

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1908.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

HOME COMIN' PREPARATIONS

COMMITTEES NAMED AT MONDAY'S PUBLIC MEETING.

Names of All Former Residents Being Solicited.

The Home Coming Idea has spread very rapidly through the village and its success is assured. Former residents, who have heard about the plans, send in a hearty second and want to be here sure.

The following officers and committees will be in charge of arrangements. Chairman, James A. Dolph; secretary, Charles A. Dolph. Executive committee consists of the chairman and the heads of the various committees.

Invitation—The president and village council.

Finance—W. J. Lanning, Sr., Adolph Balde, T. E. Murdock, B. A. Northrop, Glen Richardson.

Advertising—C. A. Dolph, E. H. Lapham, F. S. Neal, W. S. Jerome, M. N. Johnson.

Racing—Fred Fenn, Geo. Rattenbury, W. A. Ely, Geo. Stanley and Ed. Starkweather.

Athletics—D. P. Yerkes, E. C. Hinkley, T. B. Henry, S. R. Penfield, T. H. Turner.

Speakers—F. S. Harmon, C. R. Benton, F. N. Clark, C. C. Yerkes, B. A. Wheeler.

Decoration—W. H. Hutton, A. K. Carpenter, M. A. Porter, A. E. Stanley, W. H. Cattemole.

Music—R. C. Yerkes, L. A. Babbitt, Mrs. J. O. Tinsam, Miss May Coldren, Roy Clark.

Other announcements will be made as the plans for the Home Coming are developed.

The address of every former Northville resident is desired so that the invitation committee can send announcements. Let every one make out a list of those whom they know and get it to the secretary as early as possible. Mail them if you choose or drop your list in the Record item box in the postoffice.

KING'S DAUGHTERS WILL SERVE SUPPER

In Ambler's Hall, June 2nd, for Sum
of Twenty Cents.

Owing to the liberal patronage at the fair and good attendance at the entertainment given by the King's Daughters last fall, also the many donations in the way of wearing apparel, etc., they think it will be unnecessary for them to draw on the public to the extent they usually have. They will give all who kindly patronize them an excellent King's Daughters supper, June 2nd, from five until seven o'clock in Ambler's hall for the small sum of 20 cents.

Later in the season, October or November, they will give one of their enjoyable entertainments.

Don't forget the date of the supper and be sure to come one and all.

Vesper Service.

Beginning with Sunday, June 7, the second service at the Presbyterian church during the summer months, will be held at 5 o'clock p. m. It will last one hour with spirited singing and a short sermon. All are cordially invited, especially those who are not able to attend the morning service. It is hoped that this vesper service will be found attractive and helpful to all.

Village Improvement.

A full attendance of the committee is desired at 3:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, May 30, at the library rooms.

Used by
Millions

**Calumet
Baking
Powder**

Complies with the Pure
Food Laws of every State.

Warner and Kelley.



The Governor and Lieutenant Governor will speak in the Northville Opera House here this Friday Evening, on Topics of Interest to Citizens in General of Michigan. Everybody Invited. The Northville-Plymouth Band will furnish music. A Special Car on the D. U. R. will bring out a crowd of Wayne County and Detroit Officials, arriving here about 6:30. Meeting Commences at 8:00 sharp.

WILL DECORATE COMRADES GRAVES

G. A. R. POST, W. R. C. AND FORESTERS CARRY OUT PROGRAM.

Exercises by the School Will Be
Held This Afternoon.

The plans for Decoration Day have been completed and will be carried out as stated in last week's Record, and on the large hand bills which hang in the windows.

This afternoon the exercises by the school will take place in the Rink.

Several members from the Post have been detailed to decorate the graves in the outlying cemeteries from 9:00 until 10:30 a. m. Saturday morning.

Judge Murphy of Detroit will deliver the G. A. R. Memorial address in the Rink at 2 o'clock standard time Saturday afternoon after which William F. North of Pontiac will address the Foresters. The program will be interspersed with music by Male Quartet and the Foresters band will furnish music for the out door exercises.

After the program in the Rink the G. A. R., W. R. C. and Foresters will march to the cemeteries here where the graves of their comrades will be decorated.

Are Thankful.

We take this opportunity through the columns of the Record to express our thanks to Rev. S. F. Dimmock for the interest shown the Foresters Lodge of this place and for the many helpful sermons preached for us during the past four years.

NORTHVILLE FORESTERS.

Delightful Musical Concert.

The concert given in the Presbyterian church last Friday evening by Mrs. Strong and pupils, assisted by Mrs. Merritt and Mrs. Lapham, was no doubt one of the most artistic musical treats ever given in Northville.

As a teacher and pianist Mrs. Strong stands second to none.

Mrs. Merritt has improved much in her playing during the past year and her playing was especially pleasing on this occasion.

Turner-Kuhn.

Mr. John W. Turner, car dispatcher at the Farmington Junction, and Miss Dora Kuhn of Stark, quietly slipped away from their friends Wednesday afternoon and came to Northville where they were united in marriage by Rev. J. W. Turner, pastor of the Methodist church. They will make Farmington their home.

New Rule at the Library.

Owing to the financial inability of the Ladies' Library to purchase more than a half dozen or so new books each month, it has been decided to adopt the plan followed in all the city public libraries in regard to the distribution of the books. There is much dissatisfaction among the patrons because of the exchange of books between card holders each Saturday, thus keeping all the new books circulating among those who happen to get them first, giving no opportunity to the larger part of subscribers to obtain them. Because of this difficulty a "waiting list" has been established and henceforth patrons calling for books will receive them just in the order in which they register their names on the list when the desired book is not in. This gives everybody the same chance and is unfair to no one. In addition to this, the "seven-day-book" plan has also been adopted, which allows no book to be held by one person more than one week, until said book has been in the library three months.

The trustees wish to announce that these rules will be rigidly adhered to, and hope that much cause of dissatisfaction will thereby be removed.

The following books will be ready for circulation Saturday: Prisoners of Chance; The Chaparral; The Vision of Elijah Berl; Mr. Crewe's Career; The Beloved Vagabond; Mysterious Mr. Sabin; The Mastery; The Flame Gatherers.

Young People's Meeting.

The young people of Northville are invited to meet in the parlors of the Baptist church Saturday evening of this week, May 30 at 7:30. A short program will be rendered consisting of music, readings and recitations, after which the advisability of organizing a young people's society will be considered. Seats free. No collection.

N. A. CHAPP,
MRS. J. M. BURGESS,
MRS. R. A. GRANT,
Committee.

HOME COMING FOR NORTHVILLE

WHAT A FORMER RESIDENT SAYS
OF THE GREAT EVENT.

People Already Making Preparations
for It.

EDITOR RECORD: Just read of the announcement of a "Home Coming" through your columns and congratulate your citizens upon being about to push such an event for being one of your Home Comers I am interested. I would very much like to see in Northville on those days numbers of my old friends and schoolmates who have moved away before or since I did, a few whose names I will mention: Roy Smith, Rob Waterman, Royal Starkweather, Bert Lange, Carl Capell, Ralph Boyden, Fred Slater, Harry Madison Wm. DePree and one hundred others besides the fair sex whose names I will not mention as my wife reads the Record. Others can recall many of their old companions and if Northville citizens can get them all at Northville on "Home Coming Day" what a gathering there will be.

For your town's benefit I would suggest that the present Northville people compile a list of the "Should-be Home Comers" and a copy with an invitation published in the Record and mailed to each whose names are registered.

Should my name be in the list, myself and family will be at Northville and I will endeavor to bring at least fifty Carltonites as I suppose it will be a combination "Home Coming" and "Gala Day."

Yours truly
HARRY S. GERMAN.

Lost articles quickly recovered
through Record Want Ads.

Names Wanted.

The Record desires the Names and Addresses of All Persons Who Formerly Lived in Northville and also What-Business they are Engaged In. This will be Published in the Record and later on used for the "Home Coming" Invitations. We ask everybody to send all they can think of. Leave at Record office or drop in "Item Box" in post-office.

HAMMOCKS MOWERS SCREENS

We have a most beautiful display of Hammocks for your comfort this season. We have just 50 of them that will be sold at the following prices:

75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25,
\$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.00.

This is probably the largest and best variety and assortment of Hammocks ever shown in this community. Do not wait because there are lots of them for the first customers get the handsomest ones.

We have a few more of those \$3.25, \$3.50 and \$4.00 Lawn Mowers left. They are bargains.

It is time your Screen Doors and Windows were looked over. We have a good assortment of both.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

Seeds!

We have very fine
"Canada White"
Field Peas for \$1.40
bushel.

Also a very large
line of other Garden
and Flower Seeds.
We have some snaps
in Washing Pow-
ders.

C. E. RYDER
NORTHVILLE.

CLARK'S RESTAURANT DETROIT.

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

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

PURE AERATED MILK
Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

OUR INVITATION

Once each week we pay for this space for the privilege only of inviting you once again to become a depositor of our bank.

The person who reads about us fifty-two times a year ought to know us at least fifty-two times better than if he had read us but once. The better he knows us the more likely he is to like us and our business methods.

Your account, large or small, is urgently solicited and respectfully invited.

25 Cents Starts a Saving Account.

Lapham State Savings Bank
NORTHVILLE.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

DR. W. H. YARNALL.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

To Those Who Know Us And Have Tried Us

No comment is necessary; to others we would say that the merits and record of our service are worthy of consideration.

Try Us.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

Dr. Swift Bldg.

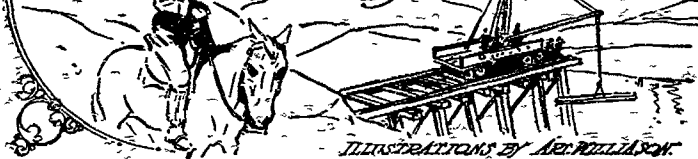
OPTOMETRISTS.

Main St., NORTHVILLE.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH BARTON STROHM



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the Overland Mail through the Rocky mountains. Uncle Billy, a stage driver, Alvin Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Alvin Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Alvin Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Some deviltry to our company. Say! You know everything, maybe you can figure it out. And say! Mum's the word. I ain't supposed to let any one see what goes over the wire, you know. So long." He handed her a bulky envelope and turned.

"Is it all this?" Stella began, when Alvin broke in:

"Oh, my work's in there, too. Say, Miss Stella, you're a bully teacher! My brains are growing so fast my skull aches. I must skip or my chief'll call me before I get back, and that'll mean—" He drew his finger across his throat, laughed merrily and almost closed the door when he turned back a sheepish face and in a voice to match said "There's a note to Vi in there, would you—would you—"

Stella laughed. "Oh, yes, I will, but I'll tell her mother, too."

"Ye-s, I s'pose that goes, O. K. too. Good-bye. I'm gone."

Stella heard him stumping off down the street, watched him through the dim light climb the muddy hill to the little box where he was jailed with the "clicker" 24 hours a day, save the three—sometimes only two—short respite the chief operator in Sacramento gave him for meals. Stella thought of the eerie nights, thought of Alvin's social nature and sighed. No wonder his predecessor had been discharged for drunkenness. But Alvin was made of better stuff.

