

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIX. No. 8.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1908

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

A GREAT SUCCESS

HOME COMING DAYS ARE ALRIGHT.

Northville Doing Herself Proud Yet Today.

"Home Coming" is on in all its glory and will continue until night. The village is sumptuously decorated with flags and bunting and a beautiful row of electric lights stretched along Main and Center streets make a brilliant show.

Yesterday a large crowd of people arrived and registered at Headquarters in the new Record building where they were given badges and admission tickets to the games and races.

In the evening the guests were treated to a very creditable display of fireworks.

Today is given up to the athletic sports and races at the new Athletic Park.

The Plymouth band dished up a fine lot of music, and the speaking and singing feature in the rink, which had been elaborately decorated for the occasion by the committee, was a star part of the attractions.

The "Home Coming" was certainly a great success and everyone goes away pleased at their reception while here and the general good time they had.

Upwards of 200 former residents have registered at headquarters and more are yet to come. Next week we shall try to give something of a list of "our guests."

An Enjoyable Event.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. Deborah Lowe of Center street gave a birthday reception to her niece, Mrs. Althea Barton, of Nokomis, Ill., who with her sister, Miss Mattie Morse, has been visiting Mrs. Lowe and other relatives for several weeks.

The guests were all cousins of the Illinois ladies, Mrs. Lowe being the only surviving member of her generation, of the Morse family.

The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants and a bountiful six o'clock dinner was served.

Mrs. Barton received a number of presents, happy reminders of her Michigan birthday.

On the following day a farewell house-party was held at Mrs. Lowe's to say good-bye and wish Mrs. Barton and Miss Morse a safe and pleasant journey to their home in Illinois.

CHANGE AT PARK HOUSE

No More Roomers or Meals After Monday.

Owing to the scarcity of help and contemplated repairs, Landlord Ely announces that after next Monday the dining room and sleeping room department of the Park House will be closed for some time. The cafe part and cigar stand will be open as usual.

BELGIUM STEPS IN.



—Thorndyke in Baltimore American.

BIG VOTE WAS CAST

MANY DEMOCRATS VOTED REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Day Was Devoid of Any Particular Excitement.

There were 369 Republicans and ten democrats took part in the primaries Wednesday, evidently many democrats, probably 60, voted the Republican ticket. On an average each place on the ticket, is short about fifty votes, owing to the fact that many each time failed to vote for every candidate.

Following is the vote as cast: Senator—Snell 151, Schreter 23, Manzelman 86, O'Neil 59. Judge of Probate—Dunfee 260. Representative—Burnham 134, Goodell 63, McMullen 79. Sheriff—Gaston 189, Kingsley 112, Parker 26. Clerk—Farrell 145, Green 98, Weiss 77.

Treasurer—Gulley 183, Moeller 113, Waldo 32. Register—Humbert 93, Stoll 247. Prosecuting Attorney—Hall 24, Turner 102, VanZile 191. Auditor—Biell 57, Christian 51, Robertson 197. Circuit Court Commissioners—Barnes 57, Condon 42, Evans 98, May 131, Nicol 109. Coroners—Baker 63, Bennett 137, Burgess 202, Johnson 52, Sigel 9. Surveyor—Bossert 37, Marschner 111, Smith 137. Roads Commissioners—Haggerty 112, Hines 270, Murdock 157.

Election of Officers

At the regular meeting of Orient Chapter, No. 77, O. E. S., held Friday evening, the following officers were elected:

W. M.—Flora Babbitt. W. P.—Nelson Bogart. A. M.—Ruth Gillis. Sec.—Leta Toney. Treas.—Mae Woodworth. Con.—May Filkins. A. C.—Eva Bovee.

THE RECORD'S NEW HOME OPENED

READY FOR PUBLICATION THERE NEXT WEEK.

Oldest Building in Town Now Modern Printing Plant

One of the oldest, if not the oldest, buildings in town that for years did duty at the corner of Center and Main streets has been purchased and remodeled by Mr. Neal and will, commencing next week, be occupied by the Record Printing Plant as its permanent home.

The present quarters in the Opera House has been occupied by Mr. Neal for about sixteen years and will now be occupied by the Ideal Printing Machine Co., owned by A. C. Baiden and Frank Shafer, for the manufacture of their machines, an industry which gives promise of considerable importance.

REV. J. W. TURNER.



Mr. Turner has been returned to the Northville Methodist church for another year, much to the gratification of the people in general of this vicinity. In point of attendance the church has increased to a considerable extent during the past year and the society is financially in good condition.

MRS. GARNER'S FUNERAL

Held Monday Morning from Late Home.

The funeral of Mrs. Henry Garner was held from her late home on Mill street at 7:30 o'clock Monday morning and the remains were taken to Woodmere cemetery, Detroit, on the D. U. R. funeral car at 8:30 for burial. The services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Turner, assisted by Rev. J. M. Shank, an old and much esteemed friend of the family.

Mrs. Garner came here with her family from Chicago about five years ago and had won the hearts of the people, not only in the Methodist church, of which she was a faithful member, but those outside.

She was a loving wife and kind mother and will be greatly missed in her family as well as in the community where she lived.

An Announcement Party.

Mrs. W. G. Yerkes gave a party Saturday afternoon to about thirty-five ladies, at which time the engagement of her sister-in-law, Miss Grace Yerkes, to Mr. Ross Dusenbury of Mt. Pleasant was announced, the marriage to take place in December.

The color scheme was green and white and was carried through the three course lunch which was served. The favors were little gold slippers filled with rice and the contents most generously showered upon the honored guest.

The game of hearts was played and afforded considerable amusement.

Miss Yerkes is a very estimable young lady and will receive hearty congratulations of a host of friends.

Piano Lessons.

Any who wish to take piano lessons are solicited to join the class which I am now forming. Independent Telephone 6N.

GUY FILKINS, Northville.

TO RULE OR RUIN

EVIDENT POLICY OF THE ATWOOD-BRADLEY FACTION.

Will Try to Keep Warner's Name Off the Ticket.

The people who like a "good loser" in politics are certainly not growing very fond of Dr. Bradley. By the advice of his friends (?), the Atwood-Bradley crowd, he has adopted the rule or ruin policy and is evidently now starting out in an endeavor to throw the recount on the governorship into the courts in such a way that the Republican party in Michigan will have no candidate for governor on their ticket. Dr. Bradley and his friends do not hope to show any fraud in the vote for governor or to make any gain in a recount, but if they can defeat Warner "by hook or crook" their aim will be accomplished.

The Atwood corporation crowd would much prefer a democrat governor to Warner, and Dr. Bradley is evidently being used as the tool to accomplish the dirty trick. Dr. Bradley's course is a great contrast to that pursued by Governor Warner. When the day following the primaries it was thought that Dr. Bradley was nominated by 300 plurality Governor Warner at once peace fully accepted defeat and urged Dr. Bradley's support. But when Warner is nominated by 1,600, then Dr. Bradley hires the most expensive legal talent in the state of Michigan to take the matter into the courts in an endeavor to keep Warner's name off the ticket.

The effect of such work as this cannot help but have its effect upon not only the national and state ticket but upon every county ticket in the state as well, and the quicker it is set down upon, good and hard, the better for the party.

Good and Simple Food.

Macaulay said that no man need ask for better food than plain roast beef and baked potatoes.



Garland

Peninsular and Round Oak Base Burners Steel Ranges

Call in and look over our line. The largest assortment ever shown in Northville.

We are installing "Great Bell" Furnaces right along. Get your order in early so as to be prepared when the cool nights and mornings arrive.

Drop us a card, telephone or call in and see us.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Special

This week we are offering our entire line of

Granite Ware

and

Plant Crock

at

Greatly Reduced Prices.

C. E. RYDER

NORTHVILLE.

CLARK'S RESTAURANT

DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE.

FINEST COFFEE. PURE BUTTER

Nice 15 Cent Lunch.

Regular 20 Cent Dinner.

26 West Fort Street.

Between City Hall and Post Office.

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE

PURE AERATED MILK

Sweet and Sour Cream

Furnished on Application.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature Literature sent in Plain Envelope.

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

MANY FARMERS

Why Not You?

Would like to keep an account of their receipts and expenditures if some one would keep it for them.

Open a bank account with the Lapham State Savings Bank and you will find the account keeps itself, with no expense.

Your checks are always evidence of date and amount of all disbursements and your deposit book shows dates and amounts of your receipts.

Many of your friends and neighbors have accounts with us. WHY NOT YOU? Don't wait for a big start—any amount offered, either large or small, is cheerfully accepted. It's a handy convenience to the farmer as well as the business man.

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

Lapham State Savings Bank

SLIGHTED IN THE MAKING

That is what is wrong with most people's eyes. Eyes are either too long or too short; few are of the right proportions. These defects have to be made up with glasses. We correct those errors and furnish the proper glasses.

Call On Us and Be Satisfied.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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



Right It—

Get at the bottom of the Baking Powder Question.

Buy a can of Calumet today. Put it through the most rigid baking test that you know. If it does not fully come up to your standard; if the baking is not just as good or better—lighter, more evenly raised, more delicious and wholesome, take it back to the grocer and get your money. Calumet is the only strictly high-grade baking powder selling at a moderate cost. Don't accept a substitute. Insist upon Calumet—and get it.

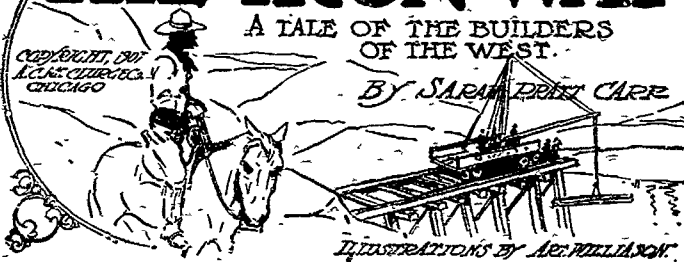
CALUMET Baking Powder

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH BERT CLARE



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle" Dodge, a driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Caldwell, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Hereat start of the story. 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 plans of enemies of railroad being built. He shows to Stella. Showing signs of love for the other. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of "Opposition road." Plot to destroy company's ship. Flora is unearthed, and incriminating evidence against Caldwell is found. Phineas Caldwell faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Banquet on railroad town scene of monopolization of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces richest. Gideon makes threat against Alfred. He quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage a success. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter. "Promise to marry Gideon Ingram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference, Stella decides to die. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther. Anthony becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnapping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Frisco society," she passes him without recognition. Kidnapping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Frisco society," she passes him without recognition. Kidnapping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Frisco society," she passes him without recognition.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

The man ate hungrily, and finished with a surly "Thank you."

