

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 5.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

WERE TWO GREAT BALL GAMES SAT.

JUNIORS TROUNCED NOVI TEAM IN FIRST CONTEST.

Detroit Bunch Too Much for Colts This Time.

The Juniors came into their own Saturday and by timely hitting and good base running they walloped the Novi hustlers by a score of 8 to 5, the Juniors cropping out their three in the eighth, a la Tigers.

The Novi lads put up a good game and rather had an idea if the game had not been called in the eighth to let the second game get a start that they might have won out, but the Juniors think different. They will try it again here Saturday afternoon just to see who is right.

The features of the game were the



McGrath of the Juniors in his Great Base Stealing act in Saturday's Game.

throwing of E. Stimpson to second and the great base running of McGrath.

The Juniors are again putting up a snappy game and some lively times are again promised on Athletic park.

The second game was won by the Detroit's in a score of 8 to 3. The Colts didn't seem to play with their usual snap or else luck was against them. The home boys tied the score in the fourth making it 3 and 3, but could not hold the Detroit bunch down after that.

The Detroit bunch got to Evans in

the sixth and he was replaced by Moffitt, who had been previously

INTIMIDATING THE UMPIRE.



A Detroit Player Trying to Intimidate Umpire Brown in Saturday's Game.

warmed up, but the game had already been lost. The Colts promise to eat 'em up next time.

EXTRA SERVICE STATE FAIR WEEK

D. U. R. Will Put on Extra Suburban Cars.

The service to the State Fair on the various Detroit United lines last year was right up to the notch, but the plans for this year call for even a better service and patrons of the various lines can depend upon lots of cars early as well as late.

The one feature of the service this year more noticeable than ever will be the care of the crowds after the fireworks. The 11 p. m. cars on the various lines will run through and there will be enough sections to each to care for all those who attend the immense pyrotechnic displays.

Interurban passengers on asking for transfers when entering the city, will without additional cost be carried to the state fair grounds although on this haul the D. U. R. is really entitled to collect additional fare.

Card of Thanks.

We thank our friends for their kindness during our late bereavement; also for the beautiful flowers sent.

CELIA KATOR.
WELLINGTON KATOR.

HENRY KATOR DIED MONDAY

Faithful Employee at J. A. Dubuay's Factory 23 Years.

The sudden death Monday morning of Henry Kator came as a shock to the residents of Northville as he had been in his usual health, working Friday, all day, in J. A. Dubuay's shop where he had been a faithful employee for twenty-three years.

Mr. Kator was born in Livonia township Nov. 19, 1862, and after the death of his parents, he with his sister and brother, moved to Northville, where they have since resided. He had been a member of the Baptist church for twenty-one years, was a highly respected citizen, greatly loved in his home and in the community where he lived. At the age of eight years he fell, injuring his spine, which has caused him much suffering all through his life. He leaves two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Johnson and Miss Celia Kator, and one brother, James W.

The deceased was a social member of both the M. W. A. and the K. O. T. M. lodges.

The funeral was held from the home in Bealton Wednesday afternoon, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating, and interment in Rural Hill cemetery.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

There was a large and attentive audience to greet Rev. and Mrs. Dimmock Sunday evening. The former occupied the pulpit.

The ladies of the church will hold a business meeting at the home of Mrs. D. K. Shafer next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. All ladies are requested to attend.

Pastor Musser will have charge of the services Sunday. The theme for the morning service is: "The Value of a Nation Being Right with God." The evening theme is: "The Power of the Gospel to Save and Keep Saved." All are welcome.

The Wayne Baptist association was well attended, being full of enthusiasm from beginning to end. The music was also a great feature of the meeting. The soloists, Mr. Grant, Miss Calkins, Master Freddie Walters of this place, Messrs. McCall and Herman Burns of Detroit, Rev. and Mrs. Lawson of Milford, the Northville male quartette, the male quartette of the Hudson avenue Baptist church and the male quartette made up of the association, all deserve special mention. The guests were more than pleased with the royal entertainment they received from our people.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

"The King's Own" bible class was most royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McLean Monday evening.

Southwestern business meeting Monday evening in the church parlors. Officers and members urged to be present and come prepared to pay dues.

Only two Sundays remain before conference, which meets in Preston church, Detroit, Sept. 15. Missionary and Advocate subscription may be handed to the pastor any time before that date.

The regular services will be conducted by the pastor Sunday morning and evening. Special music by the choir. The Sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed. Everybody welcome.

Don't forget that the meetings of the Epworth League will be resumed Sunday evening at 8:00. The meeting will be in charge of Mrs. H. D. Arnot. Let us have a good attendance and we will have a good meeting.

First Class Soda Fountain for Northville.

To supply an increasing demand C. A. Gardner will serve lunches such as are served at the Detroit fountain.

Business Change.

Having purchased the barber shop and good will of Lee Shipley I will be pleased to serve all his old customers as well as new ones.

WM. TODD.

Old and New Drama. Elizabethan dramatists and Shakespeare, instead of looking out for the meanest samples of humanity for their principal characters, selected or imagined the strongest. Instead of depressing humanity by showing what a pitiful thing it is, they tried to inspire and encourage it by showing what a fine and grand thing it might be. The dramatists of that time were men of life.

"Pulling" or "Pushing."

The action of a horse hitched to a wagon is generally regarded as pulling. This is an old catch-question, often answered by disputants with the argument that since the animal pushes against the breast-piece of the harness, or the collar, his action is therefore pushing.

Work Fascinating.

There is an indescribable fascination about work. The laziest man in town will stand watching with evident enjoyment the labors of a street gang laying pavement.—Fort Worth Record.

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.

LOST—A valuable Amber back comb, set with rhine stones, between Novi and R Christensen's Friday. Finder please leave at the Record office and receive reward.

FOR RENT—Seven room apartments, besides hall and bath room, with all conveniences, in the "Barnhart Apartment Building" inquire A. M. Randolph, Northville Telephone 222.

FOR RENT—Large house. Inquire of C. M. Thornton. Bell phone 171 J2.

WANTED—Dressmaking by the day or piece work. Maud Willis, corner of Cady and First Ave. 5w2p

FOR SALE—Good jelly grapes. Inquire of L. B. Charter. Home phone 5X.

FOR SALE—1 pair work horses, 2500 lbs. Will sell separate or together. O. N. Barnhart, Northville. 5w2

FOR RENT—House on south Wing street, three doors from Main. Phone Independent 312 2R. 5w1

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.

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

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. 36tf

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

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street; several on Dunlap street, also in Bealton and several in Northside. Prices \$550 up to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington Farms in Wayne and Oakland (Also western land.)

Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville. The Munro Thornton house and lot, cor. Rogers and Mill streets; 3 or four acres of land. Threshing outfit with 18 hp engine, good separator. Corn husker and silo cutter. All at half price. O. S. HARGER. 24tf 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 Thursday of each week. Appointments can be made by phone or call. Phone, Home 145-X. Office at W. P. Johnson's residence. Office hours—3:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. 19m3

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.
Wheat, red—1.02 Wheat, white—1.09
Oats, New—35c Oats, Old—55c.
Corn in ear—35c. Shelled corn—75c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs dressed—\$9.00
Cattle—\$4.00
Lamb—\$5.00
Beef hides—3 1/2c per lb.
Veal calves live—\$7.00
Eggs—20c. Butter—27c.
Poultry live:
Turkeys, young and plump—13c.
Geese, young and plump—10c.
Ducks, young and plump—8c.
Hens—6c.

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'rnr'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 |

BUY NOW.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

WE CARRY A SMALL LINE OF

Crockery
Flower Pots
Fancy Dishes
Zanesville
Pottery

PREMIUMS GIVEN FOR REGISTER CHECKS.

C. E.

RYDER

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Fine Stationery

Engraved
Wedding Invitations
Calling Cards
Monograms.

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

The Record Printery
Opera House Bldg.
Northville, & Michigan

To Eye Sufferers

Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted, carefully and Satisfactorily without any trouble, and without delay. We will tell you if you need Glasses, but if you do not need glasses we will tell you so instead of trying to sell you a pair in order to make a sale. All eye sufferers can learn the true state of affairs by consulting us

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

Yarnall Institute

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.

Last Chance to Save 15 Cents
You CAN'T Buy Them Next Week

Her Royal Highness' Secret.



MAN who has at the Sign of the Seven Sins the surveillance of the worst scum of Europe mixing with the grand monde, as I have, must necessarily make some queer acquaintances; a few interesting, many puzzling, the majority—undesirable. One of these—a chance friendship—this curious story chiefly concerns.

I was idling through the new roulette room, which had only a few days before been opened, and was bright with its great gilt electrolier, its stained glass dome and fresh mural paintings, when, at the center table, I recognized Valerie de Tramar seated and playing recklessly upon the transverse, for the most part, with occasional throws upon the red or the dozens.

Valerie had counted out 500 francs in notes, and placed them upon the red diamond.

"Rien ne va plus!" cried the croupier, and next instant the ball fell with a rattle and final click into one of the sockets on the revolving wheel.

"Vingt-huit. Noir, pair et passe!" he added, and at the same instant my dainty little friend's notes were raked into the bank.

She raised her eyes, soft, brown, and fathomless as a child's, to mine, shrugged her shoulders, exhibited her white-gloved palms with that chic peculiar to the Parisienne, and laughed lightly.

Again she played, and again and again, yet persistently the black turned up. Then she counted six notes, each for a thousand francs, folded them together carelessly and tossed them upon the spot where she had lost the others. It was a maximum and every neck was craned to watch the result.

The ball again fell. She lost. A loudly-dressed French Baronne, sparkling with diamonds, laughed gleefully, as though in ridicule.

Valerie was, to me, a mystery. Young, dark-haired, extremely good-looking, she dressed with a quaint elegance which imparted to her an air of distinction. Her hair was always arranged by a maid of the first order, but these seemed almost too much of it; it outweighed her small head.

Days passed, and I became concerned, for I saw nothing of her, until one morning while strolling in the winter sunshine along the blue and white palm-planted promenade des Anglais, at Nice, I met her, accompanied by an elderly, gray-haired lady, and as I raised my hat in passing, she stopped, with a flush of pleasure on her cheeks, and greeted me.

"Good morning!" she cried with a merry smile, at the same time extending her hand with that natural frankness that was so inexpressibly charming. "Will you allow me to introduce my aunt, Madame Cotteau?"

Then she formally presented me, and the frigid old lady dropped her lorgnon and instantly relented towards me.

"My niece has often spoken of you," she said, "therefore I am very glad to meet you."

A man was sauntering past, overtaking us, and on looking aside quickly I saw it was the same tall, frock-coated, silk-hatted, red-bearded individual who so persistently haunted the neighborhood of my pretty friend. His presence was, to say the least, curious. I had not forgotten that remarkable sign. It seemed as though he were trying to overhear our conversation. I turned, and at Valerie's invitation, walked in the shadow of her sunshade back in the direction of the Place Massena.

"You haven't been over to the rooms all this week," I observed, presently. "Why?"

"I've been away from Nice," she replied, "I only arrived back from Vienna last night."

"From Vienna? Then you've been away up in Central Europe and back within a week?" I cried, surprised.

"Yes," she said. "It was a long journey, but I was compelled to undertake it. I am very tired to-day."

How it came about I can scarcely tell, but suffice it to say that the inevitable did occur. I held her hand, raised it reverently to my lips, and declared my secret. I, prosaic bachelor that I am, told her that I loved her.

Without moving without even sigh or sign, save perhaps that her grave face became just a trifle paler than usual, she heard me to the end. Then she sighed, and in a strange tone of bitterness and despair, answered with a single word:

"Impossible!"

"Impossible!" I echoed. "Why? I love you, Valerie! True, we have not known each other long—five weeks. I think it is—yet from the first moment that our eyes met my thoughts have been ever of you. Give me hope. Tell me that you will try and reciprocate my affection."

"No," she answered, drawing her hand from my grasp, and striving to remain firm. "I much regret that you have spoken like this, for I had believed that we might be friends without being lovers. What you ask is absolutely impossible. We may be friends—but lovers never."