To-night the budget went unopened. Stella extracted the note addressed to Vito, carried the rest to her home-made desk in grandma's room and went to supper.

But Yic Wah's best efforts were unappreciated. She toyed with her food, listening tensely for a herald of the stage and was gladdened at last by the shout that announced its coming. Doors were flung open and anxious eyes peered into darkness, watching a black object embody itself from the night and labor up to the lamp-lit express office. Stella saw a rigid form on the box and ran down the sidewalk to learn for herself if it was really Uncle Billy. He did not move; only a feeble voice testified to life.

"Some one take the lines, I—I can't open—my fingers," he said, as kind hands held hot whisky to his lips. "Don't mind me yet." The words came thickly between swallows. "Take the go' fellows out from where they stand, won't you? Boys, you all take hold—those horses played a lone hand—don't make 'em pull the ole—wagon up that muddy hill—to-night. Po' Snorteh! It's good-bye for him—I reckon He's—"

His words dwindled to a whisper, and the huddled figure, relaxed from the long strain, drooped lower and lower.

"Boys, he'll fall! Some o' you lift him down!" called Sally B. sharply. "Be careful! Don't straighten his fingers—too quick!"

"And some of you bear me also to my downy couch, won't you? I, too, am a frozen wayfarer, Sally B." Phineas climbed out of the coach and stepped up to Sally B. with proffered hand.

"Oh, you got!" she said, half vexed, though she laughed. "Why didn't you set on the box an' spell Uncle Billy with the lines, you skunk? You are younger'n him."

"I ain't driving Charley Crocker's stage. I'm his passenger."

Sally B. hustled him aside and cleared the way for the men who carried Uncle Billy, protesting feebly, to her best chamber, where the two women took him in charge. But their ministrations and the sight of Stella's pitying face, roused him for a minute only; he was soon in the vision-laden spaces where trick-eyes make jest of human travail. For long hours, under a wearying conglomeration of angles and curves that grandma called a "dream of the night," poor Uncle Billy tossed and moaned, fought over again his lonely battle with the storm.

"Keep it up a little longer, boys. Lights ahead—no, lights out!—Fly, boys! The mountain's falling! Po' Snorteh, down again! Git up, boy! Pull up, there! Now, altogether! Uncle Billy must stick—by the stage, live—or die—save the treasure—don't, Stella, dear! The old man ain't worth a tear from—y's sweet—good-bye, little one. Uncle Billy can't go any—"

Stella's tears fell unheeded on the stiff, blistered hands while the story of the awful drive grew out of his fevered babblings. Towards morning he was quieter. Stella declared she could not rest, but Sally B. drove her to her room; and nature and youth soon prevailed. She awoke late in the morning, depressed by a dread her rest had not banished. Her first thought was of Uncle Billy; her next was of Phineas; and from him her mind flew to the strange dispatch. She dressed hastily and ran downstairs, attacking it at once. Fruitlessly she searched for a clew, some presence of its importance holding her



Alfred's Eye Was Caught by the Gleam of a Crescent of Burnished Gold

to the task heedless of breakfast and of Uncle Billy. Suddenly the significance of the paper she had picked up on the hillside after her encounter with Phineas flashed upon her. She found it and began her work anew, rewarded at last by a message that whitened her cheek, unsteady her hand. Waiting for neither breakfast nor wraps, she flew up the hill to the station.

CHAPTER XI.

Tracked.

Alvin saw Stella coming and sprang to the door. "Heard the news?" he shouted before she could speak. "Virginia & Truckee railroad's a go this time, sure. No sardines behind it, like before, but men; money, too. They'll build from Virginia to Reno, and we'll meet 'em there. It'll help us like sixty!"

All this was poured out impetuously as she came toward him, her mind scantily comprehending the import of his words, though a mental flashlight told her that the complexion of the roads would make forever unnecessary such drives as Uncle Billy's latest stormy trip.

"Oh, Alvin," she panted; "that cipher dispatch—it means—it means death! What shall we do? If the chief knew you showed it to me—"

"No matter what happens to me! Tell me, quick, what's in it!"

"But I mustn't get you discharged, Alvin." She had the woman's mind, that delays, protects, conserves; and she hesitated.

But Alvin had the masculine courage that destroys boldly to build again boldly. "The discharge of one or more two-bit operators don't count 'longside of this matter. Mr. Vincent's due on the extra in a minute. He's O. K. for company's inside business if he is only a brakeman."

"Every minute's precious," Stella said. "What if the train's late? If Mr. Vincent is not—" A whistle interrupted her.

"There she is!" Alvin exclaimed.

turning toward the rock promontory that hid the train, though the reverberating whistle sounded from across the gorge.

"I'll start back," Stella said. "If Mr. Vincent's not aboard—they may have transferred him—wave to me when I come in sight under the hill."

The train puffed in. Alvin gave dispatch and translation to Alfred with a whispered explanation; and Stella saw no hand wave from the doorway. It needed little time for him to read and verify Stella's solution. He took the shorter of the two messages first. "D. B. San Francisco. To be called for. Buy G. & C. at any price, contiguous lodes if possible. Big strike. Secret yet. C. P. 2 & 4."

Alfred scowled. "Secret information for favored buyers. When did you get this?"

"Wednesday morning before daylight."

"What were you up to at that time in the morning?"

"Nothing. The stuff waked me going through, it was so queer. The minute I heard the signature I smelt a mice."

"What do you mean?"

"C. P. 2 & 4 is Blowhard Cad's signature, I'm sure. I heard it once before."

"Those initials are ours."

"Sure, they're Cad's, too, backward. That's why he uses 'em, so, anything crooked he does will be charged to us."

"Alvin grinned, but was quickly serious again. "There's worse—the wire's been tapped."

"How do you know that?"

"Cause I asked every operator clear down the line from Virginia if he heard any Chetaw going through, and not one clicker east of here had it."

company's office in Sacramento telling of Alvin's discovery and asking relief from his train for the day. A third dispatch went to the county sheriff, telling him of the wire tapping and of the evidence against Cadwallader.

While waiting for replies Alfred wrote to Gov. Stanford, enclosing the cipher dispatches and their translations. But this was soon done, and the two men, oppressed with their death-laden secret, watched the clock feverishly.

The minutes dragged as intolerably for Alfred, though he wore his mask more easily than Alvin. Would they be in time? Would they catch the little steamer before she left port for her fate? Even then, would they find the infamous secret before its fateful moment arrived? What would it be? Powder? A slit in the hull? A cunning injury to the boiler?

At last San Francisco called. Alvin sprang to the key. The steamer had started; had been hailed, had waited for a small boat and the message, and had gone on her way.

Alfred rose, as stiff with the tension as if minutes had been hours. "That's all we can do at that end. Keep your eye and ear busier than your tongue, Al, for the rest of the day. I'm on to settle with his nibs, Phineas Cadwallader. By the way, couldn't you contrive some way to get him left?"

The train reported late in leaving, false report, something like that?"

Alvin nodded. "Guess I can think up that trick in four hours."

At the hotel Alfred took only time to don riding boots and to find Stella for a hurried word. "Get Sally B. to hold Cadwallader here over train time, if it's possible," Alfred said before his good-bye. "It may mean everything to the company. I'll return to-night if I can."

A swift horse took him to the "Front," where he found the superintendent riding his beat. Alfred told his story briefly and asked if there was a lineman on the force.

"Jupiter! You can't track that man, Vincent! The snows come and gone since that Herate's job was done."

"But Mr. Gregory, he'd have to cut the wire, and he'd have to climb a tree or a pole to do it. Could that be done without leaving a trace?"

"What then? How can you prove it was he?"

"How'll I know I couldn't prove it unless I try?"

"Linemen don't show up often in my diggings—I'll ask Bennett, his section begins here."

Inquiry discovered an intelligent man who had worked on the line. His climbers were at camp near by; and Mr. Gregory's resourcefulness provided horse and saddle. The two men set off without delay. They rode fast till within nearly five miles of Dutch Flat, Alfred judging that, since Phineas took the stage there, his exploit must be in that neighborhood.

The afternoon was past its half when they began to inspect each pole and wire touched tree with close scrutiny. "We'll work east over these five miles to Dutch Flat," Alfred said. "If we find nothing we'll have to stay over night in town, go east a short distance in the morning, and then take it west from here."

For the first two or three miles their search was unrewarded by any sign. Just at sunset, in a windy little vale, the linemen's practised eye caught a peculiar peeping of the wire, and he climbed nimbly to inspect it. It was not a joining made by the regular force, but a recent cut. The marks of the climbers were also fresh.

"Is there anything about it to distinguish it from regular work?" Alfred asked.

"You bet! Any chump could tell, if he see it close, that it was the work of an amachure by the way the wires are tied."

That was something gained, but not enough. "How did the man get up there?"

Before the man could reply Alfred's eye was caught by the gleam of a crescent of burnished gold. Lying half imbedded in the wet remains of a snowdrift, its upper surface washed clean and shining, he found a cuff button of a peculiar design—a star within a crescent, the two free points tipped with diamonds. He knew it, he knew who owned its fellow: Turning it over he saw the engraved initials, P. C.

"Good enough!" he called. "We need no more evidence. You can go on to town for the night, or back to camp, as you choose. I'll ride too hard for you, perhaps."

The man chose to turn back. Alfred arranged for payment for the extra work and again rode east.

In a few minutes he arrived at the Dutch Flat office and telegraphed Alvin, asking of Phineas. Five minutes later he was reading the reply:

"C's here, pacing the platform like a mad gobbler. We did the leaving trick for the regular train O. K. But he thinks he's going on the special in spite of fate."

"Let him go in peace," Alfred wired back; and immediately sent a message to the sheriff at Auburn that was answered after two hours as follows:

"Sheriff's office, Auburn. P. C. walked into my arms as unsuspecting as a lamb. He had no time to destroy incriminating evidence. Is now resting noisily in the cooler."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Advice to a Young Man.

"What do you say to a young lady at a dance?" queried the youth who was about to attend his first ball.

"Oh," replied the society man, "talk to her about her beauty."

"But suppose she hasn't any?" said the youth.

"In that case," rejoined the s. m., "talk to her about the ugliness of the other

THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR

A Memorial Day Story

By OLIVIA BARTON STROHM



N a bench on her back porch sat Mrs. White—very stiff, very uncompromising. The morning glory vines, blown by the wind, played in checkered light and shade over the porch, over her tense, upright figure, topped with its crown of silver hair, over the sunburnt face of a young man who stood near twirling his hat.

The May sunbeams stole as far as the door where, just within the screen, a girl was seated, cracking nuts.

There was a vacant rocking chair on the porch; suddenly it began to move in the wind, and reminded Mrs. White of her manners which, in the excitement of the interview, she had forgotten.

"Take a chair, Henry."

But the young man, in no mood for a truce, ignored the invitation. Then you won't let me have Eleanor?" he said.

She answered him as bluntly: "No, Henry; you're a good boy and all that, but you're not my choice."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Whose choice, did you say?"

