

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIX, No. 50.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

IN JUST A FEW DAYS MORE.



MISS ELLA BRADLEY DIED SATURDAY

HAD BEEN PATIENT SUFFERER
FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

Laid to Rest in Rural Hill Monday
Afternoon.

Miss Ella Bradley passed away Saturday evening at the home of her father, George Bradley, after a lingering illness of diabetes. She had been a victim of this dread disease for several years but had kept it all to herself bearing her suffering with the patience and christian fortitude found in few people.

Miss Ella Bradley was born in Lyons township Aug. 9, 1857 and moved onto the farm now owned by John Knapp in 1864. In 1889 she moved into this village where she spent the remainder of her life.

At an early age she united with the Presbyterian church and was always a faithful worker. She was a true christian and her influence for the good and noble things in this life will still live on.

The deceased is survived by an aged father, three brothers and a large circle of friends who deeply mourn her untimely death.

The funeral was held from the house Monday afternoon Rev. Wm. S. Jerome officiating and the remains laid to rest beside those of her mother in Rural Hill cemetery.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends for assistance rendered us during our late bereavement. Also for flowers and music.

GEORGE E. BRADLEY AND FAMILY.

New Telephones.

The Inter-County Telephone Co., have recently installed the following telephones:

Angell, Chas.	112 J2
Butler, Frank	113 L4
Foreman, Fred	173 J2
Holcomb, Dr. A. T. Cottage	172 J7
Lawrence, S. J.	76
Lowe, C. L.	20 L7
Landon, Wm.	173 J3
Marks, J. J.	81
Northrop, B. A.	125
Robbins, Myron	86 2R
Smith, H. A.	117 J3
Schupert, F. R.	172 J6
Sessions, Ed.	135 J2
Van Sickle, Wm.	112 L2
Walker, W. C.	20 L6

Farwell—Vradenburg.

A quiet wedding occurred Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Paulina Vradenburg when her only daughter, Mary Ethel, was united in marriage to Mr. George Erwin Farwell of Plymouth. The ceremony was performed by Rev. N. E. Musser of the Baptist church in the presence of the immediate families at seven o'clock.

The bride has been a resident of Northville all her life and for several years was clerk in Merrill & Co's. Jewelry store, since that time being employed as bookkeeper in the U. S. Express office in Flint.

The groom is a resident of Plymouth and is employed in the Markham Air Rifle Co. of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Farwell are well and favorably known and have many friends who wish them a long and prosperous wedded life.

They will reside with the bride's mother, Mrs. Paulina Vradenburg, where they will be at home to their many friends after August 1st.

Will Get Pay.

The state officials will arrange for loans that will take care of the pay rolls of the state departments, and the heads of the different state institutions are making arrangements for funds to meet current expenses. The legislature at the recent session made ample provision for the reimbursement of the general fund, but the money is not available until the counties levy and collect the taxes in December. It was only necessary to increase the state tax rate about fifty cents on each thousand dollars valuation. The statement so frequently made that Michigan, as a state, is bankrupt is absolutely false and misleading.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Miss Maud Foster of Detroit spent Sunday at her parental home.

J. Bour and family entertained company from Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. W. Maas of Farmington called on her sister, Mrs. Wagonjack, Friday.

Mrs. S. Locke and daughter, Edna, of North Farmington called on Mrs. W. Wagonjack Monday afternoon.

Walter Wright, who was working for Mark Armstrong last week at North Farmington, has returned to his former position here.

Valuable Walnut Tree.

Felled at Amersham, near Harrow, England, a walnut tree measured 24 feet round, weighed ten tons and the trunk realized \$245

SCHOOL MEETING SMALL ATTENDANCE

JUST TEN INTERESTED CITIZENS
PRESENT MONDAY NIGHT.

Lack of Interest or Satisfaction of
Present Board.

The annual school meeting was held Monday evening and ten citizens were present to review what had been done by the school board in the past year.

The attendance shows lack of interest or satisfaction of the way things are managed by the present board—probably the latter.

The following is the director's report.

Balance on hand a year ago in the various funds, was as follows:

Teachers	Receipts	\$ 3522 72
Incidental	58 05	
Library	58 18	
	4261 01	
Less Transferred to Building Fund	676 43	
	3584 58	

We Have Received

Primary Interest Money	2940 58
General and Mill Tax	5347 79
Tuition and Lab. Fees	420 48
Library	28 83
	12322 24

Disbursements.

We Have Paid out for,	6573 00
Teachers	1400 00
Board No. 2	245 00
Interest on Bond	306 27
Fuel	602 65
Janitor Service	135 00
Balance Heating Contract	146 64
Blackboards	175 36
Sidewalks	35 50
Pipe Covering	26 00
Water Tax	65 94
Books	33 58
Music	45 00
Director and Truant Officer	583 54
Miscellaneous Supplies	

10383 68

Leaving a Balance of 1938 56

C. A. DOLPH, Director

\$3,300 was voted for general repairs and incidental expenses for the coming year.

W. H. Cattermole and C. A. Dolph were elected as trustees.

A vote of thanks was given C. C. Chadwick for services as a member of the board.

The following list of teachers will have charge of the school for 1909-1910:

John D. LaRue, Superintendent
Arthur Selden, Principal
Miss Helen Buils, High School
Miss Roxie Welbourne, High School
Miss Amelia Serint, 8th grade
Mrs. Elma Melsner, 7th
Miss Genevieve Clark, 6th
Miss Lina J. Ward, 5th
Miss Lida Coldren, 4th
Mrs. Suse Woolley, 3rd
Miss Cella Withey, 2nd
Miss Ruth Williams, 1st
Miss Effie Willis, Kindergarten
Miss May Coldren, Music

Bradley—Morgan.

Mr. Bert Bradley and Miss Myrtle Morgan were quietly married in Detroit Thursday afternoon at the home of and by the Rev. W. T. Jacques. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley are well known here having lived in this vicinity nearly all their lives and the best wishes of a host of friends are extended to them. They will reside with the groom's father, George Bradley.

A Crippled Organ.
Alfred at the window watching an old organ grinder with an old-fashioned, stick-propped barrel organ, and listening to the dulcet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," suddenly exclaims: "Poor old organ! She's only got one leg!"

In Praise of Versatility.
On a member of parliament being accused of bad spelling, Disraeli humorously defended him by declaring that "a man must be an idiot who could not spell a word twice, ways than one."

Clear Brain Above All.
Only a clear brain can guide the hand to exert its cunning for the benefits of its owner and the good of mankind.

The Waiter's Turn.
"Will you set up the drinks?" said the reveler as the waiter knocked over his bottle of wine—Exchange

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost Found Wanted notices inserted under this head for 2 cent per word for first insertion, and 1 cent per word for each subsequent insertion

FOR SALE—One of the late John Hirsch's double or single carriages. New and already for running. Inquire of L. W. Hutton. 47w1p1

FOR SALE—We have on hand a lot of attractive "For Rent" and "For Sale" cards at 10 cents each. Apply to the Record Office 38t

FOR SALE—Mrs. Price's Canning Compound. Apply to Mrs. J. A. Richardson. Independent phone 308 6R.

FOR SALE—Combination bookcase and writing desk. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 47t

FOR SALE—8 roomed house, barn and double lot on Hickory street. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Myra Mossett, Milford, Mich. 49w2p

FOR RENT—A good house on Yerkes street, Northside. Inquire of Angus McKay. 50t

WANTED—20 girls for berry pickers. Frank Hamilton, Bell phone 120 5L. 50w1

FOR RENT—House, with all modern conveniences. Apply to J. Henry Smith, 30 High street. 50t

FOR SALE—Thirty Black Orpington chickens from prize stock. Pure bred. Weigh from one to four pounds each. Frank N. Clark.

LOST—A gold headed hat pin between Northville and Novi. Engraved "Grace" Finder leave at Record office.

FOR SALE—Brood sows. Just ready to farrow. J. O. Knapp. 50

WANTED—Red raspberry pickers. Call Sydney Ashton, Plymouth. Independent phone 171 L1-L5. 50

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR FARM—House and lot, 137 Main street directly across from High school. For particulars write C. J. Sessions, 207 So. Legal Ann Arbor 45w9p

FOR SALE—The house and lot on Main street, owned by the late Chas. D. Waterman, 92 ft. frontage on Main street, 211 ft. deep. The property has been ordered sold by Probate Court to close the estate. Wm. H. Ambler, Executor 36t

FOR SALE—Two cheap places on Northside. Parties going West O. S. Harger. 38t

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street, several on Dunlap street; also in Bealton and several in Northside. Prices \$500 up to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington, Farms in Wayne and Oakland. (Also western land.) Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville. The Munro Thornton house and lot, cor. Rogers and Mill streets, 3 or four acres of land. Threshing outfit with 18 hp engine, good separator. Corn husker and silo cutter. All at half price O. S. HARGER. 24t Northville.

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.

DR. B. RUTH JEPSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of Detroit will visit Northville every Tuesday and Friday. Appointments can be made by mail or Home phone 145-X at W. P. Johnson's residence 29mos 3p

DR. EDERICK B. WILSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of 212 Stevens Bldg. Detroit, Mich., will visit Northville Monday and Thursday of each week. Appointments can be made by phone or call. Phone, Home 145-X. Office at W. P. Johnson's residence. Office hours—9:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m.

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

For July

There is Nothing Better than a Good Hose and Lawn Spray for Your Lawn.

We also have.

Hose Nozzles
Hose Couplings
Hose Splicers
Hose Clamps
Hose Pliers
and Wires.

The Perfection

Double
Bug Sprayer
Acme Atomizer
The Tenant Atomizer
and Sprayer
with Mixer.

STANDARD BINDER TWINE
HEMP BINDER TWINE
MANILA BINDER TWINE

CARPENTER & HUFF
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

RESTING

on what we have done is not our practice. We are trying to improve our methods and ways of service and also our line of goods.

WITH

Bours' Coffee and Teas and the fact that we will be exclusive agents for Martin L. Hall & Co's celebrated Boston Coffees, and yet again Greissell's Mothers' Bread should convince

YOU.

C. E.

RYDER
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED
MEATS.

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

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE

PURE AERATED MILK
Sweet and 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.

EYE TROUBLES ARE HEREDITARY!

They are handed down from parent to child, and if there is a defect in a parent's eyes it is more than likely to be found in the eyes of the child. Red lids, styes, or itching, burning pains, are indications of muscular troubles that can be overcome by using proper Glasses.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

Vegetables

We will have Fresh Vegetables every Tuesday and Saturday morning from South Lyon where they grow the finest Celery ever put on the market.

Cabbage, each	5c
Green Onions, per bunch	5c
New Beets, per bunch	5c
Celery, 4 heads for	10c
New Home Grown Potatoes at Market Price	

FLOUR

Gold Lace, per sack	85c
Peerless, per sack	85c
Magnolia, per sack	85c
Plymouth Bread Flour, per sack	85c
6 Cans Alla's Sardines for	25c

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Weak Throat—Weak Lungs

Cold after cold; cough after cough! Troubled with this taking-cold habit? Better break it up. We have great confidence in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this work. No medicine like it for weak throats and weak lungs. Ask your doctor for his opinion. He knows all about it. His approval is valuable. Follow his advice at all times. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Always keep a good laxative in the house. Take a dose when your cold first comes on. What is the best laxative for this? Ayer's Pills. Ask your doctor his opinion. Let him decide.

Merriman, Yerkes & Simons, Attorneys.
MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made by the conditions of a certain mortgage made by John Moser and Nettie Moser, his wife, of Sumpter Township, Wayne County, Michigan, to E. C. Maxwell, of the Village of Carleton, Monroe County, Michigan, which said mortgage is dated the 15th day of April, A. D. 1906, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne and State of Michigan, on the 18th day of April, A. D. 1906, in Liber 446 of Mortgages, on page 72; which said mortgage was duly assigned by E. C. Maxwell to Harry S. German, of said Village of Carleton, Monroe County, Michigan, by assignment in writing dated June 15th, A. D. 1906, and recorded in said Register of Deeds office for Wayne County, on the 5th day of June, 1906, in Liber 56 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 24; which said mortgage was further assigned by said Harry S. German to the Bank of Maybee, Dan Hasley, C. Reiser, Chas. A. Kiley and T. H. Smith, of the Village of Maybee, Monroe County, Michigan, by an assignment in writing dated December 1st, A. D. 1906, and recorded in said Register's office for Wayne County, Michigan, on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1907, in Liber 56 of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 248, and on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of one thousand nine hundred and fifteen dollars (\$1,915.00), and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover said money or any part thereof secured by said mortgage.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1908, at twelve o'clock noon (standard time) we will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southern entrance to the Wayne County Courthouse, in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, (that is, the building where the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid upon said mortgage, together with interest at six per cent and all legal costs allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, including an attorney's fee, the following described pieces of land, situated in Township of Carleton, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, viz:

The east one-half (1/2) of the northeast one-quarter (1/4) of the northwest one-quarter (1/4); and

The northwest one-quarter (1/4) of the northeast one-quarter (1/4), and the southeast one-quarter (1/4) of the northeast one-quarter (1/4).

All described lands being in Section three (3), Town 4 North, Range 8 East, and meaning to consist of one hundred (100) acres, more or less, together with all tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated, Detroit, Michigan, this 28th day of April, 1909.

**BANK OF MAYBEE,
 DAN HASLEY,
 C REISER,
 CHAS A. KILEY,
 T H SMITH,**
 Assignees of Mortgagee

**MERRIMAN YERKES & SIMONS,
 Attorneys for Assignees of Mortgagee,
 1024-27 Ford Building
 Detroit, Michigan**

Not Altogether Bad.

We once casually knew an old pro fane, wicked, and irreligious lawyer, and we did not like him at all. On one occasion the wealthy relatives of a man who had committed a heinous crime went to this lawyer to employ him to defend this man. He gruffly replied in substance: "I need money as badly as any of the lawyers, but you can't raise enough to employ me to defend that man." Since then our respect for that old lawyer has been materially enlarged—Petty (Tex) Enterprise

Things Needful for Success.

It does not matter whether you are a plowman or a statesman. The one is as necessary to the world as the other. And the former when entered upon with the right spirit and pursued with honest intent can be made a shining success, while the latter may degenerate into a dismal failure if it has not character, integrity and determination to succeed at the back of it.

