

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 10.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

WILL CELEBRATE COLUMBUS DAY

BIG HORSE RACES AND BALL GAME.

There's Prizes of \$125 to Be Contested For.

Next week Tuesday is "Columbus Day" and the event will be duly celebrated in Northville.

There will be the biggest kind of horse racing with \$100 hung up as prizes.

There will also be a red hot game of ball between Northville's big team and the Redford sluggers for which \$25 is the attraction for the winning team.

For further particulars see the big bills.

Of Interest to Taxpayers.

Auditor General O. B. Fuller furnishes figures to show what it costs to run the state of Michigan, and these figures will be of great interest to every taxpayer and citizen. The figures show that the average daily expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909 was, for all purposes, \$18,670.90 per day, (exclusive of primary school money) \$130,696.30 per week; \$567,906.53 per month, and the aggregate for the year reached the total of \$6,814,878.36. For the next year the sum will be a million or so less. The total amount is just a little less than it costs to run the city of Detroit each year.

Death of Former Resident.

Mrs. Eugenia Fuller, widow of the late John W. Fuller, died Friday of dropsy at the home of her brother in Milan. Mrs. Fuller was a resident of this place for many years but a little over a year ago went to Milan to live with her brother. The funeral was held in Milan Monday and the remains, accompanied by two brothers, were brought here for burial in Rural Hill cemetery, Rev. Wm. S. Jerome officiating.

Looks Rosy for Kelley.

In the meantime, though the other candidates talk bravely enough, it looks as if Pat Kelley would get 40 or 45 per cent of the vote if the primaries were to be held today. It's an easy mathematical computation from this to the statement that with three candidates to split 55 or 60 per cent among them, Kelley would win—if the vote were taken today.

If the situation clarifies so that Kelley has but one opponent, that gentleman, whoever he may be, will have a working chance. But campaigning on his record won't knock the plum. The man who beats Pat Kelley must get out and hustle, no matter how distasteful "cowpath campaigning" may be. —J. E. Worthington in Grand Rapids Paper.

Plano Recital.

Frank Stephens of Detroit gives a piano recital in the Detroit Conservatory of Music next Thursday night at which Miss Arbutus Wolf of this place gives two numbers.

Notice.

From October 11th until April 1st, 1910, the holiday week excepted, the stamp and general delivery window of this office will close at 7:30 p. m. standard time. Saturday evenings one hour later.

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

Cider Mill.

Our cider mill is now open for business. Bring on your apples. Highest market price. Custom work Tuesdays and Saturdays.

PARMETER & SON,
Northville, Mich.,

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Emily Draper of the Third grade is ill.

Thurio Masters of the First grade is ill.

The Eighth grade had several visitors this week.

Willie White of the Fifth grade is absent on account of poisoning.

The Seventh grade pupils have purchased a new rocker for the grade rest room.

Forty-six subscriptions for the Current Events have been sent from the High school.

The Eighth grade pupils have collected the money for the drinking fountain in the High school building.

Both the boys' and girls' basketball teams will play this (Friday) afternoon after school. All are invited and no collection will be taken.

The Fifth grade pupils have collected the money from their Larkin soap order and expect to soon have their new rocker in the grade rest room.

Today, Friday, will be used throughout the grades and High school in good old-fashioned spell downs. Come up and see which of your favorites win.

Much interest is being shown by the students of the High school in music as conducted by Miss Golden. We are sure the patrons of the school would enjoy our Tuesday and Thursday morning music.

The following books have been added to the science library: "Art Out-of-Doors" by Mrs. VanRensselaer, "How to Plan Home Grounds" by Parsons, "Plant Breeding" and "Garden Making" by Bailey and "Seed Dispersed" by Beal.

Mrs. Woolley, the Misses Williams, Corey, Corder and Serini and Messrs. Selden and LaRue attended the County Institute at Trenton last Saturday. Several of the most enterprising of the district school teachers in this vicinity formed part of the party.

The contest in the Sixth and Seventh grades as to who could draw the most original calendar design for this month has closed with Walter Ward and Lyle Alexander as winners. Their designs have been drawn on the blackboards of their respective rooms.

Do not forget that the Seniors are making their first attempt in the way of entertainment in the Ladies' Library tonight. Games and other amusements are being planned and they do not expect a dull moment. The boxes will be auctioneered off and an interesting time is expected as several have been heard to say that they will have certain boxes and others have sworn that they will not. The Seniors had planned four weeks ago for this particular night and so they expect to be able to give a first class entertainment.

The Patrons' meeting last Friday afternoon was a decided success in every way. A boys' basketball game of two fifteen minute halves and a shorter girls' game were given before the adjournment to the meeting. Although a comparative new game much interest was shown in it. Miss Norine Hogle played a piano solo and Howard West, accompanied by Roy Cray, gave a violin solo. Both were well received by the sixty or seventy patrons gathered. After a few remarks by the Superintendent explaining some of the innovations as to their purposes, Mr. Musser gave a short talk as to the relations of teacher and parent. Time was allowed for questions from patrons which opportunity was taken by a number who had been debating over problems that had come up over the school work of their children. The next meeting will be held at the end of another month and the teachers would like to see still more present at that time.

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

THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL OCT. 16.

BAPTIST LADIES PREPARING FOR BIG TIME.

Prizes Galore Offered: Free Admission in Forenoon.

The Children's Carnival, to be given in the rink under the auspices of the Baptist Ladies' next week Saturday, promises to be a very enjoyable event.

The forenoon will be devoted to bake sale, handkerchief sale, novelties, vegetables, etc., with lunch service from 11:30 to 1:30.

At two o'clock the contests commence and there are prizes galore offered by Northville and Detroit citizens. Nearly a hundred dollars worth of articles and money are offered in prizes and entries promise to be many. There's something for everybody, all the way from a cradle for the prettiest baby to \$2.00 cash for an essay, and a dollar for the best cake or loaf of bread. An admission fee of 10 cents will be charged for the afternoon and it will be worth ten times as much. See bills for full particulars.

Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. C. J. Ball next Tuesday afternoon.

The service next Sunday morning will be held in the Ladies' library, as for the last two Sundays.

The frescoing has been completed and the work accepted as entirely satisfactory. Our people will scarcely recognize the church when it is re-opened. Other work is now going forward as rapidly as possible and we hope to re-open Oct. 17.

The new plan of Sunday school work being used while we are excluded from the use of the church proves interesting and successful. Let us see if we cannot have 100 present next Sunday. A very slight increase over our last Sunday's attendance will make it.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The Sunday evening theme is "The Price of a Look." All made welcome.

The B. Y. P. U. topic for Sunday evening is "How Can We Help Our Pastor?" Leader, Prof. LaRue.

The Woman's Missionary society will meet in the church parlors next Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

There was a great audience to hear Howard Severance's instructive address on the customs of Filipinos last Sunday evening.

Pastor Musser will have charge of services in his church next Sunday. The morning topic is "The Blessings Springing from Christian Unity."

Presbyterian Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The Synod of Michigan will meet at Cadillac next week Tuesday evening.

Our Methodist friends will meet with us next Sunday evening and Rev. J. W. Turner will preach the sermon.

The Ladies' Aid society held a large and interesting meeting at Mrs. M. R. Seeley's on Wednesday afternoon. The Second Division reported \$175 collected during their term of service and the chairman, Mrs. Miller, received many congratulations on their success.

Auction Sale.

P. U. Taylor, one-half mile north of Novi corner, will sell at public auction at 1 o'clock Tuesday, Oct. 19, a lot of horses, milch cows, farm implements, etc. John E. Wedow, auctioneer.

Auction Sale.

Asa Gieger, 1/2 mile west of Salem, will sell his stock and farm tools at public auction on Wednesday, Oct. 20, beginning at ten o'clock a. m. Hot lunch at noon. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer.

For the child under one year old with the prettiest dimples, Miss Bovee will give a baby bonnet.

Turbans, Sallors and all shapes are among the new styles in Millinery at McHugh & McHugh's October 8-9.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. Nicholson of Detroit was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Phil Hammond has returned to her home in Hale.

Oren Rullett of Detroit spent Sunday with his mother.

Sam Spencer and P. J. Taylor were in Ann Arbor Monday.

Mrs. Lewis of Mt. Clemens is a guest at Rev. Harding's.

Mrs. Forbes returned home Monday from her visit in Detroit.

Mr. Hanford and son, Bertie, of Detroit visited at Mrs. Forbes' this week.

Mrs. L. Wooster's sister, Mrs. H. Pepper, has come to spend the winter with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seebolt of Detroit visited at Walter Coates over Sunday.

Mrs. Robt. McQueen of New Lothrop is visiting her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Holcomb.

Mrs. and Mrs. Delos Leavenworth spent Sunday and Monday with friends near Plymouth.

Mrs. Lewis Thayer of Detroit spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Walte.

Charles E. Brown and Mrs. Carrie Mundy of Novi were married in Pontiac Saturday. They will live in Novi.

Fred Mumford of Sterling, Ill., and Rosa Hazen of Novi were married last Saturday at Pontiac. They have gone to Iowa to live.

Rev. J. B. Harding tendered his resignation to the Baptist society on Sunday to take effect the end of the year, which was accepted.

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—A Retort oak stove Mrs. Lydia Hubbard, north Center street. 9w2p

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

WANTED—Home for bright boy 13 years old. Inquire Burrows Poultry farm. Both phones 10w1p

WANTED—A woman or girl of about 18 to look after two children. Address A. B. C. Care Record office. 10w1p

WANTED—to rent a Smith Premier Typewriter for two weeks. Address R. W. Record office. 10w1p

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

FOR RENT—House in Bealton on Plymouth avenue. Inquire of Miss Ellen Gibson. 10tf

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

FOR SALE—A desirable house and lot in Bealton. Inquire at Record office. 8tf

CABINET MAKERS WANTED—Steady work for good men. Wellverine 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. Farms in Wayne and Oakland. (Also western land.)

Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville

The Munro Thornton house and lot, cor. Rogers and Mill streets, 3 or four acres of land. 35tf

Threshing outfit with 18 hp engine, good separator. Corn husker and silo cutter. All at half price. O. S. HARGER. Northville. 24tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

DR. RODERICK B. WILSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of 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 4.06 p. m. 49mos3

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

MANY FATAL DISEASES

Shows their first symptoms in the Eyes. That fact alone should establish your confidence in the importance of having your eyes properly examined on the first appearance of discomfort. We make a very full and careful examination of the eye, and nothing is left undone that can be done to find the cause of the trouble. We will then supply you with the proper Glasses.

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.

Sweet Potatoes

10 lbs Fancy Virginia Sweet Potatoes for. 25c

7 lbs Fancy Jersey Sweet Potatoes. 25c

I guess that is cheap enough.

CELERY—We are getting our fall and winter Celery packed in dirt, which keeps it fresh and crisp.

CABBAGE—Can make you a low price on Cabbage in quantities for winter use.

GOOD VALUES

6 lbs Rolled Oats. 25c

Blue Ribbon Raisins, per lb. 10c

Blue Ribbon Currants, per lb. 10c

White Cross-Baking Powder (with premiums) . . . 41c

The Warner Cheese is better than ever—if such a thing is possible. Why use any other.

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Does not Color the Hair

Hair falling out? Troubled with dandruff? Want more hair? An elegant dressing?

Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sassa, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

We believe doctors endorse this formula, or we would not put it up.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Does not Color the Hair

J. O. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

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

THE HUNTING OF BULL GRIERSON

(Copyright, 1908, 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.)

state, he said to me with a laugh: "Now, to make a pinch like that would be worth while, Reno, eh? Better than wasting the power vested in me by the law on Mexican pipe raiders."

"You may have the power of the law, all right, son," I responded, "but don't fool yourself with the idea that nothing more is necessary in order to clap the bracelets on Bull Grierson. It isn't like raiding a gambling joint up east with a bunch of plain clothes ef bows backing you up. Bull doesn't care a hang for the majesty of the law, and he's some swift with a gun, being sort of careless as to whom he picks out for a target."

"So I imagine, judging from what I heard," said Shercliff. "All the same I wouldn't mind having a try for him if he was within range."

"Better run along and attend to the pipes, Johnny," said I, "and forget Bull Grierson. He's an unhealthy proposition to monkey with—and that's gospel truth."

Shercliff only laughed and rode off whistling, and I didn't think anything more about the matter. But as it happened Johnny was destined to see Grierson sooner than either of us expected. Presently he reached the pipe and rode steadily along the black line in the sand, heading due north. He found everything in good condition, and after covering six miles dismounted at the head of the line of Lost Creek, picked his broncho and sat down to eat his lunch under the shade of a cottonwood tree. Having finished, he lay resting comfortably, and, yielding to the enervating influence of the heat, dozed off into a heavy slumber.

It was thus that Bull Grierson found him, and Shercliff was first made aware of his arrival by being rudely awakened and thrown violently over on his face. Taken utterly by surprise he could offer little or no resistance, and in a trice found himself tied hand and foot, his revolver gone, and Bull Grierson standing over him grinning from ear to ear.

"This is what I call real good luck, youngster," said the bandit, cheerfully. "My bronk foundered quite a ways back there, and I needed a fresh horse and a drink of water about as bad as I ever wanted anything in my life. And here they were both nice and convenient to my hand. Did you by any chance happen to be one of them deputies that's so anxious to have a chat with Bull Grierson?"

Shercliff had sense enough to shake his head negatively.

"I'm only patrolling the water pipe for the Big Sembro," he replied, and Grierson grinned again.

"Lucky for you," he responded. "If you was one of them man hunters I'd a' left a little lead in your system to remember me by. Well, good-by; I'm in something of a hurry and can't stay to yarn with you any longer."

Springing lightly on the back of the broncho he rode swiftly away while Shercliff lay gazing helplessly after him. When night fell and Johnny failed to return we guessed that something had gone wrong, and with two of the boys from the bunk house I started out in search of the pipe line. We found him, stiff and bruised by the coils of the rope but otherwise unhurt.

"Be thankful you got off as easy as you did," I told him. "As a general thing a man that goes to a clinch with Bull Grierson doesn't have much breath left to complain with when the fuss is over."

"I never had a chance," complained Johnny. "If I had been awake it might have been a different story."

"Yes, and you probably wouldn't have been able to talk much about it, either," I replied. "Don't be a fool, Johnny."

"If ever I meet that fellow again I'll get him or he'll get me," he said, viciously. "I may be a tenderfoot, but I'm no coward, Reno."

"I don't doubt your courage for a moment, Johnny," I said. "The cards were stacked against you, and you couldn't win, that's all. But I don't believe you'll have another chance to try conclusions with Grierson in a hurry. He's probably safe across the border by now."

As matters turned out, however, my conjecture proved to be incorrect, for Grierson was caught by two officers that very night. But while they were riding along with the prisoner between them bound to his saddle, Grierson managed to slip his handcuffs, snatched a revolver from the belt of one of his guards and shot him in the back, killing him instantly. Then, wheeling his horse, he disappeared.

In the early dawn of morning Gaines, guiding a horse upon which lay the lifeless form of his comrade, reached the Big Sembro. His arrival was the scene of an outbreak of threats of vengeance from the men in the bunk house, all of whom had known and liked the murdered deputy. Gaines, his face set with a grim scowl, raised his hand for silence.

"I want just two men to take the trail with me," he said, as soon as he could make his voice heard. "No more—three's a plenty. You'll do for one, Reno. Who do you want for mate?"

Before I could answer Shercliff gripped my arm and squeezed it like a vise.

"Take me," he whispered. "Don't refuse, Frank, if you're a friend of mine. I must go!"

Of my own free will I do not suppose that I would have selected Shercliff as my companion on a man hunt of this kind. Although he had to a great extent outgrown his reputation as a tenderfoot, in a game of such uncertain quality, one would naturally prefer a seasoned veteran. But against Johnny's youth and inexperience I set in the balance his strength, activity and courage, and the handicap didn't seem so heavy, after all. Moreover, when I saw how thoroughly in earnest he was, I couldn't find it in my heart to deny the boon he asked. Consequently, in the course of a few minutes a fresh mount had been procured for Gaines and Shercliff and I hit the north bound trail with him in the direction of Lost Creek.

It was at the latter place that Gaines decided to stop for an instant, as a former friend of the outlaw was living there and it was barely possible that Grierson might have sought his aid. But no trace of the fugitive was discovered at this point and we paused in our search to hold a council of war.

We got to the Burnham outfit in time to have a bite of breakfast and make a few hurried inquiries. There were no horses missing, and Grierson had not been seen by anyone in the

"Then it's him, all right," declared Eames. "He hopped from behind a tree, pulled a gun on Ballard and made him give up his horse. Ballard shot at him as he rode away, but missed the man. He touched the bronk, though, with a second shot, and that's how we got our trail. See there!"

He pointed to a red clot of blood that shone on the sand ahead.

"Was the bronk hit hard?" demanded Gaines.

"Don't know," replied Eames; "but he didn't have more'n an hour's start." "Then we ought to get him," I remarked. "He seems to be making for Grizzly Canyon, and means to fight under cover of the rocks."

"How many times did Grierson shoot at you last night, Gaines?" inquired Shercliff.

"Twice," replied Gaines, "and they came mighty near, too."

"Did he fire at Ballard?" asked Shercliff of Eames.

"No," was the reply. "He just made his bluff, mounted on a hiked away." "That leaves him three bullets," commented Shercliff, "if he hasn't wasted any others—provided that the gun he snatched from Dexter was full."

"Of course 'twas full," retorted Gaines, contemptuously.

"Taint likely we'd be carryin' any empty cylinders when lookin' after a chap like Bull Grierson. Anyhow, let me tell you, three shots with Bull doin' the shootin' is plenty enough, specially in daytime. They're just as like as not to snuff out three lives, youngster."

Johnny made no reply, but grinned triumphantly at me. Evidently the seriousness of the business in hand

"My ankle's twisted all out of gear," he said, savagely. "I can't go on. Do the best you can, Reno, he can't be far off now."

While I halted to speak with Gaines, Shercliff was forging steadily ahead, and turned a bend in the gulch. As I spurred forward to overtake him, the echo of a shot rang through the canyon and in a few more moments I turned the corner. A wounded horse, evidently the property of our quarry, lay stretched on the rocks. Shercliff, dismounted, was crouching behind a boulder, gazing at the precipitous height of the left wall.

"I saw him up there a minute ago," he said, tranquilly, "but I fancy I missed him."

As he spoke I glanced up and saw the figure of a man crawling across a projection on the face of the cliff, and recognized Grierson. His hat was gone, and in place of it a blood-stained rag encircled his temples. Shercliff's revolver rang out, but evidently without effect as Grierson continued to crawl onward. Looking attentively at the face of the cliff I discerned the path up which Grierson had struggled. It was an ugly climb, but as the outlaw had so far managed it successfully, I concluded that I could do likewise.

"Keep your eye on him, Johnny," I said, "and try your luck with a shot whenever he stops to rest. I'm going up after him. If he ever gets over the edge of the cliff he has a chance to get caught."

Shercliff uttered a cry of remonstrance, but springing forward I caught at the scraggy bushes and projecting footholds and commenced the upward climb. It was a tough con-

of the mound without speaking, but at the miner, knocking him to the ground, and hurled himself into the oxide bucket. The windlass creaked and groaned under the pull of the cable, and the crank whirled wildly. Presently a thump announced that the bucket had hit the bottom. I gasped in surprise, wondering if the bandit had survived the shock of that crazy descent.

"How far does that shaft go?" I inquired of the miner, who had just picked himself up and stood glaring at me in angry astonishment.

"Thirty feet," was the reply. "What the devil—"

"Hold on," I interposed, grasping the crank, as Shercliff came rushing up. "That man is Bull Grierson, and we want him for murder. Who else is there down in that shaft?"

"My pardner, and he ain't got no weapons, either. He has a hole ready to fire, and was just about to come up. He's in a bad box; then," remarked Shercliff as he stared down the mouth of the pit.

"Crack, crack, crack!" came three shots in rapid succession, and Shercliff jumped back with an oath of surprise, his hat falling off his head.

"A close call," he said, coolly, as he picked up his riddled headgear and gazed at the groove cut in the crown by a bullet. "Well, all his ammunition is gone, anyway. What's next to be done?"

I turned the crank vigorously and the end of the rope appeared, but the bucket was missing. The rope had been cut clean through with a knife.

"Whose claim is this?" I inquired of the miner.

"Jackson's, that's me," was the reply. "There's a 25 foot level at the bottom of the shaft and a hole for ventilation over there."

He pointed to a small mound not far from the ore dump.

"Could a man get through the ventilator shaft?" I asked.

"He might; but there's no ladder there. Here's one, but—"

Jackson stopped short and pointed to the mouth of the shaft. Shercliff's head was disappearing from view. I sprang forward to pull him back, but he was out of reach and descending the ladder rapidly.

"Johnny, you fool, come back here," I shouted, but that cheerful youth only responded with a mocking laugh, and I saw that there was no chance to interfere. Catching the rope, I started in the direction of the air shaft and the windlass again groaned in response to the pull.

"What's the move now?" demanded Jackson.

"I'm going down that ventilator hole," was my response. "You cut that rope loose when it's all run out."

The words had scarcely left my mouth when the sound of an explosion followed and a volume of smoke rushed from the shaft.

"Somebody set off that hole Bull had loaded," yelled Jackson. "Them fellows will all be killed by flying rocks or smothered by the fumes."

"Perhaps not," I said, hopefully. "That air shaft should clear the mine quickly. But come along and help me get down the ventilator."

Together we fastened one end of the rope at the surface and allowed the other to drop below. Grasping it tightly, I lowered myself into the narrow opening. The descent was anything but pleasant, taking into consideration the disagreeable and sickening fumes of the blast, but at last a faint light greeted my eyes and I stood at the bottom of the shaft. Advancing cautiously I reached a ledge on which stood a burning candle and as the smoke cleared away crept forward, revolver in hand. Suddenly I caught sight of two figures locked in a deadly embrace, writhing and twisting on the ground. The uppermost was Johnny, that underneath the giant form of Grierson.

For an instant I stood gripping my revolver by the barrel, anxious to strike, yet afraid of injuring Shercliff, so closely knit together were the struggling forms. Although Grierson was underneath, such was the vitality of his iron frame and so furious his attempts to dislodge his antagonist that Shercliff with all his athletic training and bull dog courage could do no more than hold the advantage he possessed. But at last Johnny managed to shift his right hand from the outlaw's shoulder to his throat, and as Grierson's head went back to the ground, I saw my chance and brought the revolver butt down on his skull with all my strength. The bandit's limbs relaxed, he groaned and lay still. Shercliff rose with a sigh of relief, and shook hands with me enthusiastically.

"A bully wind-up, wasn't it?" was his sage comment. "Say, but it's no wonder they named that chap Bull Grierson. He's a strong one, all right. I might have handled him but I'm not sorry you stepped around when you did."

I slipped the handcuffs on the prostrate outlaw, and then with Shercliff proceeded to look for Jackson's missing partner. We found him recovering from the shock of the explosion when Grierson had fired the hole. He had been stunned, but was otherwise unhurt. Then, having with Jackson's assistance hoisted the still unconscious bandit to the surface, we went in search of our horses and began the triumphal procession back to the Big Sembro.

"There's one good thing comes out of this," said Shercliff, when our prisoner had been landed in safe keeping. "The boys can't kid me about being a tenderfoot any more. I've been fully initiated, thanks to my friend, Bull Grierson."

I nodded an emphatic assent, for Johnny's statement left no room for argument.



torious bandit in eluding capture. The man was a genuine dare-devil and nature had fitted him out with physical qualifications eminently suited to the kind of life he had elected to lead. Six feet four in his socks, with the shoulders and reach of an African gorilla, active as a panther, his burly frame presented a combination of strength and activity no ordinary man would care to tackle.

Twice he had fallen into the hands of the law. On the first occasion he was arrested for the killing of a man named Henry Patterson, and although there is little doubt that the crime was premeditated and not, as Grierson's lawyer claimed, an act of self defense on his client's part, he was acquitted by a jury composed largely of his friends. Those that did not belong in the latter category were probably influenced by their colleagues and a not unnatural fear of vengeance to come should they fail to vote for Grierson's freedom.

Again he was apprehended for being concerned in a train hold-up which resulted in the looting of the express car and wounding of the messenger. This time, with outside aid, he managed to break jail and crossed the international boundary safely ahead of the posse that followed at his heels.

Three months had passed since the fitting of the "Bull" to Mexico when I stood upon the platform of the little railroad station at Phoenix, Ariz., awaiting the arrival of one John B. Shercliff of New York. I was not at that time in the federal service, but interested in the fortunes of the Big Sembro mine, and the superintendent, Bill Haines, had asked me to meet this youth. Shercliff was the son of a Wall Street broker, who, himself an old western man, had decided that a taste of roughing it in Arizona was what the youngster needed to mold him into shape, with which object he had consigned him to the tender mercies of Haines with instructions to put him to work and keep him there for a year.

When the train rolled in and John B. Shercliff stepped off a Pullman I was rather agreeably impressed with his appearance. He was a tall, well-set-up young fellow with a frank, open countenance and devoid of that air of superiority to all things not truly eastern that too often characterizes the cultured tenderfoot new to the ways of the west. On closer acquaintance he turned out to be a very decent sort of chap and accepted with perfect good humor the jests perpetrated at his expense by the mischief loving gang at the Big Sembro.

There were two things greatly in Shercliff's favor that helped mightily toward fitting him into the groove of his new life. A lover of horsemanship, he could ride well, and his shooting was far above the average of most new arrivals. Consequently it was not long before he became "one of the boys," and the tenderfoot varnish wore off him with wonderful rapidity. It was not long after his arrival that news of Bull Grierson's return to Arizona reached us. He had been seen and recognized in a town about 60 miles from Phoenix, and as there was a reward of \$5,000 offered by the express company for the capture of the outlaw, his probable movements formed an interesting topic of conversation among the members of the Big Sembro aggregation.

Like myself, Shercliff had been appointed a deputy sheriff, at Haines' request, giving him authority to make arrests, and when he heard the news of Grierson's reappearance in the



FOUND HIMSELF TIED HAND AND FOOT.

camp, so we started on a ride to the Sancho, six miles away. We were half way to our destination when a cloud of dust on the horizon caught my eye and I drew rein, pointing it out to my companions.

"Seems as if there's a bunch turned loose from the Sancho outfit," I remarked. "We might as well stop a moment and see what the excitement is."

"That's so," agreed Gaines. "Shouldn't be a bit surprised if they were bringing some news that 'ud interest us, supposing that Grierson came this way."

"That's Jack Eames in the lead," commented Gaines. "He belongs to the Sancho bunch. There's something big in the wind."

Eames did not slacken his pace as he came closer.

"Fall in line, boys," he yelled as he passed; "you may be wanted, Gaines. We're on the trail of a hoss thief."

Applying spurs and quirts we forced our mounts forward until they were racing alongside the man from the Sancho.

"What sort of a looking chap was he, Eames?" queried Gaines.

"I didn't see him," responded Eames. "Ballard, the fellow whose bronk he took, says he had a bandage tied round his head."

Gaines glanced significantly at me. "Guess I must have winged him when he broke away," he remarked. "Say, Eames, that was Bull Grierson for a million. He got away from Tom Dexter and me last night, slipped his handcuffs and shot Tom."

meant nothing to him, whereas the mere chance of coming to grips with Bull Grierson was everything. For the moment I half regretted having brought him along, but it was too late for repining now. As we conversed the three horses were swinging ahead at a steady gait. They seemed to be about equally matched in point of endurance, but the rest of the Sancho crowd had fallen hopelessly behind.

"It looks as if it's going to be up to the four of us," remarked Gaines, as he glanced back.

"Well, Grierson only has three shots, if we've reckoned right. That'll leave one to finish him at the worst."

He ended the sentence with a hoarse laugh, and urged his mount forward. I could not help marveling how Grierson, with his wounded horse, still managed to maintain his lead. Presently a series of rocky hills succeeded to the expanse of desert. Still following the red trail, we broke through an opening in the rocks and entered the Grizzly canyon. Here and there a pool of water appeared, the bottom of the canyon for the most part being dry, except where an occasional underground stream appeared on the surface. Stopping to water our horses, Eames' mount, after drinking, laid down and refused to rise.

"Just my luck," complained Eames, bitterly. "You'll have to play it out without me, boys."

Leaving him behind, we pushed ahead, and a little further Gaines' broncho fell heavily, apparently exhausted. Gaines attempted to rise, but slipped back again uttering an exclamation of rage.

tract and not improved by the thought that Grierson had still a couple of shots at his command, but I set my teeth and struggled on, taking advantage of every little bit of cover offered by bush or boulder, whenever I stopped to take breath. Grierson's whole object, however, now seemed to be to gain the top of the cliff, without halting to shoot at his pursuers, and for this I felt profoundly thankful. Looking below for an instant I was disgusted to behold Shercliff already toiling up the face of the cliff. Evidently he feared lest he might not be in at the final act of the drama, and I cursed his youthful impetuosity.

At last Grierson gained the brink, and I saw his legs vanish overhead. I crouched behind a convenient boulder, half expecting him to try a snapshot, but none came, and I resumed my climb. Presently I reached a granite projection on the edge of the cliff, and, drawing myself up, found myself standing on the rough country bordering the desert. In the distance I saw Grierson dodging among the hillocks and running swiftly across the plain, and took up the chase which had now become a foot race. Glancing back, I saw Shercliff just climbing over the edge of the cliff.

For a man who had passed through a trying physical experience Grierson ran with extraordinary speed. Still I was gaining upon him after about a mile of strenuous effort, when I beheld him rushing up an incline to a mound of stones upon which stood a windlass. Near by stood a miner on the ore-dump gazing in surprise at the racing figures. Grierson sprang up the side

The Northville RecordF. S. NEAL, Publisher.
Established.....1869.

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.

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

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

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 5c. 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 interesting published that cannot be personally endorsed.

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

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., OCT. 8, '09.

Why Not Complete Some Road.

The Record does not pretend to know as much about good roads and county road system as do the three commissioners from Wayne county, but to a layman it does seem ridiculous to keep up this patch-work system now being indulged in. A few miles is being built here and there but no one road looks as if it would be completed within the life of the present generation of mankind. Now, why not complete Grand River out as far as Redford? Of what use is a few miles of good road down near Detroit when one must plow through six miles of sand to get to it or to get beyond it?

A Hopeless Case.

"Why don't you reprove your titled son-in-law for his reckless expenditures?" "Because," answered Mr. Comrox, "it's bad enough to see him wasting my money without wasting my time."

Has a Right to That.

"Man wants but little here below," quotes the philosopher of folly, "but he wants to be allowed to pick that little out for himself."

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.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**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

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.

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 surface. 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 Wife's Tribute.

"Your husband was a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow. "He was!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemen could handle him."—Tit-Bits.

LOST—Friday night between R. McCully's residence and his bakery, a King's Daughter pin with letters L. H. N. Finder please return to Mrs. McCully.

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.

WHY NOT TRY THIS?

We want everybody with scalp or hair ailments, even though they are bald in spots, to try Rexall "Og" Hair Tonic. We exact no promise or obligation. Simply use a large bottle. Then if not satisfied tell us, and we will refund the money paid us for it. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00.

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.]

Floyd Neelands was home from Ann Arbor over Sunday.

Miss Celia Withey spent Saturday and Sunday in Ypsilanti.

Miss Faber of Flint was the guest of Mrs. T. S. Ball Monday.

John Emery and wife of Detroit were Sunday visitors in town.

Miss Inza Lee spent Sunday with Miss Nellie Wright in Detroit.

Miss Charlotte DuVal of Detroit is a guest at the Dr. T. S. Ball home.

Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Coff and children visited in Detroit on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Choate of Detroit spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Ball.

Mrs. Wm. Wain visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cady, in Wayne Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Voigt and Mrs. Maloin of Detroit visited relatives in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Cook of Detroit visited their sister, Mrs. E. B. Cavell, Sunday.

Rev. Musser was called to Dayton this week to preach a funeral sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Jewitt of Detroit spent Sunday at the Burrows poultry farm.

Mrs. Clara Wilkins of Detroit has been a guest of Erlin Cobb and family this week.

Miss Mary Kunkle attended the wedding of her sister in Ypsilanti last week Wednesday.

Miss Mabel Teagan of Detroit was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Teagan, over Sunday.

Miss Bessie Wells returned Monday from a three weeks' visit with her sister in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Geo. Wilksa and baby, Kenneth, of Plymouth visited Mrs. Eugene Palmer Saturday.

Miss Lottie White returned last week to Ypsilanti to resume her work in the Powell Mfg. Co.

Chas. Misner of Ann Arbor spent Saturday and Sunday with his wife at the home of Dr. T. S. Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smitherman of Redford spent Sunday at the home of Geo. Smitherman and family.

Mrs. Melvina Carpenter returned from North Star Monday after spending several weeks with her sister.

Guy Taft left Monday for Big Rapids, where he will take a course in pharmacy in the Ferris school.

Mrs. Charles Collar of Adrian was in town Saturday attending to the shipping of her household goods.

Mrs. Ralph Diserens and children of Bradford, Pa., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Clark.

Mrs. E. B. Cavell and daughter returned home last Thursday after a week's visit with her parents in Detroit.

Mrs. Mary McKee of Deerfield came Wednesday to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. R. M. Johnson.

Miss Amy Edwards, who has been the guest of Mrs. Wm. Wain for several weeks, has returned to her home in Milan.

Mrs. James Bailey of Highland Station was a guest at the home of Fred Van Valkenburg from Friday until Sunday evening.

Mrs. Chas. H. Paul of Boise, Idaho, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Wheeler, for a few months. Mr. Paul will come later.

Mrs. C. H. Huntington and little daughter, Dorothy, of Cascade, Iowa, spent part of the week at the home of Fred Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Taylor of this place, Grant Garfield and Master Roward Beatty of Novi visited at T. A. Garfield's Sunday.

Mrs. Walt Leonard, who had been the guest of Northville friends the past few weeks, returned to her home in Detroit Saturday.

Miss Kittle Smitherman, who had been caring for her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Smitherman, for a week, returned to her home in Redford Tuesday.

Mrs. R. M. Johnson and sister, Mrs. D. F. Barrett, were guests of the former's son, Earl, and wife in Detroit from Saturday until Tuesday.

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

The latest Cleveland and Buffalo styles in Fall and Winter Millinery at McHugh & McHugh's Friday and Saturday of this week.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Stops the pain and heals the wound. All druggists sell it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**Old Sores**

Chapped Hands, Flesh Wounds, Caked Breasts, Sore Nipples, and all inflammation are instantly relieved by

Sabine's Curatine Oil

Its prompt use after injury hastens the healing process and obviates blood poisoning and all dangerous complications. Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale at 25c and 50c. by.

"For Sale by All Druggists."

Mrs. Phila Hamilton left Monday for Kalamazoo to care for her daughter, Mrs. Burgess.

Ralph Pomeroy is home from Detroit this week on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Mrs. J. H. Cork returned Sunday from Kalamazoo where she had been for a week caring for her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor returned home Wednesday from a week's visit in Brighton, Milan and Detroit.

Mrs. D. F. Barrett, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. M. Johnson, the past few weeks, will return to her home in Hudson tomorrow.

This is Certain

The Proof that Northville Readers Cannot Deny.

What could furnish stronger evidence of the efficiency of any remedy than the test of time? Thousands of people testify that Doan's Kidney Pills cure permanently.

Home endorsement should prove undoubtedly the merit of this remedy. Years ago your friends and neighbors testified to the relief they had derived from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They now confirm their testimonials. They say time has completed the test.

Henry Priest, retired, Mill Street, Northville, Mich., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills with gratifying results and have great confidence in their curative powers. Several years ago I was annoyed by a severe backache which made it hard for me to work. Doan's Kidney Pills had previously been used in my family with great benefit and deciding to try them, I procured a supply at Murdoch 'Bro's' drug store. Soon after commencing their use, my backache disappeared and now I am free from the trouble." (Statement given November 26, 1906.)

On March 1, 1909, Mr. Priest was interviewed and he said: "I am pleased to confirm the statement I made some three years ago recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. Since this remedy cured me I have had no need of a kidney medicine."

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.

SALEM NEWS.

The ladies of the Missionary Circle will meet with Mrs. C. H. Calahan next Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 13, at 2.30. Every member is urged to be present as there is important business to be transacted.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Fletcher*

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the fifth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of ELECTA M. J. MORLEY, deceased. Arietta Stewart, administratrix, with the will annexed, of said estate, having rendered to this court her final administration account and filed therewith her petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to her.

It is ordered, that the second day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT, (A true copy.) Judge of Probate. ALBERT W. FLINT, Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the first day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of RICHARD M. JOHNSON, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate and Eather Johnson having filed therewith her petition praying that administration with the will annexed of said estate be granted to Frank D. Clark or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the third day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for proving said instrument and hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT, (A true copy.) Judge of Probate. ERVIN R. PALMER, Deputy Register.

M. A. Porter was home several days this week.

Mrs. Jane Power of Pleasant lake and Mrs. Wm. Vreeland of Pontiac were guests of Mrs. C. D. Pinkerton and daughter, Mrs. J. O. Knapp, Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Felt of Long Beach, California; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. S. Cook and Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Draper of Plymouth visited at Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kohler's Sunday.

Clyde Bradley of Geneva, Ohio, was a guest at the home of his grandfather, Geo. Bradley, over Sunday. He left Monday for Ann Arbor where he takes up his second year's studies in the U. of M.

Forest Ball, who is now leading the orchestra in the Bijou theatre in Flint, and Mr. Faber of that place and Messrs. Smith and Wilke of Detroit were guests of the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Ball, Tuesday.

Mrs. Frances R. Riley of Farmington was in town Sunday paying a farewell visit to her friends. She left Tuesday for Fair Hope, Alabama, where she will make her home. She was accompanied by Mrs. Helen Gray of Farmington who will spend the winter there.

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

BOYS' AND MEN'S SWEATERS

50c and \$1.00

Ladies' Sweaters \$2, \$2.75, \$4.50
Corsets 50c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3
Ladies' Dress Skirts \$3.25 to \$6.00
Black Underskirts ... 89c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$3
Table Linens 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25

Buy your Sheeting Now before the Advance.

Fine Line Picture Mouldings. Pictures Framed to Order.

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

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.
E. N. PERRIN, Prop.

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

Putting Furniture in Your Home at a Remarkable Saving

Putting furniture in your home any day is like putting money in a savings bank. It is a safe and positive way of adding to your worldly possessions. It makes you feel better about your home, and it makes you happier and more comfortable in it. But when you can do all that and at the same time buy it

At TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT

You are making two killings at the same time. But just stop and think that you have but 4 more days to take advantage of this sale.

OCTOBER 12 IS THE LAST DAY

We need the room for our Holiday Stock, and if you need the Furniture here is an opportunity for both of us to be benefitted. Our prices are always low and this Discount Sale makes a bargain that should be grabbed quick.

PHONOGRAPHS INCLUDED IN THIS SALE.

YOU BUY THE GOODS.
WE DELIVER THEM ANYWHERE.

Schrader Bros.

Furniture Dealers—Funeral Directors. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Off With a Rush**OUR CLOSING OUT SALE**

Will be just as we said, the Largest Sale Northville has ever seen. **We Mean Business.** Our entire stock must positively be closed out by January 1st, as on that date we take up our new location at Pontiac, Mich.

People realize the opportunity we are offering them of securing goods at Cost and are buying with a rush.

REMEMBER

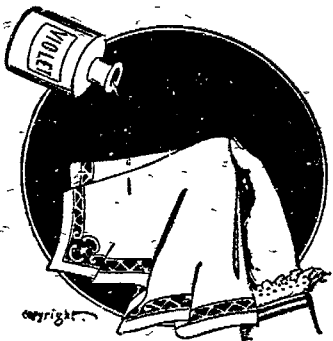
This Sale May Stop at any time, should we secure a buyer for our entire stock; but now you can buy anything, excepting school supplies, at **Actual Cost.**

Bring in Your Repair Work Let Us Fix it Before We Leave.

Merritt & Company

Jewelers and Booksellers. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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.

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

YOUR SURPLUS FUNDS

ARE YOU DEBATING how and where you will place them to be assured of their safety and the largest interest yield possible with prudent business methods?

Let the Union Trust Company decide the question for you. Investigation will pay you.

Union Trust Company
Detroit, Michigan.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 9:30 p. m. and to Wayne only at 11:30 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 9:30 p. m., also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and hourly to 8:30 p. m., also 10:10 p. m. and midnight.

Cars leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:05 a. m. (except Sunday), 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 9:10, 10:45 p. m. and 12:25 a. m.

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

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

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

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

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

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of JAMES D. BROCKETT, 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 Tuesday 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,
DELEVAN RIVER,
Commissioners.

FOR SALE.—The house and lot on Main street, owned by the late Chas. D. Waterman, 92 ft. frontage on Main street, 211 ft. deep. The property has been ordered sold by Probate Court to close the estate. Wm. H. Ambler, Executor. 35tf

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

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

The coon hunting season is here. Schrader Bros. are having a 10 per cent off sale on everything in their store.

Mrs. Harley Johnson has been suffering with neuralgia the past week.

Mrs. N. I. Coll and Mrs. Ray Van Valkenburg have been quite ill the past week.

Mrs. Mary Johnson has been seriously ill the past week at the home of her son, Harley. She is a little better.

Miss Theo Mosher has returned home from the University hospital at Ann Arbor, much improved in health.

Mrs. Ida Lee is in Royal Oak caring for Mrs. J. M. McVicar, who is still very ill with inflammatory rheumatism.

Preparations for the annual Catholic banquet are progressing very nicely and the event promises to be a decided success.

The Children's Carnival to be given by the Baptist ladies Oct. 16 in the rink will be one of Northville's big events. See bills for program.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Perry Woodworth of Newburg Sunday, Oct. 2, a son. Mrs. Woodworth was formerly Miss Carrie Boyce of this place.

Little Bernice Henry has sufficiently recovered from her severe illness to be brought home Sunday. She is doing nicely now and will probably be all right soon.

The decoration of the interior of the Methodist church is now completed and it is certainly a fine piece of work, adding much to the appearance of the edifice.

The Epworth League will give a genuine Halloween social Friday evening, Oct. 29, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Coll. More particulars will be given later.

Edward L. Keyser of Pontiac has been appointed by Governor Warner to the board of trustees of the Eastern Michigan asylum. Mr. Keyser is a well known business man of that city.

E. A. Merritt is to close out his business here and January 1st or sooner will move to Pontiac where he will engage in business. He will sell at big discounts here until that time.

The manager of the "Colts" ball team request the following members to be at athletic park at 4:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon for practice: Schrader, Moffitt, Evans, Lyppe, Bishop, E. Stimpson, R. Stimpson, Hamilton and Dubuar.

Twelve young ladies organized a "500" club last Thursday evening with the following officers: President, Miss Una Gunsolly; vice president, Miss Pearl Little; treasurer, Miss Leah Vansickle. This club will be known as the "Eclipse."

The "First 500" club have re-organized with the following officers: President, Mrs. Georgiana Tinnam; vice president, Mrs. Angie Hueston; treasurer, Mrs. Grace Dolph. The first meeting was held Tuesday evening with Miss Bertha Fendt.

The W. C. T. U. ladies will meet next Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock with Mrs. R. A. Grant. Each lady is requested to bring a cup, plate and spoon. Mrs. Butler of Detroit will be present in the interest of the contest work, also Mrs. Mary Ambler who will give a parliamentary drill.

The little three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Card, who live on T. G. Richards' farm on Northside, fell Saturday and broke her arm. She was taken to Dr. J. M. Burgess, who set the broken bone and made the little patient as comfortable as possible. She is getting along very nicely.

Worth Wedall, a former well known Northville citizen and attorney, has been sent to the Pontiac asylum for treatment. His case is said to be incurable and is probably the result of a beating he received at the hands of highway robbers seven years ago. He was a member of the state legislature from this district in 1895.

There is a penalty providing for a fine not exceeding \$100, or six months in jail or both, prohibiting the use of a corn shredder which is not equipped with automatic feeders and safe guards to protect the operator. This law was passed two years ago but the reports of such accidents which continually come in would show the law is not being lived up to.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:
Mrs. Cora Youngham
Ray Hubbell & Co.
Mr. Roy Young.
L. D. Scott (2).

Mrs. Mary Pomeroy is very low with heart trouble and her recovery is doubtful.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Lapham of Elkhart, Ind., Tuesday, Oct. 5, a daughter.

Don't forget the old fashioned "seven cent" social at O. S. Harger's this (Friday) evening.

If you happen to be the seventh arrival at the social at O. S. Harger's this evening you get in free.

The L. O. T. M. M. who went to Milford last week Wednesday and gave their drill report a most excellent time.

The Third Division of the Presbyterian church gives a show in the Opera House next week Friday night. Watch for the big bills.

Mr. George Collins and Miss Nellie McMann of Ann Arbor were quietly married at that place. On Thursday, Sept. 30, Miss McMann was formerly of Northville and has many friends here who wish them success.

The ball game Saturday between the North Farmington Elephants and the Northville Juniors was won by the former in a score of 8 to 6. Too bad but our boys seem to be having a batting slump now just like the Tigers had a few weeks ago; from which they will hardly be able now to rally because of the ball game season being practically over.

Sothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

Mrs. Jane Starkweather celebrated her ninetieth birthday Sunday. She is enjoying splendid health and her mind is excellent for one of her years.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Allie Elliott of Oscoda October 1st, a 6½ lb daughter. Mrs. Elliott was formerly Miss Kate Kimmel of this place.

Will the holders of the following books: "The Riverman," "From Kingdom to Colony," "The Cavalier," "Fighting Chance," "First Series of Saxe Hom's Stories" and "My Lady Nobody" please return them to the library without further notice or personal call—LIBRARY BOARD.

At the Milford Fair Gladys and Helen Morse carried off first premiums on the following: Best display of colored maps, ten entries; best display of business forms (checks, drafts, bills, receipts, due bills, notes, etc.); collection of pencil sketches, eight entries; display of written music, three entries; collection of water color sketches, eight entries.

W. J. Lanning is just completing on west Main street, one of the prettiest houses in town. It will, when finished, contain all the modern equipments and conveniences such as bath room, electric lights, hot and cold water, furnace and two commodious porches. Already Mr. Lanning has several customers for the place and it will doubtless be sold before it is finally completed. If it is disposed of and will at once commence the erection of another.

McHugh & McHugh will hold their Fall and Winter Millinery Opening Friday and Saturday, October 8-9.

There will be a fine display of Fall and Winter hats at Mrs. G. A. Tinnam's October 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.
ASA B. SMITH, 1ST VICE PRES.
CHAS. YERKES, 2ND VICE PRES.
EDWARD H. LAPHAM, CASHIER.
FRANK S. NEAL,
R. CHRISTENSEN,
FRANCIS G. TERRILL.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



L. W. LOVEWELL
AUCTIONEER
SOUTH LYON, MICH.

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.



Doc Says==

To Make Our Store the Style and Quality Center of Northville is our Ambition, to give the people here Just as Good Clothing as they can get in the large cities at Prices Just a Little Lower.

Our years of experience as Buyer and Manager of one of the Largest Clothing Departments in the country has assisted us in solving the problem, bringing us in close contact with the Master-Made, Carefully Tailored Smart Clothes, at prices within your reach. That is the Reason.

We are Selling A. B. Kirschbaum & Co's Clothing

Guaranteed All-Wool and Fast Colors

When we say All-Wool and Fast Colors, we mean Just That and Nothing different.

We are Showing a Complete Line of Overcoats with the New Duplex Protector Collars--Three Styles in one.

The Dudley

Is a Boys' Suit, extra Pants of same, Knickerbocker style and Strictly All-Wool Price, \$5.00.

We are Headquarters for Gloves of all kinds, from Automobile Gloves to the Fine Soft Silk Lined Mochas.

We have just put into stock the New Belmont Collar, made with the Ara-Notch. All the troubles of ripped out button holes and torn finger nails have been eliminated by the ARA-NOTCH.

No Trouble to Show Goods. Ask to be Shown the New Things We Have.

Wm. GORTON

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN. NORTH SIDE--WHIPPLE STORE.



WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ BOWLES

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS



SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"From the divide it looked like a mountain on fire. I'm sorry Mr. Sinclair is not here."

"Why, indeed, yes, so am I." "Because I know him. You are one of his men, I presume."

"Not exactly; but is there anything I can do?"

"Oh, thank you, nothing, except that the pretty boy sent over to us has sprung his shoulder."

"He will be sorry to hear it, I'm sure."

"But we are doing everything possible for him. He is going to make a perfectly lovely horse."

"And whom may I say the message is from?"

"Through disconcerted, McCloud was regaining his wits. He felt perfectly certain there was no danger, if she knew Sinclair and lived in the mountains, but that she would sometime find out he was not a conductor. When he asked his question she appeared slightly surprised and answered easily: 'Mr. Sinclair will know it is from Dickie Dunning.'"

McCloud knew her then. Every one knew Dickie Dunning in the high country. This was Dickie Dunning of the great Crawling Stone ranch, most widely known of all the mountain ranches. While his stupidity in not guessing her identity before overwhelmed him, he resolved to exhaust the last effort to win her interest.

"I don't know just when I shall see Mr. Sinclair," he answered, gravely, "but he shall certainly have your message."

A doubt seemed to steal over Dickie at the change in McCloud's manner. "Oh, pardon me—I thought you were working for the company."

"You are quite right, I am, but Mr. Sinclair is not."

Her eyebrows rose a little. "I think you are mistaken aren't you?"

"It is possible I am, but if you are working for the company, it is pretty certain that I am not," he continued, heaping mystification on her. "However, that will not prevent my delivering the message. By the way, may I ask which shoulder?"

"Shoulder!"

"Which shoulder is sprung?"

"Oh, of course. The right shoulder, and it is sprung pretty badly, too, Cousin Lance says. How very stupid of me to ride over here for a freight wreck."

McCloud felt humiliated at having nothing better worth while to offer. "It was a very bad one," he ventured. "But not of the kind I can be of any help at, I fear."

McCloud smiled. "We are certainly short of help."

"Dickie brought her horse's head around. She felt again of the girl as she replied. 'Not such as I can supply. I'm afraid. And with the words she stepped away, as if preparing to mount.'"

McCloud intervened. "I hope you won't go away without resting your horse. The sun is so hot. Mayn't I offer you some sort of refreshment?"

Dickie Dunning thought not. "The sun is very warm," persisted McCloud.

Dickie smoothed her gauntlet in the assured manner natural to her. "I am pretty well used to it."

But McCloud held on. "Several cars of fruit were destroyed in the wreck. I can offer you any quantity of grapes—crates of them are spoiling over there—and pears."

"Thank you, I am just from luncheon."

"And I have cooled water in the car. I hope you won't refuse that, so far out in the desert."

Dickie laughed a little. "Do you call this far? I don't, and I don't call this desert by any means. Thank you ever so much for the water, but I'm not in the least thirsty."

"It was kind of you even to think of extending help. I wish you would let me send some fruit over to your camp. It is only spoiling here."

Dickie stroked the neck of her horse. "It is about 18 miles to the ranch house."

"I don't call that far."

"Oh, it isn't," she returned, hastily, professing not to notice the look that went with the words, "except for perishable things." Then, as if acknowledging her disadvantage, she added, swinging her bridle rein around: "I am under obligations for the offer, just the same."

"At least, won't you let your horse drink?" McCloud threw the force of an appeal into his words, and Dickie stopped her preparations and appeared to waver.

"Jim is pretty thirsty. I suppose. Have you plenty of water?"

"A tender full. Had I better lead him down while you wait up on the hill in the shade?"

"Can't I ride him down?"

"It would be pretty rough riding."

"Oh, Jim goes anywhere," she said, with her attractive indifference to situations. "If you don't mind helping me mount."

"With pleasure."

She stood waiting for his hand and McCloud stood, not knowing just what to do. She glanced at him expectantly. The sun grew intensely hot.

"You will have to shew me how," he stammered at last.

"Don't you know?"

He mentally cursed the technical education that left him helpless at such a moment, but it was useless to pretend. "Frankly, I don't."

"Just give me your hand. Oh, not in that way! But never mind, I'll walk," she suggested, catching up her skirt.

"The rocks will cut your boots all to pieces. Suppose you tell me what to do this once," he said, assuming some confidence. "I'll never forget."

"Why, if you will just give me your hand for my foot, I can manage, you know."

He did not know, but she lifted her skirt gracefully, and her crushed boot rested easily for a moment in his hand. She rose in the air above him before he could well comprehend. He felt the quick spring from his supporting hand, and it was an instant of exhilaration. Then she balanced herself with a flushed laugh in the saddle, and he guided her ahead among the loose rocks, the horse nosing at his elbow as they picked their way.

Crossing the track, they gained better ground. As they reached the switch and passed a box car, Jim shied, and Dickie spoke sharply to him. McCloud turned.

In the shade of the car lay the tramp.

"That man living there frightened him," explained Dickie. "Oh," she exclaimed, suddenly, "he has been hurt!" She turned away her head. "Is that the man who was in the wreck?"

"Yes."

"Do something for him. He must be suffering terribly."

"The men gave him some water awhile ago and when we moved him into the shade we thought he was dead."

"He isn't dead yet!" Dickie's face, still averted, had grown white. "I saw him move. Can't you do something for him?"

She reined up at a little distance. McCloud bent over the man a moment and spoke to him. When he rose he called to the men on the track. "You are right," he said, rejoicing Dickie, "he is very much alive. His name is Wickwire, he is a cowboy."

"A cowboy?"

"A tramp cowboy."

"What can you do with him?"

"I'll have the men put him in the caboose and send him to Barnard's hospital at Medicine Bend when the engine comes back. He may live yet. If he does, he can thank you for it."

CHAPTER IV.

George McCloud.

McCloud was an exception to every tradition that goes to make up a mountain railroad man. He was from New England, with a mild voice and a hand that roughened very slowly. McCloud was a classmate of Morris Blood's at the Boston "Tech," and the acquaintance began there continued after the two left school, with a scattering fire of letters between the mountains and New England, as few and as far between as men's letters usually scatter after an ardent school acquaintance.

There were just two boys in the McCloud family—John and George. One had always been intended for the church, the other for science. Some how the boys got mixed in their cradles, and John got into the church. For George, who ought to have been a clergyman, nothing was left but a long engineering course for which, after he got it, he appeared to have no use.

However, it seemed a little late to shift the life alignments. John had the pulpit and appeared disposed to keep it, and George was left, like a New England farm, to wonder what had become of himself.

It is, nevertheless, odd now matters come about. John McCloud, a prosperous young clergyman, stopped on a California trip at Medicine Bend to see brother George's classmate and something of a real western town. He saw nothing sensational—it was there, but he did not see it—but he found both hospitality and gentlemen, and, if surprised, was too well-bred to admit it. His one-day stop ran on to several days. In leaving, John McCloud, in a seventh heaven of enthusiasm over the high country, asked Morris Blood why he could not find something for George out there; and Blood, not even knowing the boy wanted to come, wrote for him, and asked Bucks to give him a job. Possibly, being over-solicitous, George was nervous when he talked to Bucks; possibly the impression left by his big, strong, bluff brother John made against the boy; at all events, Bucks, after he talked with George, shook his head. "I could make a first-class railroad man out of the preacher, Morris, but

not out of the brother. Yes, I've talked with him. He can't do anything but figure elevations, and, by heaven, we can't feed our own engineers here now."

So George found himself stranded in the mountains.

Morris Blood was cut up over it, but George McCloud took it quietly. "I'm no worse off here than I was back there, Morris," Blood, at that, plucked up courage to ask George to take a job in the Cold Springs mines, and George jumped at it. It was impossible to get a white man to live at Cold Springs after he could save money enough to get away, so George was welcomed as assistant superintendent at the Number Eight mine, with no salary to speak of and all the work.

One day, coming down "special" from Bear Dance, Gordon Smith, who bore the nickname Whispering Smith, rode with President Bucks in the privacy of his car. The day had been long, and the alkali lay light on the desert. The business in hand had been canvassed, and the troubles put aside for chicken, coffee and cigars, when Smith, who did not smoke, told the story of something he had seen the day before at Cold Springs that pleased him.

The men in the Number Eight mine had determined to get rid of some Italians, and after a good deal of rowing had started in to catch one of

tion of the men, and lashed him across the table with his tongue until the blacksmith opened fire on him with his revolver. McCloud all the while shaking his finger at him and abusing him like a pickpocket. "The crowd couldn't believe its eyes," Gordon Smith concluded, "and McCloud was pushing for the blacksmith with his cue, when Kennedy and I squirmed through to the front and relieved the tension. McCloud wasn't hit."

"What is that mining man's name?" asked Bucks, reaching for a message clip.

"McCloud."

"First name?" continued Bucks, mechanically.

"George."

Bucks looked at his companion in surprise. Then he spoke, and a feeling of self-abasement was reflected in his words. "George McCloud," he echoed. "Did you say George? Why, I must know that man. I turned him down once for a job. He looked so peaceable. I thought he was too soft for us."

The president laid down his cigar with a gesture of disgust. "And yet there really are people along this line that think I'm clever. I haven't judgment enough to operate a trolley car. It's a shame to take the money they give me for running this system, Gordon. Hanged if I didn't think that fellow was too soft." He called the

unknown at the time, but destined within a few years to be scattered far and wide, as constructionists with records made in the rebuilding operations through the Rocky mountains, none was less likely to attract attention than McCloud. Bucks, who, indeed, could hardly be reckoned so much of the company as its head, was a man of commanding proportions physically. Like Glover, Bucks was a giant in stature, and the two men, when together, could nowhere escape notice; they looked, in a word, their part, fitted to cope with the tremendous undertakings that had fallen to their lot. Callahan, the chess-player on the Overland line, the man who could hold large combinations of traffic movement constantly in his head and by intuition reach the result of a given problem before other men could work it out, was like Morris Blood, the master of tonnage, of middle age. But McCloud, when he went to the mountain division, in youthfulness, of features was boyish, and when he left he was still a boy, bronzed, but young of face in spite of a lifetime's pressure and worry crowded into three years. He himself counted this physical make-up as a disadvantage. "It has embroiled me in no end of trouble, because I couldn't convince men I was in earnest until I made good in some hard way," he complained once to Whispering Smith. "I never could acquire even a successful habit of swearing, so I had to learn to fight."

When, one day in Boney street in Medicine Bend, he threw open the door of Marion Sinclair's shop, flung his hat sailing along the show case with his war cry, and called to her in the back rooms, she thought he had merely run in to say he was in town.

"How do you do? What do you think? You're going to have an old boarder back," he cried. "I'm coming to Medicine Bend, superintendent of the division!"

"Mr. McCloud!" Marion Sinclair clasped her hands and dropped into a chair. "Have they made you superintendent already?"

"Well, I like that! Do you want them to wait till I'm gray-headed?"

Marion threw her hands to her own head. "Oh, don't say anything about gray hairs. My head won't bear inspection. But I can't get over this promotion coming so soon—this whole big division! Well, I congratulate you very sincerely."

"Oh, but that isn't it! I suppose anybody will congratulate me. But where am I to board? Have you a cook? You know how I went from bad to worse after you left Cold Springs. May I have my meals here with you as I used to there?"

They laughed as they bantered. Marion Sinclair wore gold spectacles, but they did not hide the delightful good-nature in her eyes. On the third finger of her slender left hand she wore, too, a gold band that explained the gray in her hair at 26.

This was the wife of Murray Sinclair, whom he had brought to the mountains from her faraway Wisconsin home. Within a year he had broken her heart so far as it lay in him to do it, but he could not break her charm nor her spirit. She was too proud to go back, when forced to leave him, and had set about earning her own living in the country to which she had come as a bride. She put on spectacles, she mutilated her heavy brown hair and to escape notice and secure the obscurity that she craved, her name, Marion, became, over the door of her millinery shop and in her business, only "M. Sinclair."

Cold Springs, where Sinclair had first brought her when he had headquarters there as foreman of bridges, had proved a hopeless place for the millinery business—at least, in the way that Marion ran it. She could, however, cook extraordinarily well, and, with the aid of a servant-maid, could always provide for a boarder or two—perhaps a railroad man or a mine superintendent to whom she could serve meals, and who, like all mountain men, were more than generous in their accounting with women. Among these standbys of hers was McCloud. McCloud had always been her friend, and when she left Cold Springs and moved to Medicine Bend to set up her little shop in Boney street near Fort, she had lost him. Yet, somehow, to compensate Marion for other cruel things in the mountains, Providence seemed to raise up a new friend for her wherever she went. In Medicine Bend she did not know a soul, but almost the first customer that walked into her shop—and she was a customer worth while—was Dickie Dunning of the Crawling Stone.

CHAPTER V.

The Crawling Stone.

The valley of Crawling Stone river marked for more than a decade the dead line between the overland route of the white man and the last country of the Sioux. It was long after the building of the first line before even an engineer's reconnaissance was made in the Crawling Stone country. Then, within ten years, three surveys were made, two on the north side of

the river and one on the south side, by interests seeking a coast outlet. Three reports made in this way gave varying estimates of the expense of putting a line up the valley, but the three coincided in this, that the cost would be prohibitive. Engineers of reputation had in this respect agreed, but Glover, who looked after such work for Bucks, remained unconvinced, and before McCloud was put into the operating department on the Short Line he was asked by Glover to run a preliminary up Crawling Stone valley. Before the date of his report the conclusions reached by other engineers had stood unchallenged.

"The valley was not unknown to McCloud. His first year in the mountains, in which, fitted as thoroughly as he could fit himself for his profession, he had come west and found himself unable to get work, had been spent hunting, fishing, and wandering, often cold and often hungry, in the upper Crawling Stone country. The valley in itself offers to a constructionist no insuperable obstacles; the difficulty is presented in the canyon where the river bursts through the Elbow mountains. South of this canyon, McCloud, one day on a hunting trip, found himself with two Indians pocketed in the rough country, and was planning how to escape passing a night away from camp when his companions led him past a vertical wall of rock 1,000 feet high, split into a narrow defile down which they rode, as it broadened out, for miles. They emerged upon an open country that led without a break into the valley of the Crawling Stone below the canyon. Afterward, when he had become a railroad man, McCloud, sitting at a campfire with Glover and Morris Blood, heard them discussing the coveted and impossible line up the valley. He had been taken into the circle of constructionists and was told of the earlier reports against the line. He thought he knew something about the Elbow mountains, and disputed the findings, offering in two days' ride to take the men before him to the pass called by the Indians the Box, and to take them through it. Glover called it a find, and a big one, and though more immediate matters in the strategy of territorial control then came before him, the preliminary was ordered and McCloud's findings were approved. McCloud himself was soon afterward engrossed in the problems of operating the mountain division; but the dream of his life was to build the Crawling Stone line with a maximum grade of eight-tenths through the Box."

The prettiest stretch of Crawling Stone valley lies within 20 miles of Medicine Bend. There it lies widest, and has the pick of water and grass between Medicine Bend and the Mission mountains. Cattlemen went into the Crawling Stone country before the Indians had wholly left it. The first house in the valley was the Stone ranch, built by Richard Dunning, and it still stands overlooking the town of Dunning at the junction of the Frenchman creek and the Crawling Stone. The Frenchman is fed by unfailing springs, and when by summer sun and wind every smaller stream in the middle basin has been licked dry, the Frenchman runs cold and swift between its russet hills. Richard Dunning, being on the border of the Indian country, built for his ranch house a rambling stone fortress. He had chosen, it afterward proved, the choice spot in the valley, and he stocked it with cattle when yearlings could be picked up in Medicine Bend at ten dollars a head. He got together a great body of valley land when it could be had for the asking, and became the rich man of the Long Range.

The Dunnings were Kentuckians. Richard was a bridge engineer and builder, and under Brodie built some of the first bridges on the mountain division, notably the great wooden bridge at Smoky creek. Richard brought out his nephew, Lance Dunning. He taught Lance bridge-building, and Murray Sinclair, who began as a cowboy on the Stone ranch, learned bridge-building from Richard Dunning. The Dunnings both came west, though at different times, as young men and unmarried, and as far as western women were concerned, might always have remained so. But a Kentucky cousin, Betty, one of the Fairfield Dunnings, related to Richard within the sixth or eighth degree, came to the mountains for her health. Betty's mother had brought Richard up as a boy, and Betty, when he left Fairfield, was a baby. But Dick—as they knew him at home—and the mother wrote back and forth, and he persuaded her to send Betty out for a trip, promising he would send her back in a year a well woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unsympathetic.

Mrs. Malaprop—Young Sharp will have to apologize before I'll speak to him again.

Miss Interest—Did he insult you?

Mrs. Malaprop—Did he? The last time I met him I told him that my uncle, Lord de Style, had locomotive attacks, and he had the impudence to ask if he "whistled at crossings." He's an unsympathetic brute.



"I'm Coming to Medicine Bend, Superintendent!"

them and hang him. They had chosen a time when McCloud, the assistant superintendent of the mine, was down with mountain fever. It was he who had put the Italians into the mine. He had already defended them from injury, and would be likely, it was known, to do so again if he were able. On this day a mob had been chasing the dagos, and had at length captured one. They were running him down the street to a telegraph pole when the assistant superintendent appeared in scant attire and stopped them. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, he hustled their victim into the only place of refuge at hand, a billiard hall. The mob rushed the hall. In the farthest corner the unlucky Italian, bleeding like a bullock and insane with fright, knelt, clinging to McCloud's shaky knees. In trying to make the back door the two had been cut off, and the sick boss had got into a corner behind a pool table to make his stand. In his pocket he had a pistol, knowing that to use it meant death to him as well as to the wretch he was trying to save. Fifty men were yelling in the room. They had rope, hatchets, a sprinkling of guns, and whisky enough to burn the town and in the corner behind a pool table stood the mining boss with mountain fever, the dago and a broken billiard cue.

Bucks took the cigar from his mouth, leaned forward in his chair, and stretched his heavy chin out of his neck as if the situation now promised a story. The leader, Smith continued, was the mine blacksmith, a strapping Welshman, from whom McCloud had taken the Italian in the street. The blacksmith had a revolver, and was crazy with liquor. McCloud singled him out in the crowd, pointed a finger at him, got the atten-

tion of the men, and lashed him across the table with his tongue until the blacksmith opened fire on him with his revolver. McCloud all the while shaking his finger at him and abusing him like a pickpocket. "The crowd couldn't believe its eyes," Gordon Smith concluded, "and McCloud was pushing for the blacksmith with his cue, when Kennedy and I squirmed through to the front and relieved the tension. McCloud wasn't hit."

"What is that mining man's name?" asked Bucks, reaching for a message clip.

"McCloud."

"First name?" continued Bucks, mechanically.

"George."

Bucks looked at his companion in surprise. Then he spoke, and a feeling of self-abasement was reflected in his words. "George McCloud," he echoed. "Did you say George? Why, I must know that man. I turned him down once for a job. He looked so peaceable. I thought he was too soft for us."

The president laid down his cigar with a gesture of disgust. "And yet there really are people along this line that think I'm clever. I haven't judgment enough to operate a trolley car. It's a shame to take the money they give me for running this system, Gordon. Hanged if I didn't think that fellow was too soft." He called the

unknown at the time, but destined within a few years to be scattered far and wide, as constructionists with records made in the rebuilding operations through the Rocky mountains, none was less likely to attract attention than McCloud. Bucks, who, indeed, could hardly be reckoned so much of the company as its head, was a man of commanding proportions physically. Like Glover, Bucks was a giant in stature, and the two men, when together, could nowhere escape notice; they looked, in a word, their part, fitted to cope with the tremendous undertakings that had fallen to their lot. Callahan, the chess-player on the Overland line, the man who could hold large combinations of traffic movement constantly in his head and by intuition reach the result of a given problem before other men could work it out, was like Morris Blood, the master of tonnage, of middle age. But McCloud, when he went to the mountain division, in youthfulness, of features was boyish, and when he left he was still a boy, bronzed, but young of face in spite of a lifetime's pressure and worry crowded into three years. He himself counted this physical make-up as a disadvantage. "It has embroiled me in no end of trouble, because I couldn't convince men I was in earnest until I made good in some hard way," he complained once to Whispering Smith. "I never could acquire even a successful habit of swearing, so I had to learn to fight."

When, one day in Boney street in Medicine Bend, he threw open the door of Marion Sinclair's shop, flung his hat sailing along the show case with his war cry, and called to her in the back rooms, she thought he had merely run in to say he was in town.

"How do you do? What do you think? You're going to have an old boarder back," he cried. "I'm coming to Medicine Bend, superintendent of the division!"

"Mr. McCloud!" Marion Sinclair clasped her hands and dropped into a chair. "Have they made you superintendent already?"

"Well, I like that! Do you want them to wait till I'm gray-headed?"

Marion threw her hands to her own head. "Oh, don't say anything about gray hairs. My head won't bear inspection. But I can't get over this promotion coming so soon—this whole big division! Well, I congratulate you very sincerely."

"Oh, but that isn't it! I suppose anybody will congratulate me. But where am I to board? Have you a cook? You know how I went from bad to worse after you left Cold Springs. May I have my meals here with you as I used to there?"

They laughed as they bantered. Marion Sinclair wore gold spectacles, but they did not hide the delightful good-nature in her eyes. On the third finger of her slender left hand she wore, too, a gold band that explained the gray in her hair at 26.

This was the wife of Murray Sinclair, whom he had brought to the mountains from her faraway Wisconsin home. Within a year he had broken her heart so far as it lay in him to do it, but he could not break her charm nor her spirit. She was too proud to go back, when forced to leave him, and had set about earning her own living in the country to which she had come as a bride. She put on spectacles, she mutilated her heavy brown hair and to escape notice and secure the obscurity that she craved, her name, Marion, became, over the door of her millinery shop and in her business, only "M. Sinclair."

Cold Springs, where Sinclair had first brought her when he had headquarters there as foreman of bridges, had proved a hopeless place for the millinery business—at least, in the way that Marion ran it. She could, however, cook extraordinarily well, and, with the aid of a servant-maid, could always provide for a boarder or two—perhaps a railroad man or a mine superintendent to whom she could serve meals, and who, like all mountain men, were more than generous in their accounting with women. Among these standbys of hers was McCloud. McCloud had always been her friend, and when she left Cold Springs and moved to Medicine Bend to set up her little shop in Boney street near Fort, she had lost him. Yet, somehow, to compensate Marion for other cruel things in the mountains, Providence seemed to raise up a new friend for her wherever she went. In Medicine Bend she did not know a soul, but almost the first customer that walked into her shop—and she was a customer worth while—was Dickie Dunning of the Crawling Stone.

