

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1908

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

GLORIOUS FOURTH

HERE TOMORROW IN ALL ITS GLORY AND FIRE CRACKERS.

Fine Lot Entries for Races—Ypsilanti Plays Ball.

Long about midnight this third day of July A. D. etc., the Glorious Fourth will be ushered in with a salute of forty-six cannon crackers, representing the forty-five other states and Michigan. Five sets of torpedoes will be placed along the line of the D. U. R., at unexpected intervals to represent the territories in the wake-up-you-sleepy-heads salute.

From that hour until the town clock shall have struck twenty-four different times there will be various repetitions of this salute, some of which will include joyous greetings for the residents of the Philippines, Cuba, Hawaii, and the Panama Canal.

About seven o'clock the noise will thicken and the crowds commence to gather. At eight o'clock reports will be received from the injured who lost fingers and other articles of wearing apparel between midnight and break o'clock. From that hour reports will be looked for along that same line all day long and up to midnight of that same Saturday-Fourth.

After the athletic sports on Main street are pulled off then everybody goes down to the park to see the ball games and the horse races. They will be good ones and no one will be disappointed.

By George! Now. How about the Declaration of Independence? Hope the committee won't forget that. Once on a time Northville had a celebration and a half hour's delay in the program was caused by no declaration being on hand to be read.

Anyhow, we're going to have a big time. Hip! Hip!

A bunch of fifteen well known trotters and pacers from the West Side Driving association of Detroit have entered for the races and it will certainly be the biggest event in this line ever pulled off in Northville.

N. W. C. Annual Picnic.

The annual picnic of the Northville Woman's club was held last Friday afternoon at the beautiful home of Miss Mary Power at Power's station for the third consecutive year. Miss Power's charming hospitality and her spacious house and grounds constituting such ideal good-times conditions that the club has no desire to go any where else for its yearly outing day as long as the hostess' standing invitation holds good. The day was as nearly perfect as can be produced in the month "when, if ever, come perfect days" and the attendance was the largest on record, about one hundred and twenty members and guests enjoying the privileges of a most delightful occasion. It was easy to find entertainment and consequent amusement as, aside from the pleasure of "just being alive" and looking around at the beautiful June landscape, and the social visiting among so many congenial friends, various games were enjoyed. The "boys," big and little—as well as some of the "girls"—indulged in base ball (doing some fearful and wonderful stunts) some exhibited their prowess at croquet, "tumble in" and several other diversions, followed by the usual delicious supper. The committee of arrangements and the hostess received many compliments and a profusion of thanks for their efforts toward what was almost the "best ever" picnic. Only one accident marred the general and individual pleasure, and that was a severe fall one of the guests received while getting on the car to return home. Of course those who weren't there have made various insinuating inquiries as to the possible cause of her loss of equilibrium, but the Record reporter can state positively that although the lady did indulge in a few high balls, they were of the sort that spectators "cheer" but not inebriate.

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

THE MILKMAID'S QUANDARY.



FIRE PROTECTION ALRIGHT NOW

SUPT. HUFF FOUND AIR LEAK IN PIPE.

Plenty of Water Now in Reservoir for Fires.

An air leak in the pipes leading from the springs to the reservoir was the cause of the low reservoir. Supt. Huff has been searching for the trouble for some little time but it was a big task to discover the trouble along a mile of pipe. Air had gotten into the big pipe and the water didn't properly feed in. Mr. Huff says the reservoir is now filled enough for all fire protection, and even when it was low he had arranged for direct connection in case of fire.

No blame could in any way be attached to anyone for the air filled pipes and the promptness in which Supt. Huff discovered the trouble and fixed it up is certainly commendable.

Surprised a Dunlap Street Lady.

Miss Emma Pinkerton was the victim of a complete surprise Monday evening by the Fleur-de-lis whist club of which she is a member. It was the regular night for the meeting and Miss Pinkerton had informed the ladies that she could not be with them, but they were not to be out done so they prepared a nice little supper and repaired to the home of the aforesaid lady. After the repeat they persuaded Miss Pinkerton to sit down and she was no sooner seated than they began to fill her lap with small packages. When these were opened it was found she had been well remembered with a supply of kitchen utensils and was already to go to "house-keeping." The ladies spent the remainder of the evening in playing whist.

Blackwood—Hanchett.

Mr. John Yerkes Blackwood was married to Miss Margaret Hanchett at the home of the bride's parents in Battle Creek Saturday evening, June 27. They will reside in Cleveland. Mr. Blackwood is a nephew of Mrs. Dexter White and was a former Northville resident and his many friends here extend congratulations.

Briggs—Gibson.

Mr. George Briggs of Detroit and Miss Nellie Gibson of Northville were married in Detroit Thursday, June 25. They will make their home in Detroit. The bride is a niece of Miss Ellen Gibson of this place.

Notice.

We the undersigned barbers will close our shops promptly at noon on July 4, but for the accommodation of our patrons we will keep open until 11 o'clock on Friday night, July 3.

HILLS & HOTALING, S. D. MESERAULT.

NOW LET'S HEAR FROM DEPOSITORS

A number of banks in Detroit state objections to Governor Warner's idea of a state insurance to guarantee depositors money in case of bank failure. Now let us hear from the depositors. The governor has an idea that when a depositor puts his or her few dollars in a bank it would be a nice idea for the depositor to have a guarantee that he would get it back again. Well, why not? If the banks are all sound and there are no failures then the banks are nothing out and if there is a smash, then the hundred and fifty odd banks in the state can better lose a few dollars than the widows and orphans and wage earners.

Village Improvement.

Praise is heard on every side for the improved and beautified Northville, particularly from guests and former residents. "Northville was never so pretty" is a phrase frequently heard.

The Lapham orchard—or park—with its mammoth peony bed; the Eatherly grounds; the Mead pond and beautiful view of the hills, are well worth a price of admission but are freely enjoyed by all who see them.

Even the park near the railway station seems to have taken on new dignity. Private grounds everywhere have been improved by more careful cutting and sprinkling, trimming of trees, shrubbery, etc. There are, however, a few old eyesores in the central part of the village which will doubtless receive attention ere long; notably some vacant houses and neglected lots and a few scraggly places between the side walks and the road way.

One of the best things which has struck Northville in the past decade is the hose cart, which keeps a portion of the village streets so delightfully clean, that, in comparison to the side walks, it makes one feel that there are advantages in being a horse. However, the "no spitting" signs have been placed up on the telephone poles and doubtless this particular form of thoughtlessness will soon be a thing of the past. Our citizens are grateful for the quiet Sundays which they have been enjoying under the new administration.

It is certain however that the city fathers would not have been sleeping a week ago last Sunday morning at two o'clock if they had heard the mandolin singing, indecent language and profanity on the street which would have wakened the living if not the dead.

All citizens are again cordially invited to sit at the Village Improvement hearth and offer suggestions to The Committee.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By a Member.]

Preaching morning and evening by the new pastor, Rev. N. E. Musser.

The Missionary society will meet with Mrs. James VanDyne next Wednesday afternoon.

OPINIONS FROM THE STATE PRESS

Not Consistent.

We believe Dr. Bradley down in his heart would admit that his recent announcement for a sweeping state wide primary was due to a very natural wish that the republican voters of Michigan may "forget it" when they might be tempted to remember that Dr. Bradley opposed a state wide primary—all the legislative session of 1907. The voters of Michigan are expected to understand that it is perfectly natural that expenses should increase in the auditor-general's office under Dr. Bradley, but that when they grow in any of the other state institutions, then Gov. Warner is to blame.—Hastings Banner.

Good Way to Do It.

The Farmer is interested in the primary election campaign only so far as the people are concerned. If the enrolled republican voters want to rebuke the "boxer" element, they will find no better way than by voting for Governor Warner September 1.—Sanilac County Farmer.

Warner Against Field.

Fred M. Warner is getting attention and we note that it is of the favorable kind. There is no use denying that he is popular and that he is getting support from many districts in lower Michigan that were figured against him a few months ago. It seems to be Warner against the field and looking very much like a Warner victory.—Ishteping Iron Ore.

Sporting News.

A lot of cash prizes are offered for the Fourth horse races.

The Pontiac Elks came over here Tuesday and took the horns off the Northville eleven o'clock feller by a score of 21 to 12.

Manager Ball announces that Rathburn will pitch for Northville the Fourth in the forenoon game and Ostrander in the afternoon. Moffat will catch one game.

Manager Ball took his Colts down to Carleton last Saturday and but for the three errors on the part of the Northville ball team the game would have been won by the Colts in a score of 1 to 0. The score stood Carleton 3-5-1; Northville 1-4-3. Northville made the only earned run and it was a great game. Rathburn and Moffat were the batteries. Hood and Allen were batteries for Carleton.

Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

Usual morning and evening services Sunday.

As announced some time ago, the Epworth League will serve lunches and ice cream on the lawn fronting Center street Saturday. The members of the League invite their friends to see them tomorrow.

The Junior League will take a vacation from the Sunday afternoon meetings until September. The Juniors have done a good year's work. We hope they will enjoy their vacation and be ready for better work than ever next year.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

[By the pastor.]

Wallace Ross is acting as church janitor during the absence of Mr. McCully.

Mrs. D. P. Yerkes' Sunday school class "the Sunbeams" were entertained with a picnic gathering at their teacher's home on Thursday afternoon.

The Lord's Supper will be administered next Sunday morning and the ordinance of infant baptism will be administered. Vesper service at 5 o'clock as usual.

The Ladies' Missionary society will have a picnic on Wednesday afternoon, July 8, on the grounds of Mrs. Don Yerkes at 2:30 o'clock. Ladies are requested to bring box lunches and cups, plates, forks and spoons for their own use. Coffee, tables and chairs will be provided by the courtesy of the hostess and lunches will be spread upon the table for general use. Ladies are requested to bring thimbles also.

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

HAMMOCKS

Large assortment of these 75c to \$5 Pretty designs

"Detroit" "Quick Meal" Gasoline Stov's Look them over.

Ice Cream Freezers Garden Hose Screen Doors and Lawn Mowers Window Screens

GIVE US A TRIAL.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

CAMPERS ATTENTION!

Potato Chips in bulk. These goods will be kept fresh, in a tight case,

For 35c Pound.

Vernor's Ginger Ale—5c Bottles. Give us your order.

We have the Finest of Bulk Olives

For 40c Quart.

Don't forget our Good Cheese.

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 Creamy Furnished on Application.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope. DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

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Why?

They are the CHEAPEST money, and are payable, at the office they are drawn any part of the United MUCH LESS than Post and if lost can be duplicated charge. This Bank keeps their vaults, making a per your examination at any

BEST and BEST way to remit not like P. O. orders, only upon, but are payable in States They COST Office or Express orders, without delay or extra all paid drafts on file in fact receipt subject to time.

MONEY TO LOAN.

COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS INVITED.

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Save the Pieces!

