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SCHOOL BEGINS MONDAY.

GEO. KIDD'S TRAGIC DEATH

HE WAS FATALLY SHOT BY COMPANION AT WALLED LAKE.

Was at a Ten Days' Camp with Three Other Boys.

The tragic death of George Kidd of this place at Walled lake early Friday morning was considerably of a shock to Northville people and is another warning to young men regarding the use of firearms.

George was camping in a tent with two Curtiss brothers of Detroit and Charlie Miller of this place, on the west side of the lake near the Griswold cottage. Between six and seven o'clock he and Roy Curtiss got up and George went down the south path about twenty-two rods and sat down near a big elm tree where there was some three feet depression in the ground.

This path was also used by the boys as a rifle range and young Curtiss proceeded to blaze away with a twenty-two long rifle at an old tin can setting on a fence post right in line with where George sat out of sight.

The ball sped on its deadly mission and dropped just enough in its flight to strike George in the forehead,

penetrating a couple of inches coming out three or four inches away over and to the right of the left eye.

As he pulled the trigger young Curtiss must have realized the danger to his companion for he no more than fired before he yelled, "George!" There was no answer. Calling to the other boys he ran down to the tree and there George lay unconscious with the blood streaming from the two wounds in his head.

Drs. Chapman of Walled Lake and Henry of Northville were quickly summoned but he only lived forty minutes without gaining consciousness at all.

Justice McCowan of Novi was sent for but after talking with the boys decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Young Curtiss claims he did not know George was down the path, but anyhow it was extremely careless for any of the boys to use a walk for target practice that was liable to be used at any moment by some one of the many campers, and one which all the boys knew was in daily use by themselves.

The funeral was largely attended from the home in this village Sunday afternoon, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating. The casket was covered with beautiful pieces and bouquets of flowers and the whole room was a mass of blossoms, all sent in by loving friends, schoolmates and Sunday school scholars. The interment was in Rural Hill.

George Kidd was just a little past twenty-one years of age, the son of

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kidd, who live on Randolph street, and was the eldest of a family of ten children. For nine years past he had been a faithful employee of Frank Macomber in his laundry establishment. He was a member of the Berean Bible class in the Methodist church and was highly regarded by both teacher and class. He was an industrious, honest,



GEORGE KIDD. He was accidentally shot last week by a companion while camping at Walled lake.

upright young man of good habits and pleasing manner and for what he was and what he had attained he owed in no small degree to Mr. and Mrs. Macomber, whose interest in him since a lad of twelve was that of parents toward a child and not even in his own home will his loss be more deeply felt than by them.

Thayer-Waite.

Mr. Louis Thayer of Detroit and Miss Ethelwyn Waite of Novi were quietly married Wednesday afternoon, August 25, at the home of the bride by Rev. Brent Harding of that place. Only immediate relatives were present.

Miss Marie Hill and Geo. Waite, brother of the bride, served a very dainty two course luncheon.

The bride was attired in a blue traveling costume and the groom in a black dress suit.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Thayer left for their new home in Detroit which was all furnished and ready for the happy couple. That their lives may be filled with sunshine is the wish of all their friends.

Moffitt-Hotaling.

Mr. Fred Moffitt and Miss Blanche Hotaling were quietly married in Detroit last Saturday afternoon.

The groom is an employee of the Stimpson Scale Co. and the bride is a sister of George Hotaling, with whom she has resided the past year or more.

The Record extends the heartiest congratulations to the young couple.

CELEBRATES HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY

E. T. WALKER OF SALEM IS STILL HALE AND HEARTY.

He Did a Good Man's Work on the Farm This Year.

In celebration of the eightieth birthday of E. T. Walker August 13, a company of twenty-five was delightfully entertained at his home near Salem.

Mr. Walker was born in New York state in 1829 coming to Salem with his parents in 1835. He was married to Isadore Hamm in 1853 and in October 1903 they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. He has always been a very active, public spirited man and many of our public improvements have been made through his efforts and during his life time he has held many responsible offices.

At noon the guests were invited to the dining room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, to partake of the bountiful dinner prepared by the hostess, who is seventy-two years old. After all had done justice to the delicious dinner Mr. Walker gave many reminiscences of his boyhood days remembering the dates and names as well as though it was yesterday. He also told of the amount of harvesting he has done this year, which is very remarkable for a man of his age.

He has mowed fifty-five acres of hay, planted and cultivated twelve acres of grain. During the afternoon the company sang "What a friend we have in Jesus" followed by a comic solo by Wm. Stanbro. Then the song "We are growing old together" was sung beautifully by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanbro in a very touching manner. Mrs. John Munn then read an account of Mr. and Mrs. Walker's fiftieth wedding anniversary. Mr. Walker was remembered by many absent friends in Colorado and other places with post cards and letters of congratulations. Late in the afternoon the guests departed wishing their host many happy returns of the day and that they both might live to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness in our recent bereavement; also those who furnished rigs and floral offerings and Rev. N. E. Musser for his sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. KIDD AND FAMILY.

Auction Sales.

J. J. Lucas, living 1 mile north and 2 miles west of Plymouth will sell his stock and farm implements at public auction Wednesday, Sept. 1. Frank Boyle, auctioneer.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves

Here are some Genuine Bargains in Summer Stoves. You may have the pick of our stock at the following prices. Don't miss it.

- 1 \$27 "Quick Meal" No. 994, Cabinet, (Oven) \$23.00
- 1 22 " " " 992, 3 burner & oven \$19.00
- 1 15 " " " 385, 3 gen'rat'r b'nr's \$11.50
- 1 \$22 Detroit Vapor No. 71, 4 burner (oven) \$18.00
- 1 20 " " " 70, 3 " " \$16.00
- 1 19 " " " 67, 3 " & oven \$15.75
- 1 10 " " " Hot Plate, 3 burner \$ 8.85
- 3 Burner Jrs. \$3.75 2 Burner Jrs. \$2.75
- 1 \$12 Detroit Vapor Oil Stove, 3 burner \$9.00
- 1 10 " " " Hot Plate \$8.85

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Fine Stationery

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Work Guaranteed
Equal to Tiffany's
at about half the cost.

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Opera House Bldg.
Northville, Michigan

Eye Symptoms

Many people enjoy splendid vision, but have eye imperfections of which they are not conscious. Such as headaches and nervousness, which may be relieved by properly fitted Glasses which removes the strain from the eye and system.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

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For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

COFFEE

What is better than a Good Cup of Coffee?

Our M. & J. Coffee is a Perfectly Blended Coffee and when ground with a Stimpson Mill, will give perfect satisfaction.

There is a great difference in the way Coffee is ground. The old way of crushing or mangling is not the way to get the best results. The new Stimpson Mill Steel cuts the Coffee in a uniform manner and gives each particle an equal chance to show its strength. It will grind six grades from extreme course to pulverized.

Give us a Trial on Our Coffee
15c, 17c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c lb.

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

State Fair Tickets

The Record has purchased a large quantity of State Fair Tickets which are now on Sale at

35 Cents Each
At the Record Office

These are the regular 50 cent admission tickets and can only be bought for 50 cents at the Fair Grounds. Tickets will be withdrawn from sale Saturday, September 4th. Don't Wait too long.

We Save Our Patrons 15 Cents
on Every Ticket Purchased.

THE SUICIDE'S TABLE



At Monte Carlo we have mysteries, the existence of which is known only to the officials and a few professional gamblers. A good many fortunes have been won at roulette by reason of the inexplicable sequence in which certain numbers invariably turn up. The habitue of Monte Carlo knows well that after the ball has fallen on zero one of other of two numbers will usually gain, either 27 or 32. Consequently he stakes a louis en plein on 27, with a couple of louis on the first dozen, and, strangely enough, one or other of the numbers will win about six times out of ten. Again, if 32 comes up on one of the numbers from 31 to 36 is almost certain to follow. Why this should be no one has ever been able to discover. The numbers are distributed over the wheel in so uneven a manner that fraud on the part of the croupier who launches the ball is rendered absolutely impossible; in addition to which, it must be remembered that the cylinder always travels in an opposite direction to the ball. Yet, even with these precautions, there are certain numbers on the wheel which are invariably followed by others, as I have illustrated, and it seems as though in such instances Fate sets herself largely stances Fate is against the bank.

Another mystery, and the greatest of all at Monte Carlo, is "The Suicide's Table." On entering the rooms and passing the first two roulette tables on either hand, one comes to what was until recently the Salle Mauresque, a large salon decorated in red and yellow, with quilted curtains of crimson silk at the windows, and suspended from the candelabra, tassels of crimson silk. It is in this recently renovated room that the fatal table is situated. Those who have presented their visiting cards in the bureau and have received the courtly bow of Grenat, the head doorkeeper, know the table well. It is the one on the right-hand side on entering, and, strangely enough, the play there is generally slow and mournful.

If a player were to take the trouble to compare the green cloth of that table with that of the others, he would find it much newer, for the yellow numbers upon it are brighter, and it presents a spick-and-span appearance not in keeping with that of any of the other tables. The reason of this is because, a young Russian who had lost every sou he possessed upon that table, while sitting there, suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and shot himself in sight of his fellow-gamblers. The cloth was stained, but play was resumed at that table within half an hour of the tragic occurrence, so impatient were the players. However, a new cloth was next day provided.

Those who go to Monte Carlo to risk their five-franc pieces in the expectation of winning a few louis will, of course, notice nothing extraordinary at that spot, but the professional gambler avoids it, as he avoids walking beneath ladders or upsetting the salt, for he knows that a seat there can only bring him bad fortune. The casual visitor who reads these lines has very likely sat there and staked his money on the new cloth, together with a crowd of fellow-players standing around, yet he will possibly be surprised to know that, according to the careful record kept of that table during the past two or three years, there is not one of the 24 places in which there has not sat a man who has gone out and immediately afterwards ended his life. Every chair is a suicide's chair!

A fatality encompasses that table. The place on the left of the end croupier, nearest the entrance, has long been noted as a place of the desperate. As an example, one night, not long ago, I watched the son of the well-known Paris architect, De Rethel, sitting there winning, rising at the conclusion of play with something like 200,000 francs in hand. Next night he came again, occupied the same chair, lost all he had won, together with another 200,000. He had still ten notes each for 1,000, and these he placed one by one on the simple chance of the red and lost each time. Then for some ten minutes he sat back in his chair dazed at his penniless position. Two hours before he had 410,000 francs in his pocket. The quadrille of louis danced before his eyes as a fitting accompaniment to his melancholy thoughts, and, at last, he rose unsteadily and staggered out, his face hard set and pale as death. Half an hour later I heard that, although carefully watched by one of my surveillants, he had succeeded in throwing himself from the high railway bridge which crosses the roadway before the church of St. Devote, and when picked up was quite dead.

Again, in that same chair one afternoon, there sat an elderly, pleasant-faced man whom I afterwards discovered was Antonio Cassano, a retired captain of the Italian army and a relative of the Syndic of Ventimille. He played during the afternoon and evening always on the dozens, but with unvarying bad fortune, losing nearly 100,000 francs. When he rose his features were those of a desperate man, and an hour after he had left the Casino he threw himself into the sea at Mentone.

Another instance. I noticed at the opening of the play, one morning in the height of the Riviera season, a pretty young English woman, Mrs. Pinkerton, seated in the chair, playing timidly with five-franc pieces, and, by the manner in which she placed them on, she showed conclusively that she had never before played roulette.

The Secrets of Monte Carlo

Being Reminiscences of Exciting Personal Experiences of
Monsieur Antoine Martin, General Director of the Surveillance
Department - - - Chronicled by the Chevalier William Le Queux

Her husband stood beside her laughing, for they had come to Nice for their honeymoon, and for them everything was couleur de rose. But at Monte Carlo we have only two colors—black and red. That day and the day succeeding she won, and so infuriated did the pair become with the game that within a week they had lost every farthing they possessed, and one morning both were found shot in their room at the Hotel Windsor at Nice. Why fatality should always follow unsuspecting players at that table is an inexplicable enigma.

Of the dozens of tragic deaths for which that mysterious fatal table has been responsible, not one, however, is so curious in its details as that of Dr. Balla, a young medical man from Budapest. He was about 32, a smartly-dressed, good-humored fellow, beyond the average height, with a fair mustache and dark eyes, handsome, and much admired by the ladies. My attention was first attracted towards him in consequence of his unusually large winnings. Accompanied by his brother, a short dapper young man, he played roulette at the second table in the center, usually winning from 10,000 to 20,000 francs daily, for every number he tried seemed to come up. Indeed, as I watched I saw him stake en plein a 100-franc note three times in succession and each time win 3,500 francs, and afterwards walk away with his younger brother, laughing and chattering an Hungarian.

One day by chance I spoke to him, and found that, although ignorant of French, he knew English, having studied at St. Bartholomew's hospital in London for couple of years. He was an exceedingly pleasant fellow, and was, I heard, a son of the well-known Hungarian financier, Baron Balla. He stood in the center of the room chatting with me, his pockets bulging with the notes and gold he had won, and, when I congratulated him upon his good fortune, he exclaimed in his broken, rather guttural English:

"Ach! I know nothing. I play like one fool. I put a louis on 16 it come! I put one on 20 it come! Every time I put on, it come!"

"Your luck is extraordinary," I observed. "How much have you won?"

"I play ten day, and I win tree hundred thousand franc!" he answered, laughing.

His brother, standing by, smiled also. He, too, had won 100,000 francs, a most unusual occurrence, for he had no luck.

The next day and the next the young doctor played at the same table, always winning except once when he went to the trente-et-quarante he lost two or three louis.

In the two or three weeks that passed we became good friends, for, one of the croupiers being an acquaintance of his, he had through him ascertained who and what I was, and was the means one night of rendering me a service I was sitting in my room just before the close of play when he was ushered in by one of the attendants and expressed a desire to see me alone. He then related a story which in an instant set me upon the alert—namely, that six months before there had been a mysterious robbery and murder in Budapest, the victim being a young and beautiful woman well known in Hungarian society. As soon as he began the story all the facts recurred to me. I had had a report on the whole case, together with the photograph of the alleged murderer. The man suspected, a commercial traveler named Kazler, had absconded, and a huge reward had been offered for his apprehension.

"Well," I asked, "and why do you tell me this?"

"I know Kazler," he answered. "He play to-night."

I took down one of my photograph albums and glanced at the picture which had been furnished me by the police.

"That's him!" Balla cried, excitedly. "I knew him in Budapest. He was ill for three months at the hospital. I was his doctor."

Together we entered the roulette room and there found the man wanted, clean-shaven and well-dressed, calmly playing with louis upon the columns. He was sitting at the Suicide's Table.

We never make an arrest at Monte Carlo, but allow the person to leave the principality before taking him. He is then arrested on French soil, and by that means Monte Carlo is spared the evil repute of harboring criminals. Of course, from the instant the guilty one's identity is discovered he is shadowed by one or other of my assistants, until the police of Cannes, Nice or Mentone step up to him and inform him he is in custody. But the police of Monte Carlo always remain in the background.

This case was no exception. Kazler left by the midnight train for Cannes, where he was staying, and was arrested an hour later as he was entering the Hotel du Parc.

