

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1908.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

TOWNSEND HAD A BIG MEETING

PRINCESS RINK WAS WELL FILLED LAST NIGHT.

Ex-Auditor General Perry Powers Gave Good Talk Also.

Congressman Townsend, Perry F. Powers and some of the county candidates were greeted by a large sized audience at Princess Rink here last night, at the end of a sixty mile auto tour of Wayne county.

Jas. A. Dubuar acted as chairman of the meeting, being called to the chair by Township Committeeman C. C. Chadwick. His introduction of the speakers was very pleasing indeed. Mr. Townsend opened up at 9 o'clock and until his arrival here at 9 o'clock Mr. Powers talked on state affairs here and paid a warm tribute to Congressman Townsend, Governor Warner and the whole state ticket. It was a fine address and was well received.

Congressman Townsend arrived by auto from Plymouth at 9 o'clock and was given a rousing reception. He delivered one of his masterly addresses and was listened to with much enthusiasm.

His talk was on national affairs and he forcefully emphasized the necessity of getting out a full vote and the election of Taft. Mr. Townsend stayed over night in Northville and left early this morning for a days' trip along the river front, winding up with a meeting at Wyandotte tonight.

Mr. Townsend spoke in six other places during the day besides Northville and was given a warm reception all along the line.

John Haggerty, good roads commissioner, drew the party in his big touring car and did the honors in great shape.

CONGRESSMAN

Charles E. Townsend



Mr. Townsend is the Republican nominee for Congress from the Second District. He has made an enviable record during his three terms in the National House of Representatives at Washington and is certainly deserving of a big majority at the election Nov. 3. In Congress he has always been one of President Roosevelt's staunchest supporters and has in numerous instances been in direct charge of the President's measures before that body.

UNCLE JOE CANNON TELLS A FUNNY STORY.



—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BIG CROWD IN EATON COUNTY

DR. BRADLEY'S HOME TOWN INVADED BY WARNER.

Several Hundred Turned Out to Hear Him at the Rapids.

Eaton Rapids, Mich., Oct. 16.—Although 9 o'clock in the morning is a pretty early hour for the ordinary citizen to get out to listen to political speechmaking, there was a good big crowd on the street here this morning before that hour waiting for Gov. Warner and those touring the county with him. The governor arrived, in company with Congressman Gardner and these two gentlemen were taken at once to the high school, where after meeting the superintendent and the heads of the several departments, the students in all of the rooms were allowed an "open half hour" to listen to short speeches by Gov. Warner and Mr. Gardner, the students looking upon the matter as quite a distinguished honor, in view of the fact that this is the first time in the history of the public schools of this city that a governor of the state has ever visited them. The speakers were liberally applauded by the school folks, and from there they went to the island where a crowd of several hundred people gave them a cordial greeting. J. S. Hamilton of the Journal, acted as chairman of the meeting and introduced Congressman Gardner as the first speaker. Mr. Gardner's speech was confined almost exclusively to national issues, but he also said some good things for the state and county tickets. Gov. Warner followed Mr. Gardner, and after paying a tribute to Dr. Bradley and stating that if the doctor had been nominated for governor instead of himself, he should have been here just the same, arguing for the success of the ticket, because he should have considered it his duty as a loyal republican to do so, and because the tour of Eaton county had been arranged before the governorship nomination had been settled. The governor discussed at some length the general issues of the state campaign and created a very favorable impression.—Eaton Rapids Journal.

FOR THE FIRE SUFFERERS.

Northville People Made a Shipment Monday.

Northville people supplied a half dozen or more boxes of clothing, bedding, etc., and something like fifty dollars in money Monday which were shipped to Alpena for distribution to the fire sufferers that night. Dr. Henry gathered in the donations with his auto and he and Mrs. Henry boxed them up and saw to the shipment. It was a very commendable piece of work and Northville people showed their usual generosity for people in affliction.

President Dubuar has issued a proclamation soliciting aid and the Pere Marquette Ry. Co. has placed a car at the disposal of the Northville people which is being filled and will be sent tomorrow.

THEY WILL MAKE MILKING MACHINES

IDEAL CO. OPENED HEADQUARTERS IN OPERA HOUSE BLDG.

Frank Shafer and A. C. Balden Are the Firm.

The Ideal Milking Machine Co. has been organized by Frank Shafer and A. C. Balden and the Opera House building has been leased for the manufacturing of the machines.

Mr. Shafer has had considerable experience in the milking machine business and believes his latest machine is as near perfection as is possible to make them. Mr. Balden is a well known business man of the village and the new industry will seemingly prove a decided success.

The Shafer-Balden machine is very simple as well as cheap and operates without any engine or piping.

A number of the machines are already in use and claimed to be working very satisfactory.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the Baptist ladies, W. C. T. U. and other friends for flowers sent during our illness.
MR. AND MRS. JOE WESTON.

Freight Roughly Handled.

Freight is handled in the Philippines by coolies, who, with a bamboo pole and a piece of rope, carry in a most precarious fashion packages that are liable to drop and burst at any moment. Hence the need of good stock for the casings and re-enforcement with iron strap bands.

Socialism in Japan.

Socialism has no footing in this country as yet, nor is there any indication that it will gain a footing in the near future at all events. Prior to the war with Russia a small coterie of men calling themselves socialists argued vehemently against the opening of hostilities and published a newspaper organ to propagate their creed. But they soon dwindled into insignificance, and although a periodical of so-called socialist views continues to be published it has no influence, nor does it serve any purpose, apparently, except to furnish material for occasional comment on the part of amused readers.—Japanese Weekly Mail.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Leon Whipple of the First grade is ill.

Dorothy Dubuar of the Fourth grade is sick.

Alexander Kidd is a new pupil in the Kindergarten.

George Cram of the First grade is absent on account of sickness.

The Fourth grade pupils are learning a song entitled, "The Miner."

The Seventh grade calendar for the month is shaped like a pumpkin.

The Second grade blackboard has a border of grains and vegetables.

The Sixth grade is learning Bryant's poem, "Death of the Flowers."

The Third grade pupils are still pounding away at the multiplication tables.

The A Fifth pupils are learning "Hiawatha" and the B class "In School Days."

The Tenth grade pupils are deep in the study of George Eliot's novel, "Silas Marner."

The Second grade has an Honor Roll decorated with a border of autumn leaves in colors.

The First grade has a calendar for October consisting of a brownie holding a leaf on which is placed the calendar.

The Seventh grade room's appearance is greatly improved by the new cupboard, curtains and also new pictures.

The Second grade has a very nice illustration of the song, "Twenty Frogs Went to School" on the blackboard.

The Third grade has a motto on their wall which reads, "Our Daily Acts are the Bricks with Which We Build Our Character."

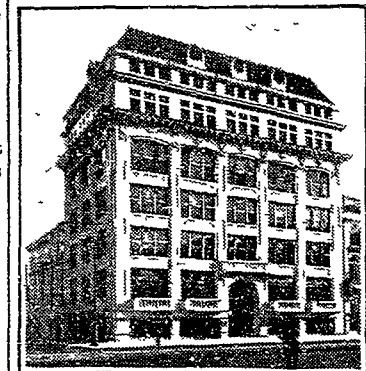
All the pupils in the Second grade, who have good lessons in spelling each day, are allowed to write their Friday's lesson in a booklet. Last week these were shaped like a squirrel, while this week they resemble an autumn leaf.

The Seventh grade pupils are puzzling their heads trying to find out what is to be done with several pumpkins that have been placed on a shelf in their room. The teacher, Miss Dark, assures them that it is a secret and they are beginning to believe it is.

The Second grade's calendar for the month is placed in a pumpkin field, which is surrounded by a fence decorated with jack-o-lanterns. Each day is represented by a different kind of a leaf, and special days, such as the Birthday of Columbus, are designated by a symbol. In this case it is the ship, Mayflower.

The Third grade pupils now have a place on which to rest when they get tired of studying. Several couches have been cut out of paper and pasted on the wall by their teacher, Mrs. Woolley, and when one of the pupils get a little tired and restless and begins to show it by his action, he is allowed to lie down on the couch and rest (at least a slip of paper on which his name is written, is granted this privilege.)

JOURNAL'S NEW HOME.



The new building of the Detroit Journal is the most artistic in the whole business district of Detroit. The basement is of Bedford stone and the walls of white enameled terra cotta. The roof is tiled. One of the most striking features is the arched entrance, with its gilded coffered ceiling, its marble steps and wainscoting, its mosaic landing, and the large windows in the sides, giving a full view of the press room in the basement, where three big Hoe presses run off the papers at the rate of 48,000 an hour each. The floors are of hardwood and the interior fittings of mahogany finish. It is the lightest, airiest, most commodious newspaper building in the country.

Get Ready for Winter



Look Over Our Line Before Purchasing.

PENINSULAR

We have a complete assortment of Base Burners, Steel Ranges, etc., etc.

Oilcloths and Linoleums, Best Grades and Pretty Patterns.

"Great Bell" Furnaces installed complete in your homes.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.
This store will close evenings at 7:00 o'clock from Oct. 12, 1908 to April 1, 1909, except from December 14 to 26.

DISHES

We have New Dishes in Broken Lots, Plain White, Good Quality, and also a New Line of Bavarian China, Decorated, which is very attractive.

PERHAPS

You have noticed that there are no Vegetables out in front of our store exposed to the dogs, dust, etc. You will find them in the rear of our store in good shape.

Watch for Our Soap Bargains Next Week.

C. E. RYDER
NORTHVILLE.

CLARK'S RESTAURANT DETROIT.

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

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE

PURE STERILIZED MILK
Sweet and Pure 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.

Hints to Farmers

Now is the time that you realize on your season's work.

As you sell your grain, stock or produce, place your money on open account with a reliable bank.

Pay your bills by check, which makes the best kind of a receipt, and avoid the worry and danger attending the carrying of large sums of money.

Our offices are always at the disposal of our customers and country friends.

Lapham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

HE SEES BEST

Who Sees The Consequences.

DO YOU REALIZE

The serious consequences of continued eye strain? Priceless beyond all possessions is the eye sight, deserving of your highest consideration. Don't delay, if any trouble with your eyes.

Call and See Us.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

The real test is in the baking.

Other Baking Powders may make broad claims, but when it comes to the production of real delicious biscuit, cakes and pastry

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

proves its real worth. This is because of its much greater leavening power and the strict purity of its ingredients. It costs only a trifle more than the cheap and big can brands and much less than the Trust Baking Powders.

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



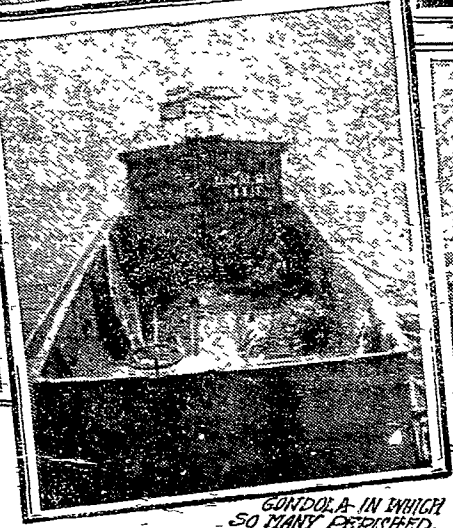
Some Scenes at Devastated Metz



FIRST HOUSE IN METZ AFTER FIRE



REFUGEES AT METZ



CONDOLA IN WHICH SO MANY PERCHED



ALONGSIDE THE TRACK AFTER THE FIRE

THE FIERY BLAST.

The full details of the loss and suffering by the fire swept districts of northern Michigan may never be written. Driven from their homes before a towering sheet of flame, if they dared to look back, seeing those homes reduced to ashes, and burying themselves in the ground for hours at a time while the fiery blast passed over them; racing against death, bearing the charred remains of those they loved—these are but a few of the terrible experiences related by those who have passed through Presque Isle county over the D & M railroad since the first news of the awful fires were known to the people of the state. Now follows more suffering, for food clothing and shelter. Speedily as these necessities may be forwarded to the stricken people much suffering will ensue before relief comes.

