt with them. I'm not afraid of you or your whole outfit, and I've got fighting men to back me up. I never yet saw any mob which wasn't led and incited by some cowardly, revengeful rascal. Honest men get mixed up in such affairs, but they are invariably inflamed by some low-down sneak with an ax to grind. I confess I don't know all about this Colton, but I know enough to say he is an army deserter, a liar, a diver, a gambler, and, to my certain knowledge, the direct cause of the death of three men, one a soldier of my troop. Now isn't he a sweet specimen to lead in the avenging of a supposed crime?"

Whatever else Colton might have failed in, he was a man of action. Like a flash his gun flew to the level, but was instantly knocked aside by the grizzled old miner standing next him. "None o' that, Ben," he growled, warningly. "I don't never pay to shoot holes in Uncle Sam."

Brant smiled. He was not there just then to fight, but to secure delay until his own men could arrive, and to turn aside the fierce mob spirit if such a result was found possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heroines. A girl who can smile when obliged, in the middle of the season, to take to her bed with an attack of measles is a veritable heroine. So is the woman who manages to control her expression when a careless passerby spills a cup of tea over her best frock.—Black and White.

## THE INGHAM GRAND JURY'S QUEST

NOW THE GLAZIER BANKING OF STATE FUNDS WILL BE INVESTIGATED.

### A WIDE SWEEP EXPECTED

Some Bills Passed and Some That Were Killed Will Be Inquired About and a House-Cleaning Looked For.

The principal charge to the grand jury which convened in Mason Thursday will be on the Glazier matter. Judge Wiest intends to go much further, but will content himself at the opening of the session of the jury with the case of the ex-state treasurer, George W. Moore, of Port Huron, former state banking commissioner, and present delegate to the constitutional convention, will be called as one of the witnesses.

It was during the administration of Moore as banking commissioner that Glazier began tendering himself sums in excess of the state law and also piled up the state deposits in the Chase bank. There has been no documentary evidence produced thus far in the Glazier case to show that Moore ever attempted to stop the operations of Glazier.

There were but six banks in the state with open checking accounts, three in Detroit, one in Grand Rapids, Glazier's own bank and Moore's bank, the St. Clair Savings bank. The Detroit and Grand Rapids banks were checked on for the running expenses of the state, the state deposits standing as ordinary commercial accounts with interest on daily balances.

Under the McCoy administration of the state treasury's office, the St. Clair bank paid 2 1/2 per cent interest and was a closed account bank. On December 31, 1904, there was on deposit \$85,000, immediately after Frank P. Glazier assumed the office on January 1, 1906, the deposit was run up to \$200,000 and the rate of interest dropped to 1 1/2, although there is nothing to show in the records that there was any more checking against it under Glazier's than during the regime of Daniel McCoy.

The inquiry will especially dig into the handling of the Stockbridge bank and Cashier Gay will be called to tell how Glazier handled this institution. Gov. Warner will present to the court the statement made to him by Seward L. Merriam, the day after Glazier resigned as state treasurer. It deals not only with how Glazier handled the Chelsea bank, but also his manipulations of stove company stock.

There is a general feeling in Lansing that the sweep of the grand jury will be far and wide. No intimation whatever was given by Judge Wiest before the calling of the jury, and he is keeping his plans entirely to himself. It is certain that the binder twine scandal will be brought up, but whether or not the senatorial election charges will be brought to the front is yet unknown. But there are hints of other matters; both the slaughter and the passage of several bills in the last legislature are spoken of about the capital, although there is nothing to indicate that there has been an intimation from the judge that he intends to go deeply into the whole matter of the last legislature.

Grand Jury Called. Judge Howard Wiest, of the Ingham circuit bench, has called a grand jury. There is as yet no public knowledge of what is in the air, though it is not thought to be at all likely that any county affairs are coming up for a probing. It looks like some more "state cases."

The first known of the judge's intentions was when the county clerk received an order to summon the usual number of jurors, they to report Thursday morning to take up "such matters as the court might lay before them."

This will be the first grand jury in Ingham county since the one in 1899 which dealt with the famous military scandal, to the undoing of a number of grafting state officials.

The Next Con. Con. The proposal for new constitutional conventions to be held every 16 years passed on second reading. The proposal regulates the formation of future constitutions and leaves nothing to the legislature, either as concerns pay, limitation of time, date of election or time for beginning the session; the minutiae is all provided for. In general the act creating this convention is followed. Three delegates are to be chosen from each senatorial district. The convention of the future is to begin work on the first Tuesday of September and complete it at its discretion. The pay is to be \$1,900 for the session.

MICHIGAN BRIEFS.

The Grand Trunk, Pere Marquette and G. R. & I. railroads plan to build a \$60,000 union depot in Grand Rapids.

Roscoe Lawrence, aged 15, of Gaylord, accidentally shot himself in the stomach while shooting sparrows. He may not recover.

Port Huron police are trying to find the Buffalo relatives of Mrs. John Bailey, who is ill and nearly destitute. The former are said to be wealthy.

Henry Spengenberg, of Traverse City, while on his way home Sunday night, was suddenly stricken with such severe rheumatic pains that he had to crawl most of the distance. Both hands were frozen so badly that amputation may be necessary.

Decatur Masonic lodge celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. S. N. Thomas and Legrant Fisher have served as treasurer and secretary respectively, for 25 years.

Made dissatisfied with life through reading novels, Mrs. Ruby Featherstone, of Grant, swallowed laudanum in the Grand Rapids Union station. She will recover.

How to Wash Mirrors. Some persons have a difficulty in keeping mirrors in proper condition, but a soft rag dipped in alcohol and wiped over the glass, that is afterwards rubbed dry, is all that is necessary when the mirror appears dim or spotted.

For this purpose cheese cloth is best. When spots appear at the back of the mirror, on the quicksilver it is generally for the reason that the glass is hung where a strong sunlight can rest upon it. At first tiny specks no larger than pin points make their appearance, then they spread, becoming larger and finally meet in a cloudy effect which cannot be remedied except by a repetition of the quicksilvering process.

Damp walls are another source of damage to mirrors; for they, too, destroy the quicksilver.

Frames can be kept in good condition by wiping often with a soft rag. If the frame is a good quality of gilding it may be washed with soap and water when necessary, but the cheaper, ordinary gilt frames should never be touched with water. When they begin to blacken a rag moistened lightly with turpentine will usually restore the gilding.

TO REMOVE SPOTS FROM SILK. Combination of Gasoline and Talcum Powder Effective. It is said that spots on silk can be cleansed with gasoline and no mark will be left if the dampened spots are covered with talcum powder and brushed when perfectly dry. One might make the experiment on a piece of cloth, for it is always best to understand cleaning methods before risking the art on fine material. One thing is quite certain: Fuller's earth if sprinkled over grease marks on delicate silk will clean the blemishes and leave no marks. It should be allowed to remain on the material for several hours.