Kazler's crime was a very notorious one, and it was this service which young Dr. Balla rendered me that cemented our friendship. He was really excellent company, far more pleasant and easy-going than most Hungarians, even if something of a lady-killer. Sometimes he would wear a

frock-coat and silk hat, which, as every one knows, is quite out of place on the Riviera. Yet, he was Hungarian, and everybody forgave him such little eccentricities. Nevertheless, the man who wears a silk hat on the Riviera is a bold man indeed. Even the irresponsible straw hat has been tolerated on the Promenade des Anglais in combination with the stiff and formal frock-coat—but, never the silk hat. Those who go to the Riviera leave their church-going headgear at home.

As the days went on the doctor, with his brother, came over each afternoon from Nice and played with invincible success. Indeed, so huge were his winnings, that one morning he took over to Nice that scarlet-coated Hungarian band which plays outside the Cafe de Paris, in order to regale with music his fellow-players at the Pension Anglaise, where he was staying. The band was stationed in the garden of the villa, and through the meal played the latest of Strauss' waltzes and the most popular airs from the Paris music halls.

There was no doubt that Carl Balla was winning enormously. Of transverse or carries he seemed to be heedless; gaining usually en plein, and never staking less than a louis. A dozen times I myself saw him stake the maximum and win; while his brother, a rather sedate and careful young man, looked on amazed, or staked a modest five-franc piece beside his brother's bank notes.

Sometimes he would stroll up and down the atrium, chatting with me, or at others we would take a bock and a

because it is one of the secrets carefully preserved by the administration as baneful to the success of the rooms; therefore, I could only stand behind the fatal chair, and watch in silence. One never speaks to a gambler when he is playing, for the majority believe that to utter a word will bring ill-fortune just in the same way that a coin accidentally falling upon the roulette cylinder, or the dropping of a note upon the floor, alike are believed to bring ill luck to all at the table.

The young doctor was alone that day, his brother having gone over to Grasse with some ladies. He was, as usual, playing recklessly, half covering the table with louis and the great gold plaques of 100 francs. Time after time he won en plein with those outrageously large coins, each time netting the respectable sum of 3,500 francs.

"Messieurs, faites-vous jeux!" the croupier cried, when, as if by a sudden thought, my young friend counted out 6,000 francs in notes and flung them over to the red.

"Trente. Rouge, pair et passe!" was a moment later announced.

The doctor took the 6,000 francs he won, and left his original stake where he had placed it.

Again was the game made, and again the ball fell with a sharp snap rattle and final click.

"Premier! Rouge, impair et manque!"

A second sum of 6,000 francs was handed the fortunate player, amid quite a chorus of "ohs!"

A third time the doctor allowed his



And I Saw Him Raise His Head, Start Slightly and Glare at Her, Pale in Anger.

cigarette at the cafe. I rather liked him, because of his generosity towards a needy family known to me, and therefore took an opportunity to warn him against the folly of continuing to play, for at Monte Carlo we of the administration have, among ourselves, a proverb which says: "The bank only lends its money to the player." But he laughed at my misgivings, saying:

"I win. I put on again—I win—I always win!"

"Well," I exclaimed, "I would warn you against one thing, if you are really determined to keep on. Do not play at the right-hand table in the Salle Mauresque."

"Why?" he inquired.

I shrugged my shoulders. It is not our policy to frighten players by giving publicity to the fact that there is a fatal table in the rooms.

"I merely warn you," I said. "It is best that you should not play there."

"You think I shall be unlucky, eh?" he laughed. "You people here believe in luck. I don't. Why, I played at that very table for nearly two hours yesterday. It was the only one where I could get a seat."

"You did!" I gasped, in alarm. "And you lost?"

"No," he smiled in triumph. "You're mistaken. I won 2,000 francs!"

I tried further to dissuade him from playing there, but he only laughed amusedly, and when a short time afterwards I again saw him he was actually seated in the very chair which De Rethel, Cassano, young Mrs. Pinkerton, and so many others had occupied previous to their self-destruction.

I was unable to tell him the truth,

stake to remain, and a third time he won, the number being 23, which is also red.

Then, putting together his winnings, he rose, laughing at those opposite him, and, as he turned, encountered me.

"Ach!" he exclaimed in triumph. "You told me not to play here. Well, I play. Did you see?"

"Yes," I answered. "Your luck is absolutely marvelous."

He laughed again with a self-satisfied air as any man would laugh who had won over half a million francs. I tried to induce him to leave Monte Carlo—to go anywhere away from the fascination of the tables, for I now noticed for the first time that his amazing success held him in a kind of ecstatic irresponsibility which might result disastrously. But he only laughed at my misgivings. He had come to the Riviera to spend the season, and why, he asked, should he leave it because Fortune favored him?

As we paced up and down the atrium I tried to argue with him. He had come there comparatively poor, and in the course of a few days had, by a mysterious freak of Fortune, become a rich man. Why should he stay at risk of losing what he had won?

"No, no," he laughed, placing his hand upon my arm. "You are always in fear. No. If I lose ever so little—1,000 francs—I go."

"Very well," I said, and, as at that moment he met two ladies from Nice whom he knew, we parted.

During the two days which followed I was busily occupied, and saw but little of him. I heard, however, that

he was still at the table against which I had warned him, and that he was, as usual, gaining. This information was certainly as interesting to me as to all others concerned in the management of the Casino, for it seemed as though the table which had hitherto exercised such a fatal influence upon the players was now actually the one where the large coups were in future to be made. The fortunes of the Suicide's Table had apparently changed.

When I had returned from my lunch on the third day, I, however, found the doctor awaiting me in my room.

"Well," I exclaimed, greeting him and handing him a cigar. "How's the play going? Are you still winning?"

"Yes," he laughed. "I win still. Always after eight, thirty-six. Half an hour ago I put one hundred and fifty franc en plein, and it come."

"Then, you won nearly the maximum at one turn of the wheel!" I exclaimed, amazed.

"Yes," he answered, shifting uneasily in his chair. "But do you know, Monsieur Martin, I'm not comfortable!"

"Not comfortable? Why?" I inquired, surprised at such a complaint from a man who had won a fortune.

"No," he said, passing his hand wearily over his brow. "I have these past few days such strange pains in my head. They are, I know, merely from the constant tension of the game; nevertheless, I am paying the penalty of my good fortune, for at night I suffer from 'insomnia' and cannot sleep a wink. Where do succeed in getting a doze; I have the most frightful dreams. Ach! terrible! Last night I had an especially horrible one. I dreamt that I had lost every sou."

"You should take that dream as a prognostication," I said, seriously. "Leave the Riviera and go to Paris, to Florence, or down to Naples if you still want warm weather. The change will do you good and freshen you up."

"Yes," he answered. "I have decided to take your advice. I go to-morrow. To-day I play for the last time."

Further inquiries regarding his symptoms revealed the fact that he had extraordinary hallucinations for which he was utterly unable to account. Never before had he experienced these hideous phantasies of the mind, and he seemed strangely nervous and unstrung. His natural buoyant spirits had left him, and as he sat huddled up in the chair, his chin upon his breast, he certainly presented the aspect of a ruined gambler rather than that of one who had had such a marvelous run of luck.

That afternoon he played, seated in the fatal chair which he now always occupied because he had been so successful when sitting there. He had mentioned to me that the croupiers eyed him curiously, and he attributed it to the fact that he was so often near breaking the bank. But I knew the reason. The chef de partie and his colleagues were well aware of the fatality which always followed those who sat in that particular seat, and were interestedly watching the result.

Yet during that afternoon the doctor experienced great gains and few losses. Twice he staked the maximum on red, winning each time, and twice he won with six-louis en plein. There was nothing reckless about his play—nothing to show that the mysterious evil influence had set itself upon him. But it undoubtedly had.

Before rising for dinner he risked a third maximum on the red, but lost. He had played the maximum many times in the course of two or three weeks, but had never lost before.

He laughed as he rose from the table, and, turning to the croupier, said:

"I'll go and have dinner. I'll come in afterwards and win it back."

When he got up from his chair he staggered, passing his hand across his brow as if to clear his thoughts, and, as he walked out of hearing, the croupier to whom he had spoken turned to me and observed, with a meaning look, that his luck had turned.

After dining the young man returned, laughing merrily as he walked up the room with his hands in his pockets. An unmistakable tourist was sitting in his chair; therefore he "marked" the place, and stood chatting with an acquaintance until the tourist, having lost about a dozen five-franc pieces, got up and left. Then the fortunate player seated himself and began. His first stake was the maximum, which he won, thus regaining what he had lost before dinner. Then he continued his old plan of staking en plein with plaques and notes. Soon, however, he began to lose, and for fully a dozen consecutive times he lost. Twice he won, and then again and again he lost and lost until his brow began to darken, and his mouth became hard-set. He staked heavily—1,000 francs each time, and, failing to win thus, began distributing 2,000 francs in gold plaques upon the table. Even then he lost, Fortune being dead against him.

A pretty, fair-haired girl in a décollete dress of rose-pink silk, standing opposite, laughed aloud at his misfortune, and I saw him raise his head, start slightly, and glare at her, pale in anger.

At that instant, while the ball was

already running, he took a couple of notes, and doubling them together, pushed them into zero.

An instant later the croupier's voice rang out, as it ever does when "the friend of the house" turns up. "Zero!"

The doctor had again won the maximum.

Quickly the croupier counted out the notes and pushed them towards him, a pile which the onlookers saw with envy, and was about to hand him the two notes he had staked when he cried in broken French:

"No. Place them on the number line."

He won. Time after time he won, always the maximum, until he flung down a couple of notes, asking for them to be crupier on number three.

The croupier obeyed, invited them to play, and then spun the ball, while the doctor also tossed 6,000 francs on the red.

Every eye watched it running round outside the revolving cylinder.

"Rein ne va plus!" cried the croupier in a warning voice just as the ball fell, and a second later announced:

"Trois! Rouge, impair et manque!"

Once again he had won—12,000 francs.

The croupier opened his brass box where the notes were kept, glanced at the single francs and half-francs at his side, by which he knew the amount of notes in hand, and saw that there were insufficient. Then, turning, he exchanged some words with the chef de partie, and play was stopped.

The bank was broken.

The players, congratulating the doctor upon his good fortune, rose from their chairs and left the table knowing that the play would not yet be resumed. Only the lucky young Hungarian remained, sitting immovable, with his chin resting upon his hands.

"What fortune!" the croupier next whom he sat exclaimed in English. "We all thought your luck had changed."

"So it has," snapped the doctor.

"For the better," laughed the croupier, leaning upon his rake. "Why, you've broken the bank. You ought to be content."

"I didn't say I wasn't," the Hungarian responded. "But did you see that woman? She laughed at me because I lost. Well, I have shown her that, when I like, I can win—eh?"

And he gave vent to a strange, harsh, discordant laugh.

"Yes," I shouldn't think she would laugh a second time," observed the croupier; and at that instant the head croupier walked across to where he was sitting and handed him a large roll of notes, his winnings.

He started, as if he had utterly forgotten; then placed all the notes slowly in his bulging pockets, rose with a weary sigh, and passed out down the room, his brows knit and his dark eyes flashing with a strange fire.

That woman's laugh had aroused within him a tumult of fierce anger. He did not even thank the croupier who handed him his winnings.

Through the rooms he wandered, his eyes fixed, his head bent, his face blanched and forbidding, and, although Grenat saluted him as he passed out into the atrium, he did not acknowledge him.

From his silver case he took a cigarette and was about to light it, when I saw him suddenly stagger as if he had received a blow, clutch wildly at air and fall heavily backwards upon the tiled floor.

In a moment a dozen ready hands were around to assist him, and the excitement in the atrium was intense, for at ten o'clock it is always a center of Monte Carlo life.

My room being nearest, he was carried there and at once examined by the staff doctor, but the moment the latter saw him he shook his head. Life was extinct.

Even as we stood around amazed at the terrible suddenness of poor Balla's tragic end, at the very moment when he had attained the height of a gambler's ambition, a woman forced her way into the room, and, with a shrill cry of despair, flung herself beside him in tears, and smothered his dead face with her kisses. It was the pretty girl in rose-pink, who had laughed so exultantly at his short spell of misfortune.

The examination afterwards made by the doctor failed to assign any cause for the young man's death, but there was revealed to me by the dead man's brother a painful story. This pretty girl in rose had been engaged to the young doctor, and he had left her in Budapest, having arranged to marry her in two months' time. He had, however, a few days before, just as his good fortune came to him, received a letter from her saying that she had married a man whom she loved far better, and that they were coming to the Riviera to spend their honeymoon. The young doctor was passionately fond of her, and the blow was a terrible one. From the moment of reading that letter he had become a changed man.

Across that fatal table their eyes had met, and she had laughed at his bad fortune. He had staked again and won, then, rising, he went out and had fallen dead.

Some have attributed his death to suicide by poison on account of the sudden grief at thus meeting her after her marriage, arguing that, being a medical man, he might have taken one of those three known poisons which leave no trace.

Whether, however, death was due to poison or to natural causes, the fact still remains that, even though he broke the bank, he was nevertheless encompassed by the irresistible fatality of "The Suicide's Table."

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(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

WILL LEAVE JOHNNY AT HOME

Next Time Mother Visits Grandfather Youngster Is Not Likely to Accompany Her.

"I think the mother of a six-year-old boy should have a pension to make up to her for the mental agony she suffers," said just such a mother. "I took Johnny to his paternal grandfather's last week, and believe he has cut us out of grandfather's will. Of course, we send him to Sunday school and we both attend church, but we do not ask a blessing at the table, nor do we have family prayers. Grandfather does, and it happened that the morning after we arrived Johnny was excused from the table and went out in the yard to play. Grandfather led the way into the sitting room and we all knelt down in prayer. Imagine my horror to see Johnny's little face peering curiously through the blinds and hear him sing out: 'Hey, in there, what kind of a game is that you're playing? Ain't you the rotten bunch not to let me in on it.' I arose and softly whispered to him to run on and play, and he sang out: 'You're it, mamma, you're it; make a home run. Now, what can you do with a small boy, anyway? I can never explain matters to his grandfather.'"

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well."

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

WIFELY SOLICITUDE.



Burglar—Hands up! Wife—Oh, John, be careful of those globes; you'll break them!

Within Her Means.

A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked what it was. The clerk replied, "That is a scent bag." "How cheap!" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Prospect.

"I am sorry that there is a craze for these aeroplane flights."

"Why so?"

"Because the lovers who want to take them will be more in the clouds than ever."

Important to Mothers.

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

Signature of *W. D. Hoag*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Appropriate Terms.

"Are Jake's rates for his aeroplane high?"

"You bet. Sky high."