J. D. Hawks, president of the D & M Railroad Co. gives this graphic view of the rapid spread of the fire. "One of the difficulties in connection with a forest fire is the insidious rapidity with which it gains ground. It must be seen to be relieved. Stumps at a distance of several hundred feet from the blaze will suddenly shoot into flame, as though by spontaneous combustion. The sparks seem to be visible to the naked eye. To illustrate three little children applied at a farm house for shelter and were taken in and put to bed. While they were being questioned about the fire from which they had fled, then later a house was completely enveloped in flames and consumed before one little girl could be carried out. This is only one instance of many. The whole country in the fire swept area is replete with horrors.

"There is no occasion for hysterics. The point is simply this. These people must be supported for the winter. They can many of them be employed in removing the charred timber and not spring in tiling the ground which is burned deep down in the soil. Some few of the farmers have small hand accounts. While they are hard working and thrifty, life has always been a struggle for them, and with most of them, whatever they have accumulated by long years of painful toil is wiped out."

Many touching incidents are related of the horrors which fell upon the people and more never will be. The following is an example of them. How a little boy brought to a group of fire victims clustered near Metz the ashes of the body of his baby sister, all wrapped carefully in a tiny handkerchief, was told by Miss Cassie Nowland, of Millersburg.

Governor Warner on Sunday received this report on the situation in the burned district. "Have been all over the Metz district. Terrible devastation and suffering. Hundreds of families homeless and destitute. No troops or tents wanted in this section. D & M. providing lumber and boxes for temporary shelter and carrying supplies free. Proclamation should ask people to send clothing, bedding, stoves, utensils and forage for animals. Latter is especially urgent. Have ordered all blankets in the hands of Alpena company sent to Metz. Will report later on conditions at Rogers City. (Signed) ROGERS."

The governor immediately issued a proclamation calling on all the people of the state to aid the sufferers. It closes with these instructions for sending aid: "I therefore urge upon the charitable people of this great state, so bountifully blessed with comfort and wealth, to immediately come to the relief of these stricken people. Alpena will be the distributing point. All donations may be sent in care of J. D. Hawks, president of the Detroit & Mackinac railroad, who is giving his personal attention to the relief of the sufferers. I am already assured that the Detroit & Mackinac, the Michigan Central and the Pere Marquette railroads will transport everything free of charge, and undoubtedly all other railroads whose officials I have not yet been able to see, will do likewise."

The exact number of dead may not be known for weeks, but it is likely to reach 50 or more at Metz. The dead have been buried in crude boxes, it being impossible to procure coffins for them.

Tar paper houses are being put up rapidly to shelter the people. The condition of the people is pitiable, but they are working bravely to help themselves.

It is estimated that 3,000 or more are destitute.

SITUATION AT METZ.

Metz village is rapidly rising from its ashes. Tuesday night three houses were finished, three others are almost completed and Wednesday two more were begun. As fast as lumber arrives it is passed out to the refugees, many of whom are carrying it several miles into the country to their burned farms. The huts built by the railroad carpenters are all alike. There is one small room containing a stove. Off this are two others very small indeed, each containing an upper and lower bunk. Four people can get along nicely in one cabin and as many as eight can be accommodated if the people care to make sacrifices. There is a death of mattresses, kitchen utensils and cutlery. All the men in Presque Isle county lost down to swine and chickens. No more bodies are being found. The death list is now down to 25 but 12 others are reported burned or missing and thus far it has been impossible to ascertain the truth of these reports. It is estimated that 60 people per meal were fed in the case of the D & M side tracks at Metz and provided with coals.

South of Metz and east to Presque the devastation has been fearful. The structure of any kind on the south road is a bare mile and a half from the village. People are sleeping in lean-tos made of a few boards and blankets, waiting for lumber. Nails and tools with which they can build houses. Northwest of Metz the fires destroyed a great deal of timber, but burned out few families and caused no acute suffering. La Roche hardly knows there has been a fire. The mill was in danger for a few hours but the men extinguished it. In fact fires with ease and declare they had a good time doing it. Still, the area was untouched though the woods burned to the bank of the Ocquec river. The few families who own their houses are being sheltered by neighbors.

C. V. Luce, superintendent of the road has instructed its agents not to solicit anything more but provisions, hay, grain and money. Five members of the family of Mathias Dost reported cremated in their home near Metz are alive and in Alpena. Of the family of parents and eight children, all were saved except one little Elizabeth 4 years old, who perished. It is a wonderful story of their escape. When the fire attacked the Dost home the four youngest children were burned out. The four were supposed to have gone around and entered the house by the rear, but, instead ran as hard as they could two or three miles to a house toward Presque. Here they were taken care of in a little while this house caught fire and burned.

In the hurry little Elizabeth was forgotten until suddenly a brother a little older, cried out in terror. My sister is in there. Then it was too late. One of the older boys in the family made an attempt at rescue. He ran into the house, fell through into the cellar and escaped through a back door just as the roof fell in. Only the bones of the little child were found.

Then the three Dost children disappeared. They wandered back to their home one of the boys with the remains of his sister in a handkerchief. The children's uncle, Edward Hines, of this city, went to Metz hoping that some might be alive. Not far from where the house burned, he heard a piping voice cry, "Uncle, uncle, take us home. We are so hungry, and all the rest burned up." And in a minute Mr. Hines had the three Dost children in his arms. Two other children were located and only after that did he find Mrs. Dost in a house a mile or so away, badly burned, lying on the floor, her clothing burned from her body. Mr. Hines brought Mrs. Dost and six children here. All are burned, but will recover here. Mrs. Dost is the worst injured. Mr. Dost, the oldest boy and a daughter are at Metz. The Dosts lost their all.

A search of the ruins at the house of John Nowicki, at Nowicki Crossing, today revealed a human skull and teeth, supposedly that of Mrs. John Nowicki, whose body has been missing since the wreck Mrs. Nowicki was known to be on the relief train with her husband and the latter was found dead on the crossing after the fire.

It was thought that Mrs. Nowicki sought refuge in the house, which burned shortly after the wreck occurred.

THE U. P. BLAZE.

Report says no lives have been lost on Sugar Island near the Soo. A reporter from the Soo, who went to the island, found the ruins of a house and barn several miles from the settlements, but indications were that they were vacated before the fire started.

On the mainland south of White Fish bay and west of St. Mary's river and the lake—the whole east tip of the upper peninsula, is alive in large areas, as it has been for 30 days past. Eckman on the South Shore line, just east of the Trout Lake Junction, where the St. Ignace line comes in from the south, is trying to fight back the flames. Other hamlets, mentioned in earlier dispatches are in the same fix.

Near Donaldson at least 40 square miles of territory is burned over. The fire is running rapidly and cannot be checked until rain comes. Lumbermen have men fighting at every place possible, but it does no good.

As the result of the killing of timber by fire, the whole territory will have to be lumbered at once in order to utilize the wood before it falls to the ground and rots.

James Piller returned Wednesday from Sugar Island. He says that at 10 o'clock the northern end of the island was safe. McKinnis' mill, reported burned, is still safe, the fire being at least a mile away. Piller said he could not see what conditions were in the lower end of the island.

Gatesville reports all the farm buildings of John Demski destroyed. Robert Kelly's farm of 160 acres was swept and to end George Crochton lost all his farm buildings. The Mud Lake Lumber Co. lost several thousand acres of hardwood.

Gatesville was surrounded by flames. The inhabitants fought all night and saved the place after a desperate fight.

Messages say that Tuesday night the view from decks of vessels was one of grandeur. For fifty miles along the shore the flames were seen rising 50 to 100 feet and seemed to extend back from the lake for miles. Telephone messages from the southern part of the county say the fires are beyond control.

Within five miles of the Soo fires threaten the destruction of many farm buildings. Persons arriving from Desbarats say several farm houses and barns have been destroyed and that a hotel at Kensington Point is threatened.

Barns in several localities in Chippewa county have been destroyed.

Alarming reports, received from other sections of the county late Tuesday night, indicate that the fires have got beyond control and unless the elements come to the rescue there is no knowing where the end will come.

At Raber, where fires have been burning several days, the situation is more serious than at any time previous. The Mud Lake Lumber Co. has shut down its mill and abandoned the camp. The entire crew, with the residents of the town, have organized to check the flames.

Strips around town are being burned over by back-firing and all men available are at work trying to save the timber.

Southeast of the Soo the big woods are reported doomed by the sweeping fires that have broken out along the line of the S. S. & A. railway as far as Soo Junction. In this section is a large area of unbroken forest, especially south of Eckman.

Forest fires in Grand Traverse county have broken out afresh. Several homes in the vicinity of Kingsley are in grave danger and the village has sent out several loads of volunteers. Grawn is so full of smoke that residents can hardly see. Forests all about the village are burning. All of the woods between Grawn and Duck Lake are a mass of fire. Williamsburg and Barker Creek, especially the latter, both report heavy fires and volunteers have been called for.

Great areas are reported to be burning in Alger, Luce and Schoolcraft counties. Cusino, headquarters of the Worcester Cedar Co. of Chicago, is in peril and numerous other settlements are menaced. Camp work has been abandoned to fight the flames.

MONTMORENCY SUFFERS.

The first definite report of the serious conditions in Montmorency county has been received from George H. Rouse, manager of the Atlanta Haid ware Co. and postmaster of Atlanta. The county seat. Telephone communication has been cut off from Atlanta and there is no telegraph station or railroad leading into the town. Mr. Rouse sent a letter by stage to Lewiston, from where it came by the Michigan Central to Detroit.

Inside of ten hours from the time the fires started in this county," he says, "people found it necessary to fight for their very lives. Particles of fire would fly through the air for the distance of a mile, starting new fires. The wind, blowing steadily from the west people would fight to save their homes until they were forced to leave, only to find that the wind had carried embers high above them, starting new fires, and it mattered not which way they went they were often surrounded. The telephone lines were soon out of commission and even had they been in use it would have been impossible to get help, as each and everyone was caring for his own home and family."

It would be impossible at this time to tell how many have perished. But it is known that many are left homeless.

Game, which has always been plentiful in this county, has been practically annihilated. Rabbits and partridges have been burned and some of the bear, deer and other animals have made their escape as best they could. Incidents are told by woodsmen where at the shore of lakes you could see all the different varieties of game come close to the water's edge to await their death.

The village of Atlanta, at this writing, is nearly surrounded by flames. But it is thought the village will be saved as the residents have back-fired entirely around the town. The only danger is from the flying embers, which are being put out as fast as they alight.

The board of supervisors, who were in session, hastily adjourned as each supervisor by virtue of his office is also a fire warden, and they were all called to their respective townships. Business is at a standstill and even the politicians have suspended their campaigns.

Three additional victims of forest fires were reported Wednesday, the burned bodies of three unidentified men having been found near Crawford's quarry, a few miles south of Rogers City.

Including these fatalities, the list of dead now numbers 45. There is about 20 persons missing, who are thought to be dead included among the number is Martin Lapczinski, his wife and three children, who lived between Presque and Grand Lake, are likewise victims. When the fire destroyed their home they fled to the lake, and embarked in a small boat. That is the last heard of the family. A strong wind was blowing, and it is thought that their boat capsized or was driven across the lake, where they perished in the flames there. Parties are now searching the shores of Grand Lake. All they expect to find are the bones of the unfortunate family.

John Drosowsky and his family, who lived near Lapczinskis, were also driven to the lake, but their boat landed on an island, and after a desperate night they were able to escape.

Forest fires have again broken out in Negaunee vicinity and are reported worse than some weeks ago. They are within three miles of the city on the north and reached the Mary Charlotte mine, a mile and a half south. All the men at the mine fought the fire for several hours before getting it under control. Late Tuesday night several farmers and homesteaders between Negaunee and Little Lake were compelled to flee for their lives, leaving their property at the mercy of the flames. The fire department of Negaunee is ready to respond to calls.

Miss Earliest Eleanor, the last of the girls in Dr. J. H. Kellogg's famous adopted family of twenty-four, was married to Bertram C. Kirkland, a pharmacist.

DO NOT NEED HELP.

The cluster of counties south of Lake Huron, the latter comprising Cheboygan, Presque Isle, Alpena, Alpena and Iosco, have had many thousands of acres fire-swept since early August. It is in these belt counties where singularly distressing loss of lives and homes occurred last week. Otsego, Montmorency, Crawford, Osceola, Ogemaw and Roscommon are the cluster referred to and their losses and worries have been negated by great.