At the sound of his voice the crackling of nuts in the kitchen ceased.

Mrs. White took up her shawl and ran her fingers through the fringe. "Don't be sarcastic, Henry. I mean what I say—my choice. Eleanor has given me her word of honor that she will not marry without my consent."

From within the kitchen door there came a sharp sound of a pan-falling. It made the youth start nervously; the grandmother laughed. "That is what the men all say. They never seem to realize that the girl who has a sense of duty toward an old woman is best worth winning."

Henry walked slowly to the porch steps, then turned. "You see, it is just this way, Mrs. White. It isn't a question of whether Eleanor's worth winning, or loves me, or anything else. All I know is, that I love her, and am too crazy to think of anybody or anything but her. I suppose I ought to say I'd quit, but—" he went to the other end of the porch from whence he could get a view of the girl seated within—the girl whose eyes met his.

"But I can't promise you, good-bye. And although he addressed Mrs. White, he looked beyond her through the doorway, backing slowly to the steps. Then he turned and walked off down the garden path, attended by a sentinel row of sunflowers.

Eleanor went on with her work. Her grandmother pulled at the fringe a few moments, then she went to the door. "You heard what Henry said," she asked.

Eleanor nodded. The silence, and a tell tale redness in her cheeks and eyes, spoke volumes.

"Have you got enough nuts for the cake filling?" the old lady said after a pause.

"Yes'm, they're all done," and Eleanor, gathering up her apron, full of shells in one hand and the dish in the other, rose and went into the pantry, glad to escape conversation.

Her grandmother returned to the porch. The chair rocked in the wind, but she heeded not its invitation, for

head as he bent over her. "But I love you, Lindy, and when I come back again—when the war is over—be true—be true—"

The words came in choppy, disjointed sentences, then they suddenly ceased.

The chair began to rock again—sedately this time, and another speaker took up the thread where it had been abruptly cut off—look it up in a thin, cold voice. He was a gray bearded man with a Bible in his hand, and Joe, her soldier lover, had gone.

"Miss Melinda," the newcomer was saying. "I deemed it proper you should acquaint yourself with the marriage service beforehand. Your family and myself have decided on a church wedding. I know you prefer a home ceremony, but we have decided otherwise. You are young and these matters may safely be left to older heads."

He took her hand in his own palm, which was cold, and with a formal good-bye he, too, disappeared.

But the chair kept on its rocking—more violently this time, and in it sat an old nurse, holding a peevish baby tight against her breast. She was saying, "I tell you Mrs. White, it's a good thing you didn't marry that soldier, Joe Cooper. Just see how nice you're fixed now. Here you have a good, reliable husband—some older, to be sure, but you gals all need tight reins. I was young and giddy once, myself. And think if you'd a married that soldier, you'd a been a widow woman now, for they're decoratun' his grave this minute—it is Decoration day, you know. They do say as Joe Cooper had promised his mother not to go back that last time, and then all of a sudden he up and went—a love affair, they say. Killed? Course he was—first thing—"

Grandmother White sat up very stiff and opened her eyes.

Eleanor came rushing on to the porch. "Granny, dear, what's the matter? Did the gun frighten you? It was only the salute. The parade has started. You must be uncomfortable on that bench, come, sit here," and she led her to the rocking chair—vacant now, but still swinging—swinging—

"No, no, not there, not in that chair, Eleanor."

Grandmother White rose and went to the edge of the porch from whence she could see the line of men with flags waving here and there between the trees.

When the last soldier had filed out of sight and while the drum was still sounding in her ears, the old lady said: "Yes, yes, it was a bad dream, Eleanor, child—but did you say there was enough nut filling for a big cake?"

"Yes, grandma," the girl replied, trying not to show surprise at the irrelevant question.

"Then we'll invite that young Henry over for dinner."

Eleanor grew pink as the bunch of bleeding-hearts at her belt—"But, Granny, you said—"

"Never mind what I said. Run over to his mother's and tell him to come here; send him to me."

As Eleanor flew out the back way, bareheaded, eager, her grandmother called after her: "Tell him he'll find me on the porch—in the old rocking chair!"

He was big and broad shouldered, and blunt in speech and manner as he



Eleanor Flew Out the Back Way.



Then You Won't Let Me Have Eleanor?"

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., MAY 29, '08

Two Subjects the Boxers Don't Talk About.

It is a noticeable fact that in the discussion of the gubernatorial campaign by the anti-administrationists two achievements of Governor Warner's administration are left severely alone. These are the securing of a two-cent fare law and the creation of a binder twine plant at Jackson prison. The state at large had long demanded the enactment of a law requiring more equitable passenger rates on the railroads, but success came only when this proposal was vigorously championed by Governor Warner and his friends in the legislature. The effect of this law has been to save thousands of dollars to the traveling public of the state and yet, in the face of adverse business conditions, the passenger earnings of Michigan railroads have actually shown an increase when a decrease might very properly have been expected. No defense is necessary in justification of this achievement of the present Warner administration. Facts and figures and money saved serve amply for this purpose.

The creation of a binder twine plant at Jackson prison was designed to achieve a double purpose. Its first and most important aim was to create competition for the binder twine trust which had for years charged the farmers of the state an exorbitant price for binder twine. In this purpose no man can dispute its effectiveness. The entire output of the plant has been disposed of at actual cost to the farmer and the binder trust has been compelled to meet this competition. The resultant saving to the farmers of Michigan may be computed by the thousands of dollars and it would be an eloquent speaker, indeed, who could convince the farmers of Michigan that Fred M. Warner has not proven himself their friend.

The secondary purpose of a binder twine plant was to remove prison labor from competition with free labor in Michigan, practically all of the binder twine used in the state being manufactured outside. This feature of the law appeals to the laboring men in all sections of the state.

This brief summary of these two single achievements of the present administration, demonstrates clearly why the boxers leave Warner's administrative achievements severely alone. They're loaded.

Let's have a real old fashioned Fourth of July celebration this year and then a real bustling kind of a "Home Comin'" day—or two of them. Hundreds of former Northville people will be delighted to come back here again for a day to meet old friends. Let us "buckle together" and take an interest in both of these events, regardless of just whether it will at the time be of some financial benefit to us personally. This is everybody's village. Let everybody get busy and do their share.

Dr. Bradley is trying to hire a government employe at Washington, Henry Rose, to come to Michigan and manage his campaign for him. Governor Warner just simply puts his campaign up to the people.

The Grand Rapids man who choked to death on a hunk of porterhouse steak must have also been surprised to death to have found it really that quality of meat.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

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

Fred Savage was home from Detroit over Sunday.

Miss Stevens of Detroit is visiting Mrs. Ball and Miss Fendt.

LaVern Calkins of North Attleboro, Mass., is home on a vacation.

Mrs. Ashley of Detroit spent last week with Mrs. J. G. Alexander.

George Neal of Detroit is spending a few days with Northville relatives.

Harry Harmon was home from Ypsilanti Monday evening, returning Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Freydl of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are visiting Northville relatives.

Miss Aspenleiter of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Aspenleiter.

Mrs. E. N. Hines of Detroit spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sweet spent Sunday with friends in Fenton, making the trip by auto.

Miss Edna Alexander of Ann Arbor was at Mrs. Katherine Jerkes' Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moore and daughter, Elva, of Pontiac were guests of Mrs. Ida Lee Sunday.

Miss Pearl McDowell of Detroit was a guest at the home of her cousin, Mr. Neal, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mahoney of Farmington were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Roberts Sunday.

Mrs. F. H. Woodworth was called to Fenton Monday by the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Chas. Herrick.

Mrs. George Axford was called to Rochester Wednesday by the serious illness of her sister, Miss Buchanan.

Mrs. Amanda Burgess, with her nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall, spent Friday in Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Pearsall of Seattle, Wash., visited the former's aunt, Mrs. Amanda Burgess, last week.

Little Pearl Lawrence of Wyandotte has come to live with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lawrence.

L. L. Ball and wife entertained the latter's nephew, Chas. Pullen, and Miss Voorhees of Belleville this week.

Mrs. Collins of Wayne spent the week with her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Cattermole, returning home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. White have recently returned from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Cunningham, at Grayling.

Miss Blanche Darling has returned to her home in Flint after a pleasant visit with friends in Northville the past week.

Messrs. Arthur Fliske, Daniel Rivers of Indianapolis and Miss Hazel Palmer spent Sunday with Miss Helen Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Webster of Bellefont, Pa., arrived in town last week and will spend a few weeks with relatives.

Mrs. Edward Potter of Ovid is visiting her sister, Mrs. Starkweather, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Brooks.

Harvey Naylor of Redford spent last week with his grandmother, Mrs. Andrew Houk, and also visited Mrs. George Naylor.

Mrs. Walter Dingman and two children of Wyandotte have been spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Sara Lapham.

Mr. and Mrs. Erlin Cobb and daughter, Gladys spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Crippen in Milford.

Mrs. Lucy M. Harrington and her grandson, Louis Harrington, of Detroit were guests of Mrs. Estella Harrington Thursday.

Mrs. Belle Miles of Rochester and friend, Mrs. G. W. Kingwalt, of Detroit spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crommer.

Mrs. John Tinham, Mrs. F. S. Harmon and Mrs. R. C. Cameron attended the City union meeting of King's Daughters in Detroit last Friday.

Miss Eleanor Rasch and her brother, Otto Rasch, came out per auto from Detroit Sunday with a friend to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rasch.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodman have returned from Tennessee where they spent the winter. After spending a few weeks here they will return to the sunny south.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles yield to Doan's Ointment. Chronic cases soon relieved, finally cured. Druggists all sell it.

Allen, the Stove Man.

Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for all stoves 12c per lb. In stove. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 125 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

John Joslin was home from Detroit Sunday.

Miss Mamie Gibson of Ypsilanti and Mrs. Thomas Gibson of Farmington were callers at the home of O. S. Harger and family Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hinkley and a party of friends spent Sunday at "Tashmo" on Rouge lake. They made the trip in the new boat "Water King," the largest stern wheel boat on the lake. Several of the party were just a little seasick on the return trip, owing to the rough water.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Mr. McKahan's Sunday school class made him a call Sunday afternoon.

The young people had a social gathering at the manse on Wednesday evening.

All were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Webster in the congregation on Sunday morning.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Missionary society will be held at Mrs. E. A. Merritt's on Wednesday, June 10.

Children's Day will be observed on June 14. The ordinance of infant baptism will be administered at the morning service.

The Northville Commandery of Knight Templars will attend service in our church next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. In the evening we will unite in the farewell meeting to Rev. S. F. Dimmock in the Baptist church.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The Junior League will serve ice cream and cake on the parsonage lawn this afternoon (Friday). Come out and help them.

The officers of the Epworth League recently elected were installed last Sunday morning. Special credit should be given to the committee which provided the beautiful decorations for the occasion.

The usual service of worship will be held Sunday morning with sermon by the pastor. The evening service will not be held, owing to the union meeting at the Baptist church. The Epworth League will meet at 6 o'clock and will adjourn in time for the meeting at the Baptist church.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By a Member.)

