

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIX, No. 22.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## STRAUSS-CLOTHIER GOES TO OXFORD

IS NOW INAUGURATING BIG REMOVAL SALE

Which Will Begin January 6, and  
Close January 30.

Louie Strauss, who has been in the clothing and furnishing business here for nearly three years, has received the following notice from B. Freydl, the owner of the building:

Mount Vernon, O.

Louie Strauss,  
Northville, Mich.

Dear Sir: I am going to start in business again next spring at Northville, so will not lease my store to you for any longer time.

Yours truly,  
BRUNO FREYDL.

Mr. Strauss will close out his stock at a "removal sale" and will later on move to Oxford. His big page bills, now being distributed from the Record presses, tells of the many bargains.

### Lyke-Ditsch.

A quiet wedding occurred at the home of Mrs. Alice Postal on south Center street Thursday evening of last week when her only daughter, Miss Minnie Ditsch, was united in marriage to Mr. Fred Lyke. Rev. J. W. Turner performed the ceremony in the presence of a small company of relatives. They left immediately for a short wedding trip, returning Saturday evening.

The bride, who has held the position of saleslady in T. J. Perkins & Co's store the past four years, has won many friends who unite in extending to herself and husband the best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. Lyke has held a prominent position with the well known hardware firm of Carpenter & Huff for a number of years and is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends throughout the village.

They will make Northville their home.

### Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Services as usual next Sunday.

The "King's Own" bible class met with Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Turner Monday evening and presented Mr. Turner with a pair of oxidized military brushes. He was at a loss what to say at first so great was his surprise, but thanked the class heartily for the gift. Lunch was served and a short musical and literary program given.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The sermon next Sunday evening will be "A New Year's Message, Be Good to Yourself."

The Lord's Supper will be observed next Sunday morning and new members received into the church.

Beginning with next Sunday the Sunday school lessons are from the book of Acts. Now is the time to join in the study of this interesting part of the Bible story.

The annual meeting of the society will be held on Monday next at 2 p. m. in the church. On Wednesday evening the annual supper will be held at the Library and after supper reports will be presented from the different officers and organizations of the church and all necessary business transacted.

The Sunday school Christmas exercises were well attended and the children did their parts well. Instead of receiving presents, all brought something and ten families were made glad with generous supplies of good things as Christmas remembrances. An offering of \$7.00 was also made to missions.

## DUSENBURY---YERKES WEDDING OCCURRED TUESDAY EVENING



MR. ROSS BUTLER DUSENBURY.



MRS. ROSS BUTLER DUSENBURY.

Northville's social event of the season was the marriage of Miss Grace Evelyn Yerkes of this place to Mr. Ross Butler Dusenbury of Mt. Pleasant, which occurred at the bride's home on Tuesday evening.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yerkes, pioneer settlers of this vicinity and of Northville's most prosperous and respected citizenship. Miss Yerkes is one of Northville's most charming and cultured young ladies, and while wishing her all the joys imaginable for the days to come, yet there are countless regrets that Northville people are to lose from its midst so choice a treasure.

The groom is one of Mt. Pleasant's most promising young men and holds a responsible position with one of the large banks of that city, where he is well and favorably known. He met Miss Yerkes for the first time while she held the position of assistant principal of the Mt. Pleasant schools last year and that acquaintance ripened into a love affair which ended, and so beautifully began anew, in the wedding of Tuesday evening.

Rev. W. T. Jacques of Detroit performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Wm. S. Jerome of this place, in the presence of about one hundred relatives and friends of the families. The bride was beautifully attired in a gown of white messaline trimmed with point lace, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses.

Miss Josephine Loomis, a niece of the groom, acted as ring bearer, the ring being concealed inside a beautiful pink rose blossom.

A niece of the bride, Frances

Yerkes, was maid of honor and carried a basket of sweet peas and stelia. The groom's brother, Allan, from New Orleans was best man.

The bridal party entered the spacious front room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with earliness ferns and la Detroit roses, to the accompaniment of the ever beautiful Lohengrin wedding march, rendered by Mrs. Katharine Strong, with a violin accompaniment by Mrs. E. A. Merritt. Just previous to the entrance of the bridal party, Miss Lida Richardson rendered the sweet solo, "Beloved, It Is Morn." While the young couple were receiving congratulations, Mrs. Strong, accompanied by Mrs. Merritt, rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march. Amid showers of rice the bride and groom left on the 8:30 car for Detroit enroute for their home in Mt. Pleasant, where they will go to housekeeping and be at home to their friends after February 1st.

The bride was generously remembered with a profusion of beautiful presents, which came from far and near, as tokens of the love and esteem in which she was held.

The guests from out of town were, Mrs. Dusenbury of Mt. Pleasant, Dr. and Mrs. F. Loomis and daughter and Miss Eldrid of Battle Creek, Allan Dusenbury of New Orleans, Mrs. Jas. Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. John Mead, Mrs. Currie, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Mead, Rev. and Mrs. Jacques, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Renshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Yerkes of Detroit, Walter and Will Emery of Waterford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers and Mrs. Holbrook of Ypsilanti and Mrs. Cook of Chicago.

### Notice.

E. W. Lockwood, 137 North Center street, Northville, is agent for the Great Dome Furnace, and would be glad to have you inspect his furnace if you are interested or expect to have one put in your house. He can save you money and give perfect satisfaction. 22-v4p

### Notice.

On and after Jan. 1st, 1909, prices will prevail as follows:  
Hair Cut and Shave 25c.  
Hair Cut 20c.  
Shave 10c.

J. G. ALEXANDER, Prop.

### Notice to Northville Taxpayers.

I will collect taxes every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday until Jan. 10, at the Northville State Savings Bank.

A. C. BALDEN  
Twp. Treasurer.

Dated, Northville, Dec. 11, 1908. 19tf

### 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.

### J. H. FRENCH

#### MAGNETIC HEALER

Cures rheumatism, fever, sores, lumbago and gives instant relief to all chronic diseases. Charges within reach of all.

Consultation free.

Office in Dr. Hoar's residence on Main street Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

### Wanders from Home and Dies.

George Sherman, a highly respected farmer living two miles east and one mile north of this village, became lost while returning from his daughter's, a distance of about a half mile, Wednesday afternoon. Although a large number of neighbors and friends searched all night, he was not discovered until about ten o'clock yesterday morning. He had wandered about one and one-half miles from home and when found was frozen to death. He was 79 years of age and leaves one son and three daughters.

### WIXOM NEWS.

The Burch family reunion was held at the home of Frank Burch Christmas day.

Mrs. Jennie Pratt and son, Judson, of Lansing were holiday guests of her son, M. S. Pratt, and family.

Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Sayles entertained the latter's sister, Mrs. Harford, and daughter, Bertha, and Mr. Richter of Detroit Christmas day.

Benjamin F. Madison, whose illness has been previously mentioned in this paper, died at his home here Dec. 17. He was born in Unity, New Hampshire, Jan. 22, 1824, coming to Michigan when a mere child with his parents, who settled in Commerce township. When a young man, he assisted in the construction of Fort Wayne as common laborer, afterwards learning the blacksmith's trade at Farmington. In May 1851 he was married to Ellen M. Seward of Farmington and they moved to Sault Ste Marie, where for several years he worked for the U.S. government at his chosen trade. To them were born seven children, all of whom survive him, except Alice, who died in 1885. His wife died Dec. 23, 1898. He was the first blacksmith's shop built in this place. It can well be said of him, "He was a good man."

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

### WALLED LAKE NEWS.

J. W. Severance of Bad Axe is visiting friends here.

Miss Agnes Taylor of Detroit spent Friday with her parents.

Mrs. Edith Ellenwood is spending a week with her parents in Detroit.

Miss Alta Smith of Milford spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. H. F. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bentley entertained their family of eight children with their families Christmas.

Mrs. Ellen Gilchrist entertained her sisters, Misses Georgia and Agnes Taylor, and brother, James Taylor, of Detroit Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dodge, Arthur Johns and Miss Bessie Johns spent Christmas at the Johns' gathering at the home of E. E. Farmer in Pontiac.

Mrs. E. H. Hoyt entertained her son, Hiram, of Muskegon, Dr. R. B. Hoyt, wife and daughter of Detroit and J. M. Hoyt and family Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Holmes of Detroit are spending a few days with relatives here. They were entertained Christmas at the home of Mrs. Holmes' sister, Mrs. Edgar Baker, also Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carnes and son and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Merithew and Wm. Pennell.

### SABINE'S CURATIVE OIL.

#### Inflamed Eyes.

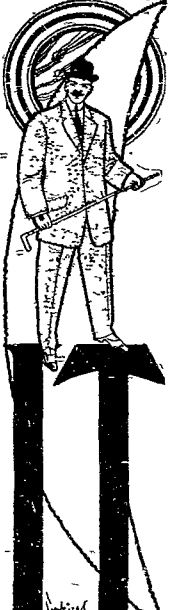
In all cases of acute and chronic inflamed or sore eyes, granulated lids, etc., Curative Oil is a most infallible remedy, is soothing and cooling in effect and easily applied. It should be used night and morning by dropping two or three drops in the eye, and also by applying to the eyelid itself. If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

Prepared by Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale by Murdock Bros.



We Have a Few  
**"GARLAND"  
"PENINSULAR"  
"ROUND OAK"**  
Base Burner Coal  
Stoves to sell  
at Right Prices.  
Also A Few Heaters  
Call on us for Anything  
in the line of First-Class  
Hardware.

**CARPENTER & HUFF**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN



WE STAND  
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When there is any  
cause for com-  
plaint about our  
Groceries. We do  
not want you to  
keep anything  
with which you  
are dissatisfied  
for any cause. We  
include satisfaction  
with purchases of

**Groceries**  
We keep  
Bulk Olives  
Bulk  
Peanut Butter  
Bulk  
Apple Butter  
**RYDER**  
NORTHVILLE

**DIAMOND  
DAIRY**  
For Pure Milk, Cream  
and Ices.  
G. C. BENTON, Prop.

**W. L. B. CLARK'S  
MILK ROUTE.**  
PURE STERILIZED MILK  
Sweet and Sour Cream  
Furnished on Application.

**Yarnall Institute**  
For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.  
Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.  
DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

**B. A. WHEELER**  
BOX PAPER  
Writing Paper, per box ..... 7c  
I guess that is cheap enough for good paper and envelopes, assorted colors.—This lot only.

**BRUSHES**  
Have been brushing up a little on Brushes.  
Scrub Brushes, All Kinds.  
Stove Brushes  
Kitchen Brushes  
Window Brushes  
Vegetable Brushes  
Creamery Brushes, etc.

**ORANGES AND LEMONS**  
Oranges..... 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c doz  
Lemons..... 20c doz.; 3 doz. for 50c

**B. A. WHEELER**  
Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

**IT IS OUR DESIRE**  
To give the public as much information about the Eye and Eye Troubles as we can in our advertisements.

**We Fully Explain**  
the trouble to you in our examinations. If there is no trouble we will tell you so. That is how we hope to build and keep our reputation.