WE CAN MATCH YOUR BROKEN LENSES AND REPAIR YOUR FRAMES AND MOUNTINGS.

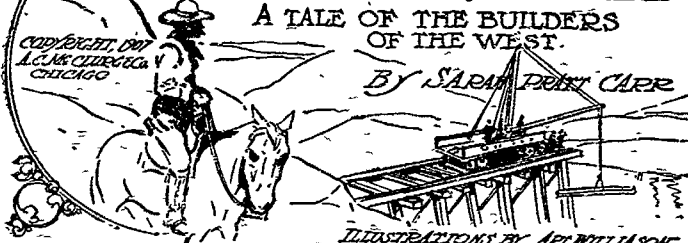
G. W. & F. DOLPH

Dr. Swift Bldg. OPTOMETRISTS. Main St., NORTHVILLE.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS
OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH POPE CLARE



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy," Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing places of enemies of railroad being built. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receives taken of esteem from the old stage driver decided to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel land-lady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the central Pacific railroad and learns their secret to Stella. Each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, returns to town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Plying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. When he proposes marriage is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return the sort of a man she will love. Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to return to position of a brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip. Plot to destroy company's ship. Flora is unkind and inciting evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found. The letters found by Stella being deciphered by Brakenburg. Vincent and Alfred on scene. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Florida and setting the ship laden with iron for railroad camp. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and has interview with Gov. Stanford. Central Pacific. Phineas signs statement promising that he will enter the governor's cause and the latter lets him on a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora." Support of San Francisco and Washoe railroad is undermined by suit of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon Ball and dramatic performance proves big social occasion in railroad town. Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "strike," leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances in showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp. Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Why don't you buy abroad?" "Our franchise forbids that; and American foundries can't make it fast enough. What we do buy is so long getting here! Twenty thousand miles! That's a sail for you. And the gales, and wrecks! By George! I wish it was quicker and safer."

As they neared the camps their conversation changed from railroad to other subjects—the latest book, the newest dance; the poem or picture most in the public eye. From tonic to topic they flitted, up and down the polite world of their day.

To Stella, striving to lose no word, it was new, intoxicating. "That's my world, too," she thought. "I could say things like those. I know a little of mythology and history." She wondered why she had never used such language with Alfred, why he had not talked with her as he did now with Miss Hamilton.

Stella lifted her head in a spirit of rebellion quite new to her. She could never acquire this subtle manner, and she should not stand in Alfred's way. He would succeed. From serving her would soon advance to ordering. He would need a wife like Miss Hamilton.

Mr. Crocker called Alfred for some questioning, and in his absence Miss Hamilton turned to Stella. "I'm afraid I'm monopolizing this opportunity, Miss Anthony. It's my first visit, you know."

"It is my first visit here, also," Stella replied.

"Your first?" Miss Hamilton's eyes opened wide with not too civil question. "Oh," she laughed, "if you live here and don't care enough to come and see these wonderful things I shan't let my conscience sit up nights over my monopoly of Mr. Vincent—and the conversation." She turned to smile at Alfred reappearing, and Stella was without opportunity to explain that, despite enthusiasm and appreciation, the railroad grade was not a proper promenade for a girl alone.

The young people lagged, in spite of the call of the rearguard, and arrived at the camps to find them already alive with men and beasts.

"Oh I must see the Chinese camps," Miss Hamilton cried. "I've heard of them."

They were in time to see the cooks serving from great cauldrons to each man his little keeler full of boiling water. There was also an array of big black pots simmering over camp fires, yet white and savory messes were within, announced by attractive odors.

"What do they do with those little tubs?" Miss Hamilton asked, as she saw the coolies disappear within tents or brush shacks.

"Each man takes a hot sponge bath and dresses in clean clothes before he eats."

"Is to-day any special occasion?" she questioned, wondering.

"They do that every night in the year. They never sleep in their working clothes."

"What an example to Americans! My respect for the disciples of Confucius has risen to a hundred." She wished to stay to see the re-

low men in "dinner dress," squatting with their little bowls and chopsticks, chattering over their "ucey," but her uncle sent back a second hurrying summons that held a note of impatience; and Stella pushed ahead with sure steps, following her temporary escort. But Miss Hamilton, unused to rough going, and in spite of Alfred's watchfulness, turned her ankle and arrived at the road pale and weak with pain, leaning heavily on his arm. Yet her gay bravely deceived her uncle, though she clasped Stella's extended hand sharply as the two men lifted her into the coach.

It was quite dark when they drove up into the hotel brilliance. Stella alighted after the others; yet she heard Miss Hamilton's graceful thanks to Alfred, saw the lingering handshake, the appeal in her eye, while she scanned upon her uncle's arm.

Sally B. came out to meet them; and the lantern swinging in the evening breeze threw fantastic, dancing shadows of the group. Suddenly Stella felt out of it all, remote, for Alfred, lifting his hat impressively, backed away from the open door and did not see her standing in the shadow, alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The Little Woman in Blue.

Sally B. ready skill soon had the ankle rubbed to comparative ease. She prescribed bed, but Miss Hamilton declared for the banquet even if she must be carried there, and gladly accepted Stella's offer of help with the dressing.

Miss Hamilton's lingerie was hardly

you ever need work I can get you a position as lady's maid. I'll give you a fetching character."

Stella winced, yet chided herself for it. She knew Miss Hamilton was only "in fun." Still, how could this delicately reared city girl believe such a big, awkward creature as herself capable of filling any but a menial position? The real-unkindness for which Miss Hamilton failed to apologize, the scant minutes she had left Stella for her own toilet, went unnoticed; for Stella was too generous a giver to count the cost of her givings.

In her own room she smiled to herself while she quickly made ready, coiling as usual her thick waving hair, but adding her "golden combs," slipping hurriedly into her simple white gown and its simpler accompaniments.

A cluster of tiger lilies, an offering from flower-loving Yic Wah, caught her eye. She pinned them on her breast, and hastened downstairs, meeting Sally B. and Viola in the hall.

"Oh, here you be! What made you so late? I was jest comin' fur you. I see they've reserved a seat on both sides o' Al Vincent's. One's tur, you, I reckon. I'm sittin' third from Charley Crocker—big bugs is next to him—an'—cut my shoestrings! You look splendid!" she exclaimed as they came under the lamp.

"Don't she, ma?" echoed Viola, heartily.

"Say, honey, them tiger lilies suits you; an' I'd never 'a' thought it. They got colors in 'em like yo' hair an' eyes, shore's yo're born. Then they're kinder secret an' powerful lookin', like they could do things to all the other flowers."

"What an odd idea!" Stella said wonderingly.

"Is it? Well nobody wōnt git their secrets a-studyin' of their looks, no more will they your'n. Stella. Your face gits secreter an' elegant'er every day." Sally B. never paused for a word. It might not be the right one, but her meaning carried, as the message of the master in spite of poor instrument and blundering fingers.

The band was playing as they entered.

Stella's quick eye noted with sudden aversion the three reserved chairs, and the absence of Alfred and Miss

room who could fitly escort the dainty woman who floated by his side, a summer cloud in her filmy white draperies.

Miss Hamilton seated herself demurely and exchanged salutations with the gentleman at her right. Alfred seized that moment for a word with Stella.

"Why didn't you wait for us? I haven't your permission to mention our engagement, but I wish Miss Amabel to suspect it. Yet you make it impossible, Stella."

She thought of herself entering beside that perfect pair and was deeply grateful to the chance that prevented it. She noticed Alfred's use of Miss Hamilton's given name, and the omission of his usual endearment to herself, and because she was hurt she dared not be serious. "De let her think the coast clear; it will be such a fine test of your constancy," she said with a flippancy astonishing to him.

He was too thoroughly masculine to fathom the art a woman uses to hide her wound. Neither could he reply, for Miss Hamilton turned to him with some laughing remark.

The insistent band, undaunted by two partitions, blared the popular airs of the day; sentiment, frolic, pathos: "When This Cruel War Is Over," "Ever of Thee," "The Maiden's Prayer," "Champagne Charley," "Last Ditch Polka," the last two accompanied by a soft tapping all along under the table.

Sally B. sat opposite Stella, her eyes seemingly on all the waters at once, yet she found time for the guests and their conversation.

A slight commotion at the door arrested the attention of the guests. There came a gust of subdued yet excited Chinese chatter, a pause, and the entrance of two men, carrying a towering white pagoda, surmounted by the word "God," in huge gilt letters. With some difficulty the sugary structure was safely landed in the center of the table, and Yic Wah and his assistants withdrew to the cover of the doorway, where Stella saw the cook peeping expectantly through. It was his master's tribute to the occasion.

An instant of silence followed, then an infectious snicker ran around the table, in spots breaking into an actual laugh.

Stella saw Yic Wah's eyes open wide with astonishment and question; yet in a breath they gleamed with anger. His face went livid, and he hurried away.

But Sally B. saved the moment. "My cook set up all night to make that cake, Mr. Crocker; please don't laugh!" she whispered past the two intervening guests.

At once the host rose, and taking his cue from her anxious face, proposed a toast to "The Cake and the Cook," that was responded to with hearty cheers. Yic Wah entered, bowed, and retired with a beaming face.

The toastmaster now rapped for order. The conversation and laughter ceased, the soft rustle of serving and eating hushed, and the speeches began.

Mr. Crocker spoke first, to the general topic: "The Railroad." He told the story of its inception and progress, paying tribute to Theodore T. Judah, to the men who furthered the under taking in congress and legislature, to all the officers, especially to Mr. Gregory; and closed with a neat compliment to Alfred. Stella ever so gently pressed his arm with her own, but the woman on the other side smiled alluringly into his face, and pouted at her uncle.

"Uncle Charley didn't say half enough about you," she whispered yet Stella heard it.

"I shall tell him he has left his debt of gratitude for me to liquidate," the beauty continued. Or—can I pay Uncle Charley's scores?" she questioned in mock humility, leaning to ward Alfred till her breath brushed his cheek. "Perhaps my coin is not current in your market."

Of course, he had to meet her badinage. She meant her coin should be current with him, and above par; and he would have been ice had he entire ly escaped the spell of her witticeries.

Several speeches followed, among them Mr. Ludlow's memorable toast, "The Pacific Railroad, the Beautiful Belt of the Union, with California as the Golden Buckle."

At the close of the banquet Stella escaped through a door; and from cover of darkness watched knots of men gather and dissolve about Miss Hamilton; marked her every motion and speech; noted her vivacity, her perfect grace, her quick smile; saw flattered Alfred's ready response as she appealed to him prettily for fact or corroboration of her own assertions. The little court melted away at last. Mr. Crocker was buttonholed by Mr. Gregory and led off. Viola disappeared; and Sally B. was already rushing the transformation that must precede the five o'clock breakfast.