The Woman's Mission circle will meet with Mrs. Jas. Huff Wednesday afternoon June 3.

Rev. S. F. Dimmock will preach his farewell sermon Sunday evening. All are invited to attend.

CROCKER'S RHEUMATIC CURE.

A prominent lady of Geneva, Ohio, says Crocker's Rheumatic Cure is all right. Under date of Jan. 3, 1906, she says: This is to certify that I have had Rheumatism more or less all my life, and have taken only one and a half 50 cent bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and have been benefited by it. Mrs. Ora Patch. Prepared by Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale by Murdoch Bros.

Reading.

History makes men wise, poetry witty, mathematics subtle, philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend, nay, there is no improvement in the wit but may be wrought out by fit study, where every defect of the mind has its proper remedy. Those that have the excellent faculty of using all they know can never know too much.

A Prescription for Constipation.

Eminent medical authorities agree that ninety per cent of their patients suffer from ailments due to clogged bowels (Constipation).

The bowels become clogged with impurities and body poisons, causing biliousness, colds, stomach trouble, headache, rheumatism, deranged liver and kidneys, etc.

A Tonic Laxative is prescribed in nearly every case. Those who need a laxative may use this prescription with the assurance that no harmful results will follow its use. It has been given to the Public in tablet form and is known as Iron-ox (Laxative Iron-ox Tablets) and are put up in aluminum pocket cases.

The formula is wrapped around the case. The action of each ingredient is explained, that you may understand why Laxative Iron-ox Tablets are the safest Laxative to use; they strengthen the bowels, aid digestion and keep the liver and kidneys healthy and active. We have secured the selling agency for Laxative Iron-ox Tablets and recommend them to our Customers.

For sale and recommended by Murdoch Bros., Druggists.

GREAT BARGAINS

To be had at Fred Oldenburg's Center street, Northville.

10 Bars Acme Soap, 25c, with 1 lb of our High Class 50c Jap Tea or 5 Bars, 15c, with 1/2 lb of our High Class 50c Jap Tea. This Tea is uncolored and a beautiful drinker—best that ever struck town.

"April Pickling" Pure—Best, Spring Leaf Japan Tea. This Tea is the product of the finest tea garden of Japan, and is unequalled in style, flavor and quality, and only 50c.

6 Packages Snow Boy Washing Powder, 25c, with 1 lb of our Queens Taste Coffee, 25c.

10 Bars Acme Soap, 25c, with 1 lb of our Fancy 40c Tea or 5 Bars Acme Soap with 1/2 lb of our Fancy 40c Tea.

8 Bars Acme Soap, 25c, regular.

Large 5 lb Package Snow Boy Washing Powder, 20c, with 1 lb of Oldenburg's 20c Pride Coffee—best in Michigan.

Our Pride of Northville Coffee, 16c. Beat it if you can.

Good Rice, snow white, 3c lb.

Lotus Flour, best made in Michigan, 7c sack.

Dill Pickles, 10c dozen now.

Fancy Butter always on hand. All goods Fresh, Pure and Warranted as represented.

FRED OLDENBURG Center St. Northville.

School Notes.

(By a Pupil.)

Only three more weeks of school! Hurrah!

Allie Scribner is a new pupil in the First grade.

Pearl Lawrence is a new pupil in the Fifth grade.

The Third grade pupils are drawing and coloring butterflies.

The Kindergarten pupils are studying about the bee this week.

The First grade pupils are studying about the butterfly and its life this week.

Lena Dickerson of the Third grade is out of school on account of whooping cough.

Mary Fuller of the Kindergarten treated her schoolmates with candy Tuesday, it being her birthday.

All the grades are hard at work practicing their songs and recitations for the Memorial exercises Friday.

The Second grade pupils have been studying about the butterflies and are now cutting and coloring paper ones.

The Juniors will have an ice cream social on the Methodist lawn Saturday afternoon and evening, and will be pleased to see you there.

The following pupils have their name on the Seventh grade "Honor Roll": Carroll Dubuar, Anna Simon, Myrtle Ward, Helen Ward and Helen Morse.

The flag standard which the Third grade pupils bought with their pennies now holds a flag which the pupils in that grade several years ago bought.

The Third grade boys have been making a window box for their room, Gerald Taft bringing his pony and cart into use by drawing the wood earth for them.

To Relieve Sore Throat.

A simple way to relieve sore throat is to take a lump of resin about as large as a walnut, put it into an old teapot, pour on boiling water; and then put the lid on and place the spout in your mouth; the steam will prove beneficial in allaying inflammation.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

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

FOR SALE—To reduce my herd, I offer a few choice Jersey cows for sale. Samuel Bassett, Novi. 3911

WANTED—100 lbs of shoe repairing to do. Michigan Supply Co. shop, rear of 4011. 4011

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

FOR SALE—Smith Premier Typewriter good condition Cheap. Apply to Record office. 1011

FOR SALE—Sewing machine. Latest improved drop leaf. Best made. Cheap. Record office. 4911

FOR SALE—New double barrel Stevens Hammerless shot gun also Winchester repeater shot gun. Both first class. Apply to R. R. Darwin. 2911

TO RENT—165 acre farm, 1 1/2 miles from Northville; cash or on shares. Address, J. R. Blackwood, 501 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit. 2711

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. KATHARINE M. STRONG, Teacher of Piano, Pipe Organ, Voice, Harmony, Analysis and Musical History. Studio 28 Dunlap Street. Phone 283. 3111

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

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

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario College, now has his office in residence, corner of Cady and Center streets. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 1311

Get Your Lawn Mower Sharpen'd

This cut represents a Machine used by Stanley & Balden for grinding Lawn Mowers. The most up to date method. Shop located at 21 Butler avenue, one-half block from Yerkes Mill. Bring your mower to the shop if convenient, it will be delivered, sharpened and returned there the next day. If unable to get your mower to the market, call the market by phone, stating that you have a mower to grind, also your name and we will send for it and return same.

Price 50c. Repairs Extra. STANLEY & BALDEN Northville, Michigan.

EXCURSION

VIA Pere Marquette

SUND'Y, JUNE 7

TO TOLEDO

Train will leave Northville at 10:18 a. m. Returning, leave Toledo at 6:00 p. m.

ROUND TRIP RATES 60 Cents.

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

I MAKE...

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

Northville. G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

\$2.50 GIVEN FREE

In addition to our regular liberal offer to every organizer of a

SCHMELZER SOAP CLUB

Write us at once, and we will explain how you may

Furnish Your Home Free Of Charge

Schmelzer Company

114-116 South Franklin St. SAGINAW, MICH.

Let Us Be Your Waiter

We never tire of helping others when they ask for good job printing. We can tickle the most exacting typographic appetite. People who have partaken of our excellent service come back for a second serving. Our prices are the most reasonable, too, and you can always depend on us giving your orders the most prompt and careful attention. Call at this office and look over our samples.

THE WATER WAY BETWEEN DETROIT AND BUFFALO

The D. & B. Line Steamers leave Detroit twice a week at 7:00 p.m., and arrive at 4:00 p.m. (central time) and from Buffalo at 10:00 a.m. and 7:00 a.m. respectively. The next morning. Direct connections with all morning trains. Lowest fares and superior service to all ports east. Popular week end excursions to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, leave Detroit every Saturday and return Monday morning.

RAIL TICKETS AVAILABLE ON STEAMERS

All classes of tickets sold on a Michigan Central, and Grand Trunk railroads between Detroit and Buffalo in either direction will be accepted. For a complete list of fares and conditions, apply to the agent at Detroit, Mich., or to the agent at Buffalo, N.Y.

DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.

PHILIP H. McMillan, Vice Pres. A. A. Schatz, Gen. Mgr.

Marlin

WHETHER you live in the city or country, you'll find no .22 calibre repeating rifle like the Marlin Model 1897.

For the city use, it is a perfect companion for the vacation or outing trip. It's light, takes down and packs in a small space. The ammunition is inexpensive. The gun can be used with .22 short for target and is equally capable of handling .22 long or long-rifle cartridges without change of mechanism.

On the farm the rifle is a necessity. The short cartridge is sufficient for sparrows, squirrels and small game; and the long-rifle cartridge makes the Marlin Model '97 a destructive weapon for geese, foxes, hares, etc. up to 200 yards.

The "Marlin" Book of 136 pages, with handsome art cover, is jam full of up-to-date information for all gun-lovers and gives full description of all Marlin repeaters. It's FREE for 3 stamps.

42 Wilson St., The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

EXCURSION

VIA Pere Marquette

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PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL.

Clearing Sale of Wall Paper

It is stock clearing time in the Wall Paper Dept. We have had a busy season, and although the active Spring demand is not over by any means, we decided to begin our annual clearing sale this week—it is an extraordinary opportunity for Wall Paper buyers.

Our 10c, 12 1-2 and 15c Wall Paper at 8c per Roll
Our 20c and 25c Wall Papers at 15c per Roll

The assortment at these two low prices includes hundreds of styles, and they are all new. Beautiful two-toned effects, rich gift papers for parlors, halls and dining-rooms; oriental and tapestry patterns for living rooms, libraries and dens. Latest styles in bedroom papers with festoon borders, etc. The floral effects are specially handsome and there are many of this season's novelties in the lot not shown elsewhere. All have borders and ceilings to match. If you can use new Wall Paper now or later don't fail to profit by this great clearing sale. You can buy the very best 20c and 25c grades and styles at 15c per roll and the very best 10c, 12 1-2 and 15c grades and styles at 8c per roll. Partridge & Blackwell bargains are always genuine and just as represented.

8c

15c

WALL PAPER DEPT.—THIRD FLOOR.

Pardridge & Blackwell

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

Let us for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:

Miss Mary Austin
 Mr. Leonard Laurence

We Will! Will You?

(Boost, Northville.)

Work and our town grows nobly,
 Hail, and 'twill surely die.
 For the town that's alive must grow and thrive.
 Then "Forward!" our battle cry.
 "Knock," and the drowsy knock with you,
 "Boost," and they say "what's the good?"
 For it's easier work to sneer and shrug
 Than to hustle and help saw wood.
 Shout for "The Greater Northville!"
 But push while the shouting is done,
 For the town won't grow on wind, you know.
 By work is the victory won.
 —Stolen from Milwaukee Press.

Messdames Will Ely, Harley Johnson, A. W. Olde, B. G. Filkins entertained the Clover Whist club at the home of the latter Monday night. A delicious lunch was served.

H. Garner is slowly recovering from a serious illness brought on by a bruise and a cut on one of his limbs. His daughter, a nurse at the Lansing industrial school, was home last week and until Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fuller, who live near the fish hatchery, entertained a number of little people Tuesday afternoon in honor of their little daughter's sixth birthday. The little folks had a good time playing and, best of all, a nice supper was served.

The members and congregation of the Baptist church will tender their pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. S. F. Dimmock, a farewell reception in the church, Friday evening, June 5, from 8 to 11. All neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dimmock are cordially invited to attend.

Ed. Merritt comes near being the champion fish catcher so far this season. With a perch pole and hook he captured a ten pound pickerel at Union lake this week. Mr. Fish measured 3 ft. 1 in. Ed. thought he had a saw log or a whale when he first felt the bite.

Again the Record requests that people who call this office so far as possible give their news items to who ever answers the phone. It is not always convenient to call a person from some other part of the building or stop a piece of machinery, when the person in the office answering the phone can attend to it quite as well.

OPINIONS FROM THE STATE PRESS

Hot One from Gogebic County.

Of course the fairly up-to-date citizen of Michigan has no difficulty in recognizing the motive behind the Bradley candidacy. It is out to save the ring that has fattened all these years upon the management of state funds, tax-titles and tax-redemptions included—Bessemer Free Press.

Osborn farm implements, full line binders, mowers, corn harvesters, etc., also Kents 20th Century manure spreaders for sale by H. W. Lee, Farmington, Mich.

R. R. McKahan is able to be out again.

Jesse Clark is seriously ill with appendicitis.

John Ambler is seriously ill at his home on West Main street.

The Jolly Euchre club will meet with Mrs. W. E. Ambler next Monday evening.

Mrs. Kate Yerkes, who has been ill, is able to be up and around the house again.

George Shuler and family have recently moved here from Holly and occupy the Nash house on Rogers street.

Mrs. Bassett, who has been spending the winter with Mrs. Hake, has moved back to her home on Dunlap street.

The Home Telephone Co., has just installed a phone in the residence of Chas. Whipple. The number is 311, 4 R.

There will be two games of ball here Saturday, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, between Ypsilanti and Northville.

The W. C. T. U. will meet in the parlors of the Baptist church next Monday afternoon, at 2:00 o'clock. All members requested to be present.

J. M. McVicar left for Cleveland Saturday evening and from there he took up his duties as engineer on the new steamer, A. W. Thompson, which sails from Lake Erie ports to Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't forget to save your "Trip to Quebec" Free Press coupons for Miss Tremper at the Record office. The contest does not close until August 19 and every vote counts from now until then. The Sunday coupons count five votes.

A special car on the D. U. R., leaving Detroit about 4:30, will bring out a crowd of county "fellers" for the Warner-Kelley meeting in the Opera House tonight. Redford and Farmington people have also chartered a special to bring over a crowd from there.

While Rattenbury & Starkweather's team were being driven down south Church street Monday afternoon, the wagon tongue broke and the horses became frightened and ran away breaking the wagon in several places. Fortunately no one was hurt.

"Jack-the-Peeper," or "Jack-the-Burglar" who didn't burgle, was in evidence Monday night and some of the west end Euclid avenue people were "skered" forty ways for Sunday. An organized posse held a man hunt for the villainous villain but he had vanished.

The G. A. R. and W. R. C. Memorial service was held in the Baptist church Sunday evening and a large crowd was in attendance. Rev. S. F. Dimmock preached a fine sermon taking for his subject "The Stainless Flag." At the close of the service Mrs. S. J. Lawrence, in a few well chosen words, presented the church with a beautiful silk flag from the W. R. C. The Male Quartet furnished excellent music.

The council will be petitioned to draft a new ordinance soon compelling the Hinkley steamer to land for passengers at Braeside, Parmenter Park, and Rougemere. At present the "Edward" only takes on passengers at Lakeside, Danside, Powers Island and Marquette beach. People at those other points claim they have rights and will insist that landings be made at all the docks and the franchise be burned with gasoline.

Gardner has good, fresh, cold buttermilk always on hand.

For any pain, from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Miss Mabel Stark is the new assistant deputy in the post office.

NOTICE TO FORESTERS—All members are requested to meet at the hall at 12:30, standard Saturday, May 30.

The past week has been fine weather for crops and everything is looking fine.

S. J. Lawrence will deliver the Memorial address at Ecorse Saturday, May 30.

Miss Della Dunham, formerly of this place, is seriously ill with tubercular trouble at the Adrian Home.

The First "500" club surprised Mrs. M. R. Seeley, one of their members, Tuesday evening. Everybody had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Burrows have moved into the Fuller house on Main street, recently vacated by Edward Gay and family.

Several children in town are having the whooping cough, among the latest are Elizabeth Lapham and Marion Phillips.

Miss Markham, who played the piano in Gardner's ice cream parlors last Saturday, will furnish music there tomorrow (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. E. Dingman, who has been ill with rheumatism, has sufficiently recovered to be moved to the home of her sister in law, Mrs. M. E. Johnson.

Mrs. Huldah Simmons, who has been ill the past week, is somewhat better and has been removed to the home of her nephew, Franz Power, and family.

Mrs. R. Neelands went to the Homeopathic hospital in Ann Arbor Tuesday to take treatments. Her many friends hope it will be beneficial to her.

Mrs. R. C. Yerkes and Mrs. A. E. Stanley entertained the "card club" Monday evening at the home of the former. This was the last meeting of the season.

Don't forget the King's Daughters supper in Ambler's hall next Tuesday evening from 5:00 until 7:00 o'clock. See their announcement on another page.

The regular meeting of the King's Daughters will be held next Tuesday afternoon and members are requested to be present promptly at 2:30 o'clock on account of the supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Passage of Detroit are rejoicing over the arrival of a son May 14. Mrs. Passage is well known here as she was formerly Miss Shirley Tinsam of this place.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen of Belleville, a son, Friday, May 22. Mrs. Allen was formerly Miss Ione Murdock of this place, and is here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Murdock.

R. R. McKahan wishes to express his sincere thanks to his friends who have shown so much kindness during his illness, especially to his Sunday school class and others who sent flowers.

The Ladies' Library association last week shipped 14,585 pounds of papers and received a cheque for \$65.49, outside of the freight. The ladies have worked hard for this and they feel pretty rich now.

Northville Commandery, Knights Templar, will attend service in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. All St. Knights are requested to be at their hall promptly at 9:30 and march in a body to the church.

Gardner has the five cent and one cent ice cream cones.

A Complete Drug Store

That's just what we have here—one to which you can come for anything in the druggist's line and not be disappointed. A great stock? Yes, ten thousand and one different articles. Some are called for fifty times a day; others once or twice a year. But we must have them all, because you expect to find them here. Proprietary medicines of all kinds. Toilet and sanitary articles in great abundance and variety. All prescriptions filled with accuracy by graduate pharmacists of long experience.

Murdock Bros.
 DRUGGISTS
 62 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

AT THE GREENHOUSE

ROSE BUSHES

From the Bench that will blossom all summer

for 25c.

Good Strain of Pansies.

Floral Designs

For All Occasions.

J. M. DIXON, Proprietor

OSCAR S. HARGER

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED
 Estates Settled and Managed
 Insurance and Loans. Notary Public
 Bell Phone, 60. 124 N. Center St.
 NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DENTIST

DR. P. A. CHESTERFIELD
 NEW BANK BLDG.
 Home Phone 24. NORTHVILLE.

Hides Tanned FOR ROBES AND COATS.



Send us your Cattle and Horse Hides, or any skin you have, and we will make you a FINE COAT, ROBE or a FLOOR-RUG at a reasonable price.

We have one of the largest Fur Coat and Robe Factories in the country, and tan and dress in our own plant, all the hides and skins we use. We can therefore handle your custom work in the very best manner. All hides are soft and pliable when finished. We guarantee our work. A postal card and 25 cents of your time will bring one of our circulars. If possible, call and inspect our plant. We are on the Boulevard, three-quarters of a mile East of Woodward Avenue. WRITE NOW.

HUGH WALLACE CO.
 Tanning Dept. DETROIT, MICH.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS



THE DIAMOND BRAND
 Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. They are sold with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Special Underprice Sale Novelty Silks

The power of "ready money" was never better illustrated than in values we are able to give in this sale of silks which we have just purchased for spot cash. Quality, colorings and styles are all that you would expect to find at much higher cost.

We have added to this purchase a lot of odd pieces that were formerly priced as high as \$1.25 a yard, forming a large range of styles to select from. Choice of all for 49c a yard.

We also offer in connection with sale 25 pieces 19-inch Colored Taffetas in all the most desirable light and dark colors. Regular 75c value at 59c yd.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

164 to 169 Woodward Avenue.

DETROIT, MICH.

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO GIVE YOU THE LATEST IN PATTERNS, CUT AND FABRICS.

E. J. WILLIS, Merchant Tailor
 TWO STORES.

DETROIT STORE:
 1324 Grand River Avenue.
 Phone Grand 1090-J.

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 Opposite Post-Office;
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OSTEOPATHY

daily appeals to a wider circle—More and more people are becoming convinced that Osteopathic treatment is "good for what ails them." For further information, Osteopathic reading matter, etc., apply to

DR. FARMER, OSTEOPATH,

who is at the Park House Tuesday and Friday of each week from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Ladies treated at their own homes. No charge for consultation. Chronic cases a specialty.

A Word from Josh Wise.

Th' wife that joshes instead of scolds her husband for his erring ways won't need her neighbors' sympathy.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date
 Wheat, red—97c Wheat, white—97c
 Oats, New—56c Oats, Old—56c
 Corn in ear—46c Shelled corn—80c
 Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
 Hogs dressed—\$7.00
 Cattle—\$4.50 to \$5.00
 Lambs—\$5.50 to \$6.00
 Beef hides—4c per lb.
 Veal calves live—\$5.00
 Eggs—14c Butter—18c
 Poultry live
 Turkeys, young and plump—13c
 Geese, young and plump—10c
 Ducks, young and plump—8c
 Hens—6c.

DETROIT United Railway.

TIME TABLE.

Cars Run on Central Standard Time, in effect May 1, 1905.

LEAVE NORTHVILLE.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6:30 a. m. and hourly until 11:30 p. m. and also 12:30 a. m. for Farmington. Cars leave Northville for Plymouth and Detroit at 7:45 a. m. 7:30 a. m. and every two hours thereafter until 9:30 p. m. also 11:15 p. m.

LEAVE DETROIT.

Cars leave Detroit for Farmington and Northville at 7:15 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 a. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:00 p. m. Cars leave Michigan Car House for Plymouth at 7:15 a. m. at 5:55 a. m. and Detroit at 7:10 a. m. and every two hours thereafter until 9:30 p. m. also 11 p. m. Through service between Detroit and Saline.

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS
 Operated over the Detroit United Railway and Rapid Railway System giving prompt express service to all points on above Electric Lines.
 Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.
 For rates and other information apply to
 G. H. Baker or John F. Keys,
 Local Agent Northville Gen. Pass. Agt. Detroit.
 Subject to change without notice.

'Nother Special! For One Week

This time we will place on sale one of our Best Quarter-Sawn Oak Combination Book Cases, with Large French Plate Mirror—An elegant piece of Furniture. Worth \$24.00, but we have cut the price to actual cost. (See it in window.)

\$19.50 Takes It.

This Special Sale Good for One Week Only.

We are Still In the Carpet Business

Prices All Guaranteed to be as Low, Quality Considered, as any place in the United States.

Drop in & Look Us Over—No Trouble to Show Goods
 We Deliver the Goods.

Schrader Bros

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

SERIAL STORY

SEFFY

A ROMANCE OF A PENNSYLVANIA FARM

By JOHN LUTHER LONG

Illustrations by Don Wilson

SYNOPSIS.

The crowning desire in the life of old Baumgartner, a Pennsylvania German, is to obtain possession of the beautiful meadow which lies just between Baumgartner's property and the railroad station. The property in question was inherited by Sarah Pressel, very pretty and athletic young girl, and belonged to her. But old Baumgartner had longed for it so many years and endeavored to purchase it from Sarah's father so many times that the property became known as "Baumgartner's yearn." At the village gatherings on the porch of the store old Baumgartner always declared that the property would some day be his. At length Baumgartner came to realize that his only hope of obtaining the property would be through the marriage of his son Sephenial to Sarah Pressel. In a mock auction "Seffy" as Sephenial is called off by his father to Sarah for \$1. "Seffy" is a meek, good-going youth, who is never first in the race for anything. He is fair haired, gentle, always led by his father. Of a rather angelic disposition he is a gentle and kind youth who seems not to understand anything about strife and competition. Thus he appears utterly unadvised to win in any contest of love or life. Sarah Pressel is quite the opposite of Seffy. Her hair is nearly red. She is all life and animation and can jump fences like a wild cat and she is a grace and color herself. Her one fault is a very high temper. Baumgartner gives Seffy some lessons in courtship.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

At last it was evident that Seffy fully understood and his father broke into that discordant whistle once more.

"A gal that ken jump a six-foot fence and wissout no running stair—don't let her git apast you!"

"Well, I'm going to set up with her tonight," said Seffy again, with a huge grin. And the tune his father whistled as he opened the door for him sounded something like "I want to be an angel."

"But not to buy no pasture land!" warned Seffy.

"Oach, no, of course not!" agreed his wily old father. "That's chust one of my durn jokes. But I expect I'll take the fence down to morrow!" Say, Seffy, you chust marry the gal. I'll take keer the fence!"

III.

But Sally Was the Angel.

It took Seffy a long time to array himself as he had threatened. And when it was all done you wouldn't have known him—you wouldn't have cared to know him. For his fine yellow hair was changed to an ugly brown by the patent hair oil with which he had dressed it—and you would not have liked its fragrance. I trust. Bergamot I think it was. His fine young throat was garroted with a starched standing collar his feet were pinched in creaking boots his hands close gauntleted in buckskin gloves, and he altogether incomprehensible, uncomfortable and triumphant.

Down stairs his father paced the floor, watch in hand. From time to time he would call out the hour, like a watchman on a minute. At last.

"Look a-ere! Seffy, it's about two inches apast seven—and by the time you git there—say, Seffy, git another feller a chance to git there afore you or to leave after you!"

Seffy descended at that moment with his hat poised in his left hand. His father dropped his watch and picked it up.

Both stood at gaze for a moment.

"Sunder! Se! You as beautiful as the sun, moon and stars—and as stinky as several apothecary shops. Yere, take the watch and git along—so's you haf some time wiss you—now git along! You late already! Goshens! You was behind time when you was born! Yass, your mammy was disappointed in you right at first. You was 26 hours late! But now you reformed—sank God! I always knowed it was a cure for it, but I didn't know it was anyting as nice as Sally."

Seffy issued forth to his first conquest—lighted as far as the front gate by the fat lamp held in his father's hand.

"A—Se!—Seffy, shall I set up for you tell you git home?" he called into the dark.

"No!" shouted Seffy.

"Aha—aha—aha! That sounds right! Don't you forgit when you bese—well—comfortable—aha—haha! Mobby on one cheer aha—haha. And we'll bese take the fence down to morrow. Mobby all three!"

And then instantly there was another and better reason for staying. Sally had seen him. As he wavered—which she seemed to know—she came hurrying down upon him. It was too late then, even if he had had the courage to retreat from such dear danger. She put her arm within his, and leaning bewitchingly upon it, led him into the house, chattering fervidly—the most willing of captives to the most beguiling of captors. For Sally had put on all her witcheries for this night of nights.

Once within she added the charm of the accomplished amateur hostess—doing fascinating things which needed no doing—hovering about Seffy like the very spirit of a home—so that he had the intoxicating sense of difficulty in keeping from being entangled in her fluttering arms and garments for his feet, unused to Elysium, would catch themselves in her whirling skirts—as if they knew better than he their ultimate destiny. All this was a splendid revelation to Seffy. He had never, in all his dreams of her (and they were legion!) fancied this soft and winning domesticity. It went to his head like alcohol—opium—ether—making it so light and happy as to be quite useless to him.

So, when Sally finally took the tall hat and went to deposit it in the dark parlor, Seffy followed her, for no better reason than the things in the basin have for following the magnet. And, understanding this Sally looked over her shoulder at him. And then, snuffing her conquest at a distance, she laughed and mercifully stopped for him to catch up, that she might presently surrender. She got his hand—to lead him. Only that!

"You care a lot for—your hat, don't you, Seffy? And you want to—to see—no couldn't see a thing—(that I—that I—put it at a safe—place?"

Still by the hand further into the darkness!

And Seffy honestly tried to prevaricate for her a "Yes." But he wasn't thinking of the treasured hat at all. Only the hand—that it was deliciously warm and soft and electrical. Suddenly she stopped very close to him. Only he was so dull! He did not know! Heavens! when a girl waits



for a youth to come close to her in the dark—what else can she mean? But Seffy actually did not know.

"Sam's over there! I—I—wish—he—wasn't!"

To whisper it she had to put one hand on his shoulder. How else could she whisper it? And she laughed a low babbling laugh—half confession—half defiance—all invitation!

Seffy stooped to whisper back to her. Sally waited.

"I know!"

Only that!—Sally was disappointed. For it was the custom in that day and vintage and in such circumstances to kiss a girl without fail. And could a girl do more than this by way of invitation? You must have perceived that Sally was learned in these matters. And you may be sure she did not forget Seffy's bashfulness and his inexperience. But surely any one would understand that much—in the dark!

It argued heavily for the depth of Sally's affection for Seffy that she kept her temper for the losing of which she was almost as famous as her father had been for losing his, and only sighed desperately. Any other girl would have left hope—and Seffy—behind. At that moment, happily, Sam was heard to move. She put her hand on Seffy's mouth as if some danger were there. And Seffy, by a sort of instinct, it must have been, kissed it!

Both of Sally's hands went up in real surprise—and Seffy caught and kissed them both!

"Oh!—oh!—oh!"

She had to stuff her gay little handkerchief into her mouth to keep the joy within. After all, could this Seffy be playing possum? Was he deep? I don't know, any more than Sally, how it all happened—except that perhaps Seffy discovered himself suddenly brave in the darkness, and Sally quite defenseless—but presently her head was on his shoulder, and his arm was around her, in quite the way his father had suggested and Sally had expected. And neither of them thought of him or a word he had said—concerning lands, tenements and hereditaments. Sally's hand crept up insidiously about Seffy's neck. But then it was fearfully withdrawn.

"Please don't grease your hair hereafter," said Sally. But she kissed it.

"Hereafter! Hereafter!" Seffy's heart pounded.

"Suppose I'd grease my hair!" said Sally speciously.

The horror conjured up was factitious. Remember where her head was resting. But an alien element was

now raised between them. Seffy moved away. Maids should not cavil even at oiled hair—so early in their courtship! More fascination was needed—perhaps only a soft cooling word.

"You—you wouldn't like that—would you?"—still meekly.

"No!" Seffy answered, puzzled. "My Sunday coat would git greased!"

"My sleeve did!"

She inspected a soiled sleeve—in the ray from the hall—which had no spot on it!

"I don't care for the sleeve! It'll wash out. But Sam—he sees every—"

She laughed and was about to plunge recklessly back into his arms. But her hair was beautiful! And she had made it more so for him: He must see it! She plunged further into the ray from the hall lamp instead and flung it forward about her face. It clung and clustered there like an aureole. Seffy, in his brief life, he thought, had seen nothing more divine. She looked saucily up at him out of the tops of her eyes. His adoration made her very happy.

"There! ain't that nicer than yours?"—She burned her fingers in the splendid mass, and pushed it into further disorder until it lay close—shining about her face.

"Oh, Sally," said Seffy, approaching her as if she were some goddess, "wear it that way always!"

The alien thing was gone! They were in rapport once more!

"They'd have me in an asylum in no time. But—"

Somehow, Seffy's arms opened to invite her back and she came with a low reckless laugh. The wild sheaf of her hair lodged again close under his chin. He recklessly thrust his face into it. Its perfume in his nostrils and its movement against his skin were ineffable. He kissed it. Again it was the strange fashion of the cavalier—in those kisses! Where did he learn it?

"Oh, Sally, wear it always so!" he begged again. And—good heavens!—he put his lips down upon it once more!

"Just when you come to see me, murmured Sally to the lapel of his coat.

"Sally—Sally, you are an angel!" said Seffy.

And this one little word which came to dull Seffy so happily out of his favorite song made the coquette very serious.

"Not an angel, Seffy, Se!—Seffy," she said with her head a little down. "I don't think you would like me to be such. I'm not! Angels never laugh, you know—nor love. And I want to do a lot of both. But—but—Seffy, I'd like to be something very nice—to you. What is the finest thing a girl can be to you?"

"A sister!" ventured Seffy, who had never had one.

Sally shivered, then laughed. But she took herself away from Seffy.

The Pressel temper flamed a moment, and certain words began to form in her mind like "Fool!" and "Go!" and "Damn!" For, I think I haven't told you that Sally sometimes swore—in extreme circumstances. Her father had done so.

She spoke with that trifle of hard brutality which came out now and then.

"You know what they say at the store—that I flirt and am not nice in other ways, and they're right. But I do want to be nice to you, though not a sister—quite. Ugh! And, you know, one thing they say is true—my temper. Look out for that! You must always take time to forgive me and let me ask to be forgiven."

Now, I beg to ask you whether an amende was ever more delicious—considering that much of what she said to and for Seffy was meant to—and for herself alone! Indeed before she got through with it, it had affected her quite as if Seffy had pleaded it, and her voice sank to its pretty mezzo, then quivered a bit, and she understood that was answering herself.

"Seffy, I am awfully sorry!"

"For what, Sally?" asked Seffy.

Seffy, dull Seffy, really did not know for what. But there is something which God gives the dull, as well as the sprightly witted, that outleaps words to comfort sorrow. And this Seffy had abundantly. It first expressed itself in the strong young arms which again closed in utter silence upon the sorrowing one.

Presently (perhaps you have not forgotten how it is!) in the same silence, Seffy's lips found hers—not as the victor pounces upon the spoil of his conquest—but slowly, uncertainly, unconfidently—as if the lips were a saint's relics, and Sally waited, not as she had waited before, but in the knowledge that her hour had come, and that this kiss—the first this youth had given to woman since his mother's died in his infancy—must not be received as others had been, but as sacredly as it came; and when it finally fell the lips of the coquette quivered as they received it, and then suddenly sobbed, and did not know why—

Do you?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wild Boar a Hard Fighter.

For sheer devilry and insane ferocity the boar stands pre-eminent and for courage he has no equal among animals. A wild boar charging has been known to bring an elephant down on its knees, and one well authenticated fight is recorded between a boar and a full grown tiger in which the boar more than held its own. Tigers have the greatest respect for wild boars and treat them accordingly. In matter of speed the horse has not yet been foaled which can catch a boar in its first burst. I have seen a man on a thoroughbred Arab try to cut out a boar in breaking back to cover, and the boar literally walked around him.—Recreation.

IN MEMORIAM.



A laurel wreath for each good gray head, Honor for each of the scars they bear, Tears for the blood that they had to shed, Sighs for the ills that they had to share, Love for their hope when hope had fled From the weak who cowered in pale despair.

Fame, but not for the shame of those Who fell for a cause that was better lost Cheers for their love of the gallant foes Whose bayonets by their own were crossed, Love for the grace that the hero shows To the vanquished foe who has paid the cost.

A laurel wreath for each good gray head, Cheers for the heroes marching by, Tears for the blood that they had to shed, For each of the ills that they bore—a sigh, Love for their faith when the streams ran red, And despair was written across the sky.—S. E. Kiser.

SEFFY HIS MEMORIAL

Remains in Tree Where Youth Hung It When He Went to War

WHEN the territory about Waterloo, in New York state, was sparsely settled the principal industry was the hewing of timber from the forest along the Seneca canal. At a point known as Log Landing, midway between Geneva and Waterloo, the woodchoppers were wont to gather and tell their stories of early Indian fights, and here young Hyman Johnson, a farmer boy, first learned of the impending disaster to the union if the southern states were allowed to withdraw from their early affiliation. It seemed war was imminent and speculation was rife as to the time when the actual hostilities would begin.

One day in 1861 Johnson, who was then 21 years old, was moving a lot on the farm. A neighbor drove up bearing the tidings that the call to arms had been sounded. Without hesitation the youth walked to the house and placed his scythe in the crotch of a young Balm of Gilead tree. His mother asked him what the matter was, and he said:

"Mother, Lincoln needs men. I am going to war."

"What, Hyman? You, my son, going to enlist?"

"Yes, but do not fear any harm will come to me. The war will be over in a month. The southerners cannot face the troops from the north for more than that time. When I return I will mow the rest of the lot. Leave my scythe in the tree until I return."

His regiment marched to the front to the stirring martial music, and was often in the fighting line. The mother, true to the words of her boy, left the scythe as it had been placed. Johnson came home a year later on a furlough, and laughed at the almost forgotten incident of the implement and its position.

He inspired hope in the hearts of those who thought of nothing else than his safe return by saying "I will yet be back to mow that lot."

Soon after returning he was captured in a skirmish and became a prisoner in a southern pen, from which escape was impossible. Disease laid hold upon him and he died surrounded by enemies. He was buried in an unknown grave with hundreds of his comrades.

Meanwhile the tree grew apace and the blade became partially imbedded in the trunk of the tree. The handle rotted away, but the steel remained fixed in the wood.

A general proclamation was issued from the White House declaring one day should be set apart as a time for memory of those who had fallen while defending their country. It was the first Memorial day. Word of the proclamation was carried to Mrs. Johnson, but she had no grave to decorate. She ran word to a few flowers upon the spot where her boy lay, but its location must ever remain a mystery. Kneeling in the garden, she offered a short prayer. Then she plucked a few lilies from the plot she tended daily, and making a wreath, she bore it to the tree which gave such a grim reminder of her sacrifice to her country. With a caress she reached up and hung the wreath upon the scythe point.

Memorial day has long become an established anniversary. Many years have passed since Mrs. Johnson was laid to rest in the village cemetery. The old home is exactly as it stood in the day of the civil war, but is occupied by another family.

Of the Johnson family a brother's widow and her children are all who are left. Every year, early in the morning of Memorial day, the remnant of the family gathers beneath the scythe and places thereupon a wreath of evergreen and a tiny American flag. Within a few feet modern methods have constructed a trolley line. Hundreds carried by the cars gaze upon the tree, the scythe, the wreath and the flag and ask to be told the story of the brave young soldier.

MEMORIAL DAY

Not Entirely One of Mourning

MEMORIAL DAY should not be regarded as a day of mourning. Symbols of grief used in connection with the memorial exercises—all save the draping of flags—seem out of place.

The annual celebration of the fame, the sacrifices and the glory of the soldiers of the union is a beautiful custom, but the day was never meant for a time set apart for lamentation.

The nation pays a tribute of flowers, of song and words of praise and appreciation to its glorious dead, and it is in a spirit of tender pride and exaltation that the holiday should be celebrated. It has been a mistake to cover the day with crepe.

Certainly there must be sad hearts on this day, but if Memorial day is made what it should be there will be brought to the widow and the fatherless consolation and strength.

Comfort and wholesome thought are suggested by the tributes of a whole country to those who pledged their lives for the land of their love in its time of need.

Let us not put on mourning garments and make a gloomy day out of the beautiful festival of honoring the glorious dead.

"For how can man die better than facing fearful odds For the ashes of his fathers, and the stars of his gods?"

If you want to get the "all inspiration" of the day, go early in the morning to any of the "God's acres" which are ever around the dwellings of the living. There, in the dewy quiet, where there is no sound—but the songs of birds and the sighing of the wind in the trees, you will look upon the graves where loving hands have set the little flags which tell that a soldier sleeps his last sleep below.

Then, as the morning freshness withers under the sun, you see the forms of men and women and children bending over the places where their loved ones rest, and you will be reminded that love outlives death. The comfort of God comes to those who set flowers over long made graves.

You will, at last, hear the sound of music, and so will be announced the arrival of the Grand Army and other veterans on their duty of the day.

The old men march to a central place and with bowed heads listen to a prayer and then sing a hymn. The voice of one, perhaps, rises in an ode upon the heroes of patriotism. Then the little procession starts upon its journey and visits every soldier's grave, laying flowers upon the grass so lately sprung from the sleep of winter.

Yes, your eyes will be full of tears, but they will not be the tears which burn; not tears of misery and grief, but those tears of universal, uplifting emotion which make us all feel the bonds of human brotherhood. Renovating tears, that relieve the heart and make it seem less of an enigma.

All day long loving hands bring flowers as offerings to the memory of the unselfish brave, on and on till the sun sets tireless feet walk by the decorated graves, pausing now and then while a stroller reads a tribute graven upon some stone, or notes the offering of blossoms on some otherwise unmarked mound.

And when evening falls the level rays of the sun lie, like a benediction, upon the places where the love of human hearts has heaped up the treasures of May, in tribute to the sons and the martyrs of freedom.

The 30th of May is a day of glorious, inspiring remembrance, one when, if tears are shed, they are only tears which sanctify, without burdening, the heart.

THE WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.



"My goodness, gran'pa, were you ever as young as that?"

"That was taken the day we marched away 46 years ago. I was the drummer boy. The men used to laugh at me and my big drum, they called me the baby of the regiment."

"They don't laugh at you now, do they, gran'pa?"

"Not many of them, poor fellows. Why, my goodness, I'm just as young as that now, but you see, I have to look older because I'm a grandpa, you know. I just do it to keep up appearances."

Memorial Day on Sunday.

The best day for this memorial observance is Sunday. We must make up our minds to take the people as they are and bring this memorial institution to them, instead of stubbornly insisting upon rounding them up to the institution. And when we do adopt such a broad-gauged plan of expediency we shall find that patriotism and sentimental regard for noble sacrifices and Sunday all go well together, and the people themselves know it and feel it.—St. Albans Messenger.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after-effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

An Indignant Editor.

Last Saturday evening after sewing two patches on our Sunday trousers and cleaning and pressing them we hung them out to dry. An hour later we found that they had been stolen. This will explain why we were not in our accustomed place in church on Sunday. The human being who will deliberately steal a pair of trousers from the editor of a weekly paper, and knowing that they are his only pair for church-going, deserves a worse fate than our indignation will allow us to mention. It seems to us as if civilization had been turned back half a century.—Hometown (Pa.) Banner.

Not Time's Slave.

A traveler, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "Dye think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours? Gitap!"

SENSIBLE CHAP.



First Girl—What did he do when you told him he mustn't see you any more?

Second Girl—Turned the lights out!

Between Doctors.

"Was the operation successful, doctor?"

"Entirely. I charged \$600 and the executor signed a check for it with out winking."—Kansas City Times



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.

EPILEPSY ITS

FREE

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

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

LIVONIA NEWS.

Frank Peck and wife visited W. H. Smith and wife at Waterford Sunday.

Mrs. Cortis back on the farm with her son, Will, again after a visit with her daughter in Detroit.

Miss Bogan closed a successful term of school last Friday with an entertainment in the town hall. She returned to her home Saturday.

Mrs. Will Hart returned to her home in Hart last Thursday after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garchow. Miss Emma Helm returned with her for a month's visit.

SHAKE IT OFF.

Rid Yourself of Unnecessary Burdens.
A Northville Citizen Shows
You How.

Don't bear unnecessary burdens. Burdens of a bad back are unnecessary.

Get rid of them.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure bad backs, cure lame back and aching backs, cure every form of kidney ills. Lots of local endorsement to prove this.

L. W. Hutton, living on Main street, Northville, Mich., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and can give them my hearty endorsement. A year or two ago I was troubled with pains across my back and loins, some times so severe as to cause me great annoyance. I was told it was caused by the kidneys being disordered, but the remedies I used failed to help me. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box at Murdoch Bros' drug store. They relieved me almost immediately and I was soon entirely well and have not been bothered in the same way since. Mrs. Hutton also used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and the result was just as satisfactory as in my case. I can heartily endorse the claims made for your reliable remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McLennan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Habit and Imitation.

Habit is our primal fundamental law. Habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all asperities, of all practice and all learning in the world.

Resolutions.

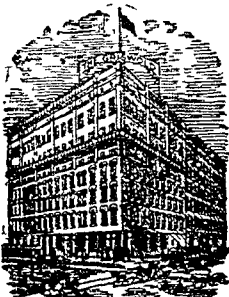
WHEREAS, it has again pleased the Great Commander of the Universe to enter our lives and remove from our midst our sister Kittie Tuttle, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we as members of Forget-Me-Not Hive, No. 169, extend to the bereaved husband our deepest sympathy in this hour of his great bereavement and further be it

RESOLVED, that we drape our charter for thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be given to the Northville Record for publication and that a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved husband.

"Sweet flower transplanted to a fairer clime Where never cometh the blight of time"
JENNIE McCULLOUGH
ANNIE SCOTT,
Committee.

Detroit Headquarters FOR MICHIGAN PEOPLE



GRISWOLD HOUSE
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.50 TO \$3.50 PER DAY
EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 TO \$2.00 PER DAY
Specially modern and up-to-date hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Cass and Grand River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave., Jefferson, Third and Fourth streets can be seen by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House.
POSTAL & MORREY, Props.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

WIXOM NEWS.

Mabel Stevens is working at H. Aspenleiter's in Northville.

John Chambers and wife, of Clio, visited their parents Sunday.

Miss Mabel Wright of Jackson is visiting her parents this week.

Born, Sunday, May 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mowrey, a girl.

N. W. Ball and family of Milford visited at John Patton's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Taylor of Milford visited at J. G. Madison's Sunday.

Mrs. Wayne of Detroit visited at George Aspenleiter's from Friday until Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Grant, whose extreme illness was mentioned last week, is now on the gain.

The Wixom baseball team went to Milford Friday and came off victorious, the score being 6 to 1.

J. G. Madison and little daughter, Dorothy, were Northville and Clarenceville visitors Monday.

Mrs. Ellen Gilchrist of Walled Lake spent two days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Ridley.

Mrs. Frank Chapman of Northville and Mrs. Clyde Putnam of Novi were callers at J. G. Madison's Saturday.

Doan's Regulax cure constipation without griping, nausea, nor any weakening effect. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents per box.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. Carl Ely spent Monday in Detroit.

Katie Simmons spent Friday at Plymouth.

Ross Northrop is suffering with blood poison in his hand.

Will Kahl is the guest of his cousin at Plymouth Sunday.

Mrs. G. Green of Orchard Lake is visiting at her parental home this week.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. John Watts is improving.

Mrs. W. D. Flint is a little better.

Mrs. Jas. Taylor Jr. is on the sick list.

Miss Pearl Taylor is home for a short time.

Chas. Matheson is painting Frank Clark's house.

Fred Simmons is the proud owner of a new automobile.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. Stott, Thursday, May 21, a daughter.

J. Sanford is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Chas. Pennel, at Davisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKnight and son spent Sunday at Walled Lake.

Miss Hattie Donaldson visited her grandmother, Mrs. Bathrick, Sunday.

Mrs. Dingman of Northville is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Harriett Sanford.

Mrs. John Miller had the misfortune to hurt her foot quite badly Monday while moving a stove.

Mrs. Jas. Taylor Sr., recently received a box of trailing arbutus from her nephew, Russell Thompson, of Alpena.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Miss Bessie Johns has returned from her visit at Pontiac.

Mrs. Mattie Howard of Pontiac spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Pontiac.

Mrs. Roy Hine and little son from Conneaut, Ohio, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Moyer.

Miss May Tuttle has returned from Ann Arbor to keep house for her father, J. J. Tuttle, and brother, George.

The friends of Miss Alta Johns and Will Campbell were greatly surprised a few days ago at the announcement of their marriage. The ceremony

took place last June in Windsor. They are popular young people of this vicinity and their friends join in best wishes for their future happiness.

Decorations Day will be observed here by appropriate exercises. There will be no public dinner as has been the custom, but the old soldiers and their wives will be entertained for dinner at the Angell Inn. At two o'clock the exercises in the Methodist church will begin, consisting of an interesting program of recitations, dialogues, flag drills and music, closing with an address by Rev. W. H. Rider of Pontiac. All are cordially invited.

Last Saturday the school baseball team suffered their first defeat this season at West Novi. The West Novi boys were here two weeks ago and a good game was played resulting in a score of 9 to 4 for the home team. The boys went to West Novi in good faith expecting to meet the team of that place but instead five players had been imported from the Northville High school, who proved too much for our boys, who are lads from the 7th and 8th grades. Under the circumstances the boys feel no humiliation.

The funeral services of Mrs. J. J. Tuttle were held in the Baptist church Wednesday afternoon, May 20, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating, assisted by Rev. L. H. Stevens of Clarkston. There was a large attendance, a delegation of Lady Maccabees from Northville and from the Orchard Lake Gleamers of which societies she was a member. Kittie Tuttle was born in Milford Aug. 30, 1863 being nearly forty-five years of age at the time of her death. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hulett, who came to Walled Lake when Kittie was a child. In a few years going to Novi where she spent the greater part of her life. She was an excellent nurse and followed this calling for several years. August 21, 1893 she was married to Joseph Tuttle, since that time making this her home. Four years ago she was converted and joined the Baptist church, of which she was an active member, being secretary of the Ladies' Aid for several years. Besides her husband and three step children she leaves an aged mother of Novi, sister, Mrs. Marcia Hollace and brother, Orren Hulett of Detroit and many friends as was shown in a measure by the wealth of beautiful flowers that covered and surrounded the casket.

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

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Dell McDermott remains about the same.

Mrs. Lucinda Webster, who has been very ill, is better.

Miss Jessie Soule visited her cousin, Mrs. Westcott, at Wixom Wednesday.

The Methodist Sunday school are preparing a Children's Day program.

Miss Brab of Romeo was the guest of Mrs. Agnes Buno the first of the week.

Clinton McGee will deliver the Memorial address at South Lyon Saturday.

Andrew Kuster, Sr., of Edon, Ohio, has been spending a few days with his son, Adam.

Mrs. Chas. Collins is slowly recovering from her recent illness and is able to sit up part of the time.

Several of the young ladies gave a dinner Tuesday at the Owen House in honor of Miss Lottie Paulger.

The pupils in the Thayer Dist., presented their teacher, Miss Ethel Waite, with a handsome souvenir spoon the last day of school.

The Ladies' Literary club expect to go to Lansing next Wednesday where they will be entertained by Mrs. St. John at the Industrial school.

Preparations have been made for the usual Decoration Day exercises and a fine program has been prepared by the school to be given Saturday afternoon in the town hall.

The Memorial exercises were held Sunday afternoon in the German Evangelical church and Rev. A. Martin, pastor, preached an excellent sermon. Music was furnished by the church choir. Rev. Chas. Collins, of the Methodist church, assisted in the services.

Mrs. Abigail McGee was given a pleasant surprise Saturday by a number of the ladies who went in to help her celebrate her 71st birthday. Her children could not all be present,

but sent letters of congratulations to her. She received a number of very nice presents.

A quiet wedding took place last Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stiller, when their daughter, Martha, was united in marriage to Mr. Herman Schaefer, in the presence of the near relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride and groom are well known in Farmington. Mr. Schroeder having been proprietor of the meat market here for several years and Mrs. Schroeder a school teacher a number of years in this town. They have a host of friends who wish them a long and happy life.



FOR GOOD FISHING

you need the right kind of hooks, rods, reel and bait. It's the same with all lines of sport. That's why we're so particular to keep our stock up.

SPORTING GOODS

up to minute. We invite the Fisherman Hunter and Baseball enthusiast to look over this splendid display. This is the bait we use; but the hook that will catch you later is the price tickets on these goods.

Fred L. Cook & Co.
FARMINGTON, MICH.



This Coffee is packed in one-pound air-tight cans. Never sold in bulk.

A Coffee Worth Drinking
35c. per Pound.

MAJESTIC is sold either in whole berry or granulated. The granulated coffee is steel-cut, and this cutting does not crush the little oil cells as grinding does. This superior Coffee is imported, blended and roasted by

PHILIPS, KRAG & CO., DETROIT, MICH.
For Sale in Northville by S. W. Knapp, A. H. Kohler, Fred Oldenburg, S. E. Parsons, B. A. Wheeler, Chas. E. Ryder.

A tag from a 10-cent piece will count FULL value.
A tag from a 5-cent piece will count HALF value.

TOBACCO

with valuable tags

Save your tags from

SPEAR HEAD BIG FOUR STANDARD NAVY
HORSE SHOE TOWN TALK
TENPENNY

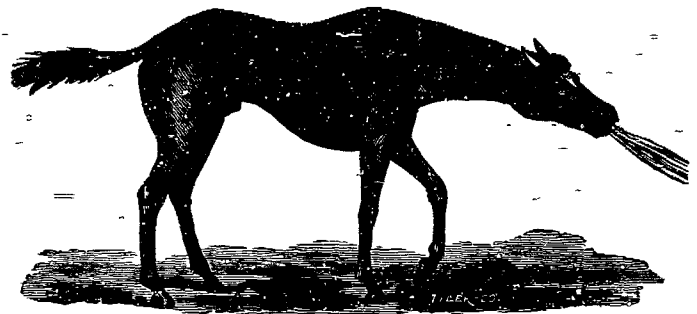
Master Workman Old Peach Old Statesman Black Bear J. T. Pink
Timothy's 18-cz. Saller's Pride Granger Twist Ivy W. N. Tinsley's Pink
Natural Leaf Old Honesty Eglantine Jelly Tar Note at Last Bridle Bit

Tags from the above brands are good for the following and many other useful presents as shown by catalog:

Gold Cuff Buttons—50 Tags French Briar Pipe—50 Tags Lady's Pocketbook—50 Tags
Fountain Pen—100 Tags Leather Pocketbook—80 Tags Pocket Knife—40 Tags
English Steel Razor—50 Tags Steel Carving Set—200 Tags Playing Cards—30 Tags
Gentleman's Watch—200 Tags Best Steel Shears—75 Tags 60-yd. Fishing Reel—60 Tags

Many merchants have supplied themselves with presents with which to redeem tags. If you cannot have your tags redeemed at home, write us for catalog.

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.



STOP THAT COUGH!!

Ask your Dealer for the FREE BOOKLET entitled
"USEFUL INFORMATION FOR HORSEMEN"

VETERINARY SURGEONS RECOMMEND

WEARE'S HEAVE REMEDY and WEARE'S CONDITION POWDERS
"For Sale by All Druggists"

EXCURSION Try a Limit in the Record

TO
DETROIT
VIA

Pere Marquette
ON

Sund'y, May 31

Train will leave Northville at 9:33 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 7:00 p. m.

25c Round Trip.

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prod.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED

MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.

209 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE

Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Est. Bovee of the Village of Northville Wayne County Michigan, to Marvin Bovee of the same place, bearing date the fifteenth day of October, 1893, and recorded in the office of Michigan on the 21st day of October, 1893, in Liber 247 of Mortgages on page 177, and thereafter by reason of said default there is claimed to be and is due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal and interest the sum of one thousand and seventy-five and four-tenths (\$1075.40) dollars and no sum at law or in equity having been instituted to recover said mortgage debt or any part thereof, now therefore

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statutes of the State of Michigan in such cases made and provided the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on MONDAY, THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY OF JULY, 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, standard time, at the southeast or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building, in the City of Detroit, Michigan (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for said county is held) the premises described in said mortgage, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said indebtedness and the costs and expenses of sale including an attorney fee as allowed by law and the balance of said mortgage, the premises which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit:

Land and premises situated in the Village of Northville County of Wayne State of Michigan 1/2 Lots numbered three (3) and four (4) in block five (5) in said village as recorded in the Register's office in said county.

Dated April 28, 1908.

MARVIN BOVEE
Mortgagee

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. A session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit on the thirtieth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of MARIA ANN WITTINGTON, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Mary E. Smith praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Stephen V. Miller or some other suitable person:

It is ordered, that the seventeenth day of June next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DUFFEE,
Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.