His Four Seasons.

An amusing story is told by Sir W. H. Holland of the answer given by a London wait to a Salvation Army captain. The zealous officer had asked the boy what work he did to provide him with food etc., and the reply was: "I pick strawberries in the summer, I pick hops in the autumn, I pick pockets in the winter, and oakum for the rest of the year."

Origin of an Old Conundrum.

"Moses called the first strike," says a labor leader. We are not given the particulars, but presume the electric plants were shut down, which may have been the origin of the conundrum. "Where was Moses when the light went out?"—Kansas City Journal

To What Use?

What use do I put my soul? It is a serviceable question this, and should frequently be put to one's self. How does my ruling part stand affected? And whose soul have I now? That of a child, or a young man, or a feeble woman, or a tyrant, or cattle, or wild beasts?—Marcus Aurelius

High Ideals Should Be Guide.

In the adoption of a profession or trade another important fact not to be overlooked is the end to which your selection will lead. Let high ideals be your guide, lofty motives your ambition. A man may profitably work for money, but money and social position are the lowest imaginable ideals. When you have fixed upon your purpose go fearlessly onward. Don't mind sneers and taunts and calumnies. Weave your crown with the garlands of obstacles conquered and difficulties overcome.

Barberous.

One of the most unfortunate things of life is that men get into wrong places. Sometimes the fault is not their own. Possibly their attention has not been called to the fact by wiser men that they might be more successful at something else. For instance, a man who is a poor barber might be a good fish scaler.—Boston Herald.

THE COLONEL FARRAR MYSTERY

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The material facts in this story of circumstantial evidence are drawn from an actual recorded case, only such change of names and local color being made as to remove them from the classification of legal reports to that of fiction. All the essential points of evidence, however, are retained.

THE Calf Skin club had assembled early for its weekly session and every member was in his accustomed place with Judge Grove in the chair. When the routine business was finished the chairman rose and said:

"We now will hear from Judge Stoakes who we trust has a story relative to circumstantial evidence. Judge Stoakes."

Judge Stoakes, a large man of dignified presence, whose silver hair alone bespoke his 70 years, rose and began:

"My story is of the troubled days in Missouri following upon the civil war, when factional rancor still ran high and the conqueror and the conquered lived together in outward amity but with secret suspicion. I had just hung up my shingle in a little town in the southern part of the state which had been the hot-bed of factional warfare, now captured by Lyon, now held by Price, and repeatedly preyed upon by the roving bands of irregulars of either side. Among the most noted leaders of these latter was Col. Jim Farrar. Among the northern sympathizers he was classed with Quartrell and the Youngers, but when the struggle was over he settled down quietly in the little town of Chester, and his tall form, his flowing moustaches, his campaign hat and long coat became him as the costume did many another warrior of the lost cause.

"Col. Farrar's household consisted of but one daughter, 17 years of age, and of that rare type of beauty which so often crops out in an adventurous and warlike stock. Her name was Lucile and she soon set the heart of every young man in a flame. I myself fell at the first glance, and as I look back down the long stretch of years I can see the black hair, the rosy lips and the flashing eyes of Lucile Farrar as I watched her in silent adoration in the meeting-house, upon the street or flying along on her pony which seemed as full of life and sprits as its fair rider.

"It was silent adoration upon the part of us all, for never a glance did the fair Lucile have for any of us. But when Melvin Lessure came to Chester it was different. Something in her woman's heart must have drawn her toward him, for all the difference and all the scorn were gone and they gave themselves up willingly to a love that quickly ran the gamut from passing interest to passionate devotion.

"The very mention of a suitor for his daughter's hand was sufficient to send Col. Farrar into a rage terrible to witness. He noted the growing intimacy of Lucile and Lessure with jealous anger. But he could not watch her always, and many a time when he was away looking after the interests of his extensive plantation near the town we less fortunate youths saw Lessure starting on long walks with the fair Lucile.

"Melvin Lessure inherited all the fiery impulsiveness of a long line of French ancestry and was not content to brook long this uncertain attitude of his lover. He had a big plantation several miles from Chester and had moved into town for the social advantages that looked large to us then. He was amply able to support matrimony in a style equal to the best in the community. He was handsome, studious and courtly in his manners and seemed to be eligible from any point of view. The local Madame Grundy could find no reason why Melvin Lessure and Lucile Farrar were not a perfectly matched couple.

"But the rock on which their happiness seemed destined to break was that of factional rancor. Col. Farrar was of the south unconstructed and unconstructable. Gaspard Lessure, Melvin's father, had cast his lot with the north and had died at his own doorway defending his property against the enemies of his adopted flag.

"Melvin Lessure was no match for Col. Jim in brawn or bluster, but he hesitated not to go to him with his suit, and the storm he provoked I give you as it was later reconstructed through the searchings of the law.

"Never, by the Almighty, never!" roared the colonel. "Before I would see my daughter married to one of these accursed assassins of my country I would slay her with my own hands. Get out of my sight and never dare to raise your eyes to a daughter of the Farrars."



"Melvin Lessure stood with white face, clenched hands and gritted teeth while Lucile threw herself at her father's feet and weepingly begged and implored him to mitigate the harsh sentence. But he cast her rudely from him with a curse, and, turning to Lessure with murder in his eyes, said:

"You dog! You want my daughter—you? Why, I shot your father down in cold blood because he differed with me politically. Do you think I'll do less for you for trying to rob me of my daughter?"

"So it was you who killed my father," returned Lessure in a voice beneath the quiet of which lay the tense fixedness of a stern, unbending resolve. "Then, Col. Farrar, I tell you that I will have your daughter and I will avenge my father. Are you mine till death, Lucile?"

"I am yours till death," said the girl as she went over and placed her arm proudly about his neck.

"Very little was seen of Lessure in town after that and it was whispered that he was staying out on his farm and keeping out of the irate colonel's way.

"About two weeks after his unsuccessful interview with Farrar, which was noised abroad as such things are in a small town, Lucile Farrar disappeared, and the tongues began to wag in earnest. When for a week she had not turned up the towns people, who had little love for Farrar at best, were ready to believe anything. His threat against his daughter was known and the bolder ones did not hesitate to whisper that he had put it into execution. These hints took form by degrees and at last a witness came forward who told of passing the colonel's house, situated on the edge of town, late at night, and of hearing low moans and pleadings.

"At last suspicion took such fierce root that the sheriff headed an investigating party. Col. Jim was away and they had free run of the premises.

"The search led to a cave in the side of the hill, once used as a cellar but long since abandoned. There they found torn pieces of a dress, a bloody hatchet and some tangled locks of black hair drenched with blood. The dress and the hair were easily identified as belonging to Lucile Farrar, the hatchet as the property of the colonel.

"When charged with the crime his knees tottered and he nearly fainted. He made no direct denial but moaned and cried like a child. During the trial that followed he seemed stunned and oblivious to what was going on.

"I will admit that the courts of today would be loath to accept so inadequate a corpus delicti, but our blood was hot in those times and it seems to me we hanged more than we do now. Service was had on Lessure and he testified to the facts of the quarrel and the threat. Upon this evidence and the prisoner's failure to deny they found their verdict of guilty and fixed upon the death penalty.

"As the day of execution approached Col. Farrar continued in a state of almost total insensibility. But when the sheriff came to read the death warrant he roused and raising his hand to heaven, said:

"Before my maker I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death."

"They led him to the scaffold and on the way he passed Melvin Lessure who was watching the scene like a bird fascinated by a snake. Col. Farrar requested the sheriff to stop, and



extending his hand to Lessure exclaimed: "Young man, I have wronged you and I have no wish to leave this earth with the ill-will of any man. I ask your forgiveness for standing between you and my poor child and for the death of your father which I believed to be in the line of duty toward my country."

"Lessure trembled violently but did not reply or raise his eyes. The march to the scaffold continued. A deputy was forced to support the tottering form of Farrar while the sheriff adjusted the black cap. Then the sheriff stepped back and all was in readiness for the fatal word when Lessure sprang forward and cried in an agonized voice:

"Stop! I alone am guilty—I alone!"

"The officers of the law called him forward and demanded an explanation. He declared that Lucile was not dead but that they had run off and been married and his wife was then living in concealment in St. Louis, for fear of the wrath of her father and until he could settle up his affairs and join her. But he had not divulged to

under arrest. He blew his brains out in his cell that night with a pistol procured, no one knew how. Lucile went mad on hearing of the tragedy, and was confined some time in an asylum. She recovered and ended her days in a convent.

"That, gentlemen, is my story."

There was a stirring of chairs and a general lighting of pipes which had been allowed to go out in the rapid attention that prevailed while Judge Stoakes was speaking, when Judge Grover arose and said:

"I believe I voice the sentiments of the club in extending thanks to Judge Stoakes."

(Copyright, 1909, by Joseph B. Scowles.)

BOTH STRENGTH AND BEAUTY

Proper Respiration Adds to Each, But is Too Little Understood.

There will be fewer flat-chested women and much less nervous prostration when proper attention is given to breathing, says an exchange. As Deisarte has said, there should be "strength at the center, freedom at the surface," and this freedom is but acquired by learning to use one's lungs at will. By developing and enlarging them the thoracic cavity is increased, and upon the degree of this power depends expansion.

In order to control one's nerves one must learn to command one's involuntary muscles, which are diaphragm, the heart, and the intestines. By breathing deeply and controlling one's breath and so increasing one's lung capacity, the heart action is stimulated, and this supplies the nerve centers with fresh blood, and the nerves act upon the muscles and muscles.

In order not to have any waste of nerve force, the chest should be kept



her a plan, which had formed in his brain to revenge himself upon her father both for his insulting words and for the death of his own parent. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept and dipped it in the blood of a lamb. He had also sprinkled blood over pieces of her dress. The hatchet was easily procured. These he had placed in the cave during one of Col. Farrar's numerous absences from the house and there also he had himself emitted the means which had been heard. He would have carried his hellish plot through to the end but that the colonel's plea for forgiveness at the gallows unnerved him.

"This confession was made partly at the place of execution and partly afterward in the jail. As soon as it became clear that Lessure had an important statement to make the sheriff turned to the colonel to take the insignia of death from his head. Farrar, unobserved by all who were in the room, stepped up to him and raised the black cap. He was dead.

"Lessure was immediately placed



active by deep inhalations, thus loosening the tension of unemployed members. The persistent and regular practice of a breathing exercise will not only do this, but will give poise and self-confidence.

The movements of respiration stand in a double relation to the nervous system, being required to introduce oxygen into the blood, which takes up the oxygen, and freeing itself of the carbonic acid it contains, the latter has acts as a powerful stimulus to the lung nerves.

One should remember to avoid collar-bone breathing, to cultivate the aided and active chest, and to gain control of the diaphragm in order to have complete mastery of breathing.

It is not necessary to take a long, resolute trip to some far away place in order to be taught to care for oneself, for nature will come to one's aid with joyful alacrity in one spot as well as another.

But knowledge is not the only thing required. It is its application that counts, and this means steadfast determination.

TIRED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness, dullness of spirits are often due to kidney disorders. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention.

Delay is dangerous. Alonzo Adams, Osceola, Iowa, says: "My kidneys failed me. I suffered awful pain and was so weak I could not work, and often had to take to bed. I was dull and exhausted nearly all the time. I consulted doctors and used medicines, but only Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Soon I was permanently cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PLAIN TALK.



"I think she's double-faced!" "Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

Hospitals a Benefit to Property.
 The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation, which shows that 67.5 per cent. of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 62 per cent. of the sanatoria the presence of the institutions has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

Burning String in the Sick-Room.

Months spent in a sick room have taught me many things for the comfort of an invalid, one of the simplest and most effective of which is burning a string to purify the atmosphere. Take a soft string and stick it with a pin to the back of a chair; after lighting, blow it out gently, leaving the tiny spark, which will create smoke enough to make a decided difference in the atmosphere.—Harper's Bazar.

Neat and Appropriate.
 "How shall we print this essay on liberty?"
 "I think it ought to be in Roman caps."

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N. J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has cured me of my terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."

—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ill, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



Quick Relief

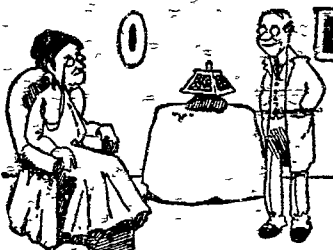
is necessary in cases of
Cramps, Colic, Dysentery,
Cholera Morbus, Cholera
Infantum and Diarrhea.

Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam

is the quickest acting and
most reliable remedy
known for these affec-
tions. It stops pain im-
mediately, and in almost
every case brings about
a speedy recovery. Keep
it handy for the children's
sake.

Sold by all druggists—
per bottle, 25c.
Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Ver-
mifuge is an excellent tonic
to overcome the exhaustion
consequent upon a severe
attack of Dysentery.

TRUE RESIGNATION.



Old Maid—Is it really true that mar-
riages are made in heaven?
Doctor—Yes, I believe so.
Old Maid (resignedly)—O, then,
doctor, you needn't call again.

Time to Change Subject.
The Courier-Journal tells of this
embarrassing statement made by a
well-known Louisville woman who is
known as "saying things without
thinking." Her daughter was enter-
taining a young man on the front
porch and the mother was standing
at the fence talking to the neighbors
next door. In the yard of the latter
was a baby a little over a year old,
and it was trying to walk. "You
shouldn't let it walk so young," ad-
vised the thoughtless matron. "Wait
until it's a little older." I let my
daughter walk when she was about
that age, and it made her bow-legged.
The young man began to talk en-
ergetically about the weather.

Next Best.

A certain young minister in Phila-
delphia, recently ordained, is still very
nervous and sometimes his remarks
do not convey exactly the meaning he
intended. A few Sundays ago he rose,
fumbled with the papers on his desk,
blushed, and then said:
"My Friends, I—I am sorry to say
that I have lost the notes for my ser-
mon, and I therefore cannot deliver
it. I will have to do the next best
thing, therefore, and read a few chap-
ters from the Bible!"—Illustrated Sun-
day Magazine.