When the radiant two were alone Stella saw Miss Hamilton's animation fade in a breath; saw her pale and tremble and lift a pathetic little face to Alfred. And Stella marvelled at the heroism that had kept the girl keyed so long to her role. However artificial Miss Hamilton's manner might have been before, Stella recognized the significance of the dropped mask. Here was perfect honesty, and the sweet appeal of pain courageously borne. How could Alfred resist it, or her trust in him, her beauty, all the subtle intimateness of the moment? "Oh, Mr. Vincent, I've nearly died this last hour," she said unsteadily. "Won't you please find Uncle Charley as soon as you can?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

To cure dyspepsia—First give away your chafing dish—Somerville Journal.

THE JOYOUS FOURTH

BY GERARD CHAPMAN

Gee, don't I wish the Fourth wuz here!

For I c'n hardly wait

Until the days jest catch up with

That blame red-figger date.

I got a lot o' fire-works,

Oh, more'n you could think,

A bully cannon made of brass,

So shiny makes you blink

The minute that I get awake,

Bout four o'clock or so,

You bet I'll hustle in my clothes

An' grab my box an' go

A-kiin' out behind the barn

An' light my punk an' say

You won't hear nothin' much but noise

The rest o' that hull day!

But, gosh! that ain't a circumstance

To whar'll happen when

It gets right dark. You jest be there:

You'll see some doin's, then.

We'll break in Si the blacksmith's shop

And get his anvils out

An' shoot them all around the town:

Then there'll be noise, don't doubt.

Afore each house we'll set one down

An' pour the powder in,

An' set the other one on top

Then jest you hear the din!

Some folks'll come a-runnin' out

An' and raise a awful row:

But most'll laugh like fun, an' shout:

Jest get along, boys, now."

Oh, gee! I wish the Fourth wuz here.

But Ma sez, "Mercy me!

Why you're so set on gettin' burns

An' blisters, I can't see."

But shucks! who cares for things like that?

A boy's ma never learns

As how he has jest loads o' fun

A-gettin' all those burns!

And when at eve he wandered home,

As tired as he could be

He said "I love the Glorious Fourth

'Tis a day what jest suits me"

THE ONE DAY.

Sizz! Boom! Bang!

You can't get away,

So you may as well stay

To the big show.

It will positively appear

But once this year

Promptly at midnight

The red light

Begins to burn

And no one dares turn

It low

Until the last firecracker has been ex-

ploded.

Hark, children, the day is loaded,

And you'll know it when you see it

Unless your ear muffs fit

Pretty quick

It is the reflex action of the big stick

The only and original grand aggrega-

tion of noise.

Come and bring your boys.

AN EXPLANATION.

He fell in line behind the band

That played "Red, White, and Blue,"

He sang to help the noise along

Though the words he never knew.

Then to the Celebration Grounds

He marched with gallant tread

And listened while a Wondrous Man

"The Declaration" read.

Then came the picnic dinner

Spread 'neath a great oak tree;

And little Billy ate his fill

While the band played "Liberty."

And all the rest the day was spent

In making fun and noise

Shooting lots of firecrackers off

With all the girls and boys.

"Why is Fourth of July anyhow,

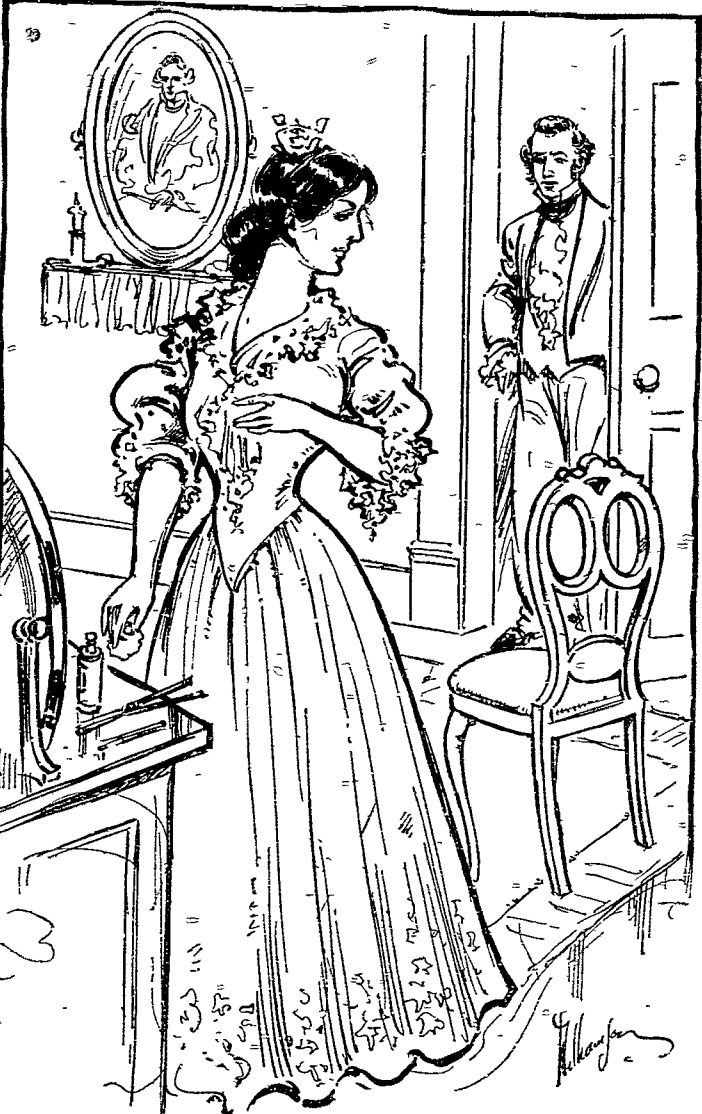
Eddie?"

"Why—er—you see—Christopher

Columbus or George Washington dis-

covered it in 1492, an' so we don't

have no school on that day!"



"You May Come for Me in Five Minutes."

less costly and dainty than my lady's of to-day. White silk hose and satin slippers; multiplied skirts more lace than cambric; the combination of lace and blue silk tissue that was the filmy little gown—with careful hands Stella unpacked and laid them, a snowy heap, on the bed.

The toilet went slowly. Stella had been taught a decent respect for the human body; and her innate love of beauty and order had blossomed into an honest personal neatness. But such complicated hair-dressing, such caressing of eyebrow and lash; such critical attention to hands and nails; the bathing, hot and cold; the rubbing and patting of cheek and arm, before lotion, powder, and a wee touch of rouge went on—the examinations at each stage with hand glass and mirror, Stella holding one of the lamps which she continually adjusted to new angles of reflection—this was an amazing revelation to her of Eve-old feminine adoration at the altar of self-adornment.

A rap at the door and the hearty voice of Mr. Crocker called from without: "How's the ankle, Amabel? How soon will you be ready?"

"Better, thank you, Uncle Charley. You may come for me in five minutes. I can do by myself now," she contrived to Stella as her uncle walked down the hall. "It's splendidly kind of you to help me, and so beautifully. If

Hamilton. "Let me sit on this side with you and Viola, won't you, Miss Sally?" she asked softly.

"But there's no seat on this side, chicken," Sally B.'s whisper was far audible.

A gentleman rose at once and offered his arm, which Stella accepted to save further confusion. She was rosy with embarrassment, though no other hint of it showed in her stately walk around the long table. And Sally B. watched delightedly the following of admiring eyes.

Stella was hardly seated when Miss Hamilton entered, leaning on Alfred's arm in the dependent style of the time.

Miss Hamilton had timed her coming to that awkward instant common to banquets, when all await some incomprehensible delay, and when any diversion is welcome. The two walked slowly down the long room, Miss Hamilton's step and movement so perfectly artful that they seemed artless—young women were so trained then.

A hum of admiration went round. Stella had not before seen Alfred in evening dress. The night he wore Romeo's velvet and laces he was more splendid, but this conventional dress, finely displaying his slim figure, belonged to a world she knew not. She noticed proudly that he wore his clothes with an accustomed ease, saw also that he was the only man in the

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

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

Terms of Subscription—One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c; two months, 15c; one month, 10c. Single copies, 5c.

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

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 3-cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 15c for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage notices, 10c per line. Practical, Progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JULY 3, '08.

Meeting the People, Not the Bosses.

If overflow meetings and unbounded enthusiasm at every place visited mean anything, and every person who has had any experience in political campaigning knows that they are very significant, they mean that Governor Warner will receive at least seventy-five per cent of the vote cast at the September primary. The Governor made from four to six places a day last week and this and at every place he was greeted by great crowds of enthusiastic voters representing the rank and file of the citizens of the state. He is not confining his campaign to stops at hotels where he is called upon by a few so-called leaders who have been invited to meet him while the public generally have been kept in ignorance of his coming, but is making his appeal direct to the voters themselves who have been notified in advance by mail and public advertisements that he will visit them. He does not recognize the right of alleged leaders to deliver the voters like a lot of cattle, but concedes to these voters the right to make their own nominations without dictation from self-constituted "leaders" or bosses. The voters understand what their rights are under the new law and they propose to exercise these rights without any dictation from anyone. They know, too, who has stood for their rights in the legislature and out of it during the past few years and who, also, was instrumental in defeating legislation demanded by them. All of this manifest at the meetings now being held by Governor Warner throughout the state and will play a very important part in the primary. This is why the Governor and his friends are confident that he will have an overwhelming majority. There are vastly more voters than bosses in the republican party and the former are with the Governor because they know he is their friend and he is not relying on the bosses to manipulate matters for him and against the interests of the people.

With a Grain of Salt.

Now that the "boxers" have failed in the efforts to get Postmaster Warren of Detroit, Chase S. Osborn of Sault Ste. Marie, Congressman McLaughlin of Muskegon and a half dozen other prominent citizens of Michigan to enter the race for the republican nomination for governor and despair of ever prevailing on anyone else to make the race, they have become very virtuous and protest that they desire to see the matter settled at the primary. In view of the fact that they spent their waking hours for months endeavoring to increase the number of candidates in the hope of putting the nomination up to a delegate convention, their newly acquired solicitude for a selection of a candidate at the primary may well be taken with a grain of salt.

Dr. Bradley now says he is for a "universal primary election law." And yet only a few months ago during a special session of the legislature the Doctor's own state Senator (Keyes) from his own burg was slain up against any such a proposition.

Doctor Bradley is all right but its the Atwood-Hill "boxer" crowd and special corporation interests who are backing him is what the people

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.)

Miss Edith Scott is spending the summer at Walloon Lake.

Archie Cohen of Detroit is spending a few days with Fred Taft.

Mrs. Mary Palmer visited her daughter in Detroit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fry and family will spend the Fourth in Constantine.

Miss Arbutus Wolfe visited friends in Detroit from Saturday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore of Detroit spent Sunday with friends in town.

Sidney Strauss of Detroit spent last week with his brother, Walter Strauss.

Mrs. L. H. Stevens of Detroit visited her sister, Mrs. A. P. Scott, over Sunday.