"Which way are you going?"

"West."

"We'll take yo' weapon, an' watch ye a piece out on the track. Shack, you keep an eye an' a gun on him till he gets to the turn. Ye needn't come back fur another meal o' victuals," she continued to the fellow. "If ye do, ye'll find more'n one gun p'inted yore way. Skeddaddle!"

"He's ben layin' round the town fur weeks, that cuss nas, but I missed him yesterday," Shack said as the man started off slowly. "Thought he'd lit out."

Esther watched him with mingled awe and pity, but Sally B. was already in conference with one of the railroad office boys that "lettered well," getting out a "Warning" to be posted on one of the town's bulletin spaces. Whatever the reprobate might next undertake could not be done there. The town kept open eyes by night as well as by day.

The iron train was two hours late, and the desert day so alluring that Esther decided to ride as usual. Immediately after the noon dinner her mount was brought to the door; but her kindly knight was missing. This was not alarming. His memory often failed him in the daily routine, when he saddled his horse and wandered alone in the hills hunting for "color," but always returned safe; and on such occasions Esther patiently went without her ride. But to day she was disappointed. She wanted to get away from the memory of the morning. "Had any one seen him go?" she asked. And Shack, hearing her question, told her that "Bill had saddled not a quarter hour ago, an' lit out west down the track."

"I can overtake him, then," she said to Sally B. as she mounted.

"I don't like ter see ye start off alone," Sally B. said; yet she was too fearless herself to suspect danger; and her protest was perfunctory.

"I'll find Mr. Bernard shortly; don't worry about me."

"Look out for that breakfast guest of ourn. If you met up with him, he might take a shine to you, or yore mare."

"My lungs are good. And section men are too plenty and Swift's heels too nimble for any man on foot to hurt me," Esther replied nonchalantly. "Besides, he'll be far toward Wells by this time. That's his first chance for supper."

It was good to be out in the open this perfect day, to be alone. She kept on the lookout for her cavalier, expecting momentarily to overtake him. Presently she spied him climbing a high hillside to the north. It looked hot and breathless over there. She knew the succession of ridge and hollow in that direction. No wide, level spaces for gallops, no open vistas. She would have this one long afternoon to herself, listen for voices that spoke only to the solitary ear. She rode slowly, making subconscious notes of the smooth, trodden path beside the track, at places where she would give the mare her head when returning in the cooler afternoon.

A patch of brilliant desert flowers in a small nook where the melting snow had been gathered and held caught her capricious eye. She would be hidden from the town here, yet not far from the track and passing trackmen. It would be quite safe. Dismounting, she gathered a great bunch of the sun colored blossoms, and tucked them in her hat and habit front. She uncoiled the

Mexican hair rope from beneath her saddle flap, and, giving Swift 40 feet of freedom, sat down, back to the track, to memories and day dreams—day dreams that percolated time unheeded, till the iron train thundered past.

Eyes that caught the vision of beauty in horse and rider silhouetted against the gray hillside lighted with sudden appreciation; and one pair flamed up curiously, watched eagerly till the vision vanished, then gloomed above set teeth and clenched hands.

Esther remounted and resumed her ride, still slowly. The mood for a speed had not come. A short distance farther on she came to a deep, curving cut. Instantly on entering an uncanny sensation possessed her, a presentiment of danger. Yet she derided her self, and touched Swift to a lope. Had not the train just passed? What menace could arrive in ten minutes?

Along the banks were a few cayle-like depressions cut for some purpose by the grades. As Esther rounded the curve a fleeting glimpse of a horseman coming toward the cut from the other end was interrupted by the voice of a man who sprang from one of the little holes and caught her bridle rein.

"I'll trouble you for that sparkler, miss; and don't take too much time

left. I got yer things all packed!" The train stood on the track less than a stone's throw distant, its time just up. The conductor came forward as Esther dismounted.

"Will you go, Miss Anthony? I'll hold her ten minutes for you."

"Thank you. Yes, I'll go. Five minutes will do."

With Sally B.'s help she changed to another gown and sped downstairs.

"You're lightning, sure!" the conductor said with respectful approval, as he took her bags, helped her into the high boovar, made her as comfortable as he could, and went about his train work.

Following a half-hour behind the iron train, the little engine struggled noisily along for a time, dragging its string of loaded cars, when it came to a sudden halt on a mountain-side grade. Around a curve and just beyond, the track left the mountain and crossed a gorge over a trestle. The forward brakeman came running back with blanched face and a ghastly message.

"The trestle's gone down! the iron train's wrecked and piled up down there!" he finished, pointing with a trembling finger forward.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ambrosia in Arcadia.

Passengers and trainmen went forward to investigate. Left alone, Esther leaned far out of the door and peered forward, but could see nothing of them. In front the train curved out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain. An undulating sweep of white sand and gray sage brush stretched on either side to the horizon—that was all. Breathless and apprehensive, she waited. She could hear the steady hiss of escaping steam, an occasional shout far beyond; for the rest, desert silence.

It was late in the afternoon, yet the sand reflected the heat in pulsing waves, burning her cheek. She climbed down after a little and walked

with averted eyes waited for them, to pass. With gentlest care they lifted him into the car. The sufferer moaned unconsciously, and Esther tried to believe that he knew nothing of his pain. Four more men appeared with a laden blanket; this was a winding-sheet. The men spoke no word, and were uncovered. Their burden, too, they bore on to the last car. Three more followed, one walking feebly, supported by the others, the conductor and brakeman of the supply train. He was pale; hatless and coatless, with a scarlet stain on neck and collar. Yet he was conscious, speaking freely.

"Don't mind me," he was saying. "Alfred!" Esther sprang toward the trio, and caught one limp hand swinging by his side.

He straightened with sudden vigor, a wave of color warmed his pale cheek. "Stella! Stella!" he repeated and stood still, gazing at her.

"Put him in here!" she cried, now awake, and ready for action. "I'll take care of Mr. Vincent—make him comfortable."

"I'm not hurt," Alfred interrupted. "It's scarcely a scratch! I must help the boys in the other car. They—"

The conductor interposed. "Obey orders, Vincent. You're used up. We've help enough in there. You've done your part."

The two men, not heeding his protest, lifted him into the cabbage-car. "Now, Miss Anthony, let me help you in."

"No, not now; thank you I've something to do first. You're not ready to start, are you?"

"No, it will be a half-hour anyway. We must make one more trip to the wreck."

"I can get in by myself. Don't think about me!" Even the conductor, accustomed to command, yielded to the finality in her voice, and hurried on.

"Can you sit against the car side a few minutes, Alfred? You won't faint?"

"Faint?" he scouted. "Indeed, no. But where are you going? Don't leave me, Stella!" he called a little wildly as she stepped back a pace. Peevishness, embarrassments, were forgotten. In this solemn moment of tragedy they resumed their old relations, unquestioning.

"I'll be back in a minute. Here! You may keep this for me!" She tossed him her hat. "A hat is a pretty sure anchor for a woman, isn't it?" she said, smiling up at him, and was out of sight around the end of the train.

She could not help the gaiety in her voice. The world was alive once more. Life was beautiful in spite of the gruesome sights in the car beyond. Since she could do nothing for them she would not think of them. Alfred was here, hurt, yes, but not unto death, not even to great pain. For one little moment she would selfishly hug her joy.

Down in a little swale, just before they had halted, she had noticed the bunch grass growing long and rank. She flew at it, tore it up, handful by handful, till she had a high pile, which she gathered in her arms and carried to the car. Pitching it in, she was off again, heedless of Alfred's protest. Three times she made the short journey, pausing at the door after the third load to catch her breath.

"Aren't you coming in this time? You must let me help you," he said, partly rising, but falling back.

"No, no! Don't move! You aren't able to; and if you do I won't count!" she replied emphatically, though her face was shining. "Turn your head away, and don't look till I say 'Here!'"

"I can't turn away from you, Stella!" he said whimsically, yet tenderly; and her eyes dropped. Still, she did not move.

"Oh, come, dearest, won't you? Don't wait so long. I'll—I'll turn—My true love sent me a letter to turn back my head." Did you ever play "Green Gravel" when you were a little tad? My head is "turned back."

Esther never knew how she managed the climb through the great, gaping door, yards above the sloping ground; still, she was there, standing before him.

He spoke no word, but gazed up into her tender, bending face. Light speech that had bridged the first tense moments was impossible now. Pain, misunderstanding, pride, prudence, even the years, fled. She loved him, loved him! Nothing else counted.

"Lean down, Stella, sweetheart!" he whispered at last, his eyes, drawing her with his words.

She knelt beside him. The long separation melted into the land of the unremembered.

The engine whistle startled them shortly, and a brakeman came with a blanket for Alfred, his coat, and Esther's bags and cloak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Destructive Music.

A member of the board of directors of the New York Metropolitan opera house tells a story that he had from one of the musicians attached to the orchestra there.

It appears that a friend of the wife of the musician had, during a call on the latter, inquired as to the husband's taste in musical matters. Among other things she wanted to know what operas the musician liked best to play.

"I don't know much about dot," said the better half, who was at the time busily engaged in darning an old shirt, "but I do know somethings. Votseffer he likes I like not dot Wagner operas. Dey sounds vell enough, but dose clothes—ach! He neffer yet comes home from dot Wagner opera dot he haf not torn a place in his poor old shirt. I prefer the Italian operas."

CHORUS GIRL WINS BOUT WITH HERO

VARSITY MAN IS MUSCULAR, BUT HE GOES DOWN IN DEFEAT.

SHE CHOKED HIM, HE DECLARES

When the Policeman Came in She Said They Were Rehearsing and He Kept Still—Robbed of a Halo.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The naive confession in a divorce petition filed in the local courts by Charles B. Aldrich, hero of many a University of Chattanooga football game, an athlete of interscholastic fame, actor and favorite nephew of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, has robbed this society and matinee favorite of much of the halo settled upon him by his many admirers.

Mr. Aldrich confesses in his petition that the former chorus girl, Mona Ridgeway of the "Fallen-by the Wayside" company, frightened him nearly to death by strangling him one night in their handsome apartments in this city and that she had him so badly scared that when a policeman burst in their door, he was afraid to do else than substantiate her reports, that they were practicing a vaudeville act for the summer gardens and that no personal violence was contemplated.

Early in the fall the "Fallen-by the Wayside" company played a week's engagement in Chattanooga. Aldrich, Attaché of the theater noted that he was back at the matinee performance on Tuesday, and some little surprise was manifested when he took a front box Tuesday night. By the middle of the week every one who knew him was wondering what attracted him so much that he could not miss a single performance, and it was not until frequenters of the night cafes saw him dining with a "trim, stoutly-built woman, evidently 'a lady of the stage,'" that they guessed the attraction.

