

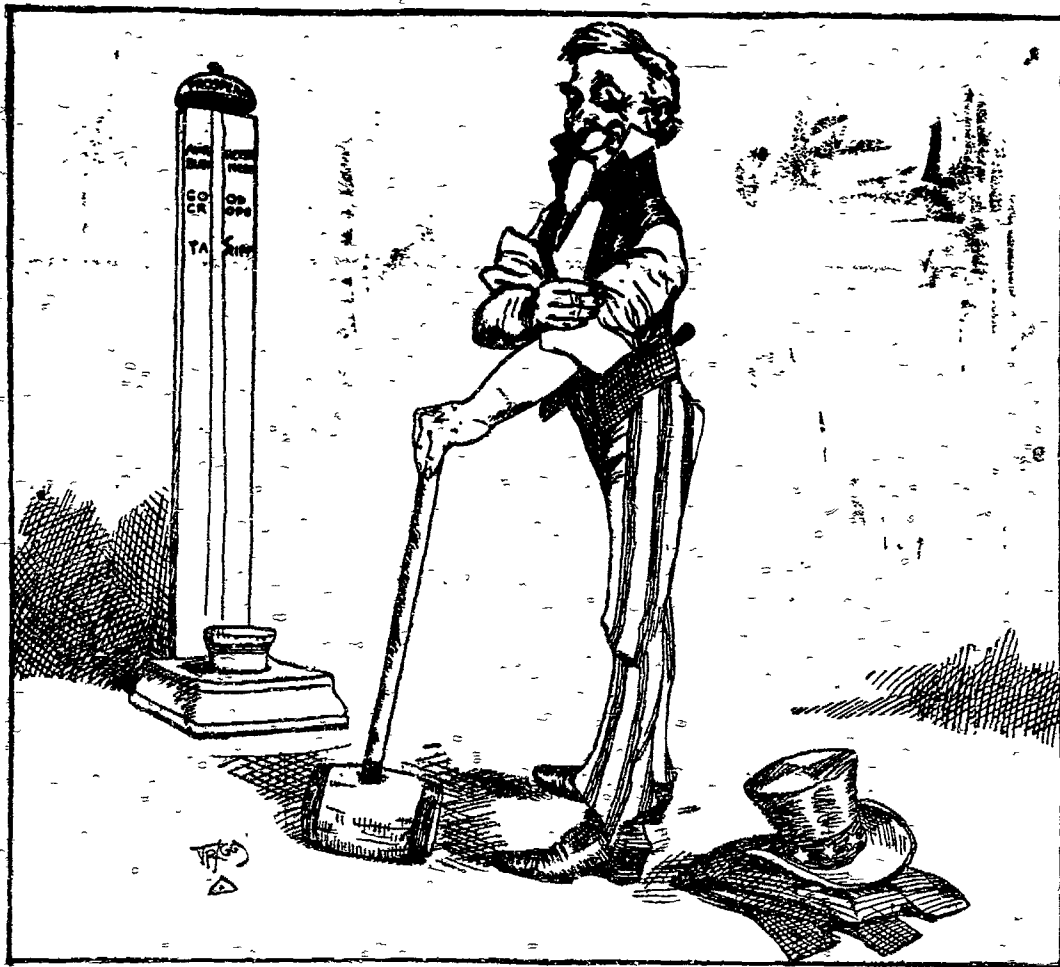
# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 12.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

HE'S GOING TO RING THE BELL.



## EIGHTH ANNUAL CATHOLIC BANQUET

TO BE HELD IN PRINCESS RINK EVENING OF OCT. 27.

Big Feast of Food and a Fine List of Speakers.

The St. Mary's Catholic society of this place will hold their eighth annual banquet in Princess Rink on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27.

Hon. S. J. Lawrence of Northville will be the toastmaster.

Addressees will be given by the following well known speakers: Judge Henry S. Hulbert of Detroit; Rev. Fr. Comerford of Pinckney; Jas. H. Lynch of Pontiac and Rev. Fr. James Hally of Wyandotte.

Music and songs will be furnished by Miss Mary Kennedy of Farmington, Charles Gardner, Marvel Lewis and Harry Kator of Northville, Miss Marlon Kennedy and H. Welfare of Detroit.

This will prove one of the most delightful affairs ever given by the society.

The following menu will be served from 5:30 to 7:30 standard time:

Mashed Potatoes	Boiled Ham
Chicken and Gravy	
Hot Biscuit	Hot Rolls
Fruit Salad	
Pickles	Cabbage Salad
	Celery
	Nut Cake
Chocolate Cake	Cocoanut Cake
	Fruit Cake
Dried Apple Cake	Orange Cake
Coffee	Cheese

During the supper music will be furnished by the Meses A. Wolf and P. Kohler and Mr. Sutton.

Tickets 50 cents

## MRS. BARRETT DIED WEDNESDAY

Aged Northville Lady's Funeral Occurs this Afternoon.

Mrs. Louisa Barrett passed away at her home on Dunlap street Wednesday afternoon aged nearly

eighty-eight years. She has been very ill the past two months and her death has been expected for some time.

Louisa Welsh-Barrett was born March 19, 1822, in Niagara County, N. Y., and came to Michigan in 1825, settling in Livonia township, where she lived until she moved to Northville about thirteen years ago. She had lived in this vicinity eighty-four years. About forty years ago she was married to Frank Barrett who died some nine years ago.

Deceased was an honest, upright woman, a good neighbor and true friend and was loved and respected by all who knew her.

She leaves one brother, A. J. Welsh of this place, and one sister, Mrs. Betsey Randolph, of Portland. The funeral will be held from her late home this (Friday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. N. E. Musser, assisted by Rev. J. W. Turner, having charge of the service.

## A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT

UNDER AUSPICES OF PRESBYTERIAN LADIES FRIDAY NIGHT.

Large Audience Was Royally Entertained.

The entertainment given in the Opera House last week Friday night under the auspices of the Third Division of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid society was a great success and reflected much credit upon Mrs. Teagan and her able corps of assistants. The recitations by Isabel Downey and Little Mildred Henry of Detroit and the solos by Master Fredrick Walters of this place were features of the occasion. Mrs. Merritt rendered some delightful violin solos and Miss Richardson and Fred Savage sang some pleasing solos and then came the playlet, "Mars Van" in which all those taking part were stars. The singing by Harry Kator and Marvel Lewis was received with great enthusiasm. The quilt was sold at auction and was finally bid off by R. R. McKaban for \$6.10.

The large audience was royally entertained, every number being a success.

## BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN AT THE CARNIVAL

MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED OUT TO SEE 'EM

Baptist Ladies' Successful Event Saturday.

The Children's Carnival, held last Saturday in Princess rink under the auspices of the ladies of the Baptist church, proved a great success in all respects. A "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" may always be found in the general interest in all that pertains to children, and this was evidenced by the fact that the door receipts indicated an attendance in the afternoon alone of more than two hundred besides those having part in the work of the carnival.

Two features particularly prominent to the onlooker were the surprisingly large number of unusually beautiful children Northville can produce, and the obviousness of how the judges must be "up against it" in the effort to decide between "exhibits" of such uniform blue-ribbon quality in every class.

The different booths were arranged with excellent effect and the various articles on sale were all the best of their kind and well worth buying.

The names of the prize winners not having been furnished the Record in time for this issue will be published next week.

## Kator-Hirsch Nuptials.

Mr. James Wellington Kator and Mrs. Mary E. Hirsch surprised their Northville friends this week by quietly getting married.

The ceremony was performed Wednesday by Rev. Wm. S. Jerome at the bride's beautiful home on Main street where they will reside. Only a few intimate friends were present.

## 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.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## THE DEADLY CORN HUSKER

FEEDER MUST BE PROTECTED FROM THE "SNAPPERS."

State Law to That Effect to Be Enforced.

The legislature of 1907 passed a law for the protection of men who feed the corn into the ugly, snapping rollers.

The law in question is as follows: Act 124 Sec. 1. "Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person, partnership, association or corporation, or for any officer, or agent thereof, to sell or offer for sale, or to use within the State of Michigan, the machine commonly known as a corn husker, unless the same is safeguarded by an automatic feeder or other safety device, that shall compel the person or persons feeding said machine, to stand at a reasonably safe distance from the snapping rollers, and designed effectually to protect the person or persons operating the same from bodily injury while engaged in such operation."

This would seem to mean that any corn husker not equipped with an automatic feed must have a safety device of some kind that will prevent the man who feeds it from reaching over or in far enough to get his hand caught that's all there is to it and a heavy penalty is attached for violations.

However there is not much danger from prosecution until some one gets hurt and then there would be a dead clutch damage suit on the corn thresher's hands that would pay for a dozen machines.

"Efficiency, Intelligence and Standing!"

The Free Press in an Editorial Thursday morning wants men named: of "some intelligence, and efficiency and standing as oil inspectors."

Now if there are any inspectors who have no "intelligence, efficiency or standing" they will please send in their resignations right-a-way quick. If the oil inspectors haven't as much "intelligence, efficiency and standing" as the employees of the Free Press they are fired any how.

## Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor) Mr. Grant is favoring us with beautiful solos in the Sunday evening services.

Rev. Musser will speak Sunday morning on the theme "What Can We do for Our Church."

Pastor Musser is giving a portion of the time Thursday evenings to the study of the book of Romans.

An all day's meet of the ladies of the church will be held with Mrs. N. A. Clapp next Wednesday. Bring thimbles, lunch for yourself, cup and spoon. Regular business meeting at 2:30. Women must come prepared to pay dues for the year.

The B. Y. P. U. topic for Sunday evening is "Why Some Men and Women do not Succeed in Life." Leader, Mrs. Maude Harmon. This is a practical lesson and we hope for a large attendance of the young people.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our many thanks for the beautiful flowers and kind assistance rendered us during the illness of our daughter and sister, Lydia.

MR. AND MRS. R. LUNING AND FAMILY.

## Card of Thanks.

The ladies of the Baptist church wish to extend their sincere thanks to the business men of Northville, to the judges and to all who assisted them in making the Children's Carnival a success.

MRS. LARKINS, MRS. DUNBAR, Committee.

## Notice.

The auction of horses, cows, farm implements, etc., which was to have taken place Tuesday, Oct. 19, at P. U. Taylor's 1/2 mile north of Novi, is postponed until Friday, Oct. 29. Auction will begin at 1 o'clock, John E. Wedow, auctioneer.

For Garland or Peninsular Ranges and Base Burners, see Cook & Co. at Farmington.

## Garland Peninsular Round Oak

## BASE BURNERS

Comprising the Most Complete Assortment of Reliable Goods at Prices to meet every demand.

Do You Want the Best? Stove, Range, or Heater?

We have Just Received a 10 Cent Assortment of Graniteware. See Our West Window.

## CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## Goldfish

We will place on sale Saturday Morning a lot of Goldfish, two fish in a Nice Glass Bowl, for the small sum of

20 cents

with sea weed, gravel and a box of fish food.

Come In And See Them.

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

## Don't Take Chances With Your Eyes

Don't

wait until your vision has been permanently impaired before coming to us

If the trouble is attended to now, it probably can be relieved if not cured, while later on it may be too late. We give a complete examination.

## 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.

## CHEAPER THAN MEAT OYSTERS

J. G. H. Standard,.....per can 25c Selects.....per can 30c

They are fine and it is the best way to buy them.