Elmer township, Oscoda county, for instance, has 144 square miles and less than 100 voting citizens. Home-owners as well as timber and mill owners, have been fighting fires day and night going on to months, and have become soot of calloused. But they got an awful scare when news from Lake counties reached them last week. Little wonder, for theirs are the same sandy plains slashing and dead vegetation, cedar swamps that never have been less than boggy marshes for more than a generation, are now cracking from drought. But the scare is over now. It was at its height last Sunday afternoon, when a Michigan Central train of empty flat cars was sent to Kneeland, northwest of Oscoda county, to bring out settlers in time to avert another Metz catastrophe.

At Kneeland, the B. & G. Co., of Bay City, have big logging camps, and the woods are came dangerously close Monday afternoon. This rescue train started south with its usual load of logs for Bay City mills. Fire has been checked from the camp's office. It was reported yesterday afternoon by one in authority that the full force relieved the cutting and loading of logs except between 20 and 30, who are patrolling and extinguishing scattering patches of fire.

The company owns about 16,000 acres of timber land in Montmorency county. Former State Representative John Kingott, now trespass agent in this district for the state land department says he does not know a single homesteader who burned out in Montmorency and Oscoda counties and that few he personally knows of started losses in other counties except Roscommon.

Prosecuting Attorney Stearns, of Montmorency, says the only farmer in Montmorency county who lost is one in Rust township. He lost part of his oat field. Only one in Oscoda is near Metz. His barn burned Atlanta, the county seat of Montmorency, was reported in great danger but was not even threatened, aside from small mill settlements.

As for Otsego county, Editor McKinley, of Gaylord, one of the county's best informed citizens, says the lumbermen estimate the timber loss in that county as high as \$2,000,000 yet no homesteader has been burned out. At Alpena, 15 miles southwest of Gaylord, the Wards had two camps burned last week by a fire that went two and a half miles in 27 minutes. Camps were rebuilt in two days.

Mr. McKinley says reports of conditions in Otsego are not as bad as has been said. Michelson & Hanson have extensive camps about the center of Oscoda county and ship logs by their own railroad to mills at Lewiston. Fires have been occupying their attention, but they are cutting and shipping regularly now and operating the mill night and day.

Conditions in the two other counties of the six, Ogemaw and Roscommon, have been worse than in the other four, but in all six reports are that the fires are well under control. One operator at Roscommon has five million shingles piled in a mill yard. He has a good portion of the township patrolled to suppress fire in case of an outbreak.

The atmosphere hereabouts and for miles south is not as smoky as in places south. M. Hanson, banker at Grayling, which is the county seat of Crawford county, says that practically all the losses in this county have been to timber.

Miss Jessie Ladd, of Traverse City, was found dead in bed by her sister Friday morning. Death was due to heart failure. The young woman's father and grandfather died in a similar manner.

The Fleet Visits Japan.

The American fleet dropped its anchors at 9:30 Sunday morning in the port of Yokohama. As the 16 battleships rounded Honamou Point and came through the entrance to the bay they were accompanied by the Japanese cruisers Soya, Magami and Tatsuta, commanded by Rear-Admiral Murakami.

When the fleet rounded Honamou Point and came in sight of Yokohama, the warships began firing their salutes to the rear admiral in command of the fleet. The roar of the guns, the bursting fireworks, bombs, the shriek of the steam sirens with the drone of the liners made an overwhelming sound. When the fleet finally came to anchor it presented an imposing spectacle. Thirty-two great warships occupied four long columns or eight each, the Americans taking the place of honor in the forefront; the Japanese immediately behind them and heading due south. As soon as the fleet came to anchor, a reception committee and attaches of the various foreign embassies and legations and the mayor of Yokohama put off from shore for the flagship Connecticut.

Turkey Getting Ready.

The optimism prevailing in official circles concealing the ability of the powers to maintain peace in eastern Europe was rudely shattered on receipt of a telegram from the French ambassador at Constantinople announcing that Turkey had ordered the mobilization of her troops in Asia Minor and it is believed that another day will determine the issue of peace or war.

This is regarded as Turkey's answer to Bulgaria's refusal to accord compensation for her independence and to the powers which arranged the program in London for the international conference.

Instructions have been hurriedly forwarded to the French representatives at Constantinople and Sofia to renew their counsels of prudence, and undoubtedly the other powers have sent similar instructions to their representatives at these cities urging moderation on the part of Bulgaria and Turkey.

Native reports received from Changchow are to the effect that more than 300 lives were lost in that city as a result of Thursday's typhoon.

THE MARKETS.

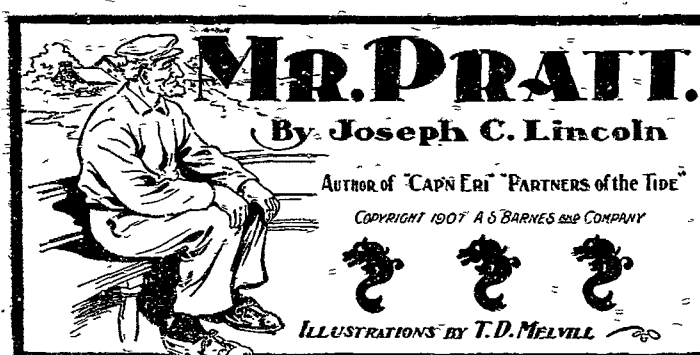
Detroit—Cattle—Market 10c to 15c lower to good to choice butchers' steers, 1000 to 200 lbs. \$4.40 to \$4.50, light to good butchers' steers, 700 to 900 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.55, mixed butchers' fat cows, \$3.25 to \$3.30, canners, \$3.00 to \$3.05, common bulls, \$2.50 to \$2.55, good shipper's bulls, \$3.50 to \$3.75, common feeders, \$3.50 to \$3.60, good well-bred feeders, \$3.60 to \$3.75, calves, \$3.50 to \$3.60. Hogs—Market 25c lower best grades, \$7.75 to \$7.80, common to fair, \$4.60 to \$4.75, mixed cows and springs, \$2.00 to \$2.25. Sheep and lambs—Market 25c lower best lambs, \$4.75 to \$5.00, fair to good lambs, \$4.50 to \$4.75, best hewers, \$3.75 to \$4.00, fair to good butchers' sheep, \$3.25 to \$3.50, culled and common, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Hides—Market 20c to 30c lower. Range of prices. Light to good butchers, \$7.50 to \$7.75, pigs, \$4.50 to \$4.75, light Yorkers, \$4.75 to \$5.00, toughs, \$4.40 to \$4.75, stags, one-third off.

East Buffalo—Cattle—There was one prime load of cattle in the market sold at \$6.50, best export, \$7.50 to \$7.75, best 1200 to 1300-lb. shipping steers, \$4.25 to \$4.50, best 1000 to 1100-lb., \$4.60 to \$5.00, best fat cows, \$3.25 to \$3.40, fair to good, \$2.50 to \$2.75, mixed butchers' fat cows, \$3.25 to \$3.50, canners, \$3.00 to \$3.25, common bulls, \$2.50 to \$2.75, good shipper's bulls, \$3.50 to \$3.75, bologna, bulls, \$3.30 to \$3.50, stock bulls, \$2.50 to \$2.75. The cow market was dull and lower, best cows, \$4.50 to \$5.00, medium, \$3.50 to \$4.00, common, \$2.00 to \$2.25. Hogs—Market lower; best mediums, \$5.25 to \$5.50, few choice heavy, at \$5.65, best corn, Yorkers, \$5.65 to \$5.75, common, \$4.75 to \$5.00, pigs, mostly \$3.50. Sheep—Market lower. Best lambs, \$5.50 to \$6.00, culled, \$4.50 to \$4.75, common, \$3.25 to \$3.50, sheep, \$4.75 to \$5.00, earlings, \$4.50 to \$4.75, about 30 cars unsold. Cattle, steady, at \$4.00 to \$4.25.

Grain, Etc. Detroit—Wheat—Cash, No. 2 red, \$1.02 1/2, December opened unchanged at \$1.04 1/2, May opened at \$1.07 1/2, gained 1/2c and declined to \$1.06 1/2, July, 93c, No. 3 red, \$1.05 1/2, No. 4, \$1.04 1/2, No. 5, \$1.03 1/2, No. 6, \$1.02 1/2, No. 7, \$1.01 1/2, No. 8, \$1.00 1/2, No. 9, \$1.00, No. 10, \$1.00, No. 11, \$1.00, No. 12, \$1.00, No. 13, \$1.00, No. 14, \$1.00, No. 15, \$1.00, No. 16, \$1.00, No. 17, \$1.00, No. 18, \$1.00, No. 19, \$1.00, No. 20, \$1.00, No. 21, \$1.00, No. 22, \$1.00, No. 23, \$1.00, No. 24, \$1.00, No. 25, \$1.00, No. 26, \$1.00, No. 27, \$1.00, No. 28, \$1.00, No. 29, \$1.00, No. 30, \$1.00, No. 31, \$1.00, No. 32, \$1.00, No. 33, \$1.00, No. 34, \$1.00, No. 35, \$1.00, No. 36, \$1.00, No. 37, \$1.00, No. 38, \$1.00, No. 39, \$1.00, No. 40, \$1.00, No. 41, \$1.00, No. 42, \$1.00, No. 43, \$1.00, No. 44, \$1.00, No. 45, \$1.00, No. 46, \$1.00, No. 47, \$1.00, No. 48, \$1.00, No. 49, \$1.00, No. 50, \$1.00, No. 51, \$1.00, No. 52, \$1.00, No. 53, \$1.00, 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"Perhaps You'd Like to Hire the Whole Shebang?" Says I, Sarcastic.



CHAPTER I.

The Masters.

I heard about the pair first from Emmeline Eldredge, "Emmie T." we always call her. She was first mate to the cook at the Old Summer Home house that summer. She came down to the landing one morning after breakfast and have alongside of where I was setting in the stern of my sloop, the Dora Bassett, untangling fish lines. She had a tin pail in her fist, indicating that her sailing orders was to go after milk. But she saw me and run down in ballast to swap yarns.

"My sakes! Mr. Pratt," says she, "have you heard about Nate Scudder?"

"Yes," I says, "Ever since I come to Wellmouth."

"I mean about what him and his wife has just done," says she. "It's the queerest thing! You'll never guess it in the world."

"Ain't been giving his money to the poor, has he?" says I, for, generally speaking, it takes a strong man and a cold chisel to separate Nate Scudder from a cent.

"Oh! ain't you the funniest thing!" she squeals. "No indeed! He's let his house to some city folks, and—"

"Ain't that the cook calling you?" I asks. "I'm a homeopath when it comes to Emmie T., I like to take her in small doses—she agrees with me better that way."

It was the cook, and Emmeline kited off after the milk, only stopping long enough to yell back. "Folks say they're dreadful rich and stylish. I'll tell you next time I see you."

Well, I caltated she wouldn't—not if I saw her first—and didn't pay no more attention to the yarn, except to think that June was pretty early for city folks to be renting houses. There was only three or four boarders at the Old Home so far, and I was to take a couple of 'em over to Trumet in the sloop that very day.

But, while we was on the way over, one of the couple—sort of a high-toned edition of Emmie T. she was—she turns to her messmate, another pullet from the same coop, and says she: "Oh! say!" she says. "Have you heard about the two young fellers from New York who've rented that Scudder house on the—on the—what do they call it? Oh, yes! the Neck road. I heard Nettie Brown say they were too dear for anything. Let's drive past there to-morrow; shall we?"

So there it was again and I begun to wonder what sort of critters Nate had hooked. I judged that they must be a kind of goldfish or he wouldn't have baited for 'em. Nate ain't the man to be satisfied with a mess of sculpins.

I landed the boarders at Trumet and they went up to the village to do some shopping. Then I headed across the harbor to shake hands with the Trumet light keeper, who is a friend of mine. His wife told me he'd gone over to town, too, so I come about and back to the landing again. And I'm blessed if there wasn't Nate Scudder himself, setting on a mackerel keg at the end of the wharf and looking worried.

I hadn't hoisted the jib on the way down, and now I let the mainsail drop and went forward.

"Hello, Nate!" I hailed, as the Dora Bassett slid up to the wharf.

He kind of jumped, and looked at me as if he'd just woke up.

"Hello, Sol!" he says, sort of mournful. Then he turned his eyes toward

the bay again and appeared to be staring in on another nap.

"Hear you got some boarders over to your home," I says, heaving him a line as a hint for him to come out of his trance and make me fast.