ORIGIN

Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of the great discoveries
or inventions is always of interest.
An active brain worker who found
himself hampered by lack of bodily
strength and vigor and could not carry
out the plans and enterprises he knew
how to conduct, was led to study var-
ious foods and their effects upon the
human system. In other words, be-
fore he could carry out his plans he
had to find a food that would carry
him along and renew his physical and
mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a
brain and nerve builder (rather than
a mere fat maker) was universally
needed. He knew that meat with the
average man does not accomplish the
desired results. He knew that the
soft gray substance in brain and
nerve centers is made from Albumen
and Phosphate of Potash obtained
from food. Then he started to solve
the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments
evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous
food. It contains the brain and nerve
building food elements in condition
for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape-Nuts
daily is easily seen in a marked sturdi-
ness and marked activity of the brain
and nervous system, making it a
pleasure for one to carry on the daily
duties without fatigue or exhaustion.
Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a
stimulant but is simply food which
renews and replaces the daily waste
of brain and nerves.

Its flavor is charming and being
eaten and thoroughly cooked at the
factory it is served instantly with
cream.

The signature of the brain worker
spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on
each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.
Look in pkgs. for the famous little
book, "The Road to Wellville."
"There's a reason."

SERIAL STORY

THE BEST MAN

By
HAROLD MACGRATH
Author of THE MAN ON THE BOX,
HEARTS AND MASKS.

With Illustrations by A. WEIL

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Carrington loved Kate—Cavanaugh, daughter of Multi-Millionaire Henry Cavanaugh. The latter, like Carrington, but refused him as a son-in-law. Young Carrington, a lawyer, held evidence of criminal financial operations of which Cavanaugh was guilty. It was Carrington's duty to prosecute the rich man, but he decided to lay the whole matter before Kate. He did so the next day. The young woman decided that to drop the case would be cowardly even though the accused was her father. Cavanaugh offered Carrington a position at \$17,000 a year. He refused it. He had his evidence in the Cavanaugh safe, after being introduced to the millionaire's father. The evidence was stolen that night—Kate's sister Nora had confessed that she had told her grandfather the combination to the safe. Carrington and Kate went riding.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Not more than I," said.
"Nothing like—is there, girl?"
"I hate automobiles," she answered, irrelevantly.

The old, old sea-quarrelled murmur-
ously at their feet, and the white gulls
sailed hither and thither, sometimes
breasting the rollers just as they were
about to topple over into running
creamy foam. The man and the girl
seemed perfectly content to remain
voiceless. There was no sound but
the song of the sea; the girl dreamed,
and the man wondered what her
dream was. Presently he glanced at
his watch. He stood up, brushing the
sand from his clothes.

"Half an hour between us and break-
fast, Kate. All aboard!"

The night before might have been
only an idle dream.

So they took the road back. Only
the sea and the gulls saw the tender
kiss.

The pariah sauntered in at two
o'clock that afternoon, just as the
family were sitting down to luncheon.
He was a revelation. There was noth-
ing shabby about him now. He wore
a new suit, spats, a new straw hat,
and twirled a light bamboo. There
was something jaunty and confident in
his air, a bubbling in his eyes; alto-
gether, he was in fine fettle about
something. He cast aside his hat and
came with a flourish.

"Aha! just in time," he said. "An-
other chair, William."

The butler sent a dubious glance at
his master; there was the usual curt
nod and the frown. So grandpa sat
down beside Nora, whose usual effe-
rescence had strangely subsided; he
pinched her cheek, and deliberated be-
tween the cold ham and chicken.

"A fine day! A beautiful day! A
day of days!" he cried, surrendering
to the appetitious lure of both meats.

Nobody replied to this outburst of
exuberance; nobody had the power to.
A strange calm settled over every-
one. This was altogether a new kind
of grandpa. There was nothing timid
or hesitant here, nothing meek and
humble; neither was there that insur-
ferable self-assurance and arrogance
of a disagreeable man. Grandpa's at-
titude was simply that of an equal,
of a man of the world, of one who is con-
fident of the power he holds in re-
serve; that was all. But for all that,
he was a sensation of some mag-
nitude. Carrington was seized with
a wild desire to laugh. The truth came
to him like an illumination; but he
wisely held his peace.

"There is something in the air to-
day that renews youth in old age; eh,
my son?" with a sly wink at Cavanaugh.

Cavanaugh's expression of wonder
began to freeze and remained frozen
to the end of the meal. So all the
honors of conversation fell to grand-
pa, who seemed to relish this new
privilege.

"Father," said Cavanaugh, holding
back his accumulated wrath, "I want
to see you in my study."

"Immediately, my son. I was just
about to make that same request." Grandpa looked at Kate, then at Carrington. "I suppose you young per-
sons will invite poor old grandpa to the wedding?"

"Father!" This was altogether too
much for patrician blood. Cavanaugh's
face reddened and his fists closed
ominously. "You will do me the hon-
or, father, not to meddle with my
private affairs. Kate is my daughter,
and she shall marry the man it
pleases me to accept."

Carrington felt this cut over
grandpa's shoulder. He stirred un-
easily.

"Oh, if that's the way you look at
it!" with a comical deprecatory shrug.
Grandpa touched Carrington on the
arm. "Young man, do you love this
girl? No false modesty, now; the
truth, and nothing but the truth. Do
you love her?"

"With all my heart!" Carrington

granted. "The impulse occurs. Something
whispered that his whole future de-
pended upon his answer."

"And you, Kate?"

"I love him, grandpa," bravely.

"That's all I want to know," said
Cavanaugh released one of his fists;
it fell upon the table and rattled
things generally.

"Am I in my own house?" he
bawled.

"That depends," answered grandpa,
 suavely. "You've got to behave your-
self. Now, then, let us repair to the
secret chamber of finance. It is the
day of settlement," grimly.

Kate Cavanaugh was gently weep-
ing. The dread moment had come,
come when she had been lulled into
the belief that it would never come.
Kate understood, and longed to go to
her and comfort her; and she trem-
bled for her father, who knew nothing
of the pit that lay at his feet. Carrington
dallied with his fork; he
wished he were anywhere in the world
but at the Cavanaugh table. The de-
sire, to laugh recurred to him, but he
realized that the inclination was only
hysterical.

Cavanaugh was already heading for
the study. He was in a fine rage.
Grandpa was close on his heels. At
the threshold he turned once more to
Carrington.

"You know your 'Tempest,' young
man, I'm sure," he said. "Well, this
is the revolt of Caliban—Caliban up-
lifted, as it were."

The door closed behind them; and
father and son faced each other.
"I'll trouble you for those papers
you took from the safe last night,"
said the son, heavily.

"Ah, indeed!" said grandpa.

"At once; I have reached the limit
of my patience."

"So have I," returned grandpa. "Per-
haps you know what these papers are
about?"

"I know nothing whatever, save that
they belong to Mr. Carrington. Hand
them over."

Grandpa helped himself to a cigar
and sat down. He puffed two or three
times, eyed the lighted end and sighed
with satisfaction.

"If you but knew what they were
about, these papers, you would pay a
cool million for their possession. My
word, it is a droll situation; reads like
the fourth act in a play. If you have
a duke picked out for Kate, forget
him."

"She will never marry Carrington!"
Cavanaugh's voice rose in spite of his
effort to control it.

"My son, they will hear you," the
pariah warned. He blew a cloud of
smoke into the air and sniffed it. "You
never offered me this particular
brand," reproachfully.

"Enjoy it," snapped the other, "for
it is the last you will ever smoke in
any house of mine."

"You don't tell me!"

"Those papers, instantly!"

"Be it known by these presents,
et cetera, et cetera," said the old
man. He rose suddenly, the banter
leaving his lips and eyes, and his



"Hand Them Over."

jaw setting hard. "You had better
get your check book handy, my son,
for when I'm through with you, you'll
be only too glad to fill out a blank for
fifty thousand. I consider myself quite
moderate. This young Carrington is
a mighty shrewd fellow; and I'd rather
have him as a friend than an en-
emy. He has made out his case so
strongly that it will cost you a pretty
penny to escape with a whole skin."

"What are you talking about?"

"The case of the people versus Cavanaugh et al. It concerns the clever
way in which you and your partners
sly under the seven per cent. dividend
due your investors; which caused a
slump in the price of the shares,
forcing thousands to sell their stock;
which you bought back at a handsome
profit. Melch! The millions you
have are not enough; you must have
more. There are about twelve of you
in all, not one of you worth less than
three millions. What a beautiful
chance for blackmail!"

Cavanaugh stepped back, and his
legs, striking a chair, toppled him into
it. His father had become Medusa's
head!

"Aha! That jars you some,"
chuckled grandpa.

It took Cavanaugh some time to re-
cover his voice, and when he did it
was faint and unnatural.

"Is this true?" he gasped.

"It is so true that I'll trouble you
for the check now."

"Come, father, this is no time for
nonsense." Cavanaugh waved his
hand impatiently. "Let me see the
document."

"Hardly. But the moment you
place the check in my hands I shall be
pleased to do so. But there must be
no reservation to have payment
stopped."

"I will not give you a single penny!"
The mere suggestion of giving up so
large a sum without a struggle seemed
preposterous. "Not a penny! And
furthermore, I am through with you
for good and all. Shift for yourself
hereafter. Fifty thousand! You make
me laugh!"

"I shall make you laugh, my son;
but not on the humorous side." The
old man reached out his hand and
struck the bell.

"What do you want?" asked Cavanaugh, mystified.

"I want the author of the document.
I propose to take the family skeleton
out of the closet and dangle it up and
down before the young man's eyes.
You will laugh, I dare say."

Cavanaugh fell back in his chair
again. The door opened and William
looked in.

"You rang, sir?" to Cavanaugh fls.
"No, William," said Cavanaugh pere,
affably; "I rang. Call Mr. Carrington."

"The butler disappeared. 'It is
my turn, Henry, and I have waited a
long time, as you very well know.
Ha! Sit down, Mr. Carrington, sit
down.'"

Carrington, who had entered,
obeyed readily.

"You left some papers in the dining
room safe last night," began grandpa.
"I was about to ask you to return
them," replied Carrington, with as-
sumed pleasantness.

The two Cavanaugh's looked at each
other blankly. Finally grandpa
laughed.

"I told you he was clever!"

"It is true, then," snarled the mil-
lionaire, "that you have been meddling
with affairs that in no wise concern
you. I warn you that your case in
court will not have a leg to stand on."

"I prefer not to discuss the merits
of the case," said Carrington, quietly.

"I have been your host, sir; you
have eaten at my table," Cavanaugh,
as he spoke, was not without a certain
dignity.

"All of which, recognizing the present
situation, I profoundly regret."

"Good!" said grandpa. "Henry, if
you had been the general they give
you credit for, you would have offered
Mr. Carrington that seventeen thou-
sand two or three years ago. There
is nothing so menacing to dishonesty as
the free lance. Now, listen to me for
a space. We'll come to the docu-
mentary evidence all in good time. I
spoke of Caliban uplifted," ironically.

"For years I have been treated as a
pariah, as a beast of burden, as a
messenger boy, as a go-between to
take tricks that might have soiled
my son's delicate hands. Father and
son, yes; but in name only. Blood
is thicker than water only when riches
and ambition are not touched in the
quick. This dastardly son of mine could
easily have elevated me along with
himself; but he would not do so. He
was afraid that people might learn
something of my past which would
greatly hinder his advancement. He
prospered, he grew rich and arrogant;
he put his heel on my neck, and I
dared not revolt. You wouldn't be-
lieve it, would you, Mr. Carrington,
that I was graduated with honors from
Oxford university. I speak three
tongues fluently, and have a smattering
of a dozen others, am a doctor of
philosophy, an Egyptologist. But I
was indolent and loved good times,
and so, you see, it came about that I
fell into evil ways. Formerly, I was
a burglar by profession."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Hydrophobia Decreasing.

The number of inoculations for hy-
drophobia at the Pasteur Institute of
France has pretty steadily decreased
since the service was started, 20 years
ago. In 1886 2,671 persons were
treated; in 1907 only 786. The small-
est number, 628, was treated in 1903.
This decrease, of course, might mean
a lessening belief in the efficacy of
the treatment or a decrease in the pre-
valence of rabies in France. An
examination of the percentage of
fatal cases treated reveals that this
also has been decreasing, showing im-
provement in efficiency and indicat-
ing that the treatment has probably
been effective in checking the
malady. At no time during the exist-
ence of the institute has the number
of fatal cases reached one per cent.
of the total treated, but in 1886 it was
0.94 per cent., while in 1907 it was
only 0.38. In 1906 it fell as low as
0.13, there being only one death out of
772 cases treated.

Woman's Vanity.

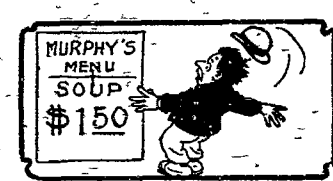
The London Chronicle says that the
American lecturer who tried to per-
suade the women in his audience the
other day that their own hair was pret-
tier, not to say less obstructive, sight
than their spacious hats, ignored the
warnings of history. No matinee hat
of to-day is so high as the lofty head-
dresses worn by Marie Antoinette,
which were the despair of poor simple-
minded Louis XVI. But when deprived
of all possibility of being able to see
a performance at the opera he presented
his wife with an aigrette of dia-
monds in the hope that it might sup-
plant a head-dress 45 inches in height,
the queen promptly had the diamonds
incorporated in a new head-dress
which was taller than all its predecess-
ors.

Vapor Blankets Over Bodies of Water.

A vapor blanket 30 feet thick is
found by Prof. Frank H. Bigelow to
cover the reservoir at Reno, Nev. As-
suming that a like invisible shield pro-
tects the Salton sea, it is concluded
that this body may lose by evaporation
not more than four or five feet yearly,
instead of the eight feet hitherto ex-
pected.

HERE AND THERE IN GOTHAM

New York's Latest Home of Epicurus



MURPHY'S
MENU
SOUP
\$1.50

NEW YORK.—Is there a limit to ex-
travagance in Manhattan? If
there be such, there is no indication
of it in the \$2,500,000 dining room
venture at Forty-second street and Broad-
way, which is now engrossing the at-
tention of every gourmet in the
metropolis.

Millionaires dreaming of the sy-
baritic luxury of Babylonian days and
of the wonder workings of Haroun-al-
Raschid, through the might of a stag-
gering outlay of money, are rapidly
transforming the famous old Hotel
Roosevelt into the most luxurious eat-
ing place in the entire world. The
caravansary which at one time har-
bored every class and type of Broad-
way life from the sportsmen with the
plethoric bank roll to the latest gobs
of the green room, is now being
changed into a dining resort, where
those who will be served who can pay the

price, where price is the least con-
sideration.

Where soups will cost probably \$1.50
a portion, game birds from \$10 up
and cafe noir at prices prohibitive to
those who do not look like ready
money, it would surely seem that the
limit of metropolitan extravagance
had again been set at a high water
mark with which the price scales of
the St. Regis, Delmonico's, Sherry's,
Martin's and other show places of the
greater city are modest. Times and
customs change, and the new Mur-
phy's marks the transition.

Will such a place representing so
enormous an outlay pay? Yes, say
the capitalists backing the venture.
And it is the consensus of opinion,
moreover, of the shrewdest public en-
tertainers in the city that there will
be a legitimate and growing interest
on this unique and remarkable invest-
ment devised to meet the aesthetic
requirements of the most voluptuous
city on the globe. The backers of the
enterprise figure rightly, it is believed,
that every woman coming to New
York will insist upon her escort tak-
ing her to this marvelous dining place,
at least, once on her sojourn. The
same holds good with the women of
New York.



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

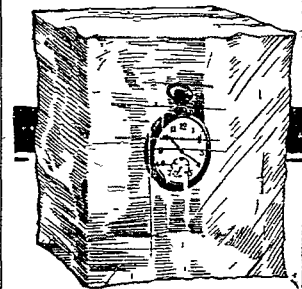
Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TODAY. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Do not accept any Substitute. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

A Jewelry Store

Is the
Only Place
to Buy
a Watch



For a competent jeweler is "on the
ground" to properly adjust the watch
to your own individual needs.

And that's the only right way to
buy a watch—never by mail.

For no matter how good the watch
—or how well known the maker—it
can't keep accurate time unless per-
sonally adjusted. A

South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

A South Bend—acknowledged by
authorities to be the peer of all in
every grade—would fail as a perfect
time-keeper unless it was adjusted
for the one who is to carry it.

A South Bend Watch is never sold
by mail—only by the best jewelers.

Ask your jeweler to show you one.

And write us for our free book
showing how and why a South Bend
Watch keeps accurate time in any
temperature.

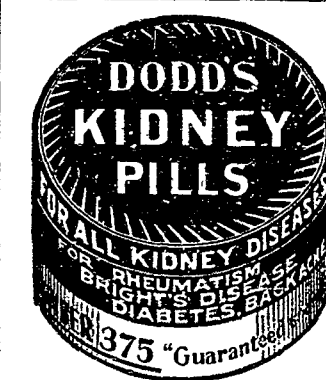
South Bend Watch Company
South Bend, Ind.

The Same Old John L.

Old John L. Sullivan always had a
fine Irish wit, and it remains with him
in his advanced age. Not long ago he
was appearing in a Baltimore theater
and the manager, for business rea-
sons, introduced him to a wealthy
youth of the town. The youth was a
typical chollyboy, the sort of a spec-
imen that old John abhors. Sullivan
was washing his face in the theater
dressing room when the two arrived,
and they waited patiently until he had
finished his ablutions. When John
had dried his countenance he gave the
dude one look, and then said to the
manager: "Well, I congratulate you,
Jack, is it a boy or a girl?"

Royal Great-Grandmother.

The birth of a son to the youthful
duke and duchess of Sudermania gives
to royal Europe what it has not had
for more than ten years, namely, a
great-grandmother. The lady to
whom this honor has come is the
Grand Duchess Constantine Nicolaev-
itch, who was, before her marriage,
Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES BACKACHE
375 "Guaranteed"



No Mixing

Ready for use. Rat-Bis-Kit
is a powerful disinfectant
for all kinds of vermin.
It is a powerful disinfectant
for all kinds of vermin.
It is a powerful disinfectant
for all kinds of vermin.

Rat-Bis-Kit

All Druggists—
15 cents a box.
THE RAT-BIS-KIT CO.,
42 N. Limestone St.,
Springfield, O.

LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would
not be without them. I was troubled
a great deal with torpid liver and headache.
Now since taking Cascarets, Candy Cathar-
tic I feel very much better. I shall cer-
tainly recommend them to my friends as
the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet,
Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good.
Do Not Get Sick. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips.
10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The gen-
uine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to
cure or your money back.

Dr. McIntosh celebrated

Natural Uterine Supporter

gives immediate relief. Sold by all
medical instrument dealers and leading
druggists in United States and Canada.
Catalogue, price list and particulars mailed
on application.

THE HASTINGS & MCINTOSH TRUSS CO.,
912 Walnut St

The Northville Record

P. S. NEAL, Publisher.

Established.....1869.

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday 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.

Advertisements:—Rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly; transient advertising, by advance.

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 2c per line.

Real Estate:—For Sale, Wanted, Found, 1 cent per word for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage notices, 2c per line.

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally ascertained.

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.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JULY 16, '09

Police Commissioner Croul of Detroit is entitled to a vote of thanks for his inauguration of the traffic squad at the busy street intersections. Man, beast and autos stand some kind of a show now of going along Woodward or crossing it without a wreck. If he can in some measure do away with the noisy police whistles it will be as near perfect as can be made.

The re-election of Wales Martindale as superintendent of the Detroit schools again this week is a splendid endorsement of that gentleman's ability to head one of the greatest school systems in this country. The schools of Detroit rank among the foremost in the United States and that they do this is due in no small measure to the proficiency of Wales C. Martindale.

The Free Press is bewailing the fact that Detroit school inspectors are elected for so long a period as four years. Doesn't the Free Press think that once in four years is often enough to call the inspectors such pet names as gangs of horse thieves, etc.

Four hundred barrels of beer dumped in the streets of Iowa Wednesday, and right in this awfully dry season, too.

The Apple Country of Europe. Normandy is the apple country of Europe. Germany is its best customer. The apples which could not be sold were turned into 73,000,000 gallons of cider, which is the favorite beverage of the inhabitants of northern France.

Growsome Source of Inspiration. Young, the poet, composed his "Night Thoughts" with a skull before him, in which he would place a lighted candle and at times he would wander among the tombs at midnight to get sepulchral inspiration.

Mental Cure. "Do you think bee stings cure rheumatism?" "No," answered Grandfather Stubbs, "but they're mighty likely to make you forget you've got it."

Quite So. Railroad Official—"Well, our road is very much in the public eye these days, eh?" Dirgrunted Traveler—"All I knew about it, its cinders are."

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Detroit Tiger Dates

Tigers will play on home grounds, 1909, as follows:

July 16 with Washington

July 17 with New York

July 18 with New York

July 20 with New York

July 21 with New York

July 22 with Boston

July 23 with Boston

July 24 with Boston

Aug. 16 with Chicago

Aug. 17 with Chicago

Aug. 18 with Chicago

Aug. 19 with Chicago

Aug. 20 with Washington

Aug. 21 with Washington

Aug. 22 with Washington

Aug. 23 with Philadelphia

Aug. 24 with Philadelphia

Aug. 25 with Philadelphia

Aug. 26 with New York

Aug. 27 with New York

Aug. 28 with New York

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 post-office.)

Mrs. Katharine Wing is making an indefinite stay at Cass lake.

Miss June Filkins is visiting Cleveland, Ohio, relatives this week.

Waiter Matson is home from Detroit for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Marie Hills is spending the week at Cass City and Bayport.

Miss Claire Woodworth is spending the week with friends in Fenton.

Mrs. Huldah Simmons is visiting relatives in Farmington this week.

R. R. McKahan is spending the week with his son in Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Helen Hornberger has been the guest of Detroit friends the past week.

Mrs. Frank Sutton is entertaining her sister, Miss Ruth Miller, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Welch are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Porter in Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bishop and son were guests of Grand Blanc relatives over Sunday.

Mrs. Mercy Evans of Holly spent two days with her brothers and sisters this week.

Chas. Sanford of Yalline, Ind., visited his mother, Mrs. Mary Wilkes, last week.

Miss Madge Quigley of Ypsilanti was a guest at the A. K. Carpenter home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCullough spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Williams in Detroit.

Miss Edna Sterling returned last Friday from a trip to Lake Erie, Perry and Crystal Lake.

Mrs. O. H. Brown is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Walter Collier, in Detroit.

Miss Fannie Barnum of Ypsilanti is spending a couple of weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Joe Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Oliver of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCullough Sunday.

The Misses Lois and Gladys Scooley of Detroit spent last week at the home of their uncle, C. B. Bristol.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson of Rochester, N. Y., are guests of his mother, Mrs. Margaret Johnson.

Walter H. Brown of Quitman, La., is spending a month or two with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Brown.

Miss Willard Warby of South-Lyon visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lockwood, a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Morrison of Detroit visited their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Ward, from Thursday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindow and daughter, Florence, of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ward and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Morris, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Tinsam spent Sunday in Detroit.

Chas. Blackburn and family and T. E. Murdock and family left yesterday for a two weeks' outing at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Clara L. Murdock of Belleville was the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. K. Dolph, and other relatives in town Sunday.

Mrs. W. Y. Murdock and daughter, Dorothy, returned to their home in Ypsilanti Saturday after a week's visit with Northville relatives.

Mrs. Al Blair, who had been a guest at the home of James Hamilton the past three weeks, returned to her home in Detroit Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Babbitt left yesterday for Frankfort on a ten days' outing. They will venture on to Chicago by boat before their return.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Every Form of RHEUMATISM

Scientific, Acute, Chronic, Inflammatory and Muscular Rheumatism yield promptly to the wonderful pain relieving and curative power of

CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.
For sale at 50c a bottle by

"For Sale by All Druggists."

Mrs. Elizabeth Barkley is visiting relatives in Milford.

Bert Clark and family are camping at Walled Lake this week.

Miss Bertha Curtiss of Detroit is the guest of Miss Hazel Bovee.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Allen of Marion, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Yerkes.

Mrs. Jessie Roe, of the Home Telephone Co.'s office, is taking a week's vacation.

Miss Gladys Perry of Detroit spent Wednesday and Thursday with Northville friends.

Mrs. Geo. Smitherman spent last week with her son, Roy Smitherman, and wife in Detroit.

Mrs. Will Cameron and little son, Cecil, of Detroit, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley.

Mrs. S. M. Liddell of Milford was the guest of her mother, Mrs. L. W. Simmons, over Sunday.

B. Hayes and family and Erwin Arthur and family leave Saturday for an outing at Huron River.

The Misses Priebe and Agnes Kohler of Toledo, Ohio, were visitors at the home of Julius Darling last week.

Mrs. Chas. Walters and children and friend of Detroit were guests of her mother, Mrs. H. Johnson, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leslie and son of Canada were over Sunday guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Geo. Smitherman.

Mrs. Edwin Streeter and two daughters, Doris and Marian, of Caro are guests at the home of Geo. Clark and family this week.

The Misses Jessie and Cora Sincer of Milan are spending a couple of weeks with the Misses Flora and Mae Woodmansee.

Mrs. Kate Darling and her niece, Miss Dorothy Bishop, of Cleveland, Ohio, who are visiting at Pine Lake, were guests of Mrs. C. A. Dolph Monday.

First Duty of Japanese Parents. Duty of Japanese parents is to find matrimonial companions for their sons and daughters, and the non-fulfillment of this duty is regarded as a disgrace both to the young people and to the parents.

You Get Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back at

Stanley's

Drug Store.

In point of Goods and Service and for Reasonable Cost, you will find this store

Always Right.

Rexall Kidney Remedy

Full Pints 75c

Half Pints 50c

Rexall Sarsaparilla

Tonic, full pints 75c

Rexall Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites full pints 75c

Rexall Beef, Iron and Wine

Full pints 50c

Rexall Bamboo Brier Blood Builder, \$1.75 size, \$1.00

Rexall Rubbing Oil, a valuable Liniment,

8 ozs 50c

3 ozs 25c

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets—

30 in a Box 25c

60 in a Box 45c

175 in a Box 90c

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic—

6 oz Bottle 50c

14 oz Bottle \$1.00

Stanley's

The REXALL Store.

A. E. STANLEY & CO., NORTHVILLE, THE "REXALL" STORE.

NO REASON FOR DOUBT.

When we offer to return the money paid us if our claims do not prove true, we must know exactly what we are talking about when we say Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will relieve scalp irritation, dandruff and falling hair, and prevent baldness. Don't scoff, doubt or hesitate. Try the remedy at our risk. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

Baptist Church News.

(By the Pastor.)

There was a good attendance at the B. Y. P. U. service Sunday evening notwithstanding the threatening storms. The young people did credit to themselves.

During July and August the B. Y. P. U. service will be held in the auditorium of the church at 6:30 p. m. The subject for Sunday evening is Baptist Principle Series 1—The Individual and God—"Faith".

Leader, Roy Clark.

Pastor Musser will speak Sunday morning on the topic "The Lost Christ." In the evening will be the beginning of a short series of Sermons on the "Labor Question" considered from the Bible standpoint.

The theme this Sunday evening "The Ideal Labor Union." All laboring people are urged to be present.

The Ladies' Aid held their regular meeting at Mrs. Fannie VanZile's on Wednesday afternoon. Members of the church, and Sunday school were invited from four until six in honor of Miss Belle McClelland and Fred Smith, who soon leave for the west.

Mrs. Kurth, in behalf of the ladies of the church, presented Miss McClelland with a beautiful buckle and Mr. Smith with a gold ring. These young people will be greatly missed by their many friends here, but the best wishes go with them to their new homes in the west.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The Ladies' Missionary society met at Mrs. James Dubuar's on Wednesday afternoon.

The sermon next Sunday afternoon will be on "Inspiration in Literature."

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The pastor will conduct the usual morning and evening services Sunday. A hearty welcome for all.

The Woman's Home Missionary society will meet with Mrs. Sam Wilkinson next Tuesday afternoon. Light refreshments will be served and the sum of five cents charged.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Ladies' Aid society was held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. H. Hutton. Plans were matured for the forwarding of church repairs in connection with the official board.

His Fun.

"What is your husband's chief amusement?" asked the curious neighbor. "Doing things I don't want to do," replied the wife quickly.