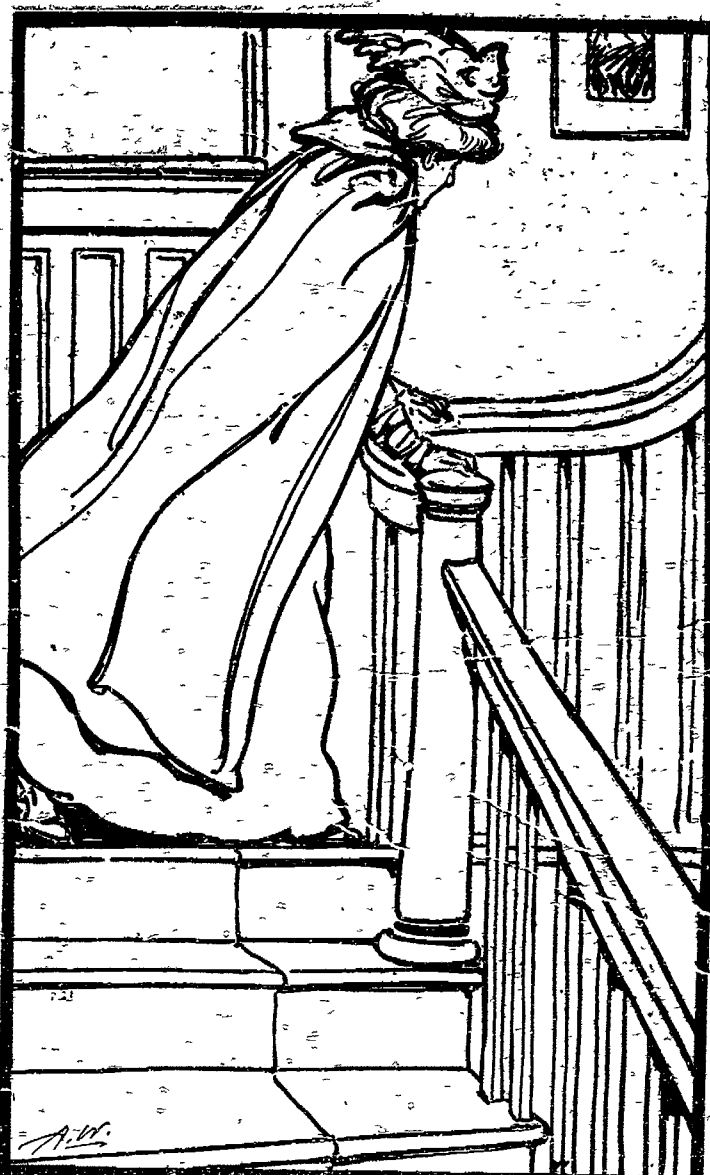


An Effective Remedy for Cramps, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and Colic, should be always kept handy, for when such a medicine is needed, it is needed in a hurry.

Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam

has been successfully employed for seventy-eight years in relieving and curing all complaints of this nature. Stops pain immediately. It is a household necessity in homes where there are children. Your druggist will supply you. Per bottle, 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is a reliable cooling-up tonic for both adults and children. Splendid to take after a sickening attack of dysentery. Also a safe worm medicine.



At the Turn of the Staircase She Paused.



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 prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney, and set out for Greenfield, 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 his guests. She apparently took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisly. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, and therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisly, 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. To meet him the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was killed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisly himself and he secured 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. Anisly, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisly, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to write from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home. He found Anisly and the girl in his rooms. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan himself narrowly avoided arrest. Janitor O'Hagan wired and dined the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective duped by Anisly, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Hat tilted over his eyes, one elbow on the chairback, another on the table, flabby jaws quivering as he mumbled the indispensable cigar, puffy hands clasped across his ample chest, he sat for many minutes by the side of his unheeded drink, pondering, turning over and over in his mind the one idea it was capable of harboring at a time.

"He c'd've wrote that letter to himself. He's wise enough. Yeh can't fool Hickey all the time. I'll get him yet. Got tuh make good 'r it's the sidewalk for mine."

"Me, tryin' hard to make an 'onest livin'."

"Nd him with all kinds of money!"

The fat mottled fingers sought a waistcoat pocket and, fumbling therein, touched caressingly a little pellet of soft paper. Its possessor did not require to examine it to reassure himself as to its legitimacy as a work of art, nor as to the prominence of the Roman C in its embellishment of engraved arabesques.

"A century," he reflected sullenly; "one lonely little century for mine. 'Nd he had a wad like a ham on him. 'Nd I might 've had it

all for my very own if . . . " His brow clouded blackly.

"Sleuth!" Hickey ground the epithet vindictively between his teeth. And spat "Sleuth! Ah hell!"

Recalled to himself by the very vehemence of his emotion, he turned hastily, drained to its dregs the tall glass of lukewarm and vapid beer which had stood at his elbow, placed a nickel on the table, and, rising, waddled hastily out into the night.

It was being borne in upon him, with much force that if he wished to save his name and fame something had got to be done about it.

"I hadn't oughtn't left him so long, I guess," he told himself, "but I'll get him all right."

And turning, lumbered gloomily eastward, rapt with vain imaginings, squat, swollen figure blending into the deep, meaner shadows of the Tenderloin; and so on toward Maitland's rooms—morose, misunderstood, malignant, coddling his fictitious wrongs; somehow pathetically typical of the force he represented.

On the corner of Fifth avenue he paused, startled fairly out of his dour mood by the loud echo of a name already become too hatefully familiar to his ears, and by the sight of what, at first glance, he took to be the beginning of a street brawl.

CHAPTER XIII.

Flight.

In the alcove the girl waited, torn in the throes of incipient hysteria; at first too weak from reaction and revulsion of feeling to do anything other than lean heavily against the wall and fight with all her strength and will against this crawling, shuddering, creeping horror of nerves, that threatened alike her self-control, her consciousness, and her reason.

But insensibly the tremor wore itself away, leaving her weary and worn but mistress of her thoughts and actions. And she dropped with gratitude into a chair, bending an ear attentive to the war of words being waged in the room beyond the portieres.

At first, however, she failed to grasp the import of the altercation. And when in time she understood its trend, it was with incredulity, resentment, and a dawning dread lest a worse thing might yet befall her, worse by far than aught that had gone before. But to be deprived of his protection, to feel herself forcibly restrained from the shelter of his generous care—

A moment gone she had been so sure that all would now be well with her, once Maitland succeeded in ridding himself of the police. He would shut the door and—then she would come forth and tell him, tell him everything, and, withholding naught that damned her in her own esteem, throw herself upon his mercy, bruised with penitence but serene in the assurance that he would prove kind. She had such faith in his tender

and gentle kindness now. She had divined so clearly the motive that had permitted Anisly's escape in order that she might be saved, not alone from Anisly, not alone from the shame of imprisonment, but from herself as well—from herself as Maitland knew her. The burglar out of the way, by ruse, evasion, or subterfuge she would be secreted from the prying of the police, smuggled out of the house and taken to a place of safety, given a new chance to redeem herself, to clean her hands of the mire of theft, to become worthy of the womanhood that was hers.

But now—she thrust finger-nails cruelly into her soft palms, striving to contain herself and keep her tongue from crying aloud to those three brutal, blind men the truth; that she was guilty of the robbery; she with Anisly; that Maitland was—Maitland, a word synonymous with "man of honor."

In the beginning, indeed, all that restrained her from doing so was her knowledge that Maitland would be more pained by her sacrifice than gladdened or relieved. He was so sure of clearing himself.

It was inconceivable to her that there could be men so stupid and grossly unobservant as to be able to confuse the identity of the two men for a single instant. What though they did resemble each other in form and feature? The likeness went no deeper; below the surface, and rising through it with every word and look and gesture, lay a world-wide gulf of difference in every shade of thought, feeling, and instinct.

She herself could never again be deceived—no, never! Not for a second could she mistake the one for the other. What were they saying?

The turmoil of her indignation subsided as she listened, breathlessly, to Maitland's story of his adventures; and the joy that leaped in her for his frank mendacity in suppressing every incident that involved her, was all but overpowering. She could have wept for sheer happiness; and at a later time she would; but not now, when everything depended on her maintaining the very silence of death.

How dared they doubt him? The insolents! The crude brutish insolence of them! Her anger raged high again, and as swiftly was quenched, extinguished in a twinkling by a terror born of her excitement and a bare suggestion thrown out by Hickey.

explainin' how a crook like Anisly made three tries in one day to steal some jewels and didn't get 'em. Where were they, all this time?"

Maitland's cool retort was lost upon her. What matter? If they disbelieved him, persisted in calling him Anisly, in natural course they would undertake to search the flat. And if she were found. Oh, she must spare him that! She had given him cause for suffering enough. She must get away, and that instantly, before

From a distance, to-morrow morning—to-night, even—by telegraph, she could communicate with him.

At this juncture O'Hagan entered with his parcel. The rustle of the paper as he brushed against the door-jamb was in itself a hint to a mind keyed to the highest pitch of excitement and seeking a way of escape from a position conceived to be perilous. In a trice the girl had turned and sped, lightfooted, to the door opening on the private hall.

Here, halting for a brief reconnaissance, she determined that her plan was feasible, if hazardous. She ran the risk of encountering some one ascending the stairs from the ground floor; but if she were cautious and quick she could turn back in time. On the other hand, the men whom she most feared were thoroughly occupied with their differences, dead to all save that which was happening within the room's four walls. A curtain hung perhaps a third of the way across the study door, tempering the light in the hall; and the broad shoulders of the caddy obstructed the remainder of the opening.

It was a chance. She poised herself on tiptoe, half undecided, and—the rustling of paper as O'Hagan opened the parcel afforded her an opportunity to escape, by drowning the noise of her movements.

For two eternal seconds she was edging stealthily down toward the outer door; then, in no time at all, found herself on the landing and—confronted by a fresh complication, one unforeseen: how to leave the house without being observed, stopped, and perhaps detained until too late? There would be men at the door, beyond doubt; possibly police, stationed there to arrest all persons attempting to leave.

No time for weighing chances. The choice of two alternatives lay before her: either to return to the alcove or to seek safety in the darkness of the upper floors—untenanted, as she had been at pains to determine. The latter seemed by far the better, the less dangerous, course to pursue. And at once she took it.

There was no light on the first-floor landing—it having presumably been extinguished by the janitor early in the evening. Only a feeble twilight obtained there, in part a reflected glow from the entrance hall, partly thin and diffused rays escaping from Maitland's study. So it was that the first few steps upward took the girl into darkness so close and unrelieved as to seem almost palpable.

At the turn of the staircase she paused, holding the rail and resting for an instant, the while she listened, ere ascending at a more sedate pace to a haven of safety more complete in that it would be more remote from the battle-ground below.

And, resting so, suddenly chilled through and through with a cold, sheer

childish dread of the intangible and unknown terrors that lurked in the blackness above her—it was as if, rendered supersensitive by strain and excitement, the quivering filaments of her subconsciousness—like spiritual trapezoids feeling ahead of her—had encountered and recoiled from a shape of evil, a specter of horror obscene and malign, crouching, ready to spring, there, in the shadow of night.

And her breath was smothered in her throat, and her heart, smote so madly against the frail walls of its cage that they seemed like to burst, while she stood transfixed, frozen in inaction, limbs stiffening, roots of her hair stirring, fingers gripping the banister rail until they pained her; and with eyes that stared wide into the black heart of nothingness, until the night seemed pricked with evanescent periods of dim fire, peopled with monstrous and terrible shadows closing about her.

Yet—it was absurd! She must not yield to such puerile superstitions. There was nothing there.

There was something there. Something that like an incarnation of hatred was stalking her.

If only she dared scream! If only she dared turn and fly, back to the comfort of light and human company!

There arose a trampling of feet in the hallway; and she heard Maitland's voice like a far cry, as he bade the police good night. And distant and unreachably as he seemed, the sound of his words brought her strength and some reassurance, and she grew slightly more composed. Yet, the instant that he had turned away to talk to the cabman, her fright of that unspeakable and incorporeal menace flooded her consciousness like a great wave, sweeping her—metaphorically—off her feet. And indeed, for the time, she felt as if drowning, overwhelmed in vast waters, sinking, sinking into the black abyss of syncope.

Then, as a drowning person—were told—clutches at straws, she grasped again at the vibrations of his voice.

What was he saying?

"You will wait outside, please, until I come out or send somebody, whom you will take wherever directed."

—Speaking to the cabman, thinking of her, providing for her escape! Considerate and foresighted as always! How she could have thanked him! The warmth of gratitude that enveloped her almost unnerved her; she was put to it to restrain her impulse to rush down the stairs and . . .

But no, she must not risk the chance of rebuff. How could she forget what was in his mind and heart, how probe the depths of his feeling toward her? Perhaps he would receive her protestations in skeptic spirit. Heaven knew he had cause to! Dared she . . . To be repulsed!

But no. He had provided this means for flight, she would advantage herself of it and . . . and thank him by letter. Best so; for he must ever think the worst of her; she could never undeceive him—pride restraining and upholding her.

Better so; she would go, go quickly, before he discovered her absence from the flat.

And incontinently she swung about and flew down the stairs, silently, treading as lightly on the heavily-padded steps as though she had been thistledown whirled adrift by the wind altogether heedless of the creeping terror she had sensed on the upper flight, careless of all save her immediate need to reach that cab before Maitland should discover that she had escaped.

The door was just closing behind the caddy as she reached the bottom step; and she paused, considering that it were best to wait a moment, at least, lest he should be surprised at the quickness with which his employer found work for him; paused and on some mysterious impulse half turned, glancing back up the stairs.

Not a thought too soon; another instant's hesitation and she had been caught. Some one—a man—was descending, and rapidly. Maitland? Even in her brief glance she saw the white shield of a shirt bosom gleam dull against the shadows. Maitland was in evening dress. Could it be possible . . . ?

No time now for conjecture, time now only for action. She sprang for the door, had it open in a trice, and before the caddy was really enthroned upon his lofty box, the girl was on the step, fair troubled face upturned to him in wild entreaty.

"Hurry!" she cried, distracted. "Drive off, at once! Please—oh, please!"

Seizing reins and whip, he jerked the startled animal between the shafts out of its abstraction and—

"I say, caddy! One moment!"

The cabman turned; the figure on the stoop of the house was undoubtedly Maitland as he had just seen him, with the addition of a hat. As he looked the man was at the wheel, clambering in.

"Changed my mind—I'm coming along, caddy," he said cheerfully. "Drive us to the St. Luke building, please and—hurry!"

"Yessir!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Feminine Logic.

"The feminine mind is a strange arrangement," remarked a friend yesterday. "My wife gave me a letter to mail this morning, with two cents to buy a stamp. I told her the letter was a little over weight and would require an extra stamp. She said it wasn't worth the difference—and how do you think she remedied it? She tore the letter open, scratched out one page of it, put it in a new envelope and handed it back to me! Can you beat that?"

LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

Amusing, But Somewhat Expensive. Miss Patty Realized When the Goat Was Through.

Miss Patty Shepard of North Thirteenth street went to the country, with a party of friends on Memorial day. They stopped at a farmhouse, where some of the party are well known.

"Browsing about was an old goat. When Miss Patty saw her the nanny was placidly nibbling at a few blades of grass, and she innocently thought that goats were strictly vegetarians. On the lawn in front of the porch she had put her handsome new peach-basket hat, trimmed with pretty artificial roses, which she had got from the store the night before. The goat saw the hat and advanced joyfully toward it. Miss Patty laughed. 'The old thing thinks they're real roses,' she laughed. 'Won't she be fooled when she smells them?'

Everybody sat still to watch the goat smell the artificial flowers and walk away. But the goat fooled them. The next week Miss Patty bought another hat—Philadelphia Times.

SORRY, BUT—



"Would youse mind lendin' me er dime, Willie?"

"Not at all, old chap. But its after bankin' hours an' I ain't got me check book handy!"

Wedding Fee in Installments.

Some of the squires in rustic New Jersey seem to be pretty hard pushed for cash. To get the cash they do not hesitate to use most unusual methods. One of these J. P.'s advertised the other day that he was ready and willing to marry couples at any time, day or night, for a consideration of \$5 and that he was willing to accept \$1 in cash down and the rest in weekly installments of \$1 until the fee of \$5 was paid up. The very night after the first appearance of this advertisement the J. P. referred to was called upon to "make good" his bluff. Shortly after midnight a couple which had come in an automobile awakened him from his sleep and asked to be married under the installment plan offered in the advertisement. And the J. P. was game and made good.