Fred Savage, who has been working in Detroit for some time, has returned home.

R. R. McKahan is visiting his son, Claude, and family at Milwaukee, Wis., this week.

Mrs. A. T. Taylor, who has been in Detroit for some time, has returned to Northville.

F. H. Cogswell of Montreal was the guest of Northville friends the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Booth of Ann Arbor were guests of Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Murdock Sunday.

The Misses Hazel and Mildred Furman of Wixom were Northville visitors the first of the week.

Mrs. Earnest Miller and son, Wendal, are spending part of the week camping at Walloon Lake.

The Misses Coral Mann and Edna Everitt's of Detroit visited Fred VanSickle and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCully left Monday for Elora, Canada, for a two weeks' visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Holsington of Detroit are spending the week with the former's sister, Mrs. T. B. Henry.

Mrs. Adeline Coulter of Milford is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Geo. Sinclair and Mrs. Barkley, at the home of the former.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gilbert have been spending a few days of this week with their parents at New Hudson.

Miss Simmons and Mr. Smith of Lansing returned home Sunday after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dolph.

Mrs. Harry Clarke, who had been the guest of Mrs. T. H. Turner, left for her home at Tonawanda, N. Y., Sunday morning.

Miss Minnie Ditsch leaves today for Kalamazoo to attend the wedding of her cousin. She expects to spend all of next week there.

Mrs. F. A. Seaton returned from Farmington Tuesday where she has been the past four weeks caring for Mrs. Dell McDermott.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsington and Mr. and Mrs. Przybylowski of Detroit were guests of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Henry and family Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. S. Jerome has been entertaining her aunt, Mrs. M. W. Hanna, and sister, Miss Jennie Warner, of Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Fry of Rochester, N. Y., have been visiting relatives the past week. They returned home Tuesday evening.

W. G. Evans of Holly was the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mercy Evans, Sunday. In the afternoon they visited Oliver Evans in Plymouth.

Mrs. Barkley, who has been spending the winter with her son in Seattle, Wash., has returned to Northville and will make her home with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Sinclair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Johnson, Miss Angle Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Burrows and W. E. Ambler spent part of last week encamped at Union Lake.

Mrs. F. H. Teetzel of Detroit, Mrs. Minnie Pitches and little daughter, Mildred, of Coldwater and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lyon of Detroit were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McFarland.

Harry Fitzgerald of Flint spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of his uncle, C. C. Yerkes. Harry is the bustling, able city editor of the Flint Daily Journal, a most excellent daily paper, of which his brother, Howard, is publisher.

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, 128 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

Fred Lyke is spending a few days in Chicago.

Miss Ethel Chappell of Milford is visiting friends in town.

Miss Lillie Clark is spending the week with Carleton friends.

Miss Julia Getteny of Moline, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. F. N. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boles are visiting relatives in Port Huron.

Mrs. Alice Rockwell of Detroit visited friends in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lyke of Topeka, Kas., are visiting relatives in town for a couple of weeks.

Miss Olive Dixon left Monday to attend the six weeks' summer school at the Ypsilanti Normal.

Mrs. H. B. Merritt and two children of Pontiac spent Wednesday with E. A. Merritt and family.

Mrs. Walter Palmer of Gainesville, Fla., has joined her husband here in a visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Taylor left today for Coldwater to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hilborn.

Miss Emma Alexander of Ann Arbor is making an indefinite stay with her friend, Mrs. Katharine Yerkes.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Garner of Niagara Falls are guests of the former's brother, Henry Garner and family.

Mrs. Millie Robinson of Battle Creek spent a couple of days this week with her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Tremper.

Mrs. A. B. Cook of Jackson, Tenn., visited Mrs. Emily Swift part of last week. She was a former resident of this place.

Mrs. V. L. Hicks and daughter, Blanche, of Manistique are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garner.

Mrs. Kate Dicks and friend, Miss Bafes of Ann Arbor and Mrs. Dicks of Belleville are visiting at the home of D. R. Evans.

Mrs. A. K. Dolph and Mrs. Augusta Murdock of this place and Miss Simmons and Mr. Smith of Lansing spent Saturday at Orchard Lake.

Miss Irene Severance of Novi and sister, Mable, who is home from Georgia for a vacation, were guests of their cousin, Mrs. James Chase, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Church and daughter of Milwaukee, Wis., were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Clark last week. Mrs. Church is a sister of Mr. Clark.

J. A. Dart, who has been traveling in Iowa for the Handy Wagon Co. of Saginaw the past few weeks, arrived home Sunday to spend the week with his family.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Burgess, Miss Mable Burgess, Mrs. Amanda Burgess of this place, Miss Bernice Burgess of Kalamazoo and Dr. Claude Burgess and family of Detroit enjoyed a family picnic on Belle Isle Tuesday.

Miss May Coldren, who has been spending the past two months with Mr. and Mrs. Thad Knapp in Arlington, N. J., arrived home Sunday. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, who have come to spend their vacation here.

John Swift of Fall River, Mass., is spending the week with Northville relatives. Mr. Swift is clerk of the Marine and Fisheries committee of the National congress at Washington and also secretary to Congressman Green of Massachusetts, who is chairman of that committee. Mr. Swift is a grandson of Mrs. Emily Swift and a nephew of Mrs. James Dubuay of this place and is on his way home from attending the Chicago National convention.

ACKNOWLEDGES IT.

Northville Has to Bow to the Inevitable—Scores of Citizens Prove It.

After reading the public statement of this representative citizen of Northville given below, you must come to this conclusion. A remedy which cured years ago, which has kept the kidneys in good health since, can be relied upon to perform the same work in other cases. Read this:

Mrs. Henry Garfield, living on Randolph street, Northville, Mich., says: "I suffered for a long time with pains in the back and loins, sometimes exceedingly severe. I tried different medicines which were recommended to me, but got little or no benefit from them. Noticing that Doan's Kidney Pills were endorsed by many people who had used them, I got a box at Murdock Bros' drug store. They acted exactly as represented and gave me perfect relief in a very short time."

(From statement made Jan. 7th, 1902).

Cured To Stay Cured.

On Nov. 26, 1906, Mrs. Garfield said: "I do not hesitate to re-endorse Doan's Kidney Pills and advise their use to all suffering from backache or kidney trouble. I was so completely relieved by their use that I have not found it necessary to use them or any other remedy of the kind since."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50c. Foster-McIlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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, 128 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

Entries of Races at Northville, Mich., July 4th

GREEN TROT.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marble | | | | | |
| Bellare McGregor | | | | | |
| Oh Shaw | | | | | |
| Sidmont | | | | | |
| Cleargill | | | | | |
| Gold Dust | | | | | |

GREEN PACE.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lady Rocker | | | | | |
| Grey Nell | | | | | |
| Toot | | | | | |
| Princes Dillard | | | | | |
| Wild Bill | | | | | |

FREE-FOR-ALL PACE.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jessie Herald | | | | | |
| Jessie B. | | | | | |
| John D. | | | | | |
| Reg. Ted | | | | | |
| Dewey | | | | | |
| Judge Dillard | | | | | |

2:30 PACE.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Isibell | | | | | |
| Little Coin | | | | | |
| Handy Boy | | | | | |
| Uncle Dudley | | | | | |
| Birch Pet | | | | | |
| Ida Dillard | | | | | |

2:30 TROT.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Billie G. | | | | | |
| H & B | | | | | |
| Mamie McRonay | | | | | |
| Oberon | | | | | |
| Black Zouave | | | | | |

Entries Close at 1 00 o'clock day of Race.

Races called at 2 00 o'clock sharp.

HARRY ROBISON, Starter.

WM. P. KINGSLEY Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under this head inserted for 5c 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, Nov 1. 39tf

TO RENT—Unfurnished rooms Mrs. Alice Postal. 47w2

FOR SALE CHEAP—Mail wagon and cart in good condition, also open buggy. Inquire of Roy Clark. 48w2

FOR SALE—Smith Premier Typewriter, good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 40tf

FOR SALE—Sewing machine. Latest improved drop leaf. Best made. Cheap. Record office. 40tf

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All nice and clean and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 40tf

FOR SALE—New double barrel Stevens Hammerless shot gun also Winchester repeater shot gun. Both first class. Apply to Record office. 29tf

TO RENT—Pasture for horses, sheep or cattle. See F. L. Huff, Salem. Phone 312 11-3s 46w3p

LOST—At Methodist church Sunday evening ladies' umbrella, nearly new, with curved handle. Please leave at parsonage where another awaits an owner. 48

WANTED—20 berry pickers about July 10. For information call up 120 Bell phone. Frank Hamilton. 48w2

WANTED—Salesmen and salesladies for Manufacturing firm. Good salary. Also gentleman or lady to travel. Salary and expenses. Address, "Supply Representatives," Northville, Mich. 48w1p

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. KATHARINE M. STRONG, Teacher of Piano, Pipe Organ, Voice, Harmony, Analysis and Musical History. Studio 25 Dunlap Street Phone 283. 31tf

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. 48w2

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park Home on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones. 48w2

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario College, now has his office in residence, corner of Lady and Center streets. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 48w2

PERRIN'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. 150 "Bus to and from All Trains Rest Rigs in Town. Telephone Connections. F. N. PERRIN, Prop'r. 48w2

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. 48w2

DENTIST

DR. P. A. CHESTERFIELD

NEW BANK BLDG.

Home Phone 24. NORTHVILLE.

OTTO STOLL



Mr. Stoll is the Republican candidate for the nomination of Register of Deeds for Wayne County. He was a candidate two years ago and came within a few hundred votes of securing the nomination. His friends pick him this year for a winner.

EXCURSION

VIA

Pere Marquette

Sunday, July 5

TO

BAY CITY

Train will leave Northville at 8:42 a. m., returning, leave Bay City at 5:45 p. m., Saginaw 7:15 p. m.

Saginaw and Bay City, \$1.50

Flint, \$1.00

F. G. Terrell, Administrator.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of HELEN M. BUTLER, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Thursday the third day of September A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the third day of June A. D. 1908 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated June 3, 1908.

EDWARD H. LAPHAM.

CHARLES H. TIFFIN.

SAMUEL W. KNAPP.

Commissioners.

Dated June 19th, 1908.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Eva Bovee, of the Village of Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, to Marvin Bovee, of the same place, bearing date the fifteenth day of October, 1905, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, Michigan, on the 21st day of October, 1905, in Liber 297 of Mortgages, on page 437, and whereas 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-three and forty-four one-hundredths (\$1,073.44) dollars, and no suit 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 southerly or Congress street entrance to the office of the County Building in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, 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 as provided for in said mortgage, and also any sum or sums there shall be paid out before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect his interest in said mortgaged 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, viz: 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.

NOTICE

A tremendous, general Clearing Sale of all SPRING and SUMMER GOODS is now going on at this store. Prices have never been so Low on CLOTHING for the Family, DRY GOODS and EVERYTHING for the Home.

