

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 9.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## HENRY WHITE

### LAD TO REST

#### FUNERAL LARGELY ATTENDED SUNDAY.

#### Had Been Ill for Some Time Previous.

Henry M. White, whose illness had so frequently been mentioned in these columns, died at his home in this village a little after midnight on the night of Sept. 23, aged a little more than seventy-two years. He had been ill for a month or two past, but until quite recently there appeared hopes of his recovery.

Mr. White was born in Livonia July 30, 1837, his parents having moved to Michigan the previous year.

He enlisted in Co. D, 5th Mich. Cav. in 1862 as private, and was later on made sergeant and then first lieutenant. He was in the war three years and took part in many hard fought battles including the decisive one at Gettysburg.

In 1867 he married Jennie Hamlin of Plymouth, who died eight years later, to whom was born their daughter, Mattie, who assisted in the care of her father in his last illness. In 1877 he was united in marriage with Jennie Danlap of this place who survives him.

Six years ago they moved to the village.

Mr. White joined the Presbyterian church in 1859 and since 1873 has been an elder and the clerk of the session of that society since that year. He was also a faithful member of the local G. A. R. post and that organization attended the funeral services in a body.

The funeral was held from the home Sunday afternoon attended by a large number of relatives and neighbors who had all loved him in life and deeply mourned his death. His pastor, Rev. Wm. S. Jerome, officiated and paid a glowing tribute to the life and faithfulness of the deceased.

#### W. C. T. U. Notes.

Mrs. Butler of Detroit, contest superintendent, will be with us at our next meeting to try for a matrons' contest for a silver medal. It is not necessary to be a member of the W. C. T. U. to enter. Training free. Members please turn out to this meeting.

The W. C. T. U. have taken up their work for the winter after two months' vacation. Meetings are held on the first and third Monday of each month in the Baptist church parlors. At present there is a membership of nearly fifty. Would that every mother might turn out to these meetings. Initiation fee only fifty cents a year. Three new members took the obligation at last Monday's meeting. A communication from Salem Union was read inviting Northville Union there all day October 28.

#### Honors for Northville.

Gladys and Helen Morse, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Morse, captured nineteen premiums on their exhibit of school work at the State Fair. Of these Gladys won ten and Helen nine. They also won ten premiums at the Redford Fair.

This is the second time Gladys has won honors for the Northville school. Three years ago she took first prize, \$25, in the D. U. R. School contest, for the best description of a trolley trip over the city and suburban lines. The contest was open to all pupils under sixteen years of age, in every county entered by the D. U. R. lines; thus bringing her into competition with schools in Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Albion, Jackson, Pontiac, Flint, Port Huron and many other smaller towns and villages.

#### Installed New Officers.

Orient Chapter O. E. S. held a semi-public installation of its officers last Friday evening, and the occasion was an extremely pleasant one to the members as well as to those who were fortunate enough to be their guests.

The beautiful installation ceremony was conducted by Past Grand Matron Mrs. Ida Joslin in her usual perfect manner, her complete memorization of the service making it additionally impressive, while Mrs. Kittie Harmon filled the important position of marshal in a style equally beyond praise.

One hundred and thirty were served at the elegant banquet following the installation, the committee in charge receiving unstinted compliments on the perfection of all the details of this part of the affair.

The following were inducted into the various offices of the Chapter:

W. M.—Mrs. L. A. Babbitt  
W. P.—Floyd Northrop  
A. M.—Miss Ruth Gillis  
Sec'y.—Mrs. Fred Touney  
Treas.—Mrs. Frank Woodworth  
Com.—Mrs. Floyd Northrop  
A. Com.—Mrs. Thos. Murdoch  
Chaplain.—Mrs. T. S. Ball  
Adah.—Mrs. C. H. Van Atta  
Ruth.—Mrs. Bruno Freyd  
Esther.—Mrs. Howard Arnot  
Martha.—Mrs. Newton Coll  
Electa.—Mrs. E. J. Bradner  
Marshal.—Mrs. Fred Lyke  
Organist.—Mrs. J. B. Tinham  
Warder.—Mrs. Sam Wilkinson  
Sentinel.—Dean F. Griswold

#### A Pleasant Social Event.

Probably one of the most thoroughly enjoyed social affairs ever given here took place Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. B. Cook.

With praiseworthy thoughtfulness Mrs. Cook chose as her guests those who, in the majority, are leaving their opportunities for social pleasures of this kind behind with the passing of the years, but she must certainly have been amply rewarded for all her efforts by their unmistakable enjoyment of her more than generous hospitality.

Twelve ladies were entertained whose combined ages made a total of 916 years, with an average of 76, the oldest being 90 and the youngest 65.

A delightful visit with each other, music, a guessing contest and reminiscences suggested by a variety of pictures arranged by the hostess were features of the afternoon and pretty gifts were awarded to the most successful guessers. Mrs. Fanny White, whose birthday was that day, receiving first honors and Mrs. Jane Starkweather, the oldest lady present, coming second. That all the months were represented except four, and all the members except two had survived their husbands, were facts commented upon.

The very appropriate table decorations were asters in white and lavender, these beautiful flowers also serving as place cards; the couples being paired by wearing them alternately. The colors were further carried out to some extent in the viands of the sumptuous supper served at the close of the afternoon.

#### Buy your wire fence of Cook & Co.

The Lapham bank will give a pass book with a deposit of one dollar for the best loaf of brown bread made and baked by any girl under 13 years of age, at the Childs' carnival Oct. 16.

#### Bargains in patent leather shoes at Cook & Co's., Farmington.

#### 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.

## THEY ATE UP

### NORTHVILLE JUNIORS

#### FARMINGTON PLAYED HAVOC WITH OUR ASPIRATIONS.

#### Ball Team from the Little Town Trounced Us.

Well, well. What do you think of that? The Farmington Junior base ball team had the nerve to come over here Saturday and eat up our Northville Juniors—and that after we had advertised that Northville would exercise those cannibal rights.

Warner and Brosseau did the twirling and Shampeter caught for Farmington while Johnson and Stimpson did the same act for Northville.

The game was a good one just the same and was full of sensational slugging and fielding, and many good plays were in evidence on both sides. The final score was 13 to 11 on the wrong side of the ledger.

#### School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Robby Neal of the Second grade is ill.

The First grade has a new window-box.

The Third grade pupils are studying quotations.

Stuart Coll and Opal Merritt of the First grade are ill.

The Sixth B pupils are learning Bryant's "Death of the Flowers."

Lucille Wheeler of the Sixth grade, received 100 in Spelling all last week.

The Kindergarten pupils are making colored paper chains with which to decorate their room.

The High school average of daily attendance for the boys was 98.3 per cent while the girls was only 88.1 per cent.

The Kindergarten pupils made clocks one day this week by drawing Roman numerals on a round face and sewing a border around it.

The Seniors are planning to hold a Novelty Box social Friday evening, Oct. 8, in the Ladies' Library. More announcements will be given later.

Howard and D. J. Stark of the Second and Fifth grades have returned to school after absence on account of diphtheria in the family.

If you are waiting for one of the High school pupils at any time, notice the comfortableness of the chairs and couch in the new Rest Room.

Ida Morse, Evelyn Wellington, Edna West, Nettie Ward, Clara Freeman and Charlie Wilcox of the Fourth grade received 100 in Spelling last week.

The girls of the Basket Ball teams are at work on their suits. Practice will be continued on the grounds as long as the weather permits, then transplanted to the rink.

The Sixth grade pupils have challenged the Seventh grade pupils for a spelling match which will take place soon. The Fourth and Fifth grade pupils are also to spell each other down.

The A and B classes of the Third grade are each trying to get the most stars on the Honor Roll at the end of the month, as the winning side is allowed to keep the flag on their side of their room.

Mr. Seiden and Mr. LaRue would like to hear from any of the young men in town interested in athletics as to the practical advisability of the formation of a Basket Ball team for those outside the High school.

The High school Agriculture class has received the following reference books, "Farmers' Encyclopedia of Agriculture," "Feeding of Farm Animals," "Animal Breeding" and "Soils." These may be used by any one in town who wishes to.

Howard West, Gladys Angel and Emma Snyder, "dignified Seniors," substituted one half day this week for Miss Serini, Mrs. Woolley and Miss Clark. The teachers expressed the fact that great ability was shown by the substitution. The sub's all look very pedagogical.

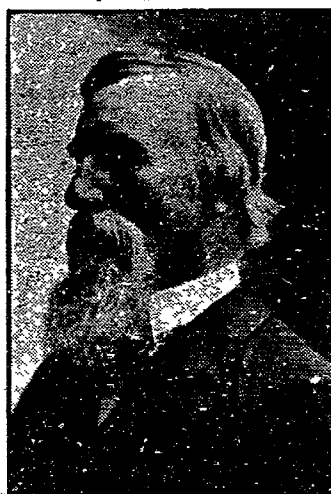
Plans are nearly completed for an

Try Cook & Co. for hardware.

McHugh & McHugh will hold their Fall and Winter Millinery Opening next week Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 7, 8 and 9.

See Cook & Co. for furniture.

#### ROBERT YERKES, SR.



One of Northville's pioneers and best known citizens who celebrated his 80th birthday by a gathering of his four sons with their families at his home on Sunday.

evening's talk by Coach East of the U. of M. on athletics in general. When more definite information can be given a general invitation will be extended to everybody. No admission will be charged but a collection will be taken to defray expenses. It is hoped that this will take place next week but is not yet exactly determined.

Mr. LaRue will be glad to meet any of the parents at any time to talk over work of their boys and girls. If not convenient for the parents to come to the office telephone or drop a note to him and he will be glad to call. Best results for boys and girls are obtained by hearty co-operation. A letter telling of grievances is not very satisfactory, a personal talk being much better.

The superintendent has been asked several times concerning the advisability of any young lady or gentleman starting in now at school work. He wishes to assure all such persons that they will be given every possible advantage to assist them in making up back work and going ahead. Making up back work will not be pushed so as to interfere with the daily work. Come up and talk it over.

This (Friday) afternoon a meeting of friends of the school and teachers will be held in the High school rooms, to talk over informally, means by which better understanding can be had between the school and the home. The question of tardiness will be one of the questions discussed. The committee have made plans for two talks from representative patrons and discussion in general. A Basket Ball game between the two boys' teams, of which Harold Tibbitts and Roy Cray are captains, will be held on the grounds at 2 o'clock sharp. Following this school will be dismissed and the meeting taken up in the High school rooms.

L. A. Babbitt of the Northville bank will give one dollar for the neatest dressed doll, all the work to be done by any girl under eleven years of age, at the Childs' carnival, Oct. 16.

Cook & Co., Farmington, carry a large stock of shoes. They can please you.

#### Detroit Tiger Dates

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

Oct. 2 with Chicago  
Oct. 3 Detroit plays at Chicago.  
last game of season. Season ends Monday, Oct. 4.

#### Must Do It.

When a man takes his wife to the theater he thinks it's up to him to go out between the acts and telephone home to learn if the house is still there.

#### His Chief Concern.

The average man worries very little about his character as long as his reputation is in good repair.

If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulets will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them. 25c.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

#### Do You Want

The Best STOVE RANGE, BASE BURNER OR HEATER? If so select

### A Garland

Our line of Stoves this year surpasses any ever shown in Northville, and range in prices from \$5 to \$53. We also have a few good Second Hand Base Burners.