The next week the company played in Nashville, and Aldrich missed two



She Threw Him on the Bed and Choked Him.

classes. The following Saturday he did not show up when the university played the football team from a neighboring city, and it was said he was in Memphis, where the "Fallen-by the Wayside" company was due Sunday. He came back to the university the following week and remained until the Christmas holidays, when he spent 12 days in Cincinnati and Columbus, where "Fallen-by the Wayside" was being played. He returned and remained at the university during the month of January, but left February 1. By prearrangement he met Miss Ridgeway in St. Louis and they were married. Mrs. Aldrich did not give up her work, and Aldrich traveled with the company until it reached Philadelphia three weeks later. The husband then returned to Chattanooga. About March 15, just at a time when it was reported that Aldrich was deep in an entirely new college romance, his wife suddenly jessed him.

Mrs. Aldrich had won her husband's admiration as a brunette, but when she reached Chattanooga to begin housekeeping she was a decided blonde, and to this the law student objected. Miss Aldrich, it is said, was equally critical of her husband's social conquests in the university circle.

But they concluded to live together, and Senator Aldrich fitted them up a cozy little apartment on the principal residence street of the city.

Everything seemed lovely until one morning about daybreak a policeman was startled to hear a man's cries for help coming from the fashionable apartment. He forced entrance to the Aldrich flat, but was informed by the mistress that she and her husband were practicing a new summer vaudeville skit.

The next day it was rumored around the college that the young student had arrived home after one a. m. in fine spirits and was surprised when he found his wife not in such a good humor. The realness of the quarrel is told in the divorce petition. Aldrich alleges that his blonde actress bride threw him across a bed and attempted to choke him. The husband spent the night at a hotel.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

Populous China.

The population of the Chinese empire is largely a matter of estimate. There has never been such census of the empire as that which is taken every decade in this country. But the estimate of the Almanach de Gotha for 1900 may be taken as fairly reliable. According to that estimate the population of the empire is, in round numbers, about 400,000,000. It is probably safe to say that if the human beings on earth were stood up in line every fourth one would be a Chinaman.

SPORN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to manufacturers, 20 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Neither.

"See here, I'm tired of complaining about those noises. Shall I appeal to the police or leave it to Heaven?"

"Don't say anything to the police," replied the janitor, soothingly. "Leave it to me."

HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help you. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thank you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

OUT OF DOOR WORKERS

Men who cannot stop for a rainy day—will find the greatest comfort and freedom of bodily movement in

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

SUCKERS \$3.00 SUITS \$5.00

Every garment bearing the sign of the fish guaranteed waterproof and Catalog free

214 N. TOWER ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

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

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

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

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 2-cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 15c for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free. Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentionally published that cannot be personally endorsed.

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

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEPT. 25, 08.

"Anything-to-Beat-Warner" Crowd Still in Saddle.

Note the contrast when the full returns showed a plurality for Governor Warner. At once Dr. Bradley's friends began to throw doubt upon the regularity of the primary vote, and very soon began to counsel a Republican bolt from Governor Warner's candidacy. At the same time, while Dr. Bradley was declaring his personal acceptance of the result as shown by the returns and his intention to support Governor Warner for re-election if the official returns of the primary should show his nomination, "his friends" were crying "fraud" and talking rebellion. No stronger evidence of Dr. Bradley's subservience to Hull, Atwood and their associate ex-bosses is needed than his subsequent surrender and demand for a recount of the votes cast. His own declared judgment was against such a movement, which is intended to jeopardize Gov. Warner's re-election, but when the bosses command he is "compelled" to obey.

On Governor Warner's side nothing is to be feared from a recount of the votes cast, if it is honestly made and covers the entire state. If he did not receive a plurality, neither the governor nor his supporters will want him to be declared the candidate. As he has a plurality on the face of the returns, his nomination will be assumed while the recount is in progress, and the campaign for his re-election will go forward vigorously. The common voters of all parties stand for "fair play," and it is our belief that the assault of the Bradley bosses upon the regularity and honesty of the primary poll and count will help the governor in the election very much more than it will hurt him.—P. H. Huron Times.

Bossism Dies Hard.

The real purpose behind the primary election recount—what is it? Certainly Dr. Bradley has not taken the trouble to demand a recount for the sole purpose of assuaging his grief over defeat, nor for the purpose of getting the nomination for himself. Nobody at all familiar with the situation credits the statement that Dr. Bradley's sole purpose is to clear up the suspicion of fraud and irregularities that cling to the primary election contest for the governorship, and no reasonable person expects there were more frauds and irregularities on one side than on the other. Our own opinion is that men behind Dr. Bradley, whose names do not appear on the recount petition, have a strong dislike of primary nomination, and would be delighted to see the system discredited and overthrown if possible. These men have fought direct nominations in season and out, have organized opposition thereto in the senate, and have to the present moment succeeded in preventing the enactment of a satisfactory primary election law. Perhaps they are of the opinion that the present muss will occasion sufficient public disgust to prevent the enactment of any further legislation restoring to the people those powers which belong to them under a democratic form of government. Political bossism dies hard.—Lansing Journal.

As was expected, Hon. Arthur Hill, of Saginaw, through Dr. Bradley, demanded a recount.—Grand Rapids Press.

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.)

Mrs. R. R. Darwin of Lansing is spending the week in town.

Mrs. Hirsch was the guest of Farmington friends Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dixon spent Friday with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Blair of Detroit are guests of Andrew Harmon and wife.

W. H. Yerkes of Seattle, Ohio, is here enjoying the Home Coming festivities.

Miss Imogene Ely of Farmington was the guest of Miss Besie Seely Saturday.

Mrs. Addie Field of Whitmore Lake spent Saturday at the home of Mrs. C. E. Ryder.

Mrs. Chas. Filkins has been entertaining her father, Samuel Chambers, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smitherman of Detroit are guests of Geo. Smitherman and family.

Mrs. Julia Allen of Holly is the guest of Mrs. L. L. Brooks and other Northville friends.

Miss Lottie White visited in Ypsilanti Sunday and Monday with Mrs. Pickett and family.

Mrs. Bert Stark has returned from Adrian where she was called by the illness of her mother.

Mrs. John Hirsch spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy at Greenfield.

Mrs. Will Scott and Mrs. Bern Raymond of Hudson visited Mrs. M. B. Burrows last week.

Mrs. R. R. McKahn was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. Roy Waterbury, at Cass Lake Friday.

Samuel Maltby of Bay City visited his niece, Mrs. J. W. Perkins, and other friends in town this week.

Abe Piper entertained his brothers, Isaac Piper of Kansas and Emerson Piper of Lapeer, the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCullough returned Tuesday evening from a few days' visit with relatives in Forest, Canada.

C. E. Ryder was in Lansing last Monday calling on his cousin, E. H. Ryder, and helping Ralph get started at the M. A. C.

Frank McGraw of Oran, Scott county, Missouri, and Lute Lyon of Plymouth spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lyon.

Mrs. Henry Aspenletter and little son, Stewart Henry, returned Monday from a two weeks' visit with her parents at Pearl Beach.

Mrs. Mead, Mrs. Curry and Mrs. Renshaw of Detroit attended the announcement party at the home of Mrs. W. G. Yerkes Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Barley and son, Arthur, of Rochester, N. Y., are spending a week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Murdock of Delaware county, N. Y., who have been visiting his uncle, Dr. T. S. Murdock, and wife, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Bogart, Mrs. L. A. Babbitt and Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Kohler attended the installation of O. E. S. officers at Plymouth Tuesday evening.

Rev. J. W. Turner returned from Evanston, Ill., Friday, where he was called by the serious illness of Mrs. Turner's mother. It will probably be some time before Mrs. Turner returns home.

Measdames F. S. Harmon, C. B. Bristol, E. C. Hinkley, Frank Macomber, R. Cameron, Harley Johnson and Miss Mae Coldren attended the State convention of King's Daughters Wednesday, which is being held in Detroit this week.

LABOR WORLD FOR TAFT.

Characterizes Him as True Friend of the Workingman.

(From the Concord (N. H.) Monitor.)

The Labor World comes out strongly in its advocacy of Mr. Taft. It characterizes him a true friend of labor and declares that the unfair attacks of Mr. Gompers will have little or no effect in alienating from him the labor world. It says: "That Secretary Taft is a true friend of labor is certain, and all the untrue, ungenerous, vicious attacks that President Gompers or any one else may make or him cannot prevent him from continuing to be the friend of the wage worker. Organized labor cannot afford to have itself split up into factions on this political issue. That President Gompers is wrong in forcing this most ominous fight is certain, and intelligent wage workers will certainly come to this conclusion."

CASTORIA.

The Kind You've Always Bought

Be sure the Signature is Right.

NO RETREAT



THE SENTINEL STANDS FIRMLY IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

FROM NIAGARA TO THE SEA

Was the Trip Taken by Twenty Michigan Girls.

The following is a description of the "Trip to Quebec" recently given to twenty young ladies by the Detroit Free Press:

After three months of hard labor in the way of securing subscriptions and gathering up coupons for the Detroit Free Press "Trip to Quebec," twenty happy young ladies were well repaid for their labor by one of the best trips ever planned for a party of tourists. In company with our chaperon, E. J. Tippet of Toledo, Ohio, we left Detroit on the Steamer Eastern States on Tuesday, August 25, after an automobile ride around the city and Belle Isle, and amid the cheers and best wishes of a large crowd who had gathered at the dock to see the girls as they boarded the boat. It was ideal weather but old Lake Erie had to get a little "choppy" and give the majority of the party a taste of seasickness. One young lady became so ill that, much to our regret, she returned to her home in Windsor after reaching Niagara Falls.

The party arrived at Buffalo Wednesday morning and after an automobile ride around the city where all of the buildings and places of interest were visited, we were taken to the Statler hotel for dinner. After dinner we left for Niagara Falls and reaching there at 4:00 p. m., the remainder of the day was spent in viewing the Falls and other places of interest. The International hotel was our headquarters and after a good supper and night's lodging we were again ready to resume our travels.

At nine o'clock the next morning we boarded the car for the famous Gorge Route where could be seen all the beauty and grandeur of the Falls and the Rapids. It was certainly a beautiful sight and one never to be forgotten by the party.

Reaching Lewiston about ten o'clock we were taken on board the Steamer Cayuga and crossed Lake Ontario to Toronto. Lunch was served on the boat and a number of the party were obliged to abandon the dining room and seek the open air on deck as the lake was rough and the boat did considerable rocking. The trip from Toronto to Kingston was made by night and as several of our party were fine

musicians, the evening was pleasantly passed with several selections of both vocal and instrumental music.

When we arose next morning we found ourselves entering the St. Lawrence river and it kept us busy viewing the many beautiful islands, some with small cottages and others with huge castles, looking more like hotels than dwelling houses. The morning was quite cloudy much to the disappointment of those who had their cameras. At Prescott we were transferred to the Steamer Brockville and soon after were summoned to the dining room for lunch in order that we might be on hand to see and enjoy the Rapids, the largest of these being the Lachine Rapids, which are nine miles long and have a fall of forty-eight feet. These are also very dangerous and takes a sailor who is thoroughly well acquainted with the route to make it in safety. Some members of the party were very nervous until we again reached the smooth water.

Soon after we left the Rapids we came in view of the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence river and then the beautiful city of Montreal. This is the largest city in Canada, and situated on a large island in the St. Lawrence river, with old Mount Royal for a background presents a beautiful view to the tourist who has been on the water the past two days. We were driven to the Windsor hotel, one of the finest in the city, and after a fine supper felt greatly refreshed.

In the morning everybody went shopping for "post cards" and it was quite evident they found them, and other souvenirs too, by the numerous bundles when they reached the hotel at noon. The afternoon was devoted to a drive around the city where many noted places were visited, such as Mount Royal, where a fine view of the city could be had and churches, cathedrals, and the old church of Notre Dame with its famous bell which is classed amongst the largest in the world. It weighs several tons and takes ten men to ring it, which is not done very often.

We left Montreal at 7:00 p. m., and when we opened our eyes next morning we were in old Quebec, one of the prettiest and quaintest of cities, situated on a high rock many feet above the river. It presents a view of grandeur never to be forgotten by the visitor. There is a charm about this old city that every stranger feels, but cannot express, its memorable walls, its historic plains of Abraham, its many beautiful churches and seminaries, and many more attractive places we might mention had we time and space, as we said, have a charm that none can resist or

describe. Our headquarters were at the Chateau Frontenac hotel, which stands at the eastern end of a splendid esplanade known as Dufferin Terrace and commands delightful views of the St. Lawrence and lower town as far as the eye can reach. This hotel cost over a \$1,000,000 and the rooms are bow-shaped, crescent-shaped, circular, acute-angled, obtuse-angled, triangular, sex-angular and everything except right-angled.

Monday morning found us ready to take up the remainder of our trip and we boarded the steamer Tadousac for the Saguenay river. All along the north shore of the river are the Laurentian Mountains, which are mostly rock and covered with a forest of spruce and white birch trees. Occasionally there will be level places and a nice farm with crops growing, looking quite like living. There are also a number of little villages at the foot of the mountains.

We reached Tadousac, at the entrance to the Saguenay river, just at dusk and made the trip down the river at night, reaching Chicoutimi about five o'clock in the morning. This is the terminus of navigation as we turned around and made the trip back by daylight. The river is from one to three miles wide and is hemmed in on either side by mountains towering above the water anywhere from 200 to 2,000 feet. It was a beautiful sight, especially to those who had never seen the mountains before. Soon old Capes Trinity and Eternity were reached. As we passed the front of the first, a statue of the Virgin Mary stands out in full view. A little bay separates the two capes and all the boats run up in this bay and as they turn around they whistle and the echo is heard several times very clear and distinct.

We landed at Tadousac about noon and most of the passengers went ashore as the boat remained here a couple of hours. Near the landing is found the Salmon pool and government fish hatchery. This was visited and a large number of the finny tribe could be seen swimming around in the water. We climbed the steps and followed the walk around to the village where is found many quaint old buildings, among them the first church built in Canada. It is very small and the bell still hangs in the tower and is rung to call the people to worship as it was many years ago. It sounds about like one of our farm dinner bells.

The famous Tadousac hotel faces the bay and is nearly surrounded by mountains of solid rock. We left here early in the afternoon and as

this is the intersection of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence rivers, we found it very rough, some of our party becoming frightened and seasick.

Wednesday morning found us again in Quebec where a twenty-mile trolley ride took us to the famous old church of Ste Anne de Beaupre. This is noted for its wonderful healing powers and as you enter its doors you will find several pyramids of calms and crutches discarded by those who have been healed of their infirmities through efficacy of the Saint's intervention in their behalf.

On our way from Ste Anne's we had lunch at the Duke of Kent House at Montmorency Falls, once the home of Queen Victoria's father. It has been somewhat remodeled since the Duke lived there and is now a first class hotel.

The remainder of our journey was much the same as when we went. We reached Detroit Sunday morning at eight o'clock, tired, 'tis true, but after twelve days of pure enjoyment and a trip that was both instructive and helpful and felt more than repaid for all of our hard work.

GRACE E. TREMPER.

"Doan's Ointment cured me of eczema that had annoyed me a long time. The cure was permanent."—Hon. S. W. Matthews, Commissioner—Labor Statistics, Augusta, Me.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under this head inserted for 1st time free and 10c per week for each subsequent issue.

FOR RENT—Good house opposite grist mill. Apply to T. G. Richardson. 1tf

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 RENT—Part of my house 120 North Center St. Mrs. Sara Lapham. 4tf

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. 4tf

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

FOR SALE—2 Chests White Sows, 5 pigs each \$12.50. Chas. Wedow Novi Bell Phone 108-6. 1tf

FOR SALE—Snow apples for jelly making 70c a bu. Apply at Mrs. A. J. Riecke's Dunlap street. 6w1

FOR SALE—Two Base Burners Art Garland No. 300 and New Imperial. Cheap if taken at once. Inquire at Record office. 8tf

FOR SALE—Fine select tomatoes 35c per bu. or in two bushel lots for 50c. delivered. Home phone 544. D. Silver. 8w1

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

E. B. CAYELL, 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 13tf

DENTIST.

DR. P. A. CHESTERFIELD
NEW BANK BLDG.
Bell Phone 53. NORTHVILLE.

OSCAR S. HARGER

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

PERRIN'S

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

MICH. FARMER

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THE RECORD
ONE YEAR
FOR \$1.50.

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

THE RECORD,
NORTHVILLE, - MICHIGAN.

Sauvie & Walter New Blacksmith Firm

Mr. Wm. Walter, was an experienced Blacksmith and a noted Horseshoer in Detroit for many years, and the new firm of Sauvie & Walter start in with some of the best Horseshoes in this "neck of the woods" and our patrons are assured of First-Class Work.

Drop in and Get Acquainted.

SAUVIE & WALTER
The New Blacksmith Firm. NORTHVILLE.

A Complete Drug Store

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

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS
62 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

Electric Fixtures

Domes, side lights, brackets, table lamps, etc. Finest line in the state. Latest designs.
GAS FIXTURES
of every description and variety. Only expert workmen sent to install fittings.
MANTELS
Complete assortment in wood and tile. Most popular designs and best values.
The Bathrooms a Specialty.
THE BARTON-NETTING CO.,
256 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Established 1895. Incorporated 1905.

EXCURSION

VIA

Pere Marquette

TO

BAY CITY
Sund'y, Sept. 27

Train will leave Northville at 8:42 a. m., returning, leave Bay City at 6:45 p. m.

Saginaw and Bay City, \$1.50
Flint, \$1.00

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED
MEATS.

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

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream
and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Thos. Gleason is much better and hopes are entertained for her recovery.

The Redford Agricultural society held its 25th annual exhibit Sept. 22 and 23.

Miss Julia Bolton of St. Johns is the new trimmer at Mrs. G. A. Tinham's millinery parlors.

A number of people are suffering with rheumatism among the latest victims being L. L. Brooks.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Elliott Sept. 18 a daughter, who will take upon herself the name of Mildred Irene.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fry leave Oct. 1 for Detroit where Mr. Fry is employed and where they will make their future home.

Don't forget the Millford fair Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1-2. This is the only fair held in Oakland county and is deserving of a good attendance.

Walter Matson has accepted a position as lineman with the Bell Telephone company at Detroit. He left last week to take up his duties.

It is impossible to recognize your friends by their voice these days, as most everyone has a cold in the head or throat and can neither talk nor breathe. It's hay fever time, you know.

Miss Iva Hubbard has resigned her position as clerk in Satovsky & Son's store and will leave today for Ypsilanti, where she will attend the Normal. Miss Ethel Scott has been engaged to take her place in the store.

The ten days' old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Murdock died Sunday and the funeral service was held Monday afternoon from the home, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating. The parents have the sympathy of their friends in their affliction.

A few peals of thunder Sunday morning caused everyone to wear a pleasant smile for it was expected there would soon be a downpour of rain, but, alas, a few large drops fell in some places and that was the end of a much needed rain.

The first meeting of the Wayne County Teachers' Association for this year will be held in the Ann Visger school house, River Rouge, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23. A fine program has been prepared. The dedication of this new building will take place Friday evening. The public is invited. Take a Wyandotte-Trenton car and get off at Cora avenue, River Rouge.

Rev. J. M. Shank, who was recently appointed Chaplain of Jackson prison was transferred to the East Maine Conference by Bishop Hamilton and has been stationed at Boothbay Harbor, Me. With this change Northville Methodism is represented in three far away points. Rev. W. H. Lloyd at Falsom, Cal., Rev. P. R. Parrish at Pensacola, Fla. and Rev. Mr. Shank at Maine.

J. G. Alexander is making some extensive improvements on his place on East Main street. The part of his building formerly occupied by Geo. Rayson, has been raised up, a wall will be built under it and it will be used for a meat market in the near future. The little building that stood between has been moved away and a cement drive way, leading from the street to the barn in the rear, will be laid there. It will be a very neat and convenient place when completed.

FOR SALE—Reed Go-cart in good condition; also white fur robe.
MRS. JAS. VANDYNE.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulets. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:
Mr. C. B. Merrick
Miss Susie Foster
Mr. William Goers
Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan
Mr. A. L. Hammond

Mrs. A. W. Balden has been on the sick list the past week.

St. Mary's annual banquet will be held in the rink Wednesday, Oct. 14.

Miss Jessie Wilkinson left this week to attend the State Normal school at Ypsilanti.

J. S. Haddock's horse took second prize at the Redford Fair Wednesday for best driving horse.

The First "500" club was entertained at the home of Miss Carrie Simmons Tuesday evening.

Ralph Ryder left this week for the M. A. C. where he will take an electrical engineering course.

Miss Olive Dixon has been engaged to teach school in Dist. No. 8, near Pontiac and will begin Oct. 1.

Catholic services will be held in their house, corner Dunlap & Center streets, Sunday morning at 8:00 o'clock standard time.

The Record expects to have an "Opening Day" soon as we are settled in the new building, probably next Saturday, an announcement of which will be made later.

The L. T. L. will meet Wednesday evening in the Presbyterian church. A good program has been prepared and everybody is invited to be present. Meeting begins at 7:30.

Mrs. Mark Robinson was taken to Ann Arbor this week where she will undergo a course of medical treatment. I. E. Vanatta took her over in his automobile.

James Taylor and wife of Detroit expect to move back to Northville this week and will occupy their house on North Center street. Northville people will be glad to receive them back again.

The electric light display engineered by Supt. Wilkinson is good enough to leave up for a permanent advertisement for the village. Especially the arch effect at the corner of Main and Center streets.

The officers of Plymouth chapter, O. E. S. were installed Tuesday evening, Mrs. Ida Joslin of this place acting as installing officer and Mrs. F. S. Harmon as grand marshal. After the ceremonies a lunch was served.

The item in last week's Record stating that Will Fry and family had lost their house and barns by fire, was a mistake. It was only their tenement house that burned and that was empty. We are very glad to know their loss was no greater.

Mrs. John Hirsch received word the latter part of last week of the death of her aunt, Mrs. Mary Pate of Wayne, known in this vicinity as Mary Bralington. She was the widow of the late Alva Pate, for many years a carriage maker at Wayne. She was ninety-two years of age and retained her mental faculties up to the last.

The Record once more urges upon its patrons who phone this office to, as far as possible, transact their business with the person who answers the phone. Often persons called for have to stop their work in another room and go to the front office to answer the call which could just as easily have been done by the one who answered in the first place.

A party was given Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark in honor of the birthdays of their son, Bert, and daughter, Blanche. Just the Sabbath school classes, of which they are members, were present and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Filkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cobb and Miss Neelands. It was an event much enjoyed by all.

The people of this village and community, regardless of church affiliations, will be glad to know that the Rev. W. G. Stephens has been returned to the charge at this place for another year. He has proven himself, by his work of the past year, to be an instructive and interesting preacher, a Christian gentleman in his contact with people and a man who thoroughly believes and daily practices the gospel he preaches—Fowlerville Review.

Word has been received by Northville friends of the marriage of Mr. Paul A. Beal and Miss Winnifred Carpenter, both of Tucson, Arizona, which took place Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 4 p. m. at the home of the bride's parents in Tucson. The couple left that evening for a visit with the groom's mother, Mrs. P. B. Conklin, in Los Angeles, Cal. Paul was a former Northville boy and is now passenger brakeman on the Southern Pacific railroad between Tucson and Yuma, Arizona.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim of organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

William Walter is moving his family here from Detroit and will occupy the J. M. Dixon house on Grace avenue.

Miss Rose Blundell, who has been with the family of D. P. Yerkes the past ten years, left Monday for her old home at Tilsburg, Ca., where she will engage in dressmaking.

The alarm of fire yesterday afternoon was caused by the grass along the railroad track on Plymouth avenue being on fire. It was extinguished before the arrival of the fire department. No damage was done.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Miss Ergenzinger will speak for a short time at the B. Y. P. U. meeting at 6 o'clock.

Rev. Musser continues his sermons on "The Church." Subject Sunday morning will be "The United Church." At the evening service Miss Ergenzinger of Detroit will give an address on "The Missionary Among the Germans."

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The usual services will be conducted by the pastor Sunday morning and evening.

The Sunday school Board will meet next Monday evening. Election of officers will take place and other matters of interest will be discussed. Let every member of the board plan to be present.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Preparatory Lecture next Thursday evening.

The offering next Sunday morning will be for the session fund.

The pastor baptized two little ones on Sunday afternoon in private. The pastor attended the meeting of Presbytery at Ypsilanti on Tuesday.

Rev. J. H. Snook of Ann Arbor supplied the pulpit last Sunday morning.

The sermons next Sunday will be appropriate to the Home Coming celebration.

The Vesper service next Sunday will be the last. On Oct. 4 the usual evening service will be resumed.

The L. T. L. will meet in our church next Wednesday evening. The pastor will make an address.

Next Sunday will be observed as Rally Day in the Sunday school. We want to see every teacher and scholar present.

Any subscribers to the Home Mission offering who have not yet paid are requested to hand their subscriptions to H. M. White as soon as possible.

New Telephones.

The Citizens' Bell Telephone company has added the following new 'phones:

W. H. Cattermole, res., N. C. Richardson, res., Daniel McMillan, res. Wm. Malis, res. Fred Parmenter, grocery, Dr. E. A. Chapman, Gilchrist & Bickling, hardware, L. A. Babbitt, res., R. R. McKahan, office, Post office, Dr. A. T. Holcomb, Wm. Gorton, store, John Elmwood, Geo. Aspinleiter, hotel, James Gibson, C. D. Johnson, Fred Congdon, O. E. Shattuck, Wm. F. Witt, Bert Welfare, Clyde Angell, Clarence Welfare, Abbott A. Smith, Geo. Simmons, R. C. Yerkes, res., W. M. Allen, H. A. Smith, Ada Pickell, Frank Gutheak, Daniel Bentley, Frank Erwin, Frank Hamilton, peach orchard, Wm. Richards, Chas. D. Green, Alexander Frantz, George Stanley, hotel, L. W. Simmons, res., Dr. T. H. Turner, office, Wm. Stilson, res., Chas. Dolph, res., Dr. P. A. Chesterfield, office, J. C. McCowan, Wm. Elliott, Gust Schoof, S. W. Curtiss, F. J. Cochran.
FRANK THOMPSON, Mgr.

THE ISSUE AND PARTY RECORD.

Will the People Trust Experiment-
alists and Theorists?
(From Sherman's Speech of Acceptance.)

The overshadowing issue of the campaign really is: Shall the administration of President Roosevelt be approved, shall a party of demonstrated capacity in administrative affairs be continued in power, shall the reins of government be placed in experienced hands, or do the people prefer to trust their destinies to an aggregation of experimental malcontents and theorists, whose only claim to a history is a party name they pilfered?

With a record of four decades of wise legislation; two score years of faithful administration; offering its fulfilled pledges as a guaranty of its promises for the future, the Republican party appeals to the people and, with full confidence in their wisdom and patriotism, awaits the rendition of the November verdict.

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.

Sugar in Plants and Trees.
Sugar is to be found in the sap of nearly 200 plants and trees.

True Philosophy.

A moral, sensible, well bred man will not insult me. No other can—Cowper.

CASTORIA.

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

Detroit Ball Club

1907 Champions of the American League.

At Home with

Philadelphia.....Sept. 24 to 26
Washington.....Sept. 28 to 30
St. Louis.....Oct. 2 and 3

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.**

Farm Headquarters

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List Your Farms With Me for Quick Disposal

If you are in the market for a Farm, send for Catalogue containing 1,000 CHOICE FARMS.

FARM HEADQUARTERS

CHAS. D. FISKE, 713-14-15 Chamber of Commerce, DETROIT, MICH.

HOME COMING PROGRAM

Friday, September 25

Athletic Sports Program at Racing Park 9:30 o'clock.

AFTERNOON:

Racing Events at Driving Park

at 1:00 o'clock sharp.

BALL GAME

Milford Jrs. vs. Northville Jrs.

at 3:30 o'clock.

Music for the Day by

PLYMOUTH CORNET BAND

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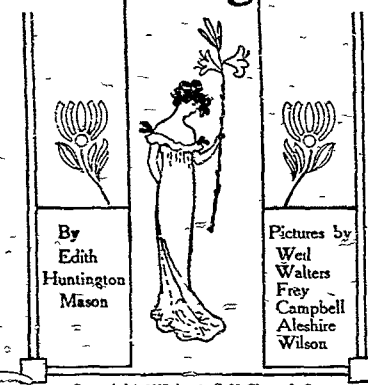
F. S. NEAL, Proprietor

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

SERIAL STORY

The Real Agatha



By Edith Huntington Mason

Pictures by Weil Walters Frey Campbell Alschine Wilson

SYNOPSIS.

Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story. In England, the latter relating the tale. The pair on an outing miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff," whose hand is much sought after, because of her wealth. Five other Agatha Wyckhoffs are introduced. The deceased stepfather, in an eccentric moment, made her will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wyke, England, might wed her affinity. Thus Mrs. Armistead—chaperon—was in duty bound to keep the real Agatha's identity unknown. An attempt by Terhune to gather a clew from the chaperon fails. Terhune finds old books containing picture of a former Baroness Wyckhoff, which is exactly like Agatha Sixth whom he is courting. Agatha Fifth confesses her love for Vincent and also that she is the real heiress. He spurs her proposal. Many clews to identity of the real Agatha prove fruitless. Agatha Fifth later confesses she is not the heiress. More apparently unfruitful clews materialize. Vincent confesses love for Mrs. Armistead's secretary, Miss Marsh, who told Terhune she is married.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The inevitable happened, for Vincent, with a half-articulate cry like a wild animal, raised his clenched fist and struck at me. Fortunately for us both, he struck wildly in his anger and I caught the blow on my arm.

"You liar!" he shouted, "oh, you liar!" and in a rage that shook him from head to foot he rushed from the room and slammed the door.

I was sick at heart as I stood staring after him to think that matters had come to such a pass between Vincent and myself. Although no man can hear himself called a liar, even by his best friend without resenting it, still, when the first flash of my wrath had passed, I forgave him for it. For I knew that the heat of his passion would permit no satisfaction but violence, and, of course, if he really cared for the woman, the words I had used were about the most insulting possible. However, I had done what seemed to be my duty, and I only reproached myself bitterly for not having told him of the secretary's marriage before his unhappy infatuation had gained such headway. But he had disarmed my first suspicions and I had never dreamed that anything so serious was on foot. That was a restless night for me and it was dawn before I fell into a light sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

When we met at breakfast the next morning there were no signs of the breach between Vincent and myself except his unusual pallor, which suggested to me that he, too, had spent a sleepless night.

The girls were inclined to joke our solemn faces, but so long as the meal passed off without disclosing that something was amiss between us I did not care. All day we saw nothing of each other, but this was not unusual, as we always pursued different courses. I spent most of my time with Agatha Fourth, the only honorable, whom I found to be a really delightful girl and certainly the possessor of remarkable musical talent.

In the evening the others went out to row on the lake and left Agatha Fourth alone with me. She sat at the piano and played everything she could think of, while I lay on a broad divan where I could watch her and listen to the soft music.