"Why?" I demanded.

She glanced up at me, and I saw that tears were in her eyes.

"Ah! no," she cried. "It is cruel!—cruel! I like you—yes, I confess it, but there are circumstances which prevent us from becoming lovers. I, alas! am not like other women. I am not free

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

and untrammelled, as they are. Would that I were." And her breast beneath her silken blouse slowly rose and fell with deep emotion.

Again and again with her trembling fingers in my own grasp I spoke in deep earnestness of my intense love for her, urging her to give me some hope, however slight; to allow me to prove myself worthy of her; to repose in the confidence that some day our mutual love might be known to the world.

"No," she responded in the harsh voice of one driven to desperation. "I have confessed to you that I regard you as my—my sincerest friend. But the knowledge of this must remain sufficient, and I trust to your honor as a man never to reveal to any the truth that I am any more to you than a chance acquaintance."

"What!" I cried. "Then you do love me, Valerie! Tell me plainly that you do—or is it that you are already married?"

She pressed her lips tightly, and there was a strange look in her eyes.

"No," she answered. "Have you, like the majority of men, no belief in a woman's honor? If I were a wife, do you think I would thus forget my vow and place my trust in you?"

I saw that in this I had made a serious mistake, and hastened to assure her that only her own words had caused me that conjecture.

At the same instant I heard a light footstep in the road behind us, and turned.

The red bearded man who so persistently haunted my well-beloved was sauntering slowly by with an affected air of indifference. In a second it occurred to me that he had snaked up behind the trees and acted as eaves-dropper, therefore I sprang angrily to my feet, and facing him, cried in French:

"I desire to know, sir, by what right you keep your detestable espionage upon this lady? What concerns her, concerns me!"

But the man, with scarcely a look of surprise upon his sinister features, merely shrugged his shoulders, and observed:

"Monsieur is mistaken—hein?"

"I'm not mistaken," I cried with increasing indignation. "I've noticed you dozens of times. This lady has no reason for your attentions, which I can tell you are extremely unwelcome, and for which you will, in future, answer to me."

Valerie, who had risen quickly and was watching our encounter, uttered a single word, the meaning of which was entirely unintelligible to me, but it had the instant effect of staying the ready retort upon the man's lips, and he merely raised his hat, bowed stiffly, and returned by the way he had come.

She laughed amusedly when I returned to her side, but would give me no explanation, and after walking together for half an hour or so, we descended to Monte Carlo, whence she took train back to Nice.

As we shook hands at the station, I said:

"Recollect, Valerie, that I love you." "Alas! I know!"—she answered in quick earnestness. "But I must not love you—I dare not."

I was about to question her, but she turned away with a bow and entered the carriage, while I lifted my hat and strode away.

Nearly a week went by, and by some chance I reconnected the Bam-fords' at home." The British chap-lain in Nice is a very popular person, and his wife's weekly receptions in winter are always crowded by a cosmopolitan set. Therefore I went, in hope of seeing my friend.

I was getting some tea for an elderly Englishwoman, when above the hum of the polyglot chatter, English, French, German and Russian, I heard the manservant's voice announce:

"Her royal highness the Princess Eulalie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha."

In an instant there was a hush. All turned toward the door to look at the young princess, whose engagement to Prince Charles of Greece, having been announced in the papers only a few days before, had created a good deal of chatter throughout Europe.

As with curiosity I glanced across the drawing-room, I saw a smart, elegant figure in mauve, shaking hands with our hostess, and as next instant she turned, I stood dumbstruck in amazement.

It was Valerie de Tramar! She, the woman I loved, was none other than the Princess Eulalie, the daughter of a reigning sovereign!

On all sides she was receiving the homage of the guests and their congratulations, and as at length I got near to her I noticed that she was unusually pale and bored-looking. Presently, however, our eyes met, but her glance was cold and haughty, without look of recognition. She evidently did not intend to acknowledge me publicly.

She glanced up at me again as I stood by the window, and I thought I detected a strange, imploring look in those wonderful eyes, so clear, pure and tender.

My hostess, seldom honored by a

royalty at her "at home," was explaining sotto voce to a couple of fussy old ladies near me, how charming and unaffected a girl was "the dear princess," and what an excellent match it was, until I seemed mocked at on every side, and I strode out, feeling that for me the world was dead. She, the woman I loved, was to marry this man of 40, about whose irregular life there had been so many scandalous tales.

For days I haunted the promenade in the hope of meeting her. I lounged into Rumpelmayer's, where many a princess and grand duchess sips tea at four o'clock, and once or twice went out to the reserve at Beaulieu, but all in vain.

Through those brilliant, sunny January days, when Nice was fragrant with the odor of violets and of mimosa, I constantly debated within myself whether I might not, at risk of offending her, call at the Villa Miltza. I had been introduced to the Baroness de Namur, who lived with her under the cognomen of Madame Cotteau, and therefore I was not as an entire stranger.

At last one day I decided to go, and drove out to the beautiful place on the olive-clad slope before the sea, where the gardens were filled with roses and carnations.

My card was taken by a liveried footman, with the royal crown and

that tears stood there. Though I knew how that our love was a dream impossible of realization, yet my heart went forth to her in tenderest sympathy.

"It's cruel!" I cried, vehemently. "Cruel that you should be forced to marry this man, even though he be a prince and heir to a crown. Cannot I assist you?"

"Those born in the purple are compelled to make sacrifice. I, alas, am one of those!" she answered, hoarsely.

"Then you intend to marry?" I said, dismayed.

"Yes. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

She drew a long breath, her slim hands lay helplessly in her lap, and her eyes fixed themselves upon the carpet.

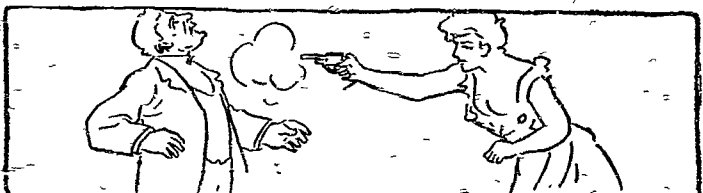
"I have trusted you," she said at last, in a low half-whisper, looking up at me. "I have trusted you because I know that you love me. Dare I trust you further?"

"I am yours to command, princess," I answered, taking her white, bejeweled hand in mine and looking into her eyes. "Any secret of yours is mine also."

"Ah!" she said, wistfully, "if you only could. But I fear to ask you."

"No," I said. "Only tell me what I must do to serve you."

"Then listen," she exclaimed, eagerly. "At the Metropole at Monte Carlo



She stood beside me trembling, her face haggard and white.

cipher upon his shoulder, and I was ushered into a fine salon, magnificently furnished, where the glare of sunlight was softened by the half-closed persiennes. I had not long to wait, for soon there was a loud rustle of silk in the corridor, the door was thrown open by a manservant, and the woman I adored, a pale, striking figure, stood before me with outstretched hand, and a word of glad welcome on her lips. She wore a gown of some cream stuff, girdled narrow but distinctive with pale mauve, simple, but made with that perfection which stamped it as a product of the Rue de la Paix, and when the door had closed, and she had motioned to me to eat, she sank into a chair near me, saying:

"I am glad you have come. If you had not sought me, I should have called at your hotel. You were surprised by your discovery at the Bam-fords' the other day. I hope you are not angry?"

"Angry?" I echoed. "I am not angry; I only regret. You had, no doubt, some reason for preserving your incognito."

"Yes," she said, in a low, despairing voice. "I did not, of course, know you then so well as now. I feared lest you might talk and create a scandal regarding my penchant for roulette."

"Every secret that you commit to my keeping, princess, shall be respected," I answered, deeply in earnest.

"Secret! Ah! yes," she said, hoarsely. "I know of what you are thinking—the secret of our—"

"Of our love," I said, in a soft voice. "You love me, even though you are betrothed to another—even though we can never marry."

She lifted her eyes to mine. I saw

there is a woman who, by reason of an anonymous letter I received a month ago, I believe is in possession of certain information which might be of considerable assistance to me. She, however, will never place it in my hands because it is a source of profit to her. Her name is Amadea Toriell, and she is a chanteuse at the Folies Bergere in Paris."

I knew the woman well by repute. Her photograph was in every shop window, and her jingling songs were ground out by every barrel-organ.

"You wish me to obtain the truth from her?" I said. "Then I will commence the attempt at once."

We sat together a long time, discussing the matter further, then I raised her fingers to my lips and made my adieu.

That same night I took up my quarters at the Metropole at Monte Carlo, and dined at the table d'hotel. I was not long in discovering that the suite occupied by the idol of the Paris youths was numbered 175 to 177 on the second floor, and next morning contrived to meet her face to face in the corridor. She was tall, dark-haired, young, and attractive, with an aquiline, purely French face, elegantly dressed in one of those cream serge gowns which are the mode in the mornings at Monte Carlo.

A dozen times a day we met in the gardens, in the rooms, or in the hotel, and by a trivial but carefully preconceived incident I managed to make her acquaintance. She was bright, vivacious, vain, like all her class, and by her accent she betrayed her provincial birth. She was Remoise—the town she, and because I gave her one or two valuable hints at roulette we quickly became friendly. Day after

day I kept careful observation on all her movements, until one evening after dinner, as I sat before the Cafe de Paris, I saw her ascend the casino steps, with a male companion—a tall man with dark, very pointed beard, whose face struck me as somewhat familiar.

Next second I recognized in him the original of the many photographs displayed in the windows in Nice. It was Prince Charles of Greece.

She wore a striking toilette of some black and silver transparency, displaying a dazzling profusion of jewels, and I, following the pair, watched them playing at trente-et-quarante. The prince lost over 50,000 francs, while I watched. It was curious, I thought, that the heir to the throne of the Hellenic-Glucksburgs should be there when the papers said he was in Paris; therefore I resolved to remain patient and watch.

That night, about half-past 12, while passing madame's door on my way to my room, I suddenly heard voices raised in altercation, a sharp sound—a smashing of glass, and then a sudden hush.

In the corridor I stood listening, when of a sudden the door was cautiously opened, and the Chanteuse peered forth, her face blanched to the lips.

"You!" she gasped in French, noticing me. Then she held her breath, and I saw that her discovery of my presence for a moment held her petrified. But in an instant she recovered her self-possession.

She grasped my hand, pulled me forcibly forward into the room, and in a hoarse whisper said:

"A dreadful thing has occurred! My husband has killed himself!"

"Your husband?" I gasped, glancing around the little salon. "Do you mean Prince Charles of Greece?"

"Yes," she said, hoarsely, starting when I uttered his name, then added: "He joined me yesterday with the object of obtaining from me some compromising letters. To night he demanded them, threatening me with a revolver. He struggled and—and it went off in his hand. He is in there!"

And she pointed to the room beyond. I dashed forward, and found the heir to the throne of Greece lying face downwards on the floor, motionless. He was dead.

She stood beside me trembling, her face haggard and white. Then we returned together to the salon.

"Will you assist me?" she implored. "Do I feel sure I can trust you. In this affair all scandal must be avoided. He is my husband, proof of which I can show you, but the authorities have no clue to his real identity. And as the death will be put down to suicide on account of his heavy losses this afternoon, the affair will be hushed up, as it is always here. All I want is your promise of secrecy."

In an instant I saw my opportunity. This woman was prepared to deal with me.

"I will give it on one condition only—namely, that you hand over to me those letters he desired to obtain."

"Never," she answered, drawing herself up quickly. "They shall never leave my hand."

"Then you are prepared for exposure?"

"Exposure! What do you mean?"

"That I listened to the altercation between you, and that the position of the wound in your husband's head is, in the light of my evidence, sufficient proof of any medicalist that the shot was fired from a further distance than an arm's length—that you yourself fired it!"

I looked steadily into her eyes as I uttered those words. The light died in an instant from her face, and she stood before me cowed, blanched to the lips.

"Then you would give me up!" she gasped. "You would declare to them that I killed him!"