We are also Agents for the "Great Bell" Furnace, the Best One Register Furnace made.

CARPENTER & HUFF

#### Fruit Cans.

Pints - - - 40c

Quarts - - - 50c

2-Quarts - - 65c

#### Seal Fast

Pints - - - 90c

Quarts - - \$1.00

C. E.

RYDER

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## 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

## INSURE YOUR EYES

You can take out a Policy that'll insure your property against loss by fire. But that method will not insure your Eyes against one or other of the many troubles that come to one's vision. The safe plan of protection is to consult us and have your Eyes properly examined and fitted with the correct Glasses, if any are required. If none are required we will tell you so.

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.

#### AT COST

Have a few Seal-Fast Fruit Jars which we will close out at cost.

Pints..... 74c Quarts..... 79c

These are the Best Jars on the market.

#### REMINDERS

9 lbs Virginia Sweet Potatoes for..... 25c

7 lbs Jersey Sweet Potatoes..... 25c

6 lbs Rolled Oats..... 25c

#### Can Covers.

Sanicaps, per dozen..... 15c

Mason Caps, per dozen..... 20c

We have a few more Cans of White Cross Baking Powder with Graniteware for premiums, which we will close out at..... 41c

Those who have tried this Powder will not hesitate to take advantage of this offer.

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Not Coughing Today?

Yet you may cough tomorrow! Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. Your doctor's approval of its use will certainly set all doubt at rest. Do as he says. He knows. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Robust health is a great safeguard against attacks of throat and lung troubles, but constipation will destroy the best of health. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills.

# WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Wrecking Boss.

News of the wreck at Smoky Creek reached Medicine Bend from Point of Rocks at five o'clock. Sinclair, in person, was overseeing the making up of his wrecking train, and the yard, usually quiet at that hour of the morning, was alive with the hurry of men and engines. In the tramway's room of the weather-beaten headquarters building nicknamed by railroad men "The Wickup," early comers—sleepy-faced, keen-eyed trainmen—lounged on the tables and in chairs discussing the reports from Point of Rocks, and among them crew-callers and messengers moved in and out. Two minutes after they had their orders and were pulling out of the upper yard, with right of way over everything to Point of Rocks.

The wreck had occurred just west of the creek. A fast east-bound freight train, double-headed, had left the track on the long curve around the hill, and when the wrecking train backed through Ten Shed cut the sun streamed over the heaps of jammed and twisted cars strung all the way from the point of the curve to the foot of Smoky hill. The crew of the train that lay in the ditch walked slowly up the track to where the wreckers had pulled up, and the freight conductor asked for Sinclair. Men rigging the derrick pointed to the hind car. The conductor, swinging up the caboose steps, made his way inside among the men that were passing out tools. The air within was bluish-thick with tobacco smoke, but through the haze the freightman saw facing him, in the far corner of the den-like interior, a man seated behind an old dining-car table, finishing his breakfast; one glimpse was enough to identify the dark beard of Sinclair, foreman of the bridges and boss of the wrecking gang.

Beside him stood a steaming coffee tank, and in his right hand he held an enormous tin cup that he was about to raise to his mouth when he saw the freight conductor. With a laugh, Sinclair threw up his left hand and beckoned him over. Then he shook his hair just a little, tossed back his head, opened an unusual mouth, drained the cup at a gulp, and cursing the freightman fraternally, exclaimed: "How many cars have you ditched this time?"

The trainman, a sober-faced fellow, answered, dryly: "All I had."

"Running too fast, eh?" glared Sinclair.

With the box cars piled 40 feet high on the track, the conductor was too old a hand to begin a controversy. "Our time's fast," was all he said.

Sinclair rose and exclaimed: "Come on!" And the two, leaving the car, started up the track. The wrecking boss paid no attention to his companion as they forged ahead, but where the train had hit the curve he scanned the track as he would a blue print. "They'll have your scalp for this," he declared, abruptly.

"I reckon they will."

"What's your name?"

"Stevens."

"Looks like all day for you, doesn't it? No matter, I guess I can help you out."

Where the merchandise cars lay, below the switch, the train crew knew that a tramp had been caught. At intervals they heard groans under the wreckage, which was piled high there. Sinclair stopped at the derrick, and the freight conductor went on to where his brakeman had enlisted two of Sinclair's giants to help get out the tramp. A brake beam had crushed the man's legs, and the pallor of his face showed that he was hurt internally, but he was conscious and moaned softly. The men had started to carry him to the way-car when Sinclair came up, asked what they were doing, and ordered them back to the wreck. They hastily laid the tramp down. "But he wants water," protested a brakeman who was walking behind, carrying his arm in a sling.

"Water!" bawled Sinclair. "Have my men got nothing to do but carry a tramp to water? Get ahead there and help unload those refrigerators. He'll find water fast enough. Let the damned hobo crawl down to the creek after it."

The tramp was too far gone for resentment; he had fainted when they laid him down, and his half-glazed eyes, staring at the sky, gave no evidence that he heard anything.

The sun rose hot, for in the Red desert sky there is rarely a cloud. Sinclair took the little hill nearest the switch to bellow his orders from, running down among the men whenever necessary to help carry them out. Within 30 minutes, though apparently no impression had been made on the great heaps of wreckage and splintered equipment, Sinclair had the job in hand.

The freight conductor, Stevens, afraid of no man, had come up to speak to Sinclair, and Sinclair, with a smile, laid a cordial hand on his shoulder. "Stevens, it's all right. I'll get you out of this. Come here." He led the conductor down the track

where they had walked in the morning. He pointed to flange-marks on the ties. "See there—there's where the first wheels left the track, and they left on the inside of the curve; a thin flange under the first refrigerator broke. I've got the wheel itself back there for evidence. They can't talk fast running against that. Damn a private car line, anyway! Give me a cigar—haven't got any? Great guns, man, there's a case of Key Wests open up ahead; go fill your pockets and your grip. Don't be bashful, you've got friends on the division, if you are Irish, eh?"

"Sure, only I don't smoke," said Stevens, with diplomacy.

"Well, you drink, don't you? There's a barrel of brandy open at the switch."

The brandy cask stood up-ended near the water butt, and the men dipped out of both with cups. They were working now half naked at the wreck. The sun hung in a cloudless sky, the air was still, and along the right of way huge wrecking fires added to the scorching heat. Ten feet from the water butt lay a flattened mass of rags. Crusted in smoke and blood, and dirt, crushed by a vise of beams and wheels out of human semblance, and left now an aimless, twitching thing, the tramp clutched at Stevens' foot as he passed. "Water!"

"Hello, old boy, how the devil did you get here?" exclaimed Stevens, retreating in alarm.

"Water!"

Stevens stepped to the butt and filled a cup. The tramp's eyes were closed. Stevens poured the water over his face; then he lifted the man's head and put a cupful to his lips.

"Is that hobo alive yet?" asked Sinclair, coming back smoking a cigar.

"What does he want now? Water? Don't waste any time on him."

"It's bad luck refusing water," muttered Stevens, holding the cup.

"He'll be dead in a minute," growled Sinclair.

The sound of his voice roused the failing man to a fury. He opened his bloodshot eyes, and with the dregs of an ebbing vitality cursed Sinclair with a frenzy that made Stevens draw back. If Sinclair was startled he gave no sign. "Go to hell!" he exclaimed, harshly.

With a ghastly effort the man made his report. He held up his blood-soaked fingers. "I'm going all right—I know that," he gasped, with a curse, "but I'll come back for you!"

Sinclair unshaken, stood his ground. He repeated his imprecation more violently, but Stevens, swallowing stolid out of hearing. As he disappeared, a train whistled in the west.

## CHAPTER II.

### At Smoky Creek.

Karg, Sinclair's crew foreman, came running over to him from a pile of merchandise that had been set off the right of way on the wagon road for loot. "That's the superintendent's car coming, ain't it, Murray?" he cried, looking across the creek at the approaching train.

"What of it?" returned Sinclair.

"Why, we're just loading the team."

The incoming train, an engine with a way car, two flats, and the Bear Dancer derrick, slowed up at one end of the wreck while Sinclair and his foreman talked. Three men could be seen getting out of the way car—McCloud, the superintendent, and Reed Young, the Scotch roadmaster, and Bill Dancing. A gang of trackmen filed slowly out after them.

The leaders of the party made their way down the curve, and Sinclair, with Karg, met them at the point. McCloud asked questions about the wreck and the chances of getting the track clear, and while they talked Sinclair sent Karg to get the new derrick into action. Sinclair then asked McCloud to walk with him up the track to see where the cars had left the rail. The two men showed in contrast as they stepped along the ties. McCloud was not alone younger and below Sinclair's height; his broad Stetson hat flattened him somewhat. His movement was deliberate beside Sinclair's litheness, and his face, though burned by sun and wind, was boyish, while Sinclair's was strongly lined.

"Just a moment," suggested McCloud, mildly, as Sinclair hastened past the goods piled in the wagon road. "Whose team is that, Sinclair?"

The road followed the right of way where they stood, and a four-horse team of heavy mules was pulling a loaded ranch wagon up the grade when McCloud spoke.

Sinclair answered cordially. "That's my team from over on the Frenchman. I picked them up at Denver. Nice mules, McCloud, ain't they? Give me mules every time for heavy work. If I had just a hundred more of 'em the company could have my job—what?"

"Yes, What's that stuff they are hauling?"

"That's a little stuff mashed up in the merchandise car; there's some tobacco there and a little wine, I guess. The cases are all smashed."



"Water!" Bawled Sinclair, "Have My Men Got Nothing to Do But Carry Tramps to Water?"

"Let's look at it."

"Oh, there's nothing there that's any good, McCloud."

"Let's look at it."

As Bill Dancing and Young walked behind the two men toward the wagon, Dancing made extraordinary efforts to wink at the roadmaster. "That's a good story about the mules coming from Denver, ain't it?" he muttered.

Young, unwilling to commit himself, stopped to light his pipe. When he and Dancing joined Sinclair and McCloud the talk between the superintendent and the wrecking boss had become animated.

"I always do something for my men out of a wreck when I can, that's the way I get the work out of them," Sinclair was saying. "A little stuff like this," he added, nodding toward the wagon, "comes handy for presents, and the company couldn't get any salvage out of it, anyway. I get the value a dozen times over in quick work. Look there!" Sinclair pointed to where the naked men heaved and wrenched in the sun. "Where could you get white men to work like that if you didn't jolly them along once in a while? What? You haven't been here long, McCloud," smiled Sinclair, laying a hand with heavy affection on the young man's shoulder. "Ask any man on the division who gets the work out of his men—who gets the wrecks cleaned up and the track cleared. Ain't that what you want?"

"Certainly, Sinclair; no man that ever saw you handle a wreck would undertake to do it better."

"Then what's all this fuss about?"

"We've been over all this matter before, as you know. The claim department won't stand for this looting; that's the whole story. Here are ten or twelve cases of champagne on your wagon—soiled a little, but worth a lot of money."

"That was a mistake loading that up; I admit it; it was Karg's carelessness."

"Here is one whole case of cigars and part of another," continued McCloud, climbing from one wheel to another of the wagon. "There is a thousand dollars in this load! I know you've got good men, Sinclair. If they're not getting paid as they should be, give them time and a half or double time, but put it in the pay checks. The freight loss and damage account increased 200 per cent. last year. No railroad company can keep that rate up and last, Sinclair."