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Council Proceedings.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday evening, June 7, 1909. Present, B. A. Northrop, president; trustees, Lanning, Montgomery, Hutton and Sweet. Minutes of the meeting of May 3d read and approved.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid:

American Bell & Foundry Co. \$21.16

Globe Furniture Co. 8.85

A. E. Stanley & Co. 7.11

Geo. Kinsler 3.75

C. A. Sessions 4.00

W. H. Stark 4.00

A. K. Carpenter 4.00

Geo. Alexander 8.50

Record 22.50

Thomas Calhoun 8.75

W. D. Edwards & Co. 34.00

John Negus 53

W. E. Fredmore 4.00

Carpenter & Huff 186.17

F. N. Perrin 2.05

Joe Weston 41.50

Wm. Thomas 42.30

Jack Barber 35.11

Bob Denton 31.73

Freight 187.87

Sam Wilkinson 83.35

C. R. VanValkenburg 20.00

Wallace Rose 47.25

Electric Light Supplies 224.59

Francis Wilkinson 2.50

Record 2.05

F. C. Teal Co. 178.12

Perry Hutton 5.25

Henry Priest 1.50

Union Mfg. & Lumber Co. 9.44

Montgomery Bros 73.75

M. B. Burrows 187.87

L. B. Charter 11.20

Frank Hinchman 4.50

Wm. Thomas 4.50

J. M. Green 30.90

Henry Cooper 75

John Cooper 75

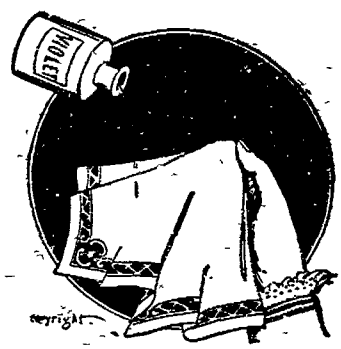
Floyd Lapham 4.00

John Negus 8.25

Parmenter & Son 35.69

Merritt & Co 1.50

PERFUMES!



We have a fine line and this is just the season when you want them. From 10-ct size bottle to whatever your pocket book warrants.

Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances
Daily
2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

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

High Grade Securities

IF YOU HAVE FUNDS TO INVEST, whether your own or those entrusted to your care, and you desire to place them where they will be safe and bring good returns, here is the answer—The UNION TRUST COMPANY, of Detroit, has a wide and attractive selection of standard securities. Many of them are especially adapted to trust investments. Write our Bond Officer today.

Union Trust Company
Detroit, Michigan.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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.

Cars leave Detroit for Farmington and Northville at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. First car on Sundays one hour later.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 9:30 p. m. and to Wayne only at 11:20 p. m. Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:45 a. m. (from Michigan ave. barns only) also at 6:30 a. m. and hourly to 7:30 p. m. also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and hourly to 8:30 p. m. and also 10:10 p. m. and midnight.

Cars leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:03 a. m. (except Sunday); 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 9:10, 10:45 p. m. and 12:25 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 Short Line, Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry., and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points above Electric Lines.
Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Good fishing is reported at Walled Lake.

South Lyon will have a "Home Coming" August 19-20.

Tom Carrington is the new clerk in B. A. Wheeler's store.

A. T. Stewart is treating his house to a new coat of paint.

Fire destroyed Ed. Shafer's barn and ice house at Union Lake Saturday.

Born Monday, July 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Waterman of Mt. Pleasant a daughter.

A number of Northville people are rusticated at Walled and other Oakland county lakes.

Miss Eileen Gibson has improved the appearance of her Bealton residence by a fresh coat of paint.

The ladies of the Second Division of the Presbyterian church expect to give a play the latter part of September.

Wilbur Harrington received fifty orders for books during the month of June and they are now ready for delivery.

J. M. Dixon is improving the appearance of his home by raising the roof and upper rooms to make it two full stories.

There was another hilarious lot of country visitors in town late Saturday night. It's about time a few arrests were made.

Water in the reservoir is still low. The danger from fire is more serious than as to whether the lawns shall be dry or the garden sags backward.

Mrs. Chas. Rogers and two children of Detroit left Wednesday for Mountain Home, Idaho, where they will join Mr. Rogers and make their future home.

The post office at South Lyon was robbed Monday night and the burglars secured \$150 in cash and \$500 in stamps. No trace of them has yet been found.

A special Communication of Northville Lodge, No. 186 F. & A. M., is called for Monday evening, July 19, for work in the Master, Mason Degree. Refreshments.

At the age of ninety-two Mrs. Jane Starkweather took her first automobile ride on Wednesday. She took an eight mile drive in the country amid the scenes of her girlhood.

Carl Hogle, who has been clerking in B. A. Wheeler's store the past six months, has resigned his position. He, in company with Roy Ambler, expect to start on a trip to Montana soon.

The state board of health is out with a bulletin advising a simple summer diet, and advising that meat be not used during the summer but plenty of vegetables, grains and fruit.

The T. G. Richardson dry goods store on Main street is being overhauled and entirely refitted, decorated and painted. When finished this week it will be one of the finest stores in this part of the state.

About forty members of Orient Chapter, No. 77 O. E. S., went over to Farmington last Friday evening and initiated two candidates for Farmington Chapter. After the work ice cream and cake were served. The occasion was much enjoyed by all.

Tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon the Northville Colts will cross bats with the Pecham Tigers of Detroit in a game of ball at Athletic park. The Pecham Tigers are one of Detroit's strongest amateur teams and come well recommended but our boys feel confident they can "show 'em" a few things yet. Admission, cents 15c; ladies and children 10c.

Mrs. Rosa Dusenbury of Mt. Pleasant, formerly Miss Grace Yerkes of this place, met with an accident one day last week in which both bones of her ankle were broken by being thrown from a carriage, the horses having become frightened at an automobile. Mrs. Locois, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Dusenbury who was also an occupant of the carriage, had both ankles broken. They are getting along nicely.

While everything will be in readiness for the unveiling of the new Custer monument at Monroe about the first of next year, the public services will not be held until along in the summer, when the weather is appropriate for an occasion of this kind. The committee recently appointed by Gov. Warner, which will have charge of the exercises, are working on the program and taking care of all details.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

B. A. Wheeler has a new ad. in this week's Record.

J. O. Knapp has disposed of his Marble Grit mare to Detroit parties for \$325.

Special meeting of Northville Commandery No. 39 Tuesday evening, July 20. Rehearsal and drill.

Bruno Freydl, wife, and children are enjoying a two weeks' camp at Walled Lake with Phoenix Freydl and family of Plymouth.

There is much need of rain. Oats are said to be suffering and the roads are simply frightful with inches and inches of dust.

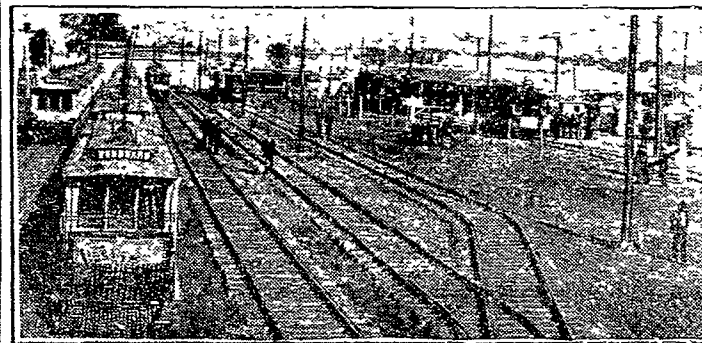
The Record office received several hundred state fair premium lists this week and they will be placed in the postoffice daily for distribution.

Villagers' attention is called to the danger in allowing a large pile of old papers to accumulate before being burned. During the dry season they should be burned in small quantities and closely watched.

The members of the K. P. lodge of Ypsilanti came over here Wednesday and trounced our K. P. boys to the tune of 13 to 7 in a game of base ball. In the evening a lodge meeting was held and three new candidates initiated into the order.

The young chap from over towards New Hudson who raised red around town the night of July 3rd, struck the village again last Saturday night and proceeded to make a "rough house" of various business streets. The sending for the police finally scared him away. He was locked up on the night of July 3rd and released on Sunday on a promise to be good. A warrant would be just the thing now and the first time he shows up again thirty days in the Detroit jail would be about the right medicine. Marshall Taft says he will be on the fellow's tracks the next time he lands in this county. No one seems to know his name as yet.

Teaching Girls to Ride Horses. Almost all the little girls who are taught to ride horses these days are put on cross saddles. They may or may not ride astride, when they get bigger, but they all learn that way. It is a safer position in the first place and it gives confidence never acquired by a youngster in a side saddle. As a rule the small equestrienne is clad in bloomers and the briefest of skirts. Often she discards the skirt when the lessons are given in the country. The instructor holds her pony by a leading strap and, of course, he rides a horse easily able to overtake her mount in the event of a bolt. Only for the first few lessons is the child's belt buckled to the pommel of her saddle. Until she acquires a firm seat she is kept close enough to the instructor to be caught by him if she starts to fall.



D. U. R. ELECTRIC DEPOT AND YARDS AT STATE FAIR, DETROIT.

Sicily's Wheat and Fruits. Sicily was the "granary of Rome" in former days. Wheat grows to an enormous height, and the ears seldom contain less than 60 grains. The rice is the finest on earth. I buy it at ten cents a pound to make that famous dish—"riso el buttero e fromaggio." No other rice answers the purpose. The most beautiful crops of Germany and France, of England and Austria-Hungary, present to the Sicilian the image of sterility. A Sicilian watermelon is a dream. It was the original nectar of the gods. No Georgia rattlesnake variety is in its class. Indian eggs and aloes are wonderful, the former serving as food for the poor. The pomegranate reaches its highest perfection along the southern coast, and is shipped to all parts of the world under the name of "punica," in honor of the Punic war; it was brought from Carthage into Italy by the Romans.—New York Press.

Puffs, Switches and Pompadours made to order. Mail orders solicited. Mrs. J. S. Austin, Walled Lake, Mich., Bell phone 172 L2R or leave orders with Mrs. G. A. Tinham, Millner, Northville.

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

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.

Wheat, red—1.40 Wheat, white—1.39 Oats, New—50c Oats, Old—50c Corn in ear—35c. Shelled corn—75c Baled hay per ton—\$15.00 Hogs dressed—\$9.00 Cattle—\$5.75 Lambs—\$6.00 Beef hides—\$16 per lb. Veal calves live—\$6 30 Eggs—20c Butter—24c. Poultry live: Turkeys, young and plump—13c Geese, young and plump—10c Ducks, young and plump—8c Hens—5c.

TOOK UMBRAGE AT ASPERSION.

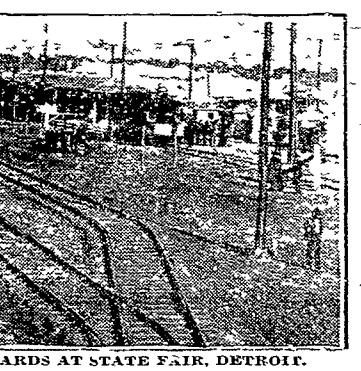
Citizens Resented Being Voted for as Town's "Meanest Man."

Old Scrooge might be a philanthropist to Carnegie alongside certain tightwads in Mount Vernon, but William Friedberg has no license to determine publicly who are the men who would squeeze a dollar until the eagle yelled: "Help! I'm melting!" For conducting a voting contest to determine the meanest man in Mount Vernon Friedberg, who keeps a cigar store there, was fined five dollars by Judge Platt here. A warning went with the fine.

Friedberg lives in Astoria, but does business in Mount Vernon. He placed in his window a placard: "Come in and vote for the meanest man in Mount Vernon!" This was followed by a list of names. Conspicuous in the list were the mayor and chief of police. Then came many solid and staid citizens. After every name was a number signifying the votes the owner of the name had received so far. "Great was the wrath of the so-called 'meanest men,'" Friedberg was ordered to take the sign out of the window, but he refused to do so. His indictment for libel followed. In court he pleaded guilty, but asserted he did not know he was violating any law.—White Plains Cor. New York Sun.

Substitute for Small Change. A souvenir of the civil war came into the hands of a delicatessen merchant in New York a few days ago which showed how scarce small change must have been in those days. It was a green three-cent postage stamp, encased in a thin metal frame the size of an old copper cent. The face of the stamp was protected by a disk of mica. On the reverse side the improvised "coin" was stamped "Good for three cents." This queer substitute for money was given along with other small change by a woman who said it was the last of a number of similar pieces which she had owned for many years, and the man who took the combination stamp, mica and tin for three cents in speaking of it, said: "The woman looked as if she was prosperous once and was sorry to give up the piece."

Hard Life of Arctic Sealer. The Arctic sealer endures a hard life. Sealing does not consist only of hurried scrambling over ice, and fierce breathless battling afterwards. There are many hardships to endure. The most common type of Arctic weather is a dense, lung clogging fog, with a rasp of cold that is enough to freeze a glowing furnace. This fog may be diversified with cruel blizzards of pelting snow, borne on the wings of the constant gales. Once the snow passes come sleet and rain—rain that is as cold as ice. Misery prevails greatly among the crews of Arctic sealers, for the dampness and the cold soon sap the stoutest constitutions.



Water Power Development. The development of the water power of small streams is just beginning, but the movement is general all through this and foreign countries. Nearly 75 per cent. of the 5,737,372 farms in the United States boast of a small creek or two roaring boisterously through the bushy glens and rocky ravines or singing and playing through the daisy-spangled meadows. Nearly every one of these streams is available for horsepower.—American Review of Reviews.

Money and Its Uses. Money is the clothing of a gentleman he may wear it well or ill. Some carry great quantities of it gracefully, some, with a stunted supply, present a decent appearance. Very few will bear inspection who are absolutely stripped of it.—George Meredith.

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 store. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 128x.

G. P. ALLEN.

G. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the City of Detroit, on the twelfth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ROLLIN H. PURDY, deceased. James A. Dubuair, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account.

Lapham State Savings Bank

Our Certificates of Deposit are payable on demand and bear interest at the rate of 3 per cent per annum for the exact time, providing the deposit is left one month or longer.

3 Per cent interest, from date, paid on Savings Deposits, for the exact time the deposit remains.

CHECKING ACCOUNTS INVITED.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. HARMON, PRES.
ASA E. SMITH, 1ST VICE-PRES.
CHAS. YERKES, 2ND VICE-PRES.
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NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Mid-Summer Clearing Sale

Two Weeks, Commencing
Saturday, July 10th, 1909

Too many Oxfords. Must sell them to make room for Fall Goods.