The Difference.

Edward, having been refused another baked potato on the simple but convincing ground that there were no more, according to the New York Sun, made some uncomplimentary remark about the insufficiency of his dinner. "This isn't dinner," corrected the aunt whom he was visiting. "This is luncheon. You don't eat dinner in the middle of the day. You eat that at night." The next day the aunt, being anxious to know if Edward had assimilated his lesson of the day before, said, "Edward, can you tell me now the difference between dinner and luncheon?" "You bet I can," said Edward, very promptly. "Luncheon is the meal where you don't get enough to eat."

He Was Well Equipped.

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out, "Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, straightening himself to his full height, replied: "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder—Success Magazine.

THREE REASONS

Each with Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Rob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3 year old child was a weakened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts."

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

"There's a Reason." Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.
Established.....1899.

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

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

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

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of thanks, 1 cent per word; obituary notices, 1 cent per word; obituary notices, 1 cent per word.

For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, a cent per word for first, and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.

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

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

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 27, '09

Lieut. Gov. Kelley's Smile

Considering that Judge Montgomery and Amos Musselman, both of Grand Rapids, are nursing well-developed gubernatorial booms, the Daily Press of that city pays an exceptionally fine compliment to Lieut. Gov. Kelley's candidacy in the following flowing and exuberant terms:

"When things break badly Pat is simply delighted, to use the pet word of a more famous but less optimistic person. The w-

lounder he whistles a double, back-acting, winding smile that is right on the job all the while. A can feel Pat coming before the corner.

A change as come over the face of Pat. The birds sing and the plants all seem to turn the expectantly in one direction.

There is no more gullie in the Henry than in a bowl of milk and milk, but let no man make the mistake of thinking he is not a fighter when necessary. He has a jaw that can snap shut like a steel trap. His usual attitude, however, is one of blissful content and unqualified happiness. He is the cheerful person of Michigan politics, and no matter what happens he will still have a disposition and a smile that will carry him through and the world will be happier for having known Patrick Henry Kelley."

Now if that isn't going some, we'd like to hear from the bards engaged to sing the praises of the other candidates.—Detroit Courier.

The Swordfish Season.

From this time onward the swordfish will have a precarious life, for upon the first of the swordfish fleet got away, the schooner Valentia, which fitted out at T wharf. Another schooner is slated to start tonight, and in a few days a good sized fleet will be patrolling the waters all the way from Edgartown, Block island, on the south, to Cape Shore on the north.

The territory embraced is somewhat more extensive than usual on account of the backwardness of the season. This means that the fish are not getting into the more southerly waters as early as customary. The swordfish are harpooned, and many exciting contests have been waged between men in dories and the fish with the sharp point.—Boston Transcript.

An Afternoon Tea.

At her afternoon teas Mrs. Taft serves sandwiches instead of cake, and the table is in the red room. About 25 guests are asked each day to take tea with Mrs. Taft, the invitations being over the telephone. While the guests are arriving a friend pours the tea, but is afterward relieved by Mrs. Taft, who pours and passes sandwiches and makes the occasion a delightfully informal one.

So Near and Yet So Far.

Johnny, aged eight, likes high-frown words, but as accuracy is not to be expected in one of his years, he often mispronounces and misapplies them. The other day he came home with this announcement: "Mamma, I just saw a gentleman standing on the corner sunk in profane thought."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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.]

Ray Bogart is visiting relatives in Flint this week.

Miss Elizabeth Toney is visiting friends in Detroit this week.

Miss Mamie VanSickle spent Tuesday with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Farwell spent Sunday with friends in Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Watson of Narragansett Pier is the guest of Mrs. T. H. Turner.

Ben Kelley and wife of Ypsilanti spent Saturday at the J. H. Steers' home.

Mrs. Oscar Fraser of Plymouth was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Steers Sunday.

Miss Mary Lowden of Detroit was the guest of Northville relatives over Sunday.

Miss Jessie Allan of Detroit was the guest of Northville relatives over Sunday.

Arch Johnson, clerk in the Griswold House, Detroit, was in town Saturday.

James Dunham has returned from a few days' visit with his sister in Cleveland.

Miss Lulu Emmons of Detroit visited Miss Frances Yerkes a few days last week.

Miss Thelma Ambler returned Monday evening from a two weeks' visit in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Gage of Saginaw were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Law this week.

Fred Sutton and Mrs. Wing are spending the week in Battle Creek and Kalamazoo.

Miss Coral Ruthuff returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit at her home in Belleville.

Mrs. Chas. Thurston and children of Clare are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Priest.

John Johnson of Ann Arbor spent Tuesday and Wednesday with his brother, Dr. R. M. Johnson.

Mrs. Julia Lowden and son of Detroit have been guests of Northville relatives the past week.

Mrs. Chas. Collar and daughter, Frances, spent last Thursday and a part of Friday in Ann Arbor.

John Wilcox and Geo. Wilcox and wife of Plymouth were guests of E. K. Simonds and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Will Hibern and son, Henry, of Coldwater were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Savage last week.

Mrs. Chas. Collar is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Otis Coffin, and son, Ronald, of Ann Arbor this week.

Jerry Linton of Detroit has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Haddock part of last week and this.

Mrs. Florence Eaton of Ypsilanti visited Mrs. J. H. Steers from Wednesday of last week until Monday of this.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde VanAtta and Cell McCullough and wife have returned home from a trip to Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Fisher of New Hudson spent Saturday and Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. G. W. Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Liddell of Milford are spending the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simonds.

Moses Cohen and brother, Archie, of Detroit were in town shaking hands with old friends Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Norton of Ypsilanti were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Lydia Hubbard, the latter part of last week.

Miss Toole, sister of Mrs. D. Cook, entertained the Misses Campbell, Mivard and Petrick of Detroit Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Chas. Clark and daughter of Saginaw and Mrs. H. E. Richardson of Wixom were guests of Mrs. G. W. Hills Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fry and little daughter of Detroit were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fry, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Linton and daughter, Leah, returned to their home in Flint Saturday after enjoying a week's visit at the home of J. S. Haddock.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

A REAL HAIR GROWER.

If you are troubled with dandruff, scalp irritation or falling hair, we want you to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic at our risk. We won't charge you a cent for the treatment if you are not entirely satisfied. It almost invariably effects a complete cure. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00.

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

Chapped Hands

Cold Sores

Frost Bites, Chubbins, Rough Skins, Sores and inflammation of all kinds cured by the soothing, healing influence of

SABINE'S

Curatine Oil

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.
For sale at 25c and 50c by

"For Sale by All Druggists."

Mrs. McGuire is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Franz Power.

Mrs. C. J. Ball has been called to Monroe by the serious illness of her sister.

W. Y. Mardock and family returned to their home in Ypsilanti Wednesday.

Mrs. Seymour Brown and little daughter of Novi spent last week with Mrs. Sanderson.

Holland Palmer of Maron, Georgia was a guest of Northville relatives a couple days this week.

Mrs. L. J. Barrett and son, Jay, returned to their home in Manistee Tuesday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. R. Neelands.

Mrs. F. L. Steers of New York City and Miss Wanda Stewart of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steers Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Corrin of Amsterdam, N. Y. and Mrs. Sarah Stonehill of Chicago, Ill., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Estella Hefington.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Bogart were guests of A. N. Kimmie at his summer home at Cass Lake the latter part of last week and the fore part of this.

Arthur Shattuck of Detroit, Miss Lella Shattuck of Birmingham and Miss Florence and Roy Bailey of Chicago were guests of Miss Gertrude Reynolds last week Wednesday.

C. Frank Shields, superintendent of the Michigan Condensed Milk Co. at Jackson, spent Sunday with James Savage and family. Mrs. Shields and daughter returned home with him Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ferguson of Ann Arbor visited at F. J. Chapman's the latter part of last week. Mr. Ferguson has completed his studies at the U. of M., receiving the degree of Master of Arts. They also visited Delos Leavenworth and family at Walled Lake.

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IMPLEMENT SHOW GREAT.

Superintendent Green of this Department at Michigan State Fair Says Exhibition Will Exceed All Former Attempts.

Superintendent V. V. Green of the implement and machinery department of the Michigan State Fair, says he has nearly 75 per cent more contracts signed at the present time with manufacturers who are going to exhibit at the Michigan State Fair than were registered a year ago in the closing week of August. Never in the history of the fair have so many manufacturing firms sought to display their products, he says.

"How do I account for it, do you ask? Simply this. The Wolverine state has been blessed with bumper crops and these manufacturers realize that farmers are going to spend their money for improvements. Implements that will be displayed are all of the latest design in labor saving devices and the tiller of the soil needs them. They have the money and are going to spend it freely for these necessities."

Just to show that the farmer is no longer living the isolated life of former years, I want to tell you that one of the leading electrical concerns of the country has closed a contract with us to display a miniature lighting plant that is especially designed for the farm. It is complete in every detail and will make the farm house, the barn, yards and in fact everything about the place as bright as a city street. The power also is available for running machinery which will do away with much of the hard labor connected with farm life.

"The Michigan State Fair this year will exceed everything of the kind ever held in this state. I am an implement man and deal largely with farmers throughout the state. They are all enthusiastic over this coming exhibition and plan to send the very best for display that they can command. Thousands have been preparing for the fair since the opening of spring. The finest products and the best cattle produced in the country will be on exhibition when the fair opens on Sept. 2. The crowds will be enormous and I have every reason to believe that the city will be taxed to accommodate the people who visit the fair next month. I think Detroit hardly realizes what the Michigan people are going to do during the fair. They are coming into the city like a great wave, but all will be cared for."

Matrimony.

"Poverty is no bar to marriage," says the philosopher of folly, "but it is considerable of an obstacle to the proper maintenance thereof."

At a Standstill.

Hewitt—"How is your wife getting along?" Jewett—"She isn't getting along, she is the same age she was when I married her."

Representing wealth from every section of one of the greatest commonwealths in the Union. Thousands of dollars are being spent to make this event the greatest in Michigan history. The whole state has been searched for exhibits while the amusement features have been gathered from every part of the United States. Nature has yielded boundlessly for farmers during the present season. They now have the money and will allow nothing to interfere in making this exposition a tremendous success.

FRID POSTAL, President.

L. B. BUTTERFIELD, Secretary.

A. J. DONERTY, General Superintendent.

JAMES SLOCOM, Assistant General Superintendent.

ADMISSION Adults 50c Children 25c Sunday Concert 25c After 5 P. M. 10c Grand Stand 25c

2 Big Bands 2

The Navassar Ladies' and Koppes Cincinnati bands are engaged to play during the fair. They are two of the finest organizations of the kind in the country.

Come and see the motor-cyclists and automobile races September 2nd, 3rd, 4th

Sacred Concert Sunday

Navassar Ladies' and Koppes Cincinnati Bands will give a Sacred Concert in the State Fair Grand Stand Sunday, September 5th, afternoon and evening.

Visit the Michigan State Fair during your vacation—it will revive and give you something to think about—come

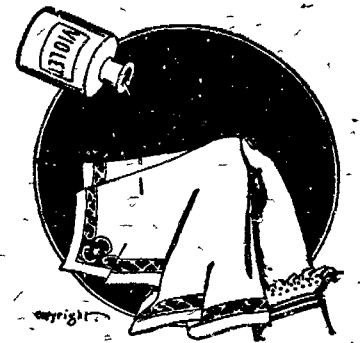
GENERAL HORSE RACES September 6 to 10—Thousands of owners of fast horses from all over the country have made their entries.

CHILDREN'S DAY for September 7th, consisting of games and contests at which prizes will be offered. Children under 12 admitted free Sept. 7.

TWO EMINENT SOLOISTS Wilma Hammann and Bert Morley, who are noted for "singing to beat the band," will be heard during the fair.

\$35,000 IN PRIZES To be Distributed

PERFUMES!



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

Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

4%

ARE YOU SATISFIED with the returns your surplus funds are bringing you? Are they working for you as they should? Make certain of their safety and earning power by leaving them with the UNION TRUST COMPANY of DETROIT, where, if left for one year, they will yield an income of 4 PER CENT. This company issues certificates of deposit. We should like to talk with you, and suggest a call or an inquiry.

UNION TRUST COMPANY,
Detroit, Mich.

4%

EXCURSION!

VIA.
Pere Marquette

ON
Sunday, Aug. 29
DETROIT

American League Base Ball
DETROIT vs. NEW YORK.

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

Round Trip 25c

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.; 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; 10:43 p. m. and 12:28 a. m.

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

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

Operated over the Detroit United Railway, Detroit, Monroe & Toledo 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.

Try a Liner in the Record

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

The "400" club enjoyed a picnic on Belle Isle Thursday.

No more State Fair tickets will be sold at this office after next week.

Looks as if the Cleveland baseball team did its level best to keep the Phila's from losing.

Edwin White and family are getting nicely settled in the J. Henry Smith house on High street.

Edward Bogart is the proud possessor of a new 1910 Model "Crusader" coaster-brake bicycle.

A large number of Northville people took advantage of the P. M. excursion to the Agricultural college Tuesday.

N. A. Clapp, Geo. Stimpson and D. Knapp have been drawn to serve as jurors in the September term of the circuit court.

Don't forget to buy your tickets for the Big Fair at the Record office. You save fifteen cents on every ticket you buy here.

Don't wait until the last minute to buy your State Fair tickets. Get them now at the Record office and save fifteen cents.

Fifteen cents saved on every State Fair ticket purchased at the Record office. That will buy taffy, pop corn, and pink lemonade.

Next regular Communication of Northville Lodge, No. 186 F. & A. M., occurs Monday evening, August 30. All members take notice.

The Second Division of the Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale in S. W. Knapp's store Saturday, Sept. 4.

Miss Roxie Walbourne of Union City, Ind., a graduate of the U. of M. a new teacher in the High school, arrived last week preparatory to beginning her work.

Prof. J. Henry Smith and family left this week for their new home in Pontiac. Northville people regret very much to lose this estimable family from their midst.

And now if some public spirited citizen would donate a memory fountain in the little park at the foot of the hill, that spot would be still more of a charming little place.

John Armstrong and family and mother, Mrs. George Armstrong, son Will, and daughter, Mary, have moved here from Adrian and occupy the Garner house on Mill street.

N. I. Cof has rented the VanZile house foot of Main street and will shortly move there. The Dunlap street neighborhood where the family has resided for some time will greatly miss them.

Oscar Harger has moved the frame work of the old Ely Dowel building over to his Grand River avenue farm for a sugar house. The brick and timbers now left will be used for the construction of a store house on the present site.

The sprinkling with an oil mixture such as is used on the Detroit boulevards and the State Fair road would be a good thing to investigate by the Northville business men. It is said that two or three sprinklings will last a whole season and the dust is eliminated in a much better manner than if water is used.

The ladies of the third division of the Methodist church who have anniversaries during June, July or August will have a birthday party at the home of Mrs. W. H. Ambler next Wednesday afternoon from two to five o'clock. Light refreshments will be served and a silver offering given.

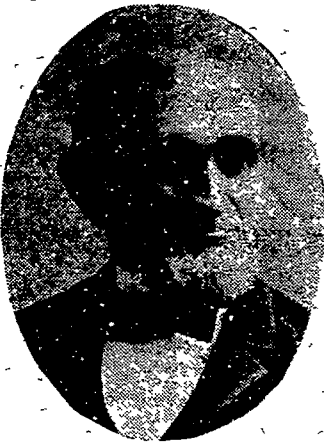
A spark from the threshing engine caused a blaze in one of Charlie Whipple's hay stacks just west of town Saturday morning. The fire department and the automobile brigade were quickly on the scene and headed by Fred Lyke and Ed. Thompson the smoking stack was torn down and the fire drowned out before serious damage resulted.