"Yes," says he, paying no attention to the line.

"Come early in the season, ain't they?" says I, grabbing hold of one of the wharf spiles and bringing my boat alongside easy as I could.

"Yaas," says he, again. Then he fetched a long breath and opened his mouth as if he was going to go on. But he didn't, all that comes out of the mouth afore it shut up was another "Yes."

I made the Dora Bassett fast myself and climbed on to the wharf.

"Are they call'ing to stay long?" I asks. He'd got me interested. Seemed to have the "yes" disease bad.

"Yes," says he. "Oh—er—yes."

I was a little mite provoked. Not that I was banking to have Nate Scudder heave his arms around my neck and tell me he loved me, but I didn't know any reason why my pumps should suck dry every time I tried 'em.

"Humph!" I grunted, starting to walk off. "Well, be careful of your self; look out it don't develop into nothing worse."

"What do you mean?" he sings out, seeming to be waked up for good, at last.

"Oh," says I; "I judged by the way you kept your mouth shut that you had sore throat and was afraid of getting cold. Good day."

Would you believe it, he got up off that mackerel keg and chased after me.

"Hold on, Sol!" he says, kind of pleading. "Don't be in such a hurry. I wanted to talk to you."

I had to laugh; couldn't help it. "Yes," says I, "I kind of suspected that you did, from your chatty remarks. If you'd said 'yes' nine or ten times more I'd have been sure of it."

"Well, I did," he says. "I wanted to ask you—I thought I'd see what you thought—you see—"

Here he kind of faded away again, and stood still and wiped his forehead.

"Look here, Nate Scudder," I says, "for a man that wants to talk you make the poorest fist at it of anybody ever I see. Why don't you try singing or making signs? I wouldn't wonder if you got ahead faster."

He grinned, a feeble sort of lopsided grin, and tried another tack.

"You were speaking of them boarders of mine," he says.

"Yes, I was," I says.

"They come day afore yesterday—early," says he.

"Um-hum. So I heard," I says.

He fidgeted a minute or so more. Then he took me by the arm and led me back to the keg.

"Sol," he says, "set down. I want to ask you something. By gum! I got to ask somebody. I'm—I'm worried."

"Yes?" I said, giving him a little of his own medicine.

"Yes. Them boarders—they worry me. Me and Huldy set up till nine o'clock last night talking about 'em. She thinks maybe they stole the money, and I don't know but they're crazy, ran away from an asylum or something. You've seen more city folks than I have, being around the hotel so. See what you think."

"Twas this way," he went on; "I got a letter from the feller in New

York that I sell cranberries to. He said a couple of friends of his wanted to come to a place in the country where 'twas quiet. Did I know of such a place round here? Well, course, I wrote back that 'twas nice and quiet right at our house. There wasn't no lie in that, was there, Sol?"

"No," I says. "I should say 'twouldn't be shoving the truth too close if you'd said there was more quietness than anything else down on the Neck road."

"Well," he goes on, not noticing the sarcasm, "I wrote and never got a word back. Me and Huldy had given up hearing. And then, yesterday morning, they come—both of 'em. Nice lookin' young fellers as ever you see, they are; dressed just like the chaps in the clothes advertisements in the back of the magazines. The biggest one—they're both half as tall as that mast, seems so—he took up his hat and says, kind of lazy and grand, like a steamboat captain:

"Mr. Scudder?" he says.

"That's my name," says I. I was kind of suspicious; there's been so many sewing-machine agents and such round town this spring. And yet I'd ought to have known—he wasn't no sewing-machine agent.

"Ah!" he says. "You've been expecting us, then. Has the luggage come?"

"What in time did I know about his luggage, as he called it?"

"No," says I. "Taint."

"Oh, well, never mind," he says, just as if a ton or two of baggage didn't count anyway. "Can you give us two sleeping rooms, two baths, a setting room, and a room for my man?"

"Two baths?" says I. "Can't you take a bath by-yourself? You seem to be having lots of fun—jokes with me. Would you mind saying what your name is and what you want?"

"He looked me over sort of odd. 'Beg pardon,' he said. 'I thought you were expecting us. Here's my card.'"

"I looked at it, and there was the name 'Edward Van Brunt,' printed on it. Then I begun to get my bearings, as you might say."

"Oh!" I says. "I see."

"So glad, I'm sure," he says. "Now can you give us the sleeping rooms, the baths, and the room for my man?"

"Humph!" says I, lookin' back at the house behind me. "If me and Huldy bunked in the henhouse and the chibe boy in the cellar, maybe we could accommodate you, 'that is, all but the baths. You'd have to take turns with the washbuck for them," I says.

"He laughed. He was so everlasting cool about things that it sort of riled me up."

"Perhaps you'd like to hire the whole shebang," says I, sarcastic, pointing to the house.

He looked at it. It looked sort of cheerful, with the sytanga over the door, and the morning glories hiding where the whitewash was off.

"Good idea!" he says. "I would."

"Well, that was too many for me!" I went into the house and fetched out Huldy Ann—she's my wife. There ain't many women in this town can beat her when it comes to managing and business, if I do say it.

"How long would you want the house for?" says Huldy, when I told her what was going on.

A month, says Van Brunt, turning to the other city feller. "Hey, Martin!" "Other chap nodded."

"All right," says Van Brunt. "How much?"

"Thinks I, 'I'll scare you, my fine feller. And so I says, A month? Well, I don't know. Maybe, to accommodate, I might let you have it for two hundred." I sort of edged off then, thinking sure he'd be mad, but he wasn't—not him. Two hundred it is," he says, and fished out a little blank book and one of them pocket pens.

"Name's Scudder?" he asks.

"Yes," says I. "Nathan Scudder. One T in Nathan."

"And I don't know as you'll believe it, Sol," says Nate, finishing up, "but that feller made out a check for two hundred and passed it over to me like 'twas a postage stamp. What do you think of that?"

I didn't know what to think of it. On general principles I'd say that a man who wanted to board with Nate and Huldy Ann Scudder was crazy anyhow; but of course these fellers didn't know.

"It beats me, Nate," I says. "What do you think?"

"Blessed if I know!" says Scudder, with another of them long breaths. "All I'm sure of is that they're up home, with the parlor blinds open and the carpet fading, and me and Huldy's living in the barn. She's doing the cookin' for 'em till this man of theirs comes. Land knows what kind of a man he is, too. And that check was on a New York bank, and I've just been up to Trumet here with it and the cashier says 'twill be a week afore I know whether it's good or not. And I can't make out whether them two are thieves, or lunatics, or what. And Huldy can't neither. I never was so worried in my life."

I kind of chuckled down inside. The idea of anybody's skinnin' Nate Scudder was the highest to the biter's being bit of anything I ever come across. And just then I see my two passengers coming.

"Well, cheer up, Nate," I says. "Maybe you'll get the reward, whether it's lunatics or thieves. Only you want to look out and not be took for an accomplice."

He fairly shivered up when I said that, and I laughed to myself all the way out of Trumet harbor. One thing I was sure of: Them two New Yorkers must be queer birds and I wanted to see 'em.

And the very next afternoon I did see 'em. They come down the Old

Home pier together, walking as if they didn't care a whole continental whether they ever got anywhere or not. One of 'em, the smallest one—he wasn't more'n six foot one and a half—looked sort of sick to me. He had a white face, and that kind of tired, don't-care look in his eye; and the bigger one sort of 'tended to things for him.

"Good morning," says the big one—the Van Brunt one, I judged—cheerful enough. "Other chap said, 'Good morning,' too."

"Morning," says I. "Can you take us out sailing?"

"Why—er—I guess so," I says. "I don't know why I can't, if you feel like going. Course—"

I hadn't finished what I was going to say afore they were in the boat. Now, generally speaking, there's some bargaining to be done afore you take folks out for a three-dollar sail. You naturally expect it, you know—not so much from boarders as from towners, but still, some. But not for these two—no, sir! It was this powerful suddenness of theirs that hit me betwixt wind and water, same as it had Nate. Made me feel sort of like I'd missed the train. Stirred up my suspicions again, too.

'Twas a nice day, one of them clear blue and green days that you get early in June. The water wasn't rugged, but just choppy enough to be pretty, and the breeze was about notheast, givin' us a fair run down the bay.

"This is grand!" says the big fellow, as the Dora Bassett began to feel her oats and lay down to her work.

"Caesar!" Van," said the other one; "why do you bring me down to earth like that? Grand! Bleeker next!" He hollered out this last part in a kind of screechy sing-song. Then they both laughed.

I looked at 'em. There wasn't nothing to laugh at, so far as I could see, and the 'Bleeker' business didn't appear to have no sense in it, either. They made two or three other speeches that sounded just as foolish. Thinks I, "I wonder if Scudder's right?" They didn't look like lunatics, but you can't always tell. Old man Ebenezer Doane went to church of a Sunday morning just as sensible acting as a Second Adventer could be; but when he got home he fired the bean-pot at his wife chased his children out door with a clam hoe, and they found him settin' astraddle of the henhouse singing "Beulah Land" to the chickens. These fellers might be harmless loons that had been farmed out, as you might say, by the asylum folks. There was that "man" that Nate said was coming. He might be their keeper.

"I understand you've got a friend coming," says I, by way of ground bait.

"Friend?" says the big one. "Friend? I don't understand."

"Scudder said you had another man coming to his house," says I.

He smiled. "Oh, I see." Then he smiled again, a queer lazy kind of a smile, like as if he was amused at himself or his thoughts.

"I don't know that I should call him a friend, Mr.—er—"

"Pratt," says I. "Solomon Pratt?"

"Thanks. No, I wouldn't go so far as to call him a friend, and yet he's not an enemy—not openly." He smiled again, and the other chap—whose name I found out was Hartley—Martin Hartley—smiled too.

"He's the man Van here belongs to," explained the Hartley one. They both smiled again.

I kind of jumped, I guess, when he said that. It began to look as if the asylum idea was the right one, and this feller that was coming was the keeper.

"Hum," says I, and nodded my head just as if the whole business was as plain as A B C. "Do you belong to anybody?" I says to Hartley.

"I did," says he, "but he's doing time."

"Doing time?" says I. "Yes," says he, explaining, kind of impatient like. "Up the river, you know."

I chewed over this for a minute, and all I could think of was that the feller must be in a clock factory or a watchmaker's or something.

"Watches?" I asks.

Hartley seemed to be too tired of life to want to answer, but his chum did it for him.

"No," says he. "I believe it was pearl studs on the showdown."

Well, this was crazy talk enough for anybody. I didn't want to stir 'em up none—I've always heard that you had to be gentle with lunatics—so I went on, encouraging 'em like

"Studs, hey?" says I.

"Yes," says he. "He was a British beast, and Martin was all balled up in the street at the time—away from his apartments a good deal—and the B. B. annexed everything in sight."

"Go 'long!" says I, for the sake of saying something.

"Beg pardon," says he.

"Nothing," says I, and we stopped talking.

They seemed to enjoy the sail first rate, and acted as rational as could be, generally speaking. They didn't know a topping lift from a center-board, so far as boat went, but that wasn't strange; I'd seen plenty of boarders like that. But never afore had I seen two that acted or talked like them.

We got back to the wharf along about dusk, and I walked with 'em a piece on their way to Nate's. I was keeping a sort of old back hall just outside the village and so it wasn't much out of my way. They had me guessing and I wanted more time to work on the riddle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Asparagus an Old Vegetable.
One of the oldest known food plants is asparagus.

TWO WIVES CLAIMED ONE HUSBAND

MAN LED A DOUBLE LIFE, FLED WHEN EXPOSURE WAS MADE.

QUARREL WAS FATAL.

Suspicious Wife Finds She Is Not No. 1—Laborer Killed in a Fight in Beet Field.

With the disappearance a week ago of Samuel Kirkland, aged about 30 years, from Battle Creek, and an expert bridge builder, comes to light a story of a man with two wives and showing the grand finale of a double life, alleged to have been lived by him. Kirkland came from Jackson and brought with him his wife. About every other night he would remain away from home, and a week ago his wife became suspicious and asked him where he had been. His answer was that he had been visiting with relatives. The wife, however, grew worried at the practice continued and she asked him the name of his relatives.