She saw herself checkmated. She had, on finding herself discovered, and that I was aware of her husband's identity, confided in me, hoping thereby to obtain my assistance to help her out of an ugly situation. But beneath her outward chic and affected ingenuousness I detected some calm, clever design. I mentioned my name, and who I was. She started, glaring at me. She stood in silence in the center of the room, swaying uneasily, but suddenly bracing herself up, she took a key and re-entered the chamber where the dead man was lying, returning a few moments later with a large blue envelope secured with five seals, which she handed to me.

"Is that all?" I inquired, suspiciously.

"All, I swear," she answered. "Some curious revelations are, I believe, contained here. I could get thousands of francs for them if I sold them to a newspaper."

That had no doubt been her object. The fact becoming known that she was actually the widow of the prince would have greatly increased her popularity on the Paris variety stage.

I left the room, sought the hotel manager, and gave him madame's version of the unfortunate affair, namely, that her husband had committed suicide on account of his heavy losses.

We do not like suicides at Monte Carlo, therefore instant steps were of course taken to hush up the matter. Both the widow and myself were questioned by the police commissary, then she was allowed to leave, while the authorities, retaining the body as they always do, that night buried it in a nameless grave in that cemetery where suicides are so unceremoniously interred.

The night rapide bore madame to Paris, while later that same evening I stood in the petit-salon of the Villa Miltza, and greeted Eulalie, as she entered, brilliant in a handsome gown of pale blue chiffon.

Our hands clasped; our eyes met in silence.

"Princess," I said at last, handing her the packet when the door had closed, "I come to congratulate you."

"Congratulations!—On what?"

"Upon your freedom," I answered as calmly as I could. "The man to whom you were betrothed died six hours ago."

"Dead!" she gasped in bewilderment.

Then I explained the whole of the incidents. They were curious enough in all conscience, but still more remarkable were the startling facts revealed by the letters when we broke open the linen-lined envelope, and together examined them. A diary kept in a cheap pocketbook contained entries which were absolutely astounding. They proved conclusively that the man known as Prince Charles of Greece was none other than an adventurer named Rambert, and that the prince himself had died of fever while on a geographical expedition in the Congo state. Rambert, a French soldier who had lived in Corinth, and spoke Greek, greatly resembled the prince; and, seizing his papers, personified him, had come to Paris after five years' absence in Africa, and successfully deceived the Greek charge d'affaires as well as the royal family in Athens. For three years he had lived recklessly in the French capital, spending huge sums remitted from Athens through the minister, until his secret marriage with the diva of the variety stage had proved his undoing. Amadea, after three months of married life, had left him, first securing the formidable-looking envelope of which she noticed he was so careful, without, however, knowing what it really contained. Fearing that when he contracted his second marriage with the Princess Eulalie, the chanteuse, from motives of jealousy, might expose him, he strove to repossess himself of the evidence of his imposition, and his life was thereupon taken, whether by design or accident only his widow could tell.

At any rate, it was made entirely plain by the documents that the real Prince Charles had died, and that there was only one other European survivor of the expedition besides the man who had, like so many other evil-doers, preserved evidence of his own marvellous craft and ingenuity. This man was named Philippe, and on comparing a letter of his with the anonymous communication addressed to her royal highness we found the uneducated handwriting identical.

When we had thoroughly examined the whole of the writing contained in the packet, Eulalie's slim, delicate fingers closed over my hand. Her heart was so full that words failed her at first, but at length she faltered in a low voice that trembled with emotion:

"You have saved me from a fate which would have been worse than death. It was evident that this adventurer who so cleverly posed as the prince intended to marry me, and likewise plan that the woman Toriell's intention was to hold this evidence of his deception for the purpose of future blackmail. By your quick, unhesitating action, however, the truth is exposed, and I have escaped becoming the victim of an ingenious impostor."

"I have only fulfilled my promise," I answered, myself astounded at the revelations.

"Yes," she said, her breast rising and falling beneath her chignons—I can never thank you sufficiently. I can only remember you always—always."

"Ah, Eulalie!" I answered. "I love you—we love one another fondly—but it is all impossible. We must part, and our mutual recollections will be ever sweet, ever tender, ever sympathetic."

Then I revealed to her my real name and position.

She burst into tears, but presently, when she grew calm again, we held a long exchange of tender confidences, then, as she bade me au revoir, she allowed me to imprint a kiss of tender farewell upon her white, open brow.

Many times during the year that has just passed we have met, not as lovers, but as friends at the roulette table. Outside the royal families of Belgium and Greece I alone am aware of the real reason of the sudden breaking off of the royal engagement, while to the world the disappearance of Prince Charles of Greece from Paris is still an inscrutable mystery.

In the royal circle of Europe the Princess Eulalie has, however, found a man of her own choice, for only a fortnight ago her betrothal was officially announced to the young Prince Albert of Hohenzollern. Before me as I write is Eulalie's latest letter, a charming little note dated from the imperial palace of Potsdam, announcing her intention of marriage, promising me an invitation to the ceremony, and accompanying a superb ring which is now upon my finger, a souvenir of those well-remembered days of fervent and Platonic love at the Sign of the Seven Sins.

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The Bram Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on teaching 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. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, who he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cradling the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anisty, half-brother of Maitland, opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a letter from "Snath," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was told by a blow from "Snath's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland, advised, and regretted missing his engagement, Anisty masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartment during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called on his home and heard a woman's voice exclaiming. Anisty, 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 Anisty and the girl in his room. Again the over-whelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan himself narrowly avoids arrest. Janitor O'Hagan warned and dined the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective, duped by Anisty, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Bitter as poverty the cruel lash-cut round the horse's flanks; and as the hansom shot out at breakneck speed toward Fifth avenue, the girl covered back in her corner, shivering, staring wide-eyed at the man who had so coolly placed himself at her side.

This, then, was that nameless danger that had stalked her on the staircase, this the personality whose animosity toward her had grown so virulent that, even when consciously ignorant of its proximity, she had been repelled and frightened by its subtle emanations! And now—and now she was in his power!

Dazed with fear she started up, acting blindly on the primitive instinct to fly; and in another moment, doubtless, would have thrown herself boldly from the cab to the sidewalk, had her companion not seized her by the forearm and by simple force compelled her to resume her seat.

"Be still, you little fool!" he told her sharply. "Do you think that I'm going to let you go a third time? Not till I'm through with you. And if you scream, by the powers, I'll throttle you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Retribution.

She sank back, speechless. Anisty glanced her up and down without visible emotion, then laughed unpleasantly—the hard and unyielding laugh of brute man brutally impassioned.

"This silly ass, Maitland," he observed, "isn't really as supercilious as he seems. I find him quite a convenience—and I suppose that ought to be trotted up to his credit, since it's because he's got the good taste to resemble me. . . . Consider his thoughtfulness in providing me this cab! What'd I've done without it? To tell the truth I was quite at a loss to frame it up, how to win your consent to this giddy elopement, back there in the hall. But dear heart! Mister Maitland, bless his innocent head! fixes it all up for me. . . . And so," concluded the criminal with ironic relish—"and so I've got you, my lady."

He looked at her in sidelong fashion, speculative, calculating, relentless. And she bowed her head, assenting. "Yes—"

"You're dead right, little woman. Got you. Um-mmm."

She made no reply; she could have made none aside from raising an outcry, although now she was regaining something of her shattered poise, and with it the ability to accept the situation quietly, for a little time (she could not guess how long she could endure the strain), pending an opportunity to turn the tables on this, her persecutor.

"What is it," she said presently, with some effort—"what is it you wish with me?"

"I have my purpose," with a grim smile.

"You will not tell me?"

"You've guessed it, my lady; I will not—just yet. Wait a bit."

She spurred her flagging spirit until it flashed defiance. "Mr. Anisty!"

"Yes?" he responded with a curling lip, cold eyes to hers.

"I demand—"

"No you don't!" he cut her short with a snarl. "You're not in a position to demand anything. Maybe it would



"You—You Mean You Would Shoot Me?" She Whispored.

be as well for you to remember who you're dealing with."

"And—?"—heart sinking again.

"And I've been made a fool of just as long as I can stand for it. I'm a crook—I like myself, my lady, but with more backbone and some pride in being at the head of my profession. I'm wanted in a dozen places; I'll spend the rest of my days in the pen, if they ever get me. Twice to-day I've been within an ace of being nabbed—kindness of you and your Maitland. Now—I'm desperate and determined. Do you connect?"

"What—?" she asked, breathlessly. "I can make you understand, I fancy. To-night, instead of dropping to the backyard and slipping over the fences to safety, I took the fire-escape up to the top-flat—something a copper would never think of—and went through to the hall. Why? Why? To interrupt the tender tete-a-tete Maitland had planned. Why again? Because, for one thing, I've never yet been beaten at my own game; and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. Moreover, no man yet has ever laid hands on me in anger and not regretted it." The criminal's voice fell a note or two, shaking with somber passion. "I'll have that pup's hide yet!" he swore.

The girl tried to nerve herself. "It—it doesn't seem to strike you," she began, controlling her voice by sheer strength of purpose, "that I have only to raise my voice to bring all Broadway to my rescue."

"For by now the cab had sheered off into that thoroughfare, and was rocking rapidly south, between glittering walls of light. A surface car swooped down upon them, and past, making night hideous with gong and drumming trucks, and drowning Anisty's response. For which reason he chose to repeat it, with added emphasis. "You try it on, my lady, and see what happens."

She had no answer ready, and he proceeded, after waiting a moment: "But you're not going to be such a fool. You have no pleasure in the prospect of seeing the inside of the Tombs, yourself; and, besides, you ought to know me well enough to know."

"What?" she breathed, in spite of herself.

Anisty folded his arms, thrusting the right hand beneath his coat.

"Maitland got only one of my guns," he announced, ironically. "He'd've got the contents of the other, only he chose to play the fool and into my hands. Now I guess you understand"—and turning his head he fixed her with an inflexible glare, chill and heartless as steel—"that one squeal out of you will be the last. Oh, I've got no scruples; arrest to me means a living death. I'll take a short course, by preference, and—I'll take you with me for company."

"You—you mean you would shoot me?" she whispered, incredulous.

"Like a dog," he returned with uncton.

"You, a man, would—would shoot a woman?"

"You're not a woman, my lady;

you're a crook. Just as I'm not a man; I'm a crook. We're equals, sexless, soulless. You seem to have overlooked that. Amateurs often do. To-night I made you a fair proposition, to play square with me and profit. You chose to be naughty. Now you see the other side of the picture."

"Bravado?" Or deadly purpose? How could she tell? Her heart misgave her; she crushed herself away from him as from some abnormally vicious, loathly reptile.

He understood this; and regarded her with a confident leer, inscrutably strong and malevolent.

"And there is one other reason why you will think twice before making a row," he clinched his case. "If you did that, and I weakly permitted the police to nab and walk us off, the business would get in the papers—your name and all; and—what'd Maitland think of you then, my lady? What'd he think when he read that Dan Anisty had been pinched on Broadway in company with the little woman he'd been making eyes at—whom he was going, in his fine manlike way, to reach down a hand to and yank up out of the gutter and redeem—and all that slush? Eh?"

And again his low evil laugh made her shudder. "Now, you won't risk that. You'll come with me and behave, I guess, all right."

She was dumbly stupefied with misery.

He turned upon her sharply.

"Well?" Her lips moved in soundless assent—lips as pallid and bloodless as the wan young face beneath the small, inconspicuous hat.

The man grunted impatiently; yet was satisfied, knowing that he had her now completely under control; a condition not hard to bring about in a woman who, like this, was worn out with physical fatigue and overwrought with nervous strain. The conditions had been favorable, the result was pre-eminently comfortable. She would give him no more trouble.

The hansom swerved suddenly across the car-tracks and pulled up at the curb. Anisty rose with an exclamation of relief and climbed down to the sidewalk, turning, and extending a hand to assist the girl.

"Come!" he said, imperatively. "We've no time to waste."

For an instant only she harbored a fugitive thought of resistance; then his eyes met hers and held them, and her mind seemed to go blank under his steadfast and domineering regard. "Come!" he repeated sharply. Trembling, she placed a hand in his and somehow found herself by his side. Regardless of appearances the man retained her hand, merely shifting it beneath his arm, where a firm pressure of the elbow held it as in a vise. "You needn't wait," he said curtly to the caddy; and swung about, the girl by his side.

"No nonsense now," he warned her tensely, again thrusting a hand in his breast pocket significantly.

"I understand," she breathed faintly, between closed teeth.

She had barely time to remark the

towering white facade of upper-Broadway's tallest skyscraper ere she was half led, half dragged into the entrance of the building.

The marble slabs of the vestibule echoed strangely to their footsteps—those slabs that shake from dawn to dark with the tread of countless feet. They moved rapidly toward the elevator-shaft, passing on their way deserted cigar and news-stands shrouded in dirty brown clothes. By the dark and silent well, where the six elevators (of which one only was alight and ready for use) stood motionless as if slumbering in utter weariness after the gigantic exertions of the day, they came to a halt; and a chair was scraped noisily on the floor as a night watchman rose, rubbing his eyes and yawning, to face them.

Anisty opened the interview brusquely. "Is Mr. Bannerman in now?" he demanded.

The watchman opened his eyes wider, losing some of his sleepy expression; and observed the speaker and his companion—the small, shrinking, frightened-looking little woman who bore so heavily on her escort's arm, as if ready to drop with exhaustion.

It appeared that he knew Maitland by sight, or else thought that he did.

"Or, ye're Mister Maitland, ain't you?" he said. "Nope; if Mister Bannerman's in his office, I dunno nothin about it."

"He was to meet me here at two," Anisty affirmed. "It's a very important case. I'm sure he must be along immediately, if he's not upstairs. You're sure—?"

"Nah, I ain't sure. He may've been there all night, fr all I know. But I'll take you up 'f you want," with a doubtful glance at the girl.

"This lady is one of Mr. Bannerman's clients, and in great trouble." The self-styled Maitland laid his hand in a protecting gesture over the fingers on his arm; and pressed their cruelty. "I think we will go up, thank you. If Bannerman's not in, I can phone him. I've a pass-key."

The watchman appeared satisfied; Maitland's social standing was guaranteed enough.

"All right, sir. Step in."

The girl made one final effort to hang back. Anisty's brows blackened. "By God!" he told her in a whisper "If you dare . . ."

And somehow she found herself at his side in the steel cage, the gate's clang ringing loud in her ears. The motion of the car, shooting upwards with rapidly increasing speed, made her slightly giddy. Despite Anisty's supporting arm she reeled back against the wall of the cage, closing her eyes. The man observed this with covert satisfaction.

As the speed decreased she began to feel slightly stronger, and again opened her eyes. The floor numbers, black upon a white ground, were steadily slipping down; the first she recognized being 19. The pace was sensibly decreased. Then with a slight jar the elevator stopped at 22.

"You know the way?"

"Perfectly," replied Anisty. "Two flights up—in the tower."

"Right. When you wants me, ring."

The car dropped like a plummet, leaving them in darkness—or rather in a thick gloom but slightly moderated by the moonlight streaming in at windows at either end of the corridor. Anisty gripped the girl more roughly.

"Now, my lady! No shennanigan!"

A futile, supercilious reminder. Temporarily at least she was become as wax in his hands. So complex had been the day's emotions, so severe her nervous tension, so heavy the tax upon her stamina, that she had lapsed into a state of subjective consciousness, in which she responded without purpose, almost dreamlike to the suggestions of the stronger will.

Wearily she stumbled upon the two brief flights of stairs leading to the tower-like cupola of the skyscraper; two floors superimposed upon the roof with scant excuse save that of giving the building the distinction of being the loftiest in that section of the city—certainly not to lend any finishing touch of architectural beauty to the edifice.

On the top landing a door confronted them, its glass panel shining dimly in the darkness. Anisty paused, unceremoniously thrusting the girl to one side and away from the head of the staircase; and here fumbled in a pocket, presently producing a jingling bunch of keys. For a moment or two she heard him working at the lock and muttering in an undertone—probably swearing—and then, with a click, the door swung open.

The man thrust a hand inside, touched an electric switch, flooding the room with light, and motioned the girl to enter. She obeyed passively, thoroughly subjugated, and found herself in a large and well-furnished office, apparently the inter of two rooms. The glare of electric light at first partly blinded her; and she halted instinctively a few steps from the door, waiting for her eyes to become accustomed to the change.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE SUCCESSFUL DASH AND WON

AN AMERICAN HAS FOUND THE NORTH POLE AND IS COMING BACK.

OUR FLAG FLOATS THERE

The Silence of Eighteen Months Is Broken With News of the Discovery.

A telegram received at the colonial office, Copenhagen, says that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Brooklyn, N. Y., Arctic explorer, planted the stars and stripes on the north pole April 21, 1908.

Dr. Cook is on board the Danish government stamer Hans Egede, which passed Lerwick, Shetland islands, en route for Denmark.

The telegram announcing Dr. Cook's achievement was sent by a Greenland official on board the steamer and read as follows:

"We have on board the American traveler, Dr. Cook who reached the north pole April 21, 1908. Dr. Cook arrived at Upernivik, (the northernmost Danish settlement in Greenland, on an island off the west coast) in May, 1909, from Capt York (in the northwest part of Greenland, on Baffin's bay)."

Dr. Cook started on his present expedition in the summer of 1907, sailing from North Sydney, C. B. on board the schooner John R. Bradley, with Capt Moses Bradley as sailing master.

The Cook expedition left 79 degrees north March 3, 1908, taking with it eight Esquimos four sledges and 12 dog teams.

Nothing has been heard from Dr. Cook for the last 18 months. A special committee of the Arctic club has, however, made careful calculations upon his probable whereabouts and had reached the conclusion that Dr. Cook had discovered the pole.

It was Dr. Cook's plan to make his base of supplies or permanent camp at Annatoak, in Greenland, about 20 miles north of Etah. This would place him about 1,000 miles from the north pole. He first made his way westward out of the cache and across to Ellsmere Land. The Arctic club calculates that he reached this position in the spring of 1908. The last news received from him was dated March 17, 1908, when he was near Cape Thomas Hubbard.

He then reported that his health was excellent; that he had picked up a large party of Eskimo of superior intelligence, and that his prospects for success were bright. He intended to push on to the northern point of Grantland and from there start his dash to the pole in the winter of 1908. Should Dr. Cook have been successful full he will have preceded any possible success by Peary for a year. It is Peary's intention to spend the winter at about latitude 83 degrees on the Greenland coast and make his dash northward in the spring.

Dr. Cook's expedition owes its existence to the interest of John R. Bradley, a New York millionaire, in Arctic explorations, and the plans of Dr. Cook.

Dr. R. T. Davidson of Brooklyn, a personal friend of Dr. Cook, received a cablegram from Dr. Cook Wednesday saying that he was well and that his expedition had been a success. The message, dated at Copenhagen, did not say whether the explorer had reached the pole. The information it contained was forwarded to Mrs. Cook, the explorer's wife, at South Harpswell, Maine.

Geo W. Melville, U. S. N., retired, who conducted several expeditions into the Arctic regions, was inclined to discredit the report from Copenhagen that the north pole had been discovered by Dr. Cook.

When asked what would be the value of Cook's discovery if the authenticity of the report was confirmed, Admiral Melville said:

"For one thing it would put an end to the Arctic fad. The only use to which the discovery could be put would be of a scientific nature. If the exact point of the north pole has been located it would be possible to erect a pendulum and measuring its movement and later removing the same pendulum to the equator for similar measurement there, the exact weight of the earth could be computed. The attraction of the earth to heavenly bodies and vice versa would also be thereby determined."

Silas E. Carter and wife, 72 and 70, of Eaton Rapids, celebrated their golden wedding on the farm, they have lived on since their marriage, a mile from where Mrs. Carter was born.

The board of health has begun cleaning out Boardman river, which winds through Traverse City in a horseshoe curve. The accumulations of garbage and refuse which for years have lain along the banks will be carried far out in the bay.

Shiawassee county officials are endeavoring to identify the persons who placed fence rails across the roads to intercept automobiles. Thursday night George Fulton with four companions in a big touring car struck a rail and the car was ditched. All were thrown out and severely bruised. A number of complaints have been received from different victims.

Mrs. Alma Long, widow of the late Justice Charles D. Long of the Michigan supreme court, died Wednesday morning at her home, in Detroit, largely from the effects of a fall down stairs which she suffered two weeks ago. Mrs. Long had been blind for two years, and she missed her way when coming down stairs.

Harry Lake, who is alleged to have purchased two lots of liquor from a Flint drug store and imbibed too freely, later being arrested and jailed, has been identified as a paroled prisoner from the Ionia reformatory, and will be sent back there to complete his two-year term.

ONE ON JOHNNY.



He was a balmy-headed Johnny, with little cash. She was both pretty and pert. He said: "Do you know Dolly, I am something of a miser? I can take almost anybody off." She said: "Then take yourself off, old boy. I'm expecting some one to take me to supper."

HAD AWFUL WEEPING ECZEMA

Face and Neck Were Raw—Terrible Itching, Inflammation and Soreness—All Treatments Failed.

Cuticura Proved a Great Success.

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my pillow to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema fished so that it seemed as though I could tear my face all to pieces. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. Miss Ann Pearsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

Porter Drug & Chemical Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

All in Fight Against Tuberculosis.

Prevention of tuberculosis versus dividends is the proposition which some of our largest insurance companies are now trying to establish. The Metropolitan Life recently applied for permission to erect a sanatorium for its policy holders and employees afflicted with tuberculosis, but the application was refused on grounds of illegality by New York State Superintendent of Insurance Hotchkiss. The company is, however, conducting an active educational campaign by distributing 3,500,000 pamphlets among its policy holders. The Provident Savings Life Assurance society has also established a health bureau, where its policy holders may receive free medical advice. Several fraternal orders, notably the Modern Woodmen, Knights of Pythias, Royal League, Royal Arcanum and Workmen's Circle, have already established or are contemplating the erection of sanatoria for their tuberculous members.

Gender.

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am," cried the quick-witted Martha, "it was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly, "you may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

About Time.

Dorothy—Can I have some water to christen my doll, mamma?

Mother—Oh! no I don't like you to play with water.

Dorothy—Well, can I have some wax to waxuate her? I'm sure she ought to have something done by now I've had her three months—Windsor Magazine.

Still Inimitable.

First Cricket—Men are flying.

Second Cricket—Perhaps, but they can't make music with their legs.

It's hard for some accountants to get their balance fore quitting work, but a darned sight harder regaining their equilibrium fore starting.

IT WORKS

The Laborer Eats Food That Would Wreck an Office Man.

Men who are actively engaged at hard work can sometimes eat food that would wreck a man who is more closely confined.

This is illustrated in the following story:

"I was for 12 years clerk in a store working actively and drank coffee all the time without much trouble until after I entered the telegraph service."

"There I got very little exercise and drinking strong coffee, my nerves were unsteady and my stomach got weak and I was soon a very sick man. I quit meat and tobacco and in fact I stopped eating everything which I thought might affect me except coffee, but still my condition grew worse, and I was all but a wreck."

"I finally quit coffee and commenced to use Postum a few years ago, and I am speaking the truth when I say, my condition commenced to improve immediately and today I am well and can eat anything I want without any bad effects, all due to shifting from coffee to Postum."

"I told my wife today I believed I could digest a brick if I had a cup of postum to go with it."

"We make it according to directions boiling it full 20 minutes and use good rich cream and it is certainly delicious."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

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

P. S. NEAL, Publisher.

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

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

Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday 6 p. m.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEPT. 3, 1909.

Honors for Townsend.

Congressman Charles E. Townsend seems to be a close political adviser of President Taft. Mr. Townsend goes to New York this week to confer with the Interstate Commerce commission relative to legislation to be enacted by congress at the coming session, which Mr. Townsend is expected to introduce in the house and is one of a committee of five close friends of the president to go over the general political situation. After a conference at New York this committee will go to Beverly. There the president will consult them relative to the politics to be adopted by his administration and the main features of his coming message to congress. Mr. Townsend is the only member of the House who is on the committee, the other four being either members of the cabinet or the closest unofficial personal and political friends of Mr. Taft.

Judge Henry Hulbert.

Gov. Warner has appointed Henry S. Hulbert to be associate judge of the probate court at Detroit. The new judge will have charge of the juvenile court and the appointment is made under an act of the last legislature and takes effect with the new act this month. This is one of the most popular appointments that the governor has ever made for Wayne county. No person in the county could have received a more unanimous endorsement from the general public and no man is apparently better qualified for the place.

The Free Press is now giving Governor Warner a rest and is busy knocking Congressman Townsend and his candidacy for U. S. Senator. Haven't noticed the Jackson papers getting so busy copying the Free Press knocks as they do when they are directed against the governor.

Size of Atlantic Cable.

The diameter of the Atlantic cable varies according to the depth of the water.

which it lies and the probabilities of interference from anchors. It is smallest in mid-ocean depths. There is little or no movement at the bottom, and it is important that the cable should not have great weight. A heavy cable in deep water would be difficult to bring up for repairs if such were needed. In the shallower water a heavier type of cable is used. The types are known as "shore end," "intermediate" and "deep sea." The diameters of the commercial cables are: Shore end, 2 1/2 inches; intermediate, 1 1/2 inches; deep sea, 1 inch.

A Mistake.

Most men feel absolutely sure that the trouble is that opportunity made a mistake in the number of the house. —Ohio State Journal.

A Woman's Reason.

A woman can have so many different reasons for loving a man she wants to love that it doesn't make any difference whether they are real or not. —New York Press.

\$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 foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. 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.]

Mrs. Lydia Moreland of Detroit is visiting friends in town.

O. S. Harger and family spent Saturday at Orchard lake.

M. T. Wallin of Detroit was calling on Northville friends Monday.

John Emery of Detroit visited his sister, Mrs. Susie Woolley, Tuesday.

Mrs. M. E. Connor of Berlin, Ont. is a guest at the home of N. Neilson.

C. S. Harger of Rochester spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger.

Mrs. C. P. Phillips of Saginaw is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. W. Hutton.

Miss Mildred Wilkins of Detroit has been spending the week with Miss Gladys Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark, son and daughter spent one day last week with Detroit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Burley Randall of Inkster spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Judd Lanning.

Miss Gladys Chapman of Ypsilanti spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Blanche Clark.

Miss Ruth Velick of Detroit was the guest of Miss Ina Smitherman Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Pickett and two daughters of Ypsilanti were guests of Northville friends part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lawrence of Lansing are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marks.

The Misses Pearl and Bertha Palmer of Ypsilanti are visiting Mrs. N. I. Coll for a week or so.

Mrs. P. C. Mosner and little son of Gero are guests of her brother, Wallace Bishop, and family.

Arthur Bruske of Detroit spent Sunday and Monday at the home of Geo. Smitherman and family.

Wilbur Sweet, wife and son of Adrian were guests of Chas. Sweet and family a part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. VanAtta from near South Lyon spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. W. D. Stark.

Mrs. T. S. Murdock and granddaughter, Lydella Murdock, returned Tuesday from their eastern trip.

Miss Hattie Shepson of Interlaken, N. Y. has been visiting her cousins, Mrs. Baker and Mr. Neal, this week.

Rev. and Mrs. S. F. Dimmuck of Kenosha, Wis. were guests of friends in town from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnson of Detroit spent Sunday with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson.

The Misses Edna and Det Shepley of Detroit visited their sister, Mrs. F. G. Butler, from Monday until Thursday.

Mrs. E. C. Hillburn and two daughters of Coldwater are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Garfield.

Mrs. E. Y. Holcomb left Monday on the News Boys excursion to Mackinac Island to visit her brother, B. F. Emery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carpenter of Little Rock, Ark., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thornton Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chamberlain and children of Detroit were over Sunday guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor.

Miss Geraldine Darlington and brother, Kenneth, of Battle Creek were guests of Northville friends from Saturday until Tuesday.

Hazel, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Steinhoff of Detroit, is visiting at the home of her cousin, Freeman G. Butler, in Bealtown.

M. Brock and family entertained Rev. Mr. Selris and J. L. Payne of Howell and the Misses Cole and Stoddard of Oak Grove last week.

Mr. and Mrs. VanCamp of Parcelville, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Brock and Miss Edna Sterling left Monday for a lake trip to Mackinaw and other points.

Mrs. T. P. Collins and daughter, Grace, and Miss Ella Cotton of Tecumseh were guests of Mrs. Geo. Stimpson the latter part of last week.

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

YOU TAKE NO RISK.

If you suffer constipation in any form, we believe we can furnish you permanent relief. If we fail, the medicine will cost you nothing. We want you to try Rexall Orderlies. They are eaten like candy, do not gripe or purge, cause no inconvenience whatever, and can be taken any time day or night. Try them today at our risk. Two sizes, 10c. and 25c.

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

Unbelievable RELIEF

from the pain and misery of Sciatic, Chronic, Acute, Inflammatory, Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, can be obtained from a single bottle of

CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale at 50c a bottle by "For Sale by All Druggists."

Mrs. E. W. Porter of Bay City is visiting her father, A. J. Welsh.

Ross Dixon has been visiting at Detroit and Sylvan lake for a week or so.

J. D. Meseraull and wife spent Sunday with friends in North Farmington.

J. M. Green and wife are spending the week with relatives at St. Clair Flats.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnot of Milan visited their son, Howard, and family over Sunday.

Mrs. Flora Maloin leaves Sunday for Detroit, where she will make her future home.

Walter Mosher of Detroit spent Wednesday with his mother, Mrs. Carrie Mosher.

Miss Hilda Dayton of Cleveland, Ohio, was a guest at Fred Van Valkenburg's Wednesday.

William Matteson of Albany, N. Y. visited his aunt, Mrs. Hakes, the latter part of last week.

Miss Hazel Barrett of Walled Lake is spending the week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. James Shaw.

B. A. VanTassel of Paragould, Ark., is visiting his brother-in-law, H. A. DesAutels, for a week.

H. A. DesAutels of the Newcomb-Endicott & Co. of Detroit is home for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Herman Voigt and Miss Jeannette Cooper of Detroit visited Mrs. Cavell a part of last week.

Geo. Barley of Saginaw called on his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley, the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Whitehead and daughter, Mary, of Chicago spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor.

Mrs. L. A. Babbitt and Mrs. F. W. Woodman returned Monday from a trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Ida Lee, daughter, Inza, and Miss Gladys Johnson returned Saturday from a two-weeks' visit in Sparta.

Mrs. Gidley of Corunna and the Misses Alice and Amelia Herriman of Ypsilanti spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Meseraull.

Mrs. Jennie Burrell has returned to her home in Honeoye Falls after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. H. O. Wald.

Mrs. Raymond Sigler and daughter, Vivian, of South Lyon spent Wednesday and Thursday with the former's father, Frank Brown.

Mrs. Sarah VanVleet, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Starkweather the past week, returned to her home in Detroit Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman G. Butler and the Misses Dot and Edna Shepley of Detroit left Thursday night to visit Mr. Butler's old home in Simcoe, Canada.

Mrs. Stella Harwood of Hale spent Saturday and Mrs. Robt. Chamberlain and Mrs. W. M. Wixom spent Wednesday with Mrs. Della Harmon.

Miss Ira Hubbard left yesterday for Lansing, where she will be visiting a few days before taking her work as sixth grade teacher in the Battle Creek school.

Mrs. Walter Dingman and three children of Wyandotte are visiting her mother, Mrs. Sarah Lapham, on north center street. Mr. Dingman spent Sunday with them.

Mrs. Ed. Taylor and children of Detroit were guests of Northville relatives the latter part of last week and the fore part of this. Mr. Taylor was out to spend Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stark entertained Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith and three sons of Lansing last Sunday when they were making a trip from Lansing to Detroit with their auto.

R. B. Lawrence and wife and Joe Elchiron and family returned to their home in St. Louis, Mo. Sunday after spending a couple of weeks with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lawrence.

Best plows on earth Nos. 98 and 99 Oliver Chilled C & H.

You'll have a good time if you attend the Royal Neighbors ice cream social on the Ardell lawn tomorrow evening.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

STATE FAIR VISITORS

Will Enjoy a Call at Connolly's Jewelry House.

Michigan readers visiting the State Fair at Detroit, September 2 to 10, should not neglect the opportunity of inspecting the elaborate stock of diamonds and other gems, jewelry, watches, fine clocks, cut glass and fancy articles displayed at the well-known establishment of Hugh Connolly, corner of State and Griswold streets, opposite Chamber of Commerce, one block north of the City Hall. The store has recently been remodeled and refitted. An optical department is an important feature. Michigan visitors will be cordially welcomed.

Miss Irene Dixon spent last week in Windsor.

Miss Rose Abbing of Morenci is the guest of Miss Ruth Gills.

Harry White returned home Tuesday from a ten days' sojourn with Detroit and Romeo friends.

Miss Ethyl Neelands, who has been spending the summer at Higgins lake, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dingman returned Wednesday from a week's visit with the latter's sister at Straits Lake.

Mrs. Wm. Scott and Mrs. John Dawson of Pontiac, Mrs. D. Ross of Sylvan lake and Mrs. E. Laplin of Grand Rapids were guests at the Dixon home Tuesday.

Miss Carolyn Babbitt is visiting her brother, Kern, at their summer home at Falmouth, Mass. and during her absence her sister, Mrs. H. F. Brown, is at the parental home assisting in the care of her mother.

Miss Laura Raymond, who had been the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. DeC. Evans, the past few weeks, returned to her home in Detroit Sunday evening. Her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Raymond, spent Sunday here.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The superintendent of the Sunday school hopes to see every teacher and scholar in place next Sunday when we resume our work for the next year. The lesson is—"Paul at Miletus." Acts 20:17-35.

The pastor and family have returned from their vacation and services will be resumed next Sunday. The sermon at 10:30 a. m. will be on "Each and All." At 7 p. m. "The Tennysons and Holmes Centennials."

The Ladies' Missionary society will hold their next meeting and quarterly tea at Mrs. J. O. Knapp's on Wednesday afternoon of next week. The ladies are planning for a fine supper and wish to make this a general social gathering for the beginning of the church work. Supper 15 cents. Gentlemen invited to tea at 5:30.

Don't forget the Royal Neighbors ice cream social on the Ardell lawn tomorrow, Saturday, night.

Goblets of Ice.

Goblets-made of ice for use in hot weather originated in Holland, where they are widely used. This novelty has been introduced in the United States and is used at a number of soda fountains in the larger cities in the eastern states. After removal from the molds the goblet is placed in a sheath of parchment paper and kept in cold storage. Of course, it can be used but once and is then thrown away.—Soda Fountain Magazine.

Loyal to His Kirk.

At an hotel in Glasgow, Scotland, a man finding that the person he was waiting for could not give him certain information, "do you belong to the establishment?" To which the waiter replied, "No, sir, I belong to the Free Church."

"He has been a member of acquaintance, but I am not a member of wide acquaintance."—Post.

If Women

What a Heap of Happiness Bring to Northville Homes.

Mrs. Henry Garfield of Northville, Mich., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly an excellent remedy and I do not hesitate to recommend them to anyone afflicted with backache and kidney complaint. For a long time I suffered from pains in the small of my back and I had no energy or ambition. I tried various remedies but received no permanent benefit from them. Finally I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and deciding to give them a trial, I procured a supply at Murdoch Bros. drug store. A short time after I commenced using them, I was entirely relieved."

The above statement was given on November 20, 1908 and was confirmed by Mrs. Garfield on March 6, 1909. She also said that her cure had been permanent. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Bed Blankets

Note the line and prices in our East Show Window. A Good Blanket as low as.....55c

Extra Good Quality Outing Flannels, yard.....8 to 10c

Extra Good Quality Shaker Flannels, yard.....5 to 10c

Notice the line of Goods and Prices in our West Show Window.

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

PA'S NEW HAT

RESOLVED!!!

DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH ON YOUR MIND AT ONE TIME. THE BEST THING YOU CAN HAVE ON YOUR MIND IS A NEW HAT. WHEN YOU MEET PEOPLE THE FIRST THING THEY SEE IS YOUR HEAD. BUSTER BROWN

LET US PUT THIS ON YOUR MIND. WE SHINE IN THE HAT BUSINESS. THE JACKS HATS WE CARRY MAKE US SHINE IN THE HAT BUSINESS. JUST AS SOON AS THE STYLES ORIGINATE ON BROADWAY WE HAVE THEM IN OUR STORE. YOU WISH A NEW HAT DO YOU NOT? YOU KNOW AN OLD HAT OR AN OUT-OF-DATE HAT WILL KNOCK THE SHINE OFF OF THE FINEST SUIT OF CLOTHES. COME IN AND LET US SHOW YOU THAT HAT YOU NEED.

FREYDL, the Tailor

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

SOMETHING For Nothing

The Record

AND

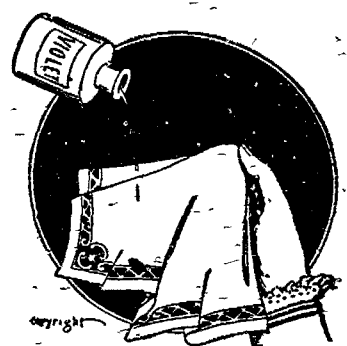
Mich. Farmer

Only January 1, 1910 for

25 Cents

This applies to New Subscribers or Old Ones who Pay in Advance. Offer holds good during the month of December.

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 bottle 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, Sept. 12
BAY CITY

Train will leave Northville at 9:27 a. m.; Returning leaves Bay City at 6:30 p. m.

ROUND TRIP RATES
TO FLINT.....\$1.00
SAGINAW & BAY CITY \$1.50

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. barn 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 6:05 a. m. (except Sunday), 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 8:10, 10:45 p. m. and 12:25 a. m.

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

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

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

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

Try a Liner in the Record

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Pomeroy is quite ill. Joe Montgomery is able to ride out.

Have you purchased your State Fair ticket yet?

Mrs. Dean Griswold has been much worse this week.

Mrs. J. M. McVicar of Royal Oak is seriously ill with rheumatism.

Miss Lora Bristol is the new telephone girl at the Plymouth office.

The K. O. T. M. will meet this (Friday) evening, Sept. 3, at the usual hour.

Call in and see the phonograph Schrader Bros. are giving away with cash trade.

Ed. Vanderhoof has accepted a position as motorman on the D. U. R. in Detroit.

N. I. Celf and family are moving into the VanZile house at the foot of Main street this week.

Last chance tomorrow (Saturday) to get State Fair tickets for 35 cents. They go to 50 cents on Monday.

The Royal Neighbors will hold an ice cream social on the "Arden" lawn tomorrow (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. Lou VanValkenburg has been quite poorly the past two weeks. She is a little better and able to be out again.

Walter Pink and family have moved from the Britton house on Wing street to Mr. Scott's cottage on Church street.

The ladies of the Second Division of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale in S. W. Knapp's store tomorrow, Sept. 4.

If you are going to the State Fair next week buy your tickets today or tomorrow. You can't get them next week for less than fifty cents.

William Todd has purchased the barber shop of Lee Shipley to the old postoffice building. Mr. Shipley will remain with Mr. Todd for a time.

The regular business meeting of the Epworth League will be held next Monday evening in the church parlors. All members and officers are requested to be present.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Parmenter died Tuesday night and the funeral was held from the house yesterday afternoon, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating.

Mrs. Emily Swift is now nicely settled in her new home on the corner of Dunlap and Wing streets. Mrs. Huldah Simmons is making her home with her.

A number of Northville people received invitations from B. F. Emery of Mackinac Island to the unveiling ceremonies of the statue of Pere Marquette which took place in that place Wednesday.

The paving along the east side of Center street from Mrs. Tinkham's millinery store south to Main street is just as badly needed as it ever was. The council cannot spend any village money to a better advantage.

Earl Stimpson went to Brighton Friday to catch for the Plymouth team in a game of ball between Brighton and Plymouth and won the game. Today he will go to Milford to catch in a game there.

John M. Joslin has accepted a position as confidential clerk with the Northwestern States Portland Cement Co. at Mason City, Iowa, and left this week to take up his new work, at a liberal salary. L. A. Real is the manager of the concern.

Miss Edith Rice, who has been employed at the Inter-County (Bell) telephone office here four months or so past, has resigned to accept a position with the A. D. T. (long distance) company at Detroit. She left Wednesday for her new position.

The alarm of fire Monday afternoon was caused by a slight blaze around the iron chimney of the kitchen roof at the Methodist parsonage. A few pails of water did the last act just as the fire department arrived after a quick run about thirty seconds from the first stroke of the telephone gong.

Prof. J. J. Hornberger has been engaged as superintendent of the Williamston schools and left Tuesday for his work in that place. He will move his family to Ann Arbor until such a time as a suitable house can be secured at his new place of work.

Williamston is one of the nicest and most beautiful villages in the state. Northville is congratulating Williamston people on being able to secure so excellent a teacher.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

H. M. White is much better. Dr. Johnson remains about the same.

Mrs. Louisa Barrett is a little better.

The first frost of the season Wednesday night.

The All Stars of Novi will play the Juniors here in a game of ball Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Clarkson went to Detroit Wednesday to join with relatives in a surprise picnic in honor of her sister, Miss Ella Nash, whose birthday occurred on that day. Mrs. E. A. Merritt was also present.

Three of Northville's hustling grocers, B. A. Wheeler, C. E. Ryder and J. S. Haddock, have equipped their stores with one of the new Stimpson coffee mills. They are certainly great machines and do elegant work.

N. I. Celf and C. H. Sweet are building a very neat motor-boat to be equipped with Mr. Sweet's twelve hp. auto engine. The boat is twenty one feet long and is about the neatest looking craft ever seen in these parts. They will have it finished in a week or so and will then launch it on the Detroit river.

The Record suggests that after a fire is out that the fire department at once notify both telephone office and then cause to be rung five slow rings on the fire kong and then on the fire bell. This will notify the residents of the village that no further assistance is needed and everybody can again resume the tenor of their ways.

The apple crop in and around Northville will prove to be one of the best of years. Hiram Holmes has sold his crop on the trees for \$1,375; Ed. Starkweather gets \$1,200 for his and Robert Thompson pulls in an even \$1,000. Frank Hill gets \$3.55 a barrel and expects to lug out upwards of 700 barrels. All these orchards show the result of care and spraying.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Frances Yerkes of the Eighth grade was ill Tuesday.

Miss Sadie Hughes visited the Eighth grade Tuesday afternoon.

The Sixth grade pupils have added Mediaeval history to their list of studies.

The Sixth grade pupils have charge of the rest room for the grade building.

Gwyneth and Esther Pickett of Ypsilanti visited the High school Wednesday afternoon.

High school pupils do not forget the meeting for "Athletic" plans Monday at 3:30 p. m.

The school work is going along very nicely, the pupils appearing to have gotten rested during vacation and are now ready for work.

The Eighth grade and High school pupils have taken up a new study, which promises to be both interesting and instructive. It is Agriculture.

The first bell at noon rings at 12:15, while the last one calls school at 12:40 and as it rings only a few times it is advisable to start a little before this time.

Mrs. Mianer, the Seventh grade teacher, is reading her pupils the humorous story "The Widow & Callaghan's Boys," which is interesting them greatly.

The Third grade teacher, Mrs. Woolley is giving her pupils a course in nature study, having attended summer school for that purpose. The dragon fly was studied this week.

There is much rivalry in the High school concerning the furnishing of the rest room for the pupils and visitors. Each teacher has taken charge of a grade, and each grade is doing its best to out-do the other in giving good service. Several plans are afoot which promise rich returns. Watch our progress.

The scholars of the High school and grades are planning a rest room for each building and a hygienic drinking fountain to replace the unsanitary seats and cups which we have now. The pupils will try to raise the money for this by themselves but if any of the ladies in town wish to give aid it will be greatly appreciated. Just 'phone the superintendent and he will send the dry.

Eastest running plows on earth Nos. 42 and 43 Oliver Chilled C & H.

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



BRAZIL TO SHOW PRODUCTS.

South American Country Becomes Interest in the Michigan Fair, Coffee, Lumber and Various Other Things Exploited.

The government of Brazil will make an exhibit at the Michigan State Fair, which opens this year on Sept. 2 and continues until Sept. 10. Clifton D. Smith, of the Agricultural College at Piracicaba, has shipped to Detroit a great collection representing various products produced in that southern country. It consists of about everything grown in the tropics, and will be of great educational value to every one who attends the State Fair.

Brazil is a great coffee country and furnishes many countries of the world with a fine product in this line. Great varieties of this berry will be seen in the Brazilian exhibit. The berry will be shown hanging to branches in various stages of maturity. The lumber display will also be interesting. Mr. Smith in his letter to Secretary Butterfield says:

"The Brazilian exhibit will consist of the important kinds of lumber produced in the State of St. Paul. To keep this exhibit within bounds, yet to show the quality of timber, the specimens are relatively small and shown in the rough. It contains one hundred kinds of wood which the Michigan people will want before many years are past. After the fair is over this collection is to be sent to the Michigan Agricultural college.

"The exhibit also contains the various kinds of coffee grown in Brazil. This will require some expense to get into shape but I authorize Prof. Taft to attend to this and the Brazilian government will pay all bills. The State of St. Paul is producing as good coffee as can be found anywhere in the world, but it is also raising some very poor stuff. Most of the latter is kept for home consumption, but it is included in the samples. This coffee collection ought to be of value to Detroit merchants, and I suggest that it be kept in your chamber of commerce just to show what can be obtained here. With the coffee exhibit are samples of the soil, rich in iron, yet not poisonous to vegetation. I am also sending branches of coffee trees laden with fruit so the people can see just how the thing looks in nature."

LOW RATES FOR STATE FAIR.

Michigan Passenger Association Decides to Sell Tickets to Detroit for One and One-Half Fare, Round Trip.

The Michigan Passenger Association, which passes on the matter of granting special rates over railroads, has decided this year to give a rate to the Michigan State Fair, which opens in Detroit on September 2 and continues until September 10, of one and one-half fare for the round trip, from any given point in the state. This rate will be good all through the exhibition, and the tickets thus purchased may be used on returning as late as September 11.

The railroads, through this concession, will aid largely in swelling the crowds at the state fair and making it one of the greatest successes in the history of Michigan.

The management of the State Fair is now hard at work perfecting plans and arranging for the big fall event. Concessions are still being booked and some of the finest attractions to be secured will be seen at this fair.

There seems to be a strife on among the majority of states this year to make the annual exhibits more interesting and attractive than usual. Michigan has absorbed the same spirit and by the aid of enthusiastic officials, the event in Detroit will be worth traveling the entire length of Michigan to witness.

With cheap passenger rates and liberal shipping facilities for exhibitors, the management of the Michigan State Fair is planning for a great display the coming fall. It is suggested that persons who contemplate a trip this summer, defer such pleasure until fair week, take advantage of the low railroad rates and attend the big exhibit.

The offer of \$1,500 in prizes by the Michigan State Fair for the automobile races has brought out a flood of requests for entry blanks from fast drivers all over the country. Scores of automobile manufacturing concerns are going to enter cars. Among the first to make their entries are the Chalmers, Buick and Maxwell concerns.

These races will be the real thing, and records no doubt will be broken. The State Fair management plans to make this event one of the most exciting of the many attractions booked for this year. The races will be held two days—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3 and 4.

Lapham State Savings Bank

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

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

CHECKING ACCOUNTS INVITED.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. HARMON, PRES.
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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 Woollens. Call and compare prices with a reliable tailor.

Northville, G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

Wm. H. Ambler, Administrator.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. As a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the thirtieth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of GERTRUDE BLOOMER, deceased. Elmer F. DeKay, administrator of said estate, having tendered to this court his final administration accounts and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the twenty-eighth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. ERVIN R. PALMER, Deputy Register.

At the Commencement Game. She—Oh, isn't the man that throws the ball, on your side, just splendid! He sends it so they hit it every time. —Life.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA



Practical
HORSESHOEING
—All Work
Guaranteed.

SAUVIE & WALTER
NORTHVILLE. PROPRS.

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

MILLER'S
MEAT MARKET.
FRESH, SALT & SMOKED
MEATS.

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209 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
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CLARK'S
RESTAURANT
DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE.
FINEST COFFEE. PURE BUTTER
Nice 15 Cent Lunch.
Regular 30 Cent Dinner.
38 West Fort Street
Between City Hall and Post Office.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Official Anti-Cancer Preparation for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold Metallic
Tone sealed with Blue Ribbons.
Take no other. Buy of your
Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



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Estates Settled and Managed
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W. L. B. CLARK'S
MILK ROUTE

PURE STERILIZED MILK
Sweet and Rich 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

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

Putting One Past the Post

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Special Process Originated Within the Confines of the High Rollers' Club

DOCK FLOYD, Jack Cleland and Col. Powley, of the High Rollers' club set out from Reno, Nev., for San Francisco. They became acquainted with a George Hopkins, interested in Raw Hide mining properties.

Doc Floyd sat in the marble-finished rotunda of San Francisco's best hotel the morning after his arrival. He had finished with his newspaper and was gazing out upon the little park across the street filled with palms and beds of bright-hued flowers. Neither Col. Powley nor Jack Cleland had appeared, and he was rather glad when the young mining man had met on the train came upon him, and he was roused from his self-absorption by a cheery greeting. Looking up, he saw that young Hopkins no longer wore corduroys and heavy hunting boots, but was blue-berged, green-hatted and patent-leathered, and altogether sporty looking enough to belong to his own set.

"All alone, I see," remarked Hopkins as he touched Floyd upon the shoulder. "If you've not been to breakfast, I'd like to have you join me."

"I'd be pleased to," assented Floyd, who had grown hungry waiting for his friends. "Those fellows who came with me must be taking an extra portion of sleep this morning. I'll not wait any longer for them."

Down in the grillroom a breakfast was served, the equal of which is not to be had in any other city in the United States, excepting, perhaps, New Orleans. By the time Floyd and Hopkins had lit their cigarettes they were conversing as old friends.

"Oh, look who's arrived!" burst out Tony the Tout, upon catching sight of Floyd and his party. "If it isn't the Big Doctor, and I haven't seen him since Hamburg was a two-year old."

"And say," whispered Tony, in confidential tones, "find out tonight what business that young man who was with you this afternoon has with old Tom Camp. They were off in a corner for a long time and if your friend ain't some wise fish he's apt to be bit."

That night after dinner Floyd, in conversation with young Hopkins, cautiously led the talk up to Tom Camp, and then asked the flat footed question as to whether Hopkins had entered or was about to enter into any deal.

"Well, I'm rather ashamed of it, because it does look like a crooked deal," returned Hopkins, "but I'm a lot loser in the game, first and last, and it looks like a chance to get even, so I was going to take it. If you know anything about Camp, you know he has some of the best horses on the track. He says he's been in hard luck this winter and lost several thousand dollars bucking the faro bank. His proposition is for me to put in \$5,000 to help back a book. He will put in \$5,000 of his own money, making a good strong bank roll. The books are all making money now, and besides the even break we would get in on the regular play, Camp says he can fix a race or two so we can win some sure money. He is certain that we can pull out \$25,000 each in a week."

"That all listens well," broke in Floyd.

"What's the matter with it?" questioned Hopkins. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, anyway. You might queer my game for all I know."

"No, I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Floyd. "But I'll bet you five hundred now that if I don't save you, Camp will trim you for whatever you put in. If it's such a sure thing, what does he want with a partner to share the profits? Any time a man offers you something for nothing, look up your bank roll and keep your hand on your jewelry. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, it does look that way," assented Hopkins; "but you see he needs \$10,000 to make the book safe, and he only has about \$5,000 in ready money that he can lay his hands on. That's why he wants some one to come in with the other \$5,000."

"That's just what they all say, and now I'm convinced that you are scheduled to be the goat," announced Floyd. "Did he explain to you just how he was going to pull off one of those alleged 'sure things'?"

"Yes, there's a race on the card tomorrow in which he has a horse entered that can win. He also controls the only other contender in the race. He can throw the race to whichever horse he wants to. You know that's possible, don't you?"

"Yes, I've seen such things done, and then again I've seen them fall most awfully hard. I can see now how easy it will be for him to break the book and get your \$5,000 on one race. Come on up to my rooms and I'll initiate you into the art of beating the double cross, if there's any chance to do it; and if there isn't then you'd better keep your \$5,000 in the bank, or have a trustee appointed to look after it for you. You may be all right on a suzing proposition, but there are a lot of other things you've got to learn."

Within 15 minutes Floyd, with the aid of the telephone, had located Tony the Tout, and in another half hour that wise bug of the turf had arrived at Floyd's rooms, wondering for what he was wanted, and pleased all over to be summoned into the presence of so august a personage.

apart during the afternoon, having agreed to meet in a secluded spot on the grounds just before the race in which Camp had announced that a trick was to be turned.

"Are you sure of that tout?" was the anxious inquiry of Hopkins when he and Floyd finally met in consultation.

"Yes, he'd lose both legs sooner than throw me down," was the reply. "Now, what does Camp say?"

"He says he has instructed the book to take in all the bets they can get on Applejack. He has arranged with the owner of that one to lose and he will win with his own horse, Lemon Squeezer. He explains that it might be suspicious to the judges if he didn't win this race."

"That means," explained Floyd, "that he intends that Applejack is to win and his horse will be beaten out. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

"Oh, about \$500."

"Well, go in the ring and make five \$100 bets on Lemon Squeezer, but don't bet it in our book. Camp has given instructions to his bookmakers to give a shade the best price on the other fellow's horse. He will have commissioners there to get his own money down quick and bet enough to win out the bank roll on that one race. That's the way he's got it fixed to win our \$5,000."

The two separated and entered the betting ring from different ends of the inclosure. Floyd noticed that, true to

front, while next in order and close behind came Lemon Squeezer, both horses running easily. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance it could be seen that the race was between the first two horses, and the others were strung out in single file. In the stretch came Applejack, running without effort, with Lemon Squeezer within safe call. A smile of contentment rested upon the face of Tom Camp, down at the end of the grandstand, while Floyd's countenance wore a worried look and young Hopkins was shivering in the excitement of lost hope.

"There, and I listened to you and your tout," he said to Floyd as he saw Applejack winning easily.

"Why, it's nothing more than a procession," muttered Floyd. "And I would have staked my right eye on Tony. Why, that boy on Applejack is racing him to death to win and the other fellow don't seem to be trying."

"Applejack wins!" shouted the crowd as the blue and white stripes passed under the wire a good length in front of Lemon Squeezer.

"That's one time that I'm the goat," muttered Doc Floyd to Hopkins. "I'm sorry I steered you wrong, and will get you even. Although I guess I'm in a few thousand deeper than you are, I know I gave you the wrong steer and am sorrier for that than losing my own money. We are whipsawed for fair. Camp wins out the bank roll in the book and we lose our outside bets."



"AIN'T YOU WISE TO WHAT'S HAPPENED?"

all stand in with the play. I suppose he's told Mr. Hopkins that he can put a man in the box to look out for his interests?"

"Yes, he said I could do that," assented the young mining man.

"Let's look over that race he said he could fix for tomorrow," was the sudden suggestion of Tony as he produced a paper in which was a list of the entries for the next day's races. "Oh, I've got the old badger," was the sudden, gleeful outburst. "He was right about there being just two horses in the race with a chance to win. Go on and put in the \$5,000 with him and I'll attend to the rest when I see you at the track tomorrow. Just put a wise one in the box to see that no one runs away with the bank roll, and after that race we'll have old Camp ready to take the high dive from the top of the ferry boat."

"What is it you're going to do?" was the suspicious inquiry of Hopkins.

"Never mind what I'm going to do; the Big Doctor will stand for what I say, won't you, Doc?"

"Yes, I don't know what it is, but if you are sure you can put it through I'll take all, or half, of Hopkins' end of the \$5,000. I'll give Hopkins \$2,500 in the morning for a half of his interest and he needn't let Camp know there is any one else in on the deal. Jack Cleland can be the man in the box as lookout."

When Floyd arrived at the race track on the day following his talk with Hopkins and Tony he saw a new bookmaker's stand in the line under the shed of the betting ring. In this stand was seated Jack Cleland, who was supposed to be there as an assistant to the cashier, but no glance of recognition passed between the two. Floyd and Hopkins also kept

his prediction, the new partnership book had put up 2 to 1 on Applejack while the other books were laying a shade less than that price. A moment afterwards he noticed that the partnership bookmaker rubbed out the price against Applejack, announcing that he had all he wanted of it. Floyd knew by this sign that Camp had bet enough of his own money to win out the money that was in the book. Walking quietly through the ring, he stopped long enough before a number of books to make several good-sized wagers on Lemon Squeezer. He already had given Tony \$1,000 to wager on the same horse.

Thomas Camp, besides getting all the money to be had in his own book, also had wagered hundreds on Applejack in other books about the ring, and was surprised to note when he returned from the paddock, where he had just saddled his horse and given final instructions to the jockey, that the price against Lemon Squeezer, his own horse, had not gone up in the betting. He was unaware that a large amount of money bet by Floyd had forced the price down. He had no time to investigate, however, as the horses already were at the post, and he hurried to a point of vantage from which he could view the race.

Across the track in the infield Tony the Tout and Hank Harlin, owner of Applejack, stood talking together. Doc Floyd, watching the pair through his fieldglasses from the grandstand, saw Tony pass a small package of bookmakers' tickets to Harlin.

"They're off!" came the buzzing cry of the crowd in chorus as the barrier over at the three-quarter pole whizzed up and a field of eight horses leaped forward. The blue and white striped jacket and cap of Applejack showed in

Come on and let's get a bottle of wine. No use crying over spilt milk now."

The two men, drinking large glasses of wine at the bar, paid slight attention to a sudden cheering and commotion on the outside.

"I guess we put over a good one that time, didn't we?" Floyd looked around upon the smiling face of Tony.

"Why, you young hound, I ought to break your head with this bottle," he said in low but dangerously threatening tones.

"What's the matter, pal? Ain't you wise to what's happened?"

"No, what is it?" broke in young Hopkins, anxiously.

"Why, Applejack was disqualified for not having up enough weight. Somehow or other Hank Harlin was careless in putting his lead pads to make the extra weight along with the saddle, and the jockey lost ten pounds of lead while he was at the post. Careless of Hank, wasn't it? He's been looking for a chance to double cross Camp and tell for my little scheme when I told him how much money we would bet for him on the other horse."

"And then we've won in the book besides the outside bets?" exclaimed young Hopkins, suddenly realizing that Tony the Tout had made good.

"You should have told us how you were going to pull it off," drawled Floyd. "We nearly had heart failure, and you can't blame us for doubting you, can you?"

"Well, I've showed you that I could put one over, anyway," returned Tony. "And now, so far as I'm concerned, they can turn all the race tracks in the country into golf links. I'm going into a decent respectable saloon business back home."

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Kitchen Cabinet



ET onion atoms lurk within the bowl and half suspected, animate the whole."—Sidney Smith.

"Onions will make even hairs or widows weep."

Miscellaneous Notes.

Blue on walls gives space, enlarges the room, though it is a cold color.

Green harmonizes with most all colors, which makes it a very desirable color for wall coloring in a living room; it is restful.

Nothing is so important as the choice of one's pictures.

In selecting furniture do not buy fads. Old models are better than new. Have it plain with few places to gather dust.

Let us get rid of bric-a-brac and have only useful things.

"Art is some creation of man's intellect by means of his senses."

Lemon, Ising for Orange Cake.

Take one beaten egg, one cupful of sugar two teaspoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of water, the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Cook until thick, stirring constantly.

HOT WEATHER DISHES.

Lemon Ice.

Make a syrup by boiling four cupfuls of water with two cupfuls of sugar, add three-fourths of a cupful of strained lemon juice, cool and freeze.

Milk Sherbet.

Mix the juice of three lemons with one cupful of sugar, stir and add four cupfuls of milk. Freeze.

Sorbet.

Boil together two cupfuls each of water and sugar. When cool add one can of grated pineapple, one and one-third cupfuls of orange juice and one-half cupful of lemon juice and a quart of Apollinaris water. Freeze.

Brown Bread Ice Cream.

Soak one and one-fourth cupfuls of dried brown bread crumbs in one quart of cream, let stand 15 minutes; rub through a sieve, add seven-eighths of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and another pint of cream; then freeze. This tastes like macaroni cream.



HERE is no remedy for time mispent.

No healing for the waste of idleness, whose very languor is a punishment. Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

O, hours of indolence and discontent, now, now to be redeemed! Ye sting not less.

Because I know this span of life was lent.

For lofty duties, not for selfishness. Not to be whirled away in endless dreams, but to improve ourselves and serve mankind.

Life and its choicest faculties were given Man should be even better than his seems.

And shape his acts and discipline his mind.

To walk adoring earth with hope of heaven.

—Sir Arthur De Vere.

Bouillon Cups.

It used to be imperative to serve bouillon only in the little cups, and to serve also only bouillon in them. Now, with a sudden acquisition of good sense, fashion decrees that any kind of soup, a thick purée as well as a consommé, may be passed in the two-handled cups heretofore reserved for the serving of thin bouillon.

The Happy People.

The really happy people in this world are those who are doing things. How sweet is the rest that comes at night after a day of thoughtful, successful work. No day is perfect that had not had in it some helpful purpose for others. The interruptions which often irritate and annoy may be the means of great blessing. "Our grand business in life is to do," says Carlyle, "that which lies clearly at hand."

Hints to the Young Housekeeper.

To remove dust from rattan and carved furniture use a small painter's brush.

Creaking doors and drawers should be rubbed with hard soap.

Never put the eggs of a Dover egg beater in water.

All dishes which have contained milk should be first rinsed with cold water.

Nut and Potato Croquettes.

Coarsely chop sufficient black walnut meats to measure one cupful. Mix them with one cupful of mashed and seasoned potatoes and one cupful of soft bread crumbs. Stir in to well-beaten eggs, add seasonings of salt, pepper and onion juice, a few drops of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of beef stock. When cold mold into croquettes and fry in deep fat.

Ginger Snaps.

Put in a sauce pan one cupful each of brown sugar, butter, two cupfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda and spices to taste. Boil five minutes then stir in flour to roll at once.

Nellie Maxwell.

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says:

"For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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

WHAT SHE ESCAPED.

Jack—There goes young Soffy. He took his fiancée out rowing last Sunday, rocked the boat, and the poor girl was drowned.

Ruth—Lucky girl!

Jack—Why do you say that?

Ruth—Why, she might have lived and married the idiot.

PAINT DURABILITY.

The first thought in painting should, of course, be durability—and durability means simply pure paint properly applied. Pure paint is pure white lead and linseed oil (with or without tinting material).

Some years ago the paint-buyer was likely to get adulterated or counterfeited white lead if he was not familiar with brands. To-day he may buy with perfect safety if he only makes sure that the Dutch Boy Painter trademark is on the packages of white lead that he buys. This trademark was adopted by National Lead Company to distinguish the pure white lead made by them from the worthless adulterated and fake goods. It is a guarantee as valuable to the house-owner as the education of a paint expert could be.

A Candid Judge.

A Dover lawyer tells a story in which figures Hon. H. L. Dawes, who, it seems, in his younger days was an indifferent speaker. Shortly after his admission to the bar he had a case which was tried before a North Adams Justice of the peace, and Dawes was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perspiring in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out:

"Mr. Attorney, supposing that you take a seat and let Mr. Dawes speak. I want to thin out this crowd!"—Lippincott's.

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 *Wm. A. Platt* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Weds Her Rich Stepfather.

Social circles in Pasadena, Cal., learned with amazement the other day that Miss Katherine Traphagen has become the bride of her stepfather, Cyrus M. Davis of Los Angeles. Miss Traphagen lived with her sisters in Altadena and was one of the prominent members of the Young Women's Christian association, being director of its short story club.

Style of Price.

"Are you going to raise any fancy rop on your suburban place this summer?" asked Jones of Smith, as they met in the business district.

"Well, yes," hesitatingly admitted Smith. "I am going to try to raise the mortgage."

The Air.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand, sweet song?

She—Yes.

He—What air would you prefer for this matrimonial song?

She—I think a millionaire.

Afterglow.

"Are you still in the blissful intoxication of love?"

"No, I've reached the headache now."—Exchange.

From the Life of the Protector.

Cromwell wished to be painted with the wart.

"Don't you mean the warhog?" they asked anxiously.

When you hear one man trying to belittle another, it's safe to be "hat the other is his superior.

Lame back and Lumbago make a young man feel old. Hamlin Wizard Oil makes a old man feel young. Absolutely nothing like it for the relief of all pain.

Be Careful.

In going out after fame and sure that you don't capture notoriety.

And occasionally a man throws off trouble by putting on a bold front.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fitch

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Griswold House

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

European Plan

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

Dining Room and Cafe

Club Breakfast from 25 cents up Table d'Hote dinner at noon and night, 50 cents
 Large, well lighted dining room on parlor floor, and cafe grill room on ground floor Lady waiters in main dining room

POSTAL & MOREY, Proprietors

SALEM NEWS.

Arthur Wheeler and family are spending the week in Detroit.

Married Wednesday noon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Harry Atkinson and Miss Florence Brokaw.

Bert Ryder left Monday for Tacoma, Wash., where he will visit relatives for a few weeks and also attend the Exposition.

The Ladies' Missionary Circle will meet next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Frank Whitaker. All members and ladies are cordially invited to attend.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Addie Simmons is attending the Northville High school.

Mr. Bowers of Clarenceville spent Sunday at F. Dietrich's.

Mrs. Wm. Brossow spent Monday afternoon at her parental home.

Mrs. D. VanPatter of Aylmer, Ont. is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. E. Bradley.

Mrs. Frank Bradley and daughter spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Commean of Waltz have returned home after visiting a week with their daughter, Mrs. H. A. Myer and family.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

S. M. Gage was a Pontiac visitor Friday.

N. B. Johns was a Pontiac visitor Friday.

Amos Bentley is entertaining his cousin from Cadillac.

A trained nurse from Detroit is caring for Mrs. Compton.

Miss Regie Shepard of Lansing is stopping at the Angell Inn.

Mrs. Hattie Estes of Milford is the guest of Mrs. Gertrude Erwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Russell left for their new home in Leonard Friday.

The Hazen-Green families held their annual picnic in the grove Friday.

Will Hazen of Detroit has been visiting his cousin, Mrs. Frank Angell.

Will Hoyt left Monday to fill his

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

new position as conductor on the D. U. R.

The plementous rain Friday night was a great blessing to all vegetation here.

The proceeds from the sidewalk social Thursday evening amounted to \$22.50.

Mrs. H. J. Welfare is entertaining her sister, Mrs. George Campbell, of Springwells.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pratt attended the Baptist association at Northville last Thursday.

Powell Killam and family and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carnes are camping at Straits lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Parmelee are visiting the latter's brother, Albert Orr, at Clarkston.

Some of the young people had a surprise party for Miss Ethel Chapman Wednesday evening.

Mrs. E. C. Lockwood, daughter, Rachel, and son, George, of Ortonville are visiting friends here.

Mrs. Delbert Smith and daughter, Vera, of South Lyon are visiting the former's sister, Miss May Bentley.

Dr. Henry and family of Northville, who have been spending two weeks at the hotel, returned home Thursday.

John Hawthorne has sold his cottage to Miss Connor of Plymouth. Mr. Hawthorne will build another cottage.

Mr. Young and family of Detroit, who have been spending a month in the Welfare cottage, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Clark Jones, who has been caring for her sister, Mrs. Amanda Jones, at Milford for several weeks, is at home.

Monday night some vandals walked the full length of the cement walk that had been laid that day, making deep depressions in the cement. This was done deliberately as the walk was guarded by ropes.

Howard Severance, a Walled Lake boy, who has been teaching in the Philippines for several years and who has just returned from a trip around the world, gave an address in the Baptist church Sunday evening.

WIXOM NEWS.

J. G. Madison was in Pontiac Wednesday.

Mrs. Beulah Thompson was a Northville visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. R. Shelpo and children were New Hudson visitors a part of this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Sayles were called to Pittsford by the death of the latter's father last week.

Mrs. H. P. Aspenleiter entertained

Two Great Openings in Detroit on the Same Day

THURSDAY, SEPT. 2nd, was one of Detroit's big days this year. The State Fair opened on that date and so did The Henry Blackwell Company's store.

You all know the firm of Partridge & Blackwell, who conducted the great department store in the Majestic Building and later at Gratiot, Monroe Aves. and Fairmer st.

The Henry Blackwell Co. has for its president and general manager the old firm of Partridge & Blackwell.

NOW AT 155-157 WOODWARD AVE.—just a block from city hall—the store formerly occupied by Sparling's.

But everything is new and different in the store—modern arrangement of departments—many new lines installed—nothing but fresh, up-to-date merchandise in stock.

The business will be conducted along the Partridge & Blackwell well-known lines of liberality, aggressiveness and fair dealing. No other store can or will give better service or more for your money. Visitors to the State Fair and the public in general are cordially invited to inspect our store. It's most convenient to all street car lines. Free check rooms for parcels and baggage.

THE "Great Bell" FURNACE

her brother and friend from Pearl Beach a part of this week.

W. T. Danton and wife of Farmington were the guests of E. Chamberlain and family over Sunday.

H. E. Richardson and wife entertained his cousin, L. Cudworth, and wife of Detroit Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Sly and daughter of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting relatives in this vicinity. They came per auto.

School will begin next Monday with Mr. Hulett of Kalamazoo as principal and Miss Pearl Rockwell in the Primary room.

Pity for the Malade Imaginaire.
Suffering, even if "imaginary," is nevertheless real enough—the one real thing, think those who have to bear it, in a world of dreams and shadows. Therefore, we must pity even the fanciful valetudinarian.—London Daily Mirror.

Detroit Tiger Dates

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

Sept. 6	with St. Louis (2 games)
Sept. 7	with Cleveland
Sept. 8	with Cleveland
Sept. 9	with Cleveland
Sept. 10	with Cleveland
Sept. 11	with Cleveland
Sept. 12	with St. Louis
Sept. 13	with St. Louis
Sept. 14	with St. Louis
Oct. 2	with Chicago
Oct. 3	Detroit plays at Chicago.

last game of season. Season ends Monday, Oct. 4.

With all its latest improvements will be handled by us again this winter. We installed several of them last season and expect to do a much better business the coming fall. Why shouldn't we? We can give you something that is absolutely right from beginning to end, at a price which is the same to one and all, sizes being the same. Will be pleased to have you call and talk over the matter of heating and let us quote you prices.

We also handle a good assortment of Base Burners, Ranges, etc., and solicit a share of your business in this line.

Fred L. Cook & Co.
FARMINGTON, MICH.

Schrader Bros.

Just getting along about the time you are thinking about New Fall Furniture. Our line is Better and Bigger than ever and Prices Just as Reasonable. Our Sales are Increasing Every Year, Every Month, Every Week and Every Day. What's the reason of this? The answer is easy! We have the goods and the Assortment and the Prices that are Right.

CARPETS, RUGS—not samples but the Real Goods--Bed Room Suites, Chairs, Mattresses, Tables, Stands, Couches, Dressers, Etc., Etc.

Standard Phonograph Given Away

A Standard Talking Machine, with Handsome Floral Horn, to Every \$35 Cash Customer. This is a \$25 High-Grade Phonograph. Come in and hear this Machine, and learn how easy you can obtain one.

We have Just Installed a Machine for Re-Tiring Your Go-Carts and Baby Wagons.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. You Buy the Goods, We Deliver Them.

SCHRADER BROTHERS

Furniture Dealers--Funeral Directors. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.