I suppose that my bad night had something to do with the fact that I was too tired to fall asleep while the beautiful Agatha Fourth was playing for me. Certainly I know that I was guilty of that appalling rudeness, for I was suddenly brought to a state of consciousness by the sound of a clock striking. I counted the strokes mechanically—there were 12. I must have slept for hours, and, sure enough, the room was dark except for the firelight, and my slighted hostess was gone from the piano stool. As I was about to rise I heard voices, and, turning, I saw on the other side of the piano a man and a girl. The man was Vincent, of course, and I thought, as I looked at him sitting full in the bright firelight, that he had never looked so handsome. His evening dress showed off his superb athletic form to the best advantage, and his face was fresh and strong, with the bronze of his tan extending to the roots of his hair, which was cut close to conceal a wave in the gold of it. It occurred to me at once that his face had lost much of its boyishness and he looked every inch a man. But it took me some time to realize that the girl who sat with him was none other than the secretary.

At first I could not tell what it was that had so changed her, whether it was her shimmering white evening

gown, or the gleaming bracelets, until at last it came to me in a flash that it was nothing more nor less than the glory of her hair that had wrought the transformation. I had never seen the secretary with her hair done any way but plainly and unbecomingly, but now it was dressed as I knew it should have been dressed long ago. She wore it low on her long, slender neck, rolled at the sides and rippling loosely back from her forehead, in shining waves and little willful rings, held in place with big shell combs.

And when at last it dawned upon me that it was really the secretary who was Vincent's companion, so breathless was I with amazement that at first I hardly realized that I could hear perfectly what they were saying. And when I did realize it, I wanted to rise and let them know that I was there, but on second thought I saw that I must have been there for so long that they would never believe that I had not heard the whole of their conversation. Furthermore, it occurred to me that it might be well if I stayed to hear what Miss Marsh had to say for herself.

"And so I calmly took the dress and put it on, just to amuse myself," I heard the secretary saying, "and did my hair the way the others do theirs, you know. And it was so late I thought no one would find me here."

"Of course, it was very vain of me, very vain," she went on; "but you know when a girl has to earn her own living she gets a little tired of all work and no play, and sometimes the impulse to pretend she's fortunate and happy and—pretty—the secretary flushed under Vincent's gaze as she faltered the last word, and hurried on—"and like the others—is so strong that it tempts her to deck herself out in borrowed plumes and sit in an empty drawing room at 12 o'clock at night enjoying the illusion for a brief hour."

"No," said Vincent, softly, "I don't think it was vain, I think it was the most natural thing in the world, and—and I'm glad you did it," he ended, rather lamely.

The secretary laughed and I wondered what there was about the sound



"I'm Not Married," She Said, Simply.

that made Vincent rave over it. Then, as his eyes wandered to her hair, he sighed.

"Why sighest thou, oh, furnace?" she smiled at him.

"I was just thinking about something."

"About what?"

"You don't want to hear?"

"Ah! But I do!"

"All right, then." He turned on her swiftly. "I was just looking," he said, "at your hair. I'll bet the angels have halos like that."

The secretary blushed. "It's horrid hair," she said, giving it a vindictive little pull that only brought it to a more charming disarray. "I hate the color of it. Why, when I was a child I never could bear to have the hair of the fairy tales have a shining head of golden hair, and I used to think mine was gold, and one day when I said so and was told, 'No, your hair is red, not gold,' I cried for days afterward."

"You poor little thing!" he said, his face as full of sympathy as if those tears had just been shed. And for the life of her the secretary couldn't help her lip trembling, though she knew it was absurd and was very much ashamed of herself. Vincent broke the silence first. "We might do a little on the 'Dead Barons of Wyckhoff,'" he suggested. It was evident that our affair of last night was uppermost in his mind, for his air was very abstracted.

"No, thank you, my lord. This is my evening off. I am no longer Miss Marsh, the secretary, but Miss Marsh, the lady of leisure."

"I didn't think of it as work, and I thought perhaps you didn't, either, when we did it together."

"Little boys shouldn't think; it's a bad habit," she said, severely; "besides, you talk like I in the 'Dolly Dialogues.'"

At this Vincent's face grew desperate, and I saw that she had goaded him into asking her the question that had been on his mind all day, and I nearly fell off the sofa in my efforts to hear without being seen.

"Do!" he said. "Well, that's because I've something I've been wanting to ask you all day long. It's something very personal, and, of course, I'm not right—that is, you won't think so," the boy was stumbling pitifully, "but I've got to know: it's so hard to

believe that you would do it deliberately. Is it true?"

"Lord Wilfred," said the girl, straightening up, "you must speak more clearly if you want me to understand what you have been saying."

"It's this," said Lord Wilfred, facing her abruptly and terribly in earnest. "Someone told me last night that you were a married woman. Is it true?"

I could not see the face of the secretary, but I could not help perceiving the ring of truth in her voice.

"I'm not married," she said, simply. "I told Mr. Terhune so because I wanted to disabuse him of a false impression he was laboring under. But what is it to you?"

"This," said Wilfred, and he leaped toward her suddenly and grasped her hands and put his face within an inch of her—I could see by the firelight its look of determination and ineffable relief. The secretary gave a little cry and drew back. I conjectured that Wilfred was on the point of making an irretrievable ass of himself, so I interrupted proceedings, by knocking a book off the sofa and rising to my feet. At the first sound of the book falling the two had jumped to their feet and stood, the girl shrinking close to Wilfred and Wilfred with his arm thrown around her.

"Who goes there?" he said, sternly, as he discovered my figure in the gloom, and "Ah!—it's you, Terhune," as I came into the circle of light, in a tone I hope I may never hear from him again.

As the secretary saw who it was she sprang away and was gone from the room in a second.

"Well," he said, with a sneer, as the curtains closed behind her, "leaves dropper, meddling as usual. What can I do for you?"

I sat down on the stool. "Sit down," I said, with quiet authority, "and we'll talk it over." He sat down, in moments like this he forgets his independence and remembers that at one time he used to obey me habitually. I wanted to comfort him, but I knew my duty better. "Vincent," I said, appealingly, "don't you see it won't do? She's no match for you—a girl with no family and no money, and of her station in life. Give it up. I implore you. Think of your father. There has never been a mésalliance in the family, it would break his heart."

Vincent raised his head. "Mrs. Armistead says her family is perfectly respectable," he said. "I asked her." "Perfectly respectable!" I repeated, contemptuously. "Think of a Vincent marrying a girl who has nothing in her favor but the fact that her family was 'perfectly respectable.'"

Vincent sighed pathetically and I delivered one more blow. "Think," I said, "your brother Edmund is over 40, unmarried, and a sufferer from rheumatism of the heart, as you know. Suppose he should die—wouldn't you make a more creditable heir to the title if you hadn't tied yourself up to a wife of obscure origin—a penniless American girl? And if you don't come into the title you're only a younger son and you know yourself your propensity for getting into debt, and the foreign office for a boy of your age is not a paying business. No, Vincent, you're not cut out for making money, and it's certain you can't depend on your father forever. Can't you see how rash and foolish you are to consider such a thing?"

I leaned over and put my hand on Vincent's shoulder. He turned his head, and when I felt his smooth cheek against my hand I knew that the battle was won.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ADMIRE NERVE OF FAIR SEX.

Masculine Observer Concedes Their Superiority in One Respect.

"The time I most admire a woman," said the gray-headed man, "is when she tries to get a bill changed. I admire her then for her splendid courage. Give a woman a ten-dollar bill that she wants changed and she will walk unconcernedly into any shop in town and request the proprietor to give her two fives or ten ones or whatever denomination she happens to need. She never offers to buy anything to compensate him for his trouble. I have known my wife to get change from a grocer, a butcher, a druggist, a stationer, a cigar dealer and a florist without spending one cent in their stores. And all those tradesmen were perfect strangers. She simply wanted change and walked in and asked for it."

"Contrast her calm serenity with the disarray will of the average man in need of change. He would rather be shot than just ask for it. He will buy something as an excuse for the transaction, even if it is something that he couldn't make use of this side of doomsday and that he has to throw away the minute he turns the corner. In the matter of economy alone it is a pity he can't be as brave as a woman."

Water as a Headache Cure.

"The best cure I know of for a headache is to wash your face," said a bright looking man. "Yes, I believe suddenly to cleanse your face with cold water will open up the pores and probably start the blood in circulation, and I know it will relieve you of a headache in a jiffy. I have tried it myself a great many times and have always been successful. There is something in the nature of a stimulant in the cold water treatment that braces me right up. My head when it aches gets hot and throbs, and the water makes it cool and fresh. I have a theory, too, that people don't wash their faces nearly enough, anyhow, in these days of dusty asphalt streets and soft coal smokes. People will be much better off with their pores kept open and clear of all dust and dirt, and there is nothing so good for the skin as soap and water."

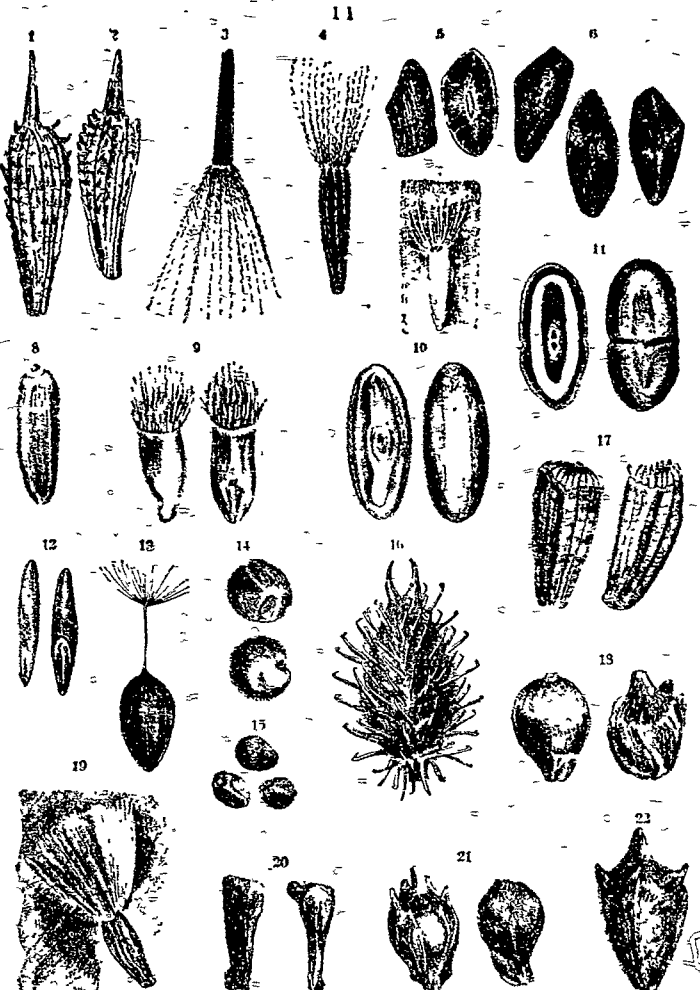
PURE SEED OF HIGH VITALITY IS WHAT FARMER NEEDS

Investigations by the Ames (Ia.) Agricultural College Discover Many Adulterations.

The subject of pure seed is of general interest and many investigations along this line are being carried on. Clark and Fletcher have recently published a book which contains colored illustrations of many of the impurities found in clover seed. Prof. C. M. Ball has been making an investigation of the alfalfa seed sold in Texas. The principal impurities were Russian thistle, rib grass, tumbleweed, pigweed,

The germination was poor and more than 15 kinds of weed seed were found. The accompanying table shows the difference in the vitality and purity of seeds received from farmers and seedsmen. Those from seedsmen will be seen to be somewhat higher in purity and lower in vitality than those received from farmers.

Clover and alfalfa seed contain two kinds of dodder, one small and light colored and the other large and dark



1. Black-seeded Dandelion. *Taraxacum officinale*.
2. Dandelion. *Taraxacum officinale*.
3. False Borage. *Echium vulgare*.
4. Blazing Star. *Ipomoea purpurea*.
5. Dandelion. *Taraxacum officinale*.
6. Ruelle Plantain. *Plantago rugelii*.
7. Horsetail. *Equisetum arvense*.
8. Bull Thistle. *Cirsium lanceolatum*.
9. Corn-flower. *Centaurea cyanus*.
10. Ribgrass. *Bruckneria Plantago lanceolata*.
11. Bracted Plantain. *Plantago aristata*.
12. Mexican Dropseed. *Muhlenbergia mexicana*.
13. Wild Lettuce. *Lactuca canadensis*.
14. Chilean Dodder. *Cuscuta sp.*.
15. Clover Dodder. *Cuscuta pithyula*.
16. Cocklebur. *Xanthoxylum canadense*.
17. Gilchory. *Cichorium intybus*.
18. Western Ragweed. *Ambrosia psilostachya*.
19. Indian Plantain. *Coccoloba tuberosa*.
20. Coneflower. *Lepachys pinnatifida*.
21. Small Ragweed. *Ambrosia trifida*.
22. Large Ragweed. *Ambrosia trifida*.

two kinds of dodder, green foxtail, yellow foxtail, curled dock, bur clover and sweet clover. The vitality varied from 49.5 to 96.5 per cent.

Prof. Thorburn found that the alfalfa seed of Arizona had a high per cent of germination. The United States department of agriculture found that one-eighth of the red clover seed imported into this country in 1906, or 99.5

colored. The large seeded, or Chilean dodder, is less common, but more objectionable. In the experiments at Ames it was found that a sieve with a one-eighth mesh would readily remove all the small dodder and the greater part of the large. This size is objectionable, however, in that it permits much red clover and some alfalfa seed to pass through. A

COMPARISON OF RESULTS OF TESTS OF SEEDS RECEIVED FROM FARMERS AND SEEDSMEN, 1907.

Kind of Seed	Number of tests	Inquirer	Average Per cent Purity	Average Per cent Germination
Alfalfa	40	Farmers	95.01	69
		Seedsmen	99.2	89
Red Clover	121	Farmers	95.5	85.4
		Seedsmen	98.5	85.4
Timothy	37	Farmers	99.9	84
		Seedsmen	99.4	73
White Clover	1	Farmers	95.6	92.8
Med. Red Clover	35	Farmers	99.2	79.6
		Seedsmen	99.2	79.6
Mammoth Clover	13	Farmers	99.2	79.6
		Seedsmen	99.2	79.6
Alfalfa Clover	35	Farmers	99.2	79.6
		Seedsmen	99.2	79.6
Millet	18	Farmers	97.7	81.1
		Seedsmen	97.1	84.1
Kentucky Blue Grass	4	Farmers	99.8	1
		Seedsmen	99.8	1
Flax	11	Farmers	96.1	70.6
		Seedsmen	97.9	85

809 pounds, was low grade. There was enough of this low grade seed imported to sow 125,000 acres. This seed consisted for the most part of undersized, light weight screenings. The average germination was found to be about 43.1 per cent. As many as 50 kinds of weed seeds were found in some of the lots examined. Samples from cargoes amounting to 275,572 pounds of alfalfa seed were tested.

one-twenty-second-mesh screen will remove all the small dodder, but little of the large. It is impossible to separate sweet clover or yellow trefol from alfalfa. Bur clover is somewhat larger, but not enough so to enable it to be readily separated. It is possible to remove the seed of bracted plantain, buckhorn, Canada thistle, sheep sorrel, smartweeds, common plantain and evening catchfly.

WATER IN BUTTER

By Prof. G. L. McKay.

The dry butter or that containing a low per cent of water does not sell any higher than the medium and in some cases not as high. I tested butter in the London market and found the French rolls and Danish selected which sold highest in the English market to contain about five per cent more water than the New Zealand butter, which brought three or four cents per pound less. In this case the New Zealand was losing four or five pounds of butter per hundred and also losing in price. I asked Prof. Siegle why the Danes incorporated so much water in their butter, and he answered that the butter was supposed to be plastic and intended to be spread on bread. While I do not like to see slushy butter, I think that from 14 to 15 per cent of water can be incorporated with good

results. It is almost impossible to form any conclusion of the amount of water butter contains by the looks of it. Frequently butter that seems shaly will contain very little water under chemical analysis. Prof. Stork has been working on this subject for a number of years and he has been unable to fully explain why some samples of butter have a very dry appearance and at the same time contain a very high per cent of water, some samples testing as high as 18 or 19 per cent.

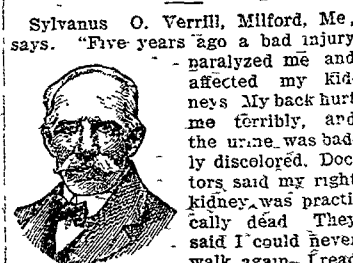
Dry Hand Milking.—Many milkers like to wet their hands when beginning to milk. This is not necessary if care is used. The dry-hand milking is cleaner.

Alfalfa.—Alfalfa not only provides an excellent crop during its own lifetime, but it prepares the soil for much better subsequent crops.

Clear, Cold Water.—Do not force the stock to drink filthy, warm water. Let them have it fresh every day.

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.



Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly discolored. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and, to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

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

EGOISM.



Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest-mistresses get the best cooks.

Cook—Ah, go on wid yer blarney!

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could not lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

ONLY A COW.



Artist (who has been bothered by rustics breathing on him all the morning)—My good fellow, I assure you that you can see the sketch with more advantage from a little distance!

A Carlyle Wedding.

Craigputtock, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle of Craigputtock, a grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, a farmer, of Pingie, Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. "Pingie" is about four miles from Ecclefechan. Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entuphl of "Sartor Resartus."—London Standard.

Even the Hush.

Embarrassed in the fashionable restaurant by the menu written in French, the Wall street man of business exclaimed:

"Hang these froids, entremets and hors d'oeuvres—bring me a plate of good plain hash, if you've got such a thing on the premises."

"You mean an olla podrida, sir," said the waiter, in a tone of dignified reproach. "And afterwards?"

AFRAID TO EAT.

Girl Starving on In-Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Me. girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences."

"I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress."

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self. 'Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged."

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.'"

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized."

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. To-day I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE MAN UNDER THE TREE

By DON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

It would be a grim, unpleasant piece of work, to be sure; but what else could they do? The most valuable horses of the settlement had been stolen, one after another, with consummate daring and cunning, and now that they had the guilty party in their power, were they to let him go because to hang him would be an unpleasant duty?

"Boys, all of you that have a horse you wouldn't like to lose, just step over here."

Nine of the ten came from under the tree and gathered beside their leader in the open. The tenth man, the man who remained in the shadow of the tree, was bound hand and foot and couldn't very well change his position. Besides, he was the "horse thief."

"Well, boys," demanded the leader, "are we a quorum?"

"Sure!"

"Then he hangs!"

The nine men nodded their heads.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" cried the Man under the Tree. "I wish again to assert that I bought this horse which you accuse me of stealing, and paid \$300 for her."

There was a loud guffaw.

"You don't believe me, gentlemen?"

The Man under the Tree seemed hurt.

"Believe you!" said the leader.

"Why, stranger, that's old Wilkins' Bess and he'd have parted with his grandmother first."

"But, gentlemen," expostulated the Man under the Tree, "wouldn't it be wise to look up Wilkins first and ask him?"

The leader smiling, said: "Stranger, were you ever hanged?"

The Man under the Tree made a deprecatory movement. "Only twice," he said.

"Well, you're a cool un!" exclaimed the leader, when he again got his breath.

The members of the quorum then gathered in a body around the Man under the Tree. One of them took a Jarat from his arm and another adjusted it about the prisoner's neck. This last man was the leader himself, and he could tie a knot that isn't down among sailor knots nor in popular religious works. It was a hangman's knot and it had never been known to fail when given a fair trial.

Then the loose end of the Jarat was thrown over a strong limb of the tree.

"Gently, boys!" cautioned the leader. "Gently! He comes of good family and perhaps if he hadn't been a horse thief he had been a honor to the community. Gently!"

The body of the prisoner was drawn up, the loose end of the Jarat securely fixed, and the quorum stood off and viewed its work. The hanged man swung about six feet off the ground, his face twisting towards the tree, so that the men beneath could not well see its expression. However, they did not wish to.

"Too bad," murmured the leader, "that his education was neglected. But it's too late now, boys, for moral suasion!"

The others silently nodded their heads in confirmation of this quorum, and mounting their horses rode hastily away with the bay of Wilkins in the lead.

Arriving at the settlement, about half a mile distant, the stern body gathered under the roof of the Red Dog and began a game of faro.

"Won't old Wilkins be glad when he sets eyes on that bay of his again? The meetin' 'll be just like a father findin' a long lost daughter."

But the whisky being strong and the playing high, the men soon forgot about Wilkins, the Man under the Tree and the bay horse, and not until Wilkins himself came walking into the Red Dog did the incidents of the earlier forenoon again recur to them.

"Hello, Wilkins!" cried the speaker of the late quorum. "How's Bess?"

"Bess? Oh, she's outside, buyin' canned goods."

"Buyin' canned goods, is she?" questioned the cowman. "When did ye learn her the trick?"

Wilkins looked about and seeing a grin on every face realized the confusion of terms. "Oh, you mean the bay; not my wife?"

"Sure!"

"Well," rejoined Wilkins, hitching uneasily, "I might as well let the cat out of the bag before it's got kittens. I sold Bess this mornin' to—"

The sentence was never finished, or its end fairly drowned in a chorus of "Hell!"