Kirkland, it is said, gave her the name of the people at whose house he had been staying, not thinking his wife would make an investigation. She did, and when she called at the 'relative's' she found that the woman there was "Mrs. Kirkland No. 1." Wife No. 1 made inquiries and learned that the visitor was also the wife of the man whom she believed to be her husband exclusively. Both women called on Kirkland, but the only answer he would make was "I am very sorry." Two days after he left Battle Creek and the efforts of the two Mrs. Kirklands to locate him have been in vain.

Claims Self Defense.

John Soesil, a Bohemian, 40 years old, of Toledo O., is dead, and Maywood Godfrey, 35 years old of Addison, is locked up in jail charged with killing him. The affair is the result of a quarrel between the men, who were employed as laborers in the beet fields of John Landan. For several days the two men had nursed grievances against each other and while plowing a field, Soesil is alleged to have approached Godfrey with a threat. They stood quarreling over how beet fields should be plowed, and witnesses, when Soesil made a leap towards Godfrey.

The latter dodged and running several feet away from his fellow laborer, picked up a stone and threw it at him. Soesil dropped to the ground in a heap. He murmured something, but no one was able to catch what he said. He died instantly. Godfrey, after being taken to jail, said that he threw the stone which killed Soesil in self defense.

Wrecked House, Killed Two.

Sixteen pounds of dynamite, which were being thawed in an oven, exploded on a farm south of Clare, killing Harry and Lewis Kanair and probably fatally injuring their mother, Mrs. Jas. Quick. Two other members of the family were at the barn and luckily escaped. The dynamite placed in the oven was evidently forgotten for a time, and on opening the oven door it was discovered on fire. Harry seized it to throw it out of doors and was virtually blown to pieces. Lewis lived only two hours. The house was wrecked, one end being completely blown out.

Trial Postponed.

The idea that Harry C. Lewis, cashier of the defunct Athens State Savings bank, will never be brought to trial is being borne out by the fact that every week an adjournment is taken. Lewis is charged with forgery, but the case never comes up in court, and Athens residents say it never will. Despite the young man's deficiencies and their dire results, Athens stands by him. Though indicted as a forger he occupies a sort of pedestal in the village, and will undoubtedly escape punishment for his manipulation of the bank's records.

Farmer Killed.

Peter Peterson, 60, a farmer living north of Ludington, was thrown under the wheels of his heavily loaded wagon and instantly killed Saturday afternoon. He was driving a load of corn stalks to the city when his team became frightened and started to run. A portion of the cornstalks fell from the wagon, carrying Peterson with them. The wagon ran over him, crushing him so badly that he died without regaining consciousness.

Sight Restored.

After having been in darkness for 30 years, Miss Alice Hollis, of Port Huron, is on her way home from Germany unaccompanied, able to recognize her friends and to make her own way unaided. Miss Hollis, whose affliction was regarded as incurable, left Port Huron for Germany last March. In Wiesbaden an operation was performed upon her eyes. According to messages which she has sent to friends there, her sight has been growing continually stronger ever since. After leaving Germany she spent some time in England, returning to New York city a week ago.

A resolution to investigate his office having been defeated, Probate Judge P. B. Reynolds, of Coldwater, appeared before the supervisors and personally asked for one before his retirement in January. The request was refused.

Five girls saw the arm of Richard Brown, superintendent of the Kalamazoo Playing Card Co., slowly crushed between immense rollers, and faint. The arm was amputated.

The Grand Trunk has ordered its passenger engineers and firemen on the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee branch to move to Battle Creek from Milwaukee Junction.

STATE NEWS BRIEFS.

Kicked in the head by a horse, John Ernbaugh, aged 60, a Bannister farmer, died of a fractured skull.

While switching cars on the narrow gauge railroad of Mitchell Bros., in Jennings, Frank Hughes fell under a car and was killed.

Clark Brown, aged 88, of Battle Creek, dropped dead of heart failure while in the office of a specialist he had gone to consult.

Deputy Factory Inspector Frank T. Ley has ordered the theaters at Stanton and Jonia closed because of dangerous fire conditions.

District Supt. Collins imported 10 English minsters to supply M. E. pulpits in the upper peninsula, finding the supply scarce in this country.

Dependent over the death of his two horses, Frank Morawicz, garden truck peddler of Buena Vista township, swallowed carbolic acid and died.

George North, whose wife claims to have been left a fortune by an aged admirer in Seattle, Wash., last spring, was arrested in Detroit Monday for refusing to pay alimony.

While the family of Luther Leer, in Rutland township, were away from home Sunday, a can of gasoline exploded, setting fire to the house, which burned to the ground.

While Miss Lena Sheatsley, of Niles, was handling a supposedly unloaded revolver the weapon was discharged and the bullet struck her mother, breaking a bone just above the knee.

J. F. Winkler, a farmer living three miles from Marquette, city limits, killed three black bears on his farm Monday. They were purchased by a local butcher, who shipped them to Chicago.

Mrs. Ann Jeanette Averill Reamer, granddaughter of Gen. Marsh, a famous revolutionary soldier, is dead at her home in Hastings, aged 93. She was one of the oldest pioneers of Barry county.

Chief of Police Marx has received a letter from Roger Hunt, a wealthy Englishman, asking that a search be made for his son, William T. Hunt, who was last heard from in Port Huron in 1889.

Accusing A. J. Dornbos, Grand Rapids grocer, of taking some fruit from his cart, an unknown Italian peddler fired at him. The bullet went through Dornbos' hat, grazing his head. The Italian escaped.

While driving from Cadillac to Grand Rapids, the auto of Richard Massey, wealthy lumberman, went over a 25-foot embankment. He escaped with slight bruises, but the machine was wrecked.

The report of Grand Secretary Wilder read at the annual convention of the grand lodge of Odd Fellows showed that the membership in Michigan is now over 50,000, while that of the Rebekahs is 28,998.

The divorced wife of Clement Waggoner, of Bay City, who shot his common law wife and killed himself, was among the mourners at his burial. Waggoner's aged mother with difficulty raised money for the funeral.

The grain and bean warehouses of C. H. Wells & Co. and the lumber warehouse of Dallavo Bros., at Greenville, were destroyed by fire of unknown origin. Three Grand Trunk cars were burned, total loss, \$9,000.

Blind and penniless "Dick" Langford, who claims to have discovered the big Colby mine, now worth millions, has been sent to the Ontonagon poor farm. He charges he was defrauded out of his interest in the mine.

In a collision between a west-bound passenger and an ore train on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad, Peter Balms, brakeman, was killed and Herman Bryston, engineer, seriously injured. No passengers were hurt.

Francis Dandies, aged 17, claiming to come from Hindustan, was arrested in Port Huron as a vagrant. He said that he was making a trip around the world. He carried with him a tent in which he lived. He is being detained here pending an investigation.

After cashing a check for \$100 in Saginaw, Cornelius Geddes, started to drive to his farm, eight miles, near Thomastown, but the team arrived there without him. His family fears he was drowned while crossing a Titabawassee river ford.

Articles of incorporation of the State bank of Harbor Beach, capital \$20,000, were approved. The Litchfield State Savings bank, \$20,000, and the First State Savings bank of Bronson, \$50,000, formerly private, have been chartered as state banks.

W. W. Wedemeyer, receiver of the Chelsea Savings bank, sent out checks for a dividend of 20 per cent on savings deposits and 5 per cent on commercial deposits Monday. The bank has now paid 50 cents on savings and 75 on commercial deposits in its two dividends.

Fred Parker, the Grand Trunk brakeman who was convicted in Port Huron of a brutal assault on Elizabeth Pilger, a crippled girl, was sentenced to four from four to six years in the Jackson penitentiary Friday. Parker was arrested several weeks ago in Winnipeg.

Farmers in Mecosta county are dissatisfied with the price of potatoes, 45 cents a bushel. The various local

A Complete Drug Store

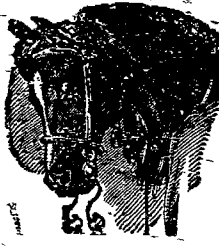
That's just what we have here—one to which you can come for anything in the druggist's line and not be disappointed.

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.



Practical HORSESHOEING
All Work Guaranteed.
SAUVIE & WALTER
NORTHVILLE. PROPERS.

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 fixtures.

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

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.

209 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

FLAT DWELLERS

Have you ever noticed how hard it is to keep the hot part of your ranges black? You can put STOVINK on those red prongs on the top of your gas range, and it will blacken them a dead black that will stay black. Also very good on the even front.

STOVINK is a chemical preparation that is used in place of polish. It is not explosive. A child can apply it and it will cure all your gas range troubles.

For Sale by
CARPENTER & HUFF.

EXCURSION

TO

DETROIT

via.

Pere Marquette

on

Sund'y, Oct. 25

Train leaves Northville at 9:33 a. m.; returning, leaves Detroit at 7:00 p. m.

Round Trip 25c

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Estella Harrington is much better.

Willis Harrington is making his annual canvass for holiday books.

The St. Mary's society cleared about \$120 at their banquet last week.

Frank Lauray has been drawn to serve on the November term of the circuit court.

Miss Nannie Benton is slowly gaining. She arrived home Saturday from the hospital.

N. Neilson expects to move his family to Monroe soon where he has purchased a bakery.

The Jolly Euchre club was very pleasantly entertained Monday evening by Mrs. C. E. Clarkson.

Ed. Johnson, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson, is taking baths for rheumatism at Mt. Clemens.

Mrs. J. W. Turner, wife of the Methodist minister, is slowly recovering from her recent operation.

The "500" club were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Kate Hubbard Tuesday evening.

Catholic services in their house, corner of Center and Dunlap streets, next Sunday morning at 7:30 standard time.

The International Live Stock Exposition will be held in the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23 to Dec. 10.

Geo. McFarlane has bought the Angell house on Cady street occupied for some years past by Mr. Grinnell and family.

The report in last week's issue of the ball game between the Juniors and Salem team should have read 6 to 3 in favor of the latter.

The annual inspection of A. M. Harmon W. R. C. is to be held Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, with Mrs. Austin of Milford as inspector.

Mrs. Jessie Power and Mrs. Sumner Power entertained the Fleur-de-lis whist club at the home of the former Monday to a five o'clock dinner.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the West Livonia church will serve dinner Nov. 5 at the home of Mrs. Chas. Smock, for the benefit of the church and Sunday school.

All the officers and members of the W. R. C. are requested to be present at the hall Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 2 o'clock sharp for practice. By order of the president.

The forty-eighth annual state Sunday school convention will be held in Detroit, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, November 11, 12 and 13, in the Woodward avenue Baptist church.

At their last meeting the Lady Macabees gave their finance keeper, Mrs. Mercy Evans, a surprise supper and also presented her with a Macabee pin. Mrs. Myrta Brown will take her place in the Hive.

The hustlers of the L. O. T. M. M. will give a progressive pedro party in Chadwick's hall Tuesday evening, Oct. 27. All members of the L. O. T. M. M. and their wives and the L. O. T. M. M. and their husbands are cordially invited to attend. Admission ten cents.

The K. of P.'s of Northville have opened a club room in the Whipple building, second floor. It is being fitted out in fine shape and will certainly be a good place for members to pass some of their time these long winter evenings. There will be daily papers, telephone, billiards, etc., and a fire day and night. Membership is restricted to the members of the order of K. of P.

John E. Wedow, the auctioneer, is not only a man, but when it comes to officiating at auction sales, he is the whole thing. He has only been in the work about two years, but is fast making a record for himself. All who contemplate sales the coming season will make no mistake when they engage Mr. Wedow as their crier. His address is Walled Lake, R. F. D. 2, or Bell phone Farm. 4L 2R.

An extremely pretty and greatly enjoyed party was given last Friday evening by Mrs. Wm. Fredericks in honor of the twelfth birthday of her daughter, Helen, with twelve of the latter's young girl friends as the guests. The decorations were appropriate to the season, consisting of autumn leaves, corn shocks and jack o'lanterns. The dining room was prettily illuminated by only the soft light of the twelve candles accompanying the birthday cake, and each of the happy young guests had the privilege of blowing out a candle and making a wish at the close of the merry feast.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulets. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:
W. W. Williams
Barcus Navarro
Henry George

Mrs. Jas. Huff, who has been quite ill, is better.

The Presbyterian minister's wives of Detroit and vicinity will spend Monday, Nov. 2, with Mrs. Jerome.

A special meeting of Union Chapter No. 55, will be held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23. Work on Past and Most Excellent degrees.