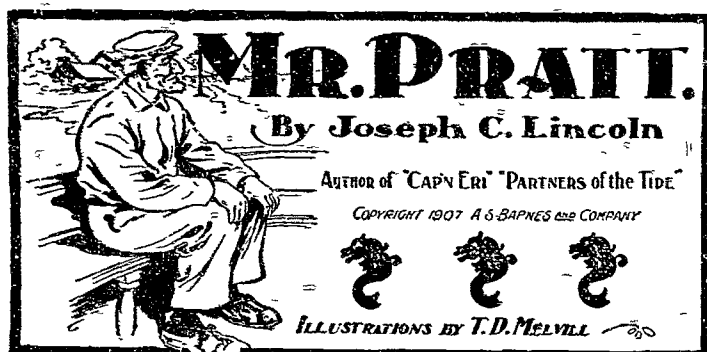
**G. W. & F. DOLPH**  
Dr. Swift Bldg. OPTOMETRISTS. Main St., NORTHVILLE.

**Does not Color the Hair**  
**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**  
Stops Falling Hair - An Elegant Dressing  
Destroys Dandruff - Makes Hair Grow  
Composed of Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume. Ask your doctor his opinion of such a hair preparation.

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**  
**Does not Color the Hair**  
J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.



"Mayn't I Help?"



## SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. The valet told him that they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful author for the hand of Miss Agnes Page who gave Hartley up "The Natural Life" as a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decade to let her go and engage Sol Pratt as chef. Twins agreed to leave Kate Scudder's uncle and aunt unwilling search for another domestic. After three at fourth of July celebration at Eastview Hartley presented a boy known as "Reddy" from under a horse's foot and the truth proved to be one of Mary Page's chums, whom she had taken to the country for a winter. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a horse race, which followed the picnic. Out sprung love. Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safe and a search for the other two resulted in an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it Ozono Island. They lived on the island and Owner Scudder brought ridiculous presents as a token of gratitude. Innocently Hartley and Hopper in search for clams, robbed a private "quahog." Late at night their island home was disturbed by wild yells. Hopper was found in a tright at what he supposed was a ghost and he immediately tendered his resignation. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozono Island.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Now," says Reddy, "Not while I'm down here. Miss Agnes cries over me and I'd rather be licked any time than that."

Hartley rumbled the youngsters' hair with his fingers.

"Sol," he says, "there's good here if you can get at it. Too much good to be running to waste. Ah, hum! Must be rather pleasant to have one or two of your own; must make life almost worth living. That's where you and I have missed it."

"You've got plenty of time yet," says I. "Maybe you'll be down in these diggings mine or ten years from now with a family of your own."

He smiled, kind of sad and one-sided. Then he got up and walked out to the piazza. Reddy hung around a spell, long enough to ask a couple million questions. Then he went into the parlor with the rest of the young luns.

Pretty soon I heard some one speak. I looked through the doorway and see the Page girl coming up the porch steps alone. Hartley stood up and lifted his cap.

"Where's Van?" he asked.

"He's down on the beach with Margaret. I came back to look after the children."

"They're all right," says Martin. "Playing games in the front room."

Agnes stopped for a second in the doorway. "I don't just understand," she said, hesitating, "why you are here. Is it true that your health is bad?"

"No," he said, with a little laugh. "I did feel rather gone to seed before I left town, but now I'm having the time of my life."

"Indeed?" says she. "So far from Wall Street? I'm surprised."

"He didn't seem to answer—least-ways I didn't hear him. Next thing I knew he was standing on the top step."

"Please excuse me," he says, pretty frosty. "I must speak to James."

He went off down the steps and out of sight. She stood and watched him a minute, and I thought she looked puzzled—and solemn. Then she went into the parlor.

"We had dinner out doors on the piazza. While it was going on the grown-ups didn't do much talking. It's precious little fun trying to talk against a typhoon and an earthquake mixed, and that's what them Fresh Air young ones turned that meal into!" "Twins! Hurrah boys! Stand from under!" from the beginning. When I wasn't filling up fish plates I was dodging potato skins and similar bouquets. They didn't fire 'em at me you understand, but it's always the fellow that's looking on at the row who gets hit. Reddy was cap'n of the gun crew. He could chuck a potato skin with his left hand and eat with his right and look pious and shocked all at the same time.

When the juniors was filled up—and it wasn't no slouch of a job to get 'em filled—they went off to start a riot somewhere else and the Twins and the gals had a chance. Van got to feeling about Scudder's presents, and he was fenny as usual. That Margaret Talford would laugh until I had to join in just out of sympathy, even though I was up to my eyes in soap-suds and dishwashing. She was a jolly girl, that one, pretty and full of snap and go.

Nothing would do but them "presents" must go on exhibition. So Van lugged 'em down from James' room and hined 'em up on the piazza for inspection. He took a stick for a pointer and gave a lecture about 'em, same as if they was a panorama, pointing out what he called the "feeling" and "atmosphere" of the shell basket and the "perspective" of Marcellus in the crayon enlargement. He had a good time and so did everybody else, especially Miss Talford.

By and by, she clapped her hands. "Oh," says she, "I've got an idea. Did you say your man was going to leave you, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van heaved a sigh. "Yes," he says. I believe he is. I fear that James hasn't the artistic temperament. I confess I'm disappointed. He certainly looked as if he had it, he was sad and soulful and—ana—gypsyetic. But no; even the Motherless Fonzie didn't appeal to him. He says he's going to-night."

I wonder if he would come over to the school?" says she. "We need a man there, don't we Agnes? To help about the place and look out for the boys, and to—well, to protect us."

"Lucky James!" says Van. But why? James? Won't Martin here do—or—excuse my blunders—myself?"

But the Talford girl laughed and said he wouldn't do at all. He lacked dignity, she said, and didn't look the part. She asked Miss Page if she really didn't think that James would be just the man for them. Agnes said perhaps he would. So the four of 'em went away for a walk on the beach and to talk it over.

I'll bet I called that valet anything but a church member and a good fellow a dozen times over while I was diving into them dishes. I washed and washed till, seemed to me, I was soaked out fresh enough to bile, like a pickled codfish. And when the washing was done there was the wiping. I laid out a bale or so of dish towels and pitched in.

Pretty soon somebody says: "Mayn't I help?"

I swung around and there was Agnes Page. Nice to look at, she was,

"Can't I help you, please?" says she, picking up a towel.

"Land sakes, no!" says I. "You'll spoil your fine clothes. Besides I've got sort of used to it by this time; my arm goes round of itself, like a paddle wheel."

She laughed and grabbed a chowder plate and commenced to wipe. She done fairly well for anybody who hadn't practiced much, but she never would have won the cup for speed. One dish every five minutes is all right, maybe, if you're getting paid by the year, but— However, I judged her ma kept hired help to home. I wondered what she'd done with Hartley.

By and by she says: "Mr. Pratt, how long do you expect to stay here?"

"Here?" says I. "On Horsefoot—on Ozono Island?—Land knows. Long's the Heavens!—that is, long's Mr. Van Brunt and Mr. Hartley stay here, I guess. It's a jessful place, ain't it?" says I, reaching for the next stack of dishes.

She smiled. "No doubt they find it so," she says. "How do you like the Natural Life?"

"Who—me? Oh, I cal'late I shall like it tiptop when I get a little more used to it—that is, if I last. I was oldest boy in a family of nine, and dad died young, so I was brought up Natural, as you might say. It's been some time, though, since I had so many hours of straight-along, pitch-in-and-hustle Naturalness in the day's run; been getting artificial and lazy of late years, I guess. But I'm tough, and I'll be all right and used to it pretty soon—getting lots of practice. By the way," I says, "who was it that sent 'em here?"

"Who?" says she, looking surprised. "Sent? I don't understand."

"Was Mr. Van Brunt and his chum sent here by the doctor, or who?"

"Why, I didn't know they were sent at all. I think they came here of their own accord."

"Humph!" says I, considering. "Was any of their folks ever took this way? Does it run in the families?"

That seemed to tickle her and I guess she understood what I meant. But she didn't answer the question; went on dry polishing the pickle dish. Then she says, kind of accidental on purpose.

"Is Mr. Hartley's health improving?"

"Oh, yes!" says I. "He's picking up some, specially in his appetite. He ain't up to Van Brunt in that line yet, though. Van eats for three Hartleys' only up to the one-man-and-a-boy mark so far. He'd be better if he didn't have them blue streaks of his. Seems to have something on his mind."

"Perhaps he's troubled about leaving his business," she suggests, looking sideways at the pickle dish.

"Guess not," says I, looking sideways at her. "I don't think I've heard him mention business since he's been down. No, 'tain't that, according to my notion. He ain't in love, is he?"

She looked at me then, pretty hard, but I was as wooden faced as a cigar sign.

Dear me, no, she laughs, blink I guess, not what made you think that?"

"Oh, nothing," says I. "I ain't even been took that way myself, but I seemed to me he had all the symptoms. Didn't know but he was tying about some young woman. He's a fine cack, that young Hartley. It'll be a lucky girl that gets him."

She didn't say much more, but she looked at me every once in a while as if she was wondering. I never let on I was as innocent and easy as the cat with the cream on its whiskers. I had a sneaking hope that I might have boosted Hartley a little more, and I felt good down one side. Then I thought of Van, and I felt mean all up the other.

After a spell the Twins and Miss Talford happened along, and what a time Van Brunt made when he see his gal helping me wipe dishes.

"Well, hurry!" he says. "Is this the way you hurry back to see what the dear children are doing? Sol, you old fascinator, how do you do it? Martin and I fell in love with him at first sight, Miss Talford; and now look at Agnes."

"Hold on there," says I. "Don't spread it too thick. I ain't got but one hat that I do for Sunday, and I want that to fit me. I was giving Miss Page a few lessons in housekeeping, and you'd ought to thank me for that, Mr. Van Brunt."

It seems the Talford girl had seen James and he had agreed to go to Eastview with 'em. 'Twas a good chance for him, a soft job and all that. Tuah to tell, I guess he was kind of sorry about parting from Van altogether, the gleaming might not be so good in his next boss berry pasture.

So about six o'clock Scudder, come with his dry and the picnic broke up. The Fresh Aves were pretty nigh played out by this time. The straler children was nodding with their heads on the shoulders of the bigger ones, and I crept back to tote two of the littlest in my arms down to the beach. But they was all full of and surprised and dirty and happy, and they'd had the bluest time in their poor, pinched-up little lives.

"Well, good-by, Andrew Jackson," says I to Reddy. "Had good time enough to want to come again, have you?"

"Sure thing," says he.

"Like it as well here as you do over at the school?"

"Yup," he says. "Ain't nobody to plug potato skins at over there."

He was a smart little coot. Had the makings of a man in him if you dug down far enough to get at it.

Lord James comes down to the shore tugging his trunk behind him.

"So long, Hopper," says I. "Shall I give you love to Marcellus' spook if it comes gliding again?"

He looked at me very solemn. "You'd better come too," he says. "You take my advice and leave this blooming island now while you've the chance. There'll come a time," says he, "when you won't 'ave it."

He climbed into the dory and set down all huddled up in the stern with his trunk between his knees. Scudder begins rowing and they moved off.

"There," says Van, referring to his lordship, "goes the final tie that binds us to a sordid past. Shall we sing 'The Last Link is Broken,' Martin? Or have you something more appropriate to suggest, skipper?"

"I have for myself," says I. "It's 'Work for the Night Is Coming.'"

And I hurried up to the house to get supper.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Voyage of the Ark.

The Heavens was late down to breakfast next morning, owing, I cal'late, to the loss of Lord James. I could hear 'em hailing each other, asking: "What's become of my gon stockings?" and the like of that. Trouble seemed to be that they had too many clothes. If they'd been limited to one suit for Sunday and a pair of overalls to cover-up the runs the rest of the week, like I was, they'd have got along better.

But they was rigged at last and at breakfast was chipper as a pair of mackerel gulls. They commenced to talk garden. Consarn 'em, I hoped they'd forgot that.

"The loan business is all right, Sol," says Van. "Scudder will bring us loan at three dollars a boat load. He says it'll take about 15 boat loads."

"He does, hey?" says I. "At three dollars per? That's generous of him. Anything else?"

"Yes. He is to continue to bring us milk. We have decided that perhaps for the present we had better not keep a cow."

Small favors thankfully received. I was glad that milking wa'n't going to be added to the general joyfulness.

"I think that's a nice, far-sighted decision," says I. "Unless you could learn your cow to eat seaweed, I don't see—"

"Oh, Scudder could bring us hay," says Van. "And we could give the animal the spare vegetables from the garden."

"'Twould be a long time between meals for the poor critter, I'm afraid," says I. "How much is Nate charging for the milk?"

"Nine cents a quart. That's only one cent more than you have to pay in New York, and when you consider how far he has to bring it, I call it dirt cheap."

Well, 'twas about as cheap as the garden dirt, but I didn't say nothing.

"We're going to raise chickens, too," says Hartley. Scudder, so Van says, will sell us live Plymouth Rocks at 30 cents a pound. Skipper, you might fix up the poultry yard in your spare time."

In my spare time. There was a joke in that but it wa'n't so intended.

Then Van Brunt began to preach "pre." Seems Nate had told him that the one thing needed to turn Ozono Island into a genuine Natural Life was a pig, and of course he, Nate, had the only pig in creation that was worth buying.

He showed it to me the other morning, says Van. "The prettiest little black and white fellow you ever saw. Martin, Miss Talford saw him yesterday before she came over, and she said he was a dear. You might be repairing a sty for him in your odd moments, Sol."

My odd moments, and my even ones, too, was pretty well filled up for the next few days. The Heavens loafed and superintended and smoked and fished and ate. All I had to do was to turn out with the gulls, and cook breakfast, and clear away, and wash dishes, and build hen yards, and fix up a leaky pig pen, and get ready them blessed gardens, and sweep and dust, and dig clams, and make beds, and get dinner, and sail a boat, and chop wood, and 'wure up washing for Nate to take to Hully-Ann, and scour knives, and—and—well, there was plenty more. Seven or eight hundred odd jobs have shipped my memory.

The gardens was ready for planting on a Wednesday. Nate fetched over the last dory load of loam the night afore and I spread it afore I got supper. The chickens and the hog was to come on Thursday. I was to take the stuff and go after 'em. Nate being engaged to cart a carry-all load of boards to Ostable. Hully-Ann was to have the live stock at the shore ready for me.

"How's the menagerie coming, Nate?" I asked. "In cages or on the roof?"

"Oh, I'll box 'em for you, Sol," he says. "The lens in one box and the pig in another. The pig's pretty thin—I mean young, so he won't be no heft to you."

Wednesday morning the Heavenly gardening begun. One patch for Van Brunt and the other for Hartley. They had seeds by the peck, more or less, brought over by Scudder's express and charged for at undertaker's prices. The Twins started in with a vengeance. I showed 'em how. For once I was superintendent and the job suited me fine—nothing would have tickled me more, unless 'twas to turn in and take a nap.

Van takes one hoe and Hartley the other. Each of 'em was actually round shouldered from the weight of the seeds in their pockets. They had cucumber seeds, and melon seeds, and land knows what. Wonder to me was they didn't try oranges and pineapples. And in the middle of July!

"Now, Martin," says Van. "Here goes! Bet you fifty I get the first cucumber."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A MYSTERIOUS MODEL

By CHARLES LEMON

(Copyright by Ford Pub. Co.)

Many people all over the world know the statuesque figure of a knight in shining armor which occupies a corner of the third room in the metropolitan museum. Hundreds have approached the circle of railings which surrounds it; have gazed, admired, and come away; but only to three persons in the world is its secret known. I make no attempt to explain the mystery—in all human probability it will ever remain unraveled. Various theories have been broached by those who came into relation with it; I leave the reader to form his own.

Following an evening with my friend the sculptor Foulard, I put in an appearance at the studio the next morning not long after nine o'clock. The night before Foulard had told me of a remarkable dream. He had been commissioned some time before, it seemed, to carve the figure of a woman listening. The statue was to go in the hall of a great musician. Before attempting anything in marble he decided to work out his idea in some softer material, and consequently had a huge block of chalk brought to the work room. Foulard's dream of which he had told me previous to my matinal visit was that he had seen vividly in a dream the features of the statue he was about to carve. Not only had he seen the features, but the expression of the face and poise of the body were all deeply stamped on his mind.

"Getting on," cried Foulard, cheerily, as he saw me.

He must have worked all night. The result of his labor was marvelous, and, if one had not known the nature of the material, absolutely incredible. A trifle over life-size the statue stood,

of a pink, delicate, inexpressibly human arm!

I stood aghast, afraid to touch, afraid even to move, the skin of my head creeping, all thought absolutely paralyzed, then I went back to the settee and sat down by the side of Foulard, feeling more than a trifle faint. He touched my arm pathetically.

"Am I—am I mad, old chap?" he whispered.

"No, no," I answered, pulling myself together; "you're all right; it's—it's—hang it, let's have some whisky."

I went to the cupboard where Foulard usually kept some refreshments, carefully avoiding the statue, and pulling out a bottle and glass poured out a little whisky. We both drank some hastily, then looked at one another more calmly.

Presently, without a word, Foulard went up to the statue, which we had hardly dared to glance at. I followed him, watching intently. Very gently and with the utmost care he began scraping and cutting away at the chalk until the whole of a perfect, beautifully symmetrical hand and arm was revealed up to the shoulder. His nerves were steadier, but his excitement and exultation were tremendous.

"The face—the face!" Foulard eagerly whispered. Little by little the shoulder was disclosed to our wondering gaze, the white mask removed, until in an hour the face was uncovered, and we stood back, awestruck and silent, as before some profound, unearthly mystery.

My friend clutched my arm.

"The woman of my dream!" he said.

It was the form of a woman, with face infinitely calm and sweet, and sad, bending slightly forward. Her eyes were closed.

Strangely enough, now the face was visible, we felt no fear, so hushed, so exquisite was the entrancing beauty disclosed, and for long we sat talking in whispers over the marvelous thing which had happened.

When I left the studio, Foulard came with me to my rooms, for the sake of company; it would never have done for him to be alone—he looked ill with the shock and the excitement; and we agreed to lock the room door and come again in the morning.

Of course, my friend copied his world famous statue of "The Song of the Siren," which made so great a sensation not long ago from the woman of his dream so suddenly given to him—by what means it is impossible for us as yet to say.

On the morning when we re-entered the room (I had hardly left his side), he began upon the final statue in marble, and labored incessantly, almost day and night, hardly would he allow himself time to eat, and on many days I used to force him away from the half-completed figure to partake of a hurried meal with me. The woman—what else can I call her—had been stripped of all her white casement of chalk. She had been partially robed by a fibrous garment thrown across her bosom and drooping to her feet, made apparently of some peculiar cloth that crackled when touched. And day after day, week after week, she stood there while he worked ardently, passionately, at this labor of love.

At last it was ended, and with many a hope, many a fear, the reverent finishing touches were added. It is needless to describe the statue as it stands in the hall of sweet sounds, everyone knows of it, how that more than one has said that it has a soul, how that great musician has made it doubly immortal by a composition directly inspired by it. Foulard was famous, and urgent commissions poured in upon him from all sides.

But—the woman? Was she dead, or was she alive in some marvelous secret way unknown to modern scientists, as the Indian fakirs are supposed to have the power of suspending animation for months or years together? How long had she been in her ecstacy of chalk—years? Hundreds, thousands of years? All these and many more questions we discussed, and then, not knowing what else to do—for it was impossible to keep the exquisite form in my friend's studio, or, in fact, it seemed anywhere else—we called in a mutual friend—the curator of the Cranston Museum—a man of some skill in medicine and ancient lore. After his first utter of surprise and incredulity, he ventured many hypotheses, both plausible and futile; and then, in order to preserve more fully the secret from prying eyes, while attempting a solution, he made a tentative suggestion which we carried out. In his building he had a complete suit of armor of olden times. Carefully we built this round the impassive figure, and conveyed it back to its place in the museum.

And of all the crowd, lord and lady, merchant and peasant, lad and lass, that came to gaze at that magnificent figure of the old-time knight with his vizor down and his hand at hip, not one dreams that inside that bright armor sleeps—a woman. And whether she be alive or dead, no one knows.

"Raven—go—go—go and look! God! It's human flesh!"

showing a pure white against the dark background of curtained wall. "Once I finish this to my liking, old boy," he chattered, "the real labor at the marble will be comparatively easy, it will be more a process of copying, eliminating errors, and accumulating good points than anything else. I am just going to complete this right arm and hand, then to retouch the face—as much as I dare."

I encosined myself cozily in an easy chair with a new magazine. We exchanged a few desultory remarks, then Foulard went back to his work and I kept silence, feeling that he would be better at ease without my chatter. He was whistling softly to himself. The only other sounds were the dull blows and scrapings of his chisels on the chalk, and the soft crunching as now and then he stepped on the surrounding fragments.

Suddenly there came a startled cry, almost a scream, from my friend; he dropped his mallet with a crash on the floor, and stumbled blindly across the room to a low settee, upon which he nearly fell. I sprang from my seat instantly and rushed toward him. He was trembling violently.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked swiftly, fearing he was ill. "Can I get you anything?"

He struggled to speak for a moment, then at last, with my hand on his shoulder, stammered out—

"Raven—go—go—go and look! God! It's human flesh!" For a moment I thought he was mad; but he still pointed to the statue, and I went across to it.

His last stroke on the right of the figure had exposed about three inches

# The Iron Pot—Still a Mystery

By a Former Secret Service Man

## Ex-Operative Tells of Cleverest of Counterfeiting Plots

**Captain Dickson Relates Tale—He Tells of Encountering Desperado Gang and the Ultimate Consequences—Man with Bulldog Jaw and His Daring Escape from the Grip of the Law.** ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"IT WAS THE VESSEL WHICH HAD HUNG OVER THE FIRE WHEN I VISITED THE COUNTERFEITERS."

HERE are few mysteries which are never cleared up," commenced Capt. Dickson, as he sat before the cheerful wood fire of his cozy study one night last winter. "Although some of them slumber for years among the things forgotten, until the denouement is accidentally developed by some person who, perhaps, never heard of the original matter. Such was the case which I have come to remember as that of 'The Iron Pot.' It was a vessel of this humble character that finally cleared up a great mystery and brought the guilty to justice.

"A St. Louis gang had their plant in a cleverly constructed cave in a suburban district. It was an artificial cave, dug back in the face of a clay and gravel bluff. The entrance was through the shanty of a poor Irish family, a circumstance that diverted suspicion from it and one to which is partly due the long immunity the gang enjoyed.

"There was no scrap of metal, no coins, chemicals, or other thing used in the art. Only the machine and a few wrenches and similar tools. The gang had skipped out. The Irishman was half-witted, and his wife was too clever to be caught in the traps we laid for her. We had made a water-haul, except for the machine, which was destroyed. The cave was filled up. Acting under orders from Washington we maintained secrecy about the entire matter and nothing of it got into the newspapers.

"I found one thing in the shanty which might or might not offer a clue to the counterfeiters. It was an empty envelope bearing the postmark of an obscure railroad station in the sunken district of northeastern Arkansas. I had long ago learned that it is the seemingly insignificant things that lead to the discovery of criminals, and while this envelope might mean nothing, on the other hand, it might be of the gravest importance. It had been found beneath the sheet of metal on which the cook stove stood, the tip of one corner, discolored and grimy, attracting my attention. I had secured it and pocketed it without attracting attention.

"If the gang had never existed it could not have disappeared more effectually. We were face to face with a blank wall. This made us the more anxious to capture the counterfeiters. As nothing better offered, the chief

suggested that I follow up the clue of the empty envelope.

"With as cumbersome and complete an outfit as every city sportsman carries into the woods with him, I left the train one day at the wayside station which bore the name of the postmark. Securing a guide and cook, in the person of a lanky native, I had my truck hauled out to the St. Francis river, only two miles distant, where I pitched camp and made preparations for an indefinite stay.

"By making inquiry of my visitors, I learned that about five miles down the river were camped, in a snug cabin built by themselves, three gentlemen from parts unknown. They maintained the place as a sort of club and had spent the spring season there. They left about March and were gone until October, when they returned one night and again took possession of their cabin. Our raid on the cave had been made on the 15th of October, and this caused me to think that perhaps the empty envelope was making good.

"As the three gentlemen did not deign to visit my camp, I decided to make a call upon them.

"I started out in a folding canvas canoe, late in the afternoon, and arrived in the vicinity of their camp just at nightfall. With a sharp cypress tree, aided by a jagged cut from my hunting knife, I succeeded in punching a bad hole in the bottom of the canoe, and with the boat rapidly filling with water, I landed just after sunset at the very door of their cabin. The three men were at home and they welcomed me with the open hospitality of campers, insisting that I spend the night with them. This was just what I had been planning for.

"It was easy to see that the men were crooks. There is always something to disclose the counterfeiter, if the observer is only sufficiently versed in their ways and mannerisms to recognize the telltale signs. I was pretty sure, before the evening was over, that these were the men who had done the job in St. Louis.

"Nothing about the cabin was the least bit suspicious. A large iron pot bubbled invitingly over the open fire, the fragrant odor of boiling meat issuing from under its lid when the steam pushed it up on one side. A steaming haunch of venison, cooking with some vegetables and dumplings, was produced from the pot for our supper, which was served soon after my arrival. In the center of the room was a big table, crudely constructed of heavy oak timbers. The cabin was well

lighted, the lamps being of expensive character and great brilliancy. Guns and fishing tackle and hunting tongs of every kind gave the cabin the atmosphere of a sportsman's club.

"The men talked freely of everything but themselves. They spoke of many cities, but never of their homes. They told me they were college chums who had always made it a custom to spend a few months together each fall in the woods. They were clever men and readily passed for the lawyer, the doctor and the merchant, the characters they respectively pretended to be. The one to whom the other two deferred everything was a large, powerful man with clean shaven face and a jaw like a bulldog. His face was too shrewd to be pleasant. He watched me furtively, a sinister, amused smile playing about the corners of his mobile mouth. That smile spoke volumes. It made me lie awake all night. It seemed to say that he knew my real character, and therefore I thought it best to keep on the watch. The man seemed capable of offering me personal violence. But the night passed away without incident. After breakfast, I repaired the leak in my canoe and paddled slowly upstream, trying to figure out where I had seen the big man with the square jaw before.

"While I was smoking a last cigar before retiring that evening, it came to me where I had seen him. It was on a street car in St. Louis, on one occasion when I was shadowing the shanty at the cave. He had been on the same car and had kept his seat when I alighted near the hut. He had looked at me then as if he wanted to know me the next time he saw me. I was assured that he was one of the counterfeiters, and made up my mind to arrest the three of them the first thing next morning.

"Here I learned a lesson in procrastination. While I hastily gobbled down my breakfast the next day, a trapper, who camped near by and who had gone to the village the night before for supplies, happened along and told me a most disconcerting bit of news. The three men had taken French leave. They had caught a through freight about midnight, taking little or no baggage with them. I hastened to the village, and although I worked the single telegraph wire to its utmost capacity, the three men succeeded in making their escape.

"Sending a full cipher report to Washington, I repaired to the cabin in the swamps and made a careful search of it. Everything within was in the

greatest confusion. Clothing and shells, guns and fishing tackle were strewn about the floor, evidencing a precipitate departure. It was tantalizing to again allow the criminals to escape. I felt deeply chagrined, and resolved never again to put off a matter of this kind. The men had forestalled me by only a few hours, for I had intended arresting them that morning, and there had been nothing in their conduct during my visit to their cabin to indicate that they thought of flight.

"In one corner of the cabin, beneath the very bunk on which I had slept, there was an excavation three feet square and as many deep. The cover was down and dirt was strewn over it which gave it the same appearance as the dirt floor of the house. I discovered it by a hollow sound when I tapped over the spot. It was empty.

"I noticed the absence of the pot which had supplied my supper, but it was rather a subconscious notice of it. The fact really made no appreciable impression on me at the time, nor did it, in fact, until more than a year had passed. It was then recalled by a newspaper dispatch under date of the small village.

"Some of the boys in the village had appropriated the cabin as a sort of clubhouse, after the three men had fled. They would spend Saturdays there, fishing and swimming and hunting. Immediately in front of the cabin was a steep bank, and the river widened out into a broad, deep pool which afforded good fishing and swimming. The boys would throw white pebbles into this hole and dive for them from the bank. One of them had struck his head against something hard at the bottom of the river and had been pulled up a corpse, his skull having been fractured by the impact of the blow.

"The others investigated and found a large iron pot half buried in the soft mud. Its cover was sealed down and its weight had been so great the boys couldn't lift it from its oozy bed. The dispatch stated that the pot was to be raised and its contents examined.

"I was in Little Rock when I read this dispatch and, without waiting for instructions from headquarters, I boarded the first train and set out for the village. I was in a state of feverish excitement, fearing I would arrive there after the pot had been secured. I wanted to be the first to view its contents. I felt sure I knew what was in it.

"After a journey that seemed interminable I arrived at the village and inquired about the pot. My fears had been groundless. With the indifference so characteristic in country people the villagers had forgotten, after the funeral of the unfortunate young man, the incident of the pot. While there had been some talk of raising it, no one had taken the lead, and there the matter had rested.

"Securing a team of mules and some strong ropes and chains, I drove out to the cabin. By dint of much diving I succeeded in fastening the chains about the pot and had my assistant drag it out upon the bank. It was the vessel which had hung over the fire when I had visited the counterfeiters in their lair. Then I remembered its absence, when I had searched the hut after their departure. It was sealed with paraffin and sealing wax, and not a drop of water had passed the lid.

"I contained a complete set of engravers' tools, several bottles of powerful acids, glass stopped and sealed, a number of bars of silver, some three hundred odd counterfeit silver dollars, and the dies with which they had been stamped out. The dies were thickly coated with wax and were as bright and fresh as when they beat out the false coins in the secret cave.

"After swearing my assistant to secrecy, I returned to headquarters with my booty.

"Not many weeks later two of the men were captured. I had given the department a minute description of them, after their unceremonious departure, and its vast machinery had been set in motion for their apprehension. It is a maxim of the service that a man once a counterfeiter is always a counterfeiter. This rule held good with reference to two of the men, at least, for they were captured and convicted of another job. The incidents I have just related were not introduced in evidence against them and consequently escaped the press. The man with the bulldog jaw escaped completely at that time, but I met with him, years after, under circumstances neither of us will forget so long as we live."

(Copyright, 1908, by F. G. Chapman.) (Copyright in Great Britain.)

### WHAT THE DOLLIES HAD.

Small Wonder That the Little Mother Was Really Alarmed.

"Little Mary was really very ill. Mother said she was sure it was an attack of appendicitis, but Grandma was equally sure the little one was threatened with convulsions.

The argument waxed warm in Mary's presence, and appropriate remedies were used, and the next day she was better.

Coming into her mother's room during her play she said:

"Mamma, two of my dollies are very sick this morning."

"Indeed, dear, I am very sorry. What is the matter with them?"

"Well I don't really know, mamma, but I think Gwendolyn has 'a pint o' spiders' and Marguerite is going to have 'convulsions'."

### INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.

A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. F. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, '08. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

### REAL GRIEVANCE.



"Boo hoo! Johnny Jones has got de measles, an' can't come out."

"Ah! And you miss your dear little playmate?"

"Yes m, he's de only kid in the town dat I kin lick—boo-hoo-oo!"

### His Absent-Minded View.

They were engaged in purchasing shoes for the children. The husband was a former teacher, but the wife was a very intelligent and practical person, relates the Chicago News.

"For school purposes I don't want and dull-kids for they roughen up so easily," said the wife to the sales woman, adding, "What do you think of it, dear?"

"Well," he said absent-mindedly "I have known a good many dull kids at school, but I never regarded them as any rougher than other children."

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### The Land of England.

Twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety-one persons own four-fifths of the soil of England, their aggregate property, exclusive of that within the metropolitan boundaries, being 40,130,775 acres. In point of fact, the number of owners of four-fifths of the English land is nearer 5,000 than 12,000. Of these 500 are noblemen, and four or five of these swallow up the rest. —New York American.

### 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. Jackson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

### Troubled Even in Death.

"How is this? I thought you disliked your mother-in-law, and here you are carrying flowers to her grave!"

"Exactly! She hated 'em."—Journal Amusant.

### ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 75c.

For what the mind wishes, that it also believes.—Helioborus.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, Blain, Bleeding or Prolapsing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

He isn't much of a baker who eats all the bread he kneads.

Use Allen's Foot-Paste. Cures itching, sweating feet. 25c. Trial package free. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A singer doesn't weigh his words on the musical scale.

**MAPLEINE**

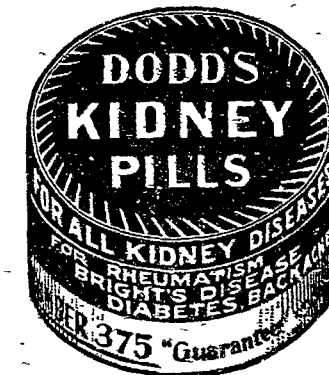
### HORRORS!



"What's the trouble, Zumbo?"

"I thought it was missionaries, but it's a load of Altruists."

And it sometimes happens that a man is married to his boss.



### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, and BILIOUSNESS. LITTLE LIVER PILLS. PURELY VEGETABLE.

They regulate the Bowels. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

### Western Canada

MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres offered to each settler, —160 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

"A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people."—Extract from correspondence of a Naturalist Editor of a New York paper to Western Canada, in August, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911.

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre as a result of one crop.

Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses, bringing to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McINNIS, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAUBIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

### GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Caring, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

### Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy. At druggists, 25c.

### DR. MCINTOSH celebrated

### NATURAL UTERINE SUPPORTER

gives immediate relief. Sold by all surgical instrument dealers and leading druggists in United States and Canada. Catalog & price list sent on application. THIS MEDICINE HAS BEEN USED BY DR. J. C. MCINTOSH, 322 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturer of Trusses and sole makers of the genuine stamped MCINTOSH'S Supporters.

### ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE \$25 TO \$100 WEEKLY

selling the famous new Pitt typewriter. First practical, standard two-hand keyboard, visible-writing portable typewriter ever sold for so low a price. Does work like the big machines. Couldn't be better at any price. Everybody wants one. Big profits, easy sales, exclusive territory. Write for full particulars today to

Junior Typewriter Co., Dept. D, 221 Broadway, N. Y. City.

### PISO'S CURE

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A flavoring that is used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. Send for stamp for sample and recipe book. Crescen? Mfg. Co., Seattle.

## The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

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

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

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

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 2-cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 15c for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentionally published that cannot be personally answered.

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

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 1, '09.

## Willard Stearns Is Dead.

The news of the death last Monday at his home in Adrian of Hon. Willard Stearns brings widespread regret in which the Record fully shares. Besides the many personal friends who respected Mr. Stearns for his sterling character and kindly ways, hundreds of people came to know and like him through the medium of his paper, The Adrian Press, and especially through the pungent humor and wit of its exchange column.

Mr. Stearns was given many honors by his fellow citizens of Adrian among them the mayoralty of the city. He was for some years a member of the board of managers of the State Industrial school, of the Adrian school board and held numerous other positions of trust and responsibility. He was also a veteran of the civil war. He retired from newspaper work a few years ago. His daughter, Miss Virginia Stearns, preceptress of the Northville schools, has the sincere sympathy of her large circle of friends here.

## Trade at Home.

Mail order houses do a humming business about the holidays says the Thermopolis (Wyo.) Record. Trading at home is home protection. The mail order house gets the money and it is gone out of the country, the home merchant gets it and pays it out again in the community in which he lives. He also pays taxes, helps to support churches and schools, and usually gives liberally to all home demands. The mail order house does none of these things. In some cases, it may be, you pay a trifle more to the home dealer than the prices quoted in the mail order catalogues, but you have the advantage of seeing what you are getting, and when you have figured the freight and realize you have received an inferior quality of goods from abroad, you must conclude you have not laid up anything by sending away.

## No Instructions to Voters.

The movement of the republican county committee against the instruction of illiterate voters by election inspectors, is a move in the right direction. In this day and age a man who requires instruction as to his voting might better not vote at all.

"If a man is too ignorant to vote intelligently, let him spoil his ballot," says Secretary William H. Green of the committee. "It is placing too much power in the hands of the illiterate voters."

And Mr. Green is everlastingly right. Let the voter spoil his ballot if he doesn't know how to mark it correctly. He is just as liable to spoil it anyhow if he trusts to the average inspector in the big cities to instruct him.

And now it is up to some Northville young men to explain why they allowed a gentleman from the Indian-school town of Mt. Pleasant to come way down here and lug off one of Northville's choicest prizes.

## Costly Tomb of Prophet.

It is said that the tomb of Mohammed is the costliest in existence, and that \$10,000,000 worth of diamonds and rubies were used in its decoration.

## NORTHVILLE.

## Purely Personal.

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

Mrs. Hirsch spent Christmas with friends in Greenfield.

N. Nevison was home from North Branch for Christmas.

Miss Cooper of Detroit spent Sunday with Miss Ada Pickell.

Walter Palmer visited friends in Clyde Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rott-Thompson are visiting friends in Wheeler.

Miss Dolly McDonald of Detroit visited Miss Bertha Fendt over Sunday.

Mrs. Bert Wilkinson of Orid is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams.

Miss Emily Strohmer of Detroit is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Hansen.

Henry Ballard of Ann Arbor was the guest of Northville friends the fore part of the week.

Miss Jessie Allen of Detroit was the guest of Northville relatives from Friday until Sunday.

Mrs. E. Hazen and Mrs. Florence Mathews of Detroit visited Mrs. C. T. Thornton the past week.

Mrs. Cornelia Madison of Detroit has been spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Beulah Thompson.

Mrs. W. Y. Murdock of Ypsilanti took Christmas dinner with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Barley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stark and daughters, Mabel and Mace, spent Christmas with relatives in Fenton.

Dr. and Mrs. Klekel and little son, Joe, were guests of her mother in Ann Arbor from Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Liddell of Milford were guests of her mother, Mrs. L. W. Simmons, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Aspenleiter and son were guests of her parents at Pearl Beach from Thursday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Balder returned home last week from a four weeks' visit in the western part of the state.

W. D. Parmenter and family of Grand Rapids spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Parmenter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Woodworth and daughters, Clara and Ezma, spent Christmas with friends in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Frank Chapman and family were home from Ypsilanti for the holidays. Miss Orin returned to Ypsilanti Saturday.

Charles Sessions and sister, Marguerite, of Ann Arbor are holiday guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Sessions.

Mrs. Frank Thompson and daughter spent a few days the fore part of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Gage, near Wixom.

Mrs. Willard Warby of South Lyon was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lockwood, Christmas and remained over Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Francisco of Newport, Mrs. Anne Francisco of Wayne and Mrs. Chas. Coldren of Delray were guests of Mrs. C. J. Ball Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Ferguson and son, Lewis, of New Hudson and Mrs. Sands of Milford were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Meseraull.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnson of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson of Bay City were guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson over Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. White and daughter, Helen, of Lansing and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Savage of this place ate Christmas dinner with Mrs. Savage's father, George Brown.

Mrs. Estella Harrington and son, Wilbur, and Miss Margaret Van Valkenburg were guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. Romain Gilbert, and husband at Farmington Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mrs. Hattie McIlwain and Mrs. Agnes Buno of Farmington and Mr. Ida Lee and daughter, Inza, Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McVicar returned home Tuesday from Clare where Mrs. McVicar had been spending the summer and where Mr. McVicar had recently been called by the death of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Court.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.

Miss Arbutus Wolf visited over Sunday in Detroit.

Frank Sutton and family spent Christmas in Detroit.

Claude Staifer of Plymouth is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Mary Duntun of Detroit called on friends in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Annie Scott spent Christmas with her sister in Forest, Can.

B. E. Lewis of Cho is spending a few weeks with his son, Will.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lyon spent Friday and Saturday in Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Green visited friends in Flint the latter part of the week.

Miss Flora Scarrow of Wayne visited Northville friends Sunday.

Miss Olive Ukon, who teaches near Pontiac, is home for the holidays.

Geo. McFarland and family spent Christmas with friends in Detroit.

Wm. Lumagoo visited his folks in Detroit from Saturday until Wednesday.

Mrs. Nelson Freeman of Ypsilanti has been visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Theo Mosher is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ashley, in Detroit this week.

Will Lewis and father spent Sunday in Pontiac with the former's brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry of Wixom spent last Thursday at A. C. Harmon's.

Mrs. B. J. Jacobus of Detroit was visiting relatives here for a few days this week.

Miss Mildred Wilkins of Detroit spent part of Saturday and Sunday with Olive Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Danton of Farmington were Northville visitors Sunday afternoon.

Stewart Seeley of Pontiac spent Christmas with his uncle, M. R. Seeley, and family.

M. D. Johnson and family of Livonia ate turkey dinner with N. A. Clapp and wife.

Will Lewis and family spent Christmas at Redford with Mrs. Lewis' cousin, Wm. French.

Mrs. Mary Lewis has returned to her home in Jackson after spending Christmas with her niece, Mrs. C. A. McCullough.

Sam Stephenson and Miss Grace Berry of Northville took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fry in Detroit on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward and little son of Marcellus were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dolph from Thursday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Yerkes have gone to Mt. Pleasant to attend a reception given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dusenbury.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Ambler and children, Lella and Sherrill, of Ypsilanti were entertained at Wm. Ambler's Christmas.

George Davis of Detroit was the guest of his uncle, W. J. Davis, Saturday. Mr. Davis spent New Years with this nephew.

Miss Helen Patterson of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Romain Gilbert of Farmington were guests of Mrs. Estella Harrington Sunday.

The Misses Gwineth and Esther Pickett of Ypsilanti are visiting Northville friends this week and Mrs. Ina Pickett spent Christmas here.

Mrs. James Leadbeater and daughter, Jennie, and friend of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Green of Battle Creek spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. E. Kator.

## CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

The Queen's Coachman.

A queen's coachman is a personage of no small importance. Certainly the coachman to her late majesty, Queen Victoria, had a baffling sense of the dignity and responsibility of his position. On the occasion of the jubilee of 1887 he was asked if he was driving any of the royal and imperial guests at that time quartered in Buckingham palace. "No, sir," was his reply. "I am the queen's coachman; I don't drive the riff raff."—London Telegraph.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.

## Notice.

From January 1st until April 1st, 1909 the stamp and general delivery windows of this office will close at 7:30 p. m., standard time. Saturday evenings one hour later.

The lobby will remain open until 8:30 every evening, except Sundays. M. N. JOHNSON, P. M.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

## JOHN D. MABLEY

"The Best In The World For The Money."

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

Hats and Furnishings

Neckwear, Shirts, Gloves, Underwear, Hose.

Mail Orders  
Our Specialty  
Samples On Request.

184 Woodward Ave., DETROIT.

## SCHRADER BROTHERS

FURNITURE and  
UNDERTAKING

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

TO OUR FRIENDS:--

In wishing all our friends a Happy New Year we want to assure them of how much we appreciate their patronage during the year past. It has been a good year indeed and our sales have been large in excess of the previous year. We hope to do better even the coming year, with our greater increase of stock and variety.

Again wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, we are,

Sincerely yours.

SCHRADER BROTHERS.

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

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. 221f

FOR SALE—Team, cheap. Would sell separate; also about 100 Oak fence posts. Parmenter & Son. Bell Phone 221f

FOR SALE—Extracted honey at 10c a pound. Also sour milk. D. A. Dyer, Northville. 220a3

WANTED—A second hand coal stove cheap for hard or soft coal. J. W. Davis. 22w1p

LOST—Left hand black mt. Please leave at Record office or Wheeler's store for T. Connelly. 22w1p

LOST—Lady's small sized tan colored pocketbook containing 2 one dollar bills and some small change. Finder please leave at Record office. 22w1p

FOR SALE—All body beach wood J. W. Cleaver. Phone 309-3R. 22w2p

FOUND—A gentleman's new rubber. Owner have same by calling at this office, proving property and paying 25c for this notice.

WANTED—First class married man to work on farm. Will board extra help. House furnished and cow kept, garden, etc. Fred P. Simmons, Fruit Ridge farm. Bell Phone 175. 22f

LOST—White fur, brown silk lining, Saturday night, between S. McLean's and Mt. Brown's house. Finder please leave at Record office for Mrs. Milton Brown. wlp

FOR SALE—Barred Rock Cockerels. The Tibbitts. Home phone 301 7R. 22w2

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

## OSCAR S. HARGER

REAL ESTATE BROUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED

Estates Settled and Managed

Insurance and Loans. Notary Public

Bell Phone, 60. 124 N. Center St.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## THEIR STANDING

Week ending Friday, December 25th

Katie White	13,380
Mildred Ely	7,549
Madeline Barnum	6,099
Reginald Hills	3,040
Mrs. E. B. Cave	1,843

A grand total of 31,911 votes cast to above date. Contest positively ends Thursday night, December 31st. No coupons given out after that date. We give you until Saturday night, January 2nd, to have all votes handed in. Final vote will be announced in our window as soon as possible after this date.

Only Five Days Left of uncounted votes in which to win out in the Piano Contest. The vote will be large these last few days and many a race is won in the last lap.

We wish you one and all a Happy and Prosperous New Year and wish to thank you all for your generous patronage for the past year.

Merritt & Company  
Piano Contest

This Coupon Counts One Vote For

Name.....

Address.....

Void After January 2.

## MERRITT &amp; COMPANY

Jewelers and Booksellers.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## 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.

Try a 15 Cent Liner in the Record--It Pays.

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies Ask your Druggist for

Chichester's Diamond Brand

Pills in Red and Gold metallic

boxes, sealed with the Diamond

Take no other. Buy of your

Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S

DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25

years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

## J. E. WEDOW, Auctioneer

A Good Seller; Gives Perfect Satisfaction; Terms Reasonable.

Bell Phone, Farm. 40-L. 2-R.

Post Office, WALLED LAKE, MICH.

R. F. D. No. 2.



## THAT HEADACHE

Is certainly agonizing. But we don't see why you should keep on suffering. We have several kinds of headache powders and tablets which we know are excellent. The kind you need depends on whether the stomach or nerves that caused the trouble.

## IT IS WISE

to keep both kinds in the house. Then when the first symptoms appear you can check it at once. There are many remedies that you ought to have ready for emergencies. We shall be glad to tell you about them any time.

## Murdock Bros.

DRUGGISTS

Northville, Michigan.

## Happy New Year To All.

We wish to thank our friends for their liberal patronage during the past year and solicit a share of it for the year 1909.

## Fred L. Cook &amp; Co.

FARMINGTON, MICH.



# Practical HORSESHOEING

All Work Guaranteed.

SAUVIE &amp; WALTER

NORTHVILLE, PROPERS.

# Bread

## 4c LOAF

Fresh Home Made Bread and just as you like it. Made in Northville. Why buy Detroit bread when you can buy Northville Bread that is better and at less price.

## E. DOAN

Kellogg Block, NORTHVILLE.

## NORTHVILLE.

## The City in Brief.

We wish our readers a Happy New Year.

Rev. J. W. Turner is numbered among the sick.

King's Daughters meeting in Ambler's Hall at 3:30 next Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Sarah Palmer entertained her children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews Christmas.

Miss Myrtle Morgan, who has been quite ill with the grip, is better and able to be out again.

Miss Ada Pickell is slowly recovering from injuries received in the sleigh ride party last week.

Mrs. W. B. Penfield entertains sixteen gentlemen at dinner this evening in honor of Mr. Penfield.

Claude McFarland hurt his fingers quite badly while going down on the elevator Wednesday at the Sampson Scale factory.

The Winter Night Club will meet this evening. It being found impossible to get together enough members to have the debate.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Stanley entertained their grandchildren, Little York and Phyllis Conroy, with a Christmas tree Friday night.

The first regular communication of Northville Lodge, No. 186 F. & A. M., for the New Year will occur Monday evening, Jan. 4th. Members please take notice.

About twenty-four relatives from Pontiac, Detroit, Orchard Lake and Farmington ate Christmas dinner at O. S. Harger's, and also received gifts from a Christmas tree.

Mrs. Susan Clark has been very ill the past week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Erla Cobb. She is a little more comfortable at present.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the west Livonia church will hold its regular meeting and dinner at the home of Mrs. Chas. Smock, Jan. 7. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sessions and family had the pleasure of eating old English plum pudding on Christmas day, which was brought direct from England by Harry Baker.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Northville State Savings bank will be held Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 12, 1909, at two o'clock sharp, standard time at Bank office, Northville.

The "500" club was entertained at the home of Miss Lucile Perkins Tuesday evening. A well laden Christmas tree was one of the chief attractions and each member was generously remembered with presents.

George Rattenbury has leased his Exchange hotel to George Fair of Brighton who will take possession Monday. Mr. Rattenbury will continue to live in Northville and will devote his time to buying and selling of stock.

M. A. Porter of the Interstate Telephone Co. reports having great success in installing telephone systems at Wyandotte, Trenton and Elmore. Some trouble was manifest to start with but that has now been all surmounted.

Cecil McCullough has received notice of his appointment as one of the sheriffs in Sheriff George Gaston's office, Detroit. The appointment is a good one and Northville people in general will be pleased to know of the selection.

Miss Esther Dark has accepted a position as principal of the Otaway High school and left this week to begin her work. Her sister, Miss Grace Dark, who is teacher of the Seventh grade in the school here, accompanied her, returning home on Sunday.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

If you save your money, you're a grouch.  
If you spend it, you're a loafer.  
If you get it, you're a grafter.  
If you don't get it, you're a bum.  
So what's the use?

David Satovsky is on the sick list this week.

Two letters are advertised at the post office for Mr. Geo. E. Taylor.

Mr. Collins and Mrs. Wald entertained guests from Jackson, Detroit and Waterford Christmas.

Owing to a large amount of advertising we are obliged to cut out part of our correspondence this week.

Mrs. T. B. Henry entertained the Clover Whist club Tuesday evening and a very enjoyable time was had.

C. M. Joslin was surely "cured" by his children on Christmas in the shape of a gold-headed ebony cane. It is a beauty and the Judge is very proud of it.

Allen M. Harmon Post, G. A. R., and auxiliary W. R. C. are to have their joint installation of officers next Thursday afternoon. The W. R. C. will furnish a literary program, which will follow the installation service in Ambler's hall, the meeting place of the corps, after which the ladies will be given a banquet by the veterans in the latter's hall.

## NOVI NEWS.

Win Cole of Lansing is visiting at Miles Richardson's.

Phoebe Goodell spent Christmas with Mrs. Clara Biery at Northville.

Mr. Miller and son, Charles, of Detroit were guests of Stella Perkins recently.

Mr. Willie and Miss Ruby Ward of Millington are guests of Mrs. James Devereaux.

Gladys Thornton of near Milford is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. O Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Goodell spent Christmas in Detroit with Mr. and Mrs. Trump.

Mr. and Mrs. Jud Chapman and children of Ypsilanti spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Delos Leavenworth.

The Baptist Sunday school elected the following officers Sunday for the ensuing year. Supt. Geo. Sutton; asst. Supt. Harry Bogart; sec. and treas. Eugene Root; librarian, Della Sessions; organist, Mrs. J. Richardson, chorister, Mrs. Sam Spencer.

The Baptist Mission circle met with Mrs. Wooster recently and tied two quilts which were given to needy families in our town as Christmas presents. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Jay Hazen on Jan. 14 to do more work for the needy among us. All the ladies are requested to come in the morning.

**CASTORIA.**  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

## FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Black spent Christmas at Lansing.

Gov. Warner and family go to Lansing this week to remain three months.

Mrs. Larkins is very low at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Skein spent Christmas in Detroit with their children.

Mrs. S. W. Fuller of Birmingham is spending the week with Frank and Mary Lee.

Mrs. Abigail McGee and daughter, Mrs. Maggie Truscott, are visiting George McGee and family at Cadillac.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hitchcock left last Wednesday for Chatham, Ont., to make an extended visit among relatives and friends.

The Christmas exercises and tree in the Methodist church Christmas Eve were well attended and a fine program was given by the little folks and young people.

About twenty Masons attended services in the Methodist church last Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Mealley gave them a short address about St. John, it being St. John's night.

Harry Moore and wife celebrated Christmas day by entertaining Mrs. Murray and son, Marl, of Lansing, Dr. and Mrs. Moore of this place, George Spencer, wife and son of Wixom and Marlin Spencer of Midland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber spent several days last week in Cleveland the guests of E. Sprague and wife. Miss Kate Sprague accompanied them home. Frank Thompson of Northville had charge of the bank during the absence of Mr. Wilber.

**CASTORIA.**  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

## LIVONIA NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vroman were on our street Tuesday.

David Wolfstrom's people entertained friends at dinner Christmas.

Mrs. Will Garchow entertained her father and sister from Thursday until Wednesday.

Mrs. Austin and son, Ernie, spent Christmas with Perry and Harry Austin at Northville.

Harry Peck, Paul Lee and Elmer Chilson attended the dance at Clarenceville Christmas night.

## SALEM NEWS.

Mrs. Frank Rider is on the sick list.

Mrs. Webb Wheeler is still on the sick list.

Mr. Spiegel of Detroit visited at the Larkins home Monday.

Frank Bours soon takes position as conductor between Detroit and Jackson.

Melvin Bebee and children of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth of Howell were guests at George Merritt's over Christmas.

Mrs. L. M. Conroy of Farmington, Miss Grace Conroy of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watt and daughter Ethel of Novi, Mrs. M. S. Ambler and children of Ypsilanti were guests at G. P. Conroy's Saturday.

## ACKNOWLEDGES IT.

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

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

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

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

## Cured To Stay Cured.

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

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

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

# SPECIAL HOLIDAY WEEK SALES IN

Dress Goods  
Silks  
Hosiery  
Ladies' Neckwear  
Toilet Goods  
Art Department  
Men's Furnishings  
Infant's Goods  
Muslin Underwear  
Draperies

## Crushed and Soiled Handkerchief Sale

In accordance with our usual custom during the last 25 years we will offer for sale all the Handkerchiefs, used in window and interior decoration; and all remaining on the counters after the holiday trade. No Handkerchiefs, crushed or soiled, ever goes back into our stock; all must be sold. Many broken assortments and odd lots will be added at reduced prices.

## The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

165 to 169 Woodward Ave.

DETROIT, MICH.

## Card of Thanks.

Thanks to the ladies of the church for the beautiful white primrose Sunday evening and to the King's Daughters for the pink primrose Christmas morning.

MRS. MARTHA STARKWEATHER.

## DETROIT

## United Lines.

## TIME TABLE.

Cars Run on Central Standard Time. Northville to Farmington and Detroit—Also to Orchard Lake and Pontiac.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6:30 a. m. and hourly until 11:30 p. m., and also 12:30 a. m. for Farmington and Detroit at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:00 p. m.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 6:00 a. m. and every two hours to 8:00 p. m., also 9:30 p. m., changing at Wayne, and to Wayne only at 11:30 p. m.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:55 a. m. (from Michigan car barns only), also at 7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 11:30 p. m., also at 9:00 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., changing cars at Wayne.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:33 a. m. and every two hours to 8:33 p. m., 10:10 p. m. and midnight.

Leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:04 a. m. (except Sundays), 7:16 a. m. and every two hours to 9:10 p. m., 10:42 p. m. and 12:28 a. m.

West bound cars to Jackson connect at Wayne. Cars for Saline connect at Ypsilanti.

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

Operated over the Detroit United Railway, Detroit, Monroe & Toledo Street Line, Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry. and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points on above Electric Lines.

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

For rates and other information apply to:

G. H. Baker or John F. Keys, Local agent, Northville.

Gen. Pass Agt., Detroit.

Subject to change without notice.

# MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.

109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

TELEPHONE.

# THE REASON WHY OUR Expansion Sale Is Successful

We are going to stay right here in Northville, therefore cannot afford to misrepresent our merchandise to the public. Not a dollar's worth of shop worn accumulations of left-over sizes, purchased in anticipation of a sale.

Every man should see this Clothing before buying. Come in and try it on, compare it with what you see elsewhere; we will be satisfied with your decision.

# A Bonafide Discount of 20 to 35% on Every Dollar's

Worth of Men's and Boys' Clothing in Our Store.

IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY.

We Open Our New Store in the Whipple Bldg. March 1st, 1909.

# WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

# Lanham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## To Our Friends and Customers

We take this opportunity of wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



SERIAL  
STORYTHE  
SMUGGLERBy  
ELLA MIDDLETON  
TYBOUT

Illustrations by Ray Walters.

(Copyright, 1907, by J. 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. They were introduced to Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented by the trio for the summer. Elizabeth learned that a friend of her father's was to call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-acting stranger on the steamer. The girls were not at home, but discovered by the cards left that one of the men was Elizabeth's father's friend. The men proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett. Lady Edith, a girl of a robber's jewels at the hotel. Fearing for the safety of her own gems, she left them in a safe at the cottage. Mr. Gordon Bennett was properly introduced, explained his queer actions, returned the lost bag and told of mysterious things of sea here. He was with the cottage—exploring the cellar, one of the girls found a sphinx cuff-button, the exact counterpart of which both Gordon Bennett and Lady Edith were found to possess, also Elise, alone, explored the cellar, overhearing a conversation there between Mary Anne and a man. He proved to be her son charged with murder. The young women agreed to keep the secret. Lady Edith told a story of a lost love in connection with the sphinx key. Elise and Gordon Bennett discovered Lady Edith and Mr. Graham, the latter displaying a marvelous burlesque voice.

## CHAPTER X.—Continued

Lady Edith rested her chin on her hand and thought a while. Mr. Blake and Mr. Graham gazed at the lovely face grown suddenly serious as she pondered the question, and I knew that Gordon Bennett forgot my very existence as he leaned forward awaiting her reply.

"It is hard for me to realize," she said slowly, "never having been tempted."

"How can any one know what he would do until the time comes?" interrupted Mr. Graham, "as to yielding to an impulse—well, why are we given impulses if not to obey them?"

"Isn't that rather a dangerous theory?"

Lady Edith laughed as she spoke, but there was a note of anxiety in her voice, and she glanced involuntarily at her brother, who still maintained his sullen silence.

"A very dangerous theory," remarked Mr. Bennett; "but to return to our discussion. Smuggling is a hazardous business, Lady Edith, and it requires some courage, too, for one practically takes his life in his hands, especially stormy nights when the sea runs high."

"Yes," ejaculated Mrs. Graham; "yes!"

"Oh, I don't know," said her husband, "it has its compensations. One lives, you know—lives. Think of a night, out there, with the waves mounting high—a stiff wind, and raining, perhaps. Black sky, black water, black everything, and the uncertainty about landing your cargo safely. Then the sail back again triumphant and exulting—you and the elements alone together. Can't you taste the salt spray? Can't you feel the boat cut through the water? Can't you—"

"Harry!"

He paused abruptly and turned to his wife.

"I beg your pardon, Juliet," he said very gently, "I quite forgot your aversion to the water or I wouldn't have let myself go."

As Elizabeth often insisted, there were nice things about Mr. Graham after all. His patience with his wife's vagaries were certainly most commendable, yet I found myself reaching out after her hand as though I understood and sympathized with her strange attitude—which I certainly did not.

Meanwhile the little boat sailed on, and whether it carried a smuggler with his ill-gotten spoils or my treasures from the Land of Dreams we never knew, for it slipped away into the darkness as quietly as it had emerged. I felt as though I had lost something very valuable as I looked out over the empty water and the ensuing silence brought me no vaguely blissful dreams, but rather a sense of uneasiness and impending danger.

Our fire had burned itself away into a bed of embers, where charred bits of wood occasionally sent forth feeble flames as the night wind brought them renewed life. The moon climbed high in the heavens as we sat listening to the waves wash over the rocks, while the embers glowed and paled and glowed again in indignant protest against their relegation to the ashes of the past.

Presently Lady Edith turned to Graham. "Sing," she said.

And Harry Graham obeyed without self-conscious demur. Looking up at

the rock where she sat with Elizabeth, he smiled and removed his cap.

"If it will give you pleasure," he said, quite simply.

She made a gesture of assent and after a moment's silence he began to sing, softly at first, then his voice gradually attained its full compass. I have never heard a voice just like Harry Graham's—so strong and yet so sweet. It had a wonderful depth of tenderness about it, too, and we listened entranced, unwilling to lose a note or a word of his song, which was quite unfamiliar to me at least.

Out of the purple distance,  
Over the surging sea,  
Borne on the winds of heaven  
Cometh a voice to me;  
See how the white gull resteth,  
Low o'er the tossing spray,  
Pausing awhile to listen  
Before it is up and away!

O'er the trackless waste of waters  
Where nameless thousands sleep,  
From the realm of endless silence,  
Cometh the Voice of the Deep;  
Hark to the whispering water  
Bringing a message to me,  
"Child of the restless ocean,  
Thy destiny waits for thee."

Where the far-away dim horizon  
Touches the mist-bound sea,  
There lieth an Unknown Kingdom  
With its gates ajar for me,  
And, so, like the gull, I'm resting  
At peace o'er the tossing foam,  
Just waiting, listening, longing,  
For the Voice to call me home.

"Don't! Oh, Harry, don't!"

Mrs. Graham had risen and was gazing at her husband with widely dilated eyes and arms extended. It was a cry of irrepressible suffering, apparently wrung from her against her will.

I reached her first, being nearest, and as I slipped my arm through hers I found that she was trembling and very cold.

Mr. Graham had reached his wife almost as soon as I had and his voice was filled with genuine solicitude.

"Why, you're cold," he continued, "awfully cold, your lips are quite blue and trembling. This night air has been too much for you, as you feared. I'm sorry I urged you to come, but I thought you would enjoy it."

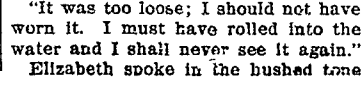
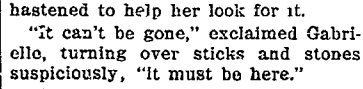
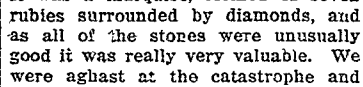
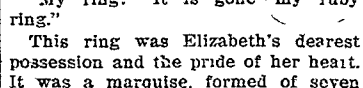
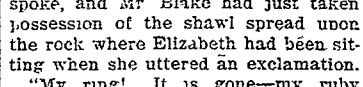
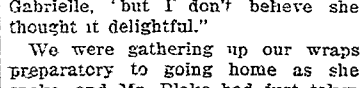
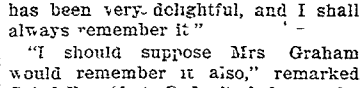
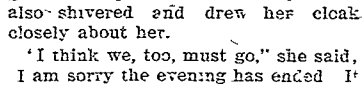
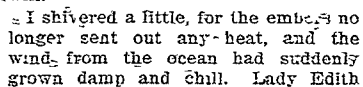
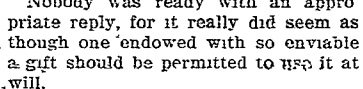
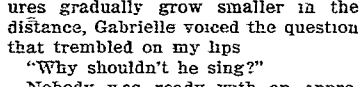
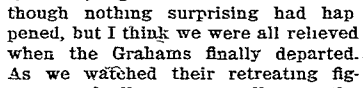
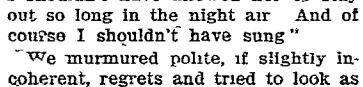
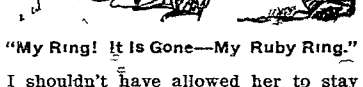
She clung to him, oblivious of our presence.

"Take me home. I must go home."

"And so you shall."

He spoke gently, as one calms a frightened child, and still retaining her hand turned to Elizabeth.

"I'm really very sorry, but we must go home. It has been an awfully jolly evening. Mrs. Graham is a bit unstrung, she's not strong, you know;



in which one refers to those recently removed by death.

"Don't feel that way about it," said Lord Wilfrid, roused at last; "I'm quite sure we will find it. Let's see—you sat here with Edith, and Graham and Mr. Blake just below. It might have caught in the fringe of the shawl. Perhaps Mr. Blake will kindly shake it."

Mr. Blake complied without result. Useless also was the ensuing search of the rocks, although they were gone over inch-by-inch, the men lighting matches to examine dark crevices while we scrutinized the most improbable places and tried to peer into the rapidly rising water.

At last we gave it up and prepared to go home, each in turn assuring Elizabeth that when morning came she would surely find her ring, but nevertheless secretly convinced that it was irrevocably gone.

"We had a good time, barring the last half hour," said Gordon Bennett, as he took my shawl; "have you?"

"I don't know what Elizabeth will ever do without her ring," was my evasive reply.

"Give her another. The jewels your ship is bringing you are far more valuable."

"Nonsense," I interrupted. "Can't you see that she is unhappy and we are all worried?"

"Please don't worry," he said; "tomorrow morning bright and early I'll have another look at the rocks. I'm rather a good prophet and something tells me she will get it again. If I can't find it I'll get a diver and see what he can do. But I don't think we will need him, for when daylight comes it will probably be discovered exactly where she dropped it. Anyway, there is no use giving up a thing as long as every possible means of finding it is exhausted. You won't worry, will you?"

These practical suggestions were very cheering and I turned to repeat them to Elizabeth. She was saying good-night to the Campbells, who had decided to return to the hotel along the shore. To my surprise I heard Lady Edith also suggesting the services of a diver.

"They are quite wonderful, you know," she was saying, "and all sorts of things have been recovered from the ocean."

"Yes," added Lord Wilfrid, "we will all have another look tomorrow, and if it is not to be found by daylight I know of an expert diver. However, I'm sure when the tide goes out it will be left among the rocks."

So by degrees our guests departed and we returned to the cottage, rather depressed and inclined to consider the evening a failure.

Mary Anne met us, holding the door hospitably open and smiling expansively.

"Well," she remarked, "and did you have a good time? And didn't I have a good supper?"

We told her about Elizabeth's loss and she listened in silence. But her ruddy face grew serious and her jaw dropped, as we described our search among the rocks and our theory that the ring had dropped into the sea.

"Lost, is it?" she said at last. "don't you fret, Miss Elizabeth, dear. I know them rocks inch by inch, and I'll have a look myself, so I will. Jest go to sleep and rest easy now."

We were glad to follow this sensible advice, but I think we all were some time in getting to sleep. I found myself thinking of Mrs. Graham, rather than the lost ring, and wondering vaguely why she did not like to hear her husband sing. The puzzle was too much for me, and I was just slipping into a blissful state of unconsciousness when I thought I heard a step under my window.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LONG WARS DUE TO WHISKERS.

Trivial Incident Led to Three Hundred Years of Fighting.

For ages beads were the delight of ancient beauties. The sight of a shaved chin evoked sentiments of horror and aversion. To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis VII. of France cropped his hair a la pompadour and shaved off his luxuriant whiskers. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him with this uncommon appearance very ridiculous and very contemptible. She revenged her self by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the count of Anjou, who shortly afterward ascended the French throne, and gave him as her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guenne, and this was the origin of those wars which for 300 years ravaged France and which cost the French nation 3,000,000 men. All of which, probably had never taken place if Louis VII. had not been so rash as to shave off his whiskers, by which he made himself so disgusting to the fair Eleanor.

Samos as a Birthplace.

Samos, the autonomous Greek island under Turkish suzerainty, which has once more been the scene of trouble, is one of the few lucky regions on earth that have no national debt. It is also one of the few places in that part of the world at which Homer was not born. But as a birthplace Samos nevertheless ranks high. As the home of the first triremes it was the originator of sea power. Thence came the first bold Greek mariner who sailed out through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Atlantic. Above all, it was the birthplace of Pythagoras, of whom Samos is very proud to this day. Its great college, the Pythagorean, is attended by pupils from Crete and other islands, and has been called by a Samian writer "a lighthouse, spreading its light far and wide in the Levant."

Feminine Lack of Logic.

Tell a wife that men are selfish, she will readily acquiesce. But tell that same woman that by spoiling her boys—whether in the nursery or at school or university—she is sowing seeds of egotism, she will give you an emphatic denial.—Car.

Worth of Adversity.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself or with others. Constant success shows us but one side of life. There is a merit which we may win by our misdeeds.—Thorold.

Idle Questions.

This may be an age when time is money, but first reflect on the number of useless questions which we ask each other every day, and to which we neither receive nor expect answers.—Madrid Mundo.

When She Will Be Man's Equal.

Woman can never hope to be man's equal until, instead of exulting when she hears of the fall of one of her sisters, she honestly says to herself, "Poor thing! It's too bad that she got found out."

Improved Ice Cream Freezer.

A new ice cream freezer, by using a glass can, claims to do away with the arduous labor of turning a crank and freezes its contents by packing in crushed ice and salt.

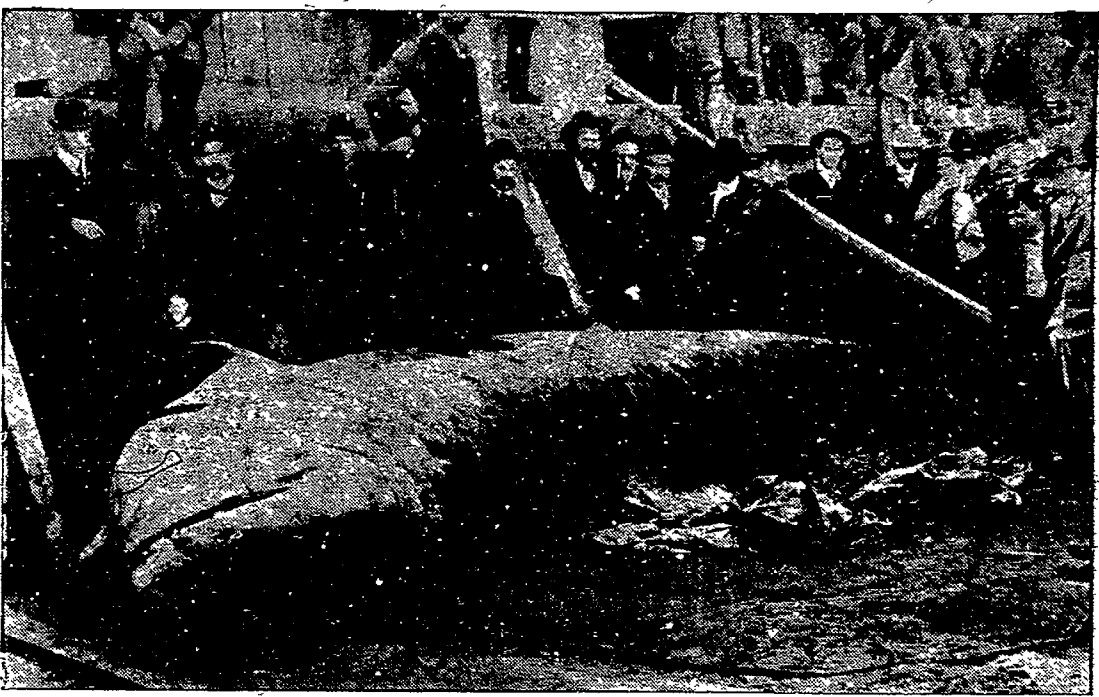
Rubber Displacing Tea.

In a once famous tea district of India the cultivation of rubber has driven the production of the former to second place, nearly 17,000 acres being devoted to rubber plantations.

Not Good.

"Was it a good comedy?" "Very poor; the only time my husband smiled was when he went out after each act."—Houston Post.

## COMING!



The Monster Shark, on Beach at Monterey, California

NOW WITH STANISLAUS COUNTY

## EXHIBIT CARS

Undoubtedly The Largest Fish Ever Captured

36 FEET LONG, WEIGHING 10,383 POUNDS. ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE OCEAN

REMEMBER  
ADMISSION ONLY 15 CTS. DON'T MISS IT FREE to EVERYBODY  
Except when special arrangements are made with schools. SEE SMALL BILLS

Northville P. M. Depot January 7th and 8th

## Natural History.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment." "The moth!" one of them shouted, confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion

Way to Make the Most of Life.

A well regulated mind, a confirmed independence of the world, and a wise preparation to possess oneself out in patience whatever circumstances may exist, is in the power of every man, and is greater wealth than that of the Indies, and greater honor than Caesar ever acquired.—Timothy Dwight

A Young Artist.

Two gentlemen meeting one day on the street stood idly talking when one said to the other "Say, Ed, I wish you could see that little five-year old girl of mine draw. Say, she drew a hen this morning, and it was so natural that when she threw it in the waste basket, it laid there."—Judge

The First Chickens.

It is generally understood that the ancestry of the chicken tribe may be traced to the jungle fowl of India. All of the various varieties of our domestic fowls have been produced, it is claimed by the authorities on the subject, from the wild fowl of India.

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THE origin of the paragraph in the last sundry civil bill, restricting the activities of the secret service, which provoked the hot denunciation of the president, is decidedly interesting. While a subcommittee was framing the sundry civil bill it was brought to the attention of the members that a secret service man had been assigned to keep watch over the conduct of a certain naval officer. The application for the detail was made to the navy department by the wife of the officer, who was not entirely satisfied as to the faithfulness of her spouse. The officer was not even on duty at the time, but was away on leave of absence.

It occurred to members of the appropriations committee that this was the limit of governmental espionage, and that the time had come to call a halt. President Roosevelt, of course, had a secret service sleuth detailed for such a purpose and when the subcommittee wrote and inserted a provision limiting the functions of the secret service, it was not striking at the president but at a custom. At least that is the solemn assertion of all the members who had anything to do with it. Representative Walter L. Smith of Iowa, drafted the provision and it was put in with the approval of Chairman Tawney and all the members of the appropriations committee.

Gradually congress itself has enlarged the inspection, or espionage, system of the government, but for the most part, it has done so under executive pressure. Naturally, the fact that the congressmen helped to create so many "spies" would be expected to stop their criticism, but it is fashionable now to blame a good many things on the president. The army of government detectives, numbers all told about 5,000. Nearly all of these men are engaged in traveling about the country and mingling with the 80,000,000 people outside of Washington. The list includes secret service men, postoffice inspectors, special agents of the land service, pure food inspectors, meat inspectors and others. The talk that in some instances secret service agents have been used to work up damaging information about congressmen who are objectionable to the administration seems to be without the slightest foundation.

## Gridiron Club Gives Annual Dinner



THE annual fall dinner of the Gridiron club, held the other night, was made noteworthy by the presence of a distinguished company of guests. An extended program devoted entirely to luncheon, made the night one long to be remembered by the organization. The company was one only possible to bring together at the capital of the nation. The president, vice-president, presidential possibilities of the future senators and representatives almost without number, an English lord, diplomats of this and other countries, newspaper men whose names are known far and wide, captains of finance and industry, and men of affairs generally were seated about the gridiron-shaped table. Coming so soon

after the recent national campaign, the dinner presented an exceptional opportunity for the merry-makers.

One of the funniest skits was a roll call after the recent national political battle. The mournful tap of a drum was heard in the anteroom and there came marching in a tattered and dilapidated troop. The uniforms showed the members had been on the firing line. The president of the club announced in solemn voice that the slaughter had been terrific. The members of the troop answered to the roll call. Sgt. Jim Watson was reported as "killed while riding to the front on the water wagon." Private Charlie Landis fell at Watson's side. Private Charles G. Dawes "passed in his checks," and Private Frank Lowden was "shot in the rocket." Corporal "Norman E. Mac" was reported as "burying the dead." Corporal William J. Bryan was among the missing. Corporal Loeb was "in the hands of his friends." Private Taft was reported present and Color Sgt. Huebner was announced as being with the colors.

## Reading Matter



The home news; the doings of the people in this town; the gossip of our own community, that's the first kind of reading matter you want. It is

more important, more interesting to you than that given by the paper or magazine from the outside world. It is the first reading matter you should buy. Each issue of this paper gives to you just what you will consider

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Freydl Wants His Building

## Strauss

THE CLOTHIER, IS FORCED TO QUIT.

Our Lease has Expired. We are Forced to Vacate the Building, and on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6th, at 8 a. m. the Doors will be Opened when our Entire Stock of

### Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

will be Placed on Sale at Practically Your Own Price. Everything MUST Go. Nothing Reserved

Sale Begins Wednesday, January 6th, 8 O'clock

Sale Ends Saturday January 30th, 11 O'clock.

Come the First Day if Possible. Look for the Store with the RED Signs

Read the Following Letter from Mr. Freydl, the Owner of our Building:

#### FREYDL THE TAILOR

B. FREYDL, Proprietor

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE

Meunt Vernon, O., Aug. 30, '08.

Mr. Louis Strauss,  
Northville, Mich.

Dear Sir:--

I received yours some time ago. I am going to start in business again next spring at Northville, so will NOT lease my store to you for any longer time.

Yours truly,  
BRUNO FREYDL.

EVERYTHING MUST BE CLOSED OUT IN 22 DAYS. OUR PRICES WILL DO THE BUSINESS  
REMEMBER THE DATE

## Wednesday, January 6, '09, 8 a. m.

I Thank you for your kind patronage during my three years of business in Northville.

Our Store is on the South side of Main St., about the middle of the block.

LOOK FOR THE RED SIGNS

# STRAUSS.

Store will be Closed Monday and Tuesday to Mark Down Goods.

NORTHVILLE,

LOOK FOR THE RED SIGNS.

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