We don't carry stocks over from one year to another—we sell them—First loss is best—and you like the Saving

Pardridge & Blackwell
FARMER ST FROM GRATOT TO MONROE AVE.
"THE HEART OF DETROIT"

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 nineteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of GEORGE CARSON, an insane person. On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Mary Carson, guardian of said George Carson, praying that she may be licensed to sell certain real estate of said George Carson for the purpose of supporting the family of said ward.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the City of Detroit, on the seventeenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of FLORENCE SPESIONS, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Charles A. Sessions praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him or some other suitable person.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the seventeenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of BOLLIN H. PURDY, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Barton A. Wheeler praying that James A. Dubur, administrator of said estate may be authorized and directed to convey to him certain real estate described in said petition in pursuance of a certain land contract.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate Court Room, in the City of Detroit, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ROLLIN H. PURDY, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of James A. Dubur, administrator of said estate, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and the charges of administering said estate.

It is ordered that the twenty-second day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as prayed for in 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. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of MARIA ANN WITTINGTON, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Stephen Y. Miller No. 740-14th avenue, Detroit, in said county, on Thursday, the 17th day of September, A. D. 1908, and on Thursday, the 17th day of December, A. D. 1908, at two o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 17th day of June, A. D. 1908, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

JOHN E. CRATFORD, WM. H. HUTTON, Commissioners.

A Complete Drug Store

That's just what we have here—one to which you can come for anything in the drugist's line and not be disappointed.

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS
62 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

DETROIT United Railway.

Cars Run on Central Standard Time. In effect May 1, 1908.

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.

LEAVE DETROIT.
Cars leave Detroit for Farmington and Northville at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:00 p. m.

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

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ice.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.
FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.
F. A. MILLER, Propr.
309 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Great bunch of horses at the 4th of July races.

The Baptist people are giving their church a coat of paint.

Chas. Blackburn and family have moved into their new home on Dunlap street.

Dr. Chesterfield and sisters now occupy the house on Cady street just vacated by Chas. Blackburn.

Quite a number from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Adelbert McDermott at Farmington Tuesday.

There are only two occupants in the Oakland county jail at the present time. This is probably due to local options.

Don't forget that the library will be open this (Friday) afternoon and evening on account of the Fourth coming on Saturday.

Quite a delegation of ladies from the W. C. T. U. were royally entertained at the home of Mrs. Alex H. Smith in Farmington Wednesday.

Mrs. Huldah Simmons, who is visiting at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Earl Banks, near Novi, fell and sprained her shoulder the first of the week.

M. A. Porter has his new cottage at Walled lake nearly completed. He has named it "Moselum" and a very good looking emblem of the order adorns the front.

The National flag floated at half-mast from the U. S. fish station, the Village hall and the Park House all day Friday in memory of our late ex-President, Grover Cleveland.

Mrs. C. C. Blackburn, who has been very ill at her home in Windsor, has recovered sufficiently to be removed to the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. E. Murdock, of this place.

In his prayer Sunday morning Elder Jerome offered one for the "shuts out." Can't be the elder was thinking of the St. Louis ball team after what Donovan did to them.

A D. U. R. car from Pontiac, with a martial band on board, came in town Wednesday. Large banners, advertising the races at Pontiac this week, were tacked along each side of the car.

The "Never Sweats" hold their annual meeting Friday evening, July 3, at the old camping ground. All club members are urged to be present by order of the president. A grand time expected.

The Baptist ladies will serve the following menu in the Whipple building July 4th: Roast beef, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, cold beans, salads, fried cakes, pie, pickles, cheese, tea and coffee, all for 25 cents.

The members of Orient Chapter, No. 77, O. E. S., are invited to join with the Keystone, Detroit and Sampson Chapters in an excursion to Bois Blanc on Friday, July 17. All who go are assured of a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark entertained Mrs. Adaline VanSickle of Salem and Mrs. Susan Clark of Northville Thursday and Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. Maria Clark of Kalspell, Mont., who is spending the summer with relatives and friends here.

Will the party who picked up a 3-bladed jack knife on Mr. Neal's lawn Sunday please return same to Record office and receive reward.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter itch, hives, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

S. D. Meseraull is having the front of his barber shop painted.

New awnings have been put up by Carpenter & Huff along the front of the post-office for the Lapham bank.

The Epworth League will serve lunches and ice cream on the Methodist parsonage lawn tomorrow, July 4th.

Merritt Stanley and family have moved back to this village and occupy the Orange Butler house on Butler avenue.

The house on north Center street occupied by Fred Tubbs and family, but owned by James Taylor of Detroit, is receiving a coat of paint.

Chas. Hamilton underwent a successful operation Monday when Dr. Burges of this place and Dr. Peck of Plymouth removed a cancer from his lip. He is getting along as well as can be expected.

Miss Tremper needs 50,000 more votes in order to get that "Trip to Quebec" given by the Detroit Free Press. Don't forget to give her your subscriptions to that paper. Coupons thankfully received.

Mrs. Robt. Neelands, who has been undergoing medical treatment in the Homeopathic hospital in Ann Arbor the past month, returned home Wednesday night. She is gaining slowly but is still very weak.

F. B. Macomber has perfected and added to his laundry equipment an ironing board which will do the work on shirts without removing or in any way injuring the buttons. Frank made the machine himself and it works like a charm.

W. J. Lanning, Sr., has purchased the fine property opposite the school house which has been occupied by the primary department of the primary school. Mr. Lanning will remodel the big house and then move there to make it his home.

The meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at the M. E. church Wednesday evening was pretty well attended. The miscellaneous exercises were good. Mr. C. A. Dolph gave an excellent address on Building of Character. These meetings are to be held every two weeks.

The village council has passed resolutions restricting the use of fire crackers, cannon crackers, fire arms and other explosives on Main street from Wing to Church streets, Center street from Cady to Dunlap streets inclusive, in this village July 3, 4 and 5, and the marshal and special police are charged to enforce this order.

The trolley line on a pole at the head of the Main street line of the D. U. R. got on a rampage Monday and the electricity charged the pavement to such an extent that Sam Knapp's horse was thrown to the ground. A rope was hitched to the animal and it was finally hauled from the danger point where it was safe for a man to render assistance.

Mrs. T. G. Richardson, Mrs. S. J. Lawrence, Mrs. Lou VanValkenburg, Mrs. W. H. Ambler and Mrs. Capell, members of the W. R. C., took a little trip to Farmington Saturday and decorated the graves of their sisters, Mrs. W. H. Gibbs and Mrs. Jennie Brown. They also placed a marker at the head of the latter's grave. They called on friends there before their return.

Baseline News.

Miss Ruth Chadwick visited Miss Olive Dixon at Northville Saturday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Frank Ferris and daughter, Elsie, of Fenton are visiting Mills Bates and family this week.

Miss Lena Johnson, a former teacher of the school one-half mile north of Yerkes' cemetery, is visiting Mrs. E. Y. Holcomb for a few days.

Thanks.

We desire to express our appreciation to Mrs. Francis Smith of Farmington for her royal entertainment and excellent good time given us at her home Wednesday.

(Signed) Northville W. C. T. U.

What Northville lady with a 24-inch waist has lost a nice leather belt? Will she please call at the Record office for it.

Would you like a ten days lake trip on a freighter to Duluth and return? Only \$22 for the round trip, which includes your meals and berth. For further particulars address, Mrs. E. L. Riggs, Plymouth.

Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.
Wheat, red—86c. Wheat, white—86c.
Oats, 54c. Oats, Old—54c.
Corn in ear—40c. Shelled corn—80c.
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00.
Hogs dressed—\$7.50.
Cattle—\$4.50 to \$5.00.
Lamb—\$5.50 to \$6.00.
Beef hides—5c per lb.
Veal calves live—\$5.25.
Eggs—15c. Butter—18c.
Poultry live:
Turkeys, young and plump—13c.
Geese, young and plump—13c.
Ducks, young and plump—8c.
Hens—6c.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL BARGAINS

SILK DEPT.

This week we will offer our entire stock of all-silk Satin and Shower Proof Foulards at a special closing price of 50c a yard. They are all this season's, and exclusive styles. A seasonable bargain.

A small lot of choice styles in Wash Habutai Silks, very desirable for a light weight gown or waist, 25c a yard.

DRESS GOODS DEPT.

We are offering great values in 44 to 54 inch Novelty Suitings. A great opportunity to purchase a separate skirt for the summer months. Values up to \$1.50. Choice for 50c.

WHITE GOODS DEPT.

Another Elegant Bargain.—A lot of high-grade All-over Embroideries in Nainsook and Swiss. The prices range from \$1.15 to \$4.35 a yard. They will be sold at one quarter to one-third off regular prices.

We still have a fine assortment of the Arnold Auction Bargains. Printed Silk Mousselines, etc., at from 15c to 30c a yard.

We have just concluded a large purchase of Fine Sheer Lawns (checks and cross bar), 15c quality, will be sold at 10c; also in stripes and checks, 25c quality, at 15c. 33c, 40c and 42c qualities at 25c. These are elegant values.

LINEN UNDERWEAR

SPECIAL JULY SALE.—On Wednesday, July 1st, we commenced our usual July Clearance Sale of Housekeeping Linens, with Special Bargains in Table Damask by the yard, Damask Cloths and Napkins, Bedspreads, Huck and Turkish Towels, Crash, Hemstitch Lunch Cloths and Napkins, Tray Cloths, Doilies, etc. We would recommend an early visit.

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.

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TWO STORES

DETROIT STORE: 132 1/2 Grand River Avenue. Phone Grand 1090-J.
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It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column

I MAKE...

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

Northville. G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.



Marlin

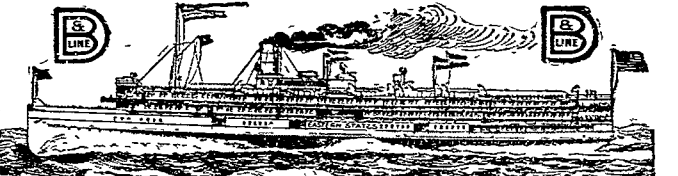
WHETHER you live in the city or country, you'll find no .22 calibre repeating rifle like the Marlin Model 1897.

For the city man 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 shorts 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 disconcerting weapon for geese, foxes, hawks, etc., up to 200 yards.

The "Marlin Book" of 126 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 postage.

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



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The D. & B. Line Steamers leave Detroit weekdays at 5:00 p. m., Sundays at 4:00 p. m. (round time and from Buffalo daily at 5:00 p. m. (eastern time) reaching their destination the next morning. Direct connections with early morning trains. Lowest fares and superior service to all points east.

Popular week-end excursions to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, leave Detroit every Saturday and return Monday morning.

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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."

SERIAL STORY
SEFFY
A ROMANCE OF A PENNSYLVANIA FARM
By JOHN LUTHER LONG
Illustrations by Don Wilson

(Copyright, 1906, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

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, a very pretty and athletic young girl, and belonged solely to her. At length Baumgartner came to realize that his only hope of obtaining the property would be through the marriage of his son Seffy to Sarah Pressel. In a mock auction Seffy, a Sophomore P. Baumgartner, Jr., is popularly known, is raffled off by his father to Sarah for \$1. He appears utterly incapacitated to win in any contest of love or life. Sarah Pressel is quite the opposite of Seffy. She is all life and animation. Her one fault is a very high temper. Baumgartner gives Seffy some lessons in courtship. Baumgartner has caused himself to be appointed guardian of Seffy. Seffy is unable to resist the fascinating wiles of Sarah and he leaves her. She promises him, however, that she will never kiss any man but him. Sam Fritz, a drunken grocer, clerk at Baumgartner's, calls him a "lasser tapper." Calls on Sally and interrupts the kissing. They go into the parlor and begin a "fading up" contest. In accordance with the customs of the place and the time the one who is defeated in such a contest is unworthy the hand of the girl. Seffy goes to sleep and begins snoring. Sally leaves the room in a huff, saying "Good night, gentlemen." Seffy tells his father of his humiliation. Sam Fritz, a drunken grocer, clerk at Baumgartner's, calls him a "lasser tapper." Calls on Sally and interrupts the kissing. They go into the parlor and begin a "fading up" contest. In accordance with the customs of the place and the time the one who is defeated in such a contest is unworthy the hand of the girl. Seffy goes to sleep and begins snoring. Sally leaves the room in a huff, saying "Good night, gentlemen." Seffy tells his father of his humiliation.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Seffy laughed at the absurdity of the thing. But it was unorthodox. "Gosh a'mighty! On a time like this you ken laugh! You right you ain't no good—no, begoshens! You air an idiot and fool! You no man's! No, no, no! I am, begoshens!" Then, as his wrath mounted, he raised his huge fist and threatened Seffy. "Get away from me, or I'll break your head! I can't stand you no more! You not worth a dam—not a dam—to nobody! You look like you mammy's relatives—and they was all no good—get away! I tell you!" He roared ominously, for Seffy, amazed at this from his gentle old father, was looking straight up at him out of a child's round eyes. His lips parted, his throat exposed. Slowly, as his parent heaped contumely upon him, his sensitive young face whitened, and the light left it. Only, when his father mentioned his mother's name, he said with infinite softness "Wha, pappy!" But he stood without fear under the great fist—as he had often done. "You hear! I told you to get away or I'll smash your face in! I don't want you no more. Go to your mammy's relatives out west! He laughed horribly—and see what they'll do for you! You'll live on bread and water—they ain't got nossing else! You'll work all day and all night—and you'll have no fun—they don't know no better—go!" "Yes," said Seffy, turning dumbly away.

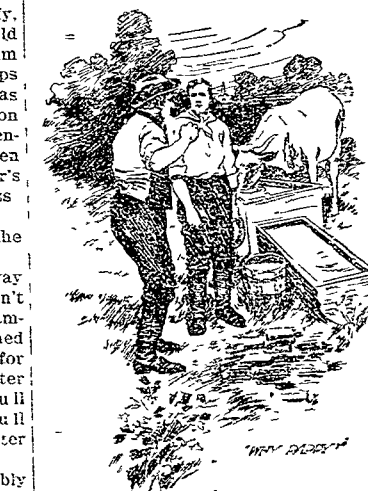
There was no doubt that he meant to go now. His dumb acquiescence in his sentence raised his father's wrath to fun. "Yes—go, and be mighty quick about it! I'm chust itching to smash you. I'll need send for you if you rot in the poorhouse. I'll never mention your name as long as I live—no! I disown you! Never let me see you! dam! face again—go!" It was all so utterly unbelievable that Seffy turned back. This raving madman his jolly old father, who had revered the memory of his mother and had taught him to do so—to mention her every time he prayed? The old man had turned, but Seffy came close and touched him gently. The carver only maddened him. Seffy cowed at the passion on the face of his father. He raised his fist. "Get out—dam! you! he shouted. "If you don't—But the cry could not, now. The huge fist trembled on high a moment, some instinct of sanity struggling to control it—then it fell on Seffy's upturned face.

hands thierly outlying—terror still quivering in his lips and nostrils. Blood slowly oozed from his mouth and nose, and a livid red mark began to grow upon the depression in his forehead, which the blow had made. One moment—two—the old man looked down at this. Then he understood that he had done it, and with a savage animal cry he swept the boy into his arms. Seffy doubled inertly upon him, as the dead do. His father raced frenziedly home with him, leaping fences like a hound. He put him upon the pretty white bed the boy had been wont to make with such care for himself. It was dainty and smooth now. The blood dripped from Seffy's face and from his own beard and stained the white coverings. The sight was full of horror! He staggered drunkenly away. He looked hastily for his gun—meaning, perhaps, to kill himself. But then it seemed to him that Seffy sighed. He fell on his knees and agonized for the life he thought he had taken. Then he felt a pulsebeat. With a hoarse cry he rushed out into the road, calling for the doctor. Two people were coming toward him. It was Sam and Sally, returning from their marriage.

By what he saw on old Baumgartner's face and hands, Sam was sobered. Both understood that they were approaching some tragedy. "Who?" asked Sally, suddenly oblivious of Sam. "Sam!" she turned upon her husband with command. "Bring the doctor!" Sam went with satisfactory haste. "Who hurt him?" asked Sally, as if she were ready to slay him who did. "I killed him because he wouldn't marry me! You wouldn't marry him! Oh, you devil!" It was at that instant that the great change in Sally came. She leaped before him into the house and up to Seffy's room. When the old man slowly followed she was there—with eyes bent upon Seffy's bloody, unconscious face. So she kept her eyes. She did not speak. And when the doctor came she was still there—as at first—unconscious as he the doctor said. He was not dead, and presently he breathed again. But his eyes remained closed, and late that night, when he had drifted from unconsciousness into deep sleep, they put out the light and left him.

When Spring Came.

That was a cold and lonely winter for the old man. The bay mare stood in the stable and whinnied for Seffy. The old house was full of harsh echoes. Its spirit seemed to have gone. Seffy's father knew what a rare thing is joy—and what a joyous creature Seffy had been. The ground was hard to till. And often he thought about what he had said of Seffy's mother. Then he would toil up the steep stair to the garret—he had become quite feeble—and take out of an old German chest a daguerreotype of her with Seffy in her arms. And sometimes he would cry over it until his beard was wet. "God bless you, my little boy," he would sometimes say, "that you cared for her more than I did. You never called her no names." "I didn't know I could be so mean to the dead—who don't deserve it, and can't talk back. And, God a'mighty! If any one's to be called names, it's me—not her nor you Seffy, nor you! For I expect I'm a murderer!" And sometimes, when his loneliness was too hard to be borne, he would go out and sit for hours and talk to the old bay mare—about Seffy. He fancied



she quite understood, and I do, too. When the spring came he plowed alone. And this was hardest of all. To plow around and around his vast fields with no one to meet in the other furrow—no one to talk, to smile, to laugh to—then, when noon came, to sit under the shade of some tree redolent with memories of the pretty little boy, where he and Seffy had sat, from his childhood to his manhood, and eat the food which choked! Oh, if he could only have laughed—at himself, at Seffy, at the mare, at anybody or anything! If he could only have laughed! And he knew that every animal on the place wondered and hungered for little Seffy and questioned him with pathetic eyes, while he, at first, guiltily kept silent—then tried to confess his shame to them. "Yes," he told the mare, "I done it—I struck him—here, right here! In the face—while his eyes was looking in mine—pleading—and here was blood—and here and here—and dust in his hair—and his eyes was closed—and when I run home wiss him his legs dangled like he was dead. And

I don't know why they don't come and hang me. I haf told 'em all that I killed him. But no one don't arrest me."

XII.

The Kiss Like Seffy's.

One day he went up to the vine-covered house on the Hill of Delight, with a bundle of papers in his hand. "See yere, Sally," he said "senilely, 'yere's you' papers. I gif up the guardianship. You ken gif another one if you not on age yet. I don't kear a darn who, I'm tired. If it wasn't for you—Seffy would be alive." Sally drooped her head. "Yes," she said, so humbly that he relented a little. "I got to do it. I ain't no account no more. I ought to haf a guardian myself. And people's making such a fuss—you ain't treated us right—no, you ain't! I guess I had better not be mixed in. They say that you married a drunkard, and killed—a man—and got to be a drunkard yourself. But I knoy better 'bout one sing. I killed him. Yef they say that you married Sam chust to spite poor Seffy—and yet lofing Sef. Oh, Sef—Sef—why didn't she tell you so!" He went on heedlessly till he knew that Sally was sobbing. He raised her face and looked into it curiously and saw for the first time that pathetic wanness of which, also, people began to talk. "Sally," he said then, "you not well?" "Quite well," said Sally. "Then you got trouble—trouble, too, Sally?" "Oh, pappy," she pleaded breathlessly, "don't you turn away from me, too."



THEY GOT TROUBLE—TROUBLE FOR SALLY.

I have no one but you! No. I have not treated you right. But, oh, life is so hard to me! "No," he said, smoothing her hair with his gnarled old hand. "I had my eyes turned within. But I didn't know you had trouble. I heard that Sam had took to bad drinkin' and I thought you didn't kear—You was so reckless—" "Yes," she sighed, "I am reckless! And yes—I drink sometimes. But it is that way I can forget." "I don't turn ag'in' no one in trouble, even if they don't treat me right—and drink—" "Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, pappy! The suffering is mine!" "Yas," he said, "yas—don't cry. But the suffering ain't all your'n." "No," she said, "Not all—not all!" "But, Sally, if I take the papers back, you won't drink no more? It ain't nice—even if you air the wife of a drunkard." "No. If you will be my friend, I will try to be what I would have been as Seffy's wife!" "It's a bargain—and I'm sorry I spoke so harsh, Sally. Mebby, mebby—God knows!—we ken comfort one another. I—Sally—I—need some one, too!" "Yes! Will you let me? I will have no friend but you!" "Yas! And I won't have no friend but you, Sally!" "Will you let me kiss you?" "Do you want to?" he cried tremulously. "Yes," whispered the girl. "Me? Sally, lem me kiss you!" She put up her lips almost solemnly—and with that their compact was sealed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION.

Chronic Bachelor Makes a Few Remarks About the Modern Hatpin.

"There ought to be a law against women carrying unconcealed weapons," growled the chronic bachelor at the club. "That I haven't been stabbed to death or maimed for life before this is due to a combination of agility and good luck, I'm convinced. I tell you, it keeps a man busy dodging nowadays to avoid blood letting when he's traveling in a crowded conveyance with women, or even walking on a crowded thoroughfare. A woman is positively a menace to life the moment she gets outdoors." "Why outdoors especially?" "Hatpins! Hatpins! Foot and a half long, some of 'em. They stick out from both sides of a hat like spears. Every time a woman turns her head these wicked-looking spears sweep around in a two-foot radius; and every time she bows her head up and down she takes a chance of raking the nearest person fore and aft. Suppress the woman or the hatpin, I say." "Let's make it the hatpin," suggested the married man gently. One of the Tests. "So your daughter made a brilliant marriage?" "Not very," answered Mr. Umrox. "Your son-in-law is of noble origin?" "Yes But I could pronounce his name properly the first time I

The Fourth in Boomville

Celebration as Described by the Small Boy.

"B"

BOOMVILLE WILL Celebrate the Nation's-Sammy Smith and I stood with our hands in our pockets—tal Day." and read the notice in flaming red letters as "Cy" Smith unrolled the poster preparatory to tacking it on "Doc" Blaston's shoe shop. We didn't understand what that "natal day" business meant, but "celebrate"—that could only mean one thing this season of the year. Who oop e e! Cracky! Boom! and Sammy and I shield a tin can at "Doc" Blaston's setter pup and dug down the alley as fast as four brown legs could carry us. "Hey! Stub, it's goin' to be; they're puttin' the bill up now." Stub dropped the bait can half full of worms and joined the proclaimers of the glad tidings. Two minutes later we ended up in front of the bill to read further. "I call that a mighty neat job of printin'," said the editor of the Weekly Banner, who had happened along. "We broke the claws holdin' the arrows off our eagle wood cut two years ago and blamed if we could find the piece this year. The old bird looked mighty squatty until we hit upon havin' him sit on that log from the Mink Lumber Company's ad."

Tied a Can on the Pup.

"Looks like that old turkey buzzard that roosts on the rotten log in Deacon Shuffacorn's pasture," sniffed old Prof Krain Krain had started a paper in opposition to the Banner three years before, but it had fizzled out after intermittent issues for six months.

But there wasn't anything squatty about the birds of freedom, as far as we kids could see. Besides, we were busy reading down further what was going to happen.

"Fine shade, grand music, magnificent parade, most eloquent speakers in the state. Races! Races! Races! Ball games, climbing the greased pole, catching the greased pig, a grand spectacular exhibition of tight-rope walking by Capt. McMain."

"The grand finale, \$95.50 worth of fireworks, let off from a stand in front of the city calaboose." These were a few of the features that would mar the usual lethargy of Boomville on July 4.

"Shore goin' to have \$95 worth of fireworks, there'll be pinwheels, giant fire crackers and skyrockets, till you can't rest," said Sid Girkens. "I know, cause dad was at the meetin' the night they voted to have 'em."

It had been five years since Boomville had had a celebration. For 12 years before that time the eagle had screamed in vociferous fashion as regular as Independence day came around. That was when the boom was on the town. In those days Jeff Dascom gave \$150 to buy fireworks his chewing tobacco now. The bubble had burst, the lean days had come and patriotism had waned in Boomville.

The celebration this year was due to young Leon Talbert who had bought out old Shoebucker's general merchandise store. He had offered to give \$25 as the first contribution. His rival in business, old "Dan" Turner, across the street, growled and said he did it just for advertisement.

A man's business was the last thing attended to in Boomville during the next three weeks. Floats had to be built for the Goddess of Liberty and her attendants to ride on. Boomville had no trees that would do as a shade, for the drought three years before had killed even the trees in the city park. Where the young cottonwoods, 20 feet tall, used to grow, was an oat field. Beside the oat field was a stretch of ground that once bore the appellation of "Dascom boulevard." "Joe" Skinner said he'd have the best crop of potatoes on that ground this year ever raised in Boomville, if the bugs didn't hit 'em or the hot winds blow.

"I reckon they ought to be better than ordinary, bein' raised on that high-flutin' ground," he used to fling at Joe Dascom, who helped him hoe them.

A thin line of cottonwoods and a few scragged elms on Cowskin creek, five miles away, were the nearest trees to Boomville now. Jim McGood solved the shade problem. He would build an arbor, himself, if they would give him the sole privilege of selling lemonade and ice cream near by. Jim's offer was accepted.

On July 3 Sammy Smith and I were pretty busy. We kept the road warm between the place where Jim McGood was putting leafy branches of cottonwood, brought from the Cowskin grove, over a frame work of plank, and the back part of the livery stable where the floats were being decked in

tinseled and red, white and blue bunting. We never had any real fun until late in the afternoon, when we tied a can on "Doc" Blaston's setter pup and set off a bunch of firecrackers in it.

We hated "Doc" Blaston and had even less regard for his setter pup, because he wouldn't chase a jack rabbit. We were sorry afterwards we did it, for that premature can spoiled a whole lot of fun next day. Every dog in Boomville de-camped that night; even the cats roosted in the trees for two days.

A boom that rattled the window frames awakened me before day next morning. With no hat and only one suspender over my shoulder I scurried down to Uncle Billy's blacksmith shop. Uncle Billy was out in front shooting off the anvil. He had a whole quart can of powder. Carefully the square hole in the anvil was filled with powder and a hardwood plug whittled to fit it. A groove in one side of the plug was left for the fuse. Uncle Billy scratched the match down the leg of his overalls, touched the fuse and then hurried behind the shop door. The aged blacksmith was slightly deaf and liked a noisy Fourth. Thirteen times the powder was poured in and touched off.

The events of that day crowded upon each other fast and furious. The parade started half an hour late because the Goddess couldn't get her brown hair waving to the best effect. After the parade things dragged a little until the speaking began. We wouldn't have stayed around near the speaking except we sometimes got a dash of ice cream for turning a freezer for Jim. The Hon. Timothy Todhunter gave the oration and Deacon Hefle-tower read the Declaration of Independence. That is he started to read it. He had taken a copy of the declaration from his hip pocket and started to read when Sammy Smith touched a cannon cracker off behind the speakers' stand. The deacon was naturally very excitable. He tried to proceed but his hands jerked spasmodically. Suddenly the declaration parted in the middle where it had been folded in the deacon's pocket. They sent after a new declaration, but the crowd had left before it arrived.

The greased pig had been caught and the entries were just in for the slippery pole-climbing exhibition when my recollection came to a vivid close. That night about nine o'clock I waked up with a bandaged eye, a swollen jaw and one arm in a sling. They told me Sammy Smith had climbed 'er and I went to sleep happy.

For the Babies. "I want to get some fireworks for my little boy—something that will be safe for him to set off by himself," explains the young mother.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the courteous dealer. "How old is your little boy?" "He'll be 14 months and two days old to-morrow."

"I don't believe we have anything he could be trusted with."

"Oh, dear! Haven't you any safety pin-wheels?"

A 4th of July Episode!

Quoth Tommy not to honor the 4th of July. I'd consider a lasting disgrace! He honored—and that is the sad reason why Young Tommy is sailing thro' a space!

A Bit of Advice. Tie the thumbs on little Willie As he wanders forth to play. It may look a trifle silly, But he'll need the thumbs some day. He may chafe at the restriction And protest against the plan, But you'll have his benediction When he gets to be a man.

Where to Draw the Line. We hear a good deal about a sane Fourth, but what is really needed is the ability to draw the line between harmless noise and a combination of train wreck, dynamite explosion and war with the improved implements of modern warfare.

No, Indeed. "The sun is mighty scorching these days, but—" "But what?" "I notice women still hate to be thrown into the shade."—Kansas City Times.

THE PLUG HAT OF JAPAN.

Tiles of the Vintage of Fifty Years Ago Make the Mikado's Subjects Proud.

"There is one sight which you must not miss when you go to Tokyo," said the seasoned traveler. "That is the rare display of anthropological plug hats."

"Some people arrange to get to Japan in cherry blossom season, and others want to get there in time to receive an invitation to the emperor's garden party in chrysanthemum time; but take the tip of one who has batted about the world considerably and land in Tokyo either on New Year's day or on the emperor's birthday. On both you can see something unique in the line of headgear."

"When Japan began to get civilized she bought all the accessories of civilization that England did not want any more. England sold her old-fashioned, out-of-date, narrow gauge railroad stock, antiquated tram cars and other second-hand junk, including the then current styles of plug hat."

"The title of those days has remained—the ruling fashion in Japan up to the present. Japan may build Dreadnoughts, but the plug-hat of 50 years ago still reigns supreme."

"Only on such ceremonious occasions as the New Year's festivities, the emperor's birthday or possibly the racing meets at Negishi, near Yokohama, does the Japanese gentleman bring forth from his camphor wood chest his plug hat, a heritage from his forefathers. It may be warped with 20 summers, damp or green with the shine of antiquity, but that matters nothing."

"Once this superstructure to his wrinkled frock coat and bagged trousers is added, the Japanese gentleman feels that no dignity short of a decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun can be added to his person. That crowning glory of a plug hat may settle around his ears or it may perch upon his head like half a pea-nut shell, but no matter; it is the hat of civilization and the badge of respectability."

"He trots out of his house looking like one of the ancient daimios stiff with the dignity of two swords. All that fearful day he wears this hat of ancient vintage like a crown, and in the end he stows it away in his damp-proof chest awaiting another festive occasion or held as an asset in his estate after death."

Unwise Combination. To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Willowby could be really eccentric. As for anything beyond eccentricity, Mrs. Jennings would never have admitted it, even in the case of Miss Rachel Gregg, who was frankly called crazy by the summer visitors.

"Now, Mrs. Jennings," said one of the boarders, "do you really mean that you've never known Miss Gregg to do anything that you'd call crazy?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Jennings, with a firm and unyielding expression about her prominent chin.

"Why, what do you think of her sending that bag of eggs over to the Corners to Mrs. Cole, right in the box with her laundry work, and never telling the stage-driver, and letting him throw the box right off?" inquired the summer boarder. "Mrs. Cole says there's one shirtwaist she'll never be able to wear again."

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings, calmly, "I should say about that as I have about a number of little things Rachel does and has done. She may lack in wisdom and forethought now and again—but then, who doesn't. I'd like to know?"—Youth's Companion.

Making It Measure Down. In these days when only the rich criminal or suspect is accorded much space in the newspapers it may be a relief to the precatory rich to have the fact recalled that the blessed middle class may also produce dishonesty. A policeman tells this story:

"Before I reformed and went on the force I was clerking in a small store. One day an Italian woman came in. She held a string in her hand, a long string, and said that she wanted a blanket of the same length. I went through our stock and found that the longest blanket we had was six inches too short. In the midst of my search the boss came up."

"What's the matter?" he said. "I told him."

"That's easy," said he. "I'll talk to her and keep her busy while you cut off the string."

The honest copper swears that he would not be an active party to such a trick, but whatever was done the woman soon left the store with a blanket and string of equal length.—San Francisco Call.

Took No Chances. He had proposed, but she had given him the frigid mitt—seemingly; but five minutes later they were busy swapping kisses.

"But if you really and truly loved me, why did you turn me down at first?" queried the puzzled young man.