"Hang the company! The claim agents are a pack of thieves," cried Sinclair. "Look here, McCloud, what's a pay check to a man that's sick, compared with a bottle of good wine?"

"When one of your men is sick and needs wine, let me know," returned McCloud; "I'll see that he gets it. Your men don't wear silk dresses do they?" he asked, pointing to another case of goods under the driver's seat. "Have that stuff all hauled back and loaded into a box car on track."

"Not by a damned sight!" exclaimed Sinclair. He turned to his ranch driver, Barney Rebstock. "You haul that stuff where you were told to haul it, Barney." Then: "You and I may as well have an understanding right here," he said, as McCloud walked to the head of the mules.

"By all means, and I'll begin by countermanding that order right now. Take your load straight back to that car," directed McCloud, pointing up the track. Barney, a ranch hand with a cigarette face, looked surlily at McCloud.

Sinclair raised a finger at the boy.

"You drive straight ahead where I told you to drive. I don't propose to have my affairs interfered with by you or anybody else, McCloud. You and I can settle this thing ourselves," he added, walking straight toward the superintendent.

"Get away from those mules!" yelled Barney at the same moment, cracking his whip.

McCloud's dull eyes hardly lightened as he looked at the driver. "Don't swing your whip this way, my boy," he said, laying hold quietly of the near bridle.

"Drop that bridle!" roared Sinclair. "I'll drop your mules in their tracks if they move one foot forward. Dancing, unhook those traces," said McCloud, peremptorily. "Dump the wine out of that wagon box, Young." Then he turned to Sinclair and pointed to the wreck. "Get back to your work."

The sun marked the five men rooted for an instant on the hillside. Dancing jumped at the traces, Reed Young clambered over the wheel, and Sinclair, livid, faced McCloud. With a bitter denunciation of interlopers, claim agents, and "fresh" railroad men generally, Sinclair swore he would not go back to work, and a case of wine crashing to the ground infuriated him. He turned on his heel and started for the wreck. "Call off the men!" he yelled to Karg at the derrick. The foreman passed the word. The derrickmen, dropping their hooks and chains in some surprise, moved out of the wreckage. The axmen and laborers gathered around the foreman and followed him toward Sinclair.

"Boys," cried Sinclair, "we've got a new superintendent, a college guy. You know what they are; the company has hired 'em before. They draw the salaries and we do the work. This one down here now is making his little kick about the few pickings we get out of our jobs. You can go back to your work or you can stand right here with me till we get our rights. What?"

Half a dozen men began talking at once. The derrickman from below, a hatchet-faced wiper, with the visor of a greasy cap cocked over his ear, stuck his head between the uprights and called out shrilly: "What's er matter, Murray?" and a few men laughed. Barney had deserted the mules Dancing and Young, with small regard for loss or damage, were emptying the wagon like Jackhounds, for in a fight such as now appeared imminent, possession of the goods even on the ground seemed vital to prestige. McCloud waited only long enough to assure the emptying of the wagon, and then followed Sinclair to where he had assembled his men. "Sinclair, put your men back to work."

"Not till we know just how we stand," Sinclair answered, insolently. He continued to speak, but McCloud turned to the men. "Boys, go back to your work. Your boss and I can settle our own differences. I'll see that you lose nothing by working hard."

"And you'll see we make nothing, won't you?" suggested Karg.

"I'll see that every man in the crew gets twice what is coming to him—all except you, Karg. I discharge you now. Sinclair, will you go back to work?"

"No!"

"Then take your time. Any men that want to go back to work may step over to the switch," added McCloud.

Not a man moved. Sinclair and Karg smiled at each other, and with no apparent embarrassment McCloud him-

self smiled. "I like to see men loyal to their bosses," he said, good-naturedly. "I wouldn't give much for a man that wouldn't stick to his boss if he thought him right. But a question has come up here, boys, that must be settled once for all. This wreck-logging on the mountain division is going to stop—right here—at this particular wreck. On that point there is no room for discussion. Now, any man that agrees with me on that matter may step over here and I'll discuss with him any other grievance. If what I say about looting is a grievance, it can't be discussed. Is there any man that wants to come over?" No man stirred.

"Sinclair, you've got good men," continued McCloud, unmoved. "You are leading them into pretty deep water. There's a chance yet for you to get them out of serious trouble if you think as much of them as they do of you. Will you advise them to go back to work—all except Karg?"

Sinclair glared in high humor. "Oh, I couldn't do that! I'm discharged!" he protested, howling low.

"I don't want to be overhasty," returned McCloud. "This is a serious business, as you know better than they do, and there will never be as good a time to fix it up as now. There is a chance for you, I say, Sinclair, to take hold if you want to now."

"Why, I'll take hold if you'll take your nose out of my business and agree to keep it out."

"Is there any man here that wants to go back to work for the company?" continued McCloud, evenly. It was one man against 30; McCloud saw there was not the shadow of a chance to win the strikers over. "This lets all of you out, you understand, boys," he added; "and you can never work again for the company on this division if you don't take hold now."

"Boys," exclaimed Sinclair, better humored every moment, "I'll guarantee you work on this division when all the fresh superintendents are run out of the country, and I'll lay this matter before Bucks himself, and don't you forget it!"

"You will have a chilly job of it," interposed McCloud.

"So will you, my hearty, before you get trains running past here," retorted the wrecking boss. "Come on, boys."

The disaffected men drew off. The emptied wagon, its load scattered on the ground, stood deserted on the hillside, and the mules drooped in the heat. Bill Dancing, a giant and a dangerous one, stood lone guard over the loot, and Young had been called over by McCloud. "How many men have you got with you, Reed?"

"Eleven."

"How long will it take them to clean up this mess with what help we can run in this afternoon?"

Young studied the prospect before replying. "They're green at this sort of thing, of course; they might be fussing here till to-morrow noon, I'm afraid; perhaps till to-morrow night, Mr. McCloud."

"That won't do!" The two men stood for a moment in a study. "The merchandise is all unloaded, isn't it?" said McCloud, reflectively. "Get your men here and bring a water bucket with you."

McCloud walked down to the engine of the wrecking train and gave orders to the train and engine crews. The best of the refrigerator cars had been rerailed, and they were pulled to a safe distance from the wreck. Young brought the bucket, and McCloud pointed to the caskful of brandy. "Throw that brandy over the wreckage, Reed."

The roadmaster started. "Burn the whole thing up, eh?"

"Everything on the track."

"Bully! It's a shame to waste the liquor, but it's Sinclair's fault. Here, boys, scatter this stuff where it will catch good, and touch her off. Everything goes—the whole pile. Burn up everything; that's orders. If you can get a few rails here, now, I'll give you a track by sundown, Mr. McCloud, in spite of Sinclair and the devil."

The remains of many cars lay in heaps along the curve, and the trackmen like firebugs ran in and out of them. A tongue of flame leaped from the middle of a pile of stock cars. In five minutes the wreck was burning; in ten minutes the flames were crackling fiercely; then in another instant the wreck burst into a conflagration that rose hissing and seething a hundred feet straight up in the air.

From where they stood, Sinclair's men looked on. They were non-plused, but their boss had not lost his nerve. He walked back to McCloud. "You're going to send us back to Medicine Bend with the car, I suppose?"

McCloud spoke amiably. "Not on your life. Take your personal stuff out of the car and tell your men to take theirs; then get off the train and off the right of way."

"Going to turn us loose on Red desert, are you?" asked Sinclair, steadily.

"You've turned yourselves loose."

"Wouldn't give a man a tie-pass, would you?"

Not a man moved. Sinclair and Karg smiled at each other, and with no apparent embarrassment McCloud him-



"Come to my office in Medicine Bend and I'll talk to you about it," returned McCloud, impassively.

"Well, boys," roared Sinclair, going back to his followers, "we can't ride on this road now! But I want to tell you there's something to eat for every one of you over at my place on the Crawling Stone, and a place to sleep—and something to drink," he added, cursing McCloud once more.

## CHAPTER III.

### Dicksie.

The wreckers, drifting in the blaze of the sun across the broad alkali valley, saw the smoke of the wreck-fire behind them. No breath of wind stirred it. With the stillness of a signal column it rose, thin and black, and high in the air spread motionless, like a huge umbrella, above Smoky Creek. Reed Young had gone with an engine to wire for reinforcements, and McCloud, active among the trackmen until the conflagration spent itself, had retired to the shade of the hill.

Reclining against a rock with his legs crossed, he had clasped his hands behind his head and sat looking at the iron writhing in the dying heat of the fire. The sound of hoofs aroused him, and looking below he saw, a horse-woman reining up near his men at the wreck. She rode an American horse, thin and fangy, and the experienced way in which she checked him drew him back almost to his haunches. But McCloud's eyes were fixed on the slender figure of the rider. Her boot flashed in the stirrup while she spoke to the nearest man, and her horse stretched his neck and nosed the brown alkali-grass that spread thinly along the road.

To McCloud she was something like an apparition. He sat spellbound until the trackman indiscreetly pointed him out, and the eyes of the visitor, turning his way, caught him with his hands on the rock in an attitude openly curious. She turned immediately away, but McCloud rose and started



She Was Something Like an Apparition.

down the hill. The horse's head was pulled up, and there were signs of departure. He quickened his steps. Once he saw, or thought he saw, the rider's head so turned that her eyes might have commanded one approaching from his quarter; yet he could catch no further glimpse of her face. A second surprise awaited him. Just as she seemed about to ride away, she dropped lightly from the horse-to the ground, and he saw how confident in figure she was. As she began to try her saddle-girths, McCloud attempted a greeting. She could not ignore his hat, held rather high above his head as he approached, but she gave him the slightest nod in return—one that made no attempt to explain why she was there or where she had come from.

"Pardon me," ventured McCloud, "have you lost your way?"

He was immediately conscious that he had said the wrong thing. The expression of her eyes implied that it was foolish to suppose she was lost, but she only answered: "I saw the smoke and feared the bridge was on fire."

Something in her voice made him almost sorry he had intervened; if she stood in need of help of any sort it was not apparent, and her gaze was confusing.

"I presume Mr. Sinclair is here?" she said, presently.

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"He usually has charge of the wrecks, I think. What a dreadful fire!" she murmured, looking down the track. "Was it a passenger wreck?"

She turned abruptly on McCloud to ask the question. Her eyes were brown, too, he saw, and a doubt assailed him. Was she pretty?

"Only a freight wreck," he answered.

"I thought if there were passengers hurt I could send help from the ranch. Were you the conductor?"

"Fortunately not."

"And no one was hurt?"

"Only a tramp. We are burning the wreck to clear the track."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.  
Established.....1889.