Mrs. Leonard Charter celebrated her birthday yesterday by entertaining several lady friends. Her daughter, Mrs. Desautel, of Detroit was present.

Governor Warner cancelled his campaign dates the first of the week and went up into the fire districts to make a personal investigation of the catastrophe and the needs of the suffering people.

Mrs. Hansford was taken suddenly ill with heart trouble while attending services in the Methodist church Sunday morning. She was taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Grant, and is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry German entertained about fifteen couple from Northville Wednesday evening at cards. Mr. and Mrs. German are royal entertainers and the guests could not help but have a good time.

A circular has been received by the U. S. Express Co. of this place that food or clothing can be sent by express to the fire sufferers in Northern Michigan, free of charge, and that same should be consigned to the mayor of the city to which it is sent.

Mrs. J. J. Hornberger received the sad news of the death of her little nephew in Omaha, Neb., Tuesday. The remains were brought to Medina, Ohio, for burial. Mrs. Hornberger left Wednesday night to attend the services.

Mrs. Lester Cook heard a terrible commotion among her chickens Tuesday morning and upon investigation found a wild goose had dropped in their midst while attempting to fly over. Undoubtedly the Cook's will have goose for dinner some of these fine days.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The usual services will be held Sunday. Subject for morning, "The Cross-Glorious Church." Evening, "The Highest Grade of Religion." Everybody made welcome.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

Rev. M. H. Wallace of Detroit preached last Sunday evening by exchange with the pastor and the sermon on "True Liberty" will therefore be given next Sunday evening.

Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The W. H. M. S. realized about nine dollars at their supper Tuesday night.

Rev. J. W. Turner will be home from Evanston, Ill., and occupy his pulpit Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. S. D. Eva, pastor of the Arnold Methodist church, Detroit, occupied the pulpit Sunday morning and evening. He gave two excellent sermons.

Auction Sales.

Arthur Lamb, living 1/2 mile west of West Farmington school house, will sell a large quantity of farm implements, and stock, Thursday, Oct. 23, beginning at 10 a. m. with lunch at noon. John E. Wedow, auctioneer.

Mrs. John Hirsch will sell the personal property of her late husband Saturday, Oct. 31, in front of the stone blacksmith shop. L. L. Brooks, auctioneer.

SABINE'S CURATIVE OIL.

Warren, Pa., March 3, '92
I came to Warren in 1874 and at that time Curative Oil was largely used for burns, ulcers, eczema, etc. I was induced to try it upon recommendation of Dr. Bartholomew. I do not recollect of ever having been disappointed in its use. During a practice of 22 years this is the only testimonial I have ever written regarding any preparation. E. D. Preston, M. D. Prepared by Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale by Murdock Bros.

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.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under this head inserted for 15c per line and 10c per week for each subsequent issue.

FOR RENT—Good house opposite grist mill. Apply to T. G. Richardson. 14

FOR SALE—Smith Premier Typewriter, good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 404

FOR SALE—Sewing machine. Latest improved drop-leaf. Best made. Cheap. Record office. 404

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All price and clean and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 4

FOR SALE—22 young pigs two months old. L. B. Reynolds, Bell phone 112-4J. 11w1

FOR SALE—One Base Burner, Art Garland No. 300. Cheap if taken at once. Inquire at Record office. 87

FOR RENT—Part of house and board own er. Inquire of W. P. Johnson. 10w4p

FOR SALE—One "good cow," two heifer calves, also a good stove for burning soft coal or wood. L. B. Charter. Independent phone 223 L. 11w2p

FOR SALE—250 egg Zephyr incubator. 2 brooders of 200 chick capacity; 1 bone cutter. Wm Wesley, 30 Plymouth Ave. 11w2p

FOR SALE—Ferrets. Inquire of Lou Power. Bell phone 120 L 3R. 12w2

FOR SALE—Two Colie puppies. Apply to Francis Chadwick. Home phone 303 3R.

FOR SALE—House and lot next to B. A. Farmer's. Cheap. Jno Schoutz.

FOR SALE—Extracted honey, 10c and 12c per pound, also 1 heater coal stove for \$3.00. D. Siver. 12w1p

FOR SALE—The Dodge Fruit farm. Will sell for cash or easy terms to suit purchaser, or will trade for smaller place. J. Dodge, Northville, Mich. 12d

FOR SALE—1 black walnut bed, including springs and mattress and wash stand to match bed, \$10.00. 1 iron bed, \$15.00; 1 couch with good springs, \$15.00. 1 beautiful piano, practically new, was \$400, now \$275 if sold soon. Inquire at this office 12f

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario College, now has his office in residence, corner of Cady and Center streets. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones 13f

The Shah's Jewels.

It is no small wonder that the shah guards his gems so jealously, for they are absolutely unique. His greatest treasure is a sword whose hilt and scabbard are encrusted with diamonds of marvelous size and brilliancy worth £300,000. The imperial crown contains a ruby which is regarded as the finest in the world. Such a one could not be bought for £150,000. There are in the vaults the girdle of state (which is heavily inlaid with diamonds and emeralds) and an immense silver vase thickly overlaid with pearls and turquoises. A remarkable object is a terrestrial globe with the land worked in enamel and jewels, the rivers are made of diamonds, the lakes of turquoises and the mountains are raised and contoured in beautiful gold work.—Detroit News Tribune

What's an Inch of Rain?

The r. in fell in buckets, the thunder rumbled terribly, and the lightning drew zigzag lines of blight gold upon the violet sky.

"So you, too, don't know what an inch of rain is exactly," said the weather clerk, as he looked at his rain measuring instrument. "Very few people do, it seems. I'll explain it to you."

"An acre is 6,272,640 square inches. An inch of water on an acre is therefore 6,272,640 cubic inches. That amount at 227 cubic inches to the gallon, equals 22,000 gallons, or 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons.

"An inch of rain is, in other words, rain falling at the rate of 100 tons to the acre."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

N. RATHBUN

PRACTICAL HORSESHOEING and GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

Church Street
Perrin Building, - NORTHVILLE.

Fifteen years of Practical experience. Special attention given to Lame and Interfering Horses, and Drivers.

DENTIST

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

J. E. WEDOW, Auctioneer

A Good Seller; Gives Perfect Satisfaction; Terms Reasonable.
Bell Phone, Farm. 4-2. 2-R.
Post Office, WALLED LAKE, MICH.
R. F. D. No. 2.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market, corrected up to date.
Wheat, new—96c. Wheat, old—96c.
Oats, new—45c. Oats, old—55c.
Corn in ear—40c. Shelled corn—80c.
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs dressed—\$7.00
Cattle—\$4.25
Lamb—\$4.75
Beef hides—6c per lb.
Veal calves live—\$7.00
Eggs—25c. Butter—26c.
Poultry live:
Turkeys, young and plump—13c.
Geese, young and plump—10c.
Ducks, young and plump—8c.
Hens—6c.

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.**

CALL IN

We can do your Photographic Work and do it right—we want to prove this statement and show you that what we say we mean.

HAVE YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS

TAKEN NOW

We have our Fall and Christmas styles to show you and it is time you were thinking about having your work done. Nothing can ever take the place of Photos for a present.

Picture Framing to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Northville Art Studio

NORTHVILLE, MICH. L. L. BALL, Artist.

Doc Says==

Get Ready for the Game.

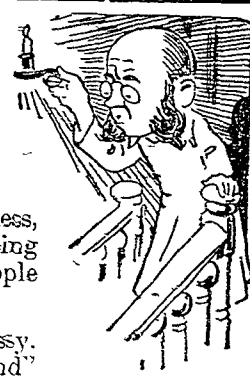
It does not matter what your particular game is, Business, Politics or College Work—you must realize the advantage of being well dressed; particularly in respect to the attitude of other people toward you.

We "get 'em" right here for it is our business to see that dressy, genteel clothes are within your reach. Select one of our "West-End" Suits and you will be in the game.

Newest and Most Exclusive Fabrics
New Novelty Cuffs on Sleeves
Slightly Form-Fitting Coat
Four Button Vests. Come and try 'em on.

Do not forget our "Dndley" Suits for Boys; 2 piece, extra pants, Knickerbocker style, strictly all-wool. Price.....\$5.00

Wm. GORTON
NORTHVILLE.



SERIAL STORY

THE SMUGGLER

By
ELLA MIDDLETON
TYBOUT

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1905, by E. B. Lippincott Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently demented stranger who finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Elise shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a sightseeing tour met Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"He was to have been home by noon," she said, "and I have been standing here two hours. Sailboats are treacherous, and Harry is so reckless. Ah!"

The ejaculation was one of relief, as a white sail appeared and headed for the ship.

"I'm coming to see you," I called, as we walked on but the conclusion was forced upon me that she had forgotten my existence.

"Why do you suppose they use that forlorn little slip?" I inquired, "when there are plenty of good landing places further on?"

But the subject did not seem to interest Elizabeth, whom I had addressed, for she merely remarked with a sigh:

"I just hate to go back to that old hotel."

"But of course we could never rent the cottage," said Gabrielle the prudent.

"Oh, of course not," we agreed, and ascended the steps of the hotel in gloomy silence.

In the hall there were mountains of trunks, covered with a bewildering quantity of labels and a subdued air of excitement prevailed, indicating that the new arrivals were worthy of consideration. As soon as possible we investigated the register and found that Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith Campbell of London, England, were enjoying the hospitality of the house.

It was no use pretending that we were not impressed, for we were and we read the names over several times aloud to see how they sounded. It was our first encounter with British aristocracy outside of books and we hurried upstairs to make fresh toilets in their honor.

They did not appeal until we had nearly finished dinner, and we were so interested watching for them that we forgot to complain about the food.

Lord Wilfrid was disappointing, although he had the drooping blonde mustache and bored manner we were familiar with on the stage. I say this frankly, because we learned later that we had been unjust and that his unprepossessing appearance was simply the result of unrequited affection, which, of course, went very hard with one who was accustomed to having the world at his feet—especially the feminine world.

Lady Edith told us all about it after we got to know her very well, and explained that they had come to this quiet retreat, where they were sure to meet no one, to allow her brother to regain his usual poise before visiting their uncle, the governor general of Canada. She added that the length of their stay depended upon the benefit he derived from it, and hoped we would do what we could toward diverting him. We said we would.

Of course all this happened quite naturally as time went on, and I only mention it here to show how wrong it is to judge by appearances, for we thought Lord Wilfrid looked ill-natured and grumpy, whereas he was really suffering from a broken heart.

His sister, however, was all that could be desired, and suggested Lady Clara Vere de Vere in a very satisfactory manner. In fact, I heard Gabrielle murmur: "The daughter of a hundred ears," as Lady Edith swept through the doorway, and Elizabeth quoted: "The languid light of her proud eyes" when she inspected the somewhat dingy menu.

I don't think I said anything, for I was so absorbed in wondering whether the ripples on her golden hair were natural or acquired that I forgot everything else but when we met her the next day and felt the charm of her personality I was ready to swear that everything about her was genuine.

So absorbed were we that evening in discussing the brother and sister that we almost forgot the cottage; but I saw Elizabeth busily engaged with pencil and paper as we were preparing for bed, and was not altogether surprised to hear her voice from the next room after the lights were out.

"If we got a competent woman who would do our washing," she remarked, "it would not be much more expensive than staying here. I have calculated everything."

"But we could never find such a woman," Gabrielle said, interested but incredulous.

"The old man said his sister would come," returned Elizabeth. "Of course I did not engage her, but I know where to find her."

The next day we rented the cottage, engaged the competent woman, and notified the clerk at the hotel that our rooms would be at his disposal at the end of the week.

CHAPTER III.

We saw a good deal of the Campbells—or at least of Lady Edith—during the following week. She was unquestionably lovely, from the crown of her golden head to the tip of her dainty shoe, and, moreover, was endowed with that most enviable gift called personal magnetism; her smile was a caress, and the infection of her voice implied unqualified pleasure in the society of the person whom she happened to address.

We took her to the cottage, and she went over it with genuine interest, suggesting slight rearrangement of furniture, and lingering on the veranda as though reluctant to leave.

"I quite envy you," she said, with a trace of sadness in her voice. "You will be so cozy up here, and—the hotel is horrid, is it not?"

"You must come and see us very often," said Elizabeth, and Gabrielle and I echoed the invitation eagerly.