While moving some old books in their home Monday the VanZile family found nine dollars tucked away that had been out of circulation for many a day. There were two 2's and one 5. They bore dates of 1862 and had evidently been placed in the books many years ago. The bills were in a good state of preservation although they had the appearance and feeling of dried maple leaves.

Supt. Huff of the water works system says that the notice published in the Record last week means just what it says and that sprinkling can only be done with the hose held in the hand. A number of people evidently do not understand this and some others have not got on to the fact that the morning hours are 6:30 to 7:30 and evening hours 5:30 to 6:30 standard time.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

LEONARD CHARTER



Will celebrate his eighty-third birthday tomorrow (Saturday). It will also be the fiftieth anniversary of his and Mrs. Charter's marriage. They are both enjoying the best of health and the Record extends best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

M. R. Seely is building a new porch on his house.

Roy Clark is having electric lights installed in his house on Northside.

Several from here attended the Foresters' picnic at Wayne Saturday.

Mrs. Louise Barrett has been very ill the past week, but is a little better.

A new cement walk is being laid on High street from Dunlap to Main streets.

Mrs. C. N. Barnhart, who underwent an operation in the Homeopathic hospital in Ann Arbor last week, is getting along nicely.

Congressman Townsend serves notice that he will stick in his candidacy for the U. S. Senate and thinks his chances now look very rosy indeed.

While witnessing the ball game at the Foresters' picnic at Wayne, Saturday, Willard Cole was struck on the jaw with a ball and the jaw bone broken. He was taken to a physician, who reduced the fracture, making him as comfortable as possible.

A dozen ladies were most delightfully entertained Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. W. Miller on north-center street in honor of her sister, Mrs. E. J. Willis, of Detroit. Cards were indulged in for a while and light refreshments served.

The Wayne Baptist Association, which was held in the Baptist church from Wednesday until Friday of this week, was well attended. Some good speakers were present and all feel that the meetings were profitable ones. The male quartet of this place, a male quartet from Detroit and the choir rendered some fine music.

Regarding the failure of the Burton Abstract Co. ball team to come here for the booked game of Aug. 14th Manager Hall has received the following: "I regret exceedingly you were disappointed as to the game scheduled for the 14th. An unexpected call to leave the city was the sole cause for same."

(Signed) P. F. Paterson, Manager.

Mrs. Fred Tousey and mother Mrs. Greer, who are visiting relatives in Spokane, Wash., narrowly escaped being in a railroad wreck recently. They expected to take a certain car to another town, but for some trivial reason waited until the next. The one they had planned to take collided with another car and a number of people were killed and several injured. They felt certain that Providence had a hand in the affair and kept them from going on the ill-fated car.

The Northville High school will open for business next Monday, Aug. 30. This is necessary, else the ten month's school will bring it along into July of next year. The superintendent will be in his office in the High school building any time before school opens to answer any inquiries from pupils concerning promotions, credits, our new schedule, etc. Any one wishing to take advanced work, make up back credits or any eighth grade pupils wishing to see about their work in the High school the coming year under the new arrangement, will secure a better understanding of what they want by seeing the superintendent at some time Saturday, Aug. 28.

Allen, the Stove Man. Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for all stoves 12c per lb. in stove. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 128 x.

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

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ADDITIONAL FACTS FOR GOV. WARNER

COMMENCED THE CHEESE BUSINESS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Now Branches Also into the Butter End of Work.

Twenty years ago last spring, the present Farmington Cheese factory was started up by Governor Warner, then a young business man. It has been successfully operated ever since and many of his patrons today are farmers who started hauling milk to him years ago. His success in building up a large trade on cheese was the main reason for extending his business year by year, by building or buying a dozen or more additional factories at which the farmers have always found a market for milk at all seasons of the year, with prompt payment. All agreements whether as to buying or selling dairy products have been so strictly lived up to that an established trade over twenty times the size had at first is the result.

The company, which has Floyd Nichols of Farmington, who has been with the governor, for years, as Secretary and Treasurer, has recently commenced operating a combined cheese and butter plant at Webberville, and only last week added a fine new creamery to their Pigeon plant in Huron county.

There is no doubt as great a demand will be worked up and had for the firm's creamery butter, "Bea-bi-test" brand, as it has had on cheese. This will give them a demand for good cream and lots of it. As is well known, the Northville Condensing company is owned by the Governor and T. G. Richardson, and after other similar plants had failed here, the present one, under their management, is furnishing a splendid outlet for the milk produced in this section. The Governor is interested in every branch of dairying. He feels assured that Michigan can be made a great dairy state and shows by his own example that he believes there is good money in the business as he keeps seventy to eighty cows on his farm and intends making it one hundred.

TWO BALL GAMES.

Double Header to Be Played Here Saturday.

There will be a double header ball game here (tomorrow) Saturday. The first game will be between the Juniors and the Novi Stars and the second will be between the Colts and the "Seminoles" of Detroit. Game called at one o'clock. Admission 20c, ladies 15c to both games.

Well Worth While.

It was certainly an education to see the horses in "Van's Famous Shows" Saturday night, for they could do almost anything except talk. The ease and precision with which the horses and the mule, "Dynamite," performed their several tricks, plainly indicated that they had been long and patiently trained. "Forest Tempest," the educated horse, told time by a watch; added two columns of figures; made figures on a blackboard, and tended postoffice. The band furnished music to an audience of about three hundred persons.

MOTOR CYCLISTS TO RACE.

Michigan State Fair Offers Big Prizes for Those Engaging in Exciting Contest.

One of the interesting attractions at the Michigan State Fair this year will be the motor cycle races, which are scheduled for Sept. 3. President Hunter, of the Detroit Motor Cycle Club, with other officials of that organization, have mapped out a list of events that is attracting riders from all over the country. The State Fair has appropriated five hundred dollars, which will be turned over to the motor cycle club, to be used for the purchase of prizes. Added to these, cycle manufacturers from scores of cities are donating valuable articles. President Hunter says it is planned to award a prize to every rider who enters. Liberality is giving the event a high place among the motor cyclists because they know they will get something even though they finish last.

While these races are in progress Kopp's celebrated band from Cincinnati will furnish music. This a concert organization and has a reputation all over the country for fine music. Over in the grounds other attractions will be continually in progress. There will be something to interest everyone and no one who visits the fair this year will experience a dull minute.

The Hayrack clowns will be a funny feature. They will visit every part of the fair and even venture down into the city, where they will make fun at various times during the day. While being very funny they will also do some thrilling 'umbling on a hay wagon.

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. B. HARMON, PRES.
ASA B. SMITH, 1ST VICE-PRES.
CHAS. YERKES, 2ND VICE-PRES.
EDWARD M. LAPHAM, CASHIER.

FRANK S. NEAL
R. CHRISTENSEN
FRANCIS G. TERRILL

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

I MAKE...

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

Northville, G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

Notice.

The School board of school Dist. No. 4 Fractional Township of Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., asks for bids on a new school house on or before noon, Sept. 1, 1909. In considering the erection of a new building, there is an old school house 26x36, the material of which is to be used in the new building. Plans and specifications will be in the hands of J. B. Halsted, Aug. 26. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

ORDER SCHOOL BOARD.

Errors Unavoidable.
To conduct great matters and never commit a fault is above the force of human nature.—Plutarch.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

FOR SALE—Nice Ash bedstead and springs—\$5.00 takes them. Apply to Record office. 2w3p

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

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms Mrs. Fred Lyke, South Center street, 4t.

FOR SALE—Cyclone Cleaning Machine. Reason for selling, ill health. Inquire of H. J. Newman, Plymouth. 4w2p

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 of Wm. H. Ambler, Executor. 30t

FOR SALE—Two cheap places on North side Parties going West. O. S. Harger. 35t

Boy Wanted.

WANTED—Boy at Peerless Laundry. Good steady job for right boy. F. B. Macomber. 4w1

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street; several on Dunlap street, also in Beartown and several on Northside. Prices \$550 up to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington, Farmington and Wayne and Oakland (also western land). Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville. The Munro Thompson house and lot on Rogers and Mill streets, 3 or four acres of land. 35t

Threshing outfit with 18 hp engine, good separator. Corn husker and 2 cutters. 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. RODERICK B. WILSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of 312 Stevens Bldg. Detroit, Mich., will visit Northville Monday and Tuesday 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.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.
Wheat, red -1 02 Wheat, white-1.99
Oats, New-35c Oats, Old-35c
Corn in ear-35c Shelled corn-75c
Baled hay per ton-\$15.00
Hogs dressed-\$9.00
Cattle-\$4.00
Lambs-\$6.00
Beef hides-84c per lb.
Feet calves live-\$7 00
Eggs-20c Butter-25c.
Poultry live:
Turkeys, young and plump-13c.
Geese, young and plump-10c.
Ducks, young and plump-8c.
Hens-6c.

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.

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE
PURE STERILIZED MILK
Sweet and Cream
Furnished on Application.

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

Try a Liner in the Record

Phone 323-3R

DIAMOND DAIRY

Northville's Model Dairy. Everything in a strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own dairy. Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON

NORTHVILLE Proprietor.

EXCURSION

VIA THE
Pere Marquette

ON

Sund'y, Sept. 5

TO

BAY CITY

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

ROUND TRIP FARES.

To Flint.....\$1.00
Saginaw & Bay City..\$1.50

The NEW DIVORCE CENTRE



JUDGE ORR, WHO DECIDES HALF OF THE DIVORCE SUITS

Reno, Nevada
Inherits the
Sioux Falls
Industry
A Million a
Year Estimated
Revenue
By HERBERT F. JACKSON



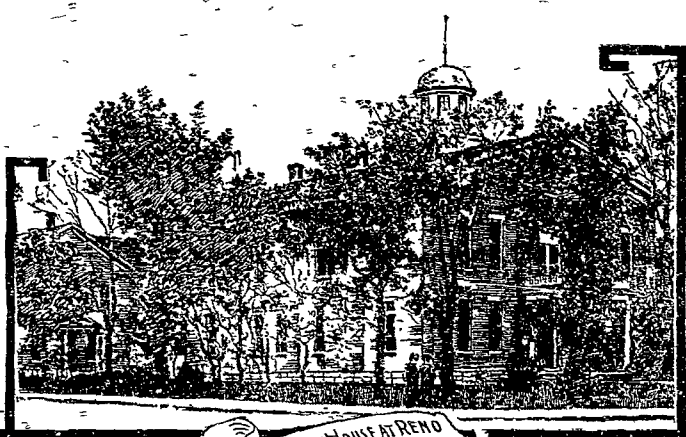
JUDGE PIKE, WHO DECIDES HALF OF THE DIVORCE SUITS

vantages of the town over any other in the state. Nevada is primarily a mining state, and nature usually hides her precious metals in difficult places. Reno is not a mining camp, and is not only centrally situated from a railroad point of view, but has scenic attractions rarely to be found in any American community.

It is located in the heart of a rich agricultural region, and through the center of the town runs a beautiful mountain stream, the Truckee river. Surrounding the town, at a brief distance, are snow-capped mountains, and the winds coming from over their summits keep the air cool on summer nights. It is never very warm in Reno. On the other hand, the winters are comparatively mild.

An altitude of 4,500 feet makes the atmosphere somewhat trying on nerves that are not robust to begin with, but nervous affections are the only complaints to which the climate is unfavorable.

For the cure of other ailments hot mineral water springs abound in the vicinity of Reno. Twelve miles away are the famous Steamboat Springs which Comstock millionaires were wont to patronize 40 years ago. Three miles from Reno is Moana Springs. Five miles from Reno, to the west, is another famous medicinal resort, Laughton's Springs, the road to which runs along the Truckee river, making a beautiful driving boulevard. Half way to Laughton's on this road is a magnificent edifice.



COURT HOUSE IN RENO

known as "Rick's," which is the local "Monte Carlo." Rick's has all the conveniences for those who desire to make a stay, and frequently parties who go there to spend a few hours forget to

may enjoy no longer sit in regal splendor in her palace, surrounded by ladies in waiting ready to minister to her most languid wish, but you may meet her motoring in the country or riding horseback in the park. It is an excellent example they are setting for their countrywomen in this respect.

Queen Alexandra is a devotee of outdoor life. In deed, she attributes keeping young and enjoying good health to this fact. When a young girl she was fond of swimming, rowing and driving, and even now she never permits a day to go by without taking some exercise. If the weather is too bad for walking she passes several hours at billiards. She is wonderfully skilled with the cue and is proud of her game. But in nice weather her favorite exercise is walking. At Sandringham she visits all parts of her farm at least once a day. This is more of a pleasure than a task, because she usually amuses herself on the way by taking snapshots with her camera or playing with one or more dogs. Fond though the queen is of outdoor life, she avoids hard exercise. Yachting and driving she enjoys, but she never has played golf or put a ball over a tennis net.

Persistent automobiling, she believes, offers the quickest means known for getting rid of a nice complexion and gaining 10,000 wrinkles. Queen Alexandra believes so much in fresh air and exercise out of doors that she has sometimes slept in a tent she had put up for her at Sandringham. Once, asked how she managed to keep young, she said: "Fresh air and exercise are the best elixirs of youth."

Queen Alexandra's particular hobby is photography and that takes her out of doors a great deal. She is said now to possess albums containing over 10,000 photographs, all taken by her own hands, representing royal and important personages, places and festivals in all parts of Europe. For a period of 16 years now the queen has been a devotee of the camera. She possesses five cameras.

Wherever the queen goes—be it a cruise in the royal yacht, to her home in Denmark, or a ride across country in the Highlands—she is never without her camera. That she uses it well is evident when it is stated that during one of her Mediterranean cruises she secured 1,400 photographs in six weeks. Then it is very seldom, too, that the queen throws out a picture or destroys a negative because the subject is not up to the mark.

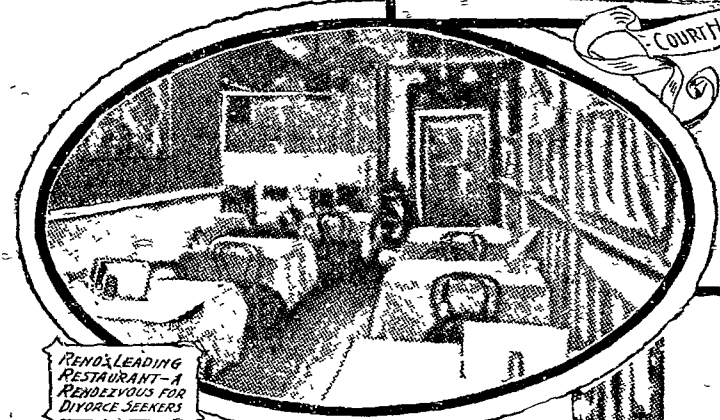
In her way of going to work she is most methodical. Her photographs fill many albums and under each photograph her majesty has written a description of the picture and the date when taken. They include a great variety of subjects, from the king's stud horses taken in the old days at the annual sale at Wolferton to portraits of her grandchildren on the lawn at Sandringham and the ruins of the Parthenon. The photographs of her grandchildren fill three albums alone and now amount to several thousand. They depict them at their games, romping with each other, and one, that made the king roar with laughter when he saw it, has caught two of the younger sons of the Princess of Wales, each endeavoring to exert his right to a certain toy by the free use of his fists.

What she regards as one of her best photographs of the king is that which depicts him talking to Lord Suffield in the grounds of Marlborough house.

Biased somewhat by the financial seductions of the situation, and yet to learn the lesson that such a state of affairs can only result in the moral degradation of the youth of the community—a lesson which caused South Dakota to reform her divorce laws—Reno appears to be perfectly contented with things as they are.

But Reno is busily engaged in cleaning house, and it is felt by the most reflective observers that the divorce laws of Nevada as written will be a thing of the past in the near future. Not in

RENO, Nev.—The population and social life of Reno, Nev., are undergoing a great change. Where a year or so ago the optimistic mining promoter, in his corduroy or khaki and his high russet shoes, was wont to disport himself, to-day may be seen men of the east flashing by in high powered automobiles. Where Washoe squaws would a year ago sit and play cards at the corners of the public squares may be seen to-day handsome women in Paris gowns sauntering in the afternoon sun. On the veranda of the leading hotel where a year ago were the silence and desolation that the panic of 1907 produced, idly sit and fight with ennui groups of men and women, who look forward, in mental vision, to the time when they will be able to forsake this frontier post of civilization and while an eager flight back to their homes in the east. But they are looking for divorces at present, and so they must stay here for at least six months from date of arrival to satisfy the requirements of the Nevada divorce laws with regard



RENO LEADING RESTAURANT—A RENDEZVOUS FOR DIVORCE SEEKERS

to residence. For Reno has succeeded to the eminence formerly occupied by Sioux Falls as the divorce center of America. Some farsighted lawyer got into the Nevada legislature several years ago, and when he got out again there was a divorce law among the statutes of Nevada that for length, breadth, height, elasticity, and all other qualities that commend themselves to the seeker after easy matrimonial freedom, could not be surpassed anywhere in the union. It was equaled by the South Dakota law, though, and so Nevada and the Nevada lawyer secured no results from it for the time being.

But everything comes to him that waits, and when the people of South Dakota arose in their wrath last November and, by a referendum vote, declared that any one who desired to get a divorce in South Dakota would have to live there a year instead of six months, as had been the requirement previously, the seeker of relief from present matrimonial ties began to take the long journey westward to Nevada, where it takes but a six months' residence to be in a position to go before the courts of the state as plaintiff in a divorce suit.

W. H. Schnitzer, a Reno divorce specialist, has written a treatise on divorce practice and procedure, in which he throws an illuminating ray on the wherefore of the popularity of Reno as a divorce center. He says:

"While the laws of the eastern and middle western states generally contain some provision for the dissolution of the marriage tie, it is obvious to the reader that in cases where extreme cruelty, desertion, and failure to provide for the basis of the grievance, the law in such states offers no substantial relief to the aggrieved party, because the requirements of proof, duration of offense, corroboration of plaintiff and procedure under court rules are so exacting and irksome that the desired relief sought by the applicant is rendered impossible or attainment. Summing up the situation as it exists in the eastern states respecting the domestic relation law, the client when consulting local counsel is almost invariably advised that upon the facts submitted he or she is without remedy. Here in Nevada the applicant, without deception or fraud, upon almost any charge from which lack of harmonious relations may be reasonably inferred, may apply to our courts and secure prompt results by decree of absolute divorce, valid and binding in law."

While there are about 54 cases now on the docket of the district court, there are in Reno to-day over 350 individuals establishing a residence for divorce purposes, a majority of whom are women.

The charms of Nevada as a divorce center have only just begun to percolate into the consciousness of the outside world.

Reno has no objection to the present status of affairs. It is estimated that the revenue of the town from the divorce colony at present is close to \$1,000,000 a year, and that it will rapidly increase from this on. To a community of but 18,000 population this is no small consideration.

Why Reno is preferred to any other community in the state as a place of residence by those seeking divorces is because of the manifold ad-

the very near future for the next legislature does not meet until January of 1911. There are others who point to the experience of South Dakota, which for 20 years fought the evils of lax divorce laws before a repeal was secured, and say that the moralists of Nevada have an equally stubborn task before them. But Nevada is cleaning house. In the last session of the legislature, after gambling being permitted for 40 years with cognizance of law, a bill abolishing gambling was passed—the act to take effect in November of 1910—and it is believed that if that could be done, the slack divorce laws can be more easily repealed.

In the meantime the hotel men and cottage renters of Reno and the divorce lawyers will continue to flourish. Parisian toilettes and 60 horse power automobiles will flash and dart through the quiet thoroughfares at all sorts of hours. Men and women will continue to become "citizens" of Nevada on a six-months' residence—and leave the state forever the day after securing their divorce decrees.

Frolics of a Real Queen

That queens are very human beings after all is evidenced by their delight in the outdoor pleasures which even their humblest subjects. The royal lady of a European court surrounded by ladies in waiting ready to minister to her most languid wish, but you may meet her motoring in the country or riding horseback in the park. It is an excellent example they are setting for their countrywomen in this respect.

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When a young girl she was fond of swimming, rowing and driving, and even now she never permits a day to go by without taking some exercise. If the weather is too bad for walking she passes several hours at billiards. She is wonderfully skilled with the cue and is proud of her game. But in nice weather her favorite exercise is walking. At Sandringham she visits all parts of her farm at least once a day. This is more of a pleasure than a task, because she usually amuses herself on the way by taking snapshots with her camera or playing with one or more dogs. Fond though the queen is of outdoor life, she avoids hard exercise. Yachting and driving she enjoys, but she never has played golf or put a ball over a tennis net.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

CRANKS.
HAVE you ever at the table sat And heard some child pipe up: "I don't like milk in this old glass. I want it in a cup." Or maybe some grown-up would say: "This pie-crust is too thick. And I don't dare to eat this fish. I know 'twould make me sick."

"I don't like this! I can't eat that!" The children—grown-ups, too. Know nothing of the simple creed— "No matter! this will do."

We've crochets, and we've notions: Indulge each fad and fancy; Till women are grown flimsy; Each man is a Miss Nancy.

Oh, for the good old days of yore. The simple days, and true. When "this" was just as good as "that," And anything "would do."

Two Jewish Recipes.

Salmon Pickle: Boil for 20 minutes, a thick slice of salmon in water with a tablespoonful of vinegar. Drain, and meantime prepare a pint of white wine vinegar with two bay leaves, a salt-spoon fennel seed, and salt and pepper. Bring this to boiling point. Place the salmon in a deep dish, and pour the hot vinegar over it, allowing it to stand over night.

Salt water cucumbers: Dissolve five tablespoons of salt and half a teaspoon of pepper in a gallon of cold water. Put in 12 large cucumbers, cover with grape leaves, weight them down and soak for two days. After two days change the leaves, and add a large handful of dill. Keep cool. In six days they will be ready to use. Serve cold as a salad with dressing.

Sardine Salad.

Hollow out the center from large tomatoes, and fill the cavity with chopped sardines. Pile water-cress leaves on top, and add a dash of lemon juice. No other dressing is needed.

A substantial salad is made of the scooped out tomato filled with canned peas from which the water has been well drained. Add mayonnaise, and if it is to be the "piece de resistance" of the meal, pile nut-meats on top. This supplies the necessary nitrogen, the proteids are in the peas, and carbohydrates in the tomato and dressing. Nothing more hearty is necessary in the hot weather.

THE WATERMELON VINE.

YOU may talk about your menus, a la carte and table d'hôte. Of the banquets of Lucullus that so pleased his Roman throat. Of the nightingales and peacocks' tongues, the wine of far Tokay; The caviare from Russia or the spices from Bombay. These are all fancy dishes, and some think them mighty fine. But for me, a shady corner by a watermelon vine!

They have disappearing tables worked by electricity. They press a button, and behold; a meal for you and me. They've ices, pates de foie gras, all sorts of fancy fruits. And, I am told, they also have all sorts of aches and ills.

Give me a tablecloth of grass; for napping, plantains fine. And then a shady corner by a watermelon vine.

Bridget's Beatitudes.

Blessed is the spinach which is not cooked with grease; the fat forms a coating around the greens, making them resist the action of the gastric juice and turning them from a most

healthful and hygienic diet into a harmful load on the stomach.

Blessed is the dash of lemon juice in the apple sauce; it gives a pleasant tang, besides making the fruit a stimulant to the liver.

Blessed are the pillow-slips which are made at least two inches longer than the pillow; they wear much longer.

Blessed is the summer dinner which is not elaborate; it is in poor taste besides being a waste of expense and trouble to prepare fancy meals in the heated term.

Hints on Icing.

Boil together the sugar and water until it forms a ball when dropped in to cold water.

Spread icing over the cake when the latter is cold.

If colored sugars are used they should be sprinkled over the cake when both cake and icing are cold and icing is quite stiff.

Egg Lemonade.

Not even the inexperienced young housewife need be told how to make plain lemonade, but the following suggestion may prove to be a nutritious as well as a tasty addition. To six glasses of lemonade add two well beaten eggs, and stir thoroughly.

Save the Feet.

The feet of fowls should never be thrown away. If plunged into boiling water the skin will come off, and leave a soft and gummy membrane which makes rich stock, and jelly for soups, gravies, etc.

Olivia Carter, D. H. H. H.

UNFORTUNATE SURVIVAL



Hiram—So old Hank Hardapple had a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly bear and lived to tell the tale? Silas (disconsolately)—Yes, by gum, an' that seems 't be all he lived for!

PAINT BEAUTY.

Assured of durability, the next thought in painting is beauty—the complete aim being durable beauty, or beautiful durability.

National Lead Company here again offer you the co-operation of their paint experts—this time in the line of color schemes, artistic, harmonious and appropriate. You have only to write National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York City, for "Houseowners' Painting Outfit No. 49," and you will promptly receive what is really a complete guide to painting, including a book of color schemes for either exterior or interior painting (as you may request), a book of specifications, and also an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials. This outfit is sent free, and, to say the least, is well worth writing for.

A Classic in Kentucky. They have been telling this story down in the Blue Grass so long that the Louisville Courier-Journal says it is regarded as a classic.

"Majah," announced the colonel, "I'll bet I've sweat no less than 17 gallons!"

"Bekking your pardon, kunnell," returned the major, "desisting from a long libation, 'gentlemen don't sweat; they perspire.' 'Horses sweat.'"

"Well, then," returned the now irritated colonel, glaring at the calm and contented critic of his diction, "by gad, sub, I'm a hoss!"

Tapering Off.

Whereas, I, Kitty Cameron, have fat too many beaux. (They say that I encourage them. It really is not so!)

Whereas, To make life simple is what I most desire, for which just concentration is all that I require;

Resolved, That I, instantly, before it is too late, agree hereby without reserve strictly to concentrate—to give up sprinkling waltzes and such alluring trifles, cut down my field of labor and concentrate on six—New York Sun.

Often the Case.

"Why are you making those horrible faces?"

"I'm amusing the baby."

"But the child is screaming!"

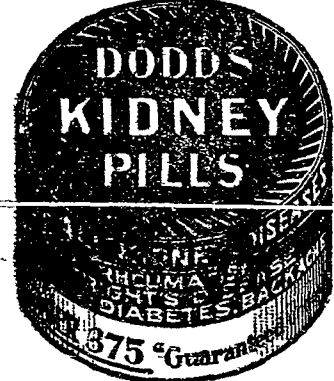
"Yes; some people can't realize that they are being amused."

Don't dope yourself for every little pain. It only hurts your stomach. Such pain comes usually from local inflammation. A little rubbing with Hamlin's Wizard Oil will stop it immediately.

Instead of making a fool of a man a woman furnishes the opportunity—and lets him do the rest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The world sprinkled 1,000,000 worth of pepper on its food.



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, Nausea, Stomach, Liver, and Biliousness. Cures Constipation, Pains in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



All Druggists—15 cent box. THE RAT BIS-KIT CO. 674 LEXINGTON ST. Spring-ld, O.

TWO CHURCHES IN A TURMOIL

THE SERMON WAS BRILLIANT
BUT WAS ONE OF REV.
MOODY'S.

SO THE PEOPLE DECLARE

Student Preacher, Received a Good
Collection for His Effort in the De-
livery of a Sermon.

Church circles in two Buchanan congregations are split by discord over the sermons preached in those pulpits on Sunday by a visiting student preacher.

The stranger's sermon was delivered in the Methodist church in the evening. It was a powerful effort and made a sensation until some of the churchmen came around Monday morning with the claim that the eloquent sermon had been lifted bodily from a collection delivered and published by the late Dwight L. Moody. When the statement was doubted the printed volume was pointed to as authority.

Now the congregations threaten to divide into rival camps, one defending the visiting preacher and the other denouncing those who permitted him to preach in the local pulpits. In the meantime he has gone on his way rejoicing over collections taken in the churches, amounting to more than \$40, "to help him through college."

The stranger was a young man who wore knickerbockers and came into town as a guide to his blind father. He led the elder man around and the latter sold packages of needles at a substantial profit.

The Soldiers Return.

Fatigued by 10 hard days of military maneuvers at Camp Harrah and grimy and travel-stained by their journey over the dusty railroad from Ludington, the state troops have returned to their homes.

"It was the hardest camp so far as actual work was concerned, that the boys have ever put in," said one of the officers. "There were not many dress parades, such as we can have every night in our army, but it was all scouting and military tactics where every private had to think for himself. The companies have improved 50 per cent in efficiency in consequence. In spite of the hard work the boys all enjoyed it and I think that the majority of them would gladly put in 10 days more."

Reveille at Camp Harrah sounded at 3 a. m., and after a hurried breakfast the troops set at the hard task of cleaning up camp and striking tents. Owing to the heavy dew which had soaked the canvas it was necessary to leave the tents to dry in the sun before packing. A detail of men was left behind to superintend the loading.

Died a Raving Maniac.

Continually calling in the delirium of his last four days for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Jane Cleminson, whose mysterious death in Chicago several weeks ago resulted in the indictment of her husband, Dr. Haldane Cleminson, on a charge of murder, John Morgan died in South Haven of meningitis, as the record reads. After the tragedy Morgan aged rapidly. His remaining children tried to divert his mind from the tragedy, but to no purpose. For a week he had recognized no one. In fancy his thoughts reverted to the time when his lost daughter was a little girl playing at his knee, and he called to her with the pet names she had borne in childhood. Pointing an accusing finger at an imaginary figure he would shriek forth imprecations and curses against his daughter's slayer, until the weeping children around him shuddered.

The Largest Drain.

The dredging of the Maple river was completed last week by the Chicago company which had the contract, thus ending the largest drainage job ever done in Michigan. The work was commenced three years ago last October, and has been going on day and night ever since. The river was dredged out for 23 miles, beginning at its head in Shiawassee county. Thousands of acres of land in Shiawassee and Clinton counties, heretofore practically worthless, are reclaimed by the job, which cost the two counties \$60,000.

Set on Fire by Boy.

That his father told him to set fire to the barns of William Northrup and another neighbor named Cutler with whom the father had been quarreling, was the story told Deputy Sheriff Reed by Charles Rose, 12-year-old son of William Rose, an elevator conductor in a Dowagiac stove plant. The reason for the deed, the boy says, was his father's desire to "clean out those Northrups."

STATE BRIEFS.

Michael Burkhardt, convicted of manslaughter in connection with his killing Robert Barrows in Detroit on the night of July 4, was sentenced Wednesday morning to serve from 7 1/2 to 15 years in the Jackson prison, with a recommendation that he serve the maximum term.

Dr. C. T. Wilbur, 60, of Kalamazoo, and for a number of years superintendent of the Wilbur home for feeble-minded, fell dead of heart disease while walking from the room of one patient to that of another, Thursday night. Dr. Wilbur was one of the best known men in the vicinity.

A reward of \$200 has been offered for the arrest of Martin Davis, and the officers of Saginaw county are looking for the man. Davis is wanted on the charge of jail breaking by Sanilac county officials, who were awaiting to take him to Jackson on the charge of horse stealing when he made his escape.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

Dimondale will hold a home-coming celebration Sept. 15-16.

Five new cases of typhoid fever were added to the list Wednesday, making the number six, 27.

Pere Marquette train No. 1, bound north, was delayed at Gardendale one hour Thursday, when the engine broke down.

At a secret meeting of the "dry" leaders of Kalamazoo it was decided to give the "wets" another fight in the spring.

Norman Elford, the aged patient who disappeared from Otter Lake sanitarium near Flint, has been located in Saranac.

George Langworthy, father of the gingeng industry in Michigan, is dead, aged 74. His first gingeng crop was exhibited in a display and sold for \$2,100.

Stepping off a Grand Rapids street car before it had come to a standstill, Mrs. Marcia Madden, 35, was thrown to the pavement and fatally injured.

Shooting at a mark at Walled Lake, some one of three young men camping there accidentally shot and killed one of their companions, George Kidd, of Northville.

The strange disease that has puzzled Howell physicians for several months is declared by Dr. Vaughan of the state health board to be smallpox in a mild form.

During the temporary absence from the house of Mrs. Ernest Eleanor, of Port Huron, her infant son drank carbolic acid from a bottle left within reach, and died.

Recorder Arthur Ganschow, of Saginaw, dangerously ill in Los Angeles since the Elks convention, has returned home, 70 pounds lighter but on the road to recovery.

A furious storm struck the northern half of Detroit Thursday afternoon, and in 20 minutes damage was done to trolley and telephone lines which will cost several thousand dollars to repair.

One woman had her skirt partly torn off and other residents were badly frightened by a mad bull dog which ran amuck through the streets of Oakley. The canine was clubbed to death.

Ex-State Senator John W. Garver, of Graafschap, has resigned his position on the school board, which he has held for 53 consecutive years. Last winter he shipped and fell on an icy walk. He is now 80.

The twenty-seventh annual session of the Grand Chapter of the Colored Royal Arch Masons, Knights Templar, and Order of Eastern Star, was held in Benton Harbor last week. Detroit was chosen as the place for the 1910 meeting.

Grand Rapids is growing. During the past three years 1,921 houses were built there, at which rate, allowing five persons to a family, the new population is about as many as live in each of several fourth class cities in Michigan.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed five big barns on the Gunnison farm, five miles from Grass Lake, Sunday afternoon. The buildings were filled with the season's crops of hay and oats, but the live stock sheltered in them were saved.

Howard Birchfield, recently released from jail on parole, was arrested in Charlotte charged with furnishing liquor to David Briggs, a "posted" man, prohibited from buying intoxicants. Barney Keyes accompanied Birchfield and all three men were jailed.

Additions to Pontiac factory concerns will compel the employment of 1,500 more mechanics next year, and the fact that there are at present fewer than 40 vacant houses in the city has given Pontiac the most puzzling problem of its history.

Fire, probably caused by spontaneous combustion, destroyed three barns on the farm of William Clifford, near Emmett, Sunday. Over 100 tons of hay and many farm implements were burned and the loss will amount to \$3,000, with partial insurance.

Former pupils and others perpetrated a noisy charivari upon Ray Russell, principal of the Walled Lake school, and his bride, who was Miss Bessie Johns. The mother of the bride tried to drive away the noise-makers with a horsewhip, but failed.

It is now believed that the mysterious disappearance of the lumber of the Freeman Lumber Co. in Engadine, Mackinac county, was the work of a incendiary. The mill, which was closed for the summer, was valued at \$7,000, and will be rebuilt at once.

W. H. Barnard, the man charged with robbing the room of a fellow guest at a Grand Rapids hotel, has been held to the superior court for trial. It is said that the man's Bertillon measurements tally with those of one Harry Schindler, who has served time in five state prisons.

Thirteen foreign countries, and 45 states and territories and the District of Columbia, furnished students at the session of the U. of M. summer school, which closed last week. A great many of the students were outsiders, 112 other colleges which conduct summer schools being represented.

Justice James M. Smith, of Hastings, has a broken arm and severe bruises as the result of being jerked from his horse and dragged by the cow which he was leading on a 30-foot chain. After circling about till Smith was wrapped in the chain the cow ran home, with the justice bumping along the rough road.

Gov. Warner has repeated his declaration that Supt. Judd, of the state blind institution, will hold his job, despite the charges made by retiring Trustee W. S. Bateman, of Albion. He also affirms the report that either C. H. Hackley or F. Bruce Smith, the latter a blind newspaper man of Saginaw, will succeed Bateman.

A fire which broke out in the lumber yards of the Menominee River Shingle Co. raged all day Sunday and spread to the yard of the Roper Cedar Co. Buildings, cars, lumber and shingles to the value of \$50,000 were destroyed. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

REIGN OF TERROR AT M'KEES ROCK

THE MILITIA BECAME UGLY AT
THE KILLING OF THREE
OFFICERS.

ORDERS, "SHOOT TO KILL"

Strikers Are Dragged From Houses
and Beaten, Men Are Shot, Homes
Are Wrecked.

Reinforced by militia and a small host of additional deputy sheriffs, the constabulary that is guarding the property of the Pressed Steel Car works at McKees Rocks, Pa., has practically established martial law there, with all the military lawlessness that usually attends such a drastic peace enforcement measure, with the aim of striking terror to the hearts of the belligerent strikers, who Sunday night instituted a riot in which three troopers and three strikers lost their lives and twelve others were injured.

The military is in an ugly mood over the killing of officers Sunday night, and intends to follow up to the letter the sinister order to "shoot to kill" if there is any more disturbance.

In fact, martial law at McKees Rocks has already degenerated into a veritable "reign of terror." The temper of the militia was shown when a physician who had worked all night in aiding the injured on both sides was clubbed by a trooper, who mistook him for a striker. This was followed by an invasion of the homes of a peaceful non-combatant by soldiers in search of strikers Monday morning. Fifteen strikers were found there and resisted arrest. In the battle that followed the furnishings of the entire house were wrecked. Troopers dragged the strikers from their hiding places and beat them, one by one, unmercifully with three-foot hickory riot clubs.

Although Sunday night's bloody riot is now many hours old, an accurate list of the casualties is still unobtainable. Unofficially, however, six are known to have been shot to death and two others believed to have been killed, but carried away in the confusion. Ten men, both strikers and police, are in hospitals fatally injured, while at least two score men, women and children are suffering from bullet wounds and injuries inflicted with clubs and stones.

Aside from the human sacrifice, property was damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars. Three street cars were wrecked, many vehicles smashed, the streets littered with window glass, close to a hundred doors of houses broken and half a dozen horses shot to death.

TOWN WRECKED.

Another Earthquake Has Been Giving
Italy a Shakeup.

A heavy earthquake was felt throughout the province of Siena at 1 28 a. m. Wednesday. Practically all the houses in San Lorenzo were destroyed or badly damaged. Many persons were injured.

The quake was felt most severely within a radius of 20 miles from Siena. Considerable damage was done at Buonconvento. Several houses collapsed and one person was killed. Several persons were injured at Monteroni. A number of houses also were damaged there, and masonry fell into the streets.

The shock was recorded at Piombino, on the coast about 50 miles southwest of Siena, at 1:25 a. m., and there was a repetition of the quake later. People fled from their homes in terror, but no damage has been reported.

Siena itself escaped with a severe shaking. The people were badly frightened, however, and rushed out of their houses into the streets, where they wandered about in a state of semipanic until they were assured that the quake was over.

Siena province has an area of 1,470 square miles and a population of 232,000. The city of Siena is at an altitude of 1,000 feet and counts 20,000 inhabitants.

San Lorenzo, Buonconvento, Monteroni and Piombino are villages with populations ranging from 1,000 to 4,000.

Hoboes Get \$800.
A gang of hoboes on a box car tour stopped off long enough at Plymouth to carry a small safe through a window of the railroad depot, and "Jimmy" the look in the dark shadows of Starkweather's big barn. The strong box contained money, and the papers strewed about the weeds in disorder were picked up later.

J. D. McLaren's elevator office was turned topsyturvy, but the big safe in the corner was not opened. The gang was seen making off in the morning before any arrests could be made, and it later transpired that the home of George Weed, at Lapham's Corners, was entered while the family was away and a trunk lighted off of \$800 in cash.

As though to attach some humor to the spoliation, the marauders also purloined a large picture of Weed, owner of the stolen bank roll, from the wall.

Pellagra's Cause.
The disease known as pellagra comes from eating corn affected by mold. This mold is the deadly poison that kills its victims by slow degrees and in great agony. It tortures the skin, undermines the strength, weakens the mind, converts the victim into a gibbering idiot and finally brings death.

While the Hotel Royal burned in Montgomery, Ala., Mrs. L. A. Tierra, housekeeper, stood at the top landing and saw that every guest was safely out. Then she fainted.

AUTO RACING.

Seven Lives Lost On the Indianapolis
Track Last Week.

Another toll of death was paid at the motor speedway, in the closing auto race at Indianapolis Saturday, when three people were killed, three badly injured, and a number of injured automobiles. As the race was in progress, the National car with Merz as driver, and Kellum as mechanic, came down the track with terrific bursts of speed, dashed into the fence and the spectators at the south side of the speedway. The fire on the right front wheel had burst and the machine turned turtle. Kellum was pinned against the fence and Merz was caught under the machine. In a twinkling he reached up and turned off the throbbing engine and then called to those who had gathered around to look after Kellum, having no thought of himself.

The second accident which resulted in the wrecking of the Marmon car driven by Bruce Keene, caused the American Automobile association to cut short the program and meeting.

The Marmon car ran into the side of the overhead bridge opposite the bleachers. The car was put out of commission, but was not badly wrecked. Keene was badly cut about the head, but was thought to be not fatally hurt. His mechanic was painfully bruised.

After the second accident, the officials decided to call off the 300-mile race when the leading car—a Jackson with Lee Lynch at the wheel—had covered 235 miles.

The Great Crops.
The crop statistics show the agricultural districts of America, with few exceptions, to be in record breaking condition of prosperity.

In the west and northwest, the central states, part of the southwest and a great deal of the east crops were never so great. In the south, with the possible exception of Mississippi, the loss in acreage of the cotton crop will probably be more than made up by the increased value of the baled product, and the whole south has safeguarded itself by diversified farming and other crops, which this year have come handsomely to the rescue.

Notably in Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

To the fact that the harness was old and rotten, N. E. Day, a Bellevue farmer, owes his life. His horse was struck and killed by a Grand Trunk engine, but the harness broke and the buggy in which Day was sitting was left standing clear of the track.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle.—Good grades strong; butchers' steady. Steers—Good grades steady, last week's opening. We quote dry-fed steers \$5.50, steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. \$4.40 to \$4.50, steers and heifers, 1,200 to 1,400 lbs. \$3.75 to \$4.25, grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000 lbs. \$3.75 to \$4.25, grass steers and heifers that are fat 500 to 700 lbs. \$3.25 to \$3.50, choice fat cows, \$3.75 to \$4.10, good fat cows, \$3.25 to \$3.50, common cows \$2.50 to \$3.00, canners, \$1.50 to \$2.00, best butchers' fat cows, \$3.75 to \$4.10, good bologna bulls, \$3.50, stock bulls, \$2.50 to \$3.00, choice feeding steers 800 to 1,000 lbs. \$4.00 to \$4.25, fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs. \$3.50 to \$3.75, choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs. \$3.50 to \$3.75, fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs. \$3.00 to \$3.25, stock heifers, \$3.00, milkers, large, young, medium size, \$4.00 to \$5.00, common milkers, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Veal calves—Market steady, last week's prices. Best, \$7.75 to \$8.50, others, \$4.00 to \$7.00.

Milk cows and springers—Steady. Sheep and lambs—Market 50c lower than last week. Best lambs, \$5.75 to \$6.00, good lambs, \$5.00 to \$5.50, light to common lambs \$4.40 to \$4.50, yearlings \$5.00 to \$5.50, fair to good sheep \$3.75 to \$4.25, culls and common, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Hogs—Market steady, last week's prices. Range of prices. Light to good butchers' \$12.00 to \$13.00, piglets, \$7.50 to \$8.00, yorkers, \$7.25 to \$7.75, stags, 1-3 c.

East Buffalo.—Cattle.—Butchers' grades sold from 10c to 15c higher. Steers sold to 50c higher. The best fresh cows and springers sold about \$2.00 per head higher. Best export steers, \$5.50 to \$6.00, best 1,200 to 1,400 lb. shipping steers, \$5.85 to \$6.10; best 1,000 to 1,200 lb. shipping steers, \$5.60 to \$5.85; best 800 to 1,000 lb. shipping steers, \$5.40 to \$5.65; light butchers' steers, \$4.50 to \$5.75; best fat cows, \$4.50 to \$5.50; fair to good, \$3.75 to \$4.25; light cows, \$3.25 to \$3.50; medium cows, \$3.00 to \$3.25; fat cows, \$5.00 to \$5.50; fair to good, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light stockers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; bologna bulls, \$3.50 to \$4.00; stock bulls, \$2.50 to \$3.00; cows and springers, \$4.75 to \$5.00; fair to good, \$4.00 to \$4.50; common, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Sheep—Active, best lambs, \$7.50 to \$8.00; fair to good, \$5.50 to \$6.00; culls, \$4.00 to \$4.50; ewes, \$4.00 to \$4.50; calves—Steady, best, \$9.00 to \$9.75; fair to good, \$7.25, heavy, \$4.00.

Grain, Fire.
Detroit.—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.09, September opened 4c higher at \$1.13, advanced to \$1.19 and declined to \$1.09. December—opened at \$1.07, moved up to \$1.08, declined to \$1.07 and closed at \$1.06. May opened at \$1.10, gained 1c, dropped back to \$1.11 and closed at \$1.11. Sample, 1 car at \$1.05; No. 1 white, \$1.09; No. 2 white, \$1.07; No. 3 white, \$1.05; No. 4 white, \$1.03; No. 5 white, \$1.01; No. 6 white, \$0.99; No. 7 white, \$0.97; No. 8 white, \$0.95; No. 9 white, \$0.93; No. 10 white, \$0.91; No. 11 white, \$0.89; No. 12 white, \$0.87; No. 13 white, \$0.85; No. 14 white, \$0.83; No. 15 white, \$0.81; No. 16 white, \$0.79; No. 17 white, \$0.77; No. 18 white, \$0.75; No. 19 white, \$0.73; No. 20 white, \$0.71; No. 21 white, \$0.69; No. 22 white, \$0.67; No. 23 white, \$0.65; No. 24 white, \$0.63; No. 25 white, \$0.61; No. 26 white, \$0.59; No. 27 white, \$0.57; No. 28 white, \$0.55; No. 29 white, \$0.53; No. 30 white, \$0.51; No. 31 white, \$0.49; No. 32 white, \$0.47; No. 33 white, \$0.45; No. 34 white, \$0.43; No. 35 white, \$0.41; No. 36 white, \$0.39; No. 37 white, \$0.37; No. 38 white, \$0.35; No. 39 white, \$0.33; No. 40 white, \$0.31; No. 41 white, \$0.29; No. 42 white, \$0.27; No. 43 white, \$0.25; No. 44 white, \$0.23; No. 45 white, \$0.21; 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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Griswold House

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

European Plan

200 Rooms	100 Rooms	50 Rooms
with running water Per Day \$1.00	with private bath Per Day \$1.50	Large, well lighted, with bath Per Day \$2.00

Dining Room and Cafe

Club Breakfast from 25 cents up
Large, well lighted dining room on parlor floor, and cafe grill room on ground floor

Table d'Hote dinner at noon and night, 50 cents
Lady waiters in main dining room

POSTAL & MOREY, Proprietors

WIXOM NEWS.

R. A. Butwell was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Conkwright of Novi was a Wixom visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Lou Schubel of Milford visited at J. Shannon's Tuesday.

Mrs. Benlah Thompson was a Northville visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Chas. Shear of Detroit visited at her brother's last Thursday.

Mrs. Hattie Estes of Milford spent Tuesday with Mrs. B. D. Burch.

B. D. Burch and wife returned Monday from a ten day trip in Ohio.

Mrs. Walter Wand of Pearl Beach visited her brother, H. P. Aspenletter a part of last week.

Robert Shepko expects to move his family to Northville soon where he is employed by Don C. Yerkes.

Mrs. Mary Banfield has moved into her house here. Her old friends are glad to have her in Wixom once more.

Mrs. Harry Harmon and children of Northville were the guests of J. G. Madison and family last Thursday and Friday.

J. G. Madison and wife were called to Farmington Saturday by the death of the former's aunt, Mrs. Orpha Grace.

Mrs. Katharine Fuller and Mrs. Henry Perry left Thursday for a few days' visit with the latter's sister, Mrs. Floyd Taylor, at Hand Station.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Will Hoyt spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit.

E. J. Rice of New-Hudson was a caller here Monday.

Isaac Welch and A. V. Tamlyn were Pontiac visitors Monday.

Miss Beale McCoy, entertained Miss Coe from Milford Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Church and Mrs. Rex Ansell were Pontiac visitors Monday.

Mrs. Church's S. S. class enjoyed a picnic on her lawn Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. A. Devereaux is entertaining Miss Blanche Green of Detroit.

Samuel Lapham and family of Dearborn spent Sunday at the Angell Inn.

Frank Van Epps, conductor on the D. C. R., spent Tuesday with his mother.

Mrs. Powell Killam is visiting her sister, Mrs. Seymour Seeley, at Farmington.

Judge Joseph B. Moore and family of Lansing spent Sunday with his brother, Theo. Moore.

The Township S. S. convention which was held in the M. E. church Friday was well attended.

Rex Pickey, who has been spending the summer with relatives near Orion, returned home Monday.

Mrs. D. B. Wilson and two children

have been visiting—at the home of their father-in-law at Ann Arbor.

John Ingersoll and wife of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hodge.

Mrs. George Dickerson and Mrs. E. W. Parmelee have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Nora Kessell, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Russell spent Sunday and Monday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns.

Miss Grace Porter entertained her Sabbath school class of little folks on the Baptist parsonage lawn Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Albert Ford of Milford is spending several days with her sister, Miss Jennie McCoy, and brother, T. H. McCoy, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Gage, C. D. Green, Amos Bentley and daughter, May, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank, Kyle attended Home Coming at South Lyon last week.

Mrs. Jerome Compton is very ill. Her sons, Bert, of Bay City and Dr. J. D. Compton of Linden, and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ora Compton, of Detroit are here caring for her.

Misses Ruth Chapman, Helen Hoyt and Bertha Parmelee, and Fred Pratt and George Tuttle attended the Bloomfield Township S. S. convention at Orchard Lake Tuesday.

The new sidewalk is progressing finely. The walk is finished from the school house to Joe Tuttle's. In the east part of the town, Johns, Ryel, Jones, Hosner, Church and Baker are busy with preparations for walks in front of their places.

Abbott Smith is dangerously ill with blood poisoning caused from a bruise on his hand. At first he anticipated no trouble but soon his arm began to swell and his suffering is intense. Dr. F. A. Chapman and Dr. Gray of Pontiac are attending him.

The pupils of the Walled Lake school turned out en masse to welcome Ray Russell, principal of the school last year, and his bride, who was formerly Miss Beale Johns. Every form of noise making device was employed in the charivari tendered the couple at the home of the bride's parents. The mother finally attempted to quell the disturbance by means of a horsewhip. She was unsuccessful and the father then took down the family shotgun. He is alleged to have fired several shots, but no casualties are reported.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

B. C. Northrop of Seattle, Wash. is visiting his son, Ross.

Wm. Brossow and family entertained company from Detroit Sunday.

Madeline Young of Chicago has been spending a few days with Maybelle Bradley.

The Ladies' Aid of Farmington M. E. church met with Mrs. F. E. Bradley Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Hudson and children of Milford have been visiting at her parental home the past week.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LIVONIA NEWS.

Miss Emma Helm of Northville visited her parents over Sunday.

Chas. Wolf and sister, Mary, leave Friday for a week's trip to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Flint of Detroit are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Frank Peck is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Moriarty and daughter and niece of Portland, Iowa county.

There was about fifty couple at the dance at Elm Friday night. Another one will be given September 10.

Will Richards fell 28 feet from a silo yesterday afternoon. He struck on a big chunk of luck and received only a few bruises.

NOVI NEWS.

S. H. Lamb of Cadillac spent Saturday and Sunday at Samuel Bassett's.

John LeFurge, formerly of Novi, but later of Georgia, called at Samuel Bassett's Monday.

Arvilla and Dwight Coomer of Four Towns were calling on Novi friends the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Kelley of Ypsilanti visited the former's niece, Mrs. Geo. Bassett from Saturday until Tuesday.

FLEE CIRCUS IS THE LATEST.

Little insects, trained to do wonderful things on the Michigan State Fair Midway.

When Frank Spellman, of Cincinnati, who has charge of the Michigan State Fair Midway, told Assistant General Manager Slocum that a flea circus was to be a feature of the Midway this year, Mr. Slocum looked Mr. Spellman over and asked if the latter was undergoing mental deterioration. "It's a fact," declared Spellman, "and I will show you."

Aid, sure enough, Spellman made good and has proven to every official of the Michigan State Fair that a flea can be trained and will perform at the coming state exposition. These fleas are not the miserable creatures that cause troublesome lumps while one is enjoying the evening air in the north end. They are known as the German fleas, and grow to be quite large. They are intelligent and very apt pupils in the hands of a skillful trainer.

Prof. John Ruhl, who is master of the flea circus in Mr. Spellman's Midway, has something like 500 performers, and their diversified acts are simply marvelous. Acrobats, gymnasts, dancers, tight-rope performers, dramatic actors, soldiers, artisans, builders, etc., are members of Prof. Ruhl's aggregation. One of the most pleasing features is the grand ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Astorbill Flea, who are invited one hundred of the upper crust in the flea real society. The costumes worn are of extreme elegance, and the dances beautifully executed, whether a square dance of the olden times or the modern waltz or two-step. The gentlemen fleas are gallant, while the ladies are graceful, coquettish, and not a few are veritable flirts. The acrobats and jugglers are expert in their work, holding the spectators spellbound in amazement as the little performers promptly respond to their master's word of command.

Prof. Ruhl has two fleas that were trained many years ago by his grandfather about the time when Napoleon crossed the Alps. Five other fleas were trained by his grandfather in the days when King William was only a schoolboy, and with some of his companions visited the exhibition of trained fleas presented in those days by Prof. Carl Ruhl, the elder.

SCULPTOR TO WORK BUTTER.

Carlo Romanelli Will Carve Out a Farmhouse With Yards, Cattle and Barns for Peter Smith & Sons, Detroit; Will Be Seen at State Fair.

The famous sculptor, Carlo Romanelli, has been secured to do more of his famous "butter sculpture" at the Michigan State fair, which opens at Detroit on September 2 and continues until September 10. Peter Smith & Sons, the Detroit grocers, have signed a contract whereby they will spend \$1,000 for the reproduction by Mr. Romanelli of a miniature farmhouse with yards, barns and cattle.

Peter Smith & Sons have also contracted with a well known butter manufacturer for 1,000 pounds of that product. Specifications call for the best butter that can be made. No salt will be used and after the design is completed it will be placed in refrigeration until the opening day of the fair.

Mr. Romanelli starts for Europe in a short time and it is necessary for him to begin the work as soon as the butter is made. It will take some time and is said to be a difficult piece of work. The butter has to be kept at a certain temperature and a change is liable to ruin everything the sculptor produces.

After the fair is over this 1,000 pounds of butter will be sold for grease. Peter Smith & Sons are also arranging for other beautiful features in their fair exhibit.

LIVESTOCK SHOW TO BE GREAT.

Superintendent Tyler of the Michigan State Fair declares it will be the Greatest Display Ever Held.

C. A. Tyler, superintendent of cattle at the Michigan State Fair, is planning something new in the way of stock parades for Wednesday, Sept. 8. While Mr. Tyler has always excelled in this feature, he again has something new planned, but refuses to give even a hint as to what it is. The usual livestock parade will be put on at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday, Sept. 8. Then as a grand conclusion will follow the big feature which Mr. Tyler declares no one shall know until the last minute. He says it is a hummer and will excel anything of the kind ever attempted by a state fair. Mr. Tyler answers all questions by saying:

"Just wait and I will give you something to talk about after this parade and exhibition is over."

"I want you to understand," continued Mr. Tyler in talking state fair exhibits, "that this exhibition is not simply limited to Michigan farmers. It is open to the entire world and anyone can come in here and compete for the prizes. We will have fully as many cattle exhibitors from Ohio and surrounding states as there will be from Michigan. Unusual facilities are at hand this year for distant exhibitors to compete. The cattle display opens Tuesday, Sept. 7, and permission has been given exhibitors to reach the grounds as late as Monday, providing they are in readiness to show their stock promptly when the display is open to the public on Tuesday morning. This is a privilege not granted heretofore by the Michigan State Fair officials. It simply means that scores of cattle men from Ohio and other surrounding states are going to show at this fair."

"I have personally visited many parts of the state in the interest of the fair. I never saw such fine cattle. They are a marvel even to me. The fine condition is all due to the excellent grass yield this summer. Heavy crops have also made the farmers prosperous and given them ample resources for attending the fair. It will be the greatest display of farm products ever held in this state."

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Hidden and niece of Detroit visited Mrs. Emma Hiles Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Smith of Detroit returned to her home Monday after a week's visit with Mrs. F. R. Riley.

Dr. and Miss Bennett and Miss Gardner of Detroit were guests of Mrs. Alex H. Smith and family Sunday.

Mrs. Day Dickinson returned home Friday from a few days' visit with her brother and family at St. Clair Heights.

Mrs. J. C. Woodworth and two children and Mrs. W. H. Woodworth of Pontiac visited relatives and friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Wilber, who are living for the present at Northville, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. F. R. Riley.

C. Youngs of Chicago came last week to make a short visit with R. G. Adams and family and accompanied his wife and daughter home.

Mrs. Mary Harger and sister, Miss Martha Fairchild, of Detroit are visiting the former's son, L. C. Harger and family and Mrs. Sayres Harger and family.

Mrs. H. W. Moore entertained a number of ladies Saturday afternoon and evening in honor of her friend, Mrs. Kathleen Butcher of Grand Rapids, who has been visiting her.

Samuel Johnston of Livonia spent the last of the week with relatives and friends in this vicinity. He expects to leave for Pennsylvania next month to spend the winter with relatives there.

Mrs. Orpha Grace died at her home in Clarencville Friday night. She was about eighty years of age. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon in her home and interment took place in the Clarencville cemetery.

Mrs. Henry Lee was taken seriously ill Tuesday morning and was helpless for some time. She had been in her usual health and she and Mr. Lee, in company with other friends, were making preparations for a trip to Niagara Falls Saturday. Mrs. Lee has been very active in all kinds of church and school work and it is thought she has over taxed herself. Her many friends are anxious for her speedy recovery.

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

The Weight

"I wouldn't mind the knowledge of the man weights of people. The automobile coats to hide their figures. I guess a weight unguessed—and if the figure is really disfiguring when the guess around a man's waist is wrong, then"

AFTER HAYING and HARVESTING

Is over you will want to

Build Some Fence

Remember we handle both the

American and Michigan--

and have some attractive prices on both.

REMEMBER THIS

It Means DOLLARS and CENTS TO YOU.

You should also keep in mind that we issue Checks with Every Cash Sale. Return these checks to us in amounts of \$10 and receive 25 cents in cash.

Fred L. Cook & Co.
FARMINGTON, MICH.

EXCURSION

VIA THE

Pere Marquette

Annual Low Rate

Northern Resort Excursion

ALPENA, CHEBOYGAN, BAY VIEW, PETOSKEY, ELK RAPIDS, LUDINGTON, MANISTEE, FRANKFORT, CHARLEVOIX TRAVERSE CITY, MACKINAC ISLAND

SEPTEMBER 1, 1909.

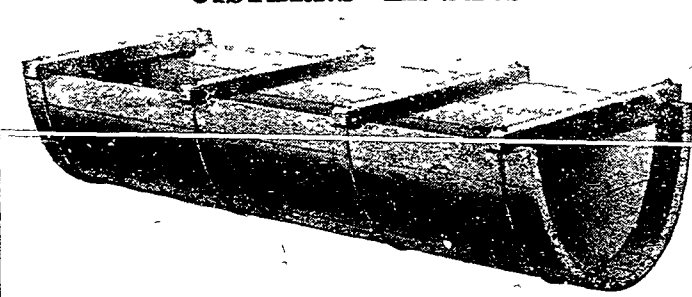
SEE POSTERS OR ASK AGENTS FOR RATES AND PARTICULARS

H. F. MOELLER, General Passenger Agent.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take one or two. Best of years. Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Cypress Tanks, Milk Coolers and CISTERNS—All Sizes.



General Repairing of Wagons and Carriages

NEW WHEELS AT COST.

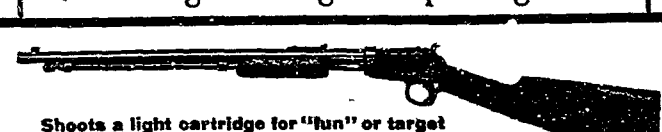
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

P. B. BARLEY, Northville, Mich.

WINCHESTER

MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER

Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifle



Shoots a light cartridge for "fun" or target work and two heavier ones for hunting.

This rifle handles .22 Short, .22 Long or .22 Long Rifle cartridges without change of adjustment. It's a take-down and a very handy, all-around small caliber repeater. Examine one and you'll agree that it's the biggest rifle value ever offered. ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU ONE.

Does not Color the Hair

Ingredients of Ayer's Hair Vigor

Sulphur. Destroys germs that cause dandruff and falling hair. Cures rashes and eruptions of scalp. Glycerin. Soothing, healing. Food to the hair-bulbs. Quinine. A strong tonic, antiseptic, stimulant. Sodium Chloride. Cleansing, quiets irritation of scalp. Capsicum. Increases activity of glands. Sage. Stimulant tonic. Domestic remedy of high merit. Alcohol. Stimulant, antiseptic. Water. Perfume.

Show this formula to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows. J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.