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday morning by The Record Printing Co., Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as second-class matter, June 15, 1889.  
Terms of Subscription—One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c. (to new subscribers, 25c in advance.) Single copies, 5c.  
Advertising Rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly; transient advertising in advance.  
Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 5 cent per word.  
For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, 1 cent per word for first, and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.  
Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.  
No fake advertising, nor unfelicitous patent medicine advertising, or anything bordering on the "objectionable" accepted at any price.  
Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, 6 p. m.  
Notices for religious and benevolent societies of reasonable length, one insertion free.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., OCT. 1, '09

### Lots of Work at Home.

At Grand Rapids last week at the Methodist conference a resolution was adopted authorizing a committee to investigate the conditions of Michigan's state institutions and then wound up by citing the awful fact of Warden Armstrong of the Jackson prison going wrong. To be sure he went wrong and he ought to be punished for it too, but if the preachers will confine their efforts to their respective charges and make a business of saving souls and correcting the moral standing of the communities in which they live, they will have all they can reasonably attend to. One occasionally hears of a preacher going wrong and getting arrested but the state does not feel called upon to appoint a committee to investigate the condition of the churches nor does it call attention in the public press of the fact of the man gone wrong. It is no reflection upon the many grand and noble men and women who are at the head of Michigan's great charitable, penal and educational institutions, because Warden Armstrong went wrong, any more than it is a reflection upon the conference as a whole because now and then a preacher goes wrong.

### NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. Geo. Taylor's father, Mr. Moulton, is very sick.  
Mr. and Mrs. Craft of Pontiac are guests at Lee Wooster's.  
Annual meeting of the Novi Baptist church will be held in the church Oct. 4.  
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bassett visited friends at Ionia from Saturday until Monday.  
Mrs. Harry Nichols and daughter, Dora, visited friends in Detroit from Friday until Sunday.  
Mrs. Chas. Dodge of Elele and Mrs. Myron Shaw of Cadillac visited Mrs. Harry Nichols from Monday until Wednesday.  
The business meeting of the B. Y. P. U. will be held with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blery Tuesday evening, Oct. 5.

### WALLED LAKE NEWS.

The teachers and pupils went to the Millford Fair Thursday.  
Rev. and Mrs. DuPuis left Tuesday for their new home in Pontiac.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bickling returned Tuesday from their wedding trip.  
Mr. and Mrs. Verne Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Angell and little daughter, Evelyn, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Malra.  
A very pleasant time was enjoyed at the social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gilchrist Tuesday evening. About \$15 was taken in.  
Mrs. Frank Riley, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Nelson Howard, and family left Wednesday on a journey to Alabama, where she will make her future home.

### FOR CONSTIPATION.

We are so positive Rexall Orderlies will promptly relieve constipation that we offer to furnish the medicine free of all cost if the user is not satisfactorily benefited. Surely we could offer no better argument as to why you should try Rexall Orderlies. They are particularly pleasant, are eaten like candy, and may be taken at any time of day or night without inconvenience. Two sizes, 10c. and 25c. ●  
A. E. STANLEY & CO., NORTHVILLE, THE "REXALL" STORE.

## NORTHVILLE.

### Purely Personal.

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

Mrs. Anna Perry of Wixom visited friends in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Weston are visiting friends in Pontiac.

Guy Elkins will be a guest of Port Huron friends over Sunday.

Guy Elkins was the guest of Harry Black in Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. Augusta Mardock is home from Detroit for a few days' rest.

Mrs. Anna Gale of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Savile.

Miss Ina Smithman returned home Thursday from a week's visit in Fenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey White of Detroit visited Northville relatives over Sunday.

W. Y. Murdock and family of Ypsilanti spent Sunday with Northville relatives.

Mrs. Y. G. Lockwood of Clarenceville visited Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Johnson Sunday.

Geo. Barley of Pontiac was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley, Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Steers left Friday for Dansville, N. Y., where she will visit for an indefinite time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor are spending a week with relatives in Brighton and Detroit.

Miss Ruth Allen is spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Louis Hutton, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith left Monday on their western trip.

Mrs. J. Welch and Mrs. Floyd Northrop attended the Hart-Higbee wedding at Ionia Tuesday.

Miss Alta Smith and Miss Margaret Meacham of Milford spent last Friday with Mrs. Jesse Clark.

Mrs. Annie Mosher was a guest at Mrs. Leonard Harry's in Ann Arbor from Tuesday until Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Robinson and Miss Jennie Dean of Detroit are visiting Mrs. Myron White and family.

Miss Ethel McVean of Pontiac was a guest at the home of Mrs. E. J. Tremper Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Neal and son, George, of Orion were guests of Northville relatives over Sunday.

Miss Bertha Moyer has returned home from a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Ann Arbor.

Arthur Phillips of Detroit has been spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy of Cleveland, Ohio, were guests of Northville relatives a few days last week.

Claude McKahan of Milwaukee, Wis., is spending the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. McKahan.

C. E. McKilloon of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. Rockwell, who is caring for her mother, Mrs. Wm. T. Johnson.

Mrs. Geo. Sinclair and sister, Mrs. Barkley, visited relatives in Pontiac the latter part of last week and the fore part of this.

Miss Una Gunsolly made a trip to Ann Arbor Wednesday to visit her aunt, Mrs. Roe, who is there to undergo an operation.

Ray and Edward Bogart spent Saturday and Sunday at Onwaba cottage, Cass lake, the guests of their uncle, A. N. Kimmis.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Rhoades and the latter's father, Chas. Shipley, Sr., visited with Isaac Shipley and family Sunday in the country.

Mrs. Frank Zessau, Mrs. Fred Engle, Theo Oldenburg and Mrs. Mann all of Detroit were guests at Fred Oldenburg's during the past week.

Mrs. Susan Tremper of Four Towns and Mrs. Thos. Browning of Straits lake were guests of Mrs. E. J. Tremper and family Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Rose Stephenson-Gillis and Miss Nora Stephenson of Morenci and Miss Pearl McDonnell of Detroit were guests at G. H. Baker's over Sunday.

The Childs' carnival, under the auspices of the Baptist ladies, will be held in the rink Saturday afternoon, Oct. 16, beginning at 1 o'clock. Children from all denominations, under 15 years of age are especially invited to compete for the prizes.

Millinery Opening of Fall and Winter goods at Mrs. G. A. Tinsam's October 7, 8 and 9.

You make no mistake when you buy groceries of Cook & Co., Farmington.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## End the AGONY

Why suffer the torments of rheumatism when prompt relief can be obtained with CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

Send for testimony of former rheumatic sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by this wonderful remedy.

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.

For sale at 50c a bottle by "For Sale by All Druggists."

Dr. Hart and wife of Lapeer are guests of Northville friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wagenschutz of Plymouth visited Sunday at James Ford's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. Brennan of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. James Ford.

Mrs. Katharine Fuller was a Northville visitor from Saturday until Monday, coming from Wixom to attend the "old ladies" party at Mrs. J. B. Cook's.

Mrs. Jas. VanAtta, who has been here caring for her little granddaughter, Doria Stark, who has been very sick with diphtheria, returned to her home near South Lyon Monday.

### Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor)

"The King's Own" bible class was most royally entertained at the home of Mrs. C. J. Ball Monday evening.

An attendance of about 90 was registered last Sunday at Sunday school. Remember, the school will be held in the same place next Sunday.

The Epworth League meetings will not be resumed until the church is reopened. We hope to have a fine League rally on reopening Sunday.

The work of frescoing the church is progressing nicely and will, without doubt, be finished this week. The date of reopening cannot be stated as yet but will be made known in due time. "Wait for it."

The regular business meeting of the Epworth League will be held Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Emma Woodworth. All members are requested to be present as there is business of importance to transact.

The Sunday morning service will be again held in the Ladies' library. This building is easy of access, and an effort will be made to provide comfortable sittings for all. Let us forget the temporary inconvenience of a closed church and make these Sundays count for the best possible beginning of the year's work.

A Versatile Californian.

Fred Connel, justice of the peace in Groveland, combines his legal dispensary with the tonsorial profession, and also carries a large stock of jewelry. His residence of over twelve years in the town inspires confidence in his ability to please in all lines. Added to his other responsibilities is that of notary.—Big Oak Enterprise

Statistics of London Fires.

In London more fires occur on Saturday than on any other day of the week, and more in August and December than in any other months.

They Want to Know.

The charitable people of London have formed a union to see that the money given by them is properly spent.

Have Faith in Yourself.

Without a robust belief in your ability to accomplish you never will accomplish. You must believe in yourself and not depend on others to drag you up the heights to success.

Root of All Character.

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character.—Carlyle.

Its Meaning Brought Home.

"When a man begins to pay his son's college debts," says the Philosopher of Folly, "he understands what is meant by a 'liberal education.'"

New York's Big "Zoo."

While the great zoological garden of London has 1,621 birds, there are 2,530 in New York's Bronx zoological park.

Ancient Use of Asbestos.

Asbestos was known to the ancients, who used it in which to wrap bodies previous to cremation, to separate the human ashes from those of the funeral pyre.

There will be a fine display of Fall and Winter hats at Mrs. G. A. Tinsam's October 7, 8 and 9.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Difference. Stubbornness is fighting to have in a certain way what you want. Strength of purpose is getting in the most convenient way that presents itself what you desire.

To Banish Rats.

Chloride of lime is infallible; it should be put down the rat-holes and spread about wherever they are likely to appear.

Why They're Disappointed.

"Some men sit with folded hands waiting for their ships to come in," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "who never made a single move toward even raising a sail."

In Praise of Sincerity.

Sincerity is like traveling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways in which men often lose themselves.—Tillotson.

Woman and Her Apparel.

To a woman, even the prospect of new and pretty apparel is positively invigorating, the selection is another most bracing proceeding, while the actual wearing of the clothes completes a certain cure for depression.

Stops earache in two minutes; toothache or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness, one hour; muscleache, two hours; sore throat, twelve hours.—Dr. Thomas Electric Oil; monarch over pain.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

FOR SALE—Wood. About 200 cords at \$2 per cord and delivered. Apply to Geo. Rattenbury or leave orders at Exchange Hotel. 7w2

LOST—Tuesday, Sept. 21, a flat black pocket book containing two five dollar bills and some small change and a door key. Finder will please return it to Mrs. Cress Lawrence, 27 Cady street and receive reward. 9w1p

FOR SALE—A Retort oak stove. Mrs. Lydia Hubbard, north center street. 9w2p

FOR SALE—Cheap Garland base burner, good as new; also fancy hanging lamp. Inquire of Dean Griswold. 9w1

FOR SALE—A new style leatherette baby car; almost new. Inquire of Mrs. Loren Felt. 9w1

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—the A. L. Taft farm (51 acres) 1/2 mile southeast of village. Inquire of N. L. Clark, Northville. 9w5p

FOR RENT—Large house. Inquire of C. M. Thornton. Bell phone 171 J2. 5ft

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. 4

FOR RENT—Pleasant room over Stark Bros. store. Inquire of C. A. Gardner. 8ft

FOR SALE—Fine eighty acre farm one mile north of Farmington. Good buildings, underground stable, running water also windmill. Inquire 287 Warren Avenue, West. 8w2p

FOR SALE—Three spring market swagon. Home phone 301-6R U. A. Tibbitts. 8w2p

FOR RENT—House on Dunlap street. Inquire of R. R. McKahan. 6ft

FOR SALE—A desirable house and lot in Bealton. Inquire at Record office. 6ft

FOR SALE—The house and lot on Main street, owned by the late Chas. D. Waterman, 32 ft. frontage on Main street, 21 ft. deep. The property has been ordered sold by Probate Court to close the estate. Wm. H. Ambler, Executor. 36ft

FOR SALE—Two cheap places on Northside. Parties going West. O. S. Harger. 35ft

CABINET MAKERS WANTED

Steady work for good men. Wolverine Mfg. Co., Detroit.