"How good of you!" she replied. "I shall be only too glad to come. And I may bring Wilfrid sometimes? We are both rather forlorn strangers in a strange land, you know."

We hastened to say we would be delighted to see Lord Wilfrid at any time, and Elizabeth, who had volunteered to keep house, added that tea would be on tap every afternoon and guests very welcome.

So we took possession of the cottage on the bluff and settled down for a long, lazy summer.

It was nice. That first evening as we sat on the veranda after our comfortable dinner, listening to the murmur of the waves and watching the myriad of stars overhead, we spoke contemptuously of the stuffy little hotel and pined those confined within its walls.

Elizabeth had heard from home that day, and told us that a man her father had recently met owned an island.



"Mr. John Clinton Blake," she read aloud, "and Mr. Gordon Bennett."

The card dropped from her hand, and she collapsed into the wood box. "What's the matter now?" demanded Gabrielle, fishing her friend out of its capacious depths.

"Gordon Bennett," said Elizabeth, "is the man who knows father, and who owns the island."

We stared at each other in incredulous silence, then sank down upon Mary Anne's immaculate floor and laughed until we were exhausted.

"I feel sure," said Elizabeth, when she could articulate, "that it is not the same man. This is some impostor."

"Mavhap," suggested Mary Anne, who had been an interested listener—"mavhap, miss, 'e's a smuggler."

Mary Anne had not long left the mother country, and her manipulation of the letter h was agreeable to our American ears. Lady Edith's faultless enunciation just now she was regarding us with the manner of one who possesses unimpaired information.

"It's quite awful, miss," she resumed, dropping her voice to a whisper, "and it do give a body the creeps so it do. But they say the smuggling 'ot goes on 'ereabout is most extraordinary."

"Smuggling?" repeated Gabrielle.

"Yes, miss, taking things in over the border without the duty—which I do say is a sin and a shame to 'ave to pay, so it is."

"It is perfectly right to pay it," Mary Anne Everybody should obey the laws of a country."

So spoke the general's daughter, but she carefully avoided looking at us, for we all intended investing heavily in furs before our return and getting them in without cost.

"Yes, miss," replied Mary Anne, without enthusiasm, and Gabrielle inquired in rather a muffled voice what the miscreants smuggled.

"Oh, most anything that comes 'and, miss. Fur, cloth, gloves, humbrellas, preshous jools—mostly diamonds. The feller they're lookin' fur deals in diamonds. Quite the gentlemen 'e is, too, so I've 'eard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BORES AT PUBLIC GATHERINGS.

Protest Against Prosy Utterers of Dreary Commonplaces.

Those who impute to us a national lack of patience and politeness must admit that there are occasions upon which we deserve a long mark for self-restraint and kindly consideration of the feelings of our tormentors. Undoubtedly altruism is one of the finest jewels in the moral crown, but it has its limits, and at the close of a season that has abounded in lectures and debates it seems a fitting time to protest against their being stretched beyond the point of human endurance by downright bores in the shape of chairmen and speakers, who vocally amble on and on while their audiences, however they may chafe inwardly at the waste of time and mental irritation, begotten of a dreary rehearsing of commonplaces, sit as patiently as dumb puppets.

In private their victims discuss the advisability of a stiff civil service course for chairmen who apparently are of the firm conviction that they are expected to make the longest addresses of the occasion over which they preside, and certainly they as well as other speakers frequently stand in need of training in the direction of much thought and few words.

force upon the aforesaid straw hat. Of course its owner promptly looked up, and equally of course we precipitately retreated.

"Do you think he saw us?" gasped Elizabeth, and I simultaneously as the doorbell rang; but Gabrielle had fled to the hall, where we heard her whisper hoarsely to Mary Anne over the banister.

We also heard that invaluable factotum's assurance that the ladies had just gone to the village, and a polite expression of regret, accompanied by a promise to call again.

We stole again to the window as our visitors retreated, and saw them pause, examine my side comb, and calmly drop it in Gabrielle's bag, which had not been left with Mary Anne, as, of course, it should have been.

"At this rate, Bennett," said a laughing voice, "you'll soon be able to open a junkshop. But I must say, old chap, we were very neatly snubbed. Wherefore?"

"I don't know," replied Bennett, "but I mean to find out, for I'm coming again very soon. I assure you, Blake, the picture doesn't begin."

The rest of the sentence was lost as the two men disappeared around the corner. We straightway held a council of war.

"I suppose," said Elizabeth, "he has lucid intervals and his attendant humors him, but this is no reason why we should be victimized. Let us caution Mary Anne."

We descended in a body to the kitchen and solemnly warned Mary Anne that the day she admitted our late visitor we would immediately part company. She in turn solemnly assured us that if he crossed the threshold it would be over her dead body, so we felt somewhat comforted. Elizabeth picked up the cards and looked at them.

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Children Study Weather Charts.

Study of weather charts is now general in the elementary schools of Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein with the object of making their value to agriculture better known. These charts are supplied by telegraph and post to all schools in Germany, but systematic instruction on meteorology is only gradually being introduced.

THE ROSE BEETLE HAS INVADED VINEYARDS

Pest May Prove a Serious Problem for Grape Growers Another Year.

Our hereditary enemy, the rose chafer, or rose beetle, has of late been making such bold invasions into the grape territory that any measures which promise even partial success are welcome to the vineyard owners.

The life history of this awkward creature is known pretty well by those interested; the eggs are laid usually in sod land and in well-drained sandy soil by preference, just such land as abounds in the fruit belt. The larvae are white grubs, resembling in miniature the grubs of the ordinary white grub of the June beetle. Like their larger relatives, they feed on the roots of vegetation. They attain their full size in the fall, and at that time hollow out small cells in the soil, where they pass the winter. In the spring the larvae change to pupae and, later in June, the adult beetles, with their long awkward legs, come out and spread over the country-side, collecting in regions where their food plants are to be found, new legions appearing from day to day as earlier ones die or are killed off, sometimes collecting in almost unbelievable numbers.

Grapes suffer most of all the fruits.

pan, which would admit of placing the pan closer to the vines, would make it possible to catch more of the beetles. Of course, all the beetles that touched the oil died.

Quite a large number of beetles were collected in this way, but on the day of the trial the beetles were not so plentiful as the writer has seen them at other times. It is likely that when the beetles are not numerous, two men with ordinary milk pans, with oil rags in the bottom and with switches would do about as well. When very numerous, the large pan should be efficient. It requires hard work to carry such a pan over the hills, such as are ordinarily used for grape growing. Our illustration shows such a pan in use.

A test of arsenate of lead in heavy doses was also made at the same time. A certain portion of the vineyard was sprayed with arsenate, using four pounds to the barrel of water. The ordinary prepared paste was used. We started with a well-stirred charge, but owing to the inefficiency of the agitator, the application was far stronger at the part first sprayed than when farther along.

As to the results of the spray, Mr.

Hayden, in whose vineyard the test was made, writes in substance: "In the north block where the spray was strong, the unsprayed rows averaged a little more than half as much as the average of the two rows that were sprayed. The beetles had been at work for a week when the spray was applied. No injury to the vines resulted from the strongest of the mixture."

This looks very encouraging, but the grower must always keep in mind that the spraying must be done thoroughly, everything must be hit and all parts of the vine washed with the mixture. Also use a pump with an agitator which will work when the pump is moving slowly.

R. S. PETTIT,
Entomologist, Michigan.

They Will.—The old theory that sheep and cattle will not feed on the same range is now proven to be fallacious in the extreme. Down Texas way they have the finest cattle and the finest sheep of the country, both feeding from the same range and both doing well. The owners are prosperous alike from both these branches of the stock-raising industry.

SELECTING THE BEST EARS FOR SEED CORN

Don't Put the Work Off Until Next Spring—Do It Now.

Ears from corn showing butts and tips. The two on the left are well shaped and filled to the end. The two on the right are badly formed.

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THREE WEEKS.

Brought About a Remarkable Change.

Mrs. A. J. Davis of Murray, Ky., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, kidney disease was slowly poisoning me. Dizzy spells almost made me fall, sharp pains like knife thrusts would catch me in the back, and finally an attack of grip left me with a constant agonizing backache. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me quickly and in three weeks' time there was not a symptom of kidney trouble remaining."

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

CONSIDERATION.

The Workman—Hey, what's that? The Kid—I sez, any time you gits tired I'll take de job fer two cents a hour.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Husband and Wife.

No man yet was ever made more tender by having tenderness demanded of him; no man yet was ever cried into loving his wife more. I am willing to admit that men are as faulty creatures as women themselves, unsympathetic in small things, often blind, and that they may easily be exasperated into small brutalities of speech. If a woman refrains from exacting devotion, and is unswervingly kind and unselfish, a husband who has any affection for his wife at all can be left to look out for doing his share. He will look out for it anyway, no one else can make him. Neither tears nor entreaties will wring from him those small kindnesses and attentions so dear to women.—A Wife, in Harper's Bazar.

Congratulations Wanted.

On entering his club one evening not long ago a young Philadelphian was accosted by a friend, who exclaimed:

"Why, Charley, you are positively beaming! What's up?"

"I'm in the greatest luck imaginable," responded the other. "You know, I've been hanging about a pretty Yonkers girl for almost a year. During all this time she would never admit that she loved me, she would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me!"—Lippincott's.

Humorously Worded R. buke.

Theodore P. Roberts had a fluent command of language, both in speaking and writing, and was well liked by everybody. He could secure the attention of a negligent publisher if need be. To one such, who was remiss about sending vouchers, he once closed up a long letter with the sentence: "And, finally, my dear sir, permit me to say that it would be easier for a camel to ride into the kingdom of heaven on a velocipede than for anyone to find a late copy of your paper in the city of New York."

A Discomfiting Witness.

The following colloquy took place between Councilor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back": "You say, sir, the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir. 'Cause why, she has confessed she was." "And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course. How else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"—Argonaut.

NOT A MIRACLE.

Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day."

"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room."

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months."

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

"There's a Reason."

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

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

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have. In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless. The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition. Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

SEASIDE SILHOUETTE.



A young couple who are very much taken with each other.

"The Law."

Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health.

In accordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this post card recently:

"Dear Sir: This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."—Harper's Weekly.

Insanity.

"You admit having received a \$50,000 fee from the trust?" said the lawyer for the state.

"I do," replied the senator, calmly.

"Sent it back!"

"I did."

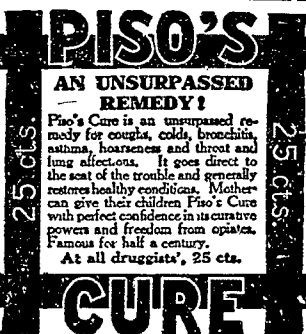
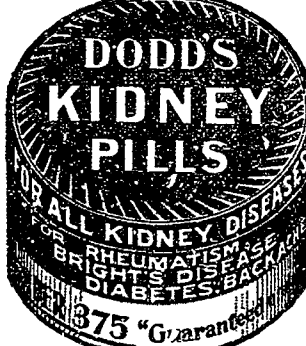
"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the court, "I cannot prosecute an insane man."

Adjournment was had until some alienists could be rounded up.

They Did.

Uncle Henry—Nellie, I hope they observe the Sabbath at that lake resort where you spent your vacation.

Pretty Niece—Indeed they do, uncle. On Sundays they always serve a regular four course dinner.



THE SPECTRUM PAGE

By RICHARD B. SHELTON



(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Probably a third of the people of the civilized world know of the existence of the great glass company, one of the wealthiest of corporations, and at least a third more have seen in shop windows in all parts of the globe glassware of every description, clear as crystal or most perfectly colored, and annealed by a wonderful process, which renders it so tough that an ordinary blow has no effect upon it.

It is the Allglass Company which has revolutionized the art, and which came into existence through a strange chance.

For years glassware had been John Temple's hobby. His house was filled with the choicest gleamings of many lands. His uncle, whose name he bore, had left him enough of a fortune to devote his time to such things, and he followed his bent with a zeal sufficiently below mania to be termed genuine enthusiasm. During his days of collecting, two points were brought forcibly to his attention. He could procure glasses of the most beautiful tints, but at a price which made them beyond the reach of people in ordinary circumstances. Again, when he had procured a treasure, it must be kept in a case or handled with care lest some chance ship might prove its destruction.