"Oh, that was just a whim of mine," she replied. "I wanted to see how you would act."

"But suppose I had rushed off with out giving you a chance to explain?" he said.

"Impossible," she answered. "I had the door locked."

No, Indeed. "The sun is mighty scorching these days, but—" "But what?" "I notice women still hate to be thrown into the shade."—Kansas City Times.

NOVI NEWS.

J. Sanford has a new driving horse.

Chas. Holmes spent Sunday in Wayne.

Miss Nettie Kent is working in Northville.

Clyde Putnam has purchased a new hay loader.

Mrs. Heck, formerly of this place, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Geo. Dandison called on Walled Lake friends Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Sessions, June 26, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dandison visited Farmington friends last week.

Mrs. Garlick of Mablette is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Atchinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Taylor entertained company from Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Deer is spending a month with her daughter in Kalamazoo.

John Costes of New York spent part of last week with his cousin, Walter Costes.

Mrs. Donelson and Mrs. C. Bathrick spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Mrs. L. Bathrick.

Miss Lulu Dandison, who has been attending school at Port Huron, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. Jennie Taylor and Mrs. Roy Taylor of Detroit spent part of this week with Novi relatives.

Mrs. Chas. Deer entertained a number of relatives and friends, June 25, in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Frank Deer, the occasion being the latter's seventy-fifth birthday.

She was presented with a silk dress. The house was very prettily decorated with ferns, and it would take too long to tell of all the good things they had to eat. It was a very enjoyable event and one long to be remembered by all.

WIXOM NEWS.

Queenie and Roy Gillett are visiting Pontiac relatives.

Grace Stevens was in Northville visitor Friday last.

Georgia Stevens and Lyla Fuller spent Sunday in Farmington.

Mrs. Lucy Grant went to Salem last Friday for an indefinite stay.

Erving Wright and son, Floyd, of Flint visited at Chas. Wright's Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Barber and daughter, Gladys, were at Pontiac over Sunday.

John Green of Novi was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Sheppo, Tuesday night.

Mrs. Harris and son, Robert, of Detroit are at G. B. Proud's for the summer.

John Gallagher of Williamston visited his parents here last week and part of this.

B. F. Madison, who has been in Detroit since last November, returned home this week.

J. M. Lake and wife returned from a two weeks' visit with New York State relatives Monday.

Mrs. J. G. Madison and little daughter were in Northville Thursday and Friday last week.

Mrs. Amelia Spawn of Wayne and Miss Vira Phillips of this place visited Pontiac relatives last week.

The Misses Bennett and Mowry returned from Ypsilanti Thursday. The latter graduated from the Normal there.

E. Cass Johns who has been a P. M. mail clerk from Detroit to Chicago for some years, now has a like position on the Saginaw division.

Judson Furman was very badly kicked by a horse Thursday night while returning home from Wixom. The bones of his leg were badly splintered. He is getting along as well as could be expected.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

SALEM NEWS.

J. Mack Stark was a Salem visitor last week.

Miss Florence Wall has returned home after teaching in Clare.

Rev. A. A. Wall returned from Highland, Ill., for a month's vacation.

Miss Florence Brokaw left Monday for Ypsilanti to attend summer school.

Mrs. Blakesley left Monday morning for Spokane where she will meet her daughter.

Roland Sprague of Duluth occupied the pulpit in the Congregational church last Sunday.

Misses Blanche and Emily Wall left Salem Wednesday for a visit to Grand Rapids and Rockford.

Miss Dora Martin has returned to her Ohio home after a pleasant visit with her grandmother, Mrs. Martin.

SABINE'S CURATIVE OIL.

Inflamed Eyes.

In all cases of acute and chronic inflamed or sore eyes, granulated lids etc., Curative Oil is a most infallible remedy. It is soothing and cooling in effect and easily applied. It should be used night and morning by dropping two or three drops in the eye, and also by applying to the eyelid itself. If cinders, dirt or any other foreign substance should get into the eye a drop or two of the oil in the eye will form a coating around the object preventing the eyelid from being irritated, and unless the object is embedded in the eye ball, it will remove it in a few moments. It will also remove all inflammation. As has been stated before Curative Oil is entirely vegetable and can be used in the eye or the ear as often as desired without the slightest harm. Prepared by Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale by Murdoch Bros.

Have You Thought of This, Girls? The girl who gets married during leap year must be very beautiful in order to escape suspicion.

How's This?

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

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. Charles Fendt called on Mrs. Manzel one day last week.

Sam and Manuel Myer visited relatives in Detroit Sunday.

Floy Kahrl has been ill the past two weeks with rheumatism.

Henry Messer spent Saturday evening with his parents at Newburg.

Mrs. R. G. Adams was a caller in this vicinity last Sunday evening.

Miss Martha Detrich spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Detrich.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King and Mr. Foster have been entertaining relatives from Detroit the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnson and other parties are camping at the lake this week.

Little Edna Wagonjack is spending her vacation with her cousin, Eddie Moss, of North Farmington.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Nettie Dickerson, who has been ill with pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. G. F. Hamlen of Rochester visited friends in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Robinson of Battle Creek visited relatives and friends in town this week.

Mrs. Perry Prindle returned Tuesday from Durand where she had been visiting her sister a few days.

Rev. Chas. Collins visited friends in River Rouge and attended the minister's outing and banquet the first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. Curry, nee Little Paulger, has closed her millinery store here and gone out of the business.

She will spend a few days with her mother in Detroit.

B. H. Lester and family have sold out their livery business here and are boarding at the Stanley House in Northville for a few weeks. They expect to start for the West in a short time.

Ensign Owen S. Botsford who graduated from Annapolis three weeks ago, left Detroit last Wednesday night for California where he will join the fleet at San Francisco.

He is a graduate of the Central High school and while at the naval academy won especial honor in ordnance and gunnery. Botsford was appointed to Annapolis by Congressman Sam W. Smith.

Again Farmington has been called upon to mourn the loss of one of its most respected citizens. Mrs. Adelbert McDermott, whose illness has been mentioned in this paper several times, died Saturday morning of tuberculosis. She had been ill about six months, and although everything was done to restore her health, nothing seemed to benefit her long at a time. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hendryx of this place and was thirty-three years of age. She was married to Adelbert McDermott about ten years ago, who, with one son, six years old, a father and mother, three brothers and three sisters, survive her. The funeral was held Tuesday from the Universalist church, Rev. Lee S. McCollister of Detroit officiating, and was one of the largest ever held here, bearing evidence of the high esteem in which the deceased was held. The remains were laid to rest in Oakwood cemetery.

ON THE DIAMOND and Baseball field—also on other fields just as attractive.

SPORTING GOODS for the Hunter, Fisherman, Golfer and Tennis player. Here in bewildering profusion, at prices just as bewildering—simply because we took time by the forelock and bought while other dealers were sleighing.

For we're willing to take our pleasure by winning your approval—and your trade—in disposing of this superb stock of Sporting Goods.

Fred L. Cook & Co. FARMINGTON, MICH.

4th July

Horse Races, Ball Games, Athletic Sports and General Big Time

NORTHVILLE

Forenoon Sports

will take place on Main Street at 10 a. m.

Potato Race for Boys

First Prize.....50c Shirt
Second Prize.....Pocket Knife

Wheelbarrow Race

First Prize.....Good Shirt
Second Prize.....Pocket Knife

Fat Man's Race

First Prize.....\$1.00 Shirt
Second Prize.....Good Neck Tie

100 Yard Dash

First Prize.....\$1.00 Shirt
Second Prize.....Good Neck Tie

Sack Race

First Prize.....50 Cent Shirt
Second Prize.....Jack Knife

Girl's Foot Race

First Prize.....\$3.00 Photographs
Second Prize.....\$2.50 Hand Painted Dish

High Jump

First Prize.....\$1.00 Shirt
Second prize.....50 Cent Tie

Tug of War

One prize.....Box of Cigars

Climbing Greased Pole

Prize.....A \$5 Watch awaits you at Top of pole

Afternoon Sports

Foot Race--1-2 Mile

On Race Track at 3:00 o'clock

First prize.....Good Ham
Second prize.....Box Cigars

Third prize.....Jack Knife

Motor Cycle Race--2 Miles

First Prize.....Silk Umbrella
Second prize.....Box Cigars

Water Battle at 7 p. m., Prize Box Cigars

2 Ball Games 2

There will be Two Ball Games here on the 4th. Forenoon Game Called at 10 a. m. Afternoon Game called at 3:30.

All College YPSILANTI vs. NORTHVILLE

Horse Races

To commence promptly at 2:00 at the Race Track. All Entries Free.

Green Trot

First prize.....\$3 Hat
Second prize.....\$1 Whip
Third prize.....50c Whip

2:30 Trot

First prize.....\$3 Blanket
Second prize.....Box Cigars
Third prize.....50c Whip

Free-For-All Pace

First prize.....Pair \$3 Oxfords
Second prize.....Box Cigars

Free-For-All Trot

First prize.....\$5 Willow Rocker
Second prize.....\$3 Umbrella
Third prize.....Box Cigars

Plymouth Brass Band

Will Furnish the Music.

Admission to Race Track:

Forenoon : - - - - - Adults, 10 Cents
Afternoon : - - - - - Adults, 25c, Children, 10c

Detroit Headquarters
FOR
MICHIGAN PEOPLE

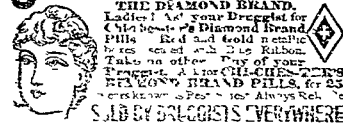
GRISWOLD HOUSE

AMERICAN PLAN \$2.50 TO \$3.00 PER DAY
EUROPEAN PLAN \$1.00 TO \$2.00 PER DAY

Spaciously modern and up-to-date hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave., Jefferson, Third and Fourth cars pass by the house. When you visit Detroit, stop at the Griswold House.

POSTAL & MORSEY, Props.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS



Try a Laxer in the Record



DOUBLE DAILY EXCURSIONS

DETROIT TO THE FAMOUS

St. Clair Flats

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Port Huron

Sugar Island Park

and TOLEDO

On the magnificent steel Steamers TASHMOO, GREYHOUND, OWANA and CITY OF TOLEDO

Sugar Island Park and return, 35c Toledo and return every Sunday Morning, 50c; Every Week-day \$1.

Flats of Tashmoo and return, Daily, 75c; Pt. Huron and return, \$1.00. Steamers leave Detroit for Flats, Tashmoo, Port Huron and Way Ports Daily, 8:29 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. standard time; returning arrive 11:00 A.M. and 8:30 P.M. Passengers taking afternoon steamers to the Flats have ample time for fish supper and return on the Tashmoo at 8:30 P.M. Steamer for Sugar Island and Toledo daily; leave week days 8:15 A.M. and 4:00 P.M., Sundays, 8:45 A.M. and 5 P.M.

Telephone 1100 GRISWOLD ST. WHARF