"Can't a man sell his own horse?" demanded Wilkins.

A glass of raw spirits whizzed over his head and crashed against the opposite wall.

"Why, you lopeared coyote, ain't ye got no more judgment than to sell a horse without first tellin' every man wid a rope for twenty miles aroun'?"

"Ain't-ugh!" broke off the speaker, reaching for another glass to throw at Wilkins. "You clam wid the lock-jaw, you fish widout the light av intelligence!"

"What's the matter?" demanded

Wilkins, keeping a sharp eye on the glassed.

"Why, you ol' pirate, we've hanged the man ye sol' Bess to, fur a horse thief! Quick, boys, let's cut him down and give him respectful burial 'fore he's had the time to be insulted!"

There was a wild break for the door and Wilkins went down and was walked all over; but, mad as a hornet, he was not the last to reach the locality of the hanging.

The face of the Man under the Tree had swung around to the west, and as the little body of remorseful settlers drew near, a peaceful smile gathered upon the hanged man's lips and suddenly his eyes opened wide and looked down at those beneath.

"Holy saints in heav'n!" cried the Irishman, kneeling in his saddle. "Look at him!"

One of the eyelids of the Man under the Tree trembled and for a moment closed over the eyeball. The spectators could scarcely believe their own eyes. The Man under the Tree was winking.

"Cut him down!" thundered Wilkins.

"Cut him down yourself," groaned the Irishman. "The devil 'll touch it. It's a ghost!"

At these words a shudder went amongst the men and each seemed without the power of motion.

Wilkins braced himself in his seat, took steady, deliberate aim at the Jarat just above the head of the hanged man, and fired. The hair thong parted as clean as from a knife cut, and the Man under the Tree landed in the soft earth, upright and rigid on his feet, instead of falling prone, as a decent corpse would have done.

It was with the greatest doubt and trepidation that the others watched Wilkins as he freed the Man under the

Tree.

But which she had been wearing was floating on the water and the girl was now here to be seen. Bubbles marked the spot where she went down. A young man at once dived into the water and found the girl being dragged along the bottom of the river, by an unseen force. Rising to the surface and holding to the girl's hand he called for help, and the half-drowned girl was assisted to shore, where it was found an immense turtle had resented the girl's interference with his midday sleep and had seized her by the toe.

Before she could scream for help it had dragged her under the water and it was by the sheerest good luck that her absence was noted in time to save her from drowning. As it was, she was rolled on a log and worked with for 17 minutes before she was able to sit up and talk. Miss Washburn was plucky and insisted on bringing the turtle home with her, which was the foundation for a turtle stew for their friends.

Speaking of her experience, Miss Washburn said that when she first felt the turtle with her foot she thought it was a big carp and had reached down to seize it with her hand, when it grabbed her foot, and before she could rise up and cry for help she felt herself drawn rapidly through the water. Then she became unconscious and knew nothing until she revived on the shore and found her friends bending over her.

She was the jolliest of the party at the impromptu turtle feast, but she advises girls who go bathing in White river hereafter to let the Mahar Dollah method of fishing be practiced by the men. She says it's too strenuous for girls.

USES COSTUME OF POND LILIES

Man Leaves Clothes on a Freight Car, Which Disappears.

La Crosse, Wis.—Walking three miles clad in a small piece of cloth and an armful of pond lilies probably will teach William Summers, a foreman in the switching yards here, to leave his clothes on the land the next time he removes them to go into the water.

Summers, a foreman, had no boat, but this did not deter him from trying to pick water lilies. He left his clothes on a car and went after the flowers.

Meantime a switch engine had backed up to the string of empties and puffed away.

With no other alternative, Summers arrayed himself as best he could with the pond lilies and hurried down the track after the disappearing cars. Later a small piece of cloth was added to his wardrobe.

He was terribly bitten by mosquitoes and his appearance made people who saw him think he was a maniac until he was able to explain.

Copperhead in Trousers.

New Albany, Ind.—Benjamin Robison found a copperhead snake coiled up in a pair of trousers at his home. He removed the trousers from a closet and felt a squirreling movement in one of the legs. He gave the trousers a shake and the snake dropped to the floor and was quickly clubbed to death. It was 30 inches long.

Hen Battles with Snake.

Figeac, France.—A brave little hen fought and routed a rattlesnake ten feet long at this place, after the reptile had made an attack upon her chickens. The mother, seeing the rattler in the act of striking at one of her little ones, flew at it desperately and nearly pecked off its head.

TURTLE SEIZES GIRL'S TOE; DRAGS HER UNDER

PULLS HER ALONG BOTTOM OF
WHITE RIVER IN INDIANA—
IS RESCUED.

Elwood, Ind.—Gwendolyn Washburn, a pretty 18-year-old girl, had a narrow escape from drowning in White river, south of Omega. The girl, with a party of campers, was endeavoring to escape the intense heat by spending the afternoon in the water. In trying to emulate Mahar and Dollahar, who took several hundred pounds of carp from the river by feeling around logs with their feet, the girl was working about the sunken stump, in water that reached almost to her shoulder.

Suddenly one of Miss Washburn's companions noticed that the large sun



The Turtle Seized Her Toes.

AVOID RISK IN BUYING PAINT.

You take a good deal of risk if you buy white lead without having absolute assurance as to its purity and quality. You know white lead is often adulterated, often misrepresented. But there's no need at all to take any chances. The "Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark of the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine white lead, on a package of White Lead, is a positive guarantee of purity and quality. It's as dependable as the Dollar Sign. If you'll write the National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York City, they will send you a sample and certain outfit for testing white lead, and a valuable book on paint, free.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!



"What's the matter over there?"

"The sword swallower is being choked by a fishbone."

Microscopic Writing.

A remarkable machine made by a lately deceased member of the Royal Microscopical Society for writing with a diamond seems to have been broken up by its inventor. A specimen of its work is the Lord's prayer of 227 letters, written in the 1,237,000 of a square inch, which is at the rate of 53,880,000 letters or 15 complete Bibles, to a single square inch. To decipher the writing it is necessary to use a 1-12-inch objective, which is the high power lens physicians employ for studying the most minute bacteria.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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

Sold by J. C. H. & CO., Toledo O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Much Safer Size.

Mistress—Are you not rather small for a nurse?

Nurse—No, indeed, madam! The children don't fall so far when I drop them!—Stray Stories.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, it soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit.—Dickens.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, calloused feet. 25c all druggists.

Love does not stop at the boundaries of liking.

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FOR RHEUMATISM
FOR BRUISES
FOR DIABETES
FOR BACKACHE
"Guaranteed"

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c

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

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Capital Hostesses Fear the Election



WASHINGTON—What will become of Mr. Roosevelt's "nice young men" if Mr. Bryan is elected? This problem is really giving serious concern to the pleasant, and notably the dinner-giving aliens sojourning temporarily "in our midst." It seems an odd sort of thing to worry about, but Washington is an odd sort of place, unlike other cities in many of its aspects, and its residents, both permanent and fitting, have anxieties and responsibilities unknown to urban dwellers where the social population is less transient and changing than it is here.

Hostesses aver that a shortage exists in Washington of presentable young men who can be called upon at a dinner table. In the face of an eager demand, Mr. Roosevelt has done much toward creating an available and visible supply.

Diplomatic and official society has taken most kindly to Mr. Roosevelt's importations. They are commonly

spoken of as the president's "nice young men." The possibility of their departure for other fields of activity outside of Washington, and becoming actual, though obscure, workers in the vineyard, is viewed with alarm.

Toward the end of the winter apprehension was expressed at many dinner tables lest Mr. Bryan came to Washington, bringing with him in subordinate capacities youths from the corn and hog-raising states who might be addicted to the prudent usage of mashing their peas.

Over the imminence of this dire possibility there has been a sad shaking of heads. Active and persistent dinner-givers in the diplomatic, cabinet and senatorial "sets," as well as among the merely rich people, who in increasing numbers are making Washington a place of resort in the winter months, have found Mr. Roosevelt's "nice young men" almost a necessity in making their social plans for entertainment and amusement.

In any event, it is realized that the tennis cabinet, as such, is doomed.

Whether Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan is elected, the tennis court in the rear of the executive offices seems certain to become once more a flower bed for the display of geometrical figures of early blooming crocuses or a playground for children.

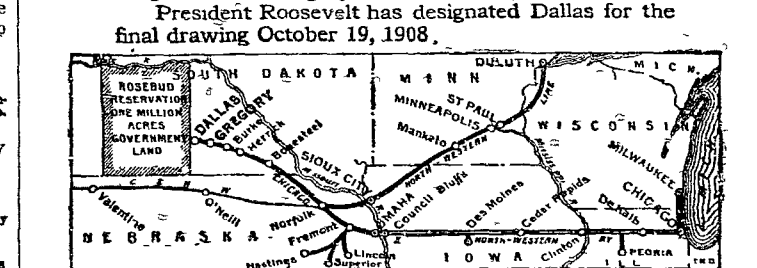
ROSEBUD GOVERNMENT LANDS

BEST REACHED FROM DALLAS

Dallas and Gregory, S. D., are reached only by the Chicago & North Western Railway.

They are the only towns on the reservation border. Dallas and Gregory are the main registering points.

President Roosevelt has designated Dallas for the final drawing October 19, 1908.



The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only all-rail route to the reservation.

A million acres of fertile agricultural and grazing land in the great Missouri Valley Corn Belt is to be opened to Homesteaders October 5 to 17, 1908.

For information about how to get a homestead with details regarding rates, train schedules, address—

W. B. KNISKERN
Pass. Traffic Mgr., C. & N. W. Ry.
Chicago, Ill.

Shortest Line to Rosebud Reservation

The opening of the Rosebud Reservation, October 5 to 17, next, will give over 5000 people each a choice farm in Tripp County, South Dakota, for a small sum per acre. \$38,000 acres will be opened. People drawing one of these farms must pay \$6.00 an acre one-fifth down, balance in 5 years. Chamberlain and Presho, South Dakota, are places of registration. Both are located on the shortest line to the reservation from Chicago—the

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

The best of these lands are located in the northern part of Tripp County, easily reached from both Chamberlain and Presho. All persons, except certain soldiers, must be present in one of these towns for registration. Presence at the drawing is not required. Those who draw one of these farms will be notified by mail. Rosebud folder, containing map, and giving full particulars free on request.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent,
Chicago.

Readers

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

25c BUYS SAFETY RAZOR

It's come at last—a good, serviceable safety razor, packed in neat tin box.

mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Will do the work of expensive outfits of money refunded.

THE TURNER COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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