We will have them in Bulk as soon as the weather will warrant them keeping fresh.

## COMBINATION

Corn, Peas, Tomatoes,.....3 cans for 25c

We still have a few of those 10c Pumpkins left, nice large ones.

Also a few more Cans of White Cross Baking Powder with Graniteware premiums .....41c

## B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## One Doctor—Only One

No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one; then stand by him. No sense either in trying this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, deliberately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles. Sold for nearly seventy years. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Is this thing, that thing, for your constipation? Why not stick to the good old family laxative—Ayer's Pills? Ask your doctor if he approves this advice.

# WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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## 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 footloose wrecking the 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. She gave him a message for Sinclair. Whispering Smith told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crooked miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise, which occurred after one year of married life. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Sinclair that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie criticizing his methods, to Marion Sinclair.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Sweeping Orders.

The burning of Smoky Creek bridge was hardly off the minds of the mountain men when a disaster of a different sort befell the division. In the Rat valley east of Sleepy Cat the main line springs between two ranges of hills with a dip and a long supported grade in each direction. At the point of the dip there is a switch from which a spur runs to a granite quarry. The track for two miles is straight and the switch-target and lights are seen easily from either direction save at one particular moment of the day—a moment which is in the valley after quiet day nor quite night. Down this grade, a few weeks after the Smoky Creek fire, came a double-headed stock train from the Short Line with 40 cars of steers. The switch stood open, this much was afterward abundantly proved. The train came down the grade, very fast to gain speed for the hill ahead of it. The head engineer, too late, saw the open target. He applied the emergency air, threw his engine over, and whistled the alarm. The mightiest efforts of a dozen engines would have been powerless to check the heavy train. On the quarry track stood three flat cars loaded with granite blocks for the abutment of the new Smoky Creek bridge. On a sandbed track, rolling at 30 miles an hour and screaming in the clutches of the burning brakes, the heavy engines struck the switch like an avalanche, reared upon the granite-ladder flat, and with 40 loads of cattle plunged into the canyon below, not a car remained on the rails. The head brakeman, riding in the second cab, was instantly killed, and the engine crows, who jumped were badly hurt. The whole operating department of the road was stirred. What made the affair more dreadful was that it had occurred on the line of Number Six, the east bound passenger train, held at morning at Sleepy Cat by an engine failure. Glover came to look into the matter. The testimony of all tended to one conclusion—that the quarry switch had been thrown at some time between 4 and 5 o'clock that morning. Inferences were many. Tramps during the early summer had been unusually troublesome and many of them had been rigorously handled by trainmen, robbery might have been a motive, as the express cars on train Number Six carried heavy specie shipments from the coast.

A third and more exciting event soon put the quarry wreck into the back ground. Ten days afterward an east-bound passenger train was flagged in the night at Sugar Buttes, 12 miles west of Sleepy Cat. When the heavy train slowed up, two men boarded the engine and with pistols compelled the engineer to cut off the express cars and pull them to the water-tank a mile east of the station. Three men there in waiting forced the express car blow open, he safe and the gang rode away. An hour later loaded with gold coin and currency.

If a stick of dynamite been exploded at the Wickup there could have been a more excitement at McCloud and within three hours after the news reached the town a posse under Sheriff Van Horn, with a car load of horsemen and 14 guns, was started to Sugar Buttes. The trail led north and the pursuers rode until nearly nightfall. They crossed Dutch flat and rode single file into a wooded canyon, where they came upon traces of a camp fire. Van Horn, leading, jumped from his horse and thrust his hand into the ashes; they were still warm, and he shouted to his men to ride up. As he called out, a rifle cracked from the box-elder trees ahead of him. The sheriff fell, shot through the head, and a deputy springing from his saddle to pick him up was shot in precisely the same way; the posse, thrown into a panic did not fire a single shot, and for an hour dared not ride back for the bodies. After dark they got the two dead men and at midnight rode with them into Sleepy Cat.

When the news reached McCloud he was talking with Bucks over the wires. Bucks had got into headquarters at

the river late that night, and was getting details from McCloud of the Sugar Buttes robbery, when the superintendent sent him the news of the killing of Van Horn and the deputy. In the answer that Bucks sent came a name new to the wires of the mountain division and rarely seen even in special correspondence, but Hughie Morrison, who took the message, never forgot that name. Hughie handed the message to McCloud and stood by while the superintendent read:

"Whispering Smith is due in Cheyenne tomorrow. Meet him at the Wickup Sunday morning, he has full authority. I have told him to get these fellows, if it takes all the money in the treasury, and not to stop till he cleans them out of the Rocky Mountains. J. S. B.

## CHAPTER X.

### At the Three Horses.

"Clean them out of the Rocky mountains; that is a pretty good contract," mused the man in McCloud's office on Sunday morning. He sat opposite McCloud in Bucks' old easy chair and held in his hand Bucks' telegram. As he spoke he raised his eyebrows and settled back, but the unusual depth of the chair and the shortness of his legs left him helpless in his black tie, so that he was really no better off except that he had changed one position of discomfort for another.

A clerk opened the outer office door. "Mr. Dunning asks if he can see you, Mr. McCloud."

"Tell him I am busy."

Bill Dunning close on the clerk's heels, spoke for himself. "I know it, Mr. McCloud, I know it," he interposed, urgently, "but let me speak to you just a moment." Hat in hand, Bill, because no one would knock him down to keep him out, pushed into the room. "I've got a plan," he urged, "in regards to getting these hold-ups."

"How are you, Bill?" exclaimed the man in the easy chair, jumping hastily to his feet and shaking Dunning's hand. Then quite as hastily he sat down, crossed his knees violently, stared at the giant lineman, and exclaimed: "Let's have it!"

Dunning looked at him in silence and with some contempt. The train master had broken in on the superintendent for a moment and the two were conferring in an undertone. "What might your name be, mister?" growled Dunning, addressing with some condescension the man in the easy chair.

The man waved his hand as if it were immaterial and answered with a single word: "Forgotten!"

"How's that?"

"Forgotten!"

Dunning looked from one man to the other, out McCloud appeared preoccupied and his visitor seemed wholly serious. "I don't want to take too much on myself," Bill began, speaking to McCloud.

"You look as if you could carry a fair-sized load, William, provided it bore the right label," suggested the visitor, entirely amiable.

"But nobody has felt worse over this thing and recent things—"

"Recent things," echoed the easy chair.

"happening to the division than I have. Now I know there's been trouble on the division—"

"I think you are putting it too strong there, Bill, but let it pass."

"there's been differences, misunderstandings and differences. So I say to myself maybe something might be done to get everybody together and bury the differences, like this Murray Sinclair is in town, he feels bad over this thing, like any railroad man would. He's a mountain man, quick as the quickest with a gun, a good trailer, rides like a fiend, and can catch a streak of sunshine traveling on a pass. Why not put him at the head of a party to run 'em down'?"

Ran 'em down," nodded the stranger.

"Differences such as be or may be—"

"May be—"

"Being discussed when he brings 'em in dead or alive, and not before. That's what I said to Murray Sinclair, and Murray Sinclair is ready for to take hold this minute and do what he can if he's asked. I told him plain I could promise no promises, that, I says, says with George McCloud. Was I right, was I wrong? If I was wrong, right me, if I was right, say so. All I want is harmony."

The new man nodded approval.

"Bully, Bill!" he exclaimed, heartily. "Mister," protested the lineman, with simple dignity, "I'd just a little rather you wouldn't bully me nor Bill me."

"All in good part, Bill, as you shall see; all in good part. Now before Mr. McCloud gives you his decision I want to be allowed a word. Your idea looks good to me. At first I may say it didn't. I am candid; I say it didn't. It looked like setting a dog to catch his own tail. Mind you, I don't say it can't be done. A dog can catch his own tail; they do do it," proclaimed the stranger in a low and emphatic undertone. "But," he added, moderating his utterance, "when they succeed—who gets anything out of it but the dog?" Bill Dunning, somewhat clouded and not deeming it well to be



"Fogarty, Hell!" He Exclaimed.

drawn into any damaging admissions, looked around for a cigar, and not seeing one, looked solemnly at the new Solomon and stroked his beard. "That is how it looked to me at first," concluded the orator, "but, I say now it looks good to me, and as a stranger I may say I favor it."

Dunning tried to look unconcerned, and seemed disposed to be friendly. "What might be your line of business?"

"Real estate. I am from Chicago. I sold everything that was for sale in Chicago and came here to stake out the Spanish Sinks and the Great Salt Lake—yes it's drying up and there's an immense opportunity for claims along the shore I've been looking into it."

"Into the claims or into the lake?" asked McCloud.

"Into both, and, Mr. McCloud, I want to say I favor Mr. Dunning's idea, that's all. Right wrongs no man. Let Bill see Sinclair and see what they can figure out." And having spoken, the stranger sank back and tried to look comfortable.

"Till talk with you later about it, Bill," said McCloud, briefly.

"Meantime, Bill, see Sinclair and report," suggested the stranger.

"It's as good as done," announced Dunning, taking up his hat, "and, Mr. McCloud, might I have a little advance for cigars and things?"

"Cigars and ammunition—of course. See Sykes, William, see Sykes, if the office is closed go to his house—and see what will happen to you—"

added the visitor in an aside, "and tell him to telephone up to Mr. McCloud for instruction, he concluded, unceremoniously."

"Now why do you want to start Bill on a fool business like that?" asked McCloud, as Bill Dunning took long steps from the room toward the office of Sykes, the cashier.

"He didn't know me to-day, but he will to-morrow," said the stranger, reflectively. "Gods, what I've seen that man go through in the days of the giants! Why, George, this will keep the boys talking, and they have to do something. Spend the money; the company is making it too fast anyway, they moved 22,000 cars one day last week. Personally I'm glad to have a little fun out of it, it will be hell pure and undefiled long before we get through. This will be an easy way of letting Sinclair know I am here. Bill will report me confidentially to him as a suspicious personage."

To the astonishment of Sykes, the superintendent confirmed over the telephone Dunning's statement that he was to draw some expense money. Bill asked for \$25. Sykes offered him two, and Bill with some indignation accepted five. He spent all of this in trying to find Sinclair, and on the strength of his story to the boys borrowed five dollars more to prosecute the search. At ten o'clock that night he ran into Sinclair playing cards in the big rooms above the Three Horses.

The Three Horses still rears its hospitable two-story front in Fort street, the only one of the Medicine Bend gambling houses that goes back to the days of '67; and it is the boast of its owners that since the key was thrown away, 39 years ago, its doors have never been closed, night or day, except once for two hours during the funeral of Dave Hawk. Bill Dunning drew Sinclair from his game and told him of the talk with McCloud, touching it up with natural enthusiasm. The brigadier took the news in high good humor and slapped Dunning on the back. "Did you see him alone, Bill?" asked Sinclair, with interest.

"Come over here, come along. I want you to meet a good friend. Here, Harvey, shake hands with Bill Dunning. Bill, this is old Harvey Du Sang, meanest man in the mountains to his enemies and the whitest to his friends—eh, Harvey?"

Harvey seemed uncommunicative. Studying his hand, he asked in a soft way whether it was a jackpot, and upon being told that it was not, pushed forward some chips and looked stupidly up—though Harvey was by no means stupid. "Proud to know you, sir," said Bill, bending frankly as he put out his hand. "Proud to know any friend of Murray Sinclair's. What might be your business?"

Again Du Sang appeared abstracted. He looked up at the giant lineman, who, in spite of his own size and strength, could have crushed him between his fingers, and hitched his chair a little, but got no further toward an answer and paid no attention whatever to Bill's extended hand.

"Cow business, Bill," interposed Sinclair. "Where? Why, up near the park, Bill, up near the park. Bill is an old friend of mine, Harvey. Shake hands with George Seagrue, Bill, and you know Henry Karg—and old Stormy Gorman—well, I guess you know him, too," exclaimed Sinclair, introducing the other players. "Look here a minute, Harvey."

Harvey, much against his inclination, was drawn from the table and retired with Sinclair and Dunning to an empty corner, where Dunning told his story again. At the conclusion of it Harvey rather sported Sinclair asked questions. "Was anybody else there when you saw McCloud, Bill?"

"One man," answered Bill, impressively.

"Who?"

"A stranger to me."

"A stranger? What did he look like?"

"Slender man and kind of odd talking, with a sandy mustache."

"Hear his name?"

"He told me his name, but it's skipped me, I declare. He's kind of dark-complected like."

"Stranger, eh?" mused Du Sang; his eyes were wandering over the room.

"Slender man," repeated Bill, "but I didn't take much notice of him. Said he was in the real estate business."

"In the real estate business? And did he sit there while you talked this over with the college guy?" muttered Du Sang.

"He is all right, boys, and he said you'd know his name if I could speak it," declared Bill.

"Look anything like that man standing with his hands in his pockets over there by the wheel?" asked Du Sang, turning his back carefully on a newcomer as he made the suggestion.

"Where—there? No! Yes, hold on, that's the man there now! Hold on, now!" urged Bill, struggling with the excitement of ten hours and ten dollars in one day. "His name sounded like Fogarty."

As Dunning spoke, Sinclair's eyes riveted on the new face at the other side of the gambling room. "Fogarty, hell!" he exclaimed, starting. "Stand right still, Du Sang; don't look around. That man is Whispering Smith."

## CHAPTER XI.

### Parley.

It was recalled one evening not long ago at the Wickup that the affair with Sinclair had all taken place within a period of two years, and that practically all of the actors in the event had been together and in friendly relation



on a Thanksgiving day at the Dunning ranch not so very long before the trouble began. Dickie Dunning was away at school at the time, and Lance Dunning was celebrating with a riding and shooting fest and a barbecue.

The whole country had been invited. Bucks was in the mountains on an inspection trip, and Bill Dunning drove him with a party of railroad men over from Medicine Bend. The mountain men for 150 miles around were out. Gene and Bob Johnson, from Oroville and the Peace River, had come with their friends. From Williams Cache there was not only a big delegation—more of one than was really desirable—but it was led by old John Rebstock himself. When the invitation is general, lines cannot be too closely drawn. Not only was Lance Dunning something of a sport himself, but on the Long Range it is part of a stockman's creed to be on good terms with his neighbors. At a Thanksgiving day barbecue not even a mountain sheriff would ask questions.

Among the railroad people were George McCloud, Anderson, the assistant superintendent, Farrell Kennedy, chief of the special service, and his right-hand man, Bob Scott. In especial, Sinclair's presence at the barbecue was recalled. He had some clones with him from among his up-country following, and was introducing his new bridge foreman, Karg, afterward known as Flat Nose, and George Seagrue, the Montana cowboy. Sinclair fraternized that day with the Williams Cache men, and it was remarked even then that though a railroad man he appeared somewhat outside the railroad circle. When the shooting matches were announced a brown-eyed railroad man was asked to enter. He had been out of the mountains for some time and was a comparative stranger in the gathering, but the Williams Cache men had not forgotten him; Rebstock, especially, wanted to see him shoot. While much of the time out of the mountains on railroad business, he was known to be closely in Bucks' councils, and as to the mountains themselves, he was reputed to know them better than Bucks or Glover himself knew them. This was Whispering Smith, but, beyond a low-voiced greeting or an expression of surprise at meeting an old acquaintance, he avoided talk. When urged to shoot he resisted all persuasion and backed up his refusal by showing a bruise on his trigger finger. He declined even to act as judge in the contest, suggesting the sheriff, Ed Banks, for that office.

McCloud did not meet the host, Lance Dunning, that day nor since the day of the barbecue had Du Sang or Sinclair seen Whispering Smith until the night Du Sang spotted him near the wheel in the Three Horses. Du Sang at once drew out of his game and left the room. Sinclair in the meantime had undertaken a quarrel some interview with Whispering Smith.

"I supposed you knew I was here," said Smith to him, amiably. "Of course I don't travel in a private car or carry a billboard on my back, but I haven't been hiding."

"The last time we talked," returned Sinclair, measuring words carefully, "you were going to stay out of the mountains."

"I should have been glad to, Murray. Affairs are in such shape on the division now that somebody had to come, so they sent for me."

The two men were sitting at a table. Whispering Smith was cutting and leisurely mixing a pack of cards.

"Well, so far as I'm concerned, I'm out of it," Sinclair went on after a pause, "but, however that may be, if you're back here looking for trouble there's no reason, I guess, why you can't find it."

"That's not it. I'm not here looking for trouble; I'm here to fix this thing up. What do you want?"

"Not a thing."

"I'm willing to do anything fair and right," declared Whispering Smith, raising his voice a little above the hum of the rooms.

"Fair and right is an old song."

"And a good one to sing in this country just now. I'll do anything I can to adjust any grievance, Murray. What do you want?"

Sinclair for a moment was silent, and his answer made plain his unwillingness to speak at all. "There never would have been a grievance if I'd been treated like a white man." His eyes burned sullenly. "I've been treated like a dog."

"That is not it."

"That is it," declared Sinclair, savagely, "and they'll find it's it."

"Murray, I want to say only this—only this to make things clear. Bucks feels that he's been treated worse than a dog."

"Then let him put me back where I belong."

"It's a little late for that, Murray; a little late," said Smith, gently. "Shouldn't you rather take good money and get off the division? Mind you, I say good money, Murray—and peace."

Sinclair answered without the slightest hesitation: "Not while that man McCloud is here."

Whispering Smith smiled. "I've got no authority to kill McCloud."

"There are plenty of men in the mountains that don't need any."

"But let's start fair," urged Whispering Smith, softly. He leaned forward with one finger extended in confidence. "Don't let us have any misunderstanding on the start. Let McCloud alone. If he is killed—now I'm speaking fair and open and making no threats, but I know how it will come out—there will be nothing but killing here for six months. We will make just that memorandum on McCloud. Now about the main question. Every sensible man in the world wants something."

"I know men that have been going a long time without what they wanted."

Smith flushed and nodded. "You needn't have said that, but no matter. Every sensible man wants something, Murray. This is a big country. There's a World's Fair running somewhere all the time in it. Why not travel a little? What do you want?"

"I want my job, or I want a new superintendent here."

"Just exactly the two things, and, by heavens! the only two, I can't manage. Come once more and I'll meet you."

"No!" Sinclair rose to his feet. "No—damn your money! This is my home. The high country is my country; it's where my friends are."

"It's filled with your friends; I know that. But don't put your trust in your friends. They will stay by you, I know; but once in a long while there will be a false friend, Murray, one that will sell you—remember that."

"I stay."

Whispering Smith looked up in admiration. "I know you're game. It isn't necessary for me to say that to you. But think of the fight you are going into against this company. You can't worry them; you've done it. But a bronco might as well try to buck a locomotive as for one man or six or 600 to win out in the way you are playing."

"I will look out for my friends; others—"

Sinclair hitched his belt and paused, but Whispering Smith, cutting and running the cards, gave no heed. His eyes were fixed on the green cloth under his fingers. "Others—" repeated Sinclair.

"Others?" echoed Whispering Smith, good-naturedly.

"May look out for themselves."

"Of course, of course. Well, if this is the end of it, I'm sorry."

"You will be sorry if you mix in a quarrel that is none of yours."

"Why, Murray, I never had a quarrel with a man in my life."

"You are pretty smooth, but you can't drive me out of this country. I

know how well you'd like to do it; and, take notice, there's one trail you can't cross even if you stay here. I suppose you understand that."

Smith felt his heart leap. "He sat in his chair turning the pack slowly, but with only one hand now, the other hand was free. Sinclair eyed him sidewise. Smith moistened his lips and when he replied spoke slowly: 'There is no need of dragging any allusion to her into it. For that matter, I told Bucks he should have sent any man but me. If I'm in the way, Sinclair, if my presence here is all that stands in the way, I'll go back and stay back as before, and send any one else you like or Bucks likes. Are you willing to say that I stand in the way of a settlement?'"

Sinclair sat down and put his hands on the table. "No; your matter and mine is another affair. All I want between you and me is fair and right."

Whispering Smith's eyes were on the cards. "You've always had it."

"Then keep away from her."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Then don't tell me."

"I'm not telling you. You will do as you please; so will I. I left here because Marion asked me to. I am here now because I have been sent here. It is in the course of my business. I have my living to earn and my friends to protect. Don't dictate to me, because it would be of no use."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Then Keep Away from Her!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## METHOD OF PICKING APPLES FOR MARKET

When Scarce It Is Very Important to Conserve Fruit for Consumption in the Winter—By Joe A. Burton.

When apples are scarce it is very important to conserve them to best advantage. So very many families are without apples during most of the winter. Often persons remark to me that they had quite a lot of apples at gathering time, but they wouldn't keep. Now why is this? We know it is the business of a sound apple to keep till its cell structure is broken down by over-ripening, unless interfered with by an outside agent. This agent may be a bruise, a rotten apple or too great warmth. Apples do not rot through pure cussedness. The farmer will drive his jolt wagon into the orchard and then pick and pour into it apples of various varieties and every conceivable grade of rottenness and soundness, writes Joe A. Burton in Farmers' Review. When the box is full, all the pickers sit on the apples while they are driven to the place of deposit. The pickers are on the apples with their feet while they scoop up with both hands half a dozen at a time

If we have a full crop of apples it is still more important that we handle them intelligently. If properly done, they become of commercial importance. Careful grading is a prime essential when apples are plenty. The buyer has many opportunities and he is sure to discriminate against any careless packing. It is a moral duty of the apple grower to pack his apples honestly, whether of high or low grade. If he does not he is not honest. But the rule will not work both ways. It is not proof that I am honest because my apples are well packed. Packing apples is a business proposition with us. We pack them so for the money there is in it. We cannot afford to sell a barrel of deceptive apples. Of course we sell low-grade apples, but it is understood they are such. I am sure that we feel more anxiety about the condition of our apples than do the parties to whom we sell. How good we would pack our apples from a



Assorting the Apples.

and roughly throw them into the basket. When the basket is full, it is dragged across the apples on its way to the bin. If there were any sound apples they are probably bruised or besmudged with rot and compelled to lie against a rotten neighbor. No wonder "our apples wouldn't keep." If a few did try to keep, the children dug them out first, trying to find a possible one to take to school. The farmer's apples belong to him and he has just so many, whether they are in one pile or four piles. If he will properly sort them out he will find one pile ought to go to the hogs at once, another is good for present use in the house, another can be used a little later and the sound ones kept for winter. He ought to know that a rotten apple is already past usefulness, a specked one will soon be rotten, as will also a sound one if associated with a rotten one.

## INCREASE IN STOCK RAISING

Noteworthy Feature in Industry Is Improvement of Breeds in All Kinds of Animals.

In the past several years American cattle breeders have sent some of their finest blood to the Argentine Republic, South America, and that country has been rapidly improving its native breeds with this better blood. The American consul in Buenos Ayres writes that the country is rapidly increasing its cattle and regularly exports beef to English markets. In 1885 there were 21,791,516 head of cattle there and in 1908 there were 29,116,625 head. As compared with other countries Argentina ranks third in the number of cattle. Russia, with 91,000,000 head, stands first, and the United States follows with 69,000,000 head.

A noteworthy feature in the stock-raising industry is the improvement of breeds of all classes of animals. In the last cattle census it was found that 3.4 per cent. of the entire number were thoroughbreds, and 51.7 per cent. were improved crossbreds. It was found that many fields that had heretofore been sown to wheat were now devoted to cattle raising on intensive principles of the industry. The value of the cattle of Argentina is estimated at \$928,685,334. Diseases of cattle and other live stock have been combated so successfully that the diseases are either stamped out or confined to isolated cases and to small territorial areas.

Considerable uneasiness has been occasioned by the strict British

spection regulations, according to which Argentine live cattle have not been freely admitted into the United Kingdom. As an effort to this restriction on the live cattle market, a promising trade of cattle on foot has been opened with Spain and Italy.

**Specks in Butter.**  
The white specks in butter are due to poor ripening of the cream, says the Epitomist.

Some of the cream has "whysed off" and decomposed and the casein has gathered in clots and the whey has separated from the cream. These clots of curd will not churn out. They remain in the butter as clots and always look white. Artificial coloring has no effect upon them, and winter or summer they spoil the looks of the butter. Greater care in ripening the cream is called for, but even in creameries there are times when these colorless clots form and the sure way to do is to strain the cream into the churn. Then the clots do not get into the churn and are not found in the butter.

**Moles Not Enemies.**  
Much complaint is and always has been made of destruction in gardens and fields by moles. This seeming destruction is only apparent, for the mole does more good than it does harm. The most harm that it does is in plowing up the lawn and soil in cultivated places, allowing it to dry out in summer and causing the plants on the ridges to wither and die in dry weather.

**Largest Tobacco Farm.**  
The largest tobacco farm in the world, containing 25,000 acres, is in Amsterdam, Ga. Here is grown an one-third of all the Sumatra tobacco used for cigar wrappers in the United States.

## KILLS WIFE TO END PAIN; JURY'S VERDICT APPROVES

PARIS MAN WHO KILLED AGONIZED WOMAN IS ACQUITTED IN COURT.

Paris.—A man whose wife is dying of an agonizing disease is justified in killing her to put an end to her suffering if she implores him to do so. So a jury decided in the court of assizes here and acquitted Edmond Baudin, who at her prayer shot and killed his wife January 31 last.

Mme. Baudin had been afflicted with asthma for years. It gripped her throat; it was a weight on her lungs; it stopped her breath. She begged her husband to aid her by killing her quickly, as the affection was slowly throttling her.

Baudin, a mechanic, 39 years old, a rough, plain-spoken man, sought to



"If You Love Me, Put Me Out of My Misery."

justify his act with words as straightforward as they were dramatic. Tears streamed from his eyes while he testified. The jurors also wept and the women in the court room were semi-hysterical.

The presiding judge, who disapproved of the jury's verdict, remarked:

"For the moment the bandage on the eyes of justice was a handkerchief."

"My wife, whom I loved dearly had suffered fearfully from asthma," Baudin testified. "She could not sleep if she laid her head on the pillow she would cry 'I am choking. In the name of the good God end my misery. Let me die.'"

"On the night she died she was suffering intensely," Baudin went on. "The medicine she was taking was nearly exhausted. I will go and get you some more medicine," I said. "No," she said, "buy no more medicine. You know we are poor. I am gone. Medicine will do me no good. I suffer! Oh, how I suffer."

"But pay no more for medicine. I have cost you too much money already. If you love me put me out of my misery. Prove your love and let me leave you. Kill me. If you were a determined man you would not see me suffer as I do."

"I was maddened by the sight of her agony," said Baudin. "I seized a revolver with which I intended to defend our home, shot her in the head. She died instantly."

"I determined then to kill myself, but I thought of my sister, the only other being who depends on me. I went to see my sister. She wept, but told me I should surrender to the police, which I did at once."

## SAYS KILL NIGHT RIDERS

Gov. Willson of Kentucky Advises Independent Tobacco Growers to Use Arms.

Frankfort, Ky.—Fight the devil with his own fire, was the method that Gov. Willson advised the independent growers of tobacco in Kentucky to adopt in their struggles against night riders.

Piles of letters were stacked in his desk, the governor says, from people appealing to him and asking him whether they must pool their tobacco or whether they will be afforded protection of the militia if they do not pool it.

"Organize a liberty league and kill the nocturnal invaders," was the advice that the governor gave.

In a statement Gov. Willson said no man should pool his tobacco unless he wants to, and that he will pardon any man who resorts to arms to protect his home.

Girl Mangled by a Bear.

Youngstown, O.—Crushed in the grip of one of the big black bears at Idora park and her neck terribly torn by the great claws of the beast, Selma Lewis, aged ten years, daughter of Fred Lewis, was so badly injured that it was thought she could not recover. The little girl was feeding the bears.

How About This?

"Mrs. Hyler says her husband is a perfect man."  
"Huh! You know what people say about a perfect man as a rule."

## GENTLE REBUKE FROM PULPIT

Yet One Somehow Cannot Help Wondering Whether Sermon Was Worth Listening To.

Somewhere in the pages of her pleasant "Book of Joys," Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins tells a delightful story of her New England clerical great-grandfather, who was a man of ingenuity and resources. She says:

"He employed more than one device to secure wakefulness on the part of his weary congregation. Standing during the prayer was but one of many. My grandfather used to tell us with pride of an instance which occurred at a time when a new church edifice had been proposed, and was under warm discussion. Great-grandfather thought this a worldly and unnecessary expense, and emphasized his opinion by pausing in the midst of his sermon on a Sunday, saying impressively, as he fixed the somnolent members of his congregation with a stern look:

"You are talking about building a new church. It seems to me quite unnecessary, since the sleepers in the old one are all sound!"—Youth's Companion.

## BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA.

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura for \$1.50.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. Comerfer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15 1908."

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

**His Proper Field.**  
A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the yard. "Fit wouldn't be no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain this thing to yo' all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Not Asking Much.**  
"The president," explained one of the secretaries, "can't stop at Plunkville on his swing around the circle. In fact, my good man, we are scheduled to go through Plunkville at 60 miles an hour."

"Couldn't you throw out one of his old hats?" asked the leader of the committee, hopefully.—Washington Herald.

**A French Scholar.**  
As William bent over her fair face he whispered: "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?"

She, calling up her scanty knowledge of the French language, exclaimed, "Billet doux"—Tit-Bits.

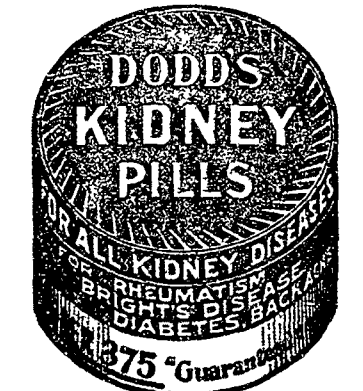
**Cause of Discord.**  
She—So they do live happily together, you say?  
He—No. It's the eternal struggle between religion and society. He is as straight-backed as she is straight-front.—Life.

In case of pain on the lungs Hamlin's Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster, except that it is more effective, and is so much nicer and cleaner to use.

Live up to the Bible you know, and your Bible will grow.

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

Money talks, but it often fails to tell the truth.



**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES**  
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

## LEFT THEIR SEATS HASTILY

Fair School Teachers Blissfully Unaware of Contents of Box on Which They Rested.

"While in Paris this summer another girl and I went out to Versailles one afternoon," said a school teacher who had just returned from abroad. "It was dusk when we reached the railway station, and as there was no waiting room we sat down on two crates that were out on the platform among a lot of others. We noticed that the station employees kept staring at us with a persistence that was annoying. Presently a man in a shabby uniform with a bucket on his arm approached us. He touched his cap deferentially and said—in French, of course:

"Mesdames, pray do not let me disturb you, but I am forced to open the boxes on which you are seated in order to feed the boa constrictor and other serpents that are within."

"When we recovered from our fright we found we had been seated in the midst of a huge collection of snakes that had just arrived from their native jungles en route for the zoo near Versailles."

## BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Usually There Are Other Troubles to Prove It.

Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to remove and cure the congestion or inflammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say: "Oh, my back."

Thompson Watkins, professional nurse, 420 N. 23rd St., Parsons, Kan., says: "For some time I was annoyed with sharp twinges across the small of my back and irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I am free from these troubles."

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

**Many Were in the Same Boat.**  
According to the Saturday Evening Post, this is a story heard with much glee by congress during the last days of the Roosevelt administration.

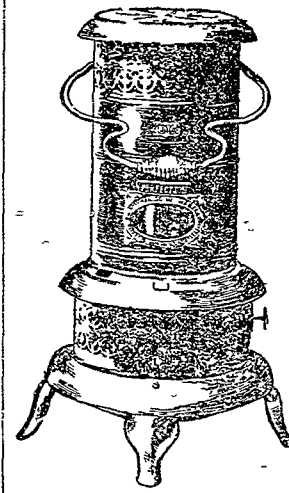
During the recent cold spell in Washington, a man, shivering and ragged, knocked at the door of a K street house and said to the lady: "Please, madaam, give me something to eat. I am suffering severely from exposure."

"You must be more specific," the lady replied. "Are you a member of the senate or of the house?"

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running sound or intake in the ear, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Is Poor Consolation.**  
"Yes, it must be a terrible thing to go through life without your limb. But you must remember it will be restored to you in the next world."

"I know it will, mum, but dad don't encourage me, for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come with in a couple of foot of de ground w'en it's restored."



## Have Heat Brought To You

When your bed-room, bath-room or dining room is chilly, you may have heat brought to you in just the degree you desire. It is easy when you have a

## PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

available. Place the heater where the cold is most annoying, strike a match.

No fuss—no flurry—no smell—and, above all, no smoke, even though you turn the wick as high as it will go. The temperature runs up quickly. In ten minutes the average sized room glows with cheer and comfort that genial heat brings—the heat that is smokeless and odorless.

## Automatic Smokeless Device

which automatically locks and absolutely prevents smoke, by keeping the wick out of the smoke zone, is on the Perfection only.

The solid brass foot holds four quarts, which gives a full-head flame for nine hours. Flame burns from side of wick instead of from the top. The brass wick carrier does not rust and clog the wick. Damper top, cool handle.

Aluminum metal window frames that heat cannot tarnish. Japan or nickel finish. Various styles and finishes.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY** (Incorporated)

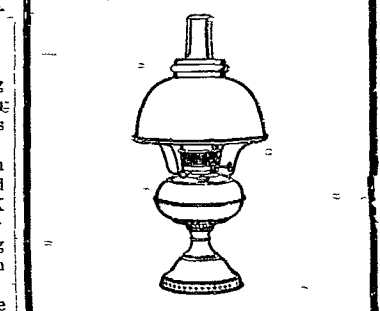
## ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ill, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## The Rayo LAMP



Is a low priced lamp. There are lamps that cost more but there is no better lamp made at any price. It is made upon scientific principles. There is nothing in lamp making that can add to the value of the

## RAYO

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY** (Incorporated)

## LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, 554 N. Adams St., Chicago

## DEFIANCE Gold Water Starch

makes laundry work a pleasure 16 oz. pkg. 10c.



## The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

Established 1869.

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

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

Advertising Rates—Made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly. Transient advertising in advance.

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

For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, 1 cent per word for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.

Editorial notices clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.

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

Copy for program 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. 22, '09.

## Good Roads by Patches.

The County Road Commissioner agrees with the Record that the patch-work system of building roads is not the best way but they add "what can a poor man do?" Each supervisor in consenting to the appropriation insists that some work be done in his town and in consequence instead of completing one road, the commission is obliged to go ahead with a mile here and a mile there and in the course of human events—and a period of twenty years—Wayne county will have an elegant line of roads to display. If the commission could build west on Grand River another half a mile and then skip about five miles and commence again at Evergreen road and build to Redford, then there would be a good lot of roads from Lansing to Detroit. That's all it lacks now. Persons going to Detroit would leave Grand River road at Evergreen road and go south to the Plymouth road which is in fine condition all summer, then east on the Plymouth road five miles and then back to Grand River again at the commencement of the concrete roads. This would do away with the heavy pull through six miles of deep—very deep—and now existing between Redford and the concrete road. Wonder why the commission wouldn't find it profitable to try just plain gravel for a mile from Redford east. Properly graded and packed down it would make about as good a road as any that has been built, except of course the concrete. Certainly something should speedily be done to complete the most miserable road in the state leading out of Detroit, through Wayne county which are Michigan avenue, Fort street and Grand River avenue.

The road commissions are doing all they can do in this respect but are working under a handicap in not being given a more free hand in the work and being allowed to complete some of the road—as they desire to.

## BITTER WAS THE AWAKENING

Sleeping Owner of Millions Brought Back to Earth by Stern Yet Modest Demand.

"I dreamed last night that beginning with \$100 I pyramided my bets on the stock market so that in a little while I had \$2,000,000,000," said one of the artist colony in West Sixty-seventh street yesterday. "A crowd of people came to me and besought me to cease speculating. They pointed out that I had more money than I could ever spend and if I kept on I would own all there was in the world. I replied that I wanted a billion dollars more for my own use and that I proposed with the two billion I already had to establish a great institution where all the artists and writers and sculptors might work free from pecuniary annoyances, and raise the standard of beauty in all the arts throughout the world. The last man who came to beg me to stop making money was my attorney. I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and finally he sternly demanded of me the two dollars and a half that I had borrowed from him last week. Then I woke up."—New York Press

The Murderous Bluefish.  
A five-pound bluefish passed eastward from Vineyard sound in the morning and weighs ten or 15 pounds in autumn. The bluefish is an unmitigated sea butcher and is able to whip any other species not larger than himself. He attacks menhaden with such ferocity as to pack them in windrows a foot deep on the coast.

## NORTHVILLE.

## Purely Personal.

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

Mrs. Lizzie Teagan is spending the week in Detroit.

C. M. Joslin is entertaining his brother, B. H. Leigh, of East Aurora, N. Y.

Mrs. Bert Stark is spending a week visiting friends in Adrian and Sand Creek.

Mrs. S. Thompson of Sarnia, Ont., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Sauve.

Mrs. J. J. Alexander is spending the week with friends in Fenton and Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ford visited the former's sister at Plymouth Sunday.

Wm. Lincoln was called to Ithaca Saturday by the serious illness of his mother.

Mrs. C. R. Richardson of Detroit spent Sunday with T. J. Richardson and family.

Miss Baldwin of Fowlerville has been visiting at the home of C. J. Ball this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bowen of Detroit were guests of Northville friends over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay H. Smith of Detroit were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Craft Saturday.

Rae Haddock of Lansing was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Haddock, from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. Mary Sprague and Miss Electa Chilson of Farmington were guests of Mrs. M. R. Seeley Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Halsted of Owosso have been spending a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Craft.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley were guests of their daughter, Mrs. W. Y. Murdock, in Ypsilanti Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. E. N. Hines and son, Deming, of Detroit are guests of her father and sister, J. H. Steers and Mrs. Jesse Power.

Mrs. Louis Hutton and little daughter of Detroit were guests of her sister, Mrs. Walter Evans, the fore part of the week.

Mrs. E. Vradenburg, who has been visiting relatives for the past four weeks in Ovid, St. Johns and Bennington, has returned home.

Mrs. Sarah Sands and Miss Mae Ellis of Millford were guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. S. B. Meser, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Marvin Sloan is attending the State Federation of Woman's clubs at Hillsdale this week. She goes as a delegate from the Northville Woman's club.

Mr. and Mrs. Milford Baker of New Hudson were guests of his brother, George H., this week. The former may purchase a farm near here shortly and take up a residence near this village.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. S. Jerome and Miss Anne Jerome attended the wedding of Mr. E. B. Wallace and Miss Florence W. Clark at Pontiac on Monday. Miss Jerome is spending the week with Miss Hazel Walton of Pontiac.

D. P. Bliss of Brockton, Mass., formerly professor in the Northville school, was an over Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dolph. Mr. Bliss is superintendent of the Brockton schools having entire charge of 250 teachers, doing all the hiring and has the supervision of finances.

Heartless Landlord.  
"I used to walk the floor worrying about how I was going to pay my landlord," said Mr. Tuftuck. "I hope you have quit all that?" replied the optimist. "I had to. The landlord said that if I didn't stop wearing out the floor he'd raise the rent."

Politeness.  
The Hostess—What do you have to leave at this early hour? The Guest—I'm sorry, but it's necessary. The Hostess—And must you take your wife with you? The Guest—Yes, ma'am—I'm sorry to say I must.—Cleveland Leader

Puffs, Pompadours and Switches made to order. Leave orders with Mrs. Tinsam, Milliner, Northville, or send direct to Mrs. J. S. Austin, Walled Lake, Michigan. Bell phone 172-12R.

Don't forget the Bargain Sale at Cook & Co.'s, commencing Saturday, Oct. 16.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

**HELPLESS**

Rheumatic Cripples who have tried every known remedy for Rheumatism without success have been quickly and permanently cured by Crocker's Rheumatic Cure.

Send for the testimony of those it has cured.

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.

For sale at 50¢ a bottle by

"For Sale by All Druggists."

## Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The organist will give a brief organ recital at the beginning of the Sunday evening service. Be present at 7 o'clock to hear it.

The church will be reopened for services next Sunday. An attractive program for the day has been prepared, which you are invited to enjoy. Note each item carefully.

A variety of good things is on the program for several evenings of next week. Full announcements will be made Sunday. Be sure to reserve next week for this purpose. The program will interest you.

An Epworth League Rally will be held Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock. A special program will be presented including a musical service. Mrs. C. H. Morgan of New York City will have charge of the lesson and give a talk on League work. All Epworth Leaguers and their friends should be present.

The speaker at the evening service will be Rev. James E. Jacklin, D. D., associate editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate. Dr. Jacklin was at one time pastor of this congregation and many of our people will be glad to hear him again. We can assure all who hear him of something good. Evening service at 7 o'clock.

Rev. Chas. B. Allen of Detroit will be with us Sunday morning. Mr. Allen is the newly appointed superintendent of the Detroit district, coming to this position from the pastorate of the North Woodward church in Detroit, where he made a marvelous record as builder and organizer. He will bring us a message which every one should hear. Morning service at 10:00 o'clock.

## Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The Ladies' Aid have a bake sale at Mr. Ryder's store tomorrow.

There will be no evening service next Sunday as we will unite with our Methodist friends in celebrating the completion of their church decoration.

Mr. Mason, representing the Anti-Saloon League will give a free lecture in the church this evening on the "Economic Aspects of the Temperance Question." The lecture will be illustrated by stereopticon views and the public are cordially invited.

There was a good attendance of the young people at their meeting on Sunday evening. Ray Holcomb and Arbutus Wolf were chosen captains of two companies (red's and blue's) who will contest for certain honors in the future. A young people's choir led the singing in a spirited manner. The subject next Sunday will be "The Islands of the Sea," led by Miss Ruth Williams. Miss Jerome and Miss Wolf will have charge of the song service which will begin promptly at six o'clock.

## Alfred Fry Dead.

Frank Fry, Sr., received word this week of the death of his brother, Alfred Fry, at Fredonia, N. Y. Mr. Fry was a former resident of this place and was well known here. He leaves besides a widow three brothers, Frank, Sr., Wm. and Fred of this place. Deceased was a veteran of the civil war.

## In Pleasant Fetters.

A Kirkcaldy (Scotland) policeman has been getting married. The carriage in which he returned from the maise bore the placard: "Hand-cuffed for life—with no reprieve."

## A Woman's Back

The Aches and Pains will Disappear if the Advice of this Northville Citizen is Followed.

Mrs. M. V. Kingsley, Randolph Street, Northville, Mich., says: "My first experience with Doan's Kidney Pills took place about a year ago. I had a severe attack of backache and I also suffered from headaches and pains across my joints. Doan's Kidney Pills were procured from Murdock Bros. drug store and they soon removed the backache and other annoyances. Another member of my family has also taken this remedy and it has proven very satisfactory."

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.

## England Losing Small Farmers.

In 30 years there has been a shrinkage of 2,325 in the number of small holdings in England—that is, farms of 50 acres and less.

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

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. B. Ambler, Executor. 35t.

FOR SALE—Two thoroughbred Jersey cows—five years old, new milch. F. S. Power. Bell phone 120 L3. 11w2.

FOR SALE—Two cheap places on Northside. Parties going West. O. S. Harger. 45t.

FOR SALE—Nice ripe potatoes—any quantity. W. J. Ward, west of U. S. Fish station. Home phone 172-R. 12w1.

FOR RENT—Furnished room and good board for lady or gentleman at reasonable rates. Inquire at 128 North Center street. 12w1.

FOR SALE—At Nelson's bakery (Chrysanthemums) = Wm. Wesley. 12w1.

WANTED—Immediately good local agent, either sex, for Northville. Write for particulars A. L. Austin, Walled Lake, Mich. 12w1.

FOR RENT—1 furnished room on West Cady street. Inquire of A. W. Russell, living on premises. 12w1.

FOR RENT—The J. D. Brocket house on Griswold street. Apply to J. D. Brocket, Northville. 12t.

TO TRADE—Good work-horse for good cow. J. A. Cole, two miles north and one and one half miles west of Northville. 12t.

FOR SALE—My place on Main street known as the Star Laundry building; also my house and lot on Plymouth avenue, Northville. E. J. Bradner. 11t.

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

FOR RENT—House in Bealtown on Plymouth avenue. Inquire of Miss Ellen Gibson. 10t.

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

FOR SALE—A desirable house and lot in Bealtown. Inquire at Record office. 6t.

## FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street, one on Danian street also in Bealtown and several in Northside. Prices \$350 up to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington, Farmus in Wayne and Oakland. (Also western land.) Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville. The Munro Thornton house and lot, cor. Rogers and Mill streets; 3 or four acres of land. Threshing outfit with 18 hp engine, good separator, corn husker and silo cutter. All at half price. O. S. HARGER, Northville. 24t.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence, 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 a. m. to 12:00 p. m. 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. RTH 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 4:00 p. m. 49m3.

## Bargains!

Pillow Tops, new patterns... 10c, 25c, 50c and all shades of Silk.

Children's, Ladies' and Men's All-Wool Underwear.

We carry a Large Assortment of the best styles of Corsets, including the R. & G. .... from 50c to \$3.00 Wall Paper, 50 New Patterns This Week

The Best Values in Comforters and Blankets.

PICTURE FRAMING TO ORDER.

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street.

NORTHVILLE.

## Tensile Circ.

A human hair can support a load the average man's head is about 3.5 lbs. A hair has a total of more than five times the hair. The use of the strength of the cords of the hair were made of the Carthage offered their for the same use. Their city was besieged by the Romans. Scientific American.

## Franks of O.

The tornado that hit near Chickasha performed some of the farm of Charles found a number over the ground. It had stood, not much as cracked in which they had been reduced to kindling wood.

A short distance from the chicken with an egg in its beak. It was found, a two-ton of which had with a hen tightly wedged in it. —Kansas City Star

## Flowers

Of Every Description for All Occasions

Every Day in the Year

JOHN BREITMEYER'S SONS  
DETROIT, MICH.

## J. G. ALEXANDER'S

FOR  
Nice Driving Horses and Carriages.

Just the Right, 'Nifty, Stylish, Turnouts for the right people.

Prices Reasonable

J. G. ALEXANDER  
NORTHVILLE, M in Street, East.

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 thirteenth 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 HENRY M. WHITE, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

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

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, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) 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 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 EILETA M. J. MORLEY, deceased. Arleta 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, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) ALBERT W. FLINT, Register.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of HENRY E. KATOR 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 store of Murdock Bros. in Northville, Michigan, on Saturday the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1909, and on Saturday, the twelfth day of February, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of each said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the twelfth day of October, A. D. 1909, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated October 12th 1909.

BEACH A. NORTBROP, THOS E MURDOCK, Commissioners.

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 Esther 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, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) E. R. Deputy Register.

## 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.

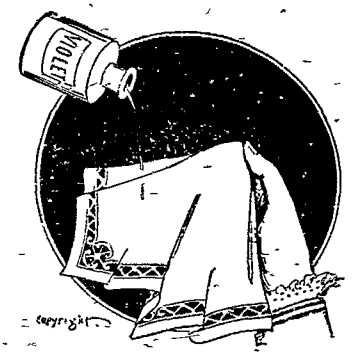
Bring in Your Repair Work, Let Us Fix it Before We Leave.

Merritt & Company

Jewelers and Booksellers.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

# PERFUMES!



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

**Murdock Bros.**  
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

## MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

**P. A. MILLER, Propr.**  
109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.  
TELEPHONE.

IN PLYMOUTH WEDNESDAYS

## ELLA FOLSOM

Teacher of Singing

CONCERTS  
SONG RECITALS

15 Van Husan Bldg., 106 Broadway  
DETROIT.

## 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.

Try a Liner in the Record

## 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 12:20 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 6:30 a. m. and hourly to 9:30 p. m. and to Wayne on 3 at 11:20 p. m. Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:45 a. m. (from Michigan are buses only) and at 6 a. m. and hourly to 11:20 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and hourly to 11:20 p. m. also 12:20 a. m. Leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and hourly to 11:20 p. m. and 12:20 a. m.

West bound cars to Jackson connect at Wayte. Cars to Sault connect at Ypsilanti.

**PART ELECTRIC EXPRESS**  
Operated over the Detroit United Railway, Detroit, Monroe & Toledo Short Line, Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry., and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points above Electric Lines.  
Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

Regular meeting of K. P. Lodge next Tuesday evening.

The W. C. T. U. is invited to meet with Mrs. Hettley next Monday at 2 p. m. standard time.

The "First 500" club were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Ruth Gillis Tuesday evening.

The Fleur-de-lis whist club were pleasantly entertained Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Jessie Power.

The marriage of Mr. Dorsell Benton of this place and Miss Violet Trumbull of New Hudson took place here Monday.

Catholic services will be held in their house, corner of Dunlap and Center streets, Sunday at eight o'clock a. m.

The "Eclipse" was entertained Thursday evening by the Misses Coral Ruthoff and Pearl Little at the home of the latter.

Pepper is the new clerk in C. E. Ryder's store. Mrs. Steinhilber, who has been there for some time past expects to leave next week.

The Third Division of the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church will hold a bazaar sale in E. Ryder's store tomorrow, Saturday.

A "Granite Shower" will be given in honor of Miss Ethel Scott this evening by Mrs. R. W. Willis and Mrs. Jesse Clark at the home of the latter.

T. J. Perkins & Co. will commence next week Thursday their twelfth annual fall sale, the big bills for which have just been printed at the Record Printery.

Dr. Shumway of the state board of health has been instructed by the state board to issue a notice to public carriers and schools forbidding the public drinking cups.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Scott and Mr. Roy Clark of this place is announced to take place on Wednesday evening, November 3, at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott.

Rev. J. W. Crippen, pastor of the Methodist church here in 1888, died at his home in Ann Arbor Sunday. The funeral was held in the Methodist church in that city Tuesday. Mr. Crippen was seventy-six years of age and was superannuated.

Attorney Clarence D. Clark has accepted a lucrative position with the New York Central lines with headquarters at Chicago. He is in the land and tax department and his many Northville friends will wish for him a great success.

Can there be anything more beautiful than the foliage these fall days? Take a walk or drive in the country any of these days if the weather be pleasant, and see the prettiest sight that nature affords. No artist can paint it, no cameras catch it in all its beauty.

Miss Arbutus Wolf, who is a pupil of Frank Stephens and has played for Victor Benham and Francis York of the Michigan and Detroit Conservatories of Music receiving flattering comments upon her work from these distinguished musicians, is prepared to take pupils in piano lessons.

The state dairy and food department has made complaint against seventeen Weyberville farmers, charging them with selling watered milk to the condensed milk factories of Howell and Pinckney. The week before thirteen farmers living just across the border of Livingston county were arrested on a similar charge.

The municipal league attacked the salary and working list of the Register of Deeds office in Detroit before the board of supervisors Monday. Deputy Register Cass Benton defended the office in a forceful manner and showed that the office was being run at a less expense than by the former register and that over thirty per cent more business was being transacted than there was a year ago. In the wind-up the board put its approval on that office and complimented Mr. Benton and his work upon raising his salary from \$1,800 up to \$2,000 a year. Undoubtedly the Register of Deeds office was never in better condition or more carefully run than at the present time.

Go to Cook & Co., Farmington for the real thing in Winter Clothing.

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

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

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:

Wm. Harris  
Mrs. Maggie Fish  
Mrs. Geo. Kitley  
Miss Jena Dudley  
Mr. Karl Murchey  
Mrs. Lizzie Bennett, R. F. D. 2

Mrs. Mary Pomeroy is considerably better.

N. E. Bogart and Hiram Holmes have recently installed Bell furnaces in their houses.

On the occasion of his 16th birthday Donald Baker was presented with a gold watch yesterday by his father.

You'll miss it if you don't attend that Halloween social at N. I. Coll's Friday evening, Oct. 29. Watch for posters.

In the case of F. D. Butler vs. Mrs. McCarthy before Judge Joslin yesterday, the plaintiff was awarded \$21.50, of the claim of \$25.10, and costs.

The old adage that "preachers won't wait" is a mistake. One of our Northville preachers waited 30 minutes of apples Wednesday of this week.

The next regular Communication of Northville Lodge No. 188, F & A M, occurs Monday evening, Oct. 25. Let all members govern themselves accordingly.

Forest M. Kutor has just returned from a four-years' sojourn in the Philippines. He was a member of Company C, 1st Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps.

The regular meeting of the W. R. C. will be held next Wednesday evening. A fine program has been prepared. A good attendance is desired, as there is important business to be transacted.

Fred Quigley, formerly of this place, but now of Ypsilanti, has been appointed by Gov. Warner to the office of secretary of the pardon board and executive clerk. It is a splendid appointment.

A Halloween social will be held at the home of Hammond Kingsley for the benefit of District Lodge No. 10, Saturday evening, Oct. 30. A fine program is being prepared and every body is promised a good evening's entertainment. Everyone cordially invited.

The ladies of the Methodist church, whose birthdays occur in October, November and December, will give a supper and social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lay Pepper on Church street, Tuesday evening, Nov. 2. A general good time is expected. Everybody is invited.

F. D. Eatherly is putting in an irrigating system at his Braeside home. The big tank of water is located under ground and is given force by an air pressure from a gas engine. It will be an elegant affair and when completed will furnish an ample supply of water for the house, lawn and garden.

At the big Dairy show held in Milwaukee, Wis., Governor Warner's cheese scored first prize in the Michigan exhibits his score being 95-15. M. B. Armstrong of Pontiac came in second with 94-31. The Milwaukee Journal gives the show a big send off and incidentally publishes the picture of Michigan's governor. The show was held this week.

The L. O. T. M. will have a progressive party in Chadwick's hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 26, to which all the Sir Knights and their wives and the members and their husbands are cordially invited. Each member of the L. O. T. M. is also privileged to invite two guests. Light refreshments will be served and an admission of ten cents will be charged.

Prof. A. S. Warthin of the U. of M. will deliver a lecture in the rink at 6:30 this evening on the tubercular question to which everybody is invited. At 8 o'clock p. m. the professor will give his famous scientific lecture on mankind in the same place to men and older boys only. Professor Warthin holds an important chair in the U. of M. and has charge of these two studies in that great institution. Admission free.

Buy Winter Clothing of Cook & Co. Farmington.

### What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:  
Wheat, red - 117 Wheat, white - 116  
Corn - 85 Shelled corn - 70c  
Corn in ear - 35c Shelled corn - 70c  
Baled hay per ton - \$15.00  
Hogs dressed - \$9.00  
Cattle - \$4.75  
Lamb - \$5.00  
Beef hides - \$c per lb.  
Veal carcase live - \$7.50  
Eggs - 25c Butter - 28c

Mrs. Chas. Freitov, Moosup, Conn., Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

### Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

## School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

If your boy comes home with patches, Never mind.

If his trousers need some patching, Never mind.

He is getting health and beauty instead of tutti frutti. And basket ball you see So never mind.

Clara Gladding is a new pupil in the Fifth grade.

Vere Sunenburg is a new pupil in the Kindergarten.

Esther Smith of the First grade is visiting out of town.

Flora Cross and Robert Bates of the Kindergarten are ill.

The Second grade has several land scapes on the blackboard.

Elizabeth Heppner has returned to school in the Third grade.

The Second grade pupils are learning "The Children's Hour."

Mary Tharr of the Sixth grade received 100 in Spelling every day this month.

Nettie Jacobus has been doing some rubbed work on the Sixth grade blackboard.

The Seventh grade pupils are enjoying "The Call of the Wild" in morning exercises.

No school next Thursday and Friday on account of the Teachers' Association at Saginaw.

A new magazine rack has been installed in the superintendent's office by Mr. Fry, the draughtsman.

The new laboratory in the basement of the High school building has been fitted up nicely and practically. Electric lights are expected this week.

Learning that the Diamond Crystal Salt Co. would send exhibits to any school free Mrs. Woolley took advantage of the bargain and now has one in her room.

Genevieve Parmenter, Gladys Ford and Irving Lapham of the First grade spelled down the A glass and Opal Merritt, George Wilcox and Frank Perkins spelled down the B glass.

Marvel Lewis of the Seventh grade received a prize for the highest standings in the Carnival last week and Lyle Alexander a prize for the best composition on "Why the Record Should Be Read."

Junior Post Halloween social in the North town hall Friday evening, Nov. 5. Teams will be ready to convey you to the place of revelry.

## Actual Starvation

A. E. Stanley & Co. Give Facts Regarding Dyspepsia

Although indigestion and dyspepsia are so prevalent, most people do not thoroughly understand their cause and how to obtain relief. There is no reason why people should not eat anything they desire—if they will only chew it carefully and thoroughly. Many actually starve themselves into sickness through fear of eating every good looking, good smelling and good-tasting food, because it does not agree with them.

Dieting cannot cure dyspepsia. If we refuse every article of food that disagrees with us before long we have nothing left, and find ourselves chronic dyspeptics.

We are so confident that we can furnish relief for indigestion and dyspepsia that we promise to supply the medicine free of all cost to every one who uses it according to directions who is not perfectly satisfied with the results. We exact no promises and put no one under any obligation whatever. Surely nothing could be fairer. We are located right here where you live, and our reputation should be sufficient assurance of the genuineness of our offer.

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

HOLDING UP A WHOLE TOWN

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(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.)



I was in the year 1902, during my term of office as United States marshal in the territory of Arizona, that the seven members of a gang of bandits who long terrorized people in that section of the country and the adjoining territory of New Mexico, accomplished a feat which put all of their previous daring exploits completely in the shade. The notorious performance consisted of holding up the entire community of the town of Summer, New Mexico, at the muzzles of their guns, robbing the United States post office and slaying in cold blood an unfortunate bystander who did not obey quickly enough to please them when ordered to "throw up his hands."

In the end they were rounded up and captured, and it fell to my lot to get in custody the person of George Cook, who was considered the ruling spirit of the band Cook, however, was a sullen and close-mouthed fellow, who refused to give any account of the exploits of himself and companions. Mas sagee proved to be of more pliable mold, and it was from his lips that the following confession was obtained, after he had been safely lodged in the jail at Albuquerque.

"I left Jacksboro, Tex., with my brother John, who is two years younger than I am. We each had a horse and drove about sixty-five miles to Montague county, Texas, where we separated, John going back home and I on to the line of Kent and Stonewall counties in Texas. After working six weeks on a cow ranch, I drove farther west with two friends. We drove about a month, going 200 miles, camping on the way, and arrived in Tucumcari, N. M., about the first of September, where I stayed two weeks before getting work on the railroad for five weeks. I rested up four days at the Childress ranch, three miles from Tucumcari, and then went to the Moore ranch for three weeks, after which I worked nine days in a restaurant at Tucumcari. I then drifted back to Moore's ranch, where I met George Cook, Henry Hawkins, Witt Neil Potter, John Smith and Frank Isbell—the gang, including myself, who pulled off the Fort Sumner job.

"We first headed for Spike's ranch, about 25 miles, reaching there in the night. On the way we stopped at a rock house, which was the camp of some cowboys, and had supper there. That evening John and Dick Spikes had been shot and killed by a posse of citizens from Tucumcari. Fred Spikes was wounded in the fight and taken prisoner to Hereford. Cook and Hawkins went over to the Spike house while the rest of us waited about 300 yards away. When our pals came back they told us what had happened to the Spike boys, and Cook swore he would have revenge.

"As soon as it got dark we started on. McAdams did not go with us, and as he said nothing about the Revuelto hold-up we did not believe he had heard about it, or imagined that we were going to do any more work of the kind. We drove about 25 miles to Tucumcari, did not stop there, but went on to the Essary ranch, which we reached about 11 o'clock. We then went on to Greer's ranch, three miles west from Tucumcari. Greer is Hawkins' father-in-law, and his wife lives with them. We had lunch there and remained until 2 a. m., when we left and rode in a westerly direction along the Rock Island railroad. Just after sun-up we reached the top of the hill which overlooks Palomas. We stayed there all that day, as we were doing most of our traveling at night when there was not liable to be so much danger of being recognized. After sundown we rode off the mountain and went down to a dugout, where Cook had horse feed stored, and then on to a Mexican's house, where we made him put up supper. We rode fast all night and before the day broke stopped in a canyon where we built a fire and went

to sleep. We slept only until the sun was well up and then mounted a hill where we could observe the horizon in all directions, and remained there until three o'clock in the afternoon. We got supper at a Mexican sheep camp, rode north for half a mile and then decided to go to the Luna valley, as Cook said he thought it would be the best to light out for a cooler climate. We rode all that night until three o'clock in the morning, when we camped on the prairie, where we got all the cool climate we wanted, for we almost froze to death, the weather having turned bitterly cold. We slept until sun-up, and then went into camp in a canyon four miles distant. After another lunch at a sheep camp we rode all of that day toward the southwest.

"Whenever we would see anyone on the road Cook would swing around and with Hawkins take the lead and we would follow. On this day Cook set the prairie on fire, and it soon got out of bounds and was roaring when we left. He did this just for fun, and while we were all watching the flames leaping across the plain Cook told us what he figured on doing in Summer. He said: 'That d—d place has never been stuck up yet, and those Summer chaps are always bragging about it. Well, we'll just show them what we can do in the way of sticking up their jay town.' Hawkins, Neil and Potter said: 'Sure, we'll take them in.' They ought to get it, and get it good, just for blowing about it.' Isbell and I didn't fancy the notion, and said so. It looked like a pretty tough proposition to talk of sticking up a whole town, especially in a part of the country where there were plenty of good gun-fighters. And Summer had a name for holding a number of them. There was a hot argument, but Cook and Hawkins were bound to have their way. Smith sided in with them, and Cook laughed when Isbell and I finally gave in and said we were willing to take the chance.

"We could hold up hell if necessary," said Cook, with a grin that made him look more fiendish than ever. This man Cook was part Indian, you know, and I don't believe there ever was one of the red-skin race at their worst that could outdo him for sheer devilishness once he got his mind set on doing anything. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were some twenty miles from Summer. We halted to talk things over, smoke a few cigarettes and arrange our plans. Cook and Hawkins figured out the location of the entrance to the store which we proposed to stick up, and which also contained the post office. It was arranged to go into the store two by two, while one man remained outside and held the horses. Cook said that the first man that attempted to show fight or resist our orders in any way must be shot down on the instant, as that would throw a bad scare into the rest and we probably wouldn't have to kill more than one or two butchers before the rest would be glad to leave us alone.

"We started for Summer about half past seven. It was dark then. We drove to within two miles of the town, when Cook and Hawkins paired us up the way they wanted us to ride into the town and told us to go straight into the store the way we were riding. First were Potter and Hawkins, next came Cook and Smith, and following them were Neil and Isbell, while I brought up the rear. Not over ten steps from the store we dismounted. I held Hawkins' horse and the other six men went into the store. I could partly see what was going on inside, as they had left the door open.

"Hawkins and Potter threw their guns on the floor in the store, and the other boys followed in, two at a time, with their Winchester levelled. Several men who lived in Summer went into the store while I was holding the horses, and as fast as they poked their noses inside the door the boys would hold them up. Part of the time Neil was at the door, and part of the time Potter. At one time four horsemen rode up to the door and Neil, when he spied them, thought they were officers. He called out to Cook: 'There's going to be some trouble here, George, four officers have just showed up.'

"On hearing this, Cook and Hawkins ran outside, leaving Smith and Potter to take care of the folks inside the store, and turning their guns on the four horsemen ordered them to throw up their hands. They did so without trying to show fight, and were told to dismount. Then Cook marched them inside the store, where each one of them was searched and stripped of all valuables. The boys ransacked the store thoroughly including the post office end, and helped themselves to whatever they happened to fancy. It would have been wiser in my opinion to have cut out the post office part of the racket, for that brought us into the notice of the United States government. And Uncle Sam is about the meanest cuss for a gentleman of the road to buck up against that you can think of. Once get the federal of-

ficers after a fellow and the outlook is pretty blue for him. He can't get away by just crossing the line from one state into another, and even if he gets out of the country altogether, the betting is good that they will follow him to the world's end if necessary, and extradite him no matter where he has found a cover.

"I had been outside about an hour and a half when Hawkins came out and told me to come in and get some chop feed, which I did, Hawkins ripping open a sack and pouring out a portion on the floor. I took the feed out and put it on the horse. In the meantime the boys went through the stock of clothing in the store and brought a lot of stuff out, all of which I also loaded on the horses. After we had got everything packed up snug and were ready to move along, Cook stood at the door, and gave us the word to mount our horses. We did so, and he waved his hand to the people inside the store, yelling good-by to them and jumped on his own horse. Then we galloped away with our booty, leaving a badly surprised bunch of Summer folks behind, as well as a dead man lying behind the warehouse door.

"There was only one shot fired during the whole affair that did any damage. Just as the boys went in the

them on the ground. We each selected a hundred apiece, then mounted and rode eight miles west in a fast trot, when we stopped and ate some canned goods we had and fed our horses. Then we went on to an old abandoned adobe house and there we split up the money obtained in the hold-up, Cook doing the dividing. The clothing was also divided there, and I got a shirt, pair of pants, overcoat, six-shooter, boots, Navajo blanket and some other trinkets.

"A number of checks were secured in the store, but all but a few of the small ones were burned, as it was impossible to collect them. We remained in the adobe about an hour and then rode on all night until daylight, when Hawkins left the gang, going to the right of the road by himself. The six of us rode on to the southwest, when Neil and I went off to the left, the other four going on down the road. We rode until about two o'clock, when we met the other four again, and we all traveled together until we had gone some five miles. Then Neil and I again started off by ourselves, going straight west, and the other four proceeding due north. Thus the gang was broken up to lessen the chances of recognition and capture.

"Neil and I camped out that night near a horse stable and the next day

of it? Do you happen to want them very bad?"

"We would like to get them, of course," said the sheriff. He was feeling none too comfortable—we could see that—and Cook laughed in his face.

"The horses ain't worth fighting over," said Cook. "They're a pretty bum lot, so I guess we'll let you take them, and we'll get ours." We all then went out and gave them back the animals we had stolen.

"Before the officers rode away Cook made them hold up their hands and swear that they would not tell anything about us. The sheriff-knew of the robbery and murder at Summer, for he spoke of it on the way to the field and said that eight men did the job. 'Well,' said Cook, 'we fellows can rest easy then, for there are only six of us.' Before leaving the deputy and his men shook hands with us and said they were our friends. They were, in a way, I suppose, because they knew they were up against a hard game. If they had had the drop on us it's safe betting that they wouldn't have been so polite.

"We separated at Woods' house that night. Neil and I turned south and the other boys rode toward the Block ranch. We saw no more of them, but knew that they had decided to go to

Freeland, of Tucumcari, who belonged to the posse which started after our gang. One man got within 350 yards, and the other about 300 yards of us. One of them stood and sized up the situation awhile, and then went back, evidently not liking the outlook for a fight with such heavy odds against him. Cook then said: 'I'll just drop a bullet in front of that other skater to see how quick he can move.' He fired as he spoke, Neil and Potter doing likewise, and the remaining man took to his heels and disappeared with his companions.

"All of the boys are now under arrest, as I understand that they grabbed Cook down in Arizona, and he was the last of us loose. I guess that the game is nearly played out, and with the dose we will get for robbing the postoffice, by the United States court, is adding the chance that one of us will swing for the Fort Sumner murder, when tried by the territory next January. Well, my race has been short, but I guess I can stand the benediction."

The capture of George Cook, leader of the Summer gang, to which Masagee makes reference in the foregoing confession, took place on Blue river, northwest of Clifton, Arizona, close to the Mexican border.

Capt. Runnels of the Arizona Rangers, receiving information of the desperado having been seen alone and evidently making for the border, started from his headquarters at Douglas with a couple of men and was not long in picking up the trail of the outlaw. They found Cook asleep in a cabin between Douglas and Clifton. The place was surrounded, the door forced, and Cook, blinking his eyes in sleepy surprise, dragged out of bed and made prisoner. He was taken to Solomonsville, Graham county, and placed in jail.

News of the capture of Cook was sent at once to my headquarters at Tucson and I left for Solomonsville to take charge of the prisoner. He was arraigned before the United States commissioner, and I was ordered to convey him to the jail at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Cook was a half-breed Cherokee Indian and one of the finest specimens of physical manhood that I have ever seen. He weighed 190 pounds, a solid mass of sinew, bone and muscle, without an inch of superfluous fat on his splendid frame. He was over six feet in height, and for all his great size, could run and jump like a cat.

Knowing what a tough citizen I had to deal with, I did not propose to take any chances, and when we left the jail at Solomonsville Cook's muscular limbs were adorned with the heaviest pair of leg irons that could be provided for the occasion. Also, Deputy Sheriff Greene, who accompanied me, carried a Winchester rifle that was ready for business, and my six-shooter lay within easy reach of my hand. It was well to be prepared for anything that might happen on the journey, for Cook had many friends among the outlaws of the territory, who one and all looked upon him as a sort of chief and hero, and I had been warned to look out for an attempt to rescue the prisoner.

We left Solomonsville on the Gila Valley, Globe & Northern railway, for Bowie, Ariz., where we were due to take the Southern Pacific to Deming. N. M. As a general thing it had been my custom when in charge of a prisoner to occupy seats in the smoker, but on this occasion I chose the chair car, for the sake of the large mirror in either end which enabled us to see every new passenger that entered. Arriving at Deming after an uneventful trip, during which nothing came of the rescue rumor, we escorted Cook to the jail in that town and left him there to await the arrival of our connecting train. He had been in a somewhat sullen mood when we started on our journey, but at a later stage relaxed a little and grew philosophical in his remarks. Once when the train had slowed down for some reason but was still running at a full 25-mile-an-hour gait, Cook peered through the window pane and said: 'Now, if I didn't have these steel ornaments on my legs, I wouldn't be afraid to risk a jump for the ground.'

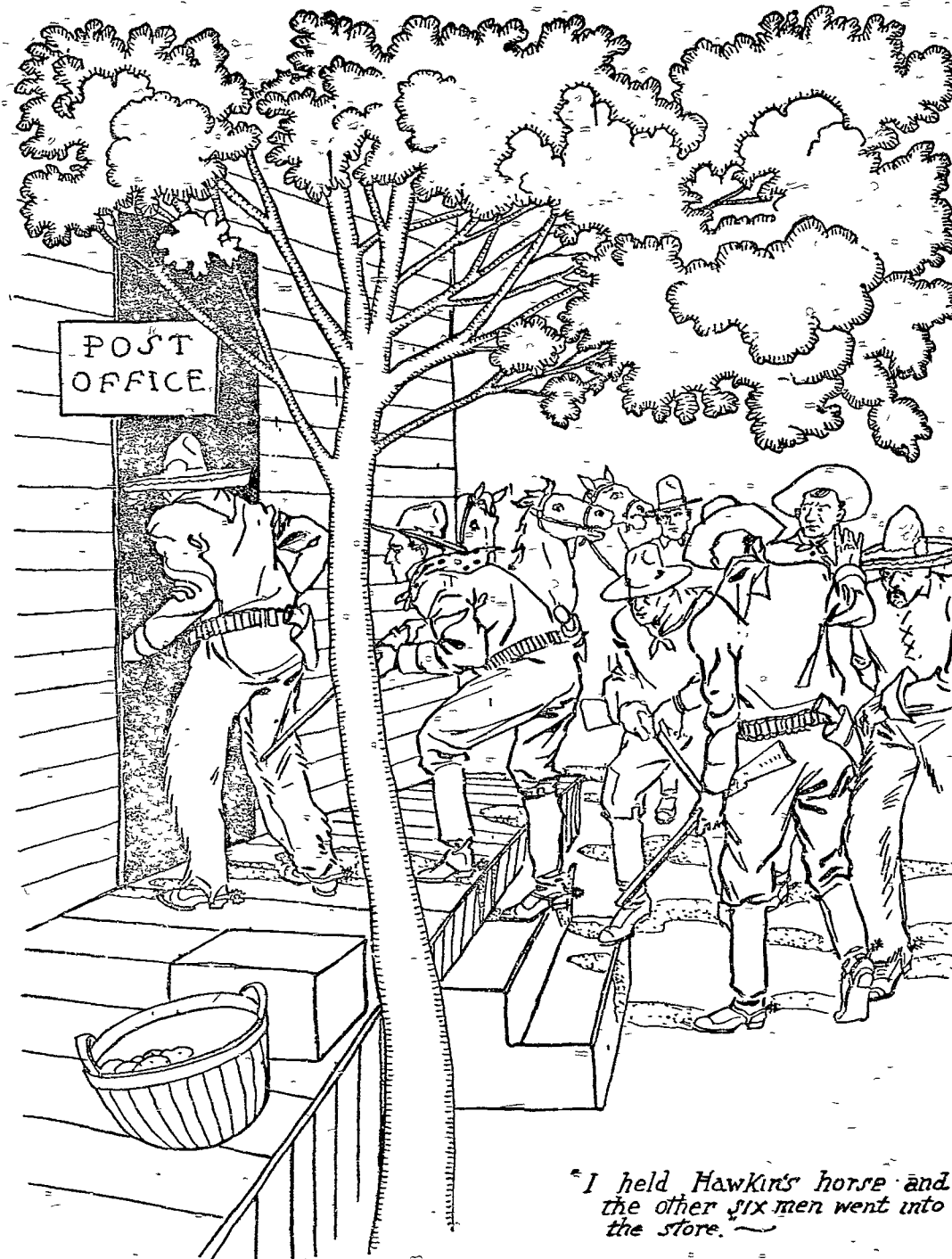
"You might beat the train's speed, all right," I told him, "but you wouldn't have much of a show to win a race against a bullet."

He laughed and eyed Greene's rifle with a questioning stare. "Well, that may be so," he admitted, "but you can't always tell. I've been taking chances and dodging bullets quite some in my time, and ain't often come off second best. Still it looks as if the cards was stacked against me pretty convincing on this trip."

"You were bound to get a bad hand dealt you some time, in the game you were playing," I said.

"Oh, I ain't kidding," responded Cook, coolly. "I've had my fun, and if I have to pay for it I guess I'm enough of a sport to ante up. It's all in a lifetime, anyhow."

We left Deming over the Santa Fe at nine o'clock at night for Rinceo, N. M., and proceeded from there by the main line of the road to Albuquerque, where I landed my man safely in the county jail. But Mr. George Cook was a gentleman of versatile talents, as was clearly proved when, disdainful such feeble obstacles as bolts and bars, he managed to break jail and escape a week after I had delivered him to the Albuquerque authorities. His freedom was short-lived, however, for he was recaptured inside of five days, and six months later went to the gallows in expiation of the Fort Sumner murder. His confederates all received severe penitentiary sentences, and with their disappearance from public view vanished the menace of the most dangerous band of outlaws that had operated on Arizona soil.



"I held Hawkins' horse and the other six men went into the store."

store I heard Hawkins say: 'Hands up,' at the same time covering the men on the left with his gun, Potter doing likewise on his side. I saw Cook ordering his men to throw up their hands, and then make a quick spring which carried him out of my sight. I then heard his gun crack, this was not over a minute and a half after the boys went inside, and that was the shot which killed the man in the rear of the store. Cook had the right idea, according to his way of figuring the plan of action. As he told us before we started into Summer, the killing of the first man that ventured to disobey our orders would throw a bad scare into the rest. Consequently, when this chap didn't put his hands up quick enough, and tried to break away, he was shot down. None of the others made any attempt to fight back after that. But one of the men in the store, a Mexican, was a little slow in holding up his hands and Hawkins hurried him along by belting him over the head with his rifle. When I went inside I saw this fellow standing there with a big gash in his head, and a mighty sick look on his face. About half an hour after the boys went into the place, Neil saw a man coming and called out to Potter to take care of him. Potter stepped out with his Winchester, levelled it at the new arrival and yelled 'Hands up.' The fellow was hardly ten steps off and he turned and ran, getting away clear in spite of two shots taken at him by Potter and Neil. It was miserable shooting on their part, and Cook roared them both about it after we got clear of the town.

"We rode in a slow walk until we got across the river, some distance away, and there divided up the cartridges. Those that we did not need Cook told us to throw in the river. About half a mile from Summer we sat down in a bunch and Hawkins and Cook took the cartridges they had, and threw

rode 55 miles west to the Arroyo Seca, a creek near the Capitan mountains. We stayed that night at Wood's ranch and until ten o'clock the next morning. As we started to leave, the other four of the boys rode up—Cook, Smith, Potter and Isbell. We all went back then and stayed awhile, and had supper later on. Mrs. Woods, whose husband is now serving a term in the penitentiary and used to be one of Cook's men, preparing the food for us. We changed horses and went to the mountains to camp, returning the next afternoon and again taking supper with Mrs. Woods.

"While we were at supper a deputy sheriff and four men rode up to the house. Potter saw them coming, gave the alarm, and we grabbed our guns and got ready for them. By this time they were within the yard and not over 15 steps from the house. They were all armed with rifles as well as revolvers and we began to think there was a warm time ahead. We all stood in the rear of the house with our guns ready for action, while Mrs. Woods went out and talked to the officers. When she came back one of them called out that they wanted to come in. Cook shouted back: 'You can come in, if you first lay your arms down.' After a moment's consultation they agreed to do this, and having put their weapons all down on the grass, entered the house.

"Cook then spoke up and said: 'I suppose you fellows are after us, ain't you?' The sheriff answered: 'No, we are after the men who stole some horses up there.' He was referring to some horses we had lifted from a field when we went up into the mountains the night before.

"Well, then," said Cook, 'we are the boys you want, all right.'

"Have you the horses?" asked the sheriff.

"We have," responded Cook. 'What