A good way to clean a net or lace waist is to put it in a heavy pillow case and sprinkle it quite lavishly with flour and cornmeal. Take the bag into the yard and shake it vigorously, but not enough to injure the lace. It can be left in the bag for several days. Take out the waist and shake free from dirt and flour mixture. In most cases the waist will not only be perfectly clean, but the lace will be light and fluffy looking.

Furs can be cleaned in the same manner if they are of light color, though the dark ones will look better if cleaned by a hot cornmeal process.

A Clever Invention. A housekeeper with small children found the closet room in her house very limited, and invented the following device: A piece of smooth wire, small enough to go through the hole in the top of a safety pin, was fastened to the first hook in the closet. Then she slipped on to this a number of large safety pins. The wire was passed through or over each hook with a number of pins between, and fastened to the last hook, being drawn as taut as possible.

In hanging garments up, slip one or two pins through the band, as may be required. In this way a great many dresses may be hung side by side in a small space, and an article can be hung up or taken down without disturbing the others.

This kind of clothesline will prove of great value in a summer hotel, cottage, or hall bedroom. It can be made to hold one's entire wardrobe, except the nicest things, and each garment can be seen without wasting time in searching for it.

Scalloped-Corned Beef. Two cups of milk, one slice onion, one-half cup chopped celery, three level tablespoons butter, three level tablespoons flour, one fourth level teaspoon salt, one-eighth level teaspoon pepper, two cups corned beef cut into cubes.

Scald the milk with the onion and celery. Cook for ten minutes, then strain. Melt the butter, add the flour, salt and pepper, and when blended stir in the hot milk gradually. Cook for five minutes; then add the corned beef. Pour into a buttered baking dish and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Potato Scones. Sift a cupful and a half of flour with a half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and rub in three tablespoonfuls of shortening. Add one cupful of light freshly mashed potatoes, add one well-beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out half inch thick, cut and bake on a hot griddle or in a hot oven. Serve very hot with plenty of butter.

Citron Preserves. Pare, weigh and scald with a piece of alum, the size of a walnut, in water, one large citron. Boil until sufficiently tender to pierce with a straw, slice and remove the seeds. Add its weight in sugar and allow to stand thus over night. Boil half an hour with a pinch of mace and two lemons sliced. Bottle while hot.

Apple Pancakes. Mix one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one cupful of Indian meal, one cupful of molasses, three sweet apples cut fine and sufficient flour to thicken. Fry in deep boiling lard and serve hot with cinnamon (powdered) and pulverized sugar mixed.











## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**  
manufactured by the  
**CALIFORNIA**  
**FIG SYRUP CO.** ONLY  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS  
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

### POOR JOHN!



Scrappeigh—I was a confounded fool when I got married!  
Mrs. Scrappeigh—Well, John, married life hasn't changed you any!

### A Remedy for Neuralgia or Pain in the Nerves.

For neuralgia and sciatica Sloan's Liniment has no equal. It has a powerfully sedative effect on the nerves—penetrates without rubbing and gives immediate relief from pain—quickens the circulation of the blood and gives a pleasant sensation of comfort and warmth.

"For three years I suffered with neuralgia to the head and jaws," writes J. P. Hubbard, of Marietta, S. C., "and had almost decided to have three of my teeth pulled, when a friend recommended me to buy a 25 cent bottle of Sloan's Liniment. I did so and experienced immediate relief, and I kept on using it until the neuralgia was entirely cured. I will never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my house again. I use it also for insect bites and sore throat, and I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who suffers from any of the ills I have mentioned."

### OPENS GRAVE FOR A PICTURE.

Sorrowing Widow Had to Have Picture by Which to Remember Hubby.

To be exhumed after he had been buried for 20 days and told to sit up and "look pleasant" was the tough luck that befell a corpse out at Woodlawn cemetery, New York, the other day. Henry Brown, a train dispatcher on the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street elevated road, died December 6 of rheumatic gout and was buried decently and in order. Some two weeks after the funeral it occurred to Mrs. Brown that she would like a photograph of her husband, having none that did him justice. Immediately she petitioned the Bronx health department for permission to exhume Henry and, snapshot him. The health department was somewhat dazed, but granted the request, and so, with a photographer and an undertaker, Mrs. Brown went to Woodlawn and had the three weeks' corpse dug up. Brown was taken both profile and full face.

**The Retort Venomous.**  
"So this is your widely advertised dollar table d'hôte dinner, is it?" said the indignant would-be diner, as he pushed aside an entree which he could not masticate. "Why, this is the last place in the world I would recommend to friends."

"Don't blame you, sir," said the sad-faced waiter. "Send your enemies here."

### PANTRY CLEANED

### A Way Some People Have.

A doctor said:  
"Before marriage my wife observed in summer and country homes, coming in touch with families of varied means, culture, tastes and discriminating tendencies, that the families using Postum seemed to average better than those using coffee."

"When we were married two years ago, Postum was among our first order of groceries. We also put in some coffee and tea for guests, but after both had stood around the pantry about a year untouched, they were thrown away, and Postum used only."

"Up to the age of 28 I had been accustomed to drink coffee as a routine habit and suffered constantly from indigestion and all its relative disorders. Since using Postum all the old complaints have completely left me and I feel like a new man."

One given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Health," in 1935. "There's a Reason."

## SERIAL STORY

### Mr. Barnes, American

By  
Archibald Claverling Gunter  
A Sequel to

Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York,"  
"Mr. Potter of Texas,"  
"That Frenchman," Etc.

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### SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Pacific, from a murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl. Marina, Anstruther's sister, is the English lieutenant's daughter. The four fly from the island to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues them, and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and prostrate. A postmonument, sent the journey, Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He captures an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Charlotte, a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Coraggio, Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes. He detects adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horsemen is supposed to be Coraggio. They are to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The boat is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Charlotte and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Coraggio's money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Coraggio is at Nice and is acting the role of an address. Lady Charlotte, Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The net tightens about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, that Eliza Enory, his detective, has been murdered by the Corsicans. He learns that the man supposed to be Coraggio was followed to the party in their way to the boat, was Saliceti, a spy of the count, and that Count Coraggio had been in Nice for some time. The count warns Barnes not to marry Enid, unless he would have her also involved in the murder. Lady Charlotte, Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taken to Corsica. The count secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also missing.

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

But the other breaks in. "She is helpless in that devil's hands, who's tricked us both. This man means to kill her!"

"Not as you fear," mutters Barnes. "Cypriane doubtless came here, in his mind some infamous plot against your life and hers, but now I think the same crazy passion for Marina that was in his brother has entered him. Never did your wife look more lovely than when she so nobly offered to go to Corsica to try and bring your sister back."

"Bring my sister back? That's why she's gone," asserts Anstruther. "Do you suppose any other consideration would have induced her to leave me? She thinks her word is potent among the friends of her childhood in Bocognano. Marina is going to Corsica, Barnes, and I go with you. The vessel is there—come!" Anstruther's rapid strides are carrying him to the door of the hallway, but the American's voice stays him.