To overcome these two things—to make a glass of perfect coloring and at the same time one which would be tough enough to be serviceable—Temple bent all his energies. That it could be done he was positive, but ten good years of his life, spent for the most part in an ill-smelling laboratory, netted but scant results. He had, however, made some advancement, and his determination to accomplish his end was no whit lessened.

One afternoon in March, after weeks of disheartening work, he had discovered a process by which perfect amber tints could be obtained at a nominal sum. It was three o'clock when he finished work and locked the laboratory. It was Temple's custom after hours of concentration to walk down town, pausing now and then to peer into shop windows, that the trifling interest he found there might relieve the strain of the preceding hours.

It was a windy afternoon and heavy clouds hung the sky. He walked briskly, for the air was chilly, and it was not until he was well down town that he paused before the windows of a second hand bookshop. Within was a miscellaneous collection of books in a more or less battered condition—volumes of encyclopaedias, Dickens, Thackeray and textbooks—and, strewn about, paper-covered novels with suggestive titles and more suggestive subtitles. In the center of the window was a huge family Bible, opened, the text of Matthew on the right hand page, and on the left a blank page of the "Family Record."

As he stood there, the sun broke through the clouds. A moment later he was staring through the window with wondering eyes. On the page of the "Family Record," indistinct at the beginning, but growing clearer as he read down the page, were these words, written in a cramped, but painstaking hand:

"This method of annealing gives a toughness which will resist any ordinary shock. It is, moreover, if practiced on a large scale, cheaper than any known method, and for—"

The remaining words were quite illegible. The rest of the page was seemingly a blank. He read and re-read the words and then rushed into the shop.

Let me see the Bible in the window," he said to the clerk, with as much nonchalance as he could muster. When the book was handed to him, Temple turned at once to the last page of the "Family Record." It was perfectly blank. He scanned the preceding pages and searched through those headed "Marriages" and "Births." He found merely a few conventional entries in faded ink. "Overwork," he thought to himself, as he went up the street, yet when he remembered every detail of the writing the explanation was far from satisfactory.

Two days later he stood again before the window. It was, perhaps, an hour later in the day than his previous visit. The sun shone from a cloudless sky. There were the battered books and the novels, and there was the Bible. It was with a queer thrill that he turned his eyes to the record page. He could scarcely believe his sight. In the same cramped hand he read these words:

"practiced on a large scale, cheaper than any known method, and for years I sought to put this knowledge in the proper hands. I distrust D. C., which makes it—"

The words began a little lower on the page than before. There was the same indistinctness at the beginning and end. Again Temple sought the shop and asked to see the Bible, and again the page was blank. The writing was the same, save that the words "impossible for me to" appeared at the end. He walked up the street and back again. When he stood once more before the window the sun had set. The page was again blank.

Far into the night Temple sat before his fire trying to solve the mystery. Had he called up, in his concentration, some psychic force? It would have seemed plausible, had he been possessed of any faith in such things.

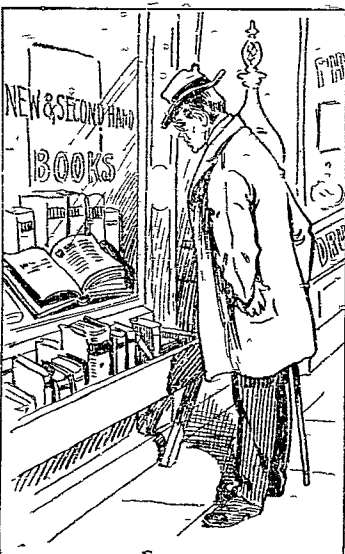
Yet, no better explanation presenting itself to his mind, he went to bed more disturbed than he had ever been in his life.

Many times after that he went to the bookshop. Always, when the sun shone, he read portions of that cramped handwriting. Sometimes it was the same text—sometimes new, and once words appeared on the margin of the first chapters of Matthew. He noticed that the position of the sun seemed to determine the portions he read and following up this clue he made an important discovery. The book next the bookshop was extended some four feet nearer the curb than its lumbering neighbor, and this additional four feet had been utilized for an extra side to the show window. The store next door was occupied by a drug firm and in the corner of the window nearest the book shop was a huge glass globe of red liquid. By careful measurements, Temple found that where the red light came filtering through the globe and fell on the record page of the Bible the handwriting became visible. He could have shouted with joy at his deductions. The rest was plain enough then.

Once more he asked to see the Bible and inquired its price.

"We ask \$1.75," said the clerk, tentatively, "its age."

Temple listened as patiently as possible, handed out a five-dollar note and had to be called back for his change as he hurried from the shop with his possession to hail a cab. On the way up town he stopped at a photographic



Again He Stood Before the Window.

supply store and purchased a ruby lamp. Then he sped anxiously homeward.

He took the Bible and lantern into a dark room and turned the red light upon the "Family Record." Instantly the pages and the margins through several chapters of Matthew teemed with that handwriting he knew so well. And this is, in part, what he read:

September 2, 1886
My Dear Son I write this at the house of David Clapp who has advanced the capital for my experiments. I am sick. I fear with mortal illness. I write this that you may share with me the knowledge that my experiments have been a complete success and that by sharing it (the knowledge is yours and mine alone), you may have the upper hand of this man Clapp whom I have good cause to believe has no intention of keeping faith with me. He has made several moves which have shown his low motives of greed. I can plainly see it is his one aim to find out the secret of the process and then to turn all the profits to his own uses. I shall write down all the data for you to-day on these pages and destroy all other papers. This to guard against Clapp who, I believe, has no scruples so long as he can accomplish his end. I write this in a spectrum ink visible only in a red light. If you return from your journey abroad before I pass away, I can tell you in person. If not, I can only trust your quick wit to fathom my meaning in these phrases in the note I leave you. Let your light be in the Bible—Matthew 1:13 especially. See that it is read. I trust when you read them your mind will turn to the time when, a little boy in my laboratory, you were content for hours with the little piece of cardboard and the bit of red glass which made the letters come and go at your will. God keep you, my boy! May you reap the harvest of your father's life work.

Then followed a complete description of a process for making, coloring and annealing glass, which is jealously guarded by John Temple, treasurer of the Allglass Company. How the son failed to fathom the hidden meaning of his father's note—if he ever received it—is still a mystery, for to this day the man who discovered the process is unknown.

Woman Fond of Adventure.

Mrs. Emma Barry of San Francisco has just returned from a trip to the arctic circle, during which, it is asserted, she went farther north than any other white woman. She accompanied her husband prospecting for gold, and after she lays in certain supplies she will rejoin him in Alaska.

Professor's Sarcasm.

Prof. Jowett's comments on the young men of Balliol, Oxford, often took the form of crushing sarcasms. "The college, Mr. X—, thinks highly of you," he once said; "perhaps too highly; but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself."

SICK MAN WANTED CHANGE.

More Than Willing to Make Transfer with Physician.

A Syracuse business man who, besides being extremely active and ambitious, has much sense of humor, was taken sick with a slight attack of pneumonia. His physician, aware that it would be a task to keep his high-strung patient in bed, sought to impress on him the seriousness of the ailment and the necessity of absolute rest; all of which the sick man listened to in a bored manner. Nevertheless he consented to obey the doctor.

But this enforced inactivity rankled in him, and each succeeding day found the patient importuning the medical man attendant to allow him to get out to business. Then, disgusted, he would lie back to cast imprecations at the inexorable physician.

One morning the physician, after having been up all night on an important case, appeared at the patient's house at the usual hour. He had hardly stuck his haggard face inside the door, however, before the man in the bed gave him a quick glance and sat up.

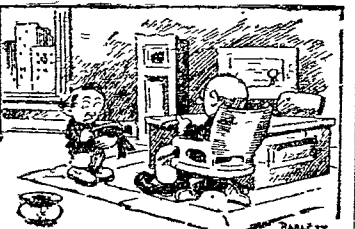
"Eh? ejaculated the patient. Then shoving out his hand to grasp the doctor's satchel, he added: "Doc, I guess you'd better get into bed here and let me go out with the medicine bag."

CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scabies—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching—Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scabies (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked harder for her for seven weeks but we could see little improvement. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

FLY YOUTH.



The Boss—Where did you work last?

Boy—On a fly paper.

The Boss—A fly paper! What's a fly paper?

Boy—Wot! Don't you read the Daily Balloon?

Legend of Magpie and Robin.

The percents of France, in accordance with a tradition, pierce the head of a magpie with a thorn whenever they catch one. According to the French legend, after Jesus had been nailed to the cross two birds alighted on the extended arms of the instrument of death. One was a magpie with a beautiful argente on its head and a long waving tail, then the hand-somest of birds but the wickedest, chirping insult at the suffering Jesus. The other bird was a modest little bird with gray plumage, which approached the cross timidly uttering cries of grief. With its beak it tried to pluck away one of the thorns. A single drop of the blood fell on the pitying little gray bird and gave the robin red breast.

Willing to Help Him.

He had gone to the dry goods store with a bit of dress material which his wife had hidden him to match. "I am very sorry, sir," said the salesman, "but I have nothing exactly like this. The very last remnant was sold this morning."

"But I must have it!" exclaimed the husband. "Otherwise, how can I face my wife?"

"If you will permit me, sir," said the salesman, "I would venture to suggest that you invite a friend home to dinner with you."

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

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by H. W. Suggs, 735 CHELSEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Making Sure.

Our Freddy is fully endowed with the inquiring mind of youth. Recently he said: "Mamma, who puts the bottle of milk on our front porch every night when we are all asleep?"

"Isn't that a rather foolish question?" his mother answered. "Whom do you suppose?"

"Well," said the small investigator, thoughtfully, "I suppose God does, but I'd like to know for sure!"—A. M. A.

WANTED IT OVER WITH.

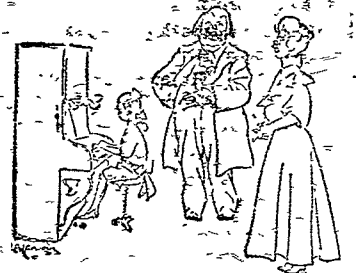
Game Youngster Preferred Draconic Action in Punishment.

"Youngsters are pretty philosophical," observed Wallace Knight, and then he went ahead to set forth the point of view of a small daughter at his house.

The child was sent to bed early the other evening as punishment for some act contrary to rules and regulations.

After she had been tucked in bed for some time and was supposedly asleep, the youngster called her father and told him she wished he would go ahead and spank her and have it over with, instead of sending her off to bed that way. "This lying in bed never's going to make me any better," she said, "and a good spanking would. Besides it makes me so mad I can't sleep and so what's the use of it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A PROGRESSIVE.



"Madame, dot girl of yours make great progress mit her moose. Before she was always two or three notes be hint me, and now she is always two or three notes ahead."

The Square Deal.

A stout and opulent man dwelling in a suburban town had borne the expense of the annual Sunday school picnic, and the superintendent of the school, out of gratitude, asked the benefactor to address the children. The philanthropist was not much of a speaker, but he was a master hand at poker. When he found himself gazing into the expectant faces of a hundred and fifty children his embarrassment almost overcame him, but he managed to stammer out "My dear children, what I want to impress upon you is that—er—er—it pays to be good. That er—er—a man who deals from the bottom of the pack is generally buried at the public expense."

MIX FOR RHEUMATISM.

The following is a never failing remedy for rheumatism, and if followed up it will effect a complete cure of the very worst cases. "Mix one-half pint of good whiskey with one ounce of Toris Compound and add one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound." Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bedtime. The ingredients can be procured at any drug store and easily mixed at home.

Poor, Patient Man.

Mr. Henpeck—My dear, please don't call me "Leo"; any more.

Mrs. Henpeck—What foolishness are you thinking about now? Why shouldn't I call you "Leo"? That's your name.

Mr. Henpeck—I know, but it makes my friends laugh when you call me that. I was thinking you might call me "Job" just for a pet name.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Crazy with the Heat.

"Can you tell me what steam is?" asked the examiner.

"Why, sure, sir," replied Patrick, confidently. "Steam is—why—er—it's wather that's gone crazy wid the heat."—Everybody's Magazine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

It isn't necessary for a married man to know his mind.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder For swollen, sweating feet. Gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at all Druggists.

And many a man attributes his failure to his inability to start at the top.

For Lameness in Horses



Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect. See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first signs of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating—goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

Sloan's Liniment

will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

Price, 50c. and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, - - Boston, Mass.

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

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 dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois