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, Farm 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 Main streets; 3 or four acres of land.

Thrashing outfit with 12 hp engine, good separator. Corn husker and silo cutter. All at half price. O. S. HARGER. 24ft

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 8:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

DR. T. E. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 8:00 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. 25mc 3p

DR. RODERICK B. WILSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of 212 Stevens Bldg. Detroit, Mich., will visit Northville Monday and Thursday of each week. Appointments can be made by phone or call. Phone, Home 145-X. Office at W. P. Johnson's residence. Office hours—9:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. 49m3

## NO BETTER PRICES ANYWHERE

Shaker Flannel.....5c, 7c, 8c, 10c, 12½c  
Heavy Outing Flannel.....8c and 10c

Another Shipment of our Famous Dollar Blankets This Week.

Ladies' Shawls.....50c, 75c and \$1

We Carry a Good Line of Window Shades, Curtains, Rods and Curtain Poles.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Outing Flannel Night Dresses..50-75c, \$1, \$1.50

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

RESOLVED THAT GARMENTS SHOULD BE ALL WOOL IF PEOPLE WHO SELL THEM TO YOU SAY THEY ARE. THE LAMB MAY BE FLEECE IN ORDER TO MAKE WOOLEN GOODS BUT YOU NEED NOT BE FLEECE IF YOU BUY AT A RELIABLE STORE BUSTER BROWN.

FROM THE LOOKS OF SOME PEOPLE WHOM WE SEE ON THE STREET SOME SUITS AND OVERCOATS ARE CERTAINLY A YARD WIDE, IF NOT ALL WOOL. OF COURSE OUR SUITS ARE ALL WOOL. BUT WE ARE THANKFUL THAT THEY ARE NOT ALL A YARD WIDE, AND SO SHOULD YOU BE, BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A YARD WIDE. WHY NOT GET CLOTHES THAT FIT. WE FIT PEOPLE IN OUR STORE. THE ONLY TIME WHEN MANY PEOPLE WHO BUY CLOTHES "HAVE A FIT" IS AFTER THEY BUY THEM. YOU WILL NOT HAVE A FIT AFTER YOU BUY A SUIT AND AN OVERCOAT FROM US, BUT WHEN YOU BUY THEM.

FREYDL, the Tailor

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Flowers

Of Every Description for All Occasions

Every Day in the Year

JOHN BREITMEYER'S SONS

DETROIT, MICH.

PERRIN'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

15c Bus to and from All Trains.

Best Rigs in Town. Telephone Connections.

F. N. PERRIN, Prop.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take 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

Special Rug Sale!

Will be extended one week longer

Sale Commenced

Saturday, Sept. 25; Ends Oct. 9

Ladies will call for their tickets on which they trade \$2.00 in our store.—What store? Oh, I forgot. It's the new store of Fred Oldenburg on Center street, the store that has made Center street famous.—Well, at our store if you trade \$2.00 for groceries you have the privilege of buying a \$2.50 rug at .99c. Not more than two to any one family.

Call for your cards and begin trading September 25, bright and early.

Rugs worth \$2.50 and guaranteed by manufacturer. Good for 20 years.

Everybody get a ticket and trade \$2.00 worth from September 25 to October 9. Opportunity only comes once in 100 years.

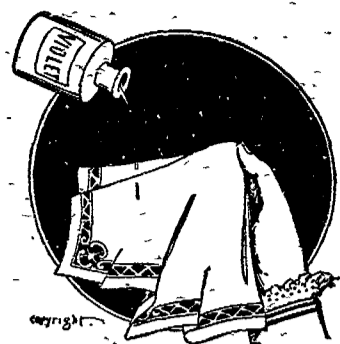
Make our store your trading place. Goods are right, clean and fresh every day.

Call or Send Your Children for a Trading Card.

FRED OLDENBURG

The New Center Street Store. NORTHVILLE.

## PERFUMES!



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

Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda

**Murdock Bros.**  
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

**4%**

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

**UNION TRUST COMPANY,**  
Detroit, Mich.

**4%**

## DETROIT UNITED LINES

### NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Northville to Farmington and Detroit—Also to Orchard Lake and Pontiac.

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

Cars leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:03 a. m. (except Sunday), 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 9:10, 10:43 p. m. and 12:28 a. m.

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

### FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

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

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

### SALEM NEWS.

Jack Eldrid of Ogden, Utah, returned to his home today after a two-weeks' visit with his cousin, Mrs. C. P. Augell.

The latest Cleveland and Buffalo styles in Fall and Winter Millinery at McHugh & McHugh's next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Our teas and coffees suit the taste. Cook & Co., Farmington.

**COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.**—In the matter of the estate of JAMES D. BROCKET, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of James A. Dubuar in the village of Northville in said county, on Thursday the 16th day of November, A. D. 1909, and on Friday the 16th day of January, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 16th day of September, A. D. 1909, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, September 16, 1909.  
ANDREW RASCH,  
DELEMAN SIVER,  
Commissioners

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

Monday was one of the most pleasant days of the year.

The library will be open Saturday afternoon and evening as usual.

Mrs. Geo. Smitherman has been quite ill the past week, but is better now.

Miss Rachel Rogers' home on north Center street is receiving a fresh coat of paint.

Stewart Colt, little son of Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Colt, has been quite ill the past week.

Bert Snyder has moved his shoe repair shop into the north side of the old post office building.

The manufacture of furnaces at the American Bell Foundry plant is going with a rush these days.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Thomas has been quite ill with spinal trouble the past week.

Mrs. James Sessions and Mrs. T. H. Turner were awarded a number of prizes at the Redford fair last week.

Mrs. J. H. Cork was called to Kalamazoo Tuesday by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Burgess.

John N. Emery of Detroit and Mrs. Anna M. Broughton of Jordan, N. Y. were married Tuesday, Sept. 28, in Port Byron, N. Y.

Hills & Hotelling, S. D. Meserquill and Wm. Todd will close their barber shops at 8:00 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

Mrs. G. A. Tinham and the Misses McHugh will close their millinery stores at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturday evenings.

Giles R. Long, a former well known Northville business man, died in Detroit Sunday and the funeral was held from the home Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Theo Mosher, who has been sick for the past six weeks, underwent an operation at University hospital Friday morning and is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cork, who have been in the bakery and restaurant business here the past two years, have closed out and will retire from the work for a while.

The Juniors will appear in the last game of ball for the season Saturday afternoon with the North Farmington Elephants. This will be a very interesting game. Don't miss it.

Bernice, the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Henry, has been seriously ill the past two weeks with spinal meningitis. She was taken to the hospital in Detroit Saturday for treatment.

The State Sanitarium at Howell admitted 13 patients during last month and discharged 14 for the same period, leaving a total of 45—23 male and 22 female patients, one less than for the previous month.

The Baptist ladies are making arrangements for an entertainment to be given the latter part of October. The first part of the program will consist of music and will close with a "playlet." Watch for bills.

Governor Warner and Lieutenant Governor Patrick H. Kelley made a trip through the northern portion of the lower peninsula last week. They were in Bay City together and attended the fair at Mio, Oscoda county.

Mrs. J. E. Morse won first premiums on collection of asters, ten named varieties, and exhibits of Confederate money and other curiosities at the State Fair. Mr. Morse captured a "first" on exhibits of new varieties of sweet corn at the State Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes entertained Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Yerkes of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Yerkes of Ypsilanti and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Yerkes of this place Sunday in honor of their father, Robt. Yerkes, Sr., whose eightieth birthday occurred on that day. It was also the twelfth birthday of his little grand-son, Donald Yerkes.

Schrader Bros. will give a sewing rocker to the girl under 13 who will bring to the child's carnival, Oct. 16, the best piece of patchwork block, to consist of six or more pieces, all the work done by herself.

### Notice.

I now occupy the north half of the old post office building where I shall be pleased to see all those who are in need of shoe repairing.

BERT SNYDER.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

G. H. Baker is able to be out after several days' illness.

Ross Dixon is suffering from blood poison the result of handling snakes. St. Mary's Society will hold its eighth annual banquet in the rink Wednesday, Oct. 27.

Pitt Johnson, who has been a great sufferer for several months is gaining slowly, although he has no use of his hands as yet.

It is reported that Herbert Dean of Neosho, Mo., has been ordered to Bozeman, Montana, to take charge of the fish hatchery at that place.

Arthur Murray is the latest purchaser of a new Brush run-a-bout. He is also the youngest auto owner in town, being only twenty-one years of age.

Rae Haddock came within an ace of getting a "free hair cut" at the M. A. C. rush at Lansing Tuesday. It was Rae's wonderful "sprinting" ability that saved him.

Mrs. O. N. Barnhart has returned from Ann Arbor, where she underwent an operation four weeks ago. She is now visiting at Mrs. Sumner Power's and is gaining nicely in health.

The Sophomores and the teachers of the High school gave Margaret Yerkes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Yerkes, a surprise Wednesday evening, it being her fifteenth birthday. All had a most enjoyable time.

The postponed meeting of the G. A. R. Post and W. R. C. to entertain the Newburg Post and Relief Corps, will occur on Friday, Oct. 8. The ladies who were solicited to furnish for the banquet, will remember they are to furnish the same at this meeting.

Dr. F. W. Shumway, secretary of the state board of health, reports he will, in the near future, call a meeting of representatives of all the railroads doing business in this state to discuss the provisions of the new law giving the board authority to require certain sanitary precautions on all passenger trains for the protection of the traveling public.

### Nobody Spared

**Kidney Troubles Attack Northville Men and Women, Old and Young.**

Kidney ills seize young and old. Come quickly with little warning. Children suffer in their early years—Can't control the kidney secretions. Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain.

Women worry, can't do daily work.

Men have lame and aching backs. The cure for man, woman or child. Is to cure the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys.

Cure all forms of kidney suffering. Northville testimony proves it. Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Center street, Northville, Mich., says: "I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. Some years ago I suffered from backache and pains through my kidneys and at that time, I took Doan's Kidney Pills, procuring them from Murdock Bros' drug store. They lived up to the claims made for them, relieving the backache and other annoyances and helping me in every way. Another member of the family who took Doan's Kidney Pills also received great benefit."

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.

The Misses McHugh invite you to come in and inspect their stock of Fall and Winter hats, October 7, 8 and 9, whether you buy or not.

**Dr. Ayer's Positive Cure.**

Home treatments for ladies, one month's treatment \$2.00 or 50 cents per week. Call Tuesdays and Saturdays from 2 o'clock to 8 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Frank Lyons, Cady street. 9w2p

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury**

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

**The New Idea.**

"He hasn't much sense," said the health fad enthusiast, disgustedly. "Why, he hasn't enough sense to go out into the wet."

**What They Are Paying.**

The Northville Market corrected up to date.

Wheat, red—1.10 Wheat, white—1.08 Oats, New—35c Corn in ear—35c. Shelled corn—70c Baled hay per ton—\$15.00 Hogs dressed—\$11.00 Cattle—\$5.00 Lamb—\$6.00 Beef hides—85c per lb. Veal calves live—\$7.50 Eggs—24c Butter—28c.

### Baptist Church notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The B. Y. P. U. topic for Sunday evening is "Life Lessons from the Book of Ephesians."

Pastor Musser will give a sermon Sunday morning on the topic "The Farmer on Top." You who have been, you who are and you who expect to be farmers are urged to be present.

The Sunday evening service in the Baptist church will be a rare treat. Mr. Howard Severance, a teacher from the Philippines, now writing a book for the government, will deliver an address on the people of the Philippines; their customs, religion, teachers, etc. A little later he will give us an address on his trip around the world.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

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

The Third Division of the Ladies' Aid society will meet tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at Mrs. Horton's at 3 o'clock.

We were very glad to see so many of our Methodist friends last Sunday evening and cordially invite them to worship with us again.

The Session met at the manse on Wednesday evening and adopted suitable resolutions on the death of Henry M. White. C. L. Dubuar was elected clerk of the Session to succeed Mr. White.

For a few Sunday evenings we will study some little-known characters and incidents in the Old Testament. Next Sunday evening the topic will be "The Woman Who Worried about Her Son's Marriage."

Next Sunday the infant and primary classes in the Sunday school will begin the use of new graded lessons especially intended for the little ones. It is believed that the teachers, scholars and parents will appreciate the improvement.

The church has suffered a great loss in the death of Henry M. White. He was an elder and clerk of the session for over thirty years and a most efficient and faithful officer. He often represented the church in Presbytery and was a commissioner to the General Assembly at Buffalo in 1904.

The Third Division of the Ladies' Aid society will begin their work with an old fashioned social at Mrs. O. S. Harger's on Friday evening of next week. The price of admission will be seven cents and seven cents for refreshments and every seventh person goes in free. An interesting

The "Dr. Cook" hat, the "Peary Sailor" and the "North Pole" are among the new styles in Millinery at McHugh & McHugh's October 7, 8 and 9.

## 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. FRANK S. NEAL  
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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.



**L. W. LOVEWELL**  
AUCTIONEER  
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Special attention given to Farm, Merchandise and Thoroughbred Stock Sales.

Dates for Sales made at either Telephone Office, South Lyon, at my expense.

Terms Reasonable. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Oct '09—Mar. 10

program and various attractions are promised.

Miss Mary Ellen Jones of Detroit gave a recital in the Library on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society. Her selections were well rendered and greatly pleased the audience. Grave and gay, serious and humorous were equally well given and her renditions were greatly enjoyed by all. Local talent gave several fine musical numbers.

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## 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.

## Take Notice-10 Per Cent Discount

In order to make room for our Immense Stock of Holiday Goods we will Inaugurate a 10 per cent Discount Sale for the next Ten Days, beginning

**Saturday, October 2nd, 1909**

And Lasting 10 Days. Just Stop and Think of what 10% Discount Means on our already Low Priced Furniture.

We have Rockers to Fit Your Back  
Couches to Rest Upon  
You are assured of a Good Night's Sleep if you  
Have one of Our Cotton Felt Mattresses

### Room Sized Rugs

Don't forget that this is the season for Rugs and we are loaded with a fine line—and at Moderate Prices.

**Come in and Let Us Show You This Fine Line**  
and be Convinced that we have the goods.

YOU BUY THE GOODS. WE DELIVER THEM ANYWHERE.

## Schrader Bros.

Furniture Dealers—Funeral Directors. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

A  
TALE  
ofBY  
FRANCIS  
RENOTHE LAST  
FRONTIERBEING A REMINISCENCE OF AN  
EARLY BORDER EXPERIENCE  
OF A NOTED DETECTIVE

## BAT DALY AND THE BURRELL TWINS

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)  
(Copyright in Great Britain.)

Editor's note: Francis Reno, the author, comes of a family of pioneers and fighters, and is related to Maj. Reno of Custer Massacre fame. His earlier years were spent in the turmoil of frontier life in Arizona, where he was for some time deputy sheriff and later deputy United States marshal, at Tucson. His efforts in enforcing the Chinese Exclusion Act on the Mexican border have been highly commended by the Washington authorities, and recognized by the Highlanders, who placed a price of \$5,000 on his head, which stands to-day. Of late years he has held a highly responsible position with one of the largest bank protective associations in the United States, and as superintendent of its secret service has established an enviable record of success in running down bank burglars. These stories are confined to his earlier experiences in the west, the scenes of which are laid in Arizona and New Mexico near the Mexican border. The Last Frontier, which until recent years was wild and lawless, and where the typical "bad man" of pioneer days made his last stand.

HE trouble had its beginning at a merry-making when the boys of the Double L outfit were enjoying themselves to the limit at the Burrell ranch. The dance was in full swing—a vehement, rhythmic and dead-in-earnest ranch dance. Eight couples on the floor tramped and tipped, as the case might be, but always in time with two unmelodious fiddles. The tune, if true it might be called, went over and over again, with the monotonous persistency of a sawmill, dominating the tread of the dancers, but not subduing the fancy of the caller-out.

The caller-out for the moment was a curly-headed lad of 20, with a shrewd, good-humored face. He stood in a slouching attitude, one shoulder much higher than the other, and as he gave forth, in a slug song voice, his emphatic rhymed directions, his fingers played idly with the red silk laccings of his brown flannel shirt. To an imaginative looker-on those idly toying fingers had an indefinable air of being very much at home with the trigger of the six-shooter at the lad's belt. So, at least, it struck young Cyrus Burrell.

Cyrus Burrell joint host with his brother on this occasion, sat on a bench beside me contemplating with wonder the energy of these overworked women. It was an April evening and the windows were open to the south. A cool night breeze came in, grateful alike to dancers and lookers-on. Cyrus sat watching his twin brother Jack, who was taking his turn at the dance. Cyrus usually watched Jack when he had the chance; for if the brothers were bewilderingly alike in appearance, they were animated by different spirits.

From Cyrus' comments on the assembled guests I judged rightly that he found a strange fascination in this first ranch dance of his. He liked the heartiness of the whole performance, he enjoyed the sharp individuality of the people, their eccentricities of costume and deportment; but he was of too sensitive a fiber not to feel the dramatic possibilities of the occasion. "Tenderfoot," as he was, the fact could not escape him—that a man in a flannel shirt, with a pistol at his belt—and most of the men were thus equipped—was more than likely to have a touch of lawlessness about him.

There was a pause between the two figures of the dance. Jack had taken his partner's fan which he was gently waving to and fro before her face. She stood panting with affected exhaustion, glancing at her "new young man" from under studiously fluttering eyelids. Over in another corner, under a window, was a red-faced cowboy, slumbering tranquilly, his head sunk on his breast, a genial forelock waving lightly in the breeze. The fiddles resumed their function. "Swing your pardis," cried the curly-headed boy; and once more all was commotion.

The room seemed hot and crowded. Cyrus arose and strolled aimlessly around the clear space of the floor. As he came to a halt opposite a window I noticed him start and look forward intently, and following the direction of his glance I saw that a sinister, malignant face in the square of light cast outside by the lamps had attracted his attention. It was the face of the man who the Burrell boys had seen to-night for the first time. He had paid his 75 cents, and had received his numbered ticket like the others, by which simple ceremony all the requirements of ranch etiquette were fulfilled. Bat Daly, they called him, and the Burrell brothers, attracted by his brilliant smile and hearty handshake, had voted him a very pleasant sort of fellow. At this particular moment, however, he did not justify the verdict in point of appearance. It was Bat Daly who had brought the girl that Jack Burrell was dancing with, and Cyrus could not re-

member having seen her dance with anyone else, besides Daly himself. They were light eyes looking out from under level eyebrows, and Cyrus frankly shuddered at the sight of them. The man's face was clean shaven, showing high cheek-bones and a firm handsome mouth. He stood in an indolent attitude, with his hands in his pockets; but all the reckless passion of the desperado was concentrated in the fiery glance of those menacing eyes.

"Meet your partner with a double gashay," cried the curly-headed boy. The fiddles squeaked with untiring zeal, and Cyrus looked again at his brother, who was flirting outrageously. Cyrus walked back to the bench and resumed his seat beside me. "His face was pale and troubled. 'Frank,' he said at last, 'do you know anything about this person they call Bat Daly?'"

I smiled at the seriousness of the tone in which the question was put. "I know him slightly, Cy," I responded, "and it wouldn't surprise me if I had to know him better in an official capacity one of these fine days. He's a trouble maker, is Mr. Bat Daly, and rather celebrated for his willingness to start a shooting racket on very small provocation. But if you are worrying about Jack paying attention to his girl, my advice to you is to forget it. Jack is quite well able to look after himself, and anything you can say or do wouldn't be likely to help matters any. Remember this isn't the east and you're not exactly on to the ropes yet. It's different with Jack. He's not a tenderfoot and has bucked against just as tough material as Bat Daly in his time."

Cyrus shook his head despondingly, but made no further comment. The caller-out was shouting, "Promenade all—you know where." The sets were broken up, and Jack with his best manner was leading his partner to a seat. The face had vanished from the window. Bat Daly was striding across the room, and now planted himself in front of the offending pair.

"You've got to come with me, Nelly," he growled.

"Pray, don't mention it," cried Jack, relinquishing the girl to Daly with a mocking reverence.

Shrugging her shoulders and pouting, Nelly moved away with her captor, not however, without a parting glance over her shoulder at Jack. The latter walked over to where Cyrus and I were sitting.

"I say, Jack," Cyrus begged, "don't dance with that girl again."

"And why not?"

"You wouldn't ask if you had seen that ruffian's face at the window watching you?"

"Didn't I see it, though?" laughed Jack, and Cyrus glanced despairingly at me, knowing that he had blundered, just as I had warned him. A new caller-out had taken the floor, and was shouting, "Seventeen to twenty four, get on the floor and dance."

The pauses are short at a ranch dance, for each man, having a right in only one dance out of three or four, is eager for his turn. The women in this particular occasion might have been glad of a rest, for there were only ten of them to satisfy the demands of all the men, and steady dancing from eight o'clock to three is no light task. Nevertheless, each one rose with sufficient alacrity in response to the polite inquiry, "Will you assist me with this dance?" and in a few minutes the same many colored gowns and much befuddled heads which had diversified the last sets were lending luster to the present dance. Neither Bat Daly nor Jack Burrell was included this time among those admonished to "get on the floor and dance," and Cyrus, thankful for the respite, stepped outside where a group of men were lounging and smoking. He strolled over to the group of bronchos, in saddle or harness, standing hitched to the fence, and pushed in among them, patting their heads, or righting the blankets of the few that were fortunate enough to have such luxuries. He felt as though he should like to enter into confidential relations with them. They seemed, somehow, more of his own kind than the rough, jostling, pugnacious beings passing themselves off as men and brothers within there. He poked about from one to the other of the sturdy, plush-coated little beasts, till he came to a great white horse harnessed to a sulky, and looking like a giant in contrast with the scrubby broncos. The amiability which is supposed to wait upon generous proportions proved to be a characteristic of this equine Goliath, for at Cyrus' approach he cocked his ears and turned his head with marked friendliness. Cyrus looked across the creature's rough neck to the firm, strong outlines of the range showing clearly in the moonlight. He was unable to throw off the weight that oppressed him. There was no shirking the truth. He was deadly afraid of Bat Daly; the sight of that lowering face at the window

caused in him a horrible physical shrinking; the dread of an undefined mischief brewing rested upon his spirit like a nightmare.

"Great heavens! What a coward I am," he groaned aloud.

The white horse rubbed his velvet nose in mute sympathy against the man's shoulder; but there was no solace that the white horse could give. Cyrus leaned against the friendly neck, and set his teeth hard together. A lifelong chagrin welled up in him, flooding his soul with bitterness. If Cyrus Burrell had not adored his twin brother, he would have hated him—hated him for possessing that one quality of rash courage beside which every other virtue seemed mean and worthless. Presently he found himself looking in at the window again. Jack had disappeared from the scene. Bat Daly and his Nelly were sitting side by side in sulky silence. The fiddles had fallen into a more sentimental strain; hints of "The Mocking Bird" might be heard struggling for utterance in the strings. In this ambitious attempt the pitch would get lower and lower, and then recover itself with a queer falsetto effect.

Harry Mangies, the crack bronco buster of the region, was caller-out this time. He was less inventive than the curly-headed boy, but he gave out his commands in the same chanting measure, and the tramp, tramp of the feet was as rhythmic as ever. The curly-headed boy was taking his turn at the dance, "assisted" by a tall, middle-aged woman in a brown woolen dress, who made frequent dashes into the room adjoining to quiet her baby, in his effort not to look at Bat Daly.

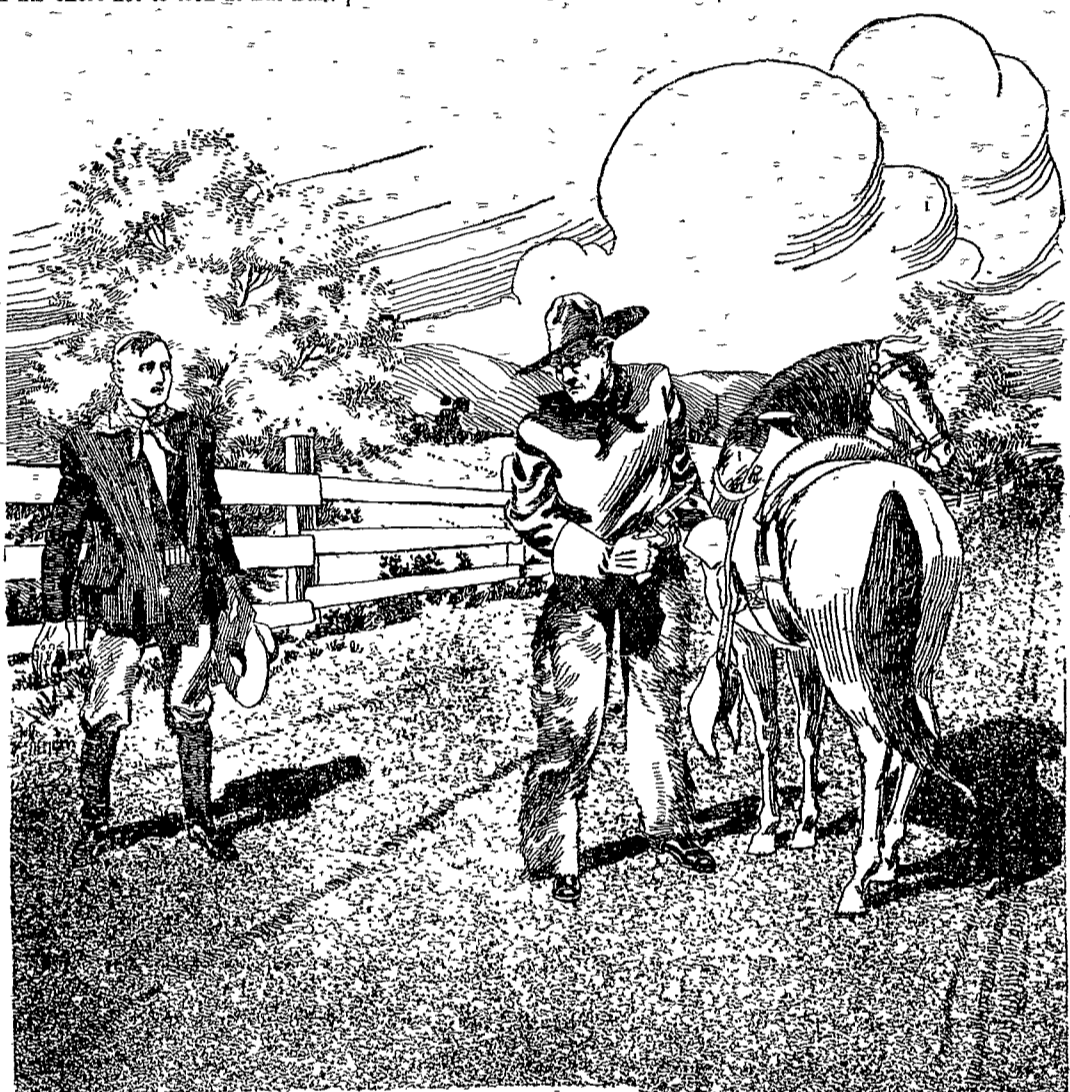
saw the pink of her neck take on a deeper tinge, and at the same time Bat Daly and Jack Burrell brushed past him, and stood before the girl, each offering her a plate on which reposed two sandwiches and a section of cucumber pickle. This was Nelly's opportunity. She shrugged her shoulders, which encased in red velvet; she lifted and then dropped her eyes, poisoning her head first on one side and then on the other; she clasped her hands and wrinkled her forehead. Cyrus felt as though he were watching the capricious sparks which mark the progress of a slow match toward a powder train. Bat Daly, meanwhile, stood rooted before the girl, while Jack, having possessed himself of the fallen fan, met her coquetry with blandishments of the most undisguised nature. At length, hesitatingly, she took Daly's plate, but at the same time she moved along on the bench and offered Jack a seat. He promptly took it, and Daly went away with the calmness of a silently gathering thunder cloud. Daly did not dance again that night; he withdrew to the piazza, where he kept guard at the window hour after hour. Jack danced with no one but Nelly, and sat beside her between whiles. Cyrus wandered about, trying not to watch Daly. He knew his brother too well to remonstrate with him again by so much as a look.

As the night wore on, the hilarity of the company increased; nothing daunted by the sight of a man lying here and there under a bench, with a telltale black bottle protruding from his pocket. When the favorite figure of the "Bird in the Cage" was danced, and the caller-out shouted, "Bird flies

had flung the rein over the neck of his stamping bronco; but he himself was as calm and cool as though he had not ridden 20 miles before sunrise.

"I've come to fix up my account with you, Jack Burrell," Bat remarked coolly. If he had raged passionately, his action would not have so alarmed Cyrus. But his deadly composure, the careless indifference with which he held his gun in his right hand, while his left hung loosely at his side, was more than terrifying. It was blood-curdling. For an instant Cyrus' brain whirled wildly, but through the confused beat of his pulses, overmastering the fear of sudden death, he was conscious of one clearly defined hope—that Jack might not arrive before Daly discovered his mistake. Jack was too fine a fellow to end like this, and if Daly killed him, Cyrus, the brute would probably be satisfied and leave this part of the country for good. Something like a sense of relief touched him at the thought that in this supreme moment at least he was no coward, he was capable of self-sacrifice. He was trembling from head to foot, and yet there was an odd defiance in his voice, as he cried out: "Shoot, then, I'm ready."

Bat Daly's response came quickly, his finger pressed the trigger, and Cyrus fell. But the echo of the shot had not died away before it was drowned in another sharp report and Daly staggered against his bronco with a bullet in his shoulder. It was only a flesh wound, however, and with an oath of surprise he leaped to the saddle and galloped away followed by several other shots, none of which



"I've come to fix up my account with you, Jack Burrell," Bat remarked coolly.

Cyrus' attention had become vague and scattered. He fixed his eyes upon an elderly man of an anxious countenance, with a shock of two-colored hair sticking out straight in all directions. The man was having some difficulty in steering his partner through an intricate figure; he was the only person on the floor who did not keep step, and his movements became at every moment more vague and undecided. Then at last the wiry, determined looking bronco buster sprang upon the company the somewhat abstruse direction:

"Lady round the gent, and the gent don't go."

Lady round the lady, and the gent so-lo."

The "gent" in question became hopelessly bewildered, and stood stock still in the middle of the floor. By the time the set was disentangled the dance seemed to be over, and the bronco buster dismissed the dancers with the somewhat cynical prophecy: "You'll all get married on a stormy day."

At this juncture, midnight being well passed, supper was announced. The kitchen door swung open, and the fragrant smell of the coffee took possession of the room, and floated out through the open window. As some one closed the window in his face, Cyrus followed the other loungers into the house. The men had all made a stampede for the kitchen; the women sat on chairs and benches against the wall, some of them leaning their heads back wearily while others fanned themselves, and their neighbors with vigor, not relaxing for a moment the somewhat strained vivacity which they felt that the occasion demanded. Bat Daly's Nelly—no one knew her last name—sat a little apart from the others. She was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of her pocket-handkerchief, a piece of coarse flannel, flitting it across her face in lieu of the fan, which had slid to the floor.

Cyrus paused on his way to the kitchen and observed her closely. He

out and the crow flies in," everybody in the room cried, "Caw, caw," in excellent imitation of the sable-hued fowl thereby typified, and the dancers, conscious of an admiring public, swung and "sashayed" with increasing vehemence. Toward three o'clock Jack was again dancing with Daly's Nelly, and as the caller-out chanted:

"Swing that girl that pretty little girl, That girl you left behind you."

he advanced toward her with an air of mock gallantry. At the same moment Bat Daly stalked into the middle of the set, a sombrero planted firmly on his head, a long cowhide whip in his hand. He seized Nelly by the arm in a grip that must have hurt her and said, "I'm going home now, you can do as you d—d please." A pistol shot could not have made half the sensation caused by this breach of etiquette; indeed it would not have been half so unprecedented. Nelly turned with an air of startled defiance, but at sight of Daly's scowling face she recoiled.

"I'm all ready to go," she said suddenly, and too thoroughly cowed to cast even a parting glance at Jack, she hurried away to get ready for her 20-mile drive. Cyrus had started forward nervously, but I grasped his arm and drew him back into his seat with a whispered caution to mind his own business. As I expected, Jack Burrell took matters coolly, provided himself with another partner, and the dance went on. And as the thunder-cloud had withdrawn, and the bolt had not fallen, it was not until the gray dawn was in the sky that the last of the revelers drove through the courtyard, and out across the prairie to meet the rising sun.

But Bat Daly's vengeance was yet to come, and strangely enough, to fall upon the wrong man. About noon the same day Cyrus was crossing a field, a mile away from the ranch-house, when his ears caught the sound of a swiftly galloping pony. As he turned the rider came into sight and in another moment Bat Daly had leaped to the ground not ten feet from him; he

reached the intended target. But that first shot of Jack Burrells, as his pony tore across the field, was long talked of in the vicinity. He reached his brother's side, dismounted, and examined him closely. Daly's bullet had struck his victim in the chest, penetrating the right lung and according to a physician, who luckily happened to be near at hand attending to a cowboy with a broken leg, there was small hope for the wounded youth's recovery.

When the doctor's verdict was announced Jack Burrell hastily collected several of his friends with the intention of hunting down the assassin, and as I chanced to be the nearest officer of the law within reach, I found myself riding in the capacity of deputy sheriff at the head of a posse in pursuit of Mr. Bat Daly. The latter had a good start, however, and by the time we got shaped around and picked up the trail, it became evident that luck was against us. Bat Daly had got clear away, and at nightfall we returned to the ranch empty-handed and decidedly crestfallen.

But fickle fortune was destined to change her mind again, for two days later I received information from an unexpected source to the effect that Bat Daly was in the town of Prescott, Ariz., carousing around and apparently making no attempt to conceal his identity. Knowing Daly's character as I did, this did not greatly surprise me. Reckless even in his sober moments, when he was engaged in a debauch the fear of consequences was the last thing in the world to trouble his mind. I had some business that I wanted to attend to in Prescott, anyway, and I resolved to go and see after it. Incidentally, I determined that if I could get the drop on Mr. Bat Daly I would bring him to book for his crime. I had always liked young Cyrus Burrell, and the fact of his having been willing to sacrifice himself in place of his brother made me respect him highly into the bargain. If he should die, as the surgeon had prophesied, it would

be some satisfaction to know that his murder would not be unavenged.

I said nothing to Jack Burrell of my intentions, as I wished to play a lone hand on this occasion and knew that he would have insisted upon accompanying me. Bat Daly came up with Daly, there is not the slightest doubt that one or the other would have been killed on the spot; and what I wanted was to take the fugitive alive. But the best laid plans of mice and men are sometimes doomed to go crooked, according to the proverb, and as things turned out, the capture of Bat Daly was to be reserved for other hands than mine. I rode into Prescott on my favorite little brown horse that was credited with a racing record of 2:10, put him up at livery stable, and went to interview the sheriff, George C. Ruffner, an old friend of mine. It was on my way to Ruffner's house that one of those slight but aggravating accidents happened which sometimes have such far-reaching and unexpected results. Walking along at a rapid pace I stumbled over a stone and fell heavily, wrenching the sinews of my left leg badly. I limped on to my destination in no very cheerful frame of mind and recounted both the story of my misfortune and the main object of my visit to Ruffner. He grinned a little, but proved sympathetic and promised to see what he could do in the matter. As for me, I realized that about the only plan I could pursue was to keep still and rest my injured limb, leaving the chase of Daly to Ruffner, who, by the way, was exactly the man for the job.

At the time I speak of, the year 1896, George Ruffner had served two terms as sheriff, and during the four years of his administration his name had become a terror to evil-doers in the territory. A tall, lanky, raw-boned fellow, weighing about 150 pounds, with sinews of whipcord and nerves of steel, he was absolutely fearless and welcomed the prospect of a fight as another man might a much-needed meal. Add to this that he was an unerring shot and superb horseman, sitting in his saddle as though he were glued there, and you have the correct portrait of Ruffner as he was then. It was said of him that he had never started on the trail of a fugitive without running his man down at the finish, and this was an actual fact.

Later that afternoon Ruffner came hurriedly into the room where I was sitting and saluted me with a grim smile.

"I've got some news for you, Frank," he said. "Your friend Daly has added another mark to his shooting record, right here in Prescott. A little while ago he got in an argument in a saloon with an unfortunate chap named Tyler, a prospector, and put a bullet in his head."

"What was the cause of the trouble, and did you land Daly?" I asked.

"It was nothing but pure, drunken devilishness on Daly's part, as far as I can make out," replied the sheriff. "I haven't got Daly yet, but I'm going after him at once. By the way, that's a smart little brown horse of yours, isn't he?"

"Rather," I answered, with a certain amount of pride. "He has a record of 2:10. Would you like to take him on Daly's trail?"

"I would," returned Ruffner, grinning sardonically, "but it happens that Bat Daly took a fancy to him first and skipped out on his back."

"What!" I yelled, "you don't mean to tell me that human coyote got away with my horse?"

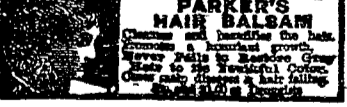
"But I do," said Ruffner. "After he killed Tyler he made a break for the livery stable, selected the best looking pony that happened to be there, and his choice fell on your brown nag. He's heading for the California line, I suppose, and I'm going after him."

I resolved to remain in Prescott to await Ruffner's return. Bat Daly had a good start in advance of his pursuer and I knew that the chase was liable to be a pretty long one, owing to the excellent mount that the murderer had secured. And so it turned out, for it was not until the third day of the chase that Ruffner, following the trail of his quarry in the sand, came up with Bat Daly. The journey would have daunted any one but a desperate man feeling for his life or an avenger of Ruffner's unrelenting type, for the trail led through a desolate sage-brush and mesquite desert, and both men were compelled to ford the Colorado river 40 miles below the Needles, where that turbulent stream is over 600 feet wide. But Ruffner pressed on doggedly. Fifty miles from Prescott he encountered a number of cowboys out on a round up, who gave him the trail Daly had taken, and supplied him with food from the outfit wagon. On the morning of the third day, 12 miles over the California line, southeast of Death Valley, the sheriff came up with his man. The fact that he was over the state line and exceeding his official authority did not deter Ruffner from stalking Mr. Bat Daly adroitly as the latter was riding around a mesa hillock, covering him with his gun and ordering him to surrender. Bat Daly complied with a very bad grace. He knew Ruffner of old and realized that argument was useless. Might was right in the desert, and the sheriff held the winning hand. Ruffner came back to Prescott in triumph with his prisoner, but the little brown horse stayed behind, his record-breaking days ended. Daly had hidden him almost to death, and a bullet from the sheriff's gun put a finish to his sufferings.

Much to his brothers' joy, and indeed to that of all who knew him, Cyrus Burrell recovered from his wound. But Bat Daly had to answer at the bar of justice for the killing of Tyler in the Prescott saloon, and on being tried and found guilty of manslaughter was sentenced in Yuma to the penitentiary for life.



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is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too—children like it.  
**All Druggists, 25 Cents**

## IT IS AN INTRICATE CASE

Now Arises a Story That the Grandmother Was to Marry and Shows Motive for Crime.

Was Fulton's Engineer.

Saginaw police, summoned by neighbors, found Mrs. Thomas Nash, 38, helplessly ill and her six children on the verge of starvation. Nash, a painter, deserted the family ten days ago.

of sinuous Salome dancers who were making a pronounced artistic and financial hit among the masculine fairgoers.

THOSE ESKIMO STORIES.

They Never Believed the Doctor  
About the Dash for the Pole, Says  
the New Haven Man.

been preserved by undertakers ever since, Henry Smithers, an aged negro collapsed and was taken to the hospital.



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Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in  
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

**NOT NARCOTIC.**

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In Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**WIXOM NEWS.**

Mrs. A. F. Spalding was in South Lyon Tuesday.

Mrs. Beulah Thompson was in Pontiac Tuesday.

Mrs. Katherine Fuller was a Northville visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. R. A. Butwell and daughter were Sunday visitors in Detroit.

A new baby arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hauteburgue Tuesday.

Mrs. B. D. Burch and daughter, Kathryn, were Plymouth visitors Saturday.

Mrs. O. Bruno and little son of Flint were guests of Mrs. F. L. McGuire over Sunday.

Mrs. H. E. Richardson and mother, Mrs. A. Fisher, of New Hudson, were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Floyd Taylor and daughter, Marjorie, of Hand visited her parents a part of this week.

**FARMINGTON NEWS.**

Mrs. A. B. Peterson, who has been visiting relatives in Detroit, has returned home.

Rev. Mr. Gullen is the new Methodist minister at this place. Rev. J. E. Meally has gone to Dixboro.

The Misses Gertrude and Mabel Donnelly were called to Olio Saturday by the illness of their mother.

The Farmington Juniors crossed bats with the Northville Juniors Saturday and won in a score of 13 to 11.

H. H. Habermehl has sold his shoe shop to the village. The building will be used to store the fire engine in.

L. C. Schroeder has rented the J. W. Collins store and put in a fine line of groceries. He had his opening Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Skinner and daughter, Bertha, Mrs. Cetella Murray and Mrs. C. F. White left last Thursday for California to spend the winter.

**GILT EDGE NEWS.**

Will Kahrl is the possessor of a new buggy.

Several in this community attended Redford fair last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bond have moved to North Farmington.

Mrs. Chas. King and children were guests of C. Foster and wife Sunday.

B. Girst and wife spent Sunday with Will Girst of East Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Millard and children were guests of Carl Ely and wife Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. Ely.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Caughell of St. Thomas, Ont., are spending a few days with the latter's sister, Mrs. F. E. Bradley.

Come in and see our fine line of Fall and Winter hats at Mrs. G. A. Tinham's next week Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Itching piles provoke profanity, but profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.

### Old Friends Are Giving This New Store Their Hearty Support

It's immensely gratifying to see so many of our old friends in the store every day—women who traded with us when we had our department store in the Majestic Building and later on when we built our own business home off Woodward Avenue. They're coming back to us, together with a great volume of new trade which we never had before.

There's great satisfaction in doing business with a store full of customers all the time—not only inspires us to greater efforts in your behalf, but shows that there are vital principles in store-keeping, which, when put into actual operation, are not only recognized by the buying public, but appreciated.

You'll notice the very minute you step into this new store there's an atmosphere of stability, a sense of security, a confidence that can only spring from an enterprise that is being conducted along the right lines.

The entire store is just now full of NEW GOODS of high character, dependable, reliable, trustworthy and marked at low prices. Nobody has to think twice whether anything at this store is worth having or not. If it is here it IS worth having.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER STORE

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It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

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another car of

## FENCE

Will you need any this fall? If so, it will pay you to call and inspect our stock. We handle two of the best makes

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in all the best sizes. Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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When you buy a SEWING MACHINE—You'll find all sorts and kinds at corresponding prices. But if you want a reputable serviceable Machine, then take the

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27 years experience has enabled us to bring out a HANDSOME, SYMMETRICAL and WELL-BUILT PRODUCT, combining in its make-up all the good points found on high grade machines and others that are exclusively WHITE—for instance, our TENSION INDICATOR, a device that shows the tension at a glance, and we have others that appeal to careful buyers. All Drop Heads have Automatic Lift and beautiful Sewell Front, Golden Oak Workwood, Vibrator and Rotary Shuttle Styles.

OUR ELEGANT H. T. CATALOGUES GIVE FULL PARTICULARS, FREE.

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For Sale by WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., Detroit, Mich.

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Having purchased the Allison Jewelry Store at Pontiac, Mich., and in order to take up our new location

## WE ARE GOING TO CLOSE OUT OUR ENTIRE STOCK

with the exception of School Books and Supplies

At Cost and Much Lower. This will be the Greatest Sale Northville Ever Saw. Our Fall Lines of Holiday Goods will be as complete as ever. We purchased these goods early in the year and cannot cancel our orders but we are going to sell

## Every Article at Actual Cost

You never had such a chance before and you never will again for we must absolutely close out our entire stock as at our new location we have a complete stock and can take no goods with us. We have been in business here nearly 17 years and for that entire time our store has been known to handle only goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. The stock we are now disposing of is just such goods, everything guaranteed to be the best of its kind.

## Sale Starts Saturday, October 2nd, 1909 and Ends Saturday, January 1st, 1910

with one provision. We have several prospective purchasers of our entire stock and should we close with any of them, sale stops at once. So come early while you can buy goods at cost.

ALL SALES CASH.
ALL ENGRAVING EXTRA.

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