"She will never get to Corsica," says Barnes, sadly.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Danella longs for her. Couldn't you see his uncanny passion gradually growing as he looked upon her loveliness? No, she will not be permitted to get very far away from him. Don't you suppose his emissaries are alert now—the man with the scar over his eye that delivered this dastard note to her?" Then the tone of the American changes; he says very solemnly: "And yet, I think you can thank God that the passion of the lover has entered this devil's heart and taken the passion of the assassin from it; for otherwise, with his thugs about her, your wife would now be dead. You stay here and try and find Marina. As for me, my duty is to go to that island and if she is living, to bring back my bride—if she is dead, avenge her!" continues Burton.

"That is my duty here, rescue or avenge Marina!" cries the Englishman.

"Barnes leaves his brother-in-law arming himself and making ready to go out of the villa in pursuit of the loved one he has lost, and hurries down the path to the water. The darkness is now so great he can scarce discern the little fishing vessel still tied up to the landing stage. He rapidly springs over her low freeboard, and calls: "Get under way!" The alert Graham is already at her helm; her big luteen sails are hoisted flapping in the soft air, and a moment later under a smart breeze the little

craft is gliding toward the entrance of the Bay of Villefranche.

The illuminations of Nice fade away in the darkness of the night, to the American upon the deck of the fishing vessel, which now, under a fresh and increasing breeze, is bounding through the water.

Graham is still at the wheel, Barnes pacing the little deck of the silent craft. His steady eyes peer into the gloomy blank ahead of him. His life seems a blank also. To-night he had expected the loveliest eyes of his fairy bride to be beside him on a honeymoon cruise. Now! He smites his hands despairingly together.

He turns to Graham at the wheel and asks: "How long before we reach Corsica?"

"With this breeze, I dunna think before early to-morrow."

"You are carrying all the sail possible?"

"Every cloth she has."

Barnes turns to step into the cabin. "You're going down to try and get a wee bit o' sleep, I na' hopes," remarks the Scotch mate sympathetically.

"Sleep?" the American laughs as if in mockery of the idea, yet goes below and tries to force his mind to the common sense of this strange abduction.

The next morning with the first rays of the sun, Barnes is on deck again, peering toward the east, and before him is a blue haze that Graham, who is again at the wheel, says is Corsica.

But now some few feet from the stern of the little vessel, a figure that has been crouching under the low bul-



"Pleased to See You Aboard, Ma'am," works, rises, half shrouded by the sea fog, before him. After two glances to make his astounded eyes believe, he gasps: "Marina!"

For the wife of Anstruther, with some wraps thrown over her fete costume of the night before, stands before him, the fresh breeze twining the garments about her figure till she seems risen from the mists of the morning.

"My God, why have you come here?" "To try and save your wife, the sister of my husband!" cries the Corsican girl. "You couldn't have done it. You know too little of this curious island and its customs. To you, a stranger, every one of that jealous, suspicious race would be an enemy—to me, born with them—the name of my family adored—some will be friends. You would surely fail, I may succeed!"

"You should have told your husband." The American's voice is almost stern.

"I dared not! Edwin would not have let me go. My darling values me too highly to risk a hair of my head on such a venture," answers the Corsican bride proudly.

"Why didn't you tell me when I came on board? You lay here unsheltered all night save by the billwarks," utters Burton sympathetically.

"The night was warm; the wind, though strong, was balmy. Besides, I waited till you were near enough to Corsica not to turn back from it, even to restore me to my husband. There is the island. There I will help you find your bride. Enid shall not die nor suffer because she is the sister of my husband or because she is your wife."

"Great Scott, you're the Marina of old!" he exclaims in astonished admiration.

"Of course I am," she answers buoyantly. "My darling husband is for the moment safe. Their letter which branded me as traitor to my race for marrying Edwin, says if I desert my husband they will spare him. Corsicans keep their devilish promises. These assassins will think I have abandoned the husband of my heart and will spare him till I return to again nestle in his arms and shield him with my very life against these fiends of the blood feud."

"Why doesn't he drink milk?"

My son, who is a little over two years of age, has always disliked to drink milk, says a writer in the New York World. I have repeatedly told him that to be a strong and healthy boy, he should always drink milk. While visiting a neighbor with me one day he saw a little boy who was a cripple and could not walk. "Mamma," said he, "why can't the little baby walk?" I told him the reason was because the baby did not drink milk. Then I said to my little son: "Why don't you drink milk?" This was his reply: "Because I can walk." Since then I have had more trouble in persuading him to drink milk than ever before.

### BOOK THREE.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"Beware the Path Ahead of You!"

The American paces the deck more buoyantly; reflection shows him what a prodigious aid Marina's knowledge of her native island, its proud, vengeful race and curious customs, will be to him in his search for his lost bride.

The mists of the morning are slowly rising from the bluff headlands of Cape Rosso; before the vessel's bow rises the old Genoese watch tower that guards the little harbor of Porto, from which is shipped the pine timber of the great Valdoniello forest.

The alert Graham, who has gazed from the stern astounded at the sudden appearance of Mrs. Anstruther on board his craft, leaving the wheel to a jack tar, now comes forward and touching his hat to the lady, says: "Pleased to see you on board, ma'am, though I'm afraid, Mr. Barnes, you'll

not think we kept a very good watch on deck. Our eyes were always on the sea, trying to catch sight of the damned pirates." A moment later, he remarks: "With this wind, we can make the coast a wee bit farther to the south."

"Then do so!" commands Marina. "Make a landing, if you can, nearly 15 miles below here at Sagone."

"Why?" asked Barnes, some surprise in his tone.

"Sagone by its mountain path is the nearest port to Bocognano. They dare never convey your wife through Ajaccio. By the wild mountain paths they can take Enid to Bocognano unobserved and unquestioned by the wood cutters of the forest glens or the shepherds of the steep pastures of Del Oro."

"You think the Seagull will be at Sagone?"

"I hope so," answers the girl. "That will be proof that they are taking her to Bocognano."

By Barnes' direction Graham immediately alters the course of the vessel further to the south, and they dash down the picturesque coast of the island, whose forest clad mountains run to the very waters of the sea, fill their weather the point of Cargese and open the beautiful Gulf of Sagone, now calm as a summer lake.

Here, to the east, in the far recesses of the bay, is a sail gleaming white under the sun that has just risen over the wooded headlands.

Barnes puts his field glasses upon it and for a moment thinks it some fishing craft, but the Scotch mate leaving the wheel to a seaman's hands, springs forward, takes a long look at it, then borrows the American's glasses and runs nimbly up the rigging to the top of the mast.

From his eerie post he calls excitedly: "By St. Andrew, it's the Seagull!"

"Can Enid be on board of her?" is heard in Marina's anxious voice.

"I can never believe it," answers Graham, as he descends to the deck, "for the vessel is anchored."

"For God's sake, get us to the yacht!" commands the American.

But despite every exertion, for the breeze has died with the rising sun, it is another hour before they can reach the Seagull. Upon its deck is a solitary man, who frantically screams to them: "A moi, mes amis! Rescue me! Sacre Dieu, ze pirate cochons have left me. I am Lebouef, ze cook!"

"Take heart; we'll board ye, brave Lebouef!" shouts Graham, and carefully coned by the Scotch mate, the fishing vessel is run alongside of the Seagull. The light swell permits them to spring from one little craft to the other, and in a moment Barnes has assisted Marina onto the yacht's deck.

"Here they are met by voluble exclamations and explanations, from Monsieur Lebouef. "Monsieur Barnes," he cries sympathetically, "ze pirates have carried your bride away. Ze boarded me at ze moment I was placing your supper on ze cabin table last evening. Ze yeg gagged me till I could not speak. One—two—three minutes and she came on board in ze blackness. Expecting to meet you, Madame Barnes ran down into ze cabin, and zen—"

"Then?" Barnes' face is set like that of a statue.

"Zen ze locked ze cabin door upon Madame, and though she cry out, pay no more attention to her till ze had got under way. Zen—zen—"

"What, next?" Burton's voice is hoarse.

"Affaire zal, ze come to me and say: 'No harm to you. Cook us a good meal, and one young man, handsome-faced, bright-eyed, well-dressed gallant; he gave me a louis and said: 'Feed us well but feed us on deck. We are gentlemen; we do not intrude upon a lady.' Zen I give zem, mon Dieu, ze beautiful meal I have prepared for you. Ah, how ze pirates ate it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Only Thing Left.

The schoolmaster was trying to teach his class composition, and he was having great difficulty. Said he: "If I should ask, 'What have I in my hand?' the answer should be, 'You have an apple in your hand.' Now, suppose I should ask, 'What have I on my feet?' what should you say?"

"Shoes," was the first reply. "Stockings," replied another boy. "No," said the teacher impatiently, "both of you are wrong. Remember what I have just said." For a moment no one seemed anxious to try to answer the question; but at last a lad raised his hand with an air which said quite plainly that he was perfectly sure of his knowledge. "Corn!" he shouted triumphantly.

### Why He Doesn't Drink Milk.

My son, who is a little over two years of age, has always disliked to drink milk, says a writer in the New York World. I have repeatedly told him that to be a strong and healthy boy, he should always drink milk. While visiting a neighbor with me one day he saw a little boy who was a cripple and could not walk. "Mamma," said he, "why can't the little baby walk?" I told him the reason was because the baby did not drink milk. Then I said to my little son: "Why don't you drink milk?" This was his reply: "Because I can walk." Since then I have had more trouble in persuading him to drink milk than ever before.

### More Light Needed.

People are now demanding more powerful lights, using 30 candlepower electric lamps where a few years back they would have been content with eight. The reason appears to be that the pall over our towns is increasing in general intensity, though actual fogs are fewer. Hence more and more lights are being fitted in dark corners.



### FREDA'S VALENTINE

It was St. Valentine's day and Freda Traumer was bustling about the kitchen making great preparations. Prof. Max was coming to tea, and in Freda's opinion, this teacher of astronomy was the greatest of men. The emperor himself was not half so wise or handsome, the foolish maiden thought. Her father, who was an enthusiastic student of astronomy, was a great friend of Herr Max, and the latter often came to his house, where there was a fine observatory.

When the two men went up to the house-top observatory to study the heavenly bodies Freda, eager to learn, went with them; but somehow the constellations, comets, meteors and asteroids she heard them speak of so fluently were all so confusing that she could understand nothing, try hard as she might.

But she learned one thing, which was not down in the books, all unconsciously. During those long delicious nights spent upon the house-top watching the glowing heavens, she had learned the lesson of love and all the affection of her pure, young heart was lavished upon the professor.

When the little German maid first realized that she loved him she was annoyed at her audacity and trembled lest he find it out, but later on when the noble passion had filled her whole heart she trembled lest he should never know, or care for her in return.

"Then," she tearfully said to herself, "I can but die." To young, romantic maidens it seems an easy thing to die for love unrequited, but he was wise who said that "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

The soft summer nights passed and they met no more upon the roof, but the two astronomers spent many an evening in the Traumers' cozy little parlor, with their books and charts spread on the table beside them. Then the young hausfrau sat by quietly, knitting, feasting her eyes upon the beloved countenance, but if by chance Herr Max glanced in her direction, she dropped her blue eyes, blushing deeply. And as she always dropped her eyes she never saw the tender smile that played upon his lips whenever she repeated this harmless maneuver.

When St. Valentine's day came the bright flower of hope blossomed in Freda's heart, for this was surely the opportunity she sought and she hoped the good saint would lend her his aid. With loudly beating heart she entered the stationer's shop and asked the young clerk to show her the valentines. She pressed her hand against her heart to still its beating, making, as she did so, a far prettier picture than any of the painted graces on the valentines before her.

Some one, passing by, caught a glimpse of her and thought so, too; but Freda was so engrossed in trying to find a valentine to suit her, that she did not know the professor had seen her and had passed on with that rarely tender smile upon his lips.

At last she found what she wanted. It was a very simple little valentine, but it told an eloquent story. On the top of the white embossed page blazed a glorious star, with beams of light radiating from every point, and beneath it, as if basking in its rays, lay a tiny heart pierced by an arrow shot from the bow of a roguish cupid.

"Acht!" thought Freda, "the star is Herr Max and mine is the heart. But I fear he can never stoop low enough to reach it." With this humble thought she tremblingly addressed the envelope and then ran to drop it in the nearest postbox. A score of times she wished it back and reproached herself for her boldness, but now he was coming to tea and if he understood he would reveal it in his conduct and she would soon know her fate.

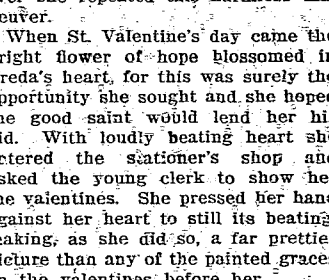
At last the preparations for supper were completed, and, with a tired sigh, she sat down by the bright fire to rest. Pleasant visions filled her mind, and she did not hear the footsteps which softly drew near, and only knew she was not alone when something dropped into her lap.

It was the valentine she had sent that morning—he had brought or sent it back to her, she knew not which, for grief and shame so overcame her she dared not turn her head to see.

Thinking he thus refused her love, she was about to cast the now hateful valentine into the fire and then rush away and never look at the professor again, when something stopped her. Her eyes fell upon the valentine. It was the same, and yet not the same, for, although the great star still blazed at the top of the card, the little heart was no longer far beneath it, but, instead, rested within the heart of the star.

A deep joy filled little Freda's breast! When, at last, she took courage and looked around she saw the professor standing behind her, and saw for the first time the tender, loving smile as he gently drew her to him and folded her in his arms.

Then she knew, in truth, that the beautiful star had stooped down and raised the little heart to its own level.



"Do you believe in art for art's sake?"

"No; I sell my pictures!"

**Rapid Rise.**  
"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple, as she opened the letter, "the man who ran over our old crippled cow with his automobile wants to know how much she was worth."

"Tell him about six dollars," drawled Hiram Hardapple. "Let me see, it was that poor village doctor, wasn't it?"

"No, Hiram; it was a city feller."

"Was, eh? Well, by heck, tell him she was a first-class critter and worth every cent of \$50."

"And come to think of it, Hiram, his automobile was almost as long as a steamboat, with glass windows, six lights and a horn that you could hear five miles."

"What?" Then write and tell him the cow he killed was a genuine imported prize-winning Holstein and worth \$500, and if he doesn't settle up every cent in cash I'll put the law on him."

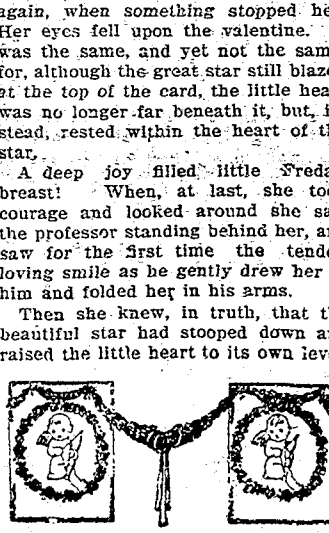
**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure. It is all stages, and that is Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH CURE is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CLEMENT & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Surely King of Burglars.

The most enterprising burglar as yet recorded is the Long Island chap who not only escaped from a brand-new county jail the other night but took with him all the locks and door-knobs in the place. If they catch him they ought to promote him to the best penitentiary in the land as a tribute to his genius.



### THIRTY YEARS OF IT.

A Fearfully Long Siege of Daily Pain and Misery.

Charles Von Soehnen of 210 A St., Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles, and the attacks laid me up for days at a time with pain in the back and rheumatism. When I was up and around sharp twinges caught me, and for fifteen years the frequent passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from this trouble and I cannot speak too highly in their praise."

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

**AGREEING WITH THE ASSESSOR.**

His Reason for Building Unneeded Addition to House.

Representative Birdsall of Iowa objects to the high rentals charged in Washington during the congressional session. He says he feels like an Irish farmer he knew out in his district. The farmer had bought a place out of savings as a farm-hand and reenter. The tax assessor came around one day and put a valuation on Pat's new property which Pat thought excessive. His protest, however, was unavailing.

One day a neighbor visited Pat and found him building an addition to his house, and obviously the house was plenty big enough without it.

"Isn't that a piece of extravagance?" he asked Pat.

"Think again it might be," said Pat, "but I'm after havin' the old place worth what the assessor says it is."

### IT SEEMED INCURABLE.

Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless—Cultured Remedies Cured Him.

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Cambewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

**DIFFERENT.**

"Do you believe in art for art's sake?"

"No; I sell my pictures!"

**Rapid Rise.**  
"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple, as she opened the letter, "the man who ran over our old crippled cow with his automobile wants to know how much she was worth."

"Tell him about six dollars," drawled Hiram Hardapple. "Let me see, it was that poor village doctor, wasn't it?"

"No, Hiram; it was a city feller."

"Was, eh? Well, by heck, tell him she was a first-class critter and worth every cent of \$50."

"And come to think of it, Hiram, his automobile was almost as long as a steamboat, with glass windows, six lights and a horn that you could hear five miles."

"What?" Then write and tell him the cow he killed was a genuine imported prize-winning Holstein and worth \$500, and if he doesn't settle up every cent in cash I'll put the law



## TOO MUCH FOR MAID'S NERVES.

New Girl Felt Herself Unequal to Elaborate Ceremony.

The young wife was perhaps the most punctilious housekeeper in the greater city. She fairly lived for the annihilation of dust particles, and her three maids knew a degree of discipline more rigid than that of Gen. Blucher. One day her waitress, a departed, an exceedingly common occurrence in even a flawless establishment. A new maid came to take her place. After an elaborate inquisition, the new servant was engaged on probation. The young wife explained:

"Come to the dining room with me. You will have a rehearsal. I want to see you spread the table for a dinner for four. Now go into the pantry, where you will find my table china on labeled shelves. My forks are all labeled and I shall sit here. Now you serve me—of course with blank plates. I am having oyster cocktails, soup, fish, an entree, a roast, salad, ices and coffee."

The new maid groped through the weird ceremony, and the foodless feast proceeded amid silence. Finally the maid whimpered:

"I guess I am going. I couldn't do this every night." She fled.

### New Methods of Welding.

By the autogenous method two sheets of metal may be welded by placing their edges and following the seam with a blowpipe. "Seamless" copper and sheet vessels may be made by forming the body and ends separately and tracing the joints with the blowpipe.

### Wise Advice.

If duty becomes laborious, do it more frequently. If doubts disturb and torture, face them with more earnest thought and deeper study. If love becomes a source of care and pain, love more nobly and more tenderly.—Westcott.

### All Festivals Barred.

In the early days of the Commonwealth, when the Puritan broom was yet very new, the authorities in English towns went so far as to prohibit all joyous celebrations, and the crier was sent through the towns announcing the formal prohibition of festivals.

### Too Interesting to Bury.

There is a certain little southern girl who is very fond of her negro mammy. The nurse's name is Sally, and she is a large woman, so she is known as Big Sally. Ethel, however, calls her "Biggie" for short. One day her mother took her to a museum, where, among other things, there were some stuffed animals. Ethel was greatly interested, and for many days she did not tire of talking about them. Perhaps a week later, at the supper table, after a preoccupied silence, she said:

"Mamma, when Biggie dies I'm not going to have her buried; I'm going to have her stuffed!"

A Baffled Palmetto Journalist. There is a chewing gum slot machine in the waiting-room at the Seaboard Air Line depot in Cheraw that is either out of fix or has no gum in it and should be removed. We deposited two cents in it Saturday night and got no gum. Of course two cents is a small amount, as for that matter, but the machine should be looked after carefully or it will become a public imposition.—Chesterfield Advertiser.

### Unshaken Esteem.

"Your husband is still very fond of horses," said the woman who disapproves of betting.

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torbins.

"Well, it's nothing to his credit."

"I don't know about that. It shows he has a very forgiving disposition."

A milkman doesn't cry over spilt milk if there is a pump handy.

Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Sore throat.

No, Alonzo, a nervous woman isn't necessarily nery.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

TRADE MARK

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

DIABETES BACKACHE

1875 "GURANT"

## SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Biliousness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

**Thompson's Eye Water**

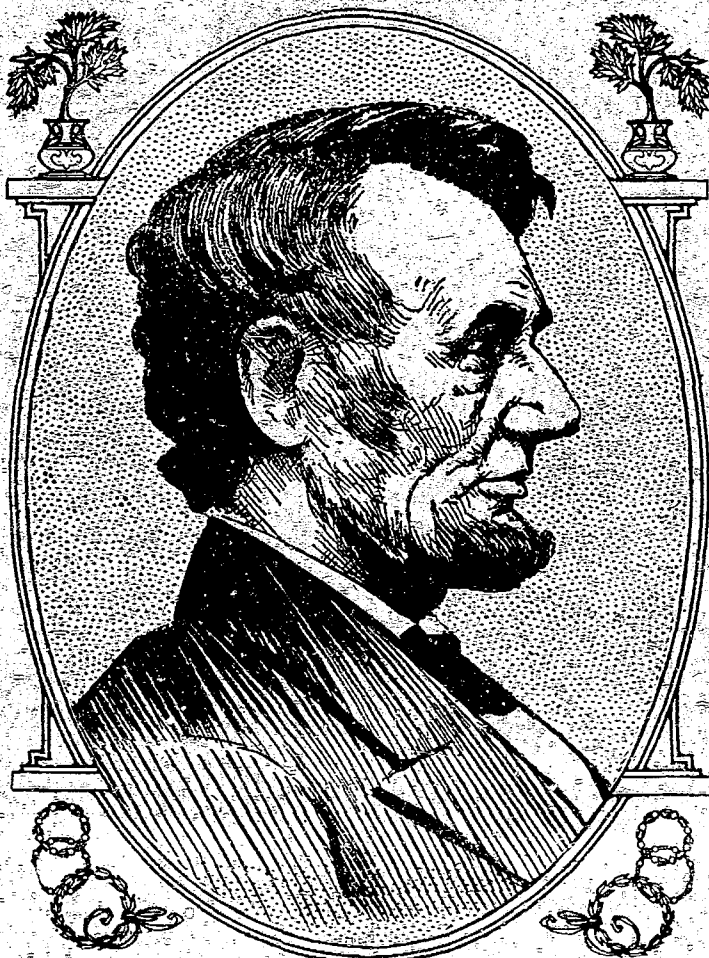
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

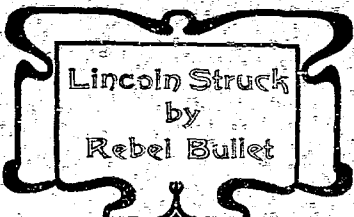
## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;  
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,  
Direct of speech, and cunning with his pen.  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went  
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;  
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.  
Upon his back a more than Atlas load,  
The burden of the commonwealth, was laid;  
He stooped, and rose up to it; though the road  
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.  
Hold, warriors, counselors, kings! All now give place  
To this dead Benefactor of the race!

—Richard Henry Stoddard.



Abraham Lincoln  
BORN 1809—DIED 1865.



**T**O all but a few—certainly not more than a score, perhaps not more than a dozen—it is news that Abraham Lincoln was hit by a bullet fired by a "Johnny Reb" in battle. The histories do not record it, nor the biographies. Those who saw the occurrence thought little of it at the time; so pressing was the work they had in hand, and the president is not known ever to have mentioned the incident. Concerned only with the welfare of a sundered nation and its suffering millions, and least of all with self, it is probable that no thought of the experience recurred to him at any time in the period of stress and anxiety and important occupation that followed another bullet, less honest, that took away his life.

On the morning of July 12, 1864, a young lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-fifth New York volunteers, standing just outside Fort Stevens, one of the series of forts that completely surrounded and guarded Washington, saw President Lincoln walking fearlessly among his soldiers, discussing the conditions and circumstances of the then impending attack upon the city by Gen. Early and his confederate forces, while a battle raged outside the breastworks.

Watching with the curiosity of a soldier who had seen his president only twice before, the colonel was alarmed when he saw him hit by a bullet, which had sped through the air from the camp of the enemy. That young officer was William P. Roomer, who was adjutant-general and chief of staff to Maj. Gen. Upton.

Sometimes Col. Roomer has thought of writing to Lincoln's biographers and telling them of the incident, but he procrastinated, not considering it a matter of sufficient importance to interest them. Later, however, noting the renewed interest in the minutest details of the life of Lincoln, he believes that Americans would like to know the facts.

When the bombardment of Sumter was in progress, Walker, the confederate secretary of war, making a fiery speech at Montgomery, Ala., declared: "The flag which now flaunts the breeze here will float over the dome of the old capitol at Washington before the first of May."

That boast appeared in the same issue of the newspaper that printed President Lincoln's call for troops, and intensified the fears for the security of the capital already great because of the probable secession of Virginia and the doubt as to the position of Maryland.

President Lincoln realized how much depended on his holding Washington. The loss of the capital doubtless would result in European recognition of the confederacy; the scit-

of the North would be broken, despair would follow, discouragement, defeat. So he bent his first efforts to defending the seat of government from those who would set up there a new nation not conceived in liberty.

His deep anxiety in those days before the troops arrived and when Beauregard's army was said to be approaching, will be recalled by all who have read the story of the war. After the arrival of the Seventh New York regiment of "dandies," who died at Delmonico's before departing and the Massachusetts and Rhode Island regiments of farmers, mechanics and tradespeople, the capital was in no danger until the attack of Gen. Early, when the incident of Col. Roomer's story occurred. But this did not entirely relieve the anxiety in the heart of the man who, from the window of his executive office, could see a traitor flag floating over the home across the river where Washington had lived and died.

When the fortifications were thrown up around the capital, Lincoln knew of every detail of the work, consulted with the men in charge, informed and advised them. It was, therefore, no occasion of comment when he left the White House on this July 12 and walked among the soldiers. They stood, ready for action, behind the walls while from the plain below came the sound of conflict.

Gen. Early's own story of his movement upon Washington shows the situation in the confederate ranks on that day. He had approached Washington from the north. Having heard that the outer works were feebly manned, he meant to take them by surprise, but before his first division could be brought up, he says, he saw a cloud of dust in the rear of the works and soon a column of men in blue filed into them on the right and left. Then skirmishers were thrown out in front, while an artillery fire was opened on the confederates from a number of batteries.

"Our skirmishers were all thrown to the front," wrote Gen. Early, "driving those of the enemy to the cover of their works, and we proceeded to examine the fortifications in order to ascertain if it was practicable to carry them by assault. They were found to be exceedingly strong and consisted of what appeared to be inclosed forts for heavy artillery, with a tier of lower works in front of each, pierced for an immense number of guns, the whole being connected by curtains with ditches in front and strengthened by palisades and abatis. The timber had been felled within cannon range all around and left on the ground, making a formidable obstacle, and every possible approach was raked with artillery."

Thus it would seem that President Lincoln incurred little danger on the day when he went about within the fortification walls. But that he was in some danger is shown by Col. Roomer's story.

### Lincoln's Sarcasm.

Probably the most cutting thing Lincoln ever said was the remark he made about a very loquacious man: "This person can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met."

For 12c  
and this notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., in order to gain 250,000 new customers during 1908, will mail you free their great plant and seed catalog together with:

1 pkg. "Quick-Quick" Carrot.....	10
1 pkg. Earliest Ripe Cabbage.....	10
1 pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber.....	15
1 pkg. La Crosse Market Lettuce.....	15
1 pkg. Early Dinner Onion.....	20
1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon.....	10
1 pkg. Thirteen Day Radish.....	10
1,000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seed.....	15
Total.....	\$1.00

Above is sufficient seed to grow 35 bu. of rarest vegetables and thousands of brilliant flowers and all is mailed to you postpaid for 12c.

or if you send 16c, we will add a package of Berlin Earliest Canliovine. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., U. S. & W.

### 'Tis Human.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:  
"I'll get it!"

—Judge.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have a world-wide reputation for curing coughs, sore throats and relieving bronchitis and asthma.

Experience begotten of matrimony is a great teacher.

Little wonder that Gasfield Tea meets with approval everywhere—it is the Ideal Laxative; pure, mild, health-giving! It regulates the liver and overcomes constipation.

Some finished orators don't seem to know when to quit.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" There is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

A virtuous deed should never be delayed.—Alexander Dow

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Some men just can't foot a bill without kicking.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves women from surgical operations.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes: "I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperling, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

### FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

**Alabastine**

THE ONLY Sanitary Durable WALL COATING

Suitable for any room, never molds, mildews or drops off the wall. Comes in dry powder. Add cold water. Brush on wall with 7 inch flat brush.

Alabastine is in packages, correctly labeled ALABASTINE. Each package covers from 300 to 450 square feet of wall.

SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL, SOFT, VELVETY SHADES THAT NEVER FADE, AS WELL AS A CLEAR BRILLIANT WHITE.

Alabastine is absolutely sanitary and thoroughly beautiful. Try it this fall. Your dealer has it, if not, write to:

ALABASTINE CO.  
New York City - Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Keeley's Cure**

LIQUOR MORPHINE

27 Years Success

ONLY ONE IN MICH. INFORMATION, GRAND RAPIDS, 554 Wealthy Ave.

## NEW OWNER OF LONDON TIMES.

Cyril Arthur Pearson, the new proprietor of the London Times, is one of the greatest newspaper owners in the world. Besides the Times he controls the Standard, the Express, the Evening Standard and the St. James Gazette; all leading London dailies, five dailies in other cities, four weekly newspapers, nine weekly periodicals and six monthlies. He is believed to be to-day a multi-millionaire, yet 12 years ago he was earning \$1,500 a year. He was then manager of Tit-Bits, of which Sir George Newnes was the proprietor. Tit-Bits had started a general information competition, the prize being a \$10 a week job in the office. Pearson took part in it and used to ride on his bicycle to Bedford to consult the library there and then return on his wheel at night, a round trip of 60 miles. He won the prize and found the job a sinecure, but he made it something different. He acted as understudy for everybody until he had the whole details of the business at his finger ends. In two years he was made manager.

A fortunate trip to America aroused his ambition for bigger things. He found young men of his own age managing big businesses, and could not see that they were any more intelligent than himself. On his return he threw up his job and started Pearson's Weekly, which was a money-maker from the beginning.

His keen eyesight (aided by his spectacles), an excellent memory and quick decision are three of the qualities to which he owes his success.

When he was in America Pearson heard of a certain railway that was likely to be bought up. He invested every cent he had in its stock and before he returned he had cleared \$24,000 by the deal. He has never been afraid to take chances. Pearson is now in his fortieth year, and looks even less.

### Worse Off.

Church—What's the matter, old man? You look all tired out?  
Gotham—Well, you see, I had to sit up all one night to be on hand to draw my money out of the bank, and since I got it I've had to sit up every night for fear some burglar will break into the house to steal it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Only Real "Failure." Never spell "Failure." There is no failure except in no longer trying.

### When He Roughs It.

When Hamlin Garland has finished a novel he likes to strike out into the real country and rough it for a while. When the last proof of "Money Magic" had been turned over to the publishers he made a trail for the wilds of Wyoming, where he is now on a ranch.

The acting British consul at Chungking, China, has sent to the board of trade a sample of vegetable asbestos which is stated to be bullet-proof.

**NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER**

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

**Capsicum-Vaseline.**

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT TAKEN DIRECTLY IN VASELINE

**DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY**

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c. IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of Vaseline unless the name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

Send your address and we will mail our Vaseline Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you.

17 State St. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. New York City

**W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES**

\$3.00 to \$3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price

CAUTION: W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to you. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

**PAY WHEN CURED PILES**

POSITIVELY NO MONEY ACCEPTED UNTIL CURED

WRITE us a full description of your case as you understand it AND IF NOT A CANCER we will guarantee to cure you or charge nothing. You do not pay one cent until satisfied you are cured and you are to be satisfied. Write today and we will send you a booklet explaining our new treatment and containing testimonials showing what we have done for thousands of people from all parts of the country.

**Drs. Burleson & Burleson RECTAL SPECIALISTS**

103 Monroe Street GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

**NORTH BUTTE EXTENSION**

Before the end of this year this stock will sell freely in the open market for three times and more what it can be bought for now. Send at once for prices and detailed information. Free on request.

**E. M. BUCHANAN & CO.**

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

42 Broadway New York City

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

Keeps the hair from falling out. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Cures Itch, Dandruff, Scalp Itch, Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. No. 1 and 2, 10c and 25c. Druggists.

**SEED THAT'S PURE**

All our seeds are selected from the best and warranted to be true and pure. Write for our new Catalogue. 10c. FREE. J. J. H. GIBNEY & SON, MAINEHURST, MASS.

If you want to hatch every fertile egg, you should get a **Mandy Lee Incubator** because it's the machine that is "built to stay." Write for it today. 50c. 600 N. 1st St., Omaha, Neb.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES**

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They are in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without rinsing. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MORRIS DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois**

**160 FARMS in Western Canada FREE**

Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in Western Canada

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations.

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find beautiful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to routes, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to:

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

**Midland Valley Railroad Co.**

"Arkansas River Route"

The new line traversing the new state of Oklahoma from the coal fields of Arkansas through the farm lands and oil fields of Oklahoma to the grain fields of Kansas.

For information, write:

**C. B. HART,**  
Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent,  
MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA.

**PILES**

ANAKESIS is the only reliable relief. POSITIVELY CURED. Write for free booklet. Address: **ANAKESIS, 170 Broadway, New York.**



## To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines.

That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it.

Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated; and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands—of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know; and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a rem-

edy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never, even saw and probably never will? Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE catarrh cure that we are willing to say to you; "We know this is all right. Take it home and use it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is

# Rexall

TRADE NAME

## MUCU-TONE

There is no guess work with us on Rexall Mucu-Tone. We know what it is made of. Not only do we know, but we will give you a copy of the formula.

There is no secret about any Rexall remedy—we make them—one thousand of us leading druggists all over America—in our great co-operative laboratories at Boston, Mass. We own the laboratories, and everything in them, and we operate them just as skillfully as our combined brains and money will let us, and just as honestly as honest men know how.

### The Ingredients of Mucu-Tone

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefits almost inviolable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Large trial bottle, 50c.

For Sale Only at This Store.

## A. E. STANLEY & CO., Druggists

The **Rexall** Store

### How can you know whether or not you have catarrh?

Well, here are the symptoms that usually indicate its presence. Check them over, and if you have any of them, try a bottle of Rexall Mucu-Tone.

**CATARRH OF THE NOSE:**—Chilliness—feverishness—passages obstructed—watery discharge and latter thick, yellow and tenacious discharge into the throat—headache—foul breath—weak and watery eyes—and sometimes loss of memory.

**CATARRH OF THE THROAT:**—Irritation—sensation of heat and dryness—constant hacking—sore throat—and difficult to breathe.

**CATARRH OF THE STOMACH:**—Dizziness—emaciation—hollow cheeks—sleeplessness—bad dreams—despondent—dull, grinding or sharp, short pains in side and stomach—nausea after eating—shortness of breath—and bitter fluid rising in throat.

**CATARRH OF THE INTESTINES:**—Dull, grinding pain in bowels—diarrhea—emaciation—nervousness—and sleeplessness.

**CATARRH OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS:**—Skin drawn and yellow—black specks floating on field of vision—weak and dizzy—dull pain in small of back—and constant desire to urinate.

**CATARRH OF THE BLADDER:**—Sharp pains in the lower abdomen and a loss of control over urine—constant desire to urinate—burning sensation when urinating—face drawn and palid—eyes dull—palms of hands and feet damp and clammy.

**PELVIC CATARRH:**—Constant leucorrhoea—dragging pain in the back and hips, abdomen and thighs—stomach disturbances—skin eruptions—sick headache—female irregularities—and constipation.

### GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. O. D. Peck spent Saturday in Detroit.

John Heppner and family have moved to Detroit.

John Myers spent a few days of last week at Ovid.

Carrie Merritt of Salem visited our school last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wolfe are visiting relatives at Milford.

Mrs. R. Northrop called on Mrs. Dr. Miller at Farmington Monday afternoon.

Miss Commeau and two nephews have returned from a visit with relatives at Walz.

### NOVI NEWS.

The Apron social which was to have been given at Mr. Shattuck's Jan. 31, has been postponed to Feb. 14. Each lady is expected to bring an apron to be sold at auction. A picnic supper will be served. Everybody come.

The Farmers' Institute, which was held in the Baptist church Tuesday, was well attended, despite the bad roads. State Speaker Hull, and H. R. Patterson gave excellent addresses in the evening and the whole affair was not only enjoyable but profitable.

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us during the death and burial of our mother; also the choir and Rev. J. S. Boyden.

MR. AND MRS. G. C. HUGHES  
AND DAUGHTER,  
MR. AND MRS. A. A. SMITH,  
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SMITH.

### SALEM NEWS.

Irving Sager is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Glenn Baldwin, who has been visiting at Asa Giegler's, returned to his home in Detroit Monday.

Mrs. Amos Worden and daughter, Nina, visited the former's brother, Wm. Boyle, in Detroit from Friday until Sunday.

Miss Tasa Worden was unable to go to her school until Monday afternoon on account of the roads being so badly drifted.

Will Whithers and wife have moved back to Salem after spending a couple of months in Flint. Their many friends bid them welcome.

Mrs. Dr. Walker of this place was married Tuesday to Wm. Seeley, a prominent Lansing farmer. They will make that city their future home.

The revival meetings are still in progress in the Baptist church. The pastor expects to be assisted by Rev. S. F. Dimmock of Northville and Rev. C. T. Jack of Plymouth for a few nights.

Mrs. Blanche Campbell of Detroit, who has been assisting in the care of her mother, Mrs. Seymour Orr, returned to her home Monday. Mrs. Orr is slowly convalescing from the serious fall she sustained about five weeks ago.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Bennett there was no school in his room Monday. The attendance in the primary room was six in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon. Nearly all of the children are ill with colds, sore throat, and chicken pox.

Much has been said regarding the ground-hog and his return for six weeks, and also the speculation regarding the cold weather. From our point of view, after some years of observation, we must have about so much winter weather during this year, and if we do not get it in February and March, we always get the same in April and May, so we are glad the ground-hog saw his shadow and if he is wise enough to stay in for the six weeks, then expect an early spring and a good corn crop this year.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

# CASTORIA

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

## What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

**Chas. H. Fletcher**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 N. NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### Largest Retail Drug Store.

The greatest drug store in the world is said to be found in Russia. It exists in Moscow and is 203 years old. Its title is the Old Nikolaika Pharmacy, and since 1823 it has been in the family of the present proprietor. It is a building of imposing dimensions, with many departments, including one of professional education for the staff, which numbers 700 persons. About 2,000 prescriptions are said to be dispensed daily.



### WOMAN AND HER SKIRTS

are big features in this store just now. Both in ready-to-wear garments and materials for making them we have an especially attractive display. Come and enjoy it even if you are not thinking of purchasing. While here don't fail to see our

### ADVANCE STYLES IN DRY GOODS

See how pretty the patterns, how fine the fabrics. Note, too, how our prices make it easy to have a good wardrobe.

**Fred L. Cook & Co.**  
FARMINGTON, MICH.

### Almond Meal.

Nothing is better than almond meal to keep the skin smooth and white. Use it in place of soap or rub on the hands when almost dry.

### The Berlin Way.

Wealthy Berliners do not turn tourists during the tourist season. They avoid the crowds by traveling before and after the crowded months, thus making sure of more comfort en route, and better rooms and service at hotels.

### PISO'S

### Conquer That Cough

Don't go around with a mortgage on your chest. Every day that you let it remain, the tighter its grip becomes. The cough becomes more violent and exhausting; the delicate bronchial passages get inflamed under the continual hacking; the lungs become lacerated under the constantly recurring paroxysms.

### With Piso's Cure

there is a soothing and healing effect upon the entire respiratory mucous membrane. It has stood the test for nearly half a century as the one reliable remedy for consumption, colds and all chest affections. It goes right to the origin of the trouble, removes the cause and aids nature in restoring healthful conditions. Piso's Cure is absolutely free from objectionable ingredients. Its perfect safety, pleasant taste and unequalled efficacy make it the ideal remedy for man, woman and child. If you have a cough drive it out today

### Before It Conquers You

### CURE

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

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
THE DIAMOND BRAND.  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known Best Secret. Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Good Name.  
Pip-a-Pipp is the name of a Filipino boy who will be educated at Port Hope, Ontario, for the Episcopal ministry.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Beware of Signature  
**Chas. H. Fletcher**