I WANT THE MONEY
YOU WANT THE GOODS.

Note the following prices; it is just like finding money.

\$4.00 Oxfords for.....	\$3.00
3.50 Oxfords for.....	2.79
3.00 Oxfords for.....	2.38
2.50 Oxfords for.....	1.97
2.00 Oxfords for.....	1.49
1.50 Oxfords for.....	1.25

This includes Patent, Gun Metal, Tan and Vici Oxfords, in Ladies and Gents.

Children's \$1.60 Oxfords for.....\$1.25
Children's 1.25 Oxfords for.....1.00
Children's 1.00 Oxfords for......80

We have Two Lots of Ladies' Shoes—One lot that sells at \$2.50, in Gun Metal that go at\$2.00
One lot that sell at \$2.25, Vici that are yours at... 1.75

You will look quite a while before you find these bargains again.

New Last Spring and Up-to-Date. No Old Stuff.
REMEMBER, JUST TWO WEEKS.

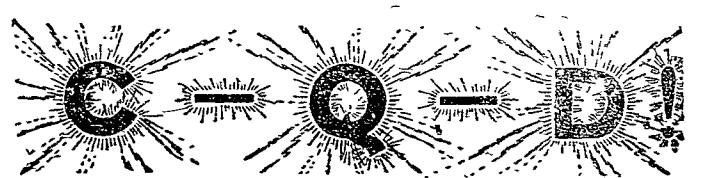
We have some Elk Slips for Boys and Girls, sizes 6 to 2, regular price \$1, and \$1.25; but to close them out they will go at 50c and 75c pair.

WILL L. TINHAM
Exclusive Shoe Store. 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 Woollens. Call and compare prices with a reliable tailor.

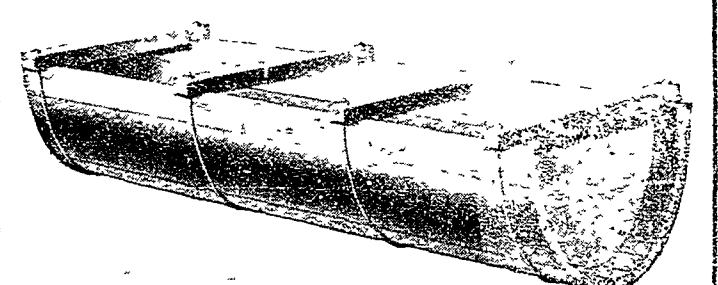
Northville. G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.



When we get your wireless call for HELP, we will come to the rescue with good old PRINTER'S INK

GOOD ADVERTISING HAS SAVED MANY BUSINESS MEN FROM FINANCIAL SHIPWRECK

Cypress Tanks, Milk Coolers and CISTERNS—All Sizes.



General Repairing of Wagons and Carriages

NEW WHEELS AT COST.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
P. B. BARLEY, Northville, Mich.

14 DROWN IN A COLLISION AT SOO

STEAMERS JOHN B. COWLE AND ISAAC M. SCOTT MET IN A FOG.

SCOTT ON MAIDEN TRIP.

Side of Downbound Freighter Ripped Open in Heavy Fog—Sinks Three Minutes After Collision—Mistaken Signals Cause of Disaster.

The steamers Isaac M. Scott, of the Hanna line, of B. Cowle, belonging to H. S. Wilkinson, of Cleveland, met in head-on collision off Whitefish point Monday morning about 5 o'clock. A heavy fog hung over the lake at the time.

The Cowle sank immediately, taking with her 14 of her crew. Thirteen of the crew were saved. The captain of the Cowle was picked up by an upbound boat. The Scott was on her maiden trip and light.

The weather was very thick and the Scott was blowing warning signals. The whistles of a number of craft could be heard, both ahead and astern. Suddenly, without warning, directly ahead of the Scott, loomed a vessel broadside on.

In an instant the two boats came together; the Scott hitting the Cowle bow on, the blow falling about the middle of the ship. So great was the impetus of the blow that the Scott jammed her way actually half across the decks of the Cowle. The latter began to fill instantly and sank within three minutes.

The Cowle has a gash above the water line in her starboard side about 15 feet long. The two forward compartments are punctured.

Fourteen of the Cowle's crew were lost.

The Cowle was downbound with a cargo of 8,000 tons of iron ore, and in a dense fog was not aware of the approaching vessel until the crash came. She sank, three minutes after the collision, in about 30 fathoms of water.

The Scott was bound up light. She had just passed the Whitefish light and had laid her course up the lake.

The Cowle appears to have been ill-fated. Two or three years ago she collided with and sank the steamer Erin in the St. Clair river. Five lives were lost on the Erin.

Hard Fight for Life.

Heimend in on three sides by a raging conflagration two miles in area and stumbling about in dense, pungent smoke, lost in a seething mass of flames, six Menominee young men, most of them well known athletes, raced with death for two miles at Garden bay and cheated death by a narrow margin.

The night before the members of the party, in an effort to escape the fierce storm raging on Green Bay, anchored their yacht, the Rambler, and slept ashore, unconscious of the fact that a forest fire was raging only a few miles away. During the night the wind shifted and early in the morning, when several of the party were awakened by the smoke, they found themselves in the very midst of a blinding fire.

The young men, hardly realizing their danger, plunged into the woods, hoping to soon reach the shore. Unable to see farther than their hands, would reach they soon lost their way and stumbled about the smoldering and blazing forest for several hours, finally reaching their yacht.

Sales of Homestead Lands.

State Land Commissioner Huntley Russell Friday morning stated that he would make an effort to have the land commissioner granted the privilege of holding the sales of homestead and other state lands in the territory in which they are situated, rather than here in Lansing.

There are about 60,000 acres of land situated in Alger, Arenac, Dickinson, Isabella, Roscommon, Saginaw and Wexford counties which will soon be placed on sale, and if the sales are held in those territories many people who have not the money to make the trip to Lansing, as is necessary now will be able to purchase.

Houseboat Honeymoon for Rich.

Instead of spending their belated honeymoon at Pinconning, Roland Rich, the Bay City lad accused of murdering his grandmother, and his young bride will camp out in a houseboat at the flats at the mouth of the Saginaw river for a week. This change was made Tuesday afternoon when Attorney E. J. Bissell, his counsel and also his employer, offered the use of his houseboat, shattering all his own plans. The boat has been newly decorated for Bissell's vacation, but Roland and his wife will have its use.

Lansing Case.

Charles Thayer, a farmer living south of Lansing, came to town Saturday morning and shot and killed his wife at the house where she was working. Thayer then fatally shot himself. He was enraged because the woman would not live with him.

Thayer went to the door of the house and knocked. As Mrs. Thayer opened the door he snatched the revolver, turning the revolver immediately upon himself.

A \$25,000 fire in Allegan destroyed the E. E. Sherman grain elevator, besides damaging other buildings.

"His father once served with mine in the secret service," is the explanation of William A. Pinkerton, the detective agency head, who seeks the release of Alexander McKenzie, lifer, from the Jackson prison. McKenzie has served 19 years.

Because in repairing its line in Bay City the Grand Trunk railroad has been laying the tracks from 4 to 15 inches higher than the street level the council passed a resolution directing that the company relay the tracks on Hart street at the proper level, and giving the street commissioner authority to pull up the tracks if the order is not complied with.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

John J. Jones, Jr., of Bay City, is a candidate for state commander of the Spanish War Veterans.

The International Association of Fire Engineers will meet in Grand Rapids August 17-20, with a probable attendance of 1,200.

Fearing she was a burden to her family, Mrs. David McMartin, of Plainwell, a farmer's wife and church member, ate rat poison.

First Lieut. Payson D. Foster, of Lansing, has been placed in command of the first detachment signal corps, Michigan National Guard.

In a test case, Judge Padgham has decided that the Citizens' Telephone company, of Holland, cannot raise its rates to new subscribers, but must charge all alike.

The local option forces, just organized, will start an educational campaign, holding meetings all over Arenac county, in preparation for a special spring election.

As the first move in carrying out his promises of economy in the city offices, Mayor Bailey, of Battle Creek, has just abolished the office of plumbing inspector and fired the occupant.

Hubbardston is to have a big homecoming camp meeting, under the auspices of the local Methodist church, August 3 to 15. Many noted ministers from all over the state will preach at the meetings.

William Andre, the "ex-egg king," twice convicted of swindling, was to have been sentenced at Charlotte, but the case has been again continued till the October term. He is at liberty under \$3,000 bail.

The annual meeting of the missionary council of the fifth department of the Episcopal church, comprising the states of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin, will be held in Grand Rapids October 18, 19 and 20.

The fast pacing stallion Wilkie Alorton, owned by Charles McKenzie, the well-known horseman of Alpena, and valued at \$5,000, is dead from the effects of poison given, apparently, to prevent the animal from starting in a race.

Judge D. R. Austin, 70, of Toledo, was saved from drowning in Sand lake, where he has a summer cottage, by employees of the hotel there, who pulled him into their boat. The judge had been fishing and his skiff capsized.

Fire destroyed seven ice houses of the Wildanger-Flanders Coal & Ice Co. at Flint with most of the city's ice supply. The blaze was started by tramps. A few hours earlier three private garages were burned with a \$4,000 loss.

The new boys' building, with a capacity of 100, at the Nazareth academy near Kalamazoo, has been named Babour hall, in honor of the late Mrs. Betsey Morton Babour, of Detroit, who was a benefactor of the institution.

The Ladies' Library association will soon erect a new building at Taxer's City because of the rapid growth of the organization. The cornerstone laying will be in charge of the Masonic order and elaborate ceremonies are planned.

A J. Gustafson, supervisor of Ishpeming township, recently brought in the carcass of a big timber wolf which he had shot on the road, and collected the bounty. While the animals are not scarce in this county, they are seldom seen on the roads, especially in the summer.

While walking along the Grand Trunk tracks several men found William Laveisa, 25, lying across the rails where he had evidently fallen while intoxicated. He was picked up just a few minutes before a freight train backed over the spot. His face was badly cut up by the fall.

May Charles Hutton, known in earlier days as friend and spokesman of the Indians and for many years prominent in Michigan politics, has been admitted to the Kalamazoo asylum as a private patient. The cloudbusting of his mind has practically ended a career that has known unusual variety.

The state's financial condition will not stop the erection of new buildings planned for the state university. Ann Arbor banks will cash the vouchers of the regents. Prof. C. A. Guthe, of the Ohio State university, has been appointed professor of physics, of which department Dean Reed has been made director.

Louis Sanderhoof, trustee for the bankrupt Dudley Butter Co., of Owosso, and E. F. Dudley, will make his semi-final report in the case in the United States court in Bay City, but it is probable that a suit will be necessary before the matter can be settled. Dudley carries a large life insurance and this Sanderhoof is trying to secure for the creditors.

Mrs. Clara Connolly, of Grand Rapids, once convicted of killing her husband, and who was recently brought back from the Detroit house of correction, where she was serving a sentence for a new trial, will probably be freed. The new trial would cost the county a large amount and the woman has already served some time this is thought to be the best course.

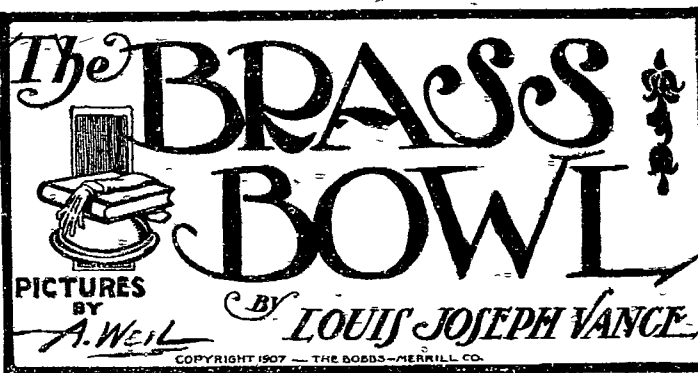
The Detroit naval reserves will leave August 8 on their annual cruise on the Don Juan de Austria. The boat will proceed directly to Thunder bay, where it will join the reserve boats from other states. The squadron will then cruise to South Manitou Island, Lake Michigan, where about four days will be spent in drills. On the last day a sham battle will be fought on the island. The fleet will break up at Mackinac Island, the Detroit reserves arriving home August 18.

The continued dry spell is causing apprehension among the lumbermen in the upper peninsula on account of the many small forest fires which are breaking out. The fire department at Boyne Falls was recently called to protect the roundhouse and shops of the Cobbs & Mitchell Co., and near Trowbridge the Frank Buell Co. has lost several thousand dollars worth of timber in fires which started by passing trains.

Admitting herself a runaway, but denying that she had eloped, Ruth Chapman was arrested in Flint Thursday night and sent to her home in Adrian. She is 16 and pretty.



"A Detective, in Point of Fact," Said He.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Junior O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in a graveyard, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his jewels. She, apparently took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anstey, half-hypnotized Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland resolved a "Mr. Snath," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Snath's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

It was very plain—to a deductive reasoner—from the girl's attitude toward him that she had fallen into relations of uncommon friendliness with this Maitland, young as Anstey believed their acquaintance to be. There had plainly been a flirtation—wherein lay the explanation of Maitland's forbearance. He had been fascinated by the woman, had not hesitated to take Anstey's name (even as Anstey was then taking his) in order to prolong their intimacy.

So much the better. Turn about was still fair play. Maitland had sown as Anstey; the real Anstey would reap the harvest. Pretty women interested him deeply, though he saw little enough of them, partly through motives of prudence, partly because of a refinement of taste; women of the class of this conquest-by-proxy were out of reach of the enemy of society. That is, under ordinary circumstances. This one, on the contrary, was not; whatever she was or had been, however successful a crackswoman she might be, her cultivation and breeding were as apparent as her beauty; and quite as attractive.

A criminal is necessarily first a gambler, a votary of Chance; and the blind goddess had always been very kind to Mr. Anstey. He felt that here again she was favoring him. Maitland had eliminated from this girl's life; Maitland had failed to keep his engagement, and so would never again be called upon to play the part of burglar, with her interest for incentive and guerdon. Anstey himself could take up where Maitland had left off. Easily enough. The difficulties were insignificant; he had only to play up to Maitland's standard for a while, to be Maitland with all that gentleman's advantages, educational and social, then gradually drop back to his own level and be himself, Dan Anstey, "Handsome Dan," the professional, the fit mate for the girl.

What was she saying? "But you have lunched already!" with an appealing pout.

"Indeed, no!" he protested, earnestly. "I was early—conceive my eagerness"—and by ill chance a friend of mine insisted upon lunching with me. I had only a cup of coffee and a roll."

He motioned to the waiter, calling him "Waiter!" rather than "Garçon!"—intuitively understanding that Maitland would never have ailed his French in a public place, and that he could not afford the least slip before a woman as keen as this.

"Lay a clean cloth and bring the bill of fare," he demanded, tempering his lordly instincts and adding the "please" that men of Maitland's stamp use to inferiors.

"A friend!" tardily echoed the girl when the servant was gone.

He laughed lightly, determined to be frank. "A detective, in point of fact," said he. And he enjoyed her surprise.

"You have many such?" "For convenience one tries to have one in each city."

"And this?" "Oh, I have him fixed, all right. He confided to me all the latest developments and official intentions with regard to the Maitland arrest."

Her eyes danced. "Tell me!" she demanded, imperious; the emphasis of intimacy irresistible as she bent forward, forearms on the cloth, slim white hands clasped with tense impatience, eyes seeking his.

"Why escaped?" "No!"

"Fact. Scared the butler into un-guessing him; then, in a fit of pardonable rage, cracked that fool down and dashed a set of the shadow—presumably in pursuit of us. Up to a late hour he hadn't returned, and police opinion is divided as to whether Maitland arrested Anstey, and Anstey got away, or vice versa."

"Excellent!" She clasped her hands noiselessly, a gay little gesture. "So, whatever the outcome, one thing is certain: Higgins will presently be seeking another berth."

She lifted her brows prettily. "Higgins?"—with the rising inflection.

"The butler. Didn't you hear?"

Eyes wondering, she moved her head slowly from side to side. "Hear what?" "I fancied that you had waited a moment on the veranda," he flinched.

"Oh, I was quite too frightened."

He took this for a complete denial. Better and better! He had actually feared she had eavesdropped, however warrantably; and Maitland's authoritative way with the servants had been too convincingly natural to have deceived a woman of her keen wits.

There followed a lull while Anstey was ordering the luncheon—something

he did elaborately and with success, telling himself humorously, "Hang the expense! Maitland pays." Of which fact the weight in his pocket was assurance.

Maitland. Anstey's thoughts verged off upon an interesting tangent. What was Maitland's motive in arranging this meeting? It was self-evident that the twin were of one world—the girl and the man of fashion. But, whatever her right of heritage, she had renounced it, declassing herself by yielding to thievish instincts, voluntarily placing herself on the level of Anstey. Where she must remain, for ever.

There was comfort in that reflection. He glanced up to find her eyes bent in gravity upon him. She, too, it appeared, had fallen a prey to reverie. Upon what subject? An absorbing one, doubtless, since it held her abstracted despite her companion's direct, unequivocally admiring stare.

The odd light was flickering again in the crackman's glance. She was then more beautiful than aught that ever he had dreamed of. Such hair as was hers, woven seemingly of dull flames, lambent, witching! And eyes—beautiful always, but never more so than at this moment, when filled with sweetly pensive contemplation. Was she reviewing the last 24 hours, dreaming of what had passed between her and that silly fool, Maitland? If only Anstey could surmise what they had said to each other, how long they had been acquainted; if only she would give him a hint, a leading, word!

If he could have read her mind, have seen behind the film of thought that clouded her eyes, one fears Mr. Anstey might have lost appetite for an excellent luncheon.

For she was studying his hands, her memory harking back to the moment when she had stood beside the safe, holding the bull's-eye.

In the blackness of that hour a disk of light shone out luridly against the tapestry of memory. Within its radius appeared two hands, long, supple, strong, immaculately white, graceful and dexterous, as delicate of contour as a woman's, yet lacking nothing of masculine vigor and modeling; hands that wavered against the blackness, fumbling with the shining nickle disk of a combination lock.

The impression had been and remained one extraordinarily vivid. Could her eyes have deceived her so?

"Thoughtful?" She nodded alertly, instantaneously mistress of self, and let her gaze, serious yet half smiling, linger upon his exact fractional shade of an instant longer than had been, perhaps, discreet. Then lashes drooped long upon her cheeks, and her color deepened all but imperceptibly.

The man's breath halted, then came a trace more rapidly than before. He bent forward impulsively. . . . The girl sighed, ever so gently.

"I was thoughtful. . . . It's all so strange, you know."

His attitude was an eager question. "I mean our meeting—that way, last night." She held his gaze again, momentarily, and—

"Damn the waiter!" quoth savagely Mr. Anstey to his inner man, sitting back to facilitate the service of their meal.

The girl placated him with an insignificant remark which led briefly into a maze of meaningless but infinitely diverting inconsequences; diverting, at least, to Anstey, who held up his head, giving her back look for look, jest for jest, platitude for platitude (when the waiter was within hearing distance), altogether, he felt, acquitting himself very creditably.

As for the girl, in the course of the next half or three-quarters of an hour she demonstrated herself conclusively a person of amazing resource, developing with admirable ingenuity a campaign planned on the spur of a chance observation. The gentle mannered and self-sufficient crook was taken captive before he realized it, however willing, he may have been. Enmeshed in a hundred uncomprehended subtleties, he basked, purring, while she insinuated herself beneath his guard and stripped him of his entire armament of cunning, vigilance, invention, suspicion, and distrust.

He relinquished them without a sigh, barely conscious of the spoliation. After all, she was of his trade, herself mired with guilt; she would never dare betray him, the consequences to herself would be so dire.

Besides, patently—almost too much so—she admired him. He was her hero. Had she not more than hinted that such was the case, that his example, his exploits, had fired her to emulation—however weakly feminine?

He saw her before him, dainty, alluring, yielding, yet leading him on—altogether desirable. And so long had he, Anstey, starved for affection!

"I am sure you must be dying for a smoke."

"Beg pardon!" He awoke abruptly, to find himself twirling the sharp-ribbed stem of his empty glass. Abstractedly he stared into this, as though seeking there a clue to what they had been talking about. Faintly he understood that they had been drifting close upon the perilous shoals of intimate personalities. What had he told her? What had he not?

No matter. It was clearly to be seen that her regard for him had waxed rather than waned as a result of their conversation. One had but to look into her eyes to be reassured as to that. One did look, breathing heavily. . . . What an ingenious child it was, to show him her heart so freely! He wondered that this should be so, feeling it none the less a just and graceful tribute to his fascinations.

She repeated her arch query. She was sure he wanted to smoke.

Indeed he did—if she would permit!

And forthwith Maitland's cigarette case was produced, with a flourish.

"What a beautiful case!"

In an instant it was in her hands. "Beautiful!" she iterated, inspecting the delicate tracery of the monogram engraver's art—head bended forward, face shadowed by the broad-brimmed hat.

"You like it?" You would care to give it?" Anstey demanded, unsteadily.

"I? The infection of doubtful surprise was a delight to the ear. "Oh! I couldn't think of accepting."

Besides, I have no use for it. "Of course you ain't—are not that sort." An hour back he could have kicked himself for the grammatical blunder; now he was wholly flummoxed, besides, she didn't seem to notice.

"But as a little token—between us." She drew back, pushing the case across the cloth; "I couldn't dream."

"But if I insist?"

"If you insist? . . . Why, I suppose . . . it's awfully good of you." She flashed him a maddening glance.

"You do me pro-honor," he amended, hastily. Then, daintily: "I don't ask much in exchange, only—"

"A cigarette?" she suggested hastily.

He laughed, pleased and diverted. "That'll be enough now—if you'll light it for me."

She glanced dubiously round the almost deserted room; and a grate started forward as if animated by a spring. Anstey motioned him imperiously back. "Go on," he coaxed; "no one can see." And watched, flattered, the slim white fingers that extracted a match from the stand, and drew it swiftly down the prepared surface of the box, holding the flickering flame to the end of a white tube whose tip lay between lips curved, scarlet, and pouting.

"There!" A pale wreath of smoke floated away on the fan-churned air, and Anstey was vaguely conscious of receiving the glowing cigarette from a hand whose sleek perfection was but enhanced by the fine curves of rounded forearm. . . . He inhaled deeply, with satisfaction.

Undetected by him, the girl swiftly passed a furtive handkerchief across her lips. When he looked again she was smiling and the golden case had disappeared.

She shook her head at him in mock reproval. "Bold man!" she called him, but the crudity of it was lost upon him as she had believed it would be. The moment had come for vigorous measures, she felt, guile having paved the way.

"Why do you call me that?" "To appear so openly running the gauntlet of the detectives."

"Oh?"—startled.

"Of course you saw," she insisted.

"Saw? No. Saw what?"

"Why. . . . perhaps I am mistaken, but I thought you knew and trusted to your likeness to Mr. Maitland."

Anstey frowned, collecting himself bewildered. "What are you driving at anyhow?" he demanded, roughly. "Didn't you see the detectives? Should have thought your man would have warned you. I noticed four loitering round the entrance, as I came in and feared—"

"Why didn't you tell me then?"

"I have just told you the reason supposed you were in your disguise." "That's so." The alarmed expression gradually faded, although he remained troubled. "I sure am Maitland to the life," he continued with satisfaction. "Even the head-waiter—"

"And of course," she insinuated, delectably, "you have disposed of the loot?"

He shook his head gloomily. "No time, as yet."

Her dismay was evident. "You don't mean to say—"

"In my pocket."

"Oh!" She glanced stealthily around. "In your pocket!" she whispered. "And—and if they stop you—"

"I am Maitland."

"But if they insisted on searching you. . . . She was round-eyed with apprehension.

"That's so!" Her perturbation was infectious. His jaw dropped.

"They would find the jewels—known to be stolen—"

"By God!" he cried, savagely.

"Dan!"

"I beg your pardon. But . . . what am I to do? You are sure—"

"McCluskey himself is on the nearest corner!"

"Phew!" he whistled; and stared at her, searchingly, through a lengthening pause.

"Dan. . . . said she at length."

"Yes?"

"There is a way."

"Go on."

"Last night, Dan"—she raised her glorious eyes to his—"last night, I trusted you."

His face hardened ever so slightly, yet when he took thought the tenseness about his eyes and mouth softened. And she drew a deep breath knowing that she had all but won.

"I trusted you," she continued softly. "Do you know what that means? I trusted you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Illuminating System.

A new system of illumination is offered by the discovery of Prof. Blas of Germany, which is a liquid illuminating gas to be delivered at the houses of customers at regular periods in much the same manner as coal oil, and other commodities are delivered at the present time. A 22-pound cylinder of gas is sufficient to supply 150-candle power light for four months if used four hours a day. The means of connection between the burner and the reservoir is through a fine tube no thicker than an electric light wire and just as flexible.



She Had Watched the House from the Window of a Top-Floor Hall Bedroom in the Boarding-House Opposite.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger print in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his wait to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing her gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anistay, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anistay, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Snaith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was told by a blow from "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anistay himself and he secured the gems. Anistay, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Very good, sir." The janitor-valet had previous experiences with Maitland's generosity in grateful memory; and shut his lips tightly in promise of virtuous reticence.

"You won't regret it. Now tell me what you mean by saying that you saw me go out at one this afternoon?"

Again the flood gates were lifted; from the deluge of explanations and protestations Maitland extracted the general drift of narrative. And in the end held up his hand for silence.

"I think I understand now. You say he had changed to my gray?"

O'Hagan darted into the bedroom, whence he emerged with confirmation of his statement.

"Tis gone, sir, an'—"

"All right. But," with a rueful frown, "I'll take the liberty of countermanding Mr. Snaith's order. If he should call again, O'Hagan, I very much want to see him."

"Faith, and 'tis meself will have a word or two to whisper in the ear of him, sir," announced O'Hagan, grimly.

"I'm afraid the opportunity will be lacking. You may fix me a hot bath now, O'Hagan, and put out my evening clothes. I'll dine at the club to-night and may not be back."

And, rising, Maitland approached a mirror; before which he lingered for several minutes, cataloguing his injuries. Taken altogether, they amounted to little. The swelling of his wrists and ankles was subsiding gradually; there was a slight redness visible in the corners of his mouth, and a shadow of discoloration on his right temple—something that could be

concealed by brushing his hair in a new way.

"I think I shall do," concluded Maitland; "there's nothing to excite particular comment. The bulk of the soreness is inside."

Seven p. m.

"Time," said the short and thick-set man casually, addressing no one in particular.

He shut the lid of his watch with a snap and returned the timepiece to his waistcoat pocket. Simultaneously he surveyed both sides of the short block between Seventh and St. Nicholas avenues with one comprehensive glance.

Presumably he saw nothing of interest to him. It was not a particularly interesting block, for that matter, though somewhat typical of the neighborhood. The north side was lined with five-story flat buildings, their dingy-red brick facades regularly broken by equally dingy brownstone stoops, as to the ground floor, by open windows as to those above. The south side was mostly taken up by a towering white apartment hotel with an ostentatious entrance; against one of whose polished stone pillars the short and thick-set man was lounging.

The sidewalks, north and south, swarmed with children of assorted ages, playing with the ferocious energy characteristic of the young of Harlem; their blood-curdling cries and premature Fourth-of-July fireworks created an appalling din, to which, however, the more mature denizens had apparently become callous, through long endurance.

Beyond the party-colored lights of a drug store window on Seventh avenue, the electric arcs were casting a sickly radiance upon the dusty leaves of the tree-lined drive. The avenue itself was crowded with motor cars and horse-drawn pleasure vehicles, mostly bound uptown, their occupants seeking the cooler air and wider spaces to be found beyond the Harlem river and along the Speedway. A few blocks to the west Cathedral heights bulked like a great wall, wrapped in purple shadows, its jagged contour stark against an evening sky of suave old rose.

The short and thick-set body, however, seemed to have no particular appreciation of the beauties of nature as exhibited by West One Hundred and Eighteenth street on a summer's evening. If anything, he could apparently have desired a cooling breeze; for, after a moment's doubtful consideration, he unbuttoned his waistcoat and heaved a sigh of relief.

Then, carefully shifting the butt of a dead cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, where it was almost hidden by the jutting thatch of his black mustache, and drawing down over his eyes the brim of a rusty put hat, he thrust fat hands into the pockets of his shabby trousers and lounged against the polished pillar even more

energetically than before, if that were possible. An unromantic, apathetic figure, fitting so naturally into his surroundings as to demand no second look even from the most observant; yet one seeming to possess a magnetic attraction for the eyes of the hallway of the apartment hotel (who, acquainted by sight and hearsay with the stout gentleman's identity and calling, bent upon him a steadfast and adoring regard), as well as for the policeman who lored it on the St. Nicholas avenue corner, in front of the real estate office, and who from time to time shifted his contemplation from the infinite spaces of the heavens, the better to exchange a furtive nod with the idler in the hotel doorway.

Presently—at no great lapse of time after the short and thick-set man had stowed away his watch—out of the thronged sidewalks of Seventh avenue a man appeared, walking west on the north-side of the street and reviewing carefully the numbers on the illuminated facades; a tall man, dressed all in gray, and swinging a thin walking stick.

The short, thick-set person assumed a mien of more intense abstraction than ever.

The tall man in gray paused indolently before the brownstone stoop of the house numbered 205, then swung up the steps and into the vestibule. Here he halted, bending over to scrutinize the names on the letter boxes.

The short, thick-set man reluctantly detached himself from his polished pillar and waddled ungracefully across the street.

The policeman on the corner seemed suddenly interested in Seventh avenue, and walked in that direction.

The gray man, having vainly deciphered all the names on the side of the vestibule, straightened up and turned his attention to the opposite wall, either unconscious of or indifferent to the shuffle of feet on the stoop behind him.

The short, thick-set man removed one hand from a pocket and tapped the gray man gently on the shoulder.

"Lookin' for McCabe, Anistay?" he inquired, genially.

The gray man turned slowly, exhibiting a countenance blank with astonishment. "Beg-pardon?" he drawled, and then, with a dawning gleam of recognition in his eyes—"Why, good evening, Hickey! What brings you up this way?"

The short, thick-set man permitted his jaw to droop and his eyes to protrude, for some seconds—"Oh," he said in a tone of great disgust, "hell!" He pulled himself together with an effort. "Excuse me, Mr. Maitland," he stammered, "I wasn't lookin' for yeh."

"To the contrary, I gather from your greeting you were expecting our friend, Mr. Anistay?" And the gray man smiled.

Hickey smiled in sympathy, but with less evident relish of the situation's humor.

"That's right," he admitted. "Got a tip from the c'missioner's office this evening that Anistay would be here at seven o'clock lookin' for a party named McCabe. I guess it's a bum tip, all right, but of course I got to look into it."

"Most assuredly." The gray man bent and inspected the names again. "I am hunting up an old friend," he explained, carelessly, "a man named Simmons—knew him in college—down on his luck—wrote me yesterday. There he is. Fourth floor, east. I'll see you when I come down, I hope, Mr. Hickey."

The automatic lock clicked and the door swung open; the gray man passing through and up the stairs. Hickey, ostensibly ignoring the existence of the policeman, returned to his post of observation.

At eight o'clock he was still there, looking bored.

At 8:20 he was still there, wearing a puzzled expression.

At nine he called the adoring lobby, gave him a quarter with minute instructions, and saw him disappear into the hallway of No. 205. Three minutes later the boy was back, breathless but enthusiastic.

"Missus Simmons," he explained between gasps, "says she ain't never heard of nobody named Maitland. Somebody rang her bell a while ago an' apologized for disturbin' her—said he wanted the folks on the top floor. I guess yer man went across the roofs; them houses is all connected, and yuh c'n walk clear from the corner here tuh half-way up tuh Nineteenth street, on San Nicholas avenue."

"Uh huh," laconically returned the detective. "Thanks." And turning on his heel, walked westward.

The policeman crossed the street to detain him for a moment's chat.

"I guess it's all off, Jim," Hickey told him. "Some one must've tipped that crook off. Anyway, I ain't gon' to wait no longer."

"I wouldn't neither," agreed the uniformed member. "Sar, who's yer friend yeh was talkin' tuh, 'while ago?"

"Oh, a frien' of mine. Yeh didn't have no call to git excited then, Jim 'Gnight."

And Hickey proceeded westward, a listless and preoccupied man by the vacant eye of him. But when he emerged into the glare of Eighth avenue his face was unusually red. Which may have been due to the heat. And just before boarding a downtown surface car, "Oh," he enunciated with gusto, "hell!"

One a. m.

Not until the rich and mellow chime had merged into the stillness did the intruder dare again draw breath. Coming as it had the very moment that the door had closed noiselessly behind her, the double stroke had sounded to her like a knell, or, perhaps more like the prelude to the wild alarm of a

toxin, first striking her heart still with terror, then urging it into panic flutterings.

But these, as the minutes drew on, marked only by the dull methodic ticking of the clock, quieted; and at length she mustered courage to move from the door, against which she had flung herself, one hand clutching the knob, ready to pull it open and fly upon the first aggressive sound.

In the interval her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. The study door showed a pale oblong on her right; to her left, and a little toward the rear of the flat, the door of Maitland's bed chamber stood ajar. To this she tiptoed, standing upon the threshold and listening with every fiber of her being. No sounds as of the regular respiration of a sleeper warning her, she at length peered stealthily within; simultaneously she pressed the button of an electric hand-lamp. Its circumscribed blaze wavered over pillows and counterpane spotless and undisturbed.

Then for the first time she breathed freely, convinced that she had been right in surmising that Maitland would not return that night.

Since early evening she had watched the house from the window of a top-floor hall bedroom in the boarding house opposite. Shortly before seven she had seen Maitland, stiff and uncompromising in rigorous evening dress, leave in a cab. Since then only once had a light appeared in his rooms; at about half after nine the janitor had appeared in the study, turning up the gas and going to the telephone. Whatever the nature of the communication received, the girl had taken it to indicate that Maitland had decided to spend the night elsewhere; for the study light had burned for some ten minutes, during which the janitor could occasionally be seen moving mysteriously about, and something later, bearing a suitcase, he had left the house and shuffled rapidly eastward to Madison avenue.

So she felt convinced that she had all the small hours before her, secure from interruption. And this time, she told herself, she purposed making assurance doubly sure.

But first to guard against discovery from the street.

Turning back through the hall, she dispensed with the hand lamp, entering the darkened study. Here all windows had been closed and the outer shades drawn—O'Hagan's last act before leaving with the suitcase—additional proof that Maitland was not expected back that night. For the temperature was high, the air in the closed room stifling.

Crossing to the windows, the girl drew down the dark green inner shades and closed the folding wooden shutters over them. And was conscious of a deepened sense of security.

Next going to the telephone, she removed the receiver from the hook and let it hang at the full length of the cord. In the dead silence the small voice of Central was clearly articulate.

"What number?" Hello, what number?"—followed by the grumbling of the armature as the operator tried fruitlessly to ring the disconnected bell. The girl smiled faintly, aware that there would now be no interruption from an inopportune call.

There remained as a final precaution, only a grand tour of the flat; which she made expeditiously, passing swiftly and noiselessly (one content playing midnight raids does not attire one's self in silks and starched ties) from room to room, all comfortably empty. Satisfied at last, she found herself again in the study, and now boldly, mind at rest, lighted the brass student lamp with the green shade, which she discovered on the desk.

Standing, hands resting lightly on hips, breath coming quickly, cheeks flushed and eyes alight with some intimate and inscrutable emotion, she surveyed the room. Out of the dusk that lay beyond the plash of illumination beneath the lamp, the furniture began to take on familiar shapes, the divans, the heavy leather-upholstered easy chairs, the tall clock with its pallid staring face, the small tables and tabourettes, handsily disposed for the reception of books and magazines and pipes and glasses; the towering, old-fashioned mahogany book case, the useless, ornamental, beautiful Chippendale escrutoire, in one corner; and somberly shadowed and all combining to diffuse an impression of quiet, easy-going comfort.

Just such a study as he would naturally have. She nodded silent approbation of it as a whole. And, nodding, sat down at the desk, planting elbows on its polished surface, interlacing her fingers and cradling her chin upon their backs, turned suddenly pensive. The mood held her but briefly. She had no time to waste, and much to accomplish.

Sitting back, her fingers sought and pressed the clasp of her hand-bag and produced two articles—a golden cigarette case and a slightly soiled canvas bag. The Maitland jewels were returning by a devious way, to their owner.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Immense Electric Machine.

The largest static electric machine ever built is owned by a New York physician, and is six feet high over all, seven feet long and four feet wide, weighing 650 pounds. It has 40 glass discs, each 40 inches in diameter, of which 20 revolve, while the others remain stationary. It is driven by an electric motor of one-fourth horse power, being first excited by a small auxiliary hand machine, and at full speed may yield a spark 30 inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. To fully excite the huge machine requires from five to ten minutes, the charge, however, being retained for as much as 12 to 15 hours.

PERSIAN CAPITAL IS CAPTURED

CONSTITUTIONALISTS ARE IN POSSESSION—VIGOROUS FIGHTING IN STREETS OF TEHRAN.

FOREIGNERS ARE SAFE.

Nationalists Say They Have No Demand to Make Except for a Real Constitution—People Like Change, Welcoming Invaders.

Recent events in Turkey are being repeated in Persia. The constitutional forces, the advance of which on Tehran for a time was not considered serious, are now in possession of the greater part of the city, which they entered without encountering any organized resistance.

While Sardarasad and Siphadar, the leaders in the movement concentrated the attention of the royalists by demonstrations to the west, a strong body of nationalists and Bakhtiaris made their way unnoticed around to the north, from which point the capture of the capital was not difficult.

The guards at the northern gates were disarmed and the invaders marched in, the foreign section leaders taking up their quarters in the old Medias building. This gives the nationalists command of the city, with the exception of the artillery square and the drill grounds adjoining. The royalists are badly situated to make further resistance and the Cossacks, under command of Russian officers, remain outside the city, entirely cut off from their comrades in the artillery square.

The populace of the city is enthusiastic over the advent of the Nationalist forces. They throng the streets wearing red badges and offering encouragement to the revolutionary soldiers.

The occupation of the Persian capital by the Nationalists today is a direct result of the insistence of the Persian people that the shah govern the country under the constitution of January 1, 1907. The shah signed this constitution when he ascended the throne, but from the first he showed an inclination to disregard it and finally withdrew it. His course has resulted in widespread unrest in Persia, which in some sections has approached anarchy, and the movement to compel him to observe the constitution crystallized until, following the dissolution of parliament in 1908 a great part of the country broke out in insurrection and Tabriz fell into the hands of the Nationalists after short but fierce fighting. While the shah was trying to cope with this situation in the north the Bakhtiari tribesmen, the fighting race of Persia, arose in the south and early this year captured Isapahan, 210 miles south of Tehran. The tribesmen then began the long march to the capital and their advance guard arrived in front of Tehran last month.

WIRELESS.

The Danish government has decided not to send a ship to the Hudson Fulton celebration to be held in New York this fall.

It is officially reported that 174 deaths from the bubonic plague and 26 deaths from cholera occurred in China during the two weeks ending last Monday.

The Naragansett Improvement association has organized to drive out gambling. John H. Hanan the shoe manufacturer of New York, has been chosen president.

Prince Von Buelow, the retiring imperial chancellor, will formally propose, in his audience with Emperor William that he be succeeded by Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, secretary of the interior and vice-chancellor.

The total attendance for the first 42 days of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition passed the million mark, the grand total being 1,015,272. This surpasses the record of the Lewis and Clark exposition and also the Jamestown exposition.

A meteorological and astronomical observatory on station at an altitude of about 14,000 feet is to be erected on Mount Whitney, California, by the Smithsonian Institute. It is said that the station, which will be temporary, will be completed by September 1.

Italy, and especially Rome, is experiencing unprecedented weather for this season of the year. In July it is customary to have a drought with the temperature above 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, but this year it has been raining daily in July and the temperature registers 60 degrees.

James J. Hill, railroad magnate, has returned from his Canadian fishing expedition with an optimistic forecast of the crop conditions in this country. Among other things Mr. Hill said that low prices for cereals will not be seen in this country and that the cost of living is not likely to recede.

By 41 votes the International Longshoremen's Association of America, in session at Galveston, Tex., refused to seat a delegate its former president, Daniel J. Keefe, commissioner of emigration and naturalization. The action seeking to disqualify Keefe was said to be solely because he was not engaged as a dock worker. Keefe says he will contest the action.

A chemical analysis by Prof. George A. Ferguson, of Columbia university, has determined the presence of traces of poison in the vital organs of Blaise Sigel, who was murdered in the room of Leon Ling and whose dead body was packed in a trunk. Further tests are to be made to determine the nature of the poison.

John Hammond, president of the National League of Republican clubs, will accompany the president on his trip throughout the west late in the summer. Few men are considered by Mr. Taft to have a better understanding of the men and problems of that section than Mr. Hammond.

NEW SENSATION FOR DOBBIN

Come to Think of It, He Would Have Felt Funny Sitting in the Position Indicated.

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choco-choco cars, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the plush cushions. Woman's Home Companion."

STOPPED HER SONG OF JOY.

Slight Forgetfulness That Marred the Full Appreciation of the Welcome Rain.

"Isn't that a lovely shower?" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send. Why, our goldenglows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed no."

"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!"

The Circle.

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Missionary's Wife Made

Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

WELL DEFINED.

De Quiz—What's your idea of the difference between optimism and pessimism?

De Whiz—O! the optimist says it is spring when it isn't and the pessimist says it isn't when it is.

Sex in Cromwells.

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but he rebuked him in words that became historic:

"Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself—Puck.

Mother Bird Drove Boy Away.

People on Main street, Dallsstown, Pa., witnessed an amusing sight the other morning, when a curious small boy who climbed into a maple tree for a closer inspection of a nest of young robins was put to flight by an angry mother bird. Discovered by the old bird after he had clambered into the tree the youngster was savagely attacked. The bird pecked viciously at his bare hands and face, causing him to retreat to the ground, and then driving him home.

The Facts.

"Do poets ever really starve?"

"Well, maybe not. But we seldom ever get a chance to overeat."

Better than Gold—Like it in color—Hemins Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

It is right to look our life accounts bravely in the face now and then, and settle them honestly.—Bronte.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children, teething, soreness, inflammation, plays, colds, whooping cough, etc.

The good times we will for will not come in the guise of 